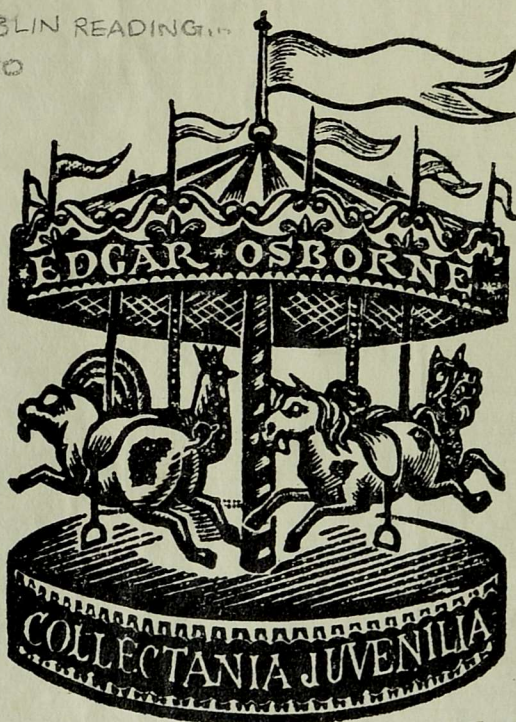


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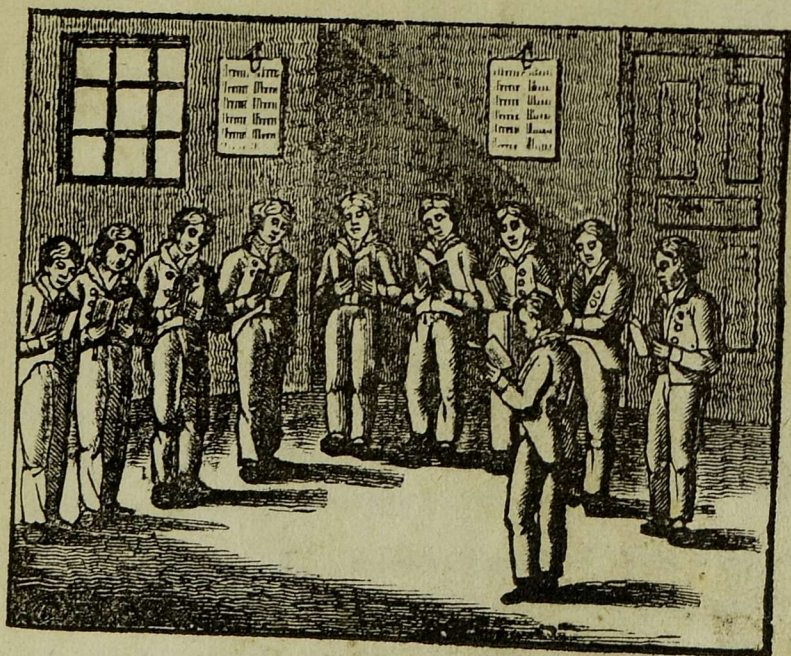
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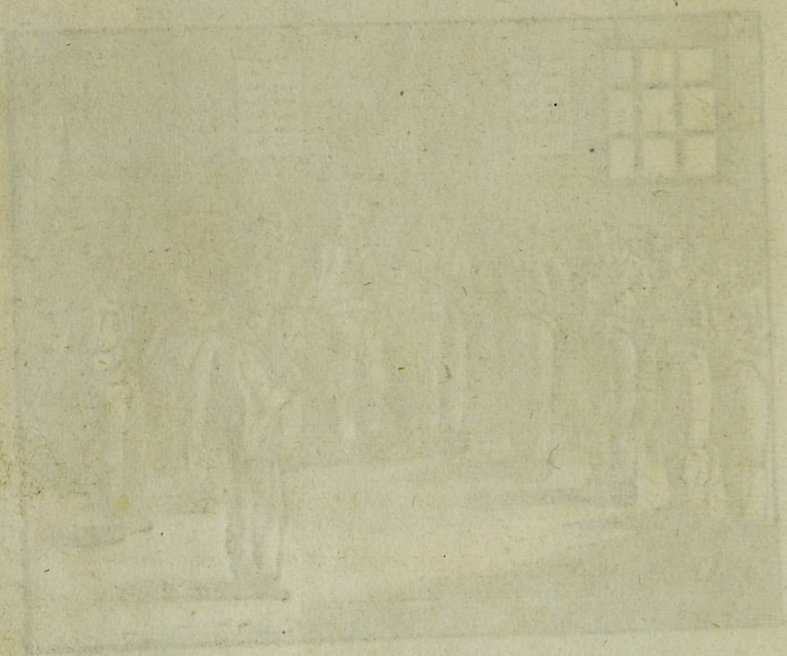


DUBLIN
PRINTED BY P. DIXON HARDY,
CECILIA STREET.

1830.

DUBLIN

READING BOOK.



PRINTED BY J. HODGSON & CO.

10, NASSAU STREET, DUBLIN.

1854

PREFACE.

MANY selections like the present have, at different times, been published for the use of schools. It must be obvious, however, to those who have considered the subject, that several of them contain a considerable portion of matter, which, although excellent in itself, is not at all adapted to the class of persons, for whom **THE DUBLIN READING BOOK** has been compiled.

Besides obviating this defect, it is proposed in the following compilation to reduce the price at which books of this description have been hitherto sold. This, it is conceived, is next, at least, in importance to the goodness of the selection; seeing that, so long as the cost places an useful publication beyond the means of those who are desirous of giving instruction to their children, it must necessarily remain closed against them.

At the same time, however, that it is thus avowed for whom, principally, this book has been prepared, it should be clearly understood, that it is not adapted exclusively to the perusal of the poorer classes; the young of every condition will, it is hoped, find it a use-

ful work. The earlier lessons form an easy introduction to the more difficult, whilst the extracts have been made from those writers only, who are distinguished amongst us for correct and perspicuous language, and also for the moral tendency of their works.

It is but an act of justice to the late Lindley Murray, to acknowledge, that his excellent Reading Books have furnished the most valuable, as well as the largest portion of this compilation ; and though, in a few instances, his lessons have been curtailed, and some forms of expression altered, such changes were made only when they appeared to simplify the style and argument, and make them more level to the understanding of the young reader.

In conclusion—it has been a material object with the Compilers, to collect together such reading lessons as appeared to combine amusement and instruction. As the learner improves in proficiency, he will find interspersed, a few of a graver and more didactic character; and they have been introduced for the double purpose of affording to the senior classes, a more difficult exercise, and at the same time, of inculcating upon the young reader, a reverence for virtue, as well as due sentiments of piety and goodness.

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THE DUBLIN READING BOOK.

PART I.

SHORT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

BRICKS are made of clay.—Glass is made of sand.

Owls are birds that fly in the dark.

Good Boys love to read their books.

Bad Boys and Girls love to play in the streets.

If you wish to be good, love and fear God.

In six days God made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.

God rested from his work on the seventh day, and made it holy.

The sun, the moon, and the stars, were made by God.

The sun to rule by day, and to give light,—and the moon and the stars, by night.

He who will not work, shall be clad in rags.

We judge of a tree by the fruit it bears.

There is a time to be born, and a time to die ; there is a time to mourn, and a time to joy ; a time of work, and a time of rest.

Look to God, my son, for help, to do thy work in the right time.

Seek the Lord in time ; serve him with all thy heart and soul and might.

Ye that have been led up in the way of truth, take heed that ye grow in grace.

Take heed at all times, that ye walk in the path of truth ; that ye do the right work.

To be good is to be happy.

Vice, soon or late, brings misery.

Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth.

Idleness is the parent of vice and misery.

A contented mind is an inestimable treasure.

Cleanliness promotes health of body and soundness of mind.

A close mouth is the sign of a wise head.

Our best friends are those who tell us our faults, and teach us how to correct them.

The greatest proof we can give of our wisdom and goodness, is to be content with the station in which Providence has placed us.

Man's chief good an upright mind, which no earthly power can either give or take from him.

SELECT SENTENCES.

A MAN who gives his children industrious habits, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

It is a great blessing to have wise and virtuous parents.

We can never treat a fellow-creature ill, without offending the gracious Creator and Father of all.

A kind word, nay, even a kind look, often affords comfort to the afflicted.

Never let your amusement be such as can cause pain to others.—Never treat even the meanest insect with cruelty.

The sun is a glorious object, but how much more glorious is that great and good Being who made it.

How readily should we forgive those who offend us, when we consider how much our heavenly Father has forgiven us.

Cyrus, when young, being asked what was the first thing which he had learned, answered, “to speak the truth.”

The following was a favourite sentiment with the wise and good Socrates: “We should eat and drink in order to live; instead of living, as many do, to eat and drink.”

All our moral duties are contained in these few words, “Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.”

The Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a pious and good man, expressed the benevolence of his heart in these words, “I cannot relish a happiness which no one enjoys but myself.”

The heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the tongue of a wise man is in his heart.

The acquisition of knowledge, is one of the most laudable occupations of youth.

Diligence, industry, and the proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

Sincerity and truth are the foundation of every moral virtue.

He who would act like a wise man, and build his house on the rock, and not on the sand, should contemplate human life, not only in the sunshine, but in the shade.

Patience, by preserving composure within, enables us to resist the impression which trouble makes from without.

They who have nothing to give, can often afford relief to others, by imparting what they feel.

The veil which covers from our sight the events of future years, is a veil woven by the hands of mercy.

The best preparation for all the misfortunes of life, consists in a well-ordered mind, a good conscience, and a cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.

The chief misfortunes that befall us in life, can be traced to some vices or follies which we have committed.

A cheerful countenance betokens a good heart.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humour; the last, wit.

It is a delightful and interesting spectacle to behold a family, where parents are honoured and obeyed—where brothers and sisters dwell together in love and harmony—and where peace and order reign.

The external misfortunes of life, disappointments, poverty, and sickness, are nothing in comparison of those inward distresses of the mind, occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

When we observe any tendency to treat religion or morals with disrespect and levity, let us hold it to be a sure indication of a perverted understanding, or a depraved heart.

The spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability. It gives a native, unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy superstition, which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and affects to teach men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this.

Reveal none of the secrets of thy friend. Be faithful to his interests. Forsake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of gaining any advantage by his prejudice.

Time once past, never returns ; the moment which is lost, is lost for ever.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moments thou hast once lost.

Learn to esteem life as it deserves ; then thou art at the pinnacle of wisdom.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but economy.

Be virtuous while thou art young, so shall thine age be honoured.

In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candour. But in judging of ourselves, we ought to be exact and severe.

What misery does the wicked man secretly endure !—Adversity ! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt !

How many have had reason to be thankful, for being disappointed in designs which they earnestly pursued ; but which, if successfully accomplished, they have afterwards seen, would have occasioned their ruin ?

We have seen the husbandman scattering his seed upon the furrowed ground. It springs up, is gathered into barns, and crowns his labours with joy and plenty.—Thus the man who distributes his fortune with generosity and prudence, is amply repaid by the gratitude of those whom he obliges, by the approbation of his own mind, and by the favour of Heaven.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness : intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

Art thou poor ?—Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy ?—Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane.

The hope of future happiness is a perpetual source of consolation to good men. Under trouble, it soothes their minds ; amidst temptation, it supports their virtue ; and in their dying moments, it enables them to say, “ O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ? ”

Agesilaus, King of Sparta, being asked “ What things he thought most proper for boys to learn,” answered, “ Those which they ought to practise when they come to be men.” A wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated the same sentiment : “ Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, “ that time was his estate.” An estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation ; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

When Aristotle was asked “ What a man could gain by telling a falsehood,” he replied, “ Not to be believed when he speaks the truth.”

Sully, the great statesman of France, always retained at his table, in his most prosperous days, the same frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life. He was frequently reproached by the courtiers, for his simplicity ; but he used to reply to them, in the words of an ancient philosopher : “ If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them : if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company.”

Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, was wounded by a musket-ball, which broke the

bone of his thigh. He was carried about a mile and a half, to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst, through the heat of the weather, he called for a drink. It was immediately brought to him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened at that instant to be carried past him, looked to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be truly wise.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; that which he hath given, will be paid him again.

The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold, he shall therefore beg in harvest and have nothing.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. Open rebuke is better than secret love.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away; I sought him, but he could not be found.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.—Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left, riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like precious ointment—like the dew of Hermon, and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion.

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding: and lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered its face; and the stone wall was broken down. This I saw, and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time; nor that which is measured by number of years: but wisdom is the gray hair to man; and an unspotted life is old age.

My son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.

No one ought to consider himself as insignificant in the sight of his Creator. In our several stations, we are all sent forth to be labourers in the vineyard of our heavenly Father. Every man has his work allotted, his talent committed to him; by the

due improvement of which, he may, in one way or other, serve God, promote virtue, and be useful in the world.

How many young persons have at first set out in the world with excellent dispositions of heart ; generous, charitable, and humane ; kind to their friends, and amiable among all with whom they had intercourse. And yet, how often have we seen all these fair appearances unhappily blasted, in the progress of life, merely through the influence of loose and corrupting pleasures ; and those very persons who promised to be blessings in the world, sink down in the end to be the burden and nuisance of society.

THE DUBLIN READING BOOK.

PART II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

THE AFFECTIONATE DOG.

A GREAT while ago, there was a man called Ulysses; he lived in a little island called Ithaca; he was king of the island, and he had a dog named *Argus*, which he was very fond of, and used to take him out with him when he went abroad; and Argus used to scour over the fields after any thing he saw, and gallop back again to his master swifter than a race-horse; and if his master only said "poor fellow!" and patted his head, he would be quite happy, and frisk, and bound about him all day long; and he was well fed and taken care of. But Ulysses went abroad to fight battles with his enemies, and he was a long time engaged in war, and also very long in returning home to his dear Ithaca, for he met with a great many strange adventures by the way. And when he came to Ithaca, he found that some bad people had settled themselves in his palace, and he was afraid they would kill him. So he disguised himself like a poor beggar-man, and walked up to the gate with his stick in his hand. Argus was lying in the sun upon a little straw; he was grown very old now, and could not frolic or bound as he used to do, and nobody had taken good care of him, so that he was very weak, and could hardly raise himself from his straw. However, he pricked up his ears at the sound of a

footstep, and seeing a ragged fellow coming up to the gate, was going to bark ; but as Ulysses came nearer, he suddenly checked himself, for he thought he knew the step ; but when he had looked up in the stranger's face, he recognised his old master, though nobody else knew him. Then poor Argus roused himself, and just made shift to crawl towards him, and wagged his tail, and gazed joyfully in the face of Ulysses, and licked his hands, and then being quite weak and worn out, fell down and died at his feet.

WITH A GOOD CONSCIENCE WE SLEEP SOUNDLY.

THERE was a little boy about six years old, who was in general, a very good child, and behaved well ; but even good children sometimes do wrong, which was the case with this little boy.

One afternoon, after he had been at play, he looked very dull and sorrowful. He was asked if he was ill ; and though he said he was not, yet he talked so little, and so often sighed, that his mother knew something was the matter with him. In the evening, he took leave of his dear mother, and went to bed ; but was observed to be very restless, and frequently to sob. At length, he desired one of his sisters to request his mother to come to him, as he could not go to sleep, till he had told her something that made him very unhappy. The good mother went to him immediately ; and when she came to his bedside, he put his little arms round her neck, and bursting into tears, said to her, “ Dear mother, forgive me ! I have been very naughty to-day. I have told a falsehood ; and I have concealed it from you.—I was playing at marbles with my cousins ; I won the game ; through a mistake, which they did not find out ;

and I was so much pleased at being the winner, that I did not tell them of it. I have been very unhappy ever since, and I am afraid to go to sleep, lest that heavenly Father whom you so often tell me of, should be angry with me. You say he knows and sees every thing ; what shall I do that he may forgive me ?” “ My child,” says the mother, “ God is ever ready to forgive those who are truly sorry for their faults, and who resolve to do what is right. He hears our prayers ; and he will teach us what we should do. Pray to him to forgive your faults ; and endeavour never to commit the like again, lest you should displease Him more by a second, than by the first offence.”

The little boy reflected seriously on the advice which his mother gave him ; and prayed in the best manner he was able to Almighty God, that he would forgive him, and grant him his grace to do better for the future. He then fell asleep ; and rose, next morning, happy and cheerful. When he saw his cousins, he told them of the mistake, and how much he had suffered for taking advantage of it, and, as the only satisfaction then in his power, restored to them with eagerness, what had been thus unjustly acquired

TRUTH COMMENDED.

WHEN George Washington, the late President of America, was about six years of age, some one made him a present of a hatchet. Being, like most children, immoderately fond of his new acquisition, he went about chopping every thing that came in his way ; and going into the garden, he unluckily tried its edge on an English cherry-tree, stripping it of its bark, and leaving little hopes of its recovery. The next morning, when

his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, in this condition, he enquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for it ; but no one could inform him of the offender.

At length, however, came George with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I cannot tell a lie, father ; you know I cannot tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, my boy !" exclaimed his father, "I forgive you for destroying my tree, since you have had the honesty and manliness thus to tell the truth respecting it."

THE SPOILED BOY.

ROBIN was about six years of age. He was not wicked, but his mother let him always have his own way ; and then his father was afraid that the poor child might make himself ill with crying, if he wanted any thing, and could not get it.

Being thus indulged, his whims grew every day more frequent, and they could not always be gratified, for his parents were extremely poor. At last, he grew quite obstinate and quarrelsome, insisted upon having every thing that he saw, and when he could not get it, would grow sulky, and tear his clothes to show his spite ; in short, he did nothing that he was bid to do, but often quite the contrary. So that the neighbours would neither let their children play with him, nor suffer him to come inside their houses.

His parents were much grieved to see him persist in such bad behaviour, and judged that it proceeded from a heart naturally perverse. "Alas!" cried his mother, "I once hoped that Robin would prove the joy of our old age, and work for our support when we were past our strength, in return for the care we bestowed on him in infancy; but, on the contrary, he is the greatest cause of our unhappiness."

"His principles, I fear, are quite corrupted," said the father; "every one will hate him, and nobody will afford him the least assistance when he stands in need of it. He will commit some wicked action, and be punished for it by the laws of his country. He will live in shame and misery. God grant that I may be dead, before this comes to pass."

These mortifying thoughts constantly recurred to the minds of the unhappy parents. They were now no longer cheerful at their daily toil, and had little or no appetite for their meals. Their sorrow had a visible effect upon their health; their strength gradually failed them, until, at last, they became unable to work as before; and, one morning, being quite dejected and unhappy, they had not sufficient spirits to get up. This, however, was not the case with little Robin; he was up as usual, and called for his breakfast. "Robin," said his mother, "I am very ill, and cannot rise to get it for you; besides, your bad conduct breaks our hearts, so that we can no longer labour for your support."

These expressions affected him very much; he closed the curtains again, sat down by the side of the bed, and held his hands up to his face. "Oh!" thought he, "suppose my parents were to die, what would become of me? I am refused admittance every where, and cannot obtain a

single morsel of bread. I must then have been very wicked! My poor mother! she at all times loved me, and how have I grieved her. And my father, my dear father—who can tell, alas! but they will both die?”

Robin sat, for some time, in deep thought; but presently went to a neighbour's house, and begged to have a little bread and milk, to make a breakfast for his parents. His affliction, and the humble tone in which he addressed them, easily gained him a hearing. “Well,” said the good man, “you have been a bad boy—but here, take the half of this brown loaf, with some of this milk, and warm it for your parents. It is but just that you should prepare their breakfast, after they have both worked so hard for you.”

Robin carried away the bread and milk, came home, lighted a fire, and putting on a pipkin, boiled the milk. As soon as it was ready, he drew a little table towards the bed. His mother, hearing him move about the chamber, said to her husband. “What can Robin be doing?”—“No good, I fear,” answered the husband. “See,” said she.—Robin came at last with the pipkin, and filling both the porringers, approached his parents. “Dear father,” said he, “dear mother, here is some breakfast for you both.”—“And is it you that prepared it?” exclaimed the father. “Who could give you all this bread and milk?”—“It was our neighbour,” answered Robin. His father and mother bade him put down both the porringers again. Their eyes sparkled with joy. “Dear child! come hither,” they cried; “you are now what you ought to be; you have brought both of us to life again.” So saying, they stretched out their arms; Robin bent to their embrace, and mingled his tears with theirs, begged forgiveness for the grief which he had given them, and pro-

mised that, in future, they should have occasion to rejoice in his altered behaviour.

The happiness of such a change in their son, in a few days, revived this good father and loving mother; the little boy also became very happy: sometimes, indeed, at the first, but it was very seldom, he was naughty, and would show signs of his former bad habits; for how difficult is it for those who have been for a long time misbehaving, to become good. However, when these bad dispositions would begin to appear, a few words from his parents always brought him to himself; they were these, "Remember, Robin, when you brought the breakfast to our bed-side."

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

As some boys were once at play, near the side of a pond, they saw some young frogs in it; so one of the boys said, "Let us have some fun with the frogs;" upon which they all set on to pelt the poor frogs with stones.

Then said one of the frogs to them, "Boys, you have hard hearts; why do you pelt us so with stones? we do you no harm; and you should learn to do as you would wish to be done by.

