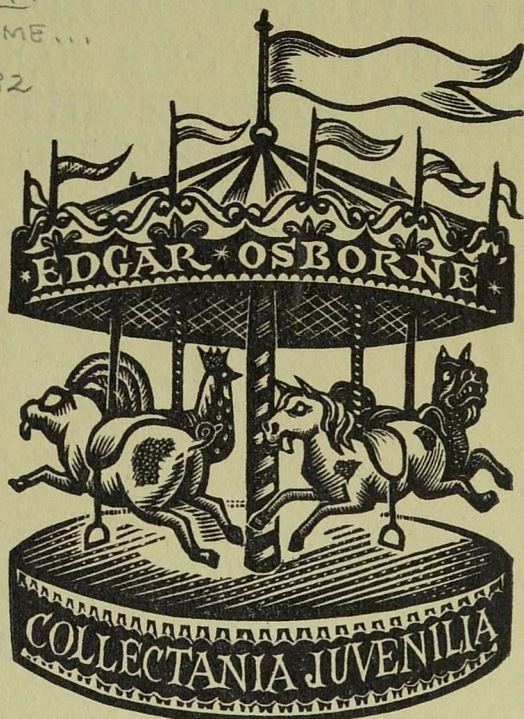


3/8
B.I.
HOME...

1832

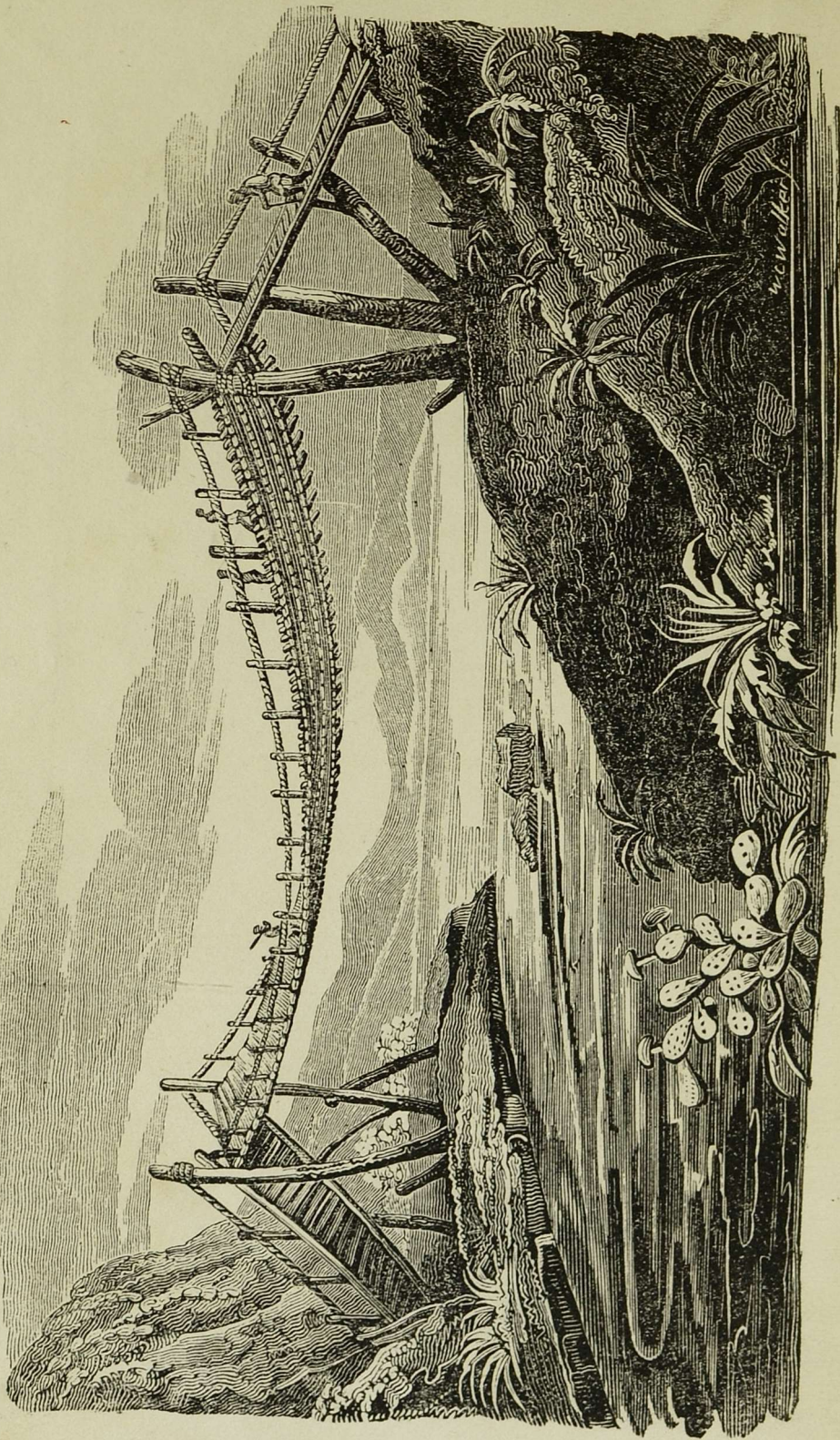


3713/009 558 115

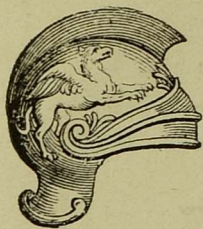
I 123

This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by
Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE

W



BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER SAMPOO IN HINDOSTAN.—See Page 148.



HOME

FOR

THE HOLIDAYS.

“I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men’s stuff.”

Wotton.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.,

AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1832.



B. BENSLEY, PRINTER, ANDOVER.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
DEDICATION	9
Education	14
The letters I. H. S. explained	15 to 16
The Quail	17
Hudson's Bay	18
The Duck	19 to 22
— Spider	22, 23

CHAPTER II.

The Heron	25
Stuffed Birds	26
Coach Accident	27 to 29
Remarks on Farmer Slade .	30 to 31
The Haddock	32
— Doree	33
Effects of Intemperance	34 to 38

CHAPTER III.

	Page
Reading Lessons	39, 40
Last Words of an Exile	41
Questions on History of England.....	42 to 44
The Lion	45 to 48
— Zebra.....	49
— Kangaroo	50
— Opossum	51, 52
Shew of Animals	53 to 57

CHAPTER IV.

Ruins at Mayfield.....	59, 60
Ride to Sevenoaks.....	61 to 63
Bromley College	64
Thames Tunnel	65 to 67
Shipping	68
A Sloop	69
A Steamer	70, 71
A Roman Ship.....	72
The Compass	73, 74
— Tempest	75 to 78

CHAPTER V.

The Tapir	79, 80
— Beetle	81 to 84
— Bee.....	85 to 90

	Page
Poems	91
The Bible	92, 93

CHAPTER VI.

Court of King's Bench	94 to 96
Alfred the Great.	97, 98
Mechanics' Institution	99 to 100
Electricity	101
The Leyden Jar	102, 103
Dr. Franklin	104
Royal Exchange	105 to 109
The West End	110

CHAPTER VII.

The Living Skeleton	111 to 117
Dr. Nicholas Saunderson	118
The Thames.	119, 120
Rail-roads	121, 122
Wind-carriages	123, 124
Road-wagon	125
Curious Notice	126
Flying	127 to 129
Swimming	130

CHAPTER VIII.

Stone Quarry	131, 132
Catching a Badger	133

	Page
Heathen Mythology	134 to 138
Iron Bridges	139 to 141
Stone Ditto	142
London Bridge	143
Westminster Ditto	144
Chain-bridges	145 to 148
Return Home	149, 150

CHAPTER IX.

Falconry	151 to 163
----------------	------------

CHAPTER X.

The Dog	164 to 171
Guy Fawkes	172 to 176
Burial of Poor Carlo	177

CHAPTER XI.

Birds in Winter	179
A poor Soldier	180, 181
At home for the Holidays	182 to 185
Twelfth-Day explained	186 to 189
Christmas nearly over	190, 191
Taking Leave	192

DEDICATION.

My dear girl,

To you, my first born child, I dedicate the following sheets. It was the custom, and to a certain extent it still prevails, for authors to dedicate their works to some great personage, whose permission to have books dedicated to them is supposed to secure a degree of importance, which, sometimes, they might, on other grounds, in vain expect.

My ideas run in another channel. This trifling book would uselessly seek for any patronage; and therefore a dedication, in its case, instead of appearing in the light either of selfish adulation, or honourable compliment,

must come merely in the character of an affectionate testimonial.

It has been got together under circumstances, in some respects, little calculated to secure it a favourable reception; as, to do any thing well, deliberation and pains-taking are requisite—neither have fallen to my share. For it has been only in the intervals of repose afforded from the occupations of my worldly calling and the just demands upon my time, as the parent of a numerous offspring, that I have been able to snatch up my pen. Often under a degree of pressure of mind which has obliged me speedily to lay it down again: and it now only sees the day by having been thrown together piece-meal. Still, my dearest girl, I have tried so to mould it as to lead the minds of my children to acquire just ideas of the great ends

of life ; and I do not fear your gathering any moral from it worse than that it is a disgrace to live, as regards the acquisition of all useful knowledge, in a state of supine indifference, when so many stores are open to us by reason of the diffusion of learning, through books and other channels.

As a parent, I cannot close this Dedication without expressing my earnest desire that you and all my dear children may sedulously press on to acquire every kind of beneficial knowledge ; and, above all, that you may ever remember that there is a knowledge, to be destitute of which, while intimate with every other, will prove of lamentable consequence at the last ! You will understand me : I mean the knowledge of God, which is the beginning—the sum total—of all real wisdom.

You will recognize several family scenes; you will trace the characters of those nearest and dearest to you; and, if I have succeeded in painting HOME in such colours (and you will find I have not been extravagant in the picture) as tend to lead your young minds to look THERE for the higher enjoyments of this life, rather than in the more gaudy and splendid scenes which attract so many, to their bane, my labour will not have been lost.

Your affectionate parent,

THE AUTHOR.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



CHAPTER I.

AFTER the romping, and boisterous frolics, of five brothers, John, Edward, Benjamin, Thomas, and Herbert, occasionally joined by their elder, and only, sister, Sarah (who had just attained her twelfth year), their papa and mamma called them, telling them that, according to the familiar adage, "All play, and no work, makes Jack a dull boy;" and that though it was true

they were now come home to enjoy their Christmas holidays, all their time should not be devoted to play ; but that, in addition to their regular reading, they should occasionally come and sit round the fire, and, in a cheerful way, converse with each other and their parents, and try to examine each other as to the progress of their education (which word they must learn to apply, not exclusively to the acquiring of a knowledge of arithmetic, writing, spelling, reading, grammar, Latin and Greek, &c., but to every branch of useful knowledge, to the general well ordering of themselves, and to the attainment of good manners and all desirable qualifications).

To which end, their papa told them he would ask them questions, which he would endeavour to suit to their age and capacities ; and, by suddenly skipping from one subject to another, take them by surprize, driving them more to their own resources.

Edward, who had only the day before been to church, having there seen on a rich crimson velvet cloth, which was laid

on the altar, the letters I. H. S. worked in gold-lace, in the centre, said:



Edward. Papa, I yesterday was puzzled to make out what those letters I. H. S. on the cloth at the altar meant : will you tell me ?

Papa. My dear, they are the first letters of the words *Iesus Hominem Salvator*. Now, I must in turn ask you what language those words are in ?

Edward. Why, in Latin, I think.

Papa. You are right ; but, as I know you cannot translate them into English, I must turn to John for their meaning.

John. "Jesus, the Saviour of the world."

Papa. Now, Herbert, though not four years old, you are old enough to be able to give some account of JESUS. Who was *Jesus Christ*, and what did he come into the world for ?

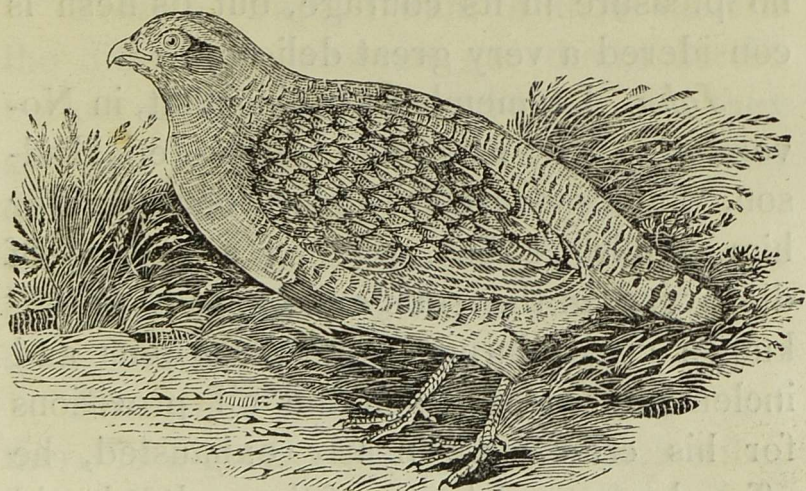
Herbert. He was the Son of God, and came into the world to save sinners.

Papa. Now, you have answered well, and I hope you will continue attentively to learn out of your little Watts's hymn book, and that, in another year, you will be able to read about Jesus Christ in the New Testament.

Benjamin (who had been lately reading a good deal about quails and partridges, and who was very fond of Natural History, here said),

Benjamin. Papa, what is the difference between a quail and a partridge, for they are so much alike in my picture book ?

Papa. John can tell you that, I am sure, for he is always so intent on perusing his Buffon's Natural History.



John. The quail is much smaller than the partridge. In England it is very much like the partridge. In South America there are crested quails, and in different parts of the world their plumage greatly varies.

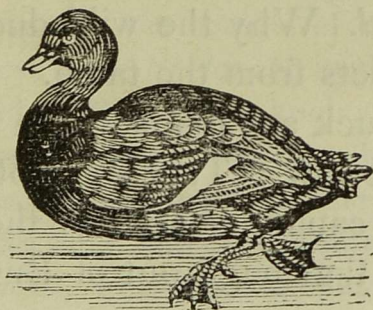
Papa. Can you tell me any thing, Johnny, connected with any custom the ancients had relative to the quail?

John. I suppose, Papa, you allude to the barbarous custom which the Athenians had of making them fight, as I have heard some wicked people do now our game-cocks.

Papa. Yes. But, happily, fashion has changed with regard to this bird; we take no pleasure in its courage, but its flesh is considered a very great delicacy.

John. I remember reading that, in November, 1610, when the celebrated Hudson, who discovered the place named, after him, Hudson's bay, was on a voyage of discovery, in the gulfs and capes of an unknown coast, during a most rigorous and inclement season, when the all provisions for his crew were nearly exhausted, he offered a reward to any of them who should kill a beast, fish, or bird; and Providence dealt so very mercifully with them that, within a period of three months, they killed above one hundred dozen of white partridges. After which they disappeared, and

were succeeded by flocks of geese, swans, and ducks.



Tommy. Papa, I want to know what is the difference between our ducks at the bottom of the garden, and those that they go out to shoot, which they call wild ducks?

Papa. Come, master Edward, you ought to be able to give us some information, here.

Edward. I remember reading that there is a great variety of the duck tribe, both wild and tame. The tame duck does not reject animal food when offered to it, though it will contentedly subsist on vegetables, &c. All the other web-footed tribe are voracious, continually preying; these lead more harmless lives.

Papa. But you do not yet answer Tom's question, which is, what is the difference between tame and wild ducks ?

Edward. Why the wild duck differs in many respects from the tame. The feet of the tame duck are black, those of the wild duck are yellow. There are other distinctions, but I cannot remember them all. So let us read that page out of Buffon :

The difference between wild ducks, among each other, arises as well from their size, as the nature of the place they feed in. Sea-ducks, which feed in the salt-water, and dive much, have a broad bill, bending upwards, a large hind toe, and a long blunt tail. Pond-ducks, which feed in plashes, have a straight and narrow bill, a small hind toe, and a sharp pointed train.

The former are called, by our decoy-men, foreign ducks ; the latter are supposed to be natives of England. In this tribe, we may rank, as natives of Europe, the *Eider Duck*, which is double the size of a common duck, with a black bill, the male of which is wholly white, except the crown of the head, the coverts of the wings, the belly, and tail, which are black ; the *Velvet Duck*, not so large, and with a yellow bill ; the *Scoter Duck*, or *Black Diver*, with a knob at the base of a yellow bill ;

the *Tufted Duck*, adorned with a thick crest ; the *Scaup Duck*, less than the common duck, with the bill of a greyish blue colour ; the *Golden Eye*, with a large white spot at the corners of the mouth, resembling an eye ; the *Sheldrake*, with the bill of a bright red, and swelling into a knob ; the *Mallard*, which is the stock whence our tame breed has probably been produced ; the *Shoveller*, which has a bill three inches long, and remarkably broad at the end ; the *Pintail*, with the two middle feathers of the tail three inches longer than the rest ; the *Pochard*, with the head and neck of a bright bay ; the *long-tailed duck*, the general colour of whose plumage is deep chocolate, and the outer feathers of the tail, which are white, four inches longer than the rest ; the *widgeon*, with a lead-coloured bill, and the plumage of the back marked with narrow black and white undulated lines, but best known by its whistling sound : lastly, the *Teal*, which is the smallest of this kind, with the bill black, the head and upper part of the neck of a bright bay.

These are the most common birds of the duck kind among ourselves ; but who can describe the amazing variety of this tribe, if he extend his view to the different quarters of the world ? The most noted of the foreign tribe are the *Muscovy Duck*, or, more properly speaking, the Musk Duck, so called from a supposed musky smell, with naked skin round the eyes, which is a native of Africa ; the

Braslian Duck, which is of the size of a goose, all over black, except the tips of the wings ; the *American Wood Duck*, with a variety of beautiful colours, and a plume of feathers, which falls from the back of the head like a friar's cowl.

Papa (turning to Tom and Herbert). The other evening I was reading to you two something concerning the *Spider*. What do you remember about it?

Tom. That they have eight eyes in their heads.

Herbert. And that their body is sometimes as large as a hen's egg.

Papa. All spiders are not so large ; but one species, the *Martinico Spider*, is ; it is also covered over with hair ; its web is strong, and its bite dangerous.

Edward. Why has a spider so many eyes ?

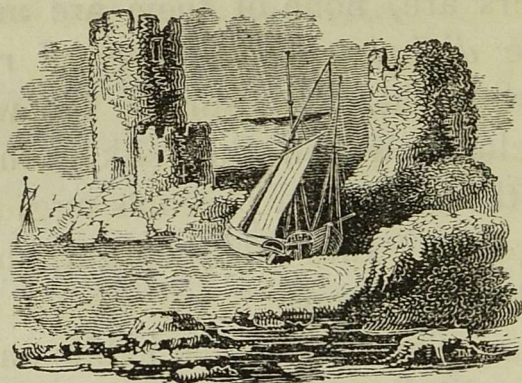
Papa. My dear, at most we can but reason upon the probabilities of the motives of Providence, for it would be presumptuous in us to assign them rashly ; but it is supposed that, as it has to procure its subsistence by the most industrious watchfulness, it is furnished with so unusual a num-

ber of eyes to give it the earliest information of the capture of its prey.

Sarah. I think, curious as all the sorts of spiders are, none of them are more so than the *diving water-spider*. I remember reading that they spin in the water a cell of closely woven white silk, in the form of half the shell of a pigeon's egg, or like a diving-bell. Into this they get, and then descend and ascend.

Papa. The remarkable habits and wonderful intelligence of the spider may well interest you all. In the "Natural History" of Buffon, and the "Insect Architecture," you may read most interesting accounts thereof, and I wish you so to do; and on some future occasion, we will resume this extensive subject.

Mamma. As you have been attentive, and well behaved, I shall ask Papa now to release you, and if to-morrow be a fine day we will take a walk down to the sea; and call upon poor Collins, the fisherman, to know whether or not his son is safely returned, and to hear what success he has met with.



CHAPTER II.

As engagements in business prevented their papa from accompanying them in their visit to the fisherman's cottage, the three elder brothers walked there with their mamma. It was a dry, bright, clear, morning, and so, instead of going all the way by the public road, their mamma took them part of the way through the fields, which

they preferred, because John told them perhaps they should see a heron, which they, having heard about, were very desirous to see. They had not proceeded far before they espied two or three, enjoying the rays of the sun under the hedge, though upon their nearer approach, the herons flew away, for they are exceedingly shy birds, and only come near the habitations of man when straitened for food, by reason of the rivers being frozen up, or other causes of scarcity.

Mamma. Now, John, by way of amusing us during our walk, can you not tell us something about the habits of this bird?

John. Why, I remember that he is one of the greatest gluttons among birds. I have read that gentlemen, who have kept tame herons, have put fishes into tubs and placed them before them, to ascertain how many they would eat in one day, and how many do you, guess, Ben, they would eat?

Ben. Why, perhaps, ten or twelve.

Edward. Ah, more than that; I should not wonder at their eating twenty, for the heron is a very large bird.

John. Well, then, one has been known to eat fifty a day, for several days running. So that, thus, one heron would destroy fifteen thousand fish in half a year.

Edward. Why, at this rate, the ponds and rivers would soon be cleared, were there many of these voracious birds. But I suppose they likewise eat other things?

John. The heron, though so large an eater, can go very long without food; when he cannot get at the fishes, he will eat lizards, frogs, &c., and even weeds, by the river-side.

