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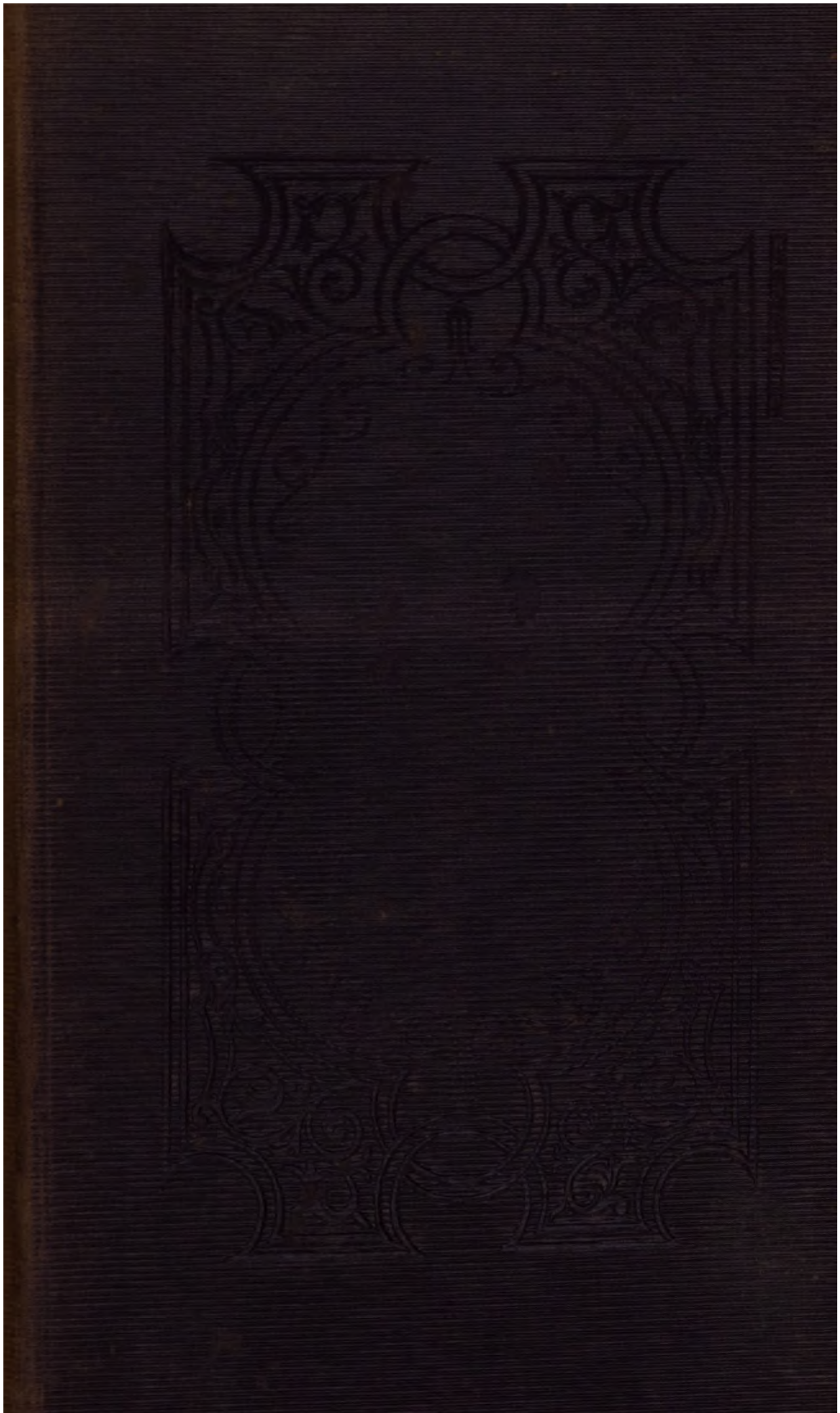
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562.







THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON. PAGE 233

London. Published by Whittaker & Co, Ave Maria Lane 1839.

YORKSHIRE TALES

AND

POEMS.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.



BY

SAMUEL ROBERTS.

"He spoke many things to them in parables."

LONDON:

WHITTAKER AND CO. AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1839.

562.

PRINTED BY G. CHALONER, MARKET-PLACE, SHEFFIELD.

Dedication.

TO THE QUEEN.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

In having taken the liberty of thus dutifully inscribing this small work to Your Majesty, I have been actuated by several important motives, the principal of which is, to impress upon Your Majesty's youthful mind, a **TRUTH**; one of the most important to States, and the most clearly established, perhaps, of all others; and yet, one that has ever been the most disregarded by

Statesmen. I allude to the Truth, that Kingdoms invariably prosper, in proportion, as they have cared for their POOR! The scriptures throughout declare this; and the experience of several thousand years, has served to confirm the declaration.

The oppression of the poor has produced their sufferings and subsequent discontent: this has led to tumult and devastation, ending in the ruin of the higher ranks, and finally, in that of the State itself. Relief afforded to the poor, is like bread cast upon the waters, returning (increased) to the giver after many days. It is money lent to the LORD, by lending to whom, no one ever was a loser. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

Should it please God, in his mercy to this Empire, to spare Your Majesty to my age, my prayer is, that Your Majesty may have then been fully convinced of the foregoing important Truth as well as of that which is enforced in the following address, during full half a century.

“QUEEN’S CORONATION.

*An Address to the Females of Sheffield, on the Wickedness,
the Barbarity, and the Impolicy of the Punishment
of Death, in all Cases.*

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto
wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord.

Romans **xxi.** 19.

A NEW Commandment give I unto you that ye LOVE one another

John **xiii.** 34.

“ On this auspicious morn, when the Fountain of earthly
mercy for these kingdoms is about to be lodged in the
guileless bosom, the tender heart, and the unstained hands
of one of the most interesting and most lovely of your sex;
now when all the morning stars together sing, when all that
is seen in the heavens above, on the face of the earth
beneath, and on the placid brilliant bosom of the wide-spread
ocean around, seems with every living creature, to be rejoic-
ing: on this morn, when every evil passion appears hushed
in the too often passion-disturbed breasts of your sometimes
lordly masters, and happiness, love, and gratitude have
usurped their place; on this auspicious morn, when the
thunder of cannon, the ringing of bells, the fluttering of
flags, are proclaiming at least, one day’s rejoicing to the
poor—freedom to the captive, and food to the famishing;
a day, which is enlivened by the happy wild shouts of play-
ful children---on this day, when even the *crippled infant
sweeps* and the miserable *factory children*, lift up their voices
rejoicing a day to be long remembered---a day which the
living will never forget---a day of which children now unborn
will hereafter be told by those (now children) who will then

be their grand or their *great* grandfathers and grandmothers This is a day, which most loudly calls for *Glory to God* and good will to man. Let MERCY then mark it for her own ! On whom can I now with such propriety call to become the *Handmaids* of MERCY, as on *you* ? Do *you* then be the *first* to step forwards in this righteous cause of rescuing your now anointed youthful Queen from a needless, horrible task, which never, at any rate, ought to have been required at the hands of any *Female*, and least of all, at the hands of the almost, in this instance, ANGELIC *British Fountain of Mercy*. Rescue her from the almost demoniac task of signing the DEATH WARRANT of a miserable fellow creature, who may, by possibility, be innocent of the crime imputed to him---of one, who, spared, *might* be kept in perfect security to himself, and to others---to experience a repentant and happy death-bed ;—of one whose death can be no benefit to others---while it may---and apparently must be, to him, the infliction of a life of *eternal misery*.

“ Is this *office of Executioner* an office (even if necessary at all, which it is not,) proper to be filled by a *youthful Virgin Queen* ? No ! It is, in fact, an office altogether unrequired and unchristian. The Law of Moses was a law admitting of blood shedding. The Law of Christ is a law of LOVE. It is the Law of God, and God is LOVE. All experience in these Kingdoms has, during the last thirty years, contributed to prove both the practicability and policy of abolishing the legal execution of death in all cases. In regard to very many crimes to which it then attached, it has since then been prohibited, and that with, I believe, a diminution of crime in all instances, while, in those cases to which it still attaches, the instances of its being *carried into effect*, have been very rare indeed---so rare, that, during the two last reigns, its infliction has been scarcely heard of.

“ Let not, then, this barbaric relic of uncivilized times continue any longer to disgrace the Statute book of this most Christian nation, now under the governance of female youth, and beauty, and innocence! Now is the time to abolish it for ever! One and all, address your beloved young Queen on the subject! Rescue her, as far as you have the power of so doing, from being an instrument in the *shedding of blood*, which, I am persuaded, is as abhorrent to her nature as it is disgraceful to her subjects, and to her country. Do this, and she will have cause, to the end of her life, to consider the *females of Sheffield* as among the very best of her earthly friends, as well as the most truly devoted of her subjects.

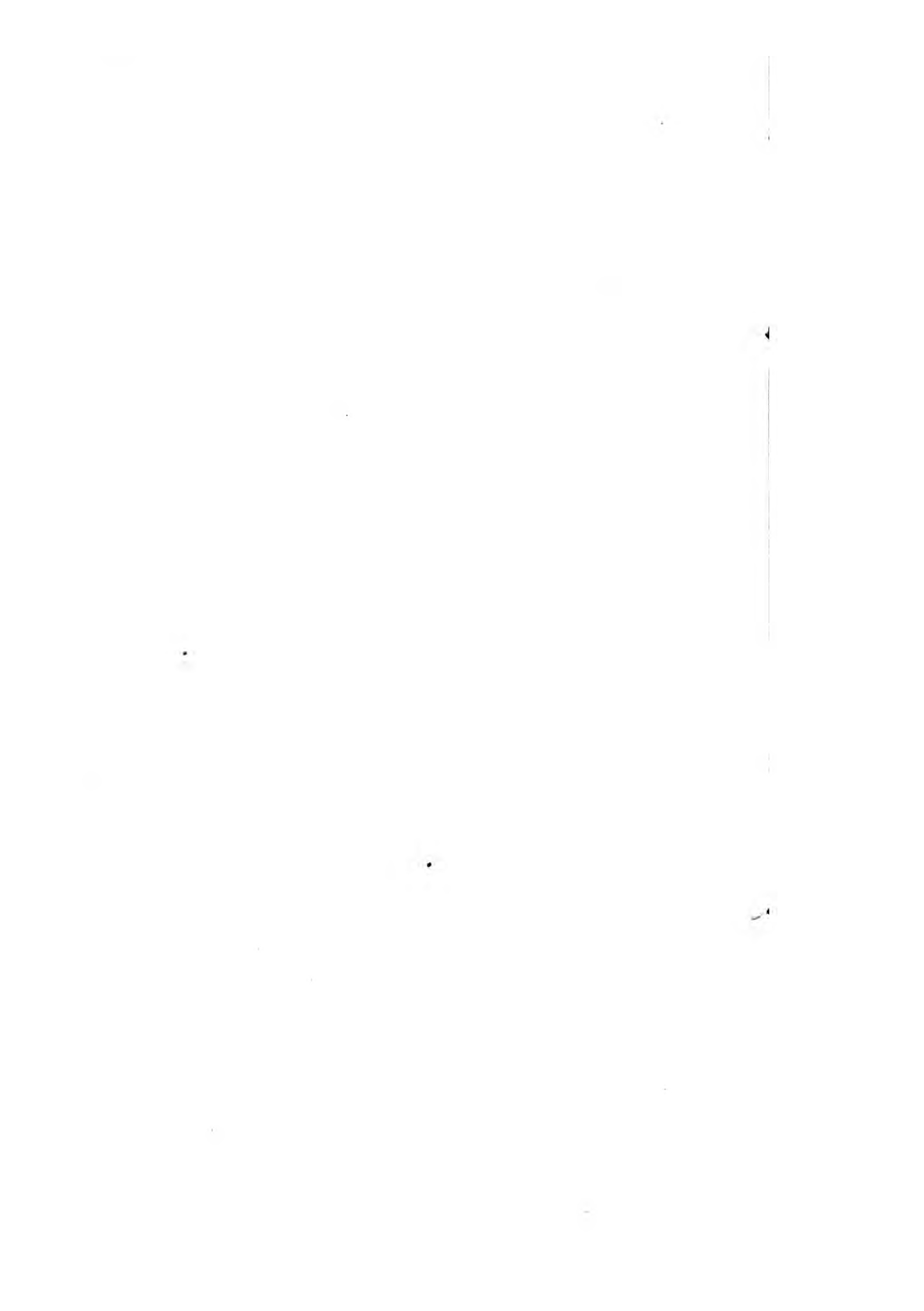
“ England never but once before was governed by a *Virgin Queen*. Oh! what would not that Virgin Queen have given on her death-bed, had the females of Sheffield of those days been able, by any means, to have prevented her from ever, during her life, signing the DEATHWARRANT of a human being, whether *subject* or not, lover or not, relative or not, monarch or not, female or not! Whatever may constitute the glory of a *King*, the glory of a *Queen*, of a *Virgin Queen*, like yours, must be LOVE and MERCY. Beg of her, then, with affectionate humility, to tell her Councillors that *her hand*, *her pen*, shall never be employed in a task, as abhorrent to her nature, as it is repugnant to Christianity, and opposed to the real welfare of States.”

I remain,

Your Majesty's most affectionately devoted Subject,

SAMUEL ROBERTS.

Park Grange, Feb. 6, 1839.



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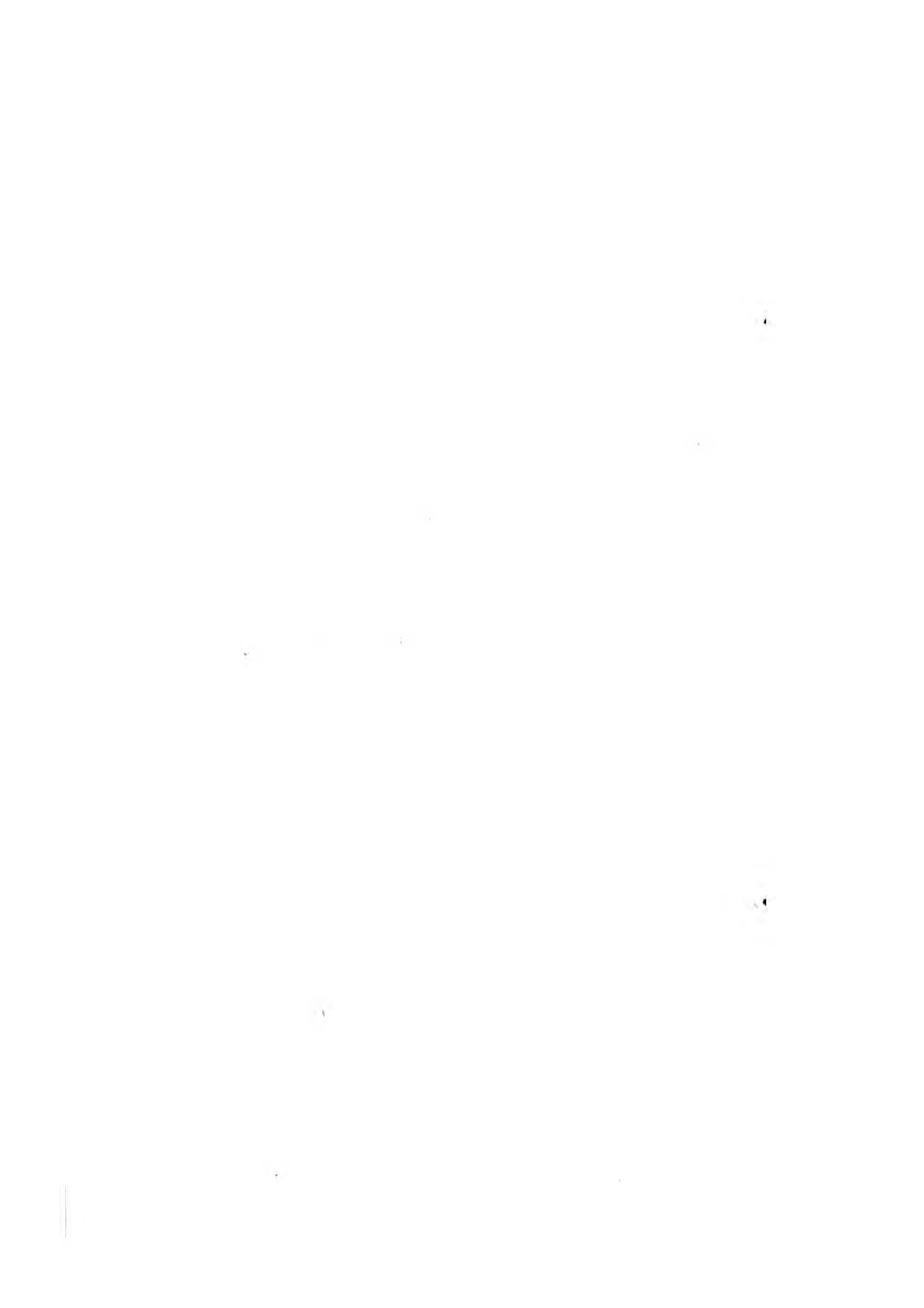
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THE WORLD OF CHILDREN.



THE
BEE AND THE PHILOSOPHER,

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE READERS OF THE "WORLD OF CHILDREN."

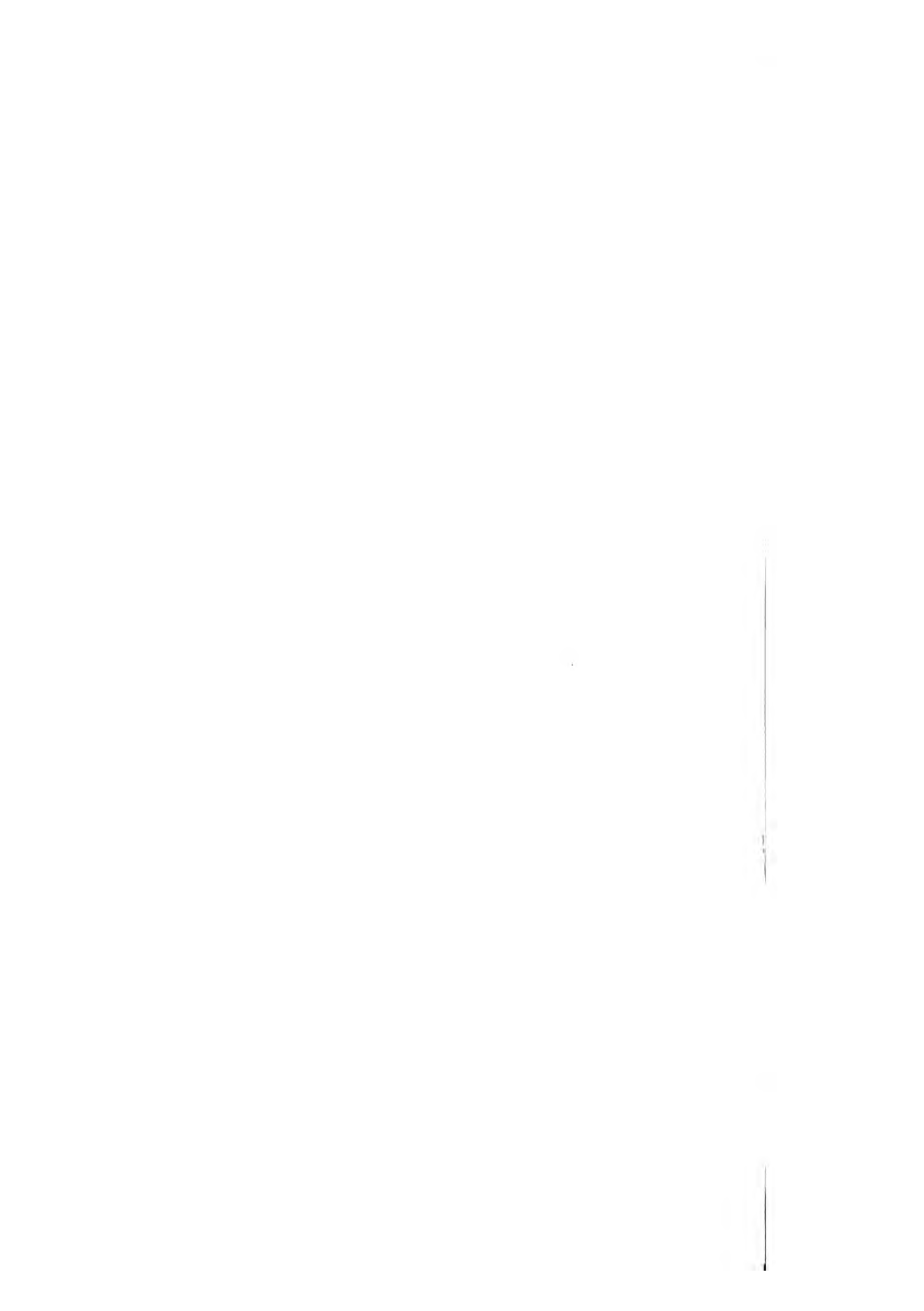
"He who spake as never man spake, and came to set us an example that we should follow his steps, frequently delivered instruction in parables."

ON the border of an extensive heath, sheltered by an ivy crowned rock, and surrounded by luxuriant fern and gold-bespangled gorse, a magnificent, but unassuming Foxglove, reared its tall, upright form, being hung around, from the bottom to the top—like a lofty Chinese pagoda—with almost innumerable bells.

The simple flower little thought of ever being noticed in the world, much less of ever doing either any great good or harm in it. It, however, happened that a little busy industrious BEE, as it pursued its daily task of providing its contributions of delicious food for the commonwealth, or queendom to which it belonged, was flying that way. These sort of collectors let nothing promising escape them; it, therefore, entered without ceremony, one of the lower and larger bells. It found it lined with the most beautifully variegated velvet coating, and, what was better, at the bottom, or perhaps rather top—a considerable quantity of that, of which it was in search. It entered other bells, and soon succeeded in loading itself with nutritious sweets, with which it quickly and joyfully flew home.

It chanced likewise—for when chancing begins, it seldom knows where to stop—that a learned PHILOSOPHER was led by his contemplative steps in the same direction. *His* object in life was far

different from that of the little busy bee, the collecting of sweet nutritious food : he was seeking, and had long been seeking, to discover a poison that should, if possible, be more instantaneously destructive than even the prussic acid. To this object, his time, his attention, and his learning had all been long applied. He, too, let nothing escape him. Here the thought struck him, that he would try to extract poison from even the unsuspecting, seemingly harmless foxglove. He pulled it up by the roots ; he conveyed it to his laboratory ; he tore it into pieces ; he examined minutely every part ; he squeezed it ; he brayed it ; he rubbed it ; he smelt it ; he tasted it ; he roasted it ; he boiled it ; and even distilled it : in short, he spared neither time nor exertions to extract something of a poisonous nature from it. At last, he satisfied himself that he had succeeded, and then he published a learned dissertation about it, claiming and proclaiming to all the world, the wonderful discovery.



THE WORLD OF CHILDREN,

ETC. ETC.

“He took them in his arms, and blessed them.”

ABOUT ten years ago, I was presented to the living of Norcliff, a small retired village, pleasantly situated in the mountainous part of the North Riding of the County of York. The vicarage house stood a little way out of the village, and at a considerable distance from the public road. I had been there about a week, when, rising earlier than usual on a fine morning in the latter end of May, I was induced to ramble along a foot-path, which passed from the village near the back of my garden, and appeared to me to conduct, by a circuitous route, to the public road; but I found that I was wrong in my conjecture; for, after crossing two or three fields, it took quite a contrary direction, and led me, by a

gentle declivity, down into a lovely retired valley, watered by a winding trout stream, and sheltered on the opposite side by a wood of considerable extent, which rose abruptly from the banks of the stream. In several places, near the summit of the wood, large detached masses of grey rocks raised their venerable heads above the trees, ornamented with rich and varied foliage.

In descending toward the valley, I came to a little rustic gate, that led, on the left of the path in which I was walking, to a small secluded cottage, a part only of which was visible from the gate. The whole was almost buried amongst luxurious shrubs and trees. There was more an appearance of wildness than neatness about it; but it was the wildness of nature, and therefore pleasing. The path, just below, lay across a rude wooden bridge, and then soon lost itself in the wood. A little below the bridge to the left, the stream met with considerable obstruction from some rude moss-grown fragments of rock, which seemed to have been hurried down by rapid torrents, and had there been arrested, and from time to time accumulated, till they had formed a bank, and

spread the stream out into a not contemptible lake, on the unruffled bosom of which the venerable woods and rocks were then reflected with softened beauty. To the border of this little lake, the cottage garden, or rather shrubbery, descended. I was leaning with my back against the little rustic gate, and looking down the path, admiring the beauty and grandeur of the scene, when I perceived emerging from the wood, a tall, elderly, gentlemanlike man. He walked lost in meditation, and passed the bridge without seeing me, so that I had full leisure and opportunity to examine his appearance. He seemed to be about seventy; his person was peculiarly interesting, and was evidently the declining remains of a fine and noble figure. In his youth he must have considerably exceeded six feet. He now rather stooped, and appeared shrunk; but he was still majestic. He held in his hand a strong, taper, gold-headed cane, of unusual length. He was dressed in a plain brown suit, with stockings of nearly the same colour. His hat was looped up a little on both sides, and flapped down before; his shoes were with square toes, and small silver buckles. As he approached within a few yards of me, I felt

a degree of veneration which I never before experienced at the sight of any being. I involuntarily moved from the gate to the opposite side of the path; not knowing which way he intended to take, and being desirous of shewing that I did not wish to interrupt his meditations. My moving aroused him; he raised his head, and exhibited a countenance shaded by venerable grey locks, which, I believe, I shall never forget. He appeared sensible of my politeness, and returned my salutation with a grace which strongly bespoke the gentleman, but without uttering a syllable. He passed through the rustic gate, and I saw him enter the little porch at the end of the cottage. I walked no further, but slowly returned, wondering who or what the gentleman could be, with whose appearance I felt myself interested in a manner for which I could not fully account; though it was certainly such as to call forth attention from the most careless and superficial observer.

My first concern, after reaching home, was to inquire who he was; but I could only learn, that his name was Fitzaimer;—that many years ago he came, an entire stranger to the village, and pur-

chased the cottage, which was then on sale, but in a very different and inferior state to its present one, which it had attained principally by the improvements he had made with his own hands, in the single acre of land in the midst of which it stood;—that he was fond of a very retired life, living entirely by himself, and having very little communication with any person in the village, unless some poor inhabitants happened, through sickness, accident, or extreme poverty, to stand in particular need of assistance; on those occasions he never failed to visit and comfort them by every means in his power, which were neither few nor insignificant, as he possessed considerable knowledge of physic, had seen much of the world, and seemed by no means narrowly limited in his circumstances;—that he was very partial to children, never passing them without noticing them; often giving them some little matter, with which he was generally provided, to please them; occasionally taking them into his garden, joining, with seeming interest, in their little sports, and encouraging them to pursue them with alacrity;—that he was always very punctual in his attendance on divine worship; but

always sitting in a pew which he had purchased in a retired corner, the front of which he had raised, so that he was completely hid from the rest of the congregation ;—that with my predecessor, (who was reckoned a very high and overbearing man, and not at all beloved by the parish,) he had no intercourse ;—that he was generally supposed to be a person of rank and fortune, who had retired in disgust or sorrow from the world.

These were all the particulars which I was then able to collect respecting him ; but they by no means satisfied my curiosity. On the contrary, they served to increase the desire which I strongly felt before, to know more about him. There, however, appeared, at present, no probability of having my desire gratified, as it was evident that any attempt at familiarity would only offend him ; and I felt too much respect for him to hazard the experiment. I therefore determined to trust to time, and such opportunities as might occur hereafter, to lead to some better degree of acquaintance.

As the walk in the wood soon became a very favourite one with me, and as I generally, when the weather permitted, rose and rambled early, I

very frequently saw him. For some time he avoided meeting me; but as he found that I shunned obtrusively joining, or even speaking to him, he began to pass me without being disturbed; always moving to me, but never speaking, and, after some time, seeming rather pleased than sorry at seeing me. One evening, I had taken my two little daughters, one of them about six, and the other eight years old, out a walking with me, and had wandered as far as Mr. Fitzaimer's gate, when I recollected that I had forgotten to send off a letter, which was in danger of being too late for the post. I therefore desired the girls to amuse themselves there, charging them not to go near the water, and stept hastily back to send the servant off with the letter. When I returned, I was somewhat alarmed at not seeing the children. I was proceeding in haste towards the bridge, when, passing the gate, I heard their voices within the garden. I did not choose to enter without being invited, therefore called *Eliza!* Mr. Fitzaimer immediately appeared, holding a child by each of his hands; when he came near, he gave the children to me, saying, "I beg your pardon, Sir, for detaining

them ; but I thought you could not return so soon : they are charming companions for you :” then wishing me a good evening, he retired.

I felt more pleased with this incident than will be easily conceived. The girls were wonderfully delighted with having been noticed by the *Gentleman*, as he was generally called, because they had often heard him mentioned as being very fond of, and good to little children. He had given them some sweetmeats which he had in his pocket, and had shown them many things which much pleased them particularly two goats which came and ate out of their hands. After this time I frequently met with him at the houses of my poor parishioners, whom I made a point of frequently visiting. He always appeared pleased to see me, sometimes speaking, but seldom staying long after I came in. I know not how long I might have been without making much progress towards a closer intimacy, had not an unforeseen accident effected at once what must otherwise have been at least a work of time. I was taking a walk in the evening towards the wood, when just as I had passed Mr. Fitzaimer’s gate, I heard a violent shriek proceed from some children

who stood in apparent agonies upon the bridge. I immediately darted forward, and soon saw the object which caused the alarm ; there was not an instant to be lost, and I plunged, with all my clothes on, into the water, which was considerably swelled at the time, and I soon succeeded in catching by the petticoats a little girl who had fallen from off the bridge, and had been carried by the swoln stream a considerable way into the little lake. I carried her to the nearest bank, which was the bottom of Mr. Fitzaimer's garden ; but I had not reached it before he came running without his coat as fast as he could. He had heard the scream and judging of the cause had thrown off his coat and made all the haste in his power, to have rescued the child. I cannot describe his emotions at seeing that I had already saved her. He attempted to take her from me to carry her himself, but I could not suffer him. " My dear Sir," he said, " thank you, and God bless you, do then make haste with the dear child to my little cottage, we will take all the care we can of her." We wrapped her in a warm blanket, and put her into a bed ; she very soon began to recover. I then told him I would

step on and inform the parents of the child, of the truth, change my clothes, and then, with his leave, call again to inquire about her. "My dear friend," said he, "for you must now allow me to call you so; you are indeed very good; do let me see you again as soon as you can;" he then took my hand and gave it a squeeze which proved alike the strength of muscle and of affection. I was highly delighted with this introduction, which promised so fully to procure me what I had been so anxious to obtain. I was not long before I returned to him, and was glad to meet the parents with the child (which seemed now fully recovered,) just coming out of the garden; they were exceedingly thankful to me and Mr. Fitzaimer; who I found had not let them depart without other cause for gratitude, besides what he had done for the child.

My new friend met me at the door, and taking my hand, gave it another hearty shake. He then introduced me into what appeared to be his library, for books seemed to constitute by far the principal part of the contents. After requesting me to be seated, and at the same time taking a chair himself, he thus proceeded—"I know, sir, that I must, and

do appear to you, and to the world, a singular mortal, and so perhaps I am, I know not for what good, or for what bad qualities, I obtain credit, nor am I now very anxious to be informed. I am become much more solicitous to obtain my own good opinion, than that of the world ; but I cannot obtain the former without deserving the latter, and I endeavour, to the best of my weak abilities, so to conduct myself, that I may deserve it. But I hope I shall not quarrel with the world, for not giving me credit for what it either does not know of, or does not see in the same light that I do myself. My singularities are quietly tolerated, and, I believe now, in some degree respected. They are not, I trust, the offspring of caprice. The occurrences of my life, which gave rise to them, are at least equally singular. One day, sir, it is now probable, if you think them worth your attention, you will become acquainted with them. I have for some time secretly wished (if it pleased God) that I might, before I died, meet with some one, on whom I could rely, and to whom I might confide the inmost secrets of my soul ; and I feel no doubt but that you have been most providentially sent to take

upon you an office, which I am sure you will not refuse, if you are convinced that it will be benefiting your fellow-creatures. I have not, sir, been at all hasty in forming my opinion of your character, nor shall I now feel any reserve towards you, or withhold any circumstances from your knowledge; and if you find me deserving of possessing any share of your affection and friendship, I shall now receive it as the greatest blessing any worldly circumstances can bestow upon me.

I assured my venerable friend, that I felt very grateful to a kind Providence, for having afforded me the opportunity of being at once useful to him, and receiving the gratification which I had long ardently desired, of obtaining his friendship;—that he might rest assured that I valued it too highly not to endeavour to deserve it;—and that whatever secrets he might think proper to confide to my keeping, should be inviolably preserved, till the time which he should appoint for their disclosure;—that I hoped and trusted that he would, without hesitation, at all times inform me in what way I could contribute to his comfort;—and that myself and family should ever be glad to learn and fulfil

his wishes. Whilst I was speaking, he had taken my hand, and when I had done, I observed that he was in tears. He gently pressed the hand which he held, and making me a slight bow as he retired, he walked across the passage into another room on the opposite side, the door of which he shut after him. When I had a little recovered myself, I had time to make some observations on the interior of the cottage, which appeared both well contrived, kept clean, and with every thing in exact order. The cottage, as well as the ground, might be said to be of his own forming, so materially had he altered them. The former was now in the form of a cross; the entrance through a porch in the north projection, which served as a vestibule to all the others, viz., the southern one, opposite to the entrance, which was a green-house, divided from the vestibule by folding glass doors, and well filled with choice and curious exotics. On the left hand was the bed-room, and on the right was the room in which we had been sitting, which was lighted by a pair of glass doors, opening upon the lawn, which sloped gently down to the banks of the little lake, and was irregularly studded and bordered on each side with a

great variety of shrubs. The greenhouse opened into a small fruitful kitchen garden, and the bedroom looked into a little orchard, well stocked with fruit-trees.

I had scarcely made these observations, when he again joined me with an air of cheerful tranquillity, saying, with a smile, "You see, Sir, I treat you as an old friend already, and take my own way without ceremony. But it is now so long since I experienced any thing like the disinterested attentions of a friendly heart, and so long since I could venture with freedom to unbosom myself to any one whom I believe to have any affection for me, that the sensation which followed was for the moment too powerful to be repressed. I have now unburthened my too full heart of some part of the load of gratitude with which it was oppressed, and feel sufficiently tranquil to thank you in words for that kindness which, I am sure, is sincere and disinterested, and which, for the little period that, in all probability, remains of my allotted portion here, I shall be happy to continue to possess and to enjoy."

After this, my visits to the cottage became very frequent, and I can safely say, that every succeeding

one strengthened my attachment, and served more and more to convince me of his superior understanding and goodness of heart; nor did I ever leave him without finding myself better for the visit.

Two years had thus glided on, in unreserved communication of sentiments, and reciprocal offices of kindness, when I feared that I perceived a considerable change in the general state of health of my much-valued friend. He made no particular complaint, but he evidently was rapidly declining. He endeavoured to appear to me cheerful as usual; but it required an effort, and he was always fatigued by it. He, however, firmly withstood all my solicitations to be permitted to call in medical assistance. "My good friend," he would say, "do you really think that physicians can work miracles, and make an old man young again? No, no, my friend, I thank God they cannot. When cheerfulness, exercise, regularity, and moderation in all things, can no longer preserve the body from the natural decay incident to old age, it is in vain to call in the aid of man. It is, at all events, *then* time to call for *other* aid, and happy are they who have not neg-

lected to do it till then, when it may, for aught they know, be too late to obtain it."

On the following day, when I called upon him, I found the door fastened, and supposing that he had taken a walk, I strolled about the grounds, waiting his return; but on passing the bedroom window, I perceived that he was there, and on his knees, and with his head reclined upon his hands on a chair by the bed-side. I could not resist the temptation of contemplating the good old man holding communion in secret with his God, and I stepped behind a tree to observe him. He continued immoveably fixed for some time; then gently rising, he took out his handkerchief, and first wiping his eyes, and then the chair, which was evidently wet with his tears, he took a few turns across the room, and retired. On my again applying to the door, it was immediately opened by my friend, who appeared very glad to see me; but I could not but remark a very great change in his appearance. He received me with a smile, but it was rather a smile of resigned meekness, than of cheerfulness; he seemed languid and almost unable to support himself; he took hold of my arm, and we walked

gently together into his room. When we were seated, he addressed me by saying, " My dear friend, I am exceedingly glad that you have called, for I was desirous of seeing you. I do not feel myself so strong as usual. I have no pain, but am very languid. I am not ill enough to cause any immediate alarm in you, but I feel sufficiently so to put me in mind that I am not to live for ever in this world, and that there are some things necessary to be thought about before I die. Do not look dejected, my good friend; you never expected that we met here never to part again; then let us not forget that when we are called to separate, we may reasonably hope to meet again. But I must recur to the subject respecting which I intended to speak to you. You already know enough of my singular history, not to be surprised that I have committed a relation of it to paper. That bundle contains the whole of what I have written upon the subject, together with my will; the latter you will, I know, if it please God to permit you, see literally fulfilled. I have appointed you, as you know, my sole executor; I have, therefore, nothing more to add upon that subject. As to the other writings, you will

have the goodness, when I am gone, to look them over and revise them at your leisure. I would rather that they were not published till a few years after my death, when I would wish them to be made public, because I think they may be of service to mankind. You will have the goodness to take them with you now, and keep them in your possession.—Nay, my dear friend," he added, with a look and a smile, as he pressed my hand, "do not look so *very* serious. You know a man is not any nearer death for having made his will. It may make him easier, but it cannot well make him worse. So let us now recur to some other subject." He then attempted to talk on indifferent matters; but he was so exhausted, that I would not let him proceed, and on taking leave, I begged that he would permit me, as he seemed so unwell, to return and stop the night with him (I knew it would be in vain to propose any other person). He would not, however, hear a word upon the subject; insisting that he had often felt much worse than he did then, and was soon well again. He said, that as it was then evening, he should go to bed, and hoped that I would call when convenient, in the morning, to

see him. On taking leave of me, he took my hand, and looking in my face, with a faint smile, whilst his eyes were moistened with the half-starting tears, he added, "God bless you, my friend, for your care of an helpless old man ; you have been the means, under a kind Providence, of cheering my latter days, and you will not go unrewarded." I was again going to press him to give me leave to stop with him, but he would not hear me, and shaking my hand, said, "No, no ; good night, good night ; God in heaven bless you ;" and shut the door.

I walked home with a very heavy heart ; I safely deposited the papers, but was not able, during the evening, to recover my spirits. As soon as I thought he would be stirring in the morning, which was pretty early, I went to the cottage ; but as I found, on looking into the orchard, that the curtains were drawn, I would not disturb him ; I therefore took my usual walk into the wood for half an hour. On returning, however, finding the curtains still drawn, I ventured to knock gently at the door, which not being noticed, I at length knocked so loud that I was convinced it would have brought him to the door, had he been able to get there

It therefore appeared absolutely necessary to obtain admission by some means or other, and I was thinking in what manner to do it, when inadvertently lifting the latch, which I held in my hand, I was surprised to feel the door open. On going into the day-room, I found it exactly as I left it the preceding evening, excepting that there was a candlestick with a candle in it placed upon the table, but it had not been lighted. With agitated frame, and trembling limbs, I therefore crossed the passage, and on looking into the bed-room, the door of which was open, I perceived my venerable and worthy friend lifeless upon the floor by the side of a chair, against which I had before seen him on his knees, and it was evident that he had died in that position. It appeared probable, that he came into the room for something soon after I left him, and finding himself worse, had kneeled down, and perhaps died almost immediately.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings upon the occasion,—suffice it that his venerable remains received every respect which could be bestowed by the sincerest affection, and almost reverential esteem. On opening his will, it appeared that he had dis-

posed of his property (which consisted of the cottage and little plot of ground about it, with six thousand pounds in the funds,) by leaving the former to me one half of the latter between two nieces, the only relations whom he had, and the other half equally divided among five charitable institutions for the education of children; to each of which he had annually for many years allowed twenty pounds, without any of them knowing from whom the benefactions came. The bundle of papers contained the extraordinary relation which is here offered to the public, in compliance with the wishes of the writer expressed to me in our last conversation as before related —

THE NARRATIVE.

My name is Arthur Fitzaimer, I am the last of a family which has been for ages considered as of the first respectability in that part of the north of England where the estate is situated, and on which the possessor has always resided. When my great grandfather succeeded to the estate, which is now about one hundred and twenty years ago, it was such as to enable him to live in a style of hospitable splendour that astonished and benefited the country around. But since then, the circumstances of the times are so strangely altered, the value of money has become so much depreciated, that the sum which would then have enabled a family to live in affluence, will now scarcely keep them above want. Every succeeding possessor of our estate has been too proud to attempt to increase his property by

commerce—too generous and benevolent to oppress his tenants, and too high spirited to retrench any thing of the usual style of living, so that by the time my father became of age, it was necessary to cut off the entail, in order to dispose of a part of the estate to keep my grandfather from prison; yet in spite of all these difficulties, and the still rapid increase in the price of every thing, my father followed the steps of all his ancestors, equally proud, equally generous, and equally high spirited. He supported his dignity, and he supported the poor as well as the best of his predecessors; but, alas! without their means, whilst each succeeding year brought increased demands, and diminished resources till by the time that I came into possession of the estate, it was so reduced that a retrenchment in expenditure, to a very considerable extent, was become absolutely necessary.