"Should you wish to have stones thrown at you? If those boys who are more grown than you, should beat you, and pelt you with stones, you would not like it; then why should you endeavour thus to hurt us?

"We live in this pool, and we do harm to no one; then why should you hurt us for mere sport?"

We do not mean to say that frogs can speak; but wish to point out to all boys, who are so cruel as to sport with the lives of poor dumb things, that God and good men will not love them, if they go on in such bad ways.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

AN old lark, who had a nest of young ones in a field of corn, which was almost ripe, was not a little in fear that the reapers would be set to work, before her little brood were able to fly from the nest. Therefore, one morning, before she took her flight in quest of food, she said to them, "My dear little creatures, be sure you take heed of what is said in my absence, and do not fail to tell me as soon as I come home."

Some time after she was gone, in came the owner of the field and his son, and thus began to talk about cutting down the corn: "Well, George," said the old man, "this corn, I think, appears to be ripe, and fit to be cut down; so, in the morning, take care that you go, as soon as you can, and desire our friends and neighbours to come and help us; and tell them, that we will do as much for them, the first time they want us."

When the old lark came back to her nest, the young ones began to nestle and chirp about her, begging her, after what they had heard, to remove them as fast as she could. "Hush!" said she, hold your silly tongues; for if the old farmer depends upon his friends and neighbours, you may take my word for it, that his corn will not be reaped so soon as he expects." The next morning, therefore, she went out again, and left the same orders as before.

The owner of the field came soon after she was gone, to wait for those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and not a single man of them came to help him. "Why," said he to his son, since these friends of ours have left us in the lurch, you must run to your uncle and your cousins, and tell them I shall expect them early in the morning, to help us to reap."

As soon as the lark came back, they told her that they durst stop no longer in the nest, for the man and his kinsmen were about to cut the corn by break of day. "Never mind, my dears," said the old lark; "for if that be all, you may take my word for it, that his kinsmen will not be so forward to help him, as he seems to suppose; but be sure that you still take heed of what is said when I am from home."

The old lark went out the next day, as before, but when the poor farmer found, that his kinsmen were fully as backward as his neighbours, he said to his son, "You see, George, that none of our friends and kinsmen will help us; so get two sharp sickles, and we will set to, and reap the corn ourselves." When the young ones told their mother this, she said, "Now, my dears, we must be gone indeed; for when a man resolves to do his work himself, you may then depend upon it, that it will be done."

THE STAG.

A STAG who came to drink at a river, seeing his own image in the clear stream, said, "If these slender shanks of mine, were but suited to this noble and branching head, how proud I should be, as I could then despise all my foes."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when he spied a pack of hounds coming full cry towards him; upon which, he scoured away across the plain, leaving the dogs behind him, and soon reached a wood: but in pressing through a thicket, the bushes caught his horns, and held him till the hounds came up and tore him to pieces. When he found himself dying, he said, "How foolish I was to prefer show to service! I trusted to my horns, which have proved my ruin; and

and thought nothing of my legs, which would have saved me."

THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A CERTAIN farmer lying at the point of death, and being willing that his two sons should pursue the same honest course of life which he had done himself, called them to his bed-side, and thus bespoke them: "My dearest children, I have no other estate to leave you but my farm and my vineyard, of which I have made you joint heirs; and I hope that you will have so much respect for me, when I am dead and gone, and so much regard to your own welfare, as not to part with what I have left you, upon any account. All the treasure I am master of, lies under ground in my vineyard, within a foot of the surface; though it is not now in my power to go and show you the spot. Farewel then, my children; be honest in all your dealings, and kind and loving to each other, as children ought to be; but be sure that you never forget my advice about the farm and the vineyard."

Soon after the old man was in his grave, his sons set about searching for his treasure, which they supposed to have been hidden in the ground. "When it is found," said they, "we shall have enough and to spare, and may live like the sons of kings." So to work they both went, as briskly as could be: and though they did not get the golden treasure which they thought to have found, yet by their joint labour, the vineyard was so well dug and turned up, that it yielded a noble crop of fruit, which proved a treasure indeed.

This success had such a happy effect upon them, that it gave an entire turn to their tempers, and made them both as active, as they had before been idle and slothful.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

AN old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market, to sell. "What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light!" The old man hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. "Why, sirrah," cries a second man to the boy, "is it fit for you to be riding, whilst your poor old father is walking on foot?" The father upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. "Do you see," says a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking!" The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. "Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," said the man. "One would not have thought so," replied the other, "by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast, than he you." "Any thing to please you," says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders, over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased no body, and lost his ass into the bargain.

THE BLIND FIDLER.

POOR blind men are often forced to go round the country, in order to get a morsel of bread, which they hope to procure from the bounty of others; and though we may think them, of all persons, the least fit for such a life as this, yet it is a common practice.

How thankful we ought to be, that we have not to beg our bread at the rich man's door, and, above all, that we enjoy the blessings of sight! In towns and cities we often meet blind men, some led by a little boy, and some by a little dog, whose cunning is such, that he will lead a blind man about the country in safety.

When the dog is in this employment, he has a string round his neck, of which the man takes a hold: and, in this manner, he is led up and down through the streets, and kept from tumbling over the stones and other things that lie in the way, by a pull of the string.—When in the country, he will lead his master from door to door, and often into houses. In short, it would be difficult for the blind to find a friend in whom they could so well confide.

A blind man had, for a long time, made a shift to procure a living, in and about the town where he lived, by fiddling to amuse the people: finding, at last, however, that his fiddle had become too common, and would hardly gain him a living, he thought it best to try his success by taking a larger range.

In one of his rounds, in a market town, a set of wicked boys laid a plan to injure the poor man, and deceive the dog. They took notice that the dog always led his master up a narrow passage which led into the town; and, one day, hearing the sound of the fiddle, they placed a rail across

the passage, about a foot and a half from the ground, so that the blind man could not step over it.

Having done this, they went away and hid themselves at a short distance, that they might have "a little fun," as they called it; but in this they were disappointed, for the dog no sooner came to the rail than he turned round, and, by a smart jerk, gave his master notice to stop. The dog then led him back to the next passage, through which he conducted the blind man safely into the town! We may admire the sagacity of the dog, but cannot look on the mischief the wicked boys meant to do the poor man, without anger; let us therefore hope that parents will teach their children to be kind and civil to all, but more so to the blind.

DANGER OF PLAYING WITH FIRE-ARMS.

ONE day, a little boy and his sister went into a room, where they found two pistols lying on the table, and a gun standing in a corner.—"O! come," said the boy, "let us try to shoulder arms." "I do not know how to do any such thing," said the little girl; "besides, you know girls never play with fire-arms."

"But, sister," said he, "as I have no person to play with me, you might try for once. Come do."—"Well I will, brother, if you will fetch two sticks for guns."—"I don't know what we shall do for sticks," said the little boy; for, the other day, when I broke the parlour window, my mother said I should not have a stick again for a long time."

"Then we must play at something else," said the little girl; so he began to look about the room, to see if he could meet with any thing that might serve for guns; and seeing the two pistols lying, "O," said he, "let us take these two pretty little pistols." "But," said the little girl, "you for-

get that our mother forbade us ever to touch such things."

"You may be sure," said he, "my mother only means that we should not touch them when they are loaded; and these are not loaded: if they were, they would not have been left in our way." He then gave one of the pistols to his sister, and kept the other for himself; and going to one end of the room and she to the other, "Now," said he, "I will give the word, so attend, I pray."

He then pointed his pistol at his sister, and she pointed hers at him; and giving the words of command, "Present—Fire," each of them pulled the trigger, and the pistols going off, they both fell on the floor!

As soon as their father and mother heard the report, they ran to the room, but what was their grief at finding that one of their children was dead, and the other sadly wounded. The servant who had been so careless as to leave the pistols in the way of the children, was that instant turned away; although they could not but own, that, if the children had done as they had been told, so sad a mischance would not have come to pass.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A CONSTANT ADHERENCE TO TRUTH.

PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet, who lived about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the house of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and, that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his peo-

ple, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospels, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination ; even the Cardinal's brother was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the Cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

THE SALISBURY SHEPHERD.

As Mr. Johnson, one day, gently approached the cottage of the shepherd of Salisbury plain, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney, he saw him with his wife, and their numerous young family, drawing round their little table, which was covered with a clean though very coarse cloth. There stood on it a large dish of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of coarse loaf. The wife and children stood in silent attention, while the shepherd, with uplifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the blessing of heaven on their homely fare. Mr. Johnson could not help sighing to reflect, that he had sometimes seen better dinners eaten with less appearance of thankfulness.

The shepherd and his wife then sat down with great seeming cheerfulness, but the children stood ; and while the mother was helping them, little fresh-coloured Molly, who had been engaged all the day picking the wool from the bushes with so much delight, cried out, "Father, I wish I was big enough to say grace ; I am sure I should say it very heartily to-day, for I was thinking what must poor people do, who have no salt to their potatoes ; and do but look, our dish is quite full." "That is the right way of thinking, Molly," said the father ; "in what-

ever concerns bodily wants and bodily comforts, it is our duty to compare our lot with the lot of those who are worse off, and this will keep us thankful; on the other hand, whenever we are tempted to set up our own wisdom and goodness, we must compare ourselves with those who are wiser and better, and that will keep us humble."

SELFISH SORROW REPROVED.

ONE day, during the summer vacation, Charles had prepared himself to set out with a party of his companions, upon a little journey of pleasure. But the sky loured, the clouds gathered, and he remained for some time in anxious suspense about his expedition; which at last was prevented by heavy and continued rain. The disappointment overpowered his fortitude; he burst into tears, lamented the untimely change of weather, and sullenly refused all consolation.

In the evening, the clouds were dispersed; the sun shone with unusual brightness; and the face of nature seemed to be renewed in all the beauty of spring. A friend conducted Charles into the fields. His ill humour had now given way to cheerfulness; and the serenity of the air, the singing of the birds, the verdure of the meadows, and the sweet perfumes which breathed around, regaled every sense, and filled his mind with delight.

"Do not you remark," said his friend, "the delightful change which has suddenly taken place in the whole creation. Recollect the appearance of the scene before us, yesterday. The ground was then parched with a long drought; the flowers hid their drooping heads; no fragrant odours were perceived; and the vegetation seemed to

cease. To what cause must we impute the revival of nature?" "To the rain which fell this morning," replied Charles, with a modest confusion. He was struck with the selfishness and folly of his conduct; and his own bitter reflections prevented the reproof he would otherwise have received.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

THERE was once a certain slave named Androcles, who was so ill treated by his master, that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself; "it is better to die, than continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined, therefore, to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once than to live in misery. If I escape, I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by wild beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow creatures; therefore, I will rather trust myself to them, than continue to be a miserable slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest, which was at some miles' distance from the city. But here, the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery, to experience another. He wandered about all day, through a waste and trackless wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles; he grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude; at length, he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he found by accident.

He had not lain long quiet in the cavern, before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up with a design of escaping, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him, a lion of a prodigious size, which prevented any possibility of escape. The unfortunate man now believed his destruction to be inevitable ; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful voice, as if he demanded the assistance of the man. Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage, from this circumstance, to examine his monstrous guest, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swelled, as if it had been wounded.—Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle demeanour of the beast, he advanced up to him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine his patient. He then perceived that a thorn, of uncommon size, had penetrated the ball of the foot, and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness which he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting this familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness, and seemed to invite him, by his blandishments, to proceed : he, therefore, extracted the thorn, and pressing the swelling, discharged a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness. As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude, by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and

licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these marks of kindness; from this moment, Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey, without bringing home the produce of his chase, and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality, did the man continue to live during the space of several months. At length wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner, and conducted back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe against runaway slaves, he was tried, and found guilty of having fled from his master; and, as a punishment for this pretended crime, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food, to inspire him with additional rage.

When the destined moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, inclosed on every side, round which, many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle. Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror, and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open, and bounded forward, with erected mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed! All eyes were turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying its defenceless prey, crouch submissively at his feet, fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his master, and rejoice over him, as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The gover-

nor of the town, who was present, called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain to him this unintelligible mystery; and how a savage beast, of the fiercest and most un pitying nature, should thus, in a moment, have forgotten his innate disposition, and be converted into a harmless and inoffensive animal. Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying, that the very lion which now stood before them, had been his friend and entertainer in the woods. All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story, to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude, and moved by humanity; and they unanimously joined to entreat for the pardon of the unhappy man, from the governor of the place. This was immediately granted to him; and he was also presented with the lion, who had, in this manner, twice saved the life of Androcles.

THE TWO BEES.

ON a fine morning in summer, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves with the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loaded his thighs, at intervals, with the dust which is found on the blossoms of flowers, and from which the wax of the hive is made; the other revelled in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length, they found a wide mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered

and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. His wiser companion, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive; but he found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu; and to lament with his latest breath, that, though moderate enjoyment may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

THE DANGER OF DISOBEDIENCE.

A GENTLEMAN, who lived in the country, had a very fine piece of water in his garden, on which there was a pleasure-boat. Very frequently, in fine weather, he used to take his children with him, and row them about for a good while, as they were all fond of the amusement. Sometimes he would indulge his two eldest sons, Hugh and Robert, with the oars, when he was present, and let them row the boat; but he gave them a strict charge, never to attempt to do so when he was not with them; nor were they, upon any account, ever to go into the boat by themselves, nor without leave.

But these boys were sometimes so naughty, when they thought they were not seen, as to venture in, and move the boat about, as much as

they could, whilst it was moored; that is, tied to a post by the shore. Two or three times, they had been caught, and even punished for doing so; yet, one day, when they thought their father and mother were both out, they agreed to venture again into the boat.

"There can be no harm in it," said Hugh, "we shall be quite safe: and even if we should upset her, and fall out, at the worst it would only give us a ducking, and I am sure it could not hurt these old clothes; so come along."—Robert could not feel so easy about the matter. "I do not," said he, "think it quite right to go in, because papa and mamma are not with us."—"Pooh! nonsense!" replied Hugh, "what a fuss you make about your *quite right*! What harm is there in it? If they do not see us, they cannot be uneasy; so come along, it is a fine evening, and we shall have a nice row."

"You don't mean," rejoined Robert, "to unmoor the boat, do you?"—"Yes, indeed, do I," replied his brother. "I can push her off from the land, for I understand how to do it very well; so come along, I say, and do not waste any more time with your scruples and nonsense."

So saying, he scrambled into the boat, and helped his brother in. Robert then, though his mind did not feel at all easy, assisted to loosen the boat from the post it was chained to, and they soon pushed off from the land. "There now," said Hugh; "I told you I could do it, and I wonder what the mighty harm is, of our taking a nice row, and enjoying ourselves this delightful afternoon. Do not you find it very pleasant?"

"It is pleasant enough, to be sure," replied Robert, "but I cannot say I enjoy it much. I am sure we are doing wrong. We were told not to go into the boat at all; therefore we ought

not to do it. I wish, with all my heart, I had not come. But let us row back again, and I will get out directly." "Indeed I shall not go back for a long time," said Hugh. "Now that we have got into the boat, we may as well stay, and enjoy ourselves for an hour or two. If my father knows of our being in it for only a minute, he will be just as angry as if we stay in ever so long."

"But I think," replied Robert, "that the longer we are naughty, so much the worse boys we are. If we have done a wrong thing, the sooner we do right again, the better we shall be; therefore, I am resolved not to stay here, so pray put back again." "Not I, indeed," said his brother, "for I am resolved to stay till it is dark; so row, away, my lad." "I will row to the shore," said Robert. "And I will row into the middle," said Hugh; "so pull away, let us both tug at our oars, and see which will gain his purpose first."

They then both exerted their utmost strength, but Hugh, being the stronger, gained more way than his brother. Robert, finding it impossible to get back again, threw down the oar, and bursting into tears, said, "I see you are resolved not only to be wicked yourself, but to make me wicked also. I think it is very unkind to oblige me to stay here, when I wish so very much to go back."—"Well, come along," said Hugh, rather pettishly, "take up your oar again, and go back if you will; but I think it is you that are unkind, not to stay out when I wish it so much. But you shall not say I made you wicked." Robert then gladly took up his oar, and, in a few minutes, was again safe on shore.

No sooner did Robert find himself out of the boat, than his eyes sparkled with joy, and he tried all he could, to persuade his brother to get

out also, but Hugh refused, and pushed himself off from the land, as he had done before. Hugh much enjoyed himself for some time, floating about on the water; but, at length, as he was trying to turn about, some how or other, for want of better skill, the boat dipped, as it is called, the water poured in, and in a minute, with Hugh in it, sunk down to the bottom. Robert, who had been watching his brother, saw what happened, and ran screaming home to call for assistance. The servants made the greatest haste to the water, but when they got there, neither boy nor boat was to be seen, nor any other traces of them than Hugh's hat, which was swimming on the surface; and although the most diligent search was made for him, by drag-nets, and other means, day after day, his dead body was not found for above a month afterwards. But one day, as his poor mother, and two of his sisters, were walking near the water, talking about him, they saw his poor remains floating upon the surface of the water. It is impossible to describe the distress they suffered, upon beholding so shocking a sight; but they called the servants, and he was then buried in the church-yard, attended to the grave by all his afflicted family.

DISHONESTY PUNISHED.

A MAN having lost a hundred pounds in a bag, promised a reward of ten pounds to the person who should restore it. A person who found it, having brought it to him, demanded the reward. The usurer, unwilling to give the reward, now that he had got the bag, alleged, after the bag was opened, that there were a hundred and ten pounds in it when he lost it.—Being, however, called before the judge, he un-

warily acknowledged that the seal was broken in his presence, and that there was no more, at that time, than a hundred pounds in the bag. —“You say,” says the judge, “that the bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it.” —“Yes, my lord.” —“Then,” replied the judge, “this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds; therefore, the person that found it, must keep it till the true owner appears; and you must look for your bag where you can find it.”

INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A RICH husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple trees of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them. — When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said: “My dear children, I give you these trees; you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour.”

The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent. He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother

had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple-tree.

His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time in playing with such other boys as he could meet, as idly inclined as himself; and neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it. The tree, it is true, for the first year, did not appear to suffer from this neglect, for it was a fine and healthy one when he received it, and therefore it produced a crop little inferior to Edmund's, except, indeed, that it was not quite so abundant; but when the thoughtless boy still continued to act in the same way—when repeated rains had washed the earth from about the roots, and insects were allowed to gather upon the leaves, the consequence soon became apparent; it gradually drooped; its produce became still less the second year; till at length, the third autumn after it had been given to him, it scarcely yielded any fruit. It was now, therefore, that the difference between the two trees struck him;—he saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that, had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it: but, to his great mortification, he scarcely saw any thing, except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow, withered leaves. Full of ill-humour and jealousy, he ran to his father, and complained that his tree was not as good as his brother's. "It is as dry," he said, "as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother's is a great deal better: bid him at least share his apples with me."—"Share with you," said his father; "so the industrious must lose his

labour, to feed the idle ! Be satisfied with your lot : it is the effect of your negligence : and do not think it extraordinary when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his ; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered with the same care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects ; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself ; and from this moment, both it, and the fruit it may bear, are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery, and look for another ; and rear it, to make amends for your fault ; but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother, for assisting me in my labour."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it ; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it. He was now never out of humour with his comrades, and still less with himself ; for he applied cheerfully to work ; and, in autumn, he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus, he had the double advantage, of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and, at the same time, of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that, the following year, he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother

CRUELTY TO INSECTS CONDEMNED.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. A friend remonstrated with him, in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which, when tormented, they express by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he neither understood nor regarded.

The tutor had a microscope :* and he desired his pupil, one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. "See," said he, "how it is marked from head to tail with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles. The head contains the most lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs ; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in the courts of the greatest princes." Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and nature of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier ; and, when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

"But why," said he, "did I never observe it to be so beautiful?" "Because," replied the tutor, "your eyes are not sharp enough, to see those parts of the fly which are so very small ; just in the same way, you have supposed, that it suffers no pain when tortured by you, because you do not hear its cries. But, be assured, it feels this cruelty as much as you would, if one

* A small glass, through which an object appears greater than it really is.

were to treat you in the same manner ; and that the Almighty, who gave that little insect life, is displeased with you for destroying it."

This produced such an effect upon the youth, that he never was afterwards known to be guilty of such inhumanity.

APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEIVE.

A YOUTH, who lived for the most part in the country, and who had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit foreign regions, was taken to see an exhibition of wild beasts. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe ; and he viewed the rhinoceros with astonishment. But his attention was soon withdrawn from these animals, and directed to another, of the most elegant and beautiful form. He stood observing, with silent admiration, the glossy smoothness of his hair ; the blackness and regularity of the streaks with which he was marked ; the symmetry of his limbs ; and, above all, the placid sweetness of his countenance. "What is the name of this lovely animal," said he to the keeper, "which you have placed near one of the ugliest beasts in your collection ; as if you meant to contrast beauty with deformity ?" "Beware, young man," replied the intelligent keeper, "of being so easily captivated with external appearance. The animal which you admire is called a tiger ; and, notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description. I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence. But the other beast, which you despise, is, in the highest degree, docile, affectionate, and useful. For the benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia, where drink and pasture are seldom to be found ; and

will continue six or seven days without sustenance, yet still patient of labour. His hair is manufactured into clothing; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs. The camel, therefore, for such is the name given to this animal, is more worthy of your admiration than the tiger, notwithstanding the inelegance of his make and the two bunches upon his back. For, mere external beauty is of little estimation; and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation."

THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS SATISFIED.

A CERTAIN Italian bishop was remarkable for his happy and contented disposition. He met with much opposition, and encountered many difficulties in his journey through life; but it was observed that he never repined at his condition, nor betrayed the least degree of impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired the virtue, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate, if he could communicate the secret of being always satisfied. "Yes," replied the good old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility. It consists in nothing more, than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven; and reflect, that my principal business here, is to get to that blessed abode. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind that, when I am dead, I shall occupy but a small space in it. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who in every respect are less fortunate than myself. Thus, I

learn where true happiness is placed ; where all our cares must end ; and how very little reason I have to repine, or to complain.”

RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

IT happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the state, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. A number of young men, who observed the difficulty and confusion the poor old gentleman was in, made signs to him, that they would accommodate him, if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly ; but, when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest among the young fellows was, to sit close, and expose the confusion and embarrassment of the old man, to the gaze of the whole audience. This frolic went round all the benches reserved for the Athenians. But, on those occasions, there were also particular places set apart for strangers. When the good man, covered with confusion, came towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, these honest, though less instructed people, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received the old gentleman among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Lacedemonian virtue, and their own misconduct, gave a thunder of applause ; and the old man cried out, “ The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.”

INTEGRITY AND MODESTY REWARDED.

A CERTAIN cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him the patron of the poor. This excellent

man had a constant custom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one, according to his various necessities, and the dictates of his own benevolence. One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. Upon which, her eyes filling with tears, she thus addressed herself to him: "My lord, I owe, for the rent of my house, five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, and my landlord threatens to turn us out. What I beg of your Eminence is, that you would be pleased to interpose on our behalf, and obtain for us a little time, till, by honest industry, we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with compassion for the poor woman's distresses, bade her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a note, and gave it into the woman's hand, "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he will deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the order. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns; she, astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had written, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his Eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than the five crowns

Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that benevolent prince, and he was fully informed of the business, "It is true," said he, "I mistook, in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper and I will rectify it." Upon which, he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much modesty and virtue deserve a recompense; here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a portion, to give with your daughter in marriage."

THE PIOUS SONS.

IN one of those terrible eruptions of Mount *Ætna*, which have often happened, the danger to the inhabitants of the adjacent country was uncommonly great. To avoid immediate destruction from the flames and the melted stones which ran down the sides of the mountain, the people were obliged to retire to a considerable distance.—Amidst the hurry and confusion of such a scene, (every one flying, and carrying away whatever he deemed most precious,) two brothers, the one named *Anapias*, and the other *Amphinomus*, in the height of their solicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, suddenly recollected, that their father and mother, both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness triumphed over every other consideration—"Where," cried the good sons, "shall we find a more precious treasure than they are who gave us being, and who have cherished and protected us through life?" Having said this, the one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and happily made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. All who were witnesses of this dutiful and affectionate conduct,

were struck with the highest admiration : and they and their posterity, ever after called the path which these good young men took, in their retreat, "The Field of the Pious."

THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, is celebrated for an act of private justice, which does great honour to his memory. A certain soldier in the Macedonian army, had in various instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valour, and had received many marks of Philip's approbation and favour. On a particular occasion, the soldier embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm ; and he was cast on shore, helpless and naked, with scarcely any appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress ; and with the most humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, and comforted him ; and, for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor ; assured him of his interest with the king ; and of his determination to obtain for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was, at length, completely recovered ; and was supplied by his kind host with money to pursue his journey. After some time, the soldier presented himself before the king ; he recounted his misfortunes, he magnified his services ; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man, by whom his life had been

preserved, was so devoid of gratitude, and of every humane sentiment, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands, where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, precipitately granted his infamous request. The soldier then returned to his preserver; and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with such an instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek redress; and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was instantly filled with indignation. He ordered that ample justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid; and, to show his abhorrence to the deed, he caused the soldier to be seized, and to have these words branded on his forehead—'The Ungrateful Guest.'

BENEVOLENCE ITS OWN REWARD.

PIGALLE, the celebrated artist, was a man of great humanity. Intending, on a particular occasion, to make a journey from Lyons to Paris, he laid by twelve louis-d'ors, to defray his expenses. But, a little before the time proposed for his setting out, he observed a man walking, with strong marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance and deportment. Pigalle, impelled by the feelings of a benevolent heart, accosted him, and inquired, with much tenderness, whether it was in his power to afford him any relief. The stranger, impressed with the manner of this friendly address, did not hesitate to lay open his distressed situation. "For want

of ten louis-d'ors," said he, "I must be dragged this evening to a prison; and be separated from a tender wife and a numerous family." "Do you want no more?" exclaimed the humane artist. "Come along with me: I have twelve louis-d'ors in my trunk; and they are all at your service."

The next day a friend of Pigalle met him, and inquired whether it was true, that he had, as was publicly reported, very opportunely relieved a poor man and his family, from the greatest distress. "Ah, my friend!" said Pigalle, "what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese, with a family whose tears of gratitude marked the goodness of their hearts; and who blessed me at every mouthful they ate!"

THE GENEROUS NEGRO.

JOSEPH RACHEL, a respectable negro, resided in the island of Barbadoes. He was a trader, and dealt chiefly in the retail way. In his business he conducted himself so fairly and complaisantly, that, in a town filled with little peddling shops, his doors were thronged with customers. Almost all dealt with him, and ever found him remarkably honest and obliging. If any knew not where to obtain an article, Joseph would endeavour to procure it, without making any advantage for himself. In short, his character was so fair, his manners so generous, that the best people showed him a regard, which they often deny to men of their own colour, because they are not blessed with the like goodness of heart.

In 1756, a fire happened, which burned down great part of the town, and ruined many of the inhabitants. Joseph lived in a quarter that escaped the destruction; and expressed his thankfulness, by softening the distresses of his

neighbours. Among those who had lost their property by this heavy misfortune, was a man, to whose family Joseph, in the early part of his life owed some obligations. This man, by too great hospitality, an excess very common in the West Indies, had involved himself in difficulties, before the fire happened; and his estate lying in houses, that event entirely ruined him. Amidst the cries of misery and want, which excited Joseph's compassion, this man's unfortunate situation claimed particular notice. The generous, the open temper of the sufferer, the obligations that Joseph owed to his family, were special and powerful motives for acting towards him the part of a friend.

Joseph had his bond for sixty pounds sterling. "Unfortunate man!" said he, "this debt shall never come against thee. I sincerely wish thou couldst settle all thy other affairs as easily! But how am I sure that I shall keep in this mind? May not the love of gain, especially when by length of time thy misfortunes shall become familiar to me, return with too strong a current, and bear down my fellow-feeling before it? But for this I have a remedy. Never shalt thou apply for the assistance of any friend against my avarice." He arose, ordered a large account that the man had with him, to be drawn out, and in a whim that might have called up a smile on the face of charity, filled the pipe, sat down again, twisted the bond, and lighted his pipe with it. While the account was drawing out, he continued smoking, in a state of mind that a monarch might envy: when it was finished, he went in search of his friend, with the discharged account, and the mutilated bond, in his hand. On meeting him, he presented the papers to him, with this address: "Sir, I am sensibly affected by your misfortunes; the obligations I have received from your family,

give me a relation to every branch of it. I know that your inability to pay what you owe, gives you more uneasiness than the loss of your own substance. That you may not be anxious on my account in particular, accept of this discharge, and the remains of your bond. I am overpaid, in the satisfaction that I feel from having done my duty. I beg you to consider this only as a token of the happiness you will confer upon me, whenever you put it in my power to do you a good office."

VIRTUOUS CONDUCT OF SCIPIO.

SCIPIO the younger, at twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. Soon after the conquest of Carthagera, the capital of the empire, his integrity and virtue were put to the following exemplary and ever-memorable trial, related by historians, ancient and modern, with universal applause. Being retired into his camp, some of his officers brought him a young woman of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise, and seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession, so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was very remarkable. In a few moments having recovered himself, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and affable manner, concerning her country, birth and connexions; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. When the Spanish prince appeared in his presence, Scipio took him aside; and to remove the anxiety he might feel, on account of the young lady, addressed

him in these words: "You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with freedom. They who brought me your future spouse, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty and merit left me no room to doubt it. Upon which I reflected, that if I were in your situation, I should hope to meet with favour: I therefore think myself happy, in the present conjuncture, to do you a service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master: I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may you be happy! You may rest assured, that she has been amongst us, as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase any pleasure at the expense of virtue, honour, and the happiness of an honest man! No; I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this inestimable gift, is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people." Allucius's heart was too full to make him any answer; but throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud; the captive lady fell down in the same posture, and remained so, till the aged father, overwhelmed with transports of joy, burst into the following words: "O excellent Scipio! Heaven has given thee more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! What pleasure can equal that which must now fill thy heart, on hearing the prayers of this grateful virgin, for thy health and prosperity?" Such was the conduct of Scipio; a soldier, a youth, a heathen! nor was his virtue unrewarded. Allucius, charmed with such greatness of mind, liberality, and politeness, returned to his own country, and published on all occasions, the praises of his generous and humane

victor ; crying out, “that there was come into Spain, a young hero, who conquered all things, less by the force of his arms, than by the charms of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence.”

VIRTUE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

IN the preceding story, we have seen an illustrious instance of virtue, in a person of exalted rank. This exhibits an equally striking example of uprightness in humble life. Virtue and goodness are confined to no station ; and wherever they are discovered, they command respect..

Perrin, the subject of this narrative, lost both his parents, before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity-school for his education. At the age of fifteen, he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in a neighbourhood where Lucetta kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. After an acquaintance of five years, in which they had many opportunities of becoming thoroughly known to each other, Perrin proposed to Lucetta to ask her father's consent to their marriage : she blushed, and did not refuse her approbation. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. “ You wish to marry my daughter,” said the old man : “ have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her ? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It will not do, Perrin ; it will not do.” “ But,” replied Perrin, “ I have hands to work : I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will serve to buy furniture for our cottage : I will work harder and lay up more.” “ Well,” said the old man, “ you are young, and

may wait a little: get a little money, and my daughter shall be yours." Perrin waited for Lucetta's return in the evening. "Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, Lucetta," replied Perrin, "how unhappy am I for being poor! But I have not lost all hopes my circumstances may change for the better." As they never tired of conversing together, the night approached, and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing towards a light in the neighbourhood, he discovered that it was filled with gold. "I thank heaven," cries Perrin, in a transport of joy, "for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." On their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin—"this money is not ours, it belongs to some stranger; and perhaps at this moment he is lamenting the loss of it: let us go to the Vicar for advice: he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, "that at first he had looked on it as a providential present, to remove the only obstacle to their marriage, but that he now doubted, whether he could lawfully retain it." The vicar eyed the young couple with attention: he admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. "Perrin," said he, "cherish these sentiments: heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner: he will reward thy honesty: I will add what I can spare. You shall have Lucetta." The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not having been demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "The five hundred pounds which you found in the bag, bear at present no profit: you may reap the interest at least. Lay

them out in such a manner, as to insure the sum itself to the owner, if he should ever appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them still more to each other.

Perrin, one evening, returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. "This spot," cried one of the gentlemen, "is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here five hundred pounds." Perrin listened with attention. "What search made you for them?" said he. "It was not in my power," replied the stranger, "to make any search. I was hurrying to the sea side, to embark for the Indies, as the vessel was ready to sail." Next morning, Perrin showed to his guest his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," said he, addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag: "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; and the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion: he looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. "Where am I," cried he, "and what do I hear! What virtue in people of so low a condition! Have you any other land but this farm?" "No," replied Perrin; "but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here." "Your honesty deserves a better recompense," answered the stranger: "my success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss."

You are well entitled to this little fortune : keep it as your own. What man in the world could have acted more nobly than you have done ?” Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. “My dear children,” said Perrin, “kiss the hand of your benefactor.—Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without any anxiety or remorse.” Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward, practise the virtue.

THE FATHER REDEEMED FROM SLAVERY BY HIS SON.

A YOUNG man, named Robert, was sitting alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger stepped in, and took his seat near him, but quickly rose again, observing, that since the master was not present, he would take another boat. “This, Sir, is mine,” said Robert: “would you sail without the harbour?”—“I meant only to move about in the basin, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor.”—“Nor am I yet on holidays, I act the barge-man with a view to make up a sum.”—“What! covetous at your age! your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour.” Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me.”—“Well; perhaps I am mistaken. Let us take our little cruise of pleasure; and acquaint me with your history.”

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus: “I perceive young man, you are sad. What grieves you thus?”—“My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage; but in an evil hour he embarked for Smyrna in Asia, to super-

intend the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair; and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refused to release him for less than two hundred crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best. My mother and sisters work day and night. I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller; and, as you perceive, make the most I can on holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother, apprised of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and an only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez; and my father's name is Robert, at Tetuan as at Marseilles." "Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes, Sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes, but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The stranger, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hands a purse, containing sixteen guineas, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks passed after this adventure; and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner; tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them, with tears of gratitude, for the fifty guineas they had caused to be remitted to him, on his sailing from Tetuan, for his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, the

mother, suspecting that her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal and affection. "For fifty pounds," continued she, "is the sum we wanted, and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy," exclaimed he: "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once, whatever may be the consequence."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him: "No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am not your deliverer; but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman who gave me the purse. He was particular in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, the father again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. Some time afterwards, one morning, as the son was walking on the quay, he discovered his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as his guardian angel, as the preserver of a father and a family, to share the

happiness he had been the means of producing. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was Montesque.

THE HOSPITABLE NEGRO WOMAN.

THE enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, was employed by the African Association, to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties. His wants were often supplied, and his distresses alleviated by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman.

“ Being arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides ; but, from the number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours.— During this time, the people who had crossed the river, carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country ; and that I must not presume to cross the river, without the king’s permission. He therefore advised me to lodge, for that night, at a distant village, to which he pointed ; and said that, in the morning, he would give me further instructions, how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village ; where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. From prejudices infused into their minds, I was regarded with astonishment and fear ; and

was obliged to sit the whole day without victuals, in the shade of a tree.

“The night threatened to be very uncomfortable ; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain ; the wild beasts, too, were so numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting upon the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me ; and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her ; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for a night. Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat ; and returned, in a short time, with a very fine fish ; which, having caused it to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rights of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton ; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night.

“They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore ; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated, were these :—“The wind

roared, and the rains fell.—The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk ; no wife to grind his corn.” *Chorus*. “ Let us pity the white man : no mother has he to bring him milk ; no wife to grind his corn.” Trifling as these events may appear to the reader, they were to me affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness ; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented to my compassionate landlady, two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat ; the only recompense it was in my power to make her.”

WE DESTROY PLEASURE BY PURSUING IT TOO
EAGERLY.

A BOY smitten with the colours of a butterfly, pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable pains. First he aimed to surprise it among the leaves of a rose ; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy. At one time, he hoped to secure it, as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle ; and at another, grew sure of his prize, perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatching it with violence, crushed it to pieces. Thus, by his eagerness to enjoy, he lost the object of his pursuit.—From this instance, young persons may learn, that pleasure is but a painted butterfly ; which, if temperately pursued, may serve to amuse ; but which, when embraced with too much ardour, will perish in the grasp.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

DAMON and PYTHIAS lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition, that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch, as every body was curious to see what would be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared, that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind of his friend's fidelity. The event showed how well he knew him, he came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate which he had no reason to think he should escape ; and which he did not desire to escape, by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned ; he gave the two friends to one another, and begged that they would take himself in as the third.

NO RANK OR POSSESSIONS CAN MAKE THE
GUILTY MIND HAPPY.

DIONYSIUS, the ruler of Sicily, was far from being happy, though he possessed great riches

and all the pleasures which wealth and power could procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, deceived by these species appearances of happiness, took occasion to compliment him on the extent of his power, his treasures, and royal magnificence ; and declared that no monarch had ever been greater or happier than Dionysius. “ Hast thou a mind, Damocles,” says the king, “ to taste this happiness ; and to know, by experience, what the enjoyments are, of which thou hast so high an idea ?” Damocles, with joy, accepted the offer. The king ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded sofa, covered with rich embroidery, placed for his favourite. Side-boards, loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value, were arranged in the apartment. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to attend his table, and to obey his commands with the utmost readiness, and the most profound submission.—Fragrant ointments, chaplets of flowers, and rich perfumes, were added to the entertainment. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles, intoxicated with pleasure, fancied himself amongst superior beings. But, in the midst of all his happiness, as he lay indulging himself in state, he sees let down from the ceiling, exactly over his head, a glittering sword, hung by a single hair. The sight of impending destruction, put a speedy end to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendants, the glitter of the carved plate, and the delicacy of the viands, ceased to afford him any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the garland of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation ; and earnestly intreats the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer, happiness so terrible.

By this device, Dionysius intimated to Damocles, how miserable he was in the midst of all his treasures, and in possession of all the honours and enjoyments which royalty could bestow.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend; when each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the number he destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions, by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled, unwieldy carcase; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power in racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong, though silent argument in favour of his claim. Stone and cholic pleaded their violence; Plague, his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure. In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady with a bold, lascivious air, and a flush and jovial countenance; she was attended on one hand by a troop of Cooks and Bacchanalians, and, on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half-naked to the softest musical instruments; her name was **INTEMPERANCE**. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great monarch. Am I not your parent, the author of your beings? Do ye not derive the power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who then so fit as myself for this important office?" The gristly monarch grinned a smile

of approbation, placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his prime favourite and principal minister.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY; A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the birds of Paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength: he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right-hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered in, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except

that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At length, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood, pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky became overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw

how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that promoted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew black, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before."—Obidah then related the

occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“Son,” said the hermit, “let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile, in the direct road of piety, towards the mansion of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road to virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the nappiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our

lives with horror, with sorrow, and with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours never unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls thee again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

RELIGION, THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT;
AN ALLEGORY.

OMAR, the Hermit of the mountain Abukabis, which rises in the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found, one evening, a man looking pensive, and alone, within a few paces of his cell.—Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated. The man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object.—In the moment of recollection, he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city. The angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassion-

ates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

"It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense. In the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency, perceiving that, though it was mean, it was neat; and though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid and fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore required his country and his name. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks to thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These

words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me:—‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘forbear; thou art greater than I; and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.’ I answered, ‘Mock not thy servant, who is but a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.’—‘Hassan,’ he replied, ‘I can no otherwise give life and happiness, than by not taking them away; thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity, which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet that influence extends only to their vices; whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition. To exalt thee would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.’

“He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

“As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and ascribed that cheerfulness to folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated.

I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward ; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost ; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamed of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, feasting, and pleasures ; and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind ; I sold all my moveables for subsistence ; and reserved only a mattress upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

“ In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing, once more, to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness ; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity.—I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph ; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. ‘ Hassan,’ said he, ‘ what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand ; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom ? What evil hath befallen thee ? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.’ I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, ‘ Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who, rather than utter a

falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed. Thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

"When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character. I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid, only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes, which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will, at least, gratify the wishes which I have excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.'—I sprung from the ground, as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansary in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week, a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food for which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no

time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was singing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away. Almalic in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: and his kingdom lost a beneficent and just sovereign.

“His son, Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy.—He suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that, within twelve hours, I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O, let not thy heart despise me, thou, whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter: for the pleasures of neither can return.”

Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upwards, burst into tears.

Omar having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, “My son,” said he, “more is yet in my power than Almalic could give or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

“Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy

hope ; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope ; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed, that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul ; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things ; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good ; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as a drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour ; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet ; to thy content, also, will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet.—Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness ; his devotion became fervent and habitual ; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE ; AN ALLEGORY.

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood

then the better or more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time; I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters. My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose from among great numbers that offered their directions and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first, turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along, seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched them, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers descry the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes

could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools ; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous indeed were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools ; or, by violence, pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable : but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage ; since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by taking an oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence ; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him ; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten ; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence ; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed : nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course. If he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition, for not one of those who thus rushed upon des-

truction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were disregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that, how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring; at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours: yet, in effect, none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their own inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in pro-

portion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurance of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life, was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand, to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region; after which, they always determined to pursue their course without any deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat: but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of

Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before ; but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach towards the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches, and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill ; and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow ; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired ; nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the Voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly ; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of infancy, perish in the way ; and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees ; contended long with the encroaching waters ; and harassed themselves by labours that scarcely Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fates of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power :

“Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?” I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

THE DUBLIN READING BOOK.

PART III

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

THE OX.

AN OX can draw a great weight, and is good to plough with; but he is not fit to ride on, like a horse.

