

1743

15-89





*The Wooden Leg.*



THE  
*PLEASING SPECTATOR;*

BEING A SELECTION OF

*TALES AND ADVENTURES,*

CALCULATED TO

IMPROVE THE JUVENILE MIND.

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*BURSLEM:*

PRINTED BY JOHN TREGORTHA.

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1800.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
INKLE AND TARICO.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked at the Downs, on the good ship, called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies in the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen,



who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions.—The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods, for that purpose. The  
English

English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore, into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of the European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed

A 3

him

him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and lead him to a stream to slake his thirst.— In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of the moonlight, to unfrequented groves  
and



and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms, fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence, these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel

vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the Main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbarian

barian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him she was with child by him; but he only made use of this information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.



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## RECIPROCAL GENEROSITY.

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To ———, *from an English Merchant.*

SIR,

I AM at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity of giving you a relation, of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries.

In my return from the Indies, I had some affairs with a Spanish merchant, which, while I was managing in one  
— of

their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors, prisoners, whom he offered to sale, as slaves. I never had any traffic of this kind, from any view of interest; but from a motive of compassion, I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom.

Among the captives, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his person. He drew all my attention, of which he appeared sensible; and still directed all his looks to me. Our souls seemed to greet each other, as if our intimacy had been of long standing. There was something in the air of this young stranger, superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate: while I felt for him an emotion, soft as the ties of nature; and could not

but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, by an impulse on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some unknown design of providence.

The price set on this captive was extravagantly high; however, I listened to the monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demands.

As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodging, I told him he was free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

“Then you have confined me, replied the stranger, by the most lasting engagements. I might have broke through any other restraint; but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Oramel, the only son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople, and you may demand what you will for my ransom.”

“You



“ You will soon be convinced, said I, there was no mercenary view in this action. The amity I have for you is disinterested: it terminates in nothing below your immortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths, which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections; but if it is your choice to return to your own country, you are absolutely free.”

With a friendly, but dejected look he told me, it was impossible to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he positively refused his freedom till he had given intelligence, and received an answer from his father; which he soon had with a *carte blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his son's ransom. I returned it with no other terms but the liberty of all  
E the

Christian slaves in his power ; hoping by this conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend, in favour of Christianity. He could persuade me to receive nothing but some little present, and left me with an apparent concern.

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AN  
ACCOUNT OF AN EXPEDITION, UNDER  
THE COMMAND OF  
*ADMIRAL BLAKE,*

*In March, 1655.*

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ADMIRAL BLAKE repaired to Tunis, and demanded satisfaction for the ravages they had committed on the English; together with the release of the English captives taken by their Corsairs during the civil war. The Dey depending on the strength of his fortifications, returned him an insolent answer: bid him seek redress

B 2 from



from the castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino; and even refused to supply them with water. Upon which Blake curled up his whiskers, as his manner was when any thing stung him to the heart; and in a council of war, resolved to attempt the destroying nine Moorish frigates then lying in the bay of Porto Ferino, and to dismount their fortifications.

This appeared to be a work of great difficulty; for batteries were raised along the shore, planted with a hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, and the harbour was also defended by a castle, which mounted twenty pieces more; and by several other smaller forts well provided both with small arms and ordnance. But all this was so far from discouraging our English heroes, that it did but animate them the more. Thus the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral, warped up and cast anchor within

within musket-shot of the main fort, and fired whole broad-sides into the forts and batteries with great fury, while the rest of the men of war brought on the fire-ships.

By which means their cannon were soon silenced, their forts and batteries rendered useless, the guns all dismounted, and a great part of their works beaten down. So that the English without any further interruption, sent their long-boats and shallops, which with the fire-ships, entered the harbour, set fire to the nine ships, and burnt them to the very water-edge, with the loss only of twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded.

The fleet then sailed from Tripoli, whose inhabitants readily submitted to the terms Blake thought convenient to impose upon them. Then returning to Tunis, and threatening to renew hostilities, the Tuniscens im-

explored his mercy, and begged him to grant them peace; being ready to submit to whatever terms he should demand. And accordingly he obliged them to sign a peace, which was profitable and glorious to his country; and to deliver up all the English and Dutch slaves.

This daring action spread the terror of his name through Africa and Asia, whose piratical expeditions had been for a long time formidable to Europe; nay, the dread of his arms was so great, that the Algerines, when they met with any Sallee men of war, which had any English on board of them, forced those Rovers to deliver them up, and brought the captives to Admiral Blake, in order to gain his favour.

For some years this drubbing kept the Corsairs of Barbary within bounds, but in 1667, the Algerines commenced hostilities against the English  
and



and Dutch. Upon which Sir Thomas Allen was ordered to block up Algiers, who presently took and destroyed several of their ships; besides those that were sunk and forced on shore by the Dutch squadron, and some more English frigates, which scoured the seas of those pirates, tho' they had several ships from forty to sixty-six guns, and obliged the government of Algiers to release all the English captives, and to renew their treaties with the addition of some new articles to our advantage.

They again violated this treaty in 1672; and Sir Edward Spragge, being ordered to punish their perfidy, sailed to Algiers, and demanded satisfaction; but not receiving the satisfactory answer required, he sailed from thence with six frigates and three fire-ships, to make an attempt on a considerable number of the Corsairs which lay at Pingia, the most considerable

considerable of their towns next to Algiers. Being come before the place he broke the boom, which lay across the entrance ; and though he had lost company of two fire ships, forced the Barbarians ashore ; and then going in he burnt nine of their best ships, from twenty-four to thirty-four guns, with three prizes under the guns of their castle. After which he burnt another of their ships of war near Tadellis ; and Capt. Beach brought in another ship of forty guns and three hundred and fifty men, which he had taken.

These advices so terrified the Turks, and put them into such confusion and disorder, that they struck off the head of their Dey, and set up another, whom they obliged to come to an agreement with our Admiral.

And no doubt were the same means used to punish the piracies and insolence of these Barbarians in our time,  
we

we should obtain the same satisfaction as our fore-fathers. And it is also evident that nothing but force can give weight to any treaty with such perfidious enemies.



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THE  
GUIDE OF YOUTH.

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I. DUTY TOWARD THE CREATOR.

THREE things, my son, constitute the objects of thy Meditation ;—the *Nature*, the *Origin*, and the *End of Man*.

Man is a being, consisting of a body of astonishing structure, and of a rational soul, united together. The lion is created to roar in the forest ;  
but

but man, endued with the gift of speech, is appointed to live in society with rational beings.

This noble existence man has not of himself; that Being, who is the Original of all things, likewise gave him his existence.