I was then twenty-five years of age, inheriting every particle of the family pride, dignity, generosity, and spirit; but I had long seen the absolute necessity which existed of an immediate alteration in the style of living—but I could not bear it in a place where I had always lived in splendour and great

dignity. I therefore removed to London, and gave orders for the immediate disposal of all that remained to me of the estate, resolving never to set foot in the neighbourhood again. The estate sold for more than double what I had valued it at; and I believe all the tenants had their rents raised four fold; nor did one of them, I understand, quit their farms in consequence of the advance. The money arising from the sale, amounting to about thirty thousand pounds, I placed in the funds, intending to live upon the interest, in a style, though not splendid, yet respectable and genteel.

I knew very little of the world besides what I had seen at college; I had there formed many acquaintances, but had kept up very few of them afterwards. Now, however, when I must form new connexions, I began to recollect who and what they were, and to enquire for such as were in London. Possessing myself a temper open and kind, a disposition generous and benevolent, unsuspecting and communicative, I was ill prepared to encounter the specious and designing, I had formed romantic notions of being able to deserve and obtain the good opinion and respect of every body. I

was determined to use no one ill, and to confer benefits on all who stood in need of my assistance. There was something in my nature abhorrent to vice and excess of every kind, and I had imbibed such religious principles as would have kept me from any very flagrant violation of the laws of morality ; but I depended too much upon myself, I knew not my own weakness, and I considered not that we are sent here for improvement, not enjoyment.

Young and inexperienced, with the world before me, buoyed up with hope and elated with the prospect of those delights which a warm and youthful imagination paints and promises, I gave the reins to nature ; I avoided dissipation, because I disliked it ; but I joined in every amusement, and in every benevolent, or apparently benevolent, plan or proposition. I did not join the drunkard, the voluptuary, or the dissipated ; but I lent them my money or my security. Too modest and diffident to reprove the follies and vices of my acquaintance, and too good natured to refuse those solicitations for assistance, which were daily made to me ; I was soon surrounded by such as needing my aid, willingly submitted to study my disposition, humour my

singularities, and fleece me of my property. I found myself too happy amongst those, who, under obligations to me already, and looking forwards to others, seemed to make it their study to render themselves agreeable and to oblige me, to think much of the difficulties in which I might be involving myself. Indeed most of the favours which I had conferred, were only loans to those who convinced me that though a temporary supply would accommodate them, they were well able to repay me whenever I required it.

This delusion continued till five thousand pounds were all that I had remaining in the funds; and as very few of my debtors recollected to pay interest, which I could not summon resolution enough even to ask for, I soon found that I could not support the style of living which I had adopted, without appropriating a part of the principal to defray my own expenses. I was therefore under the painful necessity of sending a note to each of my friends, for I could not bear verbally to mention the subject to them, explaining my situation, and requesting that if it would not put them to inconvenience they would repay the principal, or at least pay the arrears

of interest. To most of these notes I received a similar answer, viz., that they were truly sorry that I should happen to want money at a time when, from particular circumstances, it would put them to considerable inconvenience to pay me; that I could scarcely have fixed on any other time which would not have suited them, and that they would take care and be prepared shortly, now they knew how I was situated; at the same time returning me abundance of thanks, and warmly praising my generosity. I therefore found that I must rest, satisfied a little longer, which could make no great difference to me. But from this time my company was much less courted, and there was a degree of embarrassed reserve accompanying those who still frequented my house as usual, that rendered our meetings much less pleasant than heretofore. My number of visitors daily diminished, and my dear friends, instead of sedulously courting my acquaintance, evidently shunned even meeting me.

Surprised and hurt beyond measure at a behaviour so unexpected and so undeserved, I took no pains to seek what they appeared so unwilling to grant, nor did I feel disposed to form other acquaintance

where I had been already so unsuccessful, and I insensibly became almost an insulated being. With opportunity for reflection I begun to suspect the motives that influenced the conduct of my friends, though I could not but perceive that I had been duped by them, I could not bring myself to hate or prosecute them ; indeed it was not of many of them that I had even taken any security whatever. Pitying rather than hating a world which I found so dissimilar to what I expected to have found it, I resolved to keep myself in future as free as possible from such connexions as might be likely, by pestering me with solicitations which I still felt myself unable to resist, to subject me to a still further diminution of my small remaining property.

No plan of life appeared so likely to enable me to do this, as never to be long resident in the same place, since I did not feel inclined, after the experience which I had obtained of the conduct of my fellow creatures, to wish to form any intimate friendship, or even acquaintance. With this design I disposed of all my goods and chattels, and leaving my bankers to receive my dividends, I embarked for the continent without any settled plan or route.

During upwards of twenty years did I thus continue to wander over almost every country in Europe, visiting not only the principal towns, but often residing in the villages, or wherever I found anything either in the country or the inhabitants, to induce me to stop. To the beauties of the former I was always feelingly alive; to the latter, I was now too often insensible, excepting they were children: to them I freely and cheerfully gave my time, my heart, and my affections; from them I feared no deception, no ingratitude; they told me the dictates of their little hearts, and I felt no hesitation in taking them to my bosom. Whenever I made a more than usually long residence in any place, it was when I was unable to tear myself from the children. For I was never long in gaining their unrestrained confidence, and I often left them with my eyes as moist as their own. I had a heart so formed for affection, that it must have some object whereon to be exercised; and in proportion as others were excluded, did it fasten itself on those which remained. They sweetened my cup, and made life glide on with something more than calm serenity.

These were my pleasures and my amusements. My duty to my fellow creatures, which was a pleasure too, consisted in what, I hope was well meant and useful. I always made a point, on arriving at any town or village, to enquire respecting any objects of great distress, and during my stay, generally was enabled to learn by one means or other, without raising any expectation, the true situation of the poor; and the last thing I did, on leaving the place, was to call and leave them such pecuniary assistance as my now slender income enabled me to spare, and their necessities demanded. By these means I avoided giving them the unnecessary trouble of showing their gratitude, and myself the vexatious solicitations of the clamorous and designing. It is true that I could not bestow much, but by living frugally, and travelling generally on foot without incumbrance, I always had a little to spare.

I afterwards spent about two years in wandering over a considerable part of England, and was arrived at Hull, intending to take shipping again for the continent, when I met in the street with a face which seemed to be that of an old acquaintance.

Though I could not at all recollect him by name, we both stopped, and both hesitated : it proved to be an old neighbour and schoolfellow named Robertson. I had not seen him since he was fourteen, at which age he left the school. The sight of an old friend, who had never deceived me, recalled many long-fled feelings, and I returned his warm embrace with kindred affection. I gladly accepted his invitation to adjourn to his inn, and talk over the transactions of our lives since we parted. He heard mine with tears, and when I had concluded, he arose, and embracing me with transports, said, “ You will, my dear friend, excuse these tears ; they are not, I assure you, those of pity ; for no one possessed of a heart like yours can call for it. They are tears of admiration and affection ; you are the man which your youth promised you would be ; inheriting the dignity, the independence, and the goodness of heart, which were always possessed by the Fitzaimer’s ; and you so strongly recal to my recollection, those scenes and feelings of youth which will never be entirely effaced, and those obligations which we, as neighbours, owe to your family, that you must excuse me if I have been

rather more unmanned than a sailor ought to be." He then related his own adventures, which, having little connection with the object of this history, I shall not dwell long upon.

Jack Robertson became an orphan soon after our ceasing to be schoolfellows. An uncle, who was a merchant at Hull, was left in trust for him, and with him he went to reside. The uncle was deeply embarked in the North Whale Fishery, and Jack feeling a strong propensity to a seafaring life, was permitted to go a voyage by way of experiment. He behaved so well, and liked the employment so much, that he afterwards continued, with two or three omissions, to go an annual voyage to the north seas. He had *now* several ships of his own in that trade, and was considered to be both the best and the richest captain in it. During the last voyage, he had pushed with his own ship, which had been prepared for the purpose, farther north than any vessel had ever been able to proceed before. His success in fishing there was very great, and he had become more than ever confirmed in an idea which he had long entertained, of the possibility of arriving at the pole, where he was persuaded that the sea was

open throughout the year. He had now, he told me, made such preparations as would enable him to persevere, with more probability of success than he had ever done before. He expected to sail in a very few days.

While Captain Robertson was giving me this account, I had become so absorbed in thought, that when he had concluded, I did not notice it, but continued lost in meditation. At length, he clapped me on the shoulder, and said, "A guinea, Sir, I have got your thoughts." "Well, very likely, Jack, what are they?" "Why, that you are half inclined to make one of the party to dine under the polar star!" "You are right, Jack, you are right. Will you invite me?" "I do most heartily, and you shall, by the way, have the best berth in my cabin. I am sure that you will be no flincher, and the cool air will give us an excellent appetite, even if we should be obliged to have a whale-steak for the head dish."

Matters were soon arranged; I was always ready for travelling, and the captain undertook for all super-necessaries. He was a bachelor as well as myself, so that we had but few family arrangements.

to make. On the 14th of March, we went on board the Royal George, the finest vessel that ever left the harbour of Hull for the North Sea fishery. It was her first voyage, and her accommodations, as well as her sailing, were beyond those of any other ship of the same burden that I ever saw. The 15th, we set sail, amidst the cheers of a considerable assemblage of spectators on the shore, and on the decks of the other vessels in the harbour. The voyage was short and pleasant. We touched at Greenland to water, and then pushed directly for the longitude in which the captain expected to find the deepest opening. We encountered little obstruction, till we had gained the latitude of 75 degrees. We then met with much drift ice, and were several times in what I thought dangerous situations. The captain, however, never appeared alarmed. The scene was to me truly sublime and interesting. Moving along in a frail vessel, among floating rocks and mountains of immense height and bulk, which, by approximating, might crush all together as easily as I could crush the slightest snail horn, could not but be awfully impressive. Seals, and occasionally white bears, were almost the only animals which we saw on the ice.

The birds were in great abundance. I never could bear designedly to take away the life of any living creature, so that I did not join the shooting parties which occasionally went out, for a little way both on the ice and water, The solemn sensations which I experienced, rendered serious reading particularly impressive. I never felt so fully the value and importance of my Bible before. Our little bark, like the ark of Noah, seemed to contain all that remained of the human race. We were, as much as Noah and his family, immediately dependent upon God for every hour's existence. I never felt so solely in his hands. It was the most awfully pleasing sensation that I ever experienced, and silence was at times so complete, as to seem to shut out all connexion with the world, and my prayers then appeared to me to find a more direct conveyance to the Throne of Heaven.

I was alone in the cabin on the 17th of August, and thus engaged reading my Bible, and in prayer. We had reached the latitude of 83 degrees, and the captain had for some time become fully assured that his difficulties were almost over, and that he should now accomplish the object which he had so

much at heart. The icebergs generally left considerably wider channels, and we were so much nearer the Pole than any vessel was ever known to have been before, that he now felt convinced that we should soon reach an open sea. I had not been upon deck that morning, nor had the captain been below to breakfast. I thought it was considerably past the usual hour. For some time I had heard a more than common trampling and talking, which seemed to increase, till at length a general cry to "The boat! the boat!" assailed my ears, and I thought that I heard my own name loudly repeated on the vessel by Captain Robertson. I started up, and was preparing to run upon deck, when the most tremendous crash took place that imagination can conceive. It was as if the whole vessel was crushed together. The uproar was tremendous. It was a considerable time before I could either see or comprehend at all the situation in which I was placed.

As the dust began to subside, and my senses to return, I perceived that I was completely enveloped in ruins. I was going to endeavour to escape by the gangway, but I found it entirely filled up with

broken timber. I did not perceive that I had received the least wound, though the broken spars and joists had fallen on all sides of me, and the berths were all driven in. The sky-light was shivered to pieces, and that now appeared the only way by which I could get out. By getting upon the table, I contrived to raise the wire covering of the window, and succeeded, at length, in escaping by that opening upon deck.

The view which presented itself was dreadful, though fraught with circumstances calling upon me for the most fervent gratitude. A tremendous iceberg had carried the vessel, with irresistible force, against the precipitous side of what may be called, the icy continent. The side of the former was nearly perpendicular, but the top of the latter considerably overhung the base; so that the two sides, near the water, could not approach each other, by nearly the width of the vessel, so that she was preserved from being crushed completely together, and by that means, I was, by a kind Providence, preserved from instant death. I appeared, when on deck, to be in an icy cave. Not one human being was to be seen, nor was the sound of one human

voice heard. The long-boat was gone, and it appeared probable that every living soul on board, excepting myself, had perished in her. I have since often been astonished how little, comparatively speaking, that conviction then affected me. Self-preservation, for the moment, served to engross every thought.

Before the vessel, the passage was entirely closed ; in her wake, there was a considerable opening, and there one of the small boats was fastened to the ship by a rope. The two masses of ice appeared to be fast locked together, and the vessel, consequently, firmly secured between them ; but the moment that they should part, it was evident that she must go down. I saw that there was no time to lose, and I began, as soon as I could in any degree compose myself, to consider in what way I should act. The prospect of ever escaping was small indeed ; still, I had never been accustomed to despair ; I had, however, never been thus tried before. God, I knew, could deliver me, even then, and I knew that none other, even in less seeming danger, could do it. It was, however, some time before I was sufficiently composed and resigned to

commit myself, and my future destiny, fully and confidently, to his disposal. At length I did so, and I felt a degree of assurance of final escape, that is scarcely *crédible*. After that, I set about providing for my safety with alacrity and hope.

I now got the rope-ladder, and descending into the boat, fastened her close to the rudder of the ship. I then removed such articles of clothing, provisions, and liquors, as I could come at, and thought likely to be useful, into the boat. In our passage northward, we had, as I said, touched at Greenland, and had there taken in two sledges, and six rein-deer, with fodder for them. One of these sledges which was light, I managed to get into the boat; but I found that I should have considerable difficulty with the rein-deer, two of which I felt very anxious to have. I managed, by means of the crane, to get one out of the hold on deck; but the difficulty was, to get it into the boat. I at length succeeded in getting it near the helm of the vessel, when, giving it a shove behind, it sprung over the side of the ship, and managed to alight in the boat. Out of the six, I tried four; two of them succeeded, two were drowned. I now got together a few tools,

such as I thought would be portable and useful ; these, with some fodder for the rein-deer, constituted my store.

After commending myself to God in prayer, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I loosened the rope from the ship, and committed myself and cargo to his mercy and to the waves. The sun, in that latitude, never sets at that season of the year ; I was, therefore, in no danger of being in the dark. I sailed along the edge of the continent of ice, till near midnight, I then perceived a low part on which I could land with great ease, it being just the height of the sides of the boat. There, then, I landed, (if I may so express myself) and driving a long iron brag into the ice fastened the boat to it.

I had, during the little voyage, harnessed the two rein-deer, and fastened them to the sledge ; by their aid, I easily got the sledge upon the ice. Fastening them to the boat-rope, I loaded the sledge with whatever I had brought that I thought would be useful.

What, it may be asked, were now my views and intentions ? I had none but to commit myself to the disposal of Providence ; and I am now astonished

at the confidence with which I did so. To human comprehension, there was not the least prospect but of perishing from hunger or cold; and yet I felt not the depression that might naturally have been expected. Folded closely up in my fur cloak I took the reins and the whip. I left the direction in which we should travel entirely to the better instinct of my two rein-deer. They went off at a good rate, and I was surprised to observe by my pocket compass, that they continued an undeviatingly northern course.

I had taken in as much fodder as I thought might serve them for a week; for myself, I had what would serve much longer. I knew the nature and management of the noble animals pretty well; they were of a good breed, and they travelled cheerfully and swiftly. The surface of the ice, in general, was but little uneven, and where there appeared any great obstruction, they seemed to know and avoid it.

On such a journey, strange and uncommon as it was, little can be observed, further than what relates to the feelings of the traveller. During five days, we continued our course, allowing due time for rest,

under a constantly visible circulating sun, skirting the hazy horizon over a white and glittering surface. My eyes suffered the most; I had, however, a pair of green spectacles, which I found eminently useful. On the sixth day, I perceived the speed and the spirits of my willing servants to diminish very much. I think that they must have failed the next morning, if it had not been for a current of wind setting in directly at my back, which not only blew constantly, but with constantly increasing force; so that, before noon, the sledge was absolutely blown forwards, without the animals pulling at all.

I began, at length to be alarmed, as I was certain that if it increased much more, we must all be swept forward by it together. There was not the least shelter from it to be had in any direction, and the surface of the ice was swept so smooth by it, that very little force would impel anything over it. I was deliberating what to do, when the reindeer made a full stop. I knew not what steps to take. I was aware that they were sensible of some danger with which I was unacquainted. I got out of the sledge, but could scarcely stand for the wind. The sagacious animals, however, were proof against

all inducements to proceed. A small elevation of the ice, prevented my seeing far before me. Giving, then, a little fodder (tied to the sledge to prevent it being blown away,) to the rein-deer, and taking my travelling ice-staff in my hand, I proceeded as carefully as possible, on foot towards the rising ice. When arrived there, so as to be able to see on the other side, I beheld, at about a hundred yards before me what appeared either a circular lake or the large mouth of a volcano. It could not be less than a mile in diameter. It was evident that the wind, had we proceeded, must have taken us directly into it; for even with the aid of my ice-staff, I could scarcely keep myself from being blown off my feet.

I now returned to the sledge, and taking out of it my pocket Bible, compass, a bottle of brandy, and such provisions as I could put in my pocket, I was proceeding with an intention of exploring the singular opening, when the rein-deer, having finished their fodder, turned about, and instantly set off at full speed, directly back in the track which they had come. I stood like the statue of despair; astonishment and terror kept me rooted to the spot, till the

deer and the sledge became a fading speck in the distant horizon. At length, I recovered my recollection, but not my composure. Despair, however, being no remedy, I, with a sort of desperation, turned about, and slowly and sadly took my way towards the mouth of the mighty pit. As I approached it, the wind became so strong, that I at length laid myself down, and pushed myself easily along, the ice being very smooth. I at length reached the mouth of the tremendous opening, for such it then appeared. It was nearly a true circle, the rim of which was sharp-edged ice. Considerably agitated, I pushed myself carefully forward, still lying at my length, till I could see over the edge into the cavity. It would be in vain, were I to attempt to describe my astonishment and alarm, when I beheld that I lay, as it were, upon the edge of a thin shell,—the ground, or rather ice, within the cavity, receding abruptly under the surface, so that I could scarcely see it; as far as I could see it, it appeared smooth and frozen. All within was, as it were, a transparent void, only, that in the centre appeared what I at first took for the sun reflected in a clear lake below. I instinctively turned up my face, to

look for the sun over my head. There was nothing to be discovered there, but the polar star and a few others, very faintly seen: the sun was, as it had long been, slowly and dimly skirting, in solemn, solitary majesty, the horizon.

On looking down again, I felt completely bewildered; a fearful trepidation seized me, my senses forsook me; I know of nothing further that occurred, till I found myself awakening, as it were, from the most frightful dream. I could form no conjecture where I was. I attempted to rise, but felt very much bruised and sore, I appeared to be among strata of rocks, rising on all sides from the ground. They were not high where I was, but they were higher to my right hand. Over them the sun, as I had seen it in the chasm, was shining. To my left hand, the ground, became gradually smooth, and forward appeared a small, pale, circular opening, like the moon in a mist, with a star in the centre of it.

I now sat down, endeavouring to collect my scattered senses, and to try to make out whether I was really awake or still in a dream. I felt for the bottle of brandy,—it was safe: I drank a very little,

and was much revived. Still, I was bewildered. I strove to pray;—at length I succeeded, and was considerably relieved and reassured. I could only conjecture that, when insensible, the wind had swept me into the mouth of the tremendous crater. I suspected that the small opening, which I then saw many miles to the left, was that mouth, and the polar star in the centre. The wind I still felt blowing strongly from thence. But how could the opening, I asked myself, be there, and not over my head? The sun, too, (if such it were,) which was then below me, was now to my right. I could see nothing else. The vacuum was a purer blue than I had ever seen the sky to be, and perfectly cloudless.

After long rest, and much consideration, I consulted my pocket compass. The needle danced about in all directions, remaining stationary nowhere. This appeared very strange. I then determined to make what seemed the sun my guide, and travel as straight as I could in that direction. I found myself, for a while, very stiff, but that went off as I proceeded. Though the ground was generally spread with rocks, I found a tolerably smooth

path between them. At first, most of the rocks were limestone; after some time, they were principally variegated marble; then granite, and in the end, they were almost altogether pure white marble, with scarcely a stain in them. This was the principal alteration which I could perceive in the course of the first twelve hours' travelling. I could not perceive any movement in the sun, excepting that it gradually got higher as I proceeded, and the temperature of the air became milder.

I now came to a small stream of very pure water, which I began greatly to need; and on the banks some show of vegetation began to appear. I sat down, and after satisfying my hunger and thirst, I fell asleep, and, being much fatigued, slept soundly more than six hours. When I awoke, the sun was exactly in the same place as when I first sat down. It seemed to be stationary, and only *appeared* to rise higher when I advanced forwards. I now felt as if equal to a good day's journey. The air was become remarkably calm and refreshing—the ground leveller, nearly free from rocks, and covered in places with very short grass. As I pushed on briskly, I soon saw a few low bushes

before me. On coming to them, I found them of very delicate foliage, and bearing a small purple berry, which on tasting I found to be very pleasant and refreshing.

The little streams now became frequent, and the ground covered with the most beautiful and delicate verdure. Flowering and fruit-bearing shrubs, too, became larger and more numerous. The sun had almost got to the zenith. I had now concluded another twelve hours' travelling, without having seen the least signs of any living creature of any description. I again slept more than six hours, and on awaking found that the sun had not, during my sleep, made the least progress, though during my walking, as before stated, it had regularly risen. After reading a while in my pocket bible, and praying very fervently, I was preparing, after a frugal repast, (for my provisions were nearly exhausted,) to rise and pursue my journey, when, as I sat beside a bush that nearly concealed me, I felt assured that I heard some kind of a faint distant sound, otherwise I had not, during all the way, heard any noise, a death-like silence having constantly continued. I had become so accustomed to this still-

ness, that it had ceased to appear extraordinary, and the very faint sound which I now heard startled me. I listened very attentively, and still at intervals heard it. I looked through the bushes, but could see nothing. At length I perceived nearly overhead, at a considerable height, five or six largish birds. The noise, I was assured, proceeded from them. I was attentively viewing them, when four others came flying only a few yards above my head; on seeing me, they all shrieked and soared up to the others. If they were surprised at seeing me, I certainly was not less so at the sight of them. They were in the form of CHILDREN, apparently not more than twelve inches high. Their wings were quite white; two of them had some kind of light clothing of a pale blue, and the other two of the same, of a light pink. When they had joined the others, they all hovered over me for some time, and then darted forwards over the road which I had intended to take, till they were out of sight.

More and more perplexed, I scarcely knew either what to do or what to think. To remain where I was, however, could avail nothing, and my curiosity

was more aroused even than my fears. I therefore lost no time, but proceeded forwards as before.

As I advanced the beauty of the country increased. The few rocks that occasionally appeared were of the purest white marble. The soil was the finest mould that I had ever seen. The shrubs and little trees (for I saw none above ten feet high,) were almost all abundantly sprinkled with either fruit or flowers. I gathered up several glittering little minerals, which I was almost certain were precious stones of different kinds, and two or three small grains of metal which seemed to be gold. I think that I had thus walked rather quickly along over this verdant carpet for nearly an hour, when I saw, at a great distance before me, what appeared to be a large flock of birds. As they drew nearer, I clearly perceived that they were all of the kind which I had seen before. There could not be less than a hundred of them, all having some kind of light clothing, of different colours. They hovered for some time at a considerable height above my head, seeming to preserve a regular order in their flight. Presently I heard the most heavenly sounds

that ever entered my ears. Fond of music from my earliest youth, I stood entranced, and for a few moments forgot every thing else. It was evidently both vocal and instrumental. The air was sweetly plaintive, simple and devotional. I could not but feel myself as it were carried away by it. I neither considered where I was, nor who were the musicians. I was unconsciously moved to tears.

Slowly they now descended, till I could perceive them, and they me, more distinctly. The music had ceased, and the first comers were soon joined by others, all appearing exactly alike in form. They had every appearance of very small children, with different coloured sashes, something in form like a light Scotch plaid, worn in various ways. Their wings were invariably white. Some of them appeared to have different kinds of little musical instruments in their hands. Their astonishment seemed to be equal to my own. Some of them at length alighted upon the ground at a considerable distance from me. When their wings were folded close, they seemed to add much, I thought, to the gracefulness of their persons. Nothing can be imagined more light, graceful, and lovely, than their

appearance and movements, both in the air and on the ground.

They seemed to express their astonishment to each other, and to consult what was to be done. I saw nothing like weapons in the hands of any of them; nor had I any thing in mine. Indeed I had nothing of the kind with me excepting my knives. I bowed repeatedly to them, placing my hand upon my heart, and I observed several of them do the same. I then sat down upon the ground, to shew that I had no intention to harm them. By way of inducing to more familiarity, I made signs of wishing for something to eat. They seemed to understand me, and, after a little consultation, four or five of them flew off in haste. Many had now alighted upon the ground, and forming a half-circle, came towards me. They began to sing an air very similar to that which I had heard before, several of them accompanying the singers with various musical instruments. When they had repeated the air several times, I caught it pretty well, and having a good voice, with some little practice, I managed to accompany them with a bass, (without words) which they seemed to me

to require. They appeared surprised and pleased, and sung the words over again, I thought, for the sake of hearing me.

By this time, they had acquired some confidence, so that when the messengers returned, which was very soon, two of the singers brought something and placed it within ten yards of me, retiring to give me an opportunity of taking it. I removed from my seat, and before taking the provisions which they had deposited for me, I kneeled down, and fervently thanked God, for having preserved me from so many dangers, and for having afforded me this support in my necessity. My little friends appeared to understand, and to be pleased with what I was doing, preserving the most profound silence. I then ate with confidence and pleasure of that which they had set before me. I believe that the whole were fruits; though one, which was broken into pieces, was so like new white roll, both in appearance and flavour, that I should hardly have distinguished it from it.

When I had eaten what I liked, I arose and bowed, making signs that I wished to walk on. This I began to do in the direction of the sun, as

before, the whole party accompanying me, though still keeping at a considerable distance. Many others were continually coming and adding to the number of my attendants.

It is impossible for any words to describe my extraordinary feelings. I was evidently arrived in a new world, never before entered by any human being like myself. What was to prove the nature of it and its inhabitants, how I was to fare in it, and how to depart from it,—all appeared beyond any surmise of mine. Still I felt a degree of composure, nay of pleasure, which was, under all circumstances, truly wonderful. The crowd of little creatures which surrounded and accompanied me, who appeared to be, besides myself, the only living beings in this new-found world, were the most lovely interesting creatures that I had ever met with in my life. To all the innocence and beauty, and gaiety of infancy, they superadded the intelligence, the benevolence, and the sagacity of men, along with that power of traversing the air, which we conceive the angels to possess. What I appeared to be to them, I could not imagine.

As I proceeded, the country appeared to be

more and more beautiful. I saw several running streams, all taking the same direction towards the south. The land appeared more laid out, as it were, in vistas, lawns, and scattered shrubberies. There was some rising ground, but scarcely any part to be called hills. The little inhabitants increased in numbers very greatly as we advanced, till they became innumerable. The sun had for some time appeared quites tationary, exactly in the zenith. I had now travelled along this earthly paradise nearly another twelve hours. I think there could not be less than a million of the little mortals or angels, whichever they were, in sight; most of them in the air. When was their night, or whether they ever slept at all or not, I could not tell; but I begun, to be very weary and sleepy. The air was become of a very mild and delicious temperature. Not the least movement of it could be felt. The little trees and shrubs were in all states except naked. The foliage, though most delicate, was luxuriant beyond description. Nothing like a cloud had appeared. The almost constant singing of a perpetual cloud of witnesses had greatly interested and delighted me. They had not exhibited the least signs of weariness.

Many of them had acquired confidence enough now to approach me pretty near. I made not the least effort to reach them for fear of creating alarm; on the contrary, I rather seemed to refrain from coming near them. At length I sat down by the side of a little lake, where a small stream flowed into it, in a place where a few of the highest trees that I had seen, afforded a faint shade. The sun, though never clouded, was not oppressively bright, I could bear to look at it without my eyes being pained: nor was the heat more than was quite pleasant. Taking out the remainder of my provisions, my bottle of brandy and my pocket cup, with my knife and fork, I began my repast amidst a more numerous court than ever earthly monarch was surrounded by. I had soon a most luscious dessert furnished by the loveliest attendants that ever waited on mortal man. The sweet little creatures had many of them now acquired so much confidence in me, that they brought their offerings within my reach, and waited as if to have the pleasure of seeing me eat. This I did with thankfulness, as well as relish. Never did I witness a scene so lovely. The cloudless azure dome; the glorious central

orb; the continually moving crowd of spotless wings, supporting beings innumerable that peopled the air; the verdant carpet of the earth; the flower and fruit-hung shrubs and trees, and the unruffled mirror in which many of them were reflected with added loveliness, together surpassed whatever the most vivid imagination did, or ever can conceive. Yet there was nothing in itself strikingly grand; it was the simplicity, soberness, and harmony that rendered it so charming.

I was going to lay myself down to sleep, when I observed about a hundred of the lovely natives amusing themselves on the shores of the lake. They took off their scarves, or sashes, and winding them round their necks so as to be out of their way, they took hold of hands, those at each end advancing first into the water, kept going on, the centre ones entered the last. I was astonished to find that they sunk but little higher than the waist—a slight motion of the ends of their wings, and, I thought, of their feet, carried them as easily and as swiftly forwards in the water as they walked on land. They first formed a circle, and played and sung another simple, affecting air. They then be-

gun to move in all directions ; at first it appeared to me in confusion, but I soon observed that it was a regular, well-preserved figure, the singing and music continuing all the time. As all the rest, whether on the wing or on foot, preserved a solemn silence, I felt assured that this, as well as the former concert, was an act of devotion. Every countenance expressed it, and I never saw countenances more expressive. It was indeed a scene on which angels might look delighted. I unconsciously stood up and took off my hat—my motive was comprehended, and seemed to please.

While I was standing I found that I had accidentally, as it seemed, got my German flute in my side pocket. I was considered as a proficient on that instrument. When the little charming water party were landed, and had replaced their sashes, I had put the flute together, and applying it to my mouth, all the crowd of anxious and astonished spectators being attentive to my motions, I played the air of the Old 100th Psalm. I think that I never played it so well ; I am sure that I never either thought it so beautiful myself, nor ever saw an audience so wonder-struck and delighted. Not

the least breathing was heard—the silence was awful. When I ceased playing, the solemn stillness continued for a few moments, when one single word was repeated, I thought, by all. It was, I felt persuaded, a mark of approbation. It sounded something like *apaka*. My astonishment and delight were greatly increased, when about twenty of those who held musical instruments arranging themselves in a circle, begun the air which I had been playing, and repeated it without the least variation. When they ceased, I bowed and cried out *apaka*: this seemed to please them greatly.

I was now exceedingly fatigued, though my lovely little attendants were as sprightly as ever; and I began to suspect that, like their sun, they never retired to rest. Wrapping then my coat close about me, I kissed my hand as I bowed in all directions, and then kneeled down in the shade of the trees to return thanks to God for all his wonderful mercies. I then lay down, and in two minutes there was not one of the little inhabitants near me. It was evident that they perceived that I wished to be alone. Weary as I was, the adventures, or rather occurrences of the day, i. e., of the last twelve

hours, (for here there was no day, or rather no night,) had been too wonderful to suffer me to sleep very soon. Nature, however, at length prevailed, and kept me sleeping nearly eight hours,

I awoke very much refreshed: there were a great many of my new friends around me, all preserving the greatest silence, and all methought with very sorrowful faces. These however, brightened up when they saw me rise and smile upon them. What had been the cause of their alarm (unless they thought me dead,) I could not then tell. They were, however, evidently greatly delighted to see me move again; they had brought me abundance of provisions of various kinds, all most excellent. Some of them came now, without any signs of fear, to put what they had brought into my hands. The love that I felt for them is indescribable. I longed greatly to be able to talk to them. After praying for a few moments, I took my flute and played a short solemn air, and then made signs that I wished them to play. While I ate my delicious repast, a number of them repeated my air; and then played one of their own. I soon perceived that all their music was devotional.

After having eaten what I called my breakfast, I prepared to proceed on my journey. The sun having become, as I said, stationary directly overhead, was no longer a guide. I again took out my pocket compass, and was glad to find that the needle now stood pointing towards the road which I had passed, I had therefore now an accurate director.

After skirting the little unruffled lake, I proceeded as due south as I could. The shining of the sun being so mild, and its faint rays coming directly downward, there was very little shade from any object; the overhanging of the trees (though none of them above nine or ten feet high), gave the most; but it was not wanted. The lively beautiful inhabitants were now become so little afraid of me, that two of them alighted upon my shoulders, and on holding out my hands, two others settled upon them. I was quite astonished to feel them; they could not weigh above half a pound each: even their bodies seemed to partake of a spiritual nature. This was the reason that they sunk so little way in the water. There was a sweet playfulness, now that they were at ease, both

in their looks and manners. Their conversation, too, was highly amusing; their language was exceedingly pleasing and the tone of their voices was particularly soft and sweet; their numbers were become totally inconceivable.

The country kept continually increasing in beauty and fruitfulness. It appeared indeed throughout a most enchanting shrubbery, and as I could look over the tops of most of the trees, I had constantly a full and extensive prospect. I had not yet seen anything like buildings or habitations of any kind, but I now saw in an open space, in the midst of surrounding trees and shrubs, a number of what appeared like little verdant tufts, probably eighteen inches high, out of an opening on one side of which I saw several of the winged inhabitants proceed. I had not then an opportunity to examine them more minutely. In the course of a few hours, however, I saw great numbers more, all situated alike. We did not pass many streams, but as they all appeared to run, though gently winding, in the way that I was going, viz. from north to south, it therefore was not likely that I should see many. The singing and playful hilarity of my numerous

companions continued to amuse me. Though now become familiar, they carefully avoided being troublesome; though they were so numerous as almost to obscure the sun, all was good humour and innocent cheerfulness.

Such was the new world with its wonderful inhabitants, in which, and among whom, I had in so extraordinary a manner obtained admission, as they appeared to me at that time.

It has long perplexed philosophers to ascertain the nature of the internal structure of the earth. So immense a body of solid unproductive matter appeared to our finite comprehension unnecessary, and contrary to the usual course of Providence, in which there is no waste. This perplexing difficulty is now explained. Nothing more of matter seems appropriated, in this instance, any more than in others, to the production of the end, than what is necessary; and as much of life and enjoyment is produced by the means employed, as those means are capable of producing. Instead of this globe being a solid body of inert matter, as hitherto ignorantly supposed, it contains, it will now appear, another world within it—less in some degree, of

course in magnitude, but infinitely exceeding our world in its productiveness and beauty, as well as in the enjoyment of its purer inhabitants ; maintaining and accommodating a far greater number of more intelligent and happier beings.

I shall now proceed to give as accurate a description of this internal world as subsequent experience and reflection has enabled me to do :—

It appears to me that the shell of our world, if I may so call it, is from forty to fifty miles thick ; i. e., near the two poles it may be fifty, and at the horizon about forty miles thick. The concave surface of the internal world will then be nearer to the centre at the poles than at the equator, consequently it will be the highest at the poles. Streams, then, it is evident, wherever they rose, would all flow towards the equator ; this is found to be the case, all the streams do flow towards the equator. At the equator is a sea, like a belt, flowing round the whole of this concave world. Into this sea all the streams empty themselves : this lake varies from one to two hundred miles in breadth. It does not appear to be in any place very deep. In this new world no rain falls, but a constant, though imper-

ceptible, evaporation is taking place, which, rising from the streams and sea, waters the whole earth. The sun always shining, and the temperature always the same, the process never varies. The constant deposition of imperceptible moisture continually refreshes the ground, and renders it highly productive : this moisture is then conveyed through the capillar tubes of the earth to the north and south, where it again finds its way out in springs to resupply the streams.

I at first entertained an idea that the streams were in a great measure supplied from the polar ice and snow of our convex world ; but, on further reflection, I am convinced that they contribute but very little. There are, it is true, two very considerable openings at the poles from one world to the other ; but they may be said to be inaccessible to the inhabitants of both worlds, though through the northern one I myself obtained admission, as has been related. That astonishing current of wind rushing in from the outer to the inner world, which I experienced, is always the same at both poles, being caused by the coldness of the latter, and the warmth of the former. This constant supply of

fresh air is perhaps essential to the life of the inhabitants of the inner world; at any rate, both vegetable and animal life must be languid without it. Air, there can be no doubt, is continually escaping through what may be called the pores of the earth from the inner to the outer world; thus again returning what it has received. Such is the wisdom of Providence, and the economy of nature.

To supply this inner world with light, another world is suspended in the centre. Attracted on all sides equally, this pure and brilliant orb appears to hang immoveable. Possibly, small as it comparatively is, this world, too, may contain another within it. The diurnal rotation of our earth carries the inhabitants of this inner world round their sun in twenty-four hours: but to all these inhabitants the sun is always vertical, let them be in what part of the concave globe they may. When the sun appeared to be before me, and to keep rising as I advanced, it was only whilst I was passing through the shell (if I may say so,) of the world. As soon as I was entered the inner world, the sun became vertical. It is evident that the inner surface of this shell has been in some degree, though a much less

one, disturbed and broken by the percussions which so greatly broke and deformed the outer one. The rocks (almost all primitive ones) have been in some places thrown out, and hills, though small, in many places raised. It will be evident to every one, that in this inner world there can be no change of seasons or of temperature, no night—one cloudless, mild, and sunny day, endures for ever there. Spring, Summer, and Autumn have combined to the exclusion of Winter, and are always producing their several stores. Heat and cold are here never felt: here are no earthquakes, no storms, no tempests, no tornadoes: here are no thunders, no lightning, no volcanoes; war, pestilence, and famine, are alike unknown: from all the plagues of our earth the inhabitants of this blessed world are exempt.

The circumference of this inner world is about twenty-one thousand three hundred miles, only three hundred less than this outer world: the whole of which, excepting the streams, the small sea, and a little part near each of the poles, being thickly inhabited by human beings only, the number is almost beyond comparison greater than on this earth. Numerous, however as they are, so small

is their consumption of provisions, and so fruitful and abundant the product of the ground (which is all that they require,) in every part, that there is no danger of want. They seem unacquainted with pain, with sickness, or infirmities. There is no apparent difference in their ages, nor do they ever seem to grow older : there is, however a perpetual change going on : some are quitting, and others entering this blissful state, though but a small proportion of the whole.

It may be necessary here to state what are their ideas respecting religious subjects, and their present and future state. Allowances must be made, not only for the difficulty of the subject, but also for the imperfect knowledge which I could obtain of their language.

They conceive of God, not as a person but as a spirit, pervading, animating, and governing the universe : as present every where. They conceive of Him as delighting only in the happiness of his creatures ; and all that He requires of them in return, is to give Him their hearts : to ascribe all that they are, and all that they have, to his unbounded goodness, and consequently to love Him,

and to serve Him continually : that so long as they do these things, they will continue to be happy : that those who constantly and fully do so for a certain period, shall be eventually removed to a place of still greater happiness, where they will have more intimate communion with their Creator : that those who, forgetting or disregarding these their duties, live in careless indifference, neither regarding nor thanking God, shall become polluted both in body and mind in proportion to their guilt; and then, when that pollution shall have increased to a certain pitch, they shall cease to be capable of enjoying the happiness of this state and be removed to another, where they may, by trials and afflictions, be eventually so purified, as to render them fit to be readmitted to the state which they had forfeited. This is as short and as clear an exposition of their simple creed as I am able to give. These truths they profess to be taught of God himself on admission into being. They have no teachers, nor are there any distinction of persons among them, farther than good and bad.

All over the country are round mounds of earth, called in their language, "Nooka mene," or, in

English, "coming in and going out." Around the bottoms of these are small passages just large enough for one of the inhabitants to walk in. Through these they enter this new world. They are from the first perfect in all their powers and faculties, yet totally unconscious of ever having existed before. At these openings are provided, and laid for them, sashes or scarfs of different colours, which they are directed to select from and to put on. On the top of the mounds, in the centre of each hill, is a hole varying in size, most of them about a foot in diameter; the depth of any of these has never been ascertained. In proportion as any of the inhabitants forget and neglect God, livid marks appear upon their otherwise spotless skins. Sometimes, in an early stage, they may, by amendment, get quit of them; but in general, when they have once begun to have them, they go on getting worse, till, having attained to a certain degree of pollution, they cease to associate with the other inhabitants; they become drowsy and languid: they are at length rendered senseless, and their wings fall off. When reduced to this state, they are taken and put down the central hole in one

of the mounds, and are seen no more. Probably there may be one in twenty of the inhabitants who come to this miserable end.

Those who, from long and perfect obedience, are fitted for higher enjoyment, have a pair of light filmy wings which grow by slow degrees under the others. The sun they conceive to be the place appointed for the reception of these obedient children. Their additional wings enable them to soar to this blessed world; and when their additional wings are fully grown, they take their flight, accompanied, as high as they can go, by perhaps millions of their rejoicing countrymen, singing and praising God, till the departing angel is out of sight. There are comparatively very few who are thus removed to the still happier sphere.

