THE

ACADEMY.

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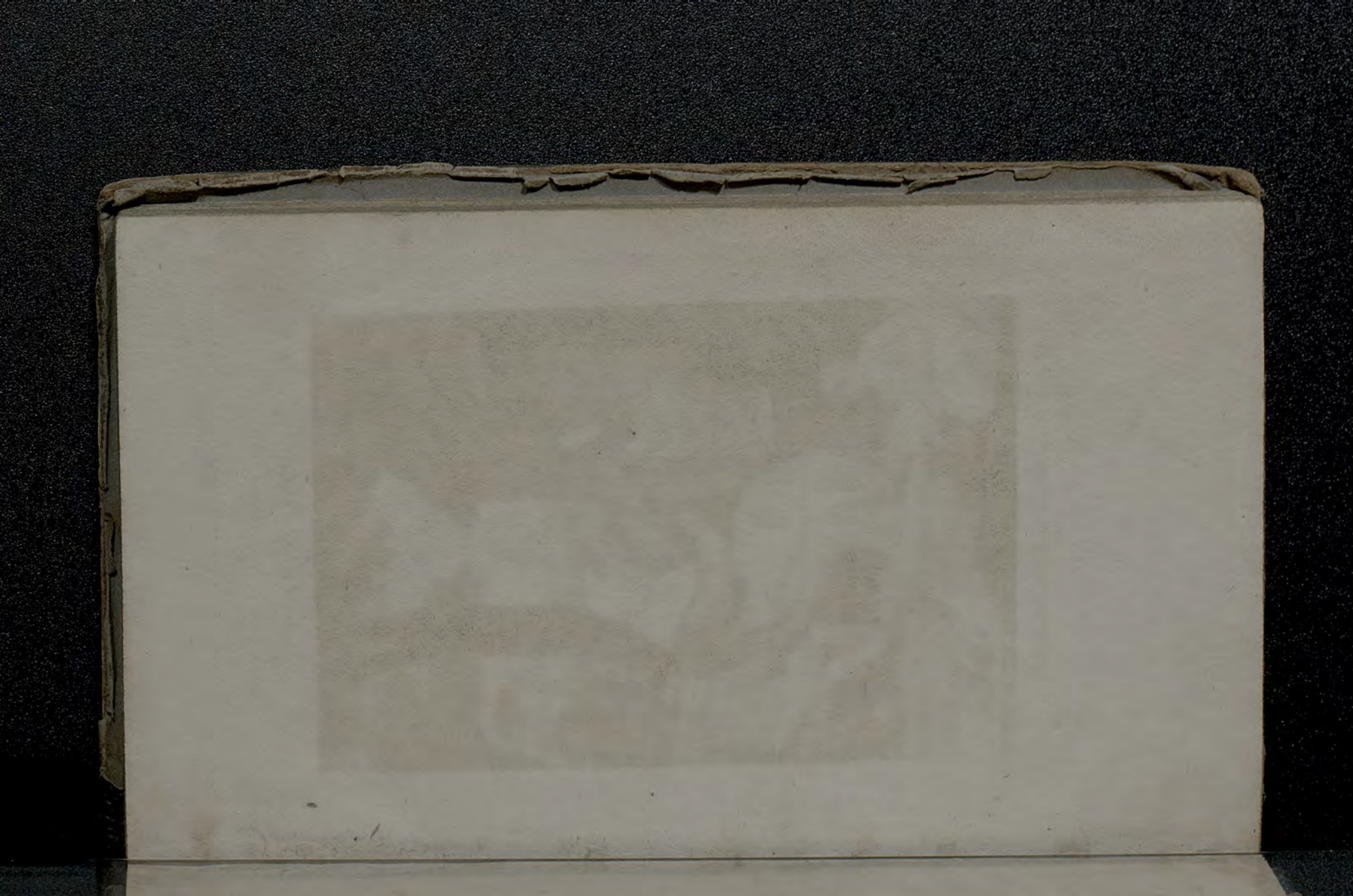

Frontispiece.

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J. C. Mackenzie.

THE

ACADEMY;

OR

A PICTURE

OF

YOUTH.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

LONDON:

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1808.

PREFACE.

THE Author of this little volume, has for several years been employed in the education of youth. He has taught in a small town; he is now established in a large city: for some time he was a teacher in an Hospital, and he has been much employed in private tuition. He has taught all ranks, from the peer's son to the children of the lower orders. Such are his claims on public candour, while he attempts to exhibit a picture of youth.

Some may suppose that the picture is too favourable. The picture, according to the Writer's experience, is just. Youth has frequently errors, which may become vices; but it seldom indeed is vicious. A young man has a warm heart: gain his affection, and you may lead him by every generous principle to virtue.

If the language and sentiments should be thought to rise sometimes above the capacity of youth, the Writer remarks, that he has been much in the habit of employing young people to read to him, and he has found that they perfectly understood an author, who wrote perspicuously, though, for want of words, they could not easily express his ideas. While we consult the capacities of the young, we must not de-

scend to their language and sentiments, but we should raise them to ours. Besides, a work which leaves something to reason or fancy, on a subsequent perusal is ever the most pleasing.

If the humour in some parts of the volume be deemed rather too broad, the Writer replies, that his experience of youth has in every respect decided his mode of writing: his object has been to blend amusement with instruction. The young must be amused; and in his attempt to accomplish this purpose, while he has most carefully consulted their morals, he has paid particular attention to their taste. Vulgarity of taste, contracted in early life, frequently influences, in some measure, the future character.

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ACADEMY.

THE RECTOR.

In the vicinity of a pleasant village, a few miles distant from Edinburgh, Mr Macadam, or the Rector as he was commonly called, kept a boarding-school for the instruction of youth. He was a man of talents as well as of worth, and while his learning was without pedantry, his manners possessed that engaging affability which is the result of good sense and benevolence. He was of opinion, that the character of the man, generally

springs from the propensities of the child, and hence he deemed the education of youth an object of the highest moment. The wrong propensities of youth, by judicious management, may frequently be overcome; but if they are permitted to acquire strength, they often defy the whole force of persuasion. The hand of a boy can bend the sapling, which in a few years will resist the fury of the storm.

The depravity of morals has been no less the subject of regret, than the theme of declamation. While the learned, with laudable zeal, are exploring nature, and improving the arts and sciences, the purity of public morals is wholly disproportioned to the general diffusion of knowledge. Learning is no longer veiled in mystery; it has descended from the academy, and is often found in the humbler walks of life.—Why then are not public morals more pure? One of the causes is,

that sufficient attention is not paid to the early period of life. In youth we are almost wholly guided by imitation; in manhood we are urged to action by interest and passion; in age we yield to the influence of habit.—Seldom are we directed by reason, because the principle is too much neglected.

Propose some truth in morals, support it with the clearest evidence, and mark the event. It floats in speculation only among the generality of mankind. Few of those in the vigour of life, who are carried on by their passions, have either leisure or resolution to question the justness of their opinions, or the rectitude of their conduct; while, with the aged, from the effect of habit, the actions of yesterday are those of to-day. Truth, with the young, naturally finds a more ready reception. It has but few prejudices to combat; it has no habits to overcome; and it must be more acceptable

than error, because the pleasure which it bestows is more pure and sublime. Why then do not the young cordially embrace truth?—Early impressions, which have great influence on the future character, are generally deemed too slight to merit attention: reason, which is destined to regulate the conduct, is weak from want of cultivation; and hence the young, from the force of example, are easily led into error. The great object, then, of education, is abundantly obvious. Watch and regulate early impressions; improve the moral faculty; and while you enlighten the reason, render it sufficiently strong to regulate the passions, as well as to resist the force of bad example.

It is the advice of many, that youth should be addressed in the language only of reason; while others say, that education, during the first period of life, should be wholly negative; that the mind should be preserved from error, but that

it should not be taught either truth or virtue. Some may term these opinions absurd; candour, however, will only call them partial.

During the first years of life, man is almost wholly a being of sensation; reason is immature, and he is guided by his desires and aversions. Discourse with him in regard to his actions: If your arguments are above his capacity, they are disregarded; if they coincide with his inclination, they are superfluous; if they oppose it, they are rejected. Reason is the result of experience and reflection: a child, therefore, must be governed by that steady authority which is guided by knowledge and affection. But this authority must gradually give way to the expansion of reason, and happy is the youth whose judgment, by the superintendence of a prudent guardian, is fully equal to the direction of his conduct, when he comes abroad into the world.

If authority is not early assumed, and steadily preserved, a child will soon become the slave of his caprices and passions, and by such indulgence he will be rendered incapable of acquiring the control of reason. But if the exercise of authority is too long protracted, a youth becomes feeble and irresolute, equally destitute of every noble principle, as incapable of every manly exertion. He must lean upon those who surround him; he resembles the creeping plant, which for support twines round the stem of the oak. Such were the opinions which influenced Mr Macadam in the education of his pupils.

THE PUPILS.

Besides the Young Gentlemen here mentioned, there were several others in the Academy; but the following are those who make the most conspicuous figure in the volume.

EDWARD TOWNLY was heir to a title; and as his father, Lord Townly, was much engaged in public business, the direction of his general conduct devolved upon his mother, and an aunt who resided in the family.

Lady Townly, who really doted upon her son, was extremely anxious that he should be equally respectable and happy. Her wishes did honour to her maternal feelings, but the means which she employed to accomplish them were wrong. She thought that, in order to inspire

him with dignity of sentiment, it was only necessary to remind him of the title to which he was born; and, in order to render him happy, she permitted him to pursue his own will, almost without restraint, and without contradiction. Besides, Lady Townly, who herself was beautiful, put a high value on external appearance, and it was her earnest desire that her son should possess every exterior accomplishment. But part of a letter, which she wrote to Mr Macadam, will at once exhibit her own character, as well as that of her son.

" I place my son under your care, because my Lord has come to the determination that he shall no longer receive his education at home. He is a dear youth, and I particularly desire that you will be careful of his manners. If he return to me a clown, I declare I shall never forgive my Lord.

" I am told that in academies, one is scarcely allowed to speak; now this will not do with my son. How delightfully he talks! Do you know that my Lord Sneerwell and I, with several others, were engaged in conversation, and he broke in upon us with his witty remarks. His Lordship was prodigiously amused; he laughed heartily, and advised me to make him a member of parliament. Why that strange notion, my Lord? cried I. Because, Madam, he replied, we shall no longer be tired with long speeches.—How so? Because, cried his Lordship, he will stop them in the middle; and then we shall have as short speeches as the people had in Siberia, when each member who was about to speak in their assemblies, was obliged to stand up to the chin in a vessel full of cold water. We all laughed; it was vastly amusing.

" He perhaps may not be without his little faults; but they all arise from the playfulness of his dispositions. Last week, I had a party of ladies to dine with me, and before dinner we went into the garden to walk. In a short time, I saw Edward riding into the place where we were on his little pony. I called him not to come, yet he galloped toward us, and on his approach we scampered off the walk like a flock of frighted birds, and trode down thousands of elegant flowers which surrounded us. I was angry, and I told him that he had done wrong; for I never conceal from him his faults; and the Honourable Miss Sensitive said that he deserved a good whipping.

" This last observation seemed to displease him, and what think you did he? After dinner, he filled a syringe with wine, and pretending to squirt it at his dog, he directed it toward Miss Sensitive, and made a red flowing stream,

from the top to the bottom of her gown. You may conceive the confusion that ensued. My Lord came to hear of this affair; for I myself would never have told him of it; and so Edward is ordered off to your Academy.

" There is one thing which extremely surprises and vexes me. Though I am one of the most tender and indulgent of mothers, Edward does not really love and respect me as I could wish; while he both loves and respects his father, who is more severe upon him."

The Rector thus wrote in reply: " By your mode of tuition, your son would be rendered fit to govern slaves; I shall teach him how to live among men. To make him happy, you would surround him with every indulgence. To give the oak vigour, you would confine it to a hot-house. I shall not keep your son at a distance from the petty misfortunes of life; but I shall do more, I shall enable

him to overcome them. You wonder why he does not sufficiently love you. To gain his warm attachment, you must restrain his appetites and passions; you must lead him to virtue; and when he respects virtue, he will respect you. You have committed him to my care; while I teach him to be a man, I shall instruct him to respect his mother, even in her weakness."

JOSEPH SCOURHILL was the son of Squire Scourhill, whose time was wholly devoted to the amusements of the field. I shall transcribe part of the Squire's letter to the Rector.

"I hereby send my son Joe to your care. He is a clever one, and well he likes to bestride a hunter. Why, on Saturday last, I set him upon Lightfoot, as fine a horse as you would wish to clap your eyes upon; the dogs were unkennelled; I had a number of choice young

fellows with me; and off we went. Puss was soon started. Halloo!—forward!—was the word. We cleared hedges, and ditches, and dikes, and gates; nothing could stop us; and would you suppose it? my youngster was first in at the death.

"But here is the misfortune: On our return in the evening, Joe would clear a ditch and hedge. Lightfoot was somewhat jaded, and he stuck in the ditch, while the young one pitched over his head, and stuck in the hedge. My boy's face got a few scratches! But what of that? A few scratches! Yet when he came home, his mother, on seeing his bloody face, held up her hands, and cried, Ah! my son Joseph! And she said, turning round to me, My dear, he will break his neck one of these days; and so she said that he should be sent to your Academy. My wife is a very good

woman; we never disagree; so I said, My dear, you may take your own will."

A habit of application, which should be early acquired, is of the utmost importance to youth; it is the foundation of all excellence. Many a boy is thought to be without abilities, when, in fact, he is only without application. The Rector supposed that young Scourhill, from his mode of life, would be destitute of the habit, but in this supposition he was fortunately mistaken.

Timothy Tradewell was the son of a person who had gained a large fortune by his industry. The old gentleman thus wrote to Mr Macadam.

"Please receive per the bearer, my son Timothy, whom I consign to your care. On receipt of this my letter, I beg you will turn him to the best account, for I can make nothing of him. His mother early began to vex and scold him, and I

beat him every day; yet, as a body may say, I cannot get him to hold up his head, and speak the truth. I dare say he may be taught to know, that a penny saved is a penny gained; but, for the life of me, I cannot get him to look me in the face. After giving him a threshing, Timothy, says I, look up, tell the truth, and shame Old Nick; but never a bit does he mind me. And what do you think, when I cast my eyes over my spectacles out at my shop window, why I see him laughing and capering with his companions; but the moment he comes to me, he throws down his eyes upon the ground, as if he were looking for pins.

"I dispatched him some time ago to a boarding-school, but he was soon sent back on my hands, and the reason you shall hear. The master of the academy made a supper for his friends. As the servant was going up stairs with some fine tarts, my son thought proper to slip two

off the plate, and whipping into his chamber, he glided to a chair in a corner, and putting down the tarts, he sunk down on his knees, with his body bending over the precious morsel, in order to conceal it. Immediately the master came in, and cried in a passion, Where is that base-born boy who has stolen the tarts? The youngsters, who were all going to bed, denied the charge, but one of them pointed to my son. Ah! no, cried the master, that good boy who is at his prayers would not be guilty of such an action; but next morning the truth came out, and my son was sent home. Now, as I from my soul hate deceit under the cloak of religion, I questioned my son about the matter, and he assures me, that he chose the posture only because it was the best to secure his tarts."

This is part of the Rector's answer. "Our propensities to virtue or vice depend greatly upon the management of our

guardians, or upon circumstances, which it is their business to watch and control. Youth must be restrained from error by punishment, but they must be led to duty by winning affection. The errors of your son proceed from severity. A youth reared by imprudent indulgence, is like a sickly plant in a green-house: a boy who has suffered long and unnecessary severity, resembles a stunted tree upon the sea-shore. The one is proud and vain, the other is cunning and deceitful. Both are incapable of rising to any thing great and excellent; the one from selfish weakness, the other from groveling dispositions."

