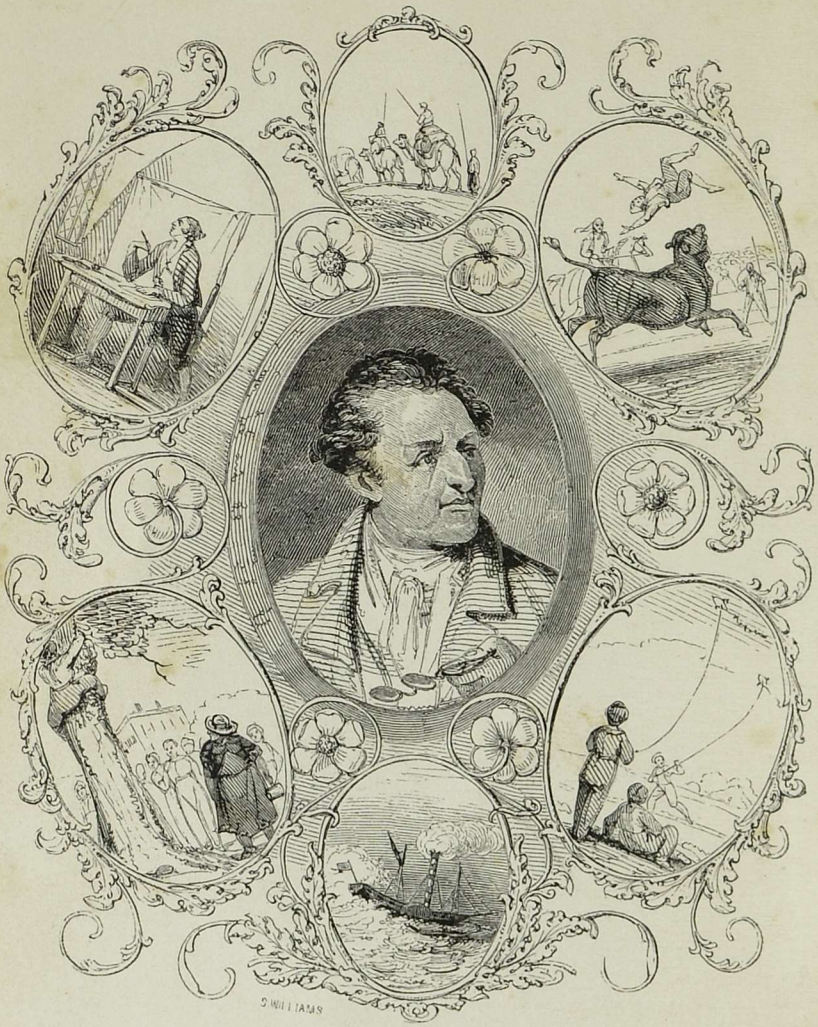
Gosling

1820

THE BOY'S FRIEND.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.


S. WILLIAMS

THE

BOY'S FRIEND;

OR THE

MAXIMS OF A CHEERFUL OLD MAN.

BY CARLTON BRUCE.

There are some who lay down their wise saws with a frown,
And appear to delight in dull weather;
While others teach youth, with the maxims of truth,
To smile, and grow wise together.

WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1837.

CONTENTS.

THE BOY'S FRIEND.

MYSELF.

Many a better man has hidden himself,
Then let me have my humour.

Men have different ways of doing things. One man on a journey mounts his horse, and keeps the turnpike-road; another walks blithely across the fields. One man goes round the world, comes back again, and says nothing; another travels a hundred miles, and has a thousand things to describe on his return. Then, again, some men think that they cannot talk wisely without first making a long face, and appearing

disconsolate; others are all alive, and cheerful, and smile while they impart their lessons of instruction. If, then, other people indulge their whims, let me indulge mine also; and if I like to be awake while others sleep, to laugh when others cry, and to make myself agreeable when they are peevish and ill-tempered, let it not be to my reproach. If you are reasonable, you will see reason in these remarks; and if you are unreasonable, the best reasons in the world will not satisfy you.

It is my desire to give you pleasure and profit, and did I happen to know of what you are most fond, I would commence with that subject; but as I do not, suppose, to make a beginning, I say something about myself.

When I was a child, I cried and laughed longer and louder than any child within ten miles of the

place; ran across the room when others of my age could not stand upon their feet; and talked before my companions could say a word.

When a boy, I outran my schoolfellows at hare and hounds, and in arithmetic; beat them at trap and ball, and trigonometry; and surpassed the whole school in trundling a hoop, and in comprehending the terrestrial and celestial globes.

When I became a man, still determined to excel, I read more, travelled more, saw more, talked more, reflected more, and, of course, understood more, than other men. No wonder, then, that I am so much wiser than my neighbours. And now, if I have not convinced you of my ability to amuse and instruct you, why you must be a very odd sort of a person.

Every man has some strange humour or other, and my humour is to talk; a capital thing it is,

then, that I am able to talk so much to the purpose. If I were satisfied that you would remember half of what I say, I might be content to talk less, but as I know very well that you will not do so, I think it right to say the more, that there may be the better chance of a part of it being remembered. If a sportsman were to put but one shot into his gun, he would most likely miss his mark; but when he puts in fifty, he has a better chance of bringing down his game. If it be an error to talk fast, let my example warn you from committing it, and then you will have reason to be thankful for my fast talking all the days of your life.

You may fancy, too, that I have but little method in what I say; that I huddle together, all sixes and sevens, things which have no natural connexion with each other, and fly from little to

great, and from great to little things, without order or apparent design; but if this be true you ought not to complain. The bee does not devote one hour to roses, and another to violets, but roams indiscriminately from one flower to another, gathering honey from them all. Now I mean to do the same thing, and if I bring you all the honey, surely you ought to be satisfied. What a world would this be if the people it contains were to be systematically placed, like soldiers, in masses and classes!—if all the oak-trees of the earth grew by themselves, in one part, and all the elms in another! It is the mixture of the whole that it contains which constitutes the beauty of the earth. When you see one thing in nature, you do not know what next the eye may gaze on.

But I need not weary you with illustrations.

You may depend upon it that my rapid, irregular, and unconnected manner of glancing at things is better than tiring you to death with a dull, dry, dreary, and uniform arrangement of subjects, rising, like so many stepping-stones, one above another. Order is an excellent thing, and system is, at times, indispensable; but the world was never intended to be divided with the regularity of a draught-board, nor can I weigh out wisdom with a pair of scales, nor regulate the length and breadth of my remarks with a pair of compasses.

HOW TO GROW RICH, AND WISE, AND HAPPY.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

POPE.

I DARE say that you wish to be rich, and wise, and happy. Most people wish the same thing; but if when good advice is given, no attention is paid to it, how can any good effect follow? A physician may write an excellent prescription; but if, after all, it is never made up and taken, the patient can receive no benefit. Listen to me, and I will tell you how to be

rich as a Jew, wise as Solon, and happy as a prince.

But, first, do we agree in our opinion about riches, wisdom, and happiness? for, perhaps, you have fallen into the common mistake that money is riches, that knowing a great deal is wisdom, and that happiness consists in large possessions and reputation. If you have done this, let me tell you that you are a great simpleton for your pains. However, I will not quarrel with you; you shall be rich, wise, and happy, if you will, in your own way, and that you may be so, I will give you the necessary instructions.

Most people think it hard to get riches, and hard it undoubtedly is if you go the wrong way to work. What would you think of me if, when I wanted to go to the east, I should turn round and go towards the west? When I was a boy, I

stood under a tall tree, and looked up at a crow's nest; a country fellow came by at the time. "My lad," said he, "if you want the eggs in that nest, I reckon that you must strip off your jacket, and climb for them, for it is ten to one against their coming down of their own accord." Off went my jacket, and up the tree went I, and in five minutes the eggs were in my hat-crown.

Now, riches are like the eggs in a crow's nest, not to be had without trouble; but if you will follow the simple rules which I shall lay down, you shall be rich whether you will or not. The rules, then, are these:—*Mind your business*, *put by a penny a day*, and *never borrow*.

I care not a fig what your business may be, whether you are a shoe-black or a shopkeeper, a merchant or a mole-catcher; for when a man gets on in the world, he may get into any business he

pleases. Only *mind your business*, so sure as you do this, so sure shall you have a business to mind.

Put by a penny a day, and do not omit to do this for a pound. This is a great secret in the art of getting money. It will promote industry, prevent extravagance, and give you confidence in yourself. Depend upon it, that if you can steadily practice the putting by a penny a day, you will soon lay by twopence; and that twopence, like the penny, will increase, until your savings will surprise you. Little will get much, and much more, and a rich man you must be. But mind, *never borrow.*

If you borrow of an enemy, which, by-the-bye, is not an easy thing to do, he will come upon you for it just when you are not prepared to meet his demand. If you borrow of a friend, he will re-

quire a pound's worth of acknowledgements and friendly acts for every penny he lends you. No, no, let nothing tempt you to borrow, and then you will find people almost ready to put their money into your pockets. If you borrow, you depend on others; if you do not, you have to depend on yourself; and rely upon it, that if you cannot serve yourself, you can never be served by the whole world. *Mind your business, put by a penny a day*, and *never borrow;* and if you do not in time become a rich man, I will be bound to forfeit all my estates in the West Indies.

To be wise, it is only necessary to *reflect on what you see.* The mere sight of things amounts to nothing; a fool may go round the world, and come back a fool at last, because he has no reflection. One man learns more from a mole-hill

than another does from a mountain. When gazing at a cook-shop will satisfy your hunger, and looking on a fountain assuage your thirst, then, and not till then, will you become wise by seeing many things. The body is strengthened not by the food it eats, but by the portion of it which it digests; and we become wise, not by what we see, but by our reflections on the things around us. *Reflect on what you see*, and you must become wise.

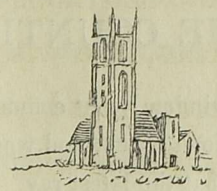
If happiness consists in large possessions, reputation, and a good table, I have told you how to procure them, for the rich are sure to have large possessions, and large possessions secure a good table, and will generally purchase reputation. All that you have to do, therefore, is to enjoy them when you have got them; so that if you follow my advice, you cannot fail to be rich,

and wise, and happy, after your own fashion. But, hark ye! I have been rich, and wise, and happy too, after this fashion, and have found, according to the old proverb, that "All is not gold that glitters." When a man has much property he is like a target, stuck up to be shot at. If he have ships, they may founder at sea. If he have houses, they may be burnt down; and if he have money in the funds, the funds may fall in price. His bargains may turn out bad, and his servants may rob him, so that while a poor man will sleep soundly on a hard bed, he can get but little rest on a soft one. If a man, who has much, wants more, he is in want; and a man in want must be poor, in the midst of his riches. Such is the uncertain tenure of riches, that the man who rolls along in his carriage to-day may be a beggar to-morrow in spite of every precau-

tion. What then is the use of being rich, and wise, and happy, one moment, if you may be poor, and foolish, and unhappy the next! Give me the riches, the wisdom, and the happiness, that will endure in death as well as in life, in eternity as well as in time.

I will speak plainly what I believe to be the truth, that there are no real riches but those that will endure for ever; no real wisdom which does not contemplate eternity; and no real happiness without a well-grounded hope of a better world. These are the riches, the wisdom, and the happiness which I recommend you to strive to obtain. Let others, if they will, be satisfied with a bag of money, a book-case, a badge of distinction, and a well-spread table; but do not you be bribed by possessions which you must relinquish on this side the grave. Without the riches, and

the wisdom, and the happiness of which I have spoken, you would be poor had you the wealth of the world in your possession, but with them you cannot fail to be richer than a Jew, wiser than Solon, and happier than a Prince.



WINTER.

THE COUNTRY.

My pretty window! that commands
Those meadows green, and wooded lands,
So sunny, that the latest ray
Its panes receive of parting day.

LUCY LEONARD.

O THE unutterable delights of the country! Surely it is weakness, yea, absolute wickedness, to

dwell in the town when you can live in the country, unless duties and affections have an influence in reconciling you to the smoky chimneys around you; or strong reasons prevent your changing a bad atmosphere for a good one. Many excellent things are in the town; but health, and innocence, and happiness are worth them all.

Talk of friends and society! where do you get better than among the sincere, honest, open-hearted inmates of country habitations? Talk of books! you may have as many as you need, and more than you have time and industry to turn to advantage, in almost every bookcase. Are you fond of paintings? look on the prospects of hill and dale, mountain and moor, wood and water. Regard the diversified figures which move around you, and the gorgeous glory of the rising and setting sun, and pity the unim-

passioned productions of Rubens and Raphael; the poverty-stricken pencil of Claude Lorraine. If you can see, hear, feel, smell, taste, or understand, surely you will never compare the town with the country. I have tried both: what is there that I have not tried? and I find that he who would have a clear head and a buoyant spirit, a sound mind and a healthy body, must live in the country. What are all the gardens, the parks, and the promenades, of the finest cities, compared to the ever-changing, ever-delightful spring, summer, autumn, and, indeed, winter scenes of the country! I had rather eat my crust under a hawthorn hedge than dine from silver plate in a palace. I had rather breathe the fresh breeze of the morning gale in the country, than inhale town air scented with eau de Cologne and the attar of roses.

Did you ever stand spell-bound by the varied attractions of a fine old elm-tree? It is my favourite: there is nothing like it that grows upon the ground. The oak has its majesty, the cedar its sublimity, the yew and the cpyress their solemnity, the pine its romanticity, and the birch its bark of beauty; but the elm has everything which can recommend it to the fancy, the feelings, and the affections: a prince may stop to admire it, and a ploughboy may gaze on it with pleasure. Look at its stem, its bark, and its branches; regard its fair and fantastic featherings, neither too light nor too heavy, too close nor too scattered. Now mind, if you have never noticed these things, that you do notice them the very first time that you walk abroad. If it were only for the advantage of gazing on the elm-trees, I should prefer the country; but when I call to mind the

inspiring freshness of spring, the glowing suns and scenes of summer, and the loaded branches and varied foliage of autumn, I am amazed that any one in full possession of his five senses should willingly be cooped up in the smoky atmosphere of the town. Much as I like the other seasons, winter has its equal attractions; and when the sky is clear and blue—when the picturesque trees are finely powdered over—when the frosted snow crackles under the foot, it is more than delightful to roam abroad.

> Where pendent icicles adorn
> The tangled brake and snow-clad thorn,
> The hoar-sprent hedger goes;
> Scarce can he hold his billhook keen,
> And oft he blows his hands, I ween,
> And many a drop of crystal sheen
> Falls from his ruby nose.

In the country, every day in the year, and every hour in the day, has its pleasures. Morning,

noon, and night—in-doors and out—if you have a heart in your bosom, you must be happy. If I had "fifty sons and fifty daughters," I would have them brought up in the country; and if I were a physician, and had five hundred patients, my prescription to every one of them would be, "Get into the country."

But now, having freely given way to my emotions in the honest expression of my attachment to the country, not one jot or tittle of which I am, at the moment, inclined to abate or qualify; let me, as a wise man ever ought to do, glance over my own observations; let me see that I have said neither too much nor too little; that I have not causelessly offended the prepossessions or prejudices of a single human being.

Humph! I have some misgivings, and already begin to think that Carlton Bruce is not infallible.

But if he has thrown the reins on the neck of his enthusiasm, and recklessly ridden over those whom he would not willingly injure; if, like a boy, he has flung a sparkling firework, which has burst in the bosom of his neighbour; if, in his ardent desire to light up the country with sunshine, he has unwittingly cast a shadow on the city and the town, no one shall make more ample amends. A word, then, with those who dwell in towns and cities.

Let me honestly confess that my warmth has led me to use expressions that are liable to misconstruction. You may have supposed that I censure all indiscriminately who live in alleys, and streets, and squares; but this is not the case. I understand you better. I know what is at work under your waistcoats, and I know that nine out of every ten among you love the country almost as well as I do.

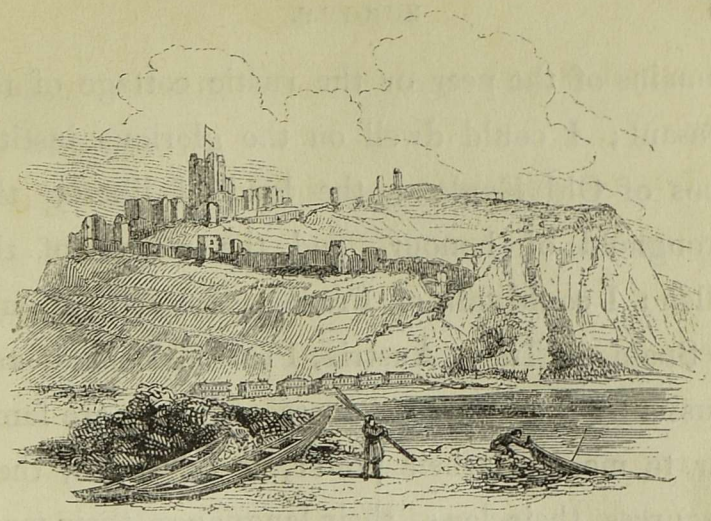
Why do the merchant, the banker, and the shopkeeper enter their carriages, or climb into their cabriolets and gigs, when the busy day is ended? Why does the city clerk inhabit a house in the suburbs? or the small tradesman, the ingenious mechanic, and the invalided lodger on the third story, walk abroad on a summer's evening to gaze on a green field? Why, because they love the country.

The flower-pots that I see in the different windows; the laurels, the lilacs, and laburnums, that nobly struggle for life in the squares, the forecourts, and back-yards of the crowded city; the withered gilly-flower in the broken jug at the casement of the alms-house, and the solitary bud that the broker sticks in his button-hole when he goes on change, are all eloquent advocates in support of my opinion; they all tell me that the

country is loved by the inhabitants of town and city.

The grocer's wife and the mercer's daughter, with artificial bouquets in their bonnets; the nurse-girls, with their fairy band of rosy ones around them, light-heartedly rambling in search of fresh air in the parks and open squares, all appear to me to cry out with a loud voice, "How delightful is the country!"

The reason why you do not live in the country is, most likely, the same that prevents me from being Lord Mayor of London,—the want of opportunity; therefore, I will not blame you: but get into the green fields when you can; for though Fashion and Finery reside in the town, Freedom roams abroad in the country, Hospitality lives at a farm-house, and Contentment dwells in a cottage.



DOVER CASTLE.

EUROPE.

"For peaceful arts renown'd, and war's alarms;
For men, and laws, and power, and matchless arms."

Ten thousand times ten thousand subjects seem to rise around me, thick as atoms in the sunbeam, at the name of Europe. I could give you British scenes without end, drawn from the lordly

domains of the peer or the rustic cottage of the peasant; I could dwell on the glorious institutions of Old England, the land of liberty, the stronghold of honour, and the refuge of the fallen; I could talk of France, of Portugal, and of Spain, of Italy, Austria, Prussia, Poland, and Russia by the hour, for these countries are familiar to me, with their power, their wealth, their resources, their laws, their languages, their manners, their customs, and their religion; but to describe them minutely would occupy too much of my time, talker as I am: a passing remark or two, then, must suffice.

Everybody knows, and therefore I need not repeat it, that Europe, though the least quarter of the globe in space, is the greatest in intelligence and power: its influence is universal, and its arts and its arms unrivalled. A friend and I once

made a tour together, far and wide, and rapidly we travelled.

London occupied us some time, for there is no place like it in the world. If it be true that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

then London is the place where they who study man ought to dwell. Go to Edinburgh if you would study books, but stay in London if you would study mankind. We conversed with peers and painters, statesmen and statuaries, dukes and dealers in old clothes, with men of all grades and trades: we went everywhere and saw everything, from the ball of St. Paul's cathedral, to the Coal-hole in the Strand.

The shipping of Liverpool and Bristol; the looms of Manchester and Leeds; the unrivalled manufactories of Birmingham engaged our attention, for we let nothing escape us, from the con-

structing of a steam-engine to the making of a mouse-trap.

We sailed on the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Humber, the Mersey, the Avon, the Trent, and the Tweed. We ascended the Peak in Derbyshire, the Endle, the Wolds; and breathed the fresh air of the Wrekin, Malvern, and Mendip; we visited the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; we went to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; inspected the arsenals and dock-yards; and our common, Every-day Scrap Book contained enough of general information to fill a folio.

One day we were at Windsor castle, the next at Warwick and Kenilworth. One week we descended the coal-mines of Staffordshire, and another the tin and copper mines of Cornwall.

Wales afforded us much delight; we wandered

among its mountains and left them with regret; nor was Scotland forgotten.

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood!
Land of the mountain and the flood!"

Many an hour we mused by thy Yarrow's stream, and breathed thy Ettrick breeze. We held communication with the northern wizard at Abbotsford, and we bent over the resting-place of Burns.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name."

