GROSHIRM
33

Anne Lovell.

PLEASURE AND IMPROVEMENT

BLENDED.

M. Bryer, Printer, Bridge-Street, Blackfriars, London.

Frontispiece.

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PLEASURE AND IMPROVEMENT

BLENDED,

OR AN ATTEMPT TO SHEW

THAT KNOWLEDGE CAN ONLY BE ATTAINED

BY

EARLY INQUIRY AND JUDICIOUS EXPLANATION.

THE WHOLE ELUCIDATED BY

PLEASING CONVERSATIONS

AND

AGREEABLE TALES.

BY MISS SANDHAM.

AUTHOR OF THE TWIN SISTERS AND MANY OTHER APPROVED WORKS.

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
"For human fellowship, as being void
"Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
"To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
"With sight of animals, enjoying life,
"Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

COWPER.

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1810.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author has in the following work endeavoured to blend instruction with amusement, and has taken the chief of her information respecting plants and animals from the most approved authors, BUFFON, GOLDSMITH, and DERHAM. She is aware that great part of what she has here written, may be read in other books, and those, avowedly published for the use of children, but she has observed, that in many of these works, the continuance of the subject through the whole book, makes it often appear dull and tedious to the young reader, as well as that from the

multiplicity of animals there treated of, and the abrupt transition from one to the other, the memory is confounded, and the very intention for which it is written destroyed. With this idea she has not attempted to speak of many, but to give a just description of a few, and these the most likely to engage the attention of youth.

The form of dialogue has been chosen as being most pleasing to children, who will probably often see a question in the work before them, which they would have wished to have asked themselves, and at the same time stories and conversations of a different nature, are introduced, that the mind may not be fatigued by dwelling too long upon any one subject.

CONTENTS.

ON PLANTS.

"Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
"That nature rides upon, maintains her health,
"Her beauty, her fertility."

Cowpe

HENRY. "Dear papa, I am so much obliged to you for taking me out! What a pleasant walk this is; and how beautifully the sun shines! surely it is a great blessing to be able to walk, and to have our eye-sight, that we may see all these things."

Mr. Bently. "I am glad to find that you are in any measure sensible of it, my dear boy; these are blessings

which we seldom value, or even think of as such; their being so common makes us undervalue them; such is the perverted nature of man! but were we for any part of our time obliged to walk without seeing, how ready should we be to lament the loss of sight!"

Henry. "Oh! papa, did not I hear you, the other day, say, that without the light of the sun all plants would be white?"

Mr. B. "It is said so by Derham, and I was repeating to your mother the observation. I cannot say so from my own knowledge, having never made the experiment; but in his writings I have read, that if plants are suffered to grow in a dark place their leaves will be quite white."

Henry. "How extraordinary! I

should like to try, only I should think that the poor plant mourned for the light, and was ill for the want of it; like Cowper's Rose, you know, papa, that

"Seem'd to the fanciful view
"To weep for the buds it had left with regret
"On the flourishing bush where it grew."

Mr. B. "Very true, my dear; and it certainly would feel the deprivation very severely, and no doubt would be a very sickly plant. Plants are so nearly allied to animals that they want nearly the same care, they receive nourishment as well as them, and are equally subject to disease and death; though they have not the sense of hearing and seeing as animals have, they have the power of directing their roots to proper nutrition. See how the root of this tree

extends itself, and observe it is all on this side, or drawing towards it; the soil here is more favourable for it than the stoney surface on the other side, and here and there you may perceive suckers coming up, but on the other side none; and in this sense you see they are able to direct their motions. Observe what a distance some of the suckers are from the parent tree; yet they receive nourishment from it. More tender trees support each other, and by entwining their roots, if not near enough to reach their branches, add strength to the weak and slender stem."

Henry. "Why, papa, I think we may say they have sense, thus to assist each other. I never thought that they had any feeling of this sort, yet certainly when they are injured and cut

about by idle boys, they shew that they feel it by their dying, or at least that part of them which is taken off. Sometimes I have seen honey-suckles and other creepers in the garden, if they have not any thing to cling to, will grow along the ground, and sometimes under it, and then spring up again as if it were another plant."

Mr. B. "Perhaps you have taken suckers for this method of growth; though I do not know that this may not be the case with those very slender plants, if no care be taken to train them; but it is likely that a heavy rain might have washed the earth over their branches thus laying upon the ground, and for a while the tops of them might have been covered till their further growth has extricated them."

Henry. "But are they propagated

by suckers, papa? I thought it was from seeds."

Mr. B. "It is very certain that every tree, and 'plant of every kind,' have their different seeds, and by these they are multiplied, as we read in the account of the creation of the world, in our bibles; though they are also propagated by suckers, and by slips: but to continue the analogy between plants and animals, we may call their seeds their eggs, and it is also said that every plant has a male and female flower, though they do not always grow upon the same stalk; their fibres are the same as the nerves of animals; and the sap or juice of plants, and the canals through which they are conveyed to every part, may be compared to the blood which flows through the veins of animals; and as the sap rises and falls according

to the state of the weather, so the blood in our veins flows quicker or slower as we feel heat or cold."

Henry. "There are some plants, papa, which shew that they have feeling when you touch them. I am sure the stinging-nettle has made me feel, however. At this very moment, I was looking after more suckers from this tree, and see how it has stung me. I really do not see any thing to admire either for beauty or usefulness in this plant."

Mr. B. "I have heard that it is of great use in medicine, and this we may be sure of, that it is of service in some way or other, for 'God has made nothing in vain,' even the prickly thistle, which I suppose you would wish destroyed likewise, if you had felt its pricks, is of great use in making glass;

and what is a better fence than the bramble, which scratches and tears every thing that attempts to get over it? Every thing that grows out of the ground is for the use of man, and a book has been written, to shew that in every country there is every thing produced for its necessity, and particularly every remedy for the distempers it is subject to. In the West Indies the leaf of what is called the rattle-snake-plant, is a sure remedy against the bite of that animal, and it comes to perfection just at the time these serpents are most dangerous."

Henry. "And is there not a tree called the bread-tree, papa?"

Mr. B. "Yes, in the Ladrone, and some of the Philippine isles, as well as those in the South Sea; the fruit is of the size of a child's head, and not un-

like a truffle covered with a thin skin; the inner part of it is white, about the consistency of new bread, and roasted on the coals, or baked, it answers all the purposes of bread, and when dried in the sun, becomes as hard as biscuit."

Henry. "Has it ever been known in England?"

Mr. B. "It has been brought over, but never comes to any perfection here; where corn grows in such abundance it is not wanted; and thus the providence of God is displayed in uniting the various soils and moulds of the earth to the different vegetables which grow in the different climates. In hot countries, where there is little or no rain, or only at stated periods of the year, water is produced from trees. In China the Benjuro tree, which twines itself around other trees, by cutting off the nib of it,

as it is called, a stream of water issues from it; as also the waterwith in the island of Jamaica, and the birch tree. The amazing high trees of India are suitable to that hot country, and the wild pine which grows there, is so formed as to catch and hold water in the hollow of its leaves, nearly a pint and a half, or a quart, and this not only refreshes the tree itself, but is often a great relief to the fainting weary traveller, who rests under its shade."

Henry. "But, papa, you said it seldom rained in those hot countries, how then can they catch water?"