JOHN STANDFAST was the son of a Lieutenant in the Navy, who had retired from the service, and lived upon an estate which he inherited from an uncle. He wrote to the Rector, and this is part of his letter.

"I intend to place John on the quarter-deck of a man of war, and I hope it will never be said of him that he flinched from an enemy. The young rogue has a spirit, and like myself he loves fun; but when he goes a little out of his course, he is none of your sulky ones; he is sorry for his fault.

"The other day, I had a fine sheep, which was to be sent to a neighbouring gentleman; its feet were made fast, and it was lying ready to be hoisted into a cart, which was to bear it away. John comes alongside of it, and seeing a coil of the rope, with which its feet had been made fast, upon the ground, he takes it up, and making one end fast to the sheep's horn, he hails the shepherd's dog, and makes the other end fast to its collar; he takes out his knife, gives the sheep liberty, and then whips off his hat, and halloos. Away fly the two thus grappled, and scud into the middle of the flock,

with the shepherd at their heels. And then what a running and frisking, what a barking and bleating, and shouting! it was a storm of confusion. The two loving friends, however, at last ran aground upon the stump of a thorn, and John seeing this bore down, and with his knife set the sheep adrift.

"At this moment I hove in sight, wondering at the bustle. The young one came running toward me with a face full of fire, and a heart full of repentance, and told me the story just as it happened, taking all the blame upon himself. John, said I, your intentions were not bad, but always look to the end of things; through the voyage of life always keep a good look out. We can steer clear of breakers which we discern at a distance, but by negligence we may founder upon a hidden rock. He asked from me a half crown, which I had of his; and running up to the shepherd, who was sitting al-

most breathless upon the grass, he slipped it into his hand, with many promises that he would not be guilty of such an action in future. Give me such a boy. I do not require that he shall be perfect, but I trust that he shall never be deceitful; his heart must be open as day. Heaven forbid that he should ever become one of your dark, sly ones, who will deceive you, while he looks you in the face, and then, like the father of liars, laugh at the deception."

The first qualities in youth are candour and openness, together with an invincible love of truth; this pupil therefore was highly acceptable to the Rector. A propensity to mischievous tricks, when connected with base dispositions, has a tendency to inspire that malicious temper which takes pleasure in tormenting others, and often indeed it terminates in cruelty and inhumanity; but when it takes root

in a noble mind, it may be easily restrained or subdued.

JAMES FEEBLEARM early lost his father, and his mother thus wrote to Mr Macadam.

"I beg you will be kind to my son; nothing but kindness will do with him. What a sweet-tempered man his present tutor is! Mr Bendlow, said I to him, Greek and Latin are certainly fit for parsons only and such like. Very true, Madam, he replied. They are therefore not so necessary to my son, who is born to a large fortune, and besides they are not fashionable among a circle of well-bred gentlemen. Very true, was his reply. I therefore beg, continued I, that you will instruct him in the gentlest manner. He must lead, and you must follow. I shall attend to your will, Madam, he replied. Then I added, since I do not expect that you can improve him in any fashionable

accomplishment, I particularly request that you will not teach him any silly notions. which may lead him to despise them. I shall attend to your will, he replied, making a low bow, for you will certainly make a man of him.

" Mr Bendlow has answered my highest hopes. I believe my son is learned. He really sometimes surprises me. He is learned in chemistry, botany, natural history, and I know not what all. You would be delighted to hear him ; and with all this, Mr Bendlow keeps his temper. If you but saw him ! he will be sitting in his arm-chair, at his books, when my son is beside him tossing every thing into confusion. Is not this a sweet temper ?

" My son, however, is not without his little faults ; but both his tutor and I laugh at them. The other day, he stuck a goose's feather into the crop wig of Mr Bendlow, who really made a ridiculous fi-

gure when he came into the dining-room, and made his bow, with the feather waving in his wig, to a large company. Unfortunately James's uncle was present, and he expressly desires that he shall be sent to your Academy. The uncle is rich, he has no heir, and I do not wish to stand in the way of my son's fortune. But remember that he has been accustomed to extreme mildness, and I send him upon the express condition, that you never punish him."

This is a part of the Rector's answer. "When a tutor loses his respectability, he in a great measure loses his usefulness; and when he forgets what is due to himself, he cannot suppose that others will respect him. With regard to your son's learning, I have only to observe, that a dwarf who has never tried his strength may deem himself strong.

"You desire me not to punish your son. I shall relate to you a little story. A

lady, whose husband was in the West Indies, in the service of his country, had an only son, whom she treated in the tenderest manner, in order that she might wholly gain his affection.

" As she was desirous that he should have a public education, she sent him to a respectable school, on the express condition that he should not be punished. The master, with conscientious integrity, pointed out the consequence of such a request, and then received the youth, who quietly lolled at the foot of the class, without deriving the least advantage from his attendance.

" At home he soon rose to be master; the servants were obedient to him, and his mother was yielding to his control. She however at last became sensible of the effects of her indulgence, and in attempting to check his froward dispositions, she received an instance of the most undutiful conduct. She threw her-

self down upon a sofa, overwhelmed with grief, and instantly sent for the master to whose care she had committed him.

" On the gentleman's arrival, she told him of her son's conduct, and with tears entreated his advice and interference. He felt the delicacy of his situation, but his desire of being useful overcame every other consideration, and he consented to use his authority, on condition that the lady would not move from her seat, nor open her lips.

" The youth was then called in, and desired to ask his mother's pardon, and to promise future obedience—he smiled.—The command was repeated—his conduct was the same. He then very unexpectedly received a smart punishment—he was obstinate;—he was again chastised, and afterward he was all obedience. From that day he rose rapidly in his class; his dispositions became amiable, and his beha-

viour to his mother was dutiful and affectionate.

"I plead not for severity; I observe only that youth must be governed by authority, and if this is early assumed, a person must have either but little temper, or but little knowledge of the dispositions of early life, who cannot direct youth by mild and affectionate authority. The higher orders spoil their children by indulgence; the lower ranks ruin theirs by neglect and severity. This, however, is a general observation to which I have found many exceptions.

ROBERT FALSESIGHT'S father thus wrote to the Rector:—"My son's mind has got a strange kind of twist; he sees every thing in a ridiculous light, and what excites pleasure in others, affords him nothing but mirth. To say that a child has a natural propensity to any pursuit, is the language of ignorance. All our propensities, save

those that spring from our appetites, are acquired; and because we cannot trace them to their origin, we choose to call them natural.

"After a considerable deal of attention, I have been able to trace out those of my son. Several of those books which represent things in a ludicrous point of view, were put into his hand while he was a child. He early conceived a fondness for drawing caricatures, in which he was injudiciously encouraged. Beside these causes, my servant, who is an excellent mimic, early began to amuse him with his buffoonery.

"I was lately invited with my family, to dine with my friend D——. By a second marriage, my friend, who is somewhat advanced in life, has a son, whom he deems a prodigy of learning. The boy has been taught to recite passages, with tragic effect, from our best poets, and after dinner he was desired to pronounce

a speech from Hamlet. He certainly acted his part admirably; but while he was declaiming with all the vehemence of passion, and while in breathless suspence our eyes were fixed upon him, my unlucky boy whipped into his hand, which was stretched out in all the pomp of tragic declamation, a piece of gingerbread, crying,—Dick, Dick, take a rest and eat that. In a moment the charm, like a magic spell, dissolved, and the whole ended in a farce.

" Last week I invited my old friend M—— to spend the afternoon with me in a family way, and when my wife had retired after dinner, he and I drew our chairs toward the fire-side, in order to enjoy our moderate glass, and to talk over the stories of other times. My son placed himself at a table in the corner of the room.

" My friend is a disciple of the old school; his coat was in fashion forty years

ago, and his wig in dimensions excels half a dozen of our modern ones. He seems to have an aversion to crop wigs. He says it adds dignity to a man to deck his head, which is the seat of wisdom, with a wig which flows majestically over his shoulders. Now, I know not how it happened, whether it was that my friend was talking about wigs, or whether it was the operation of heat, but the side of his head toward the fire was soon disencumbered of his wig.

"This change of position never at once attracted my notice; indeed I saw my son frequently casting his eye toward the worthy man, but this I also disregarded. After a pause in our discourse, my old friend said to me, looking at my son, That is a diligent boy; I have observed him this some time; he will do you honour.

"In a short time after this, my son left the room, leaving behind him his papers. My old friend, after praising him for a good

boy, expressed a wish to see what he was writing. Immediately I rose, took the version-book, and without ever looking into it, I put it into the worthy man's hand, saying, that it would give him much satisfaction.

"He deliberately opened it; but conceive my surprise, when he started on a sudden, and began to stare, and to mutter. What is the matter, my good friend? cried I, in an anxious voice. The matter—the matter—he echoed, and sprung from his seat. I really feared that the wine had affected the head of the old gentleman, and that he was about to amuse me with a dance; I was mistaken, for he strided across the room to a mirror, and placing himself before it, he looked with earnestness, alternately at the book, and at his own reflected image, exclaiming, Yes, yes,—it is so—my very wig!—Ah! the young rogue!

"I hastily rose, and on looking over his shoulder, I perceived the cause of his agi-

tation. My son, instead of writing his version, had drawn the old gentleman with his wig awry; the glass was in his right hand, while with his left he was pawing the air, for such is the custom of my worthy friend, when he is telling one of his stories after dinner. I attempted to make an apology, but I really did my part very awkwardly, I felt so much vexation and surprise.

"My son at this moment entered the room. I pointed to the drawing, and was about to reprimand him in severe terms; but he passed me, and walking up to my friend, who still held the picture, said, Is not this a fine likeness?—A fine likeness! cried my friend starting.—Yes indeed, with a vengeance, young scoundrel, a fine likeness truly! My son said, putting his hand upon the old gentleman's arm, and looking up to him with kindness, I see you do not know our neighbour Mr Squaretoes: this is his wig,—the very size and

form. My friend took another view of the picture, and his features became somewhat more relaxed. My son continued: Mr Squaretoe's chair is placed on the right side of the fire, and often his wig is thus turned round to give the cheek air. My friend, I perceived, began to think that he was mistaken in supposing that the picture was designed for him. My son still continued: When he tells a story after dinner, thus he waves his left hand, and thus in his right he holds his glass, which sometimes makes almost a dozen advances and retreats before it reaches the mouth. Here the old gentleman laughed heartily, calling it a noble picture, and seriously advising my son not to shew it to the person for whom it was designed. Till I witnessed this instance of self-delusion, I did not suppose that the principle could be carried to such a length. You may easily conclude that my son's turn of mind gives me real con-

cern: if by any means you can correct it, you will confer upon me the highest obligation."

This is part of the Rector's answer: "We may laugh at a mimic in private life, but in proportion as he excites our mirth, he loses our esteem. Many may court his company, but few will desire his friendship. A person who has a turn for ridicule and sarcastic humour, drives to a distance from him the modest, the worthy, and those who alone can render life respectable and happy. His taste becomes vitiated; he loses the perception of whatever is beautiful and elegant; and he remains a stranger to the purest and most sublime pleasures of human life.

INDULGENCE.

FEEBLEARM, next morning after his arrival, called the servant, and desired him to assist in putting on his stockings and shoes. The servant turned away, and mildly answered, that he received his orders from his master only.

Townly tossed all his books into confusion, and desired the servant to put them in order. Thomas said, that the request was no part of his business; and he allowed them to remain in the state in which he found them.

Almost every morning the Rector wrote upon a board in the school-room some sentences, which he explained, and which each boy was to repeat in the evening.

They were frequently of general application, and often they were suggested by the conduct of some particular boy.

The board exhibited the following sentences:

We are united to society by our wants, affections, and passions; but we should never be dependent on our inferiors by our indolence and weakness.

Permit a boy to command, and that very power renders him proud and weak: None can command, who has not first learned to obey.

Keep servants at a distance from youth. Bind up the arm for a long period of time, and it loses its power of motion: allow servants to satisfy every wish of a child, and his mind loses the power of expansion.

Our faculties are naturally indolent, and they must be roused into exercise. If a youth is surrounded with petty difficulties, he must be brave and independent; for

they are destined to call forth his activity, courage, and ingenuity. The very blast which seems to prostrate the oak, gives stability to its root.

The Rector related the following fable, which is meant to show the bad effects of indulgence.

THE LINNET.

A LINNET, which had been long confined in a cage, one day made its escape, and flew into the country. Every thing was new to it, and, uncertain where to fly, it fluttered from tree to tree. It was hungry, but it knew not where to find food, till another bird of the same species, feeling for its distress, offered to

conduct it to a field of hemp. The offer was gratefully accepted, and the two mounted up into the air; but they had not proceeded far, when a swallow, in pursuit of flies, made a rapid wheel toward them; the liberated bird, thinking it an enemy, darted downward to seek shelter among furse, and lost sight of its guide.

Having recovered from the fright, the linnet continued its course, and had the good fortune to find plenty of food; but while it was eagerly picking up the grains, a covy of partridges rose, and frightened it away. It next alighted near a clear stream, and being desirous to drink, hopped upon the sprig of a bush which lay across the current; but while it was bending down its little neck, a trout leaped at a fly swimming upon the surface, and the terrified linnet flew away. All these circumstances, which to a bird

reared in its natural state would have occasioned no alarm, inspired it with the utmost fear; and it resolved to return without delay to its cage.

DISPOSITIONS.

One Sunday, as Mr Macadam was going to church with his pupils, a hare started out of some furze by the road side. Scourhill leaped upon a wall, and waved his hat, hallooing, to the no small surprise of many who were passing. He continued upon the wall, his eye tracing the course of the hare, till the Rector gently pulled him down. When he joined his companions, his blushing countenance evinced how sensible he was of the impropriety of his conduct.

When they had arrived at church, and taken their seats, Townly seemed dissatisfied that Tradewell should sit above him.

This circumstance escaped not the observation of the Rector. The Baron's son indeed had, on many occasions, shewn a consciousness of superiority, which his companions were by no means willing to allow.

About the middle of the sermon, a farmer's servant fell asleep, directly behind the Rector's seat, and his snoring was neither low nor melodious. A snuff-box lay beside him; Standfast thrust his finger and thumb into it, and taking out a large *pinch*, dexterously applied it to the peasant's nose. The poor fellow was dreaming that he was walking beside his team, urging it up a hill, and he started up, exclaiming, Je-ho! Bravely done! The clergyman, who was unaccustomed to such kind of applause, suddenly stopped. The peasant rubbed his eyes, and perceiving that he was not beside his horse, but in the church, he sunk down

upon his seat, overwhelmed with confusion. The clergyman saw the cause of the interruption, and after making a few observations upon sleeping in church, he continued his discourse.

In the evening the boys were assembled, and Mr Macadam adverted to the conduct of those who had acted improperly. He ever considered the actions of a boy with regard to their influence on future life. The errors of the youth, which are apt to become vices in the man, he vigilantly repressed; while those faults, the influence of which expires in the first period of existence, experienced his indulgence, even when he was correcting them.

The behaviour of Scourhill arose from the sudden impulse of a mind, candid, open, and accustomed to give way to its feelings. The conduct of Standfast was the result only of an improper habit; for

while the youth acted wrong, his intentions were never malicious. A bad habit in a boy of generous dispositions, should never be corrected by punishment, when the aim can be accomplished by mildness. The pride however of Townly, which the Rector had often witnessed, gave him more concern, and he endeavoured by every means to subdue it. Next day the board exhibited the following sentences, with the names prefixed to them.

JOSEPH SCOURHILL.—*Govern your passions; and while you command your own feelings, learn to respect those of others.*

JOHN STANDFAST.—*It does not justify a bad action to say, that your intentions were good. Youth oftener acts from imprudence than from bad dispositions; indeed, vice begins in imprudence. Before you act, consider the consequence of your conduct.*

EDWARD TOWNLY.—*Pride is connected with weakness. The most learned are the most modest; the truly great are humble. The distinction of titles and wealth is for society: here youth must learn the important lesson, that education and good conduct alone constitute superiority.*

ADMONITIONS.