"Bonnie Edinburgh" gave us pleasure, and Old Holyrood awakened many associations of by-gone days. Many a warm-hearted friend shook

us by the hand in Dublin, in Cork, and in Carrickfergus; we sailed on the waters of the Shannon, and fished in the lake of Killarney. There are delights occasionally springing up in the bosom of a romantic traveller, which no tongue can tell, no pen describe!

It is but a hop, step, and jump, as it were, from Dover to Calais; but in that short distance we got sadly beaten about. If you have never been in a disabled steamer, on a rough sea, in a stiff breeze, with three-score sick passengers, and half a dozen horses on deck prancing and kicking to get loose, you have something yet to see, and to suffer.

> "Amid the pitiless storm were we
> Tossing about on the roaring sea;
> From billow to bounding billow cast,
> Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast."

Well! we got safe to land, and therefore, I

need not now "sing the dangers of the sea." Paris we saw with her palaces and promenades; her bridges and her boulevards. The Louvre, the Tuilleries, the Champs Elysées, Notre Dame, the Palais Royal, St. Cloud, and Versailles, all wonderful! Give England the taste and politeness of France, and France one-half of the comforts of England, and you will bestow a benefit on them both. The mountains of Switzerland were fairy scenes, and the lake of Geneva was beautiful to behold. Rome, and Naples, and Palermo, had a thousand charms; indeed, all Italy entranced us; innumerable were her temples, her statues, and her paintings, but they obliterated not her comparative humiliation.

"Power, beauty, brightness, beam'd upon the brow
Of Italy that was;—what is she now?"

Fortified Vienna on the river Danube, and

Berlin, the Prussian capital, were full of interest, but they set me thinking of the time when no country could be happy without trying to make other countries miserable. In the time of the Great Frederick, war seemed the pastime of the world. It was more meritorious to break the head of another, than to get knowledge and wisdom into your own, and

> "Charles of Sweden 'mid his guns and drums,
> Could spread his bread and butter with his thumbs,"

rather than cultivate the arts of peace and good neighbourhood. May those days never return, and may the future statues of marble and brass, set up to excite the admiration of mankind, commemorate men as popular for arts of peace, as the heroes of those times were for war!

We fell in with a horde of Don Cossacks on our way to Petersburgh; neither their mustachoes

nor their pikes were very prepossessing. The capital of Russia, as all the world knows, was built by Peter the Great. It stands on an island in the centre of the river Neva, near the top of the Gulf of Finland. Moscow was once the capital. Who that saw the wide-spreading conflagration of this place in 1812, can ever forget it? If ever you should take up your abode in Russia, have an especial care of your noses; many hundreds of people have lost theirs by the frost, which is inconceivably severe. The common people wear their beards, and pretty icicles there are generally at the end of them! The Volga is a king of a river, and the mountains of ice in the frozen ocean make me shiver even in thinking of them.

Spain and Portugal are not without their attractions, though I would not reside in either for all the fruit of the one, nor all the port-wine of

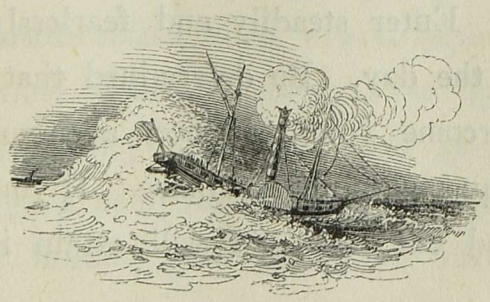
the other. Every place in Spain brought to my mind the scenes described in the history of Gil Blas. Madrid, and Salamanca, and Toledo, and Valladolid, all were just what I had supposed them to be; and the Ebro, the Tagus, the Douro, and the Guadalquiver, adorned the scenery around. When we gazed on Lisbon, built like old Rome on seven hills, we thought of the terrible earthquake of 1755, by which the city was destroyed. Only think of the earth opening, and swallowing up thousands of persons, with temples, churches, and habitations in one promiscuous ruin!

> "The yawning gulf one dread convulsion gave,
> And fathers, mothers, children, found a grave!"

Our tour occupied a considerable space of time; and though it gave us inexpressible pleasure, yet we returned with increased affection to the land

of our fathers. We had travelled such great distances, seen so many wonderful things, spoken so many strange languages, and met with so many odd adventures, that any one would have thought we should never again wish to stir from our own firesides. It was doubtless a happy day when we left home; but it was a much happier one when we came back.

Europe is worth the other three quarters of the world; but give me Old England, and you may take the rest of Europe to yourself, with Asia, Africa, and America into the bargain.



A CAPITAL CHAPTER.

Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!

JOHNSON.

RISE early, and watch the rising sun as he flies abroad with wings of coloured light to proclaim the glory of his Almighty Maker, and offer up your praise and prayer to the Giver of all good. Enter steadily and fearlessly on the duties of the day. Be determined that no trial shall overcome your patience, and no impediment conquer your perseverance. If your object be a good one, say, "I will attain it!" and

no doubt your word will be fulfilled. If you cannot say "I will," it is ten to one against your effecting your purpose. Never be found without an object. Ask yourself how you can do the most good; and when you have decided the point, throw your soul into your purpose. Never do good to obtain praise; this will be selling virtue at a price. Take a red-hot poker in your hand rather than a dishonest penny. Better be poisoned than perjured. Do no bad action to serve a good friend. Be indulgent to others' faults, but implacable to your own. Wage war with evil, and give no quarter. Die for the truth rather than live to uphold a lie. Never court needless danger, nor fly from a peril which duty imposes. Read good books, seek out good companions, attend to good counsels, and imitate good examples. Never give

way to despondency. Does the sun shine? rejoice. Is it covered with a cloud? wait till the cloud has passed away. Roguery outruns Honesty; but he is soon out of breath, and Honesty overtakes and passes by him. No folly is greater than that of fancying yourself to be wise. Never go to bed till you are wiser than you were when you rose; for observation, experience, and reflection, the elements of wisdom, are the property of all who like to enjoy them. Be just in all things, for self-reproach is an intolerable burden, and an accusing conscience a bad bedfellow. Would you wear good shoes, walk nimbly in the path of duty. Before you begin a thing, ask if it be worth doing. Admire an oak-tree, but waste not your time in counting its leaves. The man depends on the boy; the peace of to-morrow on the actions of to-day.

Sigh not over a trodden daisy, nor throw away your sympathy when there is so much misery in the world to require it. Lose your head rather than your integrity. I have heard the remark that it is better to be noble, than to be of noble birth; and, depend upon it, the saying is true. A crown of gold on the outside of the head, will not make amends for a lack of understanding within it. He who exchanges his own good opinion for that of others makes a miserable bargain. Thorn not thy finger with the thistles of controversy. Visit the abodes of the poor, and the avenues of thy own heart. It is better to walk with thine own feet than to ride in another's carriage. Many bow submissively to God's decrees so long as they prosper, who rebel against them when they are visited with adversity: add not thou to their number. He who is thankful

for a morsel of bread does well; but he who is thankful when he has no bread to eat, does better. Never pass by a vice in thyself nor a virtue in another. He who would be honest must be industrious. He who would live cheaply, must live at his own cost, for the dearest dinner is that which is spread on another's table. In thy estimate of life, forget not death: in counting the treasures of time, remember eternity. Avoid the night air; it is not more dangerous to thy body than to thy soul. Better to do one good deed than to imagine a thousand. Despise no one, for every one knows something which thou knowest not. Compare thyself frequently with what thou hast been. Wear thy old coat till thou canst pay for a new one. Bear with the infirmities of thy parents, for they have borne with thine. Others may think ill or well of thee; what dost

thou think of thyself? No gamester plays so high as he who stakes eternity. Twelve o'clock at night is the time for self-examination. The strongest armour is worn inside the bosom. Plant no thorns in thy dying pillow. Look on heaven as thy home, and on every day as a stage of thy journey thither.

VARIETY.

Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

ROGERS.

THERE is nothing like change—nothing like variety. "Change is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour." Look about you, and see if any two things are alike. No, that they are not; and, what is more, they never will be. The sun may rise and set one day much in the same manner as on another; but there is an abundant variety round about him. One day he rises through a clear blue sky; the next, he forces his way through clustering and painted clouds;

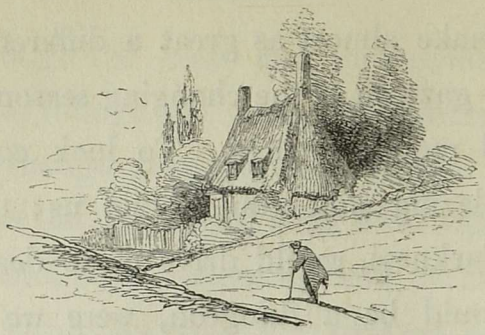
on the third he is hidden in storms, and pours his glory through an opening in the darkened heavens. Then, again, the variety of his declining strength: at one time he is seen dull and dim, like a red moon in the foggy atmosphere; at another, glittering with beams of insupportable brightness. Regard the variety of the ever-changing clouds, in colour, form, and magnitude; a moving panorama of matchless beauty, full of softness, sweetness, harmony, and heaven. Sometimes, when I look above me, the clouds shadow forth strange things to my imagination: now I see rocks and mountains, a lake of glass, or an ocean of molten gold; then again, giants are fighting in the air,—a dragon is seen crouching with a forked tail, and an old woman riding on a broomstick.

As it is with the heavens, so it is with the

earth: though the rocks and mountains are immoveable—though the trees are rooted to the ground—though temples, palaces, and cottages are fixtures on the earth, with what vast variety are they encircled. Morning and evening, sunshine and shade, quietude and tempest, alter their appearance, and change gives them a new creation, clothing them with terror, or adorning them with beauty. At different seasons the mountains are green with vegetation, and clad in snow; the trees are dressed in luxuriant verdure, or blasted and bare: and the habitations of men are, at times, the abodes of light, of love, of peace, and of joy; and at others, the dens of darkness, of hatred, of discord, and of death. All is change, all variety. Even if things were the same, we regard them under different emotions of mind; and want and abundance, ease and pain, joy and

sorrow, make almost as great a difference in the things we gaze on as the changing seasons.

We all require change. To look continually on the blazing sun, would blind us; to sit for ever in darkness, would drive us to despair. A palace would be a dungeon, were we confined within it; and venison and turtle become nauseous if they were our only food. Change we must have: I could laugh at him who did nothing but weep, and weep for the unhappy being who did nothing but laugh. There is a time to do both. But having said so much about change, it is time that I should change my subject, for there is nothing like variety.



JASPER'S COTTAGE.

MELANCHOLY.

'Tis aye gude to keep up a hardy heart; as broken a ship's come to land. WALTER SCOTT.

AY! mope away, my boy, and look miserable, and see if that will do you any good. I would have you bound apprentice to an undertaker, that your days may be passed in attending funerals. That face of yours would be invaluable in such a situation; and would, infallibly, make

your fortune. And so, the sun is to shine, the trees are to put forth their green leaves, the birds are to warble, and all nature to rejoice, while you pull a dismal face, and endeavour to make others as miserable as yourself.

Every breath of heaven reproves such ingratitude. If you will keep a record of your troubles, you will have troubles enough to record; while he who keeps a grateful eye fixed on his blessings, shall be blessed in his basket and his store, in his going out and his coming in. There are seasons when the most grateful heart is oppressed, the most cheerful spirit overclouded, and the stoutest man brought down by affliction on his knees; but these are exceptions.

I blame you not that your pulse throbs with anguish; that your heart beats with agony, or that your eyes are filled with tears, for these are

things which none can avoid, though many are content to endure them, without calling on all the world to bear witness to their sorrows.

Regard that poor, houseless, husbandless widow! Her good man died of the fever; her son was killed in battle; her patrimony was claimed by another; and now, she has enough in this dark world to make her heart ache, if she thought well to spend her time in gazing upon it; but no! she looks upwards, where you ought to look.

The glittering hopes that heaven bestows
Emerging from a cloud of woes
  Shall yield a purer light;
So, when the world in darkness lies,
A thousand stars bedeck the skies,
  And sparkle through the night.

FARMER JASPER.

In the cottage yonder, on the common, lives old Jasper Jenkins. Never had any man a prettier farm, nor a tidier wife, nor more industrious children; but his good dame sickened and died, his sons got into bad company, and his farm turned out to be a losing concern. But though old Jasper lives in that cot on the common, farm-

less, wifeless, and childless, yet is there cheerfulness in his heart, and hope in his eye, for his eye and his heart are fixed on heaven.

And shall the widow, and the grey-headed old man, bear their heavier afflictions patiently, while you mope away your hours, and give way to melancholy on account of what deserves not the name of trouble!

Do, for very shame, if you have no better motive, get the better of your melancholy. If there be a spirit within you that would spurn what is unworthy; if there be a particle of gratitude for the manifold blessings with which you are surrounded; if you are not eaten up with selfishness, and unthankfulness, wage war with melancholy! your heart shall then be lighter, your brow brighter, and the troubles which are around you shall vanish away.

The road of despondency, shrouded with gloom,
Is dark as the shadows which hang o'er the tomb.
Its pathways are broken, its ditches are deep,
And it ends in a precipice, sudden and steep.
The wretches that tread it gaze fearfully round,
Or gloomily walk with their eyes on the ground:
No fruit is e'er gather'd, no bud blossoms there;
'Tis the darkest of pathways that lead to despair.

When putting out the light of your lantern on a dark night will enable you to find your road—when carrying an additional burden will enable you the better to sustain the load which you have already on your back—when throwing down your oars will enable you to bring your boat to shore; then, and not till then, will despondency dissipate the shadows which are around you, and melancholy lighten the troubles of your heart.

AN ODD CHAPTER.

Experience has taught me what in time it will no doubt teach you, that if we form our opinion of persons and things by the names they bear, we shall often be most lamentably disappointed.

I had an uncle named *Hardy*, who could not bear the wind to blow upon him ; and a cousin, *Crouch*, who was as unbending, as proud, and as fearless a fellow as any in England.

The greatest simpleton in the parish where I live is William *Sage;* everybody knows *Lamb*, the butcher, to be hard-hearted ; and my worthy next-door neighbour, Mr. *Young*, is ninety-four next Bartlemas day.

The largest man that I ever saw, always excepting Daniel Lambert, was a Mr. *Small;* the most passionate, spiteful, spit-cat of a woman, a Mrs. *Mildmay;* and the gentlest creature that ever crossed my pathway, a Miss *Savage.*

You may put it down for a truth that the *Red Sea* is not of a flame colour, nor the *White Sea* white as snow; neither is the *Black Sea* exactly the colour of my hat.

The *New World* was discovered hundreds of years ago, and half of *Little Tartary* is bigger than the whole of *Great Britain.* Some people at the *Friendly Islands* are far from being civil, and many at the *Cape of Good Hope* have died in despair.

The *Sandwich Isles* are not the best places to lunch at. There are high mountains in *Lower Canada.* The inhabitants of *Japan* are not over

polished, and the *United Provinces* are often at variance with each other.

A *strait* is sometimes as crooked as a crab-tree. The *sea* is a place where people are often in sad want of water, and the *Pacific Ocean* is not unfrequently in a violent rage.

Many live a lowly life in the *Highlands*. *Table Mount* is more than three thousand feet in the air. *Pontypool* is all dry land; and at *Camelford* you will hardly find either camel or dromedary once in seven years.

The *Gold Coast* is by no means a coast of gold. You must look sharp about you to find a single stick at the *North Pole;* and *Greenland* is not half so green as other places.

FRIENDSHIP.

And what is friendship, but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

I COULD laugh outright at the absurd notions which in my youth I entertained of friendship; for in my simplicity I considered every one a friend who told me that he was one. Time and circumstance tell us many secrets, and time and circumstance told me that the opinion which I had formed was all a bag full of moonshine, and that I was a simpleton for my pains. Friendship is a bubble that sails along bravely, glit-

tering with all the colours of the rainbow, so long as there is no obstacle in its course; but the first impediment often destroys the illusion, and the bubble bursts into nothing.

I used, too, to think that one half of what the world said about friends flocking around those who did not want them, and forsaking those who did want them, was untrue; but there is nothing more true in the world,—nothing on which you may rely with more certainty. Thousands will deny it, and tens of thousands will not believe it, but it is not the less true on that account; and if ever you know what it is, through error or misfortune, to be more dependant on the friendship of your friends than you formerly were, that will be the time when you will be painfully reminded of the truth of what I say.

I speak not of one friend, nor of twenty, but

of all; at least, if there be any exceptions, they are as rare as diamonds, and not to be picked up every day of the week. Now I wish not to jaundice your mind against your friends, no!

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire!"

I have a different object in view, for I am speaking of you as well as of them. You will, for aught that I know to the contrary, be the first to act in the manner I have described to your fallen friends, unless you are alive to your infirmity. Friendship is a delightful thing, so long as two friends are in the same condition; but take my word for it, a rich friend and a poor friend are quite out of the question. When you see the Lord Mayor of London walking to the Mansion-house arm-in-arm with a beggar, you will no doubt think it a strange sight; but, strange as that sight would

be, it would not be half so surprising as the spectacle of a rich friend without presumption, and a poor one without servility. I would walk "fifty miles on foot" to see a rich man who could be a friend to one poorer than himself, without regarding himself as his benefactor.

Not that the rich have not hearts in their bosoms like other men, or that high and honourable emotions do not emanate from them. Oftentimes they are liberality itself; sympathy and respect they feel; kindness and benevolence they practise; but they cannot entertain real friendship for those far removed from their own condition.

You are young, and as I never talk without an object, my object now, in speaking of friendship, is, first to persuade you not to estimate too highly your own friendship, for the probability is, that as the weathercock turns with the wind, your

friendship will turn with the condition of your friend; and secondly, to advise you not to expect too much from the friendship of another, for if ever in your youthful affections you fancy that you have met with a friend who will go through fire and water for you, whose heart beats so true in its pulsations, that amidst the manifold changes of this mutable world he will remain unchanged and unchangeable; why, you may cherish the delightful feeling, for it is truly delightful; but if you do, you will grasp in your arms a shadow, bind a sunbeam to your bosom, and embrace an insubstantial, bodiless being! Be your own friend, and then you will be less dependant on the friendship of others. Be satisfied with a moderate attachment, without expecting unutterable devotedness; and practise not, if you can help it, the infirmity of forsaking a friend for no

other reason on earth than because he stands in need of your friendship.

I said that I could laugh at the simplicity of my early notions of friendship, and I said truly; for, assuredly, they were simplicity itself: since then, however, I have seen much of the manners and customs of this wide world, and am become wiser. I now know that friendship is, too frequently,

A card-house on a sugar-loaf,
Built on its very crown :—
Move softly round the tenement,
A breath will blow it down !

I hope you will never be rich enough to forsake a poor friend, nor poor enough to require the friendship of a rich one. Be satisfied, as I am, with a moderate store of this world's good, and if you feel any gratitude to me for the good advice which I have given you, when you find a

real, an unchangeable friend, do let me look at him: I should like to see *one* before I die, therefore, bring him along, just as you find him, and then I will not only undertake to renounce many of my present opinions, but also to talk for a whole day, without intermission, in commendation of friendship.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Remember, whate'er be thy sorrow and joy,
That the peace of old age all depends on the boy.

The man who remembers not his boyhood, and the season which he passed at school, must indeed have a wretched memory. These things are graven on the heart, as well as impressed on the brain; we may forget a thousand things, but we never forget them. The haunts of our boyhood form a fairy land, over which we love to roam. Here grows a tree that we planted, there stands a hut which we helped to build, and yonder is the green on which we gaily gambolled. The

proud importance of the man can never blot from his memory the pleasures of the boy.

> Though he gazes around him, before and behind,
> Not a sight can he see, not a joy can he find,
> As he rides in his carriage, or feasts in his hall,
> Like his kite and his peg-top, his hoop and his ball.

There is nothing in after-life like the fresh feelings of boyhood; therefore, enjoy them while you may. Take the lead among your schoolfellows; be the first at play and the best at study: why should you not be so? I talk enough on all subjects, but on the subject of my childhood and my youth I could talk for ever. Now mark me! In the midst of all the hopes you may encourage, the projects you may form, and the desires that are for ever rising in youthful bosoms, if you do not make the principles of virtue your foundation, all your castle-building will crumble into ruins. I had rather depend on

a spider's thread in a storm, than on the expectation of him who fosters vice and despises virtue. Experience has whispered it, spoken it, and proclaimed it aloud, that the vicious shall not prosper; and the words of Holy Writ are, "*There is no peace to the wicked.*" Be not deceived by the wealth, the popularity, and the glittering gewgaws of the unworthy. If the hope be not bright, and the heart at ease; if the pillow be stuck with thorns, and the fair feature be overshadowed with clouds, all the rest is as nothing: thousands of gold and silver will not lull a guilty conscience to sleep. Be vicious, and you cannot be happy; be virtuous, and I defy you to be miserable. Be not satisfied then with digging your little garden, and in sowing seeds there, but cultivate your heart and your head at the same time; for the seeds which you sow there shall spring up, and

blossom, and bloom, when you are a man. Let your early habits be those of looking above for direction, and diligently applying the faculties of your body, soul, and spirit, to worthy ends. When I was a boy, I did many things that I would now, if I could, blot out with my tears; and I did, also, other things which I would not have undone for all the gold in the bank of England. If you only knew, now, a few of the things which you will know by and by; if you could only see the value of what is attainable in youth, you would increase your industry, double your knowledge, and become ten times more wise than you are now. All the great and good men in the world have been boys, and why should not all boys become great and good men? Come, try what you can do, and then I shall not talk for nothing. I know very well that all boys are

not alike: one is a fast runner, another a good jumper, and a third shoots well with a bow and arrow. Again, one has a good memory, another a quick perception, and a third an excellent understanding; nor would I discourage any boy who has not natural abilities equal to those of his schoolfellows. All that I want you to do is, to do your best; and if you do that, depend upon it you will do well. Never be discouraged by difficulties, for great things have been done under great disadvantages.

