The British Museum is now ready to show the bequest of the Misses Bewick, consisting of 165 drawings by Thomas Bewick, original studies said to be of exquisite design, chiefly in watercolors and for the book on birds. There are also two volumes of proof impressions from wood blocks. One contains 3000 impressions of work by Thomas, the other 1500 by John Bewick and by R. E. Bewick, the son of Thomas. The surviving member of the family has anticipated the terms of the bequest and the cuts and aquarelles are being arranged in what is called the King's Library. Mr. Ruskin is to be credited with a large part of the fame to which Bewick has come, since it was his warm partisanship which chiefly brought his work into notice.

# PITY's GIFT:

A

COLLECTION

OF

*INTERESTING TALES,*

TO EXCITE THE

COMPASSION OF YOUTH

FOR

THE ANIMAL CREATION.

*ORNAMENTED WITH VIGNETTES.*

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MR. PRATT.

SELECTED BY A LADY.

*LONDON:*

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1798.

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# *INTRODUCTION.*

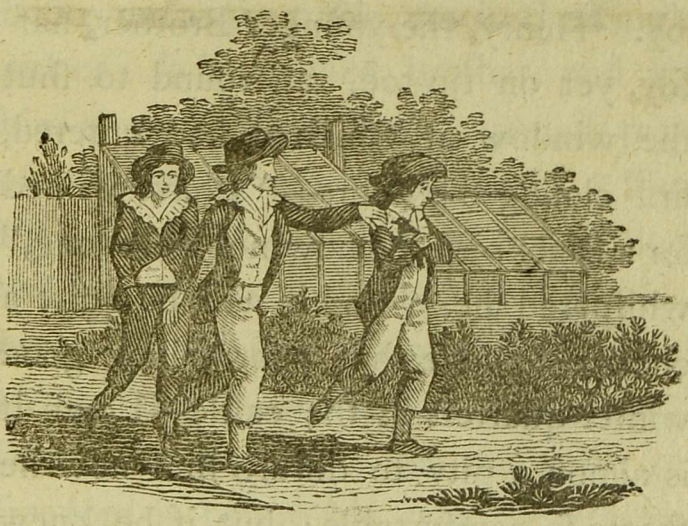
FROM an attentive obſervation on young people, particularly thoſe of my own family, I have long thought it of as great importance to teach them leſſons of compaſſion for the *dumb creation*, as a fellow feeling for their own ſpecies: not only becauſe the one is connected with the other, but, becauſe

an early neglect of the duties of humanity, in regard to the *firſt*, leads but too naturally to an omiſſion of thoſe duties as to the *laſt:* and every one muſt have noticed, in moſt children, a tyrannical, ſometimes a cruel, propenſity to torment animals within their power, ſuch as —perſecuting flies, torturing birds, cats, dogs, &c. Some friends of mine joined me in thinking that a collection of humane facts, and arguments, in favour of theſe ſuffering creatures, might be of conſiderable uſe, if brought into view,

not only to our own offspring, but if made public, to youth in general. With this idea, it was my intention to have made a ſelection from *various* authors: but a ſufficient number of Tales being found in the writings firſt examined, I did not look further; unwilling to ſwell the compilation to a ſize that might fatigue, or appear formidable, to my little friends—Perhaps, indeed, ſo great a number of ſtories, for my purpoſe, could not have been met with in the works of any other author; and, I truſt, the preſent

uſe made of them will neither injure the fame of that gentleman, nor the property of any other perſon.

# PITY's GIFT.



## THE BROTHERS AND THE BLACKBIRD.

IN the cold ſeaſon, a poor Blackbird had taken ſhelter in Sir Armine's green-houſe. Animated by the genial heat, it was baſking upon an orange-tree, and, warmed out of the cold remembrance of time and place, ſtretched

out its wings, in a kind of Summer languor, over the branches, and had begun to pour a ſemi-note of gratitude and joy. Henry, the younger Brother, haſtily, yet on tip-toe, ran round to ſhut the window at which it had entered, firſt cloſing the doors—"I have wiſhed for a Blackbird, I know not how long," whiſpered he, "and it will be quite a charity to give that poor fellow good winter-quarters in the caſtle—I own it is almoſt a pity to diſturb him now he ſeems ſo comfortable; but if he knew how very kindly I would uſe him, he would come a volunteer into my chamber." "Very kind to be ſure," ſaid John, the eldeſt, "to make him a ſlave for life; to my thoughts he had better chuſe his own lodging, though the beſt to be had were in a barn, or in

a hollow tree, and an independent warm here in the hot-houſe, when he finds an opportunity, than be a priſoner in the beſt room of the caſtle, nay in the king's palace; ſo be adviſed, brother, and let him alone."—John ſoftly opened part of the window neareſt the bird. "No, I'll tell you how it ſhall be," obſerved little James, "give the bird fair play; leave the window open, and let Harry try his fortune; if the bird ſuffers himſelf to be caught, when the path of freedom is before his eyes, it will be his own affair you know."—"But the act of catching him at all is arbitrary," ſaid John ſturdily; throwing his hat at the orange, and other exotic plants, that grew in the direction of the tree where the Blackbird had been perched. "Not at all, brother," cried Henry, "when it is only to convey

him to a better place;" running as he ſpake, after the object of his wiſhes, almoſt with the ſwiftneſs of its own wings. John kept always behind, in the hope of pointing its flight to the window; and James, the ſecond brother, ſtood impartially in the middle, unleſs he ſtept on one ſide or the other, to maintain fair dealing. The Blackbird, meantime, alarmed by all parties, flew irregularly, from ſhrub to ſhrub, from window to window, ſometimes beating his breaſt againſt one object, ſometimes ſtriking its wing or beak againſt another, often being in the very path of liberty, and as often driven out of it. At length it ſank exhauſted to the ground, and was taken up, almoſt without an effort to flutter, by Henry, whoſe little heart, quick breathing lip, and high colouring cheek,

ſpoke his triumphs; yet, amidſt his exultings, he forgot not mercy: the faireſt laurel of the conqueror is humanity; and the very inſtincts of Henry were humane. He ſmoothed the ruffled plumes of his captive; poured over it every aſſurance of protection; preſſed its gloſſy pinion on his cheek; detained it with a ſoft trembling hand, and at length putting it, lightly held, into his boſom, ran with it into his chamber. "He has fairly won the bird, brother," ſaid James, following. "Certainly," replied John, with a diſſatisfied tone, "nothing can be fairer than to run down a poor terrified little wretch, who has no power to reſiſt; then ſeizing and dragging it to priſon! It ſtruggled for freedom, till it was almoſt gaſping for breath; and I am aſhamed that I

ſuffered any thing to prevent my taking part with the unprotected in the cauſe of liberty. But this, I ſuppoſe, you and my brother will call foul play, juſt as you have ſtyled his thefts a kindneſs! Yes, the kindneſs of a chriſtian robber, who ſteals the innocent ſavage from his native land, and covers him with chains!"—Dreading the loſs of his treaſure, Henry guarded it with a miſer's care; kept it concealed in his own room; but treated it with the utmoſt indulgence, being at once its nurſe and companion, and ſuffering no hand but his own to feed it. "Alas! it droops," ſaid its protector—bringing it down one day into an apartment where his brothers were ſitting—"What can be done for it, James?" queſtioned he, with tears in his eyes. "Let it go,"

interrupted John; "it pines for the friends from whoſe ſociety it has been raviſhed; it languiſhes for freedom: let it go, and it will ſoon recover." "Perhaps," anſwered James, "it only wants more air, your chamber may be too confined: Suppoſe then," continued he, —willing to compromiſe betwixt liberty and ſlavery, "you were to tie a ſilken ſtring round its leg, and lead it now and then about the garden?" "I propoſe an improvement to that idea," ſaid John—"clip one of its wings, and as you perſiſt in refuſing it its right to fly in the air, let it have the run of the garden; that on the ſouth-ſide of the caſtle, you know, is walled round, and it cannot walk off."—He reconciled Henry to this meaſure, by telling him that it would produce many good ends,

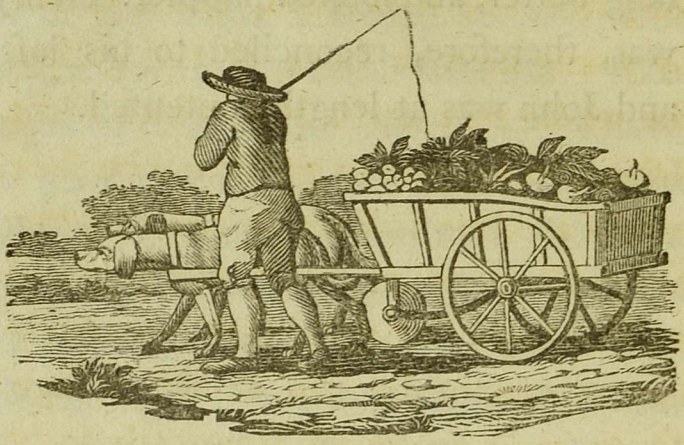
beſides reſtoring the Blackbird's health, and giving it a reliſh for its former enjoyments; amongſt other things, he aſſured him, that it would recover its ſpirits, which would enable it to whiſtle back its loſt friends and relations. Henry could not reſiſt this: the idea of giving joy to others, was a joy to his own heart; the action by which it was beſtowed could alone ſurpaſs it.—In effect, the bird was all the better for its liberty; it hopped, pecked, twittered, and daily appeared to gain new viſitors.

There was in the walled garden a ſhed, where it neſtled towards evening; but Henry, with ſoft ſteps, would take care while it repoſed, to ſtrew food on the ground below, ſo that it always found breakfaſt ready in the morning;

nor was dinner or ſupper proviſion forgotten; ſo that what it picked up in the garden was mere amuſement to reliſh exerciſe. The kind hearted Henry was *perfectly* ſatisfied with this plan: John was only *half* ſatisfied. James prudently ſuggeſted giving the growing wing another cutting. Henry agreed; for his favourite could now take half the garden at a low flight, though not top the walls. "Wait a little longer," ſaid John; "He is ſo tame, and ſo well pleaſed with his preſent uſage, that perhaps he will indeed be a volunteer amongſt us, and there will be a thouſand times the gratification in having his ſociety with his own conſent." "But if he ſhould leave me?" ſaid Henry. "Have confidence in him; think how delightful it is to have friend-

ſhip as a free-will offering: I ſhould hate any thing I forced to ſtay with me, as much as it could hate me. Can a jail-bird love the jailor?"—"I have a good mind to truſt it," obſerved Henry; "but I ſometimes think it looks up at the walls very ſly."—"That is nothing but a way they have with them," ſaid John, laughing. "What is your opinion James?" queſtioned Henry. "There can be, I ſhould think, but one opinion about that," replied James, taking out a little pair of ſciſſars. "O, he always was for cutting out, juſt like a girl; but act a more liberal part, my brother," ſaid John; Henry was over-ruled. The feathers grew, and the Blackbird flew away. Henry accuſed; John defended; James meditated. The grateful bird,

however, ſtaid in the neighbourhood; ſang better, and looked happier. Henry was, therefore, reconciled to his loſs, and John was at length contented.



THE DUTCH DRAFT DOGS.

WE are told by a traveller who has lately performed the tour of Holland, that the very dogs of that country are conſtrained to promote the trade of the Republic; inſomuch, that there is not an *idle* Dog of any ſize in the Seven Provinces. You encounter at all hours of the day an incredible number loaded with fiſh *and* men, under

the burden of which they run off at a long trot, and ſometimes, when driven by young men or boys, at full gallop, the whole mile and a half, which is the diſtance from gate to gate; nor on their return are they ſuffered to come empty, being filled not only with the aforeſaid men or boys, but with ſuch commodities as cannot be had at the village. Theſe poor brutes are frequently to be ſeen in the middle of ſummer, urged beyond their force, till they have dropped on the road to gather ſtrength; which is ſeldom the caſe, however, except when they have the misfortune to fall under the management of boys; for the Dutch are the fartheſt from being cruel to their domeſtic dumb animals of any people in the world; on the contrary, an Hollander, of what-

ever rank, is merciful unto his cattle, whether horſe, dog, cow, &c. that they are the objects of his marked attention, as ſleek ſkins, happy faces, plump ſides, ſufficiently demonſtrate. The cows, and oxen for draft, they rub down, curry and clean, till they are as gloſſy as the moſt pampered ſteed in England. Nay, you frequently ſee them with a light fancy dreſs, to guard them from the flies and other annoying animalcula, in the meadows, which are the fineſt in the world, and in a warmer ſuit of cloaths during the winter; even theſe canine-ſlaves look hale and well, as to condition, and, being habituated to labour, feel little hardſhip in it. It is fortunate, alſo, that Holland is a country ſomewhat prone to be ſtrict in the ceremonies of religion, by obſervance

of which the dogs, like their maſters, find the ſeventh a day of unbroken reſt: for "Sunday ſhines a ſabbath to them." The firſt impreſſion, which is allowed a grand point, being much in favour of theſe induſtrious creatures. This traveller had an eye on them as well in the hours of their repoſe as toil; and felt his heart warm to ſee ſeveral, whom he had obſerved to have ſeen very heavily laden on Saturday, taking a ſound nap, out-ſtretched and happy at their maſter's doors, on the day in which their leiſure is even an allotment and bounty of Heaven. All the morning and afternoon they have remained baſking in the ſun, or in the ſhade, in profound tranquillity; while a number of unthinking whelps, and lazy puppies, who had been paſſing their time in idleneſs all the week, were playing

their gambols in the ſtreet, not without a vain attempt to wake the ſerious, and make them join in their amuſement. Towards evening, adds our traveller, I have, in my ſun-ſetting rounds, been much pleaſed to notice the honeſt creatures ſit at their reſpective threſholds, looking quite refreſhed, giving occaſionally into a momentary frolic, and the next morn returning to the labours of the week abſolutely renewed. Reader—Stranger—an't thou too proud of heart—or too full of dignity of human nature—to enter into theſe brute concerns? Paſs on, then, and pity my weakneſs, but not without remembering that

" Dogs are honeſt creatures,
" Ne'er fawn on that they love not;
" And, I'm a friend to Dogs. They
" Ne'er betray their maſters."