The Ox works for Man while he lives, and at his death, is of great use. We eat his flesh, which is beef; his skin, too, is of use for shoes; the blood, fat, hair, horns and hoofs, and all the parts of him, are useful.

Boots and shoes are made of his hide; your comb is made of his horns; the handles of your knife and fork are made of his bones, and out of some of the bones, we obtain oil; glue is made from chips of his hoofs, and a part of his hide.

We get light by night from his fat; and of his horns are made lanterns, which serve to keep it safe from the wind, which would blow it out. Horn is made clear and thin, so as to let the light shine through it; but it is not so bright as glass, but it is not so apt to break, and it costs less.

THE GOAT.

A GOAT is like a Sheep, but he has no wool. The Goat has hair; cloth may be made of his hair, and his skin is of more use to us than that of the Sheep.

The Goat seems to have more sense than the Sheep. He can bear heat with more ease than the Sheep can, but not cold: he loves to feed on

the hills, to bite the furze, and to browse on the bark of young trees.

His white hair is of use; fine wigs are made of it.

Goats can jump a great way; they take great springs; leap from hill to hill, and seem to cling to the rocks. We are told they will leap from a great height, and come down on their feet unhurt.

A Kid is a young Goat; some shoes, and the best gloves, are made of the skin of the Kid.

THE ASS.

THE ASS says, "I am a four-footed beast; I am a very gentle, good creature. I have hoofs, and very long ears. I bray very loud. The Horse is afraid when I bray, and starts back: but I am very meek, and never hurt any thing. My young ones are colts; I suckle them. I am not so big as a Horse, and I cannot gallop fast, but I work very hard. Sometimes I carry little boys on my back, two or three at a time, and they are sometimes so wicked as to whip me, and prick my sides, to make me go faster.—I carry greens to market, and turnips, and other things from the garden; and sometimes I carry a great load of pans, and mugs, and pots, with which my back is almost broken; and I get nothing for my dinner, but a few prickly thistles, and some coarse grass from off the common; and I have no stable to go into, as the Horse has. I often lie out in the fields, in the snow, and in the rain, but I am always contented. I give milk, as well as the Cow; and my milk is very good for people that are sick, to make them well again."

THE HARE.

HA ! what is there amongst the furze ? I can see only its eyes. It has very large, full eyes. It is a Hare. It is in its form, squatting down amongst the bushes to hide itself, for it is very fearful. The Hare is very timid and gentle ; its colour is brown ; but in countries which are very cold, it turns as white as snow. It has a short, bushy tail ; its lip is parted, and very hairy ; and it always moves its lips. Its hind legs are very long, that it may run the better. The Hare feeds upon herbs, and roots, and the bark of young trees, and green corn, and sometimes it will creep through the hedge, and steal into gardens, to eat pinks, and a little parsley ; and it loves to play and skip about by moonlight, and to bite the tender blades of grass, when the dew is upon them ; but in the day-time it sleeps in its form. It sleeps with its eyes open, because it is very fearful and timid, and when it hears the least noise, it starts, and pricks up its large ears. And when the huntsman sounds his horn, and the poor harmless Hare hears the Dogs coming, then it runs away very swiftly, straight forward, and at first leaves them all behind. But the Dogs pursue her, and she grows tired, and cannot run so fast as at first. Then she doubles, and turns, and runs back to her form, that the hounds may not find her ; but they run with their noses to the ground, smelling till they have found her out. So when she has run five or six miles, at last she stops and pants for breath, and can run no further. Then the hounds come up, and tear her, and kill her. When she is dead, her little limbs, which moved so fast, grow quite stiff, and cannot move at all.

THE SLOTH.

THE Sloth is a creature so ill formed for moving, that it can scarcely advance more than a few paces in the course of a week. It has, indeed, so little desire to change its place, that it never thinks of going in quest of food, till forced by severe hunger. It lives upon the leaves, fruit, and flowers of trees, and often upon the bark itself, when nothing else is left for it to subsist on.

As it requires a great deal of food for its support, it, for the most part, strips a tree of all its verdure, in less than a fortnight; and being then without food, it drops down like a lifeless mass, from the branches to the ground. After being some time in a torpid state, from the shock of its fall, it prepares for a new journey to some other tree, to which it crawls so slowly, that it hardly seems to move. Having, at length, reached the spot, it ascends the trunk, and devours whatever it can find on the branches; by gnawing the bark, also, it soon destroys the life of the tree, and thus the source is lost from which it drew its support.

This strange creature, which seems to lead a very wretched life, may serve as a just emblem of slothful men, who spend their time in doing nothing, while they ought to be seeking for those comforts, which render mankind happy.

THE CARPENTER.

THE Carpenter is one of the most useful tradesmen we know. It is his business to cut, fashion, and join timber and other wood, for the purposes of building.

The kinds of wood which he principally makes use of, are deal, oak, elm, and mahogany.

Deal is the wood of the fir-tree, and is chiefly brought from Sweden, Norway, and other northern European countries, as well as from North America.

Oak is too well known in this country, to need any description; it is chiefly used by ship-builders.

Mahogany is a species of cedar: it is a native of the warmer parts of America, growing plentifully in the islands of Cuba, Jamaica, and St. Domingo.

The practises in the arts of carpentry and joinery, are called planing, sawing, mortising, scribing, moulding, &c. The great difference in the trades of a Carpenter and Joiner, is, that the former is employed in the larger, stronger, and coarser: and the latter, in the smaller and more curious works.

THE BASKET MAKER.

BASKETS are made of willows, which, according to their manner of growth, are called osiers and sallows. They thrive best in moist places; and the proprietors of such marsh lands generally let by the year, what they call the willow-beds, to persons who cut them at certain seasons, and prepare them for basket-makers.

When the osiers are cut down, those that are intended for white-work, such as baskets used in washing, are to be stripped of their bark or rinds, while green. This is done by means of a sharp instrument, fixed into a firm block; the osiers are passed over this and stripped of their covering with great velocity. They are then dried, and tied in bundles for sale.

Hampers and other coarse work, are made of osiers without any previous preparation, except soaking.

THE EAGLE.

THE Golden Eagle is the largest and the noblest of all those birds that have received the name of Eagle. It weighs about twelve pounds. Its length is three feet; the extent of its wings, seven feet four inches; the bill is three inches long, and of a deep blue; and the eye of a hazle colour. In general, these birds are found in mountains and thinly inhabited countries; and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose those places which are remotest from man, upon whose possessions they seldom make their depredations, being contented rather to follow the wild game in the forest, than to risk their safety to satisfy their hunger.

This fierce animal may be considered among birds, as the lion among quadrupeds; and, in many respects, they have a strong similitude to each other. They are both possessed of force, and an empire over their fellows of the forest. Equally magnanimous, they disdain small plunder, and only pursue animals worthy the conquest. It is not till after having been long provoked, by the cries of the rook or the magpie, that this generous bird thinks fit to punish them with death. The Eagle also disdains to share the plunder of another bird; and will take up with no other prey than that which he has acquired by his own pursuit. How hungry soever he may be, he stoops not to carrion; and when satiated, never returns to the same carcass, but leaves it for other animals, more rapacious and

less delicate than himself. Solitary, like the lion, he keeps the desert to himself alone ; it is as extraordinary to see two pair of eagles, in the same mountain, as two lions in the same forest. They keep separate, to find a more ample supply ; and consider the quantity of their game, as the best proof of their dominion. Nor does the similitude of these animals stop here ; they have both sparkling eyes, and nearly of the same colour ; their claws are of the same form, their breath equally strong, and their cry equally loud and terrifying. Bred both for war, they are enemies of all society ; alike fierce, proud, and incapable of being easily tamed.

Of all the feathered tribe, the Eagle flies the highest ; and from thence the ancients have given him the title of *the bird of heaven*. He possesses also the sharpest sight ; but his sense of smelling, though acute, is inferior to that of the vulture. He never pursues, but when his object is in view ; and having seized his prey, he stoops from his height, as if to examine its weight, always laying it on the ground, before he carries it off. He finds no difficulty in taking up geese and cranes. He also carries away hares, lambs, and kids, and often destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood ; and bears a part of their flesh to his retreat. Infants themselves, when left unattended, have been destroyed by these rapacious creatures. An instance is recorded in Scotland, of two children having been carried off by eagles ; but, fortunately, they received no hurt by the way ; and, the eagles being pursued, the children were found unhurt in the nests, and restored to the affrighted parents.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbour ; but peculiarly so when bringing up

its young. Smith, in his History of Kerry, relates, that a poor man, in that country, got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones. He protracted the assiduity of these latter beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and retarding the flight of the young; and very probably also, by so tying them, as to increase their cries, which are always found to increase the parent's dispatch to procure them provision. It was fortunate, however, that the old eagles did not surprise the countryman thus employed, as their resentment might have been dangerous.

It requires great patience and much art to tame an eagle; and even though taken young, and subdued by long assiduity, yet it is a dangerous domestic, and often turns its force against its master. When brought into the field for the purpose of fowling, the falconer is never sure of its attachment: its innate pride, and love of liberty, still prompt it to regain its native solitudes. Sometimes, however, eagles are brought to have an attachment to their feeder; they are then highly serviceable, and liberally provide for his pleasures and support. When the falconer lets them go from his hands, they play about, and hover round him, till their game presents, which they see at an immense distance, and pursue with certain destruction.

It is said that the eagle can live many weeks without food; and that the period of its life exceeds a hundred years.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Of all the birds that flutter in the garden, or paint the landscape, the humming-bird is the most delightful to look upon, and the most inoffensive. Of this charming little animal, there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren, down to that of an humble bee. An European would not readily suppose, that there existed any bird so very small, and yet so completely furnished with a bill, feathers, wings, and intestines, exactly resembling those of the largest kind. Birds not so big as the end of one's little finger, would probably be supposed mere creatures of imagination, were they not seen in infinite numbers, and as frequent as butterflies in a summer's day, sporting in the fields of America, from flower to flower, and extracting sweets with their little bills.

The smallest humming-bird is about the size of a hazle nut. The feathers on its wings and tail are black; but those on its body, and under its wings, are of a greenish brown, with a fine red cast or gloss, which no silk or velvet can imitate. It has a small crest on its head, green at the bottom, and as it were, gilded at the top; and which sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of its forehead. The bill is black, straight, slender, and of the length of a small pin.

It is inconceivable how much these birds add to the high finishing and beauty of a rich, luxurious western landscape. As soon as the sun is risen, the humming-birds, of different kinds, are seen fluttering about the flowers, without ever lighting upon them. Their wings are in so rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their

colours, except by their glittering. They are never still, but continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey as if with a kiss. For this purpose, they are furnished with a forked tongue, that enters the cup of the flower, and extracts its nectared tribute. Upon this alone they subsist. The rapid motion of their wings, occasions a humming sound, from whence they have their name; for, whatever divides the air swiftly, must produce a murmur.

The nests of these birds are also very curious. They are suspended in the air, at the point of the twigs of an orange, a pomegranate, or a citron tree; sometimes even in houses, if a small and convenient twig is found for the purpose.—The female is the architect, while the male goes in quest of materials; such as cotton, fine moss, and the fibres of vegetables. Of these materials, a nest is composed, about the size of a hen's egg cut in two; it is admirably contrived, and warmly lined with cotton. There are never more than two eggs found in the nest; these are about the size of small peas, and as white as snow, with here and there a yellow speck. The male and the female sit upon the nest by turns; but the female takes to herself the greatest share. She seldom quits the nest, except for a few minutes in the morning and evening, when the dew is upon the flowers, and their honey in perfection. During this short interval, the male takes her place. The time of incubation continues twelve days; at the end of which, the young ones appear, much about the size of a blue-bottle fly. They are at first bare; by degrees they are covered with down, and at last feathers succeed but less beautiful at first than those of the old one.

Father Labat, in his account of the mission to America, says, "that his companion found the nest of a humming-bird, in a shed, near the dwelling-house; and took it in, at a time when the young ones were about fifteen or twenty days old. He placed them in a cage at his chamber window, to be amused by their sportive flutterings; but he was much surprised to see the old ones, which came and fed their brood regularly every hour in the day. By this means, they themselves grew so tame, that they seldom quitted the chamber; and, without any constraint, came to live with their young ones. All four frequently perched upon their master's hand, chirping as if they had been at liberty abroad. He fed them with a very fine clear paste, made of wine, biscuit, and sugar. They thrust their tongues into this paste, till they were satisfied, and then fluttered and chirped about the room. I never beheld any thing more agreeable," continues he, "than this lovely little family, which had possession of my companion's chamber, and flew in and out just as they thought proper; but were ever attentive to the voice of their master, when he called them. In this manner they lived with him about six months: but, at a time when he expected to see a new colony formed, he unfortunately forgot to tie up their cage to the ceiling at night, to preserve them from the rats, and he found in the morning, to his great mortification, that they were all devoured."

THE HORSE.

OF all quadrupeds, the horse appears to be the most beautiful. His fine size, the glossy smooth.

ness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions, and the exact symmetry of his shape, entitle him to this distinction.

To have an idea of this noble animal in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures, or the stables, to which he has been consigned by man; but in those wild and extensive plains, where he was originally produced, where he ranges without control, and riots in all the variety of luxuriant nature. In this state of happy independance, he disdains the assistance of man, which tends only to his servitude. In those boundless tracts, whether of Africa or New Spain, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The continual verdure of the fields supplies his wants; and the climate, that never knows a winter, suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to heat.

In those countries, the horses are often seen feeding in droves of five or six hundred. As they do not carry on war against any other race of animals, they are satisfied to remain entirely on the defensive. They have always one among their number that stands as sentinel, to give notice of any approaching danger; and this office they take by turns. If a man approaches them while they are feeding by day, their sentinel walks up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him from proceeding; but, as the man approaches within pistol-shot, the sentinel then thinks it high time to alarm his fellows. This he does by a loud kind of snorting; upon which they all take the signal, and fly off with the speed of the wind; their faithful sentinel bringing up the rear

But of all countries in the world where the horse runs wild, Arabia produces the most beautiful breed, the most generous, swift, and persevering. They are found, though not in great numbers, in the deserts of that country; and the natives use every stratagem to take them.

The usual manner in which the Arabians try the swiftness of these animals, is by hunting the ostrich. The horse is the only animal whose speed is comparable to that of this creature, which is found in the sandy plains that abound in those countries. The instant the ostrich perceives itself aimed at, it makes to the mountains, while the horseman pursues with all the swiftness possible, and endeavours to cut off its retreat. The chase then continues along the plain, while the ostrich makes use of both legs and wings to assist its motion. A horse of the first speed is able to outrun it; so that the poor animal is then obliged to have recourse to art to elude the hunter, by frequently turning. At length, finding all escape hopeless, it hides its head wherever it can, and tamely suffers itself to be taken. If the horse, in a trial of this kind, shows great speed, and is not readily tired, his character is fixed, and he is held in high estimation.

The horses of the Arabians form the principal riches of many of their tribes, who use them both in the chase, and in their expeditions for plunder. They never carry heavy burdens, and are seldom employed in long journies. They are so tractable and familiar, that they will run from the fields at the call of their masters. The Arab, his wife, and children, often lie in the same tent with the mare and foal; which, instead of injuring them, suffer the children to rest on their

bodies and necks, and seem afraid even to move, lest they should hurt them. They never beat or correct their horses, but treat them with kindness, and even affection. The following anecdote of the compassion and attachment shown by a poor Arabian to one of these animals, will be interesting to every reader:—The whole property of this Arab consisted of a very beautiful mare. This animal the French consul at Said offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to the king, Louis the Fourteenth. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time; but, at length, consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The consul wrote to France, for permission to close the bargain; and having obtained it, sent the information to the Arab. The man, so poor as to possess only a few rags to cover his body, arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, but appeared to be greatly agitated by contending emotions. Looking first at the gold, and then at his mare, he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed; “To whom is it, I am going to surrender thee? To Europeans, who will tie thee close; who will beat thee; who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children!” As he pronounced the last words, he sprang upon her back, and in a few moments was out of sight.

THE OURAN-OUTANG.

THE ape called the Ouran-outang, approaches in external appearance nearer to the human form, than any other brute; and, from this circumstance, it has sometimes obtained the appellation

of "Man of the Woods." This animal is of different sizes, from three to seven feet. In general, its stature is less than that of a man; but its strength and agility are much greater. Travellers who have seen various kinds of these animals, in their native solitudes, give surprising relations of their force, their swiftness, their address, and their ferocity. They are found in many parts of Africa, in the East-Indies, in Madagascar, and Borneo. In the last of these places, the people of quality course them as we do the stag; and this sort of hunting is one of the favourite amusements of the king himself. The skin of the Ouran-outang is hairy, his eyes are sunk in his head, his countenance is stern, and all his lineaments, though resembling those of man, are harsh and blackened by the sun. He sleeps under trees, and builds a hut to protect himself against the sun and the rain. When the negroes have left a fire in the woods, he comes near, and warms himself by the blaze. He has not, however, sense and skill sufficient to keep the flame alive by feeding it with fuel.—These animals often go together in companies, and, if they happen to meet one of the human species, remote from succour they seldom show him favour. Sometimes, however, they spare those that fall into their hands. A negro boy was carried off by one of them, and lived with them upwards of a year. On his escape and return home, he described many of them as being larger than men; and he said that they never attempted to injure him. They frequently attack the elephant: they beat him with clubs, and oblige him to leave that part of the forest, which they claim as their own.—When one of these animals dies, the rest cover the body with leaves and branches.

The manners of the Ouran-outang, when in confinement, are gentle, and, for the most part, harmless, perfectly devoid of that disgusting ferocity so conspicuous in some of the larger baboons and monkies. It is mild and docile, and may be taught to perform, with dexterity, a variety of entertaining actions. Vosmaer's account of one of these animals, which was brought into Holland, in the year 1776, and lodged in the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, is so exceedingly curious, that we shall present the reader with an extract from it.

“This animal showed no symptoms of fierceness and malignity. It was fond of being in company, and appeared to be very sensible of the kindness of those who had the care of it. Often when they retired, it would throw itself on the ground, as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries, and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach. Its keeper having been accustomed to sit near it on the ground, it frequently took the hay off its bed, and laid it by its side, and seemed, by all its actions, to invite him to be seated nearer. Its usual manner of walking was on all-fours, but it could also walk on its two hind-feet only. It eat almost every thing that was given to it; but its chief food was bread, roots, and all sorts of fruit, especially strawberries. When presented with strawberries on a plate, it was extremely pleasant to see the animal take them up one by one, with a fork, and put them into its mouth, holding at the same time the plate in the other hand. Its common drink was water; but it also very willingly drank all sorts of wine, and particularly Malaga. After drinking, it wiped its lips; and after eating, if presented with a toothpick, it would use it in a

proper manner. On shipboard, it ran freely about the vessel, played with the sailors, and went, like them, into the kitchen for its mess. At the approach of night, it lay down to sleep, and prepared its bed, by shaking well the hay on which it slept, and putting it in proper order. It would then carefully draw up the coverlet. This animal lived only seven months after it had been brought into Holland."

The Ouran-outang described by Buffon, exhibited a still greater degree of sagacity. It walked upon two legs, even when it carried burdens. Its air was melancholy, and its deportment grave. Unlike the baboon and the monkey, whose motions are violent, and appetites capricious, whose fondness for mischief is remarkable, and whose obedience proceeds only from fear, this animal was slow in its motions, and a look was sufficient to keep it in awe. "I have seen it," says Buffon, "give its hand to show the company to the door: I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and the fork, to carry victuals to its mouth; pour out its drink into a glass, and touch glasses when invited; take a cup and saucer, lay them on the table, put in sugar, pour out its tea, leave it to cool, and then drink it. All this it would do without any other instigation than the signs or commands of its master, and often of its own accord. It was gentle and inoffensive: it even approached strangers with respect; and came rather to receive caresses than to offer injuries. It was particularly fond of comfits, which every body was ready to give it; but as it had a defluxion upon the breast, so much sugar contributed to increase the disorder, and to shorten its life.

It continued at Paris but one summer, and died in London."

We are told by Pyrard, that the Ouran-ou-tangs are found in Sierra Leone; where they are strong and well-formed, and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants; that, when ordered, they pound any substance in a mortar; and that they are frequently sent to fetch water, in small pitchers, from the rivers. After filling the pitchers, they carry them on their heads to the door of the dwelling; but if they are not soon taken off, the animal suffers them to fall to the ground. When they perceive the pitcher to be overturned and broken, they utter loud lamentations.

The form and organs of this animal bear so near a resemblance to those of men, that we are surprised to find them productive of so few advantages. The tongue, and all the organs of the voice are similar, and yet the animal is dumb; the brain is formed in the same manner as that of man, and yet the creature wants reason; an evident proof, as Buffon finely observes, that no arrangement of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever framed, is formed to very limited ends, when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE good shepherd watches his flock while they are feeding, and passes his time without caring for any but those he has left at home and his sheep. What an employment, then, is that of the shepherd! In summer he sits by them, while they eat the green grass; and when

they are thirsty, he drives them to the clear brook, to quench their thirst; and at night he folds them up, lest any harm should happen to them.