Mamma. You see by this, my dears, another proof of the wisdom of Nature, in thus providing one animal to destroy another. For unless it were so arranged, noxious reptiles and even dangerous creatures, would multiply to a frightful degree. As John is so fond of birds, and makes so good a use of his natural history books, I will ask his papa to see if he can shoot him a heron, which we will get stuffed by Mr. Whitmore.

Ben. Oh! Mamma, do let us go over, some day, to see his stuffed birds!

Mamma. Well, if you behave well, we will. And by being careful of your money you may each save enough to purchase one.

John. I shall buy that beautiful bittern!

Ben. And I shall buy that large red breasted parrot!

Edward. And I shall buy that fine horned owl!

Mamma. But, my dear boys, those may be very expensive birds, and out of the reach of your means. You should rather think of purchasing such a bird as a king-fisher, a starling, and a gold-finch.

They here came to the stile which took them into the main road, when the two younger brothers bounded on a little in advance of their mamma, where they had not long kept, when they came running back, evidently much alarmed.

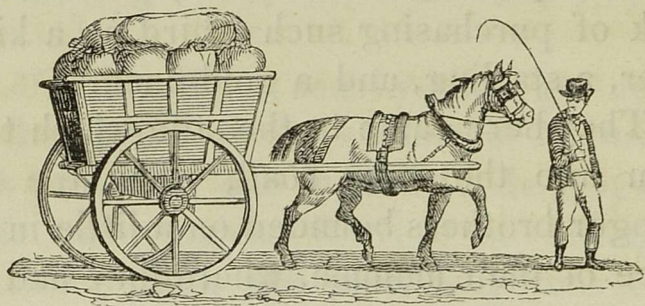
Ben. (exclaiming) Oh! Mamma, what do you think we have seen!

Mamma. I cannot possibly guess.

Ben. Why, in the middle of the road, a great pool of blood!

They immediately came up to it, and

perceived on the dry, hard, road, evident signs of some accident, and were standing occupied in various guesses as to the probable explanation, when they saw a miller's cart coming down the hill towards them. So their mamma told them as it seemed to interest them so much, they should wait till it came up. Which it soon did, when the man stopping his horse just at the spot, John went up, and civilly asked him if he could explain that appearance? The



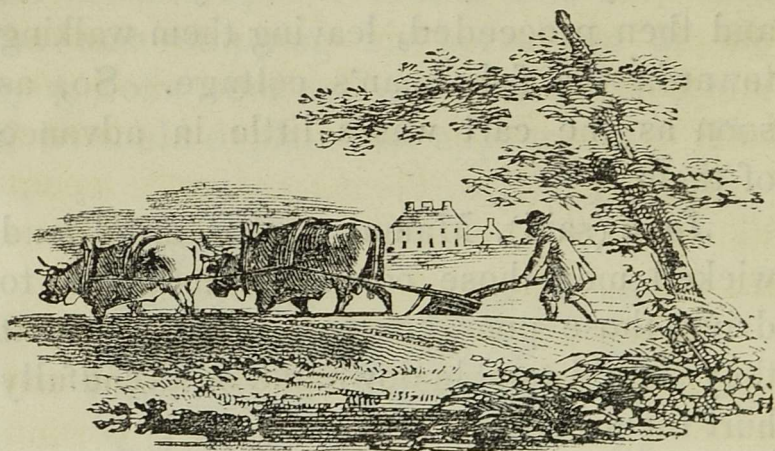
man told the young gentleman that he had met the stage-coach a few minutes before in sad confusion, only the coachman, on the coach, driving two horses very slowly, all the passengers walking, and the two front horses disengaged, and being led. One of them dreadfully cut about and apparently

in a great state of suffering. As the man was very obliging in his manners, and seeing one of his little boys riding in the cart, their mamma whispered them to feel in their pockets and see if they had any half-pence ; so Edward found two-pence which he gave the man for his little boy : this he thankfully received, and then proceeded, leaving them walking towards the fisherman's cottage. So, as soon as the cart was a little in advance of them

John (said), Mamma, what cruel and wicked men those coachmen must be, to drive those poor horses so very fast that they should tumble down and so dreadfully hurt themselves !

Mamma. I do'nt wonder, John, at your feeling indignant at such cruelty. But, you should know that these men are only servants, and that it is their masters who oblige them to drive at so unmerciful a rate ; and, farther than that, the masters would not urge them to do so (for their own interest leads them to keep and treat their cattle well) were not the public generally

addicted to encourage very rapid travelling. And so coach proprietors are led on to compete one with the other, to the injurious treatment of the horses, and frequent peril of human life. But we must cross this stile, and I see farmer Slade himself at plough.



The foot-path leading close by where the plough was at work, they stopped to say "Good morning" to the farmer, and to watch the ease with which the oxen worked, and the neat appearance of that part of the field which had been ploughed up. John was much attracted by the strength and beautiful appearance of the oxen; Ben was

all intent in shewing the promptitude with which the rooks followed the plough to pick up the worms which the plough-share turned up ; and Edward, as soon as they were out of hearing, said to John,

Edward. Did you notice Mr. Slade's hat ?

Mamma. My dear, I have before told you of the impropriety of making remarks on people's dress. Mr. Slade is at liberty to wear what sort of a hat he pleases.

Edward. Yes, Mamma, I only meant that it seems so funny for a man who I have heard is a rich man to dress so.

Mamma. Why, Mr. Slade is doubtless a rich man. And, while economy and regardlessness of dress are to a certain degree becoming, on the other hand, I make some allowance for your remark, because, where a man has the ability to encourage trade, by reason of his being rich, it is no more a virtue in him to aim at an appearance of a lower station of life than Providence has placed him in, than it is right for a very poor man to ape the dress and appearance which only belong to his supe-

riors. But I was desirous to guard you against that most disgusting of all errors, the estimating of people by their appearance, which is the sure indication of a vulgar mind, whether found among the more humble walk, or in the higher rank of life.

They shortly reached Collins's cottage, and learned that, during a most boisterous voyage, his boat had been preserved, and that his son had returned in safety the day before. But he had not had an advantageous time, having only caught a few *haddock*s. After the lads had been permitted to go on board the boat, and examine the nets, and all the fishing apparatus (their mamma meanwhile conversing with the fisherman's wife, and requesting her to send up to her house two haddocks), they took their departure, and turned their steps homewards.

Ben, who had been much attracted by a peculiar black mark on each side, beyond the gills, of the haddock, asked John if he knew how to account for it?

John. Why, it is superstitiously ascribed to the impression which St. Peter

left with his finger and thumb, when he took the tribute money out of the fish's mouth, which is traditionally said to have been of this species.

Ben. Do you think that is true, Mamma?

Mamma. My dear boy, it can scarcely be considered probable ; mankind in former ages have been but too ready to ascribe the ordinary occurrences in nature to supernatural agency. And, moreover, the same story is told of the celebrated fish the *Doree*. Now who can guess the origin of this word? (Upon the three brothers remaining silent, their mamma continued,) while living, the Doree has the appearance of gilding. *Dorée* signifies gilt ; so now you have the etymology of that word.

They now returned to dinner, at which they were joined by their papa, and their sister (who, during their long walk, had been taking her lessons in music), and their younger brothers : to whom, after the cloth was removed, they told some particulars of their morning's walk, which highly interested them.

They again assembled round the fire-

side to take tea, when they told their papa about the sad accident which had happened to the stage-coach horse. Their papa said he feared the coachman was hardly sober, for he had heard how much he was addicted to drinking, and he wondered the proprietors had not turned him off long since. He then told them of that most dreadful propensity (which was but too common) to drink to intoxication, and, turning to Edward, said, I remember a pleasing anecdote of the horror in which this detestable vice was held by a poor untutored savage; and if you'll get down Hunter's Captivity among the Indians, I will point it out for you to read to us. So Edward fetched the book, in which his father presently turned to the following tale :

A number of Indians, of the Shawanee tribe, who live near Rogerstown, on the Meramec river Missouri, went with their peltries, venison, hams, and other articles of traffic, to barter with some traders at Cape Girede for such necessaries as they were in need of. It is on such occasions very common for a man to commit the conveyance of his goods to his wife. She packs them on a horse, if she has

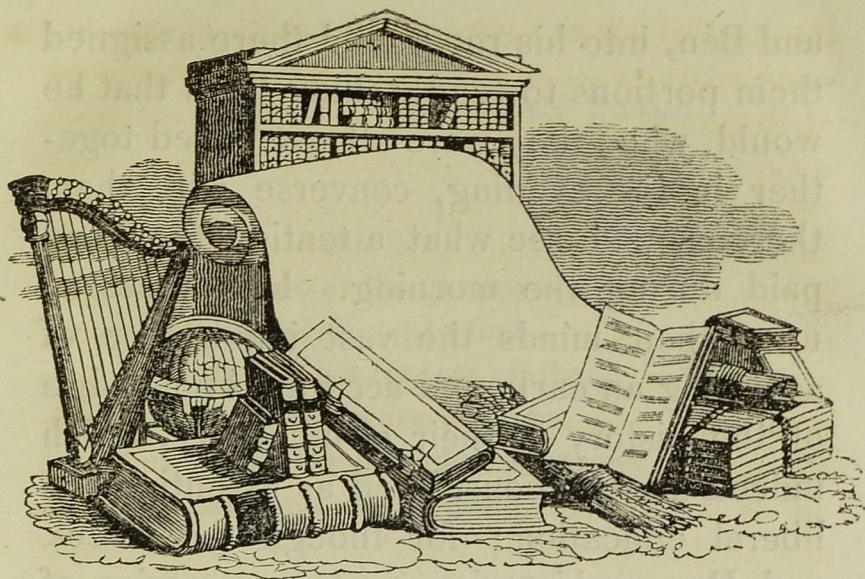
one ; if not, her children sometimes go to help to carry their load. Among the rest, a hunter of some distinction took his wife and daughter along to pack his peltries, while he walked, bearing his rifle. Having disposed of what they had, the Indians began to indulge very freely in drink. The father and mother both, of the girl above mentioned, drank to excess. The father got drunk and beat his squaw ; she ran from his power, but without going to a better place ; for she went to another house where whiskey was kept. Some idle young fellows collecting around them, to have a little fun, as they call it, with them, offered them drams of whiskey repeatedly. This was to make them give the war-whoop, the songs and dance. The poor Shawanee girl, who was about eighteen years old, could not be tempted to taste a drop, nor could she be moved to leave her poor unfortunate parent. She had sensibility to feel the disgrace of her tribe, who were now all drunk, and amusing the idle spectators and their criminal seducers by the most turbulent and extravagant gestures, yellings, and vociferations. It cannot be expected that a person who would for a little idle diversion, or for a few pence, make a brute of a fellow-being, would possess humanity to afford the unhappy victim shelter, when intemperance deprived him of the power of seeking it for himself. It should be remembered that the tribe we are now speaking of live on the white settlements,

have houses, raise considerable quantities of live stock, grain, &c. They are less accustomed to exposure than those tribes whose habits are more conformed to a state of nature. Their liability to disease is also increased by adopting the evils incident to refined life, without any of its comforts and improvements. The parent of the girl above named having become an object of much disgust, as well as her red companions in general (for a drunken Indian is truly a disagreeable sight), their traders had no farther use for them. They might now seek shelter where they could. Another evil hung over the heads of the women; for although their husbands were now drunk, and not able to chastise them, they would not fail to beat them heartily when they got sober, unless they were able to find their horses, which had now all got off and left them. The attention and piety of the young female, I have been informed by a gentleman of high respectability and honour, who blamed the instruments of their indulgence for their conduct, was such as to equal all displays of filial tenderness and patience that ever were made. Her name is Peggy Surgett, and she is a relation of the old chief "Fish," on the Meramec river. Her English name she took, from being brought by a religious society to a school in the state of Kentucky, where she made very respectable progress in letters, and learned needle-work and spinning. The

unhappy situation of this dutiful young Indian may be more readily felt than described, when we contemplate the trials she was exposed to. Her mother must be left alone in the woods, during a very inclement night, or she must neglect to find the horses which had strayed from them. Fearing to leave a disabled parent alone (for whom, had she been sober, Peggy would not have felt any uneasiness), and knowing the temper of her father, if she should not find the horses; she left her mother under a shelter of a cliff of rocks, a few miles from the place where her father was with his "red brethren," steeping their senses in whiskey. Having found and caught the horse, she brought him to her father; and, at a little after sun-rise, was at the place where she had left her drunken mother. One of those sleeting rains now came on, which at this season of the year deluge the western waters. They were detained by high water, while the attention of this young woman excited the sympathy of all who witnessed her affection and piety to her unfortunate parents. In fact, observing white people who live near the Indians, wherever they have become well acquainted with them, all must uniformly admire and esteem them. But the unfortunate and dutiful Peggy Surgett fell a victim to her virtue. The fatigue she underwent, and the exposure to which she was subjected, brought on a violent cold; this was followed by a pulmonary consumption, of which

she died about a twelvemonth after. I saw her some weeks before her death, in the neighbourhood of Rogerstown, when she was hectic, and very much reduced. An ignorant pretender to physic advised the amiable Peggy to take a tincture of some roots and herbs he had collected, in whiskey; to which she indignantly replied in broken English, "White man want poison poor Indian. Whiskey bring my people to want. Whiskey kill poor Peggy. Peggy, poor daddy and mammy have no one help 'em when Peggy dead." This woman died much respected by all her acquaintances. The closing scene was highly affecting, and truly Christian. And the only regret she was heard to express, at the prospect of her approaching dissolution, was the helplessness of her parents, who had become intemperate.





CHAPTER III.

THE following day being dull, and so wet as to preclude taking a walk, it was suggested that the elder boys should occupy themselves with reading in English History, and that the younger ones should learn a pretty little poem each. Their mamma selected what Tommy and Herbert should learn; and also afforded instruction to Sarah, in her music lesson and needle-work; while their papa took John, Edward,

and Ben, into his room, and there assigned them portions to read, telling them that he would, when they were all assembled together in the evening, converse with them thereon, and see what attention they had paid during the morning. He impressed upon their minds the vast importance of acquiring an early and accurate knowledge of the history of their own country, which indeed may be considered as essential to a liberal education; for though the Greek and Roman histories contain a series of the noblest events that ever happened, still they are not so much our concern as transactions that relate to our own country. And next to the histories of the Greeks and Romans there is none which affords a greater variety of memorable events than that of England.

In the evening Tom entertained the family party by repeating simply and intelligibly the following beautiful poem from *Swain's Metrical Essays*.

LAST WORDS OF AN EXILE.

I.

My path is o'er the gloomy sea—
 My home—is yet to find—
 Yet grieve I not for loss of thee,
 Thou land I leave behind :
 Thy breath has brought but misery
 A dark and aching mind.

II.

Reckless I quit thee, beauteous Isle,
 Where love my heart first knew ;
 Where friendship spoke with ready smile,
 And hopes like roses grew :
 I've learnt how deep these names beguile,
 Fleeting as morning dew.

III.

I loved—how truly and how well,
 This wither'd form will show ;
 I loved—oh ! lips may never tell
 The soul's impassion'd flow ;
 I loved—now love's a broken spell,
 Its vain deceits I know.

IV.

Friends!—they fled fast when sorrow came ;
They're false, though fair they seem ;—
O ! trust not thou to friendship's name,
It's truth is but a dream ;
Its kind warmth but a flick'ring flame,
A transitory beam !

V.

Yet—yet 'tis sad to say “ We part ”—
From friendship's dream to wake ;
And we have known fate's keenest dart,
When hope and love forsake ;
But God, who sees the mourner's heart,
Can heal—or bid it break !

Their papa turning to Ben asked him,
Papa. What country is that you call
Great Britain ?

Ben. The island which comprehends
England and Scotland, and the adjoining
one of Ireland.

Papa. Can Edward tell how long it has
been called Great Britain ?

Edward. Why, ever since the beginning
of the reign of James I.

Papa. Who can tell why the name was then changed?

John. It was done in order to put an end to the dispute which arose about the royal title ; whether England or Scotland should be named first.

Papa. You might have added that it was no new title, for it was only the revival of a title which had been laid aside ever since the beginning of the ninth century. What kind of government is that of England?

John. A monarchy ; the authority whereof is nevertheless limited by the Parliament. Though the Parliament has no authority unless convened by the King, and he sanction its resolutions.

Sarah. Papa, how is it that a woman can fill the throne of England ; for I have heard that that is not the case in France and elsewhere?

Papa. Till the period of Henry VIII. I believe, the question never arose. So when, in regular order, Mary came to the throne, there being no constitutional prohibition (as there is, expressly, in France)

she reigned; and her sister Elizabeth succeeding her, it is now held to be indifferent whether the succession be in man or woman. What is the king's eldest son called?

Edward. Prince of Wales.

Papa. Can you tell how long this title has been used by the king's eldest son?

John. The first that bore it was Edward II. about the year 1283.

Papa. Have the rest of the king's children any titles appropriated to them?

Edward. No, the king bestows whatever title he pleases upon them. They are, however, addressed by the title of *Royal Highness*.

Papa. What is the Parliament of England?

John. The general assembly of the states of the kingdom. Papa, I cannot exactly ascertain, from reading, by whom it was instituted.

Papa. It is not known; to refer it to the time of Henry I. would be wrong, for it is certainly of greater antiquity, at least the House of Lords. It appears not to

have been divided into two houses till 1260, in the reign of Henry III.

You have now shewn that your morning's reading has not been altogether in vain, so I will release your attention, for the present, to some more amusing subject. So let us have a little talk about the *Lion*.

John. Ah, that's right, for he's quite my favourite. But, papa, there is no comparison between the lion born beneath the burning sun of Africa, and the lions of America, which scarcely deserve the name.

Papa. Why, John, this subject seems quite to draw forth your eloquence. It is somewhat remarkable that *heat*, which in the human race creates lassitude and a diminution of strength, should, with the noble monarch of the forest, increase his fierceness.

John. So bold is he that Buffon relates that a single lion of the desert often will attack an entire caravan; and, after an obstinate conflict, when he finds himself overpowered, instead of flying, he continues to

combat, retreating, and still facing the enemy, till he dies.

Papa. Well, but is not all this also true of other than African lions ?

John. No, on the contrary, those which inhabit the peopled countries of Morocco, or India, have lost their courage, so as to be scared away with a shout ; and they seldom attack any but the unresisting flocks or herds, which even women and children are sufficient to protect.

Edward. I have often wondered at the prodigious strength of the lion, for there are much larger animals.

Papa. True, but he is in every respect compact and well proportioned, a perfect model of strength and agility. Now, though the elephant be ponderous and imposing, he has the appearance of being overgrown ; the rhinoceros, too, is unweildy ; nor is the lion clumsy in his shape, like the hippopotamus, or the ox.

John. Why, the quick motion of his tail is sufficient to throw a man down to the ground.

Papa. How large are the largest lions ?

John. About eight or nine feet in length, from the snout to the insertion of the tail, which is, of itself, three or four feet long. And these lions are about four or five feet in height.

Papa. Will the lion attack all animals that come in his way?

John. Yes, when he is hungry; but as he is so formidable, and as they all seek to avoid him, he is often obliged to hide, in order to take them by surprise.

Papa. Is he a very great eater?

John. Yes, he devours a great deal at a time, and generally fills himself for two or three days to come. And he drinks whenever he comes near water, lapping like a dog.

Papa. He is said to prefer the flesh of the camel to that of any other animal; also that of young elephants.

John. So terrible is he among other animals that none are ever found to oppose him but the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, and the hippopotamus.

Papa. How terrible soever he may be, the ingenuity of man is an over match for

his great strength: they are hunted with trained dogs, supported by a proper number of men on horseback. But considerable training is necessary, for almost all animals tremble at the very smell of the lion.

John. Though his skin is firm and compact, it is not proof against a musket ball, nor even a javelin; but he is seldom known to be despatched with one blow.

Papa. Like the wolf, he is frequently taken by stratagem: for which purpose a deep hole is dug in the earth, over which, when slightly covered with earth and sticks, some living animal is fastened as a bait. When thus entrapped, all his fury subsides; and if advantage be taken of the first moments of his surprize, he may easily be chained, muzzled, and conducted to a place of security.

Edward. Is the flesh of the lion eatable?

John. It is of a strong and disagreeable flavour; nevertheless the Negroes and the Indians do not dislike it, and it frequently forms part of their food.

Sarah. Papa, I should like now to talk about the *Zebra*, it is such a pretty animal.

Papa. Why, perhaps it is one of the handsomest, as it certainly is the most elegantly clothed, of all the quadrupeds. John, how would you describe it?

John. I should say that it has the grace of the horse, as well as the swiftness of the stag.

Papa. He is in general less than the horse, and larger than the ass. Where do they flourish, Edward?

Edward. Why, I think, in Africa.

Papa. No, few are there to be met with: only in the most eastern and most southern parts. In short, those which we have seen in Europe are almost all from the Cape of Good Hope.

John. I remember reading that one was attempted to be tamed and broke in at the Royal Menagerie, in Paris; the attempt was partially successful; but still it was always necessary for two men to hold him by the bridle while another mounted. His mouth was so very hard, he was restive,

like a vicious horse, and obstinate like a mule.

Papa. You remember, my dears, I dare say, that well known line, so often used to recommend early training of such little folks as yourselves,

“just as the twig is bent the tree ’s inclined.”