If, therefore, thou haſt no feeling for their ſufferings, reſpect at leaſt their virtues:

"Mark but his true, his faithful way;
"And in *thy* ſervice copy Tray."

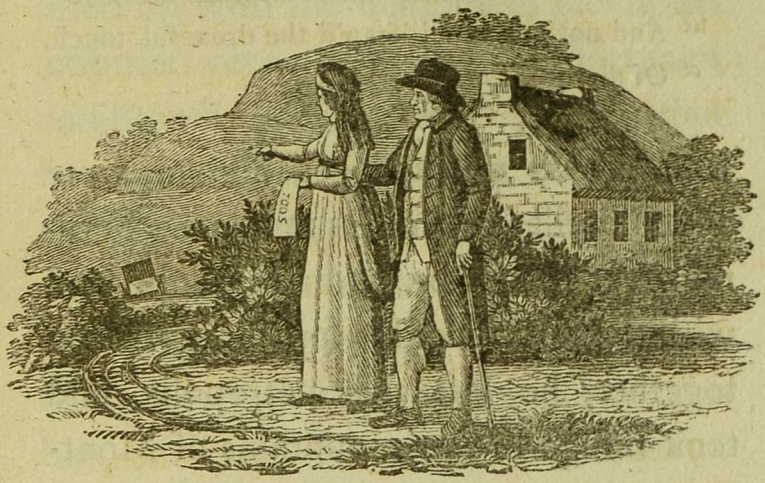
## THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

IN life's fair morn, I knew an aged ſeer,
Who ſad and lonely paſs'd his joyleſs year;
Betray'd, heart broken, from the world he ran,
And ſhunn'd, O dire extreme! the face of man;
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his veſt, a hermit's was his food.
Nitch'd in ſome corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rockſtone lave,
Hour after hour, the melancholy ſage,
Drop after drop, to reckon would engage

The ling'ring day, and trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well;
Then thus he moraliz'd as ſlow it paſt,
" This brings me nearer *Lucia* than the laſt;
And this, now ſtreaming from the eye," ſaid he,
" Oh! my lov'd child, will bring me nearer thee."
When firſt he roam'd, his Dog with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to ſhare;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the ſorrower ſought a lonely woe.
The Hermit paus'd, the attendant Dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;
Up roſe the Hermit, up the Dog would riſe,
And every way to win a maſter tries.
" Then be it ſo. Come, faithful fool," he ſaid;
One pat encourag'd, and they ſought the ſhade.
An unfrequented thicket ſoon they found,
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;
Mellifluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh,
Fountains, which well a Pilgrim's drink ſupply.
And thence, by many a labyrinth it led,
Where ev'ry tree beſtow'd an ev'ning bed;
Skill'd in the chace, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er at morn or moon-light courſe he caught;
But the Sage lent his ſympathy to all,
Nor ſaw unwept his dumb aſſociate fall;

He was, in ſooth, the gentleſt of his kind,
And though a Hermit, had a ſocial mind:
" And why," ſaid he, " muſt man ſubſiſt by prey,
Why ſtop yon melting muſic on the ſpray?
Why, when aſſail'd by hounds and hunter's cry,
Muſt half the harmleſs race in terrors die?
Why muſt we work of innocence the woe?
Still ſhall this boſom throb, theſe eyes o'erflow;
A heart too tender here from man retires,
A heart that aches, if but a *wren* expires."

Thus liv'd the maſter good, the ſervant true,
Till to its God the maſter's ſpirit flew;
Beſide a fount which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the Hermit found a grave;
All in the running ſtream his garments ſpread,
And dark, damp verdure ill conceal'd his head;
The faithful ſervant from that fatal day
Watch'd the lov'd corpſe, and hourly pin'd away:
His head upon his maſter's cheek was found,
While the obſtructed waters mourn'd around.



## THE DECAYED MERCHANT AND HIS DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

A MERCHANT, of conſiderable eminence in London, was reduced to the ſituation of poor Baſſanio, and from preciſely the ſame run of ill-luck in his ſea adventures,

" The dangerous rocks,
" Touching his gentle veſſel's ſide
" Had ſcatter'd all his ſpices on the ſtream,

" Enrob'd the roaring waters with his ſilks,
" And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch,
" Of merchant marring rocks."

To theſe miſcarriages abroad, were added ſimilar calamities at home. Several great houſes broke in his debt, and with the wrecks of his fortune, gathered together, he left the metropolis, and took refuge in the mountains of Montgomeryſhire. A little girl, then only nine years of age, his only ſurviving child, was the ſole companion of his retreat, and ſmiled away his misfortunes. The care of her education was his moſt certain relief from the corroding reflections of the paſt, and the certainty of her poſſeſſing at his death, ſufficient to prevent a good mind from the horrors of dependence, ſoftened his thoughts of the future; the preſent was

filled up with the delights of ſeeing her ambition yet humbler than her fortunes, and literally bounded by the objects that ſurrounded her. To tend the flowers ſhe had ſet with her own hand, to nurſe the ſhrubs ſhe had planted, to ſport with and feed the lamb ſhe had domeſticated, to ſee it follow her in her rambles, and to liſten to the melodies of nature, as they murmured in the waters, or echoed through the woods, were her chief amuſements without doors, and by a thouſand love-taught duties, to make a father forget that he had ever been unhappy, or unfortunate, her deareſt ſtudy within. Of her perſonal attractions I ſhall ſay little: a ſingle line of Thomſon's gives the trueſt image of them, and of the unaffected mind by which they were illumined,

"Artleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf."

It is not eaſy to be wretched in the conſtant ſociety of perfect innocence: the company of a beautiful child, wholly unpolluted by the world, affords one the idea of angelic aſſociation. Its harmleſſneſs appears to guarantee one from harm: we reflect, nay we ſee and hear, almoſt every moment, it is climbing our knees, playing at our ſide, engaging our attentions, or repoſing in our arms, the words and acts of an unſpotted being, and one can ſcarce be perſuaded any real ill *can* befal us, while a companion ſo like a guardian cherub is near. When the babe is our own—ſay, ye parents, how the ſenſation is then exalted!—Which of you, having at your option the loſs of the ampleſt fortune, or of the feebleſt infant, would not cleave to the laſt, and reſign the former? or, if any of you balanced a moment, would not one

liſping word, one caſual look, turn the ſcale in favour of nature, and make you think it a crime to have heſitated?

Such were the ſentiments of the merchant, and under their cheering influence he lived many years, during which, a few mountain peaſants, an old relict of his better days, as a ſervant, who had been nurſe to the young lady, and his daughter, were the only objects with whom he converſed. So powerful is habit, that we aſſimilate to perſons, places, and things, that on our firſt introduction to them, we might imagine, neither philoſophy, cuſtom, or religion, could make ſupportable. We are ſurpriſed to find we attach to them, even to endearment. In time, even our former habits, no leſs ſtrong in us,

are but ſlightly remembered, and thoſe purſuits, diverſions, and ſocieties, without which it once appeared impoſſible we ſhould ever paſs a day, are yielded for others, that it *then* would have been thought as impoſſible even to be endured. Our merchant would have deemed the company of a monarch an intruſion, and the jargon of the Exchange, which had for ſo many years been muſic to his ears, could not now have been borne. I have, here, given you ſome of his own expreſſions. At length he fell ſick. His daughter was then in her eighteenth year; the diſorder was of a gradual kind, that threatened to continue life, after one has ceaſed to love it, and to cloſe in death. He lingered eleven weeks, and, the old domeſtic being now ſuperannuated and

almoſt blind, his daughter was at once his nurſe, his cook, his conſoler; and might truly be ſaid to make his bed in his ſickneſs. She wanted not the world to teach her the filial duties. Her own pure heart ſupplied them all, and her own gentle hands adminiſtered them. But now, for the firſt time of her exiſtence, ſhe added to her father's anguiſh. It almoſt kills me to look on you, my only love, cried he, with an emphaſis of ſorrow, and burſting into tears. I am ſure, replied ſhe, falling on her knees at his bedſide, it has almoſt killed me to hear you ſay ſo, and if it would make my deareſt father better, I would kill myſelf this moment, and truſt in God's mercy to forgive me. Ah! my child, you miſtake the cauſe and motive of my regrets, reſumed the parent

—the thoughts of leaving you without protection—there is the bitterneſs!—I am not going to be left, ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily; I have a preſage you will be well ſoon, and I am a great propheteſs, my beloved father. Be in good ſpirits, for I am ſure you will recover: I have ſent to Montgomery and Welch Pool, and to-morrow, I am to have the two beſt doctors in Wales.

Your goodneſs is always a comfort, my darling, replied the deſponding Merchant, but two thouſand Welch doctors could not ſet me again on my legs.—If, indeed, I was in a condition to procure—but that's impoſſible!—

Procure what? Whom? Nothing is impoſſible, anſwered his daughter with the moſt eager haſte.

I have an idle and romantic faith, in the only man in the whole world, that knows my conſtitution, and he is as far beyond my reach, as if he were out of exiſtence.

Good heaven! you mean Dr. ******, exclaimed the daughter. I have heard you often ſpeak of his having twice before ſaved your precious life, for which I have had him in my nightly prayers ever ſince, and ſhall go on bleſſing him to the hour of my death. O, that I were a man to fetch him!—

The father preſſed her tenderly in his feeble arms, in acknowledgment of her affection, but told her, that, from a multiplicity of other claims, it would be as impoſſible for the Doctor to get

down to Wales, as for himſelf to go out of his ſick bed to London. Do not, therefore, let us think of it, my child, continued the father; ſince it is only the aggravation of a vain wiſh to know that it muſt end in diſappointment—I am reſigned.

Notwithſtanding this declaration, the Merchant receiving no manner of benefit from the Welch Doctors, and being unable, indeed, to pay for their continued attendance, without an injury to that ſcanty fund out of which he had to draw all the neceſſaries of life, he often ſighed out in a voice of pining, as it were, involuntarily, the name of ******. The ſound of that voice, languiſhing for that which might poſſibly change its tone to gladneſs, pene-

trated the ſoul of his daughter, who needed not ſo pathetic a memento of her father's wiſhes, to make her bitterly regret her inability to gratify them. The poor gentleman grew worſe, and expreſſing a deſire for ſomething, which he imagined might afford a momentary relief, his Amelia, ſo was the young lady named, took the firſt opportunity of his being compoſed, to go into the neighbourhood, in ſearch of a perſon to fetch it from Montgomery. A little road-ſide public-houſe, about a mile from her father's cottage, appeared the moſt likely place to find a meſſenger. Thither ſhe repaired, and arrived juſt in time to take ſhelter from a ſudden ſtorm that fell with great violence. At the moment of her entrance there were none but the old hoſt and hoſteſs in the

alehouſe, but in a very few minutes after, it filled with labourers and paſſengers, who, like herſelf, ſought protection from the hurricane: during the fury, however, of which ſhe had too much compaſſion to mention her wiſhes, for ſhe was amongſt thoſe whoſe nature would not ſuffer her to "turn an enemy's dog out of doors at ſuch a ſeaſon." This neceſſary delay, nevertheleſs, greatly increaſed her uneaſineſs, and ſhe kept watching the rain, and the hoped return of fine weather, at the window. Seeing no proſpect of its clearing, ſhe determined to do that herſelf, at all hazards, which ſhe could not aſk another to perform:—namely, to be herſelf the meſſenger; to which end ſhe deſired to know, whether the road ſhe ſaw from the window, was the neareſt and moſt

direct to Montgomery, or to any other town where there was an apothecary's ſhop, and what might be the diſtance to any ſuch place?

The affecting voice in which theſe queſtions were demanded, and the prevailing appearance of the ſpeaker, gained her an intereſt in every hearer and beholder, ſeveral of whom knew, and acknowledged her for a neighbour, mingling their expreſſions of good-will, with numberleſs kind enquiries after her ſick father, for whoſe languiſhing ſituation they unanimouſly declared their pity and regard, and whoſe death, if it ſhould pleaſe God to ſnatch him away, they ſhould long lament.