The frames of all these little beings are so constituted, that they require no sleep. The whole of their existence, so long as they continued faithful and obedient unto God, is a continued state of enjoyment. Eating and drinking form but a trifling part of that enjoyment; they only eat and drink when nature seems to require it: the materials being always at hand, the quantity which they con-

sume is very small indeed. Their pleasures are of the most refined and exalted kind : their natural endowments of mind are beyond any thing known in our mundane sphere. They possess different degrees of powers, tastes, and capacities : they have neither letters nor figures, but most fertile imaginations, and highly retentive memories. Almost all of them are more or less musicians and singers. Their devotional exercises being principally praise, music is the medium through which it is naturally most frequently offered. In poetry, too, they all delight, and most of them, I may say almost all of them are poets. Their range of subjects and ideas are of course greatly circumscribed ; but their poetry possesses a sweet simplicity and ardour of devotion which I never knew equalled : their very language is poetry. Though they have no figures, they are generally very ready reckoners. Great numbers of them will in a moment answer the most difficult question in arithmetic that can be proposed to them. In this exercise they much delight. They are great adepts in mechanics, at least the few instances which demand their abilities in that way seem to prove it : they are unacquainted with fire,

and consequently make no use of metals. The principal things which exercise their mechanical talents are their little shawls, or sashes, and their musical instruments. Their cutting instruments of all kinds, are formed of a species of very hard and pure flint, which rives in the form of wedges. With tools made of this they contrive to do all the wood work. They make very neat little turning lathes, and looms. Their cloth, which is beyond comparison finer, and more beautiful than silk, is manufactured from a fibrous plant; the threads of which are almost as fine as those of a spider's web: their buildings, if they may be so called, are little verdant arbours formed of living plants; they are only used as workshops—houses they have none; these were what I saw as before described.

A livelier or more active people cannot be imagined; they are ever cheerful, and their amusements and exercises on the ground, in the air, and in the water, are as pleasing as they are surprising; they are ever good humoured, and never quarrel; they seem to have all things in common, each being ready to contribute in the way in which he

most excels to the general stock ; they at times require rest, (no sleep,) but seldom for more than half an hour at a time. I scarcely ever heard one of them laugh ; indeed there is nothing among them of a ridiculous nature to call for laughter : almost the only time that I ever saw them so far diverted, was when they witnessed my awkward attempt to make my way into the water. I am, nevertheless, reckoned an expert swimmer.

These remarks it was necessary to make previous to relating my subsequent proceedings in that earthly paradise, among so singular and interesting a people.

After having become familiar with themselves and their habits, my objects was to penetrate as far as I could into the country, whose beauties seemed to increase at almost every step. I travelled on as directly south as I could. I soon discovered that the sun, like our moon, was diversified with dark and light parts, but much fainter. I, however, at length became acquainted with every side, and found that we made a revolution round it in twenty four hours. The farther I travelled southward, the more of the surface of the sun became visible in

course of each revolution, till, when near the equator the whole of it was viewed in the course of the twenty-four hours. When near the north, little more than half would of course be visible. All parts of the earth being nearly equally distant from the sun, and having his beams always shining upon them, enjoyed, (beyond the reach of the polar winds) the same degree of temperature.

The streams were frequently spread out into lakes, but I found none of them very large, excepting the equatorial sea, which, as before stated, surrounded the concave globe. My progress was so very slow that I did not reach this sea till nearly a year after my first entrance. The distance I calculated at about five thousand miles. Before I had been a month in this world, I selected one of my lively little friends, and endeavoured to induce him to be the constant companion of my travels. He was one of those who had the light filmy wings growing under his others. I had acquired sufficient of the language to enable me to make my wishes known, and he very kindly, and seemingly gladly, complied with my request. This I found a great advantage, adding much to my comfort.

When at length we arrived at the borders of the sea ; perceiving no probability, if I had wished it, which I did not, of ever again visiting the outer world, I concluded there to make my residence, at least for the present, taking occasional excursions. During the whole progress I had found but little variety in the face of the country. The appearance of the sea was strikingly beautiful. A mirror which no wind ever disturbed, as polished, even, and transparent as a looking glass, extending before me and on both hands beyond the boundary of sight. This extensive azure mirror was studded with small verdant islands, whose foliage was seen (reflected) even more beautiful below than above. The shores were generally gently sloping and green to the water's edge, a line which never varied. There were, however, on several parts of the coast, rocks, of the purest white marble, some of them of considerable height. Precious stones of different kinds as well as considerable quantities of pure grain gold were to be found upon the shores, particularly at the mouths of the streams—but these were all as little regarded as the coloured pebbles. They were of no use, and ornaments were neither wanted nor

employed. Shells there were none. Some of the sea weeds were delightfully beautiful.

Upon a little rising ground not a hundred yards from the shore, which was closely covered with some of the largest timber trees, I formed a kind of habitation. By clearing away the trees from about eight feet of circular ground, I brought the tops of the surrounding ones together, and fastened them in the centre, only leaving an opening on one side, next the sea, for an entrance. I had, then, with little expense of time and labour, a verdant arbour for which I had made a light wicker door, so that I could, whenever I chose, retire and remain uninterrupted either to read, or pray, or sleep. From thence I had a full view of the sea, and the busy scene which was often exhibited on its surface, by the swimmers and the flyers. I could besides see over an extent of verdant country as far as the eye could reach. This, it will be conceived, was much further in this concave world and clear atmosphere, than on our convex globe through its comparatively dense and cloudy air. The landscape gradually softened off, till it became imperceptibly lost in the light blue sky, so that no horizon could be perceived.

Here, too, I could sit with the natives, learning their language, listening to their fervent strains of praise, admiring the clearness of their conceptions, or endeavouring to make my friend, when we were alone, understand something of the nature of the world and people which I had left. Here too he would listen with astonishment, to such parts of the scriptures as I could translate, and such as I thought it right to attempt to make him understand. His reflections and suggestions on some passages of these, surprised me a good deal. They were not, however, a very inquisitive race. He said that they were instructed of God in all things that were essential for them to know, and that, therefore, it was possible that the knowledge of the things which their Creator had thought proper to keep from them, might be injurious to them. He seemed to consider us a very inferior race of beings, and greatly to be pitied. Our knowledge we had to labour for, and he considered the arts of writing and reading, of which I boasted, as a proof of our inferiority. They had that in themselves, which we had to acquire and instil into others. We could neither fly in the air, skim the earth, nor tread the water.

Our bulk he considered cumbersome, and our strength useless. We all entered the world sinners—a world, which to the very best of us was a world of misery. He could not comprehend the nature of our pains and sorrows, but at any rate, we were none of us happy : besides we lost in a state of total insensibility a third part of our existence. He entertained no doubt, from the information which I gave of the world and the human creatures which I had left, but that we were those ungrateful beings who had in their world, so forgot, neglected, or despised their gracious God as to subject themselves to his severe displeasure and chastisement. Becoming polluted—losing their wings and their faculties, and condemned, as was always understood, to expiate their dreadful crime in a state of punishment in another world. After this probation had produced its effects, it was believed that they were readmitted to the state of bliss which they had forfeited by their crime.

He adduced, in proof of these opinions, the information which I had given, that we came into the world without wings, and almost as small in stature as themselves. That when we first entered, we

were declared to be, and were clearly sinners. That the world which we inhabited was a world cursed for our sakes; and that the whole of our existence in it was a state of trial and punishment intended to produce amendment. Hence he inferred that we must have existed in some previous state; in some world in which we had been notoriously guilty of having offended God. He said that he never could believe that God could create beings purposely to be miserable.—Nor could he conceive that the first man created having sinned could cause God to make all that came after him subject inevitably to sin and misery, without they themselves having transgressed. As to God having created us absolutely sinners, he said that it was impossible; to be a sinner must imply having committed sin, which no being before his existence could possibly have done. But admit his assumption, and he said all became clear. Besides he asked if we were not the sinners from their world, what became of them? The connection, the proximity, and the relative, yet different state of both, clearly demonstrated that we must be the beings who had from among them justly forfeited their happy and comparatively

perfect state. We came into the world too, he said as I had told him, with various tastes and acquirements, some being from the first or by nature musicians, artists, mathematicians, poets, &c. according to the endowments which we had acquired before we left their world. The world such as I described, he maintained, God would never have made but for some such purpose ; and such a world was wanted for the purpose for which he conceived that it was formed. The numbers too, he said, that I described as entering our world, corresponded as nearly as could be calculated with the number of sinners which departed out of theirs.

These are some of the ideas which suggested themselves to the mind of my interesting little friend, after I had described to him as well as I could our wicked world of sorrow and pain. He appeared to me both ingenious and, in his situation, natural ; of course, I could not absolutely contradict him.

The inhabitants of this inner globe knew nothing of the entrance from one world to the other by which I came, no one ever ventured far within the current of the wind, which their tender frames could not bear. They seemed to consider that I must

have been permitted thus to enter their blessed world on account of some excellence in my nature beyond that of my fellow creatures. On this account they felt the more disposed to think well of me. I was indeed become a great favourite among them all. When I walked out, though they avoided being troublesome, I had generally two upon my shoulders, another upon my head, and perhaps one on each hand.

My fondness for music while I remained among them was highly gratified. It was indeed a world of harmony in every sense. I learnt a many of their airs, and could often join them on the flute as well as with my voice, with good effect. I found that much less sleep was necessary—four hours out of the twenty-four generally sufficed. My companions could not at all comprehend the nature of sleep, they conceived that from a desire of rest, I refused to suffer myself to be disturbed, and therefore kept my eyes shut. They, however, never designedly intruded upon me.

It is nearly impossible for me to convey any accurate idea, by words, of the busy, brilliant, and interesting scene which presented itself to me as I

sat or stood at the door of my verdant bower. Thousands of those living beings in all the colours of the rainbow, moving in every direction in the air, others on the ground, and as many treading the placid lake almost without disturbing it, while those in the air over it were reflected sailing with expanded wings far beneath. The sun continually shining upon and enlivening the whole. Add to this, the constant sound of singing and musical instruments from all the three elements, with the view of a cloudless sky—a pure atmosphere, and a more lovely, extensive, and brilliant landscape than any human eye ever beheld, and the effect may in some degree be imagined, though it cannot be described. In all earthly assemblages, however gay they may appear, we know that the gaiety is but often in appearance. We know that all evil passions, all human miseries, are there congregated—here all were in reality, as pure, as happy, and as good as they seemed to be. The heart which beheld and considered all this, could not but rejoice.

The interest and beauty at times, was still further heightened, when they formed themselves into parties for the purpose of exhibiting different feats

of activity; probably several thousands of them would assemble, while all the rest were seated on the banks and islands, as spectators, and musical bands. The thousands, or whatever number it might be, would soar a little above the water till they formed a regular horizontal circle, or rather, a great number of circles, one within the other, a single person being in the centre. This central one gradually rose, the innermost circle followed a little below him—then the next circle, till all but the outer one had risen; they then formed a lofty, large inverted cone of circles, every one of which had its own appropriate colours. This was seen reversed even more lovely, in the water. After a while, the centre, from the top, began to sink—the lower circle began to rise, and in a minute the cone was seen completely reversed, both in the air and in the water. Keeping the same position, they gradually rose, the musicians below playing a particularly solemn affecting air, which those who were ascending, joined with their voices in words equally solemn and plaintive. The beautiful cone thus gradually and slowly rose till themselves and their voices imperceptibly faded on the straining

and delighted eye and ear. When almost out of sight, they formed themselves into an irradiated sun, every ray of a different colour—the natural sun, to those immediately under them, forming the centre, which was left open for that purpose. In this beautiful form, they descended, to a livelier air of the musicians, which they all accompanied with their voices. When near the water, they all shot off with the utmost swiftness in every direction.

Another time I was told they were going to exhibit their ingenuity and agility on a still larger scale, which exhibition I was requested to witness. I was, therefore prepared to expect something a little extraordinary, even in them.

On going out of my bower, I was surprised with the sight of an assemblage in the air, much more numerous than I had ever yet witnessed; the sun and the sky were almost obscured by them. On my reaching the sea shore; they began to collect over the water, and by degrees they assumed the form of two most immense horizontal plains, consisting, as before, of innumerable circles, one within the other, each circle of its own peculiar colour. Each of the extreme circles must have been more

than a hundred yards in diameter, and they were nearly that distance from each other: the upper one being directly over the other. The effect, both in the air, and in the water, with all their pure white wings in motion, and glittering in the sun's rays, cannot be easily imagined, especially when the two circular plains began to turn in contrary directions to a very plaintive air, which they all either played or sung. While they were doing this, I observed the outer circle of the upper plain began to descend, followed by the next, and so on towards the centre, which remained stationary; at the same time, the outer circle of the bottom plain began to rise, followed by the next, and so on towards the centre, which likewise remained stationary. Presently the whole had assumed a spherical form, resembling an immense and most beautiful balloon, consisting of different coloured circles, and the whole glittering with the flutter of brilliant white wings.

After a while the singing ceased, and, in an instant, all was as still as death, Solemnly the majestic balloon descended till the bottom appeared just to rest upon the pure level transparent surface

of the wide extended sea. It moved silently and slowly along it. The reflected figure was, if possible, even more beautiful than the real one. My sensations became almost exquisitely painful. There was a sublimity accompanying the whole that almost overcame me. Presently the softest and most pleasingly plaintive melody seemed to move over the unruffled surface of the watery plains, strongly affecting the senses, though scarcely striking the ear. To that music, the self-moving sublimely beautiful globe, slowly and solemnly rose; while its still more lovely prototype, as slowly, and as solemnly descended in the pellucid hemisphere below. They thus rose and fell, till they each began to diminish and fade away, and the faintly heard music seemed to come from heaven.

As I stood alone upon the earth, I was insensibly moved to tears: I felt my inferiority, both in goodness and happiness, too strongly to permit me to repress those feelings which truly humbled me. As I thus stood on the sea shore, silently and awfully looking up at the small, and now faintly seen, living balloon, which appeared as if ascend-

ing into heaven—while the sweet and solemn music was scarcely heard; the air was suddenly changed to a livelier one, and the music became louder.

The balloon I saw was descending more quickly than it rose. It was approaching directly over my head, and came down till the centre cherub (for such it seemed) almost touched me. Four or five of the innermost bottom circles then dispersed in the inside of the balloon, leaving a circular opening in the bottom of about three yards diameter. When I looked up at the vast and lovely concave sphere, the sun shining through and between their perpetually moving pure white wings, and illuminating their various coloured mantles, the effect was inconceivably striking and beautiful.

I was now astonished to see one of the circles from the uppermost centre, consisting of about a hundred of the lovely cherubs—for such I must call them—descending with something like a hammock suspended far below them by strings, one of which each of them held. It was let down before me. It was formed of light wicker work, lined with the same stuff as their clothing, and seemed

neatly and ingeniously made. My friend now came to me and requested me to step into the hammock, in which I could either sit or lie down, I saw at once their design, and did not hesitate to evince my confidence, by complying with my friend's request. As soon as I was seated, my bearers rose without difficulty, to the station which they had quitted, and I hung nearly in the centre of the brilliant spacious balloon, which was now complete, the opening at the bottom being again filled up by those who had left it. The balloon now moved slowly a considerable way over the water, and then, to the soft solemn tune which had been sung before, we all slowly rose together in the air.

I will not attempt to describe either the appearance of my magnificent living ethereal palace, or my indescribable sensations, as we rose from the earth, accompanied by the most celestial music, towards heaven. The reader may try to imagine them, but he will try in vain. I cannot tell how high we rose, for I was too much absorbed in admiration to pay attention to it. At length, however, we stopped, and the music ceased. In a few minutes the cherubs forming the lower half of the bal-

loon had all left their stations, and in a few more had formed larger circles below the bottom of the upper half, which widened its diameter, so that I now hung from the centre of an immense parasol, the outer diameter of which would not be less than two hundred yards. The bottom circle was considerably lower than where I hung, and seemed to me to extend almost to the now greatly distant horizon.

Awhile we remained stationary in solemn silence ; I looked above me, around me, below me, with indescribable astonishment. Another similar world of wonders seemed to lie beneath, where another glittering evermoving living parasol lay, reversed, at an immeasurable distance. I sat lost in bewildering admiration, when in an instant, a crash of the loudest music that I ever heard them produce, aroused my attention ; the air was almost approaching to the martial. At the same moment all their sashes were unloosed, every one spreading them and waving them to catch the rays of the sun, which rendered their brilliant transparency still more beautiful. At the same instant every circle began to move round, each alternate one in a dif-

ferent direction, producing a far more lively, regular irregularity and confusion than can possibly be conceived. Thus we slowly descended, while our lovely prototype beneath as gradually ascended to meet us.

When I was again placed upon the earth I felt relieved. I wished to be alone ; my faculties had been stretched too much. The whole scene had not only been astonishing, but too astonishing for me to contemplate so long without being in some degree bewildered. The eyes, the ears, the understanding, had all been stretched too far, for mortals like us to bear with ease. The novelty was too great, too striking and magnificent to be easily comprehended or believed ; it seemed to partake of delusion, and the mind required calm composure to convince the judgement. How they could all attain to such unfailing correctness, was to me incomprehensible ; though in every thing they undertook, I knew that they excelled. We are some of us apt to think highly of our acquirements, but the highest of us would be humbled by a comparison with them.

The foregoing are some of the almost innumera-

ble astonishing sports, or perhaps, rather, religious exercises, of this interesting and surprising little people. I know that it will be said or thought by many that, notwithstanding their entire freedom from care, and pain, and sickness, their innocence and goodness, they could not be considered as being a happy people. We are a sinful, a fallen, a degraded, and a punished race. Labour, anxiety, hope and fear, are inseparable from our nature, doomed, as it is, to toil, both of body and of mind. Toil is our sentence, and our nature is adapted to it—with it we cannot be happy, but without it we are always miserable. Some excitement, beyond that of a desire to please God, to us seems necessary. We come into the world weak, ignorant, and polluted. We have, therefore, all these failings to overcome by perpetual strivings.

Unhappiness is the lot of all mankind, and we have by every means that we can devise, and have the resolution to practice, to remove as great a portion of it as we can. We therefore are not fitted to rest contented and delighted in any state of our progress through life, and we are apt to imagine, that progressive improvement and advancement must be

essential to enjoyment in all rational beings. To us, then, the pure, simple, devotional life, of these generally sinless, unaspiring, and pious creatures, must be monotonous, dull, and joyless. This, however, is only the consequence of our inability (from the effects of a corrupted and degraded nature) to comprehend, and duly appreciate, enjoyments derived from sources unknown and inaccessible to us. In fact, the enjoyments of these interesting people are those which we are taught to believe constitute the happiness of angels and archangels in heaven. The human beings approaching the nearest to them on our earth, are **LITTLE CHILDREN**, and of such our blessed Saviour has declared, is the kingdom of heaven. Whether, then, the happiness of these little inhabitants of the central world be comprehensible to us or not, it is most certainly happiness, and that of the truest, the purest, and the most exalted nature.

To all our gross and sensual enjoyments, it is true, that these newly discovered beings are strangers, but those are not only enjoyments (if deserving the name) unworthy of spiritual beings, but they are only such from their relieving painful

sensations, and if at all carried to excess, invariably produce still more painful consequences. All our real, and pure enjoyments, they possess in a much higher and more durable degree than we do. With them they never cease—they never weary or cloy. That peace which passeth all understanding, they enjoy, and enjoy it perpetually. The love which centering in the Creator, extends in circumference over the whole creation, is innate in their nature. To the envy, hatred, malice, and all the evil passions and propensities of fallen man, they are total strangers. Let us not, then, for one moment, doubt that beings such as these must be happy, though they have no inordinate desires, no longings for unpossessed enjoyments. They are all brethren.

They had no name either for their world, as a whole, nor for any particular parts of it as districts. They knew of no other, and they had no occasion to divide it into parts, as district rights or individual property were unknown. Their musical instruments were numerous, very simple and very sweet. There were lutes of various kinds: many were stringed instruments, played upon with the fingers,

like guitars or harps ; some were little drums or tabors, the coverings of which were made of the inner bark of a tree. All these they manufactured with peculiar neatness. They were the exclusive property of no one.

The only thing of a painful nature which I experienced among this happy little people, arose from seeing so many of them, from forgetting and neglecting their God, who had thus bountifully blessed them, become a kind of loathsome lepers. As pollution grew upon them, they lost their cheerfulness and their strength. Languid and depressed they slowly wandered about, dispirited and disregarded, till they sunk into insensibility as before related.

I can never forget the astonishment and extasy which the little strangers evinced on their first entrance into this world of beauty and delight. I have often witnessed it with the strongest interest and enjoyment. With all their faculties perfect, with a clear perception, and ardent feeling of the unbounded, unmerited, goodness of their God ; they look around them with undissembled rapture, and unalloyed bliss. After having received their simple robe, and bound it round their loins, they

spread their untried wings, and, soaring from the ground, enraptured join the band which high in air chaunted aloud their Maker's praise. It may well be supposed, that I must be constantly an object of the highest curiosity : this was the case, for every day brought hundreds and thousands who had never seen me before. In that calm inner world, where every one's home is in every place, a constant succession of new comers is every where seen continually ; and it may well be supposed that there would not be the fewer where so great a curiosity as myself was to be seen.

I could not learn, either from my friend or from any of my numerous visitors, that there were any parts of the world differing in any great respect, from what I had already seen ; that curiosity however, so inherent in our fallen nature, urged me to visit the southern hemisphere. I wished to ascertain (as I persuaded myself) merely whether there was the same frozen opening into the other world at the south pole, as I had found on the north. I intimated my desire to my friend, with the difficulty which I apprehended I should find in crossing the sea. I could not distinctly perceive

the opposite shore, but from the time which it took them to fly across, and back again, by way of ascertaining the fact, I estimated the distance to be at least a hundred and fifty miles. There were several islands in different parts, but still the distance between some of them was greater than I dared to encounter by swimming. I knew that I could nowhere be happier than where I was, and I had almost given up the idea of making the attempt, when, on going out of my arbour, after taking my usual rest I was surprised to see about a hundred of the inhabitants flying about in a circle, with the hammock suspended in the middle of them by strings, one of which each of them held in his hand. They were singing, and appeared much delighted with their employment. On seeing me, they slowly descended and alighted on the level ground, in the front of my mount.

My friend now came to inform me that they had prepared the means of gratifying my wish of crossing the sea, and doubted not but that they could convey me with great ease and safety, to almost any distance, as they could change carriers as often as was required, since every one, he was sure, would be pleased to render their aid.

I told them all, how much I was obliged to them, and, by way of showing my confidence, I immediately laid myself down in the hammock, and was carried to a considerable height, (how high I could not tell,) almost without perceiving that I was removing from the place. The view of the numerous circle of my little beautiful bearers, spreading and beating the air with their snow-white wings, was always truly and delightfully interesting. After having soared a little while, they gradually descended, and let me down in the same place from whence I had been taken up ; they, as well as myself much pleased with the success of the experiment. Before setting out on the long expedition I had several preliminary rides.

I had a small opening made in the bottom of the hammock towards one end, so that I could see through it as I lay down, so as to view the country and objects beneath me. They once soared as high as they could with me. The bird's eye view which I then obtained, was beyond any thing which our aerial voyagers can have beheld. No clouds, no haze or mist, to intercept or obscure the view ; and looking down upon a concave instead of a con-

vex surface, the circle of sight was much further extended: while even very minute objects were distinctly seen. The most striking and novel feature, was the almost myriads of little aerial beings that with outspread wings peopled the air beneath me, and the gay circle of the same interesting beings (with the brilliant sun for a centre) above me. Songs and hymns of praise and of thanksgiving, resounded from above, beneath, and on every side of me. It was indeed like an ascent to heaven !

The lives of this race of innocent, simple, cheerful beings, may be considered by the youthful, the gay and dissipated as monotonous and unexhilarating. Happiness, however, consisteth not in what we consider as high seasoned enjoyment; enjoyments, in their very nature unsatisfying, and in their effects productive of misery. What pure and observant mind has not been struck with the animation which is exhibited by myriads of those minute winged beings which people with an ever moving crowd, the rays of a summer evening's setting sun. Existence itself is with them enjoyment; every movement displays it; short lived as it is, it is evidently exquisite. But what is this to the

enjoyment of these never dying rational beings, perpetually reveling in the highest luxury of never-fading sunshine—the sunshine of external nature, and the pure and more exhilarating sunshine of the mind. With powers of reveling, unrestrained by human weakness, pains, disease, and imperfection, in all the three elements—with minds capable of highest mental excursions—with feelings of gratitude which call forth unceasing spontaneous expressions of thanksgiving, praise, and adoration—with a strong and unfailing sense of the continual favour, protection, and blessing, of an eternal and almighty ever-present Being—without sorrow, anxiety, pains, and fears. What is there that remains to them to desire? If this be not rational—if this be not true and exquisite enjoyment—I know not what is. This is the enjoyment of the blessed saints in heaven, who cease not day and night saying “Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.” In fact, as far as we are informed, the employment and joys of these little beings are those of the righteous and perfect. The soul being fully occupied with the pure love of God there remains neither room

nor desire for any grosser love. God is LOVE, and though we can form no idea of the nature of his happiness, we know that He is supremely happy. These little beings seem to approach the nearest of any with which we are acquainted to the nature of God: and therefore we may conclude that their happiness is in proportion. That we do not comprehend it, and duly appreciate it, is because of the grossness and vileness of our nature: these had with me, during my residence with this interesting people, in a great measure worn off. Still the remaining imperfection of my nature kept me from feeling and fully comprehending the utmost extent of their exquisite, yet calm and pure enjoyments.

I had little preparation to make for my long aerial excursion. I was ready to depart when my friend came to tell me that his departure was at hand. I had perceived that his filmy wings had attained their full growth. I can never forget the pure sweetness of his beautiful and expressive countenance. There was a heavenliness in it that I had never before perceived even in one of theirs. He wished me to witness his ascent. I felt for a moment a deadening chillness run through my

frame. My heart was oppressed. I rested a little while in mental prayer, and my serenity returned. I went out with him. Thousands of thousands, and tens of thousands of thousands of beings peopled the air. My friend desired me to hold out my hand. He sprung into it; my tears flowed apace. He smiled upon me, then stretching all his four wings, (the filmy ones had never before been opened,) he rose majestically through the circular opening which the assembled multitude had left for him in the middle. I looked up,—he was in the centre of the sun; slowly he continued to ascend; accompanying myriads rose with him: one universal hymn, accompanied with innumerable instruments of music, spread throughout the pure blue heavenly dome. I was left alone upon the earth. Higher and higher arose the celestial choir; softer and softer, sweeter and sweeter, sounded the heavenly strains. The multitude became as a cloud, they ceased to be perceptible, the music was heard no more, all was silent, all was solitude; my heart sunk within me, I felt my inferiority to the beings among whom I was placed most strongly, I retired depressed and humbled to my verdant habitation;

I prayed for aid, I read my bible, I slept in peace, and awoke refreshed.

All was now ready for my proposed aerial voyage ; with my pocket compass to direct our course, I laid myself at full length in my soft and gay hammock, my lovely carriers arranged themselves in a circle, millions were on the wing ; slowly and majestically we arose, and sailed amidst a choir of tens of thousands over the sleeping mirror spread below. I looked down, and beheld the gay and busy multitude, which no one could number, reflected very far beneath, with more than their original beauty. A softer sky, a milder sun, were sleeping there ; numerous verdant isles studded the clear expanse, suspended as it seemed in midway air between two azure concave domes ; the isles themselves on either side adorned with shrubs and trees, with flowers and fruit. Loud strains of never-ceasing praise and adoration filled the wide cloudless concave globe ; my heart could not but swell with rapture, gratitude, and love.

In eight hours we had passed the sea ; my lovely bearers were perpetually changing, so that I had a constant succession of them without any stoppage.

In the face of the country I could not observe any material change. Thus journeying sixteen hours, and stopping eight to rest and sleep, I gradually proceeded on my southern tour. We probably proceeded at about the rate of twenty miles an hour. The number of streams which I could, on looking down upon them, see sparkling in their irregular courses, appeared very great. It would be as unnecessary as difficult to attempt to describe the almost constantly varying evolutions of my numerous winged attendants to amuse me through the whole of this long journey. The nature of them has been before described.

We had thus continued alternately sailing through the air, and resting on the earth, during fifteen of our days, when we very perceptibly felt a current of air, constantly increasing in strength and coldness. It soon became unpleasantly so to all of us. I desired my amiable friends to rise as high with me in the air as they could; my compass I perceived to become a little unsettled; presently, directly in the south, I could clearly perceive a small round speck of faint light. It was, I felt assured, the southern opening into the world from whence I

came. I cannot, and therefore I will not attempt to describe the complicated feelings of the moment; I was convinced that I had done wrong; an uneasiness such as I had never before experienced in this new world overcame me. I was assured that I could never more approach nearer to my former home, and in spite of all the blessings God had here bestowed, an hankering after those I once had known became too strong to be repressed; I became uncomfortable and restless. As we returned, nothing appeared to interest or delight me as they used to do; the very cheerfulness and happiness of the lovely inhabitants, which were wont to exhilarate, now rendered me sad. The songs of praise and thanksgiving which were continually sounding in my ears, and in which I could before join with heart and voice, now seemed in spite of my utmost efforts, to fret and to disturb me. I neglected my bible, and prayer became a task, which seemed to me not to be answered. Whether I had taken cold in the current of wind, to which I had not been accustomed; or it was the agitation of my spirits that produced indisposition, I cannot tell; but I became languid, and an uneasy irritation of the skin kept

me from sleep, being accompanied with a gradually increasing irruption like the small-pox.

By the time that I had again reached my once delightful home, I was become almost helpless. I could take no pleasure in anything : out of humour with myself, and with all about me, change of place was resorted to, not in hopes of enjoyment, but to escape misery. I determined (without any specific motive) to travel northward. My active and obliging benefactors, pitying no doubt my comparative helplessness, were always ready cheerfully to lend their aid to assist or accommodate me.

Stretched in my once easy hammock, I again ascended the air, soaring in a northerly direction. Day after day (if so I may call each twenty-four hours) I continued to become worse and worse. The irruption now covered my skin. I became a sore all over. When we stopped for rest I could not sleep ; in journeying I had no pleasure. I ate very little, and at length could hardly see. On our tenth stoppage I could not move myself from my hammock as it lay upon the ground, I could not eat, I could not raise my hand to my mouth. I recollect thousands of my kind friends being assem-

bled around me, singing praises to their Creator ; I could not join them : I recollect nothing more that occurred in that world of innocent delight.—My senses forsook me.

* * * *

A strange rushing, as of mighty waters, sounded in my head. A confused recollection of strange events seemed to present itself ; I opened my eyes, but I could not perceive any thing ; I kept silence, and all was still. I was laid upon my back—I stretched forth my hands and clasped the cold damp rock. Accustomed to perpetual sunshine, the surrounding darkness—which was darkness to be felt—appeared dreadful. Accustomed to a pure and mild atmosphere, the chillness and impurity of the air were oppressive in the extreme. Accustomed to the perpetual sound of sweet music, of praise and thanksgiving, the awful silence, which was the silence of the tomb, struck me like the hand of death. I felt all the extent of my ingratitude and wickedness, and I shrunk in despair from the horridness of a situation of the nature of which I was ignorant. I attempted to rise, I felt that I had gained strength, I endeavoured to pray, but my efforts were feeble ;

I perceived, however, that I was better. Something of a confused murmuring sound reached my ears. In a little while I observed a faintish light at a considerable distance, and I thought that I could trace the forms of several beings seemingly human. They, however, soon, with the light passed away.

Aroused to a kind of desperation, I now raised my voice to the utmost pitch of which it was capable, shouting for assistance; the shout seemed repeated by a thousand voices, I started with alarm, presently I saw similar beings appearing in the same place. Again I raised my voice, again it was as if thousands of voices repeated the sound. The figures came forward. They were so distant, and the light which they carried was so faint, that I could see nothing distinctly. I appeared to be surrounded by huge fragments of mighty rocks. As the beings approached, directed by my frequent shouting, I could begin to trace their form, and the nature of the ground. They were four in number, half-naked, and scarcely human in either their form or countenance. They carried a lantern which shed a sickly feeble light. As they came near, I addressed them first in the language of my new

found world, and then in English and French. They, however, understood none of them. They appeared to be greatly astonished at the sight of me. My beard was grown very bushy and long; my hair was the same, not having been cut since my quitting the old world. My dress, though much worn, was not absolutely ragged; it was, probably, very different to what they were accustomed to see. They appeared terrific giants, at least ten feet high. There was something horridly disgusting to me in their persons and manners. Their voices were dreadfully loud and discordant. Their countenances seemed ferocious, their complexions sickly, while their persons were altogether revoltingly filthy. I suspected that I had got into another new world, in every respect the reverse of the one from which I was convinced that I had been expelled for my base ingratitude.

Every thing around me, as far as I could discover, presented a strong contrast to the paradise from which I was expelled. This I thought must be the abode of evil spirits. Terrific darkness surrounded me. All that I could see was stupendous desolation and sterility. Vegetation was

banished, rocks piled on rocks were the only production that was visible. The very air felt pestilential : and when I looked upon the inhabitants, and thought on those whom I had quitted, the contrast was still greater. Having gazed with wonder for some time upon each other, they at length made signs for me to follow them. Resistance I knew must be in vain, nor did I feel disposed to be left alone in such a world. I therefore began to pick my way among the rocky fragments. As I approached them, I thought that their size diminished, and when I stood beside them, I found that they had shrunk to six or eight inches less than myself. This I feared was a world of deception as well as horror.

They walked on, I followed. We came to the foot of an immense rock ; there were a kind of rude steps cut in the face of it. The being with the lantern ascended, they motioned me to follow. I had never been accustomed to want either courage or agility ; my strength I found was returned, I mounted with less difficulty than I expected. We passed upon a plank over a deep chasm, a rude ladder presented itself, we ascended ; a steep narrow

passage in the cleft of the rock brought us to the bottom of a shaft straight over our heads. My companions called out. A light appeared very faint and high above us. A voice was heard, and a vessel was seen descending. The being with the lantern, with myself, got in and were drawn up to the top.

I now discovered that I was got into a mine of the old world. Numbers of beings as terrific and as miserable looking as those I first saw, were busy at work. Some left off to look at me, but in general they seemed to have lost all that curiosity which bespeaks some degree of sense and comfort. My companion left me in a small shed with the lantern, shutting the door.

Left alone, I endeavoured to summon recollection, and to account for the strange translation which I had so speedily undergone. The whole seemed to strike me as a dream. Still I was too sure of the reality to permit me to come to any such conclusion. I imagined that having become totally insensible, and being found on examination, to be completely defiled with the marks of sin, the pure inhabitants of that blessed world of which I was totally

unworthy, had disposed of me as they did of those who were in the same dreadful condition. It is true that I had never seen any of the openings large enough to admit of my body passing down but there might be many such unknown to me. This appeared to me the most probable solution of the difficult problem.

After a considerable time my conductor returned bringing with him a man of rather a more civilized appearance. The stranger surveyed me with astonishment, and then addressed me in very imperfect French ; asking who I was, and how I came there. I answered him in the same language, stating as shortly, and as well as I could, the truth. He seemed very much perplexed, hesitating a good while, as he surveyed me with a scrutinizing eye. At length I begged that he would inform me to what state the mine belonged, in which I had found myself. He said to Poland. I then told him that I was known in Warsaw, and mentioned the name of a banker on whom I had formerly, on a visit there, had letters of credit. I mentioned also several other respectable men whom I knew there. He now surveyed me with more complacency, and

asked me several questions, my answers to which appeared satisfactory.

He now offered me some refreshment, of which I was very glad. He told me that I was nearly a hundred miles from Warsaw, that the mine in which I then was, was the deepest in the kingdom, perhaps in the world; being much older than that of Weilitaka. It had long ceased to be worked as a salt mine, but that caverns having been discovered far beneath the bed of the salt, in which veins of silver and some precious stones were found, it had since been worked for those productions. That the miners never left the mine, nor ever saw the light of day, many of them had been born therein, and now had families. He said that he should be under the necessity of taking me to Warsaw to be examined, and that I must be blindfolded during the first part of my journey.

My new conductor now caused more lights to be brought, and he led the way through the dismal abode. What a dreadful contrast did the place, the beings, and their lives, as now before me, afford, to the world (with its inhabitants) which I had quitted. There, all was light, liberty, rest, health, inno-

cence, rapture, thanksgiving, and praise : here, all was gloom, slavery, disease, labour, guilt, despondency, discontent, and murmuring. Never could I have imagined any place, any beings, so horrid and miserable. Hope itself, the last solace of unhappy man, was here unknown. The wretched cabins, which were reared against the gloomy rugged rocks, required no windows, for there was no light to admit. Never had my eyes beheld such desolation and wretchedness, though their dreadful features were certainly heightened, and rendered more disgusting, by being contrasted with the loveliness and happiness which I had so long witnessed.

From this dreary region we were drawn up a very long shaft to the height of several hundred feet. The scene here after the flambeaux, which my conductor was so kind as to have lighted, began to flame, was of a much less dreadful character. Long avenues in the salt rock, presented themselves on every hand ; the sides, the roofs, and even the floors, sparkling as if studded with diamonds. A clear stream run through them, and we heard it dashing down into one of the deep caverns below.

We walked along one of these avenues, on both sides of which were spacious rooms, supported by sparkling pillars, cut in the glittering rock. They were, however, all deserted. We then ascended by a narrow staircase, the rude steps being cut in the salt rock, occasionally turning in different directions, to a considerable height. Another lift up a long shaft brought us to another floor of avenues and rooms; another staircase, and another shaft, brought us into day.

My companion now begged that I would excuse him bandaging my eyes for a little while at least. I offered no resistance, and, after a while, we ascended one of the sluggish clumsy carriages of the country, and took our way slowly towards Warsaw. In a few hours night set in, and the bandage was then removed from my eyes. All the next day we journeyed through a country the most dreary and desolate in Europe.

Early the next morning we entered the capital of Poland. It was long before I could bring myself to a conviction that trees, and buildings, and men, and every thing that I saw, were not bigger than they were before I left the world, so strong had

become the impression on my mind, caused by the diminutiveness of the objects with which I had been so long familiar. I was taken to one of the public Government offices, and very shortly admitted into a council room, where a number of gentlemen were seated at a table. My appearance a good deal surprised them; I was desired, in French, to take a seat. One of the gentlemen, I perceived, was the very banker on whom I had had letters of credit. They requested to be informed who I was, and by what means I had got admission into the mine. I told them that they were entitled to know the truth, and the truth they should hear, though I was fully persuaded that when they heard it, they would not believe it. I then briefly gave them my history. Some smiled, some looked grave, and some frowned. I told them that I was aware of the nature of their thoughts, and could neither blame them, nor wonder at them. That I was neither an impostor nor an adventurer, I thought the gentleman who sat on the left of the president, could convince them. He looked surprised—I recalled to his recollection several circumstances which convinced him that I was the person

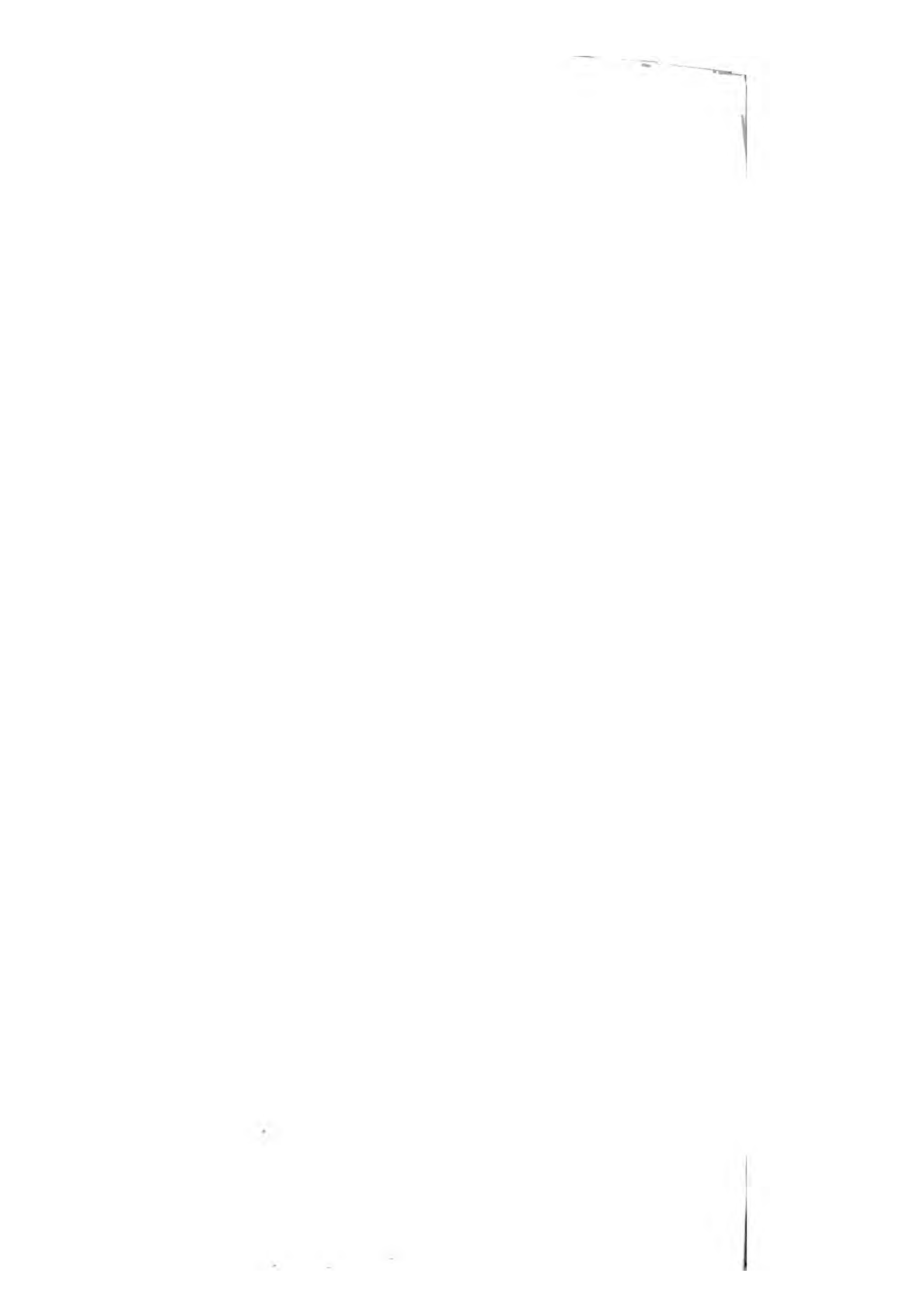
whom I professed to be. He came and shook me cordially by the hand as an old friend, and told the other gentlemen that he would be answerable for my re-appearance, if again required to attend. On this assurance I was permitted to accompany him home in his carriage ; having first taken leave of my civil attendant in and from the mines, and requested my friend to enable me to bestow upon him a mark of gratitude.

