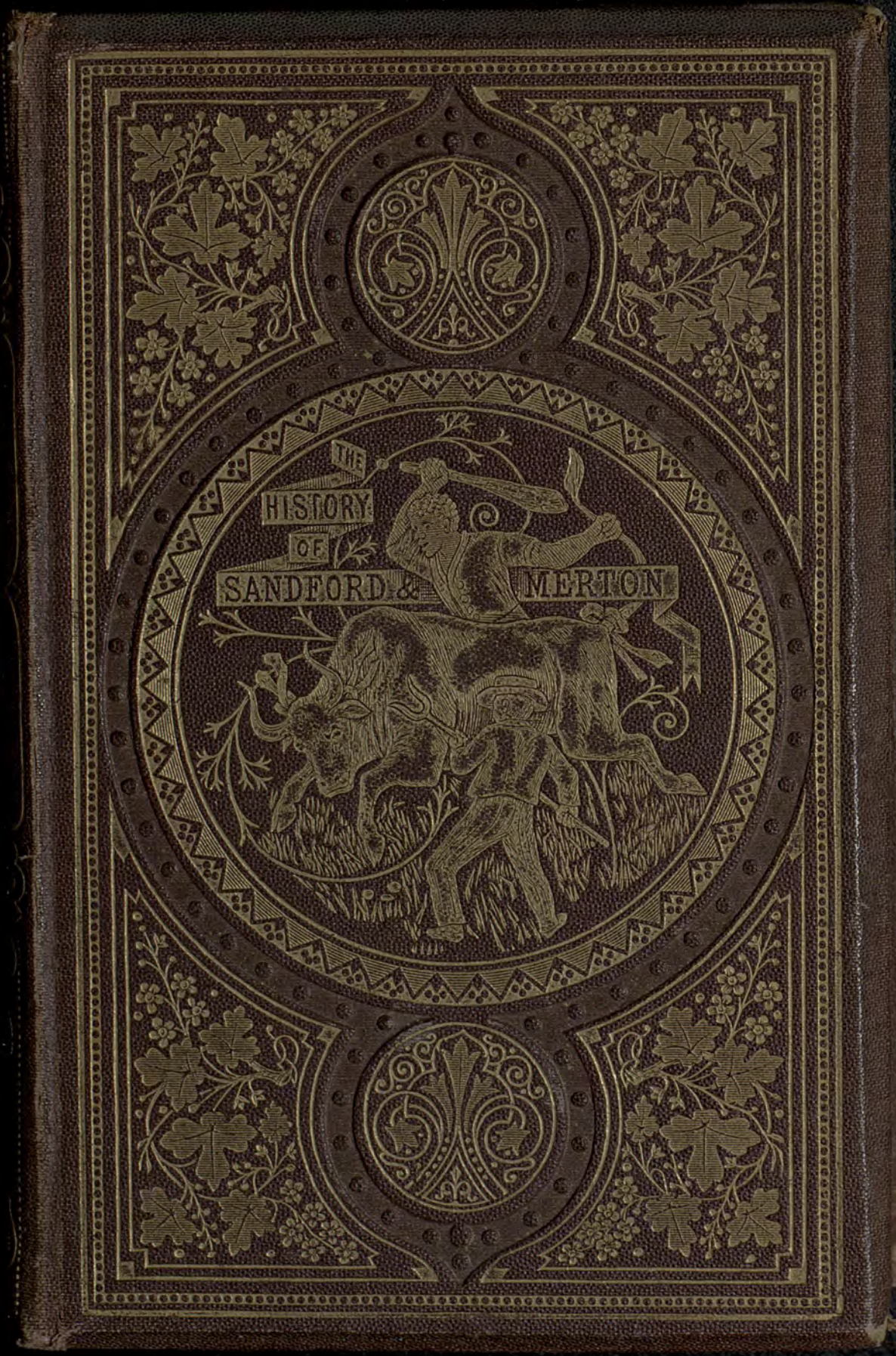
THE
HISTORY
OF
SANDFORD & MERTON

Annie Gildow from
her affectionate father H. Gildow
Hamilton 1870

"As I am alive, here is Jack Smithers, the little ragged boy that you gave the clothes to in the summer!"

P. 202.

THE HISTORY

OF

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

By THOMAS DAY.

Six Coloured Engravings on Steel.

Edinburgh:
GALL & INGLIS, 6 GEORGE STREET.

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In the western part of England lived a gentleman of great fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a large estate in the Island of Jamaica, where he had passed the greater part of his life, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one son, of whom he was excessively fond; and to educate this child properly was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton, who, at the time he came from Jamaica, was only six years old, was naturally a very good-tempered boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica, he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden upon any account to contradict him. If he walked, there always went two negroes with him; one of whom carried a large

umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage, which was borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his play-fellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him that she gave him everything he cried for, and would never let him learn to read because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had everything he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the house, he was always to be helped first, and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise as disturbed the whole company. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea-table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently overset the tea-cups. By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to everybody else, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently did he cut himself with knives, at other times throw heavy things upon his head, and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that he was

perpetually ill; the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came over to England he could neither write nor read, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but he was very proud, fretful, and impatient.

Very near to Mr Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, whose name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry. Harry, as he had been always accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-coloured. He was neither so fair, nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton; but he had an honest good-natured countenance, which made everybody love him; was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. If little Harry saw a poor wretch who wanted victuals, while he was eating his dinner, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole: nay, so very good-natured was he to everything, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practise any other kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught

twirling a cock-chafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread: but then this was through ignorance and want of thought; for, as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more than he would do, were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy liberty and fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry was so careful and considerate, that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighbourhood. He used to stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs; if he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin-redbreasts; even toads, and frogs, and spiders, and such kinds of disagreeable animals, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry; he used to say, they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjust to kill creatures, only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made little Harry a great favourite with everybody, particularly with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost

always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr Barlow showed so particular an affection for him; for besides learning, with the greatest readiness, everything that was taught him, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble, whatever he was desired to do. And then you might believe Harry in everything he said; for though he could have gained a plum-cake by telling an untruth, and was sure that speaking the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happiness in eating: for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

With this little boy did Master Merton become acquainted in the following manner:—As he and the maid were once walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake, on a sudden, started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in at this accident; the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, who was in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young,

was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened; and instantly seizing the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him to a great distance off.

Just as this happened, Mrs Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt. "No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off." "And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so obliged?" "Harry Sandford, madam." "Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us." "No, thank you, madam; my father will want me." "And who is your father, my sweet boy?" "Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill." "Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth; will you?" "If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother, too."

Mrs Merton instantly despatched a servant to the farmer's; and, taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion-house, where she found Mr Merton whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where every-

"Harry, instantly seizing the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg and threw him to a great distance off." *P.* 6

thing that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and the very plates and knives and forks were of silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat, with the most endearing kindness; but, to the astonishment of everybody, he neither appeared pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been used to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out off; and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would with great pleasure, give it to his little friend. "Yes, that I will," says Tommy; "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver." "Thank you with all my heart," said little Harry; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home." "How!" said Mrs Merton, "does your father eat and drink out of silver?" "I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads." "The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs Merton: "and why is that better than silver ones?" "Because," said Harry, "they never make us uneasy." "Make you

uneasy, my child!" said Mrs Merton, "what do you mean?" "Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as if you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it." "I protest," said Mrs Merton to her husband, "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that during dinner, one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a very severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs Merton filled a large glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up, but he thanked her, and said he was not dry. "But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and as you are a good boy, you may drink it up." "Ay, but, madam, Mr Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry: and that we must only eat and drink such things are as easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the Apostles did, who were all very good men."

Mr Merton laughed at this. "And pray," said he, "little man, do you know who the Apostles were?" "Oh! yes, to be sure I do." "And who were they?" "Why, sir, there was a time when people were grown so very wicked, that they did not care what they did; and the great folks were all proud, and minded nothing but eating and drinking

and sleeping, and amusing themselves; and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to hinder a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them anything that was good; and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed. And then there came from Heaven the Son of God, whose name was Christ; and He went about doing good to everybody, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do; and He chose out twelve other very good men, and called them Apostles; and these Apostles went about the world doing as He did, and teaching people as He taught them. And they never minded what they did eat or drink, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when anybody offered them money, they would not take it, but told them to be good, and give it to the poor and sick: and so they made the world a great deal better. And therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get, and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water; and yet they are strong, and active, and healthy."

"Upon my word," said Mr Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher; and we should be much obliged to Mr Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?"

"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king, because he's finer and richer than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody waits upon him, and is afraid of him." "Well said, my dear," replied Mrs Merton; and rose and kissed him; "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should you not like to be a king too, little Harry?" "Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me."

"What a difference between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry. "I am not sure," said Mr Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son:—But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry. "No, indeed, sir." "No, simpleton!" said Mrs Merton: "and why not?" "Because the only rich man I ever saw, is Squire Chase, who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich; but everybody hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face—and I would not be hated for anything in the world." "But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?" "As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep me

warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and, as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them." Mrs Merton continued to look at him with astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.

In the evening, little Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there. "Why," replied Harry, "they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them: but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself; and then there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over; and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like Squire Chase."

But at the mansion-house, much of the conversation, in the meantime, was employed in examining the merits of little Harry. Mrs Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper; she was also struck with the very good-nature and benevolence of his character, but she contended that he had a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas, which distinguish the children of the lower and middling classes of people from those of persons of fashion. Mr Merton, on the contrary, maintained,

that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and disposition would do so much honour even to the most elevated situations. Nothing, he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners, and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes pride themselves as their greatest, or even as their only accomplishment; "nay, so easily are they picked up," said he, "that we frequently see them descend with the cast clothes to maids and valets; between whom and their masters and mistresses there is little other difference than what results from the former wearing soiled clothes and healthier countenances. Indeed, the real seat of all superiority, even of manners, must be placed in the mind: dignified sentiments, superior courage, accompanied with genuine and universal courtesy, are always necessary to constitute the real gentleman; and where these are wanting, it is the greatest absurdity to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant and unnatural modes of dress; which, far from becoming the real test of gentility, have in general no other origin than the caprice of barbers, tailors, actors, opera-dancers, milliners, fiddlers, and French servants of both sexes. I cannot help, therefore, asserting," said he, very seriously, "that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and though I shall also wish that our son may possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than a certainty that he would never in any respect fall below the son of farmer Sandford."

Whether Mrs Merton fully acceded to these observations of her husband, I cannot decide; but, without waiting to hear her particular sentiments, he thus went on:—"Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am too sensible that our mutual fondness has hitherto treated him with rather too much indulgence. While we have been over-solicitous to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful; our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations has made us gratify even his caprices and humours; and, while we have been too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been ourselves the cause that he has not acquired even the common attainments of his age and situation. All this I have long observed in silence, but have hitherto concealed, both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of offending you; but at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you—that of sending him directly to Mr Barlow, provided he would take the care of him; and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly the age and size of our Tommy. I shall therefore propose to the farmer, that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son."

As Mr Merton said this with a certain degree of

firmness, and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary, Mrs Merton did not make any objection to it, but consented, although very reluctantly, to part with her son. Mr Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him at the same time, that, though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself the obliged party.

To this, Mr Barlow, after thanking Mr Merton for the confidence and liberality with which he treated him, answered him in the following manner:—"I should be little worthy of the distinguished regard with which you treat me, did I not with the greatest sincerity assure you, that I feel myself totally unqualified for the task. I am, sir, a minister of the Gospel, and I would not exchange that character, and the severe duties it enjoins, for any other situation in life. But you must be sensible that the retired manner of life which I have led for these twenty years, in consequence of my profession, at a distance from the gaities of the capital, and the refinements of polite life, is little adapted to form such a tutor as the manners and opinions of the world require for your son. Gentlemen in your situation of life are accustomed to divide the world into two general classes; those who are persons of fashion, and those who are not. The first class contains everything that is valuable in life; and there

fore their manners, their prejudices, their very vices, must be inculcated upon the minds of children, from the earliest period of infancy; the second comprehends the great body of mankind, who, under the general name of the vulgar, are represented as being only objects of contempt and disgust, and scarcely worthy to be put on a footing with the very beasts that contribute to the pleasure and convenience of their superiors."

Mr Merton could not help interrupting Mr Barlow here, to assure him that, though there was too much truth in the observation, yet he must not think that either he or Mrs Merton carried things to that extravagant length; and that, although they wished their son to have the manners of a man of fashion, they thought his morals and religion of infinitely more consequence.

"If you think so, sir," said Mr Barlow, "it is more than a noble lord did, whose written opinions are now considered as the oracles of polite life, and more than, I believe, most of his admirers do at this time. But if you allow what I have just mentioned to be the common distinctions of genteel people, you must at one glance perceive how little I must be qualified to educate a young gentleman intended to move in that sphere; I, whose temper, reason, and religion, equally combine to make me reject the principles upon which those distinctions are founded. The Christian religion, though not exclusively, is, emphatically speaking, the religion of the poor. Its first ministers were taken from the lower orders of mankind, and to the lower orders of mankind was it first proposed; and in this, instead of feeling my-

self mortified or ashamed, I am the more inclined to adore the wisdom and benevolence of that Power by whose command it was first promulgated. Those who engross the riches and advantages of this world are too much employed with their pleasures and ambition to be much interested about any system, either of religion or of morals; they too frequently feel a species of habitual intoxication, which excludes every serious thought, and makes them view with indifference everything but the present moment. Those, on the contrary, to whom all the hardships and miseries of this world are allotted as their natural portion—those who eat the bread of bitterness, and drink the waters of affliction, have more interest in futurity, and are therefore more prepared to receive the promises of the Gospel. Yes, sir; mark the disingenuousness of many of our modern philosophers; they quarrel with the Christian religion, because it has not yet penetrated the deserts of Africa, or arrested the wandering hordes of Tartary; yet they ridicule it for the meanness of its origin, and because it is the Gospel of the poor: that is to say, because it is expressly calculated to inform the judgments, and alleviate the miseries of that vast promiscuous body which constitutes the majestic species of man. But for whom would these philosophers have Heaven itself interested, if not for the mighty whole which it has created? Poverty, that is to say, a state of labour and frequent self-denial, is the natural state of man; it is the state of all in the happiest and most equal governments, the state of nearly all in every country; it is a state in which all the faculties, both of body and mind,

are always found to develope themselves with the most advantage, and in which the moral feelings have generally the greatest influence. The accumulation of riches, on the contrary, can never increase, but by the increasing poverty and degradation of those whom Heaven has created equal; a thousand cottages are thrown down to afford space for a single palace. How benevolently, therefore, has Heaven acted, in thus extending its blessings to all who do not disqualify themselves for the reception by voluntary hardness of heart! how wisely in thus opposing a continual boundary to human pride and sensuality; two passions the most fatal in their effects, and the most apt to desolate the world. And shall a minister of that Gospel, conscious of these great truths, and professing to govern himself by their influence, dare to preach a different doctrine, and flatter those excesses, which he must know are equally contrary both to reason and religion? Shall he become the abject sycophant of human greatness, and assist it in trampling all relations of humanity beneath his feet, instead of setting before it the the severe duties of its station, and the account which will one day be expected of all the opportunities of doing good, so idly, so irretrievably lost and squandered? But I beg pardon, sir, for that warmth which has transported me so far, and made me engross so much of the conversation. But it will at least have this good effect, that it will demonstrate the truth of what I have been saying; and show that, though I might undertake the education of a farmer or a mechanic, I shall never succeed in that of a modern gentleman."

"Sir," replied Mr Merton, "there is nothing which I now hear from you, which does not increase my esteem of your character, and my desire to engage your assistance. Permit me only to ask whether, in the present state of things, a difference of conditions and an inequality of fortune are not necessary, and, if necessary, I should infer, not contrary to the spirit of Christianity?"

"So it is declared, sir, that offences must come; but that does not prevent a severe denunciation against the offenders. But, if you wish to know, whether I am one of those enthusiasts, who are continually preaching up an ideal state of perfection, totally inconsistent with human affairs, I will endeavour to give you every satisfaction upon the subject. If you mean by difference of conditions and inequality of fortunes, that the present state of human affairs in every society we are acquainted with, does not admit that perfect equality which the purer interpretations of the Gospel inculcate, I certainly shall not disagree with you in opinion. He that formed the human heart certainly must be acquainted with all the passions to which it would be subject; and if, under the immediate dispensation of Christ himself, it was found impossible for a rich man to give his possessions to the poor, that degree of purity will hardly be expected now, which was not found in the origin. But here, sir, permit me to remark, how widely the principles of genuine Christianity differ from that imaginary scheme of ideal perfection, equally inconsistent with human affairs and human characters, which many of its pretended friends would persuade us to believe in;

and, as comparisons sometimes throw a new and sudden light upon a subject, give me leave to use one here, which I think bears the closest analogy to what we are now considering. Were some physician to arise, who, to a perfect knowledge of all preceding medical facts, had added by a more than human skill a knowledge of the most secret principles of the human frame, could he calculate, with an accuracy that never was deceived, the effect of every cause that could act upon our constitutions; and, were he inclined, as the result of all his science and observation, to leave a rule of life that might remain unimpeached to the latest posterity, I ask, what kind of one would he form?"

"I suppose one," said Mr Merton, "that was the most adapted to the general circumstances of the human species, and, which observed, would confer the greatest degree of health and vigour."

"Right," said Mr Barlow; "I ask again, whether, observing the common luxury and intemperance of the rich, he would take his directions from the usages of a polite table, and recommend that heterogeneous assemblage of contrary mixtures, high seasonings, poignant sauces, fermented and distilled poisons, which is continually breeding diseases in their veins, as the best means of preserving or regaining health?"

"Certainly not. That were to debase his heart, and sanction abuses, instead of reforming them."

"Would he not, then, recommend simplicity of diet, light repasts, early slumbers, and moderate exercise in the open air, if he judged them salutary to human nature, even though fashionable prejudice

had stamped all these particulars with the mark of extreme vulgarity?"

"Were he to act otherwise, he must forfeit all pretensions either to honesty or skill."

"Let us then apply all this to the mind, instead of the body, and suppose for an instant, that some legislator, either human or divine, who comprehended all the secret springs that govern the mind, was preparing a universal code for all mankind; must he not imitate the physician, and deliver general truths, however unpalatable, however repugnant to particular prejudices, since upon the observance of these truths alone the happiness of the species must depend?"

"I think so, indeed."

"Should such a person observe, that an immoderate desire and accumulation of riches, a love of ostentatious trifles, unnecessary splendour in all that relates to human life, and an habitual indulgence of sensuality, tended not only to produce evil in all around, but even in the individual himself, who suffered the tyranny of these vices; how would you have the legislator act? Should he be silent?"

"No, certainly; he should arraign these pernicious habitudes by every means within his power—by precept, by example."

"Should he also observe, that riches employed in another manner, in removing the real miseries of humanity, in cherishing, comforting, and supporting all around, produced a contrary effect, and tended equally to make the obliged and the obliger happy; should he conceal this great eternal truth, or should

he divulge it with all the authority he possessed, conscious, that in whatever degree it became the rule of human life, in the same degree would it tend to the advantage of all the world?"

"There cannot be a doubt upon the subject."

"But, should he know, either by the spirit of prophecy, or by intuitive penetration, that the majority of mankind would never observe these rules to any great degree, but would be blindly precipitated by their passions into every excess against which he so benevolently cautioned them; should this be a reason for his withdrawing his precepts and admonitions, or for seeming to approve what was in its own nature most pernicious?

"As prudent would it be to pull off the bridle when we mounted an impetuous horse, because we doubted of our power to hold him in; or to increase his madness by the spur, when it was clearly too great before. Thus, sir, you will perceive, that the precepts of the Christian religion are founded upon the most perfect knowledge of the human heart, as they furnish a continual barrier against the most destructive passions, and the most subversive of human happiness. Your own concessions sufficiently prove, that it would have been equally derogatory to truth, and the common interests of the species, to have made the slightest concessions in favour either of human pride or sensuality. Your extensive acquaintance with mankind will sufficiently convince you, how prone the generality are to give an unbounded loose to these two passions; neither the continual experience of their own weakness, nor of the fatal effects which are produced by vicious in-

dulgences, has yet been capable of teaching them either humility or moderation. What then could the wisest legislator do, more useful, more benevolent, more necessary, than to establish general rules of conduct, which have a continual tendency to restore moral and natural order, and to diminish the wide inequality produced by pride and avarice? Nor is there any greater danger that these precepts should be too rigidly observed, than that the bulk of mankind should injure themselves by too abstemious a temperance. All that can be expected from human weakness, even after working from the most perfect model, is barely to arrive at mediocrity; and, were the model less perfect, or the duties less severe, there is the greatest reason to think, that even that mediocrity would never be attained. Examine the conduct of those who are placed at a distance from all labour and fatigue, and you will find the most trifling exertions act upon their imaginations with the same force as the most insuperable difficulties.

"If I have now succeeded in laying down the genuine principles of Christian morality, I apprehend it will not be difficult to deduce the duty of one who takes upon him the office of its minister and interpreter. He can no more have a right to alter the slightest of its principles than the magistrate can be justified in giving false interpretations to the laws. The more the corruptions of the world increase, the greater the obligation that he should oppose himself to their course; and he can no more relax in his opposition than the pilot can abandon the helm, because the winds and the waves begin to augment their fury Should he be despised, or neglected by

all the rest of the human species, let him still persist in bearing testimony to the truth, both in his precepts and example; the cause of virtue is not desperate while it retains a single friend; should it even sink for ever, it is enough for him to have discharged his duty. But, although he is thus restricted as to what he shall teach, I do not assert that it is improper for him to use his understanding and experience as to the manner of his instruction. He is strictly bound never to teach anything contrary to the purest morality; but he is not bound always to teach that morality in its greatest extent. In that respect, he may use the wisdom of the serpent, though guided by the innocence of the dove. If, therefore, he sees the reign of prejudice and corruption, so firmly established, that men would be offended with the genuine simplicity of the Gospel, and the purity of its primeval doctrines, he may so far moderate their rigour as to prevent them from entirely disgusting weak and luxurious minds. If we cannot effect the greatest possible perfection, it is still a material point to preserve from the grossest vices. A physician that practises amongst the great may certainly be excused, though he should not be continually advising the exercise, the regimen of the poor; not that the doctrine is not true, but that there would not be the smallest probability of its ever being adopted. But, although he never assents to that luxurious method of life, which he is continually obliged to see, he may content himself with only inculcating those restrictions which even the luxurious may submit to, if they possess the smallest portion of understanding. Should he succeed thus far,

there is no reason for his stopping in his career, or not enforcing a superior degree of temperance; but should it be difficult to persuade even so slight a restriction, he could hope for no success, were he to preach up a Spartan or a Roman diet. Thus the Christian minister may certainly use his own discretion in the mode of conveying his instructions; and it is permitted him to employ all his knowledge of the human heart in reclaiming men from their vices, and winning them over to the cause of virtue. By the severity of his own manners, he may sufficiently evince the motives of his conduct; nor can he, by any means, hope for more success than if he shows that he practises more than he preaches, and uses a greater degree of indulgence to the failings of others than he requires for his own."

"Nothing," said Mr Merton, "can be more rational or moderate than these sentiments; why then do you persist in pleading your incapacity for an employment which you can so well discharge?"

"Because," said Mr Barlow, "he that undertakes the education of a child, undertakes the most important duty in society, and is severally answerable for every voluntary omission. The same mode of reasoning, which I have just been using, is not applicable here. It is out of the power of any individual, however strenuous may be his endeavours, to prevent the mass of mankind from acquiring prejudices and corruptions; and, when he finds them in that state, he certainly may use all the wisdom he possesses for their reformation. But this rule will never justify him for an instant in giving false impressions where he is at liberty to

instil truth, and in losing the only opportunity which he perhaps may ever possess, of teaching pure morality and religion. How will such a man, if he has the least feeling, bear to see his pupil become a slave, perhaps to the grossest vices; and to reflect with a great degree of probability that this catastrophe has been owing to his own inactivity and improper indulgence? May not all human characters frequently be traced back to impressions made at so early a period, that none but discerning eyes would ever suspect their existence? Yet nothing is more certain; what we are at twenty depends upon what we were at fifteen; what we are at fifteen upon what we were at ten; where shall we then place the beginning of the series? Besides, sir, the very prejudices and manners of society, which seem to be an excuse for the present negligence in the early education of children, act upon my mind with a contrary effect. Need we fear that, after every possible precaution has been taken, our pupil should not give a sufficient loose to his passions, or should be in danger of being too severely virtuous? How glorious would be such a distinction, how much to be wished for, and yet how little to be expected by any one who is moderately acquainted with the world! The instant he makes his entrance there, he will find a universal relaxation and indifference to everything that is serious; everything will conspire to represent pleasure and sensuality as the only business of human beings, and to throw a ridicule upon every pretence to principle or restraint. This will be the doctrine that he will learn at theatres, from his com-

panions, from the polite circles into which he is introduced. The ladies, too, will have their share in the improvement of his character; they will criticise the colour of his clothes, his method of making a bow, and of entering a room. They will teach him that the great object of human life is to please the fair; and that the only method of doing it is to acquire the graces. Need we fear that, thus beset on every side, he should not attach a sufficient importance to trifles, or grow fashionably languid in the discharge of all his duties? Alas! sir, it seems to me that this will unavoidably happen in spite of all our endeavours. Let us, then, not lose the important moment of human life, when it is possible to flatter ourselves with some hopes of success in giving good impressions; they may succeed; they may either preserve a young man from gross immorality, or have a tendency to reform him when the first ardour of youth is past. If we neglect this awful moment, which can never return, with the view which, I must confess, I have of modern manners, it appears to me like launching a vessel in the midst of a storm, without a compass and without a pilot."

"Sir," said Mr Merton, "I will make no other answer to what you have now been saying, than to tell you, it adds, if possible, to my esteem of your character; and that I will deliver my son into your hands, upon your own conditions. And as to the terms—"

"Pardon me," replied Mr Barlow, "if I interrupt you here, and give you another specimen of the singularity of my opinions. I am contented to

take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour by every means within my power to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensable, that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the mean time, as there are, I fear, some little circumstances which have grown up, by too much tenderness and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority, if I, for the present, appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend than that of a schoolmaster."

However disagreeable this proposal was to the generosity of Mr Merton, he was obliged to consent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage, which was at the distance of about two miles from his father's house.

The day after Tommy came to Mr Barlow's, as soon as breakfast was over, he took him and Harry into the garden; when he was there, he took a spade into his own hand, and giving Harry a hoe, they both began to work with great eagerness. "Everybody that eats," says Mr Barlow, "ought to assist in procuring food; and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work. This is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day, and he that raises the most out of it will deserve to fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own." "No, indeed," said

Tommy, very sulkily, "I am a gentleman and don't choose to slave like a ploughboy." "Just as you please, Mr Gentleman," said Mr Barlow; "but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work."

In about two hours, Mr Barlow said it was time to leave off; and, taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down; and Mr Barlow, taking out a plate of very fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself.

Tommy, who had followed, and expected his share, when he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying. "What is the matter?" said Mr Barlow very coolly to him. Tommy looked upon him very sulkily, but returned no answer. "Oh! sir, if you don't choose to give me an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here." Tommy became still more disconcerted at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden, equally surprised and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or the contrary.

When all the cherries were eaten, little Harry said, "You promised to be so good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and, if it is agreeable to you, I will now read the story of the 'Flies and the Ants.'" "With all my heart," said Mr Barlow; "remember to read it slowly and distinctly, without hesitating or pronouncing the words

wrong; and be sure to read it in such a manner as to show that you understand it."

Harry then took up the book, and read as follows:—

"THE FLIES AND THE ANTS."

"In the corner of a farmer's garden, there once happened to be a nest of ants, who, during the fine weather of the summer, were employed all day long in drawing little seeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them there happened to be a bed of flowers, upon which a great quantity of flies used to be always sporting, and humming, and diverting themselves by flying from one flower to another. A little boy, who was the farmer's son, used frequently to observe the different employments of these animals; and, as he was very young and ignorant, he one day thus expressed himself:—'Can any creature be so simple as these ants? All day long they are working and toiling, instead of enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themselves like these flies, who are the happiest creatures in the world.' Some time after he had made this observation, the weather grew extremely cold, the sun was scarcely seen to shine, and the nights were chill and frosty. The same little boy, walking then in the garden, did not see a single ant, but all the flies lay scattered up and down, either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help pitying the unfortunate animals, and asking at the same time, what had happened to the ants that he used to see in the same place? The father said, 'The flies are all dead, because they were careless animals, who

gave themselves no trouble about laying up provisions, and were too idle to work; but the ants, who had been busy all the summer, in providing for their maintenance during the winter, are all alive and well; and you will see them as soon as the warm weather returns."

"Very well, Harry," said Mr Barlow, "we will now take a walk." They accordingly rambled out into the fields, where Mr Barlow made Harry take notice of several kinds of plants, and told him the names and nature of them. At last Harry, who had observed some very pretty purple berries upon a plant that bore a purple flower, and grew in the hedges, brought them to Mr Barlow, and asked whether they were good to eat. "It is very lucky," said Mr Barlow, "young man, that you asked the question before you put them into your mouth; for, had you tasted them, they would have given you violent pains in your head and stomach, and perhaps have killed you, as they grow upon a plant called night-shade, which is a rank poison." "Sir," said Harry, "I take care never to eat anything without knowing what it is, and I hope, if you will be so good as to continue to teach me, I shall very soon know the names and qualities of all the herbs which grow."

As they were returning home, Harry saw a very large bird called a kite, upon the ground, who seemed to have something in its claws, which he was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew him to be one of those ravenous creatures which prey upon others, ran up to him, shouting as loud as he could; and the bird, being frightened, flew away, and left a

chicken behind him, very much hurt indeed, but still alive. "Look, sir," said Harry, "if that cruel creature has not almost killed this poor chicken; see how he bleeds, and hangs his wings! I will put him into my bosom to recover him, and carry him home; and he shall have part of my dinner every day till he is well, and able to shift for himself."

As soon as they came home, the first care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket with some fresh straw, some water and some bread. After that Mr Barlow and he went to dinner.

In the meantime, Tommy, who had been skulking about all day, very much mortified and uneasy, came in, and, being very hungry, was going to sit down to the table with the rest; but Mr Barlow stopped him, and said, "No, sir, as you are too much of a gentleman to work, we, who are not so, do not choose to work for the idle." Upon this Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill-temper.

But little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up half crying into Mr Barlow's face, and said, "Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my share of the dinner?" "Yes, to be sure, child." "Why, then," said he, getting up, "I will give it all to poor Tommy who wants it more than I do." Saying this, he gave it to him as he sat in the corner; and Tommy took it, and thanked him without ever turning his eyes from off the ground. "I see," said Mr Barlow, "that though gentlemen are above being of any use themselves,

they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for." At this Tommy cried still more bitterly than before.

The next day Mr Barlow and Harry went to work as before; but they had scarcely begun before Tommy came to them, and desired that he might have a hoe too, which Mr Barlow gave him; but, as he had never before learned to handle one, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several strokes upon his legs. Mr Barlow then laid down his own spade, and showed him how to hold and use it, by which means, in a short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their work was over they retired all three to the summer-house; and Tommy felt the greatest joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his share, which seemed to him the most delicious he had ever tasted, because working in the air had given him an appetite.

As soon as they had done eating, Mr Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story out of it? but he, looking a little ashamed, said he had never learned to read. "I am very sorry for it," said Mr Barlow, "because you lose a very great pleasure; then Harry shall read to you." Harry accordingly took up the book and read the following story:—

"THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKET-MAKER."

"There was, in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who lived in a fine house, and spent his whole time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing him-

self. As he had a great many servants to wait upon him, who treated him with the greatest respect, and did whatever they were ordered, and, as he had never been taught the truth, nor accustomed to hear it, he grew very proud, insolent, and capricious, imagining that he had a right to command all the world, and that the poor were only born to serve and obey him.

"Near this rich man's house there lived an honest and industrious poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried reeds, which grew upon a piece of marshy ground close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning to night, to earn food enough to support him, and though he seldom fared better than upon dry bread, or rice, or pulse, and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes of which he made baskets, yet was he always happy, cheerful, and contented; for his labour gave him so good an appetite, that the coarsest fare appeared to him delicious; and he went to bed so tired that he would have slept soundly even upon the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, humane to everybody, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbours.

"The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, yet could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, yet could he not eat with any pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite, nor use exercise, nor go into the open air. Besides this, as he was a

great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill; and, as he did good to nobody, he had no friends; and even his servants spoke ill of him behind his back, and all his neighbours, whom he oppressed, hated him. For these reasons he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy, and became displeased with all who appeared more cheerful than himself. When he was carried out in his palanquin (a kind of bed, borne upon the shoulders of men) he frequently passed by the cottage of the poor basket-maker, who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove the baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger. 'What!' said he, 'shall a wretch, a peasant, a low-born fellow, that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and pleased, while I, that am a gentleman, possessed of riches and power, and of more consequence than a million of reptiles like him, am always melancholy and discontented!' This reflection arose so often in his mind, that at last he began to feel the greatest degree of hatred towards the poor man; and, as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, however improper or unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the basket-maker for being happier than himself.

"With this wicked design, he one night gave orders to his servants (who did not dare to disobey him) to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, and the weather in that country extremely hot, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself,

and the poor basket-maker was obliged to run out almost naked to save his life.

"You may judge of the surprise and grief of the poor man, when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour, whom he had never offended; but, as he was unable to punish him for this injustice, he set out and walked on foot to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom, with many tears, he told his pitiful case. The magistrate, who was a good and just man, immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him; and when he found that he could not deny the wickedness, of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man:—'As this proud and wicked man has been puffed up with the opinion of his own importance, and attempted to commit the most scandalous injustice from his contempt of the poor, I am willing to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is; but, for this purpose, it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go along with him to the place whither I intend to send you both.'

"The poor man replied, 'I never had much; but the little I once had is now lost by the mischievous disposition of this proud and oppressive man. I am entirely ruined; I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry; thefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me; and, though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet should I rejoice to teach him more justice and humanity, and to prevent his injuring the poor a second time.'

"The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who lived in huts, were strangers to riches, and got their living by fishing.

"As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them as they had been ordered, and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers. The rich man, seeing himself thus exposed, without assistance or defence, in the midst of a barbarous people, whose language he did not understand, and in whose power he was, began to cry and wring his hands in the most abject manner; but the poor basket-maker, who had always been accustomed to hardships and dangers from his infancy, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and be their servant. Upon this the natives made signs to them that they would do them no hurt, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood.

"Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and showing them several logs, ordered them to transport them to their cabins. They both immediately set about their tasks, and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to any kind of labour, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages, who were witnesses to this, began to think that the basket-maker would prove very useful to them, and therefore presented him with a large portion of fish, and several their choicest roots; while to the rich man they gave

scarcely enough to support him, because they thought him capable of being of very little service to them; however, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table.

"The next day they were set to work again; and as the basket-maker had the same advantage over his companion, he was highly caressed and well treated by the natives, while they showed every mark of contempt towards the other, whose delicate and luxurious habits had rendered him very unfit for labour.

"The rich man now began to perceive with how little reason he had before valued himself, and despised his fellow-creatures; and an accident that fell out shortly after, tended to complete his mortification. It happened that one of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine; the basket-maker, who had perceived this appearance of vanity, pulled up some reeds, and, sitting down to work, in a short time finished a very elegant wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet. This man was so pleased with his new acquisition, that he danced and capered with joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basket-maker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion; and with such pleasure were these chaplets considered by the whole nation, that the

basket-maker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for the pleasure which he conferred upon them, the grateful savages brought him every kind of food their country afforded, built him a hut, and showed him every demonstration of gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the basket-maker's servant, and to cut him reeds to supply the continual demand for chaplets.

"After having passed some months in this manner, they were again transported to their own country, by the orders of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man, and said:—'Having now taught you how helpless, contemptible, and feeble a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall proceed to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. Did I treat you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches that you possess, as you wantonly deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence, but, hoping that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin.'

"Upon this the basket-maker said, after thanking the magistrate for his goodness:—'I, having been bred up in poverty, and accustomed to labour, have no desire to acquire riches, which I should not know how to use; all, therefore, that I require of this man is, to put me into the same situation I was in before, and to learn more humanity.'

"The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity, and, having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basket-maker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor, and benefiting his fellow-creatures."

The story being ended, Tommy said it was very pretty; but that, had he been the good basket-maker, he would have taken the naughty rich man's fortune and kept it. "So would not I," said Harry, "for fear of growing as proud, and wicked, and idle as the other."