This laſt obſervation bringing to mind the image of her father's danger more

cloſely, the trembling Amelia loſt all thought of herſelf, or of the weather, and thanking every body around her for their civility, while her lovely face was covered with her tears, ſhe had got the latch of the door in her hand, and was preparing to hurry out on her commiſſion, according to the directions ſhe had received, when a traveller, who had not opened his lips during the converſation of the peaſants, but ſat drying himſelf at the fire, roſe up ſuddenly, and begged permiſſion to ſpeak to her. She went with ſurprize and tottering ſteps into an adjoining room, where he uſed to her theſe very words:

"One of your neighbours, young lady, has told me, you have been for many years the beſt daughter in the world to the beſt father, who has been

once the richeſt, though now the pooreſt man in Wales, conſidering you and he are to be ſupported as gentlefolks. It is plain to ſee there is a great deal of diſtreſs upon your mind, and it is natural to gueſs the cauſe of it may be removed. I am not, by any means, a wealthy man, but I have had my ſhare of evils, ſufficiently to make me feel for the unfortunate, and I have always, thank God, a ſomething to ſpare for the mitigation of honeſt diſtreſs, in whatever country it is preſented to my view. I beg you will preſent this trifle, (giving her a bank bill) with compliments, begging the favour of his making uſe of it, till it may ſuit his circumſtances to return it. —I have no manner of occaſion for it, till about this time next year, when I will call to aſk after his health, which,

I hope, will long ere that be eſtabliſhed; and if it ſhould not at that time be convenient to make reſtitution of the loan, we will put it off till the year after, when I will pay a ſecond viſit to you; as I purpoſe paſſing through this country into Ireland, where I have concerns annually. I am now going to London."

The laſt ſentence ſeemed to annihilate the reſt. The very name of London had, at that inſtant, more charms for Amelia, than it could ever boaſt of creating in the head of any Miſs in her teens, who had her mamma's promiſe to paſs a winter amongſt the fine folks, and fine ſights, with which it abounds. But it drew the attention of Amelia, from ſuperior motives. It was the re-

ſidence of her poor father's phyſician, on whoſe heart ſhe now reſolved to make an attempt, by the medium of the generous ſtranger, who ſhe rightly judged, would ſuffer his bounty to take any direction ſhe might wiſh, and to whom ſhe ſtated the merchant's anxious, but hopeleſs deſires.

You have juſt the ſoul, my dear friend, to ſuggeſt the extacy of Amelia's, on hearing that this much-wiſhed for phyſician, was an intimate acquaintance of the traveller, and all the intereſts of an old affection ſhall be tried with the Doctor, exclaimed the ſtranger, as ſoon as I get to town, on condition that you will now go home to your father with this purſe, and as an aſſurance, that although I am an *uſurer*, I will re-

ceive neither principal, nor intereſt, till he is very able to pay both.

He did not give the aſtoniſhed Amelia time to refuſe, but ſeeing the weather inclined to remit its rigours, he put half-a-crown into the hands of the peaſants, to drink the young lady, and her ſick father's health; and ordering his horſe to the door—mounted and proceeded on his journey.

Does not your bounding heart aſſure you, his feelings would have defended him from beſtowing a thought on the peltings of the pitileſs ſtorm, had they continued to rage? And does it not alſo inform you, that this fair pattern of filial piety was proof againſt the war of elements: the ſunſhine of benevolence had,

indeed, ſo animated her, that its ſudden and intenſe rays might have been too ſtrong for her tender frame, had they not been moderated by a ſhower of tears. She had ſcarcely regained her cottage, indeed, when overcome by her ſenſations, ſhe fainted in the arms of her aged nurſe, who had been mourning her delay.

Alas! my friend, what fragile creatures we are! How much at the diſpoſal of contrary events! How totally the vaſſals of ſorrow, and of joy! How little able to encounter the extremes of either! But you will not eaſily forgive exclamations that detain you from poor Amelia, whom I left in diſtreſs to indulge them. My heart is but too often the maſter of my pen, and guides

it as it liſteth. Let me haſten to make atonement, by informing you, that our lovely ſufferer, on her recovery, had the pleaſure to find her father had doſed beſt part of the morning, and though he miſſed her, from his apartment, when he awoke, he told the nurſe, that he hoped ſhe was taking a little neceſſary reſt in her own room, where he deſired ſhe might remain undiſturbed.

This gave her opportunity to manage her good fortune, of which ſhe reſolved to be ſo excellent an œconomiſt, that the ſupply ſhe had received ſhould anſwer the wiſeſt and happieſt purpoſes: ſhe recollected that the day before ſhe met the benevolent ſtranger, her father had received by the poſt a Bank-bill, to the amount of the quarterly diviſion of

his annuity; of courſe a farther reinforcement was not immediately neceſſary; on which account ſhe had to regret, that the flurry into which her ſpirits were thrown, had hindred her from perſiſting in her refuſal of the loan, to the acceptance of which, however, ſhe was ſomewhat reconciled, when ſhe reflected on the condition annexed to her borrowing it; and an idea, which juſt then ſtarted to her imagination, of the manner in which it might be appropriated, completely ſatisfied her feelings on the occaſion. She conſidered the gentleman's Bank-bill as the luckieſt fund in the world, to ſerve as the phyſician's fee, in caſe the generous ſtranger ſhould prevail on him to come, and to that ſacred uſe her heart devoted it. The ſum was fifty

pounds. A recompence which her ignorance in the price of medical advice in the golden climes of England led her to ſuppoſe would be all-ſufficient for a journey down to Wales. Alas! were a regular charge to be made out by Doctors W, R, G, F, L, or any other of the popular ſons of Eſculapius, of London, for ſuch a tour from the grand mart of cuſtom, the fifty pound would ſcarcely be thought by thoſe meſſieurs a more than ſufficient ſum to pay travelling expences. In many parts of the continent, indeed, where a ſhilling value in coin that has leſs of ſilver in its compoſition than would be found in the analyſis of a ſilver penny, is received as a ſettled gratuity for running a German mile, fifty pounds would cut a handſome figure

in phyſic, and go very far towards curing a whole city of an epidemy, ſo far as preſcriptions could aſſiſt in its recovery.

As, however, the viſit of Dr. ****** was a point rather "devoutly to be wiſhed" than expected, it being the middle of a very hard winter, Amelia thought it prudent to conceal the little adventure at the public houſe from her father, whoſe malady, nevertheleſs, rather increaſed than abated, and his love of life being in effect his love for his daughter, he could not help occaſionally regretting his impaſſable diſtance from the only man by whoſe aid there might be a chance of reſiſting his diſeaſe. There is, you know, a ſort of ſuperſtition which often runs through

a family in favour of its family phyſician. Nor is it altogether without a ſupport from reaſon, ſince the perſon who has long been in the ſecrets of our conſtitution, and familiar with our habits of living, muſt, in all general caſes, be better able to apply the proper remedies, than he who is called into our bed chambers, when there is a diſeaſe in it, and when he ſees us for the firſt time under its influence: beſides which, an old phyſician is commonly an old friend, and unites the lenitives of affection to the cathartics of ſcience; no wonder, then, that we have faith in him, and faith, you know, is a a great doctor in itſelf, performing a thouſand cures, which the higheſt profeſſional ſkill has not been able to accompliſh without it.

You will readily believe, that the bountiful ſtranger did not break promiſe to Amelia. He kept it indeed ſo religiouſly holy, that in leſs than ten days from the date of his departure, our pious daughter received a meſſage, purporting that a perſon at the public houſe begged to ſpeak with her. You, my friend, whoſe fancy is ever warmed by your affectionate heart, will immediately conclude what was concluded by Amelia, that it could be only the much-deſired Doctor, who had thus delicately, to prevent the ill effect of ſurprize on the ſick merchant, announced his arrival. If ſo, you are in the right. However inconſiſtent with the ſpirit of buſineſs ſuch a long journey might be, it was perfectly in uniſon with the ſpirit of benevolence by which

Dr. ****** was moved, to determine upon it the inſtant the caſe was ſtated to him, and to execute what he had ſo determined, with all the diſpatch neceſſary to an affair of life and death, and the life and death, moreover, of an old and unfortunate friend. My good little girl, ſaid he, on the entrance of Amelia, who gliding from her father's bedſide with ſlipſhod ſteps, ran with duteous haſte to the village inn — My good little girl, I am come from ———. Heaven! interrupted Amelia, falling on her knees, you are come from heaven to make my father well.—Under the auſpices of that heaven, I truſt I am, reſumed the Doctor. Let us fly this inſtant! exclaimed Amelia, in the animated accents of nature—let us do all things in order, replied the Doctor,

in the language of friendly diſcretion, otherwiſe we ſhall do more harm than good.—I preſume I am not expected? Amelia bowed a negative. Then my ſudden appearance would make thy father worſe, child, continued the Doctor. No; go back to him, and by telling him an old friend of his from London, and who has particular buſineſs in that part of Wales which he inhabits, means to pay him a viſit on the ſcore of ancient amity, and will take cottage fare from him in his chamber. The name of this old London friend will then be a matter of amuſeing conjecture, in the midſt of which thou, child, mayſt ſuggeſt that thou ſhouldſt not wonder if it were me, telling him as much of the adventure that I find happened at this inn, between

thee and the gentleman who brought me thy meſſage, and with it the ſtory of thy virtues and misfortunes, to ſupport and to relieve which would have brought me ten times as far: but we have no time for profeſſion, I am come here to practiſe; ſo fare thee well, my good little maid.—All that I have premiſed will be the work only of an hour, at the end of which I will be with thee.

She kiſſed his hand fervently, and without ſpeaking a ſingle word, ſprung up, and might rather be ſaid to fly than run to the cottage, though the paths thereto were loſt in ſnow. Her father was ſitting up in his bed, ſupported by pillows, which the aged adherent had made ſhift to place in the abſence of

his filial nurſe, who gently chid the old woman for taking her proper buſineſs out of her hands; but that, if her dear father had found a moment's eaſe by this uſurpation of her natural rights, ſhe would then forgive the uſurper. She then entered on her errand, which ſhe managed ſo well, as to make the old friend's name, after much pleaſant conjecture on both ſides, the ſubject of a wager; the father obſerving, that if it ſhould prove to belong to the Doctor, Providence had ſent him to reward the virtue of his daughter, who on her part maintained, that it would be chiefly owing to the value which heaven itſelf would ſet on her parent's life. This amicable ſtrife had put the invalid into unwonted ſpirits, and thereby, perhaps, not only prepared the way for the cure

of a fever on the nerves, but laid the beſt foundation of it. The poor gentleman did not dare to lay any ſtreſs on the poſſibility of a viſit from the phyſician, and yet a faint bluſh of hope denoted that he ſhould think himſelf moſt happy to loſe his wager.

At this auſpicious criſis it was, that our Doctor made his entrè, ſaying, as he advanced to the bed-ſide, "My eſteemed friend, I am come to return my perſonal thanks to thee, for having me in thy thoughts when thou wert too ſick to remember any but thoſe who are dear to thee, and of whom thou haſt a good opinion. Give me thy hand, and, without entering into long hiſtories, let us ſee, if in return for thy kindneſs, I can make thee well again.

Yes, this pulſe, I foreſee, before I have done with it

> Shall temperately keep time, and beat
> More healthful muſic.

Thoſe eyes have, I ſee, ſtill, the ſpirit of life in them, and this heart ſhall yet bound with renovated enjoyments."

The emotions of Amelia during theſe favourable prognoſtications no words can tell you. The Merchant was ſtrongly affected. The Doctor perceived that his patient was recoverable, both in the maladies of body and mind; and as he was no leſs a philoſopher and philanthropiſt than a phyſician, he could with equal ſkill preſcribe for each. He was one of the people called Quakers; and to a perfect knowledge of the world,

of his profeſſion, and of the human heart, united all the honeſt plainneſs of the character. The Merchant's diſorder was, as I have ſaid, a fever on the ſpirits, of which the ſymptoms were, as uſual, want of appetite, laſſitude, watchfulneſs, and dejection of mind: a pulſe ſlow and creeping, difficulty of reſpiration, and a dread, yet hope, of death.

I need not tell you, that in this diſeaſe the cathartics of the mind, ſuch as exhilarate, enliven, and amuſe the patient, are the moſt effectual remedies, and ſuch as were adminiſtered with uncommon ſucceſs on the preſent occaſion. In leſs than a fortnight, the ſick man not only was in a condition to leave his bed, but his chamber, and

play his part in the little cottage parlour, in a thouſand little frolics that Amelia and the Doctor deviſed to entertain him: in the courſe of the third week, he reſumed his accuſtomed exerciſes; and under the cordial ſupports of his friend and his child, he could aſcend the mountains that environed his habitation. In the middle of the fourth week, his ſpirits and ſtrength were ſo well reſtored, that in returning home to dinner, after a walk of ſome miles, he jocularly propoſed to run againſt the Doctor and Amelia for a wager; which being agreed upon by the other parties, he ſet off, and beat them both. It was in the afternoon of this victorious day, that the good Doctor intimated the neceſſity of his return to town; good-humouredly ob-

ſerving, that, although by a lucky arrangement, he had left his ſick and wounded in very good hands with a brother phyſician in London, he could not treſpaſs any longer, without fear of being ſet down by the college as a deſerter, and he muſt therefore repair to head-quarters in the morning.