Life and death, time and eternity, all obey the laws of the Eternal. All acknowledge his Supremacy, from the powerful who wield the sceptre, to the humble who bear the shepherd's staff.

But for what purpose did the Supreme Being place thee on earth.— Was it to live in sensual pleasures? to gather riches? or, perhaps, to gratify the ambition?

God created man in his image.— By sin he lost that image. But before and since his fall, God alone can constitute his happiness. The great Creator requires of his creatures the performance of certain duties: but

but he himself will be the reward of their integrity.

Let the fear of the Lord govern thy heart: let it be the guiding line of all thine actions; let it impress caution on thy lips, decency on thine eyes, and modesty on thy forehead.

O may this saving fear, conduct thee in all thy steps! By day may it watch over thee, and in thy nightly rest may it not depart from thy couch. Then shalt thou bring forth the fruits of holiness, as a rich soil warmed by the sun-beams; and thy soul shall be the residence of wisdom.

The rose arms itself with the thorn against the hand of the robber: and the soul of the righteous covers itself with the fear of God, as with a shield.

Protected by this heavenly armour, thou shalt walk securely in the midst of thine enemies. Hell shall rain around thee in vain. The arrows of  
wrath



wrath shall fall down harmless at thy feet.

Thou lovest thy Father, because he is good to thee: but forget not, that God is the tenderest of Fathers, and that he has poured out his gifts richly upon thee.

Turn thine eye heavenward, and consider that globe of light and fountain of heat! It was God who commanded it to spread its light before thee, and to communicate life to all around thee.

Cast thy sight upon the earth which thou inhabitest: thou wilt find it clothed with the benefits of thy Creator. The works of his goodness are as conspicuous as the wonders of his wisdom.

The plants which spring from the bosom of the earth, the creatures which people the elements, are commanded to nourish thee, and to labour for thy clothing.

Consider

Consider the beauty of the blossom; taste the sweetness of the fruit: but remember, that God is the Creator of them, and that they are the gifts of his benevolence.

Thou beholdest what God has done for thee, in the appointment of nature! But who shall describe that which he has provided for thee, *in the appointment of grace?*

He who hath snatched thee from the gates of eternal death, who prevents thee by his grace, is he not worthy that thou dedicatest to Him all thy powers?

All created beings around thee cry with a loud voice,—“Acknowledge the Creator’s government, and worship his Almighty power!”

The Heavens which roll regularly over thine head, the ocean raging within its appointed bounds, declare unto thee, that they submissively obey the commands of the most High.

All

All the elements acknowledge Him, and precisely fulfil his will. He calleth the winds from the uttermost verge of the earth; and they rage over the surface of the globe.

He commandeth the clouds to gather themselves together, and they pour down plenty on the fields.

But if inanimate creatures so faithfully obey the commands of the Creator, how much more art thou in duty bound, who art exalted by reason far above other beings!

Hearken to the voice of this reason! It will tell thee that all the powers of thy soul, all the labours of thy life, must be dedicated to the service of the most High.

O if thou hadst once known the happiness of this reasonable service of God! never wouldst thou be anxious for those vain pleasures with which the world tempts thee.

Offer up, my child, unto the Lord,



the bloom of thy youth: from thy early days let the increase of thy virtues ascend to his throne.

So oft as Aurora brings back the light of the day, so often elevate thine heart to the Origin of all good, and pour out thy whole soul before him.

Full of confidence, send thy virtuous wishes to him; place thy necessities before him; and wait in humble resignation the effects of thy prayers.

Should he visit thee with affliction, and prove thy faith with the waters of tribulation; O then take heed that thou dost not murmur against his visitation; O then take heed that thou dost not murmur against his visitation, or, perhaps, renounce his service.

## II. DUTIES TO OURSELVES.

Master-piece of a God, on this world, man! it behoves thee to prize  
the

the excellence of thy soul properly, and to assert the worth of this immortal being which thy Creator hath given thee.

Raise thyself, it crieth to thee, raise thyself from the dust! Direct thy views to Heaven, and heroically tread the passions under thy feet.

Accustom thyself early to the exercise of virtue. The first impressions of it will probably never be effaced from the soul.

Remind thyself incessantly, that thy principal business must be, to labour for Eternity, and to secure thy happiness. All else is either indifferent or injurious.

Be thy days numerous as the sand on the sea-shore, what will such a prodigious length of life avail thee, if it must conclude with the loss of thy soul?

Flee from evil, and do that which is good; for the Most High Judge shall

shall carefully weigh thy works in his balance.

The life of Man upon earth is as a path; on each side he beholds a frightful abyss; and snares spread themselves under his feet.

Repress swelling pride, and the raging impulse of anger. These two monsters, hatched by vengeance, have covered the whole earth with sin and destruction.

Dost thou give up thyself to the impulse of wrath? It will cut the thread of thy life, and plunge thee into the pit before thy time.

Flee from the contentious man: He is a troubled ocean, whose waves mount to the heavens: wrath flashes in his eyes, and the pointed dagger in his hand.

But it is not enough to suppress the boisterous emotions of the soul; the door must be barred against the entrance of vice: suffer it not to  
make



make its abode in thee. Labour by prayer to obtain that divine aid, which alone can give thee full and complete victory over it.

Beware of idleness, that poisonous fountain of all evil. On the ocean of life calms are no less dangerous than storms.

The laborious are as a gentle stream, whose crystalline waters glide over the sand, and every where entice forth the riches of the spring.

Carefully avoid all connexion with men who drink wickedness as water, and who glory in their shame.

Immodesty would soon expel every sentiment of purity, chastity and honour from thy heart; would wash out the traces of ingenuous bashfulness from thy forehead, and spread in its stead contempt and disgrace.

Art thou once become the sport of thy passions? then shalt thou be as a ship despoiled by the storm, driven  
to

and fro by the winds; and a melancholy sinking will be the conclusion of thy transgressions.

The society of the virtuous and pious is to youth, what a good climate is to the constitution, and the waters of the heavens to the fruits of the earth.

One of the most dangerous rocks to youth is the reading of improper books, those dumb teachers of vice and infidelity.

Cast far from thee that poisonous spawn of hell: rather let blindness close thine eyes, than thou shouldst employ them to thine own everlasting destruction.

Heaven and earth, all created beings, and, above all, the Creator himself,—all invite, all engage man to the love of wisdom, and the knowledge of eternal truths.

Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more lovely than wisdom: its brightness

ness eclipses the splendor of gold, and its fruits are sweeter than honey.

Let temperance and sobriety, my son, preside at thy table. He who becomes a slave to his appetites, destroys his body, and weakens his understanding.

Consider the glutton oppressed with food. He would make his body the temple of pleasure, but he converts it into a lazar-house.

Stupidity is the consequence of gluttony. Wisdom never took up her residence in a soul enamoured with eating and drinking.