I was soon, by the assistance of the kind banker, rendered fit to appear again in civilized society. My friend had a family of young children ; I can scarcely describe the pleasing emotion which the sight of them inspired. I almost felt an involuntary dread of grown up persons. My friend, and his amiable lady, tried to laugh me out of it ; but they were not fully successful. They expressed no suspicion respecting the accuracy of my story, and yet I still believe that they strongly suspected that all was not right. I was not required to attend the council any more, and in about a fortnight (furnished by my friend with the means) I took my departure for the land of my nativity.

On my arrival in England, I found so strong a

repugnance to associate with the grown-up inhabitants, that I sought out a retreat, where I might be likely to enjoy my own meditations unmolested, and prepare for that eternal state to which we are all hastening, and to prepare for which is our most important concern here. In my search, I was directed, I trust, by the hand of Divine Providence, to this cottage. I purchased it, and have experienced more of peace and true felicity in it, than I could reasonably have expected to meet with on this side the grave.

TOM AND CHARLES.







TOM AND CHARLES

PAGE 193

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TOM AND CHARLES :

OR,

The Two Grinders.

BY

SAMUEL ROBERTS,

A TRUSTEE OF THE BOYS' CHARITY SCHOOL, SHEFFIELD.

THOUGH many of the circumstances and occurrences related in the following Tale, are founded on facts, the reader, who is acquainted with Sheffield, will perceive that they could not have occurred in the exact chronological order in which they are placed.

TOM AND CHARLES.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

TOM CRAFTY and CHARLES LOWLY were poor orphans. They were both admitted, in the course of the same year, into the Boys' Blue-Coat Charity School, in Sheffield. Tom was the older of the two by about ten months. They soon became favourites with the master. Neither of them was remarkable for extraordinary abilities; but Tom was alert, and attentive to whatever he was set to do, whether in the school or in the house; in the latter, it was customary for the scholars to take their turns for a fortnight, as kitchen-boys. Charles was less active, but equally diligent, and was distinguished by a gentle and timid disposition, which gained him the regard and kindness of both the

master and mistress. That timidity, with something like depression of spirits, seemed rather to increase upon him as he advanced towards manhood. Tom, on the contrary, became more and more spirited and important. He was found to be so useful that he was much employed and much trusted. By the time that he was twelve years of age, he had become a little master in the school, and a youthful governor in the house. As monitor, both in school-time, and in play-hours in the church-yard, his attention and authority appeared almost equal to those of the master himself. He was much noticed and often rewarded by the Trustees, who were accustomed to hold him up as an example, to excite emulation in others.

The boys leave this school at thirteen. Tom was drawing near to the conclusion of his last year, and Charles just entering upon his, when the mother of one of the scholars came to complain, that two shillings, with which her son had been entrusted, to purchase something for her on the following day, had been stolen from his pocket during the night. Respecting the theft, a very strict investigation was instituted. The boys were closely

examined, one by one, apart, by the master. All of them denied any knowledge of the transgressor, till it came to Charles's turn to be questioned; he hesitated: the crime of concealment, and the wickedness of lying were then strongly impressed upon him; the tears trickled copiously down his cheeks. The master was "grieved, but he insisted upon knowing the truth: at length Charles asserted that Tom had taken the money. Had he charged the master himself, he would have been as soon credited: he persisted, however,—affirming that he saw him get out of bed in the night, and take the money from the pockets of the boy who had been robbed; that one boy had been sent by him with one of the shillings for a jack of gin, which he delivered to Tom with the change; and that several others, whom he named, had been likewise sent to purchase different things in the course of the day with part of the money. These boys were now separately called in, again examined, and confronted with Charles. They denied his assertions, in which, however, he still persisted. The publican confirmed Charles's assertion of one of the boys having had the gin, but who it was for he

could not tell. At length Tom was called in, and at once directly charged with the commission of the theft. His countenance remained unmoved; he looked significantly at Charles, but said nothing; nor could he be prevailed upon to give any account of the transaction, till he was informed that Charles was his accuser; he then said that nothing but such treachery should ever have compelled him to disclose a crime which he had, till then, hoped was the first, but which he was now afraid was not so by many. He then informed the master, that Charles had cheated the boy out of the two shillings by gaming, that he had bought gin with a part of it, that with the remainder of the change from one of the shillings he had sent for several articles by different boys; and that he believed he had still one of the shillings unspent. The boys who were alleged to have been sent to buy the different articles, were then called in, and without hesitation they confirmed Tom's accusation. The master now ordered Charles to turn out his pockets, which he immediately did, and a shilling fell out of one of them. A cry of indignant reproach burst from all present but Charles.

He stood a moment like a statue. At length, seeming to recover himself, he walked composedly up to his master, and with a countenance and a manner which seemed to bespeak confidence, he said, "Sir, I acknowledge my guilt—not in this instance, but in many former ones, when, with the rest of the school, I have been deterred by a tyrant from exposing crimes which it was almost as sinful to conceal as to commit." The whole school, he said, had been slaves to Tom; they had been panders to his cupidity; they had all been taxed monthly to purchase his forbearance as monitor, and he could command their services in whatever way he chose. How the shilling got into his pocket he was at a loss to tell; he had, however, little doubt but that it had been conveyed thither by Tom. At this moment the mother of the boy who had lost the money, and had been sent for, arrived: she was asked if she should know the shillings which she had given her son; she answered in the affirmative, for they were two of those which she had laid by with which to pay her rent; on those shillings, for fear of accidents, she always put a particular mark: this mark she shewed; the

shilling which fell from Charles's pocket had not the mark upon it. The master now hesitated; he ordered Tom to turn out his pockets; this, with an unaltered countenance, he immediately did, but he had no money. "Take off your jacket," said the master. Tom hesitated! for the first time he changed colour a little; "Take it off, sir," said the master a little impatiently; at length he took it off; the master examined it, and soon discovered a small pocket in the inside, in which the marked shilling was found, with fifteen others. The tables were now turned; the intelligence soon got into the school; a general humming immediately ran through the whole; Tom was found out, and in disgrace!—They seemed to rejoice, but it was with trembling; they appeared to be afraid, that the lion was not quite dead, and they dare not so soon venture to kick at him. Tom preserved a sullen silence. The master's grief, astonishment, and self-reproach were pretty equal; he resolved never again to have a confidential favourite; some of the blame he could not help taking to himself. No sooner was Tom's guilt fully established, and his disgrace inevitable, than every tongue in the school

was let loose upon him ; not a boy but what had something to accuse him of. The facts of fraud, embezzlement, oppression, and tyranny, which were proved to have been practised by him for years, were almost beyond belief. So completely had the whole school been awed by him, that a whisper of disapprobation or accusation had never been heard ; but now, when the barrier was broken down, execration overwhelmed him, like a long-repressed stream, which, with its waters, forces out mud and stones, and all kinds of rubbish. Never were joy and exultation more universal ; Charles alone preserved his silent equanimity ; he lamented that it should have fallen to his lot to accuse his school-fellow and yet he could not but regret that he had not had resolution to do it sooner. Tom was expelled the school. An aunt procured him a situation with a grinder, to whom he was soon bound apprentice. He was a very stout active lad ; and gave so much satisfaction in the wheel, that another grinder, employed at the same place, soon applied to the school for an apprentice ; Charles's time was just out, and as he had no friend to assist him, the Trustees were glad of the opportunity of

thus providing for him, especially as the grinder who wanted him was a good workman, and earned great wages. Charles and Tom were, by these means, again thrown together under the same roof.

It may here be necessary to explain, in some degree, the nature of the trade, the building and the situation, in which Tom and Charles were by Providence again placed together. What are technically denominated *Wheels* in Sheffield and the neighbourhood, are mills for grinding the iron and steel articles manufactured in the district called Hallamshire ; to the limits of which the powers of the incorporated body of Cutlers extend. The building itself is generally the property of one person, but he lets off, to different grinders, what are denominated the *Troughs*, or the parts in which each grinding-stone is fixed. One grinder, however, has often several of these troughs for himself, and also apprentices. The grinders, therefore, are little independent masters, working for any manufacturer with whom they can make a bargain. A considerable number of them are thus employed under the same roof. The buildings, particularly the old ones, are frequently irregular in their form,

consisting of parts added at different times, and rude in their constructions. Often little more than the roof is visible, the rooms being sunk deep in the ground.

The stream on which this wheel was situated, is called the Rivelin,—a beautiful, clear, trout stream, falling rapidly down a deep rocky channel, which winds through a narrow, retired, well-wooded vale. The steep sides of this glen are in summer finely diversified with light verdant foliage, grotesque rocks, and bleak uncultivated open ground, thickly clothed with the purple heath, the yellow furze, and green fern, among which lie scattered many rude-shapen moss grown stones; the alder, the weeping birch, and the graceful ash often unite their branches from the opposite banks of the stream, forming a light natural arch, of delicate trellis-work, through which the rays of the vertical sun sparkle on the clear rippling waters beneath. Within the distance of a few hundred yards of each other, all down the stream are situated many of the wheels before described. Attached to each of them, and almost on a level with their roofs, are the dams, the irregular shape of whose bush, furze, and rush-

grown banks gives them the appearance, when viewed from above, of small natural lakes: these pellucid, sheltered waters, rarely ruffled by the breeze, reflect, with soft and harmonized tints, the opposite woods and mountains. The wheels themselves, as well as their accompanying figures, are highly picturesque. The ground above them is generally rugged and richly variegated; the ochre tint, which is always spread in a greater or lesser degree over every object around, harmonizes and warms the whole—forming, at the same time, a beautiful contrast with the varied green foliage on either side. The mountains, up the streams, continue to increase in height and rude sterility, till they look down westward upon the towering Tor of the Peak of Derbyshire. The perpetual sound of the rushing waters, as they flow from the revolving wheels, or dash down the falls from the dams, with the faintly heard monotonous hum and noise of the works and workmen within, produce a lulling and pleasing accompaniment to the scene, disposing the contemplative mind to calm and serious reflection. Man here, as almost every where else, seems to be the only object which prevents the philoso-

pher and the Christian from crying out, " All is good !"

The grinders are nearly the only inhabitants of the valley, and they do not reside in it. There is scarcely a dwelling house within the whole length of it. They are a rough half-civilized class. Removed thus from the restrictions of society, and the observation of all authority, they associate only with each other. In summer, when the mountain streams that feed their infant river, are almost dried up, they have not a supply of water to employ them half their time. As, however, it is uncertain when the uppermost dam will be sufficiently filled to enable the wheel to work, and to dismiss the fluid element to the expecting wheels below, they are under the necessity of being almost constantly upon or near the place, to take advantage of the supply when it does arrive. At those times, groups of human beings may be seen, near every wheel, which, taken with the surrounding scenery, form such subjects as are well fitted for the pencil of a Savior. Athletic figures, with brown paper turbans, the sleeves of their shirts rolled high up,

exposing their brawny arms bare almost to their shoulders, their short jackets unbuttoned, and their shirt collars open, displaying their broad dark, bushy, chests; their short leathern aprons, their breeches knees unbuttoned, and their stockings slipped down about their ankles, the whole tinged with ochre-coloured dust, so as to leave the different colours and materials faintly discoverable, form a figure, even when taken singly, sufficiently picturesque; and grouped as they generally are, they become strikingly so. You there see them, some seated on the stone-raised turf-covered bench at the door, with their copious jug and their small pots, handing round the never-cloying English beer; others reared up against the large round grinding-stones supported by the walls of the building; others, again, seated on the same kind of stones lying upon, and against, each other on the ground, whilst some are stretched at their length dozing, or contemplating on the verdant sloping bank of the mill dam; some are amusing themselves with athletic exercises, and others are devising, or slyly engaged in executing, some rude practical jokes. At times you may

perceive as an exception to the general habits, a solitary wandering ruminator with a book, but much oftener with a pipe.

These are not beings, this is not a situation from which to expect refinement or delicacy of sentiment or conduct. They are too much their own masters to be under the restraint of others; they are too little so to be under the restraint of their own better principles and judgement: they feel themselves in some measure separated from the world, and opposed in self-interest and one common cause to those with whom they transact business. Accustomed to command their apprentices, their children and their wives, their unbending tempers cannot brook controul. Bound together by one common interest, they are continually plotting to advance their wages or to gain additional privileges. Idleness is the nurse of wickedness;—these men are, in some degree, at times necessarily idle, and they are consequently more or less wicked. When they are employed, they can earn great wages; this enables them to support their idleness and intemperance, and it early habituates them to licentious practices.

Such were the scenes, and the people, amongst whom Tom and Charles were now thrown. Tom soon felt himself at home amongst the latter; Charles was delighted with the former. Both their masters were married men, having families, and both of them pretty much of the same character, which was that of the generality of the grinders, and such as has been just described.

The young apprentices, when they first come among them, are sure to have some tricks put upon them by the older ones, by way of trying their sagacity and mettle, and rendering them *free of the wheel*. Tom was told, when he first came, that he was not fit for a grinder, if he could not drag a cat through the dam. He laughed at the idea, and said that at any rate he should not be afraid to try; a cat belonging to the wheel, therefore, was fastened tight to one end of a long cord, which crossed the dam, and Tom was made equally fast, round the middle, to the other end. One of the elder boys, with a small whip in one hand, had a string, which he held in the other, fastened round the cat's neck; at a signal to be given, the boy was to whip the cat, and Tom was

to pull in the opposite direction; the weaker of course would be dragged through the dam. All being prepared, the signal was given; a shout, which reverberated from hill to hill, was set up by all the grinders who were spectators of the contest; some of them exclaiming, "Now Tom!" and others, "Now Cat!" The struggle was but of short duration; the cat had an assistant in the boy with the whip, that quickly drew poor Tom souse over the head and ears into the water. The boy was, however, soon out of sight below the bank, dragging Tom along in a short time into the middle of the dam, when the cat was set at liberty, and Tom left to have his choice of the two shores. The unexpected catastrophe, and the continued shouts and loud laughter, served to put poor Tom into a very ill humour; a battle, in which he got a severe beating, was the consequence.

When Charles was bound, Tom was not long before he proposed that he should acquire the freedom of the wheel in the same way; Charles seeing no alternative, was forced to submit. Tom, of course, was to be the cat-driver. When all

things were prepared, and the signal given, he seized the cord, and with a right good will, and all his might, gave a pull that must inevitably have proved too strong for Charles, had not the latter been acquainted with the trick. At this critical moment he cut the cord, and Tom with the cat flew, heels over head, down the almost perpendicular bank of the dam, ten or twelve yards into the stream below, which fortunately happening to be tolerably deep, prevented his breaking his limbs or his neck. Vexed beyond measure at being thus foiled, and at the tremendous uproar of shouts and laughter of the spectators, he hastened in the utmost trepidation, round the wheel to Charles, and, without further ceremony struck him a violent blow, which the latter received partly on his arm, and partly on his head. Charles felt, and allowed for the situation of his opponent; he therefore did not return the blow: Tom then spat in his face; still he did not resent it, though the grinders called him coward. At length some of them bawled out, "Throw him into the dam, Tom." In the state of mind in which he was then, he needed but little encouragement to proceed any length in his power.

In the confidence of the moment, therefore, he ran up to Charles, and, stooping down, was taking him round the thighs, to heave him upon his shoulders. There was now no room to retreat, nor time to hesitate. Charles, though neither quite so stout nor so violent as Tom, was not deficient in either agility, strength, or courage: leaning, then, over Tom, he grasped him round the middle, and exercising all his power, fairly hoisted him up, with his feet in the air, and his head and hands hanging uselessly down: he thus carried him to the brink of the dam, and let him drop into it, where the bank was a perpendicular wall. Every hand and every tongue were now loud in their applause of Charles; he rose much higher in the estimation of the grinders by this feat, than he did in his own, he did not feel quite satisfied that he had done right; at any rate he was not proud of what he had done. Tom was exceedingly sullen on the occasion; he said nothing, and appeared to the grinders to bear his mortification with great equanimity; Charles, however, knew him better than they did; he felt assured that he was not forgiven, and he was per-

suaded that, sooner or later, he should experience the weight of his resentment.

On St. Mondays, few of the grinders ever worked at all; even the apprentices were always late in beginning. Charles, accustomed to regularity, came as on other mornings. On the Monday morning succeeding the fracas with Tom, he had drawn the shuttle, and was beginning his work, with only one other person in the wheel, when, recollecting that he had left his coat by the side of the dam, he went out to fetch it. He was no sooner got to the door, than the stone, on which he had been grinding, split asunder with such violence, that one of the halves was forced through the roof, bringing down many of the slates in the inside, by one of which the man at work was a good deal hurt. The other half was thrown against the wall and did no damage. The horse (the seat on which they sit when at work), on which Charles had been seated, was shattered to splinters. Had he not left it, he must have been dashed to pieces. The broken stone was minutely examined, and had evidently been wedged, and that by a bungling hand. It may

here be necessary to state, that a stone, by having iron wedges driven very hard in on each side of the axle, may be so strained, that the usual rotatory motion will cause it to split in two. A close investigation was instituted, and it was proved that Tom had been in the wheel on the Sunday. He at first flatly denied the fact; and when it was clearly brought home to him, he could not assign any sufficient cause. No one had a doubt of his guilt; the proof, however, was not such as to convict him, and therefore he escaped punishment.

This occurrence made a very strong impression on the mind of poor Charles. As he could not work till the stone was replaced, he employed the forenoon in rambling, in a very thoughtful mood, among the wild moors above the wheel. The strangeness, the difficulty, and the disagreeableness of his situation, all rushed upon his mind. His parents, who had been very poor, but yet affectionate and honest, and whom in return he had dearly loved, both died, nearly together, when he was about seven years of age. He was left, therefore, an orphan, and without a relation that would render him any assistance. At this crisis he had obtained

admission into the Charity-School, in which, for six years, he had been well clothed, well fed, and well instructed: above all, he had enjoyed a *religious education*, which he had improved. On being bound apprentice, he had received, as all the boys educated there do, a bible and a book of common prayer; these, with one exception, were Charles's sole possessions, and he highly valued them. Every evening he read in one or both of them. It was a great trouble to him that he could not kneel down by the side of his bed morning and evening, as he always used to do, and say his prayers. The two older apprentices so ridiculed and disturbed him, that he found it impossible. He was therefore under the necessity of praying in bed, and on such opportunities as he could find in the day time. The language and the conduct of the men, amongst whom he was placed, shocked him exceedingly: while Tom, who was his only acquaintance, was his bitter enemy, and as wicked as the rest. Every hour his life appeared to be in danger; he had no friend to protect or to advise him;—his desolate and forsaken situation, as he sat on a grey moss-grown stone, half-buried

in ling, pressed heavily on his mind and heart. Not a habitation, not a creature, was to be seen. He looked within and around him, and he felt as if he was alone in the wide—wide—world. He looked up to heaven; he burst into tears. The following words from his bible came so strongly to his recollection, that they appeared as if addressed with an audible voice,—“ God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforteth us.” He fell upon his knees, and he poured out his full heart before his God; when he arose, a sweet serenity had spread itself over his mind; his troubles appeared removed; he was assured that his prayer had been heard; he now was certain, not only that there was a powerful God, but that he himself was the object of the care of that almighty Being. He had read of the operating influence of the Holy Spirit, and he had, at that moment, no more doubt of his having experienced it, than he had of his existence. He felt a degree of confidence such as he never possessed before; he was now assured, not only that he was not a solitary, forsaken, and persecuted helpless being, but, on the contrary, that he had an all-powerful

Friend always at hand, and always disposed to listen to his supplication, and to succour him in time of need. He no longer felt a dread of encountering the difficulties of his situation ; he knew them to be great, but he now knew that with God all things are possible, and that He could enable him either to overcome or to bear them.

With a light heart, and a calm spirit, he returned to his hitherto comfortless home. He thought that both his master and mistress were less harsh than usual, and the children more glad than ever to see him. Even the grinders appeared to him to commiserate his situation, and to be less disposed to ridicule and abuse him. In Tom he could perceive no change ; but he felt no enmity whatever towards him, and would have been happy in embracing an opportunity of serving him. He had now no difficulty respecting his praying. He found that he could pray with as much satisfaction and effect by the side of the rude stone, on the top of a mountain, as by the side of his bed in a chamber. In this conviction he was more confirmed, by finding, on a more attentive perusal of the gospels, that this had been the constant practice of the Son

of God himself, who, coming upon earth to save sinners, took upon himself the likeness of man, subjected himself to all their infirmities, and was tempted in all things like unto them. This Saviour of the world, Jesus Christ, Charles learned, had told all Christians, that when they prayed, they should enter into their closets, and, having shut to the door, pray to their heavenly Father ; but Charles, alas ! had no closet ; neither had his Divine Instructor ; nay, He had not a place of his own, where he could lay his head ; what, then, did He do, when disposed to pray to his heavenly Father ? Why, he left even his beloved disciples, —“ Tarry ye here, while I go and pray yonder.” The garden, the mountain, and the solitary place, were his closets. “ In the morning, Jesus, rising up a great while before day, went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.” These were consoling tidings to poor Charles. He had the same closet to pray in that Jesus Christ had ; a closet in which he neither had to fear ridicule nor interruptions. There his timid mind need not be afraid of the scoffs of his fellow-creatures, for he had there nothing to dread but his own evil nature.

Few persons, especially so young, who have not been disposed and situated as Charles was, can form any idea of the relief which these discoveries brought to his mind, much less the comfort and delight which he often experienced in the practice which they encouraged. The masters of both Tom and Charles resided in a village called Stannington, romantically situated high on the side of the mountains, about a mile from the wheel at which they were employed. Sunday-schools were not in those days known ; there was, however, an evening-school within a few doors of Charles's home, the master of which, taking a liking to him, and knowing that he had no means of paying, invited him to come whenever he could. Of this permission Charles gladly availed himself as often as it was in his power ; but he was generally employed, even after working-hours, by his mistress, till bed-time, whose orders he never disobeyed or murmured at. Of the children, though they were very rude, Charles was exceedingly fond ; they, in return, were as much attached to him. On the Sunday forenoon he was at first always kept fully employed ; the afternoon he had generally allowed to himself, to

do as he pleased. The rest of the boys of the village most frequently spent it in play; Charles, however, never failed, let the weather be what it would, to go to church, though there was not one nearer than three miles. He had always been accustomed to go regularly when at school, and there it had become doth a duty and a delight.

Very different were the sentiments and conduct of Tom. After perpetual contests, his mistress found it more trouble to get him to do anything than to do it herself: out of working-hours, therefore, his time was pretty much at his own disposal; his master, as well as Charles's, being then generally at the public-house. The children he was perpetually teasing or abusing; he hated them; and, in return, they dreaded him. He was the leader in all rude play, and all mischievous enterprises, profane in his language, and wicked in his conduct; his Sundays were only distinguished from the other days by idleness and greater depravity. Out of the wheel the two school-fellows had but little intercourse. Tom endeavoured to make Charles his constant butt and jest; he nicknamed him the *saint*, and for a long time he was hooted

at, when setting off to church, by Tom and his companions. Charles, however, by not seeming to notice them, (though their vile treatment of him often drew secret tears,) at length tired even the worst; and some of the less depraved began to respect him.

The summer after Charles left school was a very unfavourable one for the harvest; it was succeeded by a very severe winter and a great scarcity. The dam of the wheel at which they worked was, during the greater part of January, so frozen, that it was out of their power to set their machinery at liberty, It was on one of those days, that Tom and Charles, having brought their dinners, were left by themselves at the wheel. Charles was standing on the outside, admiring the fanciful shapes of the ice, that had been produced by the frost, as it arrested the water, which was thrown up by the splashing of the wheel. The beautiful sparkling incrustation had covered every object near; it rose in pyramids; it descended in festoons and crystal drapery; it assumed innumerable fantastic forms,—some transparent, displaying the varnished object within, which it incased; some, a dead frost-work, were

more lovely than silver or pearls. The wheel and the eaves of the building were richly and thickly hung with pendent icicles of all thicknesses and lengths, while the branches of the naked birch which grew beside them, incased and bowed down with the glassy covering, presented some of the most beautiful and graceful objects that the imagination can conceive. The haze, however, was so dense, that the eyes could not distinguish objects at any considerable distance. The awful stillness and solemnity of the scene so powerfully recalled the following lines to the memory of Charles, that he could not refrain from repeating them aloud:—

This solitude, how awful, and how drear!
 Nature herself is surely dead, and o'er
 Her cold and stiffen'd corse, a winding sheet
 Of bright unsullied purity is thrown.
 How still she lies! she smiles, she moves, no more!
 Yon aged birch, whose pale and leafless boughs
 O'erhang the stream, hath wept itself to death.
 The merry stream, that late with dance and song
 Did glad the day and night, now silent lies
 Inanimate, congeal'd to crystal gems:
 'Tis beautiful in death!

The leafy grove,
 That wont to woo with serenade the stream,
 From morn till eve, with songs of countless choirs,
 And all the night with those heart-thrilling strains
 In which lone Philomel laments her love,
 Now silent stands, a bleached skeleton.
 The atmosphere, that soft translucent veil,
 Through whose thin texture seen, more lovely peer'd
 The beauteous aspect of the blushing heavens,
 Is now become their dense and loathsome shroud.
 The sun, that moving source of warmth and life,
 Arrested in his path, now seems to stand
 A cold, inanimate, and rayless orb.
 Nought else is seen.

How awful is it thus,
 Where all beside is dead, to be with God ;
 To feel assured that his all-searching eye
 Surveys each secret thought ; to feel how vain,
 How empty, are the joys, the hopes, and fears,
 The pomps and follies of this short-lived world.
 There is a Voice which oft in silence speaks—
 The still small voice of God—then loudest heard ;
 It pierces deep the heart, and from the eyes
 Calls forth the sparkling gem, which trembling lies,
 The' accepted offering at the Throne of Grace.

Charles was not readily susceptible of cold, especially when his attention was riveted, as at present: but he now felt that he had stopped in the open air long enough. He was skipping into the wheel, when he found the door shut, and a poor, pale, half-clad female, with an infant in her arms, and a little girl by the hand, standing weeping before it. Charles tried to open the door, but it was fastened within. The woman told him, that the boy had shut it to prevent her getting in, as she wished to have done, to warm themselves, and to suckle her baby; she said, that they were almost famished and frozen to death. "Don't cry! mammy," the little girl said. "I'm not *very* hungry, and God will take care of us." "He will, my child, he will! so let us go on." "No, no, stop!" said Charles; "Don't go! don't go!" He set his foot against the door, and open it flew. "Come in, mistress! come in," said Charles, taking the other hand of the little girl. When they were in, he bustled, and reached them stools to sit upon. "Tom!" he said, "here's a poor woman and her child almost frozen and starved to death; will you give them part of your

dinner, and they shall have part of mine?" "Yes, yes," said Tom, "to be sure I will; let's see how much you give them." Charles fetched his little basket, and gave them the larger half of his bread and cheese; Tom went into that part of the wheel where his dinner was deposited, and returned, wrapping it up in a brown paper; "Here, mother!" he said, giving it to the woman, "and much good may it do you." The woman got up, and was thanking them both, when, opening the paper, she found that it contained only a rough piece of stone. Tom set up a horse-laugh. The poor woman sighed, and sat down. Charles gazed with horror and incredulity; his heart swelled till it had not room to expand further; he could neither weep nor speak; he took the rest of his dinner, and placed it in the woman's lap, for she had already given the former piece to the little girl, who had half devoured it. Tom was whistling away, but he was not merry; there is a scorpion whose sting can reach and pierce the hardest heart; Tom now for a moment felt it. When they left school, Charles had received, as is customary to give to those who have behaved well, a shilling, along with his bible

and prayer-book ; this shilling was all the money of which he had been possessed for many years ; he had kept it as a precious treasure. This shilling, however, he now produced, and insisted on the poor woman's taking it. This she strenuously declined, but Charles insisted upon it, and finally prevailed. Tom now sunk lower than ever in the estimation of his companion ; his ill usage of himself Charles could forgive, but his cruelty to this poor, starved, miserable woman and her children, and his adding insult to refusal, impressed the mind of Charles with a feeling of detestation that was strong and lasting. This was another of those occurrences which serve to form in youth the character of the future man. To a careless observer they appear but as in the ordinary course of things ; they are, however, to an attentive eye, clearly the dispensations of a watchful Providence, —of that merciful God who is always waiting to be gracious, who is not willing that any should perish, but is constantly endeavouring to draw all men unto Himself : they only, therefore, who are obstinately perverse, and who disregard his warnings and his solicitations, can fail to obtain

his favour. Tom and Charles were instances of both these characters. The checks, the warnings, and mercies afforded to Tom, were as numerous and as great as to Charles ; but he repelled them ; he turned a deaf ear to, and he disregarded them. Charles, on the contrary, listened to, obeyed, and was grateful for them. When his parents died, it softened his heart, and prepared his mind to receive and entertain sentiments of gratitude and thoughtfulness, both on his admission and during his continuance in the school. The oppression which he experienced, and the danger in which he stood, after he was bound apprentice, made him feel that he was not able to defend and protect himself. The religious instruction which he had received, turned his thoughts to God. He prayed ; and his prayers were answered in a way that to him was sufficient to produce a conviction of a superintending Providence, so strong as rarely to be forgotten, and never to be obliterated. The sufferings of the poor woman opened his heart to compassion ; he was now a humble, a grateful, a religious, and a compassionate character. A good foundation was laid for future respectability and

usefulness ; it was, however, only the foundation ; the superstructure remained to be raised—stone by stone ; here a little, and there a little, was now to be added towards perfecting it. The grace of God had led him to the work, and could alone support him in it ; but his own constant exertions were likewise essential to its completion. His bible, as well as his short experience, assured him that this life must be a state of trial and afflictions. He had no reliance on himself, but he had acquired full confidence in the power and wisdom of God ; he feared, and loved Him too, with sincerity, and it was only when he recollected his own weakness and frailty, that he trembled.

Charles had never yet been anxious to possess riches ; he had never been accustomed to have money ; and when he had food and raiment, with things convenient, he had been more than content. This was the first time that he had lamented not being rich. If he had had more, he would have given more. Tom he knew had plenty, because he had for some time worked over-work, but Tom had other uses to which to apply it, better, as he thought, than giving it away to poor widows and

fatherless children. Charles, however, now resolved to ask leave to have over-work. He was become pretty expert at his business, and trade was good. He had experienced so much pleasure in giving away his dinner and his shilling, that he resolved to indulge himself further in that way. Perhaps the prayers of the widow and her child, offered up to the Throne of Mercy for him, were not unavailing.

As Charles increased in age, in strength, and in stature, he increased in knowledge and in trust in God. He had always dared to refuse joining in any wicked ways or language, and he now began to feel it a duty gently to rebuke them in others. The *saint*, it is true, at first, was not often regarded, except to be turned into ridicule. Tom, whose tongue was the tongue of a ready speaker, was not the last to scoff and to mimic : for a little while the jest was relished ; in time it grew stale, and at length, as Charles was wise enough not to regard it, it became disgusting to all but the actor. Charles's regularity, obligingness, and unassuming modesty daily raised him in the estimation of even the most depraved amongst the grinders. At home,

he began to be beloved by his master and mistress as well as by the children ; the latter almost adored him ; they were little used to be treated with affection by any one else, and they looked out for Charles as for a coming angel. With some of his money earned by over-work, he had bought a few little books, and had taught the children to read : he got the father and mother to let him take the two oldest to go to church with him ; he taught them their catechism, and bestowed upon them such advice and religious instruction as he thought their years and capacities would enable them to comprehend. The house of his master, which used to be filthy and confused, was become, by his exertions and example, clean and orderly. His master was pleased, and did not go every night to the public-house. His mistress saw in what she had been deficient, and strove both to shew her gratitude and to amend. Charles appeared now to be reaping some of the fruits of his virtuous exertions ; persecution had almost ceased, and something of attention was paid to what he said. Still the wickedness of the grinders seemed to remain unabated. Trade was very good, and, as is always the case

then, idleness and dissatisfaction increased in proportion amongst them. Knowing that the manufacturers are in a great measure dependent upon them, they were always ready to take advantage of an increased demand for goods to raise their prices. Being removed from under the eye or controul of their employers, and assembled together in considerable numbers, they could combine and scheme with almost a certainty of gaining their ends. For some time a more systematic plan had been devised and introduced, by which the whole body of the grinders were combined in one extensive union. Nothing was attempted without the approbation of the whole, and when a demand was made, all joined to enforce it. By these means their employers, when goods were wanted, were under the necessity of complying with those demands, however unreasonable. This system was now so natural, and had been acted upon so often with success, that their rapacity knew no bounds. They proposed, and insisted on receiving wages, which it was utterly impossible that the manufacturers could afford to pay. Arguments were out of the question; they chose to say that they would have those prices,

and the manufacturer who refused to give them, was immediately, as they termed it, "*laid upon the shelf*;" *i. e.* he and all his workmen were thrown idle, because no grinder would work for him. They were sworn to union and secrecy; and if any grinder refused to take the oaths prescribed, and dared to work under a fixed scale of prices, he was sure to have his tools destroyed, and to be even threatened with the loss of his life. At length they proceeded so far, that it became pretty evident that the trade would be in a great measure lost to the district; they were, nevertheless, resolved to persevere in their demands. Their triumph, however, was not of long duration; the circumstances of the times altered so greatly, and so suddenly, that trade became all at once exceedingly bad. The grinders, conceiving that the cause was but temporary, continued still refractory. The consequence was, that the manufacturers not wanting goods would not lay by a stock, and in a short time most of the grinders, were thrown out of employ. It now became a hard contest between the manufacturers and the grinders, which would hold out the longest. The most vile and even diaboli-

cal attempts were made by the latter to intimidate the former ; whilst they, in self-defence, were not idle in endeavours to detect and punish the offenders. Tom, as might be expected, was a very active agent of the grinders, entering into all their schemes with alacrity and delight. Charles, however, was kept as much as possible in the dark respecting all their designs and plots. They knew that he would not join them, and therefore they did not think it prudent to trust him, for guilt is ever suspicious. Being thus thrown out of his regular employment, Charles endeavoured to render himself as useful as possible at home. At school he had learned to do most of the housework. This knowledge he now found useful. His mistress lay-in ;—he was her substitute, and kept the house as clean as a palace, and the children as princes. He took the opportunity of paying more particular attention to their instruction, and became more than their father to them.

Charles's master was a great deal from home ; he seemed very unhappy, and often returned in liquor. One night he did not come at all. Nothing was heard of him the next day :—

The wife became miserable ; towards evening Charles told her, that, when he had put the children to bed, he would go and seek him ; he had heard of his being seen at Worrall on the preceding day. It was in November ; the night was dark and tempestuous ; Charles sought for him in vain, till about eleven o'clock ; he then heard, by a man who came into the public-house at Worrall, that his master had been that day attending a committee meeting at Bradfield. Indefatigable in every good cause, Charles was resolved, if possible, to find him before morning, for he dreaded returning to distress his mistress without him. Bradfield was about five miles distant. The whole way at that time lay over one of the highest, roughest, and least frequented moors in the neighbourhood ; Charles, however, knew every stone which had been set up in ages long gone by, to guide the traveller on his almost trackless way. He was acquainted with every rock, and every cavern ; he took the nearest road, which was over Loxley edge, the highest ridge of the moors. He had to pass beneath the bleached bones of the murderer Frank Fearn, which then

hung swinging on the gibbet in the almost decayed iron rings which once contained his body. Charles was unacquainted with superstitious fears : otherwise the uproar of the elements, and the creaking of the gibbet, when he approached it, would have appalled him. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, The rain fell in torrents ; Charles found it impossible to proceed. For some time he bore up with all his strength against the furiousness of the tempestuous wind. In spite of all his efforts, the blast inclined his steps towards the edge of the frightful precipice, which he well knew was near at hand. His continued exertions gradually weakened him, and he felt that he must, in all probability, be carried over the edge, and perhaps dashed to pieces in the fall, or against the loose stones at the bottom of the rock. The ground was all bare ; there was not a shrub or any thing on which he could lay hold, to arrest him in his progress towards seemingly inevitable destruction. The gibbet was considerably to the right ; he felt convinced that his only chance was to reach and lay hold of that. Collecting all his strength as the wind a little abated, he made a

desperate effort; he had nearly accomplished his purpose when he set his foot upon something which rolled from under it, and threw him down; it was a loosened bone which had fallen from the skeleton of the gibbeted murderer. The strong effort which he had made, carried him within reach of the gibbet. He clasped it with both his arms, though they were lacerated by the tenter hooks which had been driven in on all sides of it to prevent its being ascended by any one. Every returning gust seemed as if it would tear up the post from its deep foundation. The earth heaved so strongly, that Charles could not but expect that he should be thrown up with the earth by its fall, and perhaps be buried in the grave which it would open in the ground beneath him. He lay some time before he could fully recover either his strength or his recollection. The creaking of the massive old post, the grating of the rusty iron ribs that surrounded the skeleton, as they swung about in the blast, the falling of detached parts or loosened bones, continually assailed his ears, while the roaring and whistling of the tempest sounded as if the wild and enraged spirits of the air were contending

for the remnants of the murderer's body. To superstitious fears, as before observed, Charles was pretty much a stranger. Still he could not feel quite composed in his present perilous situation. Imagination, too, as he clung to the gibbet-post, lent her aid to heighten and increase the awful solemnity of the circumstances in which he lay. On this very spot was the foul murder perpetrated. The day, nay, the evening, before he fell a sacrifice to the assassin, Charles, had seen the unfortunate victim in all the security of health and happiness. Poor Andrews was a watchmaker in the High-street. Charles had by nature a mechanical turn; he therefore rarely passed the shop of the artist without stopping to admire the facility with which he appeared to put the several parts of the complicated and wonderful machine together. The very height of Charles's ambition at that time would have been to be a watchmaker. The evening preceding the murder, Charles had thus stood for more than an hour at the window by candle-light, watching the ingenious artist at his work. He had seen his youthful wife, with all the fond endearment of early conjugal affection, leaning her arm upon the

shoulder of her happy husband, amusing him with her chat, and occasionally hindering him (nothing provoked) by her playful roguery. Before the next evening, the beloved and loving husband was a murdered corpse, stretched upon the very spot on which the youthful spectator of his short-lived happiness then lay. Rude as was the tempest, dangerous as was his situation, Charles could not help moralizing on the uncertain and transitory nature of all earthly bliss. He could not but shudder, when he saw, by the transient glare of the flashes of sheet-lightning, which at times illuminated the atmosphere, the skeleton remains of the treacherous and atrocious murderer, Fearn, swinging over his head, as threatening every moment to fall and crush him also to death on the very spot where the unoffending Andrews had perished. Charles commended himself in prayer to God. He felt his strength and his spirits by degrees return. He resolved to make another effort to proceed. He knew that there was a narrow rude pathway down the rocks; and he thought that he could find it, even in the dark. He remembered that from the bottom of the rocks there was a narrow passage

which led into different caves, in any of which he should be able, if he could reach them, to obtain shelter from the rain, and from the furiousness of the storm. On his hands and knees, then, he crawled towards the edge of the precipice. He had just reached the top of the narrow path, when the tempest became more furious than ever; that moment he heard a report amidst the uproar, like the explosion of a mine; a rushing as of mighty wings assailed his ears; his hat was beaten by them from his head; he could see nothing; he made an effort to rise and recover his hat; the wind bore him off his feet; he felt that he must inevitably fall over the precipice, and, in all probability, be dashed to pieces at the bottom. As he fell, he instinctively stretched out his hands to save himself, and caught the branch of a scathed yew that projected from the cleft of the rock, where it had stood for ages. He hung suspended in the air, unable to feel any thing with his feet. The swollen torrent of the Loxley roared at a distance beneath, while the eddying blast swung his body in all directions, till he could scarcely keep his hold. His situation was truly perilous; he could not see the depth beneath him,

nor even the distance that he hung from the face of the rock. At length a bright and long-continued flash of lightning enabled him to perceive that the path passed over a projection of the rock, nearly, but not quite under him, at about two yards below his feet. Waiting, then, till the wind was bearing him in that direction, he suddenly relinquished his hold, and happily alighted, unhurt, upon the pathway below. His escape appeared little less than miraculous ; he had difficulty in believing himself safe ; his spirits were much agitated ; at length he burst into tears, and, falling on his knees, returned thanks to God for his merciful deliverance.

With considerable re-assurance Charles now with slow and careful steps pursued his way along the steep and rugged path. Sheltered in a great measure by the rocks from the fury of the wind, he kept upon his feet without much difficulty ; and he arrived at length at the entrance of the caves without sustaining serious injury, though completely soaked by the rain. Entering one of these, which he found warm and dry, his ears were astounded by an uproar, which at first somewhat surprised and alarmed him. He stood for

some moments listening, without moving from the place. It seemed as if the yells, the screams, the groans, the whistlings, and the shouts of ten thousand wild and savage beings were united to form one of the most horrid choruses that imagination could conceive. Charles, however, was soon convinced that these sounds proceeded from nothing supernatural, but were caused partly by the wind which found entrance within. There were several caves of different dimensions, of which he knew, and there might be others communicating with them by holes or fissures in the separating rocks. Through these he was convinced the wind forced its way, and produced the appalling noise which at the first so much surprised him.