Mr. B. "On such an occasion as this, my boy, I would wish you to ask questions, and particularly of me, who, from my affection for you, shall not be offended at the seeming abruptness of them; though I would caution you

against thus interrupting any one else, and especially with that apparent eagerness to find them out in an error; but I will soon explain it to you. In hot countries the great dews that fall are equal to rain, and the moisture these produce answers the same purpose. Thus you see bread and water may both be procured from trees, and nourishment derived from them as well as from grain. The American aloe is a most useful tree, in itself it is an excellent fence, and when cut down, its stem will serve for beams and joints to build with; its leaves are tiles, and also serve as platters for the family to eat from; its slender fibres are put to the same use as flax and the cotton plant, that is, woven into garments; its sharp points make nails, and bodkins; and from the juice of this single plant is prepared wine,

honey, vinegar, sugar, and medicines; sometimes near fifty firkins are drawn from one tree."

Henry. "This is a useful tree indeed, papa, and with one or two such, and the bread plant growing by, an Indian would want but little more, and how surprising is it, that from the *seed* of the tree, so small as it is, such a large body, and such a variety of parts should be produced."

Mr. B. "The number of seeds also which one tree produces is also an astonishing consideration; only observe the quantity of acorns growing on the same oak, every one of which, if preserved, and put into the ground, would produce a tree: the various ways likewise by which seeds are preserved and sown, some are so small as scarcely to be perceived, and some are winged, by which

they fly from their parent stock; and are borne by the wind to a great distance, others when grown to their full size, by an elastic motion, start from their cases, while others are eaten by birds, and fertilized by passing through their bodies, and others, as Goldsmith expresses it, by their fruitfulness or beauty invite the husbandman or gardener to sow or nurse them up."

Henry. "Cannot you tell me more of the various nature of plants, papa? I declare our conversation has been so pleasant, that our walk has appeared very short, and we are very near home already."

Mr. B. "I do not at present recollect any more remarkable than that of the Cassada plant in the West Indies, which if eaten raw, is poison, but properly prepared, it is used as bread; this

also I have read in Derham's writings, and the chief of what I have told you is to be met with in this author, or in Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature,' or Buffon's 'Natural History,' each of these are considered as accurate describers of nature; I hope, therefore, when you are older, you will read all their works; in the mean time I am willing to tell you what I remember of their observations. The sensitive plant you have seen in the green-house, and would, were I not to check you, be for ever touching it to observe its shrinking: its doing so, is a proof that it has feeling, and you know I have often told you that the frequent repetion of this experiment, very much injures the plant, and in time will entirely kill it: as for its particular use or beauty I know not any that it has."

Henry. "And don't you think that this is the plant which comes the nearest to animals, papa?"

Mr. B. "There is an animal called Polype which has so much the nature of a plant, and appears so nearly allied to the vegetable world, that it is often taken for one: they live like plants and are propagated by slips, and yet eat, digest, and are capable of moving themselves. It is all stomach, and moves by loosening its tail, by which it hangs, and stretching its arms to some other place, it draws its tail after it, by which it fastens itself to that spot. With its arms it receives its food; and its young ones grow out of its sides like the sprouts of plants, which, if cut off, will grow by themselves, also if one polype be cut into twenty pieces each piece will, in a little time, produce

a perfect animal, and two may be grafted together, as trees and plants are, the head of one will unite with the tail of another, whose head has been cut off, or uniting it to the tail, it will form an animal with two heads. It is now clearly ascertained, that those marine substances called coral, corallines, sponges and others, formerly thought to be vegetables, are cases or shells of different animals of the polype kind, and deserted by them. These polypes are also found in water, and on the under side of leaves."

Henry. "Dear papa, how I should like to see some of them, I never heard any thing like it; but see, there is my sister coming out to meet us, I will run and tell her all I have heard."

GOOD BROUGHT OUT OF EVIL.

JAMES Smith lived at a little distance from the market town, and was kept by his grandmother, who had an allowance from the parish for so doing: he had lost his parents when not more than two years old, and from that time the poor old woman had been his only friend. As he was one day returning from the town, with a basket which contained a few articles she had sent him to purchase, he was overtaken by a man on horseback, who thus accosted him. "How old are you, my boy?" "Ten, sir," replied James, not a little surprised at the abruptness

of the question. "Do you live near this place?" "Yes, sir." "Who with?" "My grandmother," said James, half inclined to ask why such questions were put to him. "Can you ride on horse-back?" asked the man. "No sir, I *mounts* an ass sometimes." "Well, come then," said the stranger, "get upon my horse, and let me see how you can ride *that*," and he dismounted as he spoke. James looked surprised and not at all inclined to accept the proposal, when he felt himself seized by the shoulder and forcibly seated in the saddle. "I don't chuse to ride," cried he, violently struggling. "Don't tell me," said the man, holding him on, and at the same time jumping up behind him, "I'll do you no harm, if you are quiet, but if you make a noise and an alarm, I'll beat you till you have

not a whole bone in your skin. As for your basket," which James in his fright had dropt on the ground, "let it lie there, the old woman may find it perhaps when she comes to look after you." At the recollection of his grandmother, and what she would suffer on his not returning, James could not help shedding tears. "So good and so kind as she has always been to me," said he, "and I have never staid beyond my time, whenever she has sent me out till now, O! what will she say?" "Never mind that," returned the brutal man, "you are not likely to see her any more, so if she *is* angry that is of no consequence." "But she will be very *sorry*;" replied James, "and what will she do? I tell you I will *not* go with you;" continued he, kicking his legs, "what business have you to take me

away?" "Ah! ah!" said the man, laughing at his vain efforts to free himself, and spurring on his horse, "I thought you were a lad of mettle, and I was not mistaken, you will answer my purpose very well, when I have trained you properly, but make no more noise, or I promise you you shall feel the strength of my whip pretty severely when we get to our journey's end." At this moment they passed the cottage of his grandmother, and James, notwithstanding all these threatenings, could not help calling out for assistance to the few neighbours who lived near her, but alas none of them were in sight, the wind was high, and the horse went so swiftly that they were out of hearing in a minute.

And now the poor boy gave himself up for lost; he considered himself as

out of the reach of help, when beyond the houses of his acquaintance; the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the cruel taunts of his companion served to heighten his distress. In this manner they journeyed on till it was quite dark, and it was very late when they entered a large town, in one of the back streets of which, and before a narrow entrance, the man stopped his horse. On getting off, he grasped James, half dead with cold, fatigue, and fright, fast in one hand, and leading the horse with the other, they proceeded down the passage into a court, where stood a miserable looking house, into which they entered. "Whom have you there?" said a man or two who were smoking their pipes over a good fire. "A boy," answered the other, "and such an one as we want, but he must be broken in

first: Come, my young Hector," continued he, addressing James, "how do you find your manly spirit now? are you ready to go to bed, or will you have something to eat first?" "I don't want any thing that you can give me," replied James, "and I don't care what becomes of me." "Oh! what you are sulky, are you?" returned his conductor, "well, look into that hole there, and you will see your bed, it was occupied by one before you, and if he had lived I should not have run away with *you*." James looked in, and saw a heap of straw, with a rug and part of an old blanket for a covering; Oh! how unlike the comfortable bed his grandmother had provided for him! he turned round as if to implore a better lodging than this, but on observing the ferocious looks of the men who seemed

to be watching his behaviour, he would have shrunk from their view, and entering the closet which was under the stairs, he pulled the door after him, if possible to conceal himself from them, and sitting down upon the straw, he felt as if his heart were bursting. His tears were all exhausted, and he could weep no more, but he thought upon the only friend he had in the world; her he had been so cruelly torn from, till he was quite absorbed in grief. The men continued to sit some time longer, apparently regardless of him, but he was too much engrossed by his sorrow to attend to their conversation, nor would it have been intelligible to him if he had done so, for their language was very different from the mild counsels he used to receive from his grandmother, and the tender

manner in which she used to speak to him. At length they left the room, to go, as he supposed, to a more comfortable resting-place than that allotted him, and after remembering how kindly his grandmother used to bid him good night, and desire a blessing on him, his heart returned her wishes in the warmest manner, his head sunk upon his bosom, and for a time he forgot his sorrows in sleep.