From this time forward, Mr Barlow and his two pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning; and, when they were fatigued, they retired to the summer-house, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But little Harry going home for a week, Tommy and Mr Barlow were left alone.

The next day, after they had done work, and retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr Barlow would read to him; but, to his great disappointment, found that he was busy, and could not. The next day the same accident was renewed, and the day after that. At this Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself, "Now, if I could but read like little Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask anybody to do it for me, and then I could divert myself; and why (thinks he) may not I do what another has done? To be sure, little Harry is clever; but he could not have read if he had not

been taught; and if I am taught, I dare say I shall learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it."

The next day little Harry returned, and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him, "Pray, Harry," said Tommy, "how came you to be able to read?"

Harry.—Why, Mr Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling; and then, by putting syllables together, I learnt to read. *Tommy.*—And could not you show me my letters? *Harry.*—Yes, very willingly.

Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson, he learned the whole alphabet. He was infinitely pleased with this first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr Barlow, to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more, if he said nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said, that, if Mr Barlow pleased, he would try to read. "Oh, very willingly," said Mr Barlow; "but I should as soon expect you to fly as to read." Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and, taking up the book, read with great fluency,—

"THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DOGS."

"In a part of the world, where there are many strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to bring up two puppies of that kind which is most valued for size and courage. As they appeared to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought that he should make an acceptable present to his landlord, who was a rich man, living in a great city, by giving him one of them, which was called Jowler; while he brought up the other, named Keeper, to guard his own flocks.

"From this time the manner of living was entirely altered between the brother whelps. Jowler was sent into a plentiful kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of the servants, who diverted themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot-liquor and broken victuals; by which means, as he was stuffing from morning to night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely; he was, indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly that he would run away from a dog only half as big as himself; he was much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but, as he had learned to fawn upon the footmen, and would stand upon his hind legs to beg, when he was ordered, and, besides this, would fetch and carry, he was mightily caressed by all the neighbourhood.

"Keeper, in the meantime, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared so well, looked so plump, nor had learned all these little tricks to

recommend him; but, as his master was too poor to maintain anything but what was useful, and was obliged to be continually in the air, subject to all kinds of weather, and labouring hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent; he was also exposed to continual danger from the wolves, from whom he had rceived many a severe bite while guarding the flocks. These continual combats gave him that degree of intrepidity, that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and assiduity so well defended the sheep of his master, that not one had ever been missing since they were placed under his protection. His honesty too was so great, that no temptation could overpower it; and, though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness whatever his master chose to give him. From a continual life in the air he was become so hardy that no tempest could drive him to shelter when he ought to be watching the flocks; and he would plunge into the most rapid river, in the coldest weather of the winter, at the slightest sign from his master.

"About this time it happened that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. At his arrival there he could not help viewing with great contempt the rough ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which discovered nothing of the address for which he so much admired Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by means of an accident which happened to

him. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, a hungry wolf, with eyes that sparkled like fire, bristling hair, and a horrid snarl that made the gentleman tremble, rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, and seemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself over for lost, more especially when he saw that his faithful Jowler, instead of coming to his assistance, ran sneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of despair, the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him, humbly and unobserved, at a distance, flew to his assistance, and attacked the wolf with so much courage and skill, that he was compelled to exert all his strength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody, but in the end Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving several severe wounds himself, and presenting a bloody and mangled spectacle to the eyes of his master, who came up at that instant. The gentleman was filled with joy for his escape and gratitude to his brave deliverer; and learned by his own experience that appearances are not always to be trusted, and that great virtues and good dispositions may sometimes be found in cottagers, while they are totally wanting among the great."

"Very well indeed," said Mr Barlow. "I find that when young gentlemen choose to take pains, they can do things almost as well as other people. But what do you say to the story you have been reading, Tommy? Would you rather have owned the genteel dog that left his master to be devoured, or the poor, rough, ragged, meagre, neglected cur

that exposed his own life in his defence?" "Indeed, sir," said Tommy, "I would have rather had Keeper; but then I would have fed him, and washed him, and combed him, till he had looked as well as Jowler." "But then, perhaps, he would have grown idle, and fat, and cowardly, like him," said Mr Barlow; "but here is some more of it, let us read to the end of the story." Tommy then went on thus:—

"The gentleman was so pleased with the noble behaviour of Keeper, that he desired the poor man to make him a present of the dog; which, though with some reluctance, he complied with. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by everybody; and the disgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, with strict injunctions to the man to hang him up, as a worthless unprofitable cur.

"As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission; but, considering the noble size and comely look of the dog, and above all, being moved with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail, and licked his new master's feet, just as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to spare his life, and see whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day Jowler was in every respect treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed but scantily; and, from this spare diet, soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in he ran away as he had been accustomed to do, and sneaked to the fire-side; but the farmer's wife soon drove him out

of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In consequence of this he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and, in a few months, regarded cold and rain no more than if he had been brought up in the country.

"Changed as he already was in many respects for the better, he still retained an insurmountable dread of wild beasts; till one day, as he was wandering through a wood alone, he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, who, jumping out of a thicket, seized him by the neck with fury. Jowler would fain have run, but his enemy was too swift and violent to suffer him to escape. Necessity makes even cowards brave. Jowler being thus stopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, very luckily seizing him by the throat, strangled him in an instant. His master then coming up, and being witness of his exploit, praised him, and stroked him with a degree of fondness he had never done before. Animated by this victory, and by the approbation of his master, Jowler, from that time, became as brave as he had before been pusillanimous; and there was very soon no dog in the country who was so great a terror to beasts of prey.

"In the mean time Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts, or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do, from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities both of mind and body are lost if not continually exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous animal he was before, and acquired all the faults which are the consequences of idleness and gluttony.

"About this time the gentleman went again into the country, and, taking his dog with him, was willing that he should exercise his prowess once more against his ancient enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise when, at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity! At this moment another dog sprang forward, and seizing the wolf with the greatest intrepidity, after a bloody contest, left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog, whom, to his infinite surprise, he found to be the same Jowler that he had discarded the year before. 'I now see,' said he to the farmer, 'that it is in vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence and repose, and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones.'"

"Indeed," said Mr Barlow, when the story was ended, "I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power, whether he chooses to read little entertaining stories like what we have heard to-day, or to read the actions of great and good men in history, or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds, which are found in other countries,

and have been described in books; in short, I scarcely know of anything which from this moment will not be in his power; and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others."

"Yes," said Tommy, something elated by all this praise, "I am determined to make myself as clever as anybody; and I don't doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown-up people; and I am sure, though there are no less than six blacks in our house, that there is not one of them who can read a story like me." Mr Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden display of vanity, and said rather coolly, "Pray, who has attempted to teach them anything?" "Nobody, I believe," said Tommy. "Where is the great wonder, then, if they are ignorant?" replied Mr Barlow; "you would probably have never known anything had you not been assisted; and even now you know very little."

CHAPTER II.

Tommy and the Ragged Boy—Story of Androcles and the Lion—Conversation on Slavery—Conversation about an Ass—Tommy's Present and its consequences—The story of Cyrus—Squire Chase beats Harry—Harry saves the Squire's life—Making Bread—Story of the Two Brothers—Story of the Sailors on the Island of Spitzbergen.

In this manner did Mr Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally very good dispositions, although he had been suffered to

acquire many bad habits, that sometimes prevented them from appearing. He was, in particular, very passionate, and thought he had a right to command everybody that was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into inconveniences, and once was the occasion of his being severely mortified.

This accident happened in the following manner:—One day as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over a hedge into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked if he did not hear what was said. "Yes," said the boy, "for the matter of that I am not deaf." "Oh! you are not?" replied Tommy, "then bring me my ball directly." "I don't choose it," said the boy. "Sirrah," said Tommy, "if I come to you I shall make you choose it." "Perhaps not, my pretty little master," said the boy. "You little rascal," said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, "if I come over the hedge I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the other made no answer but by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy so much that he clambered over the hedge and jumped precipitately down intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water; there poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out; but it was to no

purpose, for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank; his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water; and, to add to his distress, he first lost one shoe and then the other —his laced hat tumbled off from his head and was completely spoiled. In this distress he must probably have remained a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a plight that Mr Barlow, who happened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt; but, when he heard the accident which had happened, he could not help smiling, and he advised Tommy to be more careful for the future how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys.

The next day Mr Barlow desired Harry, when they were all together in the arbour, to read the following story of

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION."

"There was a certain slave named Androcles, who was so ill treated by his master that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself: 'It is better to die than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined, therefore, to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once, than to live in misery. If I escape, I

must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow-creatures; therefore, I will rather trust myself with them, than continue to be a miserable slave.'

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

"Poor man!" said Harry, whose little heart could scarcely contain itself at this mournful recital, "I wish I could have met with him; I would have given him all my dinner, and he should have had my bed. But pray, sir, tell me why does one man behave so cruelly to another, and why should one person be the servant of another, and bear so much ill treatment?"

"As to that," said Tommy, "some folks are born gentlemen, and then they must command others; and some are born servants, and then they must do as they are bid. I remember, before I came hither, that there were a great many black men and women, that my mother said were only born to wait upon me; and I used to beat them, and kick them, and throw things at them whenever

I was angry; and they never dared strike me again, because they were slaves."

"And pray, young man," said Mr Barlow, "how came these people to be slaves?"

Tommy.—Because my father bought them with his money. *Mr Barlow.*—So then people that are bought with money are slaves, are they? *T.*—Yes. *Mr B.*—And those that buy them have a right to kick them, and beat them, and do as they please with them? *T.*—Yes. *Mr B.*—Then, if I was to take and sell you to Farmer Sandford, he would have a right to do what he pleased with you? No, sir, said Tommy, somewhat warmly; but you would have no right to sell me, nor he to buy me. *Mr B.*—Then it is not a person's being bought or sold that gives another a right to use him ill, but one person's having a right to sell another, and the man who buys having a right to purchase? *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—And what right have the people who sold the poor negroes to your father to sell them, or what right has your father to buy them? Here Tommy seemed to be a good deal puzzled, but at length he said, "They are brought from a country that is a great way off, in ships, and so they become slaves." Then, said Mr Barlow, "if I take you to another country, in a ship, I shall have a right to sell you?" *T.*—No, but you won't, sir, because I was born a gentleman. *Mr B.*—What do you mean by that, Tommy? Why (said Tommy, a little confounded), to have a fine house, and fine clothes, and a coach, and a great deal of money, as my papa has. *Mr B.*—Then if you were no longer to have a fine house, nor fine

clothes, nor a great deal of money, somebody that had all these things might make you a slave, and use you ill, and beat you, and insult you, and do whatever he liked with you? *T.*—No, sir, that would not be right neither, that anybody should use me ill. *Mr B.*—Then one person should not use another ill? *T.*—No, sir. *Mr B.*—To make a slave of anybody is to use him ill, is it not? *T.*—I think so. *Mr B.*—Then no one ought to make a slave of you? *T.*—No, indeed, sir. *Mr B.*—But if no one should use another ill, and making a slave is using him ill, neither ought you to make a slave of any one else. *T.*—Indeed, sir, I think not; and for the future I never will use our black William ill; nor pinch him, nor kick him, as I used to do. *Mr B.*—Then you will be a very good boy. But let us now continue our story.

"This unfortunate man had not lain long quiet in the cavern before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up with a design to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size, who prevented any possibility of retreat. The unfortunate man now believed his destruction to be inevitable; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful voice, as if he demanded the assistance of the man.

"Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage, from this circumstance, to examine his monstrous guest, who gave him suf-

ficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swelled, as if it had been wounded. Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle demeanour of the beast, he advanced up to him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine a patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot, and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness which he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting this familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness, and seemed to invite him by his blandishments to proceed. He therefore extracted the thorn, and, pressing the swelling, discharged a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness.

"As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness: from this moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chase, and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality did the man continue to live during the space of several months; at length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner and conducted back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe

against slaves, he was tried and found guilty of having fled from his master, and, as a punishment for his pretended crime, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food, to inspire him with additional rage.

"When the destined moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every side, round which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle.

"Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror; and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open, and darted forward with erected mane and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed! All eyes were directly turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, crouch submissively at his feet, fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his master, and rejoice over him as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain to them this unintelligible mystery, and how a savage of the fiercest and most unpitying nature should thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and be converted into a harmless and inoffensive animal.

"Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and

concluded by saying, that the very lion which now stood before them had been his friend and entertainer in the woods. All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story, to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude, and moved by humanity; and they unanimously joined to entreat for the pardon of the unhappy man from the governor of the place. This was immediately granted to him; and he was also presented with the lion, who had in this manner twice saved the life of Androcles."

"Upon my word," said Tommy, "this is a very pretty story; but I never should have thought that a lion could have grown so tame: I thought that they, and tigers, and wolves, had been so fierce and cruel that they would have torn everything they met to pieces."

"When they are hungry," said Mr Barlow, "they kill every animal they meet; but this is to devour it, for they can only live upon flesh, like dogs and cats, and many other kinds of animals. When they are not hungry they seldom meddle with anything, or do unnecessary mischief; therefore they are much less cruel than many persons that I have seen, and even than many children, who plague and torment animals, without any reason whatsoever."

"Indeed, sir," said Harry, "I think so. And I remember, as I was walking along the road some days past, I saw a little naughty boy that used a poor jackass very ill indeed. The poor animal was so lame that he could hardly stir; and yet the boy beat him with a great stick as violently as he was able, to make him go on faster." "And what did

you say to him?" said Mr Barlow. *Harry.*—Why, sir, I told him how naughty and cruel it was; and I asked him how he would like to be beaten in that manner by somebody that was stronger than himself? *Mr B.*—And what answer did he make you? *H.*—He said, that it was his daddy's ass, and so that he had a right to beat it; and that if I said a word more he would beat me. *Mr B.*—And what answer did you make; any? *H.*—I told him, if it was his father's ass, he should not use it ill; for that we were all God's creatures, and that we should love each other, as He loved us all; and that as to beating me, if he struck me I had a right to strike him again, and would do it, though he was almost as big again as I was. *Mr B.*—And did he strike you? *H.*—Yes, sir. He endeavoured to strike me upon the head with his stick, but I dodged, and so it fell upon my shoulder; and he was going to strike me again, but I darted at him, and knocked him down, and then he began blubbering, and begged me not to hurt him. *Mr B.*—It is not uncommon for those who are most cruel to be at the same time most cowardly; but what did you? *H.*—Sir, I told him I did not want to hurt him; but that as he had meddled with me, I would not let him rise till he had promised not to hurt the poor beast any more, which he did, and then I let him go about his business.

"You did very right," said Mr Barlow; "and I suppose the boy looked as foolish, when he was rising, as Tommy did the other day when the little ragged boy that he was going to beat helped him out of the ditch." "Sir," answered Tommy, a

little confused, "I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball." *Mr B.*—And what right had you to oblige him to bring your ball? *T.*—Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. *Mr B.*—So then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys? *T.*—To be sure, sir. *Mr B.*—Then if your clothes should wear out and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you?

Tommy looked a little foolish, and said, "But he might have done it, as he was on that side of the hedge." *Mr B.*—And so he probably would have done if you had asked him civilly to do it; but when persons speak in a haughty tone, they will find few inclined to serve them. But, as the boy was poor and ragged, I suppose you hired him with money to fetch your ball? *T.*—Indeed, sir, I did not; I neither gave him anything nor offered him anything. *Mr B.*—Probably you had nothing to give him? *T.*—Yes I had, though; I had all this money (pulling out several shillings). *Mr B.*—Perhaps the boy was as rich as you. *T.*—No, he was not, sir, I am sure; for he had no coat, and his waistcoat and breeches were all tattered and ragged; besides, he had no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes. *Mr B.*—So, now I see what constitutes a gentleman. A gentleman is one that, when he has abundance of everything, keeps it all to himself; beats poor people, if they don't serve him for nothing; and when they have done him the greatest favour, in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return. I find that Androcles' lion was no gentleman.

Tommy was so affected with this rebuke that he could hardly contain his tears; and, as he was really a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should see him again. He did not long wait for an opportunity; for, as he was walking out that very afternoon, he saw him at some distance gathering blackberries, and, going up to him, he accosted him thus: "Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other clothes?" "No, indeed," said the boy. "I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself; but I should not much mind that if I could have my belly full of victuals." *Tommy.*—And why cannot you have your belly full of victuals? *Little boy.*—Because daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest! so that mammy says we must all starve if God Almighty does not take care of us.

Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. "Here, little boy," said he, "you were very good-natured to me; and so I will give you all this, because I am a gentleman, and have many more."

Tommy did not wait for the little boy's acknowledgment, but hastened away and told Mr Barlow, with an air of exultation, what he had done.

Mr Barlow coolly answered, "You have done well in giving the little boy clothes, because they are your own; but what right have you to give away my loaf of bread without asking my consent?" *Tommy.*—Why, sir, I did it because the little boy

said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill, and could not work. *Mr B.*—This is a very good reason why you should give them what belongs to yourself, but not why you should give them what is another's. What would you say if Harry were to give away all your clothes, without asking your leave?" *T.*—I should not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without asking your leave. "You will do well," said Mr Barlow; and here is a little story you may read upon this very subject:—

"THE STORY OF CYRUS."

"Cyrus was a little boy of good dispositions and humane temper. He was very fond of drawing, and often went into the fields for the purpose of taking sketches of trees, houses, &c., which he would show to his parents. On one occasion he had retired into a shed at the back of his father's house, and was so much absorbed in planning something with his compasses, as not to be for a long time aware of his father's presence. He had several masters, who endeavoured to teach him everything that was good; and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening his father asked him what he had done or learned that day. 'Sir,' said Cyrus, 'I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly.' 'How so?' said his father. *Cyrus.*—There were two boys, one of whom was a great and the other a little boy. Now, it happened that the little boy had a coat that was much too big for him, but the great boy had one that scarcely reached

below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part; upon which the great boy proposed to the little boy to change coats with him, 'because then,' said he, 'we shall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you as mine is too little for me.' The little boy would not consent to the proposal, on which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing upon this subject I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one—for which judgment my master punished me.'

"'Why so?' said Cyrus' father; 'was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy?' 'Yes, sir,' answered Cyrus; 'but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent; and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished.'"

Just as the story was finished, they were surprised to see a little ragged boy come running up to them, with a bundle of clothes under his arm. His eyes were black, as if he had been severely beaten, his nose was swelled, his shirt was bloody, and his waistcoat did but just hang upon his back, so much was it torn. He came running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him, saying, "Here master, take your clothes again; and I wish they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out

of, instead of upon my back; but I never will put such frippery on again as long as I have breath in my body."

"What is the matter?" said Mr Barlow, who perceived that some unfortunate accident had happened in consequence of Tommy's present.

"Sir," answered the little boy, "my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now, as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but asked me civilly. But though I am poor, I am not bound to be his slave, as they say black William is; and so I would not; upon which little master here was jumping over the hedge to lick me; but, instead of that, he soused into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out; and so he gave me these clothes here, all out of good-will; and I put them on, like a fool as I was, for they are all made of silk, and look so fine, that all the little boys followed me, and hallooed as I went; and Jack Dowset threw a handful of dirt at me, and dirtied me all over. 'Oh!' says I, 'Jacky, are you at that work?'—and with that I hit him a good thump, and sent him roaring away. But Billy Gibson and Ned Kelly came up, and said I looked like a Frenchman; and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave out; but I don't choose to be hallooed after wherever I go, and to look like a Frenchman; and so I have brought master his clothes again."

Mr Barlow asked the little boy where his father lived; and he told him that his father lived about two miles off, across the common, and at the end

of Runny Lane; on which Mr Barlow told Harry that he would send the poor man some broth and victuals if he would carry it when it was ready. "That I will," said Harry, "if it were five times as far." So Mr Barlow went into the house to give orders about it.

In the mean time Tommy, who had eyed the little boy for some time in silence, said, "So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt till you are all over blood, only because I gave you my clothes. I am really very sorry for it." "Thank you, little master," said the boy, "but it can't be helped; you did not intend me any hurt, I know; and I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating; so I wish you a good afternoon with all my heart."

As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said, "I wish I had but some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he seems very good-natured; I would give them to him." "That you may very easily have," said Harry, "for there is a shop in the village hard by where they sell all manner of clothes for the poor people; and, as you have money, you may easily buy some."

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They accordingly set out before breakfast, and had proceeded nearly half-way, when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds that seemed to be running full cry at some distance. Tommy then asked Harry if he knew what they were about. "Yes," said Harry "I know well enough what they are about; it is Squire Chase and his dogs worrying a poor hare. But I wonder they are not ashamed

to meddle with such a poor inoffensive creature, that cannot defend itself. If they have a mind to hunt, why don't they hunt lions and tigers, and such fierce mischievous creatures, as I have read they do in other countries?" "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "how is that? it must surely be very dangerous." "Why, you know," said Harry, "the men are accustomed in some places to go almost naked; and that makes them so prodigiously nimble, that they can run like a deer; and, when a lion or tiger comes into their neighbourhood, and devours their sheep or oxen, they go out, six and seven together, armed with javelins; and they run over all the woods, and examine every place, till they have found him; and they make a noise to provoke him to attack them; then he begins roaring and foaming, beating his sides with his tail, till, in a violent fury, he springs at the man that is nearest to him." "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "he must certainly be torn to pieces." "No such thing," answered Harry; "he jumps like a greyhound out of the way, while the next man throws his javelin at the lion, and perhaps wounds him in the side; this enrages him still more; he springs again like lightning upon the man that wounded him, but this man avoids him like the other, and at last the poor beast drops down dead with the number of wounds he has received." "Oh," said Tommy, "it must be a very strange sight; I should like to see it out of a window, where I was safe." "So should not I," answered Harry; "for it must be a great pity to see such a noble animal tortured and killed; but they are obliged to do it in their own defence. But

these poor hares do nobody any harm, excepting the farmers, by eating a little of their corn sometimes."

As they were talking in this manner, Harry, casting his eyes on one side, said, "As I am alive, there is the poor hare skulking along! I hope they will not be able to find her; and, if they ask me, I will never tell them which way she is gone."

Presently up came the dogs, who had now lost all scent of their game, and a gentleman, mounted upon a fine horse, who asked Harry if he had seen the hare. Harry made no answer; but, upon the gentleman's repeating the question in a louder tone of voice, he answered that he had. "And which way is she gone?" said the gentleman. "Sir, I don't choose to tell you," answered Harry, after some hesitation. "Not choose!" said the gentleman, leaping off his horse, "but I'll make you choose in an instant;" and, coming up to Harry who never moved from the place where he had been standing, began to lash him in a most unmerciful manner with his whip, continually repeating, "Now, you little rascal, do you choose to tell me now?" To which Harry made no other answer than this: "If I would not tell you before, I won't now, though you should kill me."

But this fortitude of Harry, and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bitterest manner to see the distress of his friend, made no impression on this barbarian, who continued his brutality till another gentleman rode up full speed, and said, "For any sake, Squire, what are you about? You will kill the child, if you do not take care." "And the

little dog deserves it," said the other; "he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she is gone." "Take care," replied the gentleman, in a low voice, "you don't involve yourself in a disagreeable affair; I know the other to be the son of a gentleman of great fortune in the neighbourhood;" and then turning to Harry, he said, "Why, my dear, would you not tell the gentleman which way the hare had gone, if you saw her?" "Because," answered Harry, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, "I don't choose to betray the unfortunate." "This boy," said the gentleman, "is a prodigy; and it is a happy thing for you, Squire, that his age is not equal to his spirit. But you are always passionate——" At this moment the hounds recovered the scent, and bursting into a full cry, the Squire mounted his horse and galloped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the most affectionate manner, and asked him how he did. "A little sore," said Harry; "but that does not signify." *Tommy.*—I wish I had had a pistol or a sword! *Harry.*—Why, what would you have done with it? *T.*—I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you so cruelly. *H.*—That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am sure he did not want to kill me. Indeed, if I had been a man, he should not have used me so; but it is all over now, and we ought to forgive our enemies, as Mr Barlow tells us Christ did; and then perhaps they may come to love us, and be sorry for what they have done. *T.*—But how could you

bear to be so severely whipped, without crying out? *H.*—Why, crying out would have done me no good at all, would it? and this is nothing to what many little boys have suffered without ever flinching, or bemoaning themselves. *T.*—Well, I should have thought a great deal. *H.*—Oh! it's nothing to what the young Spartans used to suffer. *T.*—Who were they? *H.*—Why, you must know they were a very brave set of people, that lived a great while ago; and, as they were but few in number, and were surrounded by a great many enemies, they used to endeavour to make their little boys very brave and hardy; and these little boys used to be always running about, half-naked, in the open air, and wrestling and jumping and exercising themselves; and then had very coarse food, and hard beds to lie upon, and were never pampered and indulged; and all this made them so strong and hardy, and brave, that the like was never seen. *T.*—What, and had they no coaches to ride in, nor sweetmeats, nor wine, nor anybody to wait upon them? *H.*—Oh! dear, no; their fathers thought that would spoil them, and so they all fared alike, and ate together in great rooms; and there they were taught to behave orderly and decently; and when dinner was over, they all went to play together; and, if they committed any faults, they were severely whipped; but they never minded it, and scorned to cry out, or make a wry face.

As they were conversing in this manner, they approached the village, where Tommy laid out all his money, amounting to fifteen shillings and sixpence, in buying some clothes for the little ragged

boy and his brothers, which were made up in a bundle and given to him; but he desired Harry to carry them for him. "That I will," said Harry; "but why don't you choose to carry them yourself?" *Tommy.*—Why, it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things himself. *Harry.*—Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is but strong enough? *T.*—I do not know; but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people. *H.*—Then he should not have hands, or feet, or ears, or mouth, because the common people have the same. *T.*—No, no; he must have all these, because they are useful. *H.*—And is it not useful to be able to do things for ourselves? *T.*—Yes; but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them. *H.*—Then I should think it must be a bad thing to be a gentleman. *T.*—Why so? *H.*—Because, if all were gentlemen, nobody would do anything, and then we should be all starved. *T.*—Starved! *H.*—Yes; why, you could not live, could you, without bread? *T.*—No; I know that very well. *H.*—And bread is made of a plant that grows in the earth, and it is called wheat. *T.*—Why, then, I would gather it and eat it. *H.*—Then you must do something for yourself; but that would not do, for wheat is a small hard grain, like the oats which you have sometimes given to Mr Barlow's horse; and you would not like to eat them. *T.*—No, certainly; but how comes bread then? *H.*—Why, they send the corn to the mill. *T.*—What is a mill? *H.*—What! did you never see a mill? *T.*—No, never; but I should like to see one, that I may know how they make bread. *H.*—There is one at a little distance; and if you ask Mr Barlow, he

will go with you, for he knows the miller very well. *T.*—That I will, for I should like to see them make bread.

As they were conversing in this manner, they heard a great outcry, and turning their heads, saw a horse that was galloping violently along, and dragging his rider along with him, who had fallen off, and, in falling, hitched his foot in the stirrup. Luckily for the person, it happened to be wet ground, and the side of a hill, which prevented the horse from going very fast, and the rider from being much hurt. But Harry, who was always prepared to do an act of humanity, even with the danger of his life, and, besides that, was a boy of extraordinary courage and agility, ran up towards a gap which he saw the horse approaching, and just as he made a little pause before vaulting over, caught him by the bridle, and effectually stopped him from proceeding. In an instant another gentleman came up, with two or three servants, who alighted from their horses, disengaged the fallen person, and set him upon his legs. He stared wildly around him for some time; as he was not materially hurt, he soon recovered his senses, and the first use he made of them was to swear at his horse, and to ask who had stopped the confounded jade. "Who?" said his friend, "why, the very little boy you used so scandalously this morning; had it not been for his dexterity and courage, that numskull of yours would have had more flaws in it than it ever had before."

The Squire considered Harry with a countenance in which shame and humiliation seemed yet to struggle with his natural insolence; but at length,

putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a guinea, which he offered to Harry, telling him at the same time he was very sorry for what had happened; but Harry, with a look of more contempt than he had ever been seen to assume before, rejected the present, and taking up the bundle which he had dropped at the time he had seized the Squire's horse, walked away, accompanied by his companion.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage, whom they found much better, as Mr Barlow had been there the preceding night, and given him such medicines as he judged proper for his disease. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and, on his coming in, told him that he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without fear of being called a Frenchman, as well as some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was so great, and the acknowledgments and blessings of the good woman and the poor man, who had just began to sit up, were so many, that little Tommy could not help shedding tears of compassion, in which he was joined by Harry. As they were returning, Tommy said that he had never spent any money with so much pleasure as that with which he had purchased clothes for this poor family; and that for the future he would take care of all the money that was given him for that purpose, instead of laying it out in eatables and playthings.

Some days after this, as Mr Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to pass near a windmill; and, on Harry's telling

Tommy what it was, Tommy desired leave to go into it and look at it. Mr Barlow consented to this, and, being acquainted with the miller, they all went in and examined every part of it with great curiosity; and there little Tommy saw with astonishment that the sails of the mill, being constantly turned round by the wind, moved a great flat stone, which, by rubbing upon another stone, bruised all the corn that was put between them till it became a fine powder. "Oh dear!" said Tommy, "is this the way they make bread?" Mr Barlow told him "this was the method by which the corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were necessary before it arrived at that state. "You see that what runs from these millstones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a solid and tolerably hard substance."

As they were going home Harry said to Tommy, "So you see now, if nobody chose to work, or do anything for himself, we should have no bread to eat; but you could not even have the corn to make it of without a great deal of pains and labour." *Tommy.*—Why not? does not corn grow in the ground of itself? *Harry.*—Corn grows in the ground, but then first it is necessary to plough the ground, to break it to pieces. *T.*—What is ploughing? *H.*—Did you never see three or four horses drawing something along the fields in a straight line, while one man drove, and another walked behind holding the thing by two handles? *T.*—Yes, I have; and is that ploughing? *H.*—It is; and there is a sharp iron underneath, which runs into the ground and turns it up all the way it goes.

T.—Well, and what then? *H.*—When the ground is thus prepared, they sow the seed all over it, and then they rake it over to cover the seed, and then the seed begins to grow, and shoots up very high; and at last the corn ripens, and they reap it, and carry it home. *T.*—I protest it must be very curious, and I should like to sow some seed myself, and see it grow; do you think I could? *H.*—Yes, certainly, and if you will dig the ground to-morrow I will go home to my father, in order to procure some seed for you.

The next morning Tommy was up almost as soon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perseverance till breakfast; when he came in, he could not help telling Mr Barlow what he had done, and asking him, whether he was not a very good boy for working so hard to raise corn? "That," said Mr Barlow, "depends upon the use you intend to make of it when you have raised it; what is it you intend doing with it?" "Why, sir," said Tommy, "I intend to send it to the mill that we saw, and have it ground into flour; and then I will get you to show me how to make bread of it, and then I will eat it, that I may tell my father that I have eaten bread out of corn of my own sowing." "That will be very well done," said Mr Barlow; "but where will be the great goodness that you sow corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people round continually do; and if they did not do it they would be obliged to fast." "But then," said Tommy, "they are not gentlemen, as I am."

"What then," answered Mr Barlow; "must not

gentlemen eat as well as others, and therefore is it not for their interest to know how to procure food as well as other people?" "Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "but they can have other people to raise it for them, so that they are not obliged to work for themselves." "How does that happen?" said Mr Barlow. *Tommy.*—Why, sir, they pay other people to work for them, or buy bread when it is made, as much as they want. *Mr B.*—Then they pay for it with money? *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—Then they must have money before they can buy corn? *T.*—Certainly, sir. *Mr B.*—But have all gentlemen money? Tommy hesitated some time at this question; at last he said, "I believe not always, sir." *Mr B.*—Why, then, if they have not money they will find it difficult to procure corn, unless they raise it for themselves. "Indeed," said Tommy, "I believe they will; for perhaps they may not find anybody good-natured enough to give it them." "But said Mr Barlow, "as we are talking upon this subject, I will tell you a story that I read a little time past, if you choose to hear it." Tommy said he should be very glad if Mr Barlow would take the trouble of telling it to him, and Mr Barlow told him the following history of

"THE TWO BROTHERS."

"About the time that many people went over to South America, with the hopes of finding gold and silver, there was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, who had a great inclination to try his fortune like the rest; but as he had an elder brother, for

whom he had a very great affection, he went to him, told him his design, and solicited him very much to go along with him, promising him that he should have an equal share of all the riches they found. The brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of a contented temper, and a good understanding; he did not therefore much approve of the project, and endeavoured to dissuade Pizarro from it, by setting before him the danger to which he exposed himself, and the uncertainty of his succeeding; but finding all that he said was vain, he agreed to go with him, but told him at the same time that he wanted no part of the riches which he might find, and would ask no other favour than to have his baggage and a few servants taken on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers, who had all great expectations, like himself, of soon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and some seeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought these very odd preparations for a voyage; but as he did not think proper to expostulate with his brother he said nothing.

"After sailing some time with prosperous winds, they put into the last port where they were to stop, before they came to the country where they were to search for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find, besides hiring an additional number of labourers to assist him in the work. Alonzo,

on the contrary, bought only a few sheep, and four stout oxen, with their harness, and food enough to subsist them till they should arrive at land.

"As it happened, they met with a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother that, as he had only come to accompany and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while he went to search for gold, and when he had acquired as much as he desired, should be always ready to embark for Spain with him.

"Pizarro accordingly set out not without feeling so great a contempt for his brother, that he could not help expressing it to his companions. 'I always thought,' said he, 'that my brother had been a man of sense; he bore that character in Spain, but I find people were strangely mistaken in him. Here he is going to divert himself with his sheep and his oxen, as if he was living quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing else to do than to raise cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time; so come along, my lads, and if we have but good luck, we shall soon be enriched for the rest of our lives.' All that were present applauded Pizarro's speech, and declared themselves ready to follow wherever he went; only one old Spaniard shook his head as he went, and told him he doubted whether he would find his brother so great a fool as he thought.

"They then travelled on several days' march into the country, sometimes obliged to cross rivers, at others to pass mountains and forests, where they could find no paths; sometimes scorched by the

violent heat of the sun, and then wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. These difficulties, however, did not discourage them so much as to hinder them from trying in several places for gold, which they were at length lucky enough to find in a considerable quantity. This success animated them very much, and they continued working upon that spot till all their provisions were consumed; they gathered daily large quantities of ore, but then they suffered very much from hunger. Still, however, they persevered in their labours, and sustained themselves with such roots and berries as they could find. At last even this resource failed them; and, after several of their company had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, to acquire which they had suffered so many miseries.

"But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foresaw what would happen, had been industriously toiling to a very different purpose. His skill in husbandry had easily enabled him to find a spot of considerable extent and very fertile soil, which he ploughed up with the oxen he had brought with him, and the assistance of his servants. He then sowed the different seeds he had brought, and planted the potatoes, which prospered beyond what he could have expected, and yielded him a most abundant harvest. His sheep he had turned out in a very fine meadow near the sea, and every one of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Besides that, he and his servants, at leisure times, employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they

had caught were all dried and salted with salt they had found upon the sea-shore; so that, by the time of Pizarro's return, they had laid up a very considerable quantity of provisions.

"When Pizarro returned, his brother received him with the greatest cordiality, and asked him what success he had had? Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold, but that several of his companions had perished, and that the rest were almost starved from the want of provisions. He then requested that his brother would immediately give him something to eat, as he assured him he had tasted no food for the last two days, excepting the roots and bark of trees. Alonzo then very coolly answered, that he should remember that, when they set out, they had made an agreement, that neither should interfere with the other; that he had never desired to have any share of the gold which Pizarro might acquire, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should expect to be supplied with the provisions that he had procured with so much care and labour;' 'but,' added he, 'if you choose to exchange some of the gold you have found for provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you.'

"Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but, as he and his companions were almost starved, they were obliged to comply with his demands, which were so exorbitant, that, in a very short time, they parted with all the gold they had brought with them, merely to purchase food. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Spain in the vessel which had brought them thither, as the

winds and weather seemed most to be favourable; but Pizarro, with an angry look, told him that, since he had deprived him of everything he had gained, and treated him in so unfriendly a manner, he should go without him; for, as to himself, he would rather perish upon that desert shore than embark with so inhuman a brother.