The season of the year at length arrives when the ewes bring forth a large increase of playful lambs: no sooner are they on foot, than they skip and play, and suck their mother. This is the time for the shepherd's care: he delights in taking his wife and children into the fields with him, to enjoy the pleasing scene.

If any of the lambs are too weak and tender to bear the cold air, his wife takes them under her arms, carries them home, and brings them up by the fire side.—I have seen a little lamb brought up in this manner, that would take its milk from the children's hands; and, when grown up, would still leave the flock, and come home to be fed by the young folks.

When the lambs are five or six months old the time of shearing comes on. The wool on the backs of the sheep is too heavy for them to bear; the owner, therefore, gets them shorn, and sells the wool to pay his rent, or something of the kind. While the old ones are a-shearing, the lambs often lose their mothers, and run about bleating till they find them; and, then, with what joy they run to suck them!

At length their wool grows to such a weight, that when they lie down they can scarcely rise without help; nay, were not the good shepherd to help them up, they would often be found dead: this I have, more than once, known to be the case. The shepherd takes them to a deep pool of water, washes them quite clean, and in a week or two after, he shears the wool from their back which he calls a fleece.

The wool is very useful, when combed and woven, for men's coats, stockings, flannels, hats, and almost all the clothes we wear. In some parts they milk the ewes, and make cheese of the milk, which is very rich.

THE GROTTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

OF all the subterraneous caverns now known, the Grotto of Antiparos, an inconsiderable island in the Archipelago, which is a part of the Mediterranean Sea, is the most remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, about a hundred years ago. "Having been informed," says he, "by the natives of Paros, that, in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains and sloping woodlands, we, at length, came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, that, by its gloom, struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered boldly; and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by de-

greens hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of new adventures, in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified groves, some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement.

“We had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place; and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which, one of the natives assured us, contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling along the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured with a flambeau in his hand, into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it, for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither equal or imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way. Finding how-

ever, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre, (if I may so call it,) still deeper than any other part, we returned ; and being provided with a ladder, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening : and descending, one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together, in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

“ Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering, or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof was hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet hard as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling ; the sides were regularly formed with spars ; and the whole presented the appearance of a magnificent theatre, illuminated by an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble ; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness ; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre, arose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that in some measure, resembled an altar ; taking the hint from which we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks ; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite.

“ Below even this spacious grotto there seemed another cavern ; down which I ventured, with my former guide, and descended about fifty paces, by means of a rope. I at last arrived

at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of some clay, yielding to the pressure, and into which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription, upon a rock, at the mouth; but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import, that one Antipater had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us." This account of so beautiful and striking a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterranean wonders of nature.

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA, IN CANADA, NORTH AMERICA.

THIS amazing fall of water is made by the River St. Lawrence, in its passage from Lake Erie, into the Lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters is discharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond to the greatness of the scene. A river extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rises, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The river, a little above, is nearly three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrow, are four hundred yards over. Their

direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards, like a horse-shoe: so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre, the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top, into two parts; but they unite again, long before they reach the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues; and the fury of the waters at the termination of their fall, is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds; and which forms a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines. It will be readily supposed, that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indians in their canoes, as it is said, have ventured down it with safety.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

THE glorious sun is set in the west; the night-dews fall; and the air, which was sultry, becomes cool. The flowers fold up their coloured leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk. The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest also. The little birds have ceased their warbling; they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing. There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honeyed woodbines; they have done their work, and they lie close in their waxen cells. The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills. There is no sound of a number of voices, or of

children at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro. The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil ; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter. All men are stretched on their quiet beds ; and the child sleeps upon the breast of his mother. Darkness is spread o'er the skies, and darkness is upon the ground ; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who takes care of all the people when they are sunk in sleep ; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approaches ? There is an eye that never sleeps ; there is an eye that sees in dark night, as well as in the bright sunshine. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon ; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds ; that eye sees every where, in all places, and watches continually over all the families of the earth. The eye that sleeps not, is God's ; his hand is always stretched out over us. He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary : he made night, that we might sleep in quiet. As the mother moves about the house with her finger on her lips, and stills every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed ; as she draws the curtains around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes, so God draws the curtains of darkness around us ; so he makes all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watches over you. You may sleep, for he never sleeps ; you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the

beams of the morning sun strike through your eye-lids, begin the day with praising God, who has taken care of you through the night. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise! Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs! sing to him before you sing to your mates!—Let his praise be in our hearts, when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips, when we awake.

MORTALITY.

CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thy eyes red with weeping?—I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain: its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; and the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they

were brushed into the pool ; they were perishing with the evening breeze ; the swallow had devoured them ; the pike had seized them : there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength : his cheeks glowed with beauty ; his limbs were full of activity ; he leaped ; he walked ; he ran ; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned : he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground ; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out ; his life was departed from him ; and the breath out of his nostrils. Therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world ; the spoiler is among the works of God : all that is made must be destroyed ; all that is born, must die : let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

IMMORTALITY.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again : it sprung forth afresh ; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon : there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked : the sun broke forth upon the east, and gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat : it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone : it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again : it had burst its tomb ; it was full

of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth : but thou shalt be raised again ; and thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that comes to burst open the prison doors of the tomb ; to bid the dead awake ; and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven ? He descends on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goes before him ; thousands of angels are on his right hand.—It is JESUS, the Son of God ; the Saviour of men ; the friend of the good. He comes in the glory of his Father, he has received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality ! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered death :—child of immortality ! mourn no longer.

HEAVEN.

THE rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with thorns : the lily of the valley is fragrant ; but it springs up amongst the brambles. The spring is pleasant, but it is soon past : the summer is bright, but the winter destroys its beauty. The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanishes away : life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a land, where the roses are without thorns ; where the flowers are not mixed with brambles. In that land, there is eternal spring,

and light without any cloud. The tree of life grows in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade. Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn. The angels, with their golden harps, sing praises continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire! —This country is heaven: it is the country of those that are good; and nothing that is wicked must inhabit there. The toad must not spit its venom amongst turtle doves: nor the poisonous henbane grow among sweet flowers. Neither must any one that does ill, enter into that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth; and it is filled with many delightful things. But that country is far better: there we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us. In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all dearly love one another.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more. There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books. There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful; and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert; and Elijah, the prophet of God; and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel. They loved God on earth; they praised him on earth; but in that country, they will praise him better and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us to that happy place; and there we shall behold

the glory of the Most HIGH GOD. We cannot see him here, but we will love him here. We must be now on earth, but we will often think on heaven. That happy land is our home; we are to be here but for a little while, and there for ever, even for eternal ages.

HEALTH.

WHO is she that, with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blushes on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breathes from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkles in her eyes; and the cheerfulness of her heart appears in all her movements. Her name is Health: she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance. Their sons inhabit the mountains and the plain. They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister. Vigour strings their nerves, strength dwells in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long. The employments of their father excite their appetites; and the repast of their mother refresh them. To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.— Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure: their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed. Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician does not find the way to their habitations.

CHARITY.

HAPPY is the man who has sown in his breast the seeds of charity and love! From the fountain of his heart, rise rivers of goodness: and the streams overflow for the benefit of mankind. He assists the poor in their trouble; he rejoices in promoting the welfare of all men. He does not harshly censure his neighbour; he believes not the tales of envy and malevolence, nor repeats their slanders. He forgives the injuries of men; he wipes them from his remembrance: revenge and malice have no place in his heart. For evil he returns not evil: he hates not even his enemies, but requites their injustice with friendly admonition. The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion: he endeavours to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes; and the pleasure of success rewards his labour. He calms the fury, he heals the quarrels of angry men; and prevents the mischiefs of strife and animosity. He promotes in his neighbourhood peace and good will; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root, from whence it arose; as a river pours its streams to the sea, whence its spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received. He acknowledges his obligation with cheerfulness; he looks on his benefactor with love and esteem. And if to return a favour be not in his power, he cherishes the remembrance of it through life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers; but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows with greediness the showers that fall, buries them in its bosom, and produces nothing.

The grateful mind envies not its benefactor, nor strives to conceal the benefit he has conferred. Though to oblige is better than to be obliged; though the act of generosity commands admiration; yet, the humility of gratitude touches the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

EARTHQUAKE AT CATANEA.

ONE of the earthquakes most particularly described in history, is that which happened in the year 1693; the damages of which were chiefly felt in Sicily, but its motion was perceived in Germany, France, and England. It extended to a circumference of two thousand six hundred leagues; chiefly affecting the sea coasts, and great rivers; more perceivable also upon the mountains than in the valleys. Its motions were so rapid, that persons who lay at their length, were tossed from side to side, as upon a rolling billow. The walls were dashed from their foundations; and no fewer than fifty-four cities, with an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. The city of Catanea, in particular, was utterly overthrown. A traveller who was on his way thither, perceived, at the distance of some miles, a black cloud, like night, hanging over the place. The sea, all of a sudden, began to roar; mount *Ætna* to send forth great spires of flame; and soon

after, a shock ensued, with a noise as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged. Our traveller being obliged to alight, instantly found himself raised a foot from the ground; and turning his eyes to the city, he with amazement saw nothing but a thick cloud of dust in the air. The birds flew about astonished; the sun was darkened; the beasts ran howling from the hills; and although the shock did not continue above three minutes, yet nearly nineteen thousand of the inhabitants of Sicily perished in the ruins. Catanea, to which city the describer was travelling, seemed the principal scene of ruin; its place only was to be found; and not a trace of its former magnificence was to be seen remaining.

A VOLCANO, or burning Mountain, has the shape of a sugar loaf, and sends out from its top, smoke and flames, and torrents of melted stones. The quantity of these is sometimes so great, as to bury whole towns and forests, covering the ground to the thickness of one hundred, and two hundred feet, and forming fresh hills and mountains, wherever the force of the volcano happens to throw the stones cast forth, into one spot. A volcano may be compared to the immense chimney of a glass-house furnace, with the opening at top, often more than a mile and a half wide.—When the boiling matter within, has overflowed the mouth, it runs down the side of the mountain like a river, which, on some occasions, has been observed six miles broad.

It is now known, that when water comes in contact with the iron and sulphur found to exist in the neighbourhood of all volcanoes, it produces a heat and fire, more or less violent, in

proportion to the quantity of those substances.— If their action cause a heaving in the earth's surface, like the waves of the sea, it is called an earthquake. When the fire rushes, however, with irresistible force, to find a passage, and bursts an opening for itself, it is then a volcano; and has been described by all who have seen it, as the most terrific object in nature.

One of the most considerable of these burning mountains, is Vesuvius, which, lying in the neighbourhood of the city of Naples, on the western coast of Italy, has been more accurately observed and described than any other.

AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

IN the year 1717, in the middle of April, with much difficulty I reached the top of Mount Vesuvius, in which I saw a vast aperture full of smoke, that hindered me from seeing its depth and figure. I heard, within that horrid gulf, extraordinary sounds, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the mountain, and at intervals, a noise like that of thunder and cannon, with a clattering like the falling of tiles from the tops of houses into the streets. Sometimes, as the wind changed, the smoke grew thinner, discovering a very ruddy flame, and the circumference of the crater was streaked with red and several shades of yellow. After an hour's stay, the smoke being moved by the wind, we had short and partial prospects of the great hollow; in the flat bottom of which I could discern two furnaces almost contiguous: that on the left, seeming about three yards over, glowing with ruddy flame, and throwing up red hot stones, with a hideous noise, which, as they fell back, caused the clattering already taken notice of.

May 8, in the morning, I ascended the top of Vesuvius, a second time, and found a different face of things. The smoke ascending upright, afforded a full prospect of the crater, which, as far as I could judge, was about a mile in circumference, and a hundred yards deep. Since my last visit, a conical mount had been formed in the middle of the bottom. This was made by the stones, thrown up and falling back again into the crater. In this new hill, remained the two furnaces already mentioned. The one was seen to throw up, every three or four minutes, with a dreadful sound, a vast number of red hot stones, at least three hundred feet higher than my head; but as there was no wind, they fell perpendicularly back into the place from whence they had been discharged. The other was filled with red hot liquid matter, like that in the furnace of a glass-house; raging and working like the waves of the sea, with a short abrupt noise. This matter sometimes boiled over, and ran down the side of the conical hill, appearing at first red hot, but changing colour as it hardened and cooled. Had the wind set towards us, we should have been in no small danger of being stifled by the sulphureous smoke, or killed by the masses of melted minerals that were shot from the bottom. But as the wind was favourable, I had an opportunity of surveying this amazing scene, for above an hour and a half together. On the 5th of June, after a horrible noise, the mountain was seen at Naples to work over; and about three days after, its thunders were so renewed, that not only the windows in the city, but all the houses shook. From that time it continued to overflow, and sometimes, all night exhibited columns of fire shooting upwards from its summit. On the 10th, when all was thought to be

over, the mountain again renewed its terrors, roaring and raging most violently. One cannot form a juster idea of the noise, in the most violent fits of it, than by imagining a mixed sound, made up of the raging of a tempest, the murmur of a troubled sea, and the roaring of thunder and artillery, confused all together. Though we heard this at the distance of twelve miles, yet it was very terrible. We resolved to approach nearer to the mountain; and, accordingly, three or four of us entered a boat, and were set ashore at a little town, situated at the foot of the mountain. From thence we rode above four or five miles, before we came to the torrent of fire that was descending from the side of the volcano; and here the roaring grew exceedingly loud and terrible. I observed a mixture of colours in the cloud above the crater, green, yellow, red, and blue. There was likewise a ruddy dismal light in the air, over that tract where the burning river flowed. These circumstances, set off and augmented by the horror of the night, formed a scene the most uncommon and astonishing I ever saw; which still increased as we approached the burning river. A vast torrent of liquid fire rolled from the top, down the side of the mountain, and with irresistible fury bore down and consumed vines, olives, and houses; and divided into different channels, according to the inequalities of the mountain. The largest stream seemed at least half a mile broad, and five miles long. I walked before my companions so far up the mountain, along the side of the river of fire, that I was obliged to retire in great haste, the sulphureous stream having surprised me, and almost taken away my breath. During our return, which was about three o'clock in

the morning, the roaring of the mountain was heard all the way, while we observed it throwing up huge spouts of fire and burning stones, which falling, resembled the stars in a rocket. Sometimes, I observed two or three distinct columns of flame, and sometimes one only, that was large enough to fill the whole crater. These burning columns, and fiery stones, seemed to be shot a thousand feet perpendicular above the summit of the volcano. In this manner, the mountain continued raging for six or eight days after. On the 18th of the same month, the whole appearance ended, and Vesuvius remained perfectly quiet, without any visible smoke or flame.

SNOW STORMS IN SCOTLAND.

THE most dismal of all those on record, is that of *the thirteen drifty days*, as they are called by the inhabitants of that part of Scotland, which lies near the borders of England. This extraordinary storm, as near as I have been able to trace, must have occurred in the year 1620. The traditionary stories and pictures of desolation that remain of it, are the most dire imaginable; and the mentioning of the thirteen drifty days to an old shepherd, in a stormy winter night, never fails to impress his mind, with a kind of religious awe, and often sets him on his knees before that Being, who alone can avert such another calamity.

It is said that, during thirteen days and nights, the snow-drift never once abated—the ground was covered with frozen snow when it commenced, and during all that time the sheep never

broke their fast. The cold was intense to a degree never before remembered; and about the fifth and sixth days of the storm, the young sheep began to fall into a sleepy and torpid state, and all that were so affected in the evening, died over night. The intensity of the frost-wind often cut them off, when in that state, quite instantaneously. About the ninth and tenth days, the shepherds began to build up large semi-circular walls of their dead, in order to afford some shelter for the remainder of the living; but they availed but little, for about the same time, they were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth.

When the storm abated, on the fourteenth day from its commencement, there was, on many a high-lying farm, not a living sheep to be seen.—Large mis-shapen walls of dead, surrounding a small prostrated flock, likewise all dead, and frozen stiff in their lairs, were all that remained to cheer the forlorn shepherd and his master; and though on low-lying farms, where the snow was not so hard before, numbers of sheep weathered the storm, yet their constitutions received such a shock, that the greater part of them perished afterwards; and the final consequence was, that about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed.

In the extensive pastoral district of Eskdale moor, which maintains upwards of 20,000 sheep, it is said none were left alive, but forty young weathers on one farm, and five old ewes on another. The farm of Phaup remained without a stock and without a tenant for twenty years subsequent to the storm; at length, one very honest and liberal minded man ventured to take a lease of it, at the annual rent of a

grey coat and a pair of hose. It is now rented at £500. An extensive glen in Tweedsmuir, belonging to Sir James Montgomery, became a common at that time, to which any man drove his flocks that pleased, and it continued so for nearly a century.

The years 1709, 1740, and 1772, were all alike notable years for severity, and for the losses likewise sustained among the flocks of sheep. In the latter, the snow lay from the middle of April, and all the time hard frozen. Partial thaws always kept the farmer's hopes alive, and thus prevented him from removing his sheep to a low situation, till at length, they grew so weak that they could not be removed. There has not been such a general loss in the days of any man living as in that year. It is by these years that all subsequent hard winters have been measured, and of late, by that of 1794; and when the balance turns out in favour of the calculator, there is always a degree of thankfulness expressed, as well as a composed submission to the awards of Divine Providence. The daily feeling naturally impressed on the shepherd's mind, that all his comforts are so entirely in the hand of Him who rules the elements, contributes not a little to that firm spirit of devotion, for which the Scottish shepherd is so distinguished. I know of no scene so impressive, as that of a family sequestered in a lonely glen, during the time of a winter storm: and where is the glen in the kingdom that wants such a habitation? There they are left to the protection of Heaven, and they know and feel it. Throughout all the wild vicissitudes of nature, they have no hope of assistance from man, but are conversant with the Almighty alone. — Before retiring to rest, the

shepherd uniformly goes out to examine the state of the weather, and make his report to the little dependent group within—nothing is to be seen but the conflict of the elements, nor heard but the raving of the storm—then they all kneel around him, while he recommends them to the protection of Heaven; and though their little hymn of praise can scarcely be heard even by themselves, as it mixes with the roar of the tempest, they never fail to rise from their devotions with their spirits cheered and their confidence renewed, and go to sleep with pious confidence, that they are in the hands of an Almighty and all-mindful Being.

But of all the storms that ever Scotland witnessed, or I hope ever again will behold, there is none of them that can once be compared with the memorable 24th of January, 1794, which fell with such violence on that division of the south of Scotland that lies between Crawfordmuir and the border. Within these bounds, seventeen shepherds perished, and upwards of thirty were carried home insensible, who afterwards recovered; but the number of sheep that were lost, far outwent any possibility of calculation. One farmer alone, Mr. Thomas Beattie, lost seventy-two score for his own share; and many others in the same quarter, from thirty to forty scores each. Whole flocks were overwhelmed with snow, and no one ever knew where they were till the snow was dissolved, when they were all found dead. Many hundreds were driven into waters, streamlets, and lakes, by the violence of the storm, where they were buried or frozen up; and these the flood carried away, so that they were never seen or found by the owners at all. The following anecdote somewhat illustrates the

confusion and devastation that it bred in the country:—The greater part of the rivers, on which the storm was most deadly, run into the Solway Firth, on which there is a place called *the beds of Esk*, where the tide throws out and leaves whatsoever is thrown into it by the rivers. When the flood after the storm subsided, there were found in that place, and the shores adjacent, one thousand eight hundred and forty sheep, nine black cattle, three horses, two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, and one hundred and eighty hares, besides a number of meaner animals.

SCENERY OF THE APURE, A BRANCH OF THE
RIVER ORINOCO, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

IF we were surprised, delighted, and sometimes intimidated by our near approach to the various creatures both by land and water; if we gazed with admiration on the beautiful plumage of the birds, as we passed up the Orinoco; how much wonder, astonishment, and even terror, joined with a certain degree of pleasure, did we experience, at seeing the inhabitants of the Apure increasing, as it were, a hundred-fold, in proportion to what we had before seen or imagined.

I should dread to describe what I saw and heard, were it not that all my companions could vouch for my accuracy. Crocodiles, fourteen and fifteen feet long, were basking on the sedges near the banks of the river, in groups of six or eight; every minute, others were seen swimming or floating down the stream, many of which the men struck with the oars of the boat, and others were apparently wounded with ball, fired from

pistols or muskets ; but none materially injured. Tigers of a very large size were visible on the sands, and one larger animal, which the men conceived to be a lion, but which was probably a variety of the leopard, as the king of the forest is unknown to this clime.

The numerous flocks of birds flying from side to side of the river, and passing over our heads, were almost too many to count, and some of the flocks so prodigious, as absolutely to shade, during the interval of their passage, the rays of the sun from our barge. The shores of the river were lined with every sort of marine and tropical bird, all of which, as if unconscious of the approach or power of man, suffered us to look at and pass them unheeded, from the largest pelican down to the smallest crane. Here the flamingo was seen in all its stateliness and grandeur. The crown crane was also perceptible, and a bird of the same kind as the crane, although far more elegant and beautiful in symmetry and appearance, and which I had frequently seen in South Africa, where it is called the secretary. What with birds, beasts, amphibious animals, fish and reptiles, the eye was at length tired with the everlasting succession, and the mind could wander no longer. The mocking bird, a native of these immense forests, gave me a most decisive proof of its powers of utterance, and its capability of articulating two or more syllables with such clearness of sound and expression, as to astonish all who heard it. To none of the parrot kind do I yield a preference ; nor did I ever hear one of them (and I have heard many of the best and clearest talking birds) repeat words, and pronounce them so distinctly, as to create a doubt whether or not they were uttered by the voice of man.