The reaſonableneſs of this was admitted: yet the Merchant ſighed, and Amelia wept. The Doctor knew it muſt be done, and he ſaw that his prophecy, as to his friend's recovery, was fulfilled to his heart's content; but there is a ſympathy in generous regret, and his eyes were not more dry than Amelia's. In deſpite of exertions, the evening paſt heavily away: the morning did not riſe without caſting clouds

on every countenance. The hour, the almoſt inſtant, that was to ſeparate the cottagers from their preſerver, approached.

Friend, ſaid the Doctor to his patient, as he heard the wheels of his carriage advancing, ſince I ſaw thee laſt in the great city, I have proſpered exceedingly. All thoſe families, to whom thou tookeſt me by the hand, were, more for thy ſake than mine, on *my liſt*. Some merit, however, or infinite good fortune, I muſt needs have had ſince, from an yearly gain of one hundred, I have increaſed my income to ſeveral thouſands per annum; and yet, I do not take fees for one in forty of my preſcriptions.—My houſe is too large for my family—Wilt thou come

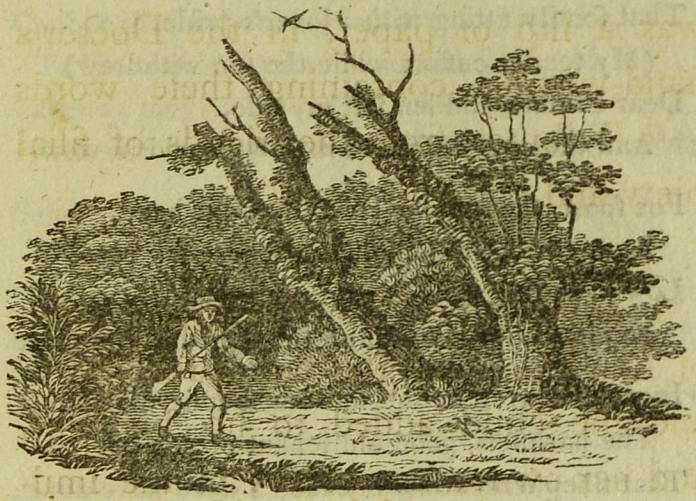
once again into the buſy world, with this mountain bloſſom, and occupy ſome of the apartments?—This as thou wilt.—At preſent I muſt give thee a few words of parting advice, and muſt rely on this damſel to ſee that it is adopted. Thou art ſo much thy former ſelf, friend, that I fear not a relapſe; but, to fortify and ſtrengthen thee in my abſence, I have written, and made up, a preſcription, which, I am convinced, hits thy caſe exactly. Hearing ſomething of thy maladies from the friend who conveyed to me thy Amelia's meſſage, and forming a judgment, ſoberly, thereupon, I brought with me ſuch drugs as I thought could not be readily procured in thy neighbourhood. They lie, however, in a ſmall compaſs, even in this little box, yet, being com-

pounds of peculiar ſtrength, they will laſt you, I judge, for at leaſt a year to come, probably more—if they ſhould not, thou knoweſt where to addreſs the preſcriber for a freſh ſupply. There, friend, take it, but do not open it till you ſeem to wiſh for ſomething of a *cordial* nature. It will then, I have no doubt, do thee good.

He received their tearful embraces, and departed. You are impatient to lift up the lid of the box. When it was opened by the Merchant and his Daughter, they diſcovered two ſeparate pieces of paper, each containing a draft, on a different banker, for *one thouſand pounds*—the one, a preſent from the phyſician, the other from the ſtranger who had given him an account of this little family. Wrapt round theſe drafts

was a ſlip of paper, in the Doctor's hand-writing, containing theſe words —" Tributes, from the friends of filial piety and parental love."

I muſt not deny you the gratification of knowing that the father recovered, and the child added to his bleſſings, and her own, many years; in the ſmiling courſe of which, the young lady's virtues attracted the affections of a very wealthy and worthy gentleman, whoſe power and inclinations not only enabled the Merchant to make reſtitution of the generoſity received from the phyſician; but to make alſo the reſidue of that man's life, from whom he derived the beſt and lovelieſt of wives, as happy in proſperity as it had been reſpectable in misfortune.



## THE NIGHTINGALE.

FOR Eluſino loſt, renew the ſtrain,
Pour the ſad note upon the ev'ning gale;
And as the length'ning ſhades uſurp the plain,
The ſilent moon ſhall liſten to the tale.

Sore was the time, ill-fated was the hour,
The thicket ſhook with many an omen dire!
When from the topmoſt twig of yonder bower,
I ſaw my huſband flutter and expire.

'Twas when the peaſant ſought his twilight reſt,
Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;
'Twas when the plumy nation ſought the neſt,
And all, but ſuch as lov'd the night, was ſtill;

That fondly ſitting with a lover's pride,
(My tender cuſtom while the ſun withdrew)
Dear Eluſino, ſudden left my ſide,
And the curs'd form of man appear'd in view.

For ſport, the tube he levell'd at our head,
And, curious to behold more near my race,
Low in the copſe the artful robber laid,
Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place.

Ingrateful wretch! he was our ſhepherd's ſon,
The harmleſs, good old tenant of yon cot!
That Shepherd would not ſuch a deed have done;
For love of him firſt fix'd us to this ſpot.

Oft as at eve his homeward ſteps he bent,
When the laborious taſk of day was o'er,
Our mellow'd warblings ſooth'd him as he went,
'Till the charm'd hind forgot that he was poor.

Ah! could not this thy gratitude inſpire?
Could not our gentle viſitations pleaſe?
Could not the blameleſs leſſons of thy ſire,
Thy barb'rous hand reſtrain from crimes like theſe?

O cruel boy! thou tyrant of the plain!
Could'ſt thou but ſee the ſorrows thou haſt made,
O didſt thou know the virtues thou haſt ſlain,
And view the gloomy horrors of the ſhade:

Couldſt thou behold my infant younglings lie,
In the moſs'd cradle by our bills prepar'd,
Babes as they were, unable yet to fly,
Their wings defenceleſs, and their boſoms bar'd:

Surely the mighty malice of thy kind,
Thy power to wrong, and readineſs to kill,
In common pity to the parent's mind,
Would ceaſe the new-made father's blood to ſpill.

Haply, the time may come, when heav'n ſhall give
To thee the troubles thou haſt heap'd on me;
Haply, ere well *thy* babes begin to live,
Death ſhall preſent the dart of miſery.

Juſt as the tender hope begins to riſe,
As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;
As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
And the breaſt throbs with all the parent's joy;

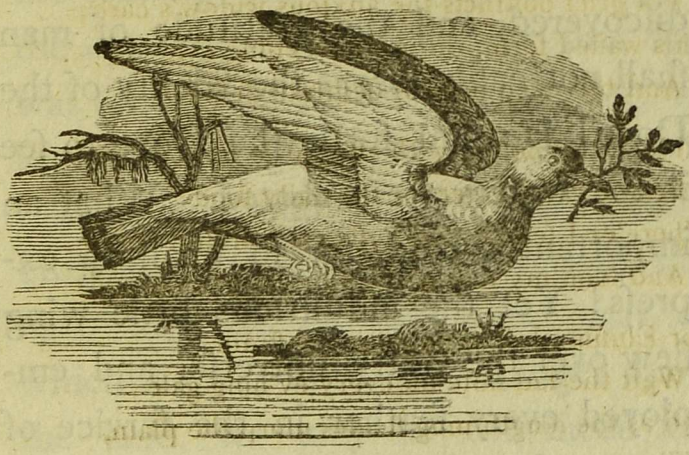
Then may ſome midnight robber, ſkill'd in guile,
Reſolv'd on plunder, and on deeds of death,
Thy fairy proſpects, tender tranſports ſpoil,
And to the knife reſign *thy* children's breath.

In that ſad moment ſhall thy ſavage heart
Feel the ſad anguiſh, deſperate, and wild,
Conſcience forlorn ſhall doubly point the ſmart;
And juſtice whiſper,—this is child for child.

'Reav'd of their ſire, my babes, alas! muſt ſigh;
For grief obſtructs the anxious widow's care;
This waſted form, this ever-weeping eye,
And the deep note of deſtitute deſpair,

All load this boſom with affright ſo ſore,
Scarce can I cater for the daily food!
Where'er I ſearch, my huſband ſearch'd before,
And ſoon my neſt will hold an orphan brood!

For Eluſino, loſt, then pour the ſtrain,
Waft the ſad note on every ev'ning gale;
And as the length'ning ſhades uſurp the plain,
The ſilent moon ſhall liſten to the tale.



## THE DOVE.

THE tranſactions and friendly intercourſe of *Noah* and his *Dove*, have a tenderneſs and ceremony in them truly delightful. The eye melts at the ſimplicity, and the heart warms at the ſentiment. Poetry, in her happieſt flight, could imagine nothing more intereſting to the fancy. Hail, gentleſt of birds!—Hail, meſſenger of ſecurity!

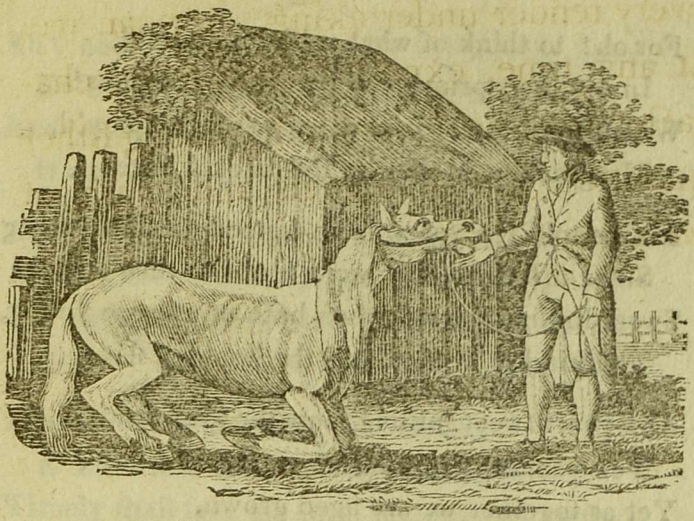
Through thy means was the dry ground diſcovered, and the gratitude of man ſhall not eaſily forget the fidelity of the Dove! He ſent forth the Dove to ſee if the waters were abated. What an important errand, for ſo ſmall an expreſs! Yet the induſtrious little wing flew over the watry univerſe, and employed every feather in the ſervice of man: after a vain excurſion ſhe returned; for the waters were ſtill without a ſhore. Methinks I ſee the Patriarch ſtand upon the deck, to wait the return of his meſſenger, and as ſoon as ſhe reſts her fatigued foot upon the ark, he tenderly puts forth his hand and pulls her to him: thus rewarded for her labours, after ſeven days repoſe, her aſſiſtance being again ſummoned, ſhe truſts to her pinions; and, lo! in

the evening, ſhe came. By mention of the evening, it ſhould appear that ſhe was diſpatched in the morning, or, at leaſt very early in the day. What a taſk of toil muſt it then have been! How many billowy leagues muſt ſhe have travelled ere ſhe found that of which ſhe was in ſearch! Linger upon the land, we may be convinced ſhe never did, however the verdure and vegetable novelty might charm her. No! it was not till the evening ſhe ſucceeded in her endeavours, and then, upon the wings of kindneſs, ſhe haſted to ſatisfy the impatience of her maſter. Upon her ſecond return, behold a leaf was in her mouth! What a ſweet way is here of communicating the happy tidings! But, indeed, every ſyllable

of this matter hath a grace and a conſequence peculiar to it: it was an OLIVE leaf which ſhe bore; the leaf of amity, the emblem of peace; as much as to ſay, lo! maſter, the waters are abated, and I have plucked a leaf as a teſtimony of my truth! The power who commandeth the waves to dry up and diſappear, hath ordained me to bear to thee this olive-branch; haply it is the pledge of promiſe and conciliation betwixt him and thee; and thou ſhalt not only ſet thy foot ſafely upon land, but there proſper and enjoy the pardon of God. And after ſeven days more, he ſent her forth again, and ſhe returned no more. One is divided here betwixt ſmiles and tears; it is an exquiſite paſſage. The land and earth

had, by this time, reſumed their accuſtomed beauties; the trees diſplayed a greener glory, the flowers ſprung brighter from the wave, and the Dove having performed her duty, enjoyed, as directed, the beauties of renovated verdure. Yet ſhe returned no more. Noah, though he knew the cauſe of her delay, had loſt his favourite bird. Alas! it was a drawback upon the felicity of the new-appearing world. Fie upon the heart that has not feelings upon ſuch occaſions! The ſoftneſs of the Dove, however, is ſtill held among the children of men, in grateful remembrance. She is equally celebrated in prophane and ſacred hiſtory, and every epithet of endearment is allotted to her. She is conſidered as favourable to love, and propitious to

every tender undertaking; nor can we, at any time, expreſs a courteous character without giving to it, among other qualities, the gentleneſs and truth of *the Dove.*



THE ADDRESS OF

## THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE

*TO HIS MASTER*.*

AND haſt thou fix'd my doom, ſweet Maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And houſe within this hoſpitable ſhed;
It glads me more to ſee my maſter's face,
And linger near the ſpot where I was bred.