Having now escaped from the pouring rain, Charles, to be relieved from the burthen of his coat took it off in order to wring out the water as well as he could. He was busily employed in this act, when he was startled by what he felt almost certain were human voices mingling with the uproar of the elements. Transfixed to the place, he listened with the utmost attention; he scarcely drew

his breath. The uproar continued, but he could no longer distinguish the voices. Still his heart continued to palpitate. The cave was pitchy dark ; it was as vain to strain his eyes as his ears. Conceiving at length that he had been mistaken, he resumed the wringing of his coat. Stooping, he was thus employed, when he perceived upon the ground a soft reflection of light. He raised his head quickly to discover from whence it proceeded, when he observed what appeared to be a faint luminous being moving with rapidity along the side of the cave, and vanishing in one of the deep recesses at its furthest end. Its motion was so quick and the light so faint, that he could form no distinct idea of its form or substance. Much wondering at the strange occurrence, he stood for some time motionless, with his coat half on and half off. Again he was convinced that he heard voices. He suspected that it was fancy caused by the slight alarm. Still he listened, and at length became confirmed in the assurance that there were voices of human beings mixed with the other sounds. Exceedingly surprised, he felt a considerable degree of trepidation. He tried to pray, but his

spirits were too much agitated. Recovering, however, more composure and resolution, he determined, if possible, to ascertain from whence both the light and the voices proceeded. He put on his coat, and stretching forth his hands, began carefully to advance farther into the cavern. He had not gone many steps before he fell forwards over some soft substance. A deep groan, as that of a dying man, was heard proceeding from some one near him. Charles's heart now beat quick and strong : he got up, and felt about with his hands to discover what it was that he had fallen over. It was a human body—motionless, but still breathing. Agitated beyond measure, Charles still determined to persevere in the search. He felt more of fear than he had hitherto been acquainted with ; his firmness, arising from trust in God, was not, however, overcome. Silently, carefully, and slowly he proceeded over the rugged ground. He had almost reached the part of the cave in which the luminous body vanished, when he heard the voices much more distinctly than he had done before. He was listening attentively, when he saw the faint light re-appear in the place where he before

lost sight of it: it passed rather rapidly in a contrary direction, and stopped against the face of the rock about the middle of the cave. Charles now discovered that it was caused by a ray of light proceeding from a small aperture in the rock, on the opposite side of the cavern. Satisfied, now, of there being nothing supernatural concerned, he felt his usual composure return, and advanced towards the opening from which the light, and, he thought, the voices proceeded. He could now just see to find his way. The voices became more audible as he advanced, and he could at length distinguish different and numerous sounds as of persons in loud and earnest conversation.

The rock through which the light came was thick; and the hole at the further end being very small, he could distinguish no object: the light, he thought proceeded from a dark lantern. Charles applied his ear to the aperture, and was soon convinced that he recognised the voices of both his master and Tom: he listened attentively, but the uproar caused by the wind was still so great, that it was but little that he could distinctly catch. After some time, however, he clearly made out

that a plan had been agreed upon to destroy the machinery of a wheel at which some grinders were working at the usual prices. There was something further to be done, but when they spoke of it, it was in a lowered tone, and they appeared divided in opinion on the subject. His master he thought opposed it ; Tom on the contrary, he was sure, warmly insisted upon it. Charles listened till he thought that they were going to break up. He then concluded that he had better be going, well assured that if it was to be known that he had overheard them, his life would be in considerable danger.

His mind had been so absorbed by the conversation to which he had been listening, that he had almost forgotten the body over which he had fallen. He now endeavoured to find it again, and soon succeeded. He felt that it was the dress of a grinder ; he tried to raise the head, when a voice which he well knew, bawled out, " Hey, Tom, come, gi'us us a lift, lad, wilt ?" Satisfied now that it was only a drunken brute, whom he well knew, that had got in the wrong cave, he left him, and hastened homeward, as fast as he could. On his

way he endeavoured to account for the loud report which he had heard, and the blow which he had received on the head, when on the top of the precipice. This he could only do by supposing that some of the grinders had wantonly fired a pistol in the cave, and that an owl, alarmed at the report, had been so frightened as to be driven to face the tempest, and had in the dark been blown against his head while with her wings she had beat off his hat.

Charles waited up till his master came back, which was not long. He seemed greatly agitated, and expressed his displeasure at finding him up. Charles determined to give information of the intended attack on the wheel to the owner, and to prevent, by some means or other, his master from being of the party. He set off to Sheffield to put a letter into the post-office early in the morning, and got back before his master was up. When the latter came down stairs he was evidently very unwell. He was exceedingly restless through the day, but never quitted home. When the children were put to bed, about eight o'clock in the evening, he said to Charles, "I am so very

badly that I must go to bed. If I don't get up before ten, should any body call for me, tell them that I am so ill that I cannot stir out." About ten the latch was softly lifted; Charles opened the door. The man, whom Charles knew, started when he saw the lad instead of his master. Charles told him, as he had been instructed, of his master's illness. The man looked incredulous, shook his head, and went away without speaking. A whispering was heard for a short time at the door. Charles sat up about two hours longer, but not hearing any thing more of his master, he went to bed.

The next day intelligence came that Tom, with three others, had been taken in the wheel before alluded to, in the act of destroying the machinery. They were committed to take their trials at the ensuing assizes; but, Tom, on account of his youth, and being, as it was thought, under the influence of the others, was reprimanded and dismissed. Things now began to wear a very melancholy aspect at Charles's house. The goods were sold by degrees to buy food. They were all greatly pinched. Both his master and mistress

looked very ill. The children often cried on going supperless to bed. Charles's heart was frequently ready to break for them: he often took his scanty share, and divided it among them. He was now old enough, and wise enough, to see both the folly and the injustice of the proceedings of the grinders. He ventured mildly to remonstrate with his master on the subject, in which he was joined by his mistress. His master said little, and evidently wished neither to talk nor to think on the subject; it distressed him, and he was desirous of banishing it from his mind. His wife, however, wept, and so powerfully enforced Charles's arguments, that at length he started from his seat, exclaiming, "I know that it is wrong, I know that it will ruin, if not kill me; but I have sworn, and my life is at stake; let me hear no more of it;" he then rushed, in great agitation, out of the house.

A few days after this conversation, Charles had been to Sheffield to dispose of some article of household furniture, as he had of late often done before; he came back about noon. He found several of the neighbours in the house, and his

master in the greatest agonies. When he saw Charles, he exclaimed, "I am poisoned!—the villains have done it at last!" Charles enquired what had been done to relieve him; but it did not appear that any thing likely to be effectual had been thought of. There was no medical man resident nearer than Sheffield. He begged of one of the neighbours, who kept a horse, to set off and bring one along with him without fail. It has been stated that there was no church in the village, but there was a dissenting meeting-house, and the minister and his wife resided near it. Their house was the abode of peace and comfort; neither rich nor poor ever left it dissatisfied; advice and assistance of the best kind were always there to be had. He was the unassuming village pastor, she the ministering handmaid of true Christian charity. She had a very competent knowledge of all common medical cases, and could prescribe and administer simple remedies in cases of emergency. Charles was well known to her; he had been in the habit of assisting her in the little school which she had established, and partly taught herself. She soon discerned and esteemed

his merit. To her, Charles ran with all his speed ; she quickly came with him, and administered to his master, what produced a copious vomiting. It eased him considerably ; but he lay or rather tossed about, in the greatest conceivable pain, till the arrival of the messenger with the medical man. The latter enquired what had been done, which he said was proper ; but he was afraid that it had been too late to be fully effectual, though he thought that perhaps his life might be preserved. He had no doubt of the illness being the effect of poison ; no account could be obtained how, or when, it had been administered. All the family, except the master, had breakfasted, as they had done, on water-porridge. He had had porridge with a little milk in it, made by the oldest child, and both the saucepan and the basin had been washed clean afterwards. When he was himself questioned, he only shook his head, and said he knew nothing about it.

In the course of the evening, when they were alone, Charles asked the little girl in an indifferent way, when she had seen Tom, who had been set at liberty about a week ; she said he called as he went

past that morning. "Did he ask for me?" "No."
"Did he stop long?" "No, only a minute or two, while I went for a bit of stick to make my daddy's milk boil." Charles shuddered with horror. He ceased to doubt how, and by whom, the poison had been administered; the case was clear. His master was generally suspected of being the procurer of the detection of Tom and his associates. He himself, therefore, it was probable, had been in some measure the innocent cause of his master's sufferings. The reflection was far from pleasing, though he could not blame himself. How careful ought every one to be, in keeping apart from the wicked. If you go with them at all, you must either go the whole length of the way with them, or you make them all your enemies. If you either turn back or stop, they will pelt you with stones and dirt, so long as they can reach you, and will be sure to take all future occasions of injuring you. A man may know the length which he himself means to proceed, but he cannot tell how far his companions intend to go; perhaps they do not often know themselves. They have given themselves up to the guidance of the Evil One, and he never willingly

lets his followers turn back or stop in the road to destruction.

Charles's master continued to be very ill. Almost every article of furniture and clothing which could be spared at all, had been disposed of. They had not half enough to eat, which was evident from the pale and famished looks of all of them. Indeed, that was the case with most of the families of the grinders; still they were obstinately determined to persevere in their unreasonable demands. Charles, at length, could bear to see the misery of his little flock (for the children looked up to him as to a protector) no longer. He prayed frequently and earnestly for support and direction. He was now the only apprentice, the other two being out of their time. At length he fully made up his mind. He went to the manufacturer to whom he had given the information, who, at the risk of his own life, and the lives of those who worked for him, was employing several persons as grinders, that had not been apprentices to the trade. Charles offered to work for him at the old prices; his character and conduct was well known to the manufacturer; he was therefore glad of the offer, and immediately found him employment.

The machinery was worked by a steam-engine, so that there was no waiting for water. Charles was a good hand. At the old prices great wages could be earned ; and he was determined to do his best. He had three miles to go, and dare not be out, either morning or evening, when it was dark ; he however brought home on Saturday evening fifteen shillings in money, and fifteen shillings in stuff. For the stuff, which they did not want, they got about half price. Something of cheerfulness now began to appear again amongst the distressed and starving family. The complaint of Charles's master was now become a confirmed decline. Himself and Charles were convinced of it, though his wife did not suspect it. His heart had long ago begun to soften. The sufferings of himself and family, with the conduct of Charles, had made a deep impression upon him. His behaviour had been for some time less rude, and he had appeared more thoughtful. The dreadful design and attempts to which he had been privy, with the reflections to which his own late experience led, now that time was afforded him for reflection, led him to perceive that he must have been pur-

suing a wrong course. The present affectionate and magnanimous behaviour of Charles, who was, without solicitation, not only working hard, but running great risk of his life to serve so unkind a master and his family, induced him, not only to admire, but to wish to imitate him. He knew that the Bible was Charles's delight; he thought that there must be something in it very powerful in its effects, and good in its nature, if it could make such a difference as he perceived between the conduct of Charles and Tom, the latter of whom, he believed, had long ago sold his, and never looked into one. Much did he now lament that he had not learned to read: Charles had, however, taught the oldest girl, till she could read the bible tolerably well. On the following Sunday morning, before Charles set off for church, his master in some degree opened the state of his mind to him, and wished him to point out to his daughter which chapters would be most suitable for her to read to him. Charles offered to stay at home himself, but he would not listen to his being kept away from church, which he knew it was his delight to attend, Charles therefore marked a few chapters, which

the daughter read to her father in the course of the day. New light gradually illumined his mind.— He began to perceive the value and beauty of holiness. He learnt his spiritual wants, and then he was not long before he tried to pray to have them supplied. He was brought to perceive the heinousness of his guilt, and he was led to feel that such wickedness could never be pardoned but through the merits and mediation of the Son of God, who himself, though he knew no sin, gave himself up to death to redeem sinners, and to deliver us from the present evil world. He soon became a totally altered character. He had no works of which to be proud or vain, for all his works had been vile in the extreme; yet he now felt such detestation of, and sorrow for them, that he could not but hope, if he was spared to the trial, that he should be enabled to lead a new life. He, however, wished not for that trial; he was resigned to God's disposal, but he rather dreaded, than wished for, longer life. His love for, and gratitude to Charles, was almost unbounded. The sight of him always cheered and revived him; his wife, his children, and his home, began to assume looks of happiness and comfort

till then unknown ; Charles generally earned two guineas weekly ; and though half of it was greatly diminished in value, by that most impolitic practice of paying part in stuff, it was fully sufficient to support the family, and in time to redeem the pledged goods. The whole of his earnings were thus duly appropriated ; neither time nor money was spent in drinking. With Tom, or the other grinders, Charles had little communication. He heard enough of their proceedings, crimes, and sufferings, to make him thankful that he had been so providentially withdrawn from them. Charles was now become more than a match for Tom in bodily strength. The latter, therefore, always rather shunned than sought his company.

On the day that Charles was eighteen years of age, did his master calmly and resignedly quit this world of pain, of sin, and sorrow, possessed of what appeared a well-grounded hope of obtaining, through the merits of a crucified Saviour, a blessed immortality, in a world where pain, and sin, and sorrow are unknown. The different sensations of Tom and Charles on the occasion may be in some degree imagined, but it is impos-

sible accurately to describe them. One had, in all probability, been his murderer; the other, it is equally probable had been his comfort here, and instrumental in leading him to life and happiness eternal.

Charles, being now in a great measure his own master, was so far from remitting of his usual exertions, that he became, if possible, more diligent than ever, certainly more considerate. He was left, at that early age, in the situation of the father of a family. Thought in him was no burden; he had early been called to exercise it; he was not naturally indisposed to it, and habit had rendered it easy. Little, indeed, is short-sighted man capable of judging of what is good for him. Afflictions in youth are generally salutary; but where is the young man that would wish for them, where is the father that would desire them for his offspring? No poor family in the village was more orderly; no house was more comfortable; no children were better instructed, or more pleasing in their manners, than the family of which Charles had now the care. The affection which they all evinced for him, it was delightful to witness. To the love of

affectionate children for an indulgent parent, they added the free playfulness of brothers and sisters. Charles had no moments unemployed. He was fond of reading, and he often sat up late to indulge in the pleasure, and improve himself. He had purchased a few books, and the dissenting minister before mentioned furnished him with others. One evening in the week he generally, by appointment, spent with him and his amiable wife. On two subjects Charles and he held, in some degree, different opinions—religion and politics. Strange as it may seem, even Charles was a politician. Where is the intelligent Englishman, though only eighteen, who could have passed, in times like those, five years in such company as twenty grinders, and not be a politician? The love of his king and his country appeared to be inherent in Charles; he always delighted to hear either of them praised; and the abuse which he had been so long accustomed to hear wicked men heap upon them, had only served to endear them to his heart the more. If he had a weak side, it was there. He could have taken even a stranger to his bosom who professed

love for his country and for his king. The good minister, though not thinking quite so highly of either as his young friend Charles, never quarrelled with him on that account. He would sometimes, by way of spiring the loyal youth up to unwonted animation, draw him out upon these subjects. If it be a weakness in youth to think well of others, it is a lovely and an amiable one. It may be sometimes dangerous, but the occurrences of life, alas, generally soon remove the danger with the cause.

Charles's character was now so well established and known, that the evil-disposed found it a hopeless case either to tempt or intimidate him; and he began to experience the fulfilment of the promise made to those that love God, for even his enemies were at peace with him. He was now on the eve of terminating his apprenticeship; he was the sole support of his mistress and four children; for he had been enabled to keep them from applying to the parish for any relief. He could not bear the thoughts of leaving them destitute. His mistress was become quite an altered character. Frugal, orderly, clean, indus-

trious, and pious, she was a pattern to all the neighbourhood. Never from home but to go to church, she was enabled to keep at little expense, her house and children so neat, as to attract general attention and commendation. This character caused a very respectable farmer (who had been left a widower in middle age) to think of her as an eligible person for his wife. He had no family; he was of necessity much from home, and he found his house when left in the care of servants neither so safe in his absence, nor so comfortable on his return, as he could wish. He therefore made her an offer, which was too unobjectionable to be long refused. Charles had therefore the unspeakable happiness, on the day on which he became of age, of giving away his mistress to a very worthy man, who was likely to make her a good husband, as well as to be an affectionate father to her children.

Much indeed had Charles himself on this occasion to be thankful for. To him, under a kind Providence, were they all indebted for present happiness, and an apparently well-grounded hope, of a long continuance of it here, as well as

of an eternity of it hereafter. Charles was offered any accommodation which they could afford him in their house. He was too much attached to them all, particularly the children, to be desirous of leaving them, at least for the present; therefore, on condition that he should be permitted to pay them adequately, he gladly accepted the proposal.

The grinders had now long experienced the dreadful effects of their unreasonable and unlawful combination. Their families were in general almost famished. Unemployed and without the means of indulging in their accustomed licentiousness and dissipation, they became as burdensome to themselves as to their parish. Still the obstinate perversity of a number of the worst amongst them prevented the abandonment of the plan. Some, however, of the less vicious and hardened forsook the combination, and Charles was enabled to occupy his master's trough in the wheel in which he first worked. This was very desirable and beneficial to him. He had found his health considerably affected by constantly working in close rooms in a confined

situation. Grinding is at the best not a healthy employment ; but it has become much more fatal since the introduction of steam-engines. In the more open wheels in the country, by the side of rapidly running streams, the strong current of air which is almost always flowing through the room, disperses the dust which is continually rising under their noses, and which, in a still atmosphere, they imbibe in breathing. Charles, too, delighted in the land of the mountain, the wood, the heath, and the torrent ; he delighted in solitude ; the monotonous sound of the grinding was to him soothing ; it wrapped him up as it were within himself ; he could hear nobody speak unless they shouted, and therefore he could mentally retire, and enjoy, undisturbed, his own meditations. When circumstances did not admit of his working, if the weather was favourable, he enjoyed his solitary ramble with his book ; if it was not, he could have the same enjoyment in his little room at home, which his darling little Ann kept as clean as a gentleman's library. Of Tom, Charles now heard little ; that little however was bad. When out of his time he went to live at

Sheffield; he was there at the head of every disorderly mob, and of all seditious assemblies.

Charles did not now work so hard as during the latter part of his apprenticeship, when he had a family to support, but he was regular. Habituated to early rising, he continued it partly from habit and partly from finding it both pleasant and beneficial. He loved, like his blessed Saviour to rise a long time before it was day, and retire into a solitary place. He seemed then and there alone with God. He felt like the sole inhabitant of the earth. Silence reigned around him, and when the blush of morning spread softly along the ridges of the eastern mountains, and the awakened lark upsprang till her melodious notes almost died away upon the ear of the listener, and till her fluttering wings glittered with the first ray of the sun, as yet unseen on earth, his heart and his eyes frequently overflowed with love and gratitude to the Giver of every good and every perfect gift. Often was the voice of praise and thanksgiving from his lips heard upon the mountain; it was heard, and it was regarded in heaven. It was on such an occasion that Charles composed the following lines:—

“MY SON GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

Proverbs xxiii. 26.

“ Give me thy heart, my son,” the Lord
 To every child of Adam cries ;
 “ Give God thy heart,” with one accord,
 The *World*, and all therein, replies.

“ Give God thy heart,” exclaims the *Earth* ;
 “ He spake the word and I was made ;
 “ The morning stars proclaim’d my birth ;
 “ *He* all my deep foundations laid.”

“ Give God thy heart,” the *Heavens* reply,
 “ *He* launched my rolling worlds of light ;
 “ *He* guides them through immensity ;
 “ The day is his, and his the night.”

“ Give God thy heart,” the *Ocean waves*,
 As round the world they roll, exclaim ;
 “ *He* formed our deepest, secret caves,
 “ His power alone our rage can tame.”

“ Give God thy heart,” the hurrying *Storm*,
 With voice of thunder, calls aloud ;
 “ O’er earth I fly, (unseen my form,)
 “ To rouse the careless, awe the proud.”

“ Give God thy heart,” with gentlest voice,
 Responsive breathes the balmy *Gale* ;
 “ *He* loads my wings with perfumes choice,
 “ As o'er his world of sweets I sail.”

“ Give God thy heart,” all *Nature* cries,
 Within, above, beneath, around ;
 “ Oh may my heart,” my tongue replies,
 “ With *Thee, O Lord*, be ever found !”

Charles had now been about four years out of his time. Besides paying for his board, he had purchased, by degrees, a small library of good and useful books ; he had been charitable to several distressed families, and yet he had been able to save about one hundred and fifty pounds. This he had done, without injury, but on the contrary, with advantage, to his health. It happened about this time, that he was enticed by the beauty of an autumnal evening to wander forth when the sun, setting in glorious majesty, and surrounded with a splendid retinue of clouds of indescribable brilliancy, which illuminated the tops of the eastern mountains, left the peaceful vale between, reposing in that pleasing twilight and calm tranquility so

grateful to the eye of taste, and so congenial to the studious mind. Up this vale, so shaded, he rambled where the over-hanging foliage almost shut out, at times, the sober light. No sound but that of the murmuring stream and the notes of a solitary redbreast were heard. He paused,—it can scarcely be said to enjoy the scene on which he seemed to look, for his mind was absorbed by the subject of the book which he held in his hand, and in which he had been reading. Suddenly he heard a very piercing shriek. He threw the book from his hand: he turned his eyes instantly towards the place from whence the sound came, and there he saw, at the foot of a high rock, a female figure, with dishevelled hair, whose agitated frame and continued screams evinced the greatest distress and alarm. She threw her arms in the air, whilst her eyes were alternately directed to the stream below and to the heavens above. Charles darted down the bank, and in one of those deep gloomy pools, which the thick foliage almost conceal, perceived a considerable degree of agitation. He knew that he could wade it; he therefore sprang into the water, and bore out in his arms an almost exhausted

elderly female. The younger one, frantic at being able to procure no assistance, had hastened down again, with an intention of either rescuing the other, or perishing with her ; she was therefore almost as wild with joy, as she had been with terror, when she found her safe. " O thank God ! thank ' God !" she exclaimed as she pressed her mother (for such she was) to her bosom. " Yes, thank God," her mother answered, " and next thank this young man." The young woman then turned her eyes upon him and blushed deeply. " We will go back mother," she said, " to Rivelin Mill ; we can stay there all night ; my uncle will be glad to give up his bed to you." " Yes, my dear, we will go back, for I cannot walk home to night." Charles gave his arm to the mother, whilst the daughter skipped over the stepping-stones laid across the stream, from which the mother had fallen, and brought a basket and her bonnet, which in her agitation she had thrown off. The basket contained bilberries. She appeared to be about nineteen or twenty, rather above the middle stature ; her figure light and graceful : perhaps she was not quite handsome, but she had a coun-

tenance which, though rather sun-burnt, and shaded with a little cottage-bonnet, was rendered, by dark hazel eyes, at least expressive. Her dress was of that simple, becoming, and graceful kind, which the poorest may obtain, and which the richest cannot surpass. The mother appeared to be about fifty; she told Charles that she had a brother who had the management of the mill. That they sometimes went to see him, and, at this time of the year, took the opportunity of gathering bilberries upon the moors, which paid them, on their return, better than what they could now earn at home, as work was very scarce. She told him her name and residence, and enquired his. Though Charles knew her brother very well, he thought it better not to go in with them; indeed he felt desirous of getting home as soon as he could to change his wet clothes. The miller, on their mentioning Charles's name gave him such a character as raised him very high in the estimation of both mother and daughter. When Charles called upon him the following evening to enquire after them, he gave him the following short history of them. His sister-in

law, he said, was the orphan daughter of a poor clergyman in the north. That his brother, who formerly travelled for a manufacturing house in Sheffield, married her, and brought her home with him. That he was killed, by being thrown from his gig, when they had been married about eight years, having only two children living,—the daughter whom Charles had seen, and a little boy only a month old: that the furniture and other little property, which he left, barely sufficed to pay his debts, so that the widow was left with her two children, without a shilling in the world. The little boy died whilst at the breast, owing, it was supposed, to the mother's distress and want of proper nourishment: that he himself was the only person who then did any thing for her. Her husband belonged to a distant parish, to which she never applied. At his desire, he said, she took a small cottage at Owlerton, and endeavoured to get a little sewing, but that it was very little that she could get. That she used to come up occasionally to the mill, and that he did what he could towards her maintenance. Since her daughter grew up, and she herself became better

known, she had, he said, got more work, and had been more comfortable; indeed more so than they were at present, as the difficulties of the times rendered sewing very scarce. They kept a little school, but in that poor village not much was to be got in that way. The mother was a very good woman, and he was sure that the daughter was still better.

Charles could not but feel greatly interested in this account. He was certain from the first that he had seen the mother before; but that was very possible perhaps as living near; but her face seemed impressed upon his recollection by something stronger than a transient acquaintance. During the latter part of the miller's narration, it flashed upon his mind, that this was the poor woman and her two children, whom Tom had shut out of the wheel. He was so busy comparing dates, that when his informant ceased talking, he did not seem to notice it, till he asked him what he was thinking about; he then started, and said that he was thinking he had seen her in great distress about ten or twelve years ago. He related the circumstance, and the miller said that he recol-

lected her having mentioned it to him, together with his (Charles's) kind treatment of her. She had been to see for him at the mill, but he was absent, and therefore she was returning home almost perishing with cold and hunger. She had said she should have called to thank the dear boy, but that she was fearful of seeming to want him to do more ; and farther, that she looked upon that youth as having been an instrument, in the hands of Providence, of her preservation. She had then nearly sunk into despair, but that circumstance had so clearly shown her that God can send succour when none appears at hand, that she had never since lost courage, but had struggled, not only with patience, but with hope and confidence. He said that he was sure it would give her inexpressible delight to find that she again owed her life to her first generous preserver. Charles thanked his informer, and promised to call upon the widow and her daughter.

He left the miller with a fluttering heart ; he felt no wish to go home ; he wandered about the hills, endeavouring in vain to find out what was the matter with him, or what he should do. The

heart appeared to be much harder at work than the head. He thought he was glad, he thought he was thankful, he thought he had done his duty, but yet he had a confused idea that he ought to do something more. He thought that he ought to go to see them; he thought that he should like to do so, and yet he felt such a palpitation when he turned about that way, that he dared not venture to proceed. It was not till after two restless days and two almost sleepless nights, that Charles (in a fit of something like desperation, to which cowards are often indebted for the ability to do their duty,) knocked in the evening at the door of the small but very neat cottage, to which he had been directed. Mary (for that was the daughter's name) opened the door. There appeared no outward cause for it, and yet, at the same instant, both their faces assumed a glow approaching to scarlet. The mother was sat at work, and instantly arose to welcome their visitor. She handed him a chair, which her daughter (who was not used to be so remiss) had, for some cause or other, neglected to do. She told him that she was very much obliged to him for calling, as she was sure she had not

thanked, as she ought to have done, in the hurry in which they last parted, the preserver of her life. But she added, " I feel convinced that I have, under Providence, to thank you for more than life ; to you it was, I find, that I was indebted, when overcome by weakness and affliction, for preservation from despair. When I saw a poor boy was directed by a merciful God, to part with his all, to administer to my wants, I could never afterwards doubt of the paternal care of a kind Providence. I have ever since experienced it. We have often since known want, but neither of us have since known doubt." Charles never was a great talker, and never felt less disposed to talk than now. He shed a tear, and Mary shed more than one. They both looked something foolish, but either the mother did not regard it, or knew how to account for it, which they did not. Charles had a fine manly figure, but his countenance was rather expressive of mildness than courage. The tear, therefore, which he shed, did not appear quite so much out of its place as it would have done on some faces. As to Mary's tears, they served to give a pleasing softening to eyes naturally almost too animated and

sparkling. The mother now turned the conversation, first on the passing occurrences of the times and neighbourhood, and, when the young folks began to be a little at their ease, on such literary subjects as she thought came within the sphere of Charles's knowledge. Two or three times he was insensibly drawn out; he betrayed considerable information and energy, but checked himself as soon as he perceived it. He, however, displayed enough to shew the mother that he had not told all he knew.— Charles took his leave much more at ease than when he entered. He was asked to call again, and he promised so to do.

The night was neither sleepless nor dreamless. The day was a little agitated, but not painful; and the evening found him again seated with Mary and her mother in the neat little cottage. What Mary had thought, is not revealed, but there was nothing out of its place in the room, and she appeared a little smarter dressed than on the evening before. This visit passed with something more of ease and freedom than the former one; the young folks had learned to look at, and to talk to each other; in short the ice was fairly broken. When that is

the case, on such occasions, there is but little need to dread but that the coldness will in time pass away.

The Sunday following, Charles accompanied them to church. When a young man has once been to church with a young woman whom he loves, there seldom remains much unnecessary reserve between them. In short, Charles never was quite comfortable, after this time, but when he was with Mary; and Mary never seemed in better humour than when Charles was with her. There was no formal declaration of love, but some way or other they both understood that they were to be man and wife, before either of them had hinted at such a thing. These are occurrences often known to every body else before the parties themselves. Charles's mistress soon heard of it; nor was she on the whole, sorry; she knew the females by character, and highly esteemed them; she only wished for his happiness who had so largely contributed to promote hers; and she felt assured that the suspected connection would serve to promote it. The children cried sadly, till they were told that they should go often to see Charles, and that

he would frequently come to see them ; the new pleasure of going to visit him in a new house, reconciled them to their loss ; so ready is youth to find palliatives for misfortunes !

About this time Charles received a letter from the manufacturer, in whose steam wheel he had wrought, saying that he found he should have occasion for some one to assist him in the management of his business ; that from what he knew, and what he had heard of him, he had been induced to make him the first offer ; property was not an object farther than as a security for the fulfilment of the contract. On further enquiry and further consideration, Charles was convinced that this was an offer not to be slighted ; he was disgusted with the language and the manners of the grinders in general, and felt much disposed to quit their society. Both this proposal and the circumstances which led to his connection with Mary, he could not consider in any other light than as being the interposition of Providence. He had sought for neither ; he had never expressed his inclination to change his situation in either respect. He had never murmured either at being

a grinder or a bachelor. The circumstances which induced to the change, came unsolicited, and unlooked for. Charles, in this case, as was his usual custom in cases of difficulty, betook himself to the mountain—to silence and to solitude. He there communed with his God, and with his own heart; he neither prayed, nor waited, in vain. Mary and her mother approved of his acceptance of the proposition which had been made him; he therefore entered on his new employment within a few weeks after it had been offered. He got lodgings in the outskirts of the town, towards Owlerton, so that he could conveniently visit both his late mistress's family and his intended wife. At the end of twelve months, finding that the business was likely to answer, even beyond his expectation, he took a small house near the one at which he had lodgings, and received at the hands of her uncle, the miller, his beloved Mary. Her mother came to reside with them, and his mistress and her family were often visitors. All looked upon Charles as their preserver; they regarded him as a being appointed to dispense blessings wherever he came, and he often sat

surrounded with eyes beholding him with love and almost with reverence. Time now glided rapidly on ; seven years were passed, and he was the father of four children, two boys and two girls. His fortune had increased beyond his expectation —beyond his wishes. He had never looked upon riches as desirable further than as they brought with them the power and the inclination to do good. Charles had always been an economist of time ; wealth he knew might be gained, but time could only be saved. He was of an active disposition, but something of a fearful one ; he dreaded nothing more than being behind-hand with any thing that he had to do ; he felt that he should be confused if he was, and therefore he always exerted himself to get whatever was to do, done soon. By this means, without at all neglecting his business, he found time to attend more than any one else to public and benevolent concerns.

Tom, meanwhile, was pursuing a very different road in the journey, and supporting a very different character on the stage of this life. Before he was out of his time, he met with, and became the dupe of an abandoned, artful, showy

girl—a burnisher at one of the plated manufactories of this town. It was at one of those profligate assemblages of both sexes, called *penny-hops*, which are periodically held at certain low public-houses, that they became acquainted. Her name was Violetta; they were married in the course of a month from the commencement of their acquaintance, and within a very few more Tom was loose from his apprenticeship and fast in prison for his wife's debts.

The characters with whom Tom had hitherto associated, were certainly, on the whole, none of the best. Tom, however, had till now rather been a leader in wickedness, than a follower. He had been accustomed to rank high, if not the first; he was therefore surprised, on conversing with his new associates in prison, to find that he was but considered (and was in reality) a mere novice. Instead of being an instructor, he was now but a learner. He went into prison an openly abandoned character; he came out an artful, expert villain. Such are, or such were, the effects of prison discipline! In prison Tom was taught to believe, what he was before disposed

to believe, that all religion was a cloak of decent exterior, worn by those who sought to gain their own worldly, selfish ends, by deceiving others. He had, it is true, during his apprenticeship, met with one or two instances which afforded him too strong grounds for such supposition. The superior esteem which Charles possessed, and the much greater success which had attended his undertakings, he now attributed to his greater hypocrisy; and he conceived that his former school-fellow was only a more successful dissembler than himself. Tom now resolved to beat him at his own weapons. He met with an able instructor in prison; he had read his Bible at school, he had a retentive memory, a voluble tongue, and of assurance and self-sufficiency he had an abundant share.

Tom now commenced itinerant preacher. It was a life that suited him. He travelled about from place to place, improving by practice in the arts of deception, and acquiring fame and notice in proportion. He was one of those who are "traitors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," "having a form of

godliness, but denying the power thereof;" he found it no difficult thing to "lead captive silly women laden with sins, and led away with divers lusts." By these means he too often succeeded in gaining admission into decent families, and in obtaining, not only subsistence, but pecuniary aid for benevolent purposes. This alone, however, was not the sum of Tom's offending.—An inveterate enemy to all due subordination and good government, he was equally active, and much more sincere in spreading disaffection than piety. He was one of those who "walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise governments; who are presumptuous, self-willed, and not afraid to speak evil of dignities." For some years Tom went on,—as he thought, very prosperously. At length, however, as prosperous villains generally do, he over-shot his mark. Success made him venture too far. Government had for some time had an eye on him, and at length took him into custody, and convicted him, on the clearest evidence, of flagrantly seditious practices. He was condemned, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

Charles had now risen to considerable opulence ; his trade, by industry and good management, had very greatly increased, and he stood, in the estimation of his connections and fellow-townsmen, very high in the scale of probity and respectability. As soon as he became of age, he was a contributor to the Charitable Institution in which he was educated, and to which, under Providence, he appeared to owe so much. He increased his contribution as he found that he could afford it ; and never passed the door, or saw the young inmates at play in the Church-yard, but his heart warmed with gratitude and kindly affection. At length he was elected a Trustee of the institution. There may be those who can imagine what were Charles's feelings upon this occasion, but they are not many ;—I, however, cannot describe what they were. He recollected the time when he first entered the door of the asylum, a fatherless and motherless child ;—he recollected the time when he came out of these doors, a fatherless orphan, to be cast upon the wide, wide, wicked world, with one shilling in his pocket, and without one human being to comfort or direct him. He was now entering it a second time, a

master of the master,—possessed of great affluence, much of the esteem of good men, and a firm assurance of the protection of an Almighty Heavenly Father. With a heart overflowing with gratitude, eyes with tears, and lips with praise, did Charles enter upon his new office. He resolved, with God's blessing, to devote whatever time and attention should appear necessary, to the management of the Institution, and he soon produced such improvements in it as were greatly beneficial. Charles (for we shall continue to call him so) was one day in attendance at the school, when a poor woman called with a ragged, half famished boy, soliciting his admission. The child, she said, was left quite destitute, his mother having died a few days before, and his father, if living, being abroad ; he had not, however, been heard of for many years. The boy's name, he was told on enquiry, was *Thomas Crafty*. The name struck him as one which he had formerly heard, and he soon discovered that this was the child of his old enemy and school-fellow Tom. The occurrence, of course, struck him as remarkable, and he could not but feel desirous of preserving the son from the evil ways of the father.

Being an orphan he was soon admitted: though he had been neglected, he did not seem to have acquired bad habits, and his disposition seemed good. The sufferings of his childhood had made their impressions, and he was consequently sedate and thoughtful. He passed the five years which he remained at school, with the character of an attentive, good lad. When his time at school was out, Charles took him, first into the warehouse and afterwards into the counting-house. His gratitude and endeavours to please were almost unbounded. So much was Charles satisfied with his conduct, that when he was out of his time, he not only continued him in his service, but, when his partner died, which was when young Tom was about four and twenty, he gave him a small share in the business with himself and one of his sons,

It afforded great satisfaction to the mind of Charles to have been thus permitted to be instrumental, not only in rescuing a fellow-creature from threatened destruction, but in advancing him to respectability and usefulness. He never had ceased to feel a considerable degree of anxiety on

account of the father's misconduct. They appeared to have been brought together by Providence, under such very similar circumstances, that it seemed as if they were designed to have benefitted each other, and he could hardly help considering the service which he had been called upon to render to the son, as part of the purpose designed by Providence in their being first thrown together. Often did he look back on his past life with wonder and pious thankfulness. God had made almost all things to prosper in his hands; in his family, in his fortune, in his station, in his connections, he had been highly favoured; yet all these things served but to humble him; they were all the free gift of God. For anything that he had done, he might have been in the situation of his early acquaintance, poor Tom; and instead of thanking God that he was not equally wicked with him, he felt that he still ought to exclaim, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

A little while after he had taken young Tom into partnership, he was sent for to the door of his house to speak to a poor old man, who had asked for him. Charles's attention was never

denied to poverty and misery : he found a poor afflicted fellow-creature, scarcely able to stand from the evident effects of a paralytic stroke ; the man said, that if it was not making too bold, he should be glad to speak with him alone. Charles shewed him into a private room, desiring him to sit down in the chair which he reached. " Excuse me one moment, Sir, if you please," said he, and with difficulty he kneeled down, and remained a minute or two, with his face covered, apparently in mental prayer. He then endeavoured to rise himself, but Charles was obliged to assist him. When he had taken the seat, he was still evidently greatly agitated, the tears tracing each other down his sorrowful face ; " You see, Sir," he said in a tremulous voice, " you see, Sir, before you the greatest, perhaps the only enemy you ever had in your life. I am *Tom*, Sir !" Charles, shocked and astonished beyond measure, (for he could not then recal either the features or the voice of the companion of his youth,) stepped up to him, and took his left hand, which he held out, the other being useless. " Yes, Sir, you may well be astonished at the change in my person, which

you witness ; it is a blessed change ; but, thank God, it is not the only blessed change, nor, I trust, the greatest. Vile as I still am, I am become sensible of my vileness ; great as is the cause which you have to hold me in abhorrence, you cannot hold me in greater than I hold myself. But you know not one thousandth part of my iniquity ; I know, however, that you could not hate me even if you did know it all. I know not all your goodness, but I know and have heard enough of it, to make me sensible that you have endeavoured to tread in the footsteps of your blessed Redeemer ; He who went about continually doing good, even to those who spitefully used him ; He who loved his very enemies—this, Sir, have you done ! O, how can I, how can my dear, my forsaken child, ever thank you as we ought to thank you ! We never can ; but God can, and God will, more than requite you,” Charles here interrupted him ; he told him that he was very happy to see him, but sorry to see him so infirm. “ O no, no, no !” Tom exclaimed, “ that is a blessed change, that is God’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes !” Charles here

brought him a glass of wine, which he drank and seemed somewhat revived. He now enquired particularly about his son, whilst the tears plentifully flowed down his cheeks. He had heard generally of his circumstances and conduct, and also of Charles's goodness towards him; but he had not seen him; and he first wished Charles to break the subject to him, "You must excuse Sir," he continued, "the weakness of an infirm old man—old, at least, in wickedness and sufferings; you know that I never used to shed tears, but I may now almost say that I make them my meat by day, and that I water my couch with them by night. I trust that they are not shed because of my afflictions, for in them I rejoice. That God has been pleased to lay his hand upon me is the foundation of my hope. I know not if yet I could withstand the temptation of health and strength; at least I do not wish to try. I have abused them—O, how abused them! You know, Sir, but a small part of the great wickedness of the wretch whom you see before you; nor, happily, can you conceive one-thousandth part of the miseries which he has endured. I was never happy : in the midst

of laughter the heart was sorrowful; I never knew peace; I plunged, with a kind of hopeless desperation, deeper and deeper in guilt, to drown the remembrance of that which was past. But I could never rid myself entirely of those religious impressions which I received, as it were, in spite of myself, at the blessed ayllum of the destitute, to which you have been such an ornament and efficient benefactor. Those impressions were strong enough to make me miserable, but not of themselves sufficient to make me good. 'The Lord, however, is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance:.' He never gave me up. I spurned again and again at the rod; I would none of his reproof; nay I sinned yet the more against Him. But at the last He overthrew me; He laid me in the dust; He subdued my obstinacy; He humbled my pride; nay, He softened my heart. Then, and not till then, did I perceive the necessity and efficacy of a Crucified Redeemer to purge away sin: then, and not till then, did I feel that it was possible that such a vile atrocious sinner as myself could be saved. O, how did I then bless the hand

that smote me ! I felt like a new being ; I could not move ; I was in considerable pain of body ; I was in danger of perishing from want, amongst savage enemies, in a strange country ; and yet I was comparatively happy ; nay, I felt as if I had escaped from hell to heaven. The more I suffered in body, the more I rejoiced in spirit ; I felt as if it were a privilege to suffer. Five years of these sufferings, Sir, have I since endured, and yet I still rejoice in them."