The Rector occasionally gave the young men rules for the regulation of their conduct.—These were delivered audibly, and this custom had the effect of teaching his pupils to write and spell correctly. A few of them shall be interspersed through the volume. The Rector gave them the name of ADMONITIONS.

MAN, in early life, is principally led by example; yet conduct, unsupported by sound principles, is apt to become unsteady, as well as wrong. While you therefore lead the youth by good example, enlighten his reason, and arm it in the defence of his virtue. One of the modes by which this is to be accomplished, is to impress on his mind simple truths, in clear and forcible language.

Every young man must have some laudable pursuit which engages his attention. Happiness is connected only with employment. The useless cannot be happy. Idleness tends to vice, and indolence is ever positive misery.

Early accustom the young to reflection. If the habit be neglected in youth, manhood is too much occupied with its passions and pursuits to acquire it; and in age, reflection often comes too late. He who in age begins to reflect, only because he is obliged to retire from the world, most commonly reflects in sorrow.

Youth gives itself up to enjoyment; but age sits down, and views the past and the future. Preserve the young from vice, and they are happy; but the aged require comfort; and the consolation of age springs from the virtues of youth.

Young men! every day takes away a portion of your existence and your en-

joyments; and nothing pleasing remains to age, but the remembrance of your virtues.

Devote your youth to virtue, and you lay up a fund of tranquillity for age. Eagerly pursue pleasure, and in a few years you exhaust your enjoyments, and leave to age nothing but apathy and disgust.

TOWNLY AND THE LITTLE RUSTIC.

PART I.

TOWNLY one day overtaking a little boy of the village, named William, accompanied by his dog, desired him to hold out of his way. The little rustic would have yielded to a mild request; but the tone of command was offensive, and he replied, that there was room enough for both. Townly was displeased with this reply, and attempted to strike the boy, but the dog flew at him, and would certainly have hurt him, had not William rushed forward, and seizing it by the neck, pulled it away. But while the boy was holding the dog, Townly, not at all grateful for his safety, gave it a violent

blow on the back, and away it ran howling toward the village. My poor dog! exclaimed the little rustic, looking after it; and turning round to the youth, he said, in a tone of reproof, Your conduct is cruel. Townly, whose passion was by no means subsided, could not bear reproof, and flying at the rustic, gave him a few smart blows.

At this moment a boy of the village, about the age of Townly, came up to them, and inquired into the cause of their disagreement. On hearing the story from William, he observed to the peer's son, that his conduct was shameful, and that it was cowardly to strike a boy much younger and weaker than himself.— Townly, who was irritated, used contemptuous language, and the boy instantly gave him a blow, which knocked him down. The two rustics helped him to rise, and as his nose was bleeding, they expressed their sorrow, and obligingly

offered their farther assistance; but he refused their kindness, and in sullen silence walked away.

As soon as he gained the Academy, he went to the Rector, and complained of the usage which he had received. Mr Macadam said that he would inquire into the affair, and in the evening he sent for the two boys.

The rustics, on their arrival, were taken into the school-room, and questioned in presence of the young men of the Academy, who were assembled for that purpose. Their story was clear and consistent; and the young gentlemen, on being required by the Rector to give their opinion of the affair, declared that the two boys were not to blame. The Rector addressed a few words to the rustics, and then sent them into the kitchen for some refreshment.

He thus addressed himself to Townly: He who in early life has been imprudent-

ly indulged, has many a severe lesson to learn on his coming into society; and this one which you have now received, I trust will prove useful. The government of the passions is as necessary to your future happiness, as are the rudiments of science to your future improvement. A young man may perhaps in his own family indulge his passions; but when he comes abroad, society will no more submit to his caprices and whims, than the elements will yield to his wishes. Early restraint is therefore an important duty, which parents owe their children. Send a young man into the world with uncontrolled passions, and mark the event. He must subdue them amidst mortification and pain, or he will live in a state of perpetual irritation and animosity; or, what is more probable, he will fly into low company, and purchase by his wealth that obsequiousness, which at once corrupts his virtue, and debases his manners.

The Rector afterwards related the following fable, to which he particularly called Townly's attention.

THE ASS AND THE MASTIFF.

An ass standing upon the top of a hill, happened by its braying to rouse a hare, which scudded over the fields. How powerful and mighty am I! cried the ass, who can thus frighten the beasts from their dens. At this moment a mastiff was passing, and the long-eared animal, in hopes of frightening him also, began to bray; but it was mistaken; for the good-natured dog walked up to it, and pulling it by the ears, desired it not to disturb others by its noise.

TOWNLY AND THE LITTLE RUSTIC.

PART II.

TOWNLY, accompanied by several of his companions, rambled into the country, and as the day was warm, on coming to a stream, they resolved to bathe. The place which they chose for this purpose was a pool, with a sandy bottom. They soon stripped, and, unapprehensive of danger, they all plunged into the water, excepting Townly, who, not being able to swim, kept close to the brink. Unhappily, while he was looking at his companions, his foot slipped, and falling to the bottom, he was carried to a deep place in the pool. At the instant of his disappearance, the shout rose that he was

drowning, and all the young men sprang to the bank, and ran about in a state of consternation. None of them could dive; indeed they were so completely overcome by the event, that none of them attempted to swim to him; yet they waded into the water, holding one another by the hand, but they could not reach him. Townly was distinctly seen, sitting with his eyes open, unable to make the least movement to relieve himself.

The little rustic, who from a small distance beheld the disaster, came running, and plunged into the water, calling them to hold him by the hand. He bended forward, and stretched out a rod, with which he had been angling; Townly seized it, and was pulled to the bank.

All this happened in the course of a few minutes, yet the youth was almost exhausted, and they laid him gently down upon the grass. In the course of half an hour he recovered strength suffi-

cient to walk home, with the assistance of two of his companions.

The account which he gave of himself is really curious.—He kept his eyes open, and distinctly saw his companions running upon the bank; he also heard their lamentations, and, though ever so desirous of joining them, he felt a kind of heaviness or weight over his head, which prevented his moving.

On his arrival at the Academy, he felt himself indisposed, and he retired to bed. Mr Macadam was immediately informed of the whole affair; but as the time was unseasonable either for counsel or reproof, he forebore to make any remarks upon it.

Townly next day was able to leave his bed, and on coming down stairs he saw the little rustic, who had arrived at the Academy to inquire after his health. Townly felt the impulse of a generous mind, and hastening to the boy, he took

him kindly by the hand, and with many obliging expressions, called him his deliverer.

The Rector, who witnessed this meeting, was penetrated with sensibility, and walking up to Townly, he said, Let such greatness of mind uniformly mark your character, and you will do honour to the title which you are destined to inherit. He then told the youth, that after writing some admonitions, he would relate, in the arbour, after tea, a noble instance of the forgiveness of injuries in an American Indian.

Townly wrote to his father, requesting him to befriend the boy; and the Baron, with considerate generosity, settled upon his mother a small annuity.

ADMONITIONS.

RANK can give lustre to good qualities; but it cannot confer them. It demands the exercise of every dignified virtue; and while its rewards are honour and reputation, it holds up the worthless to public censure.

As affectation directs the eye to blemishes which modest deportment would have concealed; so rank holds up to public view, vices, which in obscurity might have been unknown.

A man of rank who adorns his station, multiplies and extends his virtues by his influence.

A great man by his wealth may gain dependants, but by his virtues only can he gain friends.

A man of superior rank is to the community what a poor man is to his family. If wealth has raised you above labour, you are only placed in a situation of more extensive usefulness.

The qualities which lead to glory, fame, and eminence, are seldom those which secure peace of mind. You may aspire to distinction, and fail in the attempt; but you can never fail in acquiring what is most valuable to man,—a good name and a pure heart: the one insures esteem, the other is a source of enjoyment.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

An American Indian one day rose early, and prepared for the chase. I go to the wood, said he to his wife; I kill the deer, and return to thee when the sun sets behind the mountain. He repaired to the wood, and traversed it for a long time without success: towards the evening, however, he had the good fortune to start a deer. He quickly levelled his gun and fired. The deer fell down wounded, but not mortally; it sprung up, and bounded away. The Indian pursued, and kept sight of the animal; but he was unable to overtake it. In this manner he continued the chase, till it quitted the wood, and entered an open country; here it

took a sudden turn round a hill, and disappeared. The Indian followed the same tract, in hopes of again seeing it, but he was disappointed, for no deer was in view. Ardent in the pursuit, and fearful of losing his prey, he searched all around, flew from hill to hill, scoured the plains, but all in vain.

Overcome with fatigue and vexation, he sat down on the ground, and reflected on his loss. When he wounded the stag, he flattered himself that it would become an easy prey; and during the chace, the hope of sharing it with his friends at the social feast, gave him vigour and animation. He felt the force of disappointment. His mind for some time was so much occupied with his loss, that he never at once reflected, that he was in a part of the country to which his hunting excursions had never led him before; nor did he observe that day was fast closing. At length, however, he was roused from his

revery, by the scream of birds, that were retiring from a plain, to take up their nightly residence in a forest. He started to his feet, and surveying the country, and the sun half set below the horizon, he became sensible of his situation. To remain where he was would be highly dangerous; besides, his provisions were consumed, and he began to feel the keen importunity of hunger.

He determined to direct his course homewards, and though he had but little expectation of gaining his own cabin that night, he hoped to meet with some hospitable mansion where he might find accommodation for the night. Encouraged by this hope, he proceeded forward; but he had not gone far before night involved him in darkness, and he entangled himself in a morass at the imminent hazard of his life. From this perilous situation, he happily extricated himself, though not without extreme difficulty; and no sooner

did he arrive at a place of safety, than he threw himself upon the ground, undetermined what course to pursue.

A house, the property of a farmer, stood on the skirts of a plantation, not far from the spot where the hunter lay. From one of its windows issued a light, which the Indian accidentally perceived, as he cast his hopeless eye around him. He quitted his station, and keeping the house in view, he pressed toward it, not doubting but that he should receive a welcome reception from its inhabitants. With great difficulty he reached it, and entered without ceremony. The call of hunger was loud, and he asked for a little bread ; but, greatly to his surprise, his request was sternly refused. His condition made him eloquent. In vivid colours he painted the risk he had run, and the cruel death that awaited him, if relief was not granted : he used every argument his ingenuity could suggest; but

the farmer remained inexorable, nay, he seized a gun, and in a menacing attitude, told the Indian that he would shoot him, if he did not instantly depart. The hunter retired : to remonstrate was vain, and to employ force would only bring destruction upon himself. Roused with indignation, he left the inhuman farmer, and made for the plantation, which he soon gained, and threw himself down at the foot of a tall pine. His manly heart was yielding to grief, when he heard a rustling noise directly above his head. It proceeded from two large fowls which were nestling in the branches. He cautiously charged his gun, and brought one of them down. He snatched it up, and penetrated into the interior of the plantation, in order to elude the farmer, in case he had heard the report, and should come in quest of him. The Indian kindled a fire, roasted the fowl, and after making a hearty meal, he slept soundly till the morn-

ing. Next day, without any accident, he arrived at his cabin.

About two months after this period, the farmer had business that demanded his presence in a distant part of the country, and on his return home he lost his way in a wood. The Indian, who was out hunting accidentally, met him, and instantly recognized the inhospitable farmer. An emotion of resentment rose in his breast; but this was suddenly suppressed, by the reflection, that it would be base to take advantage of an unarmed man. The farmer did not know him, and accosting him, desired that he would have the goodness to direct him to the road which led to his plantation. The Indian with mildness replied, that it would be unsafe for him to attempt to travel thither that day; but if he would go home with him, and remain all night, he should be welcome to such accommodation as his hut could afford. The farmer was per-

suaded to accept this invitation, not more from the urgent need he had of rest and refreshment, than from the frank manner in which it was delivered. He accompanied the Indian to his cabin, and during his stay, which was all night, the farmer experienced every mark of genuine hospitality.

Next morning, previous to his departure, he offered to make compensation for the kindness of his host. The Indian however would take no reward, saying that he found sufficient pleasure in the consideration, that he had sheltered a man, who most probably without his assistance would have perished in the woods. And, beside declining the acceptance of any gratuity, he insisted on attending him part of his journey.

After walking a few miles, they came to the top of a high mountain, whence they had a view of the farmer's plantation. Here the Indian suddenly stopped,

and addressed his fellow-traveller, Dost thou remember me? Two moons ago, spent with hunger and fatigue, I crawled to thy door. The farmer, who by this time knew him, felt compunction, and was about to apologize for his conduct; but the Indian interrupted him, and continued: I asked a little bread; thou didst deny it. I told thee that the angel of death was at my heels; thou still didst deny it. I then besought it in the name of thy God; thou didst take up a gun. Thy countenance was terrible. I saw it. I left thy presence. I left thy house. I turned upon my foot, and said, Lo there lives the white man, the foe of the stranger! Dost thou now fear that I shall lift my arm against thee? Fear not; see, yonder is thy home; go and be joyful with thy wife and thy children, but remember never to send the hungry from thy door, for thou knowest not what may happen to thyself.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER HEN.

PART I.

STANDFAST and SCOURHILL one holiday strayed into the neighbouring village. Before one of the cottages, an old woman sat spinning upon a seat made of stone and turf, while her grandchild, the offspring of her son, was learning his alphabet, from a book which lay on her lap. As he pointed to a letter, she named it, and he repeated the word after her. A, said she.—A, cried he, looking up in her face. Look on John, said she in a chiding tone, or you will never become a scholar.—What letter is this? said he, pointing to B. She pronounced it.—B, he bawled out, at the same time stroking the cat, which lay purring by his side.

The two young gentlemen were highly amused with this scene, and they were about walking up to the little scholar, to give him some fruit which they had in their pockets: But, unfortunately, a hen, a favourite one of the old woman, was feeding on the green. A small stone lay at the foot of Standfast; he took it up, and wantonly threw it at the unoffending animal. The poor hen received a mortal wound; she fluttered a few yards, and then fell down and expired. The two young men were struck with surprise, and, as guilt is ever connected with cowardice, they turned round and ran away.

The little boy witnessed the fate of the hen, and running to the spot where she lay, he took her up in his arms, and bore her to his grandmother. Ah! my poor bird! cried the old woman, laying aside her spectacles, and placing the hen in her lap; what cruel boy has taken away thy life? Thou wert harmless, yet thou hast

met with thy death. The child was moved with his grandmother's grief, and putting his hand upon the hen, he began to weep; but his tears did not long flow. The moment his grandmother went into the cottage with the object of her concern, he threw down his alphabet, and taking out his marbles, he began to play.

The two young men, with trepidating steps, took the road homeward. They walked for some time in silence, till at length Scourhill turning round, and looking at his companion, said, This is a most unlucky affair.—What shall I do? cried Standfast earnestly. The practice of throwing stones is hateful; without bad intentions, I have been guilty of a shameful action. The old woman will call me a wicked boy, and I shall be in disgrace with the Rector. They stood debating about the mode of conduct which it was proper to pursue; but they

could come to no determination, and they continued to loiter for some time in the fields. On their arrival at the Academy, all the young men were called into the school-room.

The old woman, who had seen the two boys, and knowing that they belonged to the Academy, sent her son, who soon after the event came from his labour, to inform the Rector of the circumstance. This was the reason that the young men were assembled.

The hour of meeting was unusual, and Standfast, with his companion by his side, entered the school-room with a beating heart. He could not however suppose, that the Rector had been already informed of the event; yet guilt is ever fearful, and much he envied his schoolfellows, who with smiling countenances occupied their seats.

The Rector stood up, and then every eye was fixed upon him, in anxious sus-

pense, to learn the purpose of the meeting.