Recollect frequently, that thou art but a passenger in this world. This mortal life is but a moment, to introduce the great day of eternity.

O youth! while the light irradiates thine eye, labour for thy salvation. Soon, very soon the darkness of death will overtake thee.

Flatter not thyself that the end of  
thy



thy path is still afar off. How oft is youth deceived, when it presumes on health and jovial day!

### III. DUTIES TOWARDS OTHERS.

When thou my son hast considered, and art determined, with the Divine aid, to fulfil thy duty to thy great Creator and Redeemer; when thou hast thus formed thy mind, then turn thy heart to others; first, toward those to whom, under God, thou owest thine existence: Remember incessantly, the anxiety thou gavest them in thine infancy, and that thy education was to them a fountain of trouble.

Know that the blood of thy parents flows in thy veins: Nature itself obliges thee to be grateful.

Dost thou listen with pleasure to the instructions of a father? Dost thou faithfully observe the precepts  
of

of a mother? Then will the Almighty bless thine undertakings, and thy days shall be many as the stars of heaven.

Woe to him that despises the judgments of his father, and the reproofs of his mother! His candle shall be extinguished, and his face covered with shame.

Submission and docility are two of the first virtues of youth. Youth should become like the wax which receives any impression; like the reed which yields to the gentle zephyr.

A child that has thrown off the yoke of restraint, is like an unbridled horse, whose fire unrestrained, plunges himself headlong down the precipice.

Respectfully attend to the voice of instruction: Wisdom shall spring from it: Divine Grace shall accompany it: and the seeds of every virtue shall strike their roots in it:

All

All men are brethren, for all are sprung from the same original.

Death unites all together;—the monarch who guided the reins of a mighty kingdom, and the labourer who with the ploughshare inverts the soil of his fathers.

O ye, who bathe in nectar and ambrosia! despise not the poor countryman whose food is bread, moistened with the sweat of his brow.

Let thy affection, my son, extend to every one. The works of thy charity should know no other limits but those of thy ability.

The wretch who, helpless, wallows in the dust, bears like thee, the image of God; like thee he bears the stamp of immortality on his soul.

Does the poor knock at thy door? Does the complaint of his hunger or of his nakedness echo in thy hall; O shut not thine ear to his complaints,  
nor



nor push away the hand stretched out to thee for help !

To the whole human race, thou art debtor : but thy country has the first claim on thee, which thy heart may not deny.

The more thou hast laboured during the summer, the more shalt thou taste and enjoy satisfaction in the winter.

Defame no one. The poison of adders drops from the tongue of the slander, and deadly are the wounds it inflicts.

Never suffer a thought of vengeance to arise in thy heart ; it belongs to the Almighty ; he has reserved it for the great day of wrath.

Is thine heart sensible of the instincts of friendship ? choose one who may be another self, and who in common with thee may take the burthen of human life on his shoulders.

True friendship is founded on piety and virtue. Never yet did it reside in a vicious heart.

Before thou placest thy confidence in any one, consider attentively whether he has chosen prudence for his guide, and if his soul be not tainted with any vice.

Flee from the friend who flatters thy failings. He is a serpent ready to discharge his poison. Soon perhaps, it will be in thy bowels.

If pious and virtuous sentiments exalt thine heart, then shalt thou mount as the eagle above the clouds; thou shalt glisten as a star through the blackness of the night.

Let integrity govern in all that thou sayest. Never open thy mouth to injure the truth.

A noble boldness is the property of the upright; he goeth about with his head erect, and looks down with contempt on the subterfuges of vice.

His

His language is always a true copy of his heart.

O youth ! who hast set thy foot on the stage of the world, and art perhaps to act some important part, let a prudent conduct adorn thy virtues : let religion, fidelity, and prudence, govern thy heart.

Rough and bestrewed with thorns is the path leading to these virtues and graces : but their abode is transporting, and the advantages of it are so great that all labour to attain it is but trifling.



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ANECDOTE OF

*PETER THE GREAT,*

CZAR OF MUSCOVY.

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A COMMON foldier in the guards, behaved fo well in many actions, under the eye of the great Peter, that notwithstanding his native obfcurity, and an entire ignorance of his parents, he was made captain of the guards; a rank equal to that of lieutenant colonel in the field regiments. His father

father being in great want, got a passport to Petersburg. When he arrived in that city, he soon learned where his son lived, and desired the sentinel at the gate to get some person to acquaint his son that his father was come and longed to see him. The soldiers gathered together, scoffed and derided the poor old man; for the captain had given out to be a gentleman by birth. The noise made in the court soon brought out the servants, and at last the captain and his company, to see what was the matter.— On seeing his father the captain ordered him to be beaten with rods, and turned into the streets. This being done, it did not fail to assemble a multitude of people. Among the rest there happened to be a writer, who carried the old man to a house, and for a small consideration drew out a petition to the Emperor. He then advised him to wait near the

c 3                      palace

palace next day, at a certain place by which the Emperor usually pass'd, and then to present his petition to his Majesty.

Next morning, as the Emperor pass'd by, he stopp'd, took his petition, read it instantly, and commanded him to be on the parade next morning, at a certain hour; telling him that the soldiers on duty should have orders not to molest him.—

Every thing happened as the Emperor had ordered. When the old man was come, the Emperor ordered the guards to form a circle, and commanded the captain to come into it. He then ask'd him whether he was not born in such a village? and of such parentage? and commanded him on pain of death to tell him the truth; for he was determin'd to know his birth. The captain, considering the Emperor would certainly discover it, and that the consequence of  
dissembling



dissembling might prove fatal to him ; fell at his feet, confessed the whole, asked pardon. On this the Emperor called for his dubine, (this was an oak stick kept in scarlet cloth, and always carried by a servant,) with which he used instantly to punish slight offences with his own hand. He then put the dubine into the old man's hand, and commanded him to use it as a father ought to do towards disobedient and ungrateful children. The old man paused, and told the Emperor he could not strike his son while he had on him the uniform of the guards. This was agreeable to the Emperor, who ordered the captain to put off those incumbrances.— This being done the father chastised his unnatural son with such wholesome severity, that the Emperor at last desired him to spare his captain ; but ordered one half of his salary to be applied to the maintenance of the  
old

old man: then with a firm tone, told the bystanders that what was done was agreeable to the laws of God and of the empire; and added, that he was determined that those laws should, without regard to distinction of office, or dignity of descent, be put into execution against every one who durst transgress them. At the same time, he acknowledged that the captain was a brave officer, and told him that if he continued to behave well, he would endeavour to forget his unnatural crime, and advance him in the army according to the regulations thereof, and his own merit.