"But Alonzo, instead of resenting these reproaches, embraced his brother with the greatest tenderness, and spoke to him in the following manner:—'Could you then believe, my dearest Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labours, which you have acquired with so much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the universe perish than I should be capable of such behaviour to my dearest brother! But I saw the rash, impetuous desire you had of riches, and wished to correct this fault in you, and serve you at the same time. You despised my prudence and industry, and imagined that nothing could be wanting to him that had once acquired wealth; but you have now learned that, without that foresight and industry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from perishing miserably. You are now, I hope, wiser; and therefore take back your riches, which I hope you have now learned to make a proper use of.' Pizarro was equally filled with gratitude and astonishment at this generosity of his brother, and he acknowledged, from experience, that industry was better than gold. They then embarked for Spain, where they all safely arrived. During the voyage Pizarro often solicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo constantly

refused, telling him that he could raise food enough to maintain himself, and was in no want of gold."

"Indeed," said Tommy, when Mr Barlow had finished the story, "I think Alonzo was a very sensible man; and, if it had not been for him, his brother and all his companions must have been starved; but then this was only because they were in a desert uninhabited country. This could never have happened in England; there they could always have had as much corn or bread as they chose for their money." "But," said Mr Barlow, "is a man sure to be always in England, or some place where he can purchase bread?" *Tommy.*—I believe so, sir. *Mr B.*—Why, are there not countries in the world where there are no inhabitants, and where no corn is raised? *T.*—Certainly, sir; this country, which the two brothers went to, was such a place. *Mr B.*—And there are many other such countries in the world. *T.*—But then a man need not go to them; he may stay at home. *Mr B.*—Then he must not pass the seas in a ship. *T.*—Why so, sir? *Mr B.*—Because the ship may happen to be wrecked on some such country, where there are no inhabitants; and then, although he should escape the danger of the sea, what will he do for food? *T.*—And have such accidents sometimes happened? *Mr B.*—Yes, several; there was, in particular, one Selkirk, who was shipwrecked, and obliged to live several years upon a desert island. *T.*—That was very extraordinary indeed; and how did he get victuals? *Mr B.*—He sometimes procured roots, sometimes fruits; he also at last became so active, that he was able to pursue and catch wild goats, with which the island abounded.

T.—And did not such a hard disagreeable way of life kill him at last? *Mr B.*—By no means; he never enjoyed better health in his life; and you have heard that he became so active as to be able to overtake the very wild beasts. But a still more extraordinary story is that of some Russians, who were left on the coast of Spitzbergen, where they were obliged to stay several years. *T.*—Where is Spitzbergen, sir? *Mr B.*—It is a country very far to the north, which is constantly covered with snow and ice, because the weather is unremittingly severe. Scarcely any vegetables will grow upon the soil, and scarcely any animals are found in the country. To add to this, a great part of the year it is covered with perpetual darkness and is inaccessible to ships; so that it is impossible to conceive a more dreary country, or where it must be more difficult to support human life. Yet four men were capable of struggling with all these difficulties during several years, and three of them returned at last safe to their own country. *T.*—This must be a very curious story indeed; I would give anything to be able to see it. *Mr B.*—That you may very easily. When I read it, I copied off several parts of it, I thought it so curious and interesting, which I can easily find, and will show you. Here it is; but it is necessary first to inform you, that those northern seas, from the intense cold of the climate, are so full of ice as frequently to render it extremely dangerous to ships, lest they should be crushed between two pieces of immense size, or so completely surrounded as not to be able to extricate themselves. Having

given you this previous information, you will easily understand the distressful situation of a Russian ship, which, as it was sailing on those seas, was on a sudden so surrounded by ice as not to be able to move. My extracts begin here, and you may read them.

Extracts from a Narrative of the Extraordinary Adventures of Four Russian Sailors, who were cast away on the Desert Island of East Spitzbergen.

"In this alarming state (that is, when the ship was surrounded with ice) a council was held, when the mate, Alexis Hinkof, informed them, that he recollected to have heard that some of the people of Mesen, some time before, having formed a resolution of wintering upon this island, had carried from that city timber proper for building a hut, and had actually erected one at some distance from the shore. This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering there, if the hut, as they hoped, still existed; for they clearly perceived the imminent danger they were in, and that they must inevitably perish if they continued in the ship. They despatched, therefore, four of their crew in search of the hut, or any other succour they could meet with. These were Alexis Hinkof, the mate, Iwan Hinkof, his godson, Stephen Scharassof, and Feodor Weregin.

"As the shore on which they were to land was uninhabited, it was necessary that they should make some provision for their expedition. They had almost two miles to travel over those ridges

of ice, which being raised by the waves, and driven against each other by the wind, rendered the way equally difficult and dangerous; prudence, therefore, forbade their loading themselves too much, lest, by being overburdened, they might sink in between the pieces of ice, and perish. Having thus maturely considered the nature of their undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket and powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder, with as many balls, an axe, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flower, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe.

"Thus accoutred, these four sailors quickly arrived on the island, little expecting the misfortunes that would befall them. They began with exploring the country, and soon discovered the hut they were in search of, about an English mile and a half from the shore. It was thirty-six feet in length, eighteen feet in height, and as many in breadth; it contained a small antechamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, the one to shut it up from the outer air, the other to form a communication with the inner room; this contributed greatly to keep the large room warm when once heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner; that is, a kind of oven without a chimney, which served occasionally either for baking, for heating the room, or, as is customary among the Russian peasants in very cold weather, for a place to sleep upon. Our adventurers rejoiced greatly at having

discovered the hut, which had, however, suffered much from the weather, it having now been built a considerable time; they, however, contrived to pass the night in it.

"Early next morning they hastened to the shore, impatient to inform their comrades of their success, and also to procure from their vessel such provision, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might better enable them to winter on the island. I leave my readers to figure to themselves the astonishment and agony of mind these poor people must have felt, when on reaching the place of their landing, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from the ice, which but the day before had covered the ocean. A violent storm, which had risen during the night, had certainly been the cause of this disastrous event; but they could not tell whether the ice, which had before hemmed in the vessel, agitated by the violence of the waves, had been driven against her, and shattered her to pieces; or, whether she had been carried by the current into the main—a circumstance which frequently happens in those seas. Whatever accident had befallen the ship, they saw her no more; and as no tidings were ever afterwards received of her, it is most probable that she sunk, and that all on board of her perished.

"This melancholy event depriving the unhappy wretches of all hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut, whence they had come, full of horror and despair."

"Oh dear!" cried Tommy, at this passage, "what a dreadful situation these poor people must have been in. To be in such a cold country, covered

with snow and frozen with ice, without anybody to help them, or give them victuals; I should think they must all have died." "That you will soon see," said Mr Barlow, "when you have read the rest of the story; but tell me one thing, Tommy, before you proceed. These four men were poor sailors, who had always been accustomed to danger and hardships, and to work for their living; do you think it would have been better for them to have been bred up gentlemen, that is, to do nothing, but to have other people wait upon them in everything?" "Why, to be sure," answered Tommy, "it was much better for them that they had been used to work, for that might enable them to contrive and do something to assist themselves, for, without doing a great deal, they must certainly all have perished."

"Their first attention was employed, as may easily be imagined, in devising means of providing subsistence, and for repairing their hut. The twelve charges of powder which they had brought with them soon procured them as many reindeer—the island, fortunately for them, abounding in these animals. I have before observed, that the hut, which the sailors were so fortunate as to find, had sustained some damage, and it was this—there were cracks in many places between the boards of the building, which freely admitted the air. This inconveniency was, however, easily remedied, as they had an axe, and the beams were still sound (for wood in those cold climates continues through a length of years unimpaired by worms or decay), so it was easy for them to make the boards join again very tolerably; besides, moss growing in great

abundance all over the island, there was more than sufficient to stop up the crevices, which wooden houses must always be liable to. Repairs of this kind cost the unhappy men less trouble, as they were Russians; for all Russian peasants are known to be good carpenters—they build their own houses, and are very expert in handling the axe. The intense cold, which makes these climates habitable to so few species of animals, renders them equally unfit for the production of vegetables. No species of tree or even shrub is found in any of the islands of Spitzbergen—a circumstance of the most alarming nature to our sailors.

"Without fire it was impossible to resist the rigour of the climate, and, without wood, how was the fire to be produced or supported? However, in wandering along the beach, they collected plenty of wood, which had been driven ashore by the waves, and which at first consisted of the wrecks of ships, and afterwards of whole trees with their roots—the produce of some hospitable (but to them unknown) climate, which the overflowings of rivers or other accidents had sent into the ocean. Nothing proved of more essential service to these unfortunate men, during the first year of their exile, than some boards they found upon the beach, having a long iron hook, some nails of about five or six inches long, and proportionably thick, and other bits of old iron fixed in them—the melancholy relics of some vessels cast away in those remote parts. These were thrown ashore by the waves, at the time when the want of powder gave our men reason to apprehend that they must fall a prey to hunger, as they had nearly con-

sumed those reindeer they had killed. This lucky circumstance was attended with another equally fortunate; they found on the shore the root of a fir-tree, which nearly approached to the figure of a bow. As necessity has ever been the mother of invention, so they soon fashioned this root to a good bow by the help of a knife; but still they wanted a string and arrows. Not knowing how to procure them at present, they resolved upon making a couple of lances, to defend themselves against the white bears, by far the most ferocious of their kind, whose attacks they had great reason to dread. Finding they could neither make the heads of their lances nor of their arrows without the help of a hammer, they contrived to form the above-mentioned large iron hook into one, by beating it, and widening a hole it happened to have about its middle with the help of one of their largest nails—this received the handle; a round button at one end of the hook served for the face of the hammer. A large pebble supplied the place of an anvil, and a couple of reindeer's horns made the tongs. By the means of such tools they made two heads of spears, and, after polishing and sharpening them on stones, they tied them as fast as possible, with thongs made of reindeer's skins, to sticks about the thickness of a man's arm, which they got from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore. Thus equipped with spears, they resolved to attack a white bear, and, after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thereby made a new supply of provisions. The flesh of this animal they relished exceedingly, as they thought it much resembled beef

in taste and flavour. The tendons, they saw with much pleasure, could, with little or no trouble, be divided into filaments of what fineness they thought fit. This, perhaps, was the most fortunate discovery these men could have made, for, besides other advantages, which will be hereafter mentioned, they were hereby furnished with strings for their bow.

"The success of our unfortunate islanders in making the spears, and the use these proved of, encouraged them to proceed, and forge some pieces of iron into heads of arrows of the same shape, though somewhat smaller in size than the spears above-mentioned. Having ground and sharpened these like the former, they tied them with the sinews of the white bears to pieces of fir, to which, by the help of fine threads of the same, they fastened feathers of sea-fowl, and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity in this respect was crowned with success far beyond their expectation; for, during the time of their continuance upon the island, with these arrows they killed no less than two hundred and fifty reindeer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them also for food, and their skins for clothing and other necessary preservatives against the intense coldness of a climate so near the Pole. They killed, however, not more than ten white bears in all, and that not without the utmost danger; for these animals, being prodigiously strong, defended themselves with astonishing vigour and fury. The first our men attacked designedly; the other nine they slew in defending

"Some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut, in order to devour them."

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themselves from their assaults, for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut, in order to devour them. It is true that all the bears did not show (if I may be allowed the expression) equal intrepidity, either owing to some being less pressed by hunger, or to their being by nature less carnivorous than the others; for some of them which entered the hut immediately betook themselves to flight on the first attempt of the sailors to drive them away. A repetition, however, of these ferocious attacks threw the poor men into great terror and anxiety, as they were in almost a perpetual danger of being devoured."

"Sure," exclaimed Tommy, "such a life as that must have been miserable and dreadful indeed." "Why so?" said Mr Barlow. *Tommy.*—Because, being always in danger of being devoured by wild beasts, those men must have been always unhappy. *Mr B.*—And yet they never were devoured. *T.*—No, sir; because they made weapons to defend themselves. *Mr B.*—Perhaps, then, a person is not unhappy merely because he is exposed to danger, for he may escape from it, but because he does not know how to defend himself. *T.*—I do not exactly understand you, sir. *Mr B.*—I will give you an instance. Were you not very unhappy when the snake coiled itself round your leg, because you imagined it would bite you? *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—But Harry was not unhappy. *T.*—That is very true, sir. *Mr B.*—And yet he was in more danger of being bitten than yourself, because he took hold of it. *T.*—Indeed he did. *Mr B.*—But he knew that by boldly seizing it, and flinging it away, he

was in very little danger; had you, therefore, known the same, you probably would neither have feared so much nor have been so unhappy as you were. *T.*—Indeed, sir, that is true; and, were such an accident to happen again, I think I should have courage enough to do the same. *Mr B.*—Should you then be as unhappy now as you were the first time? *T.*—By no means, because I have a great deal more courage. *Mr B.*—Why, then, persons that have courage are not so unhappy as those that are cowardly when they are exposed to danger. *T.*—Certainly not, sir. *Mr B.*—And that must be equally true in every kind of danger. *T.*—Indeed, it must; for I have sometimes heard my mother shriek out when she was passing in a coach through a small stream of water, while my father only laughed at her. *Mr B.*—Why, then, if she had possessed as much courage, perhaps she would have laughed too. *T.*—Indeed, I believe she might; for I have sometimes seen her laugh at herself, when it was over, for being so cowardly. *Mr B.*—Why, then, it is possible that when these men found they were so well able to defend themselves against the bears, they might no longer be afraid of them; and, not being afraid, they would not be unhappy. *T.*—Indeed, I believe so. *Mr B.*—Let us now continue.

"The three different kinds of animals above mentioned—viz., the reindeer, the blue and white foxes, and the white bears—were the only food these wretched mariners tasted during their continuance in this dreary abode. We do not at once see every resource; it is generally necessity which quickens our

invention, opening by degrees our eyes, and pointing out expedients which otherwise might never have occurred to our thoughts. The truth of this observation our four sailors experienced in various instances. They were for some time reduced to the necessity of eating their meat almost raw, and without either bread or salt, for they were quite destitute of both. The intenseness of the cold, together with the want of proper conveniences, prevented them from cooking their victuals in a proper manner. There was but one stove in the hut, and that being set up agreeable to the Russian taste, was more like an oven, and consequently not well adapted for boiling anything. Wood also was too precious a commodity to be wasted in keeping up two fires; and the one they might have made out of their habitation to dress their victuals would in no way have served to warm them. Another reason against their cooking in the open air was the continual danger of an attack from the white bears. And here I must observe that, suppose they had made the attempt it would still have been practicable for only some part of the year; for the cold, which in such a climate for some months scarcely ever abates, from the long absence of the sun, then enlightening the opposite hemisphere,—the inconceivable quantity of snow, which is continually falling through the greatest part of the winter, together with the almost incessant rains at certain seasons,—all these were almost insurmountable to that expedient. To remedy, therefore, in some degree the hardship of eating their meat raw, they bethought themselves of drying some of their provisions during the summer in

the open air, and afterwards of hanging it up in the upper part of the hut, which, as I mentioned before, was continually filled with smoke down to the windows; it was thus dried thoroughly by the help of that smoke. This meat so prepared, they used for bread, and it made them relish their other flesh the better, as they could only half-dress it. Finding this experiment answer in every respect to their wishes, they continued to practise it during the whole time of their confinement upon the island, and always kept up, by that means, a sufficient stock of provisions. Water they had in summer from small rivulets that fell from the rocks, and in winter from the snow and ice thawed. This was of course their only beverage; and their small kettle was the only vessel they could make use of for this and other purposes. I have mentioned above that our sailors brought a small bag of flour with them to the island. Of this they had consumed about one-half with their meat; the remainder they employed in a different manner equally useful. They soon saw the necessity of keeping up a continual fire in so cold a climate, and found that, if it should unfortunately go out, they had no means of lighting it again; for though they had a steel and flints, yet they wanted both match and tinder. In their excursions through the island they had met with a slimy loam, or a kind of clay nearly in the middle of it. Out of this they found means to form a utensil which might serve for a lamp, and they proposed to keep it constantly burning with the fat of the animals they should kill. This was certainly the most rational scheme they

could have thought of; for to be without a light in a climate where, during winter, darkness reigns for several months together, would have added much to their other calamities——"

Tommy.—Pray, sir, stop. What! are there countries in the world where it is night continually for several months together? *Mr Barlow.*—Indeed there are. *T.*—How can that be? *Mr B.*—How happens it that there is night at all? *T.*—How happens it! It must be so, must it not? *Mr B.*—That is only saying that you do not know the reason. But do you observe no difference here between night and day? *T.*—Yes, sir, it is light in the day and dark in the night. *Mr B.*—But why is it dark in the night? *T.*—Really I do not know. *Mr B.*—What! does the sun shine every night? *T.*—No, sir, certainly not. *Mr B.*—Then it only shines on some nights, and not on others. *T.*—It never shines at all in the night. *Mr B.*—And does it in the day? *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—Every day? *T.*—Every day, I believe, only sometimes the clouds prevent you from seeing it. *Mr B.*—And what becomes of it in the night? *T.*—It goes away, so that we cannot see it. *Mr B.*—So, then, when you can see the sun, it is never night. *T.*—No, sir. *Mr B.*—But when the sun goes away the night comes on. *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—And when the sun comes again what happens? *T.*—Then it is day again; for I have seen the day break, and the sun always rises presently after. *Mr B.*—Then if the sun were not to rise for several months together, what would happen? *T.*—Sure, it would always remain night, and be dark. *Mr B.*—

That is exactly the case with the countries we are reading about.

"Having therefore fashioned a kind of lamp, they filled it with reindeer's fat, and stuck into it some twisted linen shaped into a wick; but they had the mortification to find that, as soon as the fat melted, it not only soaked into the clay but fairly ran out of it on all sides. The thing, therefore, was to devise some means of preventing this inconvenience, not arising from cracks, but from the substance of which the lamp was made being too porous. They made, therefore, a new one, dried it thoroughly in the air, then heated it red-hot, and afterwards quenched it in their kettle, wherein they had boiled a quantity of flour down to the consistence of thin starch. The lamp being thus dried and filled with melted fat, they now found, to their great joy, that it did not leak; but for greater security they dipped linen rags in their paste, and with them covered all its outside. Succeeding in this attempt, they immediately made another lamp for fear of an accident, that at all events they might not be destitute of light; and, when they had done so much, they thought proper to save the remainder of their flour for similar purposes. As they had carefully collected whatever happend to be cast on shore, to supply them with fuel, they had found amongst the wrecks of vessels some cordage and a small quantity of oakum (a kind of hemp used for caulking ships), which served them to make wicks for their lamps. When these stores began to fail, their shirts and their drawers (which are worn by almost all the Russian peasants) were employed to make good the deficiency. By these

means they kept their lamp burning without intermission, from the day they first made it (a work they set about soon after their arrival on the island) until that of their embarkation for their native country.

"The necessity of converting the most essential part of their clothing, such as their shirts and drawers, to the use above specified, exposed them the more to the rigour of the climate. They also found themselves in want of shoes, boots, and other articles of dress; and as winter was approaching, they were again obliged to have recourse to that ingenuity which necessity suggests, and which seldom fails in the trying hour of distress. They had skins of reindeer and foxes in plenty, that had hitherto served them for bedding, and which they now thought of employing in some more essential service; but the question was how to tan them. After deliberating on this subject, they took to the following method: they soaked the skins for several days in fresh water till they could pull off the hair very easily; they then rubbed the wet leather with their hands till it was nearly dry, when they spread some melted reindeer fat over it, and again rubbed it well. By this process the leather became soft, pliant, and supple—proper for answering every purpose they wanted it for. Those skins which they designed for furs they only soaked one day, to prepare them for being wrought, and then proceeded in the manner before-mentioned, except only that they did not remove the hair. Thus they soon provided themselves with the necessary materials for all the parts of dress they wanted. But here another difficulty occurred; they had neither awls for making

shoes or boots, nor needles for sewing their garments. This want, however, they soon supplied by means of the pieces of iron they had occasionally collected. Out of these they made both, and by their industry even brought them to a certain degree of perfection. The making eyes to their needles gave them indeed no little trouble, but this they also performed with the assistance of their knife; for, having ground it to a very sharp point, and heated red-hot a kind of wire forged for that purpose, they pierced a hole through one end; and by whetting and smoothing it on stones, brought the other to a point, and thus gave the whole needle a very tolerable form. Scissors to cut out the skin were what they next had occasion for; but having none, their place they supplied with the knife; and, though there was neither shoemaker nor tailor amongst them, yet they had contrived to cut out the leather and furs well enough for their purpose. The sinews of the bears and the reindeer—which, as I mentioned before, they had found means to split—served them for thread; and thus, provided with the necessary implements, they proceeded to make their new clothes."

"These," said Mr Barlow, "are the extracts which I have made from this very extraordinary story; and they are sufficient to show both the many accidents to which men are exposed, and the wonderful expedients which may be found out, even in the most dismal circumstances." "It is very true, indeed," answered Tommy; "but pray what became of these poor men at last?" "After they had lived more than six years upon this dreary and inhospitable

coast," answered Mr Barlow, "a ship arrived there by accident, which took three of them on board, and carried them in safety to their own country." "And what became of the fourth?" said Tommy. "He," said Mr Barlow, "was seized with a dangerous disease, called the scurvy; and, being of an indolent temper, and therefore not using the exercise which was necessary to preserve his life, after having lingered some time, died, and was buried in the snow by his companions."

CHAPTER III.

Harry's Chicken—Tommy tries kindness on the Pig—Account of the Elephant—Story of the Elephant and the Tailor—Story of the Elephant and the Child—Stories of the Good Natured Boy and the Ill Natured Boy—The Boys determine to Build a House—Story of the Grateful Turk—The Boys' House blown down—They rebuild it stronger—The Roof lets in the Rain—At last is made Water-tight.

HERE little Harry came in from his father's house, and brought with him the chicken, which, it had been mentioned, he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little animal was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received, and showed so great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely surprised and pleased to remark its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he

had fed it every day till it was well; and that, in consequence of that kindness, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him.

"Indeed," said Tommy, "that is very surprising; for I thought all birds had flown away whenever a man came near them, and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them." *Mr B.*—And what do you imagine is the reason of that? *T.*—Because they are wild. *Mr B.*—And what is a fowl's being wild? *T.*—When he will not let you come near him. *Mr B.*—Then a fowl is wild because he will not let you come near him. This is saying nothing more than that when a fowl is wild he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reason of his being wild. *T.*—Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so. *Mr B.*—But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry *T.*—That is because he is so good to it. *Mr B.*—Very likely. Then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him? *T.*—No, sir; I believe not. *Mr B.*—But when a person is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not? *T.*—Yes. *Mr B.*—And then you say he is wild, do you not? *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—Why, then, it is probable that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tiger. *T.*—Indeed I would, sir. *Mr B.*—And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal? Tommy laughed heartily at this, and said No. "Therefore," said

Mr Barlow, "if you want to tame animals, you must be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you." "Indeed," said Harry, "that is very true; for I knew a little boy that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden; and, when he had the milk for breakfast, he used to sit under a nut tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him and eat out of his bowl." *T.*—And did it not bite him? *H.*—No; he sometimes used to give it a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast; but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation; and, being both good-natured and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal that he might give it to. The first thing that he happened to meet was a sucking pig that had rambled from its mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy would not neglect the opportunity of showing his talents; he therefore called Pig, pig, pig! come hither, little pig! But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted, and ran away. "You little ungrateful thing," said Tommy, "do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends I must teach you." So saying this, he sprang at the pig, and caught him by the hind-leg, intending to have given him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig, who was not used to be treated in that manner, began struggling and squeaking to that degree, that the

sow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one or not, he thought it most prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs and threw him down. The place where this accident happened was extremely wet; therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot; and the sow, who came up at that instant, passed over him, as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire.

Tommy, who was not the coolest in his temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindness; and, losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind-leg and began pommelling her with all his might, as she attempted to escape. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment, but endeavoured with all her force to escape; but Tommy still keeping his hold, and continuing his discipline, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking at the same time in the most lamentable manner, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs.

During the heat of this contest a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise; but a gander of more than common size and

courage, resenting the unprovoked attack which had been made upon his family, flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him several severe strokes with his bill.

Tommy, whose courage had hitherto been unconquerable, being thus unexpectedly attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to yield to fortune, and not knowing the precise extent of his danger, he not only suffered the sow to escape, but joined his vociferations to the general scream. This alarmed Mr Barlow, who, coming up to the place, found his pupil in the most woeful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as those of any chimney-sweeper. He inquired what was the matter; and Tommy, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, answered in this manner: "Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals; I wanted to make them tame and gentle, and to love me, and you see the consequences." "Indeed," said Mr Barlow, "I see you have been ill-treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to anything I have said, I shall feel the more concern." "No," said Tommy, "I cannot say that I am much hurt." "Why, then," said Mr Barlow, "you had better go and wash yourself; and, when you are clean, we will talk over the affair together."

When Tommy had returned, Mr Barlow asked him how the accident had happened? and when he had heard the story, he said, "I am very sorry for your misfortune; but I do not perceive that I was the cause of it, for I do not remember that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hinder leg. *Tommy.*—No, sir; but you told me that feeding

animals was the way to make them love me; and so I wanted to feed the pig. *Mr B.*—But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore, when you seized him in so violent a manner, he naturally attempted to escape, and his mother hearing his cries, very naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition, otherwise you may fare like the little boy that, in attempting to catch flies, was stung by a wasp; or like another that, seeing an adder sleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it, which had nearly cost him his life. *T.*—But, sir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy that used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it. *Mr B.*—That might very well happen; there is scarcely any creature that will do hurt, unless it is attacked or wants food; and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless, others not; therefore the best way is not to meddle with any till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you observed this rule, you never would have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, in order to tame it; and it is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwise you might have been as badly treated as the tailor was by the elephant. *T.*—Pray, sir, what is this curious story? But first tell me, if you please, what an elephant is?

"An elephant," said Mr Barlow, "is the largest land animal that we are acquainted with. It is

many times thicker than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its strength, as may be easily imagined, is prodigious; but it is at the same time so very gentle, that it rarely does hurt to anything, even in woods where it resides. It does not eat flesh, but lives upon the fruits and branches of trees. But what is most singular about its make is, that, instead of a nose, it has a long hollow piece of flesh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet; this is called the trunk of the elephant; and he is capable of bending it in every direction. When he wants to break off the branch of a tree, he twists his trunk round it, and snaps it off directly; when he wants to drink, he lets it down into the water, sucks up several gallons at a time, and then, doubling the end of it back, discharges it all into his mouth."

"But if he is so large and strong," said Tommy, "I should suppose it must be impossible ever to tame him." "So perhaps it would," replied Mr Barlow, "did they not instruct those that have been already tamed to assist in catching others." *T.*—How is that, sir? *Mr B.*—When they have discovered a forest where these animals resort, they make a large enclosure with strong pales and a deep ditch, leaving only one entrance to it, which has a strong gate left purposely open. They then let one or two of their tame elephants loose, who join the wild ones, and gradually entice them into the enclosure. As soon as one of these has entered, a man, who stands ready, shuts the gate, and takes him prisoner. The animal, finding himself thus

entrapped, begins to grow furious, and attempts to escape; but immediately two tame ones, of the largest size and greatest strength, who have been placed there on purpose, come up to him, one on each side, and beat him with their trunks till he becomes more quiet. A man then comes behind, ties a very large cord to each of his hind-legs, and fastens the other end of it to two great trees. He is then left without food for some hours, and in that time generally becomes so docile as to suffer himself to be conducted to the stable that is prepared for him, where he lives the rest of his life like a horse, or any other sort of domestic animal. *T.*—And pray, sir, what did the elephant do to the tailor? "There was," said Mr Barlow, "at Surat, a city where many of these tame elephants are kept, a tailor, who used to sit and work in his shed, close to the place to which these elephants were led every day to drink. This man contracted a kind of acquaintance with one of the largest of these beasts, and used to present him with fruits and other vegetables whenever the elephant passed by his door. The elephant was accustomed to put his long trunk in at the window, and to receive in that manner whatever his friend chose to give. But one day the tailor happened to be in a more than ordinary ill-humour, and not considering how dangerous it might prove to provoke an animal of that size and strength, when the elephant put his trunk in at the window as usual, instead of giving him anything to eat, he pricked him with his needle. The elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and, without showing any marks of resentment, went on with the rest to drink; but,

after he had quenched his thirst, he collected a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find in his trunk—which I have already told you is capable of holding many gallons—and, when he passed by the tailor's shop, in his return, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim, that he wetted him all over, and almost drowned him; thus justly punishing the man for his ill-nature and breach of friendship."

"Indeed," said Harry, "considering the strength of the animal, he must have had a great moderation and generosity not to have punished the man more severely; and therefore, I think it is a very great shame to men ever to be cruel to animals, when they are so affectionate and humane to them."

"You are very right," said Mr Barlow; "and I remember another story of an elephant, which, if true, is still more extraordinary. These animals, although in general they are as docile and obedient to the person that takes care of them as a dog, are sometimes seized with a species of impatience which makes them absolutely ungovernable. It is then dangerous to come near them, and very difficult to restrain them. I should have mentioned, that in the Eastern parts of the world, where elephants are found, the kings and princes keep them to ride upon as we do horses; a kind of tent or pavilion is fixed upon the back of the animal, in which one or more persons are placed; and the keeper that is used to manage him sits upon the neck of the elephant, and guides him by means of a pole with an iron hook at the end. Now, as these animals are of great value, the keeper is frequently severely punished if any

accident happens to the animal by his carelessness. But one day, one of the largest elephants, being seized with a sudden fit of passion, had broken loose; and, as the keeper was not in the way, nobody was able to appease him, or dared to come near him. While, therefore, he was running about in this manner, he chanced to see the wife of his keeper (who had often fed him as well as her husband), with her young child in her arms, with which she was endeavouring to escape from his fury. The woman ran as fast as she was able; but, finding that it was impossible for her to escape, because these beasts, although so very large, are able to run very fast, she resolutely turned about, and throwing her child down before the elephant, thus accosted him, as if he had been capable of understanding her: "You ungrateful beast, is this the return you make for all the benefits we have bestowed! Have we fed you, and taken care of you, by day and night, during so many years, only that you may at last destroy us all? Crush, then, this poor innocent child and me, in return for the services that my husband has done you!" While she was making these passionate exclamations, the elephant approached the place where the little infant lay, but, instead of trampling upon him, he stopped short, and looked at him with earnestness, as if he had been sensible of shame and confusion; and, his fury from that instant abating, he suffered himself to be led without opposition to his stable."

Tommy thanked Mr Barlow for these two stories, and promised for the future to use more discretion in his kindness to animals.

The next day Tommy and Harry went into the garden to sow the wheat which Harry had brought with him, upon a bed which Tommy had dug for that purpose.

While they were at work, Tommy said, "Pray, Harry, did you ever hear the story of the men that were obliged to live six years upon that terrible cold country (I forget the name of it), where there is nothing but snow and ice, and scarcely any other animals, but great bears, that are ready to eat men up? *Harry.*—Yes, I have. *T.*—And did not the very thoughts of it frighten you dreadfully? *H.*—No; I cannot say they did. *T.*—Why, should you like to live in such a country? *H.*—No, certainly; I am very happy that I was born in such a country as this, where the weather is scarcely ever too hot or too cold; but a man must bear patiently whatever is his lot in this world. *T.*—That is true. But should you not cry, and be very much afflicted, if you were left upon such a country? *H.*—I should certainly be very sorry if I was left there alone, more especially as I am not big enough, or strong enough, to defend myself against such fierce animals; but the crying would do me no good; it would be better to do something, and endeavour to help myself. *T.*—Indeed I think it would; but what could you do? *H.*—Why, I should endeavour to build myself a house, if I could find myself materials. *T.*—And what materials is a house made of? I thought it had been impossible to make a house without having a great many people of different trades, such as carpenters and bricklayers. *H.*—You know there are houses of different

sizes. The houses that the poor people live in are very different from your father's house. *T.*—Yes, they are little, nasty, dirty, disagreeable places; I should not like to live in them at all. *H.*—And yet the poor are in general as strong and healthy as the rich. But if you could have no other, you would rather live in one of them than be exposed to the weather? *T.*—Yes, certainly. And how would you make one of them? *H.*—If I could get any wood, and had a hatchet, I would cut down some branches of trees, and stick them upright in the ground, near to each other. *T.*—And what then? *H.*—I would then get some other branches, but more full of small wood; and these I would interweave between them, just as we make hurdles to confine the sheep; and then, as that might not be warm enough to resist the wind and cold, I would cover them over, both within and without, with clay. *T.*—Clay! what is that? *H.*—It is a particular kind of earth, that sticks to your feet when you tread upon it, or to your hands when you touch it. *T.*—I declare I did not think it had been so easy to make a house. And do you think that people could really live in such houses? *H.*—Certainly they might, because many persons live in such houses here; and I have been told that in many parts of the world they have not any other. *T.*—Really, I should like to try to make a house; do you think, Harry, that you and I could make one? *H.*—Yes, if I had wood and clay enough, I think I could, and a small hatchet to sharpen the stakes and make them enter the ground.

Mr Barlow then came to call them in to read, and

told Tommy that, as he had been talking so much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. "That I will," said Tommy; "for I begin to like reading extremely; and I think that I am happier too since I learned it, for now I can always divert myself." "Indeed," answered Mr Barlow, "most people find it so. When any one can read he will not find the knowledge any burthen to him, and it is his own fault if he is not constantly amused. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a gentleman, since you are so fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, because he has so much time at his own disposal; and it is much better that he should distinguish himself by having more knowledge and improvement than others, than by fine clothes, or any such trifles, which any one may have that can purchase them as well as himself."

Tommy then read, with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

"THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY."

"A little boy went out one morning to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him in a basket the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him, but at length, remarking how lean and famished the creature

seemed to be, he said, 'This animal is certainly in very great necessity; if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me.' Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in the basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight.

"The little boy then went on a little farther, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill; he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. 'I am very much afraid,' said the little boy, 'if I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return; and I have heard that there are several thieves in the neighbourhood; however, I will try—it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him; and God Almighty will take care of me.' He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed that, after a few trials, he got up and began grazing.

"The little boy then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. 'What is the matter, good man,' said the little boy to him; 'can't you find your way out of this pond?' 'No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss,' said the man, 'for such

I take you to be by your voice; I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned.' 'Well,' said the little boy, 'though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick I will try to help you out of it.' The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth; at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope out his way home; and the little boy ran on as hard as he could, to prevent being benighted.

"But he had not proceeded far before he saw a poor sailor, who had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. 'God bless you, my little master!' said the sailor; 'I have fought many a battle with the French, to defend poor old England; but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished.' The little boy could not resist the inclination to relieve him; so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, 'God help you, poor man! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more.' He then ran along and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home with all the expedition he was able.

"But he had not gone much more than half-way before the night shut in extremely dark, without

either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy used his utmost endeavours to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble that he could go no farther, but set himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog, had picked up, and on opening it he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. 'So,' said the little boy, 'I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper; and a good turn is never lost, done even to a dog.'

"He then once more attempted to escape from the wood, but it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briers and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all further attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and, going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same he had fed in the morning. 'Perhaps,' said the little boy, 'this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the

wood; as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood.' The little boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition, and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, 'If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have stayed here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost.'

"But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for, as he was going down a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little boy and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was hard that cried out, 'There the rascals are; let us knock them down!' which frightened the remaining man so much that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up, and saw it was the sailor whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. 'There, my little dear,' said the sailor, 'God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, who, from the description, I concluded must be you; but I was so lame that I should not have been able to come time

enough to help you, if I had not meet this honest blind man, who took me upon his back while I showed him the way.'

"The little boy thanked him very sincerely for thus defending him; and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us."

"Upon my word," said Tommy, when he had finished, "I am vastly pleased with this story, and I think that it may very likely be true, for I have myself observed that everything seems to love little Harry here, merely because he is good-natured to it. I was much surprised to see the great dog the other day, which I have never dared to touch for fear of being bitten, fawning upon him and licking him all over; it put me in mind of the story of Androcles and the lion." "That dog," said Mr Barlow, "will be equally fond of you, if you are kind to him; for nothing equals the sagacity and gratitude of a dog. But since you have read a story about a good-natured boy, Harry shall read you another concerning a boy of a contrary disposition."

Harry read the following story of

"THE ILL-NATURED BOY."

"There was once a little boy who was so unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who was always surly and ill-tempered, and never

gave his children either good instructions or good example; in consequence of which this little boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelsome, and disagreeable to everybody. He very often was severely beaten for his impertinence by boys that were bigger than himself, and sometimes by boys that were less; for, though he was very abusive and quarrelsome, he did not much like fighting, and generally trusted more to his heels than his courage, when he had engaged himself in a quarrel. This little boy had a cur-dog that was the exact image of himself; he was the most troublesome, surly creature imaginable,—always barking at the heels of every horse he came near, and worrying every sheep he could meet with—for which reason both the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbourhood.