The old man (for such he appeared) was here much affected ; he stopped and remained silent. After a pause, Charles attempted to turn his thoughts to other subjects, by assuring him how much he was pleased with the conduct of his son ; and how much he was sure he would be gratified in receiving his father, now that he was convinced of his former errors, and possessing such just notions and right feelings on religious subjects. The uncertainty respecting the fate of his father, Charles assured him, had been almost the only circumstance that had pressed with any great weight and continuance on the mind of the son. " Indeed Sir," the old man replied, " it does afford me great

cause of thankfulness to God, and under Him, to you, that I have not to deplore the ruin of my son by my cruelty and wickedness, as well as that he is now, I trust, set free from the dangerous contagion of my vile example. My misconduct, I trust, has been a beacon to warn him from treading in the same path. Much have I to tell him of the sufferings which sin ever, even in this world, is heir to ; mine will be an instructive as well as an eventful and interesting history. The sufferings which I have gone through, nothing less than the arm of the Almighty, (who had other ends in view for me,) could possibly have enabled me to sustain. By crimes, on which I shudder to reflect, and with the relation of which I will not pain you, I effected my escape from Port Jackson in an American vessel going to Africa to purchase slaves ; she was wrecked upon the coast ; the few of us that escaped were taken prisoners, and carried into the interior. I was a slave to those whom we came to enslave ; I tasted the bitterness of it in all its strength. For seven years did I drag on a brutal life, with a depraved mind and debilitated body. I will not say that I was never visited by compunction, for I was

almost daily so visited ; but I always contrived to drown remorse in beastly depravity. At length I attempted my escape, hopeless as it was. It was after almost incredible exertions and preservations, in the wet season, that I was, when still more than a hundred leagues from the coast, smitten by the stroke to which I owe, under God, my preservation from farther progress in sin. Two days I lay totally unable to move ; and it was when on the point of death, that I was found by a negro woman ; she removed me (for I was now by want and sorrow quite emaciated) to her hut, and fed and tended me in the best way she could. I soon in some degree, recovered, but not so as to be able to walk. Here I lay about ten days, and here it was that my heart was first truly touched. I had now no means of escaping, by plunging deeper in sin, from my upbraiding conscience ; I was prepared for receiving the impression, and the seal was put to my heart. At the end of that time the negro woman's husband arrived, with others conveying a band of slaves down to the coast. In hopes I believe, of receiving some remuneration, he consented to take me with them ; I was placed on a camel, with a

lame slave, and at length, almost dead with the fatigue of the journey, arrived at the place of destination. In my condition, being unable to help myself, I entertained little hopes of being able to obtain the means of leaving the coast. I however felt resigned to whatever might be the will of God respecting me, and it pleased Him to induce even the heart of the American slave captain to have compassion on me : he consented to take me with him. The dreadful scenes of which I was a witness on the voyage, I will not attempt to describe. We disposed of our cargo at one of the West India islands, and took in a freight for Philadelphia. On our arrival there, the captain obtained admission for me into the hospital ; he even raised a little fund for me, and, what was better, a friend that never, during the whole of my stay there, forsook me ; this friend was a female quaker, who was in the almost daily practice of visiting the hospital. After seeing and conversing with me a few times, she became greatly interested to serve me. I never can be sufficiently grateful to her for her great attention ; she gave me what I hope never to part with—a Bible. It would be in vain

for me to attempt describing the sensations with which I opened and perused it, after having been from my youth, without taking it in my hands, except to serve the purposes of impious hypocrisy. I had not only neglected its precepts, but had used them as instruments of villany. I had not refused to name the name of Christ, but I had named it for the vilest of purposes; I had employed it with the most shocking familiarity. I was not one of those who had not even heard if there was any Holy Ghost; but I had treated him as a lying spirit. I had much too frequently grieved him. Yet, for all this, my God had not forsaken me; He had still waited to be gracious, and he had now again put into my hands, his Holy Word; He had given me understanding to discern its beauty, and had opened my heart to feel its value. He had afforded me a peaceful asylum, and he had given me a friend to awaken and strengthen my hopes, to remove my doubts, to contribute to my earthly comfort, and to direct and assist me in the road to Heaven.

“ I did not wish my wife to come to me, and therefore I refrained from sending over any account of myself. I was three years before I was so

recovered as to walk at all. During that time, God had been pleased to raise up for me so many friends, that, on intimating my wish to return to England, I had not only a passage procured for me, but sufficient money raised to enable me, with God's blessing, to reach home. I arrived here only last night; I have made what enquiry I could without discovering myself, and I have been still more and more astonished and confounded at God's great goodness to me. Bright, indeed, after such a day of gloom and thick darkness, after such storms and tempests, appears likely to be the evening of my day! If my son does not despise his father; if he can bear with my infirmities; if he can pity my weakness; if he can forgive my past evil example and cruel desertion of him,—I shall have attained all the earthly happiness that my soul can desire. I hope that I shall be able to await with more than calm serenity the hour, which cannot be far distant, of my departure hence."

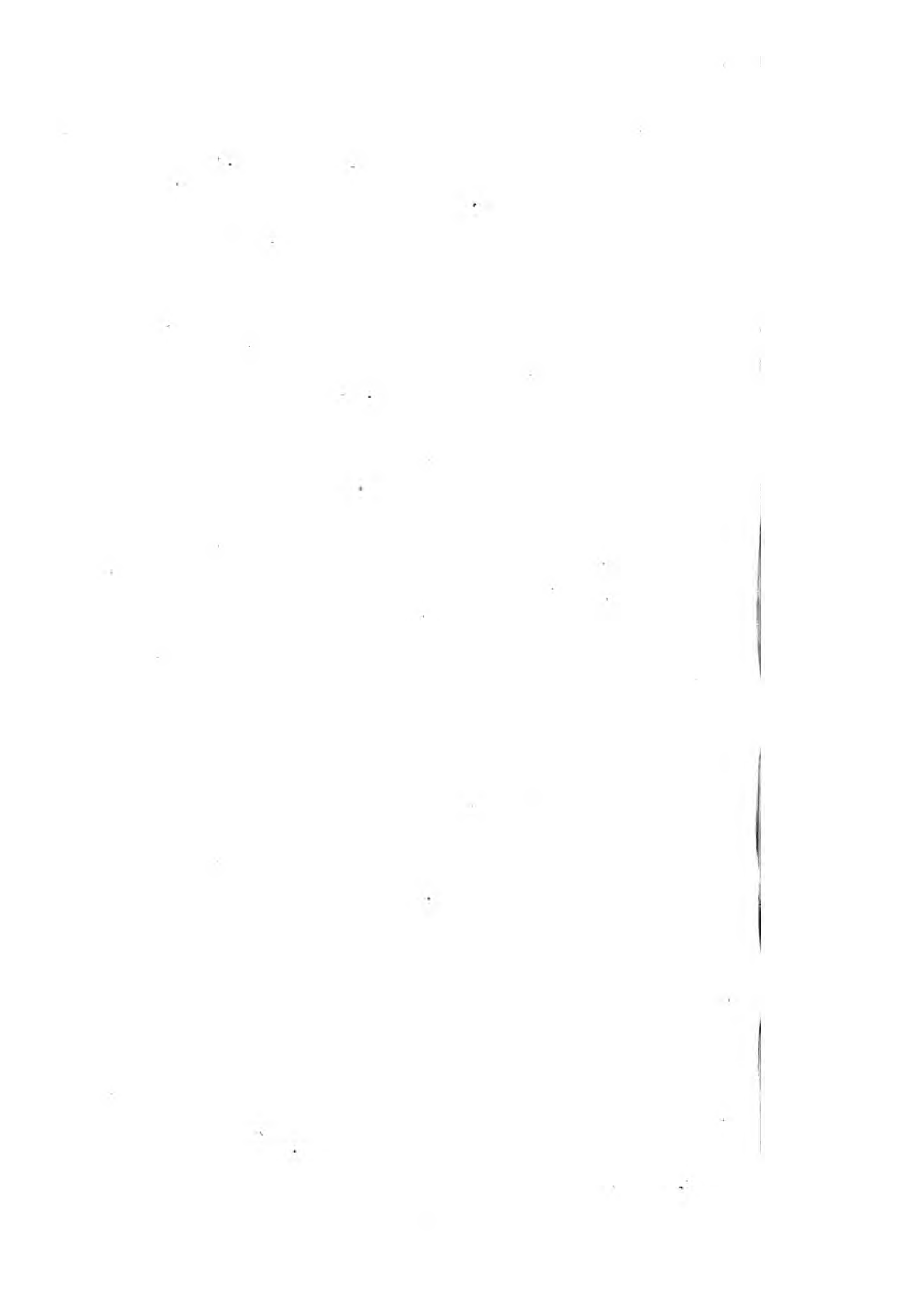
The old man ceased speaking. The tears had for some time stood in Charles's eyes. He wiped them, and both remained silent. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could persuade him-

self that this aged infirm man, on whom he had been looking, and to whom he had been listening, was that reprobate youth whom he had so much and so long dreaded, and so much pitied. Greatly he marvelled at the goodness and the wonderful ways of a merciful Providence.

Charles would not suffer his old companion to leave his house. The news, in spite of precaution, quickly spread, that Thomas's father was arrived. The young man himself soon learnt it, with some few of the circumstances relating to his father. With a palpitating heart, he flew to the house of his benefactor. He restrained his feelings, however, till the old man was informed of his arrival. Their meeting may be imagined; nothing on earth could have given the good young man the satisfaction that the return of his now pious father did. He himself possessed too much good sense, not to discern the hand of God in the afflictions of his father, tending to his good; instead, then, of repining at them, he looked upon them with awful reverence; he soothed them with filial affection, and he rendered them so light'

that the old man only remembered them to rejoice in them; and he blessed God for having been pleased to send them. The son took him to his own home, where he found every comfort which this world could now bestow. His American friends were remunerated for the expense to which they had put themselves on his account, and they were more than remunerated for the trouble which they had taken, both by the grateful thanks of father and son, and by hearing so favourable an account of the present situation of the former, to which they had been so greatly instrumental. The old man lived several years, humble, resigned, and cheerful. He died from the effects of another stroke, with pious composure, relying on the merits of his Redeemer for acceptance with his God, who had been pleased in such an especial manner to evince his regard for the salvation of so vile a sinner.

THE
BLIND MAN AND HIS SON.



THE BLIND MAN

AND

HIS SON.

"A Little Child shall lead them." Isaiah ii. 6.

BY

SAMUEL ROBERTS.



THE SWAN AND THE RABBIT,

A FABLE,

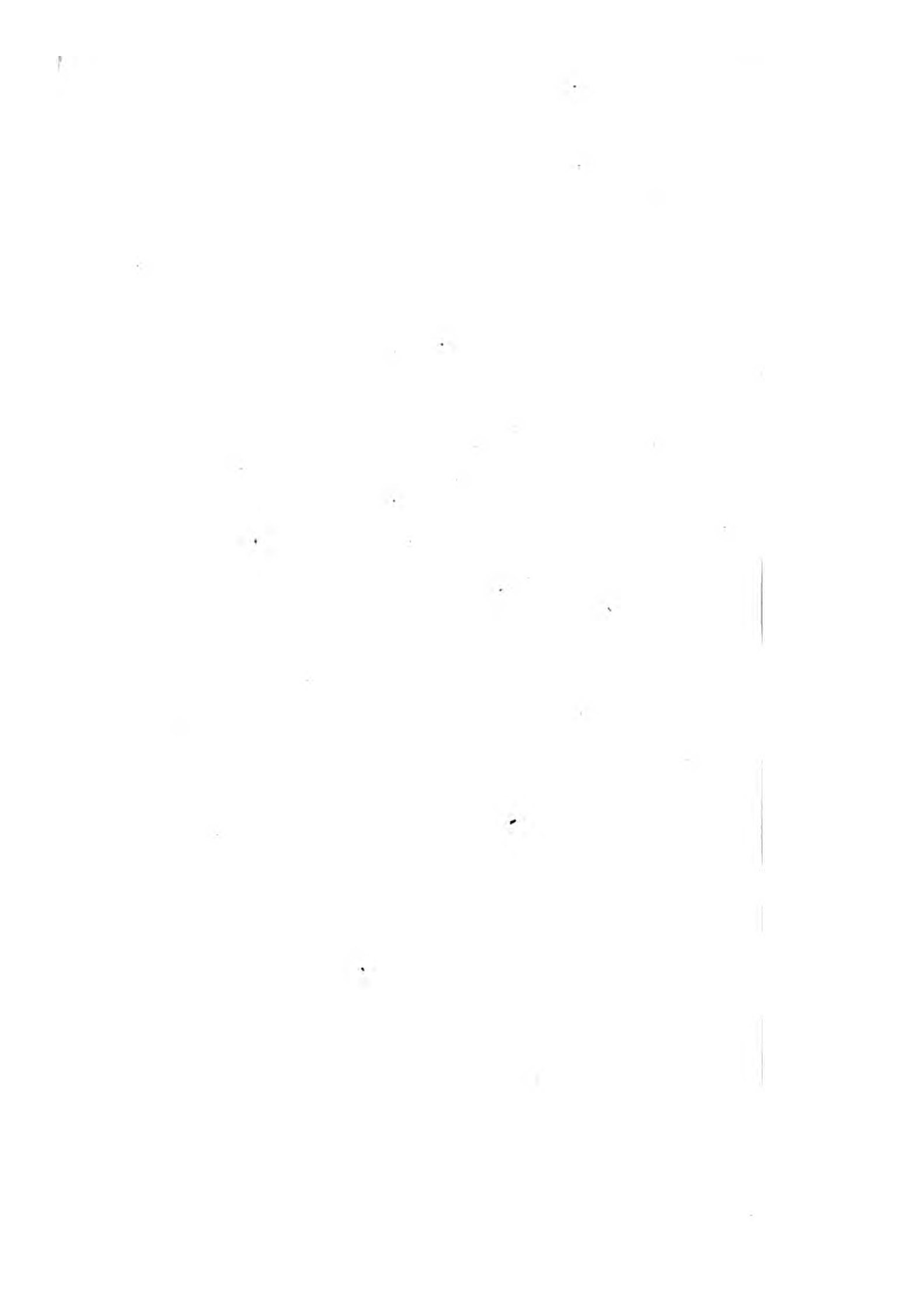
IS ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR, TO HIS ESTEEMED FRIEND,
JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ., AT WHOSE REQUEST
THE TALE WAS WRITTEN.

A POOR little solitary Rabbit had, by some means been left upon a small desert island in the midst of an extensive lake, where the scanty herbage which grew between the stones was scarcely sufficient to sustain nature; whilst, on the shore surrounding the waters, there appeared to be abundance of the richest food. A noble Swan sailed majestically upon the lake, catching plenty of fish, visiting, at pleasure the fruitful margin, and sometimes coasting the rocky island, on which the poor little Rabbit was a starving prisoner. One day,

whilst the latter was mournfully seated upon the rugged beach, and was looking with a wishful eye towards the land of plenty, the Swan as he sailed along lay upon his oars, and advised him by all means to leave the barren rock, and go to the main land where he would find herbage in abundance. The tears started in the eyes of the poor little sufferer, as he exclaimed, " I should indeed, Mr. Swan, be very glad to follow your advice ; and, but for one little impediment, I would do so immediately. I have not the power of going ; such poor helpless things as I am, must be content to stay nearer home, however homely that home may be. You can do as you please ; you have wings with which to mount into the air ; you can glide upon the surface of the water, nay, you can dive down into the depths beneath ; you can make yourself heard at a distance, and you can charm the ear with your song even at the hour of death. I can neither fly, nor swim, nor dive. I have no voice to

make myself heard to the shore, nor any music in me to charm the listening ear. Unpitied, unnoticed, and unknown, here must I live, and, in a very few days, here must I, in all probability, die.”

The Swan was affected with the sorrowful complaint of the poor Rabbit, and hanging his head, and drooping his wings, he pressed his downy breast against the projecting rock on which the desponding creature sat. A sudden thought struck the little animal, and in an instant it sprung upon the back of its noble friend. The Swan took the hint, and appeared proud of the confidence reposed in him. Gently and smoothly he sailed over the lake with his humble *protege*, landing him in safety, and with a light heart, on that happy coast where he might pass the remainder of his days in peace and plenty, but which his own exertions could never have enabled him to reach. There, however, the insignificant little creature became at length, not only fat, but saucy,



THE
BLIND MAN AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is CHARITY." 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

The sun hung over Skiddaw, as in the afternoon of a pleasant day, in the month of August, 1814, a venerable looking blind man was led by a boy, about ten years of age, down a steep hill called Hurtlebank, in the North-Riding of the county of York. A thick and snow-white beard spread upon his breast, yet his countenance bore the marks of grief rather than of age, whilst an uncommon appearance of dignity distinguished his whole demeanour. His dress, though whole and clean, was plain and coarse. With his left hand he had

hold of the boy ; with his right he grasped a long knotted staff, and a scrip hung over his shoulder, on his left side. The boy, who was a subject from which a painter might study health, grace, and elasticity, carried under his arm a pretty large bundle of small pamphlets, tied together with a piece of red tape. About half way down the hill they left the high road by a stile and footpath, which led through a small coppice, and then wound amongst heath, broom, furze, and fern, till it passed under high projecting rocks, enriched with moss and bushes. At length they came to a little level lawn, spread with fresh and soft verdure, and overhung to the east by a lofty crag, screened on the north and south by shrubs and forest trees, but open to the west, where it over-looked a deep sylvan glen, beyond which was seen an extensive park, abounding with wood and water, and in the midst of it appeared a spacious and magnificent chateau.

From the rock that rose high above the verdant terrace on which the old man and the boy stood, fell a small clear stream into a basin scooped by art in the solid stone, from whence it again flowed, in a long broken cascade, into the valley below,

where it joined a considerable river, seen by glimpses as it wound along the bottom. Beneath the projecting rock stood a stone slab, behind which was a rude, but easy and convenient bench. To this the boy led the old man, who, taking off his scrip, laid it on the seat beside him.

The weather was warm, and the old man took off his large hat, which had before hid, in a great measure, his face. It was a countenance, which, to an artist who had to pourtray a saint or an apostle, would have been invaluable. His white hair was very thin and scanty, two or three light locks graced his high and polished temples, and the few faint wrinkles appeared scarcely the effect of time for he did not seem to be more than sixty. Pressing the boy to his bosom, as strong feelings of parental affection arose, a few tears trickled down his hardy cheeks, and took refuge in his venerable beard. The boy in return kissed him, and then springing away, like a young fawn, soon disappeared amongst the underwood.

When the boy was gone the old man opened his scrip, and taking out a clean napkin, spread it upon the slab. He then brought out a small

drinking horn, some cold meat, with bread and cheese, and a piece of plum-cake. These he placed in order upon the napkin, with a large clasp knife from his pocket, and a small bible from his bosom ; then wiping the dew from his forehead, and leaning upon the slab, he awaited in thoughtful silence the return of his son, for such was the boy who accompanied him. The figure and the scene were in unison, venerable but vigorous, sublime yet beautiful. The hoary rock and the hoary head, both had weathered many a wintry storm, and both appeared able to weather many another. The rock, however, in all probability, will remain when the body of the man shall be no more ; but the rock itself shall cease to be, when the soul of the man shall still be flourishing in youth. The boy quickly returned, bringing with him a handkerchief filled with nuts, crabs, and blackberries. These he laid upon the slab, and replenishing the horn with water from the basin, he seated himself beside his father, who, taking his child by the hand, prayed to God to bless the food of which they were going to partake, to their use and them to His service. The old man ate

heartily, and young Henry (for that was the boy's name) strove to follow his father's example with good success.

After they had finished their repast, and the old man had returned thanks, he gave the Bible to Henry, who, opening it in the place where it was marked, read a chapter with an emphasis which proved that he both understood it and delighted in it. Henry continued to read, but to himself, whilst his father sat for some time in silent meditation; at length he took the hand of his son, and pressing it to his bosom, in a tremulous accent, with tears stealing from his rayless eyes, he addressed him as follows:—"My dear child! the support of my declining years, the guide of my erring steps, the banisher of my sorrows, and the comforter of my age! May the God of mercies recompense thee for all thy filial attention to, and affection for, an old and helpless father! Thou wast thrown at thy birth into the lap of affliction; but I will not repine, it may be the greatest blessing that could have befallen thee. She is a rude nurse, my child, but her lessons are healthful to the soul. I never was rocked in her cradle, and my soul had well nigh

perished. But God, in his mercy, has since made me drink deep of the cup of sorrow, and thereby shewn me the error of my ways. This, my child, is thy birth-day; I have purposely come with thee to this place, that I might here acquaint thee with the history of thy father's life. At present thou art totally unacquainted with it." Here Henry's curiosity seemed to get the better of those softer emotions which had brought tears into his bright blue eyes. He wiped the drops away before they fell, and turned up his lovely face towards his father's, with a look expressive of the most earnest attention.

The old man continued: "This beautiful, wide-spread domain, my Henry, once was mine;"—Henry's clear eyes sparkled with animation:—"and but for my thoughtless folly and wickedness, would in all probability, after my death, have been my child's."—Henry's countenance fell; he cast his eyes upon the ground, and seemed lost in meditation.—"I will not, however, repine at a loss which, I am persuaded, will prove to both of us the highest gain. I have learned that great riches neither confer happiness, nor promote piety. In scrambling

with eagerness to gather these nuts and blackberries, you have had more enjoyment than I ever possessed in considering this large estate as my own." "Indeed, father," Henry replied, "I think that I have as much pleasure in admiring and running about this fine place, as I should have if it was mine." "You have a great deal more, my child; every thing that you see delights you, you look about you only to seek for beauties, you discover them on every hand, and you are delighted with them: the owner on the contrary, in all probability, only looks round him to find blemishes and neglects; nor does he look in vain:—they teaze and vex him so much, that the beauties which he has seen over and over again, have no power to sooth him, and he returns home, with a ruffled temper, to scold and to find fault.

"I can declare from painful experience, that great possessions are not only the source of great troubles, but of temptations to wickedness. Hardly, indeed, shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven. I trusted in uncertain riches, and I pierced myself through with many sorrows. Let us not, however, my child, lay the blame upon

riches ; it is the human heart, which is so prone to evil, and so easily led astray, that is to blame. A man may have great possessions, and still not only remain a good man, but become a better man for them. Your grandfather, my dear boy, was an instance of this truth. The only property which he inherited was a very small paternal estate called Glenhill, where you see, but I cannot, a neat dwelling on a rising ground, in the vale, on the right, surrounded with hawthorns and a few large oaks. Being the second son, he was sent to London early in life, and was articled as a clerk to a merchant. He behaved so well, that he was taken into partnership. Success attended all his endeavours :—he neither prayed for nor coveted great possessions, and yet he became rich. I have often heard him say, that nothing alarmed him so much. He read and believed his Bible, and he feared that by his wealth he might be tempted beyond what he was able to bear. Often and earnestly he besought God, that if it was his good pleasure to send him riches, he would, with them, give him a heart to use them to the promotion of God's glory, the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and the salvation of

his own soul. His prayers were heard. Riches increased, but he set not his heart upon them. He however felt, that they were talents committed to his trust, and that it was his duty to improve them for the good of others. In this, as in almost every occurrence of his life, he was directed by that divine wisdom and heavenly light, which it was the wish and the endeavour of his whole life to obtain and to apply.

“ A very extensive tract of ground adjoining his paternal estate (which by the death of his father and elder brother, had become his own,) was to be disposed of. He purchased the whole. It was a rude and almost uncultivated wilderness ; rugged in the extreme. Yet to his eye and mind, and many prepossessions, it had beauties and attractions which no other place on the surface of the globe could rival. He loved its mighty rocks, its pathless mountains, its gloomy dales, its wild heaths, its dashing waterfalls, its lonely glens, its gliding streams, and its wide-spread lakes. From a child attached to rural scenes and occupations, he submitted to a commercial life in a city, not from choice, but from a sense of duty, and he so sub-

mitted, that whilst he continued it, every one would have thought it to have been his choice. He, however, had not only a love of rural life and rural scenery, but he possessed a degree of taste in improving the latter, not often the property of citizens.

“Here then, both from inclination, and with a view to usefulness, he concluded to take up his future abode; he had partners to whom he had given shares of his business, after having served him faithfully as clerks, to whom he could leave, with confidence (subject to his own occasional inspection,) the management of his commercial concerns.

“In his retirement your grandfather first embellished in a suitable manner the little cottage in which he was born, and took up his abode in it. His family was not large; my mother and myself, with three servants, constituting the whole. The neighbouring inhabitants were as rude and uncultivated as the country itself in which they lived. With scarcely any human means of acquiring either learning or religious instruction, they were, as might be expected, a race little above savages. The

first thing which my father did was to build the neat plain church, whose tower you see before you, with a comfortable parsonage-house adjoining, and a school upon the green, half way between the church and the village. He endowed all these with lands, which lie at the extremity of the estate, and which are now greatly improved and increased in value. He appointed a pious young man to be minister and school-master, and by persuasion and example he prevailed on every person in the neighbourhood, capable of getting so far, to attend divine worship with regularity, and every child, of a suitable age, to go to the school. Those of the adults (by far the greater part of them) who could not read, he induced to frequent an evening school for instruction, twice in the week. Every family he furnished with a Bible and a Prayer Book. In process of time he built the whole of the village, which you may see so beautifully situated on the slope of the hill fronting the south, and called it Zoar. He erected and endowed that long row of neat almshouses near the church, with their little trim gardens in front, for twelve old men and the same number of aged females.

“ All this while the labouring poor were employed in improving the estate, and cultivating the lands. Every part was made as productive as the nature of it would permit, and yet every part was so disposed to add to the loveliness of the scene, that a superficial spectator would have concluded that picturesque effect had been his sole object. Last of all he founded the elegant structure which I before pointed out. It is larger than he had occasion or wished for. That, however, he thought necessary in some degree to correspond with the extent of the domain, and the magnitude of the surrounding objects. It was not then, however, nearly so magnificent as my folly afterwards made it. That mansion was, during his life, the abode of cheerfulness, hospitality and charity, rarely of gaiety, never of folly and dissipation.

“ Possessing, from nature, a vigorous body and active mind, my father was constantly employed. An early riser through life, and accustomed from his youth to method and punctuality, it astonished every one how much business he got through without any confusion or hurry. Nothing was to do twice ; nothing after it was once done required

altering. Before he begun any work, the whole of its parts and connections were clearly and fully arranged in his mind. He never therefore appeared to hesitate, and the workmen, in every line, were surprised at the perspicuity of his conceptions, and the precision with which his orders were given. This vigilant attention to secular concerns by no means, however, diminished his regard to the interests of eternity. Religion was with him, not only an every day concern, but it was the concern of every moment. It was a principle implanted so deeply in his nature, that it was never absent from his mind, it pervaded and influenced every action of his life. Whether on 'Change, in his counting-house, or in his family ; whether employed in the superintendence of his works, or in the deep retirement of his woods and mountains, he did ' all to the praise and glory of God.' This kept him from every dishonourable action ; it checked every improper emotion, calmed his temper, purified his heart, and elevated his thoughts and affections above the trifling concerns of this vain and transitory scene. While his attention to an observer appeared all engrossed by earth

and earthly things, his love and his desires were in reality fixed on Heaven.

“ He was fond of reading, but he thought more than he read. A pocket Testament was his constant companion. Devotion was not, with him, so much a duty as a delight. With strong feelings, and a tender heart, he was quick in discovering and relieving the afflictions of his fellow-creatures. He rejoiced in nothing of earthly felicity so much, as in seeing every one cheerful and happy around him. His humility (and no man was humbler) was seated in the heart; it was unobtrusive, and it called upon no man to look and admire it. A portion of every morning and evening he invariably consecrated to meditation and devotion in secret. On the Sabbath day he was generally the first to enter, and the last to leave the church, not only to avoid ostentatious civility, but also to have time to arrange his mind before and thoughts after divine service.

“ Such, my dear child, was your grandfather: may you and I ‘ die the death of the righteous, and may our latter end be like his !’

“ I have thought it right to give you this short

sketch of his character, not only to teach you to revere his memory, and imitate his example, but also to shew you that though worldly prosperity is not the most likely of any state to promote piety, yet that piety is not incompatible with it. He died when I was fourteen years old, leaving me, with only a fond mother to control me, heir of property apparently inexhaustible, and daily increasing. These circumstances will in a great measure serve to account for my subsequent misconduct.

“ I will not pain you and mortify myself, my dear child, with the recital of the errors, the failings, and the wicked follies of your father. Suffice it to say, that my conduct was the reverse of your grandfather's. I had never known, I had scarcely ever witnessed, adversity. I foolishly thought that the world had happiness to bestow, and that riches could purchase it. I tried every species of dissipation. I said I would rejoice and be merry, but I was miserable and sad. Thus I continued to live, sometimes in London, and sometimes here in the country, till the death of your grandmother, which happened when I was upwards of thirty years of age.

“ I had then exhausted every species of amusement, and tried every mode of life which in this country promised enjoyment, and I was disgusted with them all. I therefore determined to travel into foreign lands, to try if they did not afford what I could not find at home. There I met with some new vices, as well as many old ones, with new faces and in new dresses ; but the fruits of all were the same, pain and weariness of body, satiety and remorse of mind. I, however, continued to travel from place to place for several years, till at length, in a small town of Italy, I was taken so ill, that my life was despaired of. I was lodged at the time with a widow woman, of a very ancient and honourable family, then greatly reduced in circumstances, and thereby compelled to obtain a living by letting lodgings to strangers. I lay a long time delirious under her roof. One day, when I in some degree first recovered my recollection, I cast my eyes upon what my disordered imagination fully conceived to be a blessed spirit from heaven. It was your mother ; she is now a blessed spirit there. At that time she was intent upon a book, which she held in her hand, and did not for some minutes perceive

my notice of her, and my surprise, which shewed the return of my reason. When she did, she fervently thanked God, and retired. The old lady soon came in, and from her I learned that the vanished spirit was her daughter. I had never seen her whilst I continued well, but during the time that I remained delirious, her attention had, as I afterwards learned, been unceasing; and I may perhaps attribute, under Providence, my recovery to that attention. Suffice it to say to you, my dear child, that when I did recover my health, I could not tear myself from her company, but continued there a year, and at length we were married. She was a Roman Catholic. That, however, was to me a matter of indifference; on the other hand, my being a reputed Protestant, was with her and her friends a serious objection. She, however, as she afterwards told me, was fully persuaded that she should be a humble instrument of bringing me to a knowledge of the truth.

“ She was, my child, a heavenly-minded woman. Well educated, possessed of a sound understanding, and a lively imagination, she was, of all human beings that I ever knew, the most gentle, meek,

and humble. The example of her blessed Saviour was ever before her mental eyes. She had no need of any sensible representation, (which, you know Catholics make use of to strengthen the impression,) she might, and I knew she did, sometimes, make use of it, but it was, at any rate, with her, either to awaken or to warm devotion, unnecessary. Her heart overflowed with universal charity, and when she had resided in a protestant country, had read more in the Holy Scriptures, and was left more at liberty to judge for herself, that truly Christian love and charity was increased. Her mother came over to England with us, and resided here for about two years, when she died.

“ I am pained and humbled, my dear Henry, to confess, that even the almost perfect example of your amiable mother had not power to reclaim me from the error of my ways. Nay, I take shame and compunction to myself when I say, that I basely, vilely abused her uncomplaining goodness. Never did she by word or action, by look or gesture, reproach me. She was always gentle, generally cheerful. When I was unreasonable, she endeavoured to indulge me ; nay, when she

failed to sooth me, and sometimes drew from me even bitter reproaches, she never retorted, she never altered her sweet endearing conduct. She was indeed, my dear boy, a saint on earth. When I press thy dear hand, and listen to thy innocent prattle, I think, if I could see thee, I should behold the heavenly features of thy blessed mother.”

Henry sobbed. The old man sobbed too—he clasped his child to his panting bosom, and for a while they were both silent. At length he continued :—“ Thy mother, my child, has long been an inhabitant of those realms of peace, for which she was more fitted than for this turbulent world. She is happy ! let us revere her memory, but not mourn for that which is her greatest gain. The poor in this neighbourhood will long remember her with gratitude and affection. To them she was a sincere and usefu friend : attentive to both their temporal and eternal interests, she was looked up to by them with love and reverence as a being of a superior order. Not because she assumed any self-consequence or dignity, but because, with true humility she appeared to descend from a higher station to feel and relieve their wants, with the most engaging and unaffected affability.

“Throughout the year (when in health) she rose at five o'clock; two hours she always spent alone in her own room: that time, I know, was hallowed with devotion and meditation. She loved that season because it was undisturbed to herself, and unobtrusive to others; and, I am afraid, because she knew that seeing such religious exercises would vex and throw me into fits of passion, or at least of ill-humour. This neighbourhood, my child, in those days exhibited a scene such as is not often found on earth; with the exception of my own reprobate conduct, all appeared purity and happiness. In one instance alone can I acquit myself of blame, and in that I can claim no merit, for it originated not in a good motive: I was not parsimonious; I denied her no pecuniary means which her extensive charities required; and till all resources failed, she had the unlimited command of my purse. Those resources however did fail, and they failed so effectually that the stream was not only dried up, but the spring itself became completely exhausted.

“When my father died, he left me half the commercial concern in London. The other two

partners had each of them a quarter. I paid no attention to the business; it prospered and I received money whenever I wanted it. Both my partners, however, died nearly about the same time. I took in others, who had been long in the house as clerks, and who knew well the nature of the transactions—they, however, knew me likewise. The circumstances of the times caused great and unavoidable losses. My partners found that the house was in difficulties. They were men of no good principles; they combined together, the credit of the house was unbounded, they collected immense property, and went off to America with it.

“The blow was as fatal as it was sudden. The whole of my possessions seemed greatly insufficient to discharge the debts. I found myself an outcast and a beggar. I was stunned by the blow, but I was determined to shew every body that I was superior to misfortune. It was a new situation; it was a stimulus to exertion; I confided in my own strength, and I determined to convince the world that I was a man, and an honest man. I gave up to my creditors all that I possessed, and with a few

necessaries and the little ready cash which we had in the house, with my wife holding by my arm, I left the splendid mansion and the magnificent domains. I shed no tears. I gloried in a stoical indifference; and I even chid my wife for being affected with the lamentations of all the poor who flocked around us, and impeded our progress by condolence and offers of assistance,—for the poor can be generous as well as grateful in their turn.

“ We took refuge among the mountains of Westmoreland. I met with a little cottage in a retired cove near one of the lakes : a considerable village, in which was a church, was at no great distance. We had, before our arrival, exchanged our dresses for those of decent peasants ; our cottage we furnished neatly, but as economically as might be. I uttered no complaints, indeed I spoke but little ; it was not resignation but stubbornness : I got some work as a labourer, for I determined to be beholden to no man. I felt a kind of surly independence. I am afraid that I secretly in my heart reproached God. As to your mother, my dear Henry, she was all herself, and all angelic. She not only forbore to murmur, but she soothed,

or attempted to sooth, all my sorrows, and whatever were our circumstances, she always met me with a sweet smile, when prepared for my coming ; but I have frequently surprised her at prayers and in tears. On those occasions I was always sullen : but she seemed not to observe it, and only redoubled her unobtrusive endeavours to please. In these, I am sorry to say she rarely succeeded. Her early rising she still continued ; she knitted the coarse woollen stockings and mittens of the country,—an art which she had learned on visits to the poor : and now she contrived by this means not only to occupy her time usefully, but also to add considerably to our slender sources of subsistence.

“ For some months I thus went on, buffeting, rather than submitting to what I termed misfortune, and I thought I should conquer ; but the effort had been silently undermining my constitution, and a severe cold, caught at the commencement of winter, brought on a fever, which threatened to terminate my existence on earth. It pleased God, however, to enable me to survive the disorder ; but my frame was so emaciated, that it was many weeks before I could leave my bed. It was during this time that

the unremitting attention, and cheerful submission of your most excellent mother, began to make some due impression upon my obdurate mind. Her unfeigned resignation to the will of Heaven; nay, her constant gratitude and thankfulness under these severe trials; above all, her tender affection for a husband, who had ruined and cruelly treated her, at length brought me (now that I was compelled to think,) to look upon her with astonishment and admiration. My callous mind was in some degree softened by the infirmity and affliction of my body, and I began to feel what I termed weakness, to which I had hitherto been a stranger. I even, at times, when I reflected upon my partner's virtuous sufferings, and thought that I was unobserved, shed tears. They seemed to relieve and do me good; it was a new sensation, and I was almost inclined to be pleased with it.

“ One day when I was able to sit up, and had been more than usually impressed with these feelings your mother left me, to take some work home she had finished. In her absence, I cast my eyes upon a pamphlet that lay upon the table, in which she had been reading. As it was a small one, and I

had nothing else to do, I took it up with a kind of listless indifference. The title startled me,—‘*The Sinner Converted.*’ I read the introduction; I proceeded to the matter; I trembled, and read on: it referred me to the Scriptures as the source of light and life. I reached down that Bible, I could scarcely remember ever having it in my hands before since my father’s death: I was strongly agitated, I opened it at random, and the first words which caught my eyes were, ‘Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.’ I will not attempt, my dear child, to describe to you the astonishing sensation which these words produced. I felt as if I had heard God himself speaking to me. The words appeared to me as if purposely written for me. The whole of my misconduct rushed like an overwhelming torrent, upon my mind: I perceived my own horrid wickedness, and God’s merciful and abused goodness too forcibly for the emotion to be repressed. I threw

myself involuntarily upon my knees ; my tears flowed abundantly : I bewailed my transgressions, and I supplicated God's pardon with a sincerity and earnestness which carried me out of myself. In a moment a tranquility which I had never experienced in my life before, took possession of my breast : I felt as if an oppressive burden had been removed from off me ; I became pleased with my condition, and with all about me ; I discovered that I had found a friend, with whom I had hitherto been unacquainted ; a friend, who, I was assured, would never leave me nor forsake me.

“ I could then, in some degree, conceive how my amiable wife had been enabled to sustain all her severe trials with such unfailing patience and cheerfulness. Her transcendent merits, and my own cruelty to her, all rushed at once upon my mind. At that moment she opened the door. I was shedding tears in abundance : I sprung into her arms, I sobbed like an infant, whose alarms are subsiding on the bosom of its mother,—and when I could speak, I blessed and praised her, and told her, that her God should be my God, and her Lord and Master my Lord and Master. That the

Saviour who had died for her, had died for me also, and that I was then assured his blood had not been shed in vain even for me, dreadfully as I had transgressed. Your dear mother wept for joy and tenderness, as she pressed me closely to her agitated bosom ; then, suddenly dropping on her knees, she fervently and emphatically exclaimed, ‘ O ! my God and Saviour ! I thank thee that I have been permitted to live to this hour ! To see this hour has been my constant prayer ! to see this hour have I alone desired to live ! It is enough, O heavenly Father ! and when it is thy good pleasure to call me hence, I am resigned to thy holy will. My beloved husband and myself shall now live together with thee for ever and ever.’ There was a solemnity in her manner that affected me exceedingly. She arose, and again embracing me, declared that it was the happiest moment of her life. I told her that I could make no promises ; I felt so fully my own insufficiency and weakness, that I hoped never again to confide in my own resolutions and strength.

“ From that time, my bible and my Maria became my greatest earthly consolations. They

were indeed inestimable ones. Every day served more and more to convince me of my dreadful wickedness, I sought solitude to weep and confess my unparalleled depravity,—to supplicate God's mercy and forgiveness through the merits of that Saviour, who died to redeem such vile sinners as myself. Sometimes I seemed disposed to cry out, 'Oh! that God would require of me some great thing, that I might shew by my obedience, that I was not utterly unmindful of his mercies,'—till the remembrance of my weakness and frailty rushed again upon my mind, and then I prayed that I might not be tempted above what I should be enabled to bear. With a contrite heart, bitterly did I bewail my unnumbered transgressions, and beseech God to grant me the assistance of his holy spirit to lead and keep me in the path of righteousness. Often did I experience sweet consolation and soothing assurances in my mind, which seemed to elevate me above the troubles and the cares of this sinful world, and introduce me in some degree into the world of blessed spirits in endless happiness. I was become a new creature: I had no desire but to serve God, and to evince a just sense of my own

unworthiness. Yet frequently was I overpowered with a conviction of the heinousness of my sins, and a dread that I could not be deemed an object, defiled as I was, of divine grace and mercy. Despondency at those times sat heavy upon me. Tears and prayers, however, generally brought me relief; and I felt convinced that the sufferings, the merits, and the intercession of the Son of God, were more than sufficient to atone for the transgressions of the chief of repentant sinners.

“ My dear and pure Maria was all happiness and gratitude. She was frequently weeping : but the tears which she now shed she was not solicitous to hide ; they were tears of bliss. I now looked upon her with sensations approaching to reverence. We every day became more and more endeared to each other. ‘ We took sweet counsel together, and we walked to the house of God as friends ;’ for Maria, as she had no opportunity of attending a Catholic place of public worship, was constant in her appearance at our parish church. In all essentials she said, we were agreed ; and she could be well contented to retain her few peculiar sentiments of unessentials to herself, since the time would soon

come, when they would all vanish before the effulgent glory of the God of purity and truth.

“ Though I had now recovered from the fever, I was still too weak for any manual employment without doors. My Maria and myself, therefore, endeavoured to earn what we could within. Pride had now left me, and I rather felt happy in doing those useful things, of which before I should have been ashamed. With this conviction, I now thought it right to inform one of my principal creditors where I was, that if I had done wrong, or could be of any use to them, they might know where to find me. I soon received an answer in return, lamenting, what he termed, my undeserved misfortunes, assuring me that all my creditors were greatly satisfied with my conduct, and that the product of my estates had already been very much beyond their expectations, so that they would lose but very little, if any thing. Many of them besides himself, he assured me, were desirous of testifying their sense of the propriety of my conduct, and their high respect for me. A fifty pound note was inclosed of which he begged most earnestly that I would accept for the present from himself, as he was well

assured I had occasion for it. This information afforded me considerable satisfaction and cause for gratitude. The present was seasonable ; and I now felt no hesitation or humiliation in accepting it from him.

“ With the character of Urbanus, for that is the name of this friend, I must, my dear child at some future time make you more fully acquainted. Suffice it at present to observe that he was, fifty years ago, a young man who stood very high in the estimation of your grandfather. He was designed for the church. Whilst at college, he felt some scruples of conscience, with respect to subscribing to the thirty-nine articles. His friends were all strongly attached to the established church ; he was a dutiful son, and an affectionate relative. He was modest and diffident of himself. It therefore gave him the most painful concern to disappoint the hopes of his friends, and to oppose his own opinion to the opinions of those, whose judgment he greatly revered. Long he deliberated, and long he hesitated, even till his health and his spirits were greatly impaired. The scruples which he felt were not, however, to be overcome, and he at last found

himself called upon to declare them. This led to a change in his future designation, and he afterwards joined a friend of the same religious sentiments with himself in business.