On ascending the Apure, our people had, as usual landed to cook their suppers, and to prepare food for the consumption of the following day. The night had been wholly spent on shore by both officers and men. The hammock on which I slept, was suspended between two large trees, at some distance from the ground, and to windward of the fires. At day-light, when I awoke, having occasion to speak to one of the officers, and not seeing him near me, I called aloud on his name. I called a second time, when I was told he was gone down to our boat. In a few seconds after, I heard a voice similar to my own, repeating equally loud, "Denis! Denis! Denis!" with the usual pause between.— This call, Captain Denis himself distinctly heard, thought it mine, and answered that he would be with me directly; and from the constant repetition, he imagined that the nature of my business must be urgent, and hurried himself accordingly. Several of the non-commissioned officers, who also heard the call, directed others to "pass the word for Captain Denis, as the Colonel wanted him." Our eyes and ears at length being directed to the spot, we discovered that my obliging, attentive, and repeating friend, was sitting in the form of a bird on the upper branch of a small tree near me, from whence he soon took his flight, making the very woods resound with the name of Denis.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF WM. PENN'S TREATY
WITH THE AMERICAN INDIANS, PREVIOUS TO
HIS SETTLING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE country assigned to him by the royal charter, was yet full of its original inhabitants;

and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty in sight both of the Indians and Planters. For this purpose, a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree, that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbourhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods, which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region. On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of Friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed—in his usual plain dress—without banners, or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk net-work, (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett of Seeting-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the

whole multitudes of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began: "The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love." After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein, relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents

besides, from the merchandize which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did ; that is, call them Children or Brothers only ; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it ; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues—of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that ‘they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure.’

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negociation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that for the space of more than seventy years, and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated ;—a most striking example being thus afforded, of the facility with which they

who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY OF ANIMALS.

The more I reflect on the natural affection of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is in her turn the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or sow, in defence of those chickens, which, in a few weeks, she will drive before her with relentless cruelty. This affection sublimates the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger, in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. The fly-catcher of zoology, builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had, one year, inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But, a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of heat from the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while, with wings expanded, and

mouths gasping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

A farther instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. A friend and myself had observed the bird, as she sat in her nest, but we were particularly careful not to disturb her, though she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how the brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a bundle of long green moss, as it were, carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to deceive the eye of any impertinent intruder.

ACCOUNT OF THE CHAMOIS AND MARMOT.

THERE are a set of men in this country, (Switzerland,) whose dexterity in clambering over the Alps, in pursuit of the chamois, an animal something like the goat, is truly surprising; but, with all their address, they can scarcely ever get nearer to him than three or four hundred yards; for no animal is more active in bounding along the craggy rocks, and in leaping to a vast distance from one height to another. The chamois are so sagacious, that when they go out to feed, which they mostly do in herds of twenty or thirty, they take turns to stand sentinel on some high place, and on the least suspicion of danger, the watchman alarms the rest by a shrill cry, and instantly the whole company skip off, one after another. In winter, their chief food is the same kind of moss that supports the rein-deer; and, like him, they clear away the snow with their fore feet, and thaw it

with their breath, in order to get at this moss, which grows beneath it.

An attempt to describe all the curious animals that are found in this country, would tire you, as well as myself; but I think you will be amused with some account of the marmot, or mountain rat. It is almost the size of a leveret, and resembles a common rat very much in appearance. These little creatures live together in societies, and have different dwellings for winter and summer; their fore-paws are remarkably strong; which qualifies them for scooping out their burrows. The same form is always preserved in the construction of their dwellings, which consist of a long passage, just big enough to let a marmot enter, leading to two apartments; the largest of these serves the whole family for a chamber, where they lie close together, in a torpid state, rolled up like hedgehogs, during the cold season, as dormice do in England. When they betake themselves to their winter quarters, after having lined their chamber with soft hay, they carefully stop up the entrance with a sort of cement, which they make of earth, mixed with stones and dry grass. Before they collect the grass, either for food, or for their winter habitations, they form themselves into a circle, sitting on their hind legs, looking with a cautious eye on every side. If the least thing stirs that alarms them, the first which perceives it, makes a particular kind of cry, which his next neighbour repeats, and so on till it goes round, when they hastily make their escape. They are often seen upon the slopes of the Alps, where grass is plenty; but they love a warm, sheltered situation, and change their residence according to the season.

VISIT TO A COAL PIT.

NEAR the town of Newcastle, in the county of Northumberland, are vast beds of coal, which lie far beneath the surface of the earth: they are often found at the depth of a hundred feet. Our visit to one of them was rather a droll adventure. The first ceremony was, to put on a kind of frock that covered us all over, to prevent spoiling our clothes. We were then shown a prodigious steam-engine at work, at the mouth of the pit, in order to drain off the water; and close to it, a ventilator for purifying the air in the pit. Our guides now seated us on a piece of board, slung in a rope like the seat of a swing, and hooked to an iron chain; which was let gently down the suffocating hole, by the assistance of six horses. I must confess I did not like this mode of travelling; my spirits were, however, rather cheered when I reached the solid bottom, and saw my friend at my side. He congratulated me on my safe arrival; and pointed to a huge fire, burning for the purpose of keeping the air in proper temperature. Gaining courage by a nearer examination, I walked about the chambers with as much ease as if they had been the apartments of a dwelling-house. The coal is hollowed out in spaces of four yards wide; between which are left pillars of coal to support the roof, ten yards broad and twenty deep. After exploring a dozen or two of these little apartments, our curiosity was satisfied; as there was nothing more to be seen but a repetition of the same objects to a vast extent. A number of horses live here for years together, and seem to enjoy themselves very comfortably; they are employed to draw the coal in the subterranean

passages to the opening of the pit. The machine which raises the coal to the surface of the earth, is worked by stout horses. The coal is brought in strong baskets made of osier ; they each contain twelve hundred-weight ; and while one ascends, the other descends. A man receives these baskets as they arrive at the top, and places them on a dray, having hooked an empty basket on, instead of the full one. Before he drives the dray to a shed at a little distance, where he empties his load, the dust passes through holes prepared to receive it ; while the large coals roll down the declivity in heaps, where they are loaded in waggons, and carried to wharfs on the river-side, to be put on board the vessels that wait to convey them to distant parts. The waggons, very heavily laden, run without horses to the water-side, along a road ingeniously formed in a sloping direction, with grooves to fit the wagon-wheels and make them go more readily. The dust which is too small for common fires, is put into a kiln well heated ; and when burnt, the particles unite, and run into large cakes or masses : in that state it is called coke ; and this substance is used in many manufactories where a strong heat is required.

There are also coal-mines in several other parts of England. Near Whitehaven, in the county of Cumberland, are some that extend half a mile under the sea. The collieries employ a great number of hardy sailors, who, in their frequent coasting voyages, are accustomed to face all the dangers of a sea-life.

THE GREAT KENTUCKY CAVERN.

FOR the very interesting account of this stupendous cavern, which is unparalleled in the history of subterraneous wonders, we are indebted to Dr. Nahum Ward, who published it in the Monthly Magazine of October, 1816. It is situated in Warren County, in the United States of North America, and in a territory not mountainous, but broken, differing in this respect from all the other caverns hitherto known. The Doctor, provided with guides, two large lamps, a compass, and refreshments, descended a pit forty feet in depth, and one hundred and twenty in circumference, having a spring of fine water at the bottom, and conducting to the entrance of the cavern. The opening, which is to the north, is from forty to fifty feet high, and about thirty in width. It narrows shortly after, but again expands to a width of about thirty or forty feet, and a height of twenty, continuing these dimensions for about a mile, to the first *hoppers*, where a manufactory of saltpetre has recently been established. Thence to the second of these *hoppers*, two miles from the entrance; it is forty feet in width, and sixty in height. Throughout nearly the whole of this distance, handsome walls have been made by the manufacturers, of the loose limestone. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. In every passage which the Doctor traversed, the sides of the cavern were perpendicular, and the arches, which have bid defiance even to earthquakes, are regular. In 1802, when the heavy shocks of earthquakes came on, which were so severely felt in this part of Kentucky, the workmen stationed at the second *hoppers*, heard, about five minutes before

each shock, a heavy rumbling noise issue from the cave, like a strong wind. When that ceased, the rocks cracked, and the whole appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large portions of rock fell in different parts of the cavern.

In advancing into the cavern, the avenue leads from the second hoppers, west, one mile; and from thence, south-west, to the chief area or city, which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue, throughout its whole extent from the above station to the cross-roads, or chief area, is from sixty to one hundred feet in height, of a similar width, and nearly on a level, the floor or bottom being covered with loose lime-stone, and salt-petre earth. "When," observes the Doctor, "I reached this immense area, (called the chief city,) which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment. Nothing can be more sublime and grand than this place, of which but a faint idea can be conveyed, covered with one solid arch, at least one hundred feet high, and to all appearance entire."

Having entered the area, the Doctor perceived five large avenues leading from it, from sixty to one hundred feet in width, and about forty in height. The stone walls are arched and were from forty to eighty feet perpendicular in height before the commencement of the arch.

In exploring these avenues, the precaution was taken to cut arrows, pointing to the mouth of the cave, on the stones beneath the feet, to prevent any difficulty in the return. The first which was traversed, took a southerly direction for

more than two miles ; when a second was taken which led first east, and then north, for more than two miles further. These windings at length brought the party, by another avenue, to the chief city again, after having traversed different avenues for more than five miles. Having reposed for a few minutes, on slabs of limestone, near the centre of this gloomy area, and refreshed themselves and trimmed their lamps, they departed a second time, through an avenue almost north, parallel with the one leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cavern ; and, having proceeded upwards of two miles, came to the second city. This is covered with a single arch nearly two hundred feet high in the centre, and is very similar to the chief city, except in the number of its avenues, which are two only. They crossed it over at a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east, to the distance of nearly a mile, when they came to a third area, or city, about one hundred feet square and fifty in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of a wall about thirty feet high, and which fell on a surface of stone, and was afterwards entirely lost to view.

Having passed a few yards beyond this beautiful sheet of water, so as to reach the end of the avenue, the party returned about one hundred yards, and passing over a considerable mass of stone, entered another, but smaller avenue, to the right, which carried them south, through a third, of an uncommonly black hue, somewhat more than a mile ; when they ascended a very steep hill about sixty yards, which conducted them to within the walls of the fourth city. It

is not inferior to the second, having an arch which covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the extremity of which cannot be less than four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cavern, are upwards of twenty large piles of salt-petré earth on the one side, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

From the course of his needle, the Doctor expected that this avenue would have led circuitously to the chief city; but was much disappointed when he reached the extremity, at a few hundred yards from the fourth city. In retracing his steps, not having paid a due attention to mark the entrances of the different avenues, he was greatly bewildered, and once completely lost himself for nearly fifteen or twenty minutes. Thus, faint and wearied, he did not reach the chief area till ten at night; but was still determined to explore the cavern so long as his light should last. Having entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief area, and proceeded south-east about nine hundred yards, he came to the fifth area, the arch of which covers upwards of four acres of level ground, strewed with limestones, and having fire-beds of an uncommon size, surrounded with brands of cane, interspersed. Another avenue on the opposite side, led to one of still greater capacity, the walls of which were more perfect than any that had been noticed, running almost due south for nearly a mile and a half, and being very level and straight, with an elegant arch. While the Doctor was employed, at the extremity of this avenue, in sketching a plan of the cave, one of his guides, who had strayed to a distance, called on him to follow. Leaving the other guide, he was

led to a vertical passage, which opened into a chamber at least 1800 feet in circumference, and the centre of the arch of which was 150 feet in height.

It was past midnight when he entered this chamber of eternal darkness; and when he reflected, on the different avenues through which he had passed, since he had penetrated the cave at eight in the morning, and now found himself buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern—the grave perhaps of thousands of human beings—he felt a shivering horror. The avenue, or passage, which led from it, was as large as any he had entered; and it is uncertain how far he might have travelled, had his lights not failed him. All those who have any knowledge of this cave, he observes, conjecture that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three of its branches.

After a lapse of nearly an hour, he descended by what is called the “passage of the chimney,” and joined the other guide. Thence returning to the chief area or city, where the lamps were trimmed for the last time, he entered the spacious avenue which led to the second hoppers. Here he met with various curiosities, such as spars, petrifications, &c.; and these he brought away, together with a *mummy* which was found at the second hoppers. He reached the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, almost exhausted with nineteen hours of constant fatigue. He nearly fainted on leaving it; and on inhaling the vapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the pure air occasioned by the nitre of the cave, his pulse beat stronger when within side, but not so quick as when on the surface.

Here the Doctor observes that he has hardly described half the cave, not having named the avenues between its mouth and the second hoppers. This part of his narrative is of equal interest with what has been already given. He states, that there is a passage in the main avenue, within upwards of nine hundred feet of the entrance, like that of a trap door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes on a level, and winds about in such a manner, as to lead you under the main passage without having any communication with it, at length opening into the main cave by two large passages, and just beyond the second hoppers. This is called "the glauber-salt room," from salts of that kind being found there. Next come the sick-room, the bat-room, and the flint-room, together with a winding avenue, which branching off at the second hoppers, runs west and south-west for more than two miles. It is called the haunted chamber, from the echo within: its arch is very beautifully incrustated with limestone spar; and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. Near the centre of this arch is a dome, apparently fifty feet high, hung in rich drapery of spar, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet, and in colours the most rich and brilliant. By the reflection of one or two lights, the columns of spar and the stalactites have a very romantic appearance. Of this spar, a large cellar, called "Wilkins' armed chair," has been formed in the centre of the avenue, and encircled with many smaller ones. The columns of spar, fluted, and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; the

drapery, of various colours, superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner: these are shown with the greatest brilliancy by the reflection of the lamps.

In the vicinity of the "haunted chamber," the sound of a cataract was heard; and at the extremity of the avenue was a reservoir of water, very clear and grateful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet. Here the air, as in many other parts of the cave, was pure and delightful. Not far from the reservoir, an avenue presented itself, within which were several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, standing in basins of water; which, as well as the columns, the Doctor observes, surpass in splendour and beauty, every similar work of art he had ever seen.

Returning by a beautiful pool of water, the Doctor came to the second hoppers, where he found the mummy before alluded to. It had been removed from another cave for preservation, and was presented to him by his friend Mr. Wilkins, together with the apparel, jewels, music, &c., with which it was accompanied. It has since been placed in the Washington Museum, the proprietor of which thinks it probable that this mummy is as ancient as the immense mounds of the western country, which have so much astonished the world.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PREPARATIONS MADE BY
XERXES, THE PERSIAN MONARCH, FOR INVAD
ING GREECE.

IN the opening of spring, Xerxes directed his march toward the Hellespont, where his fleet lay in all their pomp, expecting his arrival. Here being arrived, he was desirous of taking a survey of all his forces, which formed an army that was never equalled either before or since. It was composed of the most powerful nations of the East, and of people scarcely known to posterity, except by name. The remotest India contributed its supplies, while the coldest tracts of Scythia sent their assistance. Medes, Persians, Bactrians, Lydians, Assyrians, Hyrcanians, and many other nations of various forms, complexions, languages, dresses, and arms, united in this grand expedition. The land army, which he brought out of Asia, consisted of seventeen hundred thousand foot, and four-score thousand horse. Three hundred thousand more that were added upon crossing the Hellespont, made his land forces altogether amount to above two millions of men. His fleet, when it set out from Asia, consisted of twelve hundred and seven vessels, each carrying two hundred men. The Europeans augmented his fleet with an hundred and twenty vessels, each of which carried two hundred men. Besides these there were two thousand smaller vessels fitted for carrying provisions and stores. The men contained in these, with the former, amounted to six hundred thousand; so that the whole army might be said to amount to two millions and a half, which, with the women, slaves, and suttlers, always accompanying a Persian army, might make the whole above five millions of souls: a number, if

rightly conducted, capable of overturning the greatest monarchy; but commanded by presumption and ignorance, they served only to obstruct and embarrass each other.

Lord of so many and such various subjects, Xerxes found a pleasure in reviewing his forces; and was desirous of beholding a naval engagement, of which he had not hitherto been a spectator. To this end, a throne was erected for him upon an eminence; and in that situation beholding all the earth covered with his troops, and all the sea crowded with his vessels, he felt a secret joy diffuse itself through his frame, from the consciousness of his own superior power. But all the workings of this monarch's mind were in the extreme: a sudden sadness soon took place of his pleasure; and dissolving in a shower of tears, he gave himself up to reflection, that not one of so many thousands would be alive a hundred years after.

Artabanus, the king's uncle, who embraced opportunities of moralizing upon every occurrence, took this occasion to discourse with him upon the shortness and miseries of human life. Finding this more distant subject attended to, he spoke closely to the present occasion; insinuated his doubts of the success of the expedition; urged the many inconveniences the army had to suffer, if not from the enemy, at least from their own numbers. He alleged that plagues, famine, and confusion, were the necessary attendants of such ungovernable multitudes; and that empty fame was the only reward of success. But it was now too late to turn this young monarch from his purpose. Xerxes informed his monitor, that great actions were always attended with proportionate danger; and that if his predecessors had observed such scrupulous and timorous rules of conduct,

the Persian empire would never have attained to its present height of glory.

Xerxes, in the mean time, had given orders to build a bridge of boats across the Hellespont, for transporting his army into Europe. This narrow strait, which now goes by the name of the Dardanelles, is nearly an English mile over. But soon after the completion of this work, a violent storm arising, the whole was broken and destroyed, and the labour was to be undertaken anew. The fury of Xerxes upon this disappointment, was attended with equal extravagance and cruelty. His vengeance knew no bounds. The workmen who had undertaken the task, had their heads struck off by his order ; and that the sea itself might also know its duty, he ordered it to be lashed as a delinquent, and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it, to curb its future irregularities. Thus having given vent to his absurd resentment, two bridges were ordered to be built in the place of the former, one for the army to pass over, and the other for the baggage and the beasts of burden. The workmen, now warned by the fate of their predecessors, undertook to give their labours greater stability. They placed three hundred and sixty vessels across the Straits, some of them having three banks of oars, and others fifty oars a piece. They then cast large anchors into the water on both sides, in order to fix those vessels against the violence of the winds, and the current. After this, they drove large piles into the earth, with huge rings fastened to them, to which were tied six vast cables that went over each of the two bridges. Over all these they laid trunks of trees, cut purposely for that use, and flat boats again over them, fastened and joined together, so as to serve for a floor or solid bottom. When

the whole work was thus completed, a day was appointed for their passing over; and as soon as the first rays of the sun began to appear, sweet odours of all kinds were abundantly scattered over the new work, and the way was strewn with myrtle. At the same time, Xerxes poured out libations into the sea; and turning his face towards the East, worshipped the bright luminary, which is the god of the Persians. Then, throwing the vessel which had held his libation into the sea, together with a golden cup and a Persian scimitar, he went forward, and gave orders for the army to follow. This immense train was seven days and seven nights in passing over; while those who were appointed to conduct the march, quickened the troops by lashing them along; for the soldiers of the East at that time, and to this very day, are treated like slaves.

This great army landed in Europe, and being joined there by several nations that acknowledged the Persian power, Xerxes prepared for marching directly forward into Greece. After a variety of disastrous and adverse events, suffered in prosecuting his vain-glorious design, this haughty monarch was compelled to relinquish it. Leaving his generals to take care of the army, he hastened with a small retinue to the sea side. When he arrived at the place, he found the bridge broken down by the violence of the waves, in a tempest that had lately happened there. He was, therefore, obliged to pass the strait in a small boat; which manner of returning, being compared with the ostentatious method in which he had set out, rendered his disgrace still more poignant and afflicting. The army which he had ordered to follow him, having been unprovided with necessaries, suffered great hardships by the way. After

having consumed all the corn they could find, they were obliged to live upon herbs, and even upon the bark and leaves of trees. Thus harassed and fatigued, a pestilence began to complete their misery ; and after a fatiguing journey of forty-five days, in which they were pursued rather by vultures and beasts of prey, than by men, they came to the Hellespont, where they crossed over, and marched from thence to Sardis.

Such was the end of Xerxes' expedition into Greece ; a measure begun in pride, and terminated in infamy.

CHARACTER OF ALFRED, KING OF ENGLAND

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may, with advantage, be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen, which the annals of any age, or any nation, can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or a wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice : so happily were all his virtues tempered together ; so justly were they blended ; and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds.

He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation ; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility ; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity ; the greatest rigour in com and with the greatest affability of deportment ; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action.

Nature, also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments ; vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. By living in that barbarous age, he was deprived of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity ; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we might at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child about seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with halfpence. I went directly towards a shop where toys were sold for children ; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money ; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation. My reflections on the subject gave me more chagrin, than the *whistle* gave me pleasure. This little event, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind : so that, often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to

myself, *Do not give too much for the whistle* ; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favour, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I said to myself, *This man pays too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect ; *He pays, indeed*, said I, *too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth ; *Poor man*, said I, *you indeed pay too much for your whistle*.