"One morning his father got up early to go to the alehouse, where he intended to stay till night, as it was a holiday; but before he went out he gave his son some bread and cold meat and sixpence, and told him he might go and divert himself as he would the whole day. The little boy was much pleased with this liberty; and, as it was a very fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk.

"He had not proceeded far before he met a little boy that was driving a flock of sheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. 'Pray, master,' said the little boy, 'stand still and keep your dog close to you, for fear you frighten my sheep.' 'Oh yes, to be sure!' answered the ill-natured boy, 'I am to wait here all the morning

till you and your sheep have passed, I suppose! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy!' Tiger at this sprang forth into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side, and the sheep, in a general consternation, hurried each a separate way. Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport equally with his master; but in the midst of his triumph he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock; he, instead of running away, faced about, and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy, with so much force and dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and, butting him several times while he was down, obliged him to limp howling away.

"The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving anything, had been much diverted with the trepidation of the sheep; but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog; and he would have laughed much longer, had not the other little boy, provoked beyond his patience at this treatment thrown a stone at him, which hit him full upon the temples, and almost knocked him down. He immediately began to cry, in concert with his dog, and perceiving a man coming towards them, who he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily as possible.

"But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned, before his former mischievous disposition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmost. He had not gone far before he saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large pot of milk at her feet. 'Pray,' said the little girl, 'help me up with this pot of milk; my mother sent

me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head; but I am so tired that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest me; and if I don't return home presently we shall have no pudding to-day, and besides my mother will be very angry with me.' 'What,' said the boy, 'you are to have a pudding to-day, are you, miss?' 'Yes,' said the girl, 'and a fine piece of roast-beef; for there's uncle Will, and uncle John, and grandfather, and all my cousins, to dine with us, and we shall be very merry in the evening, I can assure you; so pray help me up as speedily as possible.' 'That I will, miss,' said the boy; and, taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but as she had hold of it, he gave it a little push, as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry violently, but the mischievous boy ran away laughing heartily, and saying, 'Good-by, little miss; give my humble service to uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little cousins.'

"This prank encouraged him very much; for he thought he had now certainly escaped without any bad consequences; so he went on applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green where several little boys were at play. He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long without exerting his evil disposition; so taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, instead of flinging it the way he ought to have done, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch. The little boys ran in a great hurry to see what was become of it; and as they

were standing together upon the brink, he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour; he, not being able to resist the violence, tumbled against another, by which means they were all soused into the ditch together. They soon scrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to have punished him for his ill behaviour; but he patted Tiger upon the back, who began snarling and growling in such a manner as made them desist. Thus this mischievous little boy escaped a second time with impunity.

"The next thing that he met with was a poor jackass, feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, seeing that nobody was within sight, thought this was an opportunity of plaguing an animal that was not to be lost; so he went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he contrived to fix upon the poor beast's tail, and then, setting Tiger at him, he was extremely diverted to see the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who, while he was baying and biting the animal's heels, received so severe a kick upon his forehead, as laid him dead upon the spot. The boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greatest unconcern when he saw what had happened, and, finding himself hungry, sat down by the wayside to eat his dinner.

"He had not been long there before a poor blind man came groping his way out with a couple of sticks. 'Good morning to you, gaffer,' said the boy; 'pray, did you see a little girl come this road, with a basket of eggs upon her head, dressed in a green gown, with a straw hat upon her head?'

'God bless you, master,' said the beggar, 'I am so blind that I can see nothing; I have been blind these twenty years, and they call me poor old blind Richard.'

"Though this poor man was such an object of charity and compassion, yet the little boy determined, as usual, to play him some trick; and, as he was a great liar and deceiver, he spoke to him thus: 'Poor old Richard, I am heartily sorry for you with all my heart; I am just eating my breakfast, and if you will sit down by me I will give you part and feed you myself.' 'Thank you with all my heart,' said the poor man; 'and if you will give me your hand, I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear, good little master!' The little boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet dung that lay by the road-side. 'There,' said he, 'now you are nicely seated, and I will feed you.' So, taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth; but the man, who now perceived the trick that had been played him, made a sudden snap at his fingers, and, getting them between his teeth, bit them so severely that the wicked boy roared out for mercy, and promised never more to be guilty of such wickedness. At last the blind man, after he had put him to very severe pain, consented to let him go, saying as he went, 'Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to do hurt to those who have never injured you, and to want to add to the sufferings of those who are already sufficiently miserable? Although you escape now, be assured that, if you do not

repent and mend your manners, you will meet with a severe punishment for your bad behaviour.'

"One would think that this punishment should have cured him entirely of his mischievous disposition; but, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far before he saw a lame beggar, that just made a shift to support himself by means of a couple of sticks. The beggar asked him to give him something, and the little mischievous boy, pulling out his sixpence, threw it down just before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but, while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked little boy knocked the stick away, by which means the beggar fell down upon his face; and then, snatching up the sixpence, the boy ran away, laughing very heartily at the accident.

"This was the last trick this ungracious boy had it in his power to play; for, seeing two men come up to the beggar, and enter into discourse with him, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran as fast as he was able over several fields. At last he came into a lane which led into a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence, a large dog seized him by the leg and held him fast. He cried out in agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who called the dog off, but seized him very roughly, saying, 'So, sir, you are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come day after day and steal my apples without detection; but it seems you are mistaken, and now you shall receive the punishment you have so long

deserved.' The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand, and the boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked him who he was, and where he lived; but when he heard his name he cried out, 'What! are you the little rascal that frightened my sheep this morning, by which means several of them are lost; and do you think to escape?' Saying this, he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turned him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten sheep again if he liked the consequences.

"The little boy slunk away, crying very bitterly (for he had been very severely beaten), and now began to find that no one can long hurt others with impunity; so he determined to go quietly home, and behave better for the future.

"But his sufferings were not yet at an end; for as he jumped down from a stile, he felt himself very roughly seized, and, looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged pardon; the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thrashed him very severely with his stick, before he would part with him. He now again went on, crying and roaring with pain, but at least expected to escape without further damage. But here he was mistaken; for as he was walking slowly through a lane, just as he turned a corner, he found himself in the middle of the very troop of boys that he had used so ill in the

morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw their enemy in their power without his dog, and began persecuting him a thousand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him; some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to escape; they were still at his heels, and, surrounding him on every side, continued their persecutions. At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to come up to the same jackass he had seen in the morning, and, making a sudden spring, jumped upon his back, hoping by these means to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts, and the ass, who was frightened at the noise, began galloping with all his might, and presently bore him from the reach of his enemies. But he had but little reason to rejoice at this escape, for he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being thrown of and dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time, the ass on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury that the little boy was presently thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall. His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the very little girl he had used so ill in the morning. But she with the greatest good-nature, seeing him in such a pitiable situation, assisted in bringing him in, and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leisure to recollect himself, and reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had exposed him to such a variety of misfor-

tunes; and he determined with great sincerity, that, if ever he recovered from his present accident, he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good, as he had before been to commit every species of mischief."

When the story was ended, Tommy said it was very surprising to see how differently the two little boys fared. The one little boy was good-natured, and therefore everything he met became his friend and assisted him in return; the other, who was ill-natured, made everything his enemy, and therefore he met with nothing but misfortunes and vexations, and nobody seemed to feel any compassion for him, excepting the poor little girl that assisted him at last, which was very kind indeed of her, considering how ill she had been used.

"That is very true, indeed," said Mr Barlow; "nobody is loved in this world unless he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but one time or other he may want the assistance of the meanest and lowest; therefore, every sensible man will behave well to everything around him; he will behave well, because it is his duty to do it, because every benevolent person feels the greatest pleasure in doing good, and even because it is his own interest to make as many friends as possible. No one can tell, however secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now infinitely below him. I could show you a story to that purpose, but you have read enough, and therefore you must now go out and use some exercise."

"Oh pray, sir," said Tommy, "do let me hear the story; I think I could now read for ever without being tired." "No," said Mr Barlow; "everything has its turn; to-morrow you shall read, but now we must work in the garden." "Then pray, sir," said Tommy, "may I ask a favour of you?" "Surely," answered Mr Barlow; "if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleasure than to grant it." "Why, then," said Tommy, "I have been thinking that a man should know how to do everything in the world." *Mr B.*—Very right; the more knowledge he acquires the better. *T.*—And therefore Harry and I are going to build a house. *Mr B.*—To build a house! Well, and have you laid in a sufficient quantity of brick and mortar? "No, no," said Tommy, smiling; "Harry and I can build houses without brick and mortar." *Mr B.*—What are they to be made of, then—cards? "Dear sir," answered Tommy, "do you think we are such little children as to want card-houses? No; we are going to build real houses, fit for people to live in. And then, you know, if ever we should be thrown upon a desert coast, as the poor men were, we shall be able to supply ourselves with necessaries till some ship comes to take us away." *Mr B.*—And if no ship should come, what then? *T.*—Why, then, we must stay there all our lives, I am afraid. *Mr B.*—If you wish to prepare yourselves against the event, you are much in the right, for nobody knows what may happen to him in this world. What is it then you want, to make your house? *T.*—The first thing we want, sir, is wood and a hatchet. *Mr B.*—Wood you shall have

in plenty; but did you ever use a hatchet? *T.*—No, sir. *Mr B.*—Then I am afraid to let you have one, because it is a very dangerous kind of tool; and if you are not expert in the use of it you may wound yourself severely. But if you will let me know what you want, I, who am more strong and expert, will take the hatchet and cut down the wood for you. "Thank you, sir," said Tommy; "you are very good to me, indeed." And away Harry and he ran to the copse at the bottom of the garden.

Mr Barlow then went to work, and presently, by Harry's direction, cut down several poles about as thick as a man's wrist, and about eight feet long; these he sharpened at the end, in order to run into the ground; and so eager were the two little boys at the business, that, in a very short time, they had transported them all to the bottom of the garden; and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greatest eagerness.

"Now," said Mr Barlow, "where will you fix your house?" "Here, I think," answered Tommy, "just at the bottom of this hill, because it will be warm and sheltered."

So Harry took the stakes and began to thrust them into the ground at about the distance of a foot, and in this manner he enclosed a piece of ground, which was about ten feet long and eight feet wide—leaving an opening in the middle, of three feet wide, for a door. After this was done they gathered up the brushwood that was cut off, and by Harry's direction they interwove it between the poles in such a manner as to form a compact kind of fence. This labour, as may be imagined, took them up several

days; however, they worked at it very hard every day, and every day the work advanced, which filled Tommy's heart with so much pleasure that he thought himself the happiest little boy in the universe.

But this employment did not make Tommy unmindful of the story which Mr Barlow had promised him; it was to this purport:—

"THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK."

"It is too much to be lamented that different nations frequently make bloody wars with each other; and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they confine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The enmity that there is often between many of the Italian states (particularly the Venetians) and the Turks is sufficiently known.

"It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and according to the barbarous customs I have mentioned, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. By accident, one of the slaves lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet (for that was the name of the slave), and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good-nature and compassion, used always to salute him with the greatest courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in his company. At length

the little boy took such a fancy to the slave that he used to visit him several times in the day, and brought him such little presents as he had it in his power to make, and which he thought would be of use to his friend.

"But though Hamet seemed always to take the greatest delight in the innocent caresses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him on a sudden when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, and besides had observed that he seldom requested anything which was not generous and humane, determined to see the Turk himself and talk to him.

"Accordingly he went to him the next day, and, observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty which his countenance discovered. At length he said to him, 'Are you that Hamet of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk?' 'Yes,' said the Turk, 'I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive; during that space of time your son (if you are his father) is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I

pray that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer.'

"'Indeed, Hamet,' said the merchant, 'he is much obliged to you, although, from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me, for I wish to do you good, in what can I assist you? for my son informs me that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow.'

"'Is it wonderful,' answered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation that suddenly animated his countenance, 'is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the first and noblest present of nature—my liberty?' 'And yet,' answered the Venetian, 'how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters?'

"'I am not answerable,' said the Turk, 'for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow creatures; I have never spoiled the Venetian merchants of their property to increase my riches; I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe.'——Here a tear started from his eye, and wetted his manly cheek; instantly however, he recollected himself, and folding his arm upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, 'God is good, and man must submit to his decrees.'

"The Venetian was affected with this appearance

of manly fortitude, and said, 'Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty?' 'What would I do!' answered Hamet; 'by the eternal Majesty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man!' 'Nay,' answered the merchant, 'you will not be exposed to a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance. 'Name them! name them!' cried the impatient Hamet; 'place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink——'

"'Patience,' answered the merchant, 'we shall be observed; but hear me attentively. I have in this city an inveterate foe, who has heaped upon me every injury which can most bitterly sting the heart of man. This man is brave as he is haughty; and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you were born for manly daring. Take this dagger; as soon as the shades of night involve the city I will myself conduct you to the place where you may at once revenge your friend and regain your freedom.'

"At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and passion for a considerable time deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried, with an indignant tone, 'Mighty prophet! and are these the wretches to whom you permit your faithful votaries to be enslaved! Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet

would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race!'

"At these words the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him; but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. 'However,' added he, as he turned his back, 'you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind.' Hamet disdained to answer; and the merchant went his way.

"The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: 'The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you might perhaps astonish you, but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons——'

"'Christian!' interrupted Hamet, with a severe but composed countenance, 'cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permit such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mohammedan; therefore, from this moment, let us break off all further intercourse and be strangers to each other.'

"'No,' answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet, 'let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday I determined to set thee free; therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy

virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.'

"It is impossible to describe the ecstasies or the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance; I will not, therefore, attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactors; I will only add that he was that day set free, and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Nor was it without the greatest regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kindness had thus procured his freedom; he embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

"About six months after this transaction a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is the most profound, and none of the family perceived it till almost the whole building was involved in flames. The frightened servants had just time to waken the merchant and hurry him down stairs, and the instant he was down, the staircase itself gave way and sunk with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire.

"But if Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape, it was only to resign himself immediately after to the most deep despair, when he found, upon inquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's agony; he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man who would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, incited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms and imploring aid, seemed to be destined to certain destruction.

"The unhappy father now lost all perception, and sunk down in a state of insensibility, when, in this dreadful moment of general suspense and agony, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders with an intrepidity that showed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost; when, on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. A universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; but what words can give

an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, on recovering his senses, he found his darling miraculously preserved, and safe within his arms?

"After the first effusions of his tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shown a man of a noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimed with smoke and filth that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and, presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive to the utmost of his promised reward. 'No, generous merchant,' answered the stranger, 'I do not sell my blood.'

"'Gracious heavens!' cried the merchant, 'sure I should know that voice?—It is'——'Yes,' exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, 'it is my Hamet!'

"It was indeed Hamet, who stood before them in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when the first generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco; but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enslaved a second time, adding a kind of reproach for his not informing him of his captivity.

"'I bless God for that captivity,' answered Hamet, 'since it has given me an opportunity of showing that I was not altogether undeserving of

your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth, that I value a thousand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know, then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your galleys, his aged father shared his captivity—it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian who had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm; I added, too, the gold which I had received from your bounty; in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom; since that time I have staid here to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave——'"

At this part of the story, Harry, who had with difficulty restrained himself before, burst into such a fit of crying, and Tommy himself was so much affected, that Mr Barlow told them they had better leave off for the present and go to some other employment. They therefore went into the garden to resume the labour of their house, but found, to their unspeakable regret, that during their absence an accident had happened which had entirely destroyed all their labours; a violent storm of wind and rain had risen that morning, which, blowing full against the walls of the newly-constructed house, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from crying when he saw the ruins lying around; but Harry, who bore the loss with more

composure, told him not to mind it, for it could easily be repaired, and they would build it stronger the next time.

Harry then went up to the spot, and after examining it some time, told Tommy that he believed he had found out the reason of their misfortune. "What is it?" said Tommy. "Why," said Harry, "it is only because we did not drive these stakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our house, far enough into the ground; and, therefore, when the wind blew against the flat side of it with so much violence, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workman, when they begin a building, dig a considerable way into the ground to lay the foundation fast; and I should think that, if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from any future storms."

Mr Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys showed him their misfortune, and asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes further in would prevent such an accident for the future. Mr Barlow told them he thought it would; and that, as they were too short to reach to the top of the stakes, he would assist them. He then went and brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the tops of the stakes, and drove them so fast into the ground that there was no longer any danger of their being shaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves with so much assiduity to their work that they in a very short time had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before.

The next thing that was necessary to be done, was putting on a roof, for hitherto they had constructed nothing but the walls. For this purpose they took several long poles, which they had laid across their building where it was most narrow, and upon these they placed straw in considerable quantities, so that they now imagined they had constructed a house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again mistaken; for a very violent shower of rain coming just as they had finished their building, they took shelter under it, and remarked for some time, with infinite pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them; but at last the straw that covered it being completely soaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reason of the flatness of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities.

For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconvenience, but it increased so much that they were soon obliged to leave it and seek for shelter in the house. When they were thus secured, they began again to consider the affair of the house, and Tommy said that it surely must be because they had not put straw enough upon it. "No," said Harry, "I think that cannot be the reason; I rather imagine that it must be owing to our roof lying so flat; for I have observed that all houses that I have ever seen have their roofs in a shelving posture, by which means the wet continually runs off from them and falls to the ground; whereas ours, being quite flat, detained almost all the rain that fell upon it, which must necessarily soak deeper and deeper into the straw, till it penetrated quite through."

They therefore agreed to remedy this defect; and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, the one end of which they fastened to the side of the house, and let the other two ends meet in the middle, by which means they formed a roof exactly like that which we commonly see upon buildings; they also took several poles, which they tied across the others, to keep them firm in their places, and give the roof additional strength; and lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch; and for fear the thatch should be blown away, they stuck several pegs in different places, and put small pieces of stick crosswise from peg to peg, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done they found they had a very tolerable house; only the sides, being formed of brushwood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience. Harry, who was chief architect, procured some clay, and mixing it up with water, to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was excluded and the house rendered much warmer than before.

CHAPTER IV.

The Boys' Garden—The Crocodile—The Farmer's Wife—How to make Cider—The Bailiffs take possession of the Farmer's Furniture—Tommy pays the Farmer's Debt—Conclusion of the Story of the Grateful Turk—The three Bears—Tommy and the Monkey—Habits of the Monkey—Tommy's Robin Redbreast—Is killed by a Cat—The Cat punished—The Laplanders—Story of a Cure of the Gout.

Some time had now elasped since the seeds of the wheat were sown, and they began to shoot so

vigorously that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increased every day in strength. Tommy went to look at it every morning, and remarked its gradual increase with the greatest satisfaction. "Now," said he to Harry, "I think we should soon be able to live if we were upon a desert island. Here is a house to shelter us from the weather, and we shall soon have some corn for food." "Yes," answered Harry; "but there are a great many things still wanting to enable us to make bread."

Mr Barlow had a very large garden, and an orchard full of the finest fruit-trees; and he had another piece of ground where he used to sow seeds in order to raise trees, and then they were carefully planted out in beds till they were big enough to be moved into the orchard and produce fruit. Tommy had often eaten of the fruit of the orchard, and thought it delicious, and this led him to think that it would be a great improvement to their house if he had a few trees that he might set near it, and which would shelter it from the sun and hereafter produce fruit; so he asked Mr Barlow to give him a couple of trees, and Mr Barlow told him to go into the nursery and take his choice. Accordingly Tommy went, and chose out two of the strongest-looking trees he could find, which, with Harry's assistance, he transplanted into the garden in the following manner:—They both took their spades and very carefully dug the trees up without injuring their roots; then they dug two large holes in the place where they chose the trees should stand, and very carefully broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie light upon the roots; then the tree was placed in

the middle of the hole, and Tommy held it upright while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet in order to cover them well. Lastly, he stuck a large stake in the ground and tied the tree to it, from the fear that the wintry wind might injure it, or perhaps entirely blow it out of the ground.

Nor did they bound their attention here. There was a little spring of water which burst forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the side of the hill in a small stream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for several days to form a new channel, to lead the water near the roots of their trees, for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might perish from the want of moisture.

Mr Barlow saw them employed in this manner with the greatest satisfaction. He told them that in many parts of the world the excessive heat burned up the ground so much that nothing would grow unless the soil was watered in that manner. "There is," said he, "a country in particular, called Egypt, which has always been famous for its fertility, and for the quantity of corn that grows in it, which is naturally watered in the following extraordinary manner:—There is a great river called the Nile, which flows through the whole extent of the country; the river, at a particular time of the year, begins to overflow its banks, and, as the whole country is flat, it very soon covers it all with its waters. These waters remain in this situation several weeks, before they have entirely drained off; and when that happens, they leave the soil so rich that everything

that is planted in it flourishes and produces with the greatest abundance."

"Is not that the country, sir," said Harry, "where that cruel animal the crocodile is found?" "Yes," answered Mr Barlow. "What is that, sir?" said Tommy. "It is an animal," answered Mr Barlow, "that lives sometimes upon the land, sometimes in the water. It comes originally from an egg, which the old one lays and buries in the sand. The heat of the sun then warms it during several days, and at last a young crocodile is hatched. This animal is at first very small; it has a long body and four short legs, which serve it both to walk with upon the land and to swim with in the waters. It has, besides, a long tail, or rather the body is extremely long, and gradually grows thinner till it ends in a point. Its shape is exactly like that of a lizard; or, if you have never seen a lizard, did you never observe a small animal, of some inches long, which lives at the bottom of ditches and ponds?" "Yes, sir, I have," answered Tommy, "and I once caught one with my hand, taking it for a fish; but when I had it near me, I saw it had four little legs, so I threw it into the water again for fear the animal should be hurt." "This animal," answered Mr Barlow, "may give you an exact idea of a young crocodile; but as it grows older it gradually becomes bigger, till at last, as I have been informed, it reaches the length of twenty or thirty feet." "That is very large," said Tommy; "and does it do any harm?" "Yes," said Mr Barlow, "it is a very voracious animal, and devours everything it can seize. It frequently comes out of the water and

lives upon the shore, where it resembles a large log of wood; and if any animal unguardedly comes near, it snaps at it on a sudden, and if it can catch the poor creature, devours it." *T.*—And does it never devour men? *Mr B.*—Sometimes, if it surprises them; but those who are accustomed to meet with them frequently easily escape. They run round in a circle, or turn short on a sudden, by which means the animal is left far behind; because, although he can run tolerably fast in a straight line, the great length of his body prevents him from turning with ease. *T.*—This must be a dreadful animal to meet with; is it possible for a man to defend himself against it? *Mr B.*—Everything is possible to those that have courage and coolness; therefore many of the inhabitants of those countries carry long spears in their hands, in order to defend themselves from those animals. The crocodile opens his wide voracious jaws in order to devour the man; but the man takes this opportunity and thrusts the point of his spear into the creature's mouth, by which means he is generally killed upon the spot. Nay, I have even heard that some will carry their hardiness so far as to go into the water in order to fight the crocodile there. They take a large splinter of wood about a foot in length, strong in the middle, and sharpened at both ends; to this they tie a long and tough cord. The man who intends to fight the crocodile takes this piece of wood in his right hand, and goes into the river, where he wades till one of these creatures perceives him. As soon as that happens the animal comes up to him to seize him, extending his wide and horrid jaws, which are armed

with several rows of pointed teeth; but the man, with the greatest intrepidity, waits for his enemy, and the instant he approaches thrusts his hand, armed with the splinter of wood, into his terrible mouth, which the creature closes directly, and by these means forces the sharp points into each of his jaws, where they stick fast. He is then incapable of doing hurt, and they pull him to the shore by the cord. "Pray, sir," said Tommy, "is this dreadful animal capable of being tamed?" "Yes," answered Mr Barlow; "I believe, as I have before told you, there is no animal that may not be rendered mild and inoffensive by good usage. There are several parts of Egypt where tame crocodiles are kept; these animals, though of the largest size, never do hurt to anything, but suffer every one to approach them, and even little children to play about them and ride securely upon their enormous backs."

This account diverted Tommy very much. He thanked Mr Barlow for giving him this description of the crocodile, and said he should like to see every animal in the world. "That," answered Mr Barlow, "would be extremely difficult, as almost every country produces some kind which is not found in other parts of the world; but if you will be contented to read the descriptions of them which have been written, you may easily gratify your curiosity."

It happened about this time that Tommy and Harry rose early one morning and went to take a long walk before breakfast, as they used frequently to do; they rambled so far that at last they both found themselves tired, and sat down under a hedge to rest. While they were here a very clean and

decently-dressed woman passed by, who, seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, stopped to look at them; and, after considering them attentively, she said, "You seem, my little dears, to be either tired or to have lost your way." "No, madam," said Harry, "we have not lost our way, but we have walked farther than usual this morning, and we wait here a little while to rest ourselves." "Well," said the woman, "if you will come into my little house—that you see a few yards farther on—you may sit more comfortably; and as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk."

Tommy, who was by this time extremely hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept the good woman's invitation; so they followed her to a small but clean looking farm-house which stood at a little distance. Here they entered a clean kitchen, furnished with very plain but convenient furniture, and were desired to sit down by a warm and comfortable fire, which was made of turf. Tommy, who had never seen such a fire, could not help inquiring about it, and the good woman told him that poor people like her were unable to purchase coals; "therefore," said she, "we go and pare the surface of the commons, which is full of grass and heath and other vegetables, together with their roots all matted together; these we dry in small pieces, by leaving them exposed to the summer's sun, and then we bring them home and put them under the cover of a shed, and use them for our fires." "But," said Tommy, "I should think you would hardly have fire enough by these means to

dress your dinner; for I have by accident been in my father's kitchen when they were dressing the dinner, and I saw a fire that blazed up to the very top of the chimney." The poor woman smiled at this, and said, "Your father, I suppose, master, is some rich man, who has a great deal of victuals to dress, but we poor people must be more easily contented." "Why," said Tommy, "you must at least want to roast meat every day?" "No," said the poor woman, "we seldom see roast-beef at our house; but we are very well contented if we can have a bit of fat pork every day, boiled in a pot with turnips; and we bless God that we fare so well, for there are many poor souls, who are as good as we, that can scarcely get a morsel of dry bread."

As they were conversing in this manner, Tommy happened to cast his eyes on one side, and saw a room that was almost filled with apples. "Pray," said he, "what can you do with all these apples? I should think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing else." "That is very true," said the woman, "but we make cider of them." "What!" cried Tommy, "are you able to make that sweet pleasant liquor they call cider? and is it made of apples?" *The Woman.*—Yes, indeed it is. *Tommy.*—And pray how is it made? *The Woman.*—We take the apples when they are ripe and squeeze them in a machine we have for that purpose. Then we take this pulp, and put it into large hair-bags, which we press in a large press till all the juice runs out. *Tommy.*—And is this juice cider? *The Woman.*—You shall taste, little master, as you seem so curious.

She then led him into another room, where there was a great tub full of the juice of apples, and, taking some up in a cup, she desired him to taste whether it was cider. Tommy tasted, and said it was very sweet and pleasant, but not cider. "Well," said the woman, "let us try another cask." She then took out some liquor of another barrel, which she gave him, and Tommy, when he had tasted it, said that it really was cider. "But pray," said he, "what do you do to the apple-juice to make it cider? *The Woman.*—Nothing at all. *Tommy.*—How, then, should it become cider? for I am sure what you gave me at first is not cider. *The Woman.*—Why, we put the juice into a large cask, and let it stand in some warm place, where it soon begins to ferment. *Tommy.*—Ferment! pray, what is that? *The Woman.*—You shall see.

She then showed him another cask, and bade him observe the liquor that was in it. This he did, and saw it was covered all over with a thick scum and froth. *Tommy.*—And is this what you call fermentation? *The Woman.*—Yes, master. *Tommy.*—And what is the reason of it? *The Woman.*—That I do not know, indeed; but when we have pressed the juice out, as I told you, we put it into a cask and let it stand in some warm place, and in a short time it begins to work or ferment of itself, as you see; and after this fermentation has continued some time, it acquires the taste and properties of cider, and then we draw it off into casks and sell it, or else keep it for our own use. And I am told this is the manner in which they make wine in other countries. *Tommy.*—What! is wine made of apples, then?

The Woman.—No, master; wine is made of grapes, but they squeeze the juice out, and treat it in the same manner as we do the juice of the apples. *Tommy.*—I declare this is very curious indeed. Then cider is nothing but wine made of apples?

While they were conversing in this manner a little clean girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large slice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate with so good a relish that he thought he had never made a better breakfast in his life.

When Harry and he had eaten their breakfast, Tommy told him it was time they should return home, so he thanked the good woman for her kindness, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a shilling, which he desired her to accept. "No, God bless you, my little dear!" said the woman, "I will not take a farthing off you for the world. What though my husband and I are poor, yet we are able to get a living by our labour, and give a mess of milk to a traveller without hurting ourselves."

Tommy thanked her again, and was just going away when a couple of surly-looking men came in and asked the woman if her name was *Tosset*. "Yes, it is," said the woman: "I have never been ashamed of it." "Why then," said one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "here is an execution against you, on the part of Mr Richard Gruff; and if your husband does not instantly discharge the debt, with interest and all costs, amounting altogether to the sum of thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, we shall take an inventory of

all you have, and proceed to sell it by auction for the discharge of the debt."

"Indeed," said the poor woman, looking a little confused, "this must certainly be a mistake, for I never heard of Mr Richard Gruff in all my life, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord; and I know that he has almost made up half-a-year's rent for him: so that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man." "No, no, mistress," said the man, shaking his head, "we know our business too well to make these kind of mistakes; but when your husband comes in we'll talk with him; in the meantime we must go on with our inventory."

The two men then went into the next room, and immediately after, a stout, comely-looking man, of about the age of forty, came in, with a good-humoured countenance, and asked if his breakfast was ready. "Oh, my poor dear William," said the woman, "here is a sad breakfast for you! but I think it cannot be true that you owe anything; so what the fellows told me must be false about Richard Gruff." At this name the man instantly started, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became pale as a sheet. "Surely," said the woman, "it cannot be true, that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff?" "Alas!" answered the man, "I do not know the exact sum; but when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors seized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to jail, had not I agreed to be bound for him, which enabled him to go to sea. He indeed promised to remit his wages to me, to prevent my getting into

any trouble upon that account; but you know it is now three years since he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing about him." "Then," said the woman, bursting into tears, "you, and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the house, who are come to take possession of all you have, and to sell it."

At this the man's face became red as scarlet, and seizing an old sword which hung over the chimney, he cried out, "No, it shall not be; I will die first; I will make these villains know what it is to make honest men desperate." He then drew the sword, and was going out in a fit of madness, which might have proved fatal either to himself or to the bailiffs, but his wife flung herself upon her knees before him, and, catching hold of his legs, besought him to be more composed. "Oh, for heaven's sake, my dear, dear husband," said she, "consider what you are doing! You can do neither me nor your children any service by this violence; instead of that, should you be so unfortunate as to kill either of these men, would it not be murder? and would not our lot be a thousand times harder than it is at present?"

This remonstrance seemed to have some effect upon the farmer; his children too, although too young to understand the cause of all this confusion, gathered round him, and hung about him, sobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry too, although a stranger to the poor man before, yet with the tenderest sympathy took him by the hand and bathed it with his tears. At length, softened and

overcome by the sorrows of those he loved so well, and by his own cooler reflections, he resigned the fatal instrument, and sat himself down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only saying, "The will of God be done!"

Tommy had beheld this affecting scene with the greatest attention, although he had not said a word; and now beckoning Harry away, he went silently out of the house, and took the road which led to Mr Barlow's. While he was on the way, he seemed to be so full of the scene which he had just witnessed that he did not open his lips; but when he came home he instantly went to Mr Barlow and desired that he would directly send him to his father's. Mr Barlow stared at the request, and asked him what was the occasion of his being so suddenly tired with his residence at the vicarage. "Sir," answered Tommy, "I am not the least tired, I assure you; you have been extremely kind to me, and I shall always remember it with the greatest gratitude; but I want to see my father immediately, and I am sure, when you come to know the occasion, you will not disapprove of it." Mr Barlow did not press him any further, but ordered a careful servant to saddle a horse directly and take Tommy home before him.

Mr and Mrs Merton were extremely suprised and over-joyed at the sight of their son, who thus unexpectedly arrived at home; but Tommy, whose mind was full of the project he had formed, as soon as he had answered their first questions, accosted his father thus—"Pray, sir, will you be angry with me if I ask you for a great favour?" "No, surely,"

said Mr Merton, "that I will not." "Why, then," said Tommy, "as I have often heard you say that you were very rich, and that if I was good I should be rich too. Will you give me some money?" "Money!" said Mr Merton; "yes, to be sure; how much do you want?" "Why, sir," said Tommy, "I want a very large sum indeed." "Perhaps a guinea," answered Mr Merton. *Tommy.*—No, sir, a great deal more—a great many guineas. *Mr Merton.*—Let us however see. *T.*—Why, sir, I want at least forty pounds. "Bless the boy!" answered Mrs Merton; "surely Mr Barlow must have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before." *T.*—Indeed, madam, Mr Barlow knows nothing about the matter. "But," said Mr Merton, "what can such an urchin as you want with such a large sum of money?" "Sir," answered Tommy, "that is a secret; but I am sure when you come to hear it, you will approve of the use I intend to make of it." *Mr M.*—That I very much doubt. *T.*—But, sir, if you please, you may let me have this money, and I will pay you again by degrees. *Mr M.*—How will you ever be able to pay me such a sum? *T.*—Why, sir, you know you are so kind as frequently to give me new clothes and pocket-money; now, if you will only let me have this money, I will neither want new clothes nor anything else till I have made it up. *Mr M.*—But what can such a chlld as you want with all this money? *T.*—Pray, sir, wait a few days and you shall know; and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live.

Mr Merton was extremely struck with the earnest-

ness with which his son persevered in the demand; and, as he was both very rich and liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply with his request. He accordingly went and fetched him the money which he asked for, and put it into his hands, telling him at the same time that he expected to be acquainted with the use he put it to; and that, if he was not satisfied with the account, he would never trust him again. Tommy appeared in ecstasies at the confidence that was reposed in him, and, after thanking his father for his extraordinary goodness, he desired leave to go back again with Mr Barlow's servant.

When he arrived at Mr Barlow's, his first care was to ask Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's house. Thither the two little boys went with the greatest expedition; and, on their entering the house, found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. But Tommy, who had hitherto suppressed his feelings, finding himself now enabled to execute the project he had formed, went up to the good woman of the house, who sat sobbing in a corner of the room, and, taking her gently by the hand, said, "My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and therefore I am determined to be kind to you in return." "God bless you, my little master," said the woman, "you are very welcome to what you had; but you are not able to do anything to relieve our distress. "How do you know that?" said Tommy; "perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine." "Alas!" answered the woman, "I believe you would do all you could; but all our goods will be seized and sold, unless we can immediately

raise the sum of forty pounds; and that is impossible, for we have no earthly friend to assist us; therefore my poor babes and I must soon be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from starving."

Tommy's little heart was too much affected to keep the woman longer in suspense; therefore, pulling out his bag of money, he poured it into her lap, saying, "Here, my good woman, take this and pay your debts, and God bless you and your children!" It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor woman at the sight; she stared wildly round her, and upon her little benefactor, and, clasping her hands together in an agony of gratitude and feeling, she fell back in her chair with a kind of convulsive motion. Her husband, who was in the next room, seeing her in this condition, ran up to her, and catching her in his arms, asked her with the greatest tenderness what was the matter; but she, springing on a sudden from his embraces, threw herself upon her knees before the little boy, sobbing and blessing with a broken inarticulate voice, embracing his knees and kissing his feet. The husband, who did not know what had happened, imagined that his wife had lost her senses; and the little children, who had before been skulking about the room, ran up to their mother, pulling her by the gown, and hiding their faces in her bosom. But the woman, at the sight of them, seemed to recollect herself, and cried out, "Little wretches, who must all have been starved without the assistance of this little angel; why do you not join with me in thanking him?" At this the husband said, "Surely, Mary, you must

have lost your senses. What can this young gentleman do for us or to prevent our wretched babes from perishing?" "Oh, William," said the woman, "I am not mad, though I may appear so; but look here, William, look what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder not that I should be wild." Saying this, she held up the money, and at the sight her husband looked as wild and astonished as she. But Tommy went up to the man, and, taking him by the hand, said, "My good friend, you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you; and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe, and to preserve these poor little children." But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with silent dignity, now burst into tears and sobbed like his wife and children; but Tommy, who now began to be pained with this excess of gratitude, went silently out of the house, followed by Harry; and, before the poor family perceived what had become of him, was out of sight.