* *Who, on account of his (the Horse) being unable, from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had ſentenced him to be ſhot.*

For oh! to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
When, from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious Maſter on this back I bore!

Thrice told ten years, have danced on down along,
Since firſt theſe way-worn limbs to thee I gave;
Sweet ſmiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindeſt Maſter, and the happieſt ſlave.

Ah! years ſweet ſmiling, now for ever flown,
Ten years thrice told, alas! are as a day;
Yet as together we are aged grown,
Let us together wear our age away.

For ſtill the times long paſt, are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew,
To youth, and joy, all change of ſeaſons brought
Pains that were ſoft, or pleaſures that were new.

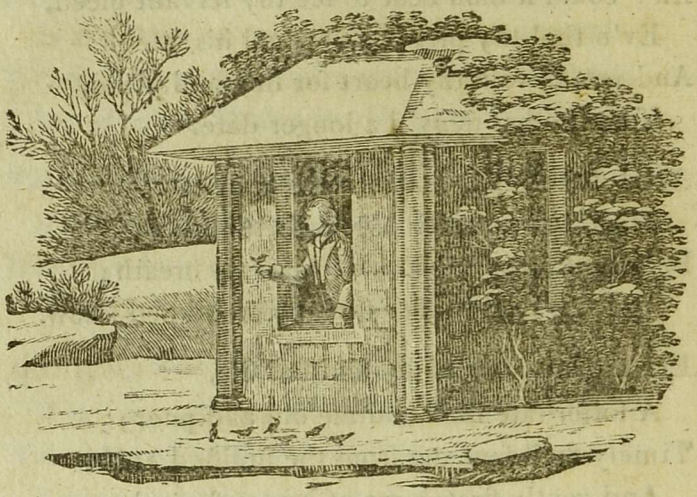
Ev'n when thy love-ſick heart felt fond alarms,
Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears,
Did I not bear thee to thy fair one's arms,
Aſſure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears?

And haſt *thou* fix'd my death, ſweet Maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Ah! could'ſt thou bear to ſee thy ſervant bleed,
Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate?
And yet, in vain thy heart for life ſhall plead,
If nature has deny'd a longer date.

Alas! I feel, 'tis *nature* dooms my death,
I feel, too ſure, 'tis *pity* deals the blow;
But ere it falls, O Nature! take my breath;
And my kind Maſter ſhall no bloodſhed know.

Ere the laſt hour of my allotted life,
A ſofter fate ſhall end me old and poor;
Timely ſhall ſave me from the uplifted knife,
And gently ſtretch me at my maſter's door.



THE SPARROWS.

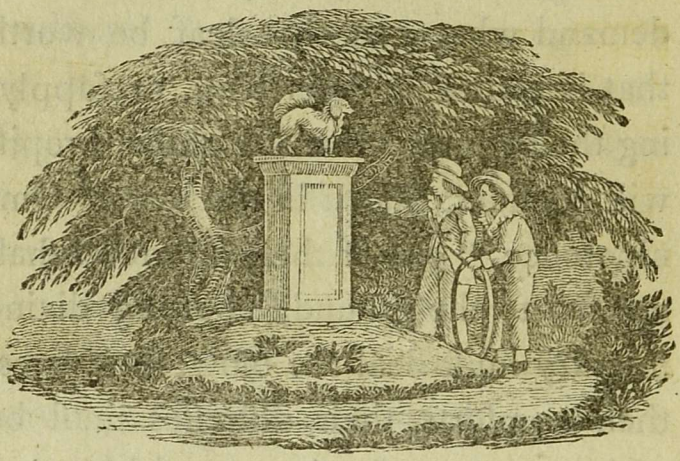
"THE poor little domeſtic birds, (Sparrows, Robins, &c.) how this hard weather has ſubdued their independence! How they throw themſelves on us for protection! I have already more than twenty of theſe winged penſioners," writes a friend from Holland, "who ſeem to have no reſource but what they receive from

the crumbs that fall from my table. At this moment they are ſeated on a board on the outſide of my chamber window, on opening which, ſeveral of them have actually come in, hopped about my room, warmed themſelves at my fire, and thus refreſhed, again take wing and brave the elements. Birds are at all times more tame here than I have ſeen them elſewhere; but in the ſevere part of the year, they ſo abſolutely throw themſelves in the *way* of your bounty, that a man's charity muſt very perverſely "paſs by on the other ſide," not to ſee, and ſeeing, he muſt have a heart yet colder than the ice, not to accommodate their little wiſhes. What pleaſure there is in gentle offices, whether adminiſtered to bird, beaſt, or man! How it refreſhes in

warm, how it animates one in rigorous weather! A red-breaſt is trotting over my carpet as I write; a poor froſt-nipped chaffinch, is reſtling almoſt in the aſhes of my Buzaglio, and a Sparrow, who had after warming himſelf aſcended my table, is within the length of his beak of the paper on which I am writing. I nod and tell him, as he ſlopes his curious head to the writing, 'tis all about himſelf and his aſſociates; and the little fellow, with the pleaſant pertneſs which characteriſes the Sparrow-tribe, looks ſaucily into my face with his head aſide, as much as to ſay, a very good ſubject! glean away, friend!

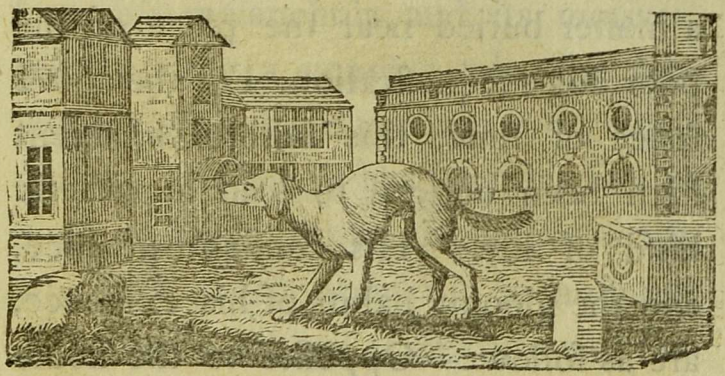
" Cold as the ſnow, and biting as the froſt, there are ſome may aſk, whether " two Sparrows are not ſold for a

farthing?" and, by way of inference, demand what can that leaf be worth that is waſted in deſcribing, or ſupplying their wants? But the philanthropiſt will conſider, that if in the eye of Omnipotence, "one of theſe Sparrows ſhall not fall to the ground," but *his* divine miniſtry muſt deal the blow, their lives, their comforts, their diſtreſſes muſt be of ſome account in the eye of *humanity!*



## EPITAPH ON A LAP-DOG.

TO courts accuſtom'd, yet to cringe aſham'd,
Of perſon lovely, as in life, unblam'd,
Skill'd in thoſe gentle and prevailing arts,
Which lead directly to ſoft female hearts;
A kind partaker of the quiet hour,
Friend of the parlour, partner of the bow'r,
In health, in ſickneſs, ever faithful found,
Yet by no ties, but ties of kindneſs bound;
Of inſtinct, nature, reaſon, what you will,
For to all duties he was conſtant ſtill;
Such was the being underneath this ſhrine:
Study the character, and make it *thine*.



THE DOG OF THE TOMBS.

INCLINE thine ear, O man! to the true ſtory of the Dog of the Tombs; and let his example be a leſſon to humanity for ever. There is, it ſeems, a creature at this time employed in meditations amongſt the tombs of the metropolis. Not the ghoſt of Mr. James Harvey, but the ghoſtly ſubſtance, if ſo I dare to expreſs myſelf, of a four-footed friend, who, for eleven

long years, hath bemoaned the loſs of a maſter buried near the place of the poor dog's ſequeſtration. For the above ſpace of time, this faithful adherent hath been noticed to lead a pathetic kind of life. His conſtant practice, and the gloomy habits of his exiſtence, are as follow:—Oppoſite to the houſe of a gentleman, near the church-yard of St. Olave, where the little receptacles of humanity are in many parts dilapidated; amongſt theſe appears a cragged aperture, ſcarce large enough to admit the mournful animal into the ſubterraneous ruins, where he purſues his way, unſeeing and unſeen, till, as has ſince been diſcovered, he explores the ſpot that is conſecrated to his ſorrows. The neighbours have celebrated him for this penſive purſuit, till ſo much

of his ſad hiſtory as can be collected from his melancholy and its motives, running into a popular tale, the ſubſequent facts have got into every one's mouth. Of late, it has been his fate to meet a friend in an ingenious artiſt, who hath gazed upon his in and out goings with an eye of ſtricture and ſurpriſe. The reſult of his remarks is, that this viſitant of the vaults—a ſingular ſolitary, whoſe monaſtery is erected amongſt the dead—invariably follows one courſe of conduct, ſhunning all *canine* as well as *human* intercourſe, at once reſigning our ſpecies and his own; going gloomily into his cavern, and never returning but on the extremeſt calls and ſevereſt inſiſtings of nature, by which he inſtinctively is driven into day-light.—He, however,

endures it no longer than juſt to walk ſolemnly, " with ghoſtly ſteps and ſlow," into the gentleman's houſe, to eat the food, which he probably takes becauſe he would not wiſh to part with, or ſhorten his ſorrows, or to terminate them amidſt the ſacred duſt of ſome loved friend, over which he is now the generous centinel. Yet, in this effort of perpetuating his ſympathy, and of grudging the moments that are ſtolen from it, he is not repreſented as a being apt to form new attachments, or who wiſhes to expunge the old, by the force of novelty. He is a ſteady martyr to his fidelity, and knoweth not the ſhadow of changing. On the contrary, even the ſweet voice of benevolence, which would call him into proſperity, and the liberal hand

which offers the means of ſubſiſtence, ſo ſorely wanted, have no corrupting power of ſeducing him into one hour's forgetfulneſs. The great duty of the mourner's life is evidently drawn to a point—that of attending the aſhes of an ancient benefactor in the progreſs of mortal decay. From this no bribes, no bounties can entice him; and, wonderful to tell! no ſooner is nature's meaneſt want abſtemiouſly as rapidly abated, (for he ſeems to grudge the time ſo waſted) than the memory of the dear charge he has forſaken, returns invigorated upon him, and he entombs himſelf again in this pious manner for three or four days: then once more he crawls forth, lean and emaciated, his eyes ſunk, his hair diſhevelled, and with every other mark of the priſoner and

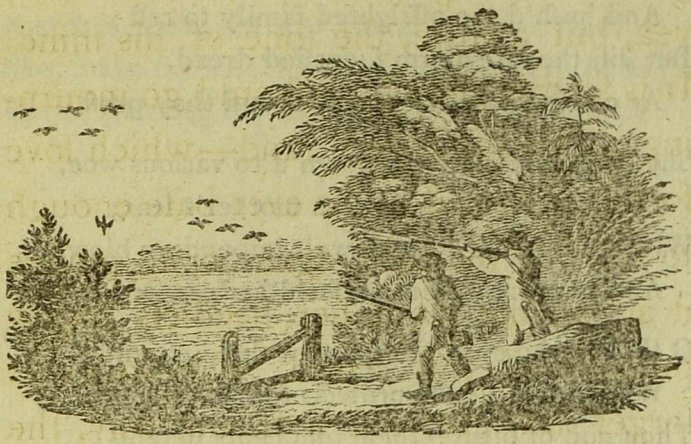
the mourner. Thus does he, *literally* paſs his days and nights "in the darkneſs and ſhadow of death." No ſun to cheer, no companion to ſoothe him. It may not be omitted, for it is a circumſtance too honourable to his principles of affection, and to which truth gives her ſanction, that his terrene habitation is rendered additionally uncomfortable by a kind of thoroughfare ſink, which conducts the noiſome damps along his cave; ſo that his poſt of honour, which is a ſick-bed, is made in the waters, and all the horrors of an ill-aired dungeon muſt ſurround him: but his tender nature recks not this—Love endureth all things. In coming ſuddenly into day, he is repreſented as feeling no kind of feſtivity at the tranſition, either from the fanning of the

breeze or fervour of the ſun; none of thoſe rebounds of joy, or fond elevations, that denote an *ordinary* dog's releaſe from a long and painful confinement. No:—his character is uniform. This *Penſeroſo-moraliſt* is a volunteer in captivity; and if in his way from the vaults to his houſe of feeding, he encounters any of his own kind (from his coffin to his kitchen, which is the utmoſt limit of his journey,) it has been obſerved that he takes no notice of their bearing the ſame impreſſed form of nature, as if the connecting band was torn from the living, and transferred to the dead; he takes his haſty repaſt—his neceſſary morſel, and retires to bury himſelf alive in his ſable retreat. His friendſhip ſeems to have worn out the very diſtinction of ſex; and the female form,

with all its attractions, is abſorbed in that thick night of ſad ſenſation which hath ſeized upon his heart; yet he is not ungrateful, nor unmindful of the dues of hoſpitality. To the ſervant maid of the houſe who prepares his pottage, againſt his hour of *reſurrection from the dead*, he expreſſes a decent ſenſe of acknowledgment. He is not ſullen, but ſorrowful; but he keeps aloof, and "dips his morſel in the vinegar" reſervedly, which I take to hint civilly to his benefactor, his wiſhes to avoid all approximation to intimacy. It is eaſy to tranſlate the Dog's heart upon this circumſtance, as well as if we could ſee into his generous boſom. It runs thus: —"To ſhew my good principles, I pay thee my tender thanks; but prithee, damſel, attempt not my affections: they

are ſo entirely engaged, that I have not ſo much as might be put into a wren's eye, for any other of thy ſpecies or my own." We are very much afraid, that the kind-hearted wench will ſuffer her good nature to get the better of her diſcretion, and that ſhe will *bewoman* away the Dog's morals, till he becomes no better than an human being. No; we injure him.—The *fame*, the *immortality* of the Dog require, that he ſhould continue inconſolable. One week's felicity—yea, one moment's mirth, would ruin his reputation with us for ever; and by all that's honourable in nature, or graceful in the affections, we had rather creep into his ſepulchre, and aſſaſſinate him on his maſter's tomb, and we are ſure the generous reader would do the ſame, than have him

grow fat, and get into fleſh, and recover, yea, but a little, the tone of his mind. It is for his glory he "ſhould go mourning all his life long;" and—which love forbid!—ſhould he be ever baſe enough to hold up his head again, or to prance it about like the other heedleſs happy puppies of this world, who ſo eaſily forget they ever loſt a friend, why, the only conſiſtent character we have ever met will be deſtroyed.