"Oh, mamma! what a shocking story is this!" said Robert Manners, with his eyes full of tears, and who had been reading it as part of his morning lesson. "What could they take the poor boy away for? and do you think such things often happen?" "I am afraid they do, my dear, more frequently than we imagine," returned his mother; "many children are stolen from their

parents by chimney sweepers, who, as it is impossible for themselves to get up small chimneys, make these poor little creatures do it." "But why should they *steal* children for this purpose, mamma?" asked Robert. "Because no parents would willingly suffer their little ones to be put to such an employment," answered Mrs. Manners, "and even children who are apprenticed by their parishes, and who have no parents who care for them, it is seldom that the overseers or people who have the management of poor-houses if they have any feeling, or regard to their characters, will allow them to be thus disposed of; but I am happy to tell you that the state of poor children belonging to chimney-sweepers is now looked into; and a society is formed to in-

spect the conduct of their masters towards them. I hope also that a machine which has been lately invented, and has met with much encouragement from the members of this society, will become in more general use, as it is said any chimney may be swept with it as well as by a boy; but to return to poor James Smith, whom you are reading about, I suppose, as we go on with the story, we shall hear what *he* was taken away for; I am afraid for a worse purpose than that of sweeping chimneys, as in doing that, there is no crime, though some danger: but I am afraid the men who had possession of him were thieves, or pickpockets; however, you must at present suspend your curiosity, as it is time you should attend your father in his study."

"I think, mamma," said Robert, "I

shall read again before dinner, if you will give me leave, I shall not want to go to play." "As you please, my dear," returned his mother, smiling at his eagerness, "I shall be ready to hear you, but don't be afraid that the story concludes unhappily. James seems to be a very good boy, and I dare say we shall find him safely restored to his grandmother at the last."

As soon as Robert had finished his lessons with his father, he returned to the parlour, and, taking the book, continued the story as follows—

The next morning James was awake long before the men were down stairs; cold and comfortless, he pushed open the door of the miserable place he was in, but all was dark without, except that the glimmering light of the moon served to make his situation more dismal: he was very hungry also, and

again the recollection of his grandmother forced the tears from his eyes. When his cruel possessors entered the room, they found him walking about in great distress. "Oh," said one who appeared to have rather more compassion than the rest, "you are up before us, and ready for something to eat, are you?" James made no answer, and the man who had brought him there, began to light the fire. "It is your place to do *this*," said he, "your predecessor did it before you, and many more things besides, and so must you, I assure you; why don't you speak?" continued he, "you will condescend to eat something now, I suppose, and you must not expect to be kept for nothing." "I don't wish you to keep me at all," said James, "and you had no business to bring me here." "Let us have none of your

sauciness, you young rascal," replied the man very angrily, I'll make you know I am not to be answered so." At breakfast James was allowed to sit on the outside of the table, and a piece of bread was given to him, and this, he was told, with a little water was all he should have till he knew better how to behave himself. The hardness of the fare was of no consequence to James, for he felt his situation too severely to care what he ate or drank. In the course of the day he was taken into what they called their stable, and made to pump some water for the horse, and clean out the place where he was kept, and this they told him was to be his employment till they should find something better for him to do.

Neither of the men went out till it was quite dark, and then James was

not left alone, but felt some degree of satisfaction, on observing, that the one who had spoken with the most kindness to him continued at home. "Come, sit closer to the fire," said he, as soon as they were alone; and noticing his swollen eyes, and distressed countenance, he told him it would be of no use to cry, for he was now settled for life. "You may be sure," continued he, "that we shall not let you go again; since it would be putting ourselves so much in your power; make yourself content therefore; you will not be treated unkindly if you are civil and obedient, and surely living with men is better than being shut up with an old grandmother." "Oh! but she was so good to me!" returned James, wiping his eyes; "good to you!" exclaimed the man, "what to be nursed up and made a fool of by

an old woman! nonsense! a boy of spirit, such as you are, would be glad to be delivered from such a home." "I don't see *this* is half so *good*," thought James, as he looked around, but he made no other answer than by a deep sigh.

Not to dwell too much upon particulars, I shall proceed to say that James was kept in close confinement for several days, and though he was not better reconciled to his situation, yet, from his natural good humour, and the docility with which he had been used to perform whatever he was told to do, he escaped much ill-treatment. He heard many things which he could not understand, and still more which he could not approve, for his careful grandmother had brought him up with a strict sense of honesty, and

he soon discovered that these men had not the least regard for it. In short, they were a company of pick-pockets, who concealed themselves all day, and at night went out in search of booty. James was so much in their power that they did not scruple to speak of their villainy before him; and he felt their authority too severely to attempt expressing his disapprobation of their conduct, yet the instructions of his grandmother often recurred to his mind, and he would say to himself, "what would she think of it if *she* were here?" and sometimes a hope arose in his mind that he should be restored to her, when he should have strange things to relate. On seeing him, as they imagined, a little more contented, the men began to slacken their, guard over him. "Perhaps," thought James, "they will send me out of an

errand some time or other, or take me with them when *they* go; surely then I can run away. But, though it was not long after that he accompanied one of them to a shop, there was a great deal too much watch kept over all his actions for James to stir a step, or speak a word without his companion observing him, and he again despaired of obtaining his liberty; till at length, after they had one evening been expressing great satisfaction at an uncommon booty they had taken, and were desirous of having some liquor, that they might, as they said, "enjoy themselves after it," one of them went out to purchase some, and thinking that having James with him would make him less liable to suspicion, *he* was ordered to go too. Without a hope that this would be

the time of his escape, James prepared to obey, but they had not gone more than the length of two streets, before an officer of justice seized the man, and James from being rather before him, and the darkness of the evening, was not known to belong to him, he heard the constable exclaim, "This is one of the pickpockets," and immediately every one then in the street was ready to assist him in securing him. James was too much frightened to think of running away, and had he done so, the very attempt would have made the people round suspect that he belonged to the man they had taken. He therefore stood silently looking on till the croud increased, and he saw him carried away to a place of confinement. "And now," said Mrs. Manners, "poor James is at liberty, but his situation does not appear to be much mended;

alone, and in a strange place at that time of the night." Robert was still more interested in the tale than before, but at this moment the maid entered to call him to dinner, and he was obliged to leave the book behind him. After he had dined, his impatience was a little lessened, and as his mother invited him to walk with her, he complied with her request, and did not resume his lesson till the next morning.

Whilst James was thus standing, hardly knowing whether what he had witnessed was true, or not, and scarcely believing that he could be again at liberty, the joy of finding himself so, overbalanced what he felt on not knowing where to go, yet, when he recollected that he did not know his way home, or how far he was from it, neither did he see any one of whom he could ask, his

heart nearly sunk within him, yet he endeavoured to rally his spirits. "It may be," thought he, "that some one will take me in for to night, and when they have heard my story, they will tell me how I can get to my grandmother's again." The shops were all shut, and he saw no light in the houses near him, he was afraid to rap at any door lest he should be deemed an idle boy; he therefore walked along the street, till seeing a shed into which he could creep, and lie down, he resolved to pass the night there. It was very little worse than the place he had been lately used to, and the next morning as the sun arose, he awoke to all the distresses of his situation. "If I tell any body where I came from," said he, "I shall be taken up, as belonging to such a bad set, and if

I tell a *lie*, I am sure no good can come of *that*, for my grandmother has often told me so." With these thoughts he patroled the streets again, till he fancied he drew near to that in which was the court, the place of his captivity, and that he saw a man resembling him who had carried him there. Struck with this thought, and that he might be in search of him, he ran back with all his strength, and stopped not till it was quite exhausted.