When he came back to Mr Barlow's that gentleman received him with the greatest affection, and when he had inquired after the health of Mr and Mrs Merton, asked Tommy whether he had forgotten the story of the grateful Turk. Tommy told him he had not, and should now be very glad to hear the remainder; which Mr Barlow gave him to read, and was as follows:—

"CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK."

"When Hamet had thus finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation

of his mind; and after saying everything that his gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused with the greatest respect, but with a generous disdain; and told his friend that, in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. 'You were,' said he, 'my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred; that life would have been well bestowed had it been lost in your service; but since Providence hath otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been instrumental to the preservation of your happiness.'

"But though the disinterestedness of Hamet made him underrate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented without showing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country; he and his son then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

"Many years had now elapsed since the departure of Hamet into his own country, without their seeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood; and as he had acquired every accomplishment which tends to improve the mind or form the manners, added to an

excellent disposition, he was generally beloved and esteemed.

"It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city; and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was on the point of sailing to that place. They set sail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of a happy passage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish corsair (a ship purposely fitted out for war) was seen bearing down upon them, and as the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness they soon found that it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel were struck with consternation, and seemed already overcome with fear; but the young Francisco, drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so effectually encouraged them that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence, but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke intermixed with transitory flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap with horrid shouts upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew, headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight

with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their successful valour and merited escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when, on their nearer approach, they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility either of resistance or escape. They therefore lowered their flag (the sign of surrendering their ship), and in an instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

"All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis.

"They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out one by one, according to their apparent strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank, and after glancing his eye over the rest with an expression of compassion, he fixed them at last upon young Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man. The captain answered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive. 'That,' said the Turk, 'is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those that much exceed him in vigour, for less than a fifth part of that sum.' 'Yes,' answered the captain, 'but he shall either pay

me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar.' 'What damage,' answered the other, 'can he have done you more than all the rest whom you have prized so cheaply?' 'He it was,' replied the captain, 'who animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my brave sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury that seemed irresistible, and three times did that youth attack us with such cool determined opposition that we were obliged to retreat ingloriously, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley.'

"At this the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention; and he who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence now lifted them up; but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain when he uttered a loud cry and repeated the name of *Hamet*. The Turk, with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then, catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child. It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say, but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his vest and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment, when, recollecting himself, he raised his arms to heaven and blessed

that Providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor. He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood waiting for his fate with a manly, mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire; and, ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house, which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians that, when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that, having had the good fortune to distinguish himself on several occasions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of Bashaw of Tunis. 'Since I have enjoyed this post,' added he, 'there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives, which brings with it any of these sufferers, I constantly visit the markets and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty. And gracious Allah has shown that he approves of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men.'

"Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, during which time he put in practice everything within his power to please and

interest them, but when he found they were desirous of returning home, he told them he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day in a ship that was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow he dismissed them, with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were considerably increased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the vicissitudes of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures."

When this story was concluded, Mr Barlow and his pupils went out to walk upon the high road, but they had not gone far before they discovered three men, who seemed each to lead a large and shaggy beast by a string, followed by a crowd of boys and women, whom the novelty of the sight had drawn together. When they approached more near, Mr Barlow discovered that the beasts were three tame bears, led by as many Savoyards, who get their living by exhibiting them. Upon the head of each of these formidable animals was seated a monkey, who grinned and chattered, and by his strange grimaces excited the mirth of the whole assembly. Tommy, who had never before seen one of these creatures,

was very much surprised and entertained, but still more so when he saw the animal rise upon his hind legs at the word of command, and dance about in a strange, uncouth manner, to the sound of music.

After having satisfied themselves with this spectacle they proceeded on their way, and Tommy asked Mr Barlow whether a bear was an animal easily tamed, and that did mischief in those places where he was wild.

"The bear," replied Mr Barlow, "is not an animal quite so formidable or destructive as a lion or a tiger; he is, however, sufficiently dangerous, and will frequently devour women and children, and even men, when he has an opportunity. These creatures are generally found in cold countries, and it is observed that the colder the climate is, the greater size and fierceness do they attain to. There is a remarkable account of one of these animals suddenly attacking a soldier when on duty, but it was fortunate for the poor fellow that the first blow he struck the bear felled him to the ground, and the soldier immediately plunged his sword into his heart, which of course killed it. In those northern countries, which are perpetually covered with snow and ice, a species of bear is found, which is white in colour, and of amazing strength as well as fierceness. These animals are often seen clambering over the huge pieces of ice that almost cover those seas, and preying upon fish and other sea animals. I remember reading an account of one that came unexpectedly upon some sailors who were boiling their dinners on the shore. This creature had two young ones with her, and the sailors, as you may easily imagine, did

not like such dangerous guests, but made their escape immediately to the ship. The old bear then seized upon the flesh which the sailors had left, and set it before her cubs, reserving a very small portion for herself; showing by this, that she took a much greater interest in their welfare than her own. But the sailors, enraged at the loss of their dinners, levelled their muskets at the cubs, and, from the ship, shot them both dead. They also wounded the dam, who was fetching away another piece of flesh, but not mortally, so that she was still able to move. But it would have affected any one with pity, but a brutal mind (says the relation), to see the behaviour of this poor beast, all wounded as she was and bleeding, to her young ones. Though she was sorely hurt, and could but crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had in her mouth, as she had done the preceding ones, and laid it down before them, and, when she observed that they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up, all this while making the most pitiful moans. When she found that they did not stir, she went away to a little distance and then looked, back and moaned, as if to entice them to her; but finding them still immovable, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She then went off a second time as before, and, after crawling a few yards, turned back and moaned, as if to entreat them not to desert their mother. But her cubs not yet rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round first one and then the other, pawing them and moan-

ing all the time. Finding them at last cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and began to growl in an indignant manner, as if she were denouncing vengeance against the murderers of her young; but the sailors levelled their muskets again, and wounded her in so many places that she dropped down between her young ones; yet, even while she was expiring, she seemed only sensible to their fate, and died licking their wounds."

"And is it possible," said Harry, "that men can be so cruel towards poor unfortunate animals?" "It is too true," answered Mr Barlow, "that men are frequently guilty of every wanton and unnecessary acts of barbarity, but in this case it is probable that the fear of these animals contributed to render the sailors more unpitying than they would otherwise have been; they had often seen themselves in danger of being devoured, and that inspired them with a great degree of hatred against them, which they took the opportunity of gratifying." "But would it not be enough," answered Harry, "if they carried arms to defend themselves when they were attacked, without unnecessarily destroying other creatures, who did not meddle with them?" "To be sure it would," replied Mr Barlow, "and a generous mind would at any time rather spare an enemy than destroy him."

While they were conversing in this manner, they beheld a crowd of women and children running away in the greatest trepidation, and, looking behind them, saw that one of the bears had broken his chain, and was running after them, growling all the time in a very disagreeable manner. Mr Barlow,

who had a good stick in his hand, and was a man of an intrepid character, perceiving this, bade his pupils remain quiet, and instantly ran up to the bear, who stopped in the middle of his career, and seemed inclined to attack Mr Barlow for his interference; but this gentleman struck him two or three blows, rating him at the same time in a loud and severe tone of voice, and seizing the end of the chain with equal boldness and dexterity, the animal quietly submitted, and suffered himself to be taken prisoner. Presently the keeper of the bear came up, into whose hands Mr Barlow consigned him, charging him for the future to be more careful in guarding so dangerous a creature.

While this was doing, the boys had remained quiet spectators at a distance, but by accident the monkey, who used to be perched upon the head of the bear, and was shaken off when the beast broke loose, came running that way, playing a thousand antic grimaces as he passed. Tommy, who was determined not to be outdone by Mr Barlow, ran very resolutely up, and seized a string which was tied round the loins of the animal; but he, not choosing to be taken prisoner, instantly snapped at Tommy's arm, and almost made his teeth meet in the fleshy part of it. Yet Tommy, who was now greatly improved in courage and the use of his limbs, instead of letting his enemy escape, began thrashing him very severely with the stick which he had in his hand, till the monkey, seeing he had so resolute an antagonist to deal with, desisted from opposition, and suffered himself to be led captive like his friend the bear.

As they were returning home, Tommy asked Mr Barlow whether he did not think it very dangerous to meddle with such an aminal when he was loose. Mr Barlow told him it was not without danger, but that it was much less so than most people would imagine. "Most animals," said he, "are easily awed by the appearance of intrepidity, while they are invited to pursue by marks of fear and apprehension." "That, I believe, is very true," answered Harry; "for I have very often observed the behaviour of dogs to each other. When two strange dogs meet they generally approach with caution, as if they were mutually afraid; but as sure as either of them runs away, the other will pursue him with the greatest insolence and fury." "This is not confined to dogs," replied Mr Barlow; "almost all wild beasts are subject to receive the sudden impression of terror; and therefore men, who have been obliged to travel without arms, through forests that abound with dangerous animals, have frequently escaped unhurt, by shouting aloud whenever they met with any of them on their way; but what I chiefly depended on was, the education which the bear had received since he left his own country." (Tommy laughed heartily at this idea, and Mr Barlow went on.) "Whenever an animal is taught anything that is not natural to him, this is properly receiving an education. Did you ever observe colts running about wild upon the common?" *Tommy.* —Yes, sir, very often. *Mr Barlow.*—And do you think it would be an easy matter for any one to mount upon their backs or ride them? *T.*—By no means; I think that they would kick and prance to

that degree that they would throw any person down. *Mr B.*—And yet your little horse very frequently takes you upon his back, and carries you very safely between this and your father's house. *T.*—That is because he is used to it. *Mr B.*—But he was not always used to it; he was once a colt, and then he ran about as wild and unrestrained as any of those upon the common. *T.*—Yes, sir. *Mr B.*—How came he then to be so altered as to submit to bear you upon his back? *T.*—I do not know, unless it was by feeding him. *Mr B.*—That is one method; but that is not all; they first accustom the colt, who naturally follows his mother, to come into the stable with her; then they stroke him and feed him till he gradually becomes gentle, and will suffer himself to be handled; then they take an opportunity of putting a halter upon his head, and accustom him to stand quietly in the stable, and to be tied to the manger. Thus they gradually proceed from one thing to another, till they teach him to bear the bridle and the saddle, and to be commanded by his rider. This may very properly be called the *education* of an animal, since by these means he is obliged to acquire habits which he would never have learned had he been left to himself. Now, I knew that the poor bear had been frequently beaten and very ill-used, in order to make him submit to be led about with a string, and exhibited as a sight. I knew that he had been accustomed to submit to man, and to tremble at the sound of the human voice, and I depended upon the force of these impressions for making him submit without resistance to the authority I assumed over him. You saw I was not

deceived in my opinion, and by these means I probably prevented the mischief that he might otherwise have done to some of those women or children.

As Mr Barlow was talking in this manner, he perceived that Tommy's arm was bloody; and inquiring into the reason, he heard the history of his adventure with the monkey. Mr Barlow then looked at the wound, which he found of no great consequence, and told Tommy that he was sorry for his accident, and imagined that he was now too courageous to be daunted by a trifling hurt. Tommy assured him he was, and proceeded to ask some questions concerning the nature of the monkey, which Mr Barlow answered in the following manner:—"The monkey is a very extraordinary animal, which closely resembles a man in his shape and appearance, as perhaps you may have observed. He is always found to inhabit hot countries, the forests of which, in many parts of the world, are filled with innumerable bands of these animals. He is extremely active, and his fore-legs exactly resemble the arms of a man; so that he not only uses them to walk upon, but frequently to climb trees, to hang by the branches, and to take hold of his food with. He supports himself upon almost every species of wild fruit which is found in those countries, so that it is necessary he should be continually scrambling up and down the highest trees, in order to procure himself a subsistence. Nor is he contented always with the diet which he finds in the forest where he makes his residence. Large bands of these creatures will frequently sally out to plunder the gardens in the neighbourhood, and many wonderful stories are told of their ingenuity and contriv-

ance." "What are these?" said Tommy. "It is said," answered Mr Barlow, "that they proceed with all the caution and regularity which could be found in men themselves. Some of these animals are placed as spies to give notice to the rest, in case any human being should approach the garden; and, should that happen, one of the sentinels informs them by a peculiar chattering, and they all escape in an instant." "I can easily believe that," answered Harry, "for I have observed, that when a flock of rooks alight upon a farmer's field of corn, two or three of them always take their station upon the highest tree they can find; and if any one approaches they instantly give notice by their cawing, and all the rest take wing directly and fly away." "But," answered Mr Barlow, "the monkeys are said to be yet more ingenious in their thefts; for they station some of their body at a small distance from each other, in a line that reaches quite from the forest they inhabit to the particular garden they wish to plunder. When this is done, several of them mount the fairest fruit-trees, and, picking the fruit, throw it down to their companions who stand below; these again cast it to others at a little distance, and thus it flies from hand to hand till it is safely deposited in the woods or mountains whence they came. When they are taken very young they are easily tamed, but always retain a great disposition to mischief, as well as to imitate everything they see done by men. Many ridiculous stories are told of them in this respect. I have heard of a monkey that resided in a gentleman's family, and that frequently observed his master undergo the operation of shaving. The imi-

tative animal one day took it into his head to turn barber, and, seizing in one hand a cat that lived in the same house, and a bottle of ink in the other, he carried her up to the top of a very fine marble staircase. The servants were all attracted by the screams of the cat, who did not relish the operation which was going forward; and, running out, were equally surprised and diverted to see the monkey gravely seated upon the landing.place of the stairs, and holding the cat fast in one of his paws, while with the other he continually applied ink to puss's face, rubbing it all over, just as he had observed the barber do to his master. Whenever the cat struggled to escape, the monkey gave her a pat with his paw, chattering all the time, and making the most ridiculous grimaces; and when she was quiet, he applied himself to his bottle, and continued the operation. But I have heard a more tragic story of the imitative genius of these animals. One of them lived in a fortified town, and used frequently to run up and down upon the ramparts, where he had observed the gunner discharge the great guns that defended the town. One day he got possession of the lighted match with which the man used to perform his business, and, applying it to the touch-hole of a gun, he ran to the mouth of it to see the explosion; but the cannon, which happened to be loaded, instantly went off, and blew the poor monkey into a thousand pieces."

When they came back to Mr Barlow's they found Master Merton's servant and horses waiting to bring him home. When he arrived there he was received with the greatest joy and tenderness by his

parents; but though he gave them an account of everything else that had happened, he did not say a word about the money he had given to the farmer. But the next day, being Sunday, Mr and Mrs Merton and Tommy went together to the parish church, which they had scarcely entered when a general whisper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were in an instant turned upon the little boy. Mr and Mrs Merton were very much astonished at this, but they forbore to inquire until the end of the service; then as they were going out of the church together, Mr Merton asked his son what could be the reason of the general attention which he excited at his entrance into church? Tommy had no time to answer, for at that instant a very decent-looking woman ran up and threw herself at his feet, calling him her guardian angel and preserver, and praying that heaven would shower down upon his head all the blessings which he deserved. It was some time before Mr and Mrs Merton could understand the nature of this extraordinary scene; but, when they at length understood the secret of their son's generosity, they seemed to be scarcely less affected than the woman herself, and, shedding tears of transport and affection, they embraced their son, without attending to the crowd that surrounded them; but immediately recollecting themselves, they took their leave of the poor woman and hurried to their coach with such sensations as it is more easy to conceive than to describe.

The summer had now completely passed away, and the winter had set in with unusual severity; the

water was all frozen into a solid mass of ice; the earth was bare of food, and the little birds, that used to chirp with gladness, seemed to lament in silence the inclemency of the weather. As Tommy was one day reading the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, particularly the famous anecdote of the fortress of snow, in which Napoleon is described as undertaking the siege, and giving directions to his school-fellows how to make the attack, he was surprised to find a pretty bird flying about the chamber in which he was reading. He immediately went down stairs and informed Mr Barlow of the circumstance, who, after he had seen the bird, told him that it was called a robin redbreast, and that it was naturally more tame and disposed to cultivate the society of men than any other species; "but at present," added he, "the little fellow is in want of food, because the earth is too hard to furnish him any assistance, and hunger inspires him with this unusual boldness." "Why then, sir," said Tommy, "if you will give me leave, I will fetch a piece of bread and feed him." "Do so," answered Mr Barlow; "but first set the window open, that he may see you do not intend to take him prisoner." Tommy accordingly opened his window, and scattering a few crumbs of bread about the room, had the satisfaction of seeing his guest hop down and make a very hearty meal; he then flew out of the room, and settled upon a neighbouring tree, singing all the time, as if to return thanks for the hospitality he had met with.

Tommy was greatly delighted with his new acquaintance, and from this time never failed to set

his window open every morning and scatter some crumbs about the room, which the bird perceiving, hopped fearlessly in, and regaled himself under the protection of his benefactor. By degrees the intimacy increased so much that little robin would alight on Tommy's shoulder and whistle his notes in that situation, or eat out of his hand—all which gave Tommy so much satisfaction that he would frequently call Mr Barlow and Harry to be witness of his favourite's caresses; nor did he ever eat his own meals without reserving a part for his little friend.

It however happened that one day Tommy went upstairs after dinner, intending to feed his bird as usual, but as soon as he opened the door of his chamber he discovered a sight that pierced him to the very heart. His little friend and innocent companion lay dead upon the floor, and torn in pieces; and a large cat, taking that opportunity to escape, soon directed his suspicions towards the murderer. Tommy instantly ran down with tears in his eyes to relate the unfortunate death of his favourite to Mr Barlow, and to demand vengeance against the wicked cat that had occasioned it. Mr Barlow heard him with great compassion, but asked what punishment he wished to inflict upon the cat?

Tommy.—Oh sir! nothing can be too bad for that cruel animal. I would have her killed as she killed the poor bird.

Mr Barlow.—But do you imagine that she did it out of any particular malice to your bird, or merely because she was hungry, and accustomed to catch her prey in that manner?

Tommy considered some time, but at last he owned that he did not suspect the cat of having any particular spite against his bird, and therefore he supposed she had been impelled by hunger.

Mr Barlow.—Have you never observed that it was the property of that species to prey upon mice and and other little animals?

Tommy.—Yes, sir, very often.

Mr Barlow.—And have you ever corrected her for so doing, or attempted to teach her other habits?

Tommy.—I cannot say I have. Indeed I have seen little Harry, when she had caught a mouse and was tormenting it, take it from her and give it liberty; but I have never meddled with her myself.

Mr Barlow.—Are you not then more to be blamed than the cat herself? You have observed that it was common to the whole species to destroy mice and little birds, whenever they could surprise them; yet you have taken no pains to secure your favourite from the danger; on the contrary, by rendering him tame, and accustoming him to be fed, you have exposed him to a violent death, which he would probably have avoided had he remained wild. Would it not then be just, and more reasonable, to endeavour to teach the cat that she must no longer prey upon little birds, than to put her to death for what you have never taught her was an offence?

Tommy.—But is that possible?

Mr Barlow.—Very possible, I should imagine; but we may at least try the experiment.

Tommy.—But why should such a mischievous creature live at all?

Mr Barlow.—Because, if you destroy every crea-

ture that preys upon others, you would perhaps leave few alive.

Tommy.—Surely, sir, the poor bird which that naughty cat has killed, was never guilty of such a cruelty.

Mr Barlow.—I will not answer for that. Let us observe what they live upon in the fields; we shall then be able to give a better account.

Mr Barlow then went to the window and desired Tommy to come to him, and observe a robin which was then hopping upon the grass with something in its mouth, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy.—I protest, sir, it is a large worm. And now he has swallowed it! I should never have thought that such a pretty bird could have been so cruel.

Mr Barlow.—Do you imagine that the bird is conscious of all that is suffered by the insect?

Tommy.—No, sir.

Mr Barlow.—In him, then, it is not the same cruelty which it would be in you, who are endowed with reason and reflection. Nature has given him a propensity for animal food, which he obeys in the same manner as the sheep and ox when they feed upon grass, or as the ass when he browses upon the furze or thistles.

Tommy.—Why, then, perhaps the cat did not know the cruelty she was guilty of in tearing that poor bird to pieces?

Mr Barlow.—No more than the bird we have just seen is conscious of his cruelty to the insect. The natural food of cats consists in rats, mice, birds, and such small animals as they can seize by violence or

catch by craft. It was impossible she should know the value you set upon your bird, and therefore she had no more intention of offending you than had she caught a mouse.

Tommy.—But if that is the case, should I have another tame bird, she would kill it as she has done this poor fellow

Mr Barlow.—That, perhaps, may be prevented. I have heard people that deal in birds affirm there is a way of preventing cats from meddling with them.

Tommy.—Oh dear, sir, I should like to try it. Will you not show me how to prevent the cat from killing any more birds ?

Mr Barlow.—Most willingly; it is certainly better to correct the faults of an animal than to destroy it. Besides, I have a particular affection for this cat, because I found her when she was a kitten, and have bred her up so tame and gentle that she will follow me about like a dog. She comes every morning to my chamber-door and mews till she is let in; and she sits upon the table at breakfast and dinner as grave and polite as a visitor, without offering to touch the meat. Indeed, before she was guilty of this offence, I have often seen you stroke and caress her with great affection; and puss, who is by no means of an ungrateful temper, would always pur and arch her tail, as if she was sensible of your attention.

In a few days after this conversation another robin, suffering like the former from the inclemency of the season, flew into the house, and commenced acquaintance with Tommy. But he, who recollected the mournful fate of his former bird, would not en-

courage it to any familiarity, till he had claimed the promise of Mr Barlow, in order to preserve it from danger. Mr Barlow, therefore, enticed the new guest into a small wire-cage, and, as soon as he had entered it, shut the door, in order to prevent his escaping. He then took a small gridiron, such as is used to broil meat upon, and, having almost heated it red hot, placed it erect upon the ground, before the cage in which the bird was confined. He then contrived to entice the cat into the room, and observing that she fixed her eye upon the bird, which she destined to become her prey, he withdrew the two little boys, in order to leave her unrestrained in her operations. They did not retire far, but observed her from the door fix her eyes upon the cage, and begin to approach it in silence, bending her body to the ground, and almost touching it as she crawled along. When she judged herself within a proper distance, she exerted all her agility in a violent spring, which would probably have been fatal to the bird, had not the gridiron, placed before the cage, received the impression of her attack. Nor was the disappointment the only punishment she was destined to undergo; the bars of the gridiron had been so thoroughly heated that, in rushing against them, she felt herself burned in several parts of her body, and retired from the field of battle mewing dreadfully and full of pain; and such was the impression which this adventure produced, that, from this time, she was never again known to attempt to destroy birds.

The coldness of the weather still continuing, all the wild animals began to perceive the effects, and, compelled by hunger, approached nearer to the

habitations of man and the places they had been accustomed to avoid. A multitude of hares—the most timorous of all animals—were frequently seen scudding about the garden in search of the scanty vegetables which the severity of the season had spared. In a short time they had devoured all the green herbs which could be found, and, hunger still oppressing them, they began to gnaw the very bark of the trees for food. One day, as Tommy was walking in the garden, he found that even the beloved tree which he had planted with his own hands, and from which he had promised himself so plentiful a produce of fruit, had not escaped the general depredation, but had been gnawed round at the root and killed.

Tommy, who could ill brook disappointment, was so enraged to see his labours prove abortive, that he ran with tears in his eyes to Mr Barlow, to demand vengeance against the devouring hares. "Indeed," said Mr Barlow, "I am sorry for what they have done, but it is now too late to prevent it." "Yes," answered Tommy, "but you may have all those mischievous creatures shot, that they may do no further damage." "A little while ago," replied Mr Barlow, "you wanted to destroy the cat, because she was cruel and preyed upon living animals, and now you would murder all the hares, merely because they are innocent, inoffensive animals that subsist upon vegetables." Tommy looked a little foolish, but said, "he did not want to hurt them for living upon vegetables, but for destroying his tree." "But," said Mr Barlow, "how can you expect the animal to distinguish your trees from any other? You should

therefore have fenced them round in such a manner as might have prevented the hares from reaching them; besides, in such extreme distress as animals now suffer from the want of food, I think they may be forgiven if they trespass a little more than usual."

Mr Barlow then took Tommy by the hand and led him into a field at some distance, which belonged to him, and which was sown with turnips. Scarcely had they entered the field before a flock of larks rose up in such innumerable quantities as almost darkened the air. "See," said Mr Barlow, "these little fellows are trespassing upon my turnips in such numbers, that in a short time they will destroy every bit of green about the field; yet I would not hurt them on any account. Look round the whole extent of the country, you will see nothing but a barren waste, which presents no food either to bird or beast. These little creatures, therefore, assemble in multitudes here, where they find a scanty subsistence, and though they do me some mischief, they are welcome to what they can find. In the spring they will enliven our walks by their agreeable songs.

Tommy.—How dreary and uncomfortable is this season of winter; I wish it were always summer.

Mr Barlow.—In some countries it is so; but there the inhabitants complain more of the intolerable heat than you do of the cold. They would with pleasure be relieved by the agreeable variety of cooler weather, when they are panting under the violence of a scorching sun.

Tommy.—Then I should like to live in a country that was never either disagreeably hot or cold.

Mr Barlow.—Such a country is scarcely to be found; or if it is, contains so small a portion of the earth as to leave room for very few inhabitants.

Tommy.—Then I should think it would be so crowded that one would hardly be able to stir, for everybody would naturally wish to live there.

Mr Barlow.—There you are mistaken, for the inhabitants of the finest climates are often less attached to their own country than those of the worst. Custom reconciles people to every kind of life, and makes them equally satisfied with the place in which they are born. There is a country called Lapland, which extends a great deal further north than any part of England, which is covered with prepetual snows during all the year, yet the inhabitants would not exchange it for any other portion of the globe.

Tommy.—How do they live in so disagreeable a country?

Mr Barlow.—If you ask Harry, he will tell you. Being a farmer, it is his business to study the different methods by which men find subsistence in all the different parts of the earth.

Tommy.—I should like very much to hear, if Harry will be so good as to tell me.

Harry.—You must know then, Master Tommy, that in the greatest part of this country which is called Lapland, the inhabitants neither sow nor reap; they are totally unacquainted with the use of corn, and know not how to make bread; they have no trees which bear fruit, and scarcely any of the herbs which grow in our gardens in England; nor do they possess either sheep, goats, hogs, cows, or beasts.

Tommy.—That must be a disagreeable country indeed! What then have they to live upon?

Harry.—They have a species of deer, which is bigger than the largest stags which you may have seen in the gentlemen's parks in England, and very strong. These aminals are called *reindeer*, and are of so gentle a nature that they are easily tamed, and taught to live together in herds, and to obey their masters. In the short summer which they enjoy, the Laplanders lead them out to pasture in the valleys, where the grass grows very high and luxuriant. In the winter, when the ground is all covered over with snow, the deer have learned to scratch away the snow, and find a sort of moss which grows underneath it, and upon this they subsist. These creatures afford not only food, but raiment, and even houses to their masters. In the summer, the Laplander milks his herds and lives upon the produce; sometimes he lays by the milk in wooden vessels, to serve him for food in winter. This is soon frozen so hard that, when they would use it, they are obliged to cut it in pieces with a hatchet. Sometimes the winters are so severe that the poor deer can scarcely find even moss, and then the master is obliged to kill part of them and live upon the flesh. Of the skins he makes warm garments for himself and his family, and strews them thick upon the ground, to sleep upon. Their houses are only poles stuck slanting into the ground, and almost joined at top, except a little hole which they leave to let out the smoke. These poles are either covered with the skins of animals, or coarse cloth, or sometimes with turf and the bark of trees. There is a little hole

left in one side, through which the family creep into their tent, and they make a comfortable fire to warm them, in the middle. People that are so easily contented are totally ignorant of most of the things that are thought so necessary here. The Laplanders have neither gold, nor silver, nor carpets, nor carved work in their houses; every man makes for himself all that the real wants of life require, and with his own hands performs everything which is necessary to be done. Their food consists either in frozen milk, or the flesh of the reindeer, or that of the bear, which they frequently hunt and kill. Instead of bread they strip off the bark of firs, which are almost the only trees that grow upon those dismal mountains, and, boiling the inward and more tender skin, they eat it with their flesh. The greatest happiness of these poor people is to live free and unrestrained; therefore they do not long remain fixed to any spot, but, taking down their houses, they pack them up along with the little furniture they possess, and load them upon sledges, to carry and set them up in some other place.

Tommy.—Have you not said that they have neither horses nor oxen? Do they then draw these sledges themselves?

Harry.—I thought I should suprise you, Master Tommy. The reindeer which I have described are so tractable, that they are harnessed like horses, and draw the sledges with their masters upon them nearly thirty miles a-day. They set out with surprising swiftness, and run along the snow, which is frozen so hard in winter that it supports them like a solid road. In this manner do the Laplanders

perform their journeys, and change their places of abode as often as is agreeable. In the spring they lead their herds of deer to pasture upon the mountains; in the winter they come down into the plains, where they are better protected against the fury of the winds; for the whole country is waste and desolate, destitute of all the objects which you see here. There are no towns, nor villages; no fields enclosed or cultivated; no beaten roads; no inns for travellers to sleep at; no shops to purchase the necessaries or conveniences of life at; the face of the whole country is barren and dismal; wherever you turn your eyes, nothing is to be seen but lofty mountains, white with snow, and covered with ice and fogs; scarcely any trees are to be seen, except a few stunted firs and birches. These mountains afford a retreat to thousands of bears and wolves, which are continually pouring down and prowling about to prey upon the herds of deer, so that the Laplanders are continually obliged to fight them in their own defence. To do this, they fix large pieces of flat board, about four or five feet long, to the bottom of their feet, and, thus secured, they run along, without sinking into the snow, so nimbly, that they can overtake the wild animals in the chase. The bears they kill with bows and arrows, which they make themselves. Sometimes they find out the dens where they have laid themselves up in winter, and then they attack them with spears, and generally overcome them. When a Laplander has killed a bear, he carries it home in triumph, boils the flesh in an iron pot (which is all the cooking they are are acquainted with), and invites all his neighbours to the feast.

This they account the greatest delicacy in the world, and particularly the fat, which they melt over the fire and drink; then, sitting round the flame, they entertain each other with stories of their own exploits in hunting or fishing, till the feast is over. Though they live so barbarous a life, they are a good-natured, sincere, and hospitable people. If a stranger comes among them, they lodge and entertain him in the best manner they are able, and generally refuse all payment for their services, unless it be a little bit of tobacco, which they are immoderately fond of smoking.

Tommy.—Poor people! how I pity them, to live such an unhappy life! I should think the fatigues and hardships they undergo must kill them in a very short space of time.

Mr Barlow.—Have you then observed that those who eat and drink the most, and undergo the least fatigue, are the most free from disease?

Tommy.—Not always; for I remember that there are two or three gentlemen who come to dine at my father's, who eat an amazing quantity of meat, besides drinking a great deal of wine, and these poor gentlemen have lost the use of almost all their limbs. Their legs are so swelled, that they are almost as big as their bodies; their feet are so tender that they cannot set them to the ground; and their knees so stiff, that they cannot bend them. When they arrive, they are obliged to be helped out of their coaches by two or three people, and they come hobbling in upon crutches. But I never heard them talk about anything but eating and drinking in all my life.

Mr Barlow.—And did you ever observe that any of the poor had lost the use of their limbs by the same disease?

Tommy.—I cannot say I have.

Mr Barlow.—Then, perhaps, the being confined to a scanty diet, to hardship, and to exercise, may not be so desperate as you imagine. This way of life is even much less so than the intemperance in which too many of the rich continually indulge themselves. I remember lately reading a story on this subject, which, if you please, you shall hear. Mr Barlow then read the following

"HISTORY OF A SURPRISING CURE OF THE GOUT."

"In one of the provinces of Italy there lived a wealthy gentleman, who, having no taste either for improving his mind or exercising his body, acquired a habit of eating almost all day long. The whole extent of his thoughts was, what he should eat for dinner, and how he should procure the greatest delicacies. Italy produces excellent wine, but these were not enough for our epicure; he settled agents in different parts of France and Spain, to buy up all the most generous and costly wines of those countries. He had correspondence with all the maritime cities, that he might be constantly supplied with every species of fish; every poulterer and fishmonger in the town was under articles to let him have his choice of rarities. He also employed a man on purpose to give directions for his pastry and desserts. As soon as he had breakfasted in the morning, it was his constant practice to retire to his

library (for he, too, had a library, although he never opened a book). When he was there, he gravely seated himself in an easy chair, and, tucking a napkin under his chin, ordered his head cook to be sent in to him. The head cook instantly appeared attended by a couple of footmen, who carried each a silver salver of prodigious size, on which were cups containing sauces of every different flavour which could be devised. The gentleman, with the greatest solemnity, used to dip a bit of bread in each, and taste it, giving his orders upon the subject with as much earnestness and precision as if he had been signing papers for the government of a kingdom. When this important affair was thus concluded, he would throw himself upon a couch, to repair the fatigues of such an exertion, and refresh himself against dinner. When that delightful hour arrived, it is impossible to describe either the variety of fish, flesh, and fowl which was set before him, or the surprising greediness with which he ate of all; stimulating his appetite with the highest sauces and richest wines, till at length he was obliged to desist, not from being satisfied, but from mere inability to contain more.

"This kind of life he had long pursued, but at last became so corpulent that he could hardly move; his belly appeared prominent like a mountain, his face was bloated, and his legs, though swelled to the size of columns, seemed unable to support the prodigious weight of his body. Added to this, he was troubled with continual indigestions and racking pains in several of his limbs, which at length terminated in a violent fit of the gout. The pains, indeed, at length

abated, and this unfortunate epicure returned to all his former habits of intemperance. The interval of ease, however, was short, and the attacks of his disease becoming more and more frequent, he was at length deprived of the use of almost all his limbs.

"In this unhappy state he determined to consult a physician that lived in the same town, and had the reputation of performing many surprising cures. 'Doctor,' said the gentleman to the physician, when he arrived, 'you see the miserable state to which I am reduced.' 'I do, indeed,' answered the physician, 'and I suppose you have contributed to it by your intemperance.' 'As to intemperance,' replied the gentleman, 'I believe few have less to answer for than myself; I indeed love a moderate dinner and supper, but I never was intoxicated with liquor in my life.' 'Probably, then, you sleep too much?' said the physician. 'As to sleep,' said the gentleman, 'I am in bed nearly twelve hours every night, because I find the sharpness of the morning air extremely injurious to my constitution; but I am so troubled with a plaguy flatulency and heartburn, that I am scarcely able to close my eyes all night; or if I do, I find myself almost strangled with wind, and awake in agonies.' 'That is a very alarming symptom, indeed,' replied the doctor; 'I wonder so many restless nights do not entirely wear you out.' 'They would, indeed,' answered the gentleman, 'if I did not make shift to procure a little sleep two or three times a-day, which enables me to hold out a little longer.' 'As to exercise,' continued the doctor, 'I fear you are not able to use a great deal.' 'Alas!' answered the sick man, 'while I was able, I

never failed to go out in my carriage once or twice a-week, but in my present situation I can no longer bear the gentlest motion; besides disordering my whole frame, it gives me such intolerable twitches in my limbs, that you would imagine I was absolutely falling to pieces. 'Your case,' answered the physician, 'is indeed bad, but not quite desperate, and if you could abridge the quantity of your food and sleep, you would in a short time find yourself much better.' 'Alas!' answered the sick man, 'I find you little know the delicacy of my constitution, or you would not put me upon a method which will infallibly destroy me. When I rise in the morning, I feel as if all the powers of life were extinguished within me; my stomach is oppressed with nausea, my head with aches and swimming, and above all, I feel such an intolerable sinking in my spirits, that, without the assistance of two or three cordials, and some restorative soup, I am confident I never could get through the morning. Now, doctor, I have such confidence in your skill, that there is no pill or potion you can order me which I will not take with pleasure, but as to a change in my diet, that is impossible.' 'That is,' answered the physician, 'you wish for health without being at the trouble of acquiring it, and imagine that all the consequences of an ill-spent life are to be washed away by a julep, or a decoction of senna. But as I cannot cure you upon those terms, I will not deceive you for an instant. Your case is out of the power of medicine, and you can only be relieved by your own exertions.' 'How hard is this,' answered the gentleman, 'to be thus abandoned to

despair even in the prime of life! Cruel and unfeeling doctor, will you not attempt anything to procure me ease?' 'Sir,' answered the physician, 'I have already told you everything I know upon the subject. I must, however, acquaint you, that I have a brother physician who lives at Padua, a man of the greatest learning and integrity, who is particularly famous for curing the gout. If you think it worth your while to consult him, I will give you a letter of recommendation, for he never stirs from home, even to attend a prince.'