## THE PARTRIDGES.

HARD by yon copſe, that ſkirts the flowery valé,
As late I walk'd to taſte the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of ſorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the penſive ſound, I nearer drew:
But my rude ſteps encreas'd the cauſe of pain:
Soon o'er my head the whirring *partridge* flew
Alarm'd; and with her flew an infant train.

But ſhort the excurſion; for unus'd to fly,
Feebly the unfledg'd wings the eſſay could make;
The parent, ſhelter'd by the cloſing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there ſhe amply ſpread,
And huſh'd the affrighted family to reſt;
But ſtill the late alarm ſuggeſted dread,
As cloſer to their feathery friend they preſt.

She, wretched parent! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's fear;
With grief foreſaw the dawn's impending blow,
And to avert it, thus prefer'd her prayer:

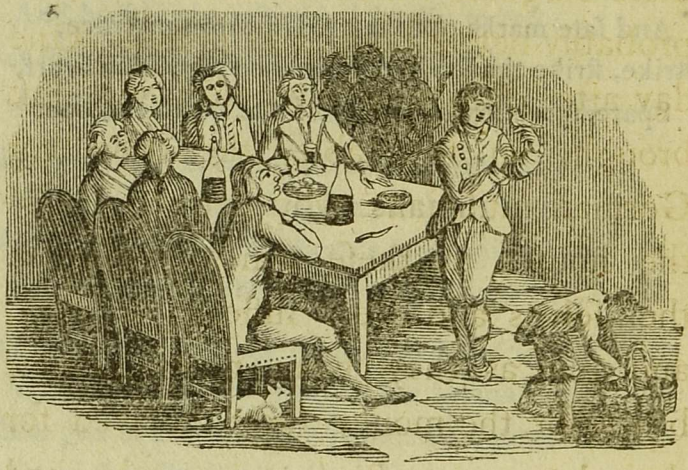
O thou! who even the ſparrow doſt befriend,
Whoſe providence protects the harmleſs wren;
Thou god of birds! theſe innocents defend
From the vile ſports of unrelenting men.

For ſoon as dawn ſhall dapple yonder ſkies,
The ſlaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,
While the dire dog the faithleſs ſtubble tries,
Shall perſecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may the ſun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
Parch with unwonted heat the undewy ground;
So ſhall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
So ſhall the ſportſman leave my babes unfound.

Then may I fearleſs guide them to the mead,
Then may I ſee with joy their plumage grow,
Then may I ſee (fond thought!) their future breed,
And every tranſport of a parent know.

But if ſome victim muſt endure the dart,
And fate marks out that victim from my race,
Strike, ſtrike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart,
Spare, ſpare my babes, and I the death embrace!



## THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

IN the town of Cleves, an Engliſh gentleman was reſiding with a Pruſſian family, during the time of the fair, which we ſhall paſs over, having nothing remarkable to diſtinguiſh it from other annual meetings where people aſſemble to ſtare at, cheat each other, and divert themſelves, and to ſpend the year's ſavings in buying

thoſe bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the deſert was juſt brought on the table, the travelling German muſicians, who commonly ply the houſes at theſe times, preſented themſelves and were ſuffered to play, and juſt as they were making their bows for the money they received for their hamony, a *Bird-catcher*, who had rendered himſelf famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The muſicians, who had heard of this Bird-catcher's fame, begged permiſſion to ſtay; and the maſter of the houſe, who had a great ſhare of good nature, indulged their curioſity, a curioſity in-

deed in which every body participated: for all that we have heard or ſeen of *learned-pigs*, aſſes, dogs, and horſes, was ſaid to be extinguiſhed in the wonderful wiſdom which blazed in the genius of this Bird-catcher's *Canary*. The Canary was produced, and the owner harrangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger, *Bijou*, jewel, you are now in the preſence of perſons of great ſagacity and honour: take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering: in a word, deport yourſelf like the *bijou*—the jewel—of the Canary Birds, as you certainly are. All this time the Bird ſeemed to liſten, and indeed, placed himſelf in the true attitude of

attention, by ſloping his head to the ear of the man, and then diſtinctly nodding twice, when his maſter left off ſpeaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promiſſory, theſe were two of them. That's good, ſaid the maſter, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now, then, let us ſee if you are a Canary of honour. Give us a tune:—the Canary ſung. Pſhaw! that's too harſh: 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarſeneſs upon him: ſomething pathetic. The Canary whiſtled as if his little throat was changed to a lute. Faſter, ſays the man—ſlower—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head?—No wonder you are out, Mr. *Bijou*, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—*bravo! bravo!* my little man! All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he

do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and "the ſound was a juſt echo to the ſenſe," according to the ſtricteſt laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of muſical compoſition—*bravo! bravo!* re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The muſicians declared the Canary was a greater maſter of muſic than any of their band. And do you not ſhew your ſenſe of this civility, Sir? cried the Bird-catcher with an angry air. The Canary bow'd moſt reſpectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next atchievement was going through martial exerciſe with a ſtraw gun, after which, my poor *bijou*, ſays the owner, thou haſt had hard work, and muſt be a little weary: a few per-

formances more, and thou ſhalt repoſe. Shew the ladies how to make a curteſy. The bird here croſſed his taper legs, and ſunk, and roſe with an eaſe and grace that would have put half our ſubſcription-aſſembly *belles* to the bluſh. That's my fine bird!—and now a bow, head and foot correſponding. Here the ſtriplings for ten miles round London might have bluſhed alſo. Let us finiſh with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up. The activity, glee, ſpirit, accuracy, with which this laſt order was obeyed, wound up the applauſe, (in which all the muſicians joined, as well with their inſtruments as with their clappings,) to the higheſt pitch of admiration. Bijou himſelf ſeemed to feel the ſacred thirſt of fame, and ſhook his little

plumes, and carroled an *Io pæan* that ſounded like the conſcious notes of victory. Thou haſt done all my biddings bravely, ſaid the maſter, careſſing his feathered ſervant; now then take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the Canary went into a counterfeit ſlumber, ſo like the effect of the poppied-god, firſt ſhutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping ſo much on one ſide, that the hands of ſeveral of the company were ſtretched out to ſave him from falling, and juſt as thoſe hands approached his feathers, ſuddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other; at length ſleep ſeemed to fix him in a ſteady poſture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man aſſured us he would re-

main in a good ſound ſleep, while he himſelf had the honour to do his beſt to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glaſs of wine, (in the progreſs of taking which he was interrupted by the Canary-bird ſpringing ſuddenly up to aſſert his right to a ſhare, really putting his little bill into the glaſs, and then laying himſelf down to ſleep again) the owner called him a ſaucy fellow, and began to ſhew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of theſe lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he ſmoaked with another; and ſeveral of the poſitions were ſo difficult to be preſerved, yet maintained with ſuch dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge BLACK

CAT, who had been no doubt on the watch, from ſome unobſerved corner ſprung upon the table, ſeized the poor Canary in its mouth, and ruſhed out of the window in deſpite of all oppoſition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an inſtant, it was a vain purſuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in ſuch diſmay, accompanied by ſuch looks and language, as muſt have awakened pity in a *miſanthrope*. He ſpread himſelf half length over the table, and mourned his Canary-bird with the moſt undiſſembled ſorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years haſt thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and ſlept in my boſom.

I owe to thee my ſupport, my health, my ſtrength, and my happineſs; without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didſt enſure my welcome in the beſt companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a juſt puniſhment for my vanity: had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadſt been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breaſt, at this moment! But truſting to my own talents, and glorifying myſelf in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accurſed be the hour I entered this houſe! and more accurſed the deteſtable monſter that killed thee! Accurſed be *myſelf*, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were

cloſed in frolic. O *Bijou!* my deareſt, only *Bijou!* would I were dead alſo!"

As near as the ſpirit of his diſordered mind can be transfuſed, ſuch was the language and ſentiment of the forlorn Bird-catcher; whoſe deſpairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it ſome wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whiſtles, bird-calls, and other inſtruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, "as in ſcorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his Canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. Theſe were now much ſoftened, as is ever the caſe when the rage of grief yields to

its tenderneſs; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cauſe. It is needleſs to obſerve, that every one of the company ſympathized with him. But none more than the band of *muſicians*, who, being engaged in a profeſſion that naturally keeps the ſenſibilities more or leſs in exerciſe, felt the diſtreſs of the poor Bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to ſee theſe people gathering themſelves into a knot, and, after whiſpering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noſes, depute one from amongſt them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the Bird-man, the very contribution they had juſt before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little

parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the ſight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary-ſeed, the food of the "dear loſt companion of his heart." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumſtance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution-money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a deſperate hand. He opened the bag, which was faſtened with red tape, and taking out ſome of the ſeed, put it to the very bill of the lifeleſs bird, exclaiming, "No, poor *Bijou!* no,—thou can'ſt not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding place ſo many years: —thou can'ſt not remember how happy

we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou hadſt deſerved it."—It ſhall be *filled*—and with gold, ſaid the maſter of the houſe, if I could afford it. The good man roſe from his ſeat, which had been long uneaſy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it ſome ſilver; ſaying as he handed it to his neareſt neighbour, who will refuſe to follow my example? It is not a ſubſcription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rareſt things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this ſophiſtical, pretending, parading age. If ever the paſſion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out ſuch feelings be bird, beaſt, fiſh, or man, it is alike

virtue, and—Ought to be rewarded—ſaid his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is ſuperfluous to tell you, that after the ſeed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's ſight, every body moſt cheerfully contributed to make up a purſe, to repair, as much as money could, the Bird-man's loſs. The laſt perſon applied to was a very beautiful *German* young lady, who, as ſhe placed her bounty into the bag, cloſed it immediately after, and bluſhed. As there are all ſorts of bluſhes (at leaſt one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteriſtic feeling, ſuppoſing the actor can feel at all) *Suſpicion* would have thought this young lady, who was ſo anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but *Candour*, who

reaſons in a different manner, would ſuppoſe what was really the caſe—that it was a bluſh not of avarice or deception, but of benevolence, graced with modeſty. *Curioſity*, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongſt which were a *golden ducat*, that, by its date and brightneſs, had been hoarded. Ah! ha! ſaid Curioſity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honeſt in one point; ſince they all in the moment of attack, by ſome means or other, diſcover what they wiſh to conceal. There was not in the then large company a ſingle perſon, who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with aſſurance of the truth—*Thou art the woman!* There was no denying the fact; it was written

on every feature of her enchanting face. She ſtruggled, however, with the accuſation almoſt to tears, but they were ſuch tears as would have given luſtre to the fineſt eyes in the world; for they gave luſtre to her's, and would have added effulgence to a ray of the ſun. Well, then, if nobody elſe will own this neglected ducat, ſaid the maſter of the houſe, who was uncle to the lady above-mentioned, I will: whereupon he took it from the heap, exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection. While the buſineſs of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor Birdman, who was the occaſion and object of it, was at firſt divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleaſure: his eye ſometimes directed to the maſſacred Canary, ſometimes to the company; at

length generoſity proved the ſtronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had loſt a bird, but he had gained the good-will of human beings. The bird, it was true, was his pride and ſupport, but this was not the criſis any longer to bewail his fate. He accepted the contribution-purſe, by one means or other filled like the ſack of *Benjamin*, even to the brim, and bowed, but ſpoke not; then folding up the corpſe of the Canary in its wool and cotton ſhroud, departed with one of thoſe looks, that the moment it is ſeen it is felt and underſtood; but for which, being too powerful for deſcription, no language has yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the muſicians to follow. They did ſo, ſtriking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet. The very