Gentlemen, said he, there was a poor shepherd who had an only lamb, in which he took much delight. One day he was seated on the grass, enjoying the evening sun; his dog lay at his foot, and, at a small distance from him, his favourite lamb was nibbling the grass. The view was interesting; and who would not have said,—Old man, rest thyself in peace? A traveller however came, who stood and viewed the old man; yet his heart knew not compassion. He took up a stone, and threw it with all his force: it pierced the head of the poor lamb, which instantly fell and expired.

Marks of indignation burst from every boy, excepting from Standfast and Scourhill, who sat embarrassed, with downcast eyes. The Rector accomplished his aim; he discovered the delinquents; but as he

at that time was uncertain how to proceed, he dismissed the school.

The moment Standfast quitted the school-room, he flew to his apartment, and putting a few shillings into his pocket, he went in search of Thomas, the servant. He found him; and after relating the circumstances of the preceding adventure, he conjured him to accompany him to the village, in order to buy another hen for the old woman. Thomas had good dispositions; the request was particularly agreeable to him; and the two immediately left the Academy.

They met a woman, on their entrance into the village, who had two hens to sell. These were instantly purchased; and the youth, with a joyful heart, sought the old matron, followed by Thomas, with a hen under each arm. When they entered the cottage, the dame was sitting reading: Standfast walked up to her, saying, I am the young man who

killed your hen ; I am exceedingly sorry for my fault, and I beg you will accept of these two instead of the one which you have lost. The old woman at first did not know what to say, but looked alternately at the youth and the hens. At length she said, Young gentleman, if you commit a fault, you know how to correct it.—Blessings on your head. I called you a wicked boy : Heaven forgive me. —She however would not receive both hens, and she even felt reluctant to take one, till the youth assured her, that he could not do any thing which would be more gratifying to the Rector and his father.

The dame then received one of the hens, and the youth took the other and put it into the arms of her grandson, who was sitting on the floor. He then took off his hat, and made a respectful bow, and after thanking her, he hastily turned round to depart. His obliging manner,

much more than the present, won upon the old woman, and as he gained the door, he heard her pouring out her thanks. The two, with joyful steps, hastened from the village, and without being missed, reached home.

The matron's son was again dispatched to the Academy, to relate the conduct of the noble-minded boy. The Rector received the information with peculiar satisfaction.

Next day, in the evening, the young men were again called from play. And, after they all had taken their seats, the Rector rose, and said: Gentlemen, the story which I told you yesterday cannot have escaped your memory, and the manner in which you expressed your feelings evinced the rectitude of your intentions. He then informed them of every circumstance of the event, and requested their opinions respecting it. They all, with noble disinterestedness, declared, that Stand-

fast's subsequent conduct had wiped away the disgrace of his fault.

The board next day exhibited the following sentences.

Humanity is subject to error; but to persevere in error is the proof of depravity.

The most virtuous youth may act wrong; but he is more anxious to correct his faults, than either to justify or to conceal them.

He who in youth conceals, by mean artifice, his errors, will most probably in future life lose those sublime principles which distinguish the great and the good, and, instead of possessing the reality of virtue, he will be satisfied with assuming its appearance.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER HEN.

PART II.

STANDFAST wrote an account of the preceding adventure to his father, and as he knew that the old woman sometimes spent an hour in reading, he requested a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, which he meant to present to her. The Lieutenant was highly pleased with his son's conduct, and he thus expressed himself in a letter, which he addressed to the youth :

" I trust that you will never disgrace the name of your father. Sail clear of faults ; but if, unhappily, you are at any time driven into them, be a brave boy, and steer honourably off. If you ever do a mean action, you are no longer my son ; remember this : but mind me, John, we are

all born of a woman, and both you and I may err; but I hate your base, pitiful cowards, that cannot say, I have done wrong.

" Beside the book you mention, I send you two others, Don Quixote, and Locke on the Human Understanding. One of them I overhawled in a voyage to the East Indies, and I found it a mighty comical story; and as to the other, it is out of the way of my reading, but I heard the parson say, that it was a very fine book. I hope they will suit the old lady; give her my best respects, and tell her, that when I pass through the village, I shall wait upon her."

Standfast was delighted with his father's approbation, and he felt the pleasure which arises from the esteem of others. The two books which his father so warmly recommended he laid aside, and putting the Pilgrim's Progress in his pocket, he repaired to the village.

The old woman was seated in front of her cottage with her usual attendants, her grandson and her cat. The moment that he approached her, she cried, lifting her eyes from the spinning wheel, Ah, Master Standfast, I am really glad to see you, to thank you, and to tell you what fine things my neighbours say of you. The youth made an obliging reply, and then added, that his father had sent a book, which he begged her to accept, at the same time putting it into her hand. Pilgrim's Progress! exclaimed she, on opening the volume; I have not seen it this long time; often have I been amused with it in my earlier years; would I had leisure just now to read it! This expression was enough for the noble-hearted boy; he took the volume out of her hand, and proposed to read. Heaven bless thee, said she, and continued to spin, while the youth began to read.

At one period of her life, she had employed her time in teaching the children of the poorer class to read; and though her station was humble, her dress was cleanly, and her manners, though plain, were not rude.

While Standfast was reading, the Rector came in view. The youth was sitting on one side of the old woman, and the cat on the other, while the little boy lay on the grass, sorting some flowers which he had collected on the green. They did not perceive the Rector till he was beside them. The matron was about to rise in order to pay her respects to him, but this he with mild affability prevented, and kindly inquired after her health. He then turned toward the youth, and, with a smile more expressive than words, took him by the hand. He conversed for some time with the matron, and then accompanied by Standfast he returned to the Academy.

In the evening, the Rector related to his pupils the story of the Old Shepherd.

THE OLD SHEPHERD.

Old Colin was a Shepherd; I remember him well; often has he with his stories amused my early youth, but he is now no more. Though age had traced many a wrinkle on his forehead, it respected the freshness of health; his venerable head was white from age, his eye was placid from contentment, while a smile ever accompanied his words. Often in his cottage have I sat near him, as he rested in his oaken arm-chair; often have I reclined by his side under a blooming thorn; and wherever he directed his steps, his faithful dog Watch was at his foot.

The Old Shepherd regretted not the departure of youth, because it had not been vicious; and he feared not futurity, because his confidence was in heaven. Age enfeebled his steps, and his limbs could no longer support him to the fields, where his manhood had been spent. He was not however discontented; he sat down in his arm-chair, and said: Heaven's will be done! while Watch, pitying its master, would not stir from his foot.

The old man died, and was borne by his fellow-peasants, in mournful silence, to the church-yard. No stone marks the spot where his remains rest; yet the rustics, as they placed the last turf on his grave, repeated with feeling: Here lies a good man.

Watch followed the funeral procession, and after the peasants had retired, it approached, and lay down upon the grave of its master. It returned home, and, whining, looked up to the empty chair

where Old Colin was accustomed to sit: he was not there. It then repaired to the thorn, where he used to tend the flock: I was sitting under it; Watch fawned upon me, and afterwards, with a drooping air, it looked by turns at me, and at a stone which had served its master for a seat. Poor Watch, said I, he is gone, and will never return.

The faithful dog did not long survive the honest hind; nothing could divert it from the remembrance of its master; it pined away, and upon his grave it expired.

THE GARDEN.

PART I.

TRADEWELL and EASIFOOT frequently saw the top of a pear tree, which seemed to be loaded with excellent fruit, in a neighbouring garden. Easifoot was a simple, good-natured boy, without bad dispositions, but also without that firmness which is necessary to resist temptation; or his character may be given in the words of Falsesight: Though his body were to grow to the stature of a giant, his mind would still be in leading strings.

One evening, when passing the garden, Tradewell said, Let us have some of those pears; a few will not be missed, the tree is so much loaded with them. We shall be

discovered, replied Easifoot, and disgrace will be the certain consequence. Never fear, returned Tradewell, I will manage the business; I shall mount upon your shoulders, and if there is any person in the garden, I shall proceed no farther. Without more discourse, he clambered up the wall, and seeing no person, descended by means of a cherry tree, which grew on the other side. He ran to the pear tree, and filling his pockets with fruit, he hastened back, and regained the outside of the wall, without being discovered.

Happy in his escape from danger, he sat down with his companion upon the grass, and laid out the pillage before him. Standfast at this moment was passing, and seeing the fruit, he doubted not of the means by which it had been obtained, and reproached them for their conduct. Tradewell said, that he was envious of their good fortune, and that he wished to have a share. This reply displeased Standfast,

and he ordered him, on pain of a severe drubbing, to remount the wall, and to lay down the fruit at the root of the tree from which it had been plucked. Tradewell laughed at the menace, but Standfast proceeded to put it in execution, and compelled him, after much altercation, to reascend the wall, and to deposite h s booty below the very tree from which it had been taken. On the return of the pilferer, the noble-minded boy said to him : I have certainly done you a kindness, for the Rector will now most probably never come to know of the transaction, and if you are discreet, it shall never pass my lips. If you think that I have done wrong, you can appeal to our companions, and you know that I always submit to their decisions. The three separated; Standfast pursued the path homeward, while the other two struck into the country.

Tradewell was no less vexed for the loss of the fruit, than he was mortified by the

manner of losing it; and after walking for some time, he said to his companion, that he was determined to return and take it away. Easifoot was reluctant to yield to such a step; but as he had not sufficient resolution to oppose it, his consent was easily obtained, and the two returned to the garden.

As soon as Tradewell had a second time got to the outside of the wall with his booty, they were both anxious to leave a spot, which they deemed so unlucky, and they hastened across a park.

A servant who belonged to the gentleman, whose fruit they had stolen, was ordered to bring home a horse, which was at the grass. When he entered the park, the horse was not in view; but he saw the boys, and running toward them, he called, inquiring whether they had seen it. They beheld him running, and heard him calling; but not knowing what he said, they supposed that he cried, Stop the thieves,

We are discovered, Easifoot exclaimed, Tradewell threw down his pears, and both, fearful of being seized, ran with precipitation.

A belt of firs lay before them; they pushed forward; but when they were about the middle of it, the clump of a tree took hold of Tradewell's coat, and he cried, supposing that it was the servant, O! let me go, and I shall never be guilty of the like again. He made a sudden spring, and got away, leaving behind him one of the skirts of his coat, and in this condition he reached the Academy.

The Rector, from his torn coat and embarrassed manner, conjectured that his conduct had been wrong; but he forbore at that time to question him.

It was an important rule with the Rector, never to put it in the power of a boy to be guilty of a falsehood; for he found by experience, that a youth when abruptly questioned, under the fear of immediate

punishment or disgrace, often, in attempting to vindicate himself, loses the distinction of right and wrong, and supposes that he is only justifying his actions, while he is in fact guilty of falsehood. When a boy declares a falsehood, he often becomes obstinate in error.

The Rector put the highest value upon truth. Truth, would he often say, is connected with every thing manly, generous, and good. The youth who has an invincible love for it, can never descend to any thing mean, base, or pusillanimous; and though he may sometimes err, however pure his intentions may be, yet he hates to conceal his actions by falsehood, which would render him more base.

Some, in order to shew their love for truth, forgive a child his faults, because he confesses them. Mark the consequence of this conduct. The child, instead of conceiving a regard for truth, becomes in fact indifferent to his faults, because

there is no species of punishment or evil connected with them. Others, in order to make children speak truth, inflict upon them severe correction. This method, instead of leading the mind to the love of truth, naturally inspires it with dissimulation, cunning and deceit.

Raise youth from every thing low or mean; inspire them with generous yet modest self complacence; teach them to act worthy of the esteem of good men; but, in particular, convince them that they are ever in the presence of the Supreme Being. When such young men act wrong, they feel the punishment in their own bosoms; they avow their faults, and experience the shame which arises in ingenuous minds. We may be led to virtue even by our errors.

If any error has been committed, and the Rector cannot trace it to its source, he deprives all the boys of play, or of some other gratification, till the transgressor

himself comes forward, and acknowledges his fault. This custom has the happiest effect. It prevents the hope of concealment; it also prevents animosity, for one boy is not required to inform upon another; and it renders general good conduct, general happiness.

If a fault is done by a boy of a noble mind, the Rector generally sends for him, and in private inquires into every particular; first assuring the young man of the high sense which he entertains of his candour; and that the meeting is a proof of the confidence which he has in his veracity. With the two boys who had pilfered the fruit, he acted in a different manner. He sent for them to his room, and after expressing his suspicion of their conduct, he told them that he was about to examine them separately, and that it was impossible to conceal the truth. Tradewell was dismissed, and Easifoot, without reserve, declared the whole truth.

THE GARDEN.

PART II.

The punishment inflicted on Tradewell was, that he should wear the torn coat for a week. The school was dismissed, and the youth felt so much ashamed, that he retired to his room, and did not appear among his companions at play during that evening.

Next day the delinquent entered the school-room with a mortified air, and after taking his seat, he devoted himself, with the most assiduous attention, to his lessons. In the evening he retired, as usual, to his room; and after the other boys had gone abroad to their amusements, he begged permission to speak with the Rector. This was instantly granted, and he

asked liberty to wear another coat for the evening, and to quit the Academy for a short time. The Rector, from the manner in which the request was expressed, felt no hesitation in complying with it.

The youth quitted the Rector, and availing himself of the permission which he had received, left the Academy, unobserved by his companions, and went directly to the person whose fruit he had pilfered. The gentleman was at home; and Tradewell, on being introduced to him, said, with an air of modesty, I am extremely sorry for having been guilty of breaking into your garden.—You are the young man who has robbed my garden! said Mr Worthy, interrupting him; then I beg you will go to your tailor, and get this skirt sewed upon your coat; my servant found it upon the clump of a fir. The youth was extremely embarrassed; he blushed, and the tear began to flow. Mr Worthy saw his distress, and kindly took

him by the hand. Tradewell was encouraged by his kind manner; he recovered composure, and in the most ingenuous expressions, he begged his forgiveness.

The gentleman was so pleased with the youth, that he not only forgave him, but he invited him to sit down and drink tea.

While Tradewell was sitting at the tea table, in the midst of the family, Mr Worthy retired, and wrote a letter to the Rector, requesting him to pardon the youth, whose frank confession had given him much satisfaction. At the same time, he ordered the servant, who was charged to deliver the letter, to carry a basket of fruit for the young gentlemen of the Academy.

The Rector, as the evening was extremely fine, desired tea to be prepared in the arbour: he missed Tradewell, yet he made no remarks on his absence, as he had given him liberty for the evening.

In the course of conversation, Mr Macadam alluded to the conduct of Easifoot, and observed, that the simplicity of mind, which leads us, without examination, to adopt the opinions and manners of our associates, is next to vicious inclinations the most censurable. A youth with such dispositions, when he goes into the world, generally falls a prey to the designing and abandoned. It is not enough that we possess good intentions, if we have not wisdom to perceive what is right, and firmness to pursue it.

The Rector then related the following fable, and desired the young men to make the application.

THE TWO FOXES.

Two foxes, the one young and simple, the other old and crafty, once formed the closest alliance of friendship. They sought together their prey; but whenever danger was apprehended, the old fox always consulted his own safety.

One evening they resolved to attack some lambs, which they had observed during the course of the day. When they arrived near the field where the flock was feeding, the old fox sent the young one forward, while he remained at a distance. The young one slowly moved towards his prey; but the shepherd, who was provided with a gun, and seeing him approach, fired and wounded

him severely. He however gained his companion, and both escaped from the shepherd.

The young fox encountered many dangers by the artifice of his friend. At last, however, the old fox was roused by the hounds, and closely pursued. He tried every method to escape. He leaped from one break to another, in order that the hounds might lose his tract; he made for the sea, and ran for some time along the margin in shallow water; but his pursuers still kept close upon him. He then made for the retreat of his friend, the young fox, and hastily calling him to the mouth of the cave, he left him to be seized by the hounds, while he escaped from danger.