“Gentle and unassuming in his manners, he conciliated the regard and affection of all who had an intimate connection with him. Your grandfather notwithstanding he was perhaps a little too strenuously orthodox, loved this young man with the affection of a father, and I have often heard him speak of him with unqualified praise. He is at present one, whose modest demeanour attracts little of the attention of strangers. Placidly and quietly he pursues the even tenor of his way; he seems to do little, but he is always doing something, and that something is always good. He never obtrudes his peculiar religious tenets upon others, and but seldom talks about them out of the circle of his congregational friends. He does, however, always defend them publicly by his life, and when circumstances call upon him, by his conversation. I have, when young, frequently seen him, and always with pleasure, for he was particularly fond of the society of children. He is now an old man;

but I am sure, Henry, when you see him, you will admire and love him, and he will, I think, love you.

“The year that your sweet mother, my dear boy, and myself now passed, I look back upon as the happiest of my life. We had then been married thirteen years, and had had no offspring. It was now evident that we were likely to have a child; and in little more than twelve months from the time that I became so sensible of my past errors, you, my dear child, were born. For some time your mother was likely to recover very well. Before the end of the month, however, she caught so severe a cold, that a violent fever was the consequence. The fever was removed, but a debility of frame followed, which soon became a confirmed consumption. She was fully convinced of her approaching dissolution. I flattered myself with hopes. She had none, or rather I think I may say, her hopes were that she should be called away. She had obtained so clear and exalted a conception of a future state of blessedness, and had so confident a reliance on the merits of her Redeemer, and the power and goodness of her God, that she

wished to be released from this state of trial, and feared not to entrust her husband and her child to Him who alone could bless them, even if she lived.

“ During her illness the clergyman of the parish, whose name, you know, is Benevolus, having missed her at public worship, and learned the cause, called upon her. I was absent when he arrived, and met him coming out of the house in tears. He pressed my hand exclaiming—‘ Indeed, my good friend, (for so I must call you,) you have an angel for a wife ! Whilst she lives, which I cannot flatter you by saying will be long in this world, I must request permission to call myself, and if you please, bring my wife occasionally to see her. I mean less to call as a pastoral teacher, than as a humble learner. She is much better qualified for an instructor in the road to heaven than I am ; nay, she is, I may say, already there. She is, I find, a Roman Catholic ; she has, indeed, a truly catholic spirit, and would induce the adversaries of the adherents of that church, to lessen their enmity towards them. I have from the first been convinced, that you were neither of you accustomed to

that state of life, which your dress, employment, and humility bespeak. I have, from motives of delicacy, not only abstained from inquiring into a secret, which it was evident you did not wish to disclose, but I have even done violence to my inclination to visit you, till the illness of your wife made it my duty to do so.' I thanked the good pastor, and assured him of my desire to be favoured with a continuance of his visits. From that time he seldom suffered a day to pass without calling either alone, or accompanied by his wife. They strove all in their power to serve us. He deserved and obtained my confidence. In two months from his first introduction to us, my dear Maria, your excellent mother, was called to her exceeding great reward. She fell asleep, for it scarcely appeared like dying, so serenely and happily, with her hand laid on mine, did she depart." Henry bowed his head upon the slab; a tear or two trickled down the cheeks of his father, and for a few moments they both remained silent.

After the pause, the old man proceeded thus :—
“ During one of the visits of our pastoral friend, your mother had, in the course of conversation,

said to him, that had she been differently circumstanced, she should have wished, when she died, to have been laid near my good father in the churchyard of Zoar. No observations were made on the occasion, but before your mother's interment, which I had left at his desire to the management of our friend, he had made all arrangements for taking her thither in a private manner. I went with him in his little carriage. He, by permission, read the service, and we returned without being known. I returned, my child; but it was to solitude; to weep, but not to repine; to pray, but not to lament; to thank God, and submit with humble resignation, till, in his great mercy, and in his good time, he should see fit to terminate my sorrows.

“My good friends did all they could to soften my affliction, but I declined complying with their proposal to reside with them. During your mother's illness I learned to feed you; you were now, in a great measure, my comfort and my employment; I was fit for little else. O! how good is God! how does he lighten the trials of his servants! Those, who with meekness bow to his chastisement, rarely are left without comfort, even

from worldly circumstances. Nothing on earth could have afforded me the consolation, after the death of your dear mother, that your infantile society did. It was in every way calculated to solace and sooth me. I could indulge my sorrows, and have my own way, without putting you out of yours. Your playfulness, at times, diverted me, and the care of you interested and occupied my heart and my hands. I remained too feeble for more laborious employment ; besides that my eyes, which ever since my illness had been weak, were now become very dim, so as to prevent me from seeing very distinctly, and even seriously to threaten me with the total loss of my sight. My worthy friend Benevolus was very attentive to me ; I wanted for nothing which his care could supply, though I had no prospect of ever being able to repay his kindness. At length, when you were about three years old, I totally lost my sight.

“ The world would now have looked upon me as one of the most miserable of men. Reduced from almost unbounded affluence and power, revelling in luxury, and beloved by a most beautiful and affectionate wife, to a state not only of poverty, but

even of beggary ; and left, by the death of her who was fitted to solace every care, a solitary and forsaken being ; reduced by a severe indisposition to weakness requiring attentive care, yet myself obliged to be the nurse of helpless infancy ; and at last, to crown all my other afflictions, totally deprived of sight ! All this was true, and yet what was the result as to real enjoyment ?—The fact was, that in that seemingly wretched and hopeless condition, I was, beyond all comparison, happier than when I was an object of envy to all around me. The seat of happiness is within : if she is banished thence, she will not often be found to hover without ; my breast had formerly not been a fit habitation for her ; it was defiled too much, and she fled from it. The affliction which I subsequently suffered, had cleansed and purified my heart, and happiness returned to take up her abode in it. Even those afflictions themselves were rendered in some degree a source of consolation. They convinced me that God had not forsaken me, for I felt assured that they were the chastisements of a Father, who correcteth every son whom he loveth. I bowed to the rod, not only with submission, but with humble gratitude.

“ Now, more than ever, did I experience the blessing of your society ; my strength and health fast returned, and you were already grown old enough, not only to amuse me with your innocent prattle, but to assist in directing and aiding me in my walks and all my necessary employments. I had taught you to read a little before I became blind, and it was now an easy and delightful task to improve you in it. Before you were four years old, you could read a chapter in the Bible very well. This was a circumstance that afforded me the most exquisite delight.

“ You were about five years of age, when my dear friend Benevolus called upon me with three reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society. I had never heard of it before ; but from the animated account which he gave me of it, I felt interested beyond measure. He left me the books. You began to read them : I devoured, as it were, their contents ; I could scarcely prevail on myself not to weary you with reading them, and was almost induced for once to repine at the loss of sight. The contemplation of this subject was, indeed, a feast to my very soul : I saw the hand of the Almighty

bringing glorious things to pass. I praised and magnified His name ; and resolved, that if it was in my power, however feebly I would aid the great design. I thought I saw His will beginning to 'be done on earth as it is in Heaven.' In spirit I beheld all nations enlightened by His blessed word, bowing down before Him in his earthly temples, and exerting themselves to pave the way for the everlasting kingdom of His dear Son. I seemed to feel His Holy Spirit enlivening and enlightening my understanding, elevating my hopes, and shewing me such things as eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

“ Long did I revolve in my mind what such a poor, feeble, blind old man as myself could do, to be in any way instrumental in furthering the holy design. I prayed for direction and assistance ; and I recollected by what means I had myself been led to a perusal of the word that bringeth salvation, and I was assured that the same means might produce the same effects on others. I had since read more of the religious tracts, published by various societies, besides the one which produced, through God's permission, so happy an influence upon me.

Many of these I thought excellently calculated to arouse attention and produce inquiry, if not conviction. I therefore determined to get my friend Benevolus to send for a quantity of such as I should name to him, and resolved to make the experiment of taking a circuit once or twice to try to sell them, at the same time endeavouring to arouse the attention of all whom I could to the merits and importance of the Bible Society. By these means I should not only be employing myself usefully, but I should be easing my friend, in a great measure, of a burden with which I was sure I had no right to load him. You, I was fully persuaded, were capable of being my companion and guide, and would rather be amused than oppressed by it, as I purposed, in the first instance, to make it as easy as I could. I had some difficulty in obtaining my friend's consent. He however, in the end, fully acquiesced in the propriety of the plan.

“ After I lost my sight, I had, for convenience, let my beard grow, and it was by this time become very long and bushy : I was beside so much altered in other respects, that I was convinced I

should not be recognized even in Zoar. I felt my mind elevated with the anticipation of being so independently employed in such a good cause, in which I feared not obtaining considerable success. You were not, as you will recollect, one iota behind me in high spirits. My friend and myself agreed upon the rout, which he wrote down, one copy of which he kept. You could write a little, and, therefore, by your assistance we could correspond.

“ It is now just five years since, on a fine morning, we left our little cottage for the first time, our friend Benevolus taking the care of it during our absence, and accompanying us a few miles. We did not part without tears ; you shed a few, I believe, to keep us company, but your heart was glad. I was well acquainted with all the places which we had marked out to stop at on this first tour, I was therefore at no loss to direct you. You were, I recollect, very big in your office, and we attracted considerable attention. Our tracts sold faster than we had anticipated ; we had, however, arranged it so that I could get a fresh supply, and we made a very successful and productive journey.

The interest excited by my description of the plan of the Bible Society was very great ; and I resolved, if permitted the next year, to arrange measures for forming little subscription societies in the towns and villages which I should visit, whereby the poor might furnish themselves with the sacred Scriptures. The tracts which I sold would I doubted not, pave the way for these.

“ To you my dear child, it is unnecessary for me to relate how wonderfully the blessing of God hath prospered all our undertaking, or how it hath defended us from all harm and danger during the five years that we have thus wandered from place to place. Our adventures would form no inconsiderable no uninteresting, no uninteresting narration. We have found friends wherever we have gone, and our repeated visits never seemed unacceptable. The time hath not passed unenjoyed by either of us—I trust that it hath not passed unimproved. Our expenses have been of late so trifling, owing to the kindness of friends, that we have even been able to afford assistance to many poorer than ourselves. Our dear friend at home has been indeed a friend. His reward is in Heaven, though he says, that he

has been greatly more than recompensed here ; and I can believe it, for I know his heart. Soon again I hope we shall meet to thank him.

“ Henry, my dear boy !” the old man after a long pause continued, “ attend to me. You have borne adversity nobly, or perhaps, it has not been adversity to you ; you have known no other station : are you armed with resolution, should circumstances require it, to bear a different lot equally well ? Could you, my boy, like to change it ?” Henry looked surprised, the colour in his cheeks heightened and faded.—“ Indeed, father,” he cried, and the tears started in his eyes as he spoke, “ indeed, father, I will never leave you.” “ No, my child, my dear child ! I did not mean that you should. I hope God will not long part us whilst I live ; but if there was a prospect of our living without the necessity of taking these journeys, could you consent to assist your father to continue to take them occasionally merely to do good ; and would you still be as cheerful and humble as you have been ?” The little boy replied, whilst an inquisitive look and smile animated his lovely face, down which the tears were still trickling,—“ I think so ; but you

know, father, that we are told to mistrust ourselves; I will, however, pray that I may be enabled to do it if necessary, but indeed I do not wish to be tried.”

“ I’ll tell you why I asked the question, my boy. When we were last at home, I received information from my friend Urbanus, that circumstances of so favourable a nature had occurred abroad, that many of the debts which before were considered as bad were paid, and many others expected to be got; that it was now probable, not only that all the creditors would be paid in full, but that there would be a surplus. A few days ago I received a letter from Benevolus, which I got the friend at whose house we stopped the night to read to me, as I did not wish then to let you into the secret. It was to say, that a large body of my creditors had met, and had requested him to inform me that there was a balance remaining of five thousand pounds, which they had invested in the funds in my name; that so satisfied were they with my conduct, that they had subscribed and purchased our old paternal estate, of which they begged my acceptance as a mark of their esteem; that the presentation to the living of Zoar was attached to the estate, and that

it was now vacant by the death of the late incumbent. The names of the subscribers were not intended to be known."

Henry's eyes sparkled with delight as he fixed them upon the neat dwelling in the valley beneath. The rays of the setting sun illuminated the tops of the trees, now variegated with autumnal tints, and shone full upon the building, rendering it more than usually conspicuous. It, however, needed not this additional charm to render it lovely in the eyes of young Henry.—“ And shall we live at Glenhill?” he exclaimed, as he pressed the hand of his father. “ I think it probable we shall; should you like to live there, Henry?” “ Oh! yes, I should indeed, father, if”—he paused. “ If what, my boy?” “ If Benevolus, and John, and William lived there.” “ Well then, my good boy, I am in hopes that Benevolus, and John, and William will live there, or very near to it. I told you that the presentation to the living was to be in my gift; it is much better than the one which our good friend Benevolus has at present, and I am in hopes that he will accept of it, and live there. I am the more disposed to think so, because he has expressed a strong desire that

you should be educated for the church, and has offered to take upon himself the care of preparing you. Should you like, Henry, to be a clergyman?" Henry blushed. "If I could be like Benevolus, I am sure that I should be very glad, because he does so much good, and every body loves him so." "It is, my dear boy, in hopes that you may, in a considerable degree, resemble Benevolus, that I am induced to listen to the proposal at all. For I do most solemnly assure you, that though, if I was to live so long, the gift of the living of Zoar on the death of Benevolus would again be mine, it should not be offered to you, unless I was fully convinced that you would discharge your duty in it with fidelity.

"To devote you to the service of your Maker, were I sure of your being a faithful servant, would be the highest delight I could now enjoy on earth. On embarking in it, all worldly motives and worldly objects should be discarded; nothing should be suffered to influence the determination but the glory of God their Father, and Christ their Lord and Master. Pecuniary considerations in such a case are insulting to the justice of Him whom they

serve, for it is a groundless suspicion of His goodness. He never suffered his faithful servants to go unrewarded, but the time and way He has a right to appoint. No station on earth is so exalted as that of a faithful minister of the Gospel of Christ. No man is more despicably wicked than he who has solemnly devoted himself to the service of the sanctuary, and received from his fellow-creatures a pecuniary remuneration for his time, and yet betrays the trust reposed in him; and is unjust in his dealings, and faithless to his promises both to God and to man. It is an awful responsibility to which I shall be subjecting you, my dear boy! If I take this step, it will, I, am persuaded, be from a conviction (after applying to the Fountain of all wisdom for the illumination of His Holy Spirit to direct me) that my doing so will redound to the glory of God, the salvation of men, and your own eternal happiness.

“ The station which God shall appoint for you in life is yet unknown to us, nor ought we to be anxious about it. It is most important, that whatever it be, you should fill it righteously; that you should improve it to the best of your abilities and

power, to the fulfilment of the purposes for which existence itself was given. All stations may be rendered honourable ; all stations may be rendered useful. A few days ago, and a life of poverty appeared to be allotted to you. Had that been the case, I have long been assured that you would have been a faithful and useful servant of your Lord and Master. Now that it hath pleased Him to open other prospects to your view, and perhaps a more dangerous path, I still trust that you will walk in it with a perfect heart.

“ The little history which I have been giving you of my past life, was not meant solely to gratify curiosity, but to afford you also salutary instruction. That instruction I will endeavour to point out to you, and I trust that you will lay it to heart.

“ Henry, my child !”—the old man continued, as he took and pressed his hand, the lovely boy sitting nearer to him, and reverentially looking up in his face—“ Henry, my dear child ! you have hitherto been a constant blessing to me ; you have indeed supplied whatever I have lost ; you have been a fortune ; you have been a companion ; you have been eyes to me ;

you have been my instructor ! When you were about two years of age, you had been guilty of some little obstinate error, which appeared to me to require a degree of correction, which should make a lasting impression. I had never chastised you before. I fear that I was more angry with you than any man ought to be with such a child. I shook, and scolded, and beat you. You had never experienced any thing of the kind before ; you scarcely knew what to make of it ; you did not cry ; but you cast upon me a look of such incredulity, astonishment, and reproach, as struck me to the very soul. My heart was smitten ; I threw myself upon the ground beside you ; I pressed you to my bosom, and wept over you, whilst, with an almost broken heart, I poured out my prayers to God, that I might never again have to punish you. My prayers were heard ; from that day to the present, you have never given me cause either to chastise or reprove you.

“ Eight years since then have passed away : we have during all that time been constant companions and you have been to me a never-failing source of consolation and delight. A poor old blind man

seems to be but a very sorry associate for a lively child, but you have never, Henry, complained; you have on the contrary, always left your play with younger comrades, cheerfully to attend upon me. God reward thee, my boy, as thou hast been a blessing to thy poor blind father!"—Henry's affectionate little heart appeared ready to break: he sobbed aloud as he exclaimed, "Indeed, indeed, father! I never wish for any body but you; nobody is so good to me; nobody loves me so well; nobody can instruct me as you do! and I would rather wander about with you all my life, selling Tracts and Bibles, than live in a fine house without you!" The old man tenderly embraced the boy, while the tears ran plentifully down his furrowed cheeks.

"Well, well, my child, I think after all we are best fitted for each other, and shall be some time before we shall be sufficiently reconciled to being parted, to be fit for other society. Time and habit however, work wonders, but they will not soon make us forget each other. It is not however, probable that you will in future be quite so much with me as you have been; therefore let me now again press upon you the advice which cannot be

too often repeated—ever to keep in mind, be where you will, or with whom you may, that you are in the presence of God ; and that He sees, and hears, and knows, whatever you do, or say, or think. To Him apply in all your difficulties and dangers, for the illumination and guiding influence of his Holy Spirit, to preserve and direct you.

“ Henry, my dear ! you have read your Bible sufficiently to know that your blessed Redeemer and Saviour declared, that it was expedient to his disciples for Him to leave the world, that he might send the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, to abide with them and his faithful followers for ever. This Holy Spirit, this heavenly Comforter, this unerring Teacher, God has promised to all them that ask him ; and has said that He will lead them into all truth, and instruct them in all mysteries, even in the deep things of God. Never then, my dear boy, fail to ask for this precious gift ! You must, however, ask in faith, nothing doubting. Faith appears to be almost as essential in the supplicant, as power in him who is supplicated. Our Saviour declared to those on whom he had wrought his miracles, that it was their faith which had made them whole,

Strange as it may appear to you, my child, there are men, I believe good men, who read the Bible, and seriously reflect upon it, who yet deny the continuance of the operating influence of the Holy Spirit in and on the hearts of men.

“ It hath pleased God, my dear child, to deprive me of my sight ; you can discern the beauties of nature on every hand, above, beneath, and all around you ; you tell me how they charm, delight, and guide you in your way. I can, and I do believe you, because I have myself, formerly, experienced the same ; but if I had been blind from my birth, and you had still told me of this wonderful and useful faculty which you possess, I might deny that either you, or any body else, possessed it, and I might continue to grope my way in darkness, fully convinced, and asserting, that every one was as blind as myself. This might only be called stupid incredulity. But if an oculist of great fame, were to arrive and to make it known publicly, that he could and would cause every blind man to see who would be at the trouble of only asking him so to do ; and if many, who had been before as blind as myself, assured me that they had been to him, and

that they could now see as well as their neighbours ; if I still persisted in refusing the gift of sight, and in denying that any one could see, nobody would hesitate in declaring me to be worse than stupidly incredulous.

“ Such, however, appears to me the man who denies the operating influence of the Holy Spirit of God. God has declared that it shall only be given to them that ask for it. All who have properly asked for it, declare that they possess it, and yet these men continue still to disbelieve the declarations of both God and their fellow-christians, merely because they do not possess that, which it is impossible for them to have, till they at least believe in its existence. Young as you are, Henry, this truth is not above your comprehension ; let it, my child, make its due impression, and it will produce its never-failing blessed effects. Look not for this power strongly manifested to the senses, or always at the time discernible. Generally it is a still small voice, a gentle force, felt less during its operation, than perceived in its effects. Those who never experienced it, may laugh at those who have ; but those who have, must pity those who have not.

I formerly should have been the first amongst the deriders, yet no one can be more fully convinced of the reality of its existence, and its blessed influence, than I now am. He who enjoys this conviction, is possessed of a greater treasure than any which this world can afford; and whether he be rich or poor, learned or illiterate, is comparatively of small importance. My own experience, my dear Henry, is a convincing proof, that without it, riches cannot confer happiness; and that with it, the seemingly most abject state of poverty and wretchedness may be accompanied by cheerful content.

“ As far as outward circumstances are concerned, I am well assured, the poor man has the best chance of attaining felicity here. The rich have more temptations to resist, and those amongst them, who enjoy life the most, are they who voluntarily bring themselves the nearest to the poor. If the rich man would enjoy health, he must be abstemious; if he would be cheerful and enjoy sound repose, he must be active and industrious;—in short he must abstain from all those luxuries in which his station tempts him to indulge, and he will only be happy

in proportion to the degree in which he can bring himself to resemble a poor man.

“That riches, however, are not totally incompatible with happiness in this world, the example of your grandfather will serve to prove ; but then he was moderate, nay even abstemious, in his eating and drinking ; he was diligent and constant in labours of various kinds, more than most poor men can be ; he was humble, pious, and resigned. In most things a poor man has it in his power to resemble him, without the temptation which he had to act differently. Happiness, therefore, is more likely to be the lot of the poor even in this world than of the rich.

“Christian charity is a sentiment of the heart, greatly contributing to both temporal and eternal felicity. In proportion as we love our brethren, do we approach to the resemblance of divine perfection—for ‘God is Love.’ However you may differ in opinion on some points from your fellow Christians, never suffer that difference to induce you to withdraw either your love or assistance from them : never revile them, or their modes of faith. If they appear to you to err in essentials, pity them ; and

if proper opportunity occurs, endeavour to convince them of their error, but ever with the meekness and gentleness of Christ. You are not sure that they are wrong; leave, then, the judgment to Him, who can and will judge righteous judgment.

“ Towards no denomination of Christians hath the spirit of persecution amongst protestants been so dreadfully excited as against Roman Catholics. The example of your angelic mother, my dear child, will serve to shew you, that purity of heart and conduct is not excluded even from amongst them; and that, though they are more attached to outward forms and ceremonies than we think right, they are not altogether so to the exclusion of that spiritual worship which Christianity so strongly, and almost exclusively, enforces. Love, then, all mankind, as brethren; make all due allowances for their apparent failings and errors; and be severe only in judging yourself.

“ Henry, my boy! you are attending to what I say; and will, I doubt not, let these observations make their due impression?” The old man was silent, in expectation of Henry’s replying in the affirmative; but Henry was silent too. The blood

rushed warmly to the poor lad's face, but he gave no answer. The fact was, that when his father began his instructive lesson, Henry had been, as usual, (whenever the old man addressed him) respectfully attentive. Glenhill, however, again soon caught his eyes, and by degrees occupied a great part of his thoughts. At length, three boys returning from the village to that place, playing all their gambols by the way, absorbed his whole mind, and called up many a smile, as he watched their feats of light-hearted strength and agility; so that the latter part of his father's address was entirely lost upon him. "Henry, my boy!" the old man repeated, "are you attending to what I say?" "No, father," Henry replied, "I was not *just then* listening to you as I ought to have been; there are three boys playing about Glenhill, and I think one of them is Jemmy Thomson. I was watching them, and I missed what you were then saying." The old man smiled. "Well, well, Henry; you don't often let your imagination run away with you from me; so upon this occasion I shall not be very severe with you. I think it may be as well to defer what I meant to say farther for a more con-

venient place and time. Perhaps, Henry, we had better be travelling on towards Zoar : our friends there will be looking out for us, as the evening is advancing. They will be much surprised, and I think pleased, to learn that the poor blind old man, to whom they have all, on his visiting them, for the last five years, been so very kind, and to whom they have been so attentive, is their old landlord, and that he is again going to take up his abode amongst them. They had never any cause to complain of me in that character, and I think that they will not now either respect or love me the less for knowing who I am. Come, my boy, let us be going."

With a light heart, an animated countenance, and the most agile movement, Henry obeyed his father's word of command to depart. They had just got amongst the whins and fern, when the old man said, " My dear boy, please to go your usual pace ; your will walk me down." Henry blushed, and walked slower. " I am thinking," continued he, " that when we get to Zoar, you shall give a Tract to each of the children in ——." " Oh, father !" Henry exclaimed, " if I have not left the Tracts behind me upon the seat !" The old man

now laughed outright. "Well, you little hare-brained fellow, then do get back for them as fast as you can, while I sit here and recover my breath, of which you have almost deprived me by walking so fast." Henry was soon out of sight, and soon back again.

The sun had sunk behind Skiddaw, when the Blind Man and his Son entered Zoar.

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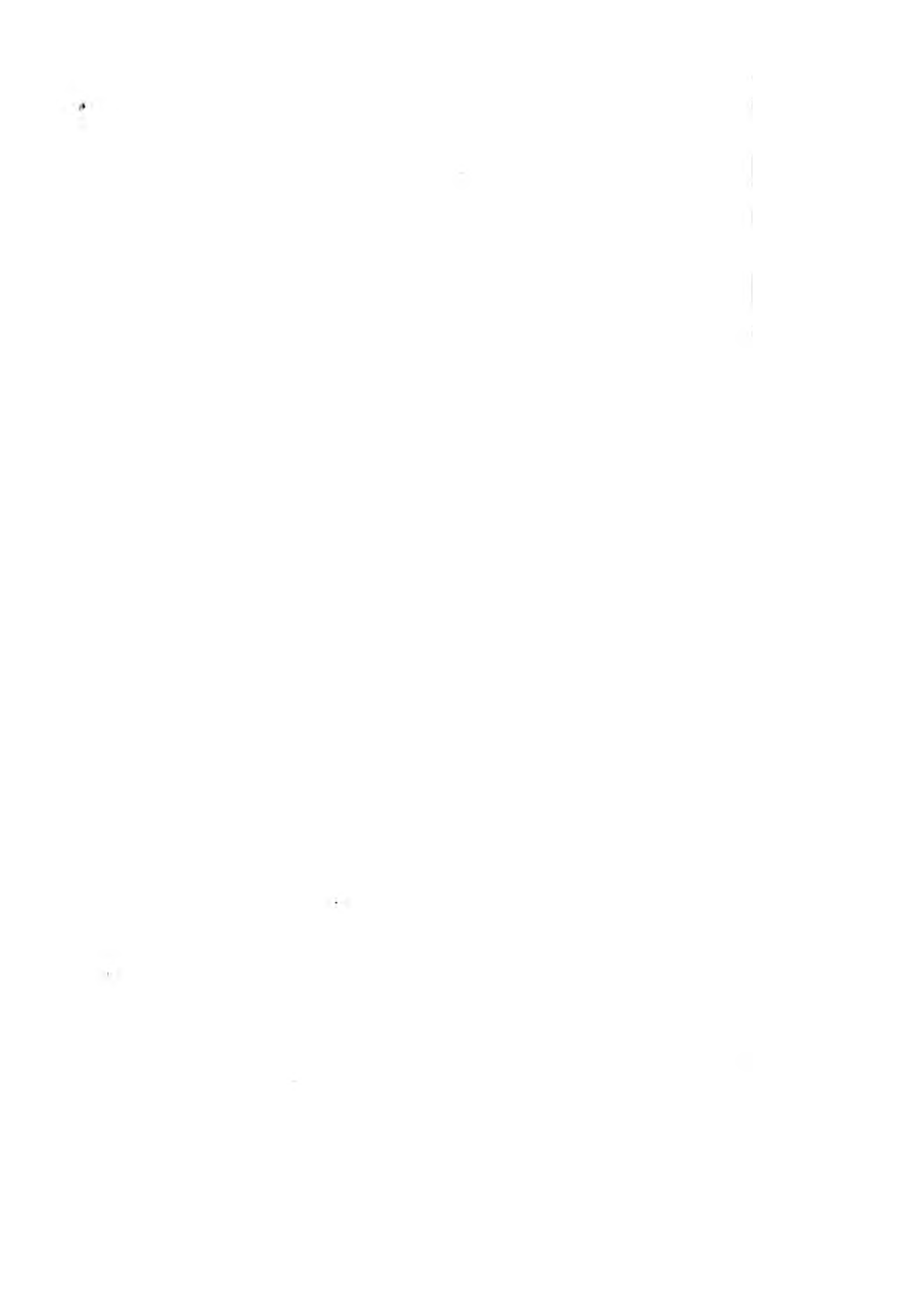


MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF YORKSHIRE TALES.



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THE FOUR FRIENDS.

A FABLE.

PART I.

THE frost was keen, the stars were bright ;
At social board, by candle light,
Four friends were met, the dinner o'er,
To drink their wine, and prove their lore,
And shew the loss the state sustains,
From not employing men with brains ;
For ignorance it is that racks us,
Men wise and good would never tax us ;
These friends, assuredly, in place,
Had kept the nation from disgrace ;
They proved that commons, peers, and kings,
Were, after all, but useless things :

The union of the church and state,
Gave rise to long and grave debate ;
Yet all agreed the ill-match'd pair
Could only frightful monsters rear.

With wine, then swimming on the table,
And in their heads, these friends were able
To trace the blunders of the war,
By Nelson made at Trafalgar,
And Wellington at Waterloo,
Who chanced indeed to blunder through ;
Although to wise men it was plain,
That Chance alone the field did gain.
They clearly proved that Billy Pitt
Was for a financier unfit ;
They own'd the nation risen in glory,
But risen with wings defiled and gory ;
Which made, so shocking was the sight,
Their squeamish stomachs sick outright :
'Tis true, things turn'd out rather well,
But who on earth the cause could tell ?
To all it was a source of wonder,
Since blunder only follow'd blunder ;

They trusted yet the times to see,
 When something like consistency
 Should guide the counsels of the state,
 And men of sense alone be great :
 They would not either cringe or plot,
 And yet, they well knew what was what ;
 In short, 'twas plain each meant to tell,
 He could himself do all things well.

Now, by the gentle host's desire,
 They drew their chairs around the fire :
 " Good gracious! host," cries Mr. R——,
 " What awkward creatures servants are !
 It's quite enough a man to craze
 To see a fire with scarce a blaze,
 So, if you'll give me leave, my friend,
 I'll try my hand your fire to mend."
 Then with the poker, at a stroke,
 The large coal he to pieces broke,
 Which giving way, the smothering small
 Slipt forward, and extinguished all
 The little blaze.—His neighbour cries,
 (Twas Mr. M——,) " Sir, you surprise

Me very much,—see here, admire,
 And learn of me to mend a fire.”—
 The poker from his friend he took,
 And, with a self-important look,
 The bottom bars he nicely cleared ;
 And then the shovel upwards reared
 Against the grate ; but as in spite,
 It only served to hide the light,
 Which he had placed it there to nurse ;
 In fact, the fire was really worse.

Two having failed, up Mr. B—
 Sedately rose,—“ Now you shall see,
 When judgment does with skill unite,
 They can, and will, set all things right.
 This said, he straightway in the nook
 The shovel placed,—the tongs then took,
 And one by one, the coals upreared
 So lightly, that it seemed he feared
 That mortal like, those which were high
 Would press too hard the lower fry.
 Still he, like most of human kind
 Who have at once two things to mind,

In doing one forgot the other,
And all his care but caused a pother.
For while the building was erected,
He the foundation had neglected;
That giving way, his work so nice
Was all demolished in a trice,
And hard and small together blended,
The fire spoiled instead of mended.

Some men there are whose powers more high
Ascend, to meet necessity ;
Who feel more certain of success,
When common mortals feel the less.
Such Mr. H——, the generous host,
Possessed of talents few can boast,
He long had marked (for he was sly)
A large broad shale which flat did lie,
And stopt the current of the air ;
Of this resolved the fire to clear,
By gentle means at first he strove
The vile intruder to remove ;
But 'twas too thick the bars to pass,
Too hard to break where then it was ;

Still undismayed, he persevered,
Nor danger saw, nor failure feared ;
At length the poker fixing right,
He wrenched with all his main and might,
Out bounced the shale,—but with the same,
A load of glowing embers came,
Which flew on every side about ;
—In short, the fire itself went out.

To MR. M.

At your request, my friend, thus I
The fable write ;—the moral you supply.

SAMUEL ROBERTS.

THE FOUR FRIENDS.

A FABLE.

PART II.

Containing the Sequel, the Moral, and a Hint to the Reader.

To MR. R.

BLANK looked the friends at one another,
Each eager to accuse his brother ;
Then all at once by instinct cry,
“ Who did it ? ” “ Did it ? ’twasn’t I ! ”
“ Not you ? why did not you begin ? ”
Quoth M—— to R—— “ The fire was in,
But you must make a furious rout ;
Now see the end—the fire is out ! ”

“ Out,” answered R——, “ and so are you
 In common sense and logic too,
 Who ever heard before this inning,
 The end’s the same as the beginning ?
 What could ensue but ruination,
 When you had sapp’d the whole foundation,
 And B—— had built with curious care
 A cob-coal-castle in the air,
 Whose walls down toppled, such its brevity,
 Not by their weight but by their levity !”

Here B—— broke out,—“ My cob-coal castle
 Has fallen indeed,—so fell the Bastile ;
 But you first broke the round material,
 And made me build in style aerial
 Yet this I did with such ability,
 It still had stood in fair fragility,
 But chance,—was ever chance so scurvy ?
 Tumbled my Babel topsy-turvy ;
 Such luck would make a stoic sigh ;
 The fire looked black,—and so did I ;
 Yet both had brightened up anew,
 If there had been no more ado ;

But H——, who always must be one,
 When any good is to be done,
 Smack through the grate the poker dashes,
 And turns the whole to dust and ashes !”

“Cease,” H— exclaimed, “your idle sparring
 I only proved your mending marring ;
 I brought you to my nice fire-side,
 But each when he his hand had tried,
 Left not one spark of all the flame ;
 And is not that a burning shame ?”

Thus H——, the meekest man you see,
 And M——, who would not hurt a flea,
 And R——, to all men’s failings blind,
 And B——, the kindest of mankind,
 Sat round the cold and fireless grate,
 In skirmishes of keen debate ;
 With eyes, mouths, brains, and tongues, they fight,
 And all were wrong, and all were right ;
 For each was right, so says my song,
 In thinking all the rest were wrong ;

And all were wrong throughout the night,
 In thinking that themselves were right.
 So late they held their squabbling bout,
 That fire and candles all were out ;
 They cold and darkness never heeded,
 Since neither light nor fire they needed ;
 Their breasts with noble ardour burned,
 While flash for flash they each returned,
 Electrical as cats i'th' dark,
 At every stroke spark followed spark ;
 And thus, like flint and steel's confiction,
 They warmed themselves with contradiction.

THE MORAL.

The easiest thing beneath the sun
 Is—to find fault with all that's done ;
 The hardest, to be done by man,
 Is—to do only what he can.
 The first position is so clear
 From all we read, and all we hear,

And I might add,—from all we say,
 That argument were thrown away
 To prove it ;—'tis as plain a case,
 As any nose on any face ;
 Yet, like that nose, 'tis seldom seen,
 Though fairly placed both eyes between ;
 In fact it stands too near the sight,
 Without a glass to see it right :
 Now such a glass the fable is
 To show this feature of your phiz :
 The first part offers demonstration
 Of man's fault-finding inclination ;
 The poker proves position second,
 —A truth not quite so obvious reckoned.

To what do men of parts aspire,
 Whether in politics or fire,
 In public or in private life,
 In social converse or in strife,—
 What is the point they all would gain ?
 The point that no man can attain !
 They speak, and look, and stand, and go,
 Do nothing,—every thing, to shew

Less what they have to lead to fame,
 Than that to which they have no claim.
 As each one's powers, are in his eyes,
 Full twice at least their natural size,
 So each would fain to others seem
 As great as in his own esteem :
 Thus the four wise ones in the fable,
 Though all to mend a fire unable,
 Must needs presumptuously fall to it,
 And prove by deeds they could not do it :
 Yet was there something in that case,
 Each might have done, and done with grace :
 What was it ?—That may soon be shewn,
 —He might have let the fire alone !
 Ergo,—the hardest thing to man
 Is—to do only what he can.

A HINT TO THE READER.

“Who were these four ?” with wondering eyes,
 And scornful nose, the reader cries.

I'll tell you :—go into the street,
And catch the first three men you meet ;
With them engage in hearty chat,
On any subject, this or that ;
Or set yourself and them on work ;
Then,—Christian, Pagan, Jew, or Turk,—
I'll pledge these verses,—and no more,
That you and they will make the four.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A KEY TO THE CLUB-ROOM.

THESE FOUR FRIENDS were, about thirty-five years ago, rather young men, (though Mr. R. was in advance of the other three some eight or ten years,) who had, during some time previously, often been brought together on both public and private occasions with mutual friendly approval; each believing the other to be well disposed and sincere. They were, however, by no means agreed on either religious or political subjects. As regarded the first, Mr. R. was a sort of nondescript; he professed to be nothing but a Christian; yet (possessing no itching ears) he had, from

his earliest youth, been a most constant, steady attendant of public service, forenoon and afternoon, at one and the same Established Church. He was, however, no way attached to her formularies. Mr. M. was bred and born a Moravian, and possessed of all their humility and attachment to music. Mr. B. was a thorough going Calvinistic Independent. Mr. H. was a most firm buttress of the Established Church.

As regarded politics, Mr. R. was (though no Tory) a firm *Constitutionist*, a Church and Kingman, and an inveterate Anti-Gallican. Mr. M. in those days was opposed to him, something as fire is to water. Mr. B. was perhaps a little hotter than Mr. M. Mr. H. was probably more Toryish than Mr. R., but he was rather milder.

Well, about the year 1804 or 5, Mr. R. proposed a monthly-meeting club, to dine in rotation at each others houses, which was soon agreed to by the other three. The object was friendly communication, and for the proposal, consideration, and promotion of any benevolent or useful undertaking. The rules were, That no others were to be invited; That the dinner was only to be a joint of meat and

a pudding: That the guests were to forfeit one shilling, if not arrived ten minutes before the dinner hour; and the host half-a-crown, if either the dinner was not on the table at the hour, or if he had provided more than the two aforesaid dishes. The forfeits to be paid to the Aged Female Society. On this plan the club continued to meet—almost without one failing day—during sixteen years, when from the absence abroad of Mr. B. for eight years, their number was reduced, though the club was continued till his return to England, when he again occasionally attended. This continued, though less regular, till the death of Mr. H. in 1837, so that the club had existed (in some degree it still exists) during more than thirty years.

As readers are generally desirous of knowing *who* the persons are, or were, of whom they have been reading, I think that I may now, without impropriety, gratify in some degree their curiosity. The following extract from Mr. Holland's "Tour of the Don," may serve to satisfy that curiosity, as far as regards Mr. R., only adding his friend's (Mr. M.'s) assurance, that he was "*to all men's failings blind* :—

“ See you that smart-walking, light-made, elderly gentleman in black, whose appearance bespeaks him of the “ old school ” of reputable Sheffields ? That is the author of—what shall I say ? And this is really a question of difficulty : for so free has been his pen during almost half a century, and so diversified as well as multitudinous its products, that, were fifty intelligent persons to be asked in succession what Mr. Roberts has written, it is scarcely hyperbolic to suppose that each individual would give a different answer ; nor must it from this remark be supposed that even the number just named indicates the sum total of his separate achievements—no such thing : five hundred would probably be nearer the mark. To be sure, these have not all been volumes, though in that sense our author may be said to be voluminous ; but, in great part, his literary labours have consisted of newspaper communications, and pamphlets great or small.

“ Not only the artillery brigade, but the lighter cohorts of this literary militia have generally been armed and arrayed against public, national, or local abuses ; and not seldom have they done efficient

execution. Sometimes, indeed, as will happen in the best regulated campaigns, the side-skirmishing has been bitterly complained of by parties who happened to find their personal or official importance trespassed upon—and sometimes in no very gentle way either. To do, however, this pen and ink commander justice, it must be stated that, however sometimes (as I think) mistaken in the object, or unwarrantably severe in the style of his attacks, he has, it is probable, always been thoroughly convinced of the rectitude of his own intentions.”

Well, and who is Mr. M.? Why, Mr. M. is James Montgomery! James Montgomery? why, who is he?—Pray, sir, did you ever hear of one *William Shakespeare*? No! Well, then, go into the street, and ask any man whom you may happen to see, and he will tell you a good deal about both of them. One of them having been a deer-stealer, and the other a prisoner in York Castle, both are rather noted men.

Well, then, who is Mr. B.? Mr. B. is George Bennet, a man not altogether unknown in the *world*, for he has compassed it around. In 1821,

he left the club and his country, to accompany the Rev. D. Tyerman, as deputies from the London Society, to visit their various missionary settlements in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. He was absent eight years. The proceedings of the deputation are before the public in Mr. Montgomery's compilation. In two instances he and his friend stand highly distinguished. The first code of laws that ever was originally established in any country in the world, *from which DEATH as a punishment of crime was excluded*, was prepared by them. The next is, that they were the first who completely and undeniably ascertained, that in the North Pacific Ocean, where there is perhaps the freest space for the sun and moon to exercise their influence, unopposed by any obstacles, the TIDES are undeviatingly (and almost unvarying in height) at the *full* a few minutes after twelve at noon, and the same at night.

This is certainly the most striking and important discovery that this century has produced. The MOON, then, can have no influence in producing the tides! This fact, therefore, is one of high importance, as setting aside the Newtonian system

of tides. Why it has not engaged more of the notice of philosophers than it has, I am at a loss to conjecture. They appear to me as if fearful of wrestling with it. A learned professor was here lecturing, who, on being asked *how* he could account for the fact? replied,—“by stating the truth,—viz., that it is not a fact.” Now the fact has been, since Mr. B. was there, as clearly established by the residents, as that of the sun being in the meridian at noon. Kotzebue, indeed,—with his usual inaccuracy,—states, that there is only *one* tide in the twenty-four hours, but bears his testimony to the regular height of the tide being at noon-day.