ſoul of the Engliſh gentleman purſued the ſounds, and ſo did his feet. He haſtened to the outer door, and ſaw the Bird-man contending about returning the money, which the *founders* of the benevolence—for ſuch were the muſicians—had ſubſcribed. On his coming down to breakfaſt the next morning, he ſaw the footman departing with *the cat who killed the bird*, "not" ſaid his maſter, "to put her to death for an act that was natural to her; but to put her where I know ſhe will be out of my ſight; for I never could look on her again without being reminded of the moſt uncomfortable part of yeſterday's adventure: Poor Bijou! I have not a doubt but all we have done atones but ſcantily for the loſs of ſuch a friend. Juſt as he ſaid this the niece, whoſe

perſon and mind I have already particularized, came into the breakfaſt room: And now, ſaid the old gentleman, to finiſh the buſineſs: Look ye, Henrietta, I gave you this new ducat to lay out at the fair, in any manner you liked beſt; and though I think the way in which you diſpoſed of it the very beſt you could have choſen—nay, no more bluſhing—I think it never ought to go out of our family; for do you know that I have taken it into my ſuperſtitious old head, that the bleſſing of the giver of *all* good will ſtay with us while ſuch a ducat remains amongſt us. I therefore bought it back cheaply with two others. Age is ſuperſtitious, you know, my dear. Indulge me then, love, and take care of it while I live, after which it ſhall be your's:—and

in the mean time, that you may not loſe your fairing, in this little purſe are ten others, that, though not ſo diſtinguiſhed by what, to my old heart, is more precious than the gold of *Ophir*, may ſerve well enough the common purpoſes of life." Much of this was ſpoken with tender difficulty, and the gift was received with more: but ſhe loved the hand which in the firſt inſtance had enabled her to be generous, too well not to reward it. Was not this, indeed, an illuſtration of the virtue of the man of Roſs, who "did good, yet *bluſhed* to find it fame?"

## THE ROBIN.

IN times of old, lived a man, near a great foreſt. He was a keeper of ſheep, and had (as the ſtory goes) a numerous family. Some of his children were grown up, and ſome were infants. One was rocked in the cradle, and two were lulled upon the lap. The mother was a noted ſpinner, and when they could hold the wool in their hands, and

had ſtrength enough to turn round the wheel, ſhe ſet her daughters to work; while the father took care to find ſufficient out-door buſineſs for the boys; ſome were to tend the herd, and ſome that were too weak for hard work, ſcared the birds from the corn. Now it is reported by the neighbours of the adjacent village, that the old ſhepherd, the father, was a mighty odd character, and bred up his family in a very different manner from his poor neighbours. As he was unable to give them the advantage of an education like ours, and teach them Latin and Greek, he was reſolved to furniſh them with ſuch accompliſhments as his ſituation permitted. He was a man of tenderneſs and ſimplicity, and often ſpoke to his children in this manner: "Do all the

good you can, boys and girls, and be ſure you do no harm. You muſt labour for a livelihood, but you may always get your bread innocently; and the bread that is earned honeſtly, will be always the ſweeter for it. I am myſelf obliged to attend a flock; your mother is compelled to ſpin; to the poor ſheep we are therefore all indebted; they afford us food and raiment, they ſhield us from the cold, and prevent us falling into the jaws of famine. I therefore love the harmleſs creatures, and would not hurt them for all that they are worth: let this conduct teach you, children, to behave properly to poor dumb animals, and to uſe them as they deſerve to be uſed. You are *their* friends, and they are *yours*. Prove yourſelves their protec-

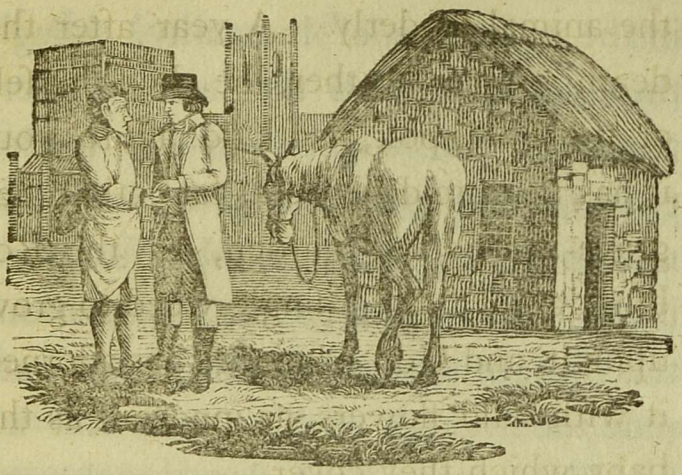
tors; but I charge you preſume not to think you have any right of tyranny; and be aſſured, *wanton cruelty will always be returned upon the tormentor.*" The whole family liſtened to the old man's argument, and it would have been well for them if they had always obeyed the precepts of their father. But now comes the cream of the ſtory, pray therefore attend. The eldeſt ſon had one day taken the neſt of a Robin, which conſiſted of five young ones, and a ſixth juſt burſting from the ſhell. He carried them home to his brothers and ſiſters, to each of which he gave a bird; but the little neſtling he gave to one of the children in the lap, who wrapping it up in a piece of flannel, put it into a ſmall wicker baſket, and ſet it by the fire. The boy that found the neſt,

tied a ſtring to the leg of his bird, and cruelly dragged it after him. The ſecond ſon run pins through the eyes of his bird, and took a delight in ſeeing it bleed to death. The third gave his to the cat, or rather *pretended* to give it, for he held it firſt pretty cloſe to puſs's whiſkers, and then pulled it away from her, but at laſt ſhe pounced upon it, and carried off one of the legs. The eldeſt daughter intended to have taken care of her's, but one of her brothers having murdered his own, ſeized upon her property, and both pulling the poor wretch different ways, betwixt compaſſion and cruelty, it died in the conteſt. And the younger girl, now in poſſeſſion of the only bird that was left, put her's into a cage, and covered it over with wool. At this criſis the mother,

who had been gleaning, and the poor old ſhepherd, returned home. The limbs of the dead birds were ſeen upon the floor, and the cat was buſily employed in a corner, at clearing them away. The old man inſiſted upon the truth. The trembling boy confeſſed it. "Barbarous wretches! cried the ſhepherd, is this the return for my care and inſtruction? But I will puniſh you for it." The eldeſt ſon he tied by the leg, and did to him as he did to the bird; the ſecond ſon he ſcratched with pins till his hands were all over blood; at the third he ſet his dog, who caught him by the leg as he uſed to catch the ſheep; the eldeſt daughter, who had loſt her bird, he pitied. He kiſſed the ſecond daughter, which had put her poor thing into the cage; but

*hugged to his very heart* the little creature that had placed the neſtling in a warm baſket. Now it pleaſed God, that about ſix or ſeven months after this, the eldeſt ſon (which had been the cauſe of all this miſchief) fell ſick, and died; and many people are now living who ſay, that as he was going to be put into the ground, the ravens, rooks, kites, and other vaſt birds, all flew over his coffin, ſcreamed, and could by no means be got away, nor could he reſt in his grave for them; becauſe the animals were always digging up the earth under where he lay, as if they were reſolved to eat him up—and ſome declare *he is actually gone.* I beg pardon, ſchool-fellows, for this long ſtory, but I ſhall finiſh directly. I cannot help mentioning to you the different

fate of the good little girl who treated the animal tenderly. A year after the death of her brother, ſhe died herſelf of the ſmall-pox, and I do aſſure you, it has been told to me as fact, that her grave is a perfect garden, for the Robins do not ſuffer a ſingle weed to grow upon it, and God Almighty has adorned it with wild flowers, as innocent as the baby which they cover.



THE OLD HORSE ON HIS TRAVELS.

RELATED BY HIS MASTER.

THE whole life of this poor ſlave, till within the two laſt years, has been a continued trial of ſtrength, labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkſhire jockey, to be rode, the moment he was fit for ſervice, by an Oxonian ſcholar, who, whatever might have been his learning in the

abſtruſer ſciences, was little converſant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the loweſt underſtanding, and founded on the tender code of that great Lawgiver, who has told us, "a juſt man is merciful to his beaſt." During the very firſt vacation, this ſprightly youth ſo completely outrode the ſtrength of his ſteed, that he ſold him, on the ſame day that he regained his college, at the recommencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of thoſe perſons who keep livery ſtables, and at the ſame time have horſes to let. It was not eaſily poſſible for a poor wretch, ſo badly ſituated before, to change ſo much for the worſe: and of all the fates that attend a hackney horſe, that which belongs to the drudge of a public univerſity is the

moſt ſevere: it is even harder than that of the ſervitors of the college. He remained in this ſervitude, however, ſixteen years, during which he was a thouſand times not only prieſt-ridden, but pariſh ridden, and yet was rarely known to ſtumble, and never to fall. Is it not queſtionable whether half the pariſhioners, or even the prieſts (with reverence be it ſpoken) could ſay as much for their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His maſter, rather from policy than compaſſion, thought it moſt for his future intereſt to allow his four-footed ſervant a ſhort reſpite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a ſalt marſh; but, before his furlow was expired, he was *borrowed* by ſome ſmugglers, who then infeſted the coaſt,

and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abettor in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are beſt carried on in the night time. We ſay *borrowed*, becauſe after a winter's hard work in the company of theſe land-pirates, the horſe was thrown up by his temporary employers in the very marſh out of which he had been preſſed into their ſervice, and a leathern label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, faſtened to his fetlock—*Owner, I have been ſmuggled.* By theſe means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam maſter's poſſeſſion, out of which, however, he departed, the ſummer after, in the ſociety of an old fellow commoner, who, after many years cloſe confinement in the

cloiſters, was diſpoſed to relinquiſh them in favour of a piece of church preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own ſtanding in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed ſo ſtrong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, diſapproving her alliance with a perſon who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole eſtates, ſhould ſhe marry a ſon of the church: ſhutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity, to exclude the aforeſaid individual member. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, ſhe was glad to find that the parental tyranny which had tied her

hand, had left free her fortune: ſhe, therefore, took the firſt opportunity to preſent the object of her early choice with the only piece of ſervice in her power—a preſentation to the living of which ſhe was become the patroneſs, thinking this a better evidence of her ſtill exiſting partiality, than if ſhe had ſet fortune at defiance, and ſacrificed not only her own advantages but her lover's, to gratifying a paſſion which would have impoveriſhed both. An example of tenderneſs, this, well worthy the imitation of more romantic minds. It was to be inducted to this living our learned clerk now journeyed on the ancient ſteed whoſe memoirs I am now writing, and as he did not intend to reviſit the banks of the Iſis, and had often been ſecurely carried to a

neighbouring chapel, where he officiated, on the back of this identical horſe, he purchaſed him, to the intent that he ſhould get into a good living alſo. But the turbulent part of this poor brute's adventures was not yet performed. His patron died without himſelf deriving what might have been expected from his benefice; and ſoon after the deceaſe of the maſter, the ſervant fell into the hands of a man in the ſame pariſh, who, to a variety of other endeavours to ſubſiſt a large and needy family, added that of letting out occaſionally a horſe. Our hero, ſtill unbroken in either knees or conſtitution, was deemed fit for his purpoſe, and being thought of little value, was obtained at an eaſy price. His new maſter removed ſoon after to Loweſtoft,

which you know is a conſiderable ſea-bathing town by the ſea-ſide, in the county of Suffolk, where the toils impoſed by his Oxford tyrant were more than accumulated; for, beſides dragging a cart all the morning with loads of bread (a baker being amongſt the buſineſſes of his maſter,) he was, on account of his gentle diſpoſition, the Horſe fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finiſhed their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harneſſed to the London poſt-coach, which daily paſt from Loweſtoft to Yarmouth. The next morning, by day-break, he came with the return of the ſaid coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unleſs a more profitable offer

happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were paſſed in this miſerable round of labours, and it was at this period of his hiſtory he and I became acquainted.

My affections were engaged, and I was pre-determined to make a preſent to them of this Horſe, for a ſight of which I immediately ſent my ſervant; but when he was led to the door of my friend's houſe, and though my reſolution to mark him for my own grew firmer as I gazed upon his pity-moving carcaſe, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himſelf, confeſſed he was almoſt done up, at which thought a long ſigh enſued, and a confeſſion that he had been the chief ſupport of the family, obſerving, while he

patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be ſaid not only to carry his children's bread to be ſold, but to make it.—" But its all over with you now, my old boy—continued the baker—you may get me through the autumn, mayhap, and then"—" What then, ſaid I?" " He muſt hobble away to the kennel"—" To the kennel?" " Even ſo, maſter—What muſt be, muſt be: I can't afford to let him die by inches; and if I could, I don't ſee the humanity of that: better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a ſmall matter for their entertainment.—He will, however, carry your honour this month to come creditably."