"Here the conversation ended; for the gentleman, who did not like the trouble of the journey, took his leave of the physician, and returned home very much dispirited. In a little while he either was, or fancied himself, worse; and as the idea of the Paduan physician had never left his head, he at last resolutely determined to set out upon the journey. For this purpose he had a litter so contrived that he could lie recumbent, or recline at his ease, and eat his meals. The distance was not above one day's tolerable journey, but the gentleman wisely resolved to make four of it, for fear of overfatiguing himself. He had, besides, a loaded waggon attending, filled with everything that constitutes good eating; and two of his cooks went with him, that nothing might be wanting to his accommodation on the road.

"After a wearisome journey he at length arrived within sight of Padua, and eagerly inquiring after the house of Doctor Ramozini, was soon directed to the spot; then, having been helped out of his carriage by half-a-dozen of his servants, he was shown into a

neat but plain parlour, from which he had the prospect of twenty or thirty people at dinner in a spacious hall. In the middle of them was the learned doctor himself, who with much complaisance invited the company to eat heartily. 'My good friend,' said the doctor to a pale-looking man on his right hand, 'you must eat three slices more of this roast-beef, or you will never lose your ague.' 'My friend,' said he to another, 'drink off this glass of porter; it is just arrived from England, and is a specific for nervous fevers.' 'Do not stuff your child so with macaroni,' added he, turning to a woman, 'if you wish to cure him of the scrofula,' 'Good man,' said he to a fourth, 'how goes on the ulcer in your leg?' 'Much better, indeed,' replied the man, 'since I have lived at your honour's table.' 'Well,' replied the physician, 'in a fortnight you will be perfectly cured, if you do but drink wine enough.'

"'Thank heaven!' said the gentleman, who had heard all this with infinite pleasure, 'I have at last met with a reasonable physician; he will not confine me to bread and water, nor starve me under pretence of curing me, like that confounded quack from whose clutches I have so luckily escaped.'

"At length the doctor dismissed his company, who retired loading him with thanks and blessings. He then approached the gentleman, and welcomed him with the greatest politeness, who presented him with his letters of recommendation, which, after the physician had perused, he thus accosted him:—'Sir, the letter of my learned friend has fully instructed me in the particulars of your case; it is indeed a

difficult one, but I think you have no reason to despair of a perfect recovery. If,' added he, 'you choose to put yourself under my care, I will employ all the secrets of my art for your assistance. But one condition is absolutely indispensable; you must send away all your servants, and solemnly engage to follow my prescriptions for at least a month; without this compliance I would not undertake the cure even of a monarch.' 'Doctor,' answered the gentleman, 'what I have seen of your profession does not, I confess, much prejudice me in their favour; and I should hesitate to agree to such a proposal from any other individual.' 'Do as you like, sir,' answered the physician; 'the employing me or not is entirely voluntary on your part; but as I am above the common mercenary views of gain, I never stake the reputation of so noble an art without a rational prospect of success; and what success can I hope for in so obstinate a disorder, unless the patient will consent to a fair experiment of what I can effect?' 'Indeed,' replied the gentleman, 'what you say is so candid, and your whole behaviour so much interests me in your favour, that I will immediately give you proofs of the most unbounded confidence.'

"He then sent for his servants and ordered them to return home, and not to come near him till a whole month was elapsed. When they were gone, the physician asked him how he supported the journey? 'Why, really,' answered he, 'much better than I could have expected. But I feel myself unusually hungry; and therefore, with your permission, shall beg to have the hour of supper a little hastened.' 'Most willingly,' answered the doctor; 'at eight

o'clock everything shall be ready for your entertainment. In the meantime you will permit me to visit my patients.'

"While the physician was absent, the gentleman was pleasing his imagination with the thoughts of the excellent supper he should make. 'Doubtless,' said he to himself, 'if Signor Ramozini treats the poor in such an hospitable manner, he will spare nothing for the entertainment of a man of my importance. I have heard there are delicious trouts and ortolans in this part of Italy; I make no doubt but the doctor keeps an excellent cook, and I shall have no reason to repent the dismission of my servants.'

"With these ideas he kept himself some time amused; at length his appetite growing keener and keener every instant, from fasting longer than ordinary, he lost all patience, and, calling one of the servants of the house, inquired for some little nice thing to stay his stomach till the hour of supper. 'Sir,' said the servant, 'I would gladly oblige you; but it is as much as my place is worth; my master is the best and most generous of men, but so great is his attention to his house patients, that he will not suffer one of them to eat, unless in his presence. However, sir, have patience; in two hours more the supper will be ready, and then you may indemnify yourself for all.'

"Thus was the gentleman compelled to pass two hours more without food—a degree of abstinence he had not practised for almost twenty years. He complained bitterly of the slowness of time, and was continually inquiring what was the hour.

"At length the doctor returned punctual to his

time, and ordered the supper to be brought in. Accordingly six dishes were set upon the table with great solemnity, all under cover; and the gentleman flattered himself he should now be rewarded for his long abstinence. As they were sitting down to table, the learned Ramozini thus accosted his guest: —'Before you give a loose to your appetite, sir, I must acquaint you that, as the most effectual method of subduing this obstinate disease, all your food and drink will be mixed up with such medicinal substances as your case requires. They will not be indeed discoverable by any of your senses; but as their effects are equally strong and certain, I must recommend to you to eat with moderation.'

"Having said this, he ordered the dishes to be uncovered, which, to the extreme astonishment of the gentleman, contained nothing but olives, dried figs, dates, some roasted apples, a few boiled eggs, and a piece of hard cheese!

"'Heaven and earth!' cried the gentleman, losing all patience at this mortifying spectacle, 'is this the entertainment you have prepared for me, with so many speeches and prefaces? Do you imagine that a person of my fortune can sup on such contemptible fare as would hardly satisfy the wretched peasants whom I saw at dinner in your hall?' 'Have patience, my dear sir,' replied the physician; 'it is the extreme anxiety I have for your welfare that compels me to treat you with this apparent incivility. Your blood is all in a ferment with the violent exercise you have undergone; and were I rashly to indulge your craving appetite, a fever or a pleurisy

might be the consequence. But to-morrow I hope you will be cooler, and then you may live in a style more adapted to your quality.'

"The gentleman began to comfort himself with this reflection, and, as there was no help, he at last determined to wait with patience another night. He accordingly tasted a few of the dates and olives, ate a piece of cheese with a slice of excellent bread, and found himself more refreshed than he could have imagined was possible from such a homely meal. When he had nearly supped, he wanted something to drink, and observing nothing but water upon the table, desired one of the servants to bring him a little wine. 'Not as you value the life of this illustrious gentleman,' cried out the physician. 'Sir,' added he, turning to his guest, 'it is with inexpressible reluctance that I contradict you, but wine would be at present a mortal poison; therefore, please to content yourself, for one night only, with a glass of this most excellent and refreshing mineral water.'

"The gentleman was again compelled to submit, and drank the water with a variety of strange grimaces. After the cloth was removed, Signor Ramozini entertained the gentleman with some agreeable and improving conversation for about an hour, and then proposed to his patient that he should retire to rest. This proposal the gentleman gladly accepted, as he found himself fatigued with his journey, and unusually disposed to sleep. The doctor then retired, and ordered one of his servants to show the gentleman to his chamber.

"He was accordingly conducted into a neighbour-

ing room, where there was little to be seen but a homely bed, without furniture, with nothing to sleep upon but a mattress almost as hard as the floor. At this the gentleman burst into a violent passion again: 'Villain,' said he to the servant, 'it is impossible your master should dare to confine me to such a wretched dog-hole! Show me into another room immediately!' 'Sir,' answered the servant, with profound humility, 'I am heartily sorry the chamber does not please you, but I am morally certain I have not mistaken my master's order; and I have too great a respect for you to think of disobeying him in a point which concerns your precious life.' Saying this he went out of the room, and shutting the door on the outside, left the gentleman to his meditations. They were not very agreeable at first; however, as he saw no remedy, he undressed himself and entered the wretched bed, where he presently fell asleep while he was meditating revenge upon the doctor and his whole family.

"The gentleman slept so soundly that he did not awake till morning; and then the physician came into his room, and with the greatest tenderness and civility inquired after his health. He had indeed fallen asleep in very ill-humour; but his night's rest had much composed his mind, and the effect of this was increased by the extreme politeness of the doctor, so that he answered with tolerable temper, only making bitter complaints of the homeliness of his accommodation.

"'My dearest sir,' answered the physician, 'did I not make a previous agreement with you that you should submit to my management? Can you im-

agine that I have any other end in view than the improvement of your health? It is not possible that you should in everything perceive the reasons of my conduct, which is founded upon the most accurate theory and experience. However, in this case, I must inform you that I have found out the art of making my very beds medicinal; and this you must confess, from the excellent night you have passed. I cannot impart the same salutary virtues to down or silk, and therefore, though very much against my inclinations, I have been compelled to lodge you in this homely manner. But now, if you please, it is time to rise.'

"Ramozini then rang for the servants, and the gentleman suffered himself to be dressed. At breakfast the gentleman expected to fare a little better, but his relentless guardian would suffer him to taste nothing but a slice of bread and a porringer of water-gruel—all which he defended, very little to his guest's satisfaction, upon the most unerring principles of medical science.

"After breakfast had been some time finished, Dr Ramozini told his patient it was time to begin the great work of restoring him to the use of his limbs. He accordingly had him carried into a little room, where he desired the gentleman to attempt to stand. 'That is impossible,' answered the patient, 'for I have not been able to use a leg these three years.' 'Prop yourself, then, upon your crutches, and lean against the wall to support yourself,' answered the physician. The gentleman did so, and the docter went abruptly out, and locked the door after him. He had not been long in this situation before he felt the floor of

the chamber, which he had not before perceived to be composed of plates of iron, grow immoderately hot under his feet. He called the doctor and his servants, but to no purpose; he then began to utter loud vociferations and menaces, but all was equally ineffectual; he raved, he swore, he promised, he entreated, but nobody came to his assistance, and the heat grew more intense every instant. At length necessity compelled him to hop upon one leg in order to rest the other, and this he did with greater agility than he could conceive was possible; presently the other leg began to burn, and then he hopped again upon the other. Thus he went on, hopping about with this involuntary exercise, till he had stretched every sinew and muscle more than he had done for several years before, and thrown himself into a profuse perspiration.

"When the doctor was satisfied with the exertions of his patient, he sent into the floor an easy chair for him to rest upon, and suffered the floor to cool as gradually as it had been heated. Then it was that the sick man for the first time began to be sensible of the real use and pleasure of repose; he had earned it by fatigue, without which it can never prove either salutary or agreeable.

"At dinner the doctor appeared again to his patient, and made him a thousand apologies for the liberties he had taken with his person. These excuses he received with a kind of sullen civility. However, his anger was a little mitigated by the smell of a roasted pullet, which was brought to table and set before him. He now, from exercise and abstinence, began to find a relish in his victuals

which he had never done before, and the doctor permitted him to mingle a little wine with his water. These compliances, however, were so extremely irksome to his temper, that the month seemed to pass away as slowly as a year. When it was expired, and his servants came to ask his orders, he instantly threw himself into his carriage without taking leave either of the doctor or his family. When he came to reflect upon the treatment he had received, his forced exercises, his involuntary abstinence, and all the other mortifications he had undergone, he could not conceive but it must be a plot of the physician he had left behind, and full of rage and indignation, drove directly to his house in order to reproach him with it.

"The physician happened to be at home, but scarcely knew his patient again, though after so short an absence. He had shrunk to half his former bulk, his look and colour were mended, and he had entirely thrown away his crutches. When he had given vent to all that his anger could suggest, the physician coolly answered in the following manner:—'I know not, sir, what right you have to make me these reproaches, since it was not by my persuasion that you put yourself under the care of Doctor Ramozini.' 'Yes, sir, but you gave me a high character of his skill and integrity.' 'Has he then deceived you in either, or do you find yourself worse than when you put yourself under his care?' 'I cannot say that,' answered the gentleman; 'I am, to be sure, surprisingly improved in my digestion; I sleep better than ever I did before; I eat with an appetite; and I can walk almost as well

as ever I could in my life.' 'And do you seriously come,' said the physician, 'to complain of a man that has affected all these miracles for you in so short a time, and, unless you are now wanting to yourself, has given you a degree of life and health which you had not the smallest reason to expect.'

"The gentleman who had not sufficiently considered all these advantages, began to look a little confused, and the physician thus went on :—'All that you have to complain of is, that you have been involuntarily your own dupe, and cheated into health and happiness. You went to Dr Ramozini, and saw a parcel of miserable wretches comfortably at dinner. That great and worthy man is the father of all about him; he knows that most of the diseases of the poor, originate in their want of food and necessaries, and therefore benevolently assists them with better diet and clothing. The rich, on the contrary, are generally the victims of their own sloth and intemperance, and, therefore, he finds it necessary to use a contrary method of cure—exercise, abstinence, and mortification. You, sir, have indeed been treated like a child, but it has been for your own advantage. Neither your bed, nor meat, nor drink, has ever been medicated; all the wonderful change that has been produced has been by giving you better habits, and rousing the slumbering powers of your own constitution. As to deception, you have none to complain of, except what proceeded from your own foolish imagination, which persuaded you that a physician was to regulate his conduct by the folly and intemperance of his patient. As to all the rest, he only promised to exert all the secrets of

his art for your cure; and this, I am witness he has done so effectually, that, were you to reward him with half your fortune, it would hardly be too much for his deserts.'

"The gentleman, who did not want either sense or generosity, could not help feeling the force of what was said. He therefore made a handsome apology for his behaviour, and instantly despatched a servant to Dr Ramozini, with a handsome present, and a letter expressing the highest gratitude; and so much satisfaction did he find in the amendment of his health and spirits, that he never again relapsed into his former habits of intemperance, but, by constant exercise and uniform moderation, continued free from any considerable disease to a very comfortable old age."

"Indeed," said Tommy, "this is a very diverting, comical story; and I should like very much to tell it to the gouty gentlemen that come to our house." "That," answered Mr Barlow, "would be highly improper, unless you were particularly desired. Those gentlemen cannot be ignorant that such unbounded indulgence of their appetites can only tend to increase the disease; and therefore you could teach them nothing new on the subject. But it would appear highly improper for such a little boy as you to take upon him to instruct others, while he all the time wants so much instruction himself." "Thus," continued Mr Barlow, "you see by this story (which is applicable to half the rich in most countries), that intemperance and excess are fully as dangerous as want and hardships. As to the Laplanders, whom you were in so much pain

about, they are some of the healthiest people whom the world produces. They generally live to an extremely old age, free from all the common diseases which we are acquainted with, and subject to no other inconveniency than blindness, which is supposed to arise from the continual prospect of snow, and the constant smoke with which they are surrounded in their huts."

CHAPTER V.

Lost in the Snow—Jack Smithers' Home—Talk about the Stars—Harry's pursuit of The Will-o'-the-Wisp—Story of the Avalanche—Town and Country compared—The Power of the Lever—The Balance—The Wheel and Axle—Arithmetic—Buying a Horse—History of Agesilaus—History of Leonidas.

Some few days after this conversation, when the snow had nearly disappeared, though the frost and cold continued, the two little boys went out to take a walk. Insensibly they wandered so far that they scarcely knew their way, and therefore resolved to return as speedily as possible; but unfortunately, in passing through a wood, they entirely missed the track, and lost themselves. To add to their distress, the wind began to blow most bitterly from the north, and a violent shower of snow coming on, obliged them to seek the thickest shelter they could find. They happened fortunately to be near an aged oak, the inside of which gradually decaying, was worn away by time, and afforded an ample opening to shelter them from the storm. Into this the two little boys crept safe, and endeavoured to keep each other warm, while a violent shower of

snow and sleet fell all around, and gradually covered the earth. Tommy, who had been little used to hardships, bore it for some time with fortitude, and without uttering a complaint. At length hunger and fear took entire possesssion of his soul, and turning to Harry, with watery eyes and a mournful voice, he asked him what they should do? "Do?" said Harry, "we must wait here, I think, till the weather clears up a little, and then we will endeavour to find the way home."

Tommy.—But what if the weather should not clear up at all?

Harry.—In that case we must either endeavour to find our way through the snow, or stay here, where we are so conveniently sheltered.

Tommy.—But oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be here all alone in this dreary wood! And then I am so hungry and so cold; oh that we had but a little fire to warm us!

Harry.—I have heard that shipwrecked persons, when they have been cast away upon a desert coast, have made a fire to warm themselves by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they caught fire; or here is a better thing; I have a large knife in my pocket, and if I could but find a piece of flint, I could easily strike fire with the back of it.

Harry then searched about, and after some time found a couple of flints, though not without much difficulty, as the ground was nearly hidden with snow. He then took the flints, and striking one upon the other with all his force, he shivered them into several pieces; out of those he chose the thinnest and sharpest, and telling Tommy, with a smile,

that he believed that would do, he struck it several times against the back of his knife, and thus produced several sparks of fire. "This," said Harry, "will be sufficient to light a fire, if we can but find something of a sufficiently combustible nature to kindle from these sparks." He then collected the driest leaves he could find, with little decayed pieces of wood, and piling them into a heap, endeavoured to kindle a blaze by the sparks which he continually struck from his knife and the flint. But it was in vain; the leaves were not of a sufficiently combustible nature, and while he wearied himself in vain, they were not at all the more advanced. Tommy, who beheld the ill success of his friend, began to be more and more terrified, and in despair asked Harry again what they should do. Harry answered, that as they had failed in their attempt to warm themselves, the best thing they could do was to endeavour to find their way home, more especially as the snow had now ceased, and the sky was become much clearer. This Tommy consented to, and with infinite difficulty they began their march; for, as the snow had completely covered every tract, and the daylight began to fail, they wandered at random through a vast and pathless wood. At every step which Tommy took he sank almost to his knees in snow. The wind was bleak and cold, and it was with much difficulty that Harry could prevail upon him to continue his journey. At length, however, as they thus pursued their way with infinite toil, they came to some lighted embers, which either some labourers or some wandering passenger had lately quitted, and which were yet unextinguished.

"See," said Harry with joy, "see what a lucky chance is this! here is a fire ready lighted for us, which needs only the assistance of a little wood to make it burn." Harry again collected all the dry pieces he could find, and piled them upon the embers, which in a few minutes began to blaze, and diffused a cheerful warmeth. Tommy then began to warm and chafe his almost frozen limbs over the fire with infinite delight. At length he could not help observing to Harry, that he never could have believed that a few dried sticks could have been of so much consequence to him. "Ah!" answered Harry, "Master Tommy, you have been brought up in such a manner, that you never knew what it was to want anything; but that is not the case with thousands and millions of people. I have seen hundreds of poor children that have neither bread to eat, fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Only think, then, what a disagreeable situation they must be in; yet they are so accustomed to hardship that they do not cry in a twelvemonth as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour."

"Why," answered Tommy, a little disconcerted at the observation of his crying, "it cannot be expected that gentlemen should be able to bear all these inconveniences as well as the poor." "Why not," answered Harry, "is not a gentleman as much a man as the poor can be? and if he is a man, should he not accustom himself to support everything that his fellow-creatures do?"

Tommy.—That is very true; but he will have all the conveniences of life provided for him; victuals to eat, a good warm bed, and a fire to warm him.

Harry.—But he is not sure of having all these things as long as he lives. Besides, I have often observed the gentlemen and ladies in our neighbourhood riding about in coaches, and covered from head to foot, yet shaking with the least breath of air, as if they all had agues, while the children of the poor run about barefooted upon the ice, and divert themselves with making snow-balls.

Tommy.—That is indeed true; for I have seen my mother's visitors sitting over the largest fire that could be made, and complaining of cold, while the labourers out of doors were stripped to their shirts to work, and never minded it in the least.

Harry.—Then I should think that exercise, by which a person can warm himself when he pleases, is an infinitely better thing than all these conveniences you speak of; because, after all, they will not hinder a person from being cold, but exercise will warm him in an instant.

Tommy.—But then it is not proper for gentlemen to do the same kind of work with the common people.

Harry.—But is it not proper for a gentleman to have his body stout and hardy?

Tommy.—To be sure it is.

Harry.—Why, then, he must sometimes labour and use his limbs, or else he will never be able to do it.

Tommy.—What! cannot a person be strong without working?

Harry.—You can judge for yourself. You very often have fine young gentlemen at your father's house, and are any of them as strong as the sons of

the farmers in the neighbourhood, who are always used to handle a hoe, a spade, a fork, and other tools?

Tommy.—Indeed, I believe that is true, for I think I am become stronger myself since I have learned to divert myself in Mr Barlow's garden.

As they were conversing in this manner, a little boy came singing along, with a bundle of sticks at his back; and as soon as Harry saw him, he recollected him, and cried out, "As I am alive, here is Jack Smithers, the little ragged boy that you gave the clothes to in the summer! He lives, I dare say, in the neighbourhood, and either he or his father will now show us the way home."

Harry then spoke to the boy, and asked him if he could show them the way out of the wood. "Yes, surely I can," answered the boy; "but I never should have thought of seeing Master Merton out so late in such a tempestuous night as this; but, if you will come with me to my father's cottage, you may warm yourself at our fire, and father will run to Mr Barlow to let him know you are safe."

Tommy accepted the offer with joy, and the little boy led them out of the wood, and in a few minutes they came to a small cottage which stood by the side of the road, which, when they entered, they saw a middle-aged woman busy in spinning; the eldest girl was cooking some broth over the fire; the father was sitting in the chimney-corner, and reading a book, while three or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor, and creeping between their father's legs.

"Daddy," said the little boy, as he came in, "here is Master Merton, who was so good to us all

in the summer; he has lost his way in the wood, and is almost perished in the snow."

The man upon this arose, and with much civility desired the two little boys to seat themselves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch her largest faggot, which she threw upon the fire, and created a cheerful blaze in an instant. "There, my dear little master," said she, "you may at least refresh yourself by our fire, and I wish I had anything to offer you that you could eat; but I am afraid you would never be able to bear such coarse brown bread as we poor folks are obliged to eat." "Indeed," said Tommy, "my good mother, I have fasted so long, and I am so hungry, that I think I could eat anything." "Well, then," answered the woman, "here is a little bit of gammon of bacon which I will broil for you upon the embers, and if you can make a supper you are heartily welcome."

While the good woman was thus preparing supper the man had closed his book, and placed it with great respect upon a shelf, which gave Tommy the curiosity to ask him what he was reading about. "Master," answered the man, "I was reading the Book which teaches me my duty towards man, and my obligations to God; I was reading the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and teaching it to my children."

Tommy.—Indeed, I have heard of that good Book; Mr Barlow has often read part of it to me, and promised I should read it myself. That is the Book they read at church; I have often heard Mr Barlow read it to the people; and he always reads it so well and so affectingly that everybody listens, and you may hear even a pin drop upon the pavement.

The Man.—Yes, master, Mr Barlow is a worthy servant and follower of Jesus Christ himself; he is the friend of all the poor in the neighbourhood; he gives us food and medicines when we are ill, and he employs us when we can find no work; but what we are even more obliged to him for than the giving us food and raiment, and life itself, he instructs us in our duty, makes us ashamed of our faults, and teaches us how we may be happy, not only here, but in another world. I was once an idle, abandoned man myself, given up to swearing and drinking, neglecting my family, and taking no thought for my poor wife and children; but since Mr Barlow has taught me better things, and made me acquainted with this blessed book, my life and manners, I hope, are much amended, and I do my duty better to my poor family.

"That indeed you do, Robin," answered the woman; "there is not now a better and kinder husband in the world; you have not wasted an idle penny or a moment's time these two years; and, without that unfortunate fever, which prevented you from working last harvest, we should have the greatest reason to be contented.

"Have we not the greatest reason now," answered the man, "to be not only contented, but thankful for all the blessings we enjoy? It is true that I, and several of the children, were ill this year for many weeks; but did we not all escape, through the blessing of God, and the care of good Mr Barlow and this worthy Master Sandford, who brought us victuals so many days, with his own hands, when we otherwise should perhaps have starved? Have I

not had very good employment ever since; and do I not now earn six shillings a-week, which is a very comfortable thing, when many poor wretches as good as I are starving, because they cannot find employment?"

"Six shillings a-week! six shillings a-week!" answered Tommy in amazement; "and is that all you and your wife and children have to live on for a whole week!"

The Man.—Not all, master; my wife sometimes earns a shilling or eighteenpence a-week by spinning, and our eldest daughter begins to do something that way, but not much.

Tommy.—That makes seven shillings and sixpence a-week. Why, I have known my mother give more than that to go to a place where outlandish people sing. I have seen her and other ladies give a man a guinea for dressing their hair; and I know a little miss, whose father gives half-a-guinea a time to a little Frenchman, who teaches her to jump and caper about the room.

"Master," replied the man, smiling, "these are great gentlefolks that you are talking about; they are very rich, and have a right to do what they please with their own; it is the duty of us poor folks to labour hard, take what we can get, and thank the great and wise God that our condition is no worse."

Tommy.—What! and is it possible that you can thank God for living in such a house as this, and earning seven shillings and sixpence a-week?

The Man.—To be sure I can, master. Is it not an act of His goodness that we have clothes and a warm house to shelter us, and wholesome food to

eat? It was but yesterday that two poor men came by, who had been cast away in a storm, and lost their ship and all they had. One of the poor men had scarcely any clothes to cover him, and was shaking all over with a violent ague; and the other had his toes almost mortified by walking bare-footed in the snow. Am I not a great deal better off than these poor men, and perhaps than a thousand others, who are at this time tossed about upon the waves, or cast away, or wandering about the world, without a shed to cover them from the weather; or imprisoned for debt? Might I not have gone on in committing bad actions, like many other unhappy men, till I had been guilty of some notorious crime, which might have brought me to a shameful end? And ought not I to be grateful for all these blessings which I possess without deserving them?

Tommy, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life, without reflecting from whom he had received them, was very much struck with the piety of this honest and contented man; but as he was going to answer, the good woman, who had laid a clean, though coarse, cloth upon the table, and taken up her savoury supper in an earthen plate, invited them to sit down; an invitation which both the boys obeyed with the greatest pleasure, as they had eaten nothing since the morning. In the meantime the honest man of the house had taken his hat and walked to Mr Barlow's, to inform him that his two pupils were safe in the neighbourhood.

Mr Barlow had long suffered the greatest uneasiness at their absence, and not contented with sending after them on every side, was at that very time

busy in the pursuit, so that the man met him about half-way from his own house. As soon as Mr Barlow heard the good news, he determined to return with the man, and reached his house just as Tommy Merton had finished one of the heartiest meals he had ever made.

The little boys rose up to meet Mr Barlow, and thanked him for his kindness, and the pains he had taken to look after them, expressing their concern for the accident which had happened, and the uneasiness which, without designing it, they had occasioned; but he, with the greatest good-nature, advised them to be more cautious for the future, and not to extend their walks so far; then, thanking the worthy people of the house, he offered to conduct them, and they all three set out together in a very cold, but fine and star-light evening.

As they went home Mr Barlow renewed his caution, and told them the dangers they had incurred. "Many people," said he, "in your situation, have been surprised by an unexpected storm, and, losing their way, have perished with cold. Sometimes, both men and beasts, not being able to discern their accustomed track, have fallen into deep pits filled up and covered with the snow, where they have been found buried several feet deep, and frozen to death." "And is it impossible," said Tommy, "in such a case to escape?" "In general it is," said Mr Barlow; "but there have been some extraordinary instances of persons who have lived several days in that condition, and yet have been taken out alive; to-morrow you shall read a remarkable story to that purpose."

As they were walking on, Tommy looked up at the sky, where all the stars glimmered with unusual brightness, and said, "What an innumerable number of stars is here! I think I never observed so many before in all my life!" "Innumerable as they appear to you," said Mr Barlow, "there are persons that have not only counted all you now see, but thousands more, which are at present invisible to your eye." "How can that be?" inquired Tommy, "for there is neither beginning nor end; they are scattered so confusedly about the sky, that I should think it as impossible to number them, as the flakes of snow that fell to-day while we were in the wood."

At this Mr Barlow smiled, and said, that he believed Harry could give him a different account, although perhaps he could not number them all. "Harry," said he, "cannot you show your companion some of the constellations?" "Yes," answered Harry, "I believe I remember some that you have been so good as to teach me." "But pray, sir," said Tommy, "what is a constellation?"

"Those," answered Mr Barlow, "who first began to observe the heavens as you do now, have observed certain stars, remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they have given a particular name that they might the more easily know them again, and discourse of them to others; and these particular clusters of stars, thus joined together and named, they call *constellations*. But come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles' Wain."

Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out

seven very bright stars towards the north. "You are right," said Mr Barlow; "four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon, and the three others of the horses, therefore they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

Tommy.—Indeed, sir, I do not think I can.

Mr Barlow.—Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?

Tommy.—I will try, sir. Now, I will take my eye off, and look another way. I protest I cannot find them again. Oh! I believe, there they are. Pray, sir (pointing with his finger), is not that Charles' Wain?

Mr Barlow.—You are right; and, by remembering these stars, you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names too, till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

Tommy.—That is indeed very clever and very surprising. I will show my mother Charles' Wain the first time I go home; I daresay she has never observed it.

Mr Barlow.—But look on the two stars which compose the hinder wheel of the waggon, and raise your eye up towards the top of the sky; do you not see a very bright star, that seems to be almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?

Tommy.—Yes, sir; I see it plainly,

Mr Barlow.—That is called the Pole-star; it never moves from its place, and by looking full at it, you may always find the north.

Tommy.—Then if I turn my face towards that star, I always look to the north.

Mr Barlow.—You are right.

Tommy.—Then I shall turn my back to the south.

Mr Barlow.—You are right again; and now cannot you find the east and the west?

Tommy.—Is it not the east where the sun rises?

Mr Barlow.—Yes; but there is no sun to direct you now.

Tommy.—Then, sir, I cannot find it out.

Mr Barlow.—Do not you know, Harry?

Harry.—I believe, sir, that if you turn your face to the north, the east will be on the right hand, and the west on the left.

Mr Barlow.—Perfectly right.

Tommy.—That is very clever indeed; so then, by knowing the Pole-star, I can always find north, east, west, and south. But you said that the Pole-star never moves; do the other stars, then, move out of their places?

Mr Barlow.—That is a question you may learn to answer yourself, by observing the present appearance of the heavens, and then examining whether the stars change their places at any future time.

Tommy.—But, sir, I have thought that it would be a good contrivance, in order to remember their situation, if I were to draw them upon a bit of paper.

Mr Barlow.—But how would you do that?

Tommy.—I would make a mark upon the paper for every star in Charles' Wain; and I would place the marks just as I see the stars placed in the sky; and I would entreat you to write the names for me;

and this I would do till I was acquainted with all the stars in the heavens.

Mr Barlow.—That would be an excellent way, but you see a paper is flat; is that the form of the sky?

Tommy.—No; the sky seems to rise from the earth on every side, like the dome of a great church.

Mr Barlow.—Then if you were to have some round body, I should think it would correspond to the different parts of the sky, and you might place your stars with more exactness.

Tommy.—That is true, indeed, sir; I wish I had just such a globe.

Mr Barlow.—Well, just such a globe I will endeavour to procure you.

Tommy.—Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the stars?

Mr Barlow.—Were there no other use, I should think there would be a very great pleasure in observing such a number of glorious glittering bodies as are now above us. We sometimes run to see a procession of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes strutting about. We admire a large room that is painted, and ornamented, and gilded; but what is there in all these things to be compared with the sight of these luminous bodies that adorn every part of the sky?

Tommy.—That's true, indeed. My Lord Wimple's great room that I have heard all the people admire so much, is no more to be compared to it than the shabbiest thing in the world.

Mr Barlow.—That is indeed true; but there are some, and those very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the stars. Harry, do you

tell Master Merton the story of your being lost upon the great moor.

Harry.—You must know, Master Tommy, that I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor that we have sometimes walked upon. Now, my father, as I am in general pretty well acquainted with the roads, very often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I went there so late, that it was scarcely possible to get home again before it was quite dark. It was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night, but that was not proper for me to do, because my father had ordered me to come back; so I set out as soon as I possibly could, but just as I had reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark.

Tommy.—And were not you frightened to find yourself all alone upon such a dismal place?

Harry.—No; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night, and as soon as ever the morning shone, I should have found my way home. But, however, by the time that I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on such a violent tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with such a shower, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly-bush that was growing at some distance, in order to seek a little shelter. Here, I lay, very conveniently, till the storm was almost over; then I rose and attempted to continue my way, but unfortunately I missed the track, and lost myself.

Tommy.—That was a very dismal thing indeed.

Harry.—I wandered about a great while, but still to no purpose. I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare either of trees or houses, that one may walk for miles and see nothing but heath and furze. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze; now and then I plumped into a hole full of water, and should have been drowned if I had not learned to swim; so that at last I was going to give it up in despair, when, looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a candle and lantern that somebody was carrying across the moor.

Tommy.—Did not that give you very great comfort?

"You shall hear," answered Harry, smiling. "At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it; but I considered that it was not worth anybody's pains to hurt a poor boy like me, and that no person who was out on any ill design, would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it, and inquire the way."

Tommy.—And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you?

Harry.—I began walking up towards it, when immediately the light, which I had first observed on my right hand, moving slowly along by my side, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the same degree of swiftness. I thought this very odd; but I still continued the chase, and just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit full of water.

Tommy.—That was unlucky indeed.

Harry.—Well, I scrambled out, and very luckily on the same side with the light, which I began to follow again, but with as little success as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common; I knew no more where I was than if I had been set down upon an unknown country; I had no hopes of finding my way home, unless I could reach this wandering light; and, though I could not conceive that the person who carried it could know of my being so near, he seemed to act as if he was determined to avoid me. However, I was resolved to make one attempt, and therefore I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out, at the same time, to the person that I thought before me, to entreat him to stop.

Tommy.—And did he?

Harry.—Instead of that, the light, which had before been moving along at a slow and easy pace, now began to dance as it were before me, ten times faster than before, so that instead of overtaking it, I found myself farther and farther behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I unwarily sunk up to the middle in a large bog, out of which I at last scrambled with a very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving that any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine. I looked around me, and could discern nothing but a wide, barren country, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any animal in sight. I listened, in hopes of hearing a sheepbell, or the barking of a dog; but nothing met

my ear, except the shrill whistling of the wind, which blew so cold that it chilled me to the very heart. In this situation I stopped a while to consider what I should do; and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld was that very constellation of Charles' Wain, and above it I discerned the Pole-star, glimmering, as it were, from the very top of heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind; I considered, that when I had been walking along the road which led towards my uncle's house I had often observed the Pole-star full before me; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went straight forward in a contrary direction, it must lead me towards my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution, I began to execute it. I was persuaded I should now escape, and therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as briskly as if I had but then set out. Nor was I disappointed; for though I could see no tracks, yet, taking the greatest care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs which are found in various parts of that wild moor; and when I had travelled, as I imagined, about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigour; and going a little farther, I came to some enclosures at the skirts of the common, which I knew, so that I then with ease found my way home, after having almost despaired of doing it.

Tommy.—Indeed, then, the knowledge of the Pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in

the heavens. But did you ever find out what that light was, which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?

Harry.—When I came home, my father told me it was what the common people called a *Jack-o'-the lantern;* and Mr Barlow has since informed me that these things are only vapours, which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and therefore told me that many people, like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches.

Just as Harry had finished his story, they arrived at Mr Barlow's; and after sitting some time, and talking over the accidents of the day, the little boys retired to bed. Mr Barlow was sitting alone and reading in his parlour, when, to his great surprise, Tommy came running into the room, half undressed, and bawling out, "Sir, sir, I have found it out! they move! they move!" "What moves?" said Mr Barlow. "Why, Charles' Wain moves," answered Tommy; "I had a mind to take one peep at the sky before I went to bed, and I see that all the seven stars have moved from their places a great way higher up the sky." "Well," said Mr Barlow, "you are indeed right. You have done a vast deal to-day, and to-morrow we will talk over these things again."