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THE  
*UNFEELING FATHER.*

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“**D**OES nature refuse to plead for me,” (said his daughter kneeling before him) “or does she plead in vain?” “You broke the sacred bonds of nature,” said the old man, when you left a father’s fond protection, and a mother’s tender care, to pursue the fortune of the only man on earth, whom they detested.”——  
“A heavenly Father,” exclaimed the daughter, forgives the sins of his children: and shall an earthly  
“parent



“ parent deny the charitable boon  
“ a repentant child demands of him?”  
“ To that heavenly Father, then,  
replied he, “ I recommend you;  
my doors are no longer open to re-  
ceive you; I have made a vow which  
shall never be broken. Let the friends  
of your husband protect his darling:  
you are mine no more.” “ But these  
children, “ Sir: Alas! what have  
“ they done? Leave *me* to the cruel  
“ fate which awaits me; but suffer  
“ not *them* to perish.”

“ They are none of mine,” said  
the stern parent; “ I will never press  
them in my arms: they shall never  
sit upon my knees. I will foster no  
more ingratitude. Let him, who  
begot them take the spade and mat-  
tock, and get them bread. No office  
is beneath the affection of a parent,  
when children have not been ungrate-  
ful: I am your’s no more.”

This was the fatal dialogue between  
the

the father and the daughter in the porch of his house; for she was admitted no further. He shut the door against her; and retired to his chamber. The wind and rain beat hard, and she dared not encounter the storm; she remained in the porch, pressed her shivering babes to her bosom, and hoped that the morning's dawn would bring mercy along with it. But when morning dawned, she was no more! The servants found her a clay-cold corpse, and the two children weeping beside it.

When the father was called to see the spectacle he sunk down on the floor: life indeed, returned; but peace abandoned him for ever. He loves the children, but says, Heaven in all its stores of mercies, has not one for him.

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*GENEROUS FORGIVENESS.*

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**W**HEN the quarrel first broke out between the English and America, Montgomery, an enterprising man, who had been an officer in the English army, flew to the new formed Congress.—“ Gentlemen, said he, if you will give me six thousand men, and proper provisions for the business, I’ll set off in the winter time for Quebec;



I'll scale the walls, take General Carleton by surprise, make his soldiers prisoners, take all Canada, and then we shall make better terms with the British Parliament."

The Congress agreed to his proposals. He crossed the lakes, and made as much haste as the difficulty of the way would allow. Sir Guy Carleton was a man of ten thousand eyes. He was not to be taken unawares. He was a cool active, worthy governor. He had his spies who went far and near into the country. He took care to discipline his troops, and place them in proper positions in different parts of the city of Quebec.——

Montgomery came up, and was allowed to scale the outward wall.—

When he was mounting the second wall, he was shot dead: Some of his soldiers were killed, some ran away, and some were taken prisoners.

The second man in command was

a rich Frenchman, who had joined them from Montreal. The officers and men were all put in prison.—

After they had lain there some time, General Carleton ordered the Frenchman to make his appearance upon the parade of the Castle. He was brought there under a file of soldiers.

General Carleton was walking at the top of the parade. As soon as the man was brought in, he waved his hat to the soldiers to retire and shut the gates. An interview must now

take place: let the reader imagine what the Frenchman felt. He expected to be hanged like a dog, or sent over to England to be tried by the English judges. Up to the General he must come, for he could

not expect that the General would run towards him. He summoned his courage, and walked with a slow dignified step up the parade towards the General. As soon as he came up

to

to him he expected nothing but frowns and the most stinging reproaches, as he was one of the King's subjects in the Governor's jurisdiction.

The General stopped and looked at him with a mixture of dignity and condescension, and said, "Sir, when did you hear from your family?" General, replied the other, I have not heard from them for three months. (The General knew that very well, for he had intercepted all his letters.) "Sir, said he, which way do you choose to go home, by land or by water? If you choose to go by water you shall have my barge: If you choose to go by land, you shall ride in my coach." The man was struck with amazement, fell down at his feet, and clasping the Governor's knees, burst into a violent exclamation. "O General, you are too good! you are too good!"—The

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General



General raised him from the ground, sent him home with honour and joy to his family, with such gratitude in his heart as never forsook him. He gave the General all the information in his power, and continued a faithful subject as long as he lived.

Had this method been pursued by all the British Generals concerned in the American war, we should have had a very different issue of that bloody and miserable quarrel.

After this Gentleman was gone home to Montreal, General Carleton sent for the American soldiers out of prison, in small companies, and addressed them with such sweetness and good humour as must melt every heart. “ My lads, said he, why did you come to disturb an honest man in his government that never did you any harm in his life? I never invaded your property, nor sent a single soldier to distress you. Come, my boys,

you are in a very distressful situation, and not able to go home with any comfort; I must provide you with shoes and stockings, and coats, and good warm waistcoats. I must give you some good victuals to carry you home. Take care, my lads, that you don't come here again, lest I should not treat you so kindly."

The men were all astonishment, and when they came home, they would never lift up a hand against the British forces any more.

This was the only way to conquer North America.

## MUTUAL GENEROSITY

*Exemplified in a curious Anecdote*

OF THE

GRAND VIZIR, TOPAL OSMAN.

IN 1698, Topal Osman, being about the age of twenty-five, was sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said, (the ancient Sidon in Syria) and, being afraid of the Arabs, who plunder passengers and caravans, he  
em-



embarked on board a Turkish vessel, bound to Damietta, a city on the eastermost channel of the Nile. In this passage they met with a Spanish privateer. Their ship was no match for her; yet the whole crew resolved to defend themselves. Upon this a bloody action ensued. There it was, this great man gave the first proofs of that intrepidity, by which he so often signalized himself afterwards.—The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner after being dangerously wounded in his arm and thigh.

When the vessel had surrendered, the instances of bravery which Osman had shewn, induced the Spanish Captain to pay him a particular regard. Notwithstanding the good treatment he received, his wounds were still in a dangerous way, when

he arrived at Malta, where the privateer went to refit.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marfeilles, a Commander of the port at Malta, went on board the privateer. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud than he said, "Can you do a generous action? Ransom me, and take my word you shall loose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave was not common; but the manner in which it was delivered struck the Frenchman so much, that he immediately turned to the Captain, and asked what he demanded for his ransom? He answered, a thousand sequins, (near 500*l*.) Arnaud upon this, turning round to the Turk said, I know nothing of you, and would you have me risk a thousand sequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty;

liberty; and you may act right in not trusting to the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word and honour to give you, nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it; however, I tell you once more, if you do trust to it you shall have no occasion to repent. The Commander upon this went to make his report to the Grand-Master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself, and the seeming ingenuoufness, together with the singularity of the circumstances, wrought such an effect upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the Captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. After this he put him on board a vessel of his own, where he provided him with a Surgeon, and every thing necessary for his entertainment



tertainment and cure. In a short time he was out of danger.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask him another favour, which was to leave the payment of his ransom entirely to him. Arnaud distinguished, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves, he therefore not only agreed to the proposal with a good grace, but entrusted him with the ship in which he had been lodged, and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly Osman, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage in this vessel.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time

time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered a thousand sequins to the master of the vessel to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs, and five hundred crowns as a present for himself. He executed the order of the Sultan his master with the Bashaw of Cairo, and setting out for Constantinople, was himself the first who brought the news of his slavery.