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind, or of fortune, to mere sensual gratifications ; *Mistaken man !* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure ; you give too much for your whistle*.

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison ; *Alas !* said I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle*.

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles*.

EASY AND INSTRUCTIVE EXPERIMENTS.

As I cannot find the notes of my experiment to send you, as to the different degrees of heat imbibed from the sun's rays by cloths of different colours, I must give it as well as I can from memory. But first let me mention an experiment, which you may easily make yourself. Walk but a quarter of an hour in your garden, when the sun shines, with a part of your dress white, and a part black ; then apply your hand to them alternately, and you will find a very great difference in their warmth. The black will be quite hot to the touch, the white still cool.

Another experiment. Try to fire the paper with a burning glass. If it be white, you will not easily burn it : but if you bring the focus to a black spot, or upon letters, written or printed, the paper will immediately be on fire under the letters.

Thus fullers and dyers find that black cloths, of equal thickness with white ones, and hung out equally wet, dry in the sun much sooner than white, being more readily heated by the sun's rays. It is the same before a fire, the heat of which sooner penetrates black stockings than white ones, and so is apt sooner to burn a man's shins. Also beer much sooner warms in a black mug set before the fire, than in a white one, or in a bright silver tankard.

My experiment was this. I took a number of little square pieces of broad-cloth from a tailor's pattern card, of various colours. There were black, deep blue, lighter blue, green, purple, red, yellow, white, and other colours, or shades of colours. I laid them all out upon the snow, on a bright sun-shiny morning. In a few hours

(I cannot now be exact as to the time,) the black, being warmed most by the sun, was sunk so low as to be below the stroke of the sun's rays ; the dark blue almost as low ; the lighter blue not quite so much as the dark ; the other colours less as they were lighter ; and the white remained quite on the surface of the snow, not having entered it at all.

What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use?—May we not learn from hence, that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot sunny climate or season, as white ones ; because, in such clothes, the body is more heated by the sun when we walk abroad, and is at the same time heated by exercise, which double heat is apt to bring on putrid, dangerous fevers ? That soldiers and seamen, who must march and labour in the sun, should in the East and West Indies have an uniform of white ? That summer hats, for men or women, should be white, as repelling that heat which gives head aches to many, and to some the fatal stroke that the French call the *coup-de-soleil* ? That the ladies' summer hats, however, should be lined with black, as not reverberating on their faces, those rays which are reflected upward from the earth or water ?—That the putting a white cap of paper or linen *within* the crown of a black hat, as some do, will not keep out the heat, though it would if placed *without* ? That fruit-walls, being blacked, may receive so much heat from the sun in the day-time, as to continue warm in some degree through the night, and thereby preserve the fruit from frosts, or forward its growth ?—with sundry other particulars of less or greater importance, that will occur from time to time to attentive minds.

ON ANIMAL INSTINCT.

IT is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no further ; as insects, and several kinds of fish : others of nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them ; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and the Ostrich : others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until the young one is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model ? It cannot be imitation ; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes will be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the nests of the same species. It cannot be reason ; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

With what caution does the Hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance ! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth ! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing any animal.

In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together ; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principle of life, and destroy the young ones, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time.

When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison ! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it with proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself ; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if, after the usual time, the young one does not make its appearance.

Yet the Hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, considered in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner : she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays : she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species ; and wher even the birth appears to be a different bird, she will cherish it as her own.



THE DUBLIN READING BOOK.

PART IV.

PUBLIC SPEECHES.

THE SPEECH OF FABRICIUS, A ROMAN AMBASSADOR, TO KING PYRRHUS, WHO ATTEMPTED TO BRIBE HIM TO HIS INTERESTS, BY THE OFFER OF A GREAT SUM OF MONEY.

WITH regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been justly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground ; from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if, by any means, thou hast been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune : she supplies me with all that nature requires ; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied ; but small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends. With respect to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest ; for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion ; she intrusts me with the command of her armies ; she confides to my care

the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty which king Pyrrhus considers as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had to enrich myself, without censure ; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity : and if I have any thing to complain of, in the return they make me, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I put upon thy gold and silver ? What king can add any thing to my fortune ? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent upon me, I have a mind free from self-reproach, and I have an honest fame.

THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO KING ALEXANDER,
ON HIS MAKING PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK
THEIR COUNTRY.

IF your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time ; you grasp more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia ; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things ? Have you reflected that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour ? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon—why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and you are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lybia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment, by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is two-fold, to win and to preserve. Though you may be the greatest of warriors, you may expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible; for what people choose to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit; but to conquer us is quite another business. You will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another, when you think we have fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp; for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have

a proverbial saying in Scythia, That fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You profess yourself to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain, by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders both of Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war, are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed: even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom, but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to

offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you would choose to have for allies or for enemies, a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them.

THE APOSTLE PAUL'S NOBLE DEFENCE BEFORE
FESTUS AND AGRIPPA.

AGRIPPA said unto Paul, “Thou art permitted to speak for thyself.”—Then Paul stretched forth his hand and answered for himself.

“I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially, as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

“My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning, (if they would testify,) that after the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers; to which promise our twelve tribes, continually serving God day and night, hope to come: and, for this hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused by the Jews.

“Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: and this I did in Jerusalem. Many of the saints I shut up in prison, having received

authority from the chief priests : and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I often punished them in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme ; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. But as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king ! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking to me, and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, “ Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.” And I said, “ Who art thou Lord ?” And he replied, “ I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet : for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear to thee ; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles to whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God ; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.”

“ Whereupon, O king Agrippa ! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision : but showed, first to them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and through all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple ; and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying no other

things than those which the prophets and Moses declared should come : that Christ should suffer ; that he should be the first who should rise from the dead ; and should show light to the people, and to the Gentiles."

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, " Paul, thou art beside thyself ; much learning hath made thee mad." But he replied, " I am not mad, most noble Festus ; but speak the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth these things, before whom I also speak freely. I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him ; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets ? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said to Paul, " Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul replied, " I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."



THE DUBLIN READING BOOK.

PART V.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

THERON AND ASPASIO.

Beauty and Utility combined in the Productions of Nature.

THERON and Aspasio took a morning walk into the fields ; their spirits cheered, and their imaginations lively ; gratitude glowing in their hearts, and the whole creation smiling around them.

After sufficient exercise, they seated themselves on a mossy hillock, which offered its couch. The rising sun had visited the spot, to dry up the dews, and exhale the damps, that might endanger health ; to open the violets, and to expand the primroses, that decked the green. The whole shade of the wood was collected behind them ; and a beautiful, extensive, and diversified landscape spread itself before them.

Theron, according to his usual manner, made many improving remarks on the prospect, and its furniture. He traced the footsteps of an all-comprehending contrivance, and pointed out the strokes of inimitable skill. He observed the grand exertions of power, and the rich exuberance of goodness, most signally, most charmingly conspicuous throughout the whole.—Upon one circumstance he enlarged with particular satisfaction.

Theron—See ! Aspasio, how all is calculated to administer the highest delight to mankind. Those trees and hedges, which skirt the extre-

mities of the landscape, stealing away from their present bulk, and lessening by gentle diminutions, appear like elegant pictures in miniature. Those which occupy the nearer situations, are a set of noble images, swelling upon the eye, in full proportion, and in a variety of graceful attitudes ; both of them ornamenting the several apartments of our common abode, with a mixture of delicacy and grandeur.

The blossoms that array the branches, the flowers that embroider the mead, address and entertain our eyes with every charm of beauty : whereas, to other creatures, they are destitute of all those attractions, which result from a combination of the loveliest colours, and the most alluring forms. Yonder streams, that glide with smooth serenity along the valleys, glittering to the distant view, like sheets of polished crystal, or soothing the attentive ear, with the softness of aquatic murmurs, are not less exhilarating to the fancy, than refreshing to the soil through which they pass. The huge, enormous mountains ; the steep and dizzy precipice ; the pendant horrors of the craggy promontory, wild and awful as they are, furnish an agreeable entertainment to the human mind ; and please, even while they amuse ; whereas the beasts take no other notice of those majestic deformities, than to avoid the dangers they threaten.

Aspasio—How wonderfully do such considerations exalt our idea of the Creator's goodness, his very distinguishing goodness to mankind ! And should they not proportionably endear that eternal Benefactor to our hearts ? His ever-bountiful hand has, with profuse liberality, scattered blessings among all the ranks of animated existence. But to us, he exercises a beneficence of a very superior kind. We are

treated with peculiar attention ; we are admitted to scenes of delight, which none but ourselves are capable of relishing.

Theron—Another remark, though very obvious, is equally important. The destination of all these external things is no less advantageous, than their formation is beautiful. The bloom, which engages the eye with its delicate hues, is cherishing the embryo fruit ; and forming, within its silken folds, the rudiments of a future repast.—Those streams which shine from afar, like fluid silver, are much more valuable in their productions, and beneficial in their services, than they are beautiful in their appearance. They distribute, as they roll along their winding banks, cleanliness to our houses, and fruitfulness to our lands. They nourish, and at their own expense, a never-failing supply of the finest fish. They visit our cities, and attend our wharfs, as so many public vehicles, ready to set out at all hours.

Those sheep, which give their udders to be drained by the busy frisking lambs, are fattening their flesh for our support ; and while they fill their own fleeces, are providing for our comfortable clothing. Yonder kine, some of which are browsing upon the tender herb, others satiated with pasturage, and ruminating under the shady covert, though conscious of no such design, are preparing, for our use, one of the softest, purest, and most salutary of liquors.—The bees that fly humming about our seat, and pursue their work on the fragrant blossoms, are collecting balm and sweetness, to compose the richest of sirups ; which, though the produce of their toil, is intended for our good. Nature and her whole family, are our obse-

quious servants, our ever-active labourers. They bring the fruits of their united industry, and pour them into our lap, or deposit them in our store-rooms.

Aspasio—Who can ever sufficiently admire this immense benignity?—The Supreme Disposer of events has commanded delight and profit to walk hand in hand, through His ample creation, making all things so perfectly pleasing, as if beauty was their only end; yet all things so eminently serviceable, as if usefulness had been their sole design.—And, as a most winning invitation to our gratitude, he has rendered man the centre, in which all the emanations of his beneficence, diffused through this terrestrial system, finally terminate.

THE DEPENDENCE OF BEINGS UPON EACH OTHER.

ALL things that the beneficent Creator has produced upon our globe, are admirably connected with one another, so as to contribute to their mutual preservation. The earth itself, with its rocks and sands, its ores and its salts, owes its continuance to the elements. The trees, plants, herbs, and all the vegetables, draw their subsistence from the earth; while the animals, in their turn, feed upon the vegetables. The earth gives nourishment to the plant, the plant is food for the insect, the insect for the bird, the bird for wild beasts; and, in rotation, the wild beast becomes the prey of the vulture, the vulture of the insect, the insect of the plant, and the plant of the earth. Even man, who endeavours to turn all things to his own use, becomes himself their prey.

Such is the circle in which all things here take their course, proving that all beings were created for one another. Tigers, lynxes, bears, and a number of other animals, provide us with skins and furs to cover us : dogs pursue the hare and the stag to furnish our tables : the terrier drives the rabbit from its deepest recesses into our snares : the horse, the elephant, and the camel, are trained to carry burdens, and the ox to draw the plough : the cow gives us milk ; the sheep its wool : the rein-deer make the sledges fly over snow and ice : the hawk serves in some parts of Europe for fowling ; and the hen gives us eggs : the cock wakes us early in the morning, and the lark amuses us with its song in the day time : the whistling note of the black-bird is heard from morning to evening, and its delightful warbling is charming to the ear. The sportive lambs, the playful calf, the innocent doves, and the stately plumage of the peacock, give pleasure to the sight : the silk-worm spins its web to clothe us : the bees collect with care the honey we find so useful : even the sea continually throws upon its shore, cray-fish, lobsters, oysters, and all sorts of shell-fish, for our use, and for our wonder : the glow-worm, or great fly of Surinam, shines in the midst of darkness, to give light to the inhabitants of those countries.

If we observe the different occupations of man, we shall find that they also tend to the same end which Nature purposed. The sailor braves the dangers of the seas and storms, to convey merchandize, which does not belong to him, to its destined place : the ploughman sows and reaps grain, of which he consumes but little himself. Thus, we do not live for ourselves only ; for the wise Author of Nature has so ordained, that all beings should be useful to one another.

Let us learn hence our mutual duties. The strong should assist the weak ; the well-informed should assist with his advice those who want it ; the learned should instruct the ignorant : indeed, we should love our neighbour as ourselves, and thus fulfil the designs of the Creator. The mutual offices men owe to one another, have occasioned them to form themselves into societies. What divided force could not accomplish, is easily executed by united strength. No man could erect a stately building or palace, without assistance ; one person alone could not lay the foundation, dig the cellars, make and burn the bricks, raise the walls, put on the roof, furnish the windows with glass, and decorate the apartments ; but all this is done with ease, when different workmen assist one another.

Even things which appear to us of so little importance, that we scarcely deign to look at them, all contribute to make us happy. The very insects we so much despise, are useful to us. May it teach us to value, as we ought, the goodness of our merciful Father, and to be sensible of our own happiness.

REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscrip-

tions which I met with in those abodes of the dead ; most of them recording nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another ; the whole history of his life being comprehended in these two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of themselves, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave ; and saw, in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that, some time or other, had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral ; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass ; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends

had bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed, in Greek or Hebrew ; and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that war had filled the church with many of those uninhabited monuments, which have been erected to the memory of persons, whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I know that contemplations of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations ; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy ; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By these means, I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those, whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them ; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of man-

kind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE CREATION.

ONE of the most useful employments of the mind of man, is to study the works of the Creator. To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object brings a proof of his God. His mind is lifted up to heaven every moment, and his life proves the idea which he entertains of eternal wisdom. Casteth he his eyes towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of its wonders? Looketh he down to the earth, doth not the world proclaim to him, less than infinite power could not have formed me?

While the planets pursue their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth to his destined road again, who but God, O man! could have formed them, or appointed them their laws? Behold, how awful their splendour! yet do they not diminish: lo, how rapid their motion! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see its produce; examine its bowels, and behold what they contain: hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole.

Who biddeth the grass to spring up? who watereth it at its due season? Behold, the ox croppeth it! The horse and sheep feed they not upon it? Who is he that provideth for them, but the Lord?

THE SEASONS.

AMONG the great blessings and wonders of the creation, may be classed the regularities of times and seasons. Immediately after the flood, the sacred promise was made to man, that seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, should continue to the very end of the world. Accordingly, in obedience to that promise, the rotation is constantly presenting us with some useful and agreeable alternation ; and all the pleasing novelty of life arises from these natural changes : nor are we less indebted to them for many of its solid comforts. It has been frequently the task of the moralist and poet, to mark, in polished periods, the particular charms and conveniencies of every change ; and, indeed, such discriminate observations upon natural variety, cannot be undelightful ; since the blessing which every month brings along with it, is a fresh instance of the wisdom and bounty of that Providence, which regulates the glories of the year. We glow as we contemplate ; we feel a propensity to adore, whilst we enjoy. In the time of seed-sowing, it is the season of *confidence* : the grain which the husbandman trusts to the bosom of the earth shall, haply, yield its seven-fold rewards. Spring presents us with a scene of lively *expectation*. That which was before sown, begins now to discover signs of vegetation. The labourer observes the change, and anticipates the harvest ; he watches the progress of nature, and smiles at her influence ; while the man of contemplation walks forth with the evening, amidst the fragrance of flowers, and promises of plenty ; nor returns to his cottage till darkness closes the scene upon his eye.

Then cometh the harvest, when the large wish is satisfied, and the granaries of nature are loaded with the means of life, even to a luxury of abundance. The powers of language are unequal to the description of this happy season. It is the carnival of nature: sun and shade, coolness and quietude, cheerfulness and melody, love and gratitude, unite to render every scene of summer delightful.—The division of light and darkness is one of the kindest displays of Omnipotent Wisdom. Day and night yield us contrary blessings; and, at the same time, assist each other, by giving fresh lustre to the delights of both. Amidst the glare of day, and bustle of life, how could we sleep? Amidst the gloom and darkness how could we labour?

How wise, how benignant, then, is the proper division! The hours of light are adapted to activity; and those of darkness to rest. Ere the day is passed, exercise and nature prepare us for the pillow; and by the time morning returns, we are prepared to meet it with a smile. Thus, every season has a charm peculiar to itself; and every moment affords some interesting innovation.

ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE PSALMS.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the monarch of Israel experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire: and alleviated the disquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general

use ; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel ; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress ; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal ; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of HIM, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations ; grateful as the manna which descended from above and conformed itself to every palate.

The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy : but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful ; their bloom appears to be daily heightened : fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again ; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

MOTIVES TO THE PRACTICE OF GENTLENESS.

To promote the virtue of gentleness, we ought to view our character with an impartial eye ; and to learn, from our own failings, to give that indulgence which in our turn we claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-esti-

mation, we forget what we are. We claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least remember what we are in the sight of our Creator. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly intreat from heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to show it to our own brethren?

Let us also accustom ourselves, to reflect on the small importance of those things which are the usual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium. The most inconsiderable point of interest or honour, swells into a momentous object; and the slightest attack seems to threaten immediate ruin. But after passion or pride has subsided, we look around in vain for the mighty mischiefs we dreaded. The fabric, which our disturbed imagination had reared, totally disappears. But though the cause of contention has dwindled away, its consequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy: we have sown the seeds of future suspicion, malevolence, or disgust.—Let us suspend our violence for a moment, when causes of discord occur. Let us anticipate that period of coolness, which, of

itself will soon arrive. Let us reflect how little we have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life we are certain of throwing away. Easily, and from the smallest chink, the bitter waters of strife are let forth; but their course cannot be foreseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from their poisonous effects, who first allowed them to flow.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

THERE are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty; who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children, and, perhaps, still more tender connexions. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when they for whom we laboured are cut off from us; they who animated and who sweetened all the toil of life. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion? there she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity; whom misfortunes have softened, and, perhaps, rendered more delicately sensible;

not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It might therefore be expected, that those philosophers, who think they stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who pretend never to feel the want of its consolations, would not desire to deprive the rest of mankind of what is so necessary to their morals and their happiness. It might be expected that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures; and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

FIRST, my beloved child, worship and adore God; think of him in a manner suitable to his greatness, speak of him reverently, magnify his providence, adore his power, frequent his service, and pray to him constantly.

Next to this, love your neighbour, which is all mankind, with such tenderness and affection as you love yourself; think how God loves all mankind, how merciful he is to them, how tender he is of them, how carefully he preserves them; and then strive to love your fellow-creatures, as God loves them.

Let truth and sincerity be the only ornament of your language ; and study how to think of all things as they deserve.

Let your dress be sober, clean, and modest. In your meat and drink observe the rules of Christian temperance and sobriety ; consider your body but as the servant of your soul ; and only nourish the one, so as it may best perform an humble and obedient service to the other.

Let every day be a day of humility ; relieve the wants, and rejoice in the prosperity of your fellow-creatures ; compassionate their distress, overlook their unkindness, and forgive their malice.

The time of practising these precepts, my child, will be soon over with you ; the world will soon slip through your hands, or rather you will soon slip through it : it seems but the other day when I received these same instructions from my dear father, that I am now leaving with you.

ON THE VICE OF LYING.

To warn us from lying, we should do well to consider the folly, the meanness, and the wickedness of it.

The folly of lying consists in its defeating its own purpose. A habit of lying is generally detected in the end ; and after detection, the liar, instead of deceiving, will not even be believed when he happens to speak the truth.—Nay, every single lie is attended with such a variety of circumstances which lead to a detection, that it is often discovered. The use generally made of a lie, is to cover a fault ; but as this end is seldom answered, we only aggravate what we

wish to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honest confession would serve us better.

The meanness of lying arises from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly speak the truth, but have recourse to low subterfuges ; which always show a sordid and disingenuous mind. Hence it is, that in the fashionable world, the word *liar* is always considered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedness of lying consists in its perverting one of the greatest blessings of God, the use of speech, in making that a mischief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the greatest bond of society. If one man lies, why may not another ? and if there is no mutual truth, there is an end of all intercourse.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lie. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally speaking, are true ; and is equally criminal with the most downright breach of truth. A nod, or sign, may convey a lie as effectually as the most deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promise. Every engagement, though only of the slightest kind, should be punctually observed : and he who does not think himself bound by such an obligation, has little pretensions to the character of an honest man.

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,
THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION TO GOOD MEN.