It was now six o'clock in the morning, and people began to be moving about: as he walked on, panting for breath, and afraid to look behind him lest he should again see the object of his dread, he saw a postchaise standing at a gentleman's door; and, with his present feelings, only wishing to get out of the town, he determined to wait its

setting off, and to follow it whithersoever it went: but what was his surprise and pleasure, when he saw a gentleman whom he knew coming out of the house as if to get into it. "Squire Blackburn!" said he, and dropt on his knees before him. This was a gentleman of the most humane character, and was the principal person in the parish where his grandmother lived, residing on an estate of his own near her cottage. The post-boy would have pushed poor James away, but Mr. Blackburn had too much compassion to allow of it. "Who is this," said he, "who knows my name so well?" speaking to his servant, who was preparing to attend him on horseback: he asked him if he knew the child. James, from the various emotions of joy, surprise, and fear, together with the distress he had felt on

the night before, and the fatigue his running had occasioned, was quite overcome, and he sunk senseless on the pavement. The servant took him up in his arms, and, examining his face, declared he believed it to be the poor boy belonging to Dame Smith, who had been lost for the last two months. "Do you think so?" said his benevolent master; "I will take him home then, but let us first do something to recover him;" and he returned into the house at which he had been visiting a friend, and where only the servants were up to witness his departure.

After the proper means had been used, James recovered his senses, and looking round discovered himself among strangers: "Oh!" said he, "it was but a dream, I did *not* see him!" "See whom?" said the servant who had at

first recognized him. "Ah! William, is it *you?*" replied the poor boy, almost ready to faint again on perceiving an acquaintance. "And is it *you?*" asked William: "how came you to go and leave your poor old grandmother so?" "I did not go willingly," said James, "I was forced to it: but will you tell her I am here? and will you tell me the way to get to her?" "Why my master says he will *take* you," said the man. "What the Squire!" exclaimed he, "Oh! will he indeed?" and he burst into tears at the idea. "Poor child!" said Mr. Blackburn, who had not been an inattentive spectator, "I am afraid he has been hardly used; he shall go in the chaise with me; he is not able to travel any other way: but my time is precious, we must therefore ask him no questions for the pre-

sent;" and turning to a female servant, who stood with tears in her eyes, contemplating the poor boy, he desired her to put up a few cakes or something that the boy might eat on the road, "for I dare say," said he, "he is nearly starved." The woman ran to perform this benevolent order, and added to the parcel a bottle of milk, the only thing which she could procure for him to drink, till her master was up, who was quite an old and infirm man, and Mr. Blackburn would not have him disturbed.

James was then placed in the chaise, scarcely in his senses, through the joy he felt at being under the protection of so good a man, and his kind friend seated himself beside him. As they pursued their journey, he made him take a little of the refreshment he had

procured him, and then began to ask him some questions respecting what had happened to him; but every time poor James began to answer his enquiries, his heart was so full, and his spirits so weakened by what he had gone through, that he could not speak for tears, and Mr. Blackburn recommended him to go to sleep: the motion of the carriage had soon that effect upon him, and he slept till they were within a mile or two of his grandmother's. William was then ordered to ride on, and prepare the old woman for his coming; "and as it is in my road, I will set the boy down at the door," continued Mr. Blackburn very goodnaturedly. On hearing this James jumped up; "oh!" said he, scarcely awake, "we are just at home: I wonder how long I have been away,—and

what a difference! When I went, I was forced to ride on horseback, before a cruel man, who whipped me and pinched me if I made the least noise; and now I am coming back in a chaise along with such a kind-hearted gentleman as you are, Sir." "What will your grandmother say?" said Mr. Blackburn, pleased to see him refreshed by his sleeping: "do you think she won't be glad to see you?" "Oh! that she will indeed!" replied the delighted boy; "I shall not be *gladder* to see her than she will to see *me*." "Don't you think she will mind the ragged clothes you have on?" "Oh no, Sir, I believe *not*; she is too good to me to mind that, *specially* if I tell her how it was done; I have hardly had it off my back since I went away;" and encouraged by the kindness of his humane compa-

nion, he told him all that had passed. "Well," said Mr. Blackburn, after he had heard his account of the people he had been with, "I believe you and I must have another journey together; do you think you could find out the place where these men live?" "I do not know, Sir," replied James, half afraid of going back again, "and I am sure I do not wish to do it." "But I mean so as they may be brought to justice," replied Mr. Blackburn: "but we will talk of this presently;" for as the chaise turned a corner he discovered the poor old woman, who had heard the news with joy, standing at the door to receive her child. "See, *there* is your grandmother," said he. "So it is, indeed," cried James; "thank you, thank you, Sir, a thousand times for bringing me to her: I will do any thing

you wish, so I can be sure I shall not be taken by those men again."

The mutual joy of the poor woman and her grandson cannot easily be described, or the pleasure felt by Mr. Blackburn on being the means of their being restored to each other, after such a cruel separation. "My poor boy," said the old woman, "I *knew* that you did not go away of your own accord, though some would have persuaded me that you did; but I never thought to see your face again; I thought they had taken you off beyond sea." Before he left them, Mr. Blackburn gave the poor woman a guinea to get her boy some new clothes; and telling her he hoped through his means to secure the men, who had for a long time been a nuisance to the public, he left them to rejoice and con-

gratulate each other on their meeting by themselves. James recounted all his sufferings to his attentive parent, who wept at the recital, and then again rejoiced in his escape from them. The few neighbours they had were soon acquainted with his return, and all came in to welcome him back, and to hear the account he had to give.

In the afternoon Mr. Blackburn came in his own carriage, and taking James with him, who was now drest in his Sunday's clothes, and looked quite another child, they returned to the town they had left. It was that evening too dark for him to find out the place he had described; but Mr. Blackburn had him to the chief magistrate, and gave information of the rest of the gang belonging to the one in custody, who had hitherto de-

nied having any accomplices, or being at all concerned in the robbery committed the night before. The next morning, as soon as it was light, James accompanied the constables to the place, which from his description they soon found out, and showing them the house, they entered and found the men concealed in one of the upper rooms, as well as a variety of articles they had stolen.

They were thus brought to justice, and James had reason to rejoice that he was delivered out of their hands before he had been made a partaker of their wickedness.

After this Mr. Blackburn once more carried him home, and ever after was a friend to him; he put him to school for three years, and then apprenticed him to a carpenter. His grandmother

lived to see two years of his apprenticeship expired, and had the pleasure of hearing him spoken well of by his master. When she died, though James lost his only relation, he was not left without a friend, for his good behaviour had made him many; nor was he forgotten by Mr. Blackburn, who often enquired after him, and ordered him to be employed in any work which he could do.