His sense of the favour that had been done to him, and the generous circumstances of it, was not confined to the first emotions of gratitude: during the whole course of his life, he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify the deep impression it had made upon him.

In 1731, Topal Osman was advanced to the dignity of Grand Vizir, which, though perhaps, the highest  
that

that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then so in a particular degree. He was no sooner arrived at Constantinople, to take possession of his new dignity, than he sent for the French Ambassador, and desired him to write to Malta, and let his old benefactor know of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople, while things remained in the present situation; adding, that a Grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him variety of presents, and twelve Turks, whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the Vizir, were ranged before him.—Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, were brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received



received them, in the presence of the great Officers of State, with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold, said he, these your brethren now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds! This is the man who redeemed and saved me! This is my master and benefactor! To him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune and every thing I enjoy! Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom; sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me where I pleased. Where is even a Mussulman capable of such generosity?"

While Osman was speaking, every one present had their eyes fixed upon  
old

old Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune; heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabick sentence, *Alla Kerim*, (i. e. The providence of God is great.) He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he had sent to the Sultan, the Sultan's mother, and *Kislar Aga*, (i. e. chief of the black unuchs.) Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

Topal Osman was one of those few, who, through the course of a long life, gave the highest demonstration of a mind superior to vulgar applause. His greatness was the effect of his virtue, his understanding, and intrepidity; but his ambition  
was

was to act like a man who believes there is a God, and a state of future reward and punishment. If this generous Turk said of Vincent Arnaud, "Where is even a Mussulman capable of an action of such generosity?" we may say, "Where shall we find even a Christian requiting a generous action in a more noble manner than Topal Osman?" Instances of this kind, among either Christians or Mahometans, are indeed but rare; and therefore, when they happen, ought to be recorded.



## THE

## JUSTICE OF A SULTAN.

THE Sultan Masoud, son of Mamoud Sabuktaghain, being one day hunting with a part of his army, as was usual with the Sovereigns of Asia, met a peasant, who appeared overwhelmed with grief. The Prince, with the utmost affability, enquired the cause of his uneasiness. "Sire, said the poor man, I have employed myself for a long time past with the greatest

greatest diligence to raise a melon, that I expected to sell at a very high price, which was all the prospect I had of supporting my family; but one of your train has forcibly taken it from me."

The Sultan promised him speedy justice, and calling to one of his officers, "I have a great desire, said he, to eat a melon: if you can procure one, I am willing to pay very dear for it." The person to whom he had spoken, ran immediately to every tent in the army, and at length found what he sought for, in one which belonged to an officer. "Your fortune is made said he to him; if you will yield up this melon to the Emperor, you may reap great advantages from a fancy of your Monarch." The officer delighted, carried this present himself to his master. "Behold thy slave, said the Prince to the countryman, dispose of him as it pleases

pleases thee." He then commanded that a cord should be put round the neck of the officer. The peasant thanked the Sultan, and led forth his captive, who when he found himself out of the presence of his Monarch, offered his new master five hundred sequins to grant him his liberty.—The poor man, dazzled with this offer, received without hesitation a price so much surpassing what he had ever hoped to get for his melon : and ran immediately to testify his gratitude to the Emperor, and acquainted him with the bargain he had just concluded. "Thou hast contented thyself with two small a price, said the Sultan, justice would have warranted thy taking all the wealth of him who had deprived thee of all thine."



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A  
REMARKABLE INSTANCE  
OF  
*HUMAN DEPRAVITY.*

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**I**N 1747, a man was broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for a highway robbery: and not having friends to bury his body, when the executioner concluded he was dead, he  
gave

gave him to a surgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theatre, as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms, of this unhappy wretch, had been broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him, he found him reviving; and, by the application of proper cordials he was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure: but he was so mangled, that his two thighs, and one of his arms, were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood, he recovered: and in this situation, the surgeon, by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart 50 leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the road side, close by the wood: and his deplorable

ble condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth, he had served in the army : and he now passed for a soldier, who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot.

A drover, returning from market, where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity ; and, being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver. “ Alas ! ” said the robber, “ I cannot reach it : you see that I have neither arms nor legs,” for he had concealed his arm, which had been preserved, behind his back : “ so, for the sake of heaven put your charitable donation into my pouch.”

The drover approached him : and as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun shining, he saw a shadow on the ground, which caused him to look up : when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar.



bar. He arrested the blow in its descent; and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town, which was very near, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him, a whistle was found in his pocket; which naturally induced a suspicion, that he had accomplices in the wood: the magistrate, therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized; and they arrived within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud; and another whistle was heard from underground, three men at the same instant rising from the midst of a bushy clump of brambles, and other  
dwarf

dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants, and the purposes of lust; the boy, scarcely 12 years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls in giving evidence deposed, that they had lived three years in the cave; that they had been kept there by force from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped, and buried: and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day; and sat by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence, the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel.—As but one arm remained it was to be

be broken by several strokes in several places: and a *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in tortures for near five days. When dead, his body was burned to ashes, and strewed before the winds of Heaven.

GLUTTONY



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## GLUTTONY

JUSTLY PUNISHED.

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**K**ABUL, says the Zendavesta, was born on the rushy Banks of the River Mawra ; his possessions were great, and his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune ; he hated the harmless Bramins, and despised their holy Religion ; every  
 day

day his table was decked out with the flesh of an hundred different animals, and his cooks had an hundred different ways of dressing it, to sollicit even satiety.

Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive to old age; he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance:— Upon this his soul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals, which his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who were now appointed his judges.

He trembled before a tribunal, to every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant! he sought for pity, but found none disposed to grant it. Does he not remember, cries the angry boar, to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity! I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming  
once

once to his table. Were my advice followed, he should do penance in the shape of an hog, which in life he most resembled.

I am rather, cries a sheep upon the bench, for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb, we may then send him through four or five transmutations in the space of a month. Were my voice of any weight in the assembly, cries a calf, he should rather assume such a form as mine: I was bled every day, in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy. Would it not be wiser, cries a hen to cram him in the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood, as I was served.