After the Rector had finished the fable, the servant arrived with the fruit and the letter. The fruit was very acceptable to the young men, and the let-

ter gave much satisfaction to Mr Macadam, who was particularly anxious that his pupils should not deem themselves either learned or perfect; but that from a sense of their ignorance and errors, they should become modest, wise, and good.

The company were soon joined by Tradewell, whom the Rector received with kindness. The young men were required to give their opinion of his conduct. They gave it as their judgment, that his sorrow for his fault, and his apology to the gentleman, deserved the Rector's forgiveness. The youth accordingly was received into favour. Next day the board exhibited the following sentence.

A young man, who a second time commits a fault for which he has been honourably acquitted, shews himself destitute of those generous principles which guide youth to noble actions.

ADMONITIONS.

On the choice of your associates depend your character and happiness.

If you associate with a person whose politeness conceals his depravity, your ruin is almost inevitable. Vice is naturally abhorrent to the ingenuous mind; but the approach to it is easy in the company of those whom you esteem.

Few young men of fortune judge for themselves in society: they are deluded into the sentiments of others: rather than be singular, they will be vicious; and while they think that they are acting a manly part, they not unfrequently act inconsistently with reason and virtue.

When you associate with your inferiors, you lose delicacy of sentiment, with politeness of manners; and even while you court their friendship, they despise you.

When you keep company with those who are much your superiors in rank, you lose in servility your dignity of sentiment; and the moment you cease to please them, they desert you.

In the hour of dissipation and mirth, every bosom seems to overflow with generosity, and your associates profess for you the most inviolable regard; but in misfortune they are the first to forsake you.

In your intercourse with the world you may be obliged to mix occasionally with all ranks. To your superiors be respectful without servility; but while you pay due deference to rank, know that the respectful homage of the heart is due only to virtue.

When you converse with people of the lower orders, let them not feel their inferiority; but while you remember what is due to yourself, let them perceive in your engaging deportment nothing but what is calculated to gain their esteem.

Servility and haughtiness, which are the offspring of a weak mind, are wholly incompatible with every great and generous sentiment.

Among your equals you must expect to find friends. In order to secure the esteem of your acquaintance, you must possess candour, which rejects all dissimulation; and while your modesty prevents you assuming an air of superiority, your prudent, but polite conduct, must prevent that familiarity or confidence, which often occasions regret. Friendship knows no restraints save those of virtue and decorum.

FORTITUDE.

FEEBLEARM's temper was somewhat peevish, and he had perpetually some cause of complaint. Permit a boy to complain of trifles, and he contracts a habit which embitters his future life. A brave man cannot shun misfortunes; but he can do more, he can rise superior to them; and hence it was one of the principal objects of the Rector, in the education of his pupils, to inspire them with firmness of character. No boy was permitted to complain of heat or cold, or of petty losses and accidents. Complaints were deemed unmanly.

Let prudence prevent misfortune; let virtue prevent repentance; and support every event with calmness.

View the savage:—He gratifies his hunger and thirst, and is satisfied. Compare your situation with his, and be content. View the intrepid seamen, or traveller in the midst of dangers, and will you complain?

The Rector, in the evening, related the following story in the arbour, for the purpose of exhibiting an instance of that firmness of mind which is acquired in the midst of dangers.

THE SEAMAN'S STORY.

Mr Macadam thus introduced it. One time, while I was angling, a sailor came up to the bank on which I stood, and after accosting me, we entered into conversation. His manner pleased me, and taking out my provisions and flask, I desired him to sit down with me on the brink of the stream, and partake of my cheer. The invitation was extremely agreeable to him, and during our repast, he amused me with the history of his adventures; the last of which I shall relate as correctly as I can in his own words.

My story is not very wonderful, but you shall have it such as it is. Well, you must know, that I was born in Scotland. I went to Liverpool to get insight into my business, and wrought there, till I be-

came one of the best hands in the shop. A comrade of mine,—he and I were great friends,—took it into his head to go to sea. There was no harm in that, but he would have me to go with him. I stood out for some time, at last however I consented to go with him.

Our first trip was lucky enough, but our second, that was the one. Well, as we were lying off St Vincent, taking in a cargo of rum and sugar, I was sent in the yawl, with two of my messmates, to bring a puncheon of rum. Our ship was in the offing, and we had a far way to sail. To cut the matter short, for I hate long stories, we got the puncheon into the boat, and steered for the ship. But, look you, we had scarcely cleared land, when the wind veered about, and blew a heavy squall. We were driven out to sea. I stood at the stern. I mind it, as if it happened yesterday.—Jack, cried Sam to me, you are afraid.—Afraid! no, no, said

I. Cheer up, my lads, we shall weather it.—I looked to the windward.—A mountain of a sea came rolling toward our quarter.—We were all looking at it, when in the turning of a handspike it dashed in upon us. Down went the boat; down went Tom. I catched one end of an oar, Sam catched the other, and there we lay, keeping ourselves afloat the best way we could.

Our condition was bad enough; but what could we do? we could not help it. And so there we lay as I said.—Well, you see, in a little time something flounced against my breast. We are gone, said I to Sam, for I guessed that it was a shark, and that it would come back; and so, Sir, before you could splice a rope, back it came.—The squall was over, and the sea was clear.—I saw it plainly.—It opened its dreadful jaws.—I shall never forget it.—And in a twinkling it seized Sam by the head, and whipt him off.—So, Sir,

there was an end to poor Sam. You may be sure I did not like my birth, but there was no flinching.—I forgot to tell you, that the shark did not come back, though I thought as how it would be athwart me every moment. It had enough for that bout.

Well, my strength was gone, night came on, and I lost sight of land. What was to be done? Nothing was in sight; I lost all hope; to the bottom I must go, said I to myself.—I said my prayers in the best way I could, and then quitted the oar, and down I sunk.—When I had sunk half a cable's length, or thereabouts, —but that is neither here nor there, for I kept no reckoning;—why, Sir, something came into my head, I know not what it was; but while there is life, there is hope. Up I bounced, like a cork. The oar was not far from me; I could see it plainly enough: The night in those countries is not dark; and so I swam to

it, and laid my breast across it as before. —Here the seaman stopped, and, after an emphatic pause, he exclaimed, There is a kind providence aloft.

To end my story,—for as I told you before I hate long stories,—next morning a boat belonging to a London trader passed me within hail. I could not cry, nor lift my arm; my hat was lost: However, the mate who steered her espied me, after he had passed me, and he laid about, and picked me up.—I fainted.—My breast bone was laid bare; but that was a trifle: and in the evening I was carried on board of my own ship. Ah! what a pity added he, turning up the flask, it is all done; but the best of things will have an end: so say I: and then he sung a verse of a song. He put a large piece of tobacco into his mouth, grasped his cudgel, and arose. We shaked hands, and after exchanging a most cordial adieu, he parted from me singing.

SCOURHILL'S ADVENTURES.

PART I.

THERE was a review of a regiment of horse, at a small distance from the Academy, and several of the boys were allowed to be present. On the road, they fell in with a man who was walking, and leading a horse with two empty panniers suspended on each side of it. Scourhill requested a ride; the man consented, and the youth mounted upon the horse.

The animal had long been a dragoon horse, and when it became old, it was sold to a farmer. But it had not forgot its early habits; for on arriving within sight of the cavalry, the old charger pricked up its ears, and seemed to resume the fire of youth. The young men laughed and

complimented Scourhill on the appearance he made upon his war horse; but while they were yet speaking, the trumpet sounded, and the animal, roused into spirit, set off at a full trot, and fell into the front rank. Immediately the signal was given for a charge, and Scourhill, and his horse, with the baskets dangling by its sides, flew off at full speed, amid the shouts and huzzas of the whole crowd. The instant that the regiment halted, the youth slid off the horse, which he delivered to its owner, and, completely mortified with his military exhibition, he sunk into the crowd, and regained his companions.

The young men on their return home, as they were about to enter the village, saw an ass feeding by the road side. What a fine appearance, said Falsesight to Scourhill, you would make upon this noble animal, at the head of the regiment. Saying this, he attempted to leap

upon its back, but was not able. Scourhill, in order to shew his agility, made a spring, and easily accomplished what his companion had tried in vain. Instantly Falsesight took off his hat, and gave the animal a few slaps, and away it cantered into the village, pursued by the young men, urging it to full speed; while every boy whom they met joined in the pursuit, and every cottage poured out its matrons, and children, and dogs.

In the midst of this uproar, the Rector entered the village, and was coming full upon Scourhill and his retinue, when the ass made a sudden halt before the door of a tinkard, its master, and threw its rider upon a large heap of mire. The youth instantly started up, and without ever looking behind him, to thank his attendants for the procession, he ran home to the Academy.

He retired, and some time after his arrival, he wrote a small note to the Rec-

tor, expressive of sorrow for his conduct, and requesting permission to keep his room for the evening. Mr Macadam granted the request, and at the same time desired the servant to say, that he was assured that Master Scourhill would find himself much fatigued after his brilliant display of assmanship, which so much astonished the village.

The errors of a boy must be corrected by corporeal punishment, or by the deprivation of something which he values, or by his own self-reproach. The whole aim of Mr Macadam, in the education of his pupils, was to raise them to that dignity of character, which renders the last mode of punishment sufficient for right conduct. To raise youth however to such a character, requires knowledge, vigilance, affectionate severity, and prudent indulgence; and if few boys possess it, let us not complain of human nature. Will the husbandman, who in spring has ne-

glected his fields, meet with commiseration, when he complains that his harvest has failed?

Scourhill received no punishment, excepting what arose from his own sense of shame; but next day the Rector spoke to his pupils, and he particularly cautioned them against those pursuits which tend to debase the character. The rich, said he, owe their virtues and talents to society, as much as the poor man does his industry; and if the former fall into low amusements, they do not become useless only; they frequently become vicious, and sometimes they make as honourable an exhibition, as did Master Scourhill on the ass, pursued by the boys and dogs of the village.

The youth was advised to make some reparation, or apology to the tinkard, the particular nature of which was left to his own discretion; and for this purpose

he was permitted to leave the Academy for the evening.

The tinkard had a child, and Scourhill thought, that an apology to the father, and a present to the son, would amply atone for his imprudence.

SCOURHILL'S ADVENTURES.

PART II.

BEFORE entering the village, Scourhill had to pass a mill. A child playing on the margin of the stream that supplied it with water, fell in, and was floating toward the mill-wheel, when the youth seeing its danger, rushed forward, and caught it by the clothes, just as it was on the point of destruction. Several people witnessed the event; and the report, that a child was carried into the mill-wheel, flew through the village, and every mother came running to the place. The woman to whom the child belonged soon heard its name, and pushing in a frantic manner through the crowd, she flew to it, and taking it in her arms,

cried, clasping it to her bosom, My child, my child! She then silently gazed upon its face, apparently to see whether it was really alive, and shedding tears, she exclaimed, Heaven be praised!

After her mind became somewhat more composed, Scourhill was pointed out to her; she in a moment put the child out of her arms, and hastily making up to the youth, she embraced him, and gratefully thanked him for rescuing her child.

Scourhill, as soon as the general attention was withdrawn from him, retired from the crowd, and went to the cottage of the tinkard. He entered, and finding the man at work, he took off his hat, and in an obliging manner apologized for his conduct. The tinkard said smiling: To be sure you had a grand procession, but my ass is nothing the worse for it, and I freely forgive you. The youth politely thanked him, and just as he was

about to retire, he slipped a little money into the hand of the tinkard's son.

The child, proud of its present, shewed it to its father, who instantly threw down his tools, and ran out of the house after the youth. The crowd were returning from the mill; Scourhill had to pass through it, and the matrons were not a little surprised to see the deliverer of the child pursued by the mender of kettles. The tinkard soon overtook him, and having thanked him for his polite and generous conduct, he turned about and satisfied the curiosity of those who surrounded him. Scourhill received much applause, and while he continued his course, every eye pursued him in admiration.

SCOURHILL'S ADVENTURES.

PART III.

MR MACADAM wrote an account of the preceding adventures to Scourhill's father, and the old gentleman returned an answer, in which he says, "Your letter rejoices my heart. Make my son Joseph a scholar; but above all make him an honest man. I know little about your Latin and Greek, as being things very much out of my way; but this I know, that a man, if his heart is right, can look a fellow creature in the face; but without being an honest man, why he had better not live.

"When your letter came to hand, I was sitting at dinner, after a most noble chase, in the midst of my friends; all men

of the right sort, downright hearty good fellows. The cloth was removed, and we had just sung, *Bright Phœbus had mounted his chariot of day*, when my servant Jonathan came in with your letter.

" But you must know my manner.—Jonathan is none of your flighty, bowing footmen, that whip in upon you with the spring of a fox. No, Jonathan is better trained. He opens the door leisurely, and marches slowly to within four yards of my chair, and there he halts, his eye resting upon me. If the conversation is general, he comes forward, and delivers his message; but if I am telling one of my hunting stories, he must neither speak nor move till he receives my orders. —Well, as I said, Jonathan came in with your letter. I was in the middle of one of my best stories, and according to custom he took his station. I came to a pause, and looked at him. He made his bow;

but I continued my story. I made a second pause, and again turned my eye toward him.—He bowed. I see you, Jonathan, said I, and went on with my story. At the third pause, I took a few seconds to breathe.—The honest fellow made one of his lowest bows. I said to him, Come hither. A letter you have for me? Let me see it.—I know your handwriting.—Carry it, honest Jonathan, to your mistress, said I, for my story is not yet finished. It is from the worthy man, the Rector; it is about Joseph; return and let me know whether the youngster continues to behave well.

" One of the company remarked the peculiar manner of Jonathan; and this brought on a conversation concerning servants. I have an Irish one, said Squire Danby, a fellow with a sly, blunt countenance; but his heart is honest and affectionate. Yesterday I sent him with a message; he staid too long; and on his

return I was much displeased.—Where do you come from? I cried in an angry tone.—From Belfast, he calmly replied. —What! exclaimed I, raising my voice, you are still the old man in your answers. —Old man, replied he, with a blunt but respectful air, that is just what my father used to say. Pat, says he, were you to live to the age of Methuselah, you would still be Patrick O'Donnar. —I lost all patience. Sirrah! cried I, to whom do you speak?—Sir, Did you not know, answered he, I would tell you.— I was extremely provoked; I gave him a push from me, and he fell upon a favourite dog, which set up a loud howl. Pat leisurely arose, muttering, Ay, Towler, I see you are ashamed, and he walked slowly away. He soon returned; and coming up to me, said with a grave countenance, that he was determined to quit my service. My anger had subsided, and I, smiling, said, Why, Pat, leave my

service? because, Sir, replied he, there is no bearing with your anger.—Tut, my anger, I cried, is a mere blast, which is quickly over.—Yes, said he, with one of his vacant stares, it is a blast; but it is the blast of a hurricane which knocks me down. I easily reconciled him to his situation.

"In a short while Jonathan came back, and in a fluttered manner, said that his mistress wanted to speak with me. Immediately I left the table, and went to my wife. As I entered the door of her apartment, I saw that she was in tears; my heart sunk; my limbs trembled, and, walking up to her, I took her hand, and kissed her cheek; for we have ever lived in a loving manner, and I cried, My dear, be comforted.—Is our son Joseph dead! She, in a hurried tone, talked of a dragoon horse, an ass, a child, and a tinkard. What! cried I, my dear, has our son Joseph to do with dragoon asses

and horses. I unwittingly put the asses first.—She laughed. I stared at her, and shaking my head, I said to myself, Ah! my poor wife! for I really thought that she was touched in the brain.

She then thrust the letter into my hand; I read it, and when I came to the last part, I felt that I was a father. When I saw my boy catching the child, when I saw the mother embracing him, when I saw them all blessing him, my heart overflowed with tenderness, and I exclaimed, He is indeed my son Joseph. My wife, who saw that I was affected, wept, and, while I was drying my own eyes, I always cried to her,—My dear, do not weep.