And so it may be said of the zebra; for there is reason to believe that, if he were accustomed to obedience and tameness from his earliest years, he would become mild, like the horse, and might be substituted in his room.

Ben. Papa, I should like to hear something about the Kangaroo. It seems so funny: you know our little poem, speaking of the kangaroo, says, that he

“puts his young in his pouch, and scampers away.”

Papa. I should think Edward could tell us something about the kangaroo?

Edward. I remember that, instead of running, it takes great bounds of ten or twelve feet; and that its speed is so great that it sometimes escapes the fleetest greyhound.

John. The head and neck are very small, in proportion to the other parts of his body; its tail is nearly as long as the body; thick by the body, and tapering towards the point.

Papa. It is most remarkable for the provision with which Nature has furnished it of putting its young in its pouch, and so carrying them out of the reach of danger. This it shares with the Opossum. I myself, when a youth, had an opossum alive, which I kept in a cage made on purpose. It lived three years, and was comparatively docile, for I used to hand it Indian corn in the palm of my hand, which it would lay hold of with its paws; and as they were furnished with rather sharp claws, he gently secured his hold of my hand therewith, which he used to retain sometimes to my no small inconvenience, for he would not release me until he had finished his corn, which sometimes was so long (for they are slow eaters) that I was compelled to remain in a kneeling posture until master Jack allowed me to depart. He was a wild rogue, and would jump all about my shoul-

ders, and his claws would now and then come through my clothes and prick my back and arms. He would twist his tail round my fingers, and so let his whole weight depend. He would get up into high trees, and so hang by his tail as long as it pleased him, and then dart up with indescribable rapidity and scamper all over the tree. When night approached, I was often compelled to mount the tree to catch him; on which occasions, when he did not like to come in to his cage, he would jump away from me, and hang by his tail at the very end of some bough which was too slender for me to attempt to follow him; and occasionally so plague me that I was obliged to get two or three to help to secure him; which was at last only accomplished by his own desire, perhaps, to get into his warm bed-room (for they are very chilly). His tail, unlike that of the kangaroo, was thick and bushy, and his coat was of the most beautiful fur. His pouch was plainly visible, but I never summoned courage to thrust my hand into it. His head was most beautiful, and his thin, transparent ears, of

a delicate pink colour, and his penetrating eye, gave him a great superiority over the kangaroo. He was about as big as a large fox. He almost invariably sat up on his hind legs, and used his paws as a monkey does. It was called a *Lemurine Opossum*, and was caught at Van Dieman's Land, having been sent over to me, as a present, by a highly esteemed friend of your grand-papa's. Many others were sent in the same ship, but mine was the only one which lived to reach England.

Here they all exclaimed how they wished it had lived to amuse them with its pranks ; and, after other talk on subjects connected with natural history, John said he thought the Boa was one of the most formidable of the snake kind, for though not poisonous in its bite, its prodigious power of twisting around any other animal and crushing it, and then swallowing it whole, rendered it a most frightful and disgusting creature.

While engaged in this conversation, a friend called to say that there was a shew of animals come into the town, which would

only remain a few hours, and as they all had conducted themselves well, their papa said he would take the elder boys; and assured the younger ones that he would compensate them for the disappointment, as they could not leave home so late in the evening, it being very rainy. It was settled that the two elder should go at once.

On their return they highly delighted their little brothers and their sister, by describing two beautiful snakes they had just seen, one a *Boa Constricta*, the other an *American Sea Serpent*.

The *Boa* was about fourteen or fifteen feet long, of a bright yellow and black: the keeper told them that it was only fed once in three months, when it would swallow two or three guinea pigs, or rabbits, &c., after which it would remain in a torpid state. The *Sea Serpent* was seventeen or eighteen feet long, and was likewise fed only about once in three months, when it had salted meat, fish, &c. It shed its skin every quarter: having done so only the day before, the boys were much delighted with it; the skin which he had cast off had

the appearance of the most beautiful gauze. They saw also two beautiful *Cameleons*; and were much struck with their wonderfully fine and brilliant eye, which, placed in the centre of a fine revolving ball, looked exactly like the setting of a diamond in the works of a watch. Being night, they had no opportunity of seeing the remarkable changes of colour and appearance which characterize this most interesting little animal. There were several clever little monkeys; and one large one called the *satyr*. But what most of all excited their attention was a huge white Polar bear, called the sea-lion. From their almost untameable ferocity, it was highly pleasing to behold the tameness, and even discipline, which he exhibited; for, on the keeper asking if any of the company would lay down a piece of money to cause the animal to tell him (in his way) how many pence it contained, their papa placed a sixpence near his cage, when the keeper went in to him, and told the bear to give him as many kisses as there were pence; and the bear immediately kissed him six several times. He

also exhibited other instances of gentleness and intelligence.

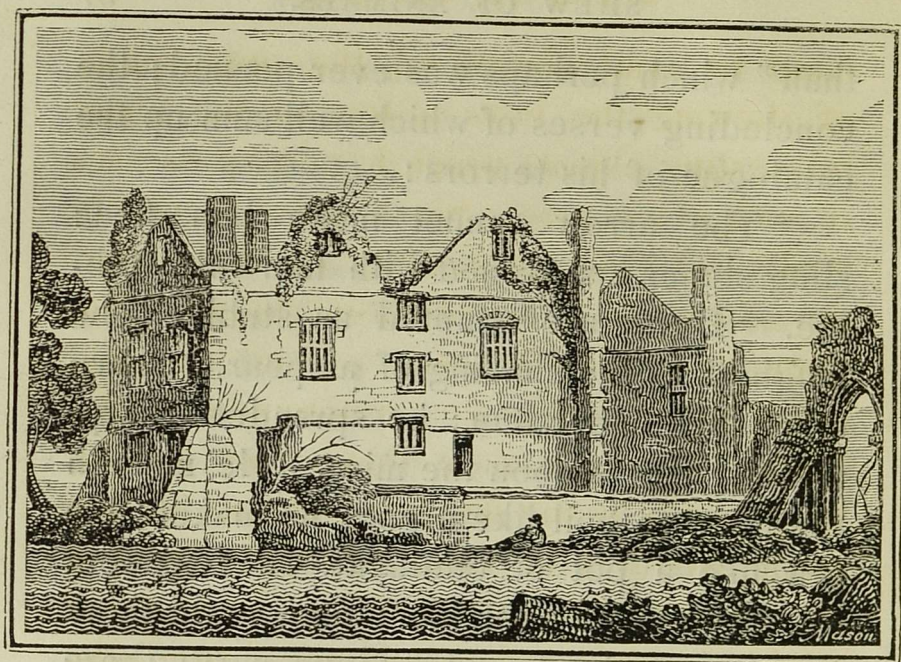
Two crocodiles, between two and three feet long, were also exhibited, and they were much struck with the perfect quietness with which they suffered themselves to be handled by the keeper, and even by some of the company; offering a wonderful contrast to the awful ferocity which characterizes them in their natural condition; for the alligator (or crocodile) in South America, and other places where he flourishes, is the most frightful and merciless in his habits and disposition. The accounts of a combat in the water, between tigers and alligators, are dreadful in the extreme, and, while they last, cause the water to be quite red with blood! The alligator, however, is the victor, being in his peculiar element: he generally succeeds in keeping the tiger under water, when exhausted, until he is drowned.

Their papa told Edward to read the forty-first chapter of Job, wherein is contained one of the most grand and vivid descriptions of the power of this "levia-

than" which perhaps was ever penned; the concluding verses of which well sum up the catalogue of his terrors:

"The arrow cannot make him flee: sling stones are turned with him into stubble. Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear. Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp-pointed things upon the mire. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear. He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride."





CHAPTER IV.

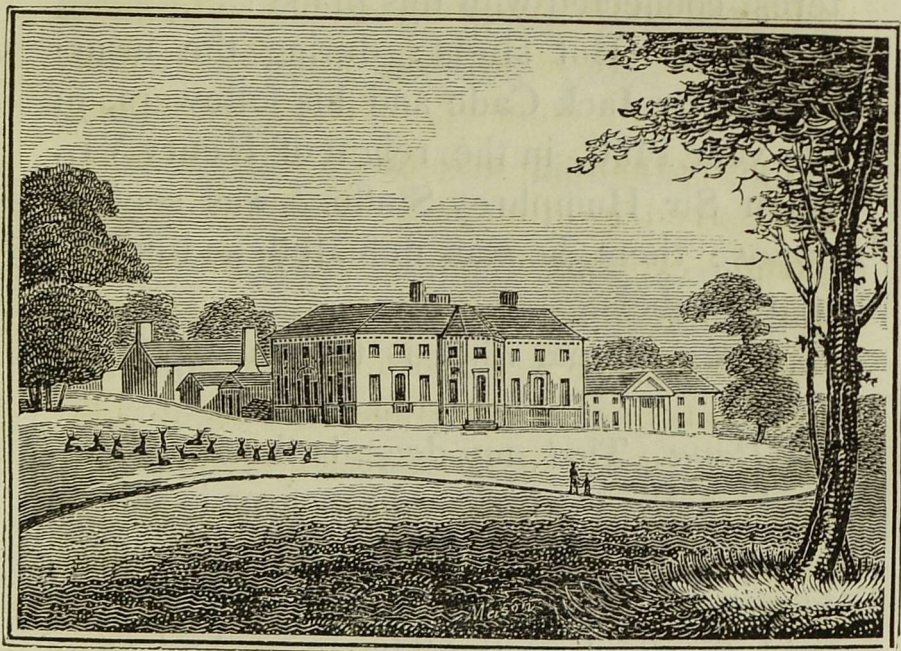
THE post, on the following morning, brought a summons for their papa to go to London, to attend a trial. So, after some consideration, it was decided that the two elder boys should accompany him, leaving their sister and younger brothers to cheer their mamma in their absence. And as some family business had long required their papa to visit the metropolis, he made up his

mind to avail himself of the opportunity of shewing the boys a few of the many interesting objects which London possesses in such abundance. Sarah charged John to write her some particulars of their journey, &c., which he promised to do. So, after their clothes were packed up, and every other necessary arrangement made, taking an affectionate leave their family, they started in the one horse chaise, as that mode would give them an opportunity of seeing many places, which the more rapid mode of travelling by coach would preclude, and so enable their papa to inform them on several points of interesting history.

They arrived in a few hours at Mayfield, in Sussex; and, while the horse was eating his corn, they took a walk around the parish. Their papa took them to the church, and explained that it was built in that style of architecture called the later English. After walking round it, they espied some ruins of an apparently large building, towards which they directed their steps: their papa, who knew the history of this ruin well, had selected the road to the

metropolis in which this village lay purposely to shew them this interesting ruin, and to tell them some of its history. It belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury, before the Reformation, who were here compelled to entertain certain travellers, and perpetually to maintain a large number of decayed gentlemen. With the mighty changes brought about by that most important event, however, no doubt there were isolated instances of a diminution of charities, and this is unfortunately one. The remains consist of the gatehouse, the porter's-lodge, a considerable portion of the magnificent hall, and a large room, in that part of the building still habitable, termed Queen Elizabeth's room, which her majesty occupied in the year 1573, during the entertainment given by Sir Thomas Gresham, then proprietor of the house, to the queen and her suite, in her progress through Kent. Their papa farther told them that a great fire broke out at Mayfield, in 1389, which burned the church and the greater part of the village; which stands on the river Rother.

They then started for Seven-Oaks, in Kent: on the road they passed a magnificent seat, the residence of some nobleman.



John and Edward were delighted with the deer in the park, who were gamboling and frisking about. John, being rather struck with the singularity of the name of this town, asked if his papa did not think it had some allusion to seven oaks some where about it?

Papa. It is supposed that it took its name from seven large oaks which stood

upon the eminence on which the town is built.

John. Is there much of historical interest connected with this place ?

Papa. But slight: during the insurrection by Jack Cade and his followers, in the year 1450, in the reign of Henry VI., when Sir Humphrey Stafford was sent to oppose them, he was defeated and killed by the rebels.

John. Papa, what is the name of that river ?

Papa. That, my dear, is the river *Darent* ; and a town close by a river is said to stand on that river. For instance, London is sometimes, among geographical writers, said to stand on the Thames. And so of most other towns ; which our ancestors generally so placed for the comforts and convenience of water. In addition to which, the land is more fertile in valleys.

Edward. Papa, what are those large buildings, like a manufactory ?

Papa. Those are the silk mills : this is nearly the only trade carried on here.

John (as they had now entered the

town, here said), What well built houses, papa !

Papa. Yes, and this town is most respectably inhabited, being generally esteemed a most desirable place of residence.

Edward. Look how high the church stands !

John. Why, I should think it could be seen for miles round ! What is this building, papa ?

Papa. That, my dear, is the free grammar school, founded and endowed by Sir William Seven-oake (usually written Sennocke), in the year 1432. He was a remarkable instance of success in life ; for, having been deserted by his parents, he was brought up by some charitable persons, and apprenticed to a grocer in London, from which humble station he rose to be Lord Mayor of London, and its representative in parliament ; and left a portion of his wealth to found this school, and an hospital for decayed elderly tradespeople. He also founded almshouses for about forty poor people.

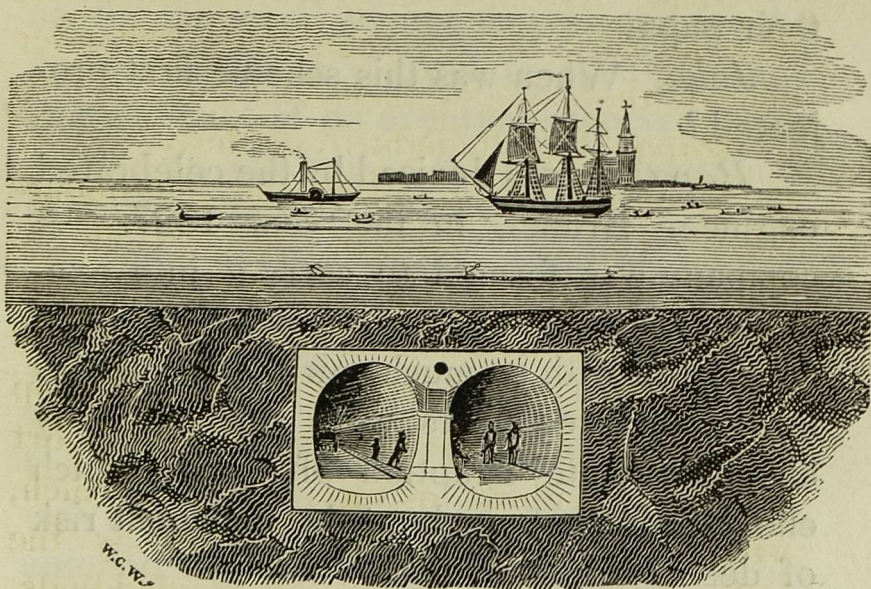
They slept here, and, getting off very early in the morning, proceeded to Bromley, in Kent, where they breakfasted. And then took a walk to see the celebrated College.

John. As the town where we slept took its name from the adjoining oaks, I wonder whence the name of this place?

Papa. It is thought to be derived from the quantity of broom in the neighbourhood. But here we come to the College. This building stands at the north east end of the town: it was founded and liberally endowed, in 1666, by John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, for the residence and support of twenty widows of clergymen. Which, with numerous subsequent gifts by the bishops of Rochester and other individuals, now yield a house, coal and candles, and £38 per annum each for forty widows.

They walked round the buildings, and went into the chapel, where they saw a portrait of the founder of the establishment. And shortly after started for London. But thinking that the day would be agreeably and profitably occupied by diverging to-

wards Rotherhithe, for the purpose of shewing John and Edward the Thames tunnel, of which they had heard such frequent mention, their papa drove thither, and shewed them as much as is exhibited to the public.



They were amazingly struck with the apparently safe, and commodious, archway, cut so far under the actual bed of the Thames, the extreme northern end of which they found, for the present, secured by a strong wall. They were surprized to find it a dry, warm, and gravelled promenade,

extending almost to the centre of the river, from Rotherhithe to the London docks, and brilliantly lighted with oil gas.

After they had walked about till they were quite satisfied, they retired, and the boys began to ask numerous questions of their papa.

John. When was this scheme first projected?

Papa. It was devised by the celebrated engineer Brunel, in the year 1827. A company was formed to carry it into execution, whose operations, after having been conducted with so much spirit and success for two or three years, were suspended by an unfortunate irruption of water, which choked up the tunnel, at the imminent risk of destroying many lives.

John. But as the scheme was so full of danger, why was it attempted, in preference to building a bridge over the river there?

Papa. I suppose no bridge could there be constructed which would allow of the uninterrupted traffic of the prodigious number of vessels which are constantly passing;

and, farther, a tunnel would not cost near so large a sum of money to construct as a bridge would.

John. Do you think, papa, that it will ever be finished?

Papa. My dear boy, I sincerely hope so, for the good of commerce, and for the honour of science. And to speak truth, I cannot doubt of its eventual success ; which will be an addition to the just reputation of the celebrated projector.

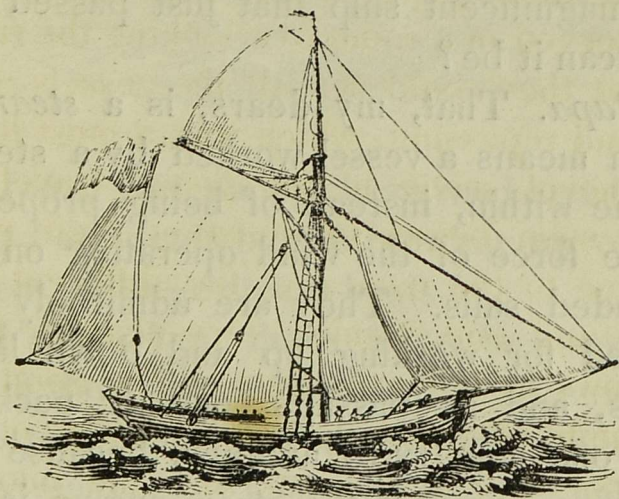
Edward. Papa, as the water has rushed in once, do you not fear it will always be likely to happen?

Papa. No ; for the knowledge of the circumstances through which that happened will so effectually lead the attention of the enterprising engineer, Mr. Brunel, and his coadjutors to a remedy, that when once made water-tight there can be no reason to fear a recurrence of so sad a calamity. And after it shall become water-bound ; I mean the arches ; they will become not only strengthened by the superincumbent weight, but so completely cemented that the whole arch will be as it were in one

piece. Whenever foundations of good brick work are dug up, which have been for ages under water, the masses are so consolidated that you can scarcely break them with pick-axes and crowbars.

By this time they had arrived at the inn, where they had put up the chaise, and where their papa ordered dinner, which was served in a room overlooking the river, so that they could see all the vessels passing and repassing, which was a most lively and novel scene to the young travellers. They soon began to question their papa relative to the names of the different vessels; and one coming very near to their windows in full sail, they had a good opportunity of watching the operation of the sailors. It was a sloop, and the buoyant motion, and gay and lively appearance, thereof so attracted Edward, that he earnestly solicited his papa to let them have a sail on the river; which he promised them he would do during the afternoon. Intending to endeavour to get them gratified by a sail in that very sloop, as he saw it was let out for company, to sail about at their

pleasure, their papa called the waiter aside, and requested him to make all necessary enquiry while they were at dinner, which he did; and it was arranged that the vessel should come for them in about an hour, as by that time they would probably have ended their dinner.



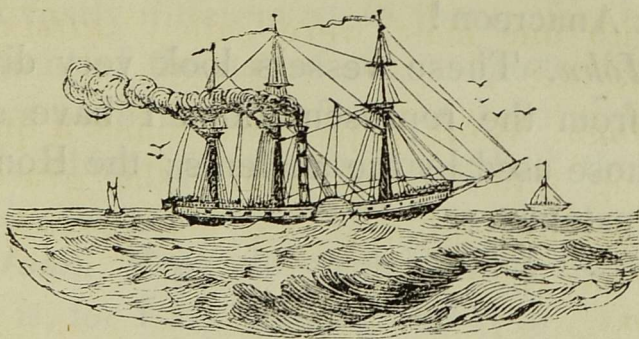
So, shortly after dinner, he took them on the water, where they saw innumerable vessels. While they were enjoying themselves thus, their papa took the opportunity of explaining to them that some of the *two* masted vessels they saw were *schooners*, some *brigs*; those with *three* masts were *frigates*, or *men of war*, &c., which alone,

strictly speaking, were entitled to be called *ships*, as all others are, among naval men, merely called *vessels*; such as they were in, with one mast, were called *cutters*, or *sloops*.

John. Well, papa, here comes a queer looking thing! very unlike the graceful and magnificent ship that just passed us; what can it be?

Papa. That, my dears, is a *steamer*, which means a vessel worked by a steam-engine within, instead of being propelled by the force of the wind operating on the extended sails. They are admirably calculated for working up and down large rivers, and as passage-boats or packets, from one country to another, because the immense power of the steam-engine is not liable to be thwarted by the adverse operation of the wind, the effect of which (with the old fashioned mode) is frequently to double or treble the time necessary for a passage. So that, for conveying troops, merchandise, &c., from England to Holland, France, Spain, Portugal, or to the Baltic, or, in short, passengers, or live stock

(by which I mean sheep, oxen, horses, and pigs), it is a most approved mode.