The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion; I am informed, says this counsellor, that the prisoner



at the bar, has left a wife and child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepid, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself, and all about him. What say you then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries, his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his posterity. The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture; they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to re-visit the earth; and his soul, in the body of his own son, passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety and disease.

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*ROMAN GENEROSITY.*

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WHEN the great Scipio, the Roman General, was pursuing his conquests in Spain, a noble and beautiful lady was made his captive. He was in the prime of life, was smitten with her beauty, and acquainted her with it; but she received him with horror, declaring she was pre-engaged to one of her own country. Scipio heard her with great uneasiness, appeared irresolute, but said he would declare his mind at another interview. The time came, the General took his seat, the guards attended, and the lady and  
her

her lover threw themselves at his feet, all in tears, under the greatest apprehensions and perplexity.—Then Scipio, rising, lifted the lovers from the ground, dried their tears, and made them for ever happy in each other. This was a greater action than winning a battle. No man was great enough to conquer Scipio ; but Scipio conquered himself.



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THE  
HAPPINESS  
OF A  
*VIRTUOUS LIFE.*

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**I**N a lovely valley, between the chalky cliffs of Chaldee, watered by a perennial stream from the ancient Euphrates, Barcas, descended from the patriarchs of old, had pitched his tents.

tents. A towering oak, venerable with age, the shadow of whose spreading branches offered a cooling retreat from the noontide rays, stood before them; and behind them a lofty grove of citrons and pomegranates, delighted the eye of the traveller, and gave its spicy odours to the fluttering breeze. His doors were always open to the stranger and the fatherless; the indigent found him a generous benefactor, and the oppressed a powerful protector. He delighted to remove the chilling hand of poverty from the unfortunate, and to pour the balm of comfort into the breast of the friendless. Filled with the generous principles of virtue and beneficence, he was not contented with enjoying happiness himself, but desirous of extending it to all the human race.

He always pitched his tents within sight of some principal road, that the weary traveller might find refreshment,

freshment, and rest securely after the toils of the day.

Among the rest that visited the hospitable tents of Barcas, was Selim, Prince of Arden, who had been driven from his country by the Sophi of Persia. His countenance was clouded with cares and disappointments; and his attention wholly employed in meditating on his misfortunes.

Barcas received the unfortunate stranger with that cordial affection which had endeared him to all the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. He treated him in the most hospitable manner, and endeavoured by a chearful and engaging conversation, to banish that melancholy which preyed upon his mind; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he thus addressed the Prince of Arden.

“ Some misfortune, heavier than  
those



those common to the sons of men, has doubtless fallen upon thee, and thy spirits are unable to support the ponderous weight; but tell me, thou that hast drank deep of the cup of affliction, is it impossible to remove the cause of thy grief, or to mitigate thy sorrow? Is the dart of affliction pierced so far into thy breast that it cannot be drawn, and is the wound too deep to admit of a cure? Remember that the path of life lies along the margin of the river of adversity, and every human being is obliged to drink often of its better stream. But let not the misfortunes common to all the children of men discourage us, nor deprive us of those innocent pleasures which the bountiful Father of the Universe hath scattered around us with a liberal hand."

"Thy reasonings, Barcas," replied the stranger, "are doubtless just; but misfortunes like mine are too  
many

to be removed, and too heavy to be supported: thou canst not be a stranger to the melancholy fate of Selim, Prince of Arden. He lately flourished like a tall cedar on the mountains, and was eminently distinguished among the princes of the earth.—The oppressed of different nations implored his protection, and at his command the proud tyrants of the neighbouring countries laid the rod of oppression aside. But the haughty Persian prevailed against him, and laid all his honours in the dust. His populous cities are destroyed, and deluged with the blood of their inhabitants: his fruitful fields are turned into a desert, and his wives and children captives in the house of an imperious master. O Barcas! can misfortunes like these be supported with patience, or lessened by the generous aid of friendship?—I well know, that if thy wisdom can point out a remedy  
for

for my grief, thy sincere desire of being serviceable to all the sons and daughters of affliction, will not suffer thee to conceal it."

"Selim," replied the shepherd of Chaldee, "thy misfortunes are certainly grievous, and heavy to be borne; but let not thy hours be spent in fruitless complainings, nor dare to pry into the arcana of heaven.—Call not the afflictive turns of life evil, till thou art able to comprehend the intention for which they were sent; and the good which for ought thou knowest, may arise from them. View thyself with care and sincerity, and take a true list of all thy vices; remember the Allwise Being is better acquainted with thy frame, and considers thou art but a child of dust. Blame not the Governor of the Universe, because thou can'st not search the profundity of his measures, nor find out the depth of his judgments; consider



consider thy sight at present is very imperfect, and confined within very narrow bounds.—But, thou shalt soon put off the veil of mortality, and thou shalt then be capable of surveying things which are now invisible.—The clouds of misfortune and vapours of affliction shall be then dispersed: the billows of grief which now rage, shall sink into a calm.—Then shall the system of Providence be revealed, and the ways of heaven made known to the children of men. Learn therefore, Selim, to govern the unruly passions of thy repining soul, and reign emperor over thyself. Remember that the things thou hast lost, were only lent thee by that being who formed the universe, and who hath not wrested them from thee by a tyrant's arm; but for what purpose is impossible to be known, nor should wretched mortals dare to enquire.—Submit thyself therefore to his pleasure,

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sure, and bear thy misfortunes with constancy and resignation."

These reflections revived the heart of Selim, and his countenance became tranquil and serene. He thanked the generous Barcas for friendly advice, and departed from his hospitable tents in peace.

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THE  
WOODEN LEG,  
*An Helvetic Tale.*

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ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the valleys seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanchèd his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for

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he



he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most strait and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock?

*Old Man.*—I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh  
water

will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty power, and bless their valour: for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echos repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of the harvest is with us rejoicing days.

*Young Shepherd.*—He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

*Old Man.*—But who, in their place would not have done as they did?—Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain, but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side,  
and



and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm immoveable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'er-leap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy.

Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us: we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, always forced to retire to shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected.—At last, inforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance still farther.

ther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring Heaven to aid us. Take care good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain, I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal



reveal him to me. But alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said: No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?

*Young Shepherd.* I am much deceived; if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often have I heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

*Old Man.* O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father!

*Young Shepherd.* He had a scar here, (pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps

perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

*Old Man.* His cheek was covered with blood when he bore off. O my child ! my son !

*Young Shepherd.* He died two years ago ; and, as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said, Heaven be praised ! I can recompence thee for his generosity. Come, my son ! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in lands and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was an amiable person ; health and pleasure shone in his countenance ;

nance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy, said to them: My blessing rest upon you my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.