Sir Richard Arkwright was once a poor barber, but by industry, perseverance, and ingenuity, he became a rich baronet. Captain Cook was a poor cabin-boy in the coal trade, but he became one of the first of sea captains, and sailed round the world. Nicholas Saunderson went stone-blind when only one year old; but, blind as he

was, he persevered in his studies, and became a professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and a fellow of the Royal Society, eminent for science and general knowledge. And shall a poor cabin-lad, a barber, and a blind boy, work their way through the world, and attain riches and reputation, while you are twisting your thumbs and fingers together, or sauntering about with your hands in your pockets? No! no! this will never do. Remember, there was a time when you could not walk, but by practice and perseverance you have learned to run. There was a time when I could not speak, and now, you hear that I can talk fast enough on all subjects. I dare say that you have read of Demosthenes, who, in his early days, was a sad stammerer, but by patience and perseverance he became one of the first orators of Greece: so you see what illus-

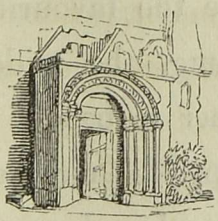
trious examples you have before you to imitate. When I was a boy, there grew an ash-tree near the school, which neither I, nor any one of my schoolfellows, could climb. The stem was so thick and smooth, and had such a provoking knob upon it, that none of us could ever succeed in climbing up it. Now, it was my ambition to be able to climb this tree. Day after day I made the attempt, day after day I got up as high as the knob, and day after day I slid down again without effecting my purpose. But did I sit down and blubber at the foot of the tree, think you? Oh, no! I kept up the practice of doing my best, until at last I got past the knob, and climbed the tree with ease. All this I kept to myself, until one day, when we had a half-day's holiday, some of my schoolfellows again attempted to climb the ash-tree. One after another tried, and one after an-

other gave up the enterprise. At last, Radnor, the biggest boy in the school, pressed through the throng: "See what a man can do!" said he, throwing off his jacket, and advancing to the tree with the determination to climb it; with much difficulty he got up to the knob, which was about ten feet from the ground, but in spite of every effort he could get no farther. At last, being quite exhausted, he slipped down all at once, and many of us thought he must be half killed; but this was not the case. No one else attempted the feat, and old Norburry, the blacksmith, who had been standing near, looking at us, with his face as black as that of a tinker, and his leathern apron reaching down to his toes, shook his head, and told us we were fine fellows, but that if we did not get on with our books a good deal faster than we got up the ash-tree, we should none of

us be conjurors. I then pulled off my jacket and climbed the ash-tree like a squirrel, to the astonishment of all. Old Norburry slunk away, saying as he went, "That lad, whatever he sets about, will always be at the top of the tree, take my word for it." You cannot think how this affair raised me in the opinion of my schoolfellows. Ever after that, whenever I met with a difficulty, I thought of the knob on the ash-tree, and resolved to overcome it. The words of old Norburry followed me, and I determined to be, as he said, "at the top of the tree" in everything. I could go on talking about my school days till I wearied you, but that would be throwing words away. Make up your mind to be industrious, and wise, and virtuous, and be "at the top of the tree" in all your undertakings, remembering that,

What you will be, when age is impress'd on your brow,
May be seen at a distance by what you are now.

Aim at objects worth attaining while you are young, and your school days will be a foundation on which you will build the prosperity of manhood, and the comfort of old age.



BULL-FIGHT.

Now the dreadful strife is raging,
Bold attack, and fearful flight;
Many a high-born Spanish lady
Gazes on the cruel fight.

Bull-fights are the favourite amusements of Spain. The young, the middle-aged, and the old, throng together to behold them, and beauty and fashion occupy the most conspicuous places to enjoy the spectacle. I remember being present at one of these exhibitions, rendered remarkable by the unusual strength and ferocity of a black bull, which was turned out on that occasion.

It was on a grand festival at Madrid, and the grandees of Spain were arrayed in their most splendid apparel. The arena was large, and the elevated seats, ranged in a circular form, were thronged with an innumerable multitude. The horsemen rode round the arena with as much apparent ease, dexterity, and safety, as though man and horse were one being. Many bulls were killed, many horses maimed, and many men disabled on that occasion; but I shall confine my description to the combat with the black bull.

The bulls of Spain are by no means large, nor are the horses used in these combats equal to those we have in England; if they were, the loss sustained by so many being killed would be prodigious: but on this occasion the bulls and horses were of the finest description. When the

door was drawn up to allow the bull to enter the arena, there was but one man on horseback to receive him; but he appeared to be young, active, and strong, and fully equal to his perilous undertaking.

The black bull was one of the largest ever seen, and his strength and ferocity were equal to his size. He rushed forwards, and then suddenly stopped, as though he knew not what object to attack; but the moment he saw the horseman, he bounded furiously towards him. The horseman wheeled round, evaded his attack, and at the same time speared him in the shoulder. The infuriated animal now turned in every direction to attack his opponent, but in vain; for so well trained and managed was the horse, that he avoided every encounter, until, making a rapid turn, the bull gored him to the ground. I

concluded that the horseman would inevitably be killed; but the bull was surrounded in an instant by men on foot, who so called away his attention from the fallen man, and plied him with darts, that he looked like a huge porcupine. The fallen horseman vaulted on another horse, apparently uninjured, the footmen disappeared, and the combat was once more renewed.

> Innumerable multitudes around
> With fix'd attention gaz'd upon the ground,
> And watch'd the brutal strife with eager breath,
> While every pause appear'd a pause of death.

The horseman threw a cord, which caught the bull by the foot; he then galloped round him, when the bull, furiously plunging, fell down, trammeled by the cord. He again rose, suddenly goring the horse in the side with such fury, that man, horse, and bull fell together.

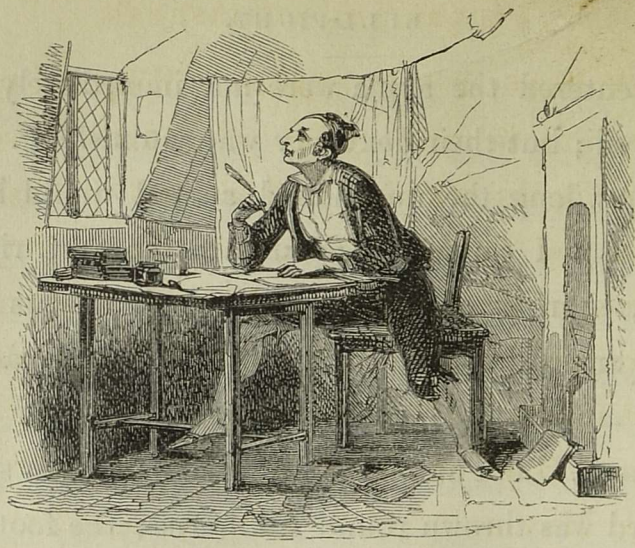
Footmen darted forwards from all sides to the

centre of the arena, where the prostrated bull lay. They extricated the man and horse, who were both taken away. Three fresh horsemen now appeared, who attacked the bull in different directions, while the men on foot sheathed their darts in his hide on every opportunity. Streaming with gore, and foaming with rage and toil, the black bull appeared undiminished in strength. Two of the horsemen, and, at least, a dozen of the footmen, were borne off with their bones broken or otherwise injured. Never before had a bull made such desperate resistance! At one period, twenty men surrounded him, a fallen horseman being in great danger; but he plunged through them all, and gored the fallen man as he lay on the ground, flinging him into the air, when he was caught by his companions, and carried away. To me it appeared wondrous that all

who entered the arena were not immediately destroyed; but their dexterity was astonishing.

How long the unsubdued animal would have held out I cannot say; but a combatant, richly clad, bearing an ornamented cloak on his left arm, and a dagger in his right hand, approached him, and at one spring plunged the dagger into his neck. The animal fell as if he had been shot: a cord was thrown round his horns; the footmen leaped on his enormous carcase, and four horses at full gallop dragged away the black bull from the arena,

> While scarfs were waved by many a Spanish dame,
> And shouting thousands thunder'd loud acclaim.



AN AUTHOR'S STUDY.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Reading can be considered as a mere amusement only by the most vulgar or the most frivolous part of mankind. Every one, whom natural good sense and a liberal education have qualified to form a judgment on the subject, will acknowledge that it is capable of being applied to an endless variety of good purposes.

ENFIELD'S *Speaker*.

I WANT you, my young friends, very highly to estimate two descriptions of persons, and these

are Authors and Publishers. What a world would this be without books! and there would be no books without authors and publishers. There you would sit with your hands in your pockets, or twirling your thumbs and your fingers before you, by the hour together. No travels, no ghost stories, no Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, or Boy's own Book, to read; no poetry, no Moral Maxims, no Little Library to amuse you. Why, you would mope yourselves to death; without books, life would be robbed of half its enjoyment.

Authors may be found of all ages, from the full-grown boy to the bald-headed man, and of all degrees of education. Some have been brought up at college, some at private schools, and some have educated themselves. Education is not reading and writing, grammar and geography, but

everything which we learn in the course of our lives. It is a good thing to know Latin and Greek ; but he who knows no more is an ignorant man. A good painter, if deprived of his brushes, would paint with the ends of his fingers rather than forego his favourite pursuits ; and an author of genius will write something worth reading under the most unfavourable circumstances.

An author has many delightful moments in his hours of composition. When he describes a scene, it may appear to the reader to be done at random ; whereas, in reality, it is drawn from some spot dear to his memory. The cottage he sketches has been visited in his boyhood ; the tree he describes has been climbed by him in the days of his youth. When he draws his characters, they appear to be taken without care from the crowd : no such thing ! in them he represents

some talented friend, dear to his affections; holds up to imitation some virtuous and benevolent acquaintance, or reproves some heartless booby, who is unconscious of his ignorance, and who prides himself upon his obstinacy. Thus he has a source of enjoyment unknown to others. If the world laughs at him, he laughs at the world; if mankind pity him, he too pities mankind.

Many authors are, and all ought to be, virtuous; and the very employment of contributing to the edification and happiness of others is a great luxury.

But they are not without their trials. In the midst of their most benevolent plans, their brightest descriptions, their highest sublimities, they must eat and drink, and provide for the common wants and necessities of human beings. Oh that the wretched rolls and red-herrings of the world

should have power to drag down a spirit to earth, when it is soaring amidst the clouds!

If you have ever put so great a weight to the end of your kite-tail, that, in spite of every effort, your kite could not mount into the air, then you can imagine the state of an aspiring author weighed down by poverty.

Perhaps you may have laughed at the sketch of an author sitting, in a moment of sublimity, in a fireless garret, on a backless chair, with a night-cap on his head, and slippers on his feet. If you have not, I have, and afterwards looked with pity on the slender clothes, the wasted form, and the thin visage of the poet. There are thousands of such beings in the world.

An author, when he has written a book, is just in the same situation as he was before he began it: he can neither eat it nor drink it; and some-

times he has but one friend in the wide world to assist him. That friend is neither a duke, nor a lord, nor an acquaintance. No; his best friend and his best patron is his publisher. It may be said that publishers cannot do without authors, and I am very glad of it; but what a pretty figure an author would cut without a publisher.

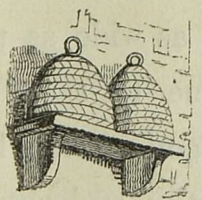
Authors are not often rich: some have never known riches, and others have found that "riches make to themselves wings, and fly away;" but whether error, folly, or misfortune has made them poor, they are pretty sure to make the best use of their wits, because their very existence depends upon their doing so. He who can swim, never swims so effectually as when he swims to save himself from drowning; and an author's wit is never keener than when it is providing for a keen appetite.

You have written in your copy-book, no doubt, the copy, "Necessity is the mother of invention;" and so it is; ay, and the father of it too! Give an author five hundred a-year, and you will cure him of all his wit; his poetry will become prose, and his prose will be so dull that no one will be able to discern its merit but himself.

A publisher has his enjoyments; for, if a work sells well, he gets money very fast; and if he properly caters for the amusement and edification of mankind, in bringing out interesting works, he has a secret satisfaction in increasing the common stock of human happiness, which he well deserves. But he has his trials and his disappointments. Sometimes the authors he employs write the begininng of their works well, and fall off at the end: this is vexatious to him. Sometimes the work which he felt sure would be a favourite

with the public, will not sell at all, and his shelves are laden with volumes which are to him almost worthless: this is another source of anxiety.

I need not tell you that the author and publisher are both dependent on the reader. If he will not buy, in vain does the author write, and the publisher publish—everything goes on wrong; but when the author writes with energy, the publisher publishes with spirit, and the reader buys freely—they compose one of the most musical trios that ever was sung in the whole world.



SLANDER.

Receive not Slander ; hateful hag !
Her deeds are dark and dire ;
Her flaming tongue, a full yard long,
Would set the house on fire.

Among the whole range of bad qualities that disfigure the conduct of young and old, there is not one more common than slander. It is as though youth, manhood, and old age had entered into a compact, that, however they might differ in other respects, they would agree in the practice of spreading, as wide as possible, every evil report which came to their knowledge. The canker-worm of slander often hides itself beneath the bloom of youth ; and clings to the decayed

energies of old age. It is a leprosy that cleaves to all mankind; and where you can show me one who would willingly arrest the progress of an evil report, I will undertake to show you five hundred who would, more willingly, spread it as wide as winds can blow.

Now, though you may admit that slander is hateful, and mean, and contemptible, you may not be so ready to admit that you practise it every week, if not every day, of your life, and yet I have very little doubt that such is the case. Though I am a great talker, I abhor slander in my heart; and had rather rail against a slanderer two hours, than listen to his tales for two minutes.

That pleasure must be a guilty one, which is purchased at the expense of another's peace, and the pleasures of the slanderer are all of this de-

scription. What is it to you, or to me, whether or not Kitty at the grocer's shop lost her place by dishonesty? Whether Mr. Stokes, at the Stonehouse, has, or has not, paid his butcher's bill for the last year? or whether it really be a truth that the churchwarden was trundled home in a wheelbarrow in a state of intoxication? Let us leave Kitty, and Mr. Stokes, and the churchwarden alone, and mind our own affairs; for if we spread these, or any other evil reports, without knowing them to be true, we are acting the part of a slanderer.

Will Walters was as tidy a lad as ever followed the plough, and had done his duty to Farmer Roughhead ever since he had been hired by him at the statute. Unluckily, Squire Green had lost a turkey, which had been stolen from one of his barns. In a few days it was spread

all through the village that Will Walters had stolen the squire's fattest turkey. Farmer Roughhead, vexed at the report, was determined to get to the bottom of it. Mason, the wheelwright, to whom the farmer first applied, said that he had heard say that Walters had stolen two turkeys; but, however that might be, Potter, the publican, had seen him come out of the squire's barn with a turkey under his arm. Away went the farmer to Potter, the publican, who stated that Mason had quite mistaken the matter. Phillis Price, the washerwoman, had told him that Walters was seen coming out of the squire's barn, but whether he had a turkey under his arm or not, he could not tell.

The honest farmer next trudged to Phillis Price. "Lack-a-daisy! how folks are given to scandalizing," cried Phillis; "why, every word

that I said was, that Walters was seen to go into the barn; Jack Jones, the miller's son, told me so yesterday." Roughhead, almost out of patience, next sallied out in quest of the miller's hopeful son, Jack Jones, who denied the report altogether. He said he told Phillis Price, who was a prating hussy for her pains, that Tim Turton, the blacksmith's apprentice, had seen Walters near the squire's barn; but as to his going into it, he had never heard a word about the matter. The blacksmith's apprentice was next applied to, who declared that it was a downright falsehood. He told Jack Jones that Bob Boughton, Walters' fellow servant, had seen Walters go in the direction of the barn, and that was all he knew about it.

Farmer Roughhead, after going such a round to so little purpose, was glad to get home again;

but on questioning Bob Boughton as to what he had reported abroad, "Master," replied Bob, "what I said to Tim Turton was this, that Will Walters was as honest a lad as ever wore a smock-frock, and that to my certain knowledge he had never been even in the direction of the squire's barn the whole of the day on which the turkey was stolen, for that I had been at work with him in the same field from morning to night."

"Boddikins!" cried the honest farmer, "if I could not find it in my heart to horsewhip half the folks in the parish! And so, here is an honest lad to lose his character because folks who have no hearts in their bosoms cannot keep their long slanderous tongues between their teeth! If one-half of them had the honesty of Will Walters, they would be ashamed to rob a poor lad of his reputation."

Whether the honest farmer mentioned this circumstance to the worthy curate or not I cannot tell, but certain it is, that, on the next Sunday morning, an excellent sermon was preached in the parish church from the words, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

THE SCHOOLBOYS.

EMULATION.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind 's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

TRY to excel all your companions, but do it in a good spirit. The reason why there are so

many blockheads in the world is, because, when boys, they were too idle to improve. If you wish to be a good man, a great man, a wise man, or a clever man, you must begin while you are a boy, or you will never begin at all. If I had not begun very early, and been very industrious too, how would it have been possible for me to obtain the knowledge I possess, and the mass of information that I have got together? When I think of the books which I have read, the countries I have seen, the languages I have learned, the works I have written, and the words I have spoken, I am astonished at my attainments; but then, I began early, and was determined to be at the top of the tree in all things. I may, perhaps, have told you all this before, and probably shall tell it to you again, for I repeat some things a thousand times over. Now,

do follow my example, and be determined to become as good, as great, as wise, and as clever as I am; and mind, this should be done in little things as well as great; let the minutest thing you do be done well.

If I were a cobbler, I 'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
And if I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.

Whether you are short or tall, thin or fat, ordinary or handsome, is not so much as a feather in the scale: I am not recommending you to decorate your body, but your mind — the immortal part of you. Try, then, to excel. Leave it to others to comb up their hair with their hands, and to dispose their pretty curling locks as it may please them; while they adorn the outside of their heads, you be careful to adorn the inside of yours.

When I was a schoolboy, an honest farmer came to see two of my schoolfellows, who were brothers, but they were at the moment absent. "Which is the taller of the two now?" inquired the farmer, "for I have not seen them for many a long day: which is the taller, John or Thomas?" —"Oh," said our schoolmaster, "John is full a head and shoulders taller than his brother." Soon after this the boys made their appearance, when the farmer was surprised to see that John was a puny little fellow, while Thomas, a long, lean, lanky lad, carried his head nearly a foot higher than his brother. "I thought," said the farmer, "that you said John was the taller; why, he is but a dwarf compared to his brother, who holds up his head like a grenadier!" — "Yes, yes," replied our schoolmaster, "but we regard boys' heads just as you do ears of corn; we

value most, not those which run up the highest in the air, but those which have the most in them. When I said John was a head and shoulders taller than his brother, I spoke of his ability: a schoolmaster measures his scholars, not by their bodies, but by their minds."—"I'faith, you are right, Mr. Schoolmaster," said the honest farmer; "and for the future, when I measure a lad, it shall be by your standard."

Now, I want you not only to excel your companions in your attainments, but also in the manner in which you apply them; for good attainments may be put to bad purposes. If you give a sixpence to a drunken fellow, you encourage crime; if you bestow it on a poor, honest, sober, hard-working man, you relieve distress and increase his power to be industrious; and, in like manner, you may use your acquirements to do good

or evil. I wish I could shew you one of my old copy-books, you would then see something like writing; or my last account-book, which would convince you what is possible to be done by a boy of perseverance and emulation. I should like you to turn over my drawings, and to read a few of my classical compositions, for you would not afterwards be satisfied with the common trumpery productions of common-place ability. Do learn to excel.

What boy would be the lowest of the class in school, or the last in the race on the play-ground? I neither expect every boy to read, write, and cast accounts so well as I used to do, nor to walk or talk so fast as I do now. No; that is out of the question: but still, boys might do much better than they do in general. Would I be drawling out a lesson, as if the words were glued to

the roof of my mouth? or crawling along on an errand, as though the soles of my shoes were made of lead? No; let life and spirit be thrown into your pursuits; make the best attainments, put them to the best purposes, and apply them in the best manner.