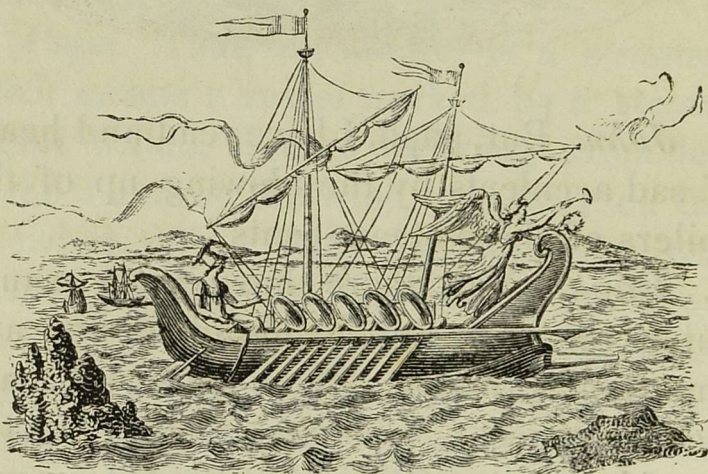


John. But, papa, I have read and heard of sad accidents by the blowing up of the boilers of these steam-boats ?

Papa. Yes, there have been many ; but in the early application of all new and important principles there must be many inconveniences. Unmixed good is not the lot of humanity. Still public benefit is a vast gainer, and, to point at the occasional miscarriages of such beneficial schemes, is about as wise as it would be to object to the multifarious use of barley because an English nobleman once was choked by reason of an ear thereof sticking in his throat ; or as it would be to abandon the use of the

grape because a grape stone passed the wrong way, as we ordinarily say, and so occasioned the death of the famous Greek poet Anacreon!

John. These vessels look very different from the representations I have seen of those used by the ancients; the Romans for instance.



Papa. Yes, they only partially knew the use of sails, so that their vessels were generally propelled by rowing, as you see the little boats, called *wherries*, now about the river. They had a very magnificent appearance, however; they were much used in war, so that the rowers (who were war-

riors also) rowed under the protection of their shields, to screen them from the darts of their adversaries. Nautical science was in a vastly different state then ; for, being ignorant of the use of *the compass*, the ancients were mostly afraid to lose sight of land, which greatly circumscribed the use of shipping.

John. Papa, do explain what *the compass* is, for I am ignorant about it.

Papa. Well, then ; it consists of a circle drawn round a piece of metal, or pasteboard (or any substance which will answer the purpose), which is called the fly ; this circle is divided into four quadrants, which represent the four principal points, or cardinal winds, *east, west, north, south* ; and each of these quadrants (or quarters) are again subdivided into eight other equal parts, which, in all, make thirty-two points of the compass, called *rumbs*. This card, or pasteboard, hangs horizontally on a pin set upright, and under it is fixed a needle, or iron-wire, touched with a loadstone, which keeps the fly, or point, of the north-pole always towards the north, and by that means

directs the steersman how to keep the ship in her course.

John. But what causes the fly always to point to the north-pole?

Papa. Why, by the merciful dispensation of Providence, there is found in iron mines a stone, one of the remarkable properties of which is, that, left in a free position, it will always point to the poles: it communicates this property to iron by its being rubbed therewith. So that, hundreds of miles out of sight of land, mariners can, by means of this instrument, ascertain their position, and thus, having maps or charts of the world with them, so steer their vessels as greatly to avoid the dangers of the mighty ocean.

Edward. Papa, you said the ancients had not the benefit of this instrument: when was it found out?

Papa. As nearly as can be ascertained, it may be said to have been invented (or at least much improved) by Gioia, of Naples, in the year 1302.

Edward. But I should think in storms there could be but little use in the compass?

Papa. My dear boy, I am not sufficiently acquainted with naval matters to be able to tell you of what precise use the compass is, under that awful circumstance. Indeed, in that calamitous condition, there is no hope but in the mercy of God ; who often delivers mariners in imminent peril, and, at times, mysteriously permits them to perish : which brings to my mind that sweet poem in *Swain's Metrical Essays* which you used once to repeat so prettily. I am very fond of it, do say it now.

Upon which Edward gratified his father by repeating

THE TEMPEST.

I.

STORM on the wild dark sky—

Storm on the rushing sea—

The tall ship between cloud and wave

Is rolling fearfully.

II.

The elemental flash

Is the only light seen there ;

While the dismal cry of perishing men,

Mid tumult rends the air !

III.

The stoutest of that crew
Strain for one moment's breath ;—
Oh God ! it is a bitter thing
Thus to look on with death !

IV.

The mother clasps her child,
And views above—around—
Bewildered and silently ;
There's grief too deep for sound !

V.

Stands there an old pale man,
With lip and brow of fear ;
He was prepared for the dark tomb,
But, oh !—not thus—not here !

VI.

He thought at last to rest
In his own lov'd village ground ;
His lowly grave enwreath'd with flowers,
And mourning forms around.

VII.

He, in his own far home,
Hath a son—his spirit's joy—
'Twere bliss to see him but once more,
To say—God bless thee, boy !

VIII.

The young and faithful meet,
And with ghastly eyes gaze on ;
Still would they speak of hope—alas !—
Both voice and thought are gone.

IX.

They weep !—yet, ah ! their tears
Seem not like human grief ;
The mild warm drops the sad heart grants
To yield itself relief :

X.

A sure and stern despair
In the blood-shot sight appears ;
Such drops might suit the eyes of death,
If death may e'er know tears.

XI.

Is there no hope ?—go ask
The melancholy deep ;
It hath startling tales to tell of those
Who 'neath its wild waves sleep.

XII.

Is there no hope ?—go ask
The red and threatening clouds ;
O ! many a sight of misery
Their angry shadow shrouds.

XIII.

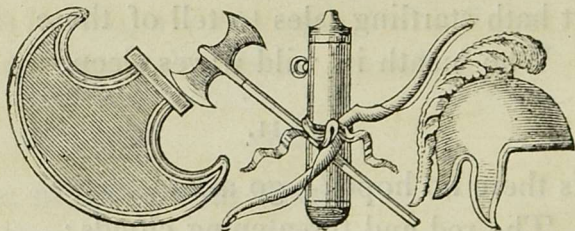
Is there no hope?—I saw
Longtime the good ship strain;
I saw it battle—reel—and sink :——
I saw it not again.

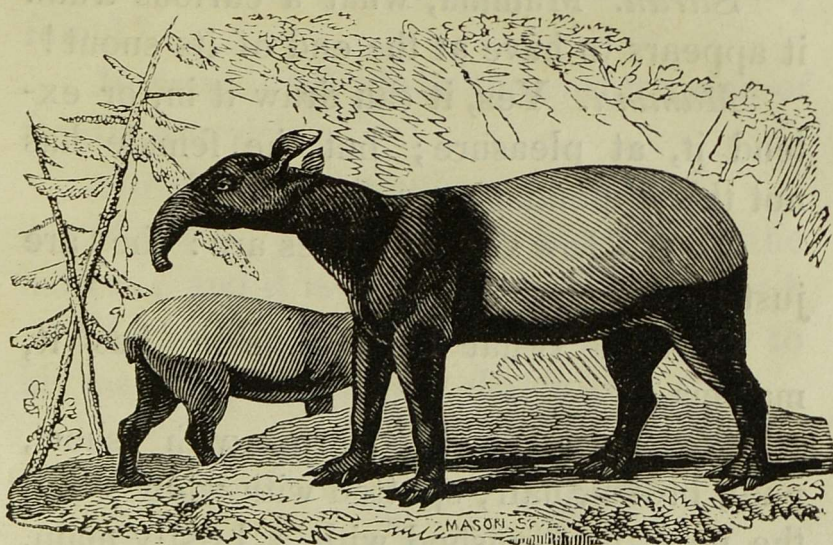
XIV.

Of all the gallant souls
In that vast vessel tost,
O! were there none that could escape?
Not one—they all were lost!

XV.

Was wreck nor corpse e'er found
Upon that gloomy coast?—
The secret of their doom's with God;—
They all—they all were lost!





CHAPTER V.

THE evening after their papa's departure, Sarah, Tom, and Herbert, were seated by the fire; Sarah and her mamma occupied with their needle work, and Tom and Herbert much amused with their Noah's ark. So their mamma, in answer to some enquiry from Tom, relative to the *Tapir*, told them

that it resembled the hog in shape, though it was nearly as big as a calf.

Sarah. Mamma, what a curious trunk it appears to have at the end of its snout !

Mamma. Yes, it can draw it in, or extend it, at pleasure ; but the female has not this appendage.

Tom. How small its eyes are : they are just like our pig's eyes.

Sarah. What kind of skin has it, mamma ?

Mamma. It is covered with short, pale, brown, hair, spotted with white ; and the neck is furnished with a bristly main, an inch and a half high.

Tom. On what food does it live ?

Mamma. It subsists on vegetables, and is particularly fond of the stalks of the sugar-cane.

Sarah. It is a heavy looking thing : does it sleep much ?

Mamma. Yes, generally during the day ; it roams abroad in the morning and evening.

Sarah. Is it one of that tribe which swims much ?

Mamma. Yes, it readily takes the water, and swims with great facility.

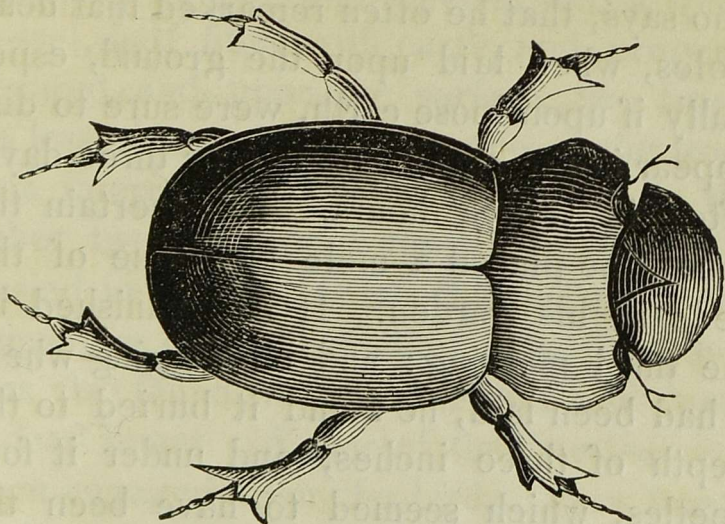
Sarah. Where is the tapir generally found?

Mamma. All along the eastern side of South America.

Sarah. Is it an animal fit to eat?

Mamma. Yes, its flesh is eaten by the natives; and it is sometimes domesticated.

Herbert here brought an insect up to his mamma, to ask what that was?



Mamma. That is a beetle: under which name are to be found three or four kinds. The *burying-beetle*, the *dung-beetle*, the

rose, or *green-chaffer*, the *tumble-dung-beetle*, and the *necklace-beetle*.

Sarah. Which do you take this to be, mamma?

Mamma. Why, perhaps, the *burying-beetle*.

Sarah. Mamma, why is it so called?

Mamma. From its singular habit of making holes in the ground, and then burying things therein. I remember an instance recorded by a foreign naturalist, who says, that he often remarked that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often in twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular burial.

Sarah. What do you suppose, mamma, was the cause of their burying the mole?

Mamma. Why, this gentleman, not per-

ceiving any thing particular in the mole, buried it again ; and, on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with magots, apparently the issue (or young) of the beetles, which he now naturally concluded had buried the carcass for the food of their future young.

Sarah. But do you think that was the motive ?

Mamma. It is more than probable, because, to ascertain something more clearly about it, he put four beetles into a glass vessel, half filled with earth, and properly secured, and, upon the surface, two frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles ; the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which, on the third day, was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception ; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by

dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male, having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day; the corpse seemed as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed, and the bird covered. This gentleman continued to add other small dead animals, which were all, sooner or later, buried; and the result of his experiment was, that, within fifty days, four beetles

had interred, in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcasses: viz., four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In the summer of 1826, four of these beetles were found hard at work in burying a dead crow on Wimbledon common, precisely in the manner described by the writer I have been speaking of.

Tom here brought a little *bee* from the Noah's ark, which had attracted his notice.

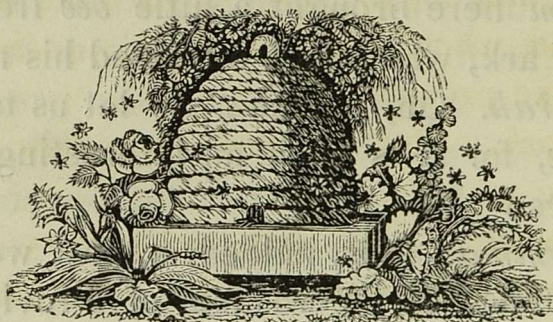
Sarah. Oh, mamma, do let us talk of the *bee*, for it is such an interesting little creature!

Mamma. It is, indeed, a most wonderful instance of the wisdom of Providence. In a bee-hive, the population consists of *drones*, the least numerous class; the *workers*, the most numerous; and a single female, the mother and queen of the colony. The accurate researches of naturalists have discovered that the *workers* are divided into two important classes, *nurse-bees* and *wax-makers*.

Sarah. Mamma, what are the *nurse-bees* employed about in the little community?

Mamma. Their business is to collect honey, and impart it to their companions; to feed and take care of the young grubs, and to finish the combs and cells which have been founded by the others; but they are not charged with provisioning the hive.

Sarah. And what do the *wax-workers* do?



Mamma. When hives are full of combs, the wax-workers disgorge their honey into the ordinary magazines, making no wax; but if they want a reservoir for its reception, and if their queen does not find cells ready made wherein to lay her eggs, they retain the honey in their stomach, and in

twenty-four hours they produce wax. Then the labour of constructing combs begins.

Sarah. But do not some of the bees, when the country does not afford honey, consume the provision stored up in the hive?

Mamma. No, they are not permitted, by their own regulations, to touch it. A portion of the honey is carefully preserved, and the cells containing it are protected by a waxen covering, which is never removed, except, indeed, in cases of extreme necessity, and when honey cannot possibly be otherwise procured.

Sarah. But do not *nurse-bees* ever produce wax?

Mamma. Yes, but in a very small quantity, compared with that produced by the real *wax-workers*.

Sarah. Is it collected, like honey, from flowers?

Mamma. You have now asked, my dear girl, a knotty question, which puzzled the ancients; and it has only been ascertained by the careful observations and experiments of modern naturalists. Wax is secreted

by the bees, and not gathered from vegetable sweets.

Sarah. I should think it almost impossible to find out such a point. How was it ascertained?

Mamma. Huber, and others, confined bees, and fed them entirely upon honey and sugar, notwithstanding which wax was produced, and combs formed, as if they had been at liberty to select their food.

Sarah. I should think, from the enjoyment which bees seem to take in the fresh air and delightful sunshine, it would be very irksome to them to be confined?

Mamma. Huber says that they supported their captivity patiently, and shewed uncommon perseverance in rebuilding their combs as he removed them. At least this patience lasted during two days. The bees brooded over their young, and seemed to take an interest in them; but at sunset, on the third, a loud noise was heard in the hive: impatient to discover the reason, the shutter was opened, and all found in confusion; the brood was abandoned; the workers ran in disorder over the combs;

thousands rushed towards the lower part of the hive ; and those about the entrance gnawed at its grating. Their design was manifest, they wished to quit their prison : some imperious necessity evidently obliged them to seek elsewhere what they could not find in the hive ; and apprehensive that they might perish, if longer restrained from yielding to their instinct, he set them at liberty. The whole swarm escaped, but the hour being unfavourable to their collecting, they flew around the hive, and did not depart from it.

Sarah. I wonder whether or not they ever returned to take possession of their hive ?

Mamma. Yes, the increasing darkness, and the coolness of the air, soon compelled them to return. Possibly these circumstances calmed their agitation ; for they were soon observed peaceably remounting their combs ; order seemed re-established, and advantage was taken of this moment to close the hive. Every evening, for five days, the same uproar and disorder continued, until they were liberated, and or-

der was always restored on their return. However, the natural history of the *bee* opens so vast a field that we cannot now enlarge ; though I trust its great interest will lead you to read on the subject so as to get your mind well informed, and thus afford us an opportunity, on some future day, to renew the conversation.

Now repeat that pretty little song from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, which is to be found in that beautiful little volume you have been reading, the "JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT for 1829." Sarah then recapitulated the following little poem, that has the peculiarity of not containing a single letter S, which the authoress offers as a specimen of the advantage of curtailing the use of that letter which occasions a disagreeable hissing sound from too frequent adoption :

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away—

Away, away, away !

Fly from the wind of the wintry day.

Why do you linger ?—Away, away !

The flower and the tree have no home for thee ;

The gay and the fair are lonely and bare ;

Then fly away, Ladybird, fly away—

Away, away, away !

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away—

Away, away, away!

Go with the happy, the glad, and the gay;

Gem of the garden, away, away!

The flower and the tree, what are they to thee?

Alone let them die, and far away fly.

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away!

Away, away, away!

Tom and Herbert were very much attracted by this pretty little piece, which they begged their sister to repeat; and each promised to learn it. Their mamma then said,

Let us now hear if Herbert can say that pretty little poem that I told him to commit to memory the other day, which I hope is the case; afterwards we will hear Tom read in the Bible. So Herbert repeated tolerably the following, extracted from *Rogers's Poems*:

WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.

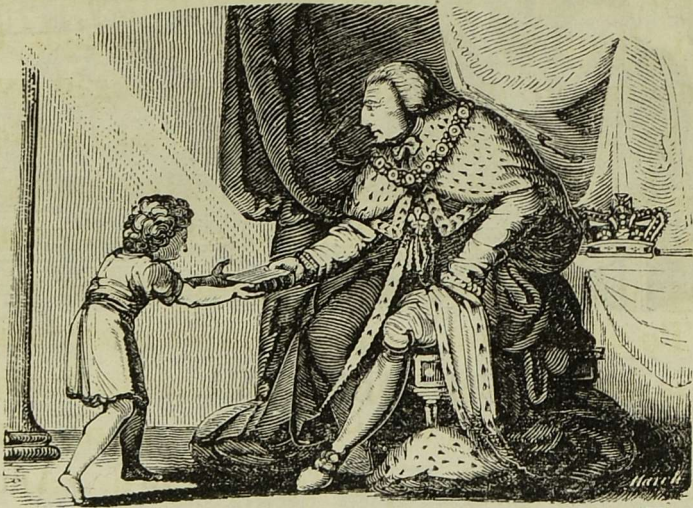
There, in that bed so closely curtained round,
Worn to a shade, and wan with slow decay,
A father sleeps! Oh, hushed be every sound!
Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away!

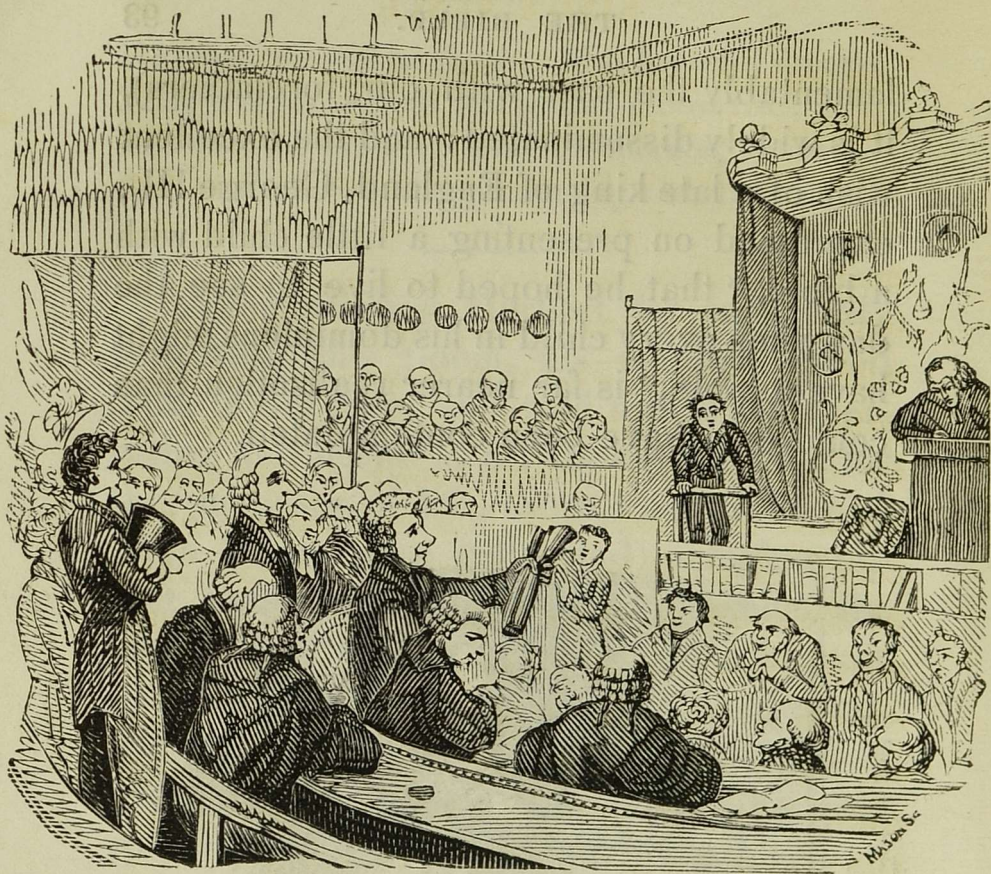
He stirs—yet still he sleeps. May heavenly dreams
Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise ;
Till thro' the shuttered pane the morning streams,
And on the hearth the glimmering rush-light dies.