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THE  
*EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S*  
PRESCRIPTION.

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As the Emperor was riding thro' the streets of Vienna, a young lad making his way through the croud, came up to the coach and exclaimed in the plaintive accents of heart-felt grief: " Oh sire ! see me here, for the first time, a beggar ! what I would never think of doing for myself, duty and filial concern bid me undertake.  
My

My mother, alas ! is reduced by sickness, to the utmost misery ; her life ebbs apace ; I want but one florin to procure her the advice of a physician : would your Imperial Majesty give me but that one florin, we might still be happy !”——The emperor asked some questions concerning the situation and place of abode of the sick woman, gave the florin, and whilst the lad was flying on the wings of impatience to a doctor, the emperor by a shorter way, drove to the place where the woman lived : he alighted at the corner of the street, and wrapping himself in the cloak of one of his attendants went to the woman, enquired into her situation, the symptoms of her disorder, and asking for pen and ink, said he would write a prescription for her ; this done, he retired. His majesty hardly reached his coach again ere the youth arrived, leading in a physician ;

physician; the mother thanked her boy, but told him that a doctor had just been in and wrote a prescription for her: the physician seeing the slip of paper lying on the table took it up. It was a prescription indeed! such as would out-do a doctor's pill, it contained an order for fifty ducats upon the comptroller of his majesty's household.—This is being truly a sovereign! it is the way to reign, (as every monarch should) over the hearts of his grateful subjects. Flattery thou cursed bane of courts, avaunt! and ne'er approach this generous prince, lest thy poisonous breath should blast so promising a blossom.



## ANECDOTE OF

*ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.*

IT was his Lordship's custom, in his journies, generally to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that, in case of fatigue from sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, and but a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two before his carriage, a decently dressed, well looking young man, on horse-back,

back, came up, and with a trembling hand, and faltering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his Lordship's breast, demanding his money. The Archbishop, with great composure, turned about, and looking stedfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon and tell him fairly his condition.

“ Sir, Sir, with great hesitancy and agitation, cried the youth, no words; 'tis not a time; your money instantly.” Hear me, young man; come on with me. I, you see, am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence; your's seems far otherwise. I am named Sharpe, the Archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind; but conceal your perturbations, and tell me what money you want, and who you are; and on the word of my character, I'll not injure you, but prove a friend: here, take this—and now  
tell

tell me how much you want to make you independent of so dangerous and and destructive a business as you are now engaged in." " Oh! Sir, replied the man, I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—but—at home, there are creditors who will not stay: fifty pounds, my Lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel." " Well, Sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at——, what I have now given shall be made up that sum; trust me, I'll not deceive you."

The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbishop, was received, and, by his almost unparalleled magnanimity, enabled just to assure his Lordship, that he hoped his words had  
left



left impressions which no inducement of want of money could ever efface.

Nothing more of him transpired for a year and a half, or more; when one morning, a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earnestness of expression and countenance, desired to see him. The Bishop ordered the stranger to be brought in: he entered the room where his Lordship was sitting, but had scarce advanced a few steps, before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk in an instant almost breathless on the floor. Proper means to revive him were used, and at length, on recovering, he requested his Lordship for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My lord, said he, you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place;—God and gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind.

In

In me, my Lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind, and now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions. Oh, my Lord,——(tears for a while preventing his utterance) 'tis *you*, 'tis *you*, that have saved me, body and soul!——'tis *you* that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life. Here is that fifty pounds; but no where, never shall I find a language to testify what I feel: your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven, and all our thousand blessings, be your present and everlasting reward! I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your Lordship knew him, I am sure; my name is ——; my marriage alienated his affections, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury.

My distresses, but your good heart already knows them.—A month since, my brother died a bachelor and intestate; what was *his* is become *mine*; and by your—your astonishing goodness, I am now at once, the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species.”



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AN EXAMPLE OF  
*BRITISH INTREPIDITY.*

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**I**N a late engagement in the West-Indies, the Resolution man of war, of 74 guns, being opposed to a French ship of 80 guns, a two-decker, whose weight of metal was much heavier than that of the British ship, the engagement being very close, a dreadful carnage ensued; most of the officers on board the Resolution were either killed or wounded; the same  
appears

appears to have happened on board the Frenchman, her antagonist, whose Captain, second Captain, and three of her Lieutenants, lay dead on her decks. Lord Robert Manners, who commanded the Resolution, had his right arm shot off below the elbow, early in the engagement; he made one of his midshipmen, who stood next to him to receive his orders, wrap up the stump in his handkerchief and a little lint, assisted by one of the surgeon's mates, the medical assistant being directly sent to the cockpit, where his assistance was required, the Captain was soon after wounded in the same arm, and in a short time in the right leg: resolved not to quit the deck, he had a chair to sit in, being now incapable of standing: in a very short time a chain shot came athwart the quarter deck, which took the chair in which the Captain was sitting, and divided the wounded leg  
from

from his body, about the middle of the calf, his attendant, a volunteer, that was standing by him, having both legs shot off by the same ; two sailors came directly to raise the Captain, and to have him down to the cabin : “ Go, my honest fellows,” said the brave Manners, “ take that “ poor gentleman down, who more “ needs your assistance ; my lot is “ death ; and I desire no other— “ but he may yet live to see many “ a Frenchman die before him.”—The volunteer refused to be moved from the Captain’s side, saying this was the first time he ever disobeyed his orders——After the engagement, which now soon ended, both were removed. The brave Manners died on his passage home : the volunteer, (a young man of family) continued in the West-Indies, with two wooden stumps, and was promoted to a lieutenancy.



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THE  
*GENEROUS BROTHERS.*

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**A**LBERT GUALTIERI, had long employed every possible means to reclaim his son Ferdinand from those vices to which he had been addicted, and to recal him to that virtuous path from which he had so licentiously deviated; but gentle and affectionate remonstrances he disregarded, menaces and reprimands he despised, and by punishment he was only irritated.

G tated.

tated. The miserable father being totally at a loss what measures to pursue, had him confined in a tower, where he remained some months; but when he was emancipated, far from being amended in his conduct, he was observed to be additionally confident and obstinate.