"And here is an end of the story, Mamma?" said Robert: "do not you think it a very pretty one?" "Yes, very well, my dear," said Mrs. Manners; "but which do you think the prettiest part?" "Oh, where poor James meets with Mr. Blackburn, and comes home to his grandmother," answered Robert, "don't you?" "That is certainly the most interesting," return-

ed his mother: "and now, what do you learn from it?" "I think, mamma, if ever I were to see a poor boy in such distress, I would think the best of him for poor James' sake," replied Robert. "That is right, my dear," said she; "and also be thankful for good instructions while you are young, and being taught what is right. Had not James received such, he would have been well content to have entered into the wicked practices of the people he was with, and have had pleasure in learning their tricks and contrivances, by which they concealed themselves so long. The title of the story is also made good by it," said she; "and when any misfortune happens to us, we may gather a hope from it, that though evil at the present, some benefit may hereafter be derived from it. Let this story be a

caution to you, likewise, not to go far from home by yourself," continued Mrs. Manners, "or in unfrequented places; neither to enter into conversation with people you do not know, for *you* are not too old to be stolen; and though I would not have you timorously afraid of every body, a proper caution is necessary."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

"PAPA, what constitutes a gentleman?" asked Maria Stainforth, as she was one day with him returning from school, whither he had been to fetch her to spend her Christmas holidays at home. "Upon my word, Maria, you have asked a puzzling question," returned Mr. Stainforth, laughing: "but what has caused this enquiry? have the young ladies of your school been defining the character?" "No," answered Maria, "or perhaps I might have been satisfied with their determination; but they can bring no satisfactory definition of it, though they make a great

fuss about it. One says her father is a gentleman, and another says he is *not*: and another brings the number of servants *her* father keeps, to prove him one. But then there is a young lady who came but the last half year, and though her parents keep ten or a dozen servants, and her clothes are of the most expensive materials, the rest of the ladies whisper about, 'her father is only a tradesman, he is *not* a gentleman.' Then, too, there are two or three farmer's daughters; and *they* are always speaking of the deal of money *their* fathers have, yet 'they are *only farmers*,' say the rest of the ladies, 'they are not gentlemen.'" "And pray, who are the parents of these young ladies, who thus determine on the gentility of all the rest?" asked Mr. Stainforth. "One," said Maria, "is a general's

daughter; and another a physician's; and two or three more, who say their father is of no profession, but live upon their own estates: but it is not one or the other, for *all* seem desirous of making themselves of consequence." "Poor things!" replied Mr. Stainforth, "and in which class am *I* placed by these ladies? no doubt *my* right to the title has been fully discussed." Maria blushed, and then laughed. "I believe," said she, "that they are not quite satisfied about *you;* though to be sure your coming in a single horse chaise to fetch me home is against us." "If I kept a *close* carriage then, that would be a good evidence in my favour," said Mr. Stainforth; "yet I dare say this *tradesman's* daughter, as you call her, can produce that." "There is the thing, Papa," replied Maria; "her fa-

ther *does* keep a very handsome one, so it cannot be *that* you know: but then I have told them that you live on your own estate." "But did you not say, also, that I kept the farm in my own hands?" asked Mr. Stainforth: "on that account, therefore, I am not a gentleman, but a farmer." "A *gentleman* farmer, papa," replied Maria, "because you do not *work*, you do not attend the markets." "How do you know I do not?" resumed Mr. Stainforth; "I am often there." "Well, I do not know what to say to it then, papa," replied Maria: "I wish you would tell me the true and accurate meaning of the word." "I tell you, my dear, it is hard to be defined," said Mr. Stainforth. "At present it is a title bestowed upon almost every one; and that of ladies is still more common;

even the servants of gentlemen are, among themselves and the tradespeople they employ, called *gentlemen* and *ladies*, though the appellation certainly does not belong to them: however, originally it was bestowed upon all persons of a good family, or descended from a family which has long borne arms. It was afterwards indiscriminately given to all who followed what is called the learned professions, such as law, physic, and divinity; and then, to those in the rank of life above yeomen; and to all officers above the rank of subalterns: but it is *now* not unfrequently bestowed upon the common men in the army, who are often addressed, particularly by a recruiting party, as gentlemen soldiers." "There is now, then," said Maria, "no true criterion by which

we are to judge whether people are gentlemen or not." "In my opinion, there is still the only one," replied her father, "that is, those who behave like one: not the finicking fop; or the tradesman who can talk of nothing but his business; or the purse proud farmer; or the man who follows either of the learned professions, and is determined to let you know that he has learning; or the conceited officer who has nothing but his red coat and commission to be proud of. But any and all of these, if they have the manners and the sentiments of a gentleman; and that behaviour, which an acquaintance with polite people and a good education will produce, together with an attention to the common forms of civility, neither *affecting* ease or superiority, or being

scrupulously polite,—with these advantages every man, though in the meanest capacity, is in my opinion a gentleman."

ON ANIMALS.

"On Noah, and, in him, on all mankind
"The charter was conferred, by which we hold
"The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
"O'er all we feed, the power of life and death.
"But read the instrument, and mark it well;
"Th' oppression of a tyrannous controul
"Can find no warrant there."

Cowper.

Mr. Bently. "This is a very different walk, Henry, from that which we last took together: *there* we were surrounded by trees, and underwood; *here* is a beautiful park, and the ground is clear on every side of us."

Henry. "Yes, papa, and I remember

you then told me a great deal about plants, and trees, I wish you would now tell me what you have read about deer, there are a great many behind that clump of trees, and see how fast they run, the moment they hear us coming. Poor things! we would not hurt you."

Mr. B. "Observe their long and slender legs, so exactly fitted for the fleetness with which they are obliged to run. You admire the deer, but the beauty of the stag is much greater. He appears created to *adorn* the forest, and other solitary places, for though sometimes these animals are placed in parks, they are always wild, and more savage than the deer, with whom they never associate, but though apparently their natures seem so closely allied, they are known to avoid each other

with animosity. Deer abound in England more than in any other part of Europe, and seem formed for a temperate climate. The horn of the buck, like that of the stag, is renewed every year, and the branches which grow from them resemble those of a tree, and seem to partake of the nature of wood, more than of bone.

The stag lives about thirty-five or forty years, but the buck not more than twenty; the number of antlers which they bear on their heads increase from the second to the eighth year of their age, and then decrease with their strength; and from the size and beauty of their horns you may judge if they live in a plentiful country, or not, and whether they are at ease. They shed their horns according to their age, the old ones about February,

and the younger ones later in the spring; and they are renewed about May or June, but the younger ones not till July. When they become hard they rub them against the branches and trunks of trees to clear them from scurf, but before this, they are afraid of any thing touching them. After six months, at which time their horns begin to sprout, the fawn loses that name, and is called a *knobber*, and when a certain number of knobs are grown on his horns, he is denominated a *pricket*. Stags have good eyes, ears, and smell, and when they issue from the woods they appear to scent the air: they hear sounds at a great distance, and are often observed to listen, as if with admiration, to the shepherd's pipe, or flageolet, which is sometimes used as a decoy for them by the hun-

ters. Deer separate themselves in parties, and are frequently seen to contend with ardor for the most favourite spot in the park; the contest is renewed every day till at length the vanquished are obliged to retire, and content themselves with the less fertile part, where alone they can live in safety."

Henry. "Roe-bucks, papa, are seldom seen here, are they?"