I then descended to the company, with the letter in my hand, and told them that I should let them hear a story about my son. I gave the letter to my friend Squire Sleekface, and requested him to read it. My friend, who is al-

most as broad as long, has a jolly round countenance, and when he is merry, he shakes the whole house with his laughter. The Squire read with decent composure, till he came to the old horse at full charge, with the panniers dancing by its sides. Here he made a full stop; the letter fell upon his knee, and his sides were convulsed with laughter. He began again, and got tolerably well through with the ass race, till he arrived at the turning post, where Joseph was laid in the mire. At this place, my friend, with his immoderate laughter, slid off his chair, and fell with his back flat upon the floor, and there he lay rolling from one side to another, while we all stood round him shaking our sides with laughter. At this moment honest Jonathan stalked in with his solemn pace, and took his station, waiting my orders. His appearance added still more to our mirth.

At length, said I, honest Jonathan lend us a hand. We got the Squire placed upon his chair; we all dried our eyes, and again took our seats. When the last part of your letter was read, all was silence and attention; and at the end of it, my friend Sleekface called—A bumper: he then gave the toast, May Joseph honour his father, by being an honest man. The second toast was, May we, without being philosophers, embrace every man as a brother; and, without being courtiers, may we ever smile upon a friend. We then drank, The land o' cakes; and we concluded the whole with singing, Rule Britannia.

THE REDBREAST.

As the Rector was sitting one delightful evening among his pupils in the arbour, a redbreast sang charmingly on a neighbouring spray. This circumstance called the attention of the groupe, and he related the following little history of a bird of this species.

One winter when I resided in Edinburgh, in a building situated by itself, a redbreast flew into my room. I immediately secured the little captive, with the resolution of giving it shelter till the weather became more favourable.

On the third day it left me, and afterwards sought protection from a lady who resided in the same building, and

with whom it staid two winters. It was never confined in a cage; the lady gave it full liberty, and it seemed to be very happy in its hospitable retreat. There were two rooms which communicated by a small passage; it took great pleasure in darting from the one to the other. At meal time it would light for a moment on the corner of the table, snatch a crumb, and glide away. It had two very obvious modes of expressing its pleasure, and its pain. When it was dissatisfied, it usually drooped, gently fluttered its wings, and emitted a low mournful chirping. When it was cheerful, it elevated itself; it also fluttered its wings; but its chirping was more loud and sprightly. In the morning, the window was always thrown open, in order to permit it to fly into the fields. It leisurely hopped out; and if the day was favourable, it soon disappeared; but if the weather was to prove bad, it came

fluttering back to its kind hostess. In the evening when it returned, it was sometimes attended by a companion, which it would bring to the window, and woo to come forward, but its efforts were always vain. In the spring succeeding the second winter, it went away, and never returned.

THE CROW.

On the same evening, the Rector related the following particulars of a crow.

The children of a gentleman who lives about fifty miles from Edinburgh, found a young crow, which they reared till it acquired sufficient strength to fly. It then quitted their protection, and flew away. It however returned every day for

food; but the quantity which it took seemed to be so unusually great, that they several times watched it, and found that it constantly directed its flight to a few birds of its own species.

A gentleman who resided in the family, one day on his return from shooting discharged his gun at a few crows, which were hovering above his head; and one of them instantly fell among some growing corn. Next day the favourite crow did not make its appearance, and for some time none could conceive the cause of its absence.

Some days after this, three crows were seen moving slowly from the field of corn, toward the house; one of them which seemed wounded, was supported by the other two, one on each side of it. A boy was sent to them; on his approach the two flew away, leaving the other behind, which the youth took and carried into the house. It was

the favourite crow. Its wing was injured; its head was also wounded; but by proper care it soon recovered, and at the present time it makes its daily visits to the hospitable mansion.

THE GHOST.

A REPORT was spread abroad, that the church-yard was haunted by an apparition, which had been seen by several persons. This was the subject of much conversation, and the comments upon it were various and profound. It appeared to be the general belief, that the spectre was the ghost of some wicked man who could not rest in his grave.

David Clodpoll declared, that in passing through the church-yard one night, he suddenly came upon something with a white body and a black head. He stood aghast.—A cold sweat bedewed his forehead.—His hair became erect.—The clock struck twelve, and in a moment the ap-

parition flew away, with the velocity of lightning. Agnes Marvel declared, that in walking through the church-yard she saw the same ghost. It was at a small distance. She was struck with terror and ran. She gained the style; and on looking behind her, she saw the spectre at her heels, as large as the church.

This report was soon carried to the Academy, and the Rector took occasion one day to mention it, as he sat in the midst of his pupils. Superstition, said he, is fast declining in Scotland, though it still lingers in many parts, particularly among the old, who are reluctant to forego the notions which they cherished in youth. We feel a natural propensity to endow inanimate nature with our feelings and passions. This is the origin of poetry. We also feel a propensity to give existence to the ideal creations which spring from our feelings and passions; and hence the

origin of ancient mythology, as well as of genii, fairies, and ghosts.

Mr Macadam denied the existence of ghosts. The young men, who were also of his opinion, laughed at the story; and one night, when he was from home, they determined to sally forth, and explore the church-yard.

They set out on their expedition; but on arriving at the wall of the church-yard, none of them would proceed farther, excepting Standfast and Scourhill, who thinking it cowardly to retreat, boldly advanced, leaving their companions behind.

They walked forward, laughing and talking, and at times looking fearfully round. At length, with a dreadful pause, they made a sudden halt.—The spectre was full in view.—'Tis it, whispered Standfast. Scourhill grasped his arm, stood trembling for a moment, then turned round and scampered away.

I have seen it!—I have seen it! he exclaimed, on reaching his companions, who remained on the outside of the wall. They were all electrified with terror, and every one fled with trembling haste.

Standfast's fear contended with his courage, and he stood with his foot half turned round, undetermined whether to advance or to fly. He had not continued many seconds in this uncertainty, when the spectre slowly stalked toward him. Flight became no longer doubtful; but just as he was about to spring away, his foot was arrested by a loud bray! His fear subsided, and he walked up and found that the apparition was the tinkard's ass.

The tinkard, who was a cunning fellow, contrived to get his ass, for several nights, into the church-yard; and in order to frighten away the peasants from a foot-path which led through it, he covered the animal with a white cloth.

The young men who had fled soon reached home, and related a marvellous story concerning the spectre; and when Standfast arrived, they flocked round him, eager to hear his adventure. They vehemently questioned him, each exclaiming, Have you seen it? He calmly replied in the affirmative. And what was it like? they all cried. He coolly answered, to their great surprise, that it was the tinkard's ass!

The Rector, on learning the preceding adventure, assembled the young men, and thus he addressed them. The origin of spectres may be easily traced. A man, with a cultivated mind, can vividly recall a departed friend, and he can hold ideal converse with him; but he mistakes not the ideas of imagination for those of reality. Different, however, is the case with an ignorant and superstitious man. In the obscurity of night, and in the stillness of solitude, he recalls some deceased

person to his remembrance; some one, perhaps, who was extremely wicked. His mind is rouzed into a fearful kind of enthusiasm, which suspends sensation and reflection. Something passes darkly before him. His disordered fancy gives it the mien and dress of the person whose image occupies his mind. He makes no farther inquiry; and thus he has seen a ghost!

There are other kinds of superstition, against which youth should be particularly warned.—You have something to undertake; but you will not commence it upon Saturday.—Duty calls you somewhere; but you feel a presentiment of evil, and hence you will not go.—One of these circumstances is a proof of weakness; the other is an evidence of that sensibility which is destructive of happiness. Many may tell you, that they have felt a presentiment of some misfortune which really has happened; let them be

candid, and they will confess, that they have felt a thousand such presentiments which never did happen. Whoever aspires to dignity of character, whoever wishes to be happy, must rise superior to such weaknesses.

Futurity belongs not to man; it is his part to act as duty requires, and, dismissing idle fears, to leave futurity to Providence.

THE ELM TREE.

At the foot of the garden there was a stream, over which grew a large elm. Some of the boys had often ascended it, and swung upon its branches; but this practice the Rector, for several reasons, forbade. After the prohibition, however, Falsesight clambered up the tree, and was seen by the Rector, who severely reprimanded him, and threatened to banish him for a certain time from the garden. The youth pleaded warmly in his own favour, and the Rector, from his good promises, was induced to forgive him.

This event happened while Standfast was at the village on his last visit, and he

was entirely ignorant both of it and of the general prohibition.

Falsesight unfortunately possessed that disposition, which supposes that guilt, by sharing it, is diminished. A person of this description, instead of correcting his own errors, endeavours to bring others to his level.

As a few of the boys were assembled under the tree at their amusements, Falsesight said to Standfast, addressing him, I believe I can do what you cannot; I can climb this tree, pass from that branch to the other, and hang on its extremity. This challenge was enough for the noble-spirited boy; he threw off his shoes, and instantly ascended the tree, but while he was passing from one branch to another, the Rector appeared in view. All the young men fled, and Falsesight, anxious to elude observation, attempted to leap over the stream, but falling short of his aim, he plunged into

the mire, and the Rector came to the spot, while the youth was crawling to the bank, like a lobster in the mud.

A fine situation, Master Falsesight, cried the Rector; a pretty appearance you make! I advise you to seek the road homeward. The youth did not require such an advice; for the moment he gained the bank he flew away, and was soon out of sight. Mr Macadam went directly to Standfast, who had descended the elm, and after learning from him the whole truth, he walked away, without making any observation.

The Rector, when he met his pupils, took no notice of the preceding event, and those who were concerned in it felt much pleasure in the idea, that it had so happily ended. But after tea in the arbour, he called their attention to the following fable, which he related to them.

THE TWO STAGS.

Two stags which had long fed in the same fields, contracted a close acquaintance. It happened that one of them was pursued by hounds, and flying into the open country, it took a circuitous rout, and returned to the other, which was feeding in a wood. My friend, cried the hunted stag, as it approached the unsuspecting creature, push your head into this thick bush, and I shall shew you a curious experiment. The simple creature, without the least hesitation, obeyed the request, and found itself completely entangled by the horns. By this time the dogs were distinctly heard advancing toward them, and the treacherous friend bounded away, leaving the

other, as it supposed, a victim to their fury. But it was deceived; for while it was running at full speed, its pursuers, at an opening of the wood, came suddenly upon it, and seized it as their prey. The other, after struggling for some time, disengaged itself and escaped.

Falsesight was the first whom the Rector required to give an opinion respecting the fable; and the youth replied, That the stag which was seized by the hounds acted a very treacherous part: for instead of exposing the other to danger, it should have warned it to fly, and both might have been saved.—Your judgment is correct, replied the Rector; not such, however, is your conduct. In the place of the two stags, substitute Master Falsesight and Master Standfast, and you will perceive a late transaction in its true light. The youth instantly saw the application of the fable; he was humbled, and he acknowledged his offence.

The Rector wrote on the board:

If you have been guilty of an error, firmly determine to correct it; for the resolution is worthy of a noble mind. If you conceal it, you act with dissimulation; if you induce others to commit it, you indulge those dispositions which lead to treachery and vice.

ADMONITIONS.

A GREAT and disinterested action commands the esteem of an enemy; but a deed at the expence of virtue, is regarded with indignation even by the man for whose sake it was performed.

The sacrifices that virtue demands are attended with present and future pleasure; but those of vice are ever accompanied by repentance and misery.

To fall into an error is a misfortune; to persevere in it is criminal; but to correct it, in spite of false shame, is true wisdom.

It is not enough to be virtuous; you must also preserve the appearance of virtue: it is not enough to plead the purity

of your intentions, if by your imprudence you give rise to suspicion.

To be happy you must be virtuous; and to gain the esteem of others, you must first deserve it.

Weak people, by a kind of self-delusion, are gratified with unmerited praise; but men of superior minds decline it with noble greatness, because they deem it meanness to receive what is not their due.

The greatest misery of humanity results from the evils of vicious conduct, embittered by the consciousness that they are deserved. The greatest felicity is that which a good man feels in contemplating the virtue and happiness which he diffuses around him.

Always consider the consequences of your actions, and let wisdom direct your conduct. Future peace of mind must be preferred to present gratification, and no-

thing can be called pleasure which affects either your health or tranquillity.

Be more anxious to prepare respectability and happiness for manhood and age, than to procure pleasure for youth.

A virtuous man may support misfortune; but he who suffers from imprudence and vice, has an enemy in his own bosom.

To adhere obstinately to trifles is the mark of a weak understanding; but to be steady in virtuous pursuits is the character of a great mind.

THE LABOURER.

PART I.

A LABOURER, who resided in the village, one day rose early, and went abroad to his work. The morning was delightful: the sun shone upon the side of the mountains: the cattle were straying over the fields, while the song of the birds burst upon the ear. The labourer was happy. Habit had reconciled him to his occupation; and perfectly contented with his humble station, he envied neither the wealth, nor the leisure of his superiors. Idleness to him would have been painful; his worth was known and respected by his equals, and in his cottage was centred his whole happiness.

What more could he desire? With his pickaxe over his shoulder, he walked along, grateful to that Being, who, on humble virtue, confers the spirit of contentment.

When mid-day arrived, he quitted his labour, and retired to the shade of a tree, and there, reclining upon the grass, he enjoyed his homely but wholesome repast. His arm was somewhat fatigued; but he thought on his cottage, and looked forward to the close of day, when, in the joy of his children, he would forget his toil.

Toward evening, a large stone, at the upper part of a quarry in which he was working, gave way: He saw its approach, and sprang to one side, in order to elude it, but he unhappily fell, and the stone bounding upon him, severely lacerated one of his legs. His fellow labourers hastened to his assistance: they bore him to the grass, and after

sympathising with him in his misfortune, they prepared to carry him home.

His wife was engaged, with pleasing care, in making ready his evening repast. His children, who were pursuing their sports before the cottage, occasionally directed their eyes along the road, and frequently said to one another,—When will our father return? In a short time, they saw the labourers, who were bearing the wounded man, slowly approaching them. It is our father, they cried, and instantly quitting their diversions, with their dog at their head, they ran with clamorous joy to meet the group. The poor man, as he turned his eye toward the cottage, saw the young people running, and heard their noisy prattle; for such was the manner in which they were accustomed to meet him. He sighed, and faintly exclaimed,—Ah! my poor children! When they had arrived within a short distance of the peasants, they

stopped their course, and their prattle ceased; for they perceived that something was wrong. The group in a few minutes approached them.—They saw their bleeding father, and assembling round him, they gave way to the bitterest lamentations, Weep not, my children, said the father, in a consoling tone, I hope I shall soon be well. The wife, who was engaged in household affairs, indistinctly heard the cries; her heart foreboded evil, and hurrying from the cottage she flew towards the group. She saw her husband, and exclaimed, Is he killed? The poor man spoke calmly to her, and attempted to moderate the strength of her feelings; but her sorrow did not immediately admit of consolation.

The labourer was laid upon a bed: a surgeon was called, and the wounds were dressed. After the surgeon had finished his business, and was about to

depart, the wife put to him many questions dictated by anxiety and affection. He heard her with patience, and replied, That her husband's wounds, which were not dangerous, might confine him for a fortnight, or three weeks, and that in the mean time it was necessary that he should not be disturbed by her unavailing sorrow. This favourable report of the poor man's situation removed her apprehensions for his life; yet a distressing idea, to which she had paid no attention in the violence of her grief, occurred to her mind. The family for support depended solely upon his labour; and how could the children subsist, when deprived of the earnings of the father? The idea was painful; she clasped the youngest child to her arms, and as she wept over it, she sighed, When he lies low, how shall our children find bread? The little ones flocked round her, and while they stood in silence, they

wept also when they saw their mother's tears. She was affected with their innocent feelings; she wiped the eye of one; she kissed the cheek of another; and striving to look cheerful, she said, with resignation,—Providence is kind.