I WAS yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and

variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away, and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full-moon rose, at length, in that cloud-ed majesty, which Milton takes notice of ; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon, walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection ; “ When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him ! ” In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars which were then shining upon me ; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns ; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, rising still above this which we discovered ; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former, as the stars do to us ; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect upon the insignifi-

cant figure, which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, it would scarcely make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; and it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. By the help of glasses, we see many stars, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more extensive are our discoveries.—Huygens carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars, whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question that the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of Infinite Power, prompted by Infinite Goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space ; and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to HIM, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us, that his attributes are infinite ; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices, which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider,

in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, in every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, which is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, that he does not essentially reside in it.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separated from the body, and should it with one glance of thought start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years, continue its progress through infinite space, with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures as fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

PATIENCE UNDER PROVOCATIONS, OUR INTEREST AS WELL AS DUTY.

THE wide circle of human society is diversified by an endless variety of characters, dispositions, and passions. Uniformity is, in no respect, the genius of the world. Every man is marked by some peculiarity which distinguishes him from another: and no where can two individuals be found, who are exactly and in all respects alike. Where so much diversity prevails, it cannot but happen, that in the intercourse which men are obliged to maintain, their tempers will often be ill adjusted to that intercourse; will jar and interfere with each other. Hence, in every station, the highest as well as the lowest, and in every condition of life, public, private, and domestic, occasions of irritation frequently arise. We are provoked, sometimes, by the folly and levity of those with whom we are connected; sometimes, by their indifference or neglect; by the incivility of a friend, the haughtiness of a superior, or the insolent behaviour of one in a lower station. Hardly a day passes, without somewhat or other occurring, which serves to ruffle the man of impatient spirit. Of course, such a man lives in a continual storm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. Servants, neighbours, friends, spouse, and children, all, through the unrestrained violence of his temper, become sources of disturbance and vexation to him. In vain his affluence; in vain are health and prosperity. The least trifle is sufficient to discompose his mind, and poison his pleasures. His very amusements are mixed with turbulence and passion.

I would beseech this man to consider, of what

small moment the provocations which he receives, or at least imagines himself to receive, are really in themselves ; but of what great moment he makes them by suffering them to deprive him of the possession of himself. I would beseech him to consider, how many hours of happiness he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy ; and how much he puts it in the power of the most insignificant person to render him miserable. “ But who can expect,” we hear him exclaim, “ that he is to possess the insensibility of a stone ? How is it possible for human nature to endure so many repeated provocations, or to bear calmly with such unreasonable behaviour ? ” My brother ! if thou canst bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, withdraw thyself from the world. Thou art no longer fit to live in it. Leave the intercourse of men. Retreat to the mountain, and the desert ; or shut thyself up in a cell. For here, in the midst of society, *offences must come*. We might as well expect when we behold a calm atmosphere and a clear sky, that no clouds were ever to rise, and no winds to blow, as that our life were long to proceed, without receiving provocations from human frailty. The careless and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the interested every where meet us. They are the briers and the thorns with which the paths of human life are beset. He only, who can hold his course among them with patience and equanimity, he who is prepared to bear what he must expect to happen, is worthy of the name of a man.

If we preserved ourselves composed but for a moment, we should perceive the insignificancy of most of those provocations which we magnify so

highly. When a few more suns shall have rolled over our heads, the storm will, of itself, have subsided; the cause of our present impatience and disturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can we not, then, anticipate this hour of calmness to ourselves; and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring? If others have behaved improperly, let us leave them, to their own folly without becoming the victims of their caprice, and punishing ourselves on their account.—Patience, in this exercise of it, cannot be too much studied by all who wish their life to flow in a smooth stream. It is the reason of a man, in opposition to the passion of a child. It is the enjoyment of peace, in opposition to uproar and confusion.

RANK AND RICHES AFFORD NO GROUND FOR
ENVY.

OF all the grounds of envy among men, superiority in rank and fortune is the most general. Hence, the malignity which the poor commonly bear to the rich, as engrossing to themselves all the comforts of life. Hence, the evil eye with which persons of an inferior station scrutinize those who are above them in rank; and, if they approach to that rank, their envy is generally strongest against such as are just one step higher than themselves.—Alas! my friends, all this envious disquietude, which agitates the world, arises from a deceitful figure which imposes on the public view. False colours are hung out: the real state of men is not what it seems to be. The order of society requires a distinction of ranks to take place; but in point of happiness, all men come much nearer to equality than is commonly

imagined ; and the circumstances which form any material difference of happiness among them, are not of that nature which renders them grounds of envy. The poor man possesses not, it is true, some of the conveniencies and pleasures of the rich ; but, in return, he is free from many embarrassments to which they are subject. By the simplicity and uniformity of his life, he is delivered from the variety of cares, which perplex those who have great affairs to manage, intricate plans to pursue, and many enemies, perhaps, to encounter in the pursuit. In the tranquillity of his small habitation, and private family, he enjoys a peace which is often unknown at courts. The gratifications of nature, which are always the most satisfactory, are possessed by him to their full extent ; and if he be a stranger to the refined pleasures of the wealthy, he is unacquainted also with the desire of them, and by consequence feels no want. His plain meal satisfies his appetite, with a relish probably higher than that of the rich man, who sits down at his luxurious banquet. His sleep is more sound ; his health more firm ; he knows not what spleen, languor, and listlessness are. His accustomed employments or labours are not more oppressive to him, than the labour of attendance on courts and on the great, the labours of dress, the fatigue of amusements, the very weight of idleness, frequently are to the rich. In the mean time, all the beauty of the face of nature, all the enjoyments of domestic society, all the gaiety and cheerfulness of an easy mind, are as open to him as to those of the highest rank. The splendour of retinue, the sound of titles, the appearances of high respect, are indeed soothing, for a short time, to the great ; but, becoming familiar, they

are soon forgotten. Custom effaces their impression. They sink in the rank of those ordinary things which daily occur, without raising any sensation of joy.—Let us cease, therefore, from looking up with discontent and envy to those, whom birth or fortune has placed above us. Let us adjust the balance of happiness fairly. When we think of the enjoyments we want, we should think also of the troubles from which we are free. If we allow their just value to the comforts we possess, we shall find reason to rest satisfied, with a very moderate, though not an opulent and splendid condition of fortune. Often, did we know the whole, we should be inclined to pity the state of those whom we now envy.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ORDER IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF OUR TIME.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to us by God ; of which we are now the depositors, and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharges of our necessary affairs ; and let not what we call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it ; we load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly.

He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs ; but where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it, as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves ? The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises

to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own ; at the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish, that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space ; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and, at the same time, attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas those hours flit past the man of confusion, like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance ; or they are filled up with so confused and irregular a succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.

PIECES IN POETRY.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Improvement of Time.

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise ;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Moral Culture.

If good we plant not, vice will fill the place ;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface

Life, a state of Trial.

In its true light, this transient life regard :
This is a state of trial, not reward.

Humility.

Be humble ; learn thyself to scan :
Know, pride was never made for man.

Virtue altogether Lovely.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene :
Without, all beauty ; and all peace, within.

Integrity

The man of pure and simple heart,
Through life disdains a double part.
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.

Best use of Riches.

When wealth to virtuous hands is given,
It blesses like the dews of heav'n:
Like heaven it hears the orphan's cries;
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes;

Choice of Friends.

Who friendship with a knave has made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

Hope in Affliction

————— Shall we pine,
And be dishearten'd with a day of grief,
When the same hand which brought affliction
on,
Retains its pow'r, and can, with equal ease,
Remove it?

The Wish.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth;
But grant me, kind Providence! virtue and
health:
Then, richer than kings, and more happy than
they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

Censoriousness Reproved.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.—
Ere we remark another's sin,
Let our own conscience look within.

Love to God produces Love to Men.

Let gratitude in acts of goodness flow ;
 Our love to God, in love to man below.
 Be this our joy—to calm the troubled breast,
 Support the weak, and succour the distress ;
 Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear ;
 The orphan guard, the sinking spirits cheer.
 Tho' small our pow'r to act, tho' mean our skill,
 God sees the heart, he judges by the will.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

IN dawn of life she wisely sought her God,
 And the strait thorny path of virtue trod.
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend ;
 Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend :
 The bad she censur'd by her life alone ;
 Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
 In others' griefs, a tender part she bore,
 And with the needy shar'd her little store :
 At distance view'd the world with pious dread,
 And to God's temple for protection fled :
 There sought that peace which Heaven alone
 can give,
 And learn'd to die, ere others learn'd to live.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL :
 ELEVATION RENDERS LITTLE MINDS PROUD AND
 INSOLENT.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.
 As in the sunshine of the morn,
 A Butterfly (but newly born)
 Sat proudly perking on a rose ;
 With pert conceit his bosom glows :
 His wings, (all glorious to behold,)
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,

Wide he displays ; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries :

“ What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil ?
Why wake you to the morning's care ?
Why with new arts correct the year ?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue ?
And why the plum's inviting blue ?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind ?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race ;
So purge thy garden from disgrace.”

“ What arrogance !” the Snail replied ;
“ How insolent is upstart pride !
Hadst thou not thus with insult vain
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd :
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train ;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend ;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly ? At best,
He's but a Caterpillar drest :
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of Caterpillar breed.”

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child, whose tender years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we give up our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes :
A flow'r that's offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easy work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
It will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God ! to thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise,
Employ our youngest breath ;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

PEACE AND LOVE RECOMMENDED.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like God's well beloved Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as in age he grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

The Lord of all, who reigns above,
Does from his heav'nly throne,
Behold what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

DUTIES OF THE MORNING.

SEE the time for sleep has run ;
Rise before or with the sun.
Lift thy hands and humbly pray
The Fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light serenely fair
Illumines all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast ;
And kindly clear it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin ;
And shine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care.

From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of bus'ness on its wings :
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd ;
That would to works appointed fall ;
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast ;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day ;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our bus'ness with industrious feet ;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, Giver of eternal bliss,
Heav'nly Father, grant me this
Grant it to all, as well as me.
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee ;
Who revere thy Son above ;
Who thy sacred Spirit love !

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord ! how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines, with beams of love
With wrath in hell beneath !
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who evermore is nigh ?

A MORNING IN SPRING.

Lo ! the bright, the rosy morning,
Calls me forth to take the air :
Cheerful spring, with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new born year.

Nature, now in all her beauty,
With her gently moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty
Of a grateful morning song.

See the early blossoms springing !
See the jocund lambkins play !
Hear the lark and linnet singing,
Welcome to the new-born day !

Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove :
Nature now with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

Now the kind refreshing showers,
Water all the plains around :
Springing grass and painted flowers,
In the smiling meads abound.

Now their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees :
Odours now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue :
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature ;
Join the universal song !

For ten thousand blessings giv'n ;
For the richest gifts bestow'd ;
Sound his praise through earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud !

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice :

For she has treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold ;
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right-hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread :
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DIVINE FAVOURS.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me !

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has giv'n me more ;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
Half-naked I behold !
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can tell,
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord ! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

A MORNING HYMN.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace ;
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

AN EVENING HYMN.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste,
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes.
Since God will not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in His love.

THE DIVINE BEING KNOWS AND SEES EVERY
THING.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro',
Thine eye beholds with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand ·
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height.
My soul with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest.
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.—

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, inthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

CRUELTY TO BRUTES CENSURED.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Tho' grac'd with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visiter unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturb's th' economy of nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this; if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else, they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,

If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
grove ;

'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit
began ;

No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

" Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo ;
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall.

But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn ;

O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent dis-
plays ;

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her
blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but ye woodlands, I mourn not for
you;

For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;

Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.

But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn!

O when shall day dawn on the night of the
grave!

" 'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd;
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
shade,

Destruction before me and sorrow behind:

O pity, great Father of light, then I cry'd,

Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
thee!

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;

From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
free.

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,

On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are
blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

VERSES

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk,
during his solitary abode in the island of Juan
Fernandez.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone ;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love !
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly world !
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the summoning bell
These valleys and rocks never heard ;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light ;
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season for rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place ;
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE CREATOR'S WORKS ATTEST HIS GREATNESS.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is Divine."

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground ;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room ;
And looking grave—" you must," says he,
" Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
" With you ! and quit my Susan's side !
With you !" the hapless husband cried !
" Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :
My thoughts on other matters go ;
This is my wedding day, you know."
What more he urg'd, I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
" Neighbour," he said, " Farewell. No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour .
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave.
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve ;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of death, as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace.
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose hand no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
"So soon return'd !" old Dodson cries,
Half kill'd with anger and surprise.
"So soon, d'ye call it ?" Death replies ;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
Since I was here before
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now four-score."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined ;
"To spare the aged would be kind ;
However, see your search be legal ;
And your authority—it's regal ?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest ;
But don't be captious, friend, at least ;

I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable ;
Your years have run to a great length :
I wish you joy, though, of your strength !"
" Hold," says the farmer, " not so fast !
I have been lame these four years past."
" And no great wonder," Death replies :
" However, you still keep your eyes ;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms might make amends."

" Perhaps," says Dodson, " so it might,
But, latterly, I've lost my sight."

" This is a shocking tale, 'tis true ;
But still there's comfort left for you :
Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
I warrant you hear all the news."

" There's none," cries he, " and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

" Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,

" These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.
So, come along, no more we'll part :"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart.
And now, old Dodson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE, PRAISE IS DUE TO
THE CREATOR.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life, and author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung :
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's work thro' all her paths proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.
At thy felt presence, all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace ;
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust,
His Spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;

Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye,
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene;
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on every tree:
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;

In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
 In each event thy providence adore :
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
 Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms ;
 Secure within the temple of thine arms ;
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
 And feel myself victorious in thee.
 Then, when at last the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
 When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene
 With decent triumph, and a look serene ;
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
 And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.

A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF LADY LYTTLETON

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry ;
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief—
 Of grief surpassing every other wo,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills
 Ye high o'er-shadowing hills,
 Ye lawns, gay-smiling with perpetual green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen !

But never shall you now behold her more ;
Nor will she now, with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore ;
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night ;
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry :
Where oft we used to walk ;
Where oft, in tender talk,
We saw the summer sun go down the sky :
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley can she now be found ;
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts,
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :

To your sequester'd dales,
And flower embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly ;
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast ;
But those the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames, with energy divine,
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
To conjugal and maternal love.

Sweet babes ! who like the little playful fawns
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
Ah ! where is now that hand, whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have formed your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways o
truth ?
O loss beyond repair !
O wretched father ! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with wo,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas ! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to
save ?

Oh ! how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace !
How eloquent in ev'ry look,
Thro' her expressive eyes, her soul distinctly
spoke !
How did her manners, by the world refin'd,
Leave all the taint of modish vice behind,
And make each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence !
To great, to more than manly sense,
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness.
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every wo,
To guilt itself, when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow.

Ev'n for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall ;
Tears, from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to
all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind :
A spirit that, with noble pride,
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown ;
That could, without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or interest or ambition's highest prize ;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain,
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light,
All pleasing shone ; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd ;
That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,

The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head ;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen ;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian
queen ;
But in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Appeninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows ;
The tender-blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,
and dies.

O best of women ! dearer far to me,
Than when in blooming life
My lips first called thee wife ;
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live ?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give ?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find ?
On whom for consolation shall I call ?
Support me, ev'ry friend ;
Your kind assistance lend,
bear the weight of this oppressive wo.
Alas ! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief,
In ev'ry other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
Each fav'rite author we together read,
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
The rolling year its various course perform'd,
And back return'd again ;
Another, and another, smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain ;
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind :
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke !
That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd ;
And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke !
Yet, O my soul ! thy rising murmurs stay ;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or 'gainst his supreme decree,
With impious grief complain :
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will
obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain.

Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain ?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss,

Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
Rise, then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss ;
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore ;
There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you
more.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH
YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her sacred bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For then no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e're gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots on high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove,
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-yard path we saw
 him borne ;
 Approach and read (if thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
 a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abod
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

PICTURE OF A VILLAGE LIFE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring
swain ;

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring bloom delay'd ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry spot could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and youthful converse made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play ;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went
round.

These were the charms, sweet village ! sports
like these,

With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please.

How blest is he, who crowns in shades like
these,

A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around, befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,

And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his
place.

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.

The long-remembered beggar was his guest
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast :
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd :
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields
were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their wo :
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thusto relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His look adorn'd the venerable place :
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran :
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay ;
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he :
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew :
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher, too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thund'ring
sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

THE CAMELEON; OR PERTINACITY EXPOSED.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
“Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know”—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter
Of the Cameleon's form and nature,—

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
“ Sure never liv’d beneath the sun !
A lizard’s body, lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue ;
Its foot with tripple claw disjoin’d,
And what a length of tail behind.
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies,
“ ’Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm’d it in the sunny ray ;
Stretch’d at its ease, the beast I view’d,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, friend, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue,
At leisure I the beast survey’d,
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ ’Tis green, ’tis green, I can assure ye,”—
“ Green !” cries the other in a fury—
“ Why, do you think I’ve lost my eyes ?”
“ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies,
“ For, if they always serve you thus,
You’ll find them but of little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows :
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr’d ;
And begg’d he’d tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

“ Sirs,” cries the umpire, “ cease your pother
The creature’s neither one nor t’other,
I caught the animal last night,
And view’d it o’er by candle-light :
I mark’d it well—’twas black as jet—
You stare—but I have got it yet,

And can produce it." "Pray then do ;
For I am sure the thing is blue."
"And I'll engage that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once, to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said : then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo—'twas white !
Both star'd : the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the Cameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
"You all are right and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

FIRST, the Supreme doth highest rev'rence
claim :

Use with religious awe his sacred name :
Assur'd he views thy ways, let naught control
The word thou once hast bound upon thy soul.

Next, to those sages bear a grateful mind,
Whose useful cares and toils have blest mankind.
Honour thy parents, and thy next of kind ;
And virtuous men wherever thou canst find, }
In the same bond of love let them be join'd. }

Useful and steady let thy life proceed ;
Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed :
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend,
But bear a thousaud frailties from thy friend.
Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
To real feuds, and endless discords rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein ;
Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain :
With no vile action venture to comply,
Tho' unbeheld by ev'ry mortal eye.

Above all witnesses thy conscience fear,
And, more than all mankind, thyself revere

One way let all thy words and actions tend ;
Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.
And ever mindful of thy mortal state,
How quick, how various are the turns of fate :
How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll ;
How soon impending death concludes the whole ,
Compose thy mind, and free from anxious strife,
Endure thy portion of the ills of life :
Tho' still the good man stands secure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wound, whom virtue arms.

In common converse, thou wilt often find
Some to improve, and some to taint the mind ;
Grateful to *that* a due observance pay ;
Beware lest *this* entice thy thoughts astray ;
And bold untruths which thou art forced to hear,
Receive discreetly with a patient ear.

Wouldst thou be justly rank'd amongst the wise,
Think, ere thou dost,—ere thou resolv'st, advise.
Still let thy aims with sage experience square,
And plan thy conduct with sagacious care ;
So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure run,
Nor wish an action of thy life undone.

Among the various ends of thy desires,
'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.
Firmly for this from all excess refrain,
Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain ;
Nor yet inelegant thy board supply,
But shun the nauseous pomp of luxury.
Let spleen by cheerful converse be withstood,
And honest labours purify thy blood

Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes
Home to thy soul let these reflections rise ;
How has this day my duty seen expressed ?
What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd ?
Then grieve for moments thou hast idly spent ;
The rest will yield thee comfort and content.

Be these good rules thy study and delight,
Practise by day, and ponder them by night :
Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise
And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.
Of beings the whole system thou shalt see,
Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony ;
Whilst all depend from one superior cause,
And Nature works obedient to HIS laws.
Hence, as thou labour'st with judicious care
To run the course allotted to thy share,
Wisdom, refulgent, with a heav'nly ray
Shall clear thy prospect, and direct thy way.
Then all around compassionately view
The wretched ends which vain mankind pursue,
Toss'd to and fro by each impetuous gust,
The rage of passion, or the fire of lust ;
No certain stay, no safe retreat they know
But blindly wander through a maze of wo.
Meanwhile congenial vileness works within,
And custom quite subdues the soul to sin.
Save us from this distress, Almighty Lord !
Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford !

But O ! secure from all, thy life is led,
Whose feet the happy paths of virtue tread.
Thou stand'st united to the race divine,
And the perfection of the skies is thine.
Imperial reason, free from all control,
Maintains her just dominion in thy soul :
Till purg'd at length from every sinful stain,
When friendly death shall break the cumbrous
chain,

Loos'd from the body thou shalt take thy flight,
And range immortal in the fields of light.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE, FROM A
REVIEW OF WINTER.

'Tis done ! dread winter spreads his latest glooms
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent festive nights ? those veering
thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
All now are vanished ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word ; and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise ! Ye blind presumptuous ! now
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd.

And died neglected : why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude ; while luxury
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants : why heav'n-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge ; why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd,
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

ON NEGRO SLAVERY.

OH, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more ! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart ;
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own ; and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,

Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And—worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot—
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat,
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ! And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I 'wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in Britain : if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW.

As THUS the snows arise ; and foul and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown iovless brow ; and other scenes,

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on,
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home : the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When, for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent, beyond the pow'r of frost !
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and what is land,
unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils,
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingled storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !

Nor wife, nor children, more shall benold ;
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Jane Harrison

March 24th 1837

Jane Harrison