Mr. B. "Only as they are brought over amongst other foreign animals; they abound in America, and live about fifteen years; though the roe-buck is not so strong and noble in appearance as the stag is, he has still more grace, vivacity, and courage, and in defence of his young will attack even the stag itself. Instead of herding with each other, like the latter, the sire, dam and their young ones live together

in families; other animals of the deer kind, pair, like birds, and chuse a mate every year, but these are constant in their affections, and never forsake each other; none of these species have more than one litter in a year; but I must not omit the rein-deer of Lapland, in my account of these animals, which of all others is the most useful; while its food is only a species of moss, which grows upon the rocks and the barren mountains of that country, its flesh when eaten is a rich and wholesome food, and its milk a delicious beverage: its skin is a warm clothing, and its bodily strength and swiftness renders it a most safe and speedy conveyance. It is this single animal which supplies the inhabitants of Lapland and Greenland with all they want, except fire; and even with what they deem the luxuries of life:

it will draw the sledge on which its master sits, for thirty or forty miles together without food or rest, and will continue in this service for fifteen or sixteen years; when no longer fit for this, it is killed, and its flesh is food for the family; the blood and marrow are preserved for many months in small casks; its horns are converted into glue, its sinews into thread, to sew together the garments that are made of its skin; and the tongue when dried, is considered as a very great delicacy, and is frequently sold in the southern provinces. The milk of the female is made into butter and cheese, the whey of which, when fermented with a mixture of wood and sorrel, becomes a liquor neither unwholesome or unpleasant. I have read this account in Derham's works, who

observes that the stomach of each animal is suited to the food it can procure in the different countries it lives in; he notices also the due proportion of each animal, with which the earth is stocked, neither too many or too little in number; neither is one species lost. Those creatures which are useful to man either as food or convenience, are produced in greater abundance, whilst those that are hurtful are seen but seldom, and produce but one at a time."

Henry. "I think, papa, that insects seem to be of little use to us, and yet they are produced in multitudes."

Mr. B. "*You* cannot tell, my dear, of what use they are to us. Do they not devour what would otherwise be a great nuisance to us? Carrion, for instance, which would otherwise infect the air, and breed much illness among

us, is the food of flies, and voraciously swallowed by them : and are not insects the food of other creatures which serve us ? how many of them are seen on the surface of the water, and these help to support the fish which are for our food and nourishment."

Henry. "Very true, papa, I will no more say that any thing is *useless.*"

Mr. B. "You are right, my dear; it is the ignorance of man which makes him charge any of the works of creation with defects; what are *we*, that we should pretend to amend what God has done ?"

Henry. "What you were telling me of the rein-deer, papa, puts me in mind of what I read yesterday of the Arab and his horse."

Mr. B. "You mean the love he has for that animal, his wife and children and his horse sharing all his affections,

they all live together, and the horse is treated like one of the family, and is so tame that he allows the children to sleep upon his neck and body, without the least injury. Great care is taken to keep him clean and beautiful, but the mare is usually mounted, as she is found capable of bearing more fatigue than the horse."

Henry. "Of all horses the Arabian are the handsomest, are they not, papa?"

Mr. B. "Yes, and next to them the Spanish, it is a noble animal, and being so much under our subjection, is, as Buffon expresses it, 'the greatest conquest we have made.' It lives but by the will of another, and in many instances anticipates what we wish. The natural temper of the horse is not ferocious, for though stronger than most other animals, he never attacks them, but if attacked, either disdains his ene-

my, or tramples him under his feet, He is sensible of caresses, and remembers ill treatment; and when he finds that more is expected of him than he can perform, he will not exert himself; while the ox who is also frequently used in draft, tries still more, and is sooner fatigued; the horse sleeps but little; and does not require more than two or three hours rest at a time."

Henry. "Ah, papa, if there were no horses in the world, we should value the ass more, and treat him with greater respect; poor fellow! he is much to be pitied, is not he?"

Mr. B. "Indeed he is, but I think the situation of those animals is rather mending now, or at least they are made of more consequence than formerly: they will carry a great weight, and require less care and food than any other animal, though when harnessed they

are soon fatigued: they stumble less than the horse, and, when properly taught, are very fit to ride on, as their paces are more gentle; they are therefore now frequently used to carry invalids and ladies; they trot, walk, and gallop, though the latter but for a short time. Their milk also is very beneficial in consumptions, and other complaints where the lungs are affected.

"Buffon says that they are the cleanest of all animals, and freer from vermin than any other; much less sensible of the whip and flies, than the horse is, and that in its natural state, and when young, an ass is very handsome. They live about twenty-five or thirty years, and their age, like that of the horse, is known by their teeth; they sleep still less than the horse, and never lie down except they are very tired:

their patience is proverbial, and though ill treated, they are very fond of their master; stupid as they are often called, they can distinguish their owners from all others; they know the places in which they have lived, and the roads they have travelled. They do not care what they eat, but are delicate in respect to the water they drink; they try to keep themselves clean, and do not like to wet their feet: their eyes are good, but when *they* are covered, the ass never moves; both his hearing and smell are excellent, and when overloaded, he shews it, by bending down his head, and ears. When dead, his skin is used for drums, shoes, and parchment, and when slightly varnished, it makes those pocket-books we call by that name."

Henry. "Is not the Zebra a wild ass, papa?"

Mr. B. "It has been thought so by some, but Buffon tells us, it is quite a different species, much more beautiful and elegant."

Henry. "Oh! papa, see! there is a hare just run by us, if I had had a stick I could have hit it, but I would not though, for that might have hurt it, what pretty things they are! I should have liked to have caught it and carried it home; are they not easily tamed?"

Mr. B. "Yes, but not so easily caught. As you see they are ever on the watch, and even when they sleep, it is with their eyes open; and these are so placed, that when running they see best behind them, which enables them so often to escape from their

enemies; their legs are short, and their neck, as in all other animals, is in proportion to them; their hearing is very acute, and they use their long ears as an helm to direct them in their flight, they make no noise in running, and always run towards an eminence."

Henry. "How many of them are killed for sport in this country; and in other parts of the world also?"

Mr. B. "I have understood that in the season for hunting them, about four or five hundred are destroyed in a day."

Henry. "What a pity! but I suppose they would do a great deal of mischief if they were not killed?"

Mr. B. "Certainly they would, and besides this, quite over-run the land, as each female produces three or four

young ones every month, and they are universally spread over the earth ; they live alone, though not far from each other, and feed more by night than by day, their cries are never heard, except when violently pursued or tormented."

Henry. "And rabbits, papa, are still more productive, having often six or eight at a birth, have not they ?"

Mr. B. "Not often eight, I believe ; but enough to make it necessary they should frequently be thinned; these animals are very careful of their young, forming burrows for them, and in so doing they undermine a great way in the earth ; this they line with their own hair, and never leave them but for food all the time they suckle them, which is about six weeks."

Henry. "There is a squirrel, papa,

climbing that tree, I think they are pretty creatures, look how he spreads his tail, so as to form a shade over his head; don't you think they are harmless animals then?"

Mr. B. "Yes, as harmless as any, and a great deal prettier than many others. A squirrel can scarcely be called a quadruped; for it generally holds itself upright, and uses its fore feet as hands; and though it sometimes seizes upon small birds, it lives chiefly upon nuts, acorns, and beech mast, gathering and laying up a store for winter in the hollow of a tree in which it builds its nest, and not as other animals on the ground. It climbs the smoothest trees in an instant, and its gentle innocent manners exempt it from being called injurious."

Henry. "Have not I heard that it will cross the water, papa?

Mr. B. "Yes, seated on the bark of a tree, and using its tail for a rudder; Goldsmith relates that in Lapland they emigrate by thousands, and as in their way, they sometimes have to pass a river, after having observed the width of it, they return to the forest in quest of a piece of bark, to waft them over, each sits upon its own, and fanning the air with their tails they reach the other side; but not being aware of the dangers of navigation, when upon the middle, they often find the wind higher than upon the edge; and this oversets their whole fleet, so that their dead bodies are often seen in great numbers upon the shore."