Scourhill witnessed this last scene. In passing through the village, he heard of the accident, and moved by sympathy, as well as by a desire of being serviceable, he entered the cottage. The family were too much absorbed in grief to observe his entrance, and he stood in silence, viewing the group, till on hearing the woman exclaiming,—Providence is kind, he involuntarily took one of the children by the hand, and faintly articulated,—You shall not want. The woman turned round her head, and beheld the youth; her heart gave way to grief, and she gave him a recital of the unfortunate event. He listened with attention, and his sympathy seemed to yield her consolation. He then ap-

proached the bed where the man lay, and kindly inquired into the accident. Ah! Sir, said the labourer, were the rich thus to feel for the poor, their lot would not be hard. The youth, who really felt for the poor man, expressed himself in the language of condolence, and then left the cottage.

When Scourhill reached the Academy, the young gentlemen were on the play ground at their amusements. He called their attention; they assembled round him, and he related in a feeling manner the scene which he had beheld in the cottage. When his simple story was finished, Townly eagerly said, Something must be done for the family. Yes, they all repeated, something must be done for the unfortunate family. Their best feelings were rouzed; every one spoke his sentiments, and a plan for the relief of the cottagers was soon concerted. It was resolved, that each should contribute a por-

tion of his pocket-money, as a common fund. It was at the same time agreed that Townly and Scourhill should next day repair to the village, in order to give effect to their benevolent purpose. This affair was wholly concealed from the Rector.

Scourhill and Townly, next day, went to the village to execute their commission. On their entrance into the cottage, the labourer and his wife were engaged in conversation respecting the means of procuring bread during his confinement. They both felt that laudable spirit of independence which springs from honest industry, and were grieved to think, that they might perhaps be obliged to apply for relief to those who would be indifferent to their distress. The husband was resting in his arm chair, his leg lay supported on a stool; the wife was sitting opposite to him; their countenances exhibited marks of

melancholy thought. Their oldest daughter was preparing their frugal supper: two of the children were sitting upon the floor, amusing themselves at their diversions. A small casement, which looked into the garden, was thrown open, and admitted the fragrance of the honeysuckle, which grew against the wall.

The two young gentlemen accosted them in an obliging manner; and after they had taken seats, to which they were invited, they mentioned in delicate terms the object of their visit. The cottagers thanked the generous youths for their benevolent intentions; but they could not be prevailed upon to accept the benefaction, unknown to the Rector and their friends. If you refuse our assistance, said Townly, you will mortify all the young men in the Academy. Our friends, said Scourhill, in a persuasive manner, allow us pocket-money,

and they particularly request us, after supplying ourselves with every thing necessary for our learning or amusements, to expend it in relieving the unfortunate. Such also is the advice of the Rector; and when he shall hear of your distress, our conduct will meet with his warmest approbation. After some more conversation, the scruples of the honest couple were overcome, and Townly, with delicacy, put the money into the woman's hand, while Scourhill gave some apples to the children who were sitting upon the floor. What an interesting, but mute scene ensued! The labourer in silence clasped his hands, and directed his eye upward; his wife, as she looked upon the money which lay in her hand, burst into tears; while the children, with eager smiles, eyed the fruit, which they were rolling upon the floor. The young gentlemen cast their eyes around them; they looked at each

other, and as they felt the emotion which arises from a beneficent action, they withdrew from this scene of contentment. On their return to the Academy, they communicated the particulars of their visit to their companions, who were anxiously waiting their arrival.

The custom of allowing boys pocket-money, deserves the serious attention of parents. The sentiments of the Rector upon this subject are fully explained in a letter which he wrote to a gentleman who had a son at the Academy.

"At stated periods you allow your son a certain sum, which is called pocket-money. The practice, considered in itself, I neither praise nor condemn; by its effects only can we judge of its propriety. You ask my advice; I cannot speak decidedly, for general rules in education are often no less dangerous than absurd. You give your son money:

if he treasures it up with avaricious care, he will become a miser, and to his love of wealth will be sacrificed every generous principle. If he is thoughtlessly profuse, he will become a prodigal, and in after life he will squander away his fortune, equally without dignity and without enjoyment. Every principle, even the most amiable, in youth, must be moderated and enlightened.

You propose that your son shall note down in a book, for your inspection, every article of expence; and the fear of your displeasure, you imagine, will be a sufficient check to his improper expenditure. Your intentions are good; but your hopes, I am afraid, will meet with disappointment. If he should be tempted to expend his money in a manner which he knows to be contrary to your wishes, rather than incur your displeasure he will probably impose on you; and by placing his expences under false

names, he may gain your approbation, at the very moment that he is deceiving you. But admit that your son no less respects truth, than he does you; even in this case, it must be acknowledged, that the habit of noting down every minute article of expence, however necessary it may be to a man in business, can certainly have no other effect on the young, than to inspire them with sordid and selfish dispositions.—Nor do I approve of the manner in which your son receives his allowance. If he can command the money at stated periods, instead of deeming it a favour, he will soon receive it without a sense of gratitude or of obligation.

This is my advice, which I submit to your judgment.—Let the money be given him, not at stated periods, but occasionally, and thus he will at once acknowledge your goodness, and feel a sense of his own dependence. While the sum is

sufficient to gratify every innocent want consistent with his station, it should not be so much as to create unnecessary or pernicious desires. Restrain the desires in youth, and you lay the foundation of future contentment and happiness. Permit him to spend the money according to his own discretion; but while you grant him this indulgence, you must be well persuaded that your bounty does not affect either his health or morals.

THE LABOURER.

PART II.

STANDFAST was appointed by the young gentlemen of the Academy to wait upon the cottagers, and pleased with this commission, he repaired to the village. The cottage, which a short time before presented a scene of deep distress, now exhibited the pleasing picture of contentment. The husband was sitting reading in his chair; the wife was mending stockings, at the same time that one of the children had its head resting on her lap; while the oldest daughter, who was engaged in the household affairs, sang one of those simple Scottish airs which so powerfully touch the heart. A cheerful smile of gratitude welcomed the youth; he took a

seat among them, and kindly inquired for the invalid.—Heaven reward your goodness, said the honest man; your assistance was very seasonable; I shall soon be well, and then I shall get abroad to my labour. The cottage had an air of order and cleanliness; every countenance wore a smile; and the virtuous couple, with modest warmth, expressed their thanks. The youth, who rejoiced in the happiness of the family, after remaining for a short time in conversation, left the cottage on his return to the Academy.

Lead youth to such scenes as these, for they are calculated to cherish those virtuous feelings which form the basis of future respectability and usefulness. But guard them from that sensibility which, while it turns with indifference from the real misfortunes of life, weeps over fictitious distress it never can relieve. Can there be an emotion more delightful than that which springs from the view of a

virtuous family, whose tears are turned into smiles; and at how small an expence might the rich purchase such a gratification? But they have yet to learn the true nature of happiness. What is the insipid vanity of parade, or the noisy mirth of dissipation, to the calm enjoyments of benevolence?

Standfast, on his way home, observed a quantity of mire upon a gate, which had been newly painted; and struck with such an instance of malicious wantonness, he stopped to observe it more closely. He had not stood many minutes, when the painter, who had forgot some of his materials, returned, and seeing the disaster, seized the youth, suspecting him to be the offender, and spoke to him in reproachful language. Standfast resented such rude conduct with becoming reserve, and without deigning to answer the questions which were put to him, he simply gave his name, and added that he belonged to the Academy.

The painter quitted the youth, and without mentioning his intentions, he hastened to the Academy, to make his complaint to the Rector.

Mr Macadam immediately summoned the young men into the school-room, and after they had assembled, he inquired with much earnestness for Standfast; the youth was not present, and no answer was returned. The Rector seemed to be much affected, and though his pupils knew not the cause of his agitation, they concluded that it was something relative to their companion, whom they had sent with the most benevolent intentions to the village.

Standfast soon arrived, and not finding the boys on the play-ground, he hastily entered the school-room. The silence of his companions; the looks of the Rector; in fine, every thing seemed ominous, and the youth, blushing deeply, appeared quite embarrassed. Young man, said the Rector to him, with calm solemnity, your guilty

appearance seems to verify the complaint which I have just now received. Vindicate your conduct, and you will do a service no less pleasing to my feelings, than necessary to your own character. The youth was so completely confused that he could make no reply; and the idea that the Rector could for an instant conceive him capable of a base action, overwhelmed him with sorrow.

Gentlemen, said the Rector, addressing his pupils, after waiting for some time in vain for Standfast's answer, this is one of the most painful moments of my life. Errors which in a generous mind spring from imprudence or passion, I can pardon; but I cannot regard with indulgence those actions that originate from mean wantonness, or base malignity; because it is extremely difficult to correct the principles from which they arise. Such actions may occur in a large town; but I have seldom known them in the country. The higher and lower ranks in a large city resemble

each other in the extent, though perhaps not in the nature of their virtues and vices. They who know not the true use of riches, instead of pursuing those objects which constitute happiness, sacrifice their wealth to their vanity; and while their ostentation is a reproach to the poverty of the poor man, it inspires him, if his heart is not guarded by virtue, with envy and malignity. But such is not the case in the country, where the landholder, who acts agreeably to his character, is beloved; and the peasantry, while they esteem his virtues, respect every thing that belongs to him.

Mr Macadam then proceeded to question Standfast. The youth did not conceive himself at liberty, without the consent of his companions, to disclose the object of his visit to the village; and with regard to the gate, he could in general terms only declare his innocence. He spoke however with hesitation; his manner was extremely embarrassed; and the

Rector, though reluctant to harbour sentiments unfavourable to his character, was forced to entertain strong suspicions of his guilt.

A person, said the Rector, who wantonly injures another, acts from the basest motives. I am induced to believe that Master Standfast has been guilty of an action which reflects on him the highest disgrace; and as I believed him to be a boy incapable of a mean or cowardly action, you may conceive the pain that I now feel. The offence which he has committed is this.—On his way just now to the Academy, he took up a handful of mud, and threw it against a newly painted gate. I can completely rely on the veracity of the man from whom I have my information.—This is the proof of his guilt. The painter quitted the gate for a few minutes only, and on his return he found Standfast calmly surveying the mischief he had done. There was no other boy in view; and when the

man spoke to the youth, he started as well as blushed, and refusing to give any explanation of the affair, he treated the workman with disdain. Do not these circumstances, taken collectively, produce the conviction of his guilt? Here the Rector paused.

Standfast felt the dignity of rectitude; he elevated his head with modest assurance, and walked up to the Rector.—Sir, said he, while his eye beamed respect and innocence, Do you suppose me capable of such an action? Do my companions suppose me capable of such an action?—A profound silence, for a few minutes, ensued.—Master Standfast, said the Rector, in a grave tone, but with warm affection, your manner is not that of guilt. After saying this, he paced the schoolroom for several minutes, and then suddenly stopping, he again said, addressing the youth with an air of kindness, blended with severity, Retire to your room for the evening; to-morrow will establish

your guilt or innocence. The young men were dismissed, and Townly whispered Standfast in passing, What shall be done?—Hasten to the village, was the answer; I am innocent.

The boys, as soon as they gained the play-ground, entered into conversation. The affair, which seemed to be involved in mystery, excited their surprise, and their conjectures respecting it were various; but what chiefly called their attention, was the expression of Standfast, —Hasten to the village; I am innocent. The precise meaning of the sentence they did not clearly understand; but Falsesight supposed that some of the boys in the village had done the injury, and that could they be discovered, the disgrace of Standfast would be removed. The young men thought the supposition extremely probable; and they immediately appointed Falsesight and Tradewell to proceed to the village, for the purpose of gaining information respecting this business.

The two, on their entrance into the village, saw a number of boys at play, whom they soon joined. Falsesight, after remaining with them for a short time, went up to the boy whom he deemed the most likely to have committed the offence, and carelessly inquired whether he had seen a large tree fallen across the road beside the newly painted gate. The boy hastily replied, that he had not seen it, and that he had passed that way not above two hours ago. This answer gave much satisfaction to Falsesight, who immediately inquired whether he had seen the gate which had been painted. The boy, in a hesitating manner, replied in the affirmative. The youth next assuming an air of indifference, asked him whether the gentleman to whom it belonged had ever done him any harm. He is very much disliked by the people of the village, replied the boy, because he is haughty, and an enemy to the poor. Then, whispered the youth, since he is a man of

such a character, would it not afford a little sport to daub the gate over with mire. That is done already, answered the little rustic, shaking his head. You are the very boy we are in search of, cried the young men, who were overjoyed in discovering the real offender. You must come with me to the Academy, said False-sight eagerly; if you refuse, the gentleman shall be informed of your conduct, and you know the consequence. If you come cheerfully, the boys will load you with presents, and the Rector will be so happy, that he will stand your friend. The youth seized the boy by the arm, and partly by force, and partly by persuasion, bore him away to the Academy. There were two concerned in the offence; Tradewell was left to find the other one, and to follow without delay.

The boys, who were assembled on the green, saw their companion and the village boy approaching, and ceased from

their amusement. Falsesight, when he arrived within a short distance, waved his hand in triumph; the young men raised a shout of joy; and the whole soon met, forming a joyful group. The pleasing intelligence was quickly communicated to the smiling circle, and every one entreated the rustic to tell the truth, with firmness and without fear.

The Rector, who saw the meeting, descended from his room; and conjecturing that something of a satisfactory nature respecting Standfast's business had occurred, proceeded to join the party. His approach was beheld with pleasure; every countenance with a smile was directed towards him; and he soon stood in the midst of his pupils. He listened to Falsesight; he commended them all for the interest which they took in the character of their companion; and then desired the village boy to relate every circumstance of the affair.

Yesterday, said the boy, I was feeding my mother's cow by the road side; she went into the avenue near the painted gate. The gentleman passed me; he stopped his carriage, and in great anger ordered me to drive her away. I thought she was not doing harm, and I was not in a hurry. A servant in a short time came, and drove her away with a large stick. To-day I passed the gate; I did not intend any ill; but I thought on the poor cow. My heart was in a flutter; I took up a handful of mire and dashed it upon the paint. There was another boy with me.—We saw one of the young gentlemen of the Academy coming, and we crept through a hedge, and got home without being seen.

The other little rustic, who was accompanied by Tradewell, arrived, and confirmed this simple story. The Rector dismissed the two village boys with a suitable advice.

A message was instantly sent to bring the prisoner, who was ignorant of his good fortune, to the play-ground. When he appeared, the Rector hastened a few steps forward to meet him, and taking him affectionately by the hand, said in the tone of friendship,—Master Standfast, you are innocent; your character, from this momentary disgrace, rises higher in my esteem, and I am sorry that for a moment I should have suspected you capable of a mean action. The youth was overcome by his feelings; but after a short time he recovered composure, and then replied with a modest air,—Sir, I am particularly happy to be restored to your favourable opinion. Gentlemen, said the Rector, from this circumstance learn, that innocence, however it may be obscured, will ultimately rise above every opposing obstacle, and be acknowledged and respected.

Mr Macadam afterwards requested the

youth to explain the motives of his conduct at the gate, and the object of his visit to the village. I started, and appeared confused, replied the youth, because the man came suddenly upon me, and I refused to answer his questions, because his behaviour was rude. Here Standfast stopped, and seemed to hesitate whether to proceed, when Townly advanced, and gave a full account of the cottage adventure. The Rector was delighted with their conduct; he was about to address them, but his emotions powerfully affected him.—He attempted to speak.—He paused.—Gentlemen, said he, I am proud of such pupils.—He waved his hand, turned round, and departed.

Next day he gave out the following admonitions, and in the evening he related the story of the Old Man and his Horse.

ADMONITIONS.