I could give you more good advice on this subject in an hour than you could reduce to practice in a year; but if you turn to a good account what I have already given, you will never allow your schoolfellows or playmates to outrun you in any useful attainments or virtuous undertakings. To be clever is a good thing, to be wise is a better thing, but to be good is the best thing of all. Do, then, try to excel in attainments, and wisdom, and especially in virtue.

NOTHING.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind !

SHAKSPEARE.

OF all subjects this is certainly the best for a great talker; and he who cannot say a great deal upon it, had better remain silent. He may be very clever, but he cannot be a clever talker. This subject is so copious that it appears to include everything, and if I were called upon to make a thousand observations, I would not desire a better theme. Nothing ! The very word is

like a fountain bubbling up with inexhaustible supplies. When the flakes of snow, and the drops of rain, can be numbered, then may you seek to enumerate the innumerable reflections that spring from nothing, like the blades of grass from the earth.

When I see the miser with his bundles of bills, and his bags of money, I look forward to that time when it may perhaps be said,

> "With greedy hands and avaricious eyes,
> He grasps in fear his golden gods, and dies,"

and ask, what will his riches avail him, and what of all his possessions will he take away with him? Alas! nothing! The famished beggar, whose hunger he refused to assuage, is no poorer than he.

Look at the giants of the earth, the emperors, the pontiffs, the kings, and those who by the

strength of their bodies or the superiority of their minds have raised themselves above their fellow men. Look at their glittering crowns, and mitres, and golden sceptres, with the temples and the statues erected to their memory. Look at the wreath of the poet, the truncheon of the warrior, and then say, when a thousand fleeting years have winged their way over this revolving world, what, of all the crowns, the mitres, the sceptres, the temples, the statues, the wreaths, and the truncheons, will be left to excite the wonder of the world? Nothing! not a vestige! They, and the beings they adorned or commemorated, will be nothing.

What avails it to walk where the sunbeam has power,
If the path will be shadow'd with gloom in an hour!
To be skreen'd for a while from the wind and the blast,
To be scatter'd and torn by the tempest at last!

What avails it to be something to-day, if to-morrow we are to be nothing?

I could talk for a month about nothing, there is so much to be learned from it. It is positively full of instruction. He that says nothing, will hardly be reproved for slandering the reputation of his neighbour; and he who does nothing wrong, is not likely to be shunned as a thief and a robber. If I had not laid it down as an especial rule to say nothing, except what was worth listening to, why all that I could say, even on this excellent subject, would amount to nothing.

One half of the wondrous tales which are current in the world have nothing in them; and a thousand slanders, which are propagated by a thousand tongues, if thoroughly investigated, would be found to spring from nothing.

What is done by the warrior for the good of mankind?

> Hasty, impetuous, uncontroll'd,
> As avalanche from Andes rolled,

he rushes, ruthlessly, on his opponents; scatters them in the dust; deluges the soil with blood; and the gilded obelisk proclaims him to the world as the defender and friend of his country. But take away from his deeds such as were achieved through ambition, interest, and vain-glory, and what will be left behind?—Nothing.

A greater part of the wars which take place in the world are about nothing; and though we cannot say that a victory costs nothing, we may affirm that the advantages gained by it are frequently worth nothing.

Most of the long speeches which are made contain nothing, and the object they have in view

is nothing but the interest or popularity of the speaker.

What did you ever get by bad thoughts, bad words, bad passions, and bad actions? why, nothing—at least, nothing worth having; and many of the things which we now consider to be the most excellent in the world, will, by and by, be accounted nothing.

> We are worldly, and simple, and weak, and unwise,
> When our hope and our object are under the skies;
> For all that the world has to give is a breath—
> A bubble that bursts on the dark stream of death.

It would make quite a revolution in the affairs of the world, if the important nothings of this life were to be abolished; for how would the tradesman sell his goods? the quack vend his medicine? the lawyer cover his parchments? the poet write his preface? the critic compose his review? the courtier approach his sovereign?

or, indeed, how could I support my credit as a talker, if an edict were to go forth forbidding every one, on pain of immediate decapitation, to make much ado about nothing? I tell you, that it would produce a revolution. We should have no inventions, no fashions, no public speeches, no news, and no newspapers. We must begin life again, and upon a new plan; for how could we do anything, without nothing, in a world wherein nothing has so long been almost everything.

When we compare the performances of mankind with their promises, our deserts with our desires, and the things we have done with the things we intended to do, they are as nothing, and we may well blush at the result of our comparison.

The man who puts into the lottery expects

everything, and usually gets nothing: we all too much resemble him, for we encourage unreasonable desires, and unreasonable desires are sure to produce nothing. The miller who dug for hidden treasures brought down his mill upon his head; and when we leave the path of persevering industry for that of imaginary wealth, we bring disappointment on our hearts.

If I were to talk about nothing till I had nothing to say on the subject, I should lose sight of the old saying, "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" and that I would not willingly do. No! no! whatever may be the subject on which a great talker converses, he gains nothing by wearying those who listen to him. You have listened to me very patiently, but, after all, your patience is not so great as my disposition to talk. My tongue is a sort of per-

petual motion: no matter whether the season be spring, summer, autumn, or winter, its activity is never destroyed. Perhaps I have for the present said enough, and if you should be of opinion that I have said too much, you will shew your good sense by keeping that opinion entirely to yourself, and saying nothing.

HALF A DOZEN THINGS.

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

SOUTHEY.

HAVING ten minutes to spare, I may as well fill up the time in saying something; let me give you a little good advice. Advice is very like a dose of physic, for it is a thing much more pleasant to give than to take; but as, on the present occasion, I have nothing at all to do with the taking of it, I will not trouble my head farther about the matter than merely to observe that good advice is not only the cheapest, but also one of the most valuable commodities in the world.

Have a care, my boy, of your education; see that your principles and your practice are equal to your attainments. The head of Melville was highly educated, but his heart was sadly neglected: he was too learned to honour his unlettered parents, too well informed to follow the advice of his friends, and by far too polite to practise the vulgar duties of his situation. He is now spending his days in idleness, as low in the estimation of others as he is high in his own.

The ship that carries great sail, and little cargo and ballast, may scud along bravely in fair weather; but in foul, she is soon seen with her keel uppermost.

Mind your manners. Those are the best manners which raise you in the opinion of others, without sinking you in your own. A poor widow woman once fell down and sprained her ankle,

so that she could not walk, and a crowd soon gathered around her. One polite person pitied her; another promised to make her case known; when a plain, modest-looking man stepped forward, paid for a coach to carry her to her habitation, slipped a piece of money into her hand, and disappeared. One kind act done with simplicity is worth a thousand fine speeches, though accompanied with all the contortions of a posture-master.

Slime not your tongue with a slander. Wilkins would not for the world tell an untruth to injure another; but if any one else would take the trouble to tell an untruth, Wilkins was the first, and the most industrious, to spread it abroad. Anything which he had *heard said*, or that had been *whispered*, or that there was *some reason to suppose*, was circulated by him without

scruple. You may not have raised a slander on purpose to do mischief; but have you never spread an evil report of another, without being confident of its truth? If you have, you are a slanderer.

Beware of flattery, for it excites the imagination, and poisons the judgment. Poor Simons was accidentally told by a stranger that he was a very clever fellow: this he bore. Unfortunately his friends made the same observation: this was as much as he could bear. At last his inflated brain told him that this opinion must be true; and from that day forwards he became a fool. To be flattered by strangers is bad; to be flattered by friends is much worse; but to be flattered by ourselves is certainly the worst of all.

While you are young, avoid cruelty. You would not tear away the wing of a swan; why

should you tear that of a butterfly? You would not run a spike through a spaniel dog; why should you run one through a cockchafer? You would not rob a house; why should you pilfer the nest of a poor bird. Shew me a cruel boy, and I will shew you one who will be a hard-hearted man. Whether the object of your cruelty be great or small—whether it be an insect, a bird, an animal, or a human being, it is of little consequence; only that cruelty is more mean when practised against the weak and defenceless, than against the strong and powerful. The boy who is ignorant may be pitied; he who is thoughtless may be pardoned; but he who is cruel ought to be despised.

Hard as the lesson may be, learn to practise forgiveness. We can envy and hate one another — we can injure, forsake, and despise one an-

other; but it is, indeed, a hard thing to forgive one another. Many say, "I will forgive it, but I can never forget it;" by which saying it is clear that they desire the credit of possessing the virtue of forgiveness, without putting it in practice. How noble was the observation of the archbishop of Paris, in referring to a wrong which had been done to him — "If I must remember it," said he, "it shall only be as another of the injuries which I am bound to forgive."

Forgive, when injuries around thee roll,
Howe'er thy peace be riven;
Forgive, with all thy heart and soul,
If thou would'st be forgiven.

SILENCE.

You will find a tortoise-shell Tom cat, before you
Meet with a fool who can be silent.

THERE is scarcely a subject on which I could say more than on that of silence; for, though silence is a virtue to which I could never attain myself, I admire it not the less in others. You may depend upon it that wise men are generally silent men, and that they who talk the fastest have, in nine cases out of ten, the least share of understanding. My own case is an exception to this rule. If you think because I am talkative that I am not qualified to speak in praise of silence, you commit a great error, for I am on

that very account better qualified than another. Who do you suppose is the better qualified to explain the pleasure of eating a good dinner, he who has one every day of his life, or he who procures one but once a month? Who can speak the more feelingly on the advantage of a new suit of clothes, he who has a new suit every three months, or he who can obtain such a prize only once in as many years? The want of a thing makes us estimate it more highly than the possession of it. You were never half so grateful for the comfort of a good warm bed on a winter's night, as you would have been if you had passed a night out of doors, amid the sleet and snow. Nor were you ever so much inclined to think highly of ease, as during a hearty fit of the tooth-ache. Where you can give me one reason why you should talk fast, I can give you a score why

you should hold your tongue. All the time which you consume in talking fast is lost to you, for you might be listening to that which might be important to you to know. Rely upon it, that silence is a great virtue! There is an old proverb, "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom;" and if you talk much when you have very little to talk about, you will get the reputation of being not only a great talker, but also a great blockhead. Great talkers generally like to choose their own subjects, and these subjects are usually what no other person would think of choosing. Great talkers, also, are frequently careless in suiting their subject to the people to whom they talk. One that I know was boring a person, the other night, with a long-winded harangue on law-suits, without considering that the person to

whom he was talking had just lost one. He then held forth, as long, on the horrors of hydrophobia, to another, who that very day had met with the misfortune of being bit in the hand by a strange dog. And to crown the whole, he turned to a friend of mine, who had just bought largely in the Three per Cents., and maintained his opinion for an hour and a half, that every man who had property in the funds was no better than a speculating, stock-jobbing swindler. You may fancy how patiently he was listened to, and how very acceptable his conversation must have been.

I hardly ever knew a fast talker in my life, myself excepted, who was not considered a disagreeable, chattering, busy, meddling fellow; so that I again say that silence is a great virtue. If you talk fast when alone, you have no one to lis-

ten to you. If you talk fast in company, unless you are very entertaining, half a dozen people will be sitting on the edge of their chairs, impatient to get in an observation of their own. Your wit, if you have any, will be disregarded by them, and your wisdom thrown away. Very few people are overburdened with wisdom or wit, and the fast talker is not among the number. The probability of a great talker rendering himself agreeable is so little, and that of his becoming disagreeable so great, that a wise man, unless his information be equal to my own, must become foolish before he can indulge in such folly. Take my advice and be silent. Be a great reader if you will, a great listener if you like, and a great thinker if you are so disposed; but on no account in the world venture to be a great talker.

A RAMBLING CHAPTER.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.

POPE.

I WILL tell you what I would do if I were a boy. I would sit down and reflect what would be the most valuable acquirements in the world. After finding out what they were, I would ask myself which will be the best method to attain them? and after I had answered this question, I would lose no time in pursuing them. The boy who follows this advice, cannot fail to become a great man.

The error of youth is that of thinking itself as wise as age; and the error of age is that of expecting youth to act as prudently as though it had received the benefit of experience. As you are young, try to avoid them both.

An idle man ought not to complain of any one who robs him, since he himself sets the example. He robs himself of much more by his idleness than a thief can take from him. The drunkard ought not to take it to heart, even though a man should poison him; what he gives to himself takes away the use of his limbs, and deprives him of the use of his reason; what can poison do more! Idleness and intemperance have led millions to destruction, let them not add you to the number. Always have a good object in view. It should be the object of a

child, to become a good boy; the endeavour of a boy, to become a good man; and the determination of a man, to be a model of wisdom and virtue in his old age. Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, every day they live on earth, should try to get nearer to heaven.

If you cannot talk so fast as I can, learn, at least, to think as correctly; and make amends for your want of good words, by an abundance of good desires and benevolent deeds. Some are more eloquent in their silence, than others are in their speech. The eloquence of the tongue is excellent, but it is nothing when compared with the eloquence of the heart.

Open your eyes wide and you will see, not only how blindly others grope their way through the world, but also, the wrong turnings they take, and the quagmires which they fall into.

How careless, how reckless, how wilfully blind,
In their journey through life are the most of mankind!
Each man takes the pathway that pleases him best,
To the north, or the south, to the east or the west.
Pride, interest, and pleasure, exert their control,
And call forth the passions, and poison the soul;
And folly, and fashion, and feeling impart
Their delusions to injure the head and the heart.

Now, if you can see these errors and still fall into them, however excellent you may imagine your eyesight to be, you must be blind in the head, blind in the heart, and blind all over.

Happy is he, who, in regretting his past indiscretions, can say, I never yet led a companion into evil. Let this happiness be yours.

If a boy by accident blacks his face, his comrades will perceive it before himself; and if you have a bad quality in your disposition, you will be the last person in the world to discover it. It is necessary, not only to examine our-

selves, but, also, to get others to examine us, if we would have clean faces, and minds free from infirmity.

People of all ages judge favourably of themselves. I often admire my own eloquence, when it fails to excite the admiration of others; and as frequently wonder at my wisdom, when I perceive no astonishment in the faces of my friends. If my humility in avowing this should preserve you from pride, it will in some degree atone for the want of connexion in this rambling chapter.

If you wish to be happy, and to make others happy too, you must be virtuous; for, without virtue, this world is worthless, and a better cannot be attained.

Let the wicked obtain all they wish for, and more;
Let them pile up their pleasures, and gaze on their store:

They will end at the last in a pall and a plume,
And the moth and the rust will their treasures consume.
Their wealth, and their wisdom, their pride, and their power,
Will make themselves wing in a shadowy hour ;
Their heads and their hearts be defenceless and bare,
With no shield to protect them from woe and despair.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

ITALY.

The temple was a ruin, fair to see,
But lurking there the Italian bandit stood :
His brow was dark—his eye flash'd fierce and free,
And his right hand was deeply stain'd with blood.

In one of my tours through Italy I met with an adventure which had well nigh put an end to my talking for ever. This would have been a great affliction to me, but perhaps a much greater one to mankind, for I do not know that a being

is to be found, from the icebergs of Spitzbergen to Van Diemen's land, who has a more lively desire to benefit the community than myself, especially that part of it which consists of young people; whether I associate with courtiers or cobblers, Icelanders or Hottentots, fakirs or fire-eaters, I am ever desirous of obtaining some information or source of amusement for my young friends.

When I explored Herculaneum and Pompeii, when I visited the Portician Museum, containing pictures, statues, vases, busts, altars, candelabra, marbles, and bronzes, which had been for eighteen hundred years beneath the lava and volcanic ashes of Vesuvius: when I inspected St. Peter's at Rome, the Vatican, the Colosseum, Trajan's Pillar, and all the wonders of that renowned city, with the monuments, statues, picture-gal-

leries, and museums of Italy, I ever kept in view the desire to benefit the youth of my own country by my descriptions, and many an hour have I wiled away, with a buoyant band of young people about me, in recounting what my eyes have seen. But I will describe the adventure which occurred to me. It took place at a time when travelling in Italy was dangerous, for the roads were infested with brigands, who scrupled not to shed blood, whenever it was necessary so to do, to secure their booty. A short time before, a party of these brigands had sent the ears of a captured traveller in a letter to his friends, telling them that a certain sum of money must be sent by a certain time, otherwise his head would follow.

Notwithstanding the danger, my enthusiastic disposition led me to quit the common road to

admire the delightful scenes of the country. Attracted by the ruins of a temple, I had separated myself from my fellow travellers, five in number, and proceeded alone towards the ruin. At no great distance stood a thick clump of trees, and the adjoining ground was irregular and rocky. Scarcely had I reached the ruin and seated myself to take a rapid sketch of the place, when I found myself suddenly surrounded by eight bandits, who pinioned my arms, and threatened me with immediate death if I made any noise. They had been concealed behind the clump of trees, and, when they surrounded me, presented such a picturesque appearance, that, had I been permitted to introduce them into my sketch, I should have thought less of the misfortune of the loss of my liberty.

The chief had on his head a small red cap with

tassels hanging down on one side. His hair was raven black, his eye quick, and his face finely-formed; but cruelty and contempt of danger were painted there. The others were irregularly clad, no two of them resembling each other, and their weapons were as diversified as their dress. One wore a sort of skull-cap; another an English hat, which he had, no doubt, taken from some unfortunate traveller like myself. A third wore no hat at all. Again, one had shoes on his feet, another was bandaged round the ankles with broad coloured tape or riband, and the legs of two of them were naked to the knee.

The chief carried a carbine, and every man had a dirk, or a knife, stuck in his girdle. It was generally thought then that the bandits of Italy were composed of the peasantry of the country, and employed a part of their time at their accus-

tomed labour; but whenever a party had perpetrated a deed more sanguinary than ordinary, they left their usual employment altogether, and became systematized robbers and murderers.

To own the truth, I by no means relished my new companions, and was about to render to them five hundred reasons why they ought not to detain me; but judging by their demeanour that there was some probability of having a dagger thrust between my ribs before I had fully explained myself, I abandoned my intention, always having had a great antipathy to an interruption when speaking.

"Well," thought I, "'time and tide wear through the roughest day,' but if ever I can shew my back to these brave fellows, we will see who can run best." I was very reluctantly led to a lonely spot, still farther from the road, partly

arched over by projecting rocks, and partly hidden with thick bushes. This place seemed to serve them as a temporary home:—here I thought it not unlikely that my travelling career would end, and that on this stage a tragedy would be acted, wherein I should have the honour to appear as the principal character, for the first and the last time. Danger, however, makes us prompt in our own defence, and I had my wits about me.

For some time I had accustomed myself to take, occasionally, a few drops of laudanum on retiring to rest, being much troubled with headache that disturbed my slumbers. I had a small phial of laudanum in a little leather case, and this case fortunately was in my coat-pocket at the time I was captured. Though my hands had been fastened behind me, I contrived, unseen, to

get at my laudanum case, and to drop it among the grass before I entered their retreat; for I concluded, naturally enough, that I should be searched very carefully. In five minutes my hands were unbound, and I was stripped of every thing. In exchange for my own clothes they generously presented me with the habiliments of one of the bandits, consisting of a pair of ragged red pantaloons, and an old blue jacket with a fur collar. This being done, the chief, with a look of irony, asked me which of my ears I could best spare, my right ear or my left? I understood his meaning too well, and told him that I could by no means spare my left ear, and that, if he took my right, it would turn out after all to be the wrong one for me. One of the villains, who seemed a merry fellow, replied, that as there was some risk of choosing the wrong ear, to avoid a

mistake, it would be better to take the two. Now, dull as this wit was, it was quite sharp enough to make my ears tingle: but the chief, who was pleased with the money he had found in my purse, and hoped, perhaps, to get more by good than bad usage, said there was no hurry, and bade me make myself comfortable; handing me, at the same time, a flask of wine, a little of which I drank.

The banditti, all but two of them, then sallied out in quest of adventures, and I was required by these two to help them in procuring fuel, with the gentle intimation that a bullet from a pistol would, at any time, run faster than I could. While out, I contrived to regain my laudanum case. I had noticed where the wine flask had been deposited, and found means to pour into it the contents of my phial. A fire was made, night

came on, and no appearance of the return of the banditti. I had, however, the satisfaction of seeing the flask fairly emptied by my companions, who were too niggardly disposed to offer me a drop of its contents.

No one can tell what I endured between the hope of escape, and the fear of the return of the

THE BRIGANDS.

banditti. But I will spin out my tale no longer. The dose of laudanum was enough to make the rascals sleep for a fortnight; without waiting to change my blue jacket with the fur cape, and my ragged red pantaloons, I left my companions in a sound slumber, and there, for aught I know, they may be sleeping still. If they wait for me to call them, their mustachoes will be at least a foot long when they next make their appearance as Italian bandits.

BEDOUIN ARAB.

ASIA.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd.

COLLINS.