Henry. "Well, I should like to see them sailing along, I am sure I should

laugh at the drollness of the fleet; but see, we are just at home. I hope you are not tired, papa, and I am very much obliged to you for telling me so much, but what a memory you must have to remember it all!"

Mr. B. "Not better than you will have, I hope, my boy, when I shall ask you to repeat the lesson you learnt this morning before we set off. I shall expect you to say it quite as perfect, and therefore, you had better go in and look it over."

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"PAPA," said Maria Stainforth, to her father, "you told me the other day, who was a *gentleman*; I wish you would now be so good as to inform me, whom I should call my *friend*; for there are almost as many definitions of that term in our school, as of the other, and I can never rightly understand what they mean by the word friendship." "And I, my dear," replied Mr. Stainforth, "cannot tell you what *they* mean; but this I know, it is very hard to find a friend: the appellation is almost as common as that of a gen-

tleman, but it is still more difficult to meet with one."

"Is it not one whom you trust all your secrets to, papa?" asked Maria, "for this is what the young ladies give as a proof of it." "Alas!" said Mr. Stainforth, "there is none worthy to be entrusted; and besides, what need is there of having any secrets? It must be something which you are *ashamed* of, that you would wish to be kept secret, and if you cannot keep that in your own bosom, what right have you to expect another will conceal it any better?" "Very true, papa," returned Maria, "I do not think I should tell any secrets of that sort." "And yet, I suppose you think that you must *have* secrets?" resumed her father. "Why, the ladies think

you do not like them, if you do not place a confidence in them:" said Maria. "And so then," replied Mr. Stainforth, "you endeavour to pick up something relating to your family at home, or the families of your school-fellows, which you relate as secrets, (it must be their *faults* remember, continued he, for otherwise why should it not be known?) and then, 'pray do not tell!' is the cry; and 'you are not my friend if you relate it again'."

"It is exactly so, papa," said Maria, "why, one would think you had been in the school yourself." "I believe I have, my dear, and a pretty good school too," replied her father, laughing, "but I have a very exact counterpart in my own heart, and I need not go among your ladies, as you call them,

to learn what is in theirs." "But then, papa, what do you call a proof of friendship?" asked Maria. "Why, when such a tale is offered for my hearing not to listen to it," said Mr. Stainforth, "and to reprove in secret the person who would relate it to me; and if he have any sense of what is right, he will consider me his friend for so doing, more than ever he did before."

"Well, papa," answered Maria, "that is just such a friend as I should like; but then he must not go and *tell* what he has done, and what *I* would have done, had not he forbade it." "No, certainly," replied Mr. Stainforth, "he is no longer your friend if he does that; yet room for the dearest proof of friendship is sometimes given by such an action, for if the person to

whom such a tale has been related, can afterwards be *still* your *friend* and, receiving your concession, treat you with the same affection as before, is not that a proof of regard, which if the other had persisted in his duty, you would never have had ?"

"Very true," replied Maria, "but I am afraid there are no such friends at our school." "I believe there are not, my dear," returned her father, "and I tell you they are very seldom to be met with : but it is because we expect more from others than we can perform ourselves, that we are so very often disappointed in those we term our friends. Man is liable to every fault, and we find ourselves daily erring, that is, if we in any measure know what is in our nature, and are atten-

tive to our actions; and yet we expect others to act always properly, and are vexed and angry if they do not.

"Of this stick, which I hold in my hand, I expect no more than it can perform; that is, that it will support me when I am tired, and assist me in walking; and if any thing be in my way I can remove it with it; and expecting no more I am not disappointed in it; yet, notwithstanding, I know, from my own liability to err, that there is no stability in man; I am continually looking to him for more than is in his power to perform, and, as I said before, am vexed and angry if he do not answer my expectations." "But after once finding it so, papa," said Maria, "I should think, that you would not expect it again."

"Ah! Maria," replied Mr. Stainforth, "you know but little of human nature; again and again, my child; and again, and again, will you be disappointed; however, experience must teach you these things, as well as it has me; and *I* by no means have my lesson perfect: only, remember, that what I have mentioned, are the best proofs of friendship *you* can give; and, whenever you feel an inclination to tell a secret, reflect whether it be to the *credit* of the person you would relate it of; if not, it is what you would not like to have known that you have spoken of, and therefore, it is not proper to be told; and if a desire of prying into the faults of others, be your failing, recollect that you have as many in your own conduct, and if you should not like to have *them* repeated, and made pub-

lic, recollect the golden rule, and "do unto others as you would be done by," this is most likely to procure you friends, and make every one think that you are a friend to them."

THE YOUNG MISER.

ELIZA and Charlotte Mortimer were the daughters of a gentleman, who resided partly in town, and partly in the country; the former was very fond of dress, whilst the disposition of the other, was not that which in general belongs to children, but is more predominant in older characters; I mean an extreme covetousness; to receive presents, and to save money was all her pleasure; and she might justly be called 'the young miser;' an appellation which I hope my readers will avoid with disgust, though I would by no means recommend the extravagant careless-

ness which was so visible in her sister; nor am I going to describe the conduct of these two children as fit for imitation, but as cautions, and that their faults may be avoided. They were now one twelve, the other fourteen years of age, and received their education from an affectionate mother, who saw with regret their different dispositions, and the wrong turn of each. Eliza, who was the eldest, had nearly double the money laid out on her clothes, which was spent on her sister's, and Charlotte was continually boasting how much longer she made her's last, and expecting some recompence for so doing. "See," said she, to her sister, as they were in the carriage with their mother, returning to town, after having spent the greatest part of the summer at their country

residence, "see, this pelisse which I had new at the time your's was bought; it is not near so shabby as yours; I have taken great care of it, have not I, mamma?" turning to her mother, "and do not you mean we should wear them all the winter?" "I have not yet thought about it," said Mrs. Mortimer, "nor can it be of any consequence to you, if your's is in such good order." "Oh! no, mamma," said she, "not in the least, I am sure *I* do not want a new one; but do not you think I have been a good girl to take so much care of it?" "Not at all, Charlotte," replied her mother, it is your natural disposition, and I am sorry to say, it leads you a great deal farther than to be careful of your clothes; that, in itself, is not a fault, but you are for saving every

thing, and your motive for so doing is not a right one." "Dear! why mamma?" asked Charlotte, "I cannot think it wrong to be careful." "Be silent, Charlotte," said her mother, "you know I have said a great deal to you upon this subject; and I am sorry to see that it has no effect," and with a heavy sigh, Mrs. Mortimer would have remained silent, had not Eliza's prevailing love of dress made *her* speak; "*my* pelisse was made up some time before my sister's, mamma," said she, "and you recollect the accident I met with when we went to see Lord Glennow's house; I could not possibly help its being torn then, and since that, you know, it has not been worth taking care of; Sally mended it so badly likewise." If *you*

could have done it better, why did you employ her?" asked her mother. "I do not say that I could," answered Eliza, blushing, "but won't you let *me* have a new pelisse as soon as we get to town? I will promise to take great care of it, indeed I will." "I tell you," said Mrs. Mortimer, "I have not yet thought about it; but I wish you to recollect that you have had three new muslin frocks made up, since we have been in the country: and every one of them is either stained with fruit, or torn, so that you do not now think *them* fit to wear." "Oh! yes I do, mamma, but not for *best* frocks," said she, "however, if you will let me have a new pelisse, I won't ask for another frock till next summer." "I must now impose silence on you, Eliza," said Mrs. Mortimer, "nor will I be

teazed in this manner; what is proper for you I dare say you will have; in the mean time, unless you can find some other subject to talk upon, I must have recourse to my book, that I may take my thoughts from what, in both of you, causes me uneasiness. If you like it, there is a volume of the Spectator for each of you;" so saying, she gave them each a book, and they pursued their journey without any other conversation, than what was occasioned by the common occurrences on the road.