Pre-determined as I ſaid to ſpare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought

him on the ſpot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other perſon who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was ſuch as would have juſtified Roſinante in refuſing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The aſſociation would have diſgraced that celebrated ſpectre; nor did Quixote himſelf exhibit ſo woeful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I could boaſt of an action purely diſintereſted, and which had unalloyed compaſſion for its baſis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to ſay, five guineas, for this old horſe; intending only, at the time, that he ſhould paſs the reſidue of his days in peaceful indolence, broke in upon by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death.

To this end I obtained him the run of a friend's park, where I conſidered him as a reſpectable veteran retired on a penſion. In this verdant hoſpital he remained, unſought, unſeen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to paſs the Chriſtmas with the noble and generous owners of the park aforeſaid, I paid a viſit alſo to my penſioner, who had grown ſo much beyond himſelf on their unmeaſured bounty, that he ſeemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I ſcarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himſelf. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, ſnorted, kicked, and frolicked about the paſture, on my firſt attempt to ſtop him, with the airs of a

ſilly-foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport more humbly, conſidering the melancholy ſituation from which he was but recently delivered; yet, ſo far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another ſnort of diſdain, toſſed up his ſaucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates, his former condition. Like them too, he appeared to conſider the world now made for him; and, therefore, betwixt jeſt and earneſt, I was reſolved once more to ſhew him he was made for the world.

The very next day I cauſed him to be taken from his green receſs, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleaſantly,

I could not have been carried, nor, towards the end of the ride, more ſoberly. The ſpirit which he ſhewed in the paſture was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age in the plenitude of uncurbed leiſure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himſelf in health, might take it into his head to finiſh in a country dance; but theſe are ſallies for a moment. Ah! my friend, how many poor ſtarving wretches, worn down by their cruel taſk-maſters, goaded like this horſe by the "whips and ſpurs of the time," and driven out of one hard ſervice to another, might, like him, be reſcued, in the extremity, at ſmall expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a ſerviceable, inſtead of a

diſeaſed, old age! How many half-famiſhed, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I ſay, might, in like manner, be repleniſhed. Reject not this long ſtory—this epiſode—this heroi-comi-epic if you pleaſe—but I cannot allow you to call it a digreſſion. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to underſtand, that on this very horſe, thus reſtored by a little indulgence, I have meaſured a thouſand miles, and find my aſſociate in ſufficient heart to meaſure a thouſand more. In the four-and-twentieth year of his age we ſallied forth; and if the maſter had in courſe of his travels made as few trips, as few falſe ſteps, as the ſervant, he might be a match for the ſafeſt goer on the road of life.

*** *To this we cannot but ſubjoin an account of the treatment of the benevolent* HOWARD *to his aged Horſes, not only as ſtrongly and tenderly allied to* "PITY'S GIFT," *but as an incentive to, and an example of, the divine and bleſſed quality of* MERCY.

The late Mr. Howard had a range of paſtures ſacred to the old age of thoſe horſes who had carried him pleaſantly, or worked for him honeſtly and induſtriouſly, till they were no longer fit for ſervice. This is the moment when horſes are, in general, either ſold at an under price to people who are conſtrained to allow no touch of pity to predominate over that charity which begins at home, or elſe they are deſtroyed, and given to the dogs, their maſters alledging, that it is an act of

humanity. Our Philanthropiſt's humanity never leading him to kill an old ſervant, he turned his uſeleſs horſes into the aforeſaid paſtures, where they remained happy penſioners on his bounty for the reſt of their lives.

Walking over thoſe grounds with the generous maſter of them, it was delightful to ſee twenty or thirty of theſe quadruped penſioners, enjoying themſelves in perfect freedom from labour, and in full ſupply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields had a comfortable ſhed, which the inhabitants could reſort to in the hard weather, and were ſure of finding the rigours of the ſeaſon ſoftened by a well-furniſhed crib of the beſt hay, and a manger either of bran, or corn,

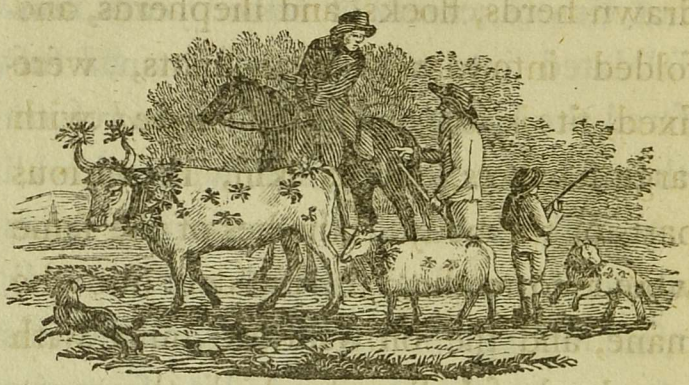
ground, or ſome other nouriſhing food. Chelſea hoſpital is not better accommodated: It was charming on a pleaſant day to obſerve ſome of the penſioners renovating in the ſun, others repoſing in the ſhade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them, actuated by a ſpirit of gratitude worthy of imitation, that could move with eaſe, came towards him, invited his attentions, and ſeemed very ſenſible of their ſituation. Some, whoſe limbs almoſt refuſed their offices, put themſelves to no ſmall difficulties to limp towards him, and even thoſe, who, being confined to their hovels, might be fairly ſaid to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes to him, and appeared ſenſible of his pity, and careſſings.

"Theſe have been all very faithful creatures," he would ſay, "and have ſtrong claims upon me: that poor fellow, who has now ſcarce a leg to ſtand upon, was the conſtant companion of my peregrinations for ſix-and-twenty years, and was as proud and prancing, as he is now humble and decrepid; and the iron-grey invalid, which you ſee yonder, dragging his ſlow length along, was in the days of his youth ſuch a roving, riotous fellow, that no gate or hedge could keep him within bounds, and it was a day's work ſometimes to catch him; nay, when he was caught, it required more addreſs and horſemanſhip than ever I was maſter of, to make him underſtand, that the philoſophy of a parſon's pad had more charms for me than all the flights of

Bucephalus, or even of Pegaſus himſelf. Look at him now. The morality of the contraſt is obvious."

In this manner he went on, enumerating the ſeveral qualities, and hiſtorical anecdotes of the ſeveral penſioners. "There was one," he remarked, "that was at no time a horſe for him, and would not probably have been amongſt his penſioners, but that he had been once rode by a relation of his, a young agreeable rake, who valued him for the very points that made him uſeleſs to me, his ſkittiſhneſs, and impetuoſity; all which he aſſerted, were the ſure marks, both in man and beaſt, of a generous ſpirit, high heart, and noble diſpoſition. Now, as my little frolic-loving couſin was preciſely of this

character himself, and after a mad, but not vicious, career of fifteen years, consolidated into a very good man, I suffered the Horse and his master to reform themselves at leisure, and wish with all my soul, that half the reformed rakes about town, had turned out so well, after sowing their wild oats, as did this young gentleman and his favourite steed, who, for the eight last years of his servitude, was a pattern of sobriety to horses and riders."



THE OX AND THE LAMB.

ABOUT a mile from the weſtern-gate of the town of Cleves, a traveller perceived a man and boy buſied in doing ſomething to the moſt beautiful Ox he ever beheld: as he came nearer, he found they were adorning it with a great variety of fanciful ornaments; a large collar of yew branches, tied with ribbon, and wreathed with other ever-greens, was thrown

over its neck: papers, on which were drawn herds, flocks, and ſhepherds, and folded into large beau-knots, were fixed, it is to be feared *pinned* with large corkers, to its ſkin, in various parts of the body: bunches of the ſame were tied to the tail, braided into the mane, and the brows were hung with a garland of holly, of which there was a twiſt, faſtened by a red filleting, even to the horns, the tips of which were ſtuck with little May-buſhes in bloom. His attention was preſently called from this, by the bleat of a Sheep and its Lamb: thoſe creatures were bound to an hedge in a corner of the ſame encloſure. They were dreſſed nearly in the taſte of the Ox, with this variation in the Lamb, a collar of early opening flowers of the field, and ſome twigs of

hawthorn in bud, and which, betwixt ſport and earneſt, it was trying to get into its mouth. On aſking the cauſe of all this finery, he was told it was upon account of its being a *jour-de-fête*, and alſo the day before that of the greateſt beef, mutton, and lamb market in the whole year! And pray, friend, ſaid the traveller, where is the neceſſity of dreſſing the animals in that manner? 'Tis our cuſtom, Sir, replies the man driving the Ox towards the town, and the boy with the Sheep and Lamb, now unbound, following his example. The traveller had not time for more interrogatories, being wholly taken up with the anticks of the Lamb, which frolicking ſometimes with its mother, and ſometimes with the boy, and ſometimes even with its own ſhadow,

brought ſo cloſe under his eye, and ſo near indeed to his very heart, the fine lines of Mr. Pope, that he repeated them over and over. Every image of this deſcription had its immediate illuſtration in the object before him:

" *The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,*
" *Had he thy reaſon would he ſkip and play?*
" *Pleaſed to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,*
" *And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood!*"

They gained Cleves as the traveller pronounced, for the tenth time, that impreſſive verſe, which gives the moral in the following line—

" *O blindneſs to the future!* KINDLY *given.*"

The animals were led, or rather driven, through the principal ſtreets,

literally for a *ſhew*, it being the practice of WESTPHALIA for the butchers to exhibit their meat *alive* the day preceding the ſlaughter. "I pretend," ſays our traveller, "to queſtion neither the uſe nor the neceſſity of all this; nor by any means to ſtretch pity or feeling beyond its bounds. I only obſerve, that my affections followed theſe creatures in their *funeral* proceſſion through the town of CLEVES, and could not leave them till on turning a narrow lane I ſaw, with a kind of emotion eaſily gueſſed, the door of the place deſtined for their deſtruction; it being a practice in this country to ſlaughter their meat, and a very filthy one it is *, in the open ſtreet; the pavements and

* The ſame vile cuſtom prevails in many parts of HOLLAND.

kennels of which are ſtained, running with blood. I will carry you no further into this little adventure than juſt to note, that being the next day obliged to paſs the end of the ſtreet, where I took leave of my poor dumb companions, I obſerved not only ſeveral parts of them hung upon hooks at the butcher's ſhop, but ſeveral of the ornaments. Even the flowers that were wreathed about the face of the Lamb were now crowded into its mouth, and ſpotted with its harmleſs blood. "Poor little fellow," ſaid the traveller, "thou wert yeſterday the merrieſt of the friſking tribe! Would I had never met thee! If in the courſe of the week, it was my lot to *eat* any part of theſe animals at the tables where I then viſited, as was moſt probably the caſe, conſider *poor*

*human nature*, and forgive me! I am not prepoſterous enough to adviſe a being, who is made up of appetites to abſtain from the gratification of ſuch as are neceſſary to exiſtence, but while we yield to the ſtern laws of our mortality, let us not ſpurn all ſort of feeling, like the man, who, on ſeeing ſome lambs at ſport in a meadow, exclaimed, "Ah, ye dear innocent, beautiful creatures, would to heaven I had a joint of ye to-day for dinner, with nice ſpinnage and butter!" A very different ſentiment ſprung up in the mind of the ſpectator of this ſcene as he ſurveyed the amputated limbs of theſe his late aſſociates, and he could not but remember what the heart-melting Otway ſays on the ſubject:

*" Lead, lead me like a tame Lamb to ſacrifice,*
*" Thus in his fatal garlands deck'd, fine and pleas'd,*
*" The wanton ſkips and plays———————*
*" Trots by th' inticing, flattering, prieſteſs' ſide,*
*" And much tranſported with his little pride,*
*" Forgets his dear companions of the plain,*
*" Till, by her bound, he's on the altar lain,*
*" And then, too, hardly bleats."*

Never can this affecting paſſage be more touchingly illuſtrated than in the caſe of the Lamb of WESTPHALIA.

*FINIS.*

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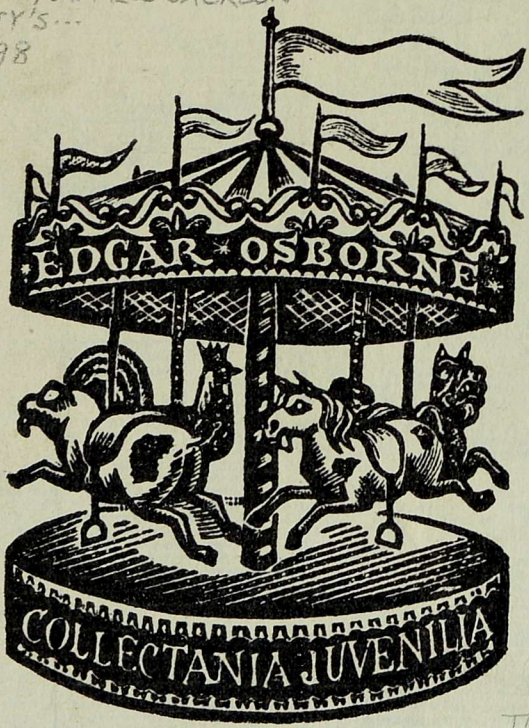




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