I CAN bear heat and cold, hunger and thirst, hardship and toil; but, for all that, I shall not soon forget what I went through in the Great Desert of Kirman. When I was a boy I was a sort of leader among my companions: we had

our mimic battles, and the motto worn on my hat-crown was taken from Beattie's Minstrel:

> Patient in toil, serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

That motto, as I tell you, I wore on my hat-crown when a boy, and I have worn it on my heart since I became a man.

There is a desert which stretches itself from the vicinity of Korn almost to the Zurra, running from east to west about four hundred miles English measure, and it may be two hundred and fifty from north to south. In this latter direction it connects itself with the Desert of Kirman. I should think the two deserts together may be seven hundred miles long; but if you had to traverse them, you would almost suppose them to be as many thousands.

I know not how many there were of us; but

when the camels were stretched out into a line, patiently plodding one after another, they seemed almost endless.

The fiery wind, and the cry of distress,
Were heard in the desert drear,
And the Sirdar Shiek, and the Muhmood Shah,
And Rohoollah Beg Ider were there;
And prone in the sand on our faces we lay,
Till the blast of the desert had wing'd far away.

We must have been perfect salamanders to have breathed that fiery atmosphere. I kept my head in the sand till I was all but choked; and if the burning blast had not passed away speedily, no British coffin would ever have been needed for me. Had there been a cool shadowy lane leading towards Old England, I should soon have turned down it, and left all the turbanned Moslems, the sons of the Prophet, to enjoy their deserts as they pleased. We had dates to eat,

and barley-meal mingled with a little water; but the latter soon became exhausted, and then our misery began.

Think of our situation—think of the illimitable sand, the expanded sky, and every object to which the eye can be directed, quivering as rapidly as the wings of the dragon-fly before he settles on a bush! This effect is produced by the intense heat. Think of your tongue being as dry, and almost as hard, as a salted neat's tongue that has been hung up for a fortnight to the kitchen ceiling, with a dark yellow crust on it as thick as a crown-piece! Think of a knob in your throat, as though a walnut was sticking there; think of blood-shot eyes, and faintness, and sharp pains, and then think if you could have borne the half of what I endured!

It is true that, when in the desert, if you feel

thirsty, you may at any time call for a glass of clear, cold spring water; but you may as well "call spirits from the vasty deep." You may order any of the Arabs to bring you citrons, and oranges, ice-creams, and calf's-foot jelly; but if they obey your order, they will be much more attentive to you than they were to me. I would willingly have given all my camels, ay, and the burdens on their backs, for a green field, a shadowy tree, and a rivulet of running water; but if I had offered all Asia for one of these, my offer would have been made in vain.

It happens, sometimes, to a traveller, in crossing the desert, that the wells fail in their supply of water, and in very dry seasons the water-skins, carried by the camels, evaporate more rapidly than ordinary. Now, this was the case with us, and we were reduced to extremity. Just at this

juncture the horses began to neigh and snort impatiently, and to prance about, and plunge forward; even the patient camels snuffed up the air, and quickened their pace, some of them breaking their halters. We all knew, by the ungovernable impatience of the animals, that water was near. This proved to be the case, for the mountain-rains had swelled a stream, at other times very small, to a considerable current. The animals had, no doubt, smelt the water, for it was impossible to see it, not only on account of its distance, but of its situation. So desperate did the poor camel become on which I was mounted, that it rushed forward to the spot, and stumbling as it bent down its head to drink, we both plunged together into the stream. What a strange and unutterable sensation — one moment to be half frantic with thirst, and the next

CAMELS DISCOVERING WATER.

to be in danger of drowning! I will not attempt to describe my sensations: never since then have I lifted a cup of water to my lips without a grateful remembrance of that refreshing stream.

In England we partake of a thousand blessings without attaching any value to them: after we have known the hardships, and the hunger and

thirst, which are endured in other climes, we are thankful for our repose, for our bits of bread and our drops of water.

What must have been the mingled miseries of that caravan which, in journeying from Timbuctoo to Tafilet, in the year 1805, was disappointed in finding water at one of the accustomed watering-places; how terrible the sight of two thousand persons and eighteen hundred camels perishing together of thirst!

Cruelty is to be found in every part of the world; but now and then we hear of instances of unusual barbarity. I shall give an instance of this kind which occurred in the province of Kirman, situated in Persia.

"When Agha Moohummud Khan besieged Kirman, in the province of the same name, Looft Alee Khan, the last of the Zund dynasty, de-

fended it until he lost two-thirds of his troops, and the inhabitants died of famine and thirst. A sirdar, Nujuf Koolu Khan, induced by bribery, allowed a party of the enemy to enter, who immediately ran and opened one of the gates, and let in the whole of the enemy. Looft Alee Khan cut his way through them with a few brave adherents, and escaped; but being afterwards betrayed, Agha Moohummud Khan put out his eyes with his own hands; and to commemorate the downfall of the Zund dynasty, and the capture of Kirman, he formed the horrid resolution of erecting a pyramid of skulls on the spot where Looft Alee Khan was taken. For this purpose he decapitated six hundred prisoners, and despatched their heads to the place by three hundred other prisoners, forcing each man to carry two skulls. These unfortunate wretches, on their

arrival, shared the same fate; and the pyramid was seen by Lieutenant Pottinger in the city in 1810, a horrid evidence of the conqueror's implacable hate and blood-thirsty disposition."

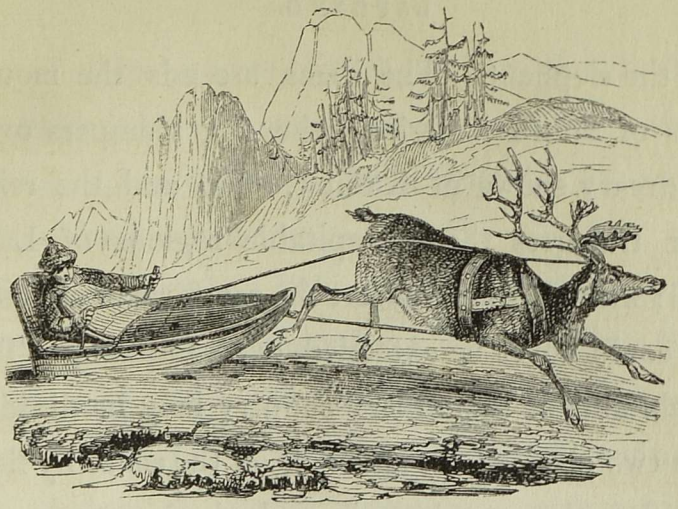
Three times have I, in my weary wanderings with caravans over the Asiatic deserts, been surrounded by Bedouins, who intended us no farther molestation than merely that of destroying our lives and taking possession of our property. And three times have I set myself at the head of a band of merchants, pilgrims, and camel-drivers, and put the robbers to flight. On one occasion, when two daring Bedouins had advanced near our camels to ascertain our strength, one of our party took aim, and shot the foremost of them dead. The other received this as a hint that no good was intended him, and accordingly decamped.

The thirst experienced in the desert is intolerable. Oh ! it is a wretched thing to see those with whom you have borne the heat and burden of the day, fall at your feet to rise no more ! yet this is a common occurrence. A faintness comes on ; a giddiness ; a tear or two steals slowly down the cheek of the sufferer ; he falls on the sand, and in a few moments becomes insensible.

Heigho ! I have seen more of this wide world than I ever wish to see again. There is one spot in it worth all the rest put together, and that spot is old England.

Now, my young friends, if there be any among you of an enterprising spirit, bent on traversing the deserts, it will, I suppose, be losing time to persuade you to abandon your design : I will, therefore, put you in a way of turning your plan to the best advantage ; set off directly to the

deserts, there you may get plenty of land for nothing, and land that will never put you to a farthing of expense in ploughing: raise capital crops as fast as you can, dispose of them well, and your fortune is made. Or, if you prefer another mode, let your land in small parcels, and at a great price, to the Persians and Arabians; turn dealer in jackals, wolves, hyenas, and wild hogs, which you may get for catching them, drive them to a good market, and sell them high. If neither of these plans suit your taste, build up a shed in the centre of the desert and sell soda-water. If you persevere in any one of these three plans for six months, I will be bound that you will be able to return to old England and drive your coach and six all the days of your lives.



REINDEER TRAVELLING.

LAPLAND.

If you have a bad appetite, seat yourself in a Lapland sledge, and let the fleet reindeer scamper with you at his heels for a dozen hours, through the keen air and over the frozen snow, and then you will be ready to eat the ends of your fingers.

EVERY climate has its peculiar animal, on which its inhabitants are very dependant. In England we have the horse; in Asia they have the camel

and the elephant. The llama ascends the mountains of South America; the dog scampers over the dreary snows of Kamtschatka, and the reindeer traverses the inhospitable regions of Lapland: without the reindeer, the comforts of civilised life could never be extended over Lapland. The inhabitants of this dreary country may be divided into two classes; the one lives on the coast by fishing, the other wanders about during summer and winter. When summer arrives, the wandering Laplander is obliged to undertake the most extensive journeys to the coast for the preservation of his deer; for the interior parts of the country, and especially the boundless forests, are so infested with gnats and other insects, that no animal can escape their persecution. The inhabitants kindle large fires, in the smoke of which the poor animals hold their heads to free themselves from the

innumerable insects which annoy them. The mountains, being comparatively free from these insects, are sought by the Laplander as a protection for his reindeer.

Some Laplanders have herds of more than five hundred reindeer, others have not more than fifty. In summer they make cheese for the year's consumption, and in winter they kill a sufficient number of deer to supply themselves with venison. It is an interesting sight to gaze on a herd of reindeer at the evening milking hour. They assemble around an encampment on the hills, when everything appears in motion. The dogs run to and fro, barking; the reindeer toss up their antlered heads, and bound forwards towards the encampment. You never hear the sound of their feet on the ground, but the knee-joint gives a loud crack, so that when a whole herd are bound-

ing along together, the crackling noise is very great. The maidens, with light hearts, go with their milk-vessels from one deer to another, singing, laughing, and, at times, playing with their favourite deer. The foot of the reindeer spreads wide when placed on the ground; this prevents the animal from sinking so deep in the snow as he otherwise would do.

I have travelled through the greater part of Lapland, and my travels have convinced me of this truth, which I am for ever repeating, *there is no place in the world like old England!* Had people nothing to do but to snow-ball one another, Lapland would be one of the finest countries under the canopy of heaven!

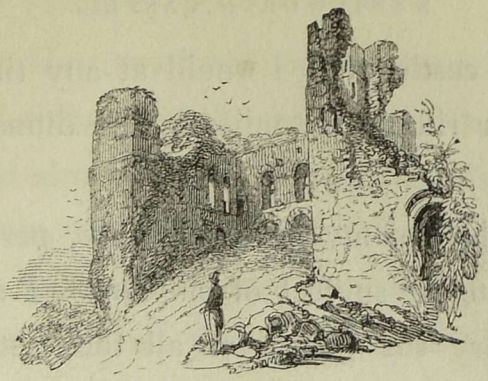
Travelling by sledge and reindeer is a capital mode of conveyance; you go along at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, and are never inter-

rupted by a turnpike. In the palace of Drotningholm, Sweden, I remember seeing the portrait of a reindeer, which is said to have run a distance of eight hundred miles in forty-eight hours. Surely this is almost enough to tempt you to visit Lapland! If you do go there, do not leave your gloves behind you, for I assure you that you will not be able to keep your hands warm without them.

The last time that I travelled in a Lapland sledge, it was getting towards summer, and we were afraid of the gnats and the gad-flies. My face was thickly rubbed over with tar, to defend me from their stings, and my body so wrapped up in furs, that you might have taken me for a Spitzbergen bear. I was strapped down fast to my pulk, or sledge, and well it was for me that this was the case; for, two or three times, my

pulk was upset, and rolled over and over, the reindeer still driving forwards at a furious rate, leaving me to find my balance again as well as I could.

The Laplander, the Esquimaux, and the North American Indians, all hunt the wild reindeer, and many a time have I turned out with them on this expedition, with a rifle or a bow and arrow in my hand; but as the deer is taken by stealth and cunning, and not with speed, there is but little excitement in the chase. When I left Lapland I left it for ever.



CÆSAR'S TOWER.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Illustrious ruin, hoary Kenilworth,
Thou hast outlived the customs of thy day!

WHERE is the boy to be found with a head on his shoulders, and a heart in his bosom, who does not delight to hear something about a castle? There is so much of adventure, so much of chivalry, so much of the days gone-by in the very

name of a castle, that I would at any time walk twenty, or ride forty, miles before dinner to see one.

In the days of my youth I drank, perhaps too deeply, into the subject of chivalry. I stored in my memory the names of all the castles, and keeps, and strong-holds of antiquity. I had a long list of valorous knights, and the venturous deeds they had performed. Before I had worn out my first pair of trousers I had many a furious onset, sword in hand, with my own shadow; and frequently mounted Pompey, our black Newfoundland dog, with a tin can on my head for a helmet, and a long toasting-fork in my hand for a lance, to tilt away at the tom-cat, whom I chose to consider a dragon with three heads, which I was bound, as a true knight, to encounter and overcome.

When fourteen, I was as well acquainted with books of chivalry as the renowned Don Quixote, and could almost repeat by heart the Fairy Queen of Spenser, with the numberless chivalrous adventures it records.—But I was about to describe a castle, and I choose that of Kenilworth. The castles of Austria and the Netherlands, the chateaux of France, and the strong-holds of Prussia, all have their interest; and I could amuse you an hour in describing the Magdeberg fortress, where Baron Trenck was so heavily ironed, and so many years confined. But, no! Kenilworth, standing as it now does,

> Amid' the ravage of revolving years,
> A mouldering spectacle to modern times,

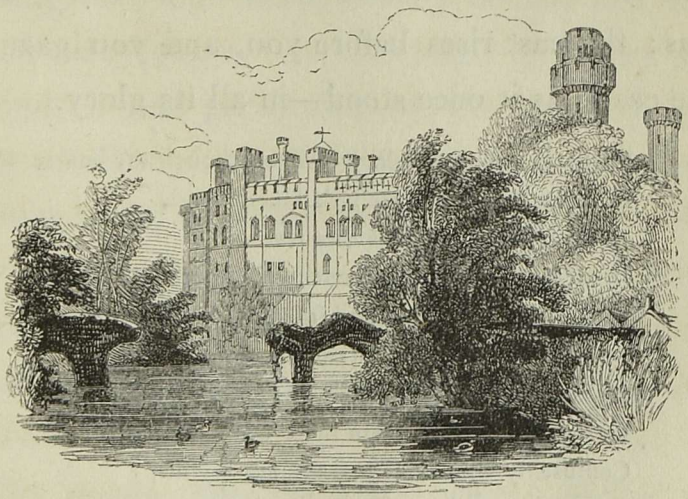
shall be my theme. If you have never seen it, there is a red-ink day, a sunny season, a happy hour yet to be enjoyed, and that will be when

first you gaze on the mouldering masses of this first of ruins; crumbling castles there may be that some would prefer to it. Tintern Abbey may be more elaborate in its workmanship, and more tastefully decorated; Netley and Kirkstall may be more picturesque, and Melrose seen by moonlight may be more imposing; but neither the one nor the other ever so impressed my mind as the gigantic ruins of hoary Kenilworth.

I have visited the ivy-covered pile when the first beam of the rising sun gilded the eastern turrets, and I have mused there when the bright moon glided peacefully along the skies, and the massy towers threw their broad shadows on the court-yard.

If you would see Kenilworth to advantage, first tone your spirit aright, by passing an hour or two at Warwick Castle, at no great distance;

walk through its fair domain, adorned with goodly cedars; pace along its ample halls; ascend its battlements, and linger in its well-stored armoury. Warwick Castle is yet in its glory, in all the pride of power and place; and the contrast between it and desolated Kenilworth is striking.



VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE.

When you first enter the great gateway of the latter, with its aspiring turrets, modern, and in good repair, and advance a stone's cast, you have the whole ruin before you. It seems almost a solid mass of square, and other towers, laden with ivy; but as you proceed, associations of olden times come thronging on your mind, and you think less of what Kenilworth is, and more of what it was: the past rises before you, and you gaze on the castle as it once stood—in all its glory.

What, though thy halls are silent, though thy courts
Re-echo back the traveller's lonely tread,
Again imagination bids thee rise
In all thy dread magnificence and strength;
Thy drawbridge, foss, and frowning battlements,
Portcullis, barbican, and donjon tower.
Time has flown back a few short centuries
In sportive mood; again these walls are hung
Confusedly with arms and armour bright;
Habergeon hard, and ponderous battle-axe;
Hauberk and helm, and cuirass, lance, and sword.

Kenilworth Castle stands midway between Warwick and Coventry. It was built in the year 1120, by Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, the chamberlain and treasurer of Henry the First. A monastery for Black canons was established near, and some of its remains are yet standing. The castle was sometimes possessed by the kings of England, and sometimes by nobles, and endured many sieges. In the reign of Henry the Second, it was garrisoned by the king, on his son's rebellion; at which time, it appears, by an account of the stores laid up in the castle for the garrison, that wheat was charged at about twopence-halfpenny a bushel, the carcase of a cow, salted, at two shillings, and cheeses at fourpence a piece.

The woods near the castle were a shelter to thieves and outlaws, who dreadfully annoyed tra-

vellers. Six acres in breadth of wooded lands were at last cleared away in the direction of Coventry. In 1279 an hundred knights, and as many ladies, formed a round-table there. The custom of sitting round a circular table is of great antiquity, and prevented disputes about precedency. Feasting, and dancing, and tournaments were carried on in great pomp.

The castle received additions in the reigns of different kings. Edward the Second was confined there, and afterwards cruelly murdered at Berkeley.

In 1575, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, entertained Queen Elizabeth at the Castle of Kenilworth for seventeen days, when every species of amusement, luxury, and pleasure, were indulged in, without regard to expense. The Lady of the Lake and two attendants were seen on a floating island blazing with torches. As

Queen Elizabeth passed by, figures resembling the heathen deities stood ready with their offerings: *Silvanus* presented a cage of wild fowls; *Pomona*, rare fruits; *Ceres*, corn; *Bacchus*, wine; *Neptune*, sea-fish; *Mars*, instruments of war; and *Apollo*, instruments of music. There were also, for amusement, a savage man with satyrs, bearbaiting, fireworks, Italian tumblers, morris-dancers, rustic tilting, and numberless other sports. The number of persons assembled at the castle must have been great, for three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer alone were drunk at this feast.

Oh, what a goodly throng of barons bold,
'Dight in their rude habiliments of steel,
Of valorous knights, and squires, and dainty dames,
Come trooping through thy portals! What a din
Of voices, rattling hoofs, and neighing steeds!
Yon herald's clangour brays the near approach
Of courtly feat and chivalrous emprize.

In the time of Oliver Cromwell, one side of one of the fortresses was pulled down for the materials; but old Father Time, who is a greater leveller of castles than even Oliver himself was, has pulled down a great deal more since that period. What remains, however, is well worth the attention of the young and the old. The towers, the arches, the halls, the courts, the tilting-grounds, the moat, and the massy walls, present a spectacle not to be equalled, though it be a spectacle of desolation. The traveller gazes on the scene, and, calling to remembrance the past, wonders at the change.

Where are the gaudy pageants of renown,
Triumphal arch, and decorated bower,
That favour'd Leicester summoned to his aid
To pamper pride, and flatter royalty?
Where is the prison-house, the murky den,
Where captive Edward flung his fetter'd limbs?—
All lost in one wide scene of desolation!

You may not be quite so fond of castles as I am, and therefore may not venture to explore the dark and damp recesses of Kenilworth—to clamber along its desolated walls, and to climb the broken staircases of its mutilated towers; but as you stand on the level ground you will find abundantly sufficient to interest you; and you may possibly draw a useful moral from the scene.

Illustrious ruin, hoary Kenilworth!
I view thy noble relics with a sigh:
Thy grandeur and thy greatness are departed!
Thy tenants have forsaken thee, and hid
Their faces in the dust! and thou art left
A mouldering monument, whereon I read,
Not only their brief tenor, but mine own.

ICELAND.

" Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows."

Have you the slightest desire to die two deaths at the same time? if so, you will meet with every accommodation by climbing Mount Hecla, in Iceland, where the air is below freezing-point, and the earth is as hot as a baker's oven. Two deaths

did I say! you may certainly die half a dozen ways or more at the same moment: you may be frozen to death, and frightened to death; you may be roasted, baked, boiled, suffocated, and dashed to pieces. Never, surely, was such a confused concentration of opposite things found elsewhere. At one spot you require to be clothed in fur, and will see nothing but ice and snow; at another you will be scorched if you are dressed as lightly as a Caffre at the Cape of Good Hope. Here you have mist and smoke, hail and snow, mingled with boiling springs and flames of fire; and rocks of ice half covered with burning lava and smoking cinders. If you are fond of fireworks, it is the very place for you; you may have them to your heart's content. If you like skating, you may keep on your skates all the year round; nor need you ever move about from

one climate to another for the benefit of your health, for you have all the climates of the earth in one focus.