The poor have the strongest claims upon the compassion of the rich. If you derive your wealth from your ancestors, be grateful to Heaven, and know, that the best proof of gratitude is compassion to the poor. If you have acquired wealth by industry, you owe much to society, and the best mode of discharging the obligation is by raising the poor from wretchedness.

Charity is the first law of humanity; but the exercise of it demands discretion. The mere act of giving money cannot always be termed charity. While the aim of charity is to relieve distress, it is particularly careful not to encourage idleness and vice.

Impress upon the lower ranks sentiments hostile to mendicity, and inspire them with the love of that independence which springs from industry. This both sound policy and morality enjoin.

The great object then of charity, is to furnish the lower ranks with the means of calling forth their industry, in order to supply their own wants. But there are many who cannot labour, and who must be relieved; even in this case, the application of charity requires prudence.

The indolent exertion of benevolence is often pernicious. Charity is active; it inquires into the situation of those whom it intends to relieve, and accommodates itself to their wants.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS HORSE.

I was one day seated upon a bank, enjoying the view of a beautiful landscape, in the company of a young lady whom I shall name Amelia. The conversation in which we were engaged was interrupted by the approach of a man leading a horse: their pace was slow, and when they drew nearer, we plainly perceived that age had robbed them of the vigour of better days. The old man, whose countenance exhibited the deepest sorrow, walked before the horse, holding the halter by the end. When almost opposite to us, he turned round, and surveying the emaciated old animal with a melancholy eye, he mournfully

articulated: Wo is my lot!—we must now part:—twenty years hast thou been my faithful friend:—thou hast been my meat and drink; and did I ever neglect thee? Did I ever eat my morsel when thou wert hungry? But now we must part!—Having thus concluded, he drew his hand across his eyes, and was proceeding in his journey, when Amelia cried,—What affects you good old man? he did not seem to hear her.—We arose and went to him. With the most complacent sweetness she began,—Good man, you seem not to be happy. He raised on us a sorrowful eye, shaked his head, and was silent. This mute language spoke forcibly to our hearts. The sorrow that darkened his aged visage, reflected a shade on ours. My dear Sir, continued she, You appear in distress; pardon us, if we inquire the cause of it, not from motives of curiosity, but from a sincere desire to befriend you. He

smiled in grief, and sighed, as much as to say, I thank you for your kind intentions, but they are unavailing. Ah! my trusty old horse, he cried, laying his hand on its mane, Thou and I must now part. Many a step have we trudged together, and I expected that we never should be separated till one of us was no more.

We drew him into conversation, and he gave us to understand, that he lived in an adjacent village, and depended for his maintenance upon the horse, which he employed in carrying the produce of the villagers to market: about six weeks previous to this period, he sprained his ankle, by which accident he was confined to his cottage, and consequently being incapable of pursuing his usual employment, he fell in arrears for a piece of land which he rented for the support of his favourite animal. The rent was demanded. He had no money.

—What could I do, said he, but part with my horse? And I am now on my way to sell him at the town. He must now go to another master; and it grieves me to think that he may be neglected in his old age. Amelia cast upon me a look that expressed what followed in a whisper:—Can we help him?—Perhaps we can, I replied; and at the same time turning round, said to the old man, What price do you set upon your horse? Indeed, Sir, it cannot be very high.—So, I suppose, for he appears to be almost unfit for service. What do you expect for him? About a guinea was his reply. —Amelia instantly put her hand into her pocket, and brought up a few shillings. Ah! too little, sighed she over them, as they lay in her hand; I added a seven shillings piece, which was all I had about me. She counted the sum.—Still too little. I mused a short while. But what is your debt? said I to him.

Fourteen shillings he replied. Fourteen shillings! repeated Amelia, there they are, presenting the sum to him; keep your horse, go home and be happy. He retreated a step backward, and refused the money. We were not a little surprised, and asked him the reason of his refusal. It proceeded from motives of delicacy. On learning this circumstance, she, with a winning earnestness, pressed him to accept the sum. The greatest merit of a gift consists in the mode of conferring it. Her manner was ingenious.—My dear old man, said she, you are unfortunate. We always derive a real pleasure in relieving the unfortunate. Now, if you refuse this sum, you deny us that pleasure; hence by receiving it, you make us your debtors.—I repressed a smile that arose at the insinuating warmth with which this logical argument was urged. His scruples were nearly overcome. But if

I take the money, he still objected, You may come to want some wherewith to buy what may be needful to you. As for me, said Amelia with an air of sprightly ease, the consequence perhaps may be, that I shall wear this cap longer than otherwise I should have done, or my next may want some superfluous piece of ornament: but what is that in comparison to the pleasure which I now feel? She delicately thrust the money into his hand. An involuntary tear bore witness to his gratitude and joy.—I will now lead thee home, said he, as he turned about his horse to leave us. I see Providence will never desert the poor honest man.—We resumed our seat, and contemplated the scene that lay before us. The hill and the plain displayed numberless beauties to our sight; but the most delightful objects in the whole scene were the old man and his horse, winding slowly along the road.

At this period the Autumn vacation approached, when the young gentlemen were to quit the Academy, in order to spend a few weeks with their friends. The Rector assembled them, on the day previous to their departure, and spoke to them, for a considerable time, in the pathetic but mild language of kindness. His address, which is too long for insertion, he thus concluded: They who have been my pupils, have the strongest claims on my friendship, and to hear of your future happiness will always afford me the most sincere gratification. We must now for a short time part; I bid you farewell; and I shall be happy soon to meet with you, in order to resume our studies.

FINIS.

Memoir of the late Mr William Mackenzie.

The late Rev. DUGALD STEWART WILLIAMSON, minister of Tongland, wrote on a copy of "The Young Man's Counsellor" a note as to the death of Dr WALTER NICHOL, teacher of mathematics, Edinburgh, one of his old masters, in which he says:—"Mr. Nichol was a teacher in Heriot's Hospital at the same time with Mr. Mackenzie, the author of the following excellent little treatise. He was a most sincere admirer of every kind of genius, however dissimilar to his own. I have often heard him speak of Mr. Mackenzie with great affection and respect; and if I recollect aright, it was he who once showed me a poem written by that gentleman on a Robin Redbreast, with great delicacy and tenderness, both of language and sentiment. There were many anecdotes current about Mr. Mackenzie, among his contemporaries in the Hospital when I first went to college, all illustrative of a character singularly contemplative, retiring, delicate, and pure. They all seemed to regard him as a man of whom they had seen too little, and would have welcomed his re-appearance amongst them with infinite delight."

Mr. Mackenzie wrote many other books (two of them in verse), besides articles in the magazines of the day. He was 10 years writing master in Heriot's Hospital, and on his leaving that institution, he established a school of his own in Edinburgh. He was a native of Kirkcudbright, and was educated at Kirkcudbright Academy, under Dr Cririe, afterwards of the High School, Edinburgh. He was the finest penman of his day in Edinburgh, and was employed to write the Addresses to the Throne, and the Burgess Tickets presented

to eminent men. George III. told an Edinburgh gentleman that the most beautiful addresses which he received came from that city. When a lad. he saw an advertisement in a newspaper wanting a writing master for the Ayr Academy, about to be established. He sent to the directors a specimen of his penmanship, and some certificates, and was at once appointed. Having filled the situation for some years, teaching satisfactorily his department in the Academy, and privately in some of the best families in the town and neighbourhood, he gave up his appointment and started for Edinburgh with the view of studying for the Church, teaching part of the day. A writing master was wanted for Heriot's Hospital. He applied for the situation, and after a competitive trial he gained the appointment. Mr. Paton, father of the famous Miss Paton, was a competitor. Mr. M'Kenzie used to tell that Mr. P., in the room where the candidates met, was sporting the ideas of "The Friends of the People," then in great favour with certain folks, but certainly not with the persons having the direction of Heriot's Hospital and property. He went so far with his studies for the Church as to deliver one or two discourses in the Divinity Hall. He found his success as a writing master in the school and by private teaching, so great that he gave up his intention of qualifying as a probationer of the Church, but instead, took some of the surgical and medical classes. He published several sets of copy lines, the words (his own) as well as the penmanship being admirable. He was offered a co-partnery by Mr. Butterworth. When getting the drafts of the Addresses and Burgess Tickets, he sometimes suggested alterations, which the officials considered beyond his province. However, they found that he was something more than an extending clerk, and often adopted his suggestions. Having made a competency—for his wants were few and simple—he, owing to bad health, to the great regret of his employers, at the comparatively early age of 45, retired to Kirkcudbright. He spent several years in Castle-Douglas, where he contributed frequently to the little periodical called the *Castle-Douglas Miscellany;* and

while there wrote "Notes on Education," "Notes on Philosophy," "Literary Varieties," and "The Rustic Bower." On his return from Castle-Douglas to his native place, he wrote and published "The Friend of Youth" and "The Young Man's Counsellor;" and to within a few weeks of his death he contributed articles to *Hogg's Instructor*. He left a book in manuscript, which has not yet been published. He admired many of the principles of the Society of Friends, but was a firm believer in John Knox as a religious reformer, and entitled to the gratitude of posterity. His own faith was simple and liberal, but he feared the increasing power of Popery. He died at Kirkcudbright, (in the house of the family of his deceased eldest brother—he never was married) on 18th October, 1852, in the eightieth year of his age.

Of his last little book, the *London Critic* spoke as follows: "The Young Man's Counsellor is a series of extremely sensible hints to young men for the guidance of their conduct in that most difficult and most dangerous period of their lives, when they first emerge from the restraint of childhood, and are thrown upon themselves to flourish or fall, according to the power of self-restraint and self-sacrifice, and the amount of industry and integrity which they will exercise. These teachings of experience will much assist their endeavours by showing them what they should do or refrain from doing."

Mr M'Diarmid, reviewing Mr Mackenzie's "Outlines of Education; or Remarks on the Development of Mind and improvement of Manners," wrote as follows in the *Dumfries Courier* of 15th February, 1825: "If we may be allowed to express what we really feel, the author of the above interesting little volume deserves the thanks of every man who regards education as a national good, which in proportion as it is well or ill regulated—diffused or withheld—tranquillizes and adorns, or disturbs and disfigures the face of society. The love of fame and the hope of reward, those powerful stimulants to literary exertion, appear to have had little

influence with him ; witness the hackneyed topic he has chosen, the unpretending form of his literary labours, and above all, the moderate price at which they are offered to parents and teachers. We say parents and teachers, for to these truly influential classes the author's reasonings are chiefly addressed, though it is but just to mention at the same time that his style is as pure as his matter is important. In brevity and clearness his composition is not often surpassed, and though his fancy is held pretty strictly under rein, here and there an illustration escapes, which evinces a mind familiar with the elegant embellishments of poesy. After a quarter of a century spent as a public instructor of youth, during which, as he tells us in his preface, he taught all ranks, from the son of the peer to the son of the peasant, Mr Mackenzie recurs to the serious business of his youth, and patiently digesting the whole mass of his valuable experience, presents it to the public in a form so succinct, and free from ostentation, as must ensure the respect of every candid and philanthropic mind. And how can a man be more usefully employed? Every theorist has not the lights of experience to guide him, every teacher is not a savant, and while we hear so much of other kinds of philosophy it would be well if the public were generally aware that there is such a thing as the *philosophy of education*. That there is such a thing Locke and Hamilton proved long ago, and did the fact stand in need of further confirmation, we could not, we believe, do better than refer to the modest volume now before us. Most sincerely, therefore, do we wish Mr Mackenzie all the success he seems to covet—namely, that from the nursery to the class-room his writings may prove useful in extending the knowledge of those principles which form the basis of public morality, and which have made Britain prosperous, happy, and free beyond all the battles she has fought and won."

Mr M'Diarmid, on his annual tour through Galloway, thus wrote in the *Dumfries Courier* of July 1st, 1835 : "And next we have Mr Mackenzie, who distinguished himself as a

teacher in early life, and to whom simple competence, the reward of industry, prudence, and frugality, is dearer than the title and fortune of a duke. Professionally a penman, his penmanship is most beautiful; but as this may appear an equivocal compliment, we have pleasure in adding that his early publications, poetical, fictitious, educational, and moral, were so decidedly popular, that some of them ran through more than one edition, His taste is remarkably pure, if not fastidious; and though we have sometimes thought him over sentimental, we are well aware that every thought and feeling are native with him, and originate in those retiring and latent sympathies which the common herd of mankind neither appreciate nor feel. Converse with nature, as exhibited externally or reflected in books, is to him the highest of all enjoyments, and our wish is that he may be long spared to participate in those pleasures, which are a thousand times dearer and purer than those bustling and exciting employments which bring the actor prominently before the giddy multitude and the garish eye of day."

The Rev. Robert Bryden, Free Church minister of Dunscore, formerly E.C., an old pupil of Mr Mackenzie, and the son of the lady with whom he lodged in Edinburgh for upwards of twenty years, wrote a notice of Mr Mackenzie in the *Dumfries Standard* after his death, in September, 1852. "He was (he said) a great lover of youth, and special favourite with all his pupils, many of whom are still alive, and, like the writer of this, retain a pleasing remembrance of the kind and paternal sort of interest he took in them, and the sound and judicious counsels they received from him. His sympathies followed them into after life, and he always retained a warm friendship for them, being greatly delighted to hear of their welldoing, and truly grieved when any of them went astray. Mr Mackenzie, indeed, was a man of such a truly amiable nature, and of such a benevolent heart, that he loved everybody, and was himself universally esteemed, and had no enemies. He was very single-minded, and disposed to think

well of all men, and could not be better described than in the words which Pope applies to Gay—

> 'Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
> In wit a man, simplicity a child.'

He was a man of the finest sensibilities, and of the most delicate honour, and a true gentleman both in his manners and his feelings. He was very retiring, however, and a little peculiar, though by no means unsocial, in his habits. He had a most engaging way with youth, and always addressed them in the Quaker style, using the pronouns *thou* and *thee*. He was very simple in his mode of living—indeed, a practical teetotaller long before the temperance movement was heard of. His wants were few, his mind contented; and as soon as he had acquired a small competency, he retired from public life, to enjoy literary leisure in the country. Indeed, he just mixed too little with the world to know its realities, and passed a sort of mystic contemplative life, living in an ideal world of his own. He was the author, however, of several little works of very considerable merit. Some forty years ago he published a poem entitled the 'Sorrows of Seduction,' which passed through more than one edition. He also published a very popular little volume called 'The Academy, or a Picture of Youth.' Subsequently he wrote a work on education, full of sound views and judicious maxims; and we recently noticed in this journal his last production, entitled 'Counsels to Young Men,' well worthy of every young man's attention. All his productions are remarkable for their classic purity of style, for their elevated high-toned morality, and are pervaded by a rich vein of pure and ennobling sentiment." He concludes by saying "that never was there a more amiable, inoffensive, upright man in all his intercourse with society."

Mr Mackenzie was rather below the middle size, always thin; in his later years he was much attenuated. His countenance, though his complexion was dark, and his features not very regular, was on the whole pleasing. The plainness of his look was more than compensated by the settled benig-

nity of expression, for this with him was not a thing that went and came. His temper was uniformly good and unaffected, amidst all occurrences and in all circumstances he saw cause for being tranquil and content. When on his deathbed, a relation having said to him that his life had been "a happy one," the old man qualified it by requesting him to say "a contented one." He possessed an eye of the finest kind. His hand was small and beautifully formed. A statuary would have coveted it for a model. Indeed, persons seeing it, used to attribute his excellence in writing to the formation of his hand. He was the uncle of the Rev. Wm. Mackenzie, for many years master of the English School in the Kirkcudbright Academy, afterwards minister of Skirling, author of the "History of Galloway," and writer of the "Statistical Account of the Parish of Kirkcudbright," the endower of the prize to the best scholar in the English School.

J. C. M'K.,
Nephew of the Author.

Kirkcudbright, 24th Dec., 1877.