After praising Herbert for so prettily repeating this poem, his mamma called Tom to her side, and told him that, interesting and useful as all knowledge was, for the purposes of life, there was (as he had often before been instructed) a higher object than all this, and one to which the concerns of our existence here ought ever to be subordinate ; even the fear of God, which the Scripture says is the beginning of wisdom ; and to walk in which is the sure way to have peace here and hereafter.

To which end, among our various duties, it is highly becoming in parents to instruct their children in the Scriptures, upon which a blessing is often put by the Lord. And it even commends itself to man ; for great efforts have, of late years, been made to circulate that book ; so that, instead of its being of difficult access, and only to be found in an unknown tongue (which was

lamentably the case with our forefathers), it is widely disseminated; and the excellent wish of a late king of England, George III., expressed on presenting a little child with a bible, "that he hoped to live to see the day when every child in his dominions might have a bible," is far nearer realization than could ever have been contemplated.





CHAPTER VI.

ON the following morning, being the day fixed for the trial, in which their papa was required as a witness, John and Edward early accompanied him to the Court of King's Bench, to secure a comfortable and

convenient situation. The boys were long engrossed with the bench, the wigs and robes of the judge and the counsel, and the appearance of the entire court, it being the first time they had ever been in a court of justice. The trial over, they walked away with their papa, who now began to converse with them on the points more important to be impressed on their minds. He asked John if he could tell him the nature of a jury? But John not having a clear idea of their office, their papa said a jury ordinarily consists of twelve men, who were sworn to enquire of the matter of fact, or in other words to say "guilty" or "not guilty" in criminal cases; and in civil, "for the plaintiff," or "for the defendant."

John. But, papa, I did not perceive that those gentlemen took any part in the proceedings?

Papa. No, their business is patiently to hear the evidence as presented on both sides of the question, being elicited by the counsel, one or more of whom are generally engaged on each side. The judge then sifts the opposing statements, and endea-

vours to present the naked facts to the minds of the jury, accompanying his remarks (commonly called his *charge*) with such legal comments as may be necessary. For instance, facts may be such to common understanding as to lead the mind of a jurymen to come to a conclusion which would be bad in law ; so the judge sits, as it were, as umpire, to check opposing advocates, to extricate the truth from a mass of contradictory evidence, and to lay down the law : which may be ascertained from precedent ; or (which is a much surer and better guide) from the statutes ; or, in some cases, the dictum of the presiding judge. Now, John, you ought to be able to tell me who instituted the *jury* ?

John. Oh ! that I well remember ; Alfred the Great.

Papa. Yes, he was indeed a blessing to his country, and has justly left behind him a name endeared to every Englishman. And no better proof of the immense value of this institution can be adduced than the unabated estimation in which it is to this day held by the English, as it has been

through the long period of now nearly a thousand years.

John. His fame as a warrior, then, is far surpassed by the benefits he has entailed in the improvement of the laws.

Papa. Yes, my boy, the glitter of those achievements, though acquired by the exercise of bravery, watchfulness, unwearied patience, self-denial, and other admirable qualifications, sinks into diminished importance by the side of the determined energies of a mind like his, who reigned, not for personal splendour, selfish ease, nor voluptuous enjoyment, but to prove himself the father of his people, by repressing vice, and being the patron of virtue. Do you remember no remarkable record of the effects of his encouragement of honesty and virtue?

Edward. Yes, I do. To prove the reformation of his subjects, he is said to have suspended valuable bracelets on the highway, which no one ventured to remove.

John. Aye, and more than that, historians say that if a traveller lost his purse

on the road, at the end even of a month, he would be sure to find it at the same place.

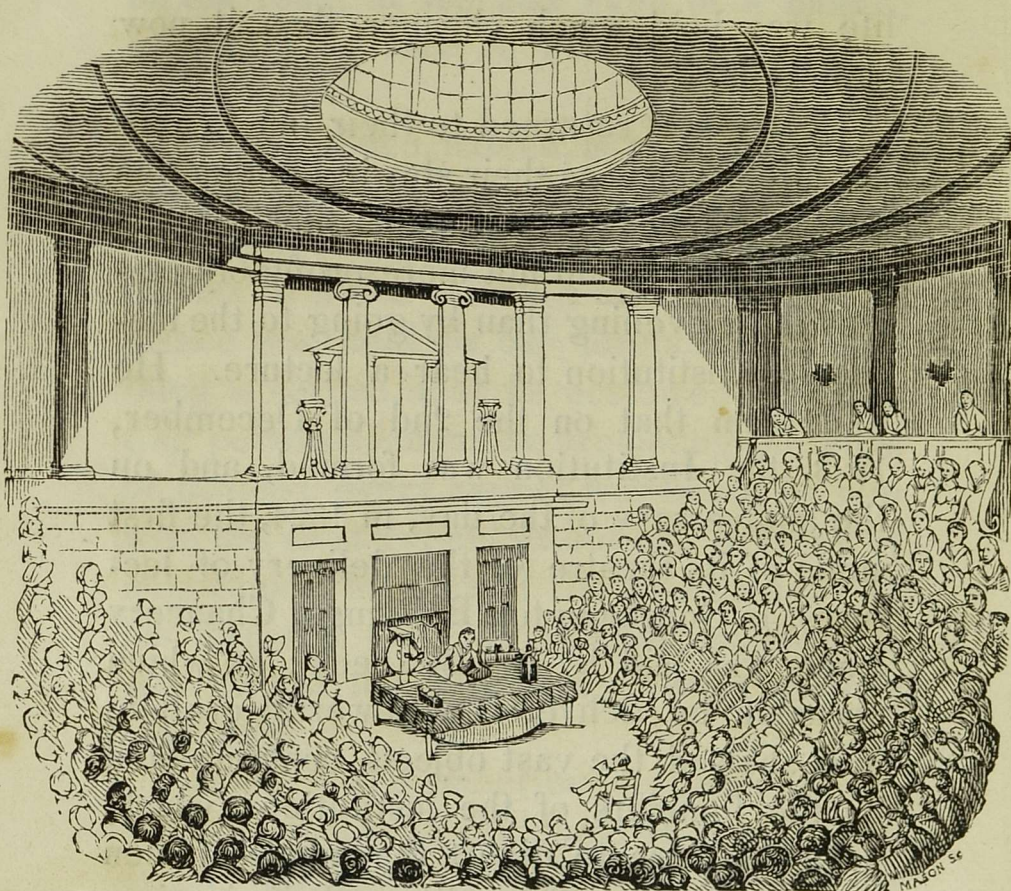
Papa. Such, indeed, is on record ; and though they are probably the fictions of a later age, they serve to shew the high estimation in which Alfred's administration of justice was held by our forefathers. One thing is certain, that he bestowed unremitting personal labour in promoting the ends of justice ; every appeal was heard by him with the most patient attention ; in cases of importance, he revised the proceedings at his leisure ; and the inferior magistrates trembled at the impartial severity of their sovereign.

John. I remember one instance of his having a judge of the name of Athulf executed, because he had condemned one Copping who was not twenty-one years of age.

Papa. Yes ; and there are more instances of his strict and even severe impartiality. However, this might have been necessary in an age of a different character to our own, and one in which human

life was held much cheaper than it now happily is.

They now returned to their inn to dinner, after which, as their stay in London was necessarily short, their papa said that he thought they could not more profitably employ their evening than by going to the mechanics' institution to hear a lecture. He told them that on the 2nd of December, 1823, the Institution was formed, and on the anniversary of the day, in 1824, the first stone of its theatre for the delivery of lectures, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, was laid by Dr. Birkbeck; on which occasion he delivered a powerful oration, and shewed the vast objects contemplated by the founders of the institution; which, in short, were to divert the minds of men from ignorance, sensuality and dissipation, into channels of science and learning. He therefore took them thither, and highly delighted they were with the lively scene, and the brilliant experiments which the lecturer exhibited: his subject being *electricity*, they were mightily pleased with the electrical shock.



On their walk home, their papa said,
John, you have been taken to hear this
lecture with a view to inform your under-
standing: now, tell me what the lecturer
defined electricity to be?

John. The quality that amber, jet, seal-
ling-wax, &c., have of attracting very light

bodies to them, when the attracting bodies are rubbed.

Papa. He might have also told us the derivation of the word. You know I am always endeavouring to impress on your minds the great utility of tracing the derivation of words. Now, you get on with your Greek and Latin,—from which language, think you, is the word electricity derived?

John. Ah! I have it; from the Greek word *electron*, which, I remember, signifies *amber*.

Papa. Right: now here is another instance of knowing the value of the derivation of words: it often lets you partly into an explanation of the subject, and generally teaches how to spell a word, if you are at a loss. The property of attracting bits of paper, flue, &c., by the friction of amber, was known to the ancients, and deemed by them peculiar to that substance. Now, the lecturer has just told us of other substances: by way of impressing the leading features of his discourse on your minds, let us recapitulate a little. Edward, you ought

to be able to tell me what other substances he mentioned?

Edward. Why, the diamond, and other precious stones; also glass, sulphur, sealing-wax, resin, and some other substances.

Papa. And at what period, and by whom, was the discovery made known of this power of attraction being in these substances?

Edward. He said, I think, by William Gilbert, a physician of London, about the close of the sixteenth century.

John. But he said that even at this period the science was but in its infancy, and that it continued so, too, for nearly a century, until it attracted the attention of *Franklin*.

Papa. He also told us of the discovery of what is called the Leyden jar: when did that event take place?

Edward. In the year 1746. He said it was accidentally found out by M. Cuneus, of Leyden.

Papa. Yes: and most of the important discoveries in science have had what we are apt to call an *accidental* origin.

John. What did he say about that, papa?

Papa. That this gentleman was holding in one hand a glass vessel, nearly full of water, into which he had been sending a charge from an electrical machine, by means of a wire dipped into it. He was greatly surprized, upon applying his other hand to disengage the wire from the conductor (when he thought that the water had acquired as much electricity as the machine could give it), by receiving a most severe shock in his arms and breast.

John. What great astonishment, he said, was generally occasioned by the first announcement of the wonders of the Leyden phial!

Papa. Yes, the accounts given of the electric shock, by those who first experienced it, are perfectly ludicrous, well illustrating how strangely the imagination is acted upon by surprize and terror, when new or unexpected results come suddenly upon it. And the electric shock, now so well known, and which you yourselves have felt this evening, it was that first made

electricity a subject of such general curiosity.

John. Yes, he told us, you know, that, alarming as the reports were, every body was anxious to experience it; and that numbers of persons, in almost every country of Europe, obtained a livelihood by going about and shewing it.

Papa. You remember, John, reading the life of *Franklin*. He was a most extraordinary instance of what perseverance will do. From a poor boy he attained a highly honourable station in life, became the first practical philosopher of the day; and, having received marks of distinguished honour from various countries, as a token of acknowledgment for the eminent services he rendered science in general, he closed his eventful life in the year 1790, aged 85. Others may not have his original powers of mind; but his industry, his perseverance, his self-command, are for the imitation of all: and though few may look forward to the rare fortune of achieving discoveries like his, all may derive both instruction and encouragement from his example.



After having so rationally spent the evening, their papa told them that they had better now retire to rest; and that he would take them to the Royal Exchange, before leaving town, the next morning.

Accordingly, as soon as they had finished their business in the metropolis, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, their papa took

them there. On their arrival they were exceedingly entertained with the motley group which presented itself; and with the building itself. They found men of all countries; Dutchmen, Turks, Jews, Russians. After squeezing them through the crowd, their papa showed them the statues of the various kings of England, pointing out the architectural beauties of the building; and he said that, as the noise and bustle prevented his answering them any questions, when they left and had opportunity he would converse freely with them on the subject.

So they took leave of this noisy scene, where daily such large and important transactions take place; and, when they had returned to their inn, while the horse and chaise were preparing, as they were very anxious for some farther information concerning this grand emporium of commerce, their papa called for "Lewis's Topographical Dictionary," a book to be found at most large inns, from which he read the following description, premising that the founder, Sir Thomas

Gresham, was the same gentleman who once owned the grand mansion at Mayfield, the ruins of which they had seen within a day or two.

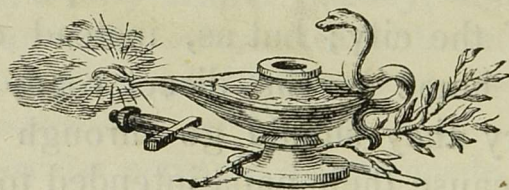
The *Royal Exchange* is situated on the northern side of Cornhill. The entire building occupies an area two hundred and three feet long, and one hundred and seventy-one broad, and its erection cost £80,000. The original Royal Exchange, at first named Britain's Bourse, was founded, in 1566, by Sir Thomas Gresham, an eminent merchant of London, nearly on the spot where the ancient Tun prison stood; the merchants before that time having had no suitable place in which to assemble, and having been in consequence compelled to meet in the open air. The building erected by Sir Thomas was of brick and stone, with a lofty tower and vane, somewhat similar to the present, but much inferior in grandeur: this was destroyed by the great fire in 1666; and the present building of Portland stone was erected, in the reign of Charles II., from the designs of an architect named Jerman. Its form is quadrangular, the interior being surrounded by piazzas, divided into walks, bearing the names of different countries, the merchants connected with which generally assembling at those particular spots. Above

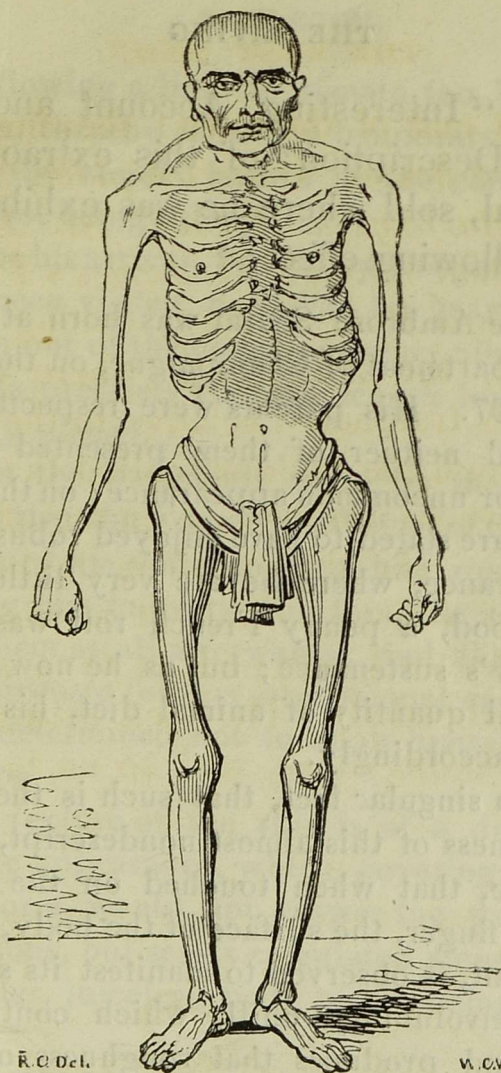
the piazza is an entablature, with sculptures of the armorial bearings of the city companies, and other appropriate ornaments, and over these are twenty-four niches, nineteen of which are occupied by the statues of the English sovereigns, from Edward I. down to George III. ; Edward II., Richard II., Henry IV., and Richard III., being excluded ; the statue of George III., occupying the twentieth niche, having been taken down for renovation, was restored in September, 1830. Sir Thomas Gresham's effigy, and that of Sir John Barnard, occupy niches within the piazza, the former at the north-western, and the latter at the south-western, angle. The open area is ornamentally paved with Turkey stone, and is adorned in the centre with a statue in white marble of Charles II., under whose auspices the Exchange was rebuilt. The principal front, next Cornhill, is very noble, extending two hundred and ten feet in length, with a stately piazza, a lofty central gateway, which opens into the area, and ornamented with statues, bas-reliefs, and other embellishments ; a newly-erected triple-stoned tower rises above the gateway, with a circular peristyle, or colonnade, of eight Corinthian columns, surrounded with an entablature and dome surmounted by a lofty vane and gilt grasshopper, the crest of the founder. The north front next Threadneedle-street has also a piazza, and a gateway in the centre, correspond-

ing with the one opposite. The galleries over the four sides of the building were originally divided into two hundred shops; but they are now occupied by the Royal Exchange Assurance and other offices, and, till their removal to the London Institution, the Gresham Lecture-rooms; also Lloyd's coffee-house, which is celebrated as a place of meeting for underwriters and insurance brokers: they comprise two separate suites of extensive rooms, one of which is public, and the other exclusively appropriated to subscribers, who pay a premium of twenty-five pounds upon admission, and four guineas annually, these sums forming a fund for the general purposes of the establishment, which has agents for the protection of the commercial interest of its subscribers all over the world.

They now, having concluded all that they had to do in the metropolis, took leave of the city; but as, instead of proceeding home by the direct road, it was necessary they should go through Piccadilly, because their papa intended to call at the exhibition of the *Living Skeleton*; and then to proceed, over Vauxhall bridge, to Wandsworth, &c.; he drove them through the several new and beautiful streets at

the West end of the town ; shewing them the *Opera-house*, *Waterloo-place*, *Regent Street*, *Burlington Arcade*, *St. James's-Palace*, then through *St. James's Park* to *Buckingham-Palace*, then, cutting across the park, the *Admiralty* (where all the business is transacted relative to the navy), then through the building called the *Horse-guards* (where are carried on the affairs of the army). He shewed them the beautiful palace of *Whitehall* (out of a window of which Charles I. stepped on to a scaffold to be beheaded). He then returned towards *Charing-cross*, and so on to *Piccadilly*.





CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE leaving London their papa took John and Edward to see the celebrated Frenchman, Claude Ambrose Seurat, called the **LIVING SKELETON**.

The "Interesting Account and Anatomical Description" of this extraordinary individual, sold where he was exhibited, is to the following effect : *

Claude Ambrose Seurat was born at Troyes, in the department of Champaigne, on the 10th of April, 1797. His parents were respectable, but poor, and neither of them presented any deformity, or uncommon appearance ; on the contrary, they are stated to have enjoyed robust health.

In France, where he ate very little of any animal food, a penny French roll was enough for a day's sustenance ; but as he now partakes of a small quantity of animal diet, his bread is reduced accordingly.

It is a singular fact, that such is the extreme sensitiveness of this almost nondescript, or sport of nature, that when touched on the left side with the finger, the surface of the body, to a certain extent, is observed to manifest its sympathy by an involuntary chill, which contracts the pores, and produces that roughness of surface vulgarly known by the denomination of goose's skin. In raising either of his feet from the floor, the limb appears to be distended uselessly from the knee, and we cannot better illustrate the idea than by that sensation we commonly experience

* The author is indebted to Mr. Hone's valuable and interesting *Every Day Book* for the following particulars.

upon allowing a limb to remain too long in one position, thereby causing a temporary strangulation of the vessels, known by the common term of the foot being asleep.

Since his arrival, Sir Astley Cooper, by whom he has been visited, finds that his heart is placed so much out of the common region allotted to it, that it is precisely its own length lower than if properly placed.

From the statements made by the father, it appears that the French gentlemen of the faculty, who visited his son, handling him roughly, and pinching him in every direction, the son refused to see them at all afterwards; and thus imbibed such a distaste for his professional countrymen, that he determined not to show himself to them any more.

The texture of the skin is of a dry, parchment-like appearance, which, covering any other human form, would not answer the purposes of its functions, but seems calculated alone to cover the slender, juiceless, body of the being arrayed with it.

The ribs are not only capable of being distinguished, but may be clearly separated and counted one by one, and handled like so many pieces of cane; and, together with the skin which covers them, resemble more the hoops and outer covering of a small balloon, than any thing in the ordinary course of nature.

If any thing can exceed the unearthly appearance displayed by this wonderful phenomenon, it is that taken by profile; which, from the projection of the shoulder, pursuing the same down through the extreme hollow of the back, and then following the line to the front of the hip, nearly forms a figure of 3.

His height is about five feet seven inches and a half. The length of his extremities is proportionate to the height of his body. His head is small rather than otherwise. The *cranium*, (or skull,) at the back part, over the *occipital* protuberance above the neck, is much flattened; the cervical organs in this situation being very sparingly developed. In other respects the skull is tolerably well formed. Seurat's countenance is by no means displeasing; for though the cheek-bones are prominent, the cheeks themselves sunk, and the other features of the face plain, still there is a placid and contemplative expression, which indicates the presence of a serene and thoughtful mind, claiming for itself, from the spectators, feelings of pity and regret.

Seurat can raise his hands and arms from his side, in a lateral direction, to a position nearly horizontal. He cannot, however, pass them far forwards, when thus elevated. He can throw the *scapula* backwards, so as to make them almost meet at their lower ends; nevertheless, he is unable to lift his hands to his mouth, so as to

feed himself in the ordinary way. When eating, he places his elbow on the table before him, then, by raising his hand, thus supported, and passing his head downwards, so as to meet it half way as it were, he is able to put his food into his mouth.