I have seen fifty mountains more picturesque than Mount Hecla; nor is its height very considerable, being somewhat less than a mile from the level of the sea; but its exposed situation renders it an object of greater attention than the mountains around. The territory near it has been so ravaged and desolated by succeeding irruptions, that it is an inhospitable and abandoned desert.

No herbage is found for the space of five or six miles round; though the soil once produced vegetation, it is now covered over for the most part with lava and loose stones. Scattered round the place are holes of all sizes; some resemble draw-wells, and others, for aught I know, may

be miles in depth. The rocks are mostly reduced to pumice-stone, and broken or cracked in every direction by the fire which has tormented them. What adds to the difficulty of ascending Mount Hecla is the violent gusts of wind, which, if the traveller did not immediately fall on the earth for protection, might blow him against the rocks, or into an unfathomable hole, or from the edge of a precipice. It is often as light on the top of the mountain at midnight as at noon-day.

In short, every extreme is here to be met with; as though the beautiful order of creation, which regulates the return of day and night, light and darkness, heat and cold, summer and winter, had been destroyed. Abrupt rocks, pointed cliffs, groups of fantastic hills, craters, lava, pumice-stones, ice, falls of water,

lakes, mists, and clouds, are mingled together, and dread and wonder take possession of the mind.

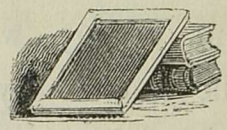
If you will go to Mount Hecla, set off as soon as you like, and choose what companion you please to accompany you, so that you do not choose me; for if you wait till my trunks are packed up ready, you will wait till Mount Hecla is covered with cocoa-nuts.

It may be a good thing to be near Iceland, but I am decidedly of opinion that it is a much better thing to be at a great distance from it. I have no relish for the promenades of Mount Hecla, where you put one leg up to your knee in snow, and the other into a spring of boiling water; and where, when you open your mouth, you know not whether it will be filled with cold sleet or hot ashes.

When I ascended the three summits of Hecla, I looked about me. Sometimes the sun shone delightfully, and its golden rays were thrown back in all places by ten thousand reflecting rocks of ice and lava. At other times the gathering clouds rolled to my very feet, while I stood on a ridge not more than a yard wide, with a precipice of many hundred feet on each side of me. I had a strong desire to descend the craters; but it struck me, that though there could be no impediment in my way down, there might possibly be a difficulty in my getting up: whether I was right or wrong in my reasoning, I must leave to succeeding travellers to determine.

Though I have all my plans ready by me for the erection of a handsome country-house, I have not yet absolutely decided on the spot where it

is to be built. However, though I do not know where the spot is to be, I know very well where it is not to be, for it shall never be on Mount Hecla.



A PUZZLING QUESTION.

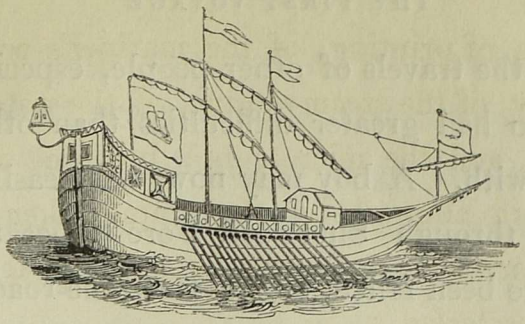
Come riddle me right, thou ruddy-faced boy,
A question I put to thee :
As vast as the frame of this wonderful world,
And as deep as the fathomless sea.

"And what, think you, is the noblest, and the most useful invention that ever presented itself to the mind of man?" This question was put to me by a watchmaker of the City Road, London, while I stood talking with him on different subjects, and examining a watch which he had just repaired for me. The question was so vast, that it set my ideas afloat. I began to enumerate and amplify in my mind the splendid achievements of human intellect and ingenuity. I thought of

languages, of printing, of the mariner's compass, of gravity, of the steam-engine, of the watch, the telescope, and the microscope; but, no! none of these were allowed by the watchmaker to be proper answers, and then he told me it was *a pair of spectacles.*

At first I laughed heartily at so mouse-like an answer to so mountainous a question; but was soon convinced, that a pair of spectacles communicates the faculties of youth to the wisdom of age, and enables a man to commit to posterity the experience of his whole life.

I will not absolutely say that the watchmaker was right, but I will say that I never thought so highly of a pair of spectacles before that time as I have done since; and that, for some very pleasant speculations on this and other matters, I am much indebted to my good friend the watchmaker.



SHIP OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Ambitious, ardent hopes, and golden dreams,
Her towering madness, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this sacred truth to reason's eye—
That man was made for immortality. H. Moore.

You must be fond of voyages and travels, because all young people are fond of them: let me, then, say a little about the first voyage round the world. It is but reasonable that I, who talk so freely of my own travels, should, at times,

speak of the travels of other people, especially of those who had greater difficulties than others to contend with. A boy may now, very easily, find his way through Sherwood Forest, because the trees have been felled, and a turnpike-road made there; but if he had been called upon to perform the same feat in the days of Robin Hood, he would have found it no easy undertaking.

In like manner, it is now comparatively an easy thing to sail round the world, because maps and charts have pointed out the course to be taken, and the dangers to be avoided; but this was not the case in the days of Columbus, when he discovered America. Much greater merit is, therefore, due to our ancient circumnavigators and travellers, than to those of modern date.

I would willingly give you an account of all the voyages made round the world, but that

would occupy me a week; I will, therefore, give you a short account of the first voyage, and that may, perhaps, induce you to get books and read the remainder. If you have read them all before, never mind that; I never yet heard of any mischief arising from a book being read twice over, when it was worth reading.

Columbus, a Genoese in the service of Spain, first conceived the possibility of sailing round the world. In his time, when a ship made a long voyage, it returned back in much the same track in which it had gone before; but Columbus considered, that a vessel might go right forward until it arrived at the place it sailed from, in the same way that a spider, in crawling round the hoop which you bowl with, would, by going straight on, arrive at the spot it started from. Columbus set sail, but he did not circumnavigate

the world, though he discovered America. This was in the year 1492.

Between twenty and thirty years after this, Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, applied to his own government for some recompense for the services he had rendered it by his discoveries in the Indian seas. He, however, obtained no reward, and offered his services to Spain, which accepted them. Magellan fully believed that a passage might be found to the South Sea by some opening on the American coast, and that Columbus was right in his conjecture that the East Indies might be reached by sailing westerly. The Pope had granted to Spain any countries it might discover west of the Atlantic, and the discoverers were to receive a twentieth part of the profits arising from such territories, with other advantages.

Five ships were fitted out on this discovery, of which Magellan had the command. Provision, ammunition, and stores, were supplied, sufficient for two years, and the squadron left Seville, August 1st, 1519.

Magellan was a bold man, and an experienced sailor, and felt very sanguine of success. Those also who were under his command were in high spirits, having no doubt about returning well laden with gold. Magellan had been a sailor from his early youth, and had, most likely, in his very boyhood, indulged in many an imaginary voyage. Our youthful propensities much influence our after years.

The boy may launch his little skiff,
With paper sails unfurled;
But when a man, he guides a ship,
And sails around the world.

Magellan steered for the Canary Isles; refreshed the vessels at Teneriffe; passed the Cape de Verd Islands; was detained by tedious calms off the coast of Africa; and held on his way till he arrived at a part of Brazil now called the Bay of St. Lucia.

If you have a good map by you of this part of the world, spread it before you on the table while you read my description, and as you trace the course of the ships, you will fancy yourselves to be in one of them. When Magellan goes ashore, you will go with him; and when he holds communication with the natives, you will imagine yourself by his side.

Magellan anchored at the mouth of a river, supposed to be the Rio de la Plata, where the copper-coloured natives ran to the sea-shore to gaze on the ships, which they took to be monsters

of the ocean, and on the boats, which they believed to be young ones of the same description. Provisions and refreshments were here obtained in abundance; and in other parts, fruits, sugar-canes, and precious stones. Two of the islands at which they touched were so full of seals and penguins, that they might have laden a ship with them.

Perhaps you may not know exactly what a penguin is, for you may look about in England a long time before you find one. It is a large black fowl, covered over with down instead of feathers, and eats nothing but fish.

Passing on, Magellan and his party coasted along South America, examining all the rivers and bays they came to, if possible to effect a passage through. In April 1520 they reached a large bay, since called St. Julian, and found

the inhabitants on shore to be of a gigantic size. These were the Patagonians. You would be astonished at the strange antics usually played off by the simple natives who have never before seen Europeans. Everything which they see surprises them. The ships, the boats, the sailors, and their clothes, excite their wonder, which they express in the liveliest manner, holding up their hands, laughing, and capering about in all sorts of attitudes. The first Patagonian they saw was very tall, and strongly-formed. His hair was white; his body painted yellow, with the figure of a stag's horn drawn on each of his cheeks. He had large circles round his eyes, was strangely clad with a skin like that of a camel, and a bow and arrows armed his hands.

As there was no other mode of talking with him but by signs, so, of course, they were greatly

at a loss. The Patagonian, by pointing up to the heavens, appeared to ask if they came from that quarter; and when he first cast his eyes on a looking-glass, he was so terrified that, in starting back, he felled two men to the ground. This Patagonian, encouraged by kind conduct, brought others to the ships. One of them ate a prodigious quantity of ship-biscuits, and drank a large bowl of water, at a meal.

A great difficulty attending a voyage of discovery is to keep the men in good-humour. The leader of the party, influenced by the great advantages he hopes to acquire, will brave greater dangers, and patiently endure severer hardships, than those who are to receive but a small part of the booty, and this Magellan found out to his cost; for a mutiny broke out against him, which was only quelled by hanging one of the

captains, and leaving others on shore among the Patagonians.

Magellan's enterprising disposition will not excuse the act of injustice and inhospitality of which he was guilty among the Patagonians. He formed the design of forcibly detaining two of them on board his ship, that he might take them as curiosities to Spain. With this intent he offered them knives, beads, and toys, until their hands were full, and then presented some bright iron rings and shackles, which, as they could not lay hold of them, they permitted to be bound on their legs, mistaking them for ornaments. At first they were pleased with the jingling sound of them, but when they saw themselves fettered and betrayed, they struggled violently, and bellowed in a frightful manner. After this the natives attacked them, in their turn, when Magellan, in

revenge, sent armed men to kill as many of them as they could. The Patagonians, however, retired into the country.

In August the squadron again sailed, when one ship was driven on shore by a violent gale; the crew and cargo were saved. The crew of another ship afterwards rose against the Captain, Olivarez Misquitos, and compelled him to return to Europe. Magellan succeeded in finding a strait, or arm of the sea, which led, to his great joy, into the Pacific Ocean, or great South Sea. If you look at your map, you will find Magellan's Strait at the south end of South America. Magellan was the first European who sailed on that sea.

Most likely that was the happiest season of Magellan's life. It confirmed his judgment; it gratified his ambition; it rewarded his dangers and his toils.

"And I have lov'd thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here."

Magellan would, willingly, have remained near the strait to refresh his men, but the natives on shore were much addicted to thieving. They took away everything they could lay hold of, and seized one of the boats. Magellan landed with ninety men, killed many of the natives, and set their houses on fire. He called the place the isles of thieves and robbers.

The ships sailed forward, and, occasionally, stopped at different places for refreshment. The king of Buthuan came on board Magellan's ship,

and presented him with gold and spices, and received garments in return. The king was comely in person, of an olive complexion, with long black hair. He had gold rings in his ears, and three on each finger; his head was covered with a veil of silk, and a garment of mingled silk and gold hung down to his knees: the handle of his dagger was of gold, and the wooden scabbard was finely carved. The natives sat cross-legged, and the lights they used were composed of the gum of a tree, wrapped in the leaves of the palm-tree.

The opportunity of seeing the inhabitants of strange countries, and of observing their singular customs, constitutes one of the many pleasures of travelling abroad. Leaving Buthuan, the ships touched at the isles of Zeilon, Zubut, Messana, and Caleghan, and reached Lubut, where their great guns were fired, to the great

consternation of the natives. Magellan persuaded the king and his principal subjects to embrace the Christian religion. The idols they had worshipped were destroyed, and crosses were set up in many places. Lubut is one of the Philippine Islands; you will find the Philippine Isles marked on your map a little above New Holland, and a pretty cluster of them there are. The Isle of Mathan, too, was visited. This isle was governed by two kings, one of whom refused to pay tribute to the King of Spain. Magellan was not a man to be trifled with. He immediately put himself at the head of sixty of his followers, wearing coats of mail and helmets. He was met by three bodies of the islanders, altogether about six thousand, armed with bows, arrows, darts, and javelins. A pretty situation for threescore men to be placed in! They fought

bravely, but where is the wisdom of sixty men contending with six thousand? Magellan was wounded in the leg with a poisoned arrow, and his helmet beaten off his head with stones. He was wounded in the right arm, brought to the ground, and stabbed and speared through his head and body. Thus ended the life of the en-

DEATH OF MAGELLAN.

terprising circumnavigator Magellan, before he had obtained the reward of his toils.

Thus have I seen the pamper'd steed
Along the race-course strain
His every nerve, with winged speed
The distant goal to gain.

Swift as the wind he seems to pass;
Already shouts arise;
The victory is obtain'd; alas!
He springs—he falls, and dies.

After the death of Magellan, such of the Spaniards as were on shore were invited to an entertainment, and all murdered during the repast, except Don Juan Serrano, for whom the natives hoped to get a large ransom; but the Spaniards sailed away and left their countryman behind, being afraid of the natives.

The Spaniards now chose new commanders, but the vessels being sadly out of repair, they

broke up one of them to repair the other two, and then proceeded on their course.

One principal object when Magellan left Spain, was to reach the Molucca Islands by a westerly course. The Spaniards, therefore, proceeded in quest of them. They touched at Chipper, Caghaian, Puloan, Borneo, Cimbubon, and a few other places, and then reached the Moluccas. The king of one of the principal isles was a Mahometan; he received them in a very friendly manner.

The Moluccas were found to be rich in various productions; melons, cloves, gourds, sugar-canes, ginger, rice, figs, almonds, pomegranates, and many other fruits were in great abundance, as well as poultry, sheep, and goats. When the Spaniards took their leave, many of the kings of the islands assembled in their canoes to conduct

them to the Isle of Mare. One of the ships, being unable to proceed, was left behind; and the Vittoria alone, the remaining vessel, with forty-six Spaniards and thirteen Indians on board, set sail for Europe.

> Who sails abroad to girt this mighty world,
> Must be content to risk his life, his all;
> And if, at last, he prosperously returns,
> He brings not with him those who sallied forth,
> But a mere remnant of his comrades brave.

Their toils were not yet over, for being obliged to wait seven weeks for a wind to enable them to double the Cape of Good Hope, they were reduced to great distress. The pains of hunger and the pangs of sickness wasted them, and their number gradually diminished. Being afraid of falling into the hands of the Portuguese, they bore their sufferings, and sailed on

for two months, during which time they lost more than twenty men.

Toil-worn and emaciated, they reached St. Yago. On going ashore, and mentioning their distress, the Portuguese behaved kindly to them; but on a second party landing, they took them all prisoners, and required those left in the vessel to give themselves up. Yuan Sebastian, the commander on board, demanded his men from the Portuguese, but in vain; suspecting foul play, he once more weighed anchor, and set sail, having only twenty-two men on board. On the 7th of September 1522, they reached St. Lucar, with only about eighteen men. They had sailed 14,000 leagues, and six times crossed the equinoctial line; and they had been absent on their voyage three years, within fourteen days.

How sweet to rest in peace at last,
No more compell'd to roam !
A brief and backward glance to cast
Upon the billow and the blast ;
To know that all their pains were past,
And feel themselves at home !

Every survivor who had been employed in the expedition received a noble reward, and the whole amount of the valuable cargo was given up to them. The leaders who returned were highly honoured; they had endured much, and had dearly earned the reward they obtained. A pension of five hundred ducats was granted to Yuan Sebastian for his life, with a patent of nobility. The emperor gave him for his arms, a terrestrial globe, with the motto, "Thou hast first surrounded me." Sebastian and his companions were greatly estimated and honoured by the whole Spanish nation; and the Vittoria, the

ship they brought home with them, furnished a general subject for conversation.

This was the first voyage round the world. Since that time many enterprising travellers have completed the circuit of the earth, especially Captain Cook, who made three voyages, and was, at last, unfortunately killed at one of the Sandwich Islands by the natives.

A boy may now take up a book of voyages, and sail round the world in safety, without fear of being shipwrecked on the deep, or being slain by the savage natives on the land. This method of going on a voyage is, in some respects, an excellent one; for, as you sit by a snug fire with your book in your hand, and your map on the table, the roaring of the billows, the howling of wild beasts, and the wild war-cry of the savages, cannot alarm you. With your feet on the fender,

and your elbow resting on the table, you can without inconvenience catch your sharks, kill your buffaloes, carry on your traffic with the islanders, and load your vessel with gold and silver. Nor will such a voyage be without its advantages; you will learn how others have endured hardships and overcome difficulties, and will feel less disposed to shrink at trifling or imaginary trials. You will perceive what perseverance has accomplished, and be more determined in the prosecution of your designs. You will be convinced of the power and manifold advantages which knowledge bestows, and you will desire to know more, to undertake more, and to achieve more, for the good of your country and of mankind.

COURAGE.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee?

BURNS.

A COWARD is a term of reproach to a man and to a boy; therefore, do not be a coward. My object, in saying so much as I have said, has been to call forth the best qualities of the mind and body of a boy. Without wisdom, the mind is imbecile; without courage, the body is weak. By courage, I do not mean that fool-hardiness which would court danger needlessly; but ra-

ther that steady resolution, which will never shrink from danger when it is imposed by duty. How could I have ventured among the Caffres and the crocodiles, the Turks and the tornadoes, the Chickasaws and the Cherokees, if I had been deficient in courage: when I ascended Mont Blanc; when I explored the cavern of Antiparos, and descended half-way down the crater of Vesuvius, my heart would have failed me; nor should I ever have crossed the Great Desert, or pried into the interior of the Pyramids, if I had been wanting in resolution. Could I have stripped the hide from the lion of South Africa; hunted the tiger in the thick jungles of Bengal; cut my way through the wolves of the Alps and the Apennines, and overcome the bear of Spitzbergen on his own icebergs?—could I have done these things, and a thousand others, in different

parts of this wide world, if I had not possessed as stout a heart as ever was hooped with ribs? Had I not possessed courage, I should have been frightened out of my senses by the thunder and lightning, the hail-storm, the hurricanes, the waterspouts, the whirlwinds, and the volcanoes with which I have had to contend; but as it is, here I am, unscathed and unmoved, urging you to take every means in your power to increase that courage for which, in your future life, you will find so much occasion.

Courage will enable you to undertake, and accomplish, that from which, otherwise, you would shrink. Courage will enable you to defend the helpless, and to overcome the dangers by which you may be surrounded. Courage will protect you from insult, and prevent you from being the butt of a bully. I cannot bear to see

a boy run away squealing and squalling when a puppy-dog barks at his heels. Steadiness, self-possession, and resolution are excellent qualities at all times, but in situations of difficulty and danger they are invaluable.

RECRUITING PARTY.

WAR.

I hate thee, sanguinary war !
And hold thee up to view,
That all may see thy frightful form,
And learn to hate thee too.

I CARE not who knows the fact, but I had rather talk about war for a whole day than engage in it

for a single hour. I hold that to be the worst occupation in the world, wherein a man is required, without provocation, to break another's head, and to cut another's throat. It is a black blot on the forehead of an individual, and of a nation, unnecessarily to go to war. They who can shed blood without remorse, must be content to lose their own without pity.