When the morrow came, Tommy put Mr Barlow in mind of the story he had promised him about the people buried in the snow. Mr Barlow looked him out the book, but first said, "It is necessary to give you some explanation. The country where this

accident happened is a country full of rocks and mountains, so excessively high that the snow never melts upon their tops." "Never?" said Tommy; "not even in the summer?" "Not even in the summer. The valleys between these mountains are inhabited by a brave and industrious people; the sides of them, too, are cultivated, but the tops of the highest mountains are so extremely cold that the ice and snow never melt, but go on continually increasing. During a great part of the winter the weather is extremely cold, and the inhabitants confine themselves within their houses, which they have the art to render very comfortable. Almost all the roads are then impassable, and snow and ice afford the only prospect. But when the year begins to grow warmer, the snow is frequently thawed upon the sides of the mountains, and undermined by the torrents of water, which pour down with irresistible fury. Hence it frequently happens that such prodigious masses of snow fall down as are sufficient to bury beasts and houses, and even villages themselves, beneath them.

"It was in the neighbourhood of these prodigious mountains, which are called the *Alps*, that, on the 19th of March 1755, a small cluster of houses was entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down upon them from a greater height. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia, and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house clearing away the snow, which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to church advised them to come down, having just before observed a body

of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son he knew not whither; but scarcely had he gone thirty or forty steps before his son, who followed him, fell down; on which, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects, were thus buried, he fainted away; but, soon reviving, got safe to a friend's house at some distance.

"Five days after, Joseph, being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow, with his son and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but, after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth to melt the snow, which on the 24th of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six English feet thick, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole and touched the ground; but evening coming on, he desisted.

"The next day the brother of his wife, who had heard of the misfortunes of the family, came to the house where Joseph was, and after resting himself a little, went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but, finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was

about two hundred and forty English feet distant, which, having found, they heard the cry of 'Help, my dear brother!' Being greatly surprised, as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother immediately went down, where the sister, with an agonising and feeble voice, told him 'I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me.' The other brother and the husband then went down, and found, still alive, the wife, about forty-five, the sister, about thirty-five, and the daughter, about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house; they were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flour and a little butter was given to recover them.

"Some days after, the magistrate of the place came to visit them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed, or use her feet from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with some difficulty, and the daughter needed no further remedies.

"On the magistrate's interrogating the women, they told him that, on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable with a boy of six years old, and a girl of about thirteen. In the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel;

there were also an ass, and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church-bell should ring, intending to attend the service. The wife related that, wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house of her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also a part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

"Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pockets; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave the chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow-water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days, after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being left alive and near the manger, they felt them, and found that one of them

was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all this time they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

"The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very near two quarts a-day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes; so resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; for just above the manger was a hay-loft, where, through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders and reached it themselves.

"On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried, 'Oh, my father is in the snow! Oh father! father!' and then expired.

"In the meanwhile the goat's milk diminished daily, and, the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day; but according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat would kid; this she accordingly did soon, and the young one dying, they had all the milk for their own subsistence; so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called this goat, it

would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two quarts of milk, on which account they still bear the poor creature a great affection.

"This was the account which these poor people gave to the magistrate of their preservation."

"Dear heart!" said Tommy, when Mr Barlow had finished this account, "what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world." "It is very true," answered Mr Barlow; "but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every manner, that we may be able to struggle against them."

Tommy.—Indeed, sir, I begin to believe it is; for when I was less than I am now, I remember I was always fretful and hurting myself, though I had two or three people constantly to take care of me. At present I seem as if I was quite another thing; I do not mind falling down and hurting myself, or cold, or weariness, or scarcely anything which happens.

Mr Barlow.—And which do you prefer; to be as you are now, or as you were before?

Tommy.—As I am now, a great deal, sir; for then I always had something or another the matter with me. Sometimes I had a little cold, and then I was obliged to stay in for several days; sometimes a little headache, and then I was forced to take physic; sometimes the weather was too hot, then I must stay within, and the same if it was too cold; I used to be tired to death, if I did but walk a mile, and I was always eating cake and sweatmeats till I made myself sick. At present I think I am ten times stronger and healthier than ever I was in my life. But what a terrible country that must be, where

people are subject to be buried in that manner in the snow! I wonder anybody will live there.

Mr Barlow.—The people who inhabit that country are of a different opinion, and prefer it to all the countries in the world. They are great travellers, and many of them follow different professions in all the different countries of Europe; but it is the only wish of almost all to return, before their death, to the mountains where they were born and have passed their youth.

Tommy.—I do not easily understand that. I have seen a great many ladies and little misses at our house, and whenever they were talking of the places where they should like to live, I have always heard them say that they hated the country of all things, though they were born and bred there. I have heard one say the country is odious, filthy, shocking, and abominable; another, that it is impossible to live anywhere but in London; and I remember once seeing a strange lady, who wrote down her observations in a book, and she said the country was all full of barbarians, and that no person of elegance (yes, that was her word) could bear it for a week.

Mr Barlow.—And yet there are thousands who bear to live in it all their lives, and have no desire to change. Should you, Harry, like to leave the country, and go to live in some town?

Harry.—Indeed, sir, I should not, for then I must leave everything I love in the world. I must leave my father and mother, who have been so kind to me; and you, too, sir, who have taken such pains to improve me, and make me good. I am convinced that I never shall find such friends again as long as

I live; and what should anybody wish to live for who has no friends? Besides, there is not a field upon my father's farm that I do not prefer to every town I ever saw in my life.

Tommy.—And have you ever been in any large town?

Harry.—Once I was in Exeter, but I did not much like it; the houses seemed to me to stand so thick and close, that I think our hog-sties would be almost as agreeable places to live in; and then there are little narrow alleys where the poor live; and the houses are so high, that neither light nor air can ever get to them, and the most of them appeared so dirty and unhealthy, that it made my heart ache to look at them. And then I walked along the streets, and peeped into the shops—and what do you think I saw?

Tommy.—What?

Harry.—Why, I saw great hulking fellows, as big as our ploughmen and carters, with their heads all frizzled and curled like one of our sheep's tails, that did nothing but finger ribbons and caps for the women! This diverted me so, that I could not help laughing ready to split my sides. And then the gentlewoman, at whose house I was, took me to a place where there was a large room full of candles, and a greater number of fine gentlemen and ladies, all dressed out and showy, who were dancing about as if they were mad. But at the door of this house there were twenty or thirty ragged, half-starved women and children, who stood shivering in the rain, and begged for a bit of bread; but nobody gave it to them, or took any notice of them. So

then I could not help thinking that it would be a great deal better if all the fine people would give some of their money to the poor, that they might have some clothes and victuals in their turn.

Tommy.—That is indeed true. Had I been there I should have relieved the poor people; for you know I am very good-natured and generous; but it is necessary for gentlemen to be fine and to dress well.

Harry.—It may be so; but I never saw any great good come of it, for my part. As I was walking along the streets one day, and staring about, I met two very fine and dressy young gentlemen, who looked something as you did, Master Tommy, when you first came here; so I turned off from the footway to let them pass, for my father always taught me to show civility to people in a higher station; but that was not enough, it seems, for just as they passed by me they gave me such a violent push, that down I came into the kennel, and dirtied myself all over from head to foot.

Tommy.—And did they not beg your pardon for the accident?

Harry.—Accident! it was no accident at all; for they burst out into a fit of laughter, and called me a little clodpole. Upon which I told them, if I was a clodpole they had no business to insult me; and then they came back, and one of them gave me a kick, and the other a slap on the face; but I told them that was too much for me to bear, so I struck them again, and we all three began fighting.

Tommy.—What! both at once? That was a cowardly trick.

Harry.—I did not much mind that; but there came up a fine smart fellow, in white stockings and powdered hair, who it seems, was their servant, and he was going to fall upon me too; but a man took my part, and said, I should have fair play, so I fought them both till they did not choose to have any more; for, though they were so quarrelsome, they could not fight worth a farthing; so I let them go, and advised them not to meddle any more with poor boys who did nothing to offend them.

Tommy.—And did you hear no more of these young gentlemen?

Harry.—No; for I went home the next day, and never was I better pleased in my life. When I came to the top of the great hill, from which you have a prospect of our house, I really thought I should have cried with joy. The fields looked all so pleasant, and the cattle that were feeding in them so happy; then every step I took I met with somebody or other I knew, or some little boy that I used to play with. "Here is little Harry come back," said one. "How do you do; how do you do?" cried a second. Then a third shook hands with me; and the very cattle, when I went to see them, seemed all glad that I was come home again.

Mr Barlow.—You see by this that it is very possible for people to like the country, and be happy in it. But as to the fine young ladies you talk of, the truth is, that they neither love, nor would be long contented in any place; their whole happiness consists in idleness and finery; they have neither learned to employ themselves in anything useful, nor to improve their minds. As to every kind of

natural exercise, they are brought up with too much delicacy to be able to bear it, and from the improper indulgences they meet with, they learn to tremble at every trifling change of the seasons. With such dispositions, it is no wonder they dislike the *country*, where they find neither employment nor amusement. They wish to go to *London*, because there they meet with infinite numbers as idle and frivolous as themselves; and these people mutually assist each other to talk about trifles, and waste their time.

Tommy.—That is true, sir, really; for, when we have a great deal of company, I have often observed that they never talked about anything but eating or dressing, or men and women that are paid to make faces at the playhouse, or a great room called *Ranelagh*, where everybody goes to meet his friends.

Mr Barlow.—I believe Harry will never go there to meet his friends.

Harry.—Indeed, sir, I do not know what Ranelagh is; but all the friends I have are at home; and when I sit by the fireside on a winter's night, and read to my father and mother, and sister, as I sometimes do, or when I talk with you and Master Tommy upon improving subjects, I never desire any other friends or conversation. But, pray sir, what is Ranelagh?

Mr Barlow.—Ranelagh is a very large round room, to which, at particular times of the year, great numbers of persons go in their carriages to walk about for several hours.

Harry.—And does nobody go there that has not several friends? because Master Tommy said that people went to Ranelagh to meet their friends.

Mr Barlow smiled at this question, and answered, "The room is generally so crowded, that people have little opportunity for any kind of conversation. They walk round the room in a circle, one after the other, just like horses in a mill. When persons meet that know each other, they perhaps smile and bow, but are shoved forward, without having any opportunity to stop. As to *friends*, few people go to look for them there; and if they were to meet them, few would take the trouble of speaking to them, unless they were dressed in a fashionable manner, and seemed to be *of consequence*.

Harry.—That is very extraordinary, indeed. Why, sir, what can a man's dress have to do with friendship? Should I love you a bit better if you were to wear the finest clothes in the world; or should I like my father the better if he were to put on a laced coat like Squire Chase? On the contrary, whenever I see people dressed very fine, I cannot help thinking of the story you once read me of Agesilaus, king of Sparta.

Tommy.—What is that story? Do let me hear it.

Mr Barlow.—To-morrow you shall hear it; at present we have read and conversed enough; it is better that you should go out and amuse yourselves.

The little boys then went out, and returned to a diversion they had been amusing themselves with for several days, the making a prodigious snowball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands, which they turned over and over, till, by continually collecting fresh matter, it grew so large that they were unable to roll it any farther.

Here Tommy observed that their labours must end, "for it was impossible to turn it any longer." "No," said Harry, "I know a remedy for that." So he ran and fetched a couple of thick sticks about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himself. He then desired Tommy to put the end of his stick under the mass, while he did the same on his side, and then, lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the greatest ease.

Tommy was extremely surprised at this, and said, "How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than we were before; and yet now we are able to roll this snowball along with ease, which we could not even stir before." "That is very true," answered Harry, "but it is owing to these sticks. This is the way that the labourers move the largest trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to stir." "I am very much surprised at this," said Tommy; "I never should have imagined that the sticks would have given us more strength than we had before."

Just as he had said this, through a violent effort, both their sticks broke short in the middle. "This is no great loss," observed Tommy, "for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks."

They then tried to shove the ball again with the truncheons which remained in their hands; but, to the new surprise of Tommy, they found they were unable to stir it. "That is very curious indeed," said Tommy; "I find that only long sticks are of any use." "That," said Harry, "I could have told you before, but I had a mind you should find it out

yourself. The longer the stick is, provided it is sufficiently strong, and you can manage it, the more easily will you succeed." "This is really very curious," replied Tommy; "but I see some of Mr Barlow's labourers at work a little way off, let us go to them, and desire them to cut us two longer sticks, that we may try their effect."

They then went up to the men who were at work, but here a new subject of admiration presented itself to Tommy's mind. There was a root of a prodigious oak tree, so large and heavy, that half-a-dozen horses would scarcely have been able to draw it along; besides, it was so tough and knotty, that the sharpest axe could hardly make any impression upon it. This a couple of old men were attempting to cleave in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr Barlow's fire.

Tommy, who thought their strength totally disproportionate to such an undertaking, could not help pitying them; and observing, that certainly Mr Barlow "did not know what they were about, or he would have prevented such poor weak old men from fatiguing themselves about what they never could perform." "Do you think so?" replied Harry; "what would you then say, if you were to see me, little as I am, perform this wonderful task, with the assistance of one of these good people?" So he took up a wooden mallet—an instrument which, although much larger, resembles a hammer—and began beating the root, which he did for some time, without making the least impression. Tommy, who imagined that, for this time, his friend Harry was caught, began to smile, and told him, "that he

would break a hundred mallets to pieces before he made the least impression upon the wood."

"Say you so?" answered Harry, smiling; "then I believe I must try another method;" so he stooped down, and picked up a small piece of rough iron, about six inches long, which Tommy had not before observed, as it lay upon the ground. This iron was broad at the top, but gradually sloped all the way down, till it came to a perfect edge at bottom. Harry then took it up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the body of the root. The old man and he then struck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every side, and the iron was totally buried in the wood.

"There," said Harry, "this first wedge has done its business very well; two or three more will finish it." He then took up another larger wedge, and, inserting the bottom of it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began to beat upon it as he had done before. The root now cracked and split on every side of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, still continuing his blows, and inserting new and larger wedges as fast as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and entirely separated the monstrous mass of wood into two unequal parts.

Harry then said, "here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire; and I will show you something else that will surprise you." So he took a pole of about ten feet long,

and hung the log upon it by a piece of cord which he found there; then he asked Tommy which end of the pole he chose to carry. Tommy, who thought it would be most convenient to have the weight near him, chose that end of the pole near which the weight was suspended, and put it upon his shoulder, while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the pressure; however, as he saw Harry walk briskly away under his share of the load, he determined not to complain.

As they were walking in this manner, Mr Barlow met them, and seeing poor Tommy labouring under his burthen, asked him who had loaded him in that manner. Tommy said it was Harry. Upon this, Mr Barlow smiled, and said, "Well, Tommy, this is the first time I ever saw your friend Harry attempt to impose upon you; but he is making you carry about three times the weight which he supports himself. Harry replied, "that Tommy had chosen that himself; and that he should directly have informed him of his mistake, but that he had been so surprised at seeing the common effects of a lever, that he wished to teach him some other facts about it;" then shifting the ends of the pole, so as to support that part which Tommy had done before, he asked him, "if he found his shoulder anything easier than before." "Indeed, I do," replied Tommy, "but I cannot conceive how; for we carry the same weight between us which we did before, and just in the same manner." "Not quite in the same manner," answered Mr Barlow; "for, if you observe, the log is a great deal farther from your

shoulder than from Harry's, by which means he now supports just as much as you did before, and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you." "This is very extraordinary indeed," said Tommy; "I find there are a great many things which I did not know, nor even my mamma, nor any of the fine ladies that come to our house." "Well," replied Mr Barlow, "if you have acquired so much useful knowledge already, what may you expect to do in a few years more?"

Mr Barlow then led Tommy into the house, and showed him a stick of about four feet long, with a scale hung at each end. "Now," said he, "if you place this stick over the back of a chair, so that it may rest exactly upon the middle, you see the two scales will just balance each other. So, if I put into each of them an equal weight, they will still remain suspended. In this method we weigh every thing which is bought, only, for the greater convenience, the beam of the scale, which is the same thing as this stick, is generally hung up to something else by its middle. But let us now move the stick, and see what will be the consequence." Mr Barlow then pushed the stick along in such a manner, that when it rested upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one side, and only one on the other. That side which was longest instantly came to the ground as heaviest. "You see," said Mr Barlow, "if we would now balance them, we must put a greater weight on the shortest side; so he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longest side would exactly balance three on the shortest; for, as much as the longer

side exceeded the shorter in length, so much did the weight which was hung at that end require to exceed that on the longest side."

"This," said Mr Barlow, "is what they call a *lever*, and all the sticks that you have been using to-day are only levers of a different construction. By these short trials, you may conceive the prodigious advantage which they are of to men; for thus can one man move a weight which half-a-dozen could not be able to do with their hands alone; thus may a little boy, like you, do more than the strongest man could effect who did not know these secrets. As to that instrument by which you were so surprised that Harry could cleave such a vast body of wood, it is called a wedge, and is almost equally useful with the lever. The whole force of it consists in its being gradually narrower and narrower, till at last it ends in a thin edge, capable of penetrating the smallest chink. By this we are enabled to overthrow the largest oaks, to cleave their roots, almost as hard as iron itself, and even to split the solid rocks." "All this," said Tommy, "is wonderful indeed; and I need not ask the use of them, because I see it plainly in the experiments I have made to-day."

"One thing more," added Mr Barlow, "as we are upon this subject, I will show you." So he led them into the yard, to the bottom of his granary, where stood a heavy sack of corn. "Now," said Mr Barlow, "if you are so stout a fellow as you imagine, take up this sack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary." "That," replied Tommy, laughing, "is impossible; and I doubt, sir, whether you

could do it yourself." "Well," said Mr Barlow, "we will, at least try what is to be done." He then led them up into the granary, and, showing them a middle-sized wheel, with a handle fixed upon it, desired the little boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with some little difficulty, and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when, presently after, he saw the sack of corn, which he had despaired of moving, mounted up into the granary, and safely landed upon the floor. "You see," said Mr Barlow, "here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakest person may perform the work of the strongest. This is called the *wheel* and *axle*. You see this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle which goes into it, and is much smaller; and at every turn, the rope to which the weight is fixed that you want to move, is twisted round the axle. Now, just as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, so much greater is the weight that the person who turns it can move, than he could do without it." "Well," said Tommy, "I see it is a fine thing indeed to acquire knowledge, for by these means one not only increases one's understanding, but one's bodily strength. But are there no more, sir, of these ingenious contrivances, for I should like to understand them all?" "Yes," answered Mr Barlow, "there are more, and all of them you shall be perfectly acquainted with in time; but for this purpose you should be able to write, and comprehend something of arithmetic."

Tommy.—What is arithmetic, sir?

Mr Barlow.—That is not so easy to make you

understand at once; I will, however, try to explain it. Do you see the grains of wheat which lie scattered in the window?

Tommy.—Yes, sir.

Mr Barlow.—Can you count how many there are?

Tommy.—There are just five-and-twenty of them.

Mr Barlow.—Very well. Here is another parcel; how many grains are there?

Tommy.—Just fourteen.

Mr Barlow.—If there are fourteen grains in one heap, and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all? or, how many do fourteen and twenty-five make?

Tommy was unable to answer, and Mr Barlow proposed the same question to Harry, who answered, that, together, they made thirty-nine. "Again," said Mr Barlow, "I will put the two heaps together, and then how many will there be?

Tommy.—Thirty-nine.

Mr Barlow.—Now, look, I have just taken away nineteen from the number; how many, do you think, remain?

Tommy.—I will count them.

Mr Barlow.—And cannot you tell without counting? How many are there, Harry?

Harry.—Twenty, sir.

Mr Barlow.—All this is properly the art of arithmetic, which is the same as that of counting, only it is done in a much shorter and easier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus, for instance, if you wanted to know how many barley-corns were in this sack, you would perhaps be a week in counting the whole number.

Tommy.—Indeed, I believe I should.

Mr Barlow.—If you understood arithmetic you might do it in five minutes.

Tommy.—That is extraordinary, indeed; I can hardly conceive it possible.

Mr Barlow.—A bushel of corn weighs about fifty pounds; this sack contains four bushels; so that there are just two hundred pounds weight in all. Now, every pound contains sixteen ounces, and sixteen times two hundred makes thirty-two hundred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but to count the number of grains in a single ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in the sack.

Tommy.—I declare this is curious indeed, and I should like to learn arithmetic. Will Harry and you teach me, sir?

Mr Barlow.—You know we are always ready to improve you. But before we leave this subject, I must tell you a little story. "There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and did not grudge to give the highest prices for them. One day a horse-courser came to him, and showed him one so handsome, that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted him, and found his paces equally excellent; for, though he was full of spirit, he was gentle and tractable as could be wished. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the price. The horse-courser answered, that he would bate nothing of two hundred guineas; the gentleman, although he admired the horse, would not consent to give it, and they were just on the point of parting. As the

man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him, and said, 'Is there no possible way of our agreeing, for I would give you anything in reason for such a beautiful creature?' 'Why,' replied the dealer, who was a shrewd fellow, and perfectly understood calculation, 'If you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail the horse has in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go doubling throughout the whole twenty-four, for there are no more than twenty-four nails in all his shoes?' The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables."

Tommy.—This fellow must have been a very great blockhead, to ask two hundred guineas, and then to take a few farthings for his horse.

Mr Barlow.—The gentleman was of the same opinion; "however, the horse-courser added:—'I do not mean, sir, to tie you down to this last proposal, which, upon consideration, you may like as little as the first; all that I require is, that if you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you will promise to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I first asked.' This the gentleman willingly agreed to, and then called the steward to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with his pen and ink, and, after some time, gravely wished his master joy, and asked him, 'in what part of England the estate was situated that he was going to purchase.' 'Are you mad?' replied the gentleman; 'it is not an estate, but a horse, that I have just bargained for; and here is the owner of him, to whom I am

going to pay the money.' 'If there is any madness, sir,' replied the steward, 'it certainly is not on my side; the sum you have ordered me to calculate comes just to seventeen thousand four hundred and seventy-six pounds, besides some shillings and pence; and surely no man in his senses would give this price for a horse.' The gentleman was more surprised than he had ever been before, to hear the assertion of his steward; but when, upon examination, he found it no more than the truth, he was very glad to compound for his foolish agreement, by giving the horse-courser the two hundred guineas, and dismissing him."

Tommy.—This is quite incredible, that a farthing just doubled a few times, should amount to such a prodigious sum; however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be imposed upon in this manner, for I think a gentleman must look very silly in such a situation.

Thus had Tommy a new employment and diversion for the winter nights—the learning arithmetic. Almost every night did Mr Barlow, and Harry, and he, amuse themselves with little questions that related to numbers; by which means Tommy became, in a short time, so expert, that he could add, subtract, multiply, or divide almost any given sum, with little trouble and great exactness. But he did not for this forget the employment of observing the heavens, for every night when the stars appeared bright, and the sky was unclouded, Harry and he observed the various figures and positions of the constellations. Mr Barlow gave him a little paper globe, as he had promised, and Tommy immediately

marked out upon the top his first and favourite constellation of Charles' Wain. A little while after that, he observed on the other side of the Pole-star another beautiful assemblage of stars, which was always opposite to Charles' Wain; this, Mr Barlow told him, was called *Cassiopeia's* Chair, and this, in a short time, was added to the collection.

One night as Tommy was looking up to the sky in the southern part of the heavens, he observed so remarkable a constellation that he could not help particularly remarking it; four large and shining stars composed the ends of the figure, which was almost square, and full in the middle appeared three more placed in a slanting line and very near each other. This Tommy pointed out to Mr Barlow, and begged to know the name. Mr Barlow answered that the constellation was named *Orion*, and that the three bright stars in the middle were called his belt. Tommy was so delighted with the grandeur and beauty of this glorious constellation, that he could not help observing it, by intervals, all the evening; and he was surprised to see that it seemed to pass on in a right line drawn from east to west, and that all the stars he had become acquainted with moved every night in the same direction.

But he did not forget to remind Harry one morning of the history he had promised to tell him of Agesilaus. Harry told it in the following manner:—

"HISTORY OF AGESILAUS."

"The Spartans (as I have before told you, Master Tommy) were a brave and hardy people, who des-

pised everything that tended to make them delicate and luxurious. All their time was spent in such exercises as made them strong and active, able to bear fatigue, and to despise wounds and danger, for they were situated in the midst of several other nations that frequently had quarrels with each other, and with them; and therefore it was necessary that they should learn to defend themselves. Therefore all the children were brought up alike, and the sons of their kings themselves were as little indulged as anybody else."

Tommy.—Stop, stop!—I don't exactly understand that. I thought a king was a person that dressed finer and had less to do than anybody else in the world. I have often heard my mamma and the ladies say that I looked like a prince when I had fine clothes on; and therefore I thought that kings and princes never did anything but walk about with crowns upon their heads, and eat sweetmeats all day long.

Harry.—I do not know how that may be, but in Sparta the great business of the kings (for they had two) was to command them when they went out to war, or when they were attacked at home—and that, you know, they could not do without being brave and hardy themselves. "Now it happened that the Spartans had some dear friends and allies that lived at a distance from them across the sea, who were attacked by a great and numerous nation called the Persians. So when the Spartans knew the danger of their friends, they sent over to their assistance Agesilaus, one of their kings, together with a few thousands of his countrymen; and these they judged

would be a match for all the forces that could be brought against them by the Persians, though ever so numerous. When the general of the Persians saw the small number of his enemies, he imagined it would be an easy matter to take them prisoners or to destroy them. Besides, as he was immensely rich, and possessed a number of palaces, furnished with everything that was fine and costly, and had a great quantity of gold and silver, and jewels, and slaves, he could not conceive it possible that anybody could resist him. He therefore raised a large army, several times greater than that of the Spartans, and attacked Agesilaus, who was not in the least afraid of him; for the Spartans, joining their shields together, and marching slowly along in even ranks, fell with so much fury upon the Persians, that in an instant they put them to flight."

Here Tommy interrupted the story, to inquire what a shield was. "Formerly," answered Mr Barlow, "before men were acquainted with the pernicious effects of gunpowder, they were accustomed to combat close together with swords or long spears, and for this reason they covered themselves in a variety of ways, to defend their bodies from the weapons of their enemies. The shield was worn upon their left arm, and composed of boards fixed together, and strengthened with the hides of animals, and plates of iron, sufficiently long and broad to cover almost the whole body of a man. When they went out to battle, they placed themselves in even rows or ranks, with their shields extended before them, to secure them from the arrows and weapons of their enemies. Upon their heads they wore a

helmet, which was a cap of iron or steel, ornamented with the waving feathers of birds or the tails of horses. In this manner, with an even pace, marching all at once, and extending their spears before them, they went forward to meet their enemies." "I declare," said Tommy, "that an army in full march, in such array, must have been prodigiously fine; and when I have accidentally met with soldiers myself, I thought they made such a figure, walking erect with their arms all glittering in the sun, that I have sometimes thought I would be a soldier myself whenever I grew big enough." "This soldier-spirit of Tommy's brings to my recollection," said Mr Barlow, "a circumstance that once occurred in the French army, which I cannot help relating. After an execution had taken place in Paris, of a nobleman who had been convicted of treason (which was no uncommon thing at that time), the commanding officer of the regiment, who had been in attendance during the tragic scene, ordered his men to their usual place of exercise. While engaged in reviewing the troops, his attention was drawn to a young man, who had been for some time concealed behind a tree; who, coming forward and falling upon his knees, entreated the general, in an imploring manner, to permit him to enter into his regiment, declaring that he had, from a child, felt the most ardent desire to be a soldier. The general gazed intently upon him, and instantly recognised in the young man the child of his own beloved brother, who had been lost for many years, and was supposed to be dead. But I interrupt—let Harry now go on with his story."

"When Pharnabazus (for that was the name of the Persian general) observed that his troops were never able to stand against the Spartans, he sent to Agesilaus, and requested that they might have a meeting, in order to treat about terms of peace. This the Spartan consented to, and appointed the time and place where he would wait for Pharnabazus. When the day came, Agesilaus arrived first at the place of meeting with the Spartans; but not seeing Pharnabazus, he sat down upon the grass with his soldiers, and, as it was the hour of the army's making their repast, they pulled out their provisions, which consisted of some coarse bread and onions, and began eating very heartily. In the middle of them sat King Agesilaus himself, in nowise distinguished from the rest, neither by his clothing nor his fare; nor was there in the whole army an individual who more exposed himself to every species of hardship, or discovered less nicety than the king himself, by which means he was beloved and reverenced by all the soldiers, who were ashamed of appearing less brave or patient than their general.

"It was not long that the Spartans had thus reposed before the first servants of Pharnabazus arrived, who brought with them rich and costly carpets, which they spread upon the ground for their master to recline upon. Presently arrived another troop, who began to erect a spacious tent, with silken hangings, to screen him and his train from the heat of the sun. After this came a company of cooks and confectioners with a great number of loaded horses, who carried upon their

backs all the materials of an elegant entertainment. Last of all appeard Pharnabazus himself, glittering with gold and jewels, and adorned with a long purple robe, after the fashion of the East; he wore bracelets upon his arms, and was mounted upon a beautiful horse, that was as gaudily attired as himself.

"As he approached nearer, and beheld the simple manners of the Spartan king and his soldiers, he could not help scoffing at their poverty, and making comparisons between their mean appearance and his own magnificence. All that were with him seemed to be infinitely diverted with the wit and acute remarks of their general, except a single person, who had served in the Grecian armies, and therefore was better acquainted with the manners and discipline of these people. This man was highly valued by Pharnabazus for his understanding and honesty, and, therefore, when he observed that he said nothing, he insisted upon his declaring his sentiments, as the rest had done. 'Since, then,' replied he, 'you command me to speak my opinion, O Pharnabazus, I must confess that the very circumstance which is the cause of so much mirth to the gentlemen that accompany you is the reason of my fears. On our side, indeed, I see gold, and jewels, and purple, in abundance, but when I look for men, I can find nothing but barbers, cooks, confectioners, fiddlers, dancers, and everything that is most unmanly and unfit for war; on the Grecian side, I discern none of the costly trifles, but I see iron that forms their weapons, and composes impenetrable arms. I see men who have been brought up to

despise every hardship, and face every danger; who are accustomed to observe their ranks, to obey their leader, to take every advantage of their enemy, and to fall dead in their places, rather than to turn their backs. Were the contest about who should dress a dinner, or curl hair with the greatest nicety, I should not doubt that the Persians would gain the advantage; but when it is necessary to contend in battle, where the prize is won by hardiness and valour, I cannot help dreading men, who are inured to wounds, and labours, and suffering; nor can I ever think that the Persian gold will be able to resist the Grecian iron.'

"Pharnabazus was so struck with the truth and justness of these remarks, that, from that very hour he determined to contend no more with such invincible troops, but bent all his care towards making peace with the Spartans, by which means he preserved himself and country from destruction."

"You see by this story," said Mr Barlow, "that fine clothes are not always of the consequence you imagaine, since they are not able to give their wearers either more strength or courage than they had before, nor to preserve them from the attacks of those whose appearance is more homely. But since you are so little acquainted with the business of a soldier, I must show you a little more clearly in what it consists. Instead, therefore, of all this pageantry, which seems so strongly to have acted upon your mind, I must inform you that there is no human being exposed to suffer a greater degree of hardship; he is often obliged to march whole days in the most violent heat, or cold, or rain, and frequently without

victuals to eat, or clothes to cover him; and when he stops at night, the most that he can expect is a miserable canvas tent to shelter him, which is penetrated in every part by the wet, and a little straw to keep his body from the damp unwholesome earth. Frequently he cannot meet with even this, and is obliged to lie uncovered upon the ground, by which means he contracts a thousand diseases, which are more fatal than the cannon and weapons of the enemy. Every hour he is exposed to engage in combats at the hazard of losing his limbs, of being crippled or mortally wounded. If he gain the victory, he generally has only to begin again and fight anew, till the war is over; if he be beaten, he may probably lose his life upon the spot, or be taken prisoner by the enemy, in which case he may languish several months in a dreary prison, in want of all the necessaries of life."

"Alas!" said Harry, "what a dreadful picture do you draw of the fate of those brave men who suffer so much to defend their country. Surely those who employ them should take care of them when they are sick, or wounded, or incapable of providing for themselves."

"So indeed," answered Mr Barlow, "they ought to do; but rash and foolish men engage in wars without either justice or reason, and when they are over they think no more of the unhappy people who have served them at so much loss to themselves."

Harry.—Why, sir, I have often thought, that, as all wars consists in shedding blood and doing mischief to our fellow-creatures they seldom can be just.

Mr Barlow.—You are indeed right there. Of all

the blood that has been shed since the beginning of the world to the present day, but very little indeed has been owing to any cause that had either justice or common sense.

Harry.—I then have thought (though I pity poor soldiers extremely, and always give them something if I have any money in my pocket) that they draw these mischiefs upon themselves, because they endeavour to kill and destroy other people, and, therefore, if they suffer the same evils in return, they can hardly complain.

Mr Barlow.—They cannot complain of the evils to which they voluntarily expose themselves, but they may justly complain of the ingratitude of the people, for whom they fight, and who take no care of them afterwards.

Harry.—Indeed, sir, I think so. But I cannot conceive why people must hire others to fight for them. If it is necessary to fight, why not fight for themselves? I should be ashamed to go to another boy and say to him, "Pray go and venture your life or limbs for me that I may stay at home and do nothing."

Tommy.—What if the French were to come here, as they said they were about to do; would you go out to fight them yourself?

Harry.—I have heard my father say that it was every man's duty to fight for his country, if it were attacked; and if my father went out to fight, I would go out with him. I would not willingly hurt anybody, but if they attempt to hurt me or my countrymen, we should do right to defend ourselves; should we not, sir?

Mr Barlow.—This is certainly a case where men have a right to defend themselves; no man is bound to yield his life or property to another that has no right to take it. Among those Grecians, whom you were talking of, every man was a soldier, and always ready to defend his country whenever it was attacked.

Harry.—Pray, dear sir, read to Master Tommy the story of Leonidas, which gave me so much pleasure; I am sure he will like to hear it.

Mr Barlow accordingly read

"THE HISTORY OF LEONIDAS, KING OF SPARTA."

"The king of Persia commanded a great extent of territory, which was inhabited by many millions of people, and not only abounded in all the necessaries of life, but produced immense quantities of gold and silver, and every other costly thing. Yet all this did not satisfy the haughty mind of Xerxes, who, at that time, possessed the empire of this country. He considered that the Grecians, his neighbours, were free, and refused to obey his imperious orders, which he foolishly imagined all mankind should respect; he therefore determined to make an expedition with a mighty army into Greece, and to conquer the country. For this reason he raised such a prodigious army, that it was almost impossible to describe it; the number of men that composed it seemed sufficient to conquer the whole world, and all the forces the Grecians were able to raise would scarcely amount to a hundredth part. Nevertheless, the Grecians held public councils to consult about their

common safety, and they nobly determined that, as they had hitherto lived free, so they would either maintain their liberty, or bravely die in its defence.

"In the mean time Xerxes was continually marching forward, and at length entered the territory of Greece. The Grecians had not yet been able to assemble their troops or make their preparations, and therefore they were struck with consternation at the approach of such an army as attended Xerxes. Leonidas was at that time king of Sparta, and when he considered the state of affairs, he saw one method alone by which the ruin of his country, and all Greece, could be prevented. In order to enter the more cultivated parts of this country, it was necessary for the Persian army to march through a very rough and mountainous district, called Thermopylæ. There was only one narrow road through all these mountains, which it was possible for only a very small number of men to defend for some time against the most numerous army. Leonidas perceived that, if a small number of resolute men would undertake to defend this passage, it would retard the march of the whole Persian army, and give the Grecians time to collect their troops; but who would undertake so desperate an enterprise, where there was scarcely any possibility of escaping alive? For this reason, Leonidas determinded to undertake the expedition himself, with such of the Spartans as would voluntarily attend him, and to sacrifice his own life for the preservation of his country.