On first beholding Seurat, a person might almost imagine that he saw before him one returned from "that bourne whence no traveller returns:" the first impressions over, he begins to wonder how so frail a being exists; and is surprised, that all those functions, necessary for the continuance of his own life, are regularly and effectively performed. He eats, drinks, and sleeps—the progress of digestion, as carried on throughout the alimentary canal, is regularly executed. He can bear the effects of heat and cold, like other people, accustomed to lead a sedentary life, and does not need unusual clothes. His mind is better constituted, perhaps, than that of many a man, better formed in body. He comprehends quickly, and his memory is good. He has learnt to read and write his own language, and is now anxious to become acquainted with ours.

Death is not contemplated by Seurat as near to him, and it is even probable that his "last event" is far off. The vital organs have wonderfully conformed themselves to his malformation, and where they are seated, perform their office

uninterruptedly. The quantity of solid nutriment for the support of his feeble frame never exceeds four ounces a day. The pulsations of his heart are regular, and it has never palpitated; at the wrist, they are slow and equally regular. He has never been ill, nor taken medicine, except once, and then only a small quantity of manna. The complexion of his body is that of a light Creole, or perhaps more similar to that of fine old ivory; it must be remembered, that his natural complexion is swarthy. What has been asserted elsewhere is perfectly true, that when dressed in padded clothes, he would not in any position be more remarkable than any other person, except that, among Englishmen, he would be taken for a foreigner. On the day before his public exhibition, he walked from the Gothic-hall, in the Haymarket, to the Chinese Saloon, in Pall-mall, arm-in-arm with the gentleman who brought him from France, and was wholly unrecognized and unnoticed.

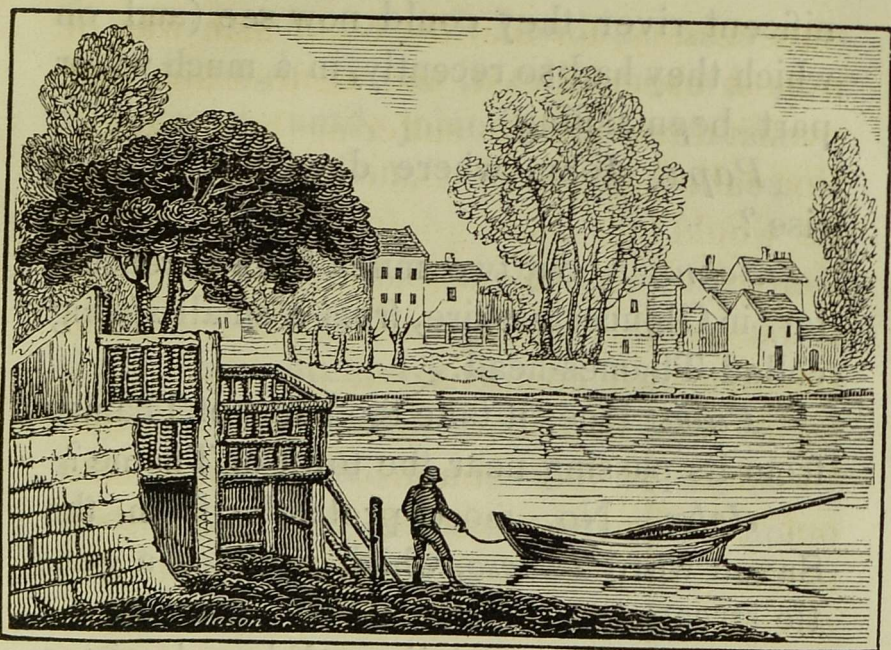
His recreation is reading, and he is passionately fond of listening to music. He cannot stoop, but he can lift a weight of twelve pounds from a chair: of course, he displays no feats of any kind, and unless great care is taken, he may be injured by cold, and the fatigue of the exhibition. Of this, however, himself and his father, who is with him, and who is a shrewd, sensible man, seem aware.

Seurat is "shocking" to those who have never reflected on mortality, and think him nearer to the grave than themselves. Perhaps he is only so in appearance. The orderly operation of the vital principle within him, for the last thirteen or fourteen years, may continue to the ordinary duration of human life. Every one of his spectators is "encompassed in a *ghostly* frame," and exemplifies, as much as Seurat, the scriptural remark, that "in the midst of life we are in death:" it is not further from us for not thinking on it, nor is it nearer to us because it is under our eyes.

After they had taken leave of this remarkable character, the boys began to express their concern for what had appeared to them so forlorn a condition, and wondered that he could be so cheerful as the account stated him to be; saying that if it were their case, they should be miserable. Their papa told them how kind Providence often was in "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb;" and said he himself had recently held a conversation with a gentleman who had been stone blind from his earliest infancy; that he began to talk with him in a strain of condolence which he soon found

unnecessary, for that the blind man was of a most cheerful cast, and assured him that even if three minutes' suffering (by an operation called couching) could restore his sight, he would not undergo it. He described sources of enjoyment and information from a remarkably acute sense of hearing and touch, which compensated for his loss of sight, and said that (though, like Milton, "wisdom at one entrance was quite shut out,") he had constructed tools and instruments which afforded stores of knowledge, unknown to us; and, that being very musical, he had therein a source of exceedingly great delight.

Their papa also told them of *Dr. Nicholas Saunderson*, born in Yorkshire, in the year 1682, who was blind from his childhood, but, notwithstanding this, his mind was so vigorous, his memory so retentive, that he acquired a perfect acquaintance with the dead languages (Latin and Greek); and by hearing Euclid and Archimedes frequently read to him in Greek, he became one of the most celebrated mathematicians. He died in the year 1739.



They now started on their journey homeward; and, crossing the broad and beautiful Thames, at Vauxhall bridge, whence they obtained a pretty view of the river and the banks, they took the road to Wandsworth, from openings in which they occasionally caught sight of the river. One object of their papa, in bringing them this way, was to shew them a rail-road, which crosses the road at Wandsworth. However, as they were riding along, he turned, the conversation to the subject of the mag-

nificent river they could now see (and on which they had so recently, in a much wider part, been sailing).

Papa. John, where does the Thames rise ?

John. About two miles from Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, from a small spring called Thames-head.

Papa. Does it take the name of Thames from its passing near the town of Thame ?

John. No, most probably from the Saxon word *Temese*, which signifies a gentle stream.

Papa. Can you tell me, Edward, where the Thames first becomes navigable ?

Edward. I think at Lechlade, whence it continues its course to Oxford, where it is joined by the river Isis.

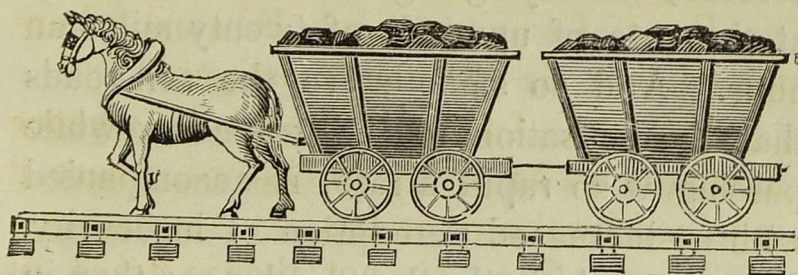
Papa. Can you not thence trace its course ?

Edward. It enters Berkshire near Fairford, thence flows to Reading, and, washing the towns of Windsor and Eton, flows on to London.

Papa. You might have added, that nothing can be more picturesque than its

devious course towards London : after running through which, it rolls onward past Gravesend, until, joined by the Medway, they pay their joint tribute to the sea at the Nore.

By the time this conversation had ended they were at the rail-road, along which they soon perceived two wagons fastened together and one horse appropriated to the two. This excited the wonder of the boys, who could not conceive how one horse could do the work of many.



John. Papa, that is a most clever contrivance : do explain how it is that one animal can do so much ?

Papa. The principle on which it is accomplished is that, by reason of the smoothness and evenness of the surface over which the wheels move, they encounter little or

no resistance, thus doing away with what is termed friction among mechanical men.

John. I wonder it is not more generally adopted.

Papa. In the great manufacturing districts (in the North of England), these rail-roads are very common. Indeed, in some places, the vehicles are driven by steam, instead of being drawn by horses. From Liverpool to Manchester a rail-road (coaches running thereon for conveying passengers) exists, which is wonderfully successful; conveying a great load every day at the rate of upwards of twenty miles an hour. And so smooth are the rail-roads that the sensation to the traveller, while passing at so rapid a rate, is accompanied with no increased perception of insecurity. Nor, in truth, is there more danger than in travelling at the rate of nine miles an hour by an ordinary stage-coach.

John. But there are other modes of being propelled without horses, or cattle, besides steam, which have been tried, I have heard, though not, as yet, attended with practical good.

Papa. Yes, and I am glad you have remembered what you have read. Now, tell us something about it.

John. Well, there have been experiments made by attaching a large paper kite to a string and then tying it on to a vehicle, so, when the wind blows on the kite, the carriage follows. I have read that the inventor can manage, at times, to push on at a quick rate, and succeed in guiding his machine tolerably, too. *Papa*, why could not this mode be rendered more general?

Papa. As it would be almost as impossible to assign limits to human ingenuity and invention, as to human ambition, far be it from me to say it will never be done : nevertheless, at present, it strikes me that the proverbial incertitude of *wind* will always present a formidable barrier ; and the double need of attention to the guidance of the machine, and the propelling power, so distant and intractable, forms a great difficulty, even when the wind is in favour ; but when adverse, what can be done ? But, *John*, does not another objection strike

your mind, when I remind you of the lecture on Electricity?

John. Oh! I see: you mean that the string would form a conductor for lightning sometimes?

Papa. I should think it highly probable. But you said there were other modes. Now tell us of another.

John. Well, some carriages have been known to be on wheels and have masts and sails (like the sails of a ship), the wind driving against which pushed them on at a very quick rate.

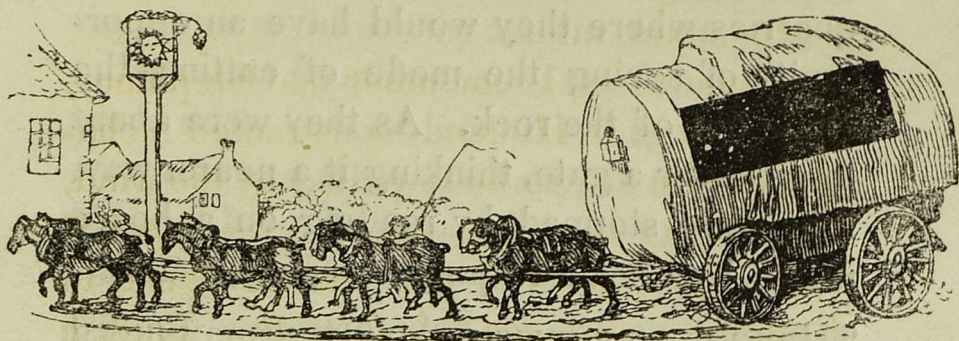
Papa. Yes, I remember that Stephinus, of Scheling, in Holland, constructed a chariot on wheels, to be impelled by the wind, the velocity of which was so great, that it would carry eight or ten persons thence to Putten, a distance of forty-two English miles, in two hours.

Edward. Why, that is equal to the coaches on the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road!

John. Carriages of this kind are said to be frequent in China. But, they will only run well in a level country, and where

the trees do not overhang the roads ; and only when the wind is strong and in favour of the journey.

Edward. That is mighty comfortable ! especially if after you have got some way on your journey, the wind should fail, or change ; you must either proceed on foot, or stand still. About as agreeable as travelling by this expeditious fly, as it is jocosely called ! And which seems to proceed at the rate of about two miles an hour.



Papa. Aye, master Edward, but it is something like the old fable of the hare and the tortoise ; slow, but sure. And then the steady pace suits such heavy horses, which are not calculated to move faster.

They had by this time arrived at the place where they had arranged to rest and bait the horse and themselves. While they were taking their refreshment, their papa told them he expected they would have a fine string of questions to answer their sister and brothers, and he hoped they would shew that, in their trip, instruction had been blended with amusement. As the horse took rather longer to refresh than themselves, their papa told them he would take a walk to some adjoining stone quarries where they would have an opportunity of seeing the mode of cutting the stone out of the rock. As they were about to get over a gate, thinking it a nearer way, they were stopped by reading on a board nailed to a scaffold-pole :

“HERE IS NO PUBLIC ROAD : WHOSDOMNEVER
TRESPRSS ON WIL BE PROCCUTED TO
THE HUTMAST REGLAR.”

which of course diverted their course, and created a hearty laugh, that their papa endeavoured to turn to account by shewing them the great advantages they had in

so early having been instructed ; and then he told them that though it was quite impossible to avoid a smile it should be a good-natured one, for any supposed superiority in our own case ought only to lead us to prize the advantage, and to feel grateful to Providence, whose goodness had placed us in better condition ; which ought rather to humble us, than to foster pride.

Papa. As we are walking, I will tell you of an attempt which a native of Perugia, of the name of John Baptist Dante (supposed to be related to the poet of the same name), made to fly in the air ! He fitted a pair of wings so exactly to his body, as to be really able to fly with them. He made the experiment several times over the lake Trasimenus, and succeeded so well that he had courage to perform before the whole people of Perugia. He took his flight from the highest part of the city, and directed his wings over the square, to the great admiration of the spectators ; but, unfortunately, the machinery with which he managed one of his wings failed, and being

then unable to balance the weight of his body, he fell on a church and broke his thigh. A similar attempt was made by a Mr. Murray, in the year 1790, when he threw himself, successfully, from Portsmouth church tower, coming to the ground in great safety. He tried the experiment from Chichester cathedral, afterwards, but not with the same success. He fell, but was not killed, though very much hurt. In the year 1809, M. Degan, a watch-maker of Vienna, is said to have improved on these contrivances, and really to have constructed an apparatus which more resembled the real wings of a bird, which, by a series of cords from the different ribs comprising it, could be contracted, so as to give percussion to the air, and thus produce elevation. He has used it several times with great success, and must look, I should suppose (for I have never seen him), like a great bird, at a distance.

Edward. Papa, I should think if, in one of his ærial flights, a large eagle or condor were to come up with him he would feel rather queer?

Papa. Perhaps, in anticipation of such a rencontre, not probably understanding how to conduct a parley with the monarch of the feathered tribe, he is provided with a pistol; the report of which would startle his hook-nosed visitor.

John. Papa, don't you think a condor would beat him, if he were savagely disposed?

Papa. Yes, because the bird would be in his proper element, the man out of his.

John. After all, papa, it seems presumptuous in man to attempt such flights!

Papa. My dear, I fear it is so. Still, as I before have told you, the early attempts of scientific discoveries are generally designated so; and, perhaps, mankind actually receive benefit from the rash schemes of many adventurers. And, too strictly to limit the efforts of science betrays a narrow mind; and reminds me of what the delightful Dr. Watts says, somewhere in his *Essay on the Mind*; "Sic sentio, et sic sentiam," is the prison of the soul for life-time, and the bar to all improvement." Translate that, John, to Edward.

John. "So I believe, and so I will believe."

Papa. I remember a venerable friend of your grandpapa's who carried his views so far that, when he heard of people swimming, he used to say: "God never meant men to be fishes!"

John. Do you think it wrong to bathe?

Papa. I prove that I do not, by bathing you and your brothers, during the summer, so frequently.

Edward. Don't you think it conducive to health, papa?

Papa. I do, indeed, my dear, if properly managed; by which I mean, when the temperature of the weather and of our bodies are suitable. Talking of bathing, I can tell you of a singular thing: when ships are out at sea, the sailors are lowered by a rope (while the ship is proceeding at the rate of perhaps ten miles, they call it *knots*, an hour), and there is on both sides of the rudder a piece of perfectly calm water, created by the eddy, here they can bathe with safety, but if they attempt to get out of it they are sucked under the vortex, and infallibly drowned!



CHAPTER VIII.

THEY now arrived at the quarry, where they found the men at work, one holding a tool, while another struck it violent blows with a sledge-hammer. The man who holds the long chisel keeps constantly removing it, till an incision be made in the solid rock which describes the size and shape of the stone ; and so they go on, cutting deeper and deeper, until the precise block be cut.

There is another and more expeditious mode of detaching masses of stone from the rock, which is called *blasting*: they make a long hole, like the hollow of a large gun-barrel, in the rock they would split; this they fill with gunpowder; then they firmly stop up the mouth of the hole with clay, except a touch-hole, at which they leave a match to fire it. They then retire to a sufficient distance to ensure their own safety; and, having left a small train of gunpowder to connect with the mouth of the hole, they fire it, and a rapid explosion takes place, scattering large pieces of the rock in all directions. This is a most expeditious mode; and it is suprizing how small a quantity of gunpowder suffices.

Having heard and seen all which their time permitted, at the quarry, they were returning towards their inn, when their attention was attracted by two or three men carrying a sack and pickaxe, and a spade, just entering an adjoining wood. John asked them whether they were going to try to catch any wild animal? And they said they were after a badger; and that if

their papa liked, the young gentlemen were at liberty to accompany them; so they earnestly asked their papa to allow them to go, which he consented to, and off they set. And as the men well knew where to look for one, they set on their terrier dog, who at once traced it: the badger no sooner found he was beset, than he took to the earth, that is, he ran into a hole, which had been, by one of his tribe, prepared previously as a place of refuge. So they began to dig him out of the ground, and after a great deal of time and labour, they came up to him. However, he was not to be taken without a grand battle: for he bit the men very sharply, and made them pay dear for their capture. They then secured him in the sack, tying up the mouth. John wondered they took the pains to catch him; but the men soon explained that the neighbouring gentry encouraged them by giving about ten or twelve shillings each for them, for the purpose of baiting them with dogs; a barbarous custom, bespeaking a brutal mind, to delight in the unnecessary sufferings of poor dumb and inoffensive

animals. After expressing their thanks to the men who had acted in so obliging a way, they returned to the inn.

The next inn they stopped at had been formerly the mansion of some nobleman, and in some parts of the building were yet to be seen very beautiful specimens of carving, and decorations on the ceilings. The boys were full of questions as to the meaning of the various devices and emblems, and, among the rest, they were much struck with a beautiful cast of the goddess *Ceres*.

Papa. John, you ought to be able to tell us whom this represents ?

John. Why, I believe, *Ceres*, the goddess of agriculture, according to the heathen mythology.

Papa. Well, what about her ?

John. She is said to have been the first to till the ground, and to furnish mankind with corn for food ; and, by laws, taught them justice, and the manner of living in society, to which before they were strangers.

Papa. *Ceres* is sometimes called *Eleusinia*, for Eleusis was the place where the

use of barley was first found out, whence Ceres took name from that place.



John. Papa, I am often puzzled to comprehend all these fictitious things connected with mythology.

Papa. That I can readily think. The ancients being ignorant of the only true God, each nation formed to itself ideas of a controlling power. Some, more addicted to war, imagined a god of war, and called

him *Mars*. Those more addicted to the acquisition of riches thought of a god whom they denominated *Plutus*; and so forth.

Edward. Then, of course, there was no such person as *Jupiter*?

Papa. Certainly not. But, as I just said, the untutored minds of the heathens having formed to themselves vague ideas of controuling deities, went on from one stage of absurdity to another, till they reduced it to a system; and created in their imaginations a whole court of heaven, making *Jupiter* the monarch.

John. And they gave him *Juno* for his wife.

Papa. Yes. And vainly attributed to these imaginary beings qualifications in accordance with their offices. You know in your Homer's *Iliad* how much recourse is had to the direct agency of the gods; and how, according to the supposed permission of *Jupiter*, one party or the other triumphed, as they were helped by *Mercury* (the messenger of the gods), *Apollo* (god of music and poetry), *Vulcan* (god of sub-

terraneous fires), *Thetis* (goddess of the sea), or *Neptune*.

John. I have often noticed, in elegant books and paintings, these allegorical representations.

Papa. Acquaintance with Latin and Greek being indispensable to a liberal education (as without it, the most profound stores of classic lore are not open to us), it became, in remote periods, much in fashion to have recourse to these symbolical representations, and in magnificent buildings, in all highly civilized countries, regard is, to this day, paid to these things: among the principal reasons, because the Greeks and Romans were, for ages, the almost exclusive depositories of knowledge, as well as the preservers of arts, sciences and literature, and most of these embellishments are mere copies of the splendid specimens of art in which they so wonderfully excelled. Now, in this very house, you see many traces of the cultivation of this taste. On the centre of the mantel-piece, in the next room, is a cast from a medallion, which represents *Po-*

mona (goddess of fruits, and autumn). Edward; whence the derivation of that word? you surely must know that.



Edward. From *pomum*, the Latin for an apple.

Papa. You are right. I particularly wish you ever to remember that these things are merely fabulous, and that, though there was much force, and a great moral lesson often, conveyed by these emblems, there never was nor can be any god but the one

true JEHOVAH. It is our mercy to live in an age when he is no longer "the unknown God:" you remember Dr. Watts thanks God for this blessing in those simple lines:

Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

They now left the inn, not intending to stop any more till they arrived at home. They soon came to a river, over which they had to pass on an iron bridge; which much attracted the notice of the boys, who naturally enquired of their papa all the particulars they could think of concerning this invention. He told them that it was entirely attributable to British artists; and that the first erected, on a large scale, was that over the river Severn, at Coalbrook-Dale, in Shropshire; and that he himself had walked over it twenty-two years since. The arch of it is one hundred feet, six inches, in span. It was constructed in the year 1779, by Mr. Abraham Darby, and must be considered a very bold effort in

the first instance of adopting a new material. It contains $378\frac{1}{2}$ tons of metal.