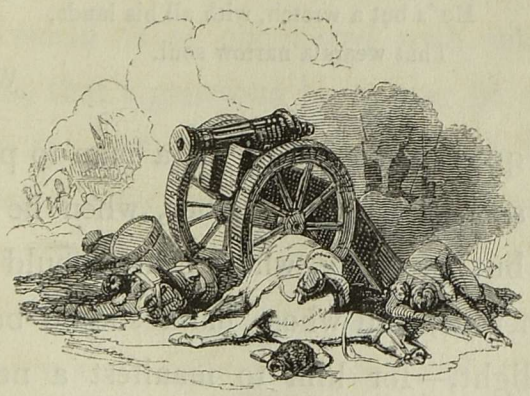
A friend of mine, who is a most excellent painter, shewed me a capital picture of a battle. There were gallant fellows represented therein dressed in gay regimentals, and mounted on fine horses, cutting down all before them. The painting was full of spirit; you might fancy that you heard the roll of the drums, and the flourish of the trumpets. The sun shone on the field, and the unfurled colours seemed almost

to flap, to and fro, in the battle-blast. "*This is a glorious scene,*" said my friend the painter, "*and enough to make one sigh to be a soldier! It is a fine thing to be dressed in scarlet, to gain a victory, and to wear around one's brow a wreath of deathless glory!*"

Now, as my friend had treated me with a sight of his valuable painting, I felt disposed to acquit myself of the obligation by shewing him a few sketches of my own. The first was that of a fine young soldier, in gay regimentals, writhing on the field of battle, with a bayonet through his back, and a part of his jaw shot away. The second represented a horse-soldier, lying on the ground, whose head had been cleft by the stroke of a broadsword, and whose mangled face was crushed by the iron hoof of his

own charger. The third exhibited a scene of carnage, where colours, and drums, and trumpets, were more than half hidden by the dead and dying. The fourth was a sketch of an aged woman, oppressed with grief on hearing the tidings of the death of her dear boy in battle. The fifth, the outline of a grey-headed father, cursing, in the frenzy of his affliction, the horrors of cruel war, which had just drained away the life-blood of his only son. And the sixth, a spirited sketch of a recruiting sergeant, gaily dressed, smiling, and holding up a purse of gold, while, in the distance, was seen the weather-beaten figure of an old soldier with a bundle at his back, stumping along on two wooden legs, and a stick in each hand. "*Oh!*" said I to my friend, "*these are glorious scenes,*

enough to make one sigh to be a soldier! It is a fine thing to be dressed in scarlet, to gain a victory, and to wear around one's brow a wreath of deathless glory!"



FIELD OF BATTLE.

PARSIMONY.

Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He 's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

WATTS.

IT is quite bad enough for a man to pinch, to screw, and to scrape together, when he is four-score; but for a boy, whose heart should be open and generous, and whose hand should be liberal as daylight,—for him to manifest a near, niggardly, parsimonious spirit, is out of the question. He who has no generosity in his youth, will become a greedy, grinding, grasp-all in his age. I want you not to make ducks and drakes

of your money, nor wantonly to waste, nor extravagantly to dissipate, the most worthless things you possess. No, no! "Wilful waste makes woful want," and extravagance is the elder brother of distress; but you may avoid waste and extravagance, and still be generous and open-hearted.

This world is so chequered with misfortune and want, that a generous heart may be occupied for ever in acts of benevolence; and the boy whose pulse does not throb, whose bosom does not beat with generous emotions to sympathize with the unhappy, and to relieve the distressed, well deserves to endure the one and the other without sympathy. Generosity may be practised in a thousand ways. It is generous to brave danger in protecting the defenceless. It is generous to forgive an enemy when you have power

to punish. It is generous to render assistance to those who possess not the means of requiting it; and it is generous to withhold an evil report of a companion, and to propagate what you know in his favour. The heart may be very generous when the hand has nothing to bestow; and he who has not felt this, is, indeed, to be pitied. The errors of generosity may be pardoned; but what can be said for the creeping, crawling, reptile of a boy, whose heart, if he has one, is shut up with cold-blooded selfishness and pinching parsimony! He may dig, delve, grasp, and grind; he may increase in riches as he increases in years, till he has amassed thousands, but, even then, he will be a heartless wretch, neither feeling nor exciting sympathy. Such a one may be wept over by those who carry him to his grave, but the tears

that fall will not be those of sorrow, and the grass will grow unheeded over his unhonoured dust. The longer I talk about parsimony, the more shall I have to say against it, for I abhor it with all my heart.

YOURSELF.

The higher virtues must remain unknown to him who is a stranger to self-denial. WALTER SCOTT.

You may be very steady, very diligent, and very clever. Your friends may think highly of you, and you may think highly of yourself. You may have done great things; you may be doing greater; and, for aught I know, you may intend to do the greatest of all. In short, I will take it for granted that you are a very surprising young man, and that, however much you may have astonished all around you, it is your intention to astonish them still more. And now, let me ask you, not what you have done, but what

you have withheld yourself from doing? for sure I am, that all the good qualities and high attainments that fall to the lot of the most favoured son of Adam, will never enable any one to be what he ought to be, unless he possess the virtue of self-denial.

It is easy to ascend Mont Blanc, and to descend the grotto of Antiparos; to storm a battery, and to swim across the Hellespont; to measure the Pyramids, and to thunder in the senate. It is easy to do any, and all of these things, and a thousand others, when you fancy the whole world is looking on, or about to be informed of your wonderful achievements: but have you ever intentionally, willingly, cheerfully, debarred yourself, in the unheeded hours of private life, from what inclination was clamorous to attain? Have you ever made a real sacrifice for the benefit of

another, unseen, unknown, and unsuspected? If you have not, a fig for your good qualities and high attainments! You are a mere puppet, the strings of which are pulled by vanity, whose slave you are, and whose commands you obsequiously obey. Every deed you do has a price fixed to it. It is labelled *worldly applause!*

Nine-tenths of the astounding exploits at which men lift up their hands, and elevate their eyes, and which they inscribe with a perishable immortality, are done through the love of fame—the quenchless thirst of human praise. Many are the statues which have been erected, the temples which have been built, the inscriptions of gold which have been written to perpetuate the renown of great men who have done wonderful deeds; but where shall we look for statues, and temples, and inscriptions raised in honour of the

greater men, who have debarred themselves from doing what vanity and selfishness prompted; repressed their passions; made a sacrifice of their inclinations, and sought not their own welfare, but the welfare of their kind? Have you ever made a real sacrifice? Let the question be put by yourself to yourself: for he who can rise hungry from his dinner to give it to a famished beggar, restrain his desire to do an evil deed when it is in his power to effect it, and willingly assist others in attaining a reputation which he might himself secure, is more worthy of estimation than the hero who sits enthroned as a demi-god for conquering half the world.

YOUTH.

To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his sport,
A wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow;
The magic of life's early vision to court,
And the sweetest of joys from remembrance to borrow.

P. M. JAMES.

No! It will not, it cannot come again! The sun may shine, the spring may return; the sky may be as brightly blue, the flowers as fragrant and beautiful, and the bird may warble as wildly as he did in the days of our youth, but our youth will not again return. The same scenes produce not the same emotions. When our brows become furrowed with years, our hearts are furrowed with cares; and if we smile

at the scenes of our childhood, it is not because they give us pleasure: we have a melancholy impression that a change has taken place within us, and we smile at the simplicity of that childhood which was ignorant enough to be happy. The crooked old tree, hollow and knotted, and covered with moss, is as much like the young oakling in all the freshness and greenness of its seven years' growth, as the feelings of a man are like those of a child.

I have not forgotten the feelings of my childhood, and, though I can no longer enjoy them, I love to see them enjoyed by others. If I could talk ten times as fast as I do,—but that is a thing utterly impossible to be done,—I would urge you gratefully to enter into boyish pursuits. Be happy while you may! I would say to the youngest boy that ever stained his cheeks with

blackberries, make yourself a cap with the rushes by the brook-side; ramble in the flowery meadow; tumble about among the new-mown hay; gather the white mushroom in the morn, and the brown hazel-nut at mid-day; stick the hawthorn blossom in your bosom, and the gilded oak-ball in your hat; throw your ball, beat your drum, bowl your hoop, spin your peg-top, and fly your kite! Why should you not? days are coming when you will have other things to attend to. Therefore, while you are young, enjoy the pastimes of youth. Happiness is too costly a thing to be despised; while you have few pains and many pleasures be innocently happy. I can never see a band of boys at play without stopping to gaze at them, and to mark in the brightness of their eyes the happiness of their hearts.

There is so little of the future care, and so

much of the present gratification, in a boy's countenance, when engaged in his pastimes, that it is a pleasant contrast to the thoughtful and prudential restraint of maturer years. There is a freshness of feeling, an eagerness of delight excited by trivial pursuits in the youthful breast.

> A warm, an unsuspicious glow,
> Which youthful bosoms only know;
> And if amid the sighs and tears
> Of life's lone, dull, amassing years,
> A gleam of light around us plays,
> 'Tis but the glance of earlier days,
> That memory gives, 'mid grief and pain,
> To make us happy once again.

Think not that I wish to paint the future in shadows, or to repine at the cares of manhood and old age. No! They are mingled with multiplied mercies, but there is nothing in them like the buoyant emotions of the heart in the seasons of childhood and youth, and therefore it is

that I say be happy, my boys! be happy! I love to see a boy at his book, but I love, also, to see him at play, with a light heart and a ruddy cheek; for, as I said at first, though the spring may return, the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, yet the season of youth will return no more.

DELAY.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

YOUNG.

IT would be very odd indeed, if one who talks so fast as I do, did not, now and then, say a foolish thing, notwithstanding his best intention to talk wisely at all times. But what then! Where will you find roses without thorns; diamonds without dross; or wisdom without folly? not in this world, I am sure, unless you are satisfied with a very moderate supply of roses to stick in your bosom, sunshine to enliven your path, diamonds to adorn your person, and wisdom to make you useful and happy. Should you

find, then, an occasional silly expression escaping me, look at it as you would on an excrescence on the bark of a stately oak-tree, a cobweb on a beautiful painted window, or a small crack on a column of the Corinthian order. If you will ponder on, and practise, the good advice I offer, the few silly expressions I may utter will never hurt you. Now mind what I say on the subject of delay.

We all of us form most excellent resolutions, and most noble designs; but then, our designs are seldom to be executed before to-morrow, or our good resolutions till the day after. Now give me the boy who will set about a thing directly; not next year, nor next month, nor next week, nor next day, but this very hour. Depend upon it that the same reason which prevents you this hour from setting about a thing on which

you are resolved, will operate on you the next hour with equal force. There would be ten times as much knowledge acquired, and twenty times as much good done in the world, if people would but set about the one and the other directly.

On the coast of Cornwall there was, some years ago, a strip of land very useful to the adjoining town, but as the tide made some encroachments on it, it was considered necessary to erect an embankment to prevent the land being washed away by the incessant trespasses of the returning tide. All agreed that it ought to be done; many that it must be done; and some few determined that it should be done; but not one soul among them decided that it should be done directly.

Every day the tide washed away a portion of the land, and every day the necessity of erecting

the embankment became more apparent, but still the work was not begun. Plans were formed about the best purposes to which the land could be applied, and many very excellent proposals were agreed to; but as the tide went to work directly, and as the good people did not go to work directly, so it happened that before the embankment was begun, the strip of land was washed every particle into the sea.

I could give you three hundred other examples to prove the wisdom of the old copy, which every boy has written in his copy-book, "Delays are dangerous;" but if you cannot profit by one good example, neither would you profit by three hundred.

DEATH.

Oh! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
To know the enjoyment will be thine,
In that renew'd, that endless life!

CRABBE.

AND do you suppose that because I am a fast talker, that I have no object in my conversation, and that I care not a fig whether I do or do not afford you instruction? If you suppose this, your supposition is wrong. I have an object in most things which I say, and that object is your advantage. I like to be lively, but I can be grave when there is cause for gravity; and that

you may be convinced of this, I will be grave now.

Did you ever, in the course of your life, devote one single hour to the consideration of death? Every one can say, "Ah, well! we must all die!" and "We must not expect to live for ever!" with a hundred other such exclamations, which are forgotten again as soon as they are made; but did you ever reflect for one hour seriously, deeply, and devotedly, on the subject of death?

If you have never done so, it is high time that you should; and I advise you to walk into a churchyard for that purpose the very first opportunity. I say, into a churchyard, because you are there most likely to be assisted by the objects around you. There you will be convinced of the vanity of all earthly things, and

with the certainty that death will deprive you of them. Do you exult in your youth?—you will see the green hillocks of many who died younger than you are: the daisy has bloomed and faded over them. Is manhood the object of your desire?—the sepulchres of men will tell you that manhood is not exempt from mortality. Do you fancy that peace will be the allotment of your age?—the memorials of aged men will assure you that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards;" and that "great tribulation" is the portion of the most worthy of mankind.

If you wish for riches, the carvings and gildings of the rich man's monument are disfigured with cobwebs, and mouldering away. If renown be the object of your ambition, the armed knight lies in stone, unnoticed, and his achievements are covered with the dust of death.

If, then, youth, manhood, and age must die—if riches, and honours, and worldly possessions must perish for ever, how can you reflect on death without pain, and apprehension, and terror?

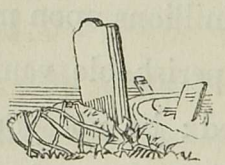
The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the wise man and the fool, the brave man and the coward, all shrink from death, because it takes away all which they possess. He alone who has hopes beyond the grave can reflect on death with composure, with peace, and with joy. The Ptolemies, who have had temples erected to their memory — the Cæsars and Alexanders, whose fame has been spread in the earth, would, in the hour of death, have given all their conquests, their riches, and their renown, for the hope of the poor man, whose soul magnifies the Lord, and whose spirit rejoices in God his Saviour.

How gladly would th' illustrious dead that lie
Inshrin'd in pomp, and pride, and pageantry,
Could they look back, and mark with thoughtful brow
The littleness of all things here below,
How gladly would they, while with honest shame
They read the marble that extols their fame,
Erase the records where their praise is given,
And there inscribe an humble hope of heaven.

Get, then, this hope; for rubies are as dust when compared with it. Ten thousand times ten thousand have been blinded by the golden dust of the earth, and millions upon millions have been deceived by the perishable vanities of life: but be not you blinded; be not you deceived so far as to grasp at the shadow of earthly good, and to lose the substantial hope of eternal life.

Go, I say, into the churchyard! If I could, I would persuade, I would drive, I would compel you to go there; for you will never seek in sincerity the fulness of heaven till you are convinced

of the emptiness of earth. I am talking fast, but I am talking for your good. I am talking to myself as well as to you; and I am talking, not for time only, but also for eternity.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

We are in the hands of ane that kens better what is good for us, than we ken what is for ourselves. WALTER SCOTT.

I WOULD not give a rush for his qualifications, be he old or young, who cannot endure a disappointment. There are a thousand disappointments in life with which we must expect to meet; we should, then, be prepared for them. Bring up a boy as it were in a band-box, and he will shake and shiver at the morning and evening breeze; but if he has been brought up before the mast, and waged war with the bounding breakers, he will flinch neither from the storm nor the tempest.

From our earliest youth we have lessons enough to instruct us to bear disappointments, and he who will not profit by them must take the consequences. The boy has his sixpenny drum, and the girl has her waxen doll, and nothing but pleasure is expected: why, before nightfall, the drum has a hole burst through the top of it, and the face of the doll is smashed to pieces.

The young folks are to go out visiting in the country, to Farmer Broomfield's, where there will be green grass fields, young lambs at play, thick cream, delightful custards, and delicious cheesecakes. The boy is dressed in his best blue jacket and white trousers, and the girl in her new pink frock; the sun shines, the wheels of the chaise are already heard at the door, and all is hope and happiness. A cloud comes over the bright sky—it sprinkles with rain. Sprinkles!—

why it pours; nay, now it is almost a storm! No Farmer Broomfield's—no running in the green fields among the frolicsome lambs—no cream, no custards, no cheesecakes. The blue jacket and white trousers are put off; the pink frock is exchanged, and all is dullness, darkness, and disappointment.

Now, these are the seasonings for what is to follow; for as it is in childhood, so it is in youth, manhood, and old age—disappointments we shall have, and therefore, as I said before, let us be prepared for them.

The boy sends up his kite into the air, and launches his boat on the stream; but the kite is torn by the blast, and its tail is tangled in a tree, while the boat is upset in the running waters.

One man crosses the sea to South America, that he may stuff his pockets with gold-dust;

another remains at home, that he may find out perpetual motion and discover the philosopher's stone. He who went abroad returns home poor, resolved to roam no more; while he who remained at home, disappointed in his experiments, is determined to go abroad. These are among the common-place, every-day disappointments of life.

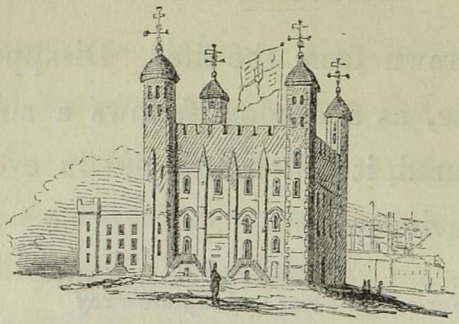
A prosperous old man has money, friends, and a hearty constitution. His friends persuade him to embark his money in a profitable speculation, and his constitution promises to enable him to enjoy for many years the wealth he will acquire. The speculation bursts like a bubble, his friends die one after another, and his constitution is broken down by grief and disappointment.

What a picture is here of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age! yet who can say that

it is not drawn from the life? Disappointment follows hope, as a shadow follows a substance; and, be assured, it will follow you in every stage of your pilgrimage:

For sorrow's tear and rapture's ray
Alas! are closely mated;
And disappointment drives away
The dream that hope created.

I could say a thousand things about disappointment, for disappointment has said a thousand things to me; but my object is not to frighten, no, it is to prepare you: therefore, again I say, from the little trials of childhood and youth learn to endure the greater disappointments of manhood and old age.



THE TOWER.

LONDON.

O thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes.

COWPER.

I AM the very man to tell you all about London. If you have been there, so much the better; you will then know that what I say is true. If you have not been there, why, my account will tell you all about that of which you can know but little.

Some people would almost make you believe that they had built St. Paul's Cathedral, leaped from the Monument into the Thames, and played with the lions in the Tower as with so many kittens; but if you believe one half of what is said about London, you will believe ten times more than what is true.

Do not suppose that I am going to give you a long, lingering, lukewarm account of London, that will set you to sleep before bed-time. No, no; you may have too much of a good thing: nothing like leaving off with an appetite. I shall be short, pithy, and to the purpose. There are those who travel along the king's highway as though they were attending a funeral; but I must keep moving, and at a good sharp rate too. There are those who drawl out a tale as though they were about to tell you of your death-war-

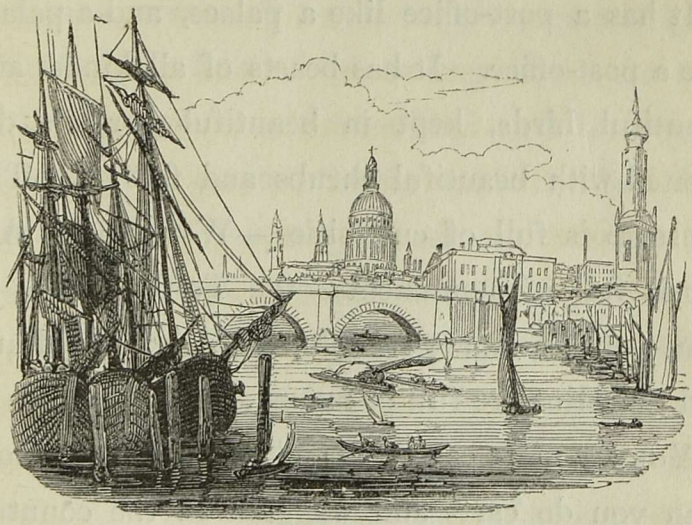
rant; but I must dart from one thing to another, and fly through my subject with rapidity.

But before I tell you what London is, let me inform you what it is not, for this is a very necessary piece of information. London is not a city whose streets are paved with gold: it is not a place where every young man may become valet to a lord, and every young woman waiting-maid to a lady. This information is worth its weight in bullion: for the want of it, many a poor lad has tramped into London with a good pair of shoes on his feet, and tramped out of it barefoot; and many an honest girl has brought a happy and innocent heart into the city, and not been enabled to preserve it innocent or happy. Let this be remembered.

But now, let me tell you what London is. Why, it is a great overgrown city, consisting of

cathedrals, churches, palaces, colleges, public buildings, and private houses; with a noble river running through it, and half a dozen fine bridges crossing the river.

It has many more than a million of inhabitants,



VIEW FROM THE WHARFS BELOW LONDON BRIDGE.

and, among them, some of the best and some of the very worst people in the world. Many of the rich are very rich, and many of the poor very poor; and of all the places I have yet visited on the surface of the earth, London contains the greatest share of happiness and misery.

It has a post-office like a palace, and a palace like a post-office. It has beasts of all kinds, and beautiful birds, kept in beautiful gardens decorated with beautiful shrubs and flowers. The Museum is full of curiosities—Westminster Abbey is full of monuments—the Tower is full of arms—the parks are full of people, and the Bank and the Mint are full of money.

You see more carriages and coaches in London, than you do carts and waggons in the country, and the finest horses in the world. All is alive! —horns blowing, whips smacking, horses pran-

cing, and a dozen mail-coaches rattling over the stones at once every evening.

In the Exchange, men of all sizes and complexions are huddled together—Christians, Jews, Turks, and Pagans—dressed in different habits, and speaking all the languages under heaven at the same time. A loud, lengthy, unintelligible murmur, like that of the roaring sea, is for ever disturbing your understanding and destroying your peace: no one in his senses tarries there more than ten minutes, unless he wishes to buy something cheap, or to sell something dear.