Well, then, who is Mr. H? Alas, who *was* Mr. H? He was Rowland Hodgson, the truly “*generous host.*” The Generous Host through very many years, to almost every benevolent, pious stranger, visiting the town in the cause of God, and of his necessitous fellow creatures. To such his house was a welcome and delightful home during their sojourn here, and this, even when bodily infirmity and loss of sight, prevented him enjoying much of their company. A clearer head, and a

more benevolent heart, have rarely, if ever, formed parts of the same human body. His memory will long live here, and though the name remains with *us* no longer, there are those in distant climes who now, with justifiable pride, retain that honoured name, as Brothers and as Freemen, who received it, as *picaninnies*, from their then enslaved christian fathers and mothers. Thus, though he is dead, his name liveth, yet on earth honoured, while his freed spirit is rejoicing in glory ineffable. The following lines on the subject cannot but be read, both by those who have, and those who have not before seen them, with deep interest :—

V E R S E S

IN MEMORY OF ROWLAND HODGSON, ESQ., LATE OF HIGHFIELD,
NEAR SHEFFIELD, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON
FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1837, AGED SIXTY-THREE YEARS.

By James Montgomery.

Go, where thy heart had gone before,
And thy heart's treasure lay ;
Go, and with open'd eye explore
Heaven's uncreated day ;
Light in the Lord, light's fountain, see,
And Light in him for ever be.

But darkness thou hast left behind :

No sign, or sight, or sound,
 At home, abroad, of thee I find,
 Where thou wert ever found ;
 Then gaze I on thy vacant place,
 Till my soul's eye meets thy soul's face ;—

As, many a time, quite through the veil
 Of flesh, 'twas wont to shine,
 When thy meek aspect, saintly pale,
 In kindness turn'd to mine ;
 And the quench'd eye its film forgot,
 Look'd full on me—yet saw me not.

Then, through the body's dim eclipse,
 What humble accents broke,
 While, breathing prayer or praise, thy lips
 Of light within thee spoke :
 'Midst Egypt's darkness to be felt,
 The mind in its own Goshen dwelt.

Nor less in days of earlier health,
 When life to thee was dear,
 Borne on the flowing tide of wealth,
 To me this truth was clear,
 That hope in Christ was thy best health,
 Riches that make not wings, thy wealth.

When frequent sickness bow'd thine head,
 And every labouring breath,
 As with a heavier impulse, sped
 Thy downward course to death,
 Faith falter'd not that hope to show,
 Though words, like life's last drops, fell slow.

How often, when I turn'd away,
 As having seen the last
 Of thee on earth, my heart would say,
 "When my few days are past,
 Such strength be mine, though Nature shrink,
 The cup my Father gives to drink!"

I saw thee slumbering in thy shroud,
 As yonder moon I view,
 Now glimmering through a snow-white cloud,
 'Midst heaven's all-bounding blue;
 —I saw thee lower'd into the tomb,
 Like that cloud darkening into gloom.

All darkness thou hast left behind;
 --- 'Twas not thyself they wound
 In dreary grave-clothes, and consign'd
 To perish in the ground;
 'Twas but thy mantle, dropt in sight,
 Whilst thou wert vanishing in light.

That mantle, in earth's wardrobe lain,
 (A frail but precious trust!)
 Thou wilt return to wear again,
 When, freed from worms and dust,
 The bodies of the Saints shall be
 Their robes of immortality.

* * * *

So rest in peace, thou blessed Soul,
 Where sin and suffering end!
 So may I follow to that goal,
 ---Not thee, not thee, my friend!
 But Him, whom thou, through joy and woe,
 Thyself, didst follow on to know,

Faint yet pursuing, I am strong,
 Whene'er his steps I trace;
 Else slow of heart, and prone to wrong,
 I yet may lose the race,
 If on thy course I fix mine eye,
 And Him in thee not glorify-

The wild, the mountain top, the sea,
 The throng'd highway, He trode
 The path to quiet Bethany,
 And Calvary's dolorous road;
 Where, then, He leads me must be right;
 I walk by faith, and not by sight.

THE ORPHANS,

A BALLAD.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Lit with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way ;

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
By moralizing o'er the dead,
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want, and pain, and toil had rest ;
And many a flattering stone I view'd
O'er those who once had wealth possess '

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which,—though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take,
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, as made my heart to ache.

“ My little children, let me know,
“ Why you in such distress appear ?
“ And why you wasteful from you throw
“ That bread which many a heart would cheer ?”

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chased ;
“ Lady ! we've not enough to eat ;
“ And if we had, we would not waste.

“ But sister Mary's naughty grown,
“ Nor will she eat whate'er I say,
“ Though sure I am the bread's her own,
“ And she has tasted none to-day.”

“ Indeed,” the wan, starved Mary said,
“ Till Henry eats, I’ll taste no more ;
“ For yesterday *I* got some bread,
“ *He’s* had none since the day before.”

I found my swelling bosom heave,
And seem’d as though deprived of speech ;
While mutely seated on the grave,
I press’d a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a mournful tale,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The lovely boy, with aspect pale,
Did thus that mournful tale impart.

“ Before my father went away,
“ Enticed by bad men o’er the sea,
“ Sister and I did nought but play ;
“ We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

“ But then poor mother did so cry,
“ And look’d so changed I cannot tell ;
“ She told us that she soon should die,
“ And bade us love each other well.

“ She said that when the war was o’er,
“ Perhaps we might our father see ;
“ But, if we never saw him more,
“ That God would then our father be.

“ She kiss’d us both, and so she died,
“ And we no more a mother have ;
“ Here many a day we sat and cried
“ Together on poor mother’s grave.

“ But when our father came not here,
“ I thought if we could find the sea,
“ We should be sure to meet him there,
“ And once again might happy be.

“ So hand in hand for many a mile,
“ We asked our way of all we met ;
“ And some did sigh, and some did smile,
“ And we of some did victuals get.

“ But when we reach’d the sea, and found
“ ’Twas one great water round us spread,
“ We thought that father must be drown’d,
“ And, crying, wish’d we both were dead.

“ So we’re return’d to mother’s grave,
 “ And only long with her to be ;
 “ For Goody, when this bread she gave,
 “ Said father died beyond the sea.

“ Then since no parents we have here,
 “ We’ll go and seek for God around ;
 “ Lady ! pray, can you tell us where
 “ That God our father may be found ?

“ He lives in heaven, mother said,
 “ And Goody says that mother’s there ;
 “ So if she knows we want his aid,
 “ I think perhaps she’ll send him here.”

I clasp’d the prattler to my breast,
 And cried, “ Come, both, and live with me ;
 “ I’ll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
 “ And will a second mother be :

“ And God will be your father still
 “ ’Twas he in love that sent me here,
 “ To teach you to obey his will,
 “ Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.”

THY MOTHER.

THOUGH parents feel full many a care,
Yet that they joys unnumber'd share,
Say who, my boy, can best declare ?

Thy Mother.

Who, as she view'd each new-born grace,
Delighted gazing, strove to trace
A father's features in thy face ?

Thy Mother.

Who, bending o'er her sleeping child,
Felt happiness serene and mild,
As oft he in his slumber smiled ?—

Thy Mother.

Who did thy father's feelings share,
 When high he held thee up in air,
 And heard thy shout of transport there ?
Thy Mother.

Who met him, eager to impart
 The rapture bursting from her heart,
 When she had seen thy first tooth start ?
Thy Mother.

Who, when thy lips thou first didst frame,
 To lisp a parent's honour'd name,
 Did bless the hour when she became
Thy Mother ?

Who, when she caught her staggering child,
 As first he headlong ran and smiled,
 Was with delightful transports wild ?
Thy Mother.

Who oft to meet thy father ran,
 And with impatient haste began
 Some tale about her little man ?
Thy Mother.

Who gladly join'd thy artless play,
 On daisied green or new-mown hay,
 And deck'd thee all in wild flowers gay ?
Thy Mother.

And when thou saidst ' who makes them grow ;'
 Who taught thy opening mind to know
 Thy God, and taught thy knees to bow ?
 Thy Mother.

When others praised thy active grace,
 Thy well form'd limbs, thy lovely face,
 How easy in her eyes to trace,
 Thy Mother ?

When joys like these, an ample store,
 Are hers, shall she her lot deplore,
 Or thankless wish she was no more
 Thy Mother ?

No, no, my child, thy infant frame
 Through all her soul diffused a flame
 Of gratitude, when she became
 Thy Mother.

O ever, ever may it burn,
 Nor may she give thee cause to mourn,
 Till thou with filial grief inurn
 Thy Mother,

THE MILL-BAY STREAM.

ABOUT four miles to the south of Scarborough is a small bay, formed by an amphitheatre of steep rugged ground. On the shore, in the centre of the bay, stands a corn-mill, which gives name to it. This mill is worked by a stream, which springs at once out of the side of the hill, scarcely fifty yards from the little dam, and flows immediately afterwards into the sea.

Alone I stood and mark'd thy birth,
I saw thee issue from the earth ;
I heard thy first enraptured cry,
When all heaven's glories met thine eye ;
An infant-giant in his force,
Rejoicing to begin his course.
I heard thee then delighted raise
Thy silvery tones of joy and praise ;
I watch'd thy sparkling beauties play,
Refulgent in the solar ray ;

My foot still prest the mountain-flower,
 That sprang beside thy natal bower ;
 And yet mine eye, so short thy race,
 Thy course through life to death could trace.
 I joy'd to see thee bound along,
 And hear thy simple mountain-song ;
 To mark the wild-flowers, at thy voice,
 Their leaves expand and all rejoice :
 But joys, alas ! are short-lived here,
 For blighting care is ever near ;
 I saw thee doom'd, in early life,
 To undeserved, unwonted strife ;
 Nor didst thou shun the task assign'd,
 Thy belt around I saw thee bind.

Thy voice had ceased ; thy sparkling fled ;
 Sedate and calm, thy steps were staid ;
 I saw thee there at once unite,
 To all thy genius, all thy might ;
 I watch'd thy new-born powers expand,
 And saw thee then undaunted stand ;
 While all heaven's beauties I could trace,
 Reflected from thy tranquil face ;
 I heard at once a gushing sound,

As rising from some depth profound ;
I saw thee issue to the sun,—
As though some mighty deed was done—
Far—far below. I heard thee breathe,
Exhausted, on the rocks beneath ;
I saw thee force, with effort strong,
Thy way, those rugged rocks among,
Undaunted ; though the strife at length
Subdued thy then-enfeebled strength ;
I saw thee stretch'd upon the sand,—
Where calm the ocean's waves expand :
And heard, or thought I heard, a voice—
That spoke from ocean's bed :—
“ My faithful servant, now rejoice ;”
Methought a spirit said ;
“ Now all is well ; thy course is done,
Thy race was swiftly, nobly run ;
The fight is o'er, the battle won.”

I mark'd the calmness of thy breast,
While gliding to thy home of rest ;
And saw a radiance round thee spread,
As ocean's waves closed o'er thy head.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

“ Henry—the declining sun
 Darting o'er the jackdaw crag,
Shews 'tis time thy work was done,
 Come, my Henry, do not lag.

“ Bring thy spear, and bring thy liue,
 See the spotted trout at play ;
Bring that little net of mine,
 Come, my Henry, come away.

“ Stop a moment—Helen, mind
 That thy granny sits at ease ;
Take this string—that hazel bind,
 See it stops both sun and breeze.

“ When thy mam and dad return,
Tell them we will soon be back ;
Mind that hearth-cake does not burn—”
‘ What an everlasting clack !’

“ Don’t neglect that stir-about,
We shall have a treat to-night,
Half a score of rosy trout,
If the wild rogues will but bite.

“ Should dear little Tom awake,
Let him have his supper soon :
There, my Henry, freely take
This poor hand, thy promised boon.

“ Twice six happy years and one,
We’ve thus rambled side by side ;
When another year is gone,
Emma will be Henry’s bride.

“ O, my love ! I am so pleased—
’Tis delightful here to stray :
So—be quiet I won’t be teased ;
Take you that, and get away,

“ What a happy life we lead,
 Free to wander where we please,
 Like the wild colts in the mead,
 Like the squirrels in the trees.

“ God provides us all we want,
 We on none but Him depend ;
 Small imports what man can grant,
 God himself the gipsy’s friend.

“ Henry, mark this spacious dome,
 Glowing with ten thousand dies ;
 ’Tis the gipsy’s splendid home,
 Earthly buildings they despise.

“ What are palaces of kings ?
 Can they boast of hues like these ?
 Are they cooled with living springs ?
 Are they canopied with trees ?

“ Have they curtains like the clouds,—
 Carpets form’d of fragrant flowers ?
 Have they choristers in crowds,
 Chanting wild in verdant bowers ?

“ What are all their glimmering rays,
Hung in spacious halls on high,
To the sun’s meridian blaze,
Pour’d through all immensity ?

“ Ladies, deck’d with jewels bright,
Cramp’d in carriages of state,
Are their steps like Emma’s light ?
Are their hearts like hers elate ?

“ Though in silks and satins drest,
Through the admiring crouds they whirl,
Henry—thy’re not half so blest
As thy LITTLE GIPSY GIRL !”

THE SONG OF
THE POOR LITTLE SWEEP.

How dark is the morning ; the thick clouds how
scowling ;

How sharp the sleet pierces ; the snow drifts how
deep ;

How frightful to hear the wild storm-spirits' howling
Thus mix'd with the shrill cries of *poor little
sweep.*

How dreadful the solitude now that surrounds me,
Whilst, shivering with cold, through the still
town I creep ;

And the rough broken ice, which both chills me
and wounds me,

'Tis stained with the blood-drops of *poor little
sweep.*

O see ; where the dark clouds are parting, a bright
star

Appears through the opening with pity to peep ;
It twinkles so lovely as if, in the night far,
It wept for the sufferings of *poor little sweep*.

What art thou, fair mourner, that with such good
nature.

Thus seem'st for a poor little orphan to weep ?
The scorn of all mortals, the dread of each
creature,
A lone friendless outcast, a *poor little sweep*.

The gentleman said I'd a father in heaven,
Whose care never slumber'd, whose eye cannot
sleep ;
Whose pity to children is constantly given,
And sees all the sufferings of *poor little sweep*.

O ! should you sweet star be the eye of that father—
What mean these strange feelings that round my
heart creep ?
They are so delightful, than lose them I'd rather
For ever continue a *poor little sweep*.

It must, O it must be his glories that cheer me,
Which fill me with gladness, and make my heart
 leap ;
Then hear me, my Father in heaven ! O hear me !
And take to thy mercy the *poor little sweep*.

A D D R E S S

TO THE RIVER MANIFOLD :

AS IT RISES AGAIN IN THE GROUNDS OF ILAM AFTER A SUB-
TERRANEOUS COURSE OF ABOUT FIVE MILES.

Written on an early morning-visit to that enchanting place, in 1832.

I HEARD and saw thee merging into light,
I heard thy exclamation of delight ;
I saw thy look enraptured, when the sky,
With all its glories, burst upon thine eye ;
While thence the unclouded sun lit up to view,
The glittering splendours of the morning dew,
And all creation, with accordant voice,
And renovated power, exclaim'd, Rejoice !

Then welcome, way-worn stranger, to thy rest,
 And in this more than paradise be blest ;
 Joys here await thee ;—lo, on every side,
 Above, beneath, and all around, abide
 Resplendent beauties, such as mortal eye
 Did ne'er before, combined on earth, espy.
 Here, then, thou lingering stream, prolong thy rest,
 With heaven itself reflected from thy breast ;
 Whilst o'er thy rocky bed, distinctly seen,
 Thy spotted tenants sport the stones between ;
 There on thy banks the halcyon tends her brood,
 Or flits, with brilliant plumage, o'er the flood :
 The rocky mountain rears its lofty head—
 Its sides with groves luxuriant, thickly spread.
 The verdant lawn bears many a forest lord,
 Whose wide spread arms refreshing shade afford ;
 The garden's richest treasures here abound,
 Dispensing splendour and perfume around ;
 A thousand songsters, from the earth and sky,
 With efforts to delight appear to vie.

Beside yon clustering elms, whose solemn shade
 Appears for holy contemplation made,

A venerable temple rears its head,
 With shining dark green ivy overspread;
 Around the holy fane stands many a stone,
 That tells of those to heavenly rest long gone,
 'Tis peaceful all!—in peace each cottage bower,
 Garden encircled—deck'd with many a flower,—
 Sends forth a joyous, hardy blooming train,
 To spend a day of infant bliss again.
 In peace yon spacious splendid palace stands,
 The seeming work of more than mortal hands;
 With numerous turrets rising to the sky,
 From which the waving banner floats on high;
 Its crystal windows, all with sculpture dight,
 At once admitting and reflecting light;
 It seems as if, within its portals blest,
 Were many mansions, where the pure might rest.

Hush, hush, ye songsters! Hark, a sweeter strain
 Than yours by far—Hush! hark!—again!—again!
 Has some pure spirit left her couch of rest,
 To be in this sweet paradise more blest?
 To join on this fair morn, with lute or lyre,
 And note symphonious, the tuneful quire?

From yonder open oriel floats the sound,
 And thrilling spreads its harmony around.
 Peace, fluttering heart!—now ! now ! a seraph sings :
 Her words accordant with the trembling strings :—

“ Awake, ye woodland tribes—and sing,
 Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
 To Him who shaped your finer mould,
 And tipp'd your glittering wings with gold.

“ Ye winds, ye clouds, your joy proclaim,
 Ye heavenly orbs, do ye the same ;
 Each whispering breath of yielding air,
 His praise in softer notes declare.

“ Ye stately cedars, humbly bow ;
 Ye towering mountains, bend ye low :
 Behold, behold your God appear !
 The God of peace himself is here.

“ Let heaven and earth His praise proclaim,
 Adore, adore his holy name ;

His mercy be by all things told,
And sung by waters Manifold.

“ That God is love, ye heavens, declare,
Ye winds, the joyful tidings bear ;
Whilst all beneath, around above,
United shout, ‘ yes ! God is Love.’ ”

She ceased, and for a moment all was still—
When from above
Loud sung the spirit of the rocky hill,
“ Yes ! God is Love.”

Silence again—then softer from afar—
“ Yes, God is Love ”—replied the spirit of the scar.

Now then, stranger, tell me where
Thy natal place—and wherefore here ?
Say what thy lot—thy sufferings tell,
Say whence thou com’st and what befel ?

“ In the world from whence I came,
Mean my birth and small my fame,

Born beneath the humblest shed
On the mountain's heathy bed,
Soon the progress may be told
Of the merry Manifold.

" Singing on from day to day,
I pursued my infant way,
Rude and rugged was my course
Won by artifice or force :
Leaping, falling, wandering wide,
Turned by many a block aside,
Undismay'd through many a glen,
Many a wild, and boggy fen,
On I struggled, undismay'd,
Where my varied path was laid,
Down the rugged mountain's side,
Till I reach'd the valley wide.

" Now increased in bulk and strength,
Fit for labour grown, at length,
I began a toilsome life,
Mixt with sorrow, pain, and strife ;

Yet as on my way I sped,
Many a blessing I have shed,
Many a cottage I have cheer'd,
Many a tender youngster rear'd,
Clasping many an infant's charms,
Given me from the mother's arms.
I have joined the school-boy's play,
Through the joyous truant day.
And with dainty food supplied,
Many a hamlet near my side.

“ I have turn'd the rustic mill,
Help'd the spacious lake to fill ;
And my aid to ornament
Lent, to lordly tenement.
Sometimes lying still to please,
Sometimes sent among the trees,
Sometimes thrown up to the sky,
Sometimes tumbled from on high.
Torn to pieces by the rocks,
Over, under, mighty blocks,
O'er and o'er, and o'er again,
Till they made me roar with pain.

Nay—when to the bottom thrown,
Still I found no bed of down.
Glad to have escaped so well,
Off I limp'd my woes to tell.
And though murmuring as I went,
Still I was not discontent,
But rejoicing wound my way
Through the night and through the day,
Till at length, my journey past,
Down in earth I sunk at last.
All was midnight darkness there,
All unknown—till, rising here—
Glories more than can be told
Met the weary Manifold."

Now rest thee, stranger, here, secure from strife,
Thine hath but been the course of human life.

DOVE-DALE

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

TELL me thou ever lovely moaning Dove,
If here thou seek'st thy long-lost mated love ?
Oh, could he senseless prove to all thy charms,
And leave them for some vile seducer's arms ?
It cannot be !—himself betray'd, or dead,
Else had he here long since, repentant sped.

Sweet plaintive mourner ! well this peaceful vale
Is suited to thy state and constant wail,
A place congenial to thy widow'd heart,
From worldly mirth and vanities apart.

Unbroken solitude here ever reigns,
 Unbroken silence but by warbled strains;
 Strains which, like thine, at evening's solemn hour,
 The mate-forsaken nightingales there pour.
 Perpetual gloom his residence hath made,
 In this secluded dell; perpetual shade,
 Though ever shifting, reigneth ever here,
 E'en when the noontide sun is shining clear.
 Here the wide cavern'd arch, in Gothic pride,
 Is seen across the dark obscure to stride;
 Here the wide forest-clothed mountain high,
 Seems like a screen uplifted to the sky;
 Its straggling foliage glowing in the light,
 Thickens the gloom beneath, to deepest night.
 E'en yonder rugged hill—with rocks o'er spread,
 Which heath, and furze, and broom, have made
 their bed,
 Though sun illumined, only serves to throw
 A denser shadow o'er the dale below.

Yon mighty block, whose bare o'erhanging wall
 Threatens to close the valley by its fall;
 Spreads its black shadow over many a rood,
 And darkens deeper still, the gloomy wood;

Yon massive towers, upraising from the stream,
 (Like that of old,) assailing heaven seem ;
 The dark green ivy, clinging round their base,
 And clambering high, the mighty ruins grace ;
 Buttress by buttress stands, ranged side by side,
 To prop the cloudcapt mountain in its pride ;
 From whose high summit thundering to the vale,
 The loosen'd fragments oft the stream assail,
 And interrupt its course, yet add a grace
 Which had not there before obtain'd a place.

Oh, I do love thee much, thou gentle Dove,
 I love thy cooing, and thy plaint I love ;
 In any place I should delight to meet
 A Dove like thee, and hear such accents sweet ;
 But here I love thee best, in this calm shade,
 That seems “ for holy contemplation made ;”
 Where all things speak of God—His works appear
 In all that meets the eye, or strikes the ear ;
 Works so tremendous, so divinely fair,
 As power and goodness loudly to declare :
 Here would I oft to thee at eventide,
 Retire so long as thou shalt there abide.

But mourn not ever here, thou timid *Dove*,
Now let me plead the cause of other love ;
The love of one affectionate and bold,
The tried, intrepid, merry *Manifold*.*
I know he loves, and seeks thee for his bride ;
He no intruder. Let me be thy guide.
Come, cease thy grief, thy unavailing wail,
I know he waits thy coming down the Dale.

* The *Dove* and the *Manifold* unite at the bottom of *Dove-Dale*.

THE PETTED LAMB.

LADY, in the myrtle-bower,
LIKE a May-morn opening flower ;
Flower till now unseen on earth,
Flower, I ween, of heavenly birth :
Crown imperial, lily, rose,
Join its beauty to compose ;
Noble, lovely, fragrant, bright,
Radiant with prismatic light.

In this lady's eyes of blue,
Lingers still celestial dew ;
While a more than cherub smile,
Speaks a heart devoid of guile.

At her feet a petted lamb,
 Heedless now of sire or dam,
 Gazes in her lovely face,
 New encouragement to trace ;
 See, he licks her proffered hand :
 Now beside her see him stand,
 From that lovely hand so fair,
 Food and sweet caress to share.
 See him—more familiar yet—
 On her lap, a favoured pet ;
 See him—more than princes blest,—
 To her heaving bosom prest ;
 While her sweet endearing voice
 Makes the favourite's heart rejoice.
 See with love his eyes now shine,
 Lady, not with love divine,
 Lady, not with love like thine

Oh ! thou beauteous lady fair,
 Of a wicked world beware ;
 Young and innocent art thou,
 All to thee will gladly bow,
 Meaning only to betray ;
 From their flattery turn away.

Take this Talisman of Truth,
 Heaven-bestowed—the guard of youth ;
 Placed before enquiring eyes,
 Fraud is stripped of all disguise,
 Lady, now, its power to try,
 Through its glass thy favourite spy.

Ah ! that look, that start, that shriek !
 What ? Oh what ? fair lady, speak :
 “ Oh ! protect me, heaven above,
 Thou my kind preserver prove ;
 Take, oh take the fiend away,
 Let me not become his prey !
 Save me from those tearing claws,
 Save me from those horrid jaws !
 Oh ! those frightful eyes of fire
 Flaming with impure desire !
 Save me from the horrid gulf !
That a Lamb ! oh, that's a Wolf !”

Lady, lady, calm thy dread,
 Now thy danger all is fled.

Through that Talisman I've seen
Those who would betray their Queen.
Ever, lady, to thine eye
That enlightening Lens apply ;
Heaven that precious gift supplied,
When thy own dear Saviour died.
All around thee will combine
To pollute its rays divine ;
All will seek to hide the truth
From the innocence of youth ;
But that Lens, sweet lady fair,
From thy foes deceit will tear ;
Shew them—stripped of foul disguise,—
Sprung from him, the sire of lies.
Oft their wicked works I've viewed,
Works by ruined thousands rued ;
Wifeless husbands, mateless wives ;
Children vagrant all their lives ;
Beggared families dispersed,
Ne'er to meet again, as erst ;
Maidens ruined, doomed to die ;
Servants led, and taught to lie.
Yea, I through that Lens have spied
Numerous villanies beside.

I have seen the Law Divine,
Sacrificed on Mammon's shrine ;
I have seen my country's dower,
Sacrificed to lust of power ;
I have seen the men of might,
All with stars and garters dight,
Steal the poor man's children's bread,
Till their victims all were dead.
Lady, I too have espied,
When those thieves and victims died,
When they in their graves were laid,
Retribution just display'd.

Lady of the myrtle bower,
Never from this awful hour
With that mystic mirror part,
Wear it, lady, next thy heart.

THE
BIRTH OF THE LADY-BIRDS.

The youthful Year, with her attendant Months,
Pursued with steady pace, her wonted course ;
The eldest twain had been dispatch'd in turn,
To bind in icy fetters, and to cast
Over the then benumb'd and harden'd earth,
Week after week, the renovating snow.
Their task perform'd, the ever steady Year
Sent forth the next in turn, eldest of Spring,
The wild, capricious, life bestowing March :
That she in flower-bespangled robe of storm,
Might agitate the world, call forth alarm,
Destruction deal, or, with bland smiles bestow.

Life on vast myriads of the insect tribe,
And hope, and happiness, on man and beast.

In regions westward, where perennial snows
Untrod, unseen of man, alps over alps,
Accumulating lie, her Lion sleeps,
Till, at her well-known voice, he starts to life.
Obedient to none else, to her he clings,
While she, in gentle chain, of early flowers,
Her willing captive leads : with eyes of fire,
He, ever and anon, looks in her face,
Inquisitive to learn her potent will.
No feeble monarch of Numidian race
Is he ; the very noblest of them all
Would quaking seek their dens, if they but heard
Far off his dreadful roar. He was not rear'd
In forest shade of enervating clime ;
His prey he sought, midst wild sterility ;
And when he slept, tremendous mountain-gusts
His granite cradle rock'd.

On mischief bent,
The fitful leader of the captive brute
Now toss'd aside his rough luxuriant mane,

While with malicious smile she loosed the wreath,
 The noble savage shook himself and sprung
 Up to the highest eminence : from thence
 His well-known roar, though only then half-raised,
 Commotion instant spread o'er earth and seas.
 " Louder !" his mistress cried, and louder he
 Roar after roar sent forth. The mighty deep
 Astounded, mountains high her billows raised,
 Which, like a routed host, fled from the foe.
 They with them navies bore, while all in vain
 The mariners, as reeling to and fro,
 Essay'd to guide or stay their headlong course.
 Dash'd on the rocks, the vessels and their crews
 Together perish'd ; while affrighted man,
 In rocking cities pent, trembled with fear.
 The forest trees bent eastward, as in haste
 To 'scape the threatening foe. The sun himself
 Gather'd his mantle dark, fold over fold,
 Hiding his face from morn till closing eve ;
 Or, if at times he dared to look abroad,
 It was but for a momentary peep.
 The Inconstant now, back to his mountain cave
 The noble world-alarming brute dispatch'd.

The tumult ceased, the sun his veil withdrew,
 And forth with more than wonted splendour shone
 E'en gentle zephyr, stealing from the south,
 Ventured her first spring-visit to the flowers.
 All nature round rejoiced. With cheerful smile,
 And folding in her arms a petted lamb,
 The fickle maid with flowery verdant train
 Increased the universal burst of joy.

It was the noontide hour, lured by the sight
 Of glories so unwont; the spot I sought
 Where nature's handmaid art, layer over layer,
 Had formed with skill the heat-engendering bed,
 With superstratum of prolific mould.
 Lit by the solar ray, a vapour bright
 Danced brilliantly, in which a new-born race,
 Innumerable, evinced enraptured bliss.
 I stopped to gaze upon the joyous scene :
 Thousands were on the wing, while from the earth,
 Others I saw emerging into life.

The glorious sun had call'd them forth, and now,
 Perfect in all their parts, the Schoolmaster
 They needed not, for they were taught of God.

A race they were of tiny Lady-Birds :
 With bodies new, ascending from their graves,
 Deck'd in a scarlet jet-bespangled vest,
 That in the sun's clear rays shone gloriously,
 They shook at once defiling earth away :
 And, as with wonderment the scene they view'd,
 Each seem'd to ask, " Oh, what ! and where am I ?"
 Then, as if long accustom'd to their use,
 They spread their filmy wings, and upward soar'd,
 Enraptured with excess of happiness.
 At first in circles small and low, they wheeled ;
 Till, bolder grown, they gradually rose
 In wider circuits up to loftier heights :
 They knew not, thought not, cared not whence they
 came ;
 Enough for them that they were happy now.

It might not be ; but in the " still small voice "
 That met mine ear, methought I could discern
 One rapturous song of gratitude and praise ;
 As if they all, with simultaneous voice,
 Loud hallelujahs sung to heaven's high King,
 Who worlds created, and who comets guides
 Through trackless space, *and yet for insects cares.*

THE
SHEFFIELD CHOLERA MOUNT.

“ The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Earth sheweth
his handy-work.” Psalm xix. 1.

IN the year 1832, that awful agent of almighty power the CHOLERA, which had been during more than twelve years, traversing the eastern portion of the globe, from state to state, spreading terror and death, arrived in this country. This town, along with most others in the nation, soon experienced the destructive power of his sword. In a very short time, between three and four hundred individuals, fell victims to his seeming almighty power, who, setting the medical art at defiance, selected his victims, and sacrificed them in spite of the feeble, ignorant efforts of man.

The government had very properly enacted that none of those who died of the Cholera, should be interred in the

accustomed burial grounds. The Duke of Norfolk, at the suggestion of his Grace's agent here, gave a piece of ground, in a very appropriate and striking situation near the town, for the purpose of interment. It is a very elevated rocky Mount, rising abruptly from the River Sheaf, over-looking the highest part of the town. A light, elegant, lofty Monument has since been erected on it by subscription, and near two acres of ground most tastefully laid out, and planted principally with evergreens; the whole seeming to form a part of the grounds of that munificent public charity, the Shrewsbury Hospital, lately rebuilt. The prospect from the grounds is most singularly striking and impressive. I much doubt if there be one in the kingdom, equally so. The body of our then head of the Corporation who died of the Cholera, lies there among the many yet undistinguished victims of that fatal disease. It is intended I believe to erect a simple and appropriate mausoleum on which the names of *all* there interred will be inscribed.

The following Lines, from a poem on the subject, written during the prevalence of the disease, by James Montgomery (to whom perhaps the Monument owes its existence), will be read with interested feelings.

“ No filial foot this ‘*taboo'd*’ turf may tread,
 No kneeling mother kiss her baby's bed,

No maiden unespoused, with widow'd sighs,
 Seek her soul's treasure where her true love lies;
 All stand aloof, and eye this Mount from far,
 As panic stricken crowds, some baneful star
 Strange in the heavens, that with bewildered light,
 Like a lost spirit, wanders through the night."

* * * *

"Here as, from spring to spring, the swallows pass,
 Perennial glories shall adorn the grass ;
 Here the shrill skylark build her annual nest,
 And sing in heaven o'er where you calmly rest;
 On trembling dew drops morn's first glance shall shine,
 And eve's last beams on this fair Mount decline ;
 Here too the rainbow, child of light and gloom,
 Shall spread its glorious arch across your tomb."

It is a little remarkable that a few mornings ago, just as the sun had risen in glorious majesty, the Monument formed to me in my morning walk the centre of one of the most splendid and perfect rainbows that I ever beheld. It struck me that if the scene, which I then surveyed, could be rendered permanent, and be seen in no other place, it would be thought worthy of a tour, over half the circumference of the world to behold. I wish that any of my philosophical readers would tell me, why the sky within the rainbow, is always much lighter in colour than it is without!

L I N E S

ON THE CHOLERA MOUNT, AS SEEN AT SUNRISE, ON THE
SABBATH MORNING, JANUARY 27th, 1839.

ALONE I stood, at least with God alone ;
No distant objects seen, save earth and heaven.
One wide horizon seem'd design'd to base
The central concave of immensity.
On the high, level, rock-based mount I stood,
Mid near four hundred graves of those whom Death
Had, with his scythe, at one dread swoop laid low.
Here oft before I thus had stood and gazed
On where, beneath, the crowded busy mart
Of labour and of commerce widely spread,
Hundreds of smoke-emitting obelisks
The re vomited their rolling vapours high.
Thousands on thousands, closely pack'd, appear'd

Of human dwellings, mix'd with those in which
 These human beings toil'd from morn till night ;
 Constant and loud, the seeming endless noise
 Of labour and tumultuous crowds, continued ;
 Many the thousands, too, who suffer'd there,
 Not silent, but by me unheard, who then,
 On beds of pain, perhaps of death, were laid ;
 Whose sighs, and groans, and prayers were little
 heard

By any out of heaven. Then towers and spires
 Of holy temples raised on high their vanes,
 Which now like Herculaneum buried lie,
 While man and all his dwellings, are entomb'd.¹

¹ It is not very unusual, after a frosty night, to see from the high grounds near Sheffield, about sunrise, the vapours from the water mixed with smoke of the town, unable to rise, lying in a heavy, damp, dark, cold mass, hiding every thing that is beneath it, while the sun is shining brilliantly on the hills above, in a clear sky, though a pure dry air. The going suddenly from the latter, into the former, is something like plunging into a cold bath. On the morning in question this was particularly the case. The vapour lay very deep and dense, the church vanes were all hid. The vapoury fog running up the vallies of the Porter and Sheaf, lay level to the distant hills. The prospect was strikingly sublime.

How awful thus to be alone amidst
 These emblems of mortality ! Lo, there
 Another stands ! Those open porches, spread
 On either hand of yonder house of prayer,
 Devoted are to those who there, in age,
 Await a summons to their endless home ;
 A doubly-blessing refuge this from storms
 Which else had prematurely closed their lives. ²
 How all around declares almighty power !
 The life-sustaining air, at God's command,
 Though calm, and pure, serene, and healthful now,
 Became the incomprehensible, unseen,
 Destructive agent of avenging ire ;—
 Its modes and speed alike diversified ;—
 When so commission'd, it went round the world,
 Slaying its millions (these among the rest),

² The Shrewsbury Hospital, foraged poor men and women who have been reduced from respectable situations, has lately been rebuilt and enlarged on this elevated ground. It now contains about twenty of each sex. The funds under the present spirited management have been so increased (being nearly two thousand pounds a year), that very considerable further additions are likely very soon to be made.

And irresistibly its course pursued,
Till its appointed awful task was done.

Now mark another instance of that power ;—
At His command this soft translucent air,
Through which uncheck'd the dove her flight pur-
sues,
But twelve days gone, became endow'd with strength
More devastating than the earthquake's rage ;
So irresistible its rapid course,
That man and all his works in vain opposed ;
Before its rage they trembling fell or fled.
Behold yon stunted spire, on northern hill,
So lately rear'd complete ; a ruin now !³
See, too, that graceful obelisk, just raised
A sacred mausoleum, to record

³ During the dreadful hurricane alluded to, the mischief that was sustained in the town and neighbourhood was greater than on any former occasion. The Church of St. John, lately erected on Park-hill, was, on the morning alluded to, the only one which appeared above the surface of the fog. During the hurricane, about five yards of the spire fell upon the roof, which it broke through, and greatly damaged the interior of the church.

To future ages, where the dead repose.
 Vain effort ! there, at God's decree, is laid
 The massive pile memorial : there it lies ;
 A breath of air has hurl'd it to the ground ;
 The sacred cross itself now prostrate lies.⁴
 That buried city felt alike the power
 Of the soft vapour's God-increased strength ;
 The ruin-scatter'd streets declared its force ;
 The rocking houses, and the people's fears,
 Directed all for refuge to their God.
 The forest trees before the tempest fell,
 Uprooted, or destroy'd, they prostrate lay.
 Thus earth confess'd, throughout, almighty power.
 But most the ocean felt the tempest's rage ;
 It roused its mighty billows till their tops,
 High in the heavens, were lost among the clouds,
 Through which they bore (with terror-stricken
 crews)
 The unresisting vessels to their doom ;

⁴ The upperpart of the elegant Cholera Monument, which
 has been before alluded to—though consisting of single
 stones of several tons weight—was, with the massive stone
 cross, blown off, greatly damaging the lower part.

Down to the depths beneath it urged them on,
 Till on the unseen rock their wrecks were spread.
 Thus irresistible the power of God,
 A power in *mercy* as in *vengeance* great !
 Amidst the wreck of worlds, He can protect
E'en sleeping infancy from death's assaults.⁵

Alone amidst immensity I long
 In solemn contemplation silent stood.

⁵ A most singular, truly miraculous occurrence took place during the storm, at a gentleman's house at a little distance from the town. There were three children from about six to ten years of age ; two girls sleeping in a bed on one side of the room, and the boy in another. Early in the morning a very high stack of chimnies fell upon the roof over the children's room ; it broke through, taking with it all the heavy timbers of the roof and ceiling, probably, altogether, not less than six or eight tons, apparently quite filling the room in which the children lay, and breaking through into the room below. It was long before any entrance could be obtained, and then only to perceive an apparently almost solid mass of ruins : yet were there found in the end, though the bedstocks were broken, just two small places preserved, in which all the three children had remained, with a little exception, unhurt.

A few dark clouds, that spread from east to south,
The horizon skirted ; I had noticed these.
While gazing westward I perceiv'd around,
A glow increasing ; turning then I saw
Those clouds to gold, with silvery edges, changed.
Anon the disk of fiery globe appeared
In gradual ascent ; at length complete,
In glorious majesty, it stood reveal'd.
I could have almost fallen down myself,
With Persian worshipper, in humble awe
Before his God, on whose effulgent glance
No eye could bear to gaze, while light, and warmth,
And life, and joy, and brilliancy, he spread
O'er all the then-seen world ; yet was but this
One glorious orb, 'mong millions such, which all
(Seen and unseen) undeviatingly
Pursue throughout immensity, the course
Assign'd to them, by Him who form'd them all.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

A Ballad, founded on Fact.

It was a happy family,
A family of love ;
On which the limner, nothing loth,
Was call'd his skill to prove.

His practised eye at once perceived
A group for pencil made ;
And soon that group, with charcoal traced,
On canvas stood display'd.

The father, shewn in idle mood,
On sofa sat reclined ;
On which his petted Henry
Had clamber'd up behind.

On ottoman his Mary sat,
Her elbow on his knee ;
While in the standing mother's arms,
Shone smiling infancy.

It was the lovely Emma's form,
Attracting every eye ;
As if an infant-cherub had
Descended from the sky.

The father's book half-closed appear'd,
Unheeded in his hand ;
While Mary's favourite sempstressy
Seem'd wholly at a stand.

There giddy Henry ceased his pranks,
His play no more beguiled ;
He gazed enraptured, like the rest,
Upon the heavenly child.

On her the mother's looks were fix'd,
With all a mother's pride ;
As in her arms that babe she bore,
And stood her spouse beside.

Such was the group the painter sketch'd
 With rapid hand and true,
 But long the time required to fill
 The lines his pencil drew.

At length, a finish'd happy group
 Was seen to gaze and smile,
 On where the babe was *meant* to sit,
 She, merely traced the while.

Now, painter, take thy purest tints,
 Proceed with tenderest touch;
 Pourtray a being not of earth,
 Though heaven abounds with such,

* * *

Oh, heard ye not a shriek of woe,
 A cry of anguish sore,
 Like that of Rachel, when on earth
 Her babes were seen no more ?

Too late is now the painter's skill
 The lovely child is dead !
 Behold her in her coffin laid,
 With wild-flowers o'er her spread

Still all appear on vacancy
 To gaze with looks of love ;
As if expecting to return
 The cherub from above.

They might have seen that she was not
 A creature meant for earth,
But was an angel resting here,
 Bound heavenward from her birth.

Presumptuous mortals ! could they think
 That God would let her stay
For them to idolize, and draw
 From him their hearts away ?

Not so, she only lit on earth,
 Her Saviour's course to share ;
To pass, like him, through death to heaven,
 And live for ever there.

What though your pictured smiles are vain ?
 Though vain your deepest sigh
To place your Emma there again—
 She waits you all on high.

* * *

Thy pencil, painter, cast away,
It can no more impart ;
Unfinish'd thus, thy work will serve
To move and mend the heart.