The second iron bridge, of which any particulars can be ascertained, was one designed by the celebrated Thomas Paine, author of many political works. It was constructed by Messrs. Walker, at Rotherham, and was brought to London, and set up in a bowling green at Paddington, where it was exhibited for some time. It was destined for America, originally, but from inability on the part of Mr. Paine to meet the expense, it was eventually altered and worked up into another bridge erected at Wearmouth.

John. I suppose that, now, they are common?

Papa. Several have been erected by the Coalbrook-Dale company, and others have also constructed them. There is one over the Thames, at Vauxhall, over which we passed, though you were so intent upon the scenery on the banks, and the boats on the river, that I did not then call your attention to it, knowing that we should have this opportunity. There is

another at Staines, and, above all, that magnificent one from the Borough of Southwark across to Thames Street. The erection of this latter I watched in all its stages, and passed over it long before it was open to the public. But of all that I have seen, not one pleases me so much as that over the Severn at Coalbrook-Dale, which, I before told you, was the very first erected, and which, too, has a character of elegance and airiness which will always claim admiration. Now, to give the conversation a useful turn, I must tell you that so important a branch of public service was the construction and repairing of bridges, that, among the Romans, that office was assigned to the priests, thence called *pontifices*; now, tell me the derivation of that word?

John. Why, I suppose, from *pons*, the Latin for a bridge.

Papa. Yes. I am always anxious to remind you of the utility of knowing the derivation of words. Well, subsequently that office was transferred to censors, or curators of the roads; and finally the emperors took the matter into their own hands.

In the middle ages, bridge-building was counted among the acts of religion; and, towards the end of the twelfth century, a regular order of hospitallers, under the name of pontifices, or bridge-builders, whose office was to assist travellers, by making bridges, settling ferries, and receiving strangers into hospitals, or houses, built on the banks of rivers, was founded.

John. Papa, among the ancients, which was the most magnificent bridge?

Papa. That built by the Emperor Trajan over the Danube. It was demolished by his immediate successor, Adrian, and the ruins are still to be seen in the middle of the Danube, near the city of Warhel, in Hungary. It had 20 piers of square stone, each of which was 150 high above the foundation, 60 feet in breadth, and 170 feet distant from one another. So that the whole length of the bridge was nearly a mile.

John. That does indeed seem to have been a stupendous work. Can you not tell us of some more large bridges?

Papa. There is that of Avignon, finished

in the year 1188, consisting of 18 arches, and measuring 1000 yards in length.

John. I think I have also read of some remarkable bridge at Venice ?

Papa. Yes, that, called the Rialto, passes for a master-piece of art : it consists of only one very flat and bold arch, of nearly 100 feet span, and only 23 feet high above the water : it was built in the year 1591. At a city called Munster, in Bothnia, there is a bridge of a single arch, much bolder, though, than that of the Rialto.

John. Which is the oldest bridge in England ?

Papa. That at Crowland, in Lincolnshire : it is a Gothic structure, and was erected about the year 860.

John. Was not the late London bridge as old ?

Papa. No. It was first built with timber between the years 993 and 1016 ; then it was repaired, or rather, newly built with timber in 1163. The stone bridge was begun in 1176, and finished in 1209.

John. I have heard that there were once houses on London bridge ?

Papa. Yes, but not for 200 years after its erection. In the year 1395, a grand exhibition of chivalry, called a tilt and a tournament, was held on it. After this, houses were erected on it; but being found of great inconvenience, they were removed in 1758, and the avenues to it enlarged, and the whole made more convenient.

John. Papa, have you seen the new London Bridge?

Papa. Yes, I have, and a most magnificent structure it is. The fine open view from the top thereof strikes one with delight, and the spacious foot-paths and carriage-way, after the incommodious passage of the old one, are quite agreeable. There is also one over the river Trent at Bourton, built in the 12th century, containing 34 arches, the length of which is 1545 feet. That over the river *Drave* (which of course constitutes a road over a long marshy, swampy country) is said to be five miles long. (The Drave issues out of Stiria, separates Hungary and Sclavonia, and at last falls into the Danube, near the tower of Darda.)

John. Papa, I have heard of the Strand (or Waterloo) bridge. Is not that a beautiful structure?

Papa. Highly so: and opens, on the Surrey side, on to a noble road, and the view from the bridge, on a fine day, affords a very advantageous view of London. It is 1242 feet long. Westminster bridge was thought once to be very elegant. But we think it clumsy compared with London and Waterloo bridges. It is 1220 feet long. Blackfriars bridge was also esteemed a very elegant structure, but the steepness of the ascent forms a lasting objection to it; and after experiencing the great convenience of bridges with a flat surface, like all the modern ones, it forms a great drawback from our admiration.

John. I wish we had seen that at Hammersmith. I have heard it is on altogether a different construction?

Papa. Yes, it is what is called a *suspension* bridge. Now I need not ask you the meaning of that word. You know it means hanging, or depending. Well, the principle is to have a pier so strongly built,

that, kept upright, it will carry any weight. Then by having a corresponding pier on the other side of the river (or if need be, in the centre of the river), and hanging chains from one to the other, and then laying materials thereon to make a good road, a very simple bridge is erected.

John. But, papa, I should think that the weight would have a tendency to draw the piers out of their upright, and then, their strength being gone, down they and the bridge too would come?

Papa. So it surely would be, but that a counteracting weight at each pier on the land is attached, whereby the piers are kept in their upright position. And this answers a double purpose, for this contrivance forms the approach to the bridge: for a bridge, by reason of being required to be so high as to admit certain vessels to pass under it, always wants an artificial rise, which renders a descent unavoidable.

John. I have heard of a wonderfully large chain-bridge in China.

Papa. Yes, that passes from one mountain to another, and has no central support, is

750 yards long, and 1000 yards high, whence it is called *the flying-bridge*. This famous bridge, which is certainly the oldest of the kind at present known to exist, forms a scene than which it is difficult to conceive any thing more romantic. It is on the road to Yun Nan, in the province of Koei-Tcheou. It is thrown over a rapid torrent between two mountains, and was constructed by a Chinese general, in the year 65 of the Christain era. At each end of the rocky mountain, a gate has been erected, between two stone pillars, six or seven feet high, by seventeen or eighteen feet wide. Between these pillars four chains are suspended by large rings, and united transversely by smaller chains. Over these chains is a flooring of beams or planks of timber, which are renewed as often as they become decayed. Other chain bridges have been constructed in China, in imitation of this; but none of them are either so large or have been so durable.

John. Papa, how remarkable it is that, as this mode of bridge-building, so simple

in itself, is so ancient in China, it should be so little known in England !

Papa. To the very limited intercourse the Europeans are allowed in the interior of China, is to be attributed the circumstance that an invention, which promises to be of such general utility as chain bridges, was not introduced into this country until upwards of eighteen centuries after it was known in China.

John. Papa, I remember a drawing you had of a rudely constructed bridge over some river in India ?

Papa. Yes, I will look it out, it represents a bridge of this kind over the Sampoo, in Hindostan, of about six hundred feet in length.* In the United States of America, chain or wire bridges are frequent: near Philadelphia there is one of the latter description of singular strength and lightness. Although it extends over a space of upwards of four hundred feet, and is sufficiently strong to bear almost any number of persons upon it, yet the whole weight of the bridge does not amounts to 4702lb. in-

* See Frontispiece.

cluding the wire 1314lb. wood work 3380lb, and 8lb. of nails. Four men would construct such a bridge as this in two months, and the whole expense would not exceed sixty guineas !

In South America, suspension bridges over rivers and ravines are often constructed of ropes. A remarkable bridge of this sort, called the Penipe, crosses the Chambo, in Peru. It is suspended over a ravine, and is about eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This bridge is about a hundred and twenty feet long, and seven or eight broad. In some instances there is only a single rope, from which the traveller is suspended in a basket, and drawn across, while his mule fords the stream or clambers through the ravine. Another bridge is also mentioned as existing in China, of the length of 2000 yards, which has no arch, but is entirely supported by 300 pillars.

They had now nearly arrived at home ; and began to talk of the pleasure of finding their mamma and all their brothers and sister well.

This gratification was soon afforded them. After the first cordial reception from their mamma, sister, and brothers, Sarah began to rate John severely for not having fulfilled his promise in writing to her. John stated how sorry he was that he had been unable, said he could venture to appeal to his papa to plead his justification, as he had found his time so fully taken up in hurrying from one inn, and from one sight, to another, that he really had been prevented. Which apology, her papa told her he must own ought to pass, for he had endeavoured to avail himself of every minute of their time to turn it to account in their instruction and amusement, during their few days' absence.

Their mamma told them that she had received a polite invitation for some of the boys to go over on the following day to see some *hawking* which had been appointed some days back; so they were come home just in time. Which gave the party the greatest delight, as it was altogether so new to the boys.



CHAPTER IX.

THE morning being suitable was a source of great delight to the boys, who were anxiously awaiting the promised treat. So they soon got off; and on the road their papa told them that the exercise of taking wild fowl by means of hawks was scarcely ever known to have been practised in more

than two countries, *Thrace* and *England*. In addition to *hunting*, always a favourite diversion with the English, *hawking* was so much in vogue that, even among the primeval Britons, every chief kept a considerable number of birds for that sport. In after times, hawking was the principal amusement of the English: a person of rank scarcely stirred out without his hawk on his hand; which, in old paintings, is almost the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterwards king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is painted embarking with a bird on his finger, and a dog under his arm: and, in an ancient picture of the nuptials of Henry VI., a nobleman is represented much in the same manner; for in those days "it was thought sufficient for noble-men to wind their horne, and to carry their hawk fair; and leave study and learning to the children of mean people." The expense of these things was enormous: in the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given £1000 (probably worth ten times that sum now) for a cast

of hawks. So highly was the sport prized that, in the reign of Edward III., it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own grounds, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. These enactments were reduced in subsequent reigns.

John. Papa, are all hawks, or falcons, alike useful for this sport?

Papa. No, what were mostly in use were found to breed in Wales and Scotland. The Norwegian breed was in the greatest repute; so much so, that a Norwegian hawk was considered a sufficient bribe for a king!

John. What, bribe a king, papa?

Papa. Ah, my dear boy, kings are but men; and in remote periods, when not acted on by the force of public opinion, being generally depraved and abandoned men, worked more mischief than they can now venture to try. Several grants of lands to the nobility were held by services connected with the hawks.

By this time they had reached the party

of gentry who were taking the diversion of hawking; and were quite pleased to see the birds sitting so gracefully on the hands of two or three of the party, ready to be let loose. One had been discharged, and was already in the act of *stooping* to seize her prey; while in the act of doing this she turned herself two or three times on the wing, which the keeper told them was called *canceliering*. She then struck her prey, and descended with it to the ground, which is called *trussing*; and the dead body of the bird she had killed (called the *pelt*) was soon brought up to them. The falconer then took the bird on his hand, stroked and caressed it, evidently to the no small gratification of the hawk.

After two or three had been let off, and similar success in most cases had followed, the party began conversing relative to this interesting pastime; and the falconer, who was a very obliging person, told John many interesting particulars of the mode of training; the numerous technical terms: such as *reclaiming*, making a hawk tame and gentle; *manning*, bring-

ing her to endure company; and that a *make-hawk* is an old staunch hawk, used to fly and set an example to a young one. Even the parts of a hawk have their proper names. The legs, from the thigh to the foot, are called *arms*; the toes, the *petty singles*; the claws, the *pounces*; the wings, the *sails*; the long feathers, the *beams*; the two longest, the *principal feathers*; those next, the *flags*; the tail is called the *train*; the breast feathers, the *mails*; those behind the thigh the *pendant feathers*. When the feathers are not full grown she is said to be *unsummed*; when they are complete, she is *summed*; the craw, or crop, is called the *gorge*; the upper part of the bill, the *beak*; the nether part, the *clap*.

John, who was absolutely enchanted with all this detail, now asked the falconer what the leathers with bells buttoned on her legs were called? He told him they were called *bewits*. Then he wanted to know what was the name of the leathern thong, whereby the hawk was held by the falconer? He told him that was the *lease*

or *lash*; the little straps, by which the *lease* is fastened to the legs, the *jesses*; and a packthread fastened to the lease, in disciplining her, a *creance*.

John now handled the cover for her head, to keep her in the dark, which is called the *hood*; a large wide hood, open behind, to be worn at first, the falconer explained to him was called a *rufter-hood*. When a hawk is first caught, a thread is passed through her eyelids, and they are drawn thus over the eyes, to prepare her for being hooded, this is called *seeling*. A figure, or resemblance of a fowl, made of leather and feathers, is called a *lure*.

He then told the boys that there are numerous proper terms used for the several actions of the hawk: when she flutters with her wings, as if striving to get away, either from the perch or fist, she is said to *bate*. When, standing too near, they fight with each other, it is called *crabbing*. When the young ones quiver, and shake their wings in obedience to the elder, it is called *cowering*. When she wipes her beak, after feeding, she is said to *feak*.

When she sleeps, she is said to *jouk*. From the time of exchanging her coat till she turn white again, it is called *inter-mewing*. Stretching her legs is called *mantling*. When, after mantling, she crosses her wings together over her back, she is said to *warble*.

After the very great attention and intelligent account of the falconer (a due expression of a sense of which their papa did not omit himself to offer, as well as the boys), they took leave of the company; and, while returning, their papa had soon enough to do to answer the numerous questions they had to put.

John. Papa, what a number of terms, which seem only appropriate to this amusement!

Papa. Yes, I was expecting this observation from you. There are very many more, however, which it would have been tedious to have gone into, shewing the vast importance which was once attached to this exercise, by our forefathers. I only suffered you so long to trespass on the patience of the good-natured falconer, because it is

not every day that you can fall in with one so conversant with a science which has now nearly fallen into desuetude.

John. How do you account for that, papa?

Papa. To fix on the precise cause would be difficult: there may be many. One probable reason of its having so long been a favourite pastime is, that in the state of England during so long a period, roads were very few and bad: so that the gentry stayed mostly at their country residences and cultivated those sports which we familiarly call *old English sports*. Neither had cities, nor the fashionable amusements thereof, those attractions which now seem to carry all before them. For my part, I must own that the reported accounts of the simplicity, and solid, substantial, character of the ancient gentry of England, leave me in love with a state of society which I fear has passed away for ever. And it is not without pain that I see the old Sir Hildebrands, Sir Rogers's, Sir Giles's, with their falconers, hunters, and numerous retinues, give place to gentry of a far different character

to those who used to carry weight from long known and established habits of magnificence, generosity, and charitable regard to the poorer classes, who then were strange to the degradation of parish relief, and formed a ready phalanx to rally round the descendant of a sturdy line of English ancestry; instead of being arrayed against them by acts of petty aggression, or the more determined deeds of violence which have formed so painful a feature of the present day. It is very easy, my dear fellows, to sit in judgment on *the poor*; but see how they have been oppressed for ages; their food and clothing not adequate to the wants of nature, and themselves treated too often with an insolent aristocratic bearing, which their too frequently chafed and brutalized minds seek retaliation for in deeds which their progenitors would as soon have thrust their hands into the fire as have committed.

John. But, papa, is it the general character of the gentry to treat so hardly the poor?

Papa. My dear fellow, I hope not.

But for a long period it has been but too much the fashion to view the poor as beings in the way, instead of thinking them the very sinews of our comforts, and the instrumental causes of the supply of our wants. Be assured of this, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, kindness will meet with its return. And, as you grow up, remember my words ; be not discouraged in efforts to help towards the better feeding, clothing, and teaching, of the working and useful classes ; for, though a long reign of oppression has much tended to brutalize them, better prospects dawn on our country. It is true *aristocracy* seems on the wane—but real worth—moral and intellectual, will eventually take place of adventitious distinction ; and, if the proud disdain to meet a working man as warmly, comfortably clad as themselves, do you feel a sentiment of delight that human beings now secure cheaper comforts ; and, if aristocratic feeling leads to a fear that the lower classes will soon trip up their heels, be it yours and mine to push on for the distinctions which virtue can give—honour, indus-

try, knowledge, benevolence, and religion ; and should such be the leading motives and desired objects of the greater part of society, though we may often cast a lingering look behind, after the chivalrous feelings and sturdy habits of bygone generations, all that is truly valuable we shall find left to us ; and learn to say, with Solomon, " Say not thou that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

John. Papa, do you know how many kinds of falcons there are ?

Papa. Including the eagle, the kite, and the hawk (in more formal language, the genus *Falco*, in ornithology), there are thirty-two species.

John. I knew there were many, but did not think they were so numerous. Are they mostly adapted to this sport ?

Papa. No, but few have been trained thereto : as I before told you, the most esteemed are from Norway. The *kestrel* (one of the hawks) was frequently in use to catch small birds and young partridges. The *gyrfalco*, or Iceland falcon, was very highly va-

lued for falconry. The length of the wings, from the pinion to the tip, is sixteen inches. Then there was the *candicans*, or white *gyr-falcon*, of nearly two feet length, and of four feet extent; this is sometimes found in the Orkneys and North Britain. This one is pre-eminent in courage and beauty, and is the terror of all other hawks. It was flown at all kinds of fowl, how great soever they were; but its chief game used to be herons and cranes.

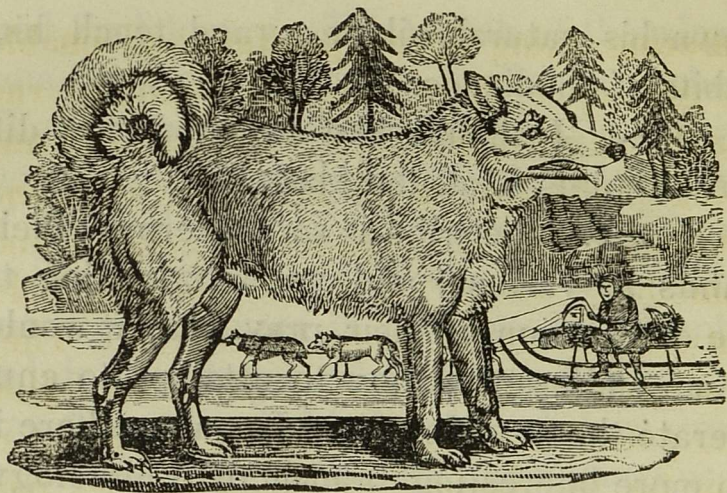
John. But, now, papa, though the falconer was so obliging, I did not understand *why* the hawk is fastened with *bewits*, or held by a *lease*, or covered with a *hood*, or undergoes what he called *seeling*?

Papa. My dear boy, in order to train up a falcon, the master begins by clapping the jesses upon his legs. The *bells* are appended, in case he be lost, that he may be discovered by the noise. If stubborn, his head is plunged into water. He is kept without sleep or food for, perhaps, three days. The *hood* is to habituate him to the loss of liberty. It rarely fails that three or four days of this treatment bring

down his natural wildness, and teach him habits of obedience.

John. I should like to know the different habits of all the kinds ?

Papa. The tribe is so numerous, their habits so various, and yet all pointing to the destruction of their prey, that it would be an endless task now to attempt to enumerate them. However, I confess there is no more interesting branch of ornithology, and wish you much to read attentively on this subject. You will find remarkable instances of eagles having carried off infants and conveyed them to their own nests, whence they have been safely reclaimed by adventurous young fellows who have climbed to their dangerous settlements ; lambs, cats, and other things, it is well authenticated, have formed their prey. But amidst their captives they seldom number the raven, who will throw himself on his back and fight with his claws and beak, and make a most terrible noise, the effect of which is to bring such numbers of his own tribe to his succour as will drive off the eagle himself.



CHAPTER X.

IN the evening, after the tea-things had been removed, and they had, some seated themselves by the fire, some at the table, there was a tap at the door, and, upon their papa's requesting whomsoever it might be to come in, who should it be but Robin, a young man servant to the family, who announced that the dog, a favourite of all, was very ill, and he feared not likely to recover. So John and Edward started off to see poor old *Carlo*, and were much distressed at finding him apparently in great

suffering, lying down, panting, and unable to get up. They begged Robin to run for the farrier, that they might hear if any thing could be done : he soon came, and administered some mixture of sulphur and something else, though he did not hold out hopes of his eventual recovery. They now comfortably covered the poor fellow up, patted him kindly, and took leave of him for the night ; returning to the parlour, where all were anxiously awaiting their report, and truly were they distressed on hearing it so very unfavourable. This unexpected occurrence gave a turn to the conversation, which seemed very popular ; for the numerous instances of affectionate attachment, and wonderful sagacity, exhibited by the canine species, some of which have been almost sure to attract the attention of most young folks, opened a very interesting topic of conversation.

John. Of all dogs, I am most delighted with those which are trained to draw the sledges of the Greenlanders and other inhabitants of the frozen regions.

Sarah. They seem so good-tempered and gentle; and the labour they perform is so acceptable to the natives, who would be sadly at a loss without them. I should so like to see some harnessed and drawing a sledge!

Edward. Of what breed are they, papa?

Papa. Captain Lyon, one of our latest and most intelligent navigators of the Arctic regions, describes them as resembling in form the shepherd's dog, rising to the height of the Newfoundland, but being broad like the mastiff, having short pricked ears, a furry coat, and a bushy tail.

John. I have heard that they much resemble a wolf?

Papa. So much so that there is a very prevalent idea there that they are neither more nor less than tamed wolves.