You would think that they had all the fish in the sea at Billingsgate, and all the fools in the world at Bartholomew fair — that the Lord Mayor's coach was painted and gilded to please children—that Gog and Magog were intended to frighten the people from Guildhall—that the top

of the Monument was no proper place to play at leap-frog, and that London had no end.

There are plenty of societies, theatres, and club-houses; and scores of public schools, hospitals, penitentiaries, and charitable institutions. The fine folks would delight you in summer, and the fogs would frighten you in the winter. There are air-balloons and steam-carriages, iron-works, gas-works, water-works, and all kinds of works; and libraries, and statues, and paintings without end.

There are markets every day in the week, and houses on fire every week in the year. By the shops, you might suppose that silks and satins were to be had for nothing, and that gold and silver were as plentiful as sawdust. Covent Garden is the place for vegetables and fruit, where, at one time, they sell a pound of cherries for a

copper penny, and, at another, for a golden sovereign.

There are eating-houses without number, where you see young men sitting in the same posture, eating of the same dishes, asking the same questions, giving the same answers, wearing a ring on the same finger, their hair cut by the same barber, their clothes made by the same tailor; and you would think, by their look, dress, language, and behaviour, that they all belonged to the same family.

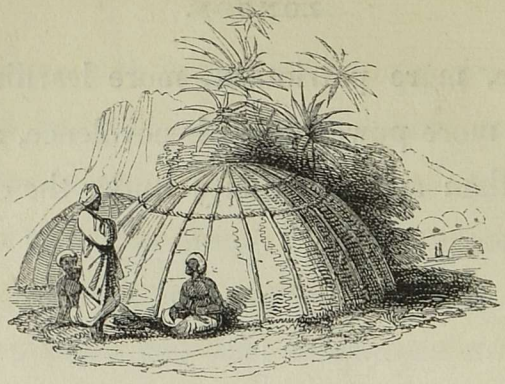
The king has a palace, and the nobles of the land have mansions in London. The parliament houses, the government offices, and courts of law are there also; and the ships in the river cannot be counted. Livery servants are innumerable, and many of them trustworthy; but where you meet one sober, steady, upright, faithful domestic,

you see two tall fellows of an opposite character, clad in gold lace, cocked-hats, and white cotton stockings.

If you have one thing in London, and that is money, you may soon have everything else, except happiness; and this, money can never buy. If you once get into a London crowd, you will not easily get out of it again: here are soldiers and sailors, tradesmen, tinkers and tailors, butchers and bakers, packmen, pedlars, porters, and pickpockets, rushing, crushing, and cramming all together, till there is no room to thrust a walking-stick between them.

Oh! it is a strange place, and strange are the people who inhabit it; it is a general rendezvous for the bad, and a point of attraction for the good; it is stained with every vice, and yet, for all this, it has more liberty, more loyalty, more

principle, more patriotism, more learning, more wisdom, more power, more benevolence, and more virtue, than any other city under the canopy of heaven.



HOTTENTOT HUTS.

AFRICA.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
  Is there One who reigns on high ?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
  Speaking from his throne the sky ?

COWPER.

AFRICA is a part of the world famous for black people with curly hair, thick lips, and flat noses ; a capital place for deserts and wild beasts. You may get there abundance of elephant's teeth, and

plenty of gold-dust; and just as you have got them, very likely a lion will get you, your gold-dust and your elephant's teeth into the bargain. I never travel in Africa now, for it is not to my taste to be eaten by a lion, though it might be to his to eat me.

If you wish to be broiled to death by the sun, to be smothered with hot burning sand, to die of thirst in a desert, or to be devoured by a wild animal, stop not a moment, but set off directly for Africa. Take my word for it, it is one of the first places in the world for these things.

Africa is the part whence slaves have long been obtained, to cultivate the West Indies, and other places. More shame for those who cultivate any place by means of slavery! That soil which is moistened by the sweat and blood of our fellow-men is accursed, and the red-winged lightning of

retribution will sooner or later smite the head of the oppressor. England was ever dear to me, but now that she has washed her hands from the pollution, and cleansed her heart from the guilt of slavery, she is dearer to me than ever.

It is some time since I was in Africa. "When I was at Timbuctoo," but that is too long a story to tell now. Houghton, and Mungo Park, and Tuckey, and Campbell, and Bowdich, and Clapperton, and Major Laing, and Burckhardt, and Belzoni, and Caillié, and Lander, and I, and half a dozen others, have done the world some service by our travels; but whether I shall accept a peerage and a pension, with a niche in the Abbey of Westminster; or, declining all recompense, look forwards to an inglorious but peaceful grave in a country churchyard, concerns myself alone, and, therefore, would be a very improper subject

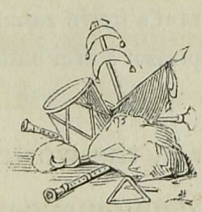
to dwell upon, having already given you a chapter on myself.

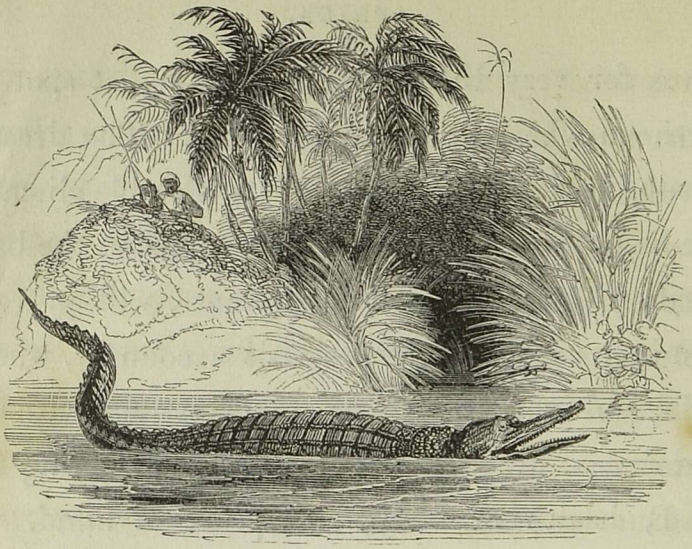
But I ought to mention a few especial advantages which a traveller in the interior of Africa may reckon upon. He may ride on a camelopard if he can catch one. He is sure to enjoy the cool springs of water of the country when he falls in with them. And he may at any time, when opportunity favours his intention, cut a capital steak from the hip of a hippopotamus. Then again, the fertility of the sandy soil, the cleanliness of the Hottentots, and the politeness of the Caffres, never fail to yield pleasure and surprise whenever they strike the eye, or appeal to the heart. I do not say that these advantages are to be met with every day, but, on that very account, when enjoyed they must be the more delightful. We value things according to

their scarcity. An ostrich-feather in London is worth a score in Abyssinia, and a draught of cold water in the desert is more delightful than a bottle of champagne in France.

You may form some opinion of Africa, when you know that the deserts of Zaara alone are, with little interruption, two thousand seven hundred miles long, and seven hundred broad, and contain more than enough sand in them to smother the inhabitants of the whole world. It is a country of monsters, for almost everything that is noxious, and fierce, and terrible, may be found in Africa. If you travel by land, beware of the lion! If you journey by water, the crocodile will open its ravenous jaws to devour you, and insects innumerable will torment you. If you should ever go there, and live to come back again to old England, you will have reason to go down on your

knees for very thankfulness on the first spot of earth on which you set your foot. The dreariness of its deserts, the heat of its horrible climate, the fierceness of its beasts of prey, and the barbarity of its uncivilised inhabitants, will prevent you ever wishing again to visit a country, whose gold, and ivory, and ebony, and ostrich-feathers, and drugs, are only to be had by bartering for them, health of body, and peace of mind. If I ever again see that terrific country, Africa must assuredly come to me, for never while I have my senses will I again go to Africa.





THE ALLIGATOR.

AMERICA.

Come to the green Savannah!
To the Indian wild-wood bower,
Where the tyrant's frown cannot daunt thee,
Nor the oppressor's arm hath power.

P. M. JAMES.

THERE is no man in the world more fond than I am of a cheerful countenance, a quick step, an

enterprising spirit, an active and inquiring mind; nor can I bear to see any one, gentle or simple, in the bloom of youth, or the decay of age, sluggish and out of humour, whining over trifles, and cast down by the common calamities of life. Is it at all likely that, by being out of temper with the world, we shall put the world in good temper with us? no such thing!

But though I love an active, enterprising spirit, I do not love a proud one: one that over estimates itself, and undervalues another. We are for ever giving ourselves airs on account of some fancied superiority, at least, I know that I am, and I know also that this is very foolish; and as I here set you an example in confessing my error, I trust that you will follow it and acknowledge your's.

Now there is nothing that humbles a man more

than solitude, for it is of no use to give himself airs when there is no one to admire his superiority, or to gaze on his grandeur. Solitude, take my word for it, has an excellent influence in humbling the heart.

I know not that I ever derived more advantage from solitude than when amidst the wild and romantic recesses of North and South America. Wherever the alpine cliff, the heaven-aspiring mountain, the boundless forest, and the immeasurable plain present themselves, romantic spirits ever hold with them pleasurable communion; where there are no men, the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, and the trees of the field become companionable. No one can fully enter into this feeling who is a stranger to the influence of solitude.

In a state of society we fancy that all things

are expressly created for our benefit; in solitude we find that we are, comparatively, ciphers.

The uninhabited banks of the river Cassiquiare are covered with forests of the most gigantic trees; the voice of man is heard not, his foot-print is unknown, his supremacy is unacknowledged. The emperor of all the Russias would there be of no more consequence than a common scavenger. The scaly crocodile and the boa are the monarchs of the river—the jaguar, or panther, the peccary, a kind of small hog, and the monkey, range the forest, fearless and secure: it is their domain, their ancient inheritance; and when man puts his foot upon their territory, he is an intruder, a trespasser, an interloper! Man is strong in society, and weak in solitude. Wouldst thou know thy own weakness—

Go to the boundless forest! Does the tree
Raise his gigantic arms in air for thee?
And deeply delve beneath the soil, to bring
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring?
Will the wild jaguar at thy voice lie down,
Crouch in the dust, and tremble at thy frown?
Go to the river!—can thy puny force
Control the rushing wave, and change its course?
The scaly monarchs of the floods appear—
The boa and the crocodile are there,
And they will not obey thee! In the wave
They are thy masters—proud one! Thou their slave!

It was on the afternoon of a burning day that I once wandered from my companions into the deep solitude of the forest, where the trees seemed to rear their gigantic and aspiring heads almost to the clouds. Evening came, the shades of twilight fell around, and the clear moon rose and rode majestically through the heavens. The bright and fitful glimmering of the moonbeams through the apertures of the trees, contrasted

with the almost ebon blackness of some of the recesses of the forest, would have afforded me gratification; but a sense of danger oppressed my spirit, for I had completely lost my way, and knew not whether I was moving towards, or from my companions. In vain I raised my voice to the highest pitch—it was lost in the labyrinths of the forest, and no sound reached me, save the sighing of the night-wind through the trees, and the occasional howl of some beast of prey.

In that season of desolate loneliness, how gladly would I have taken by the hand the lowliest, the most degraded being in the shape of man; but no—I was alone, and the consciousness of my defenceless situation weighed heavily on my heart. I had, it is true, a double-barrelled rifle in my hand, and a short dagger in a sheath at my side; but I could scarcely hope that these would be

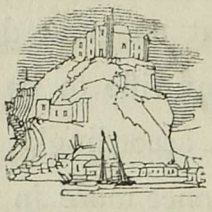
a sufficient defence in the event of my being obliged to pass the night in the forest, when it would be next to a miracle if I escaped being attacked by the wild animals which abounded there. On I went, and had almost decided to mount a tree, when I heard, at no great distance, a sound as though something had plunged into water. This proved to be the case, for in my wanderings I had arrived near the brink of the river. This only added to my danger, for I felt still more afraid of the alligators in the river than of the wild beasts on the land. While I deliberated, a howl, only a few yards distant, burst so suddenly upon me, that I had scarcely time to raise my rifle to my shoulder before I saw the glaring eyes of a ferocious jaguar gleaming upon me. As the animal did not spring forwards, I gradually retreated towards the river; when, to

my unutterable horror, an alligator rushed towards me from the water. Without taking any certain aim, I fired one of my barrels in the direction of the jaguar, and then darted headlong among the forest trees a little to the left.

In a few seconds I again heard the jaguar howling, as though in agony: I had no doubt but the alligator had encountered him, and that they were then engaged in the death-grapple together. At this moment I heard another sound, delightful to me as music—this was the report of a gun. My companions, who had set out in pursuit of me, proved to be at no great distance: considering the firing of my rifle to be a signal to them, they replied to it accordingly, and thus, in ten minutes, we were once more in each other's company.

Never was man more humbled than I was by

this adventure, and never could any one be more grateful for his miraculous preservation. Since then I have been inured to dangers, and could now conduct myself better amidst such immeasurable solitudes than I then did. Many a jaguar, and many an alligator, have I since encountered.



A SHORT CHAPTER.

When rambling about the wide world, *Europe* appeared to me to have the most houses; *Asia* the most people; *Africa* the most sand; and *America* the most trees.

As far as I remember, *Guinea* is the hottest part of the world that I have ever visited. No wonder the people are black there; depend upon it, I should have been black myself had I staid there till now.

Lapland is the coldest country; my fingers tingle, and my teeth chatter, every time I think about it.

Russia is the largest: it seemed to me to have

no end; and all that I wonder at is, that the emperor is not lost in his own dominions.

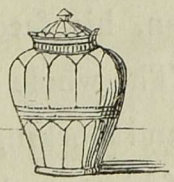
Holland, I think, is the smallest. It is more like a county than a kingdom, and yet it has ninety walled towns. The Dutch people ought to leave off smoking; they are too close together.

Of all climates that of *Italy* is the most pleasant; its winter is a summer, and its summer a kind of improvement on the seasons.

Perhaps *Iceland* is the most disagreeable. When I think of Iceland, I can never get Mount Hecla out of my head,—the best place in the world to be vitrified with heat, or petrified with cold.

The highest spot that I ever heard of is the top of *Dhawalagiri* in Thibet, and the lowest on which I ever set my foot is the bottom of the *Grotto of Antiparos* in the Archipelago.

The *Chinese* are the strangest people that I know, and the *Turks* and *Malays* the most cruel. *Switzerland* is the most mountainous country, and the *Netherlands* the flattest. *Portugal* and *Spain* are the most bigotted, and *France* the most polite; but, without contradiction, the most powerful, the most humane, the richest, the bravest, the wisest, and the best is *Old England.*



HOME.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.

GOLDSMITH.

"THERE'S no place like home!" Thus sang a tattered, meagre, miserable-looking wretch, as he limped on his wooden-leg along the street, with his beard unshaven, his face unwashed, and his hair uncombed. The whole of his toes were seen through his shoe and stocking, and the remaining part of the skirt of his coat threatened, with every wind that blew, to fall on the pavement.

"There's no place like home," he continued

singing, though all who gazed upon him for a moment, must have been satisfied that either he knew not what a home was, or that his present home must be very miserable. Yet still, for all this, the burden of his song was true; nor is there a more correct sentiment in the world, than that which is so much hackneyed about in every highway and byway of his majesty's dominions, "There 's no place like home!"

Those who have travelled the most, are the most convinced of its truth. The farther you wander from home, the dearer will it become to you, and the more frequently will you sigh, "Home is home, be it ever so homely."

There is a melancholy luxury in retracing the paths we have trodden with pleasure, though the flowers which adorned them are withered away; and even he who has no home, recalls to

his affectionate remembrance the home he once enjoyed.

There are dear and delightful spots in this dear and delightful world, but none so dear and so delightful as home. The home of our riper years is rarely the home of our childhood, but it has many of the same associations clinging around it. It is our own, our very own, and unlike the home that we find in the house of a stranger. If thou art as poor as the blind beggar of Bethnal Green; if a cot, or a cabin be thy only habitation,—

> "And some poor plot, with fruitage scantly stor'd,
> Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board;
> Drink from the brook, and herbs that scatter'd grow
> Wild on the river's brink, or mountain's brow,
> Yet e'en that cheerless mansion shall provide
> More heart's repose than all the world beside."

I was walking in a musing mood at even-tide,

when the bright moon was glittering through the branches of the shadowy oak-trees which overhung the pathway, when a voice struck upon my ear which arrested my attention; "We have no home now!" said the speaker, in a desponding tone: I was spell-bound to the spot. The speaker was a young female, who appeared by the light of the moon to be possessed of more than common beauty. She was recounting to a friend the death of her father and mother, and the dispersion of her family which had since taken place.

While she recounted her tale of sorrow, she lingered on the delights of home. She described the gatherings around the hearth, the happy groups that, year after year, had there assembled. She was evidently weeping at the dreary contrast which presented itself before her, yet

still she painted the dear delights of by-gone days, and at last closed the moving recital with the melancholy ejaculation, "We have no home now!"

The words were plaintively spoken, and went, where such words do go, directly to the heart. I passed on as one that carries an arrow in his bosom, for the words lingered in my ear and oppressed my spirit.

> And art thou desponding, and lonely, and lorn?
> And art thou a wanderer, and weary, and worn?
> And dost thou look forward the wide world to roam
> In sorrow and sadness? and hast thou no home?
>
> Has the wild ass a refuge when worn and opprest?
> Can the stork of the desert repose on her nest?
> Has the night-bird her bower, and the lion his lair?
> And hast thou no home in this wide world of care?

My young friends, if you have a home, be grateful, for there are beings enough in the

world who once possessed a home as dear and as delightful as yours can be, who mournfully ejaculate in the bitterness of present deprivation, contrasted with past enjoyments, "We have no home now!"

TIME.

"For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was ever wight so starkly made
But time and years would overthrow?"

I could talk about time long enough, but if I were to talk for a twelvemonth I could throw no light on so mysterious a subject. Time! a fragment of eternity measured by the changes of the heavenly bodies, and again meted out into minutes and moments by human ingenuity. When it began is a mystery: when it will end is another. The poet says—

"'Tis a drop of that fathomless sea,
Which for ever, and ever, and ever has been;
Which for ever, and ever will be."

Some have entitled time a parenthesis of eternity; what it is, however, is of little moment compared with the importance of our making a good use of it. The allotment of it made to human beings is short; there is, therefore, the greater necessity to use it well. If the Roman considered that he had lost a day, because therein he had not performed a good action, let me ask how many days have been lost by you?

We have all gazed on time, represented by the figure of an old man —

> Of tall gigantic stature; near him lies
> A scythe and hour-glass, and his huge-spread wings
> Seem to betoken swift and sudden flight.

We have all thought of that "for ever, and for ever, and for ever," which has puzzled the wisest head, and made the conscientious mind glad to occupy itself in some kind act, or deed of gentle charity, to

> Mark the winged moments as they fly.

When we gaze on the mouldering monuments of time, and reflect on its victories over the victorious; when we see the ponderous turret and the massy wall of the castle of other days crumbling into ruin,

> The falling fragments make one feel ashamed,
> That earthly grandeur has so little power
> To hand her greatness down to future times.

It is of little use to have our deeds engraven on brass, or sculptured on marble; to have pillars raised to our fame, and monuments to our memory; for the one and the other will be corroded and destroyed. Let your deeds be such as may be had in remembrance when temples shall be dissolved, and when this mortal shall "put on immortality." I once gazed on one of the most durable of earthly monuments.

> Who rais'd the mighty monument? I cried,
> And paus'd for a reply, but none replied;
> Time passed me by, and answer'd with a frown,
> "Whoever rais'd it, I will pull it down."

I have given you both prose and poesy about time; surely, then, you will be disposed to improve it. If what I have said be worth a thought, think of it; let time be more valuable in your estimation than ever; and if you think that I have wasted my time in speaking to no purpose, find out something better to employ your thoughts. Make the best use of the moments of time, and you will reap the advantage through the ages of eternity.

But time urges me to draw to a close. I have been merry to amuse, and grave to instruct you; and now, my young friends, we must part. Willingly would I offer you a keepsake that you may remember me: I can give you neither "siller nor gowd," nor a moment of that time which is more precious than either, ay, than both put together; but if the outpouring of a kindly spirit

—if an old man's blessing and his prayers be worth your acceptance, you shall have them warm from his heart. May your tears be few, and your smiles many, and peace and joy take up their abode in your hearts: may your prospects be fair, a floweret bloom on every brier, and your darkest pathway on earth be lighted up with the hope of heaven! To each of you, a hearty farewell! The wings of Time are more rapid than the lightning-flash; the weal and woe of this world will soon be passed; keep your eyes and your hearts, then, fixed on a better.

With girded loins and sandall'd feet,
Your staff within your hand,
Go, youthful pilgrim, on your way,
And find that better land.

THE END.

London: Printed by Samuel Bentley, Dorset Street, Fleet Street.