The unfortunate Albert, at length wearied with the vicious conduct of his son, and provoked by the outrages and revilings which he personally suffered from him, took one day the resolution of expelling him immediately from his house. He provided him, however, a small annuity, but, to deprive him of the enjoyment of any other part of his wealth, nominated his second son Henry his sole heir, as this young man, by his amiable disposition and excellent conduct, afforded his father as much satisfaction as his elder brother occasioned him uneasiness and disgust.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding so severe a punishment, Ferdinand did not appear in the least degree corrected or concerned, but, on the contrary, thoughtlessly considered himself happy in being fully at liberty, and having no longer any one to reproach him, he plunged still deeper into vice, and gratified his vicious propensities to their utmost extent. By degrees, however, having squandered the money his father allowed him, and which he had been always accustomed to dissipate by anticipation, and seeing poverty and want advancing with hasty steps, he began to reflect upon and to repent his conduct. He frequently thought of returning to his father, of throwing himself at his feet and imploring his pardon, but shame on one side, and the fear of being repulsed on the other, retained him. Whilst these thoughts revolved in his mind, death suddenly depriving him



of his father, blasted all his hopes, and left him the fear of being reduced to almost total indigence.

Being now prevented by poverty from indulging his vices, he began to lead a life entirely opposite to that to which he had been before accustomed, and discarding all his former evil practices and vicious habits, he began to apply seriously, and, by his industry and labour, to acquire some part of that fortune which his lost inheritance had deprived him of.

Henry was not among the last who perceived this happy change; being virtuous, and having a feeling heart, he had been so sensibly afflicted by the evil conduct of his brother, that notwithstanding the value he had for the fortune he had obtained, this amendment in Ferdinand made him the happiest of men. However, as repentance produced by necessity is commonly extinguished when the ob-  
ject

ject which excited it is too hastily removed, he resolved to leave him for some time to himself, that he might be more firmly established in his good resolutions, and might experience the superiority of a life regulated by principle and wisdom, to that which is devoted to licentiousness and riot. When, however, he was sufficiently assured of his reformation, without making known his design, he inclosed to Ferdinand the will of his father, accompanied by a letter, containing these words:

“ I send you, dearest brother, the deed by which our beloved parent appointed me his sole heir. If he yet lived, I am convinced he would now have disposed of it very differently. He took it from you, vicious as you then were, I glory to return it you amended as you now are. Accept this as an act of justice and of duty, from your affectionate brother Henry.

This

This letter, accompanied by so gracious and unexpected a present, was received by Ferdinand on the first day of the year. The affectionate expressions of his brother impressed him as deeply as his extraordinary munificence surprized him, but being unwilling to be excelled in generosity, or to abuse the goodness of Henry, he returned the deed with this answer:

“ Your liberality, most worthy and incomparable brother, too well justifies the disposition our father made of his effects. I return you the will, as the wealth which the possession of that bestows, can by none be so well merited as by yourself. The little use I made of his prudent counsels while he lived, renders it more necessary that I should now honour his memory by fulfilling his orders in their utmost extent. The recovery of your esteem is a suf-



ficient incentive to the gratitude of your brother Ferdinand."

On the receipt of this letter Henry immediately flew to the house of his brother, and affectionately embraced him. "We cannot," said he, "more effectually honour our respected parent, than by destroying, as he would himself have done, an act, which, though it might once have worn some appearance of justice, is now most unreasonable. In his sacred name, therefore, I abolish it for ever, and reinstate you in that inheritance which was given you by nature, and which you have acquired by virtue."——

Without waiting for a reply, he then approached the fire, and consigned the will to the flames.

From this time a tender interchange of affection and generosity took place between the two brothers, the one refusing to accept that to which, he said, he had no longer a

right, and the other to retain what he could not conceive his due. Henry at length conquered, by deciding that they should equally enjoy the property of their father. This proposal was accepted by Ferdinand, and they lived together afterwards in the most affectionate and fraternal amity.

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*SINCERITY AND TRUTH.*

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**T**HE basis of every virtue is sincerity and truth. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart: those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew itself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when



you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth, is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carrying an apology for almost every failing. *The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue, is but for a moment.* The  
path

path of truth, is a plain and a safe path; that of falsehood, is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. But to give an early preference to honour above gain,

gain; when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind the presages of future eminence and distinction in life.

At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candor of an enlarged and noble mind; of one, who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

THE END.

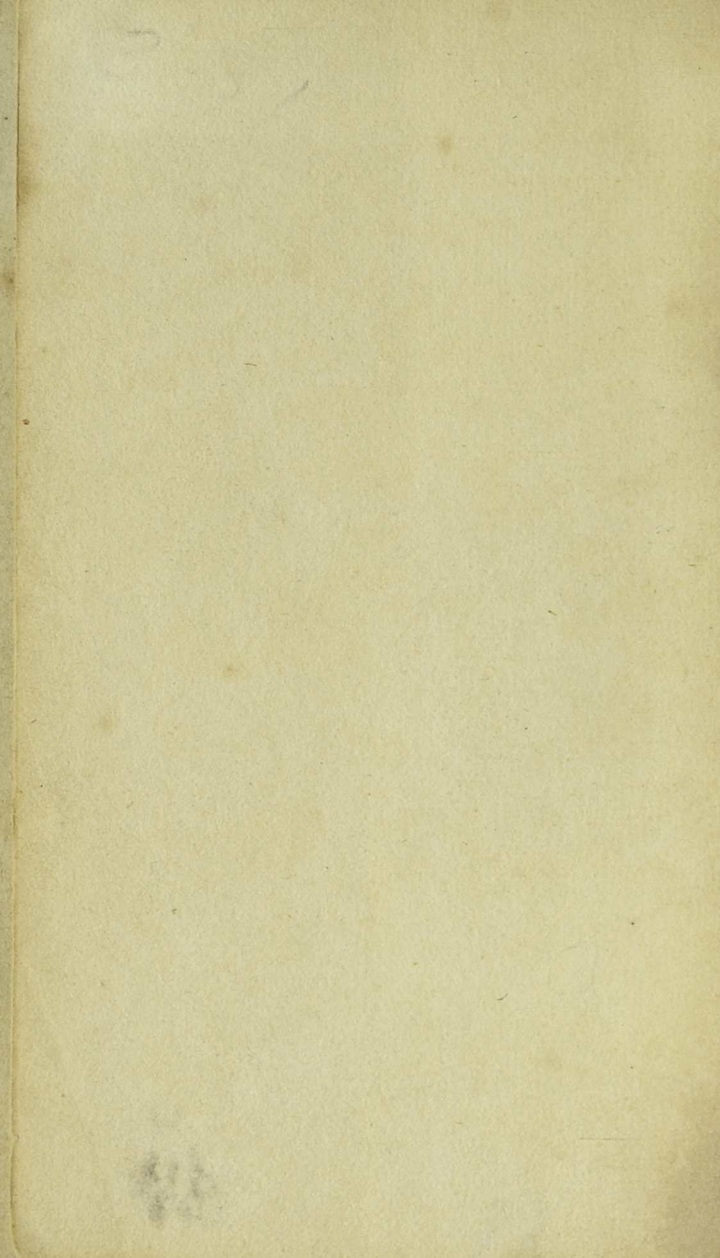
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