John. Do you believe that, papa?

Papa. No, and I think a strong contradiction thereto is to be found in the avidity with which the wolf devours those dogs which fall into his power.

John. How should you think they train the dogs to draw the sledges?

Papa. Why, as soon as the puppies can walk, they are yoked to a small sledge; in endeavouring to shake off the incumbrance of which they learn to draw it. Severe and frequent beatings, however, are necessary to train them for acting as a regular team.

John. I should also fear that the poor creatures were much put to it for food, in a country where provisions are so very scarce?

Papa. Alas, that is sadly true, as applied to man and beast there, too often: during the seasons of scarcity, they obtain a portion barely sufficient to maintain life, and fall into a most meagre and debilitated condition.

Sarah. What a painful thought, for such patient, gentle, affectionate creatures!

Papa. As a proof of the occasional intensity of their hunger, Captain Parry relates having seen one eat a large piece of canvas; a cotton handkerchief laid out to dry; and a piece of a linen shirt.

Edward. I hope, however, they are gently treated, and, though not so well fed as we could wish, that they are not subject to rough usage?

Papa. I regret to say that the Esquimaux are not famous for kind treatment of their animals; and yet they refuse to sell them to the English, till assured that they will not be killed.

Edward. How I should like to drive a team of them in a sledge!

Papa. I suspect that would prove rather more than you could manage; for they are driven with a whip of twenty feet long, and principally guided by peculiar cries to move to the right or left, to turn, or to stop.

John. How strong are they, papa: I mean, what weight and at what speed, for instance, could three dogs draw?

Papa. Three dogs could draw a sledge, weighing 100lb., at the rate of a mile in six minutes; and one leader has drawn 196lb. a mile in eight minutes.

John. But the representations I have seen put more than three dogs to a sledge?

Papa. Yes, a full team comprises eight or ten dogs; though seven have drawn a sledge at the rate of a mile in four minutes and a half. Captain Parry reports most favourably of the team which he himself formed, who used to draw him from ship to ship, a mile distant, in the deepest darkness, and amid clouds of snow-drift, with perfect precision, when he could not have found his own way for a hundred steps.

Edward. Do the natives use the same dogs in hunting?

Papa. Yes, in which their services are of the greatest value: for they can snuff the seal in his hole, or the deer in his mountains, from a surprising distance. And, when assembled in packs, they even face the Polar bear, keeping him at bay till their masters come up with spears to the attack.

John. I met with such a curious instance of the sagacity of the dog the other day, in a review, that I should like to read it aloud to you:

The instances of the sagacity of the dog are so numerous as to be almost endless.

In La Valée's journey through France, in 1792, is the following extraordinary story, which, if true, is perhaps one of the most striking instances of canine intelligence on record :

The province of Picardy, from its vicinity to the Netherlands, formerly swarmed with farmers of the excise ; and, as the old monarchy of France, like most other governments, had made it the interest of the people to smuggle, it was not in its power to prevent this practice. At night, the dogs were laden, each with a parcel of goods in proportion to its size ; one alone, who was their leader, was without any burden. A crack of the whip was the signal for them to set out. The leader travelled at a little distance before the rest ; and, if he perceived the traces of any stranger, returned to the other dogs ; these either took a different way, or, if the danger was pressing, concealed themselves behind the hedges, and lay close till the patrol had passed. When they arrived at the habitation of their master's associate, they hid themselves in the neighbouring fields and hedges, while their leader went to the house, and scratched at the door, or barked, till he was admitted, when he lay quietly down, as at home : by this the smuggler knew the caravan was come ; and, if the coast was clear, he

went out, when he gave a loud whistle, and the dogs came running to him from their several hiding places.

Papa. That is indeed a very curious illustration of the utility and sagacity of the dog. In *Newfoundland*, three or four of them, yoked to a sledge, will draw three hundred weight of wood for several miles. In performing which they are so expert as to need no driver. After having delivered their load, they will return to the woods with the empty sledge, and are then rewarded by being fed with dried fish. The feet of this particular dog are more palmated (this means more nearly like the palm of the human hand) than usual; which enables it to swim very fast, to dive easily, and to bring up any thing from the bottom of the water.

John. Why, you know, grandpapa's dog is almost as fond of the water as if he were an amphibious animal!

Papa. I knew a fine large fellow, named Lion, who was always about the sea-coast, when I once staid there for three months,

who was never happy but when he was jumping into the sea and fetching out planks and bits of tubs, or other pieces of occasional wrecks. He had saved more lives than one. This circumstance, together with his uniform good-temper, made him a general favourite. And though he had no owner (for he had been cast ashore on some planks of the wreck of a Dutch vessel), he had a home in almost every kitchen he chose to visit, and was much caressed by every body.

The conversation here assumed a lively character, by Edward's asking leave to read a ludicrous anecdote which he had found in *Hone's Every-day Book* :

On the fifth of November, a year or two ago, an outrageous sparkle of humour broke forth. A poor hard-working man, while at breakfast in his garret, was enticed from it by a message that some one who knew him wished to speak to him at the street door. When he got there he was shaken hands with, and invited to a chair. He had scarcely said "nay" before "the ayes had

him,"* and clapping him in the vacant seat, tied him there. They then painted his face to their liking, put a wig and paper cap on his head, fastened a dark lantern in one of his hands, and a bundle of matches in the other, and carried him about all day, with shouts of laughter and huzzas, begging for their "Guy." When he was released at night he went home, and, having slept upon his wrongs, he carried them the next morning to a police office, whither his offenders were presently brought by warrant, before the magistrates, who ordered them to find bail or stand committed. It is illegal to *smug* a man for "a Guy."



* The youthful reader must understand that here is an allusion to the mode of ascertaining the votes in the parliament house of Great Britain. When a *division* takes place, one party stand on one side, the other on the other side, of the house; and, should those *for* the question on which they divide be most numerous, the Speaker calls out, "The *ayes* have it."

After enjoying a hearty laugh, their papa said :

My dear Sarah, you surely can give us some account of *Guy Fawkes* ?

Sarah. Yes, Guy Fawkes was a discontented Catholic gentleman, in the reign of King James I., who, with others, devised a scheme to blow up the house of Lords, while the king was present, by means of barrels of gunpowder, which he had placed underneath in the cellars.

Papa. Can you explain why he was discontented ?

Sarah. Because the Reformation, which commenced in the reign of Henry VIII., had been carried rigorously into effect during the then recent reign of Queen Elizabeth, and by reason of the catholics having entered into so many plots, they had been treated with such great severity as exasperated them to the utmost.

Papa. Can you tell me how this abominable scheme was discovered ?

Sarah. One of the friends and conspirators with Guy Fawkes, being desirous of saving Lord Monteagle, addressed an ano-

nymous letter to him ten days before the parliament met, in which was this expression, "the danger is past, so soon as you have burnt the letter."

Papa. Still, there was great ambiguity in that expression : how was it found out, then ?

Sarah. Why, a discussion took place before the king and privy council, during which the earl of Salisbury said it was written by some fool or madman.

Papa. I wonder then they heeded the warning ?

Sarah. Ah, but the king said, "so soon as you have burnt the letter" was to be interpreted, in as short a space as you shall take to burn this letter. And he thought some sudden blow was preparing by means of gunpowder.

Papa. What measures did they take ?

Sarah. They searched under the wood in a cellar hired by Mr. Percy, a papist : where Sir Thomas Knevet found a man in a cloak and boots, whom he apprehended.

Papa. And who did this man turn out to be ?

Sarah. Guy Fawkes, who passed for Percy's servant.

Papa. John can go on with the detail, I should think.

John. Well, this led them to search farther, and they discovered 36 barrels of gunpowder; and, on examining Guy Fawkes, there were found upon him, a dark lantern, a tinder box, and three matches.

Papa. Did he deny his intentions?

John. No, he boldly avowed that if he had been taken within the cellar, he would have blown up himself and them together. On his examination he confessed the design was to blow up the king and parliament, and expressed great sorrow it had failed.

Papa. How many conspirators were discovered?

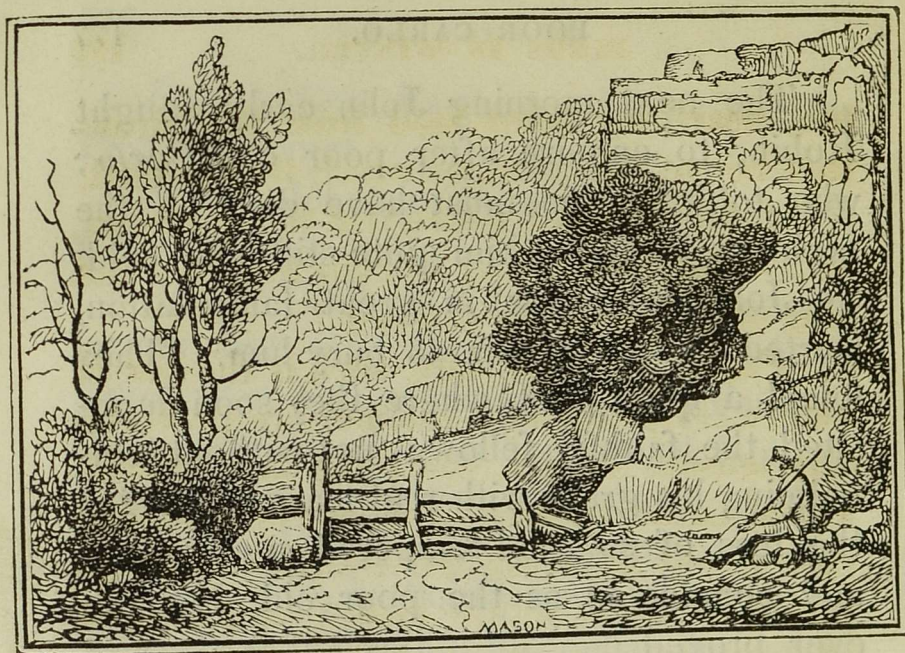
John. About thirteen: they were all Roman Catholics; and they hoped this dreadful expedient would lead to a restoration of the Catholic religion.

Papa. What was their fate?

John. Two were killed, in endeavouring to avoid being taken; eight executed.

The next morning John early sought Robin, to enquire after poor old *Carlo*; who told him he must have died in the night as he found him quite stiff and cold. So John, who was in great lamentation, started off with Robin to bury him. They found a quiet spot, where they soon deposited the faithful fellow; not without embalming his grave with real tears of grief at the loss of so good-tempered a play-mate and companion as the poor old dog had ever proved.





CHAPTER XI.

THE morning being fine, their papa told them to get ready and he would take them a walk ; and he thought they would find it pleasant to go towards the wood by the entrance through the sand-rocks. They were soon prepared, and all started off in high spirits. And, though winter, their papa told them he is much mistaken who imagines there is little to claim our interest in the movements of the animal creation. He soon shewed them plenty of field-fares, thrushes, and blackbirds ; the little titmouse,

too, searching after food from the straw-thatches of the cottages which they passed.

John. Papa, I notice that the sparrows, yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, do not sing and chirp as in summer ?

Papa. My dear boy, such is the law of nature. Spring and summer are proverbially seasons of joy, when the face of universal nature assumes a more cheerful character. Winter, on the contrary, is supposed to freeze up the more genial current of joyousness and hilarity, and even the feathered tribe are sensible of the change. Hence their habits are more tame, and dearth of food compels such birds as curlews, herons, and bitterns, and even all, to come nearer to towns, urged on by the imperative instinct which teaches every thing to supply its wants.

John. Why, I do think that is a ring-dove pecking those ivy-berries !

Edward. Yes, I do believe it is. But there ; surely that is a heron ! I am so fond of herons. I hope we shall get one this winter.

They were walking by the side of a

stream, and intent upon the wild ducks and other water-fowl which they could see. The younger boys quite amused with seeing the little fellows pop under the water, and rise at, perhaps, the very opposite spot to that which they anticipated. They had now arrived at the stile which crossed the road leading to the wood, and met with a poor weary traveller seated by the roadside on a piece of sand-stone, whom they approached, and found him a well-spoken, poor, broken-down, soldier, who informed them that he had a wife and several children, and that he was travelling about in search of employment, being in a destitute condition. / He was pleased to find a kind considerate feeling in the party who had accosted him, which, indeed, was not confined to commiseration, as they clubbed together their pence for the poor fellow, to which their papa added a trifle ; and, being favourably impressed with the manner of the soldier, he told him to call at his house, when, if upon farther conversation he retained his good opinion, he would interest himself to procure work for him at a fac-

tory in the neighbourhood, the proprietor of which was well acquainted with him.

The distresses of the poor man, after they had crossed the stile, formed the topic of their morning's talk; the children being all extremely affected with his detail. For he was, indeed, a citizen of the world—having served in the army during part of the American war; then in Egypt; then in Spain; and at length in France, up to the final close of the war. Edward, who now and then was fond of shouldering a stick, and fancying how grand a thing it would be to be a soldier, was struck with the horrors of a real campaign, and began to think of the more peaceful destiny of a life of industry at home. They all had their lessons to learn from the poor fellow's account; nor did their papa fail to explain to them the unchristian nature of war, which he told them that sweet poet, Cowper, whose works they were frequently reading, called “a game that, were their subjects wise, kings could not play at.”

They pursued their walk through the wood, and returned by another way, after

having their bodies braced by the clear, sharp air, and their minds in some degree profited by the recital of the soldier, and their subsequent reflections.

The days and weeks had now rolled on, bringing with them new delights, which were far heightened by their whole holidays not being devoted to mere playing ; and the boys really found, what is too often disbelieved by young folks, that a judicious mixture of recreation and instruction gave a zest to life, which is in vain looked for where nothing is thought of but turning from one kind of play to another. And they now daily as much anticipated pleasure from the instructive conversations with their parents as they used to do from their pastimes : and they began, too, to learn this useful lesson, that, whereas a game at hoop, bat and ball, whipping-top, blindman's buff, or whatever it might be, soon palled upon their enjoyment, the exercises of conversational talents, and bringing forth the stores of their minds (and surely all must have some stores !), had an

opposite effect ; for the evident gratification afforded their parents by sensible replies to their questions, as well as in judicious questions on their own parts ; and the internal pride they were conscious of on finding themselves at any time competent to take part in dialogues having a higher object than mere chatter, or the arrangement of their games at play, carried with them their own reward, and led them to anticipate with eagerness their *evenings at home*.

During the unavoidable occupation of their parents about those duties which their large family entailed, John and Edward experienced the greatest pleasure in conveying information to the minds of their sister and younger brothers relative to the numerous engrossing objects which their recent journey to the metropolis (short as it had been) had given them opportunity to see ; and they would sit two hours at a time in their play-room listening to their description of the fine streets, magnificent buildings, hackney-coaches, gentlemen's carriages, omnibuses, boats on the river,

soldiers in the park, sailors in the ships ; in short, while they thus recounted the many interesting things which their youthful minds had been so much struck with, their sister and other brothers were very desirous to go also to London, and for the moment began to repine at the quiet which pervaded their own domicile, and which was but little disturbed by the bustle of life, which is always more attractive to the juvenile mind.

Their papa and mamma were frequently telling them of their favoured condition, exempting them from the confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of the great city (which, still, considering its dense population, confined streets, and frequent fogs, must be allowed to be a very healthy place upon the whole), and, though passing clouds would flit across their minds, they returned to the peaceful fire-side which awaited them ; their parents endeavouring to impress upon their minds how cheerfully they might,

“Through the loop-holes of retreat, peep at such a world,
And hear the sound of the great Babel, and not feel the stir.”

The period was approaching when they must undergo a temporary separation; John and Edward being about to return to their school, which was twenty-five miles distant; and Sarah and Ben were under invitation to spend some time at the house of a kind relation, who, during their abode at his house, afforded them the benefits of the kindest treatment and the most judicious culture. Still, the thoughts of parting, which they knew must soon take place, brought many a painful anticipation to the little folks; and their parents often caught them talking in rather a sad strain on their approaching removal from home.

As only two or three days were unexpired of the holidays, their papa and mamma allowed them to invite two or three friends about their own age, to make a cheerful party. They had a *twelfth-cake* and wine, ready to refresh them when they had warmed themselves rather too much with blind-man's-buff and other romps; their mamma played on the piano-forte to them two or three merry tunes to which they danced, in their fashion, and so at length having fairly

tired themselves out, they formed a circle around the fire, to rest. So, while they were sitting still, their papa asked if any of his little visitors, or of his own children, could explain the meaning of *twelfth-night*? Upon their remaining silent, he told John to open *Hone's Every-day Book*, wherein he would find some very amusing and interesting particulars. Upon turning it over, he told them the account was too long now to read throughout, but that "the *Epiphany* is called *Twelfth-day*, because it falls on the twelfth day after Christmas-day. *Epiphany* signifies manifestation, and is applied to this day whereon Christ was manifested to the Gentiles. The twelfth-day (January 6th), concluded the ancient festival of Christmas."

It is a custom in many parishes in Gloucestershire on this day to light up twelve small fires and one large one; this is mentioned by Brand: and Mr. Fosbroke relates, that in some countries twelve fires of straw are made in the fields "to burn the old witch;" that the people sing, drink, and dance around it, and practise other ceremonies in continuance. He takes "the old witch" to be the Druidical God of Death. It is

stated by Sir Henry Piers, in General Vallancey's "Collectanea," that, at Westmeath, "on Twelfth-eve in Christmas, they use to set up as high as they can a sieve of oats, and in it a dozen of candles set round, and in the centre one larger, all lighted; this in memory of our Saviour and his apostles, lights of the world." Sir Henry's inference may reasonably be doubted; the custom is probably of higher antiquity than he seems to have suspected.

The old custom, their papa said to his little party, of keeping twelfth-night which was even now practised to a limited extent in England, was connected with the observance of great festivity; and the prominent characters for the evening were called *king* or *queen*, and the honours of royalty devolved upon the one who should be so fortunate as to have that slice of cake which contained a *bean*, one *bean* being put in by the maker of the cake for the express purpose.

Twelfth-day is now only commemorated by the custom of choosing king and queen. "I went," says a correspondent in the Universal Magazine for 1774, "to a friend's house in the country to partake of some of those innocent pleasures that constitute a merry Christmas. I

did not return till I had been present at drawing king and queen, and eaten a slice of the Twelfth-cake, made by the fair hands of my good friend's consort. After tea yesterday, a noble cake was produced, and two bowls, containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. Our host filled up the tickets; the whole company, except the king and queen, were to be ministers of state, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber. Our kind host and hostess, whether by design or accident, became king and queen. According to Twelfth-day law, each party is to support their character till midnight." The maintenance of character is essential to the drawing. Within the personal observation of the writer of these sheets, character has never been preserved. It must be admitted, however, that the Twelfth-night characters, sold by the pastrycooks, are either common place or gross—when genteel, they are inane; when humorous, they are vulgar.

He also quotes from *Poor Robin's Almanac*, for 1695, a Christmas Carol :

Now thrice welcome, Christmas, Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plumb-porridge, Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose, and capon, The best that may be,
So well doth the weather And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys Do smoak all about,
The cooks are providing For dinner, no doubt;
But those on whose tables No victuals appear,
O, may they keep Lent All the rest of the year

With holly and ivy So green and so gay ;
We deck up our houses As fresh as the day.
With bays and rosemary And laurel compleat,
And every one now Is a king in conceit.

Mr. Coleridge writing his "*Friend*," from Ratzeburg, in the north of Germany, mentions a practice on Christmas-eve very similar to some on December the 6th, St. Nicholas'-day. Mr. Coleridge says, "There is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other, and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas, the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to buy these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret; and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them—getting up in the morning before daylight, &c. Then, on the evening before Christmas-day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go; a great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed, and coloured paper, &c. hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order

the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within it. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the *very* little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and *snap*—O it was a delight to them!—On the next day, (*Christmas-day*) in the great parlour, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children; a scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct.

After another romp, and another slice of cake, their visitors withdrew, and all retired to rest for the night.

The day of separation having at length arrived, it was arranged that John and Edward should first leave ; so, after they had taken an affectionate leave of their mamma and their younger brothers, Sarah and her papa agreed to walk a mile out of the town with them, as the vehicle which was to convey them would there overtake them. The boys behaved exceedingly well, and manifested all the firmness which they could command. Their papa kept up their spirits by assuring them the weeks and months would soon roll over, and bring them together again, and that their great business was to adopt the sentiment conveyed in the stanza which was familiar to them :

And I will up with knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.

The conveyance at length overtook them, and after a cordial shake of the hand and a warm kiss, they parted. Sarah and her papa returning ; John and Edward going forward to their school.

A day or two after it also became necessary to convey Sarah and Ben to a dis-

tant part ; and their papa and mamma had enough to do to console them for this parting, which brought a cloud over their juvenile minds, as they had experienced so happy a time at home. But, like other painful, unavoidable events, the precise time came, and they started on their journey, leaving papa and mamma for a time to experience a considerable degree of dulness, after the boisterous mirth, and instructive conversations, which had so fully occupied their time during the Christmas holidays.

A day or two brought letters announcing the safe arrival and lively spirits of the dear children ; not wanting in allusions to the cheerful fire-side of home, nor without calculations of how long it would be before the family party would again assemble.

Should this event be permitted to take place ; and should any conversations of sufficient moment occur ; (at least, if the foregoing sheets meet with any favourable reception from the public,) their papa will be tempted to prepare another part of "HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS."