"With this design he assembled the chief persons of Sparta, and laid before them the necessity of defending the pass of Thermopylæ. They were equally

convinced of its importance, but knew not where to find a man of such determined valour as to undertake it. 'Then,' said Leonidas, 'since there is no more worthy man ready to perform this service, I myself will undertake it, with those who will voluntarily accompany me.' They were struck with admiration at his prosposal, and praised the greatness of his mind, but set before him the certain destruction which must attend him. 'All this,' said Leonidas, 'I have already considered; but I am determined to go, with the appearance indeed of defending the pass of Thermopylæ, but in reality to die for the liberty of Greece.' Saying this, he instantly went out of the assembly, and prepared for the expedition, taking with him about three hundred Spartans. Before he went, he embraced his wife, who hung about him in tears, as being well acquainted with the dangerous purposes of his march; but he endeavoured to comfort her, and told her that a short life was well sacrificed to the interests of his country, and that Spartan women should be more careful about the glory than the safety of their husbands. He then kissed his infant children, and charging his wife to educate them in the same principles he had lived in, went out of his house, to put himself at the head of those brave men who were to accompany him.

"As they marched through the city, all the inhabitants attended them with praises and acclamations; the young women sang songs of triumph, and scattered flowers before them; the youths were jealous of their glory, and lamented that such a noble doom had not rather fallen upon themselves;

while all their friends and relations seemed rather to exult in the immortal honour they were going to acquire, than to be dejected with the apprehensions of their loss; and as they continued their march through Greece, they were joined by various bodies of their allies, so that their number amounted to about six thousand when they took possession of the straits of Thermopylæ.

"In a short time Xerxes approached with his innumerable army, which was composed of various nations, and armed in a thousand different manners, and, when he had seen the small number of his enemies, he could not believe that they really meant to oppose his passage; but when he was told that this was surely their design, he sent out a small detachment of his troops, and ordered them to take those Grecians alive and bring them bound before him. The Persian troops set out and attacked the Grecians with considerable fury; but in an instant they were routed, the greater part slain, and the rest obliged to fly. Xerxes was enraged at this misfortune, and ordered the combat to be renewed with greater forces. The attack was renewed, but always with the same success, although he sent the bravest troops in his whole army. Thus was this immense army stopped in its career, and the pride of their monarch humbled by so inconsiderable a body of Grecians, that they were not at first thought worthy of a serious attack. At length, what Xerxes, with all his troops was incapable of effecting, was performed by the treachery of some of the Grecians who inhabited that country. For a great reward they undertook to lead a chosen body of the Persians

across the mountains by a secret path, with which they alone were acquainted. Accordingly, the Persians set out in the night, and having passed over the mountains in safety, encamped on the other side.

"As soon as day arose, Leonidas perceived that he had been betrayed, and that he was surrounded by the enemy; nevertheless, with the same undaunted courage, he took all necessary measures and prepared for the fate which he had long resolved to meet. After praising and thanking the allies for the bravery with which they had behaved, he sent them all away to their respective countries; many of the Spartans, too, he would have dismissed under various pretences; but they, who were all determined rather to perish with their king than to return, refused to go. When he saw their resolution, he consented that they should stay with him and share in his fate. All day, therefore, he remained quiet in his camp; but when evening approached, he ordered his troops to take some refreshment, and, smiling, told them 'to dine like men who were to sup in another world.' They then completely armed themselves, and waited for the middle of the night, which Leonidas judged most proper for the design he meditated. He saw that the Persians would never imagine it possible that such an insignificant body of men should think of attacking their numerous forces; he was therefore determined, in the silence of the night, to break into their camp, and endeavour, amid the terror and confusion which would ensue, to surprise Xerxes himself.

"About midnight, therefore, this determined body

of Grecians marched out with Leonidas at their head. They soon broke into the Persian camp, and put all to flight that dared to oppose them. It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion which ensued among so many thousands thus unexpectedly surprised. Still the Grecians marched on in close impenetrable order, overturning the tents, destroying all that dared to resist, and driving that vast and mighty army like frightened sheep before them. At length they came even to the imperial tent of Xerxes; and had he not quitted it at the first alarm, he would there have ended at once his life and expedition. The Grecians in an instant put all the guards to flight, and rushing upon the imperial pavilion, violently overturned it, and trampled under their feet all the costly furniture and vessels of gold which were used by the monarchs of Persia.

"But now the morning began to appear, and the Persians, who had discovered the small number of their assailants, surrounded them on every side, and without daring to come to a close engagement, poured in their darts and other missive weapons. The Grecians were wearied even with the toils of conquest, and their body was already considerably diminished; nevertheless, Leonidas, who was yet alive, led on the intrepid few that yet remained to a fresh attack; again he rushed upon the Persians, and pierced their thickest battalions as often as he could reach them. But valour itself was vain against such inequality of numbers; at every charge the Grecian ranks grew thinner and thinner, till at length they were all destroyed, without a single man having quitted his post or turned his back upon the enemy."

"Really," said Tommy, when the history was finished, "Leonidas was a brave man indeed. But what became of Xerxes and his army after the death of this valiant Spartan? was he able to overcome the Grecians, or did they repulse him?" "You are now able to read for yourself," replied Mr Barlow, "and therefore, by examining the histories of those countries, you may be informed of everything you desire."

CHAPTER VI.

The Constellations—Distance from the Earth—The Magnet and its Powers—The Compass—The Greenlanders and their Customs—The Telescope—The Magic Lantern—Story of the African Prince and the Telescope—Mr Barlow's Poor Parishioners—His Annual Dinner—Tommy attempts Sledge Driving—His mishap in the Pond—His Anger.

And now the frost had continued for several weeks, and Tommy had taken advantage of the evenings, which generally proved clear and starlight, to improve his knowledge of the heavens. He had already ornamented his paper globe with several of the most remarkable constellations. Around the Pole-star he had discovered Perseus and Andromeda, and Cepheus and Cassiopeia's Chair. Between these and the bright Orion, which rose every night and glittered in the south, he discovered seven small stars that were set in a cluster, and called the Pleiades. Then, underneath Orion, he discovered another glittering star, called Sirius, or the Dog-star. All these, he continually observed, journeyed every night from east to west, and then appeared the evening after in

their former places. "How strange it is," observed Tommy, one day to Mr Barlow, that all these stars should be continually turning about the earth!" "How do you know," replied Mr Barlow, "that they turn at all?"

Tommy.—Because I see them move every night.

Mr Barlow.—But how are you sure that it is the stars which move every night, and not the earth itself?

Tommy considered, and said, "But then I should see the earth move, and the stars stand still."

Mr Barlow.—What, did you never ride in a coach?

Tommy.—Yes, sir, very often.

Mr Barlow.—And did you then see that the coach moved, as you sat still, and went along a level road?

Tommy.—No, sir; I protest I have often thought that the houses and trees, and all the country, glided swiftly along by the windows of the coach.

Mr Barlow.—And did you never sail in a boat?

Tommy.—Yes, I have; and I protest I have observed the same thing; for I remember I have often thought the shore was running away from the boat, instead of the boat from the shore.

Mr Barlow.—If that is the case, it is possible, even though the earth should move, instead of the stars, that you might only see what you do at present, and imagine that the earth you are upon was at rest.

Tommy.—But is it not more likely that such little things as the stars and the sun should move, than such a large thing as the earth?

Mr Barlow.—And how do you know that the stars and sun are so small?

Tommy.—I see them to be so, sir. The stars are

so small, that they are hardly to be seen at all; and the sun itself, which is much bigger, does not seem bigger than a small round table.

The day after this conversation, as the weather was bright and clear, Mr Barlow went out to walk with Harry and Tommy. As by this time Tommy was inured to fatigue, and able to walk many miles, they continued their excursion over the hills, till at last they came in sight of the sea. As they were diverting themselves with the immense prospect of water that was before them, Mr Barlow perceived something floating at a distance, so small as to be scarcely discernible by the eye. He pointed it out to Tommy, who with some difficulty was able to distinguish it, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy answered that he imagined it to be some little fishing-boat, but could not well tell, on account of the distance.

Mr Barlow.—If you do not then see a ship, what is it you do see? or what does that object appear to your eyes?

Tommy.—All that I can see is no more than a little dusky speck, which seems to grow bigger and bigger.

Mr Barlow.—And what is the reason it grows bigger and bigger?

Tommy.—Because it comes nearer and nearer to me.

Mr Barlow.—What, then, does the same thing sometimes appear small and sometimes great?

Tommy.—Yes, sir; it seems small when it is at a great distance; for I have observed even houses and churches when you are at some miles' distance.

seem to the eye very small indeed; and now I observe that the vessel is sailing towards us, and it is not, as I imagined, a little fishing-boat, but a ship with a mast, for I begin to distinguish the sails.

Mr Barlow walked on a little while by the side of the sea, and presently Tommy called out again: "I protest I was mistaken again; for it is not a vessel with one mast, as I thought a little while ago, but a fine large ship with three great masts, and all her sails before the wind. I believe she must either be a large merchantman or else a frigate."

Mr Barlow.—Will you then take notice of what you have now been saying? What was first only a little dusky speck became a vessel with one mast, and now this vessel with one mast plainly appears a ship of a very large size, with all her masts and sails, and rigging complete. Yet all these three appearances are only the same object at different distances from your eye.

Tommy.—Yes, sir; that is all very true indeed.

Mr Barlow.—Why, then, if the ship, which is now, full in sight, were to tack about again, and sail away from us as fast as she approached just now what do you think would happen?

Tommy.—It would grow less and less every minute, till it appeared a speck again.

Mr Barlow.—You said, I think, that the sun was a very small body, not bigger than a round table?

Tommy.—Yes, sir.

Mr Barlow.—Supposing, then, the sun were to be removed to a much greater distance than it is now, what would happen? Would it appear the same to your eyes?

Tommy considered some time, and then said, "If the ship grows less and less, till at last it appears a mere speck, by going farther and farther, I should think the sun would do the same."

Mr Barlow.—There you are perfectly right; therefore, if the sun were to depart farther and farther from us, at last it would appear no bigger than one of those twinkling stars that you see at so great a distance above your head.

Tommy.—That I perfectly comprehend.

Mr Barlow.—But if, on the contrary, one of those 'winkling stars were to approach nearer and nearer to where you stand, what do think would happen? Would it still appear of the same size?

Tommy.—No, sir. The ship, as it came nearer to us, appeared every moment larger, and therefore I think the star must do the same.

Mr Barlow.—Might it not then appear as big as the sun now does, just as the sun would dwindle away to the size of a star, were it to be removed to a still greater distance?

Tommy.—Indeed I think it might.

Mr Barlow.—What, then, do you imagine must happen, could the sun approach a great deal nearer to us? Would its size remain the same?

Tommy.—No; I plainly see that it must appear bigger and bigger the nearer it comes.

Mr Barlow.—If that is the case, it is not so very certain that the earth we inhabit is bigger than the sun and stars. They are at a very great distance from us; therefore, if anybody could go from the earth towards the sun, how do you think the earth would appear to him as he journeyed on?

Tommy.—Really I can hardly tell.

Mr Barlow.—No! Why, is it not the same thing, whether an object goes from you, or you from the object? Is there any difference between the ship sailing away from us, and our walking away from the ship?

Tommy.—No, sir.

Mr Barlow.—Did you not say that if the sun could be removed farther from our eyes, it would appear less?

Tommy.—To be sure it would.

Mr Barlow.—Why, then, if the earth were to sink down from under our feet, lower and lower, what would happen? Would it have the same appearance?

Tommy.—No, sir; I think it must appear less and less, like the ship that is sailing away.

Mr Barlow.—Very right, indeed; but now attend to what I asked you just now. If a person could rise slowly into the air, and mount still higher and higher towards the sun, what would happen?

Tommy.—Why the same as if the earth were to sink from under us; it would appear less and less.

Mr Barlow.—Might not the earth then at least appear as small as the sun or moon does?

Tommy.—I can hardly conceive that, and yet I see it would appear less and less the farther we went.

Mr Barlow.—Do you remember what happened to you when you left the island of Jamaica?

Tommy.—Yes, I do. One of the blacks held me upon the deck, and then I looked towards the island, and I thought that it began to move away from the ship, though in reality it was the ship moving away

from the land; and then, as the ship continued sailing along the water, the island appeared less and less. First, I lost sight of the trees and houses that stood on the shore; and then I could only see the highest mountains; and then I could scarcely see the mountains themselves; and at last the whole island appeared only like a dark mist above the water; and then the mist itself disappeared, and I could see nothing but a vast extent of water all round, and the sky above.

Mr Barlow.—And must not this be exactly the case if you could rise up into the air, higher and higher, and look down upon the earth?

Tommy.—Indeed it must.

Mr Barlow.—Now, then, you will be able to answer the question I asked you a little while ago: Could a person travel straight forward from the earth to the sun, how would they both appear to him as he went forward?

Tommy.—The earth would appear less and less as he went from it, and the sun bigger and bigger.

Mr Barlow.—Why, then, perhaps it would happen at last that the sun appeared bigger than the earth.

Tommy.—Indeed it might.

Mr Barlow.—Then you see that you must no longer talk of the earth's being large and the sun small, since that may only happen because you are nearer the one and at a great distance from the other; at least, you may now be convinced that both the sun and stars must be immensely bigger than you would at first sight guess them to be.

As they were returning home they happened to pass through a small town on their way, and saw a

crowd of people going into a house, which gave Mr Barlow the curiosity to inquire the reason. They were told that there was a wonderful person there who performed a variety of strange and diverting experiments. On Tommy's expressing a great desire to see these curious exhibitions, Mr Barlow took them both in, and they all seated themselves among the audience.

Presently the performer began his exhibitions, which very much diverted Tommy, and surprised the spectators. At length after a variety of curious tricks upon the cards, the conjuror desired them to observe a large basin of water, with the figure of a little swan floating upon the surface. "Gentlemen," said the man, "I have reserved this curious experiment for the last, because it is the most wonderful of all that I have to show, or that, perhaps, was ever exhibited to the present hour. You see that swan, it is no more than a little image, without either sense or life. If you have any doubt upon the subject, take it up in your hands and examine it." Accordingly, several of the spectators took it up in their hands, and, after having examined it, set it down upon the water. "Now," continued he, "this swan, which to you appears totally without sense or motion, is of so extraordinary a nature that he knows me, his master, and will follow in any direction that I command." Saying this, he took out a little piece of bread, and whistling to his bird, ordered him to come to the side of the basin to be fed. Immediately, to the great surprise of all the company, the swan turned about and swam to the side of the basin. The man whistled again, and

presently the swan turned himself round and pursued the hand of his master to the other side of the basin.

The spectators could hardly believe their eyes, and some of them got little pieces of bread, and held them out, imagining that he would do the same to them. But it was in vain they whistled and presented their bread; the bird remained unmoved upon the water, and obeyed no orders but those of his master.

When this exhibition had been repeated over and over again, to the extreme delight and astonishment of all present, the company rose and dispersed, and Mr Barlow and the little boys pursued their way home.

But Tommy's mind was so engaged with what he had seen, that for several days he could think and talk of nothing else. He would give all that he had in the world to find out this curious trick, and to be possessed of such a swan. At length, as he was one day talking to Harry upon this subject, Harry told him with a smile, that he believed he had found out a method of doing it, and that, if he did not mistake, he would the next day show him a swan that would come to be fed as well as the conjuror's. Accordingly, Harry moulded a bit of wax into the shape of a swan, and placed it upon a basin of water. He then presented to it a piece of bread, and, to the inexpressible delight of Tommy, the swan pursued the bread, just as he had seen before.

After he had several times diverted himself with this experiment, he wanted to be informed of the composition of this wonderful swan. Harry there-

fore showed him, within the body of the bird, a large needle, which lay across it from one end to the other. In the bread with which the swan was fed, he also showed him concealed a small bar of iron. Tommy could not comprehend all this, although he saw it before his eyes; but Mr Barlow, who was present, taking up the bar of iron, and putting down several needles upon the table, Tommy was infinitely surprised to see the needles all jump up, one after another, at the approach of the bar, and shoot towards it, as if they had been possessed of life and sense. They then hung all about the bar so firmly, that, though it was lifted into the air, they all remained suspended, nor ever quitted their hold. Mr Barlow then placed a key upon the table, and putting the iron near it, the key attached itself as firmly to the bar as the needles had done before. All this appeared so surprising to Tommy, that he begged an explanation of it from Mr Barlow. That gentleman told him, "that there was a stone often found in iron mines, that was called the *loadstone*. This stone is naturally possessed of the surprising power of drawing to itself all pieces of iron that are not too large, nor placed at too great a distance. But what is equally extraordinary is, that iron itself, after having been rubbed upon the loadstone, acquires the same virtue as the stone itself, of attracting other iron. For this purpose they take small bars of iron, and rub them carefully upon the loadstone, and when they have acquired this very extraordinary power, they call them *magnets*. When Harry had seen the exhibition of the swan, upon revolving it over in his mind, he began to suspect that it was

performed entirely by the power of magnetism. Upon his talking to me about the affair, I confirmed him in his opinion, and furnished him with a small magnet to put into the bread, and a large needle to conceal in the body of the bird. So this is the explanation of the feat which so much puzzled you a few days past."

Mr Barlow had scarcely done speaking, when Tommy observed another curious property of the swan, which he had not found out before. This bird, when left to itself, constantly rested in one particular direction, and that direction was full north and south.

Tommy inquired the reason of this, and Mr Barlow gave him this additional explanation: "The persons who first discovered the wonderful powers of the loadstone, in communicating its virtues to iron, diverted themselves, as we do now, in touching needles and small pieces of iron, which they made to float upon water, and attracted them about with other pieces of iron. But it was not long before they found out, as you do now, another surprising property of this wonderful stone; they observed, that when a needle had once been touched by the loadstone, if it was left to float upon the water without restraint, it would invariably turn itself towards the north. In a short time they improved the discovery farther, and contrived to suspend the middle of the needle upon a point, so loosely that it could move about in every direction; this they covered with a glass case, and by this means they always had it in their power to find out all the quarters of the heavens and earth."

Tommy.—Was this discovery of any great use?

Mr Barlow.—Before this time they had no other method of finding their way along the sea, but by observing the stars. They knew, by experience, in what part of the sky certain stars appeared at every season of the year, and this enabled them to discover east, west, north, and south. But when they set out from their own country by sea, they knew in which direction the place was situated which they were going to. If it lay to the east, they had only to keep the head of the ship turned full to that quarter of the heavens, and they would arrive at the place they were going to; and this they were enabled to do by observing the stars. But frequently the weather was thick, and the stars no longer appeared, and then they were left to wander about the pathless ocean without the smallest track to guide them in their course.

Tommy.—Poor people! they must be in a dreadful situation indeed, tossed about on such an immense place as the sea, in the middle of a dark night, and not able even to guess at their situation.

Mr Barlow.—For this reason they seldom dared to venture out of sight of the shore, for fear of losing their way, by which means all their voyages were long and tedious; for they were obliged to make them several times as long as they would have done, could they have taken the straight and nearest way. But soon after the discovery of this admirable property of the loadstone, they found that the needle, which had been thus prepared, was capable of showing them the different points of the heavens, even in the darkest night. This enabled them to sail with

greater security, and to venture boldly upon the immense ocean, which they had always feared before.

Tommy.—How extraordinary that a little stone should enable people to cross the sea, and to find their way from one country to another! But I wonder why they take all these pains.

Mr Barlow.—That you need not wonder at, when you consider that one country frequently produces what another does not; and therefore, by exchanging their different commodities, the people of both may live more conveniently than they did before.

Harry.—But does not almost every country produce all that is necessary to support the inhabitants of it? and therefore they might live, I should think, even though they received nothing from any other country.

Mr Barlow.—So might your father live, perhaps, upon the productions of his own farm, but he sometimes sells his cattle to purchase clothes; sometimes his corn to purchase cattle. Then he frequently exchanges with his neighbours one kind of grain for another, and thus their mutual conveniency is better promoted than if each were to confine himself to the produce of his own land. At the same time, it is true, that every country which is inhabited by men, contains within itself all that is necessary for their subsistence, and what they bring from other countries is frequently more hurtful than salutary to them.

Harry.—I have heard you say that even in Greenland, the coldest and most uncomfortable country in the world, the inhabitants procure themselves necessaries, and live contented.

Tommy.—What! is there a part of the world still colder than Lapland?

Mr Barlow.—Greenland is still farther north, and therefore colder and more barren. The ground is there covered with eternal snows, which never melt, even in the summer. There are scarcely any animals to be found, excepting bears, that live by preying upon fish. There are no trees growing upon any part of the country, so that the inhabitants have nothing to build their houses with, excepting the planks and trees which the sea washes away from other countries and leaves upon their coast. With these they erect large cabins, where several families live together. The sides of these huts are composed of earth and stones, and the top secured with turf; in a short time the whole is so cemented with frost, that it is impenetrable to the weather during the whole winter. Along the sides of the building are made several partitions, in each of which a Greenlander lives with his family. Each of these families have a small lamp continually burning before them, by means of which they cook their food, and light themselves, and, what is equally necessary in so cold a country, keep up agreeable warmth throughout their apartment. They have a few deer, which sometimes visit them in the summer, and which the Greenlanders kill whenever they can catch them; but they are almost entirely destitute of all the vegetables which serve as nourishment to man, so that they are obliged to be continually upon the sea, in order to catch fish for their maintenance.

Tommy.—What a dreadful life that must be in a country which is so cold!

Mr Barlow.—In consequence of that extreme cold, those northern seas are full of such immense quantities of ice, that they are sometimes almost covered with them. Huge pieces come floating down, which are not only as big as the largest houses, but even resemble small mountains. These are sometimes dashed against each other by the winds, with such immense force, that they would crush the strongest ship to pieces, and with a noise that exceeds the report of a cannon. Upon these pieces of ice are frequently seen white bears of an enormous size, which have either fallen asleep upon them, and so been carried away, or have straggled over those ice hills in search of fish.

Tommy.—And is it possible that the inhabitants of such a country can find enough in it for all their necessities?

Mr Barlow.—The necessities of life are very few, and are therefore to be found even in the most rugged climates, if men are not wanting to themselves, or deficient in industry. In plentiful countries like this, and in most of the more temperate climates, great numbers are maintained in idleness, and imagine that they were only born to live upon the labour of others; but, in such a country as Greenland is described to be, it requires continual exertion to procure the simplest support of human life; and therefore no one can live at all who will not employ himself in the same manner as his neighbours.

Tommy.—You said that these people had neither flesh nor corn; do they then clothe themselves with the skins of fish, as well as live upon them?

Mr Barlow.—There is in those seas a peculiar species of animal called a *seal*. He is nine or ten feet long, and has two small feet before, on which he is able to walk a little upon the shore, for he frequently comes out of the sea, and sleeps, or amuses himself upon the land or ice. His body is very large, and full of oil, and behind he has two legs which resemble fins, with which he swims in the water. This animal is the constant prey of the Greenlander, and furnishes him with all he wants. The flesh he eats, the fat serves him to feed his lamp, which is almost as necessary as food itself in that cold climate. With the skin he makes clothes that are impenetrable to the water, or lines the inside of his hut to keep out the weather. As this animal is so necessary to the existence of a Greenlander, it is his greatest glory to chase and take him. For this purpose he places himself in a small narrow boat, the top of which is covered over with the skins of seals, and closes round the middle of the fisher so tight as entirely to exclude the water. He has a long oar, or paddle, broad at both ends, which he dips first on one side, then on the other, and rows along with incredible swiftness over the roughest seas. He carries with him a harpoon, which is a kind of lance or javelin, tied to a long thong, at the end of which is fixed a bladder, or some other light thing that sinks with difficulty. When the fisherman is thus prepared, he skims lightly along the waters, till he perceives at a distance one of these animals floating upon the surface. The Greenlander then approaches him as softly as he is able, and, if possible, contrives that the animal shall have the wind and sun in his

eyes. When he is sufficiently near he throws his harpoon, and generally wounds the creature, in which case he instantly hurries away, and carries with him the thong and bladder. But it is not long before he is compelled to rise again to the surface of the water to breathe; and then the Greenlander, who has been pursuing him all the time, attacks him anew, and dispatches him with a shorter lance, which he has brought with him for that purpose. He then ties his prey to his boat, and tows it after him to his family, who receive it with joy, and dress it for their supper. Although these poor people live a life of such continual fatigue, and are obliged to earn their food with so much hardship, they are generous and hospitable in the management of it, for there is not a person present but is invited to partake of the feast; and a Greenlander would think himself dishonoured for life, if he should be thought capable of wishing to keep it all to himself.

Tommy.—I think it seems as if the less people had the more generous they are with it.

Mr Barlow.—That is not unfrequently the case, and should be a lesson to many of our rich at home, who imagine that they have nothing to do with their fortune but to throw it away upon their pleasures, while there are so many thousands in want of the common necessaries of life.

Tommy.—But, pray, sir, have you no more particulars to tell me about these Greenlanders? for I think it is the most curious account I ever heard in my life.

Mr Barlow.—There is another very curious par-

ticular indeed to be mentioned of these countries; in these seas is found the largest animal in the world, an immense fish, which is called the whale.

Tommy.—Oh dear! I have heard of that extraordinary animal. And pray, sir, do the Greenlanders ever catch them?

Mr Barlow.—The whale is of such a prodigious size, that he sometimes reaches seventy or eighty, or even more than a hundred feet in length. He is from ten to above twenty feet in height, and every way large in proportion. When he swims along the seas, he appears rather like a large vessel floating upon the waters than a fish. He has two holes in his head, through which he blows out water to a great height in the air, immense fins, and a tail with which he almost raises a tempest when he lashes the sea with it. Would you not believe that such an animal was the most dreadful of the whole brute creation?

Tommy.—Indeed, sir, I should! I should think that such a fish would overset whole ships, and devour the sailors.

Mr Barlow.—Far from it; it is one of the most innocent in respect to man that the ocean produces, nor does he ever do him the least hurt, unless by accidently overturning vessels with his enormous bulk. The food he lives upon is chiefly small fish, and particularly herrings. These fish are bred in such prodigious shoals amid the ice of those northern climates, that the sea is absolutely covered with them for miles together. Then it is that the hungry whale pursues them, and thins their numbers, by swallowing thousands of them in their course.

Harry.—What numbers indeed must such a prodigious fish devour of these small animals!

Mr Barlow.—The whale, in his turn, falls a prey to the cruelty and avarice of man. Some indeed are caught by the Greenlanders, who have a sufficient excuse for persecuting him with continual attacks, in their total want of vegetables, and every species of food which the earth affords. But the Europeans, who are too nice and squeamish to eat his flesh, send out great numbers of ships, every year, to destroy the poor whale, merely for the sake of the oil which his body contains, and the elastic bones which are known by the name of whalebone, and applied to several purposes. When those who go upon this dangerous expedition discern a whale floating at a distance, they instantly send out a large boat to pursue him. Some of the men row along as gently as possible, while the person that is appointed to attack the fish stands upon the forepart of the boat, holding in his hand a sharp harpoon, with which he is prepared to wound his prey. This is fastened to a long cord which lies ready coiled up in the boat, so that they may let it out in an instant, when the fish is struck; for such is his prodigious force, that, should the least impediment occur to stop the rope in its passage, he would instantly draw the boat after him down to the bottom of the sea. In order to prevent these dangerous accidents, a man stands constantly ready to divide the rope with a hatchet, in case it should happen to tangle; and another is continually pouring water over it for fear the swiftness of the motion should make it take fire. The poor whale, being

thus wounded, darts away with inconceivable rapidity, and generally plunges to the bottom of the sea. The men have a prodigious quantity of cord ready to let out, and when their store is exhausted there are generally other boats ready to supply more. Thus is the poor animal overpowered and killed, in spite of his immense bulk and irresistible strength; for, gradually wearied with his own efforts and the loss of blood, he soon relaxes in his speed, and rises again to the top of the water. Then it is that the fishers, who have pursued him all the time with the hopes of such an opportunity, approach him anew, and attack him with fresh harpoons, till in the end his strength is entirely exhausted, the waves themselves are tinged with a bloody colour from his innumerable wounds, and he writhes himself about in strong convulsions and unutterable pain. Then the conflict is soon at an end; in a short time he breathes his last, and turning upon his back, floats like some large vessel upon the surface of the sea. The fishers then approach, and cut off the fins and other valuable parts, which they stow on board their ships; the fat, or blubber, as it is often called, is received into large hogsheads, and when boiled, to purify it, composes the common oil, which is applied to so many useful purposes. The remains of this vast body are left a prey to other fish and to the Greenlanders, who carefully collect every fragment which they can find, and apply it to their own use. Sometimes they go to pursue the whale themselves, but when they do, it is in large numbers, and they attack him nearly in the same manner as the Europeans do, only, as they are

not so well supplied with cord, they fix the skins of seals, which they have inflated with air, to the end of the thongs which are tied to their harpoons, and this serves both to weary out the fish, who drags them with him under the water, and to discover him the instant he approaches to the surface.

Harry.—I connot help pitying the poor whale that is thus persecuted for the sake of his spoils. Why cannot man let this poor beast live unmolested in the midst of the snows and ice in which he was born?

Mr Barlow.—You ought to know enough of the world to be sensible that the desire of gain will tempt men upon every expedition. However, in this case you must consider that the whale himself is continually supported by murdering thousands of herrings and other small fish; so that, were they possessed of reason, they would welcome the Europeans, who came to destroy their enemies, as friends and benefactors.

Tommy.—But pray, sir, how do the little boys amuse themselves in such a dismal country? Do their fathers take them out a-fishing with them?

Mr Barlow.—When the men come home all covered with wet and icicles, and sit down comfortably in their huts to feast upon the prey, their common conversation is about the dangers and accidents they have met with in their expedition. A Greenlander relates how he bounded over the waves to surprise the monstrous seal; how he pierced the animal with his harpoon, who had nearly dragged the boat with him under the water; how he attacked him again in closer combat; how the

beast, enraged with his wounds, rushed upon him in order to destroy him with his teeth; and how, in the end, by courage and perseverance, he triumphed over his adversary, and brought it safe to land. All this will he relate with the vehemence and interest which people naturally feel for things which concern them nearly; he stands in the midst of his countrymen, and describes every minute circumstance of his adventures; the little children gather round, and greedily catch the relation; they feel themselves interested in every circumstance; they hear, and wish to share in the toils and glory of their fathers. When they are a little bigger they exercise themselves in small skiffs, with which they learn to overcome the waves. Nothing can be more dangerous, or require greater dexterity than the management of a Greenlander's boat. The least thing will overset it, and then, the man who cannot disengage himself from the boat, which is fastened to his middle, sinks down below the waves, and is inevitably drowned, if he cannot regain his balance. The only hope of doing this, is placed in the proper application of his oar, and, therefore, the dexterous management of this implement forms the early study of the young Greenlanders. In their sportive parties they row about in a thousand different manners. They dive under their boats, and then set them to rights with their paddle; they learn to glide over the roughest billows, and face the greatest dangers with intrepidity, till in the end they acquire sufficient strength and address to fish for themselves, and to be admitted into the class of men.

Harry.—Pray, sir, is this the country where men travel about upon sledges that are drawn by dogs?

Tommy.—Upon sledges drawn by dogs! that must be droll indeed. I had no idea that dogs could ever draw carriages.

Mr Barlow.—The country you are speaking of is called Kamtschatka; it is indeed a cold and dreary country, but very distant from Greenland. The inhabitants there train up large dogs, which they harness to a sledge, upon which the master sits, and so performs his journey along the snow and ice. All the summer the Kamtschatkans turn their dogs loose to shift for themselves, and prey upon the remains of fish which they find upon the shore or the banks of the rivers (for fish is the common food of all the inhabitants); in the winter they assemble their dogs and use them for the purposes I have mentioned. They have no reins to govern the dogs, or stop them in their course, but the driver sits upon his sledge, and keeps himself as steady as he is able, holding in his hand a short stick, which he throws at the dogs if they displease him, and catches again with great dexterity as he passes. This way of travelling is not without danger, for the temper of the dogs is such, that when they descend hills and slippery places, and pass through woods where the driver is exposed to wound himself with the branches and stumps, they always quicken their pace. The same is observed in case their master should fall off, which they instantly discover by the sudden lightness of the carriage, for then they set off at such a rate that it is difficult to overtake them. The only way which the Kamtschatcan finds, is to

throw himself at his length upon the ground, and lay hold on the empty sledge, suffering himself to be thus dragged along the earth, till the dogs, through weariness, abate their speed. Frequently in their journeys these travellers are surprised by unexpected storms of wind and snow, which render it impracticable to proceed farther. How ill would an European fare, to be thus abandoned, at the distance perhaps of a hundred miles or more, from any habitable place, exposed, without shelter, in the midst of extensive plains, and unable to procure either wood or fire. But the hardy native of these cold climates, inured from his infancy to support difficulties, and almost superior to the elements, seeks the shelter of the first forest he can find; then, wrapping himself round in his warm fur garment, he sits with his legs under him, and, thus bundled up, suffers himself to be covered round with snow, except a small hole which he leaves for the convenience of breathing. In this manner he lies, with his dogs around him, who assist in keeping him warm, sometimes for several days, till the storm is past, and the roads again become passable, so that he may be able to pursue his journey again.

Tommy.—I could not have conceived it possible that men should be able to struggle with so many hardships. But do not the poor people who inhabit these cold climates quit them, whenever they can find an opportunity, and come to settle in those that are warmer?

Mr Barlow.—Not in the least. When they hear that there are no seals to be caught in other countries, they say that they must be wretched in-

"Frequently in their journeys these travellers are surprised by unexpected storms of wind and snow, which render it impracticable to proceed farther." P. 278.

deed, and much inferior to their own. Besides, they have in general so great a contempt for all Europeans, that they have no inclination to visit the countries which they inhabit.

Tommy.—How can that be? How can a parcel of wretched ignorant savages despise men that are so much superior to themselves?

Mr Barlow.—This is not what they are quite so well convinced of. The Greenlanders, for instance, see that the Europeans who visit them are much inferior to themselves in the art of managing a boat or catching seals; in short, in everything which they find most useful to support life. For this reason, they consider them all with very great contempt, and look upon them as little better than barbarians.

Tommy.—That is very impertinent indeed; and I should like to convince them of their folly.

Mr Barlow.—Why, do not you look upon yourself as much superior to your black servants; and have I not often heard you express great contempt for them?

Tommy.—I do not despise them now, so much as I used to do. Besides, sir, I only think myself something better, because I have been brought up like a gentleman.

Mr Barlow.—A gentleman! I have never exactly understood what a gentleman is, according to your notions.

Tommy.—Why, sir, when a person is not brought up to work, and has several people to wait upon him, like my father and mother, then he is a gentleman.

Mr Barlow.—And then he has a right to despise others, has he?

Tommy.—I do not say that, sir, neither. But he is, however, superior to them.

Mr Barlow.—Superior, in what? In the art of cultivating the ground to raise food, and making clothes or houses?

Tommy.—No, sir, not that; for gentlemen never plough the ground or build houses?

Mr Barlow.—Is he then superior in knowledge? Were you, who have been brought up a gentleman, superior to all the rest of the world when you came here?

Tommy.—To be sure, sir; when I came here I did not know so much as I do now.

Mr Barlow.—If then you, when you knew nothing, and could do nothing, thought yourself superior to all the rest of the world, why should you wonder, that men who really excel others in those things which they see absolutely necessary, should have the same good opinion of themselves? Were you to be in Greenland, for instance, how would you prove your own superiority and importance?

Tommy.—I would tell them that I had always been well brought up at home.

Mr Barlow.—That they would not believe. They would say that they saw you were totally unable to do anything useful—to guide a boat; to swim the seas; to procure yourself the least sustenance—so that you would perish with hunger, if they did not charitably afford you now and then a bit of whale or seal; and, as to your being a gentleman, they would not understand the word, nor would they

comprehend why one man, who is naturally as good as his fellow-creature, should submit to the caprice of another, and obey him.

Tommy.—Indeed, sir, I begin to think that I am not so much better than others, as I used to do.

Mr Barlow.—The more you encourage that thought the more likely you are to acquire real superiority and excellence, for great and generous minds are less exposed to that ridiculous vanity than weak and childish ones.

A few evenings after this conversation, when the night was remarkably clear, Mr Barlow called his two pupils into the garden, where there was a long hollow tube suspended upon a frame. Mr Barlow then placed Tommy upon a chair, and bade him look through it, which he had scarcely done when he cried out, "What an extraordinary sight is this!" "What is the matter?" said Mr Barlow. "I see," replied Tommy, "what I should take for the moon were it not a great many times bigger, and so near to me that I can almost touch it." "What you see," answered Mr Barlow, smiling, "is the moon itself. This glass has indeed the power of making it appear to your eye as it would do could you approach a great deal nearer; but still it is nothing but the moon; and from this single experiment you may judge of the different size which the sun and all the other heavenly bodies would appear to have, if you could advance a great deal nearer to them."

Tommy was delighted with this new spectacle. The moon, he said, viewed in this manner, was the most glorious sight he had ever seen in his life.