The day after their arrival at home, Eliza went to her drawers to examine every article of dress she had left behind, and Charlotte to her *strong box*, as she called it, to add the sum she had saved during her stay in the country to what was already there; her pocket book

was taken out that she might read the account of her money. "Fifteen shillings," said she, "I carried with me, and that was almost half my quarter's allowance, the rest I left in the box, except that my sister teazed me so, I was obliged to lend her five shillings; however, she paid me the next quarter, and I then received a guinea and an half more, in all two pounds, eleven and sixpence, and now, let me see what I have spent; nothing, but what mamma made me *give* away; one shilling to Betty Ellis, and half-a-crown to old dame Lardner: I cannot say that it was with a very good will; for I think mamma does a great deal for all the poor people; and as for my sister, she spends her money so fast, that she had nothing to give; and it is very hard that all the expence should fall upon

me; when I said this, I remember mamma was very angry with me though," continued she, "and said I did not deserve to have money, since I did not know that thus to dispose of it was a pleasure, as well as a duty. It was no pleasure to me, however, and she has never asked me to give away any thing since." Thus did this poor covetous girl keep chattering to herself as she turned over the leaves of her pocket-book. "Oh! here," said she, "is an article pretty expensive; ribbon, &c. for my aunt's work-bag, seven and sixpence, but this I do not so much mind, as I dare say she will give me something equally good in return, I wish it may be *money* for me to buy what I like with, I then need not spend it all; but thus stands the account, eleven shillings spent, and that taken away from two pounds eleven and

sixpence leaves one odd sixpence, which I will keep in my pocket, and put the rest away."

While she was thus engaged, Eliza entered the room, and our young miser hastened to hide her 'glittering store.' "Oh! Charlotte," said her sister, "I am in such distress, that I don't know what I shall do, unless you will help me. Sally has just brought a bill which has been left for me from the pastry cook's; it is fourteen shillings, and I have not a farthing to pay it with." "I cannot imagine how you could think of having a bill," said Charlotte, "when mamma has so often forbade our doing it." "I know she has," replied Eliza; and I never had before, and should not have thought of such a thing now, had not I gone there two or three mornings with the Miss

Worthings: they did not pay for wha *they* had; and as I had no silver in my pocket, I thought I would pay the next time; but something or other always prevented me, till about two or three days before we went into the country, we were there again; and I asked what it was I owed, but I did not think it had been half so much: the man said he could not immediately recollect; and as the Miss Worthings desired their bill might be made out, I asked for one, too, and said I would call for it in a day or two. Then, you know, we went into the country; and I suppose the Worthings paid theirs, and, finding I did not call, the man sent mine here: but I would not have mamma know it for the world; and, as I said before, I did not think it would be half what it is." "No, nor I dare

say you did not have half what they say," said Charlotte; "but if you kept no account, they may set down what they like: I am sure mamma would be very angry." "So I know she would," replied Eliza, greatly distressed; "but now *do* lend me the money, there's a good girl; I know you have plenty; and I'll do any thing for you in return." "I have not more given to me than you have," answered Charlotte; "and what I have is for myself, and not to lend to you." "I know that, my dear; but you may depend upon my paying you again," said Eliza; "did not I pay you the five shillings as soon as ever I had it? and have I asked you for any thing since?"

After some farther persuasion, Charlotte consented to lend her the money; declaring, at the same time, that if she

were not paid as soon as they received the next quarter's allowance, she would inform her mother of it: but as she did not allow her sister to see the contents of her box, Eliza left the room, and Charlotte presently brought her the sum she wanted, highly raised in her own opinion by so doing. "How can any one say I am fond of money," thought she, "when I am so willing to lend? and surely it is a good thing to save, that it may be in our power to do so: if I was as extravagant as my sister, mamma would have much more cause to lament." From this time she felt she had her sister completely in her power; and Eliza was obliged to do every thing she wished, or the threat of telling their mother was continually repeated.

In the course of a few weeks after

this occurrence, their aunt, Mr. Mortimer's sister, and to whom Charlotte had sent the work bag, which was accompanied with a similar present from Eliza, came to spend a short time with them. "Now," said Charlotte to her sister, "my aunt will give us something in return; and if she offers us money to dispose of as we like best, don't you refuse it, for then, you know, you can pay me the fourteen shillings." "That I cannot do," replied Eliza, because she will know whether I have spent it or not; besides, you said you would not want to be paid till we received our allowance." Miss Mortimer had brought the presents of her nieces with her, and appeared much pleased with them: "And now," said she to their mother, as they were one morning all assembled in the breakfast

parlour, "I must consult you, as to what return I shall make my young friends, for their attention in sending me these things." It was in vain that Mrs. Mortimer expressed her thanks, and said they were in no want of any thing. "I must then ask the question of themselves," said she; and directed her eyes to the girls, who sat apparently very attentive to their work. Each now looked at their mother, who too well knew their different dispositions not to read their wishes in their countenances, and she ordered them both to leave the room. Eliza recollected many articles of dress that she should like, and Charlotte thought only of how much money she was likely to add to her store.

When they were withdrawn, Mrs. Mortimer mentioned with concern the

glaring errors they were falling into. "I cannot," said she, "condemn one, without the other's directly taking praise to herself, though both are equally to be blamed; and each are seeking their own gratification, though in a different way." Mr. Mortimer was a liberal minded man, with an ample fortune; the conduct, therefore, of his youngest daughter was the most distressing to him; and he entered the room while the ladies were conversing on this subject. "I would rather," said he, "see a girl still more extravagant than Eliza, than have her so void of feeling as Charlotte is. A poor woman, and one whom Sally knows is no impostor, is just gone from the door. She was expressing great distress from the illness of her child, and asking her to speak to you for a little assistance:

the girls were both in the hall, and heard her tale. Eliza said she had nothing to give her, which I believe was really the case, and that she was sorry it was so; for I heard her ask Charlotte very earnestly to advance a shilling to the poor woman, on her account, if she would give her nothing on her own; but the unfeeling girl refused; and I overheard her say, 'You know you are already in my debt, and how can I have money to give away when I am obliged to supply all your wants?' I have relieved the poor woman for the present," continued Mr. Mortimer, "and told her to come again. But I must know the meaning of what Charlotte has said, and desire you would go to them directly, and order them to explain it." Mrs. Mortimer then went up stairs, and, entering Eliza's room, she found

her in tears. On enquiring into the cause, she learnt that she and her sister had been disagreeing. "But do not ask what it was about, mamma," said Eliza, still more distressed, "pray don't." "And why not?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, "do you think I should be displeased?" "I am sure you would, mamma," returned Eliza; "and that it is which distresses me." "Well then," said her mother, affectionately taking her hand, "I promise not to be angry; only answer me one question, do you owe your sister any money?" Eliza turned pale at the enquiry. "Has she told you that I do, mamma?" said she. "No," answered her mother; "but I suspect that you are in the habit of borrowing it of her." "Only twice in my life, mamma," said Eliza; "and I will never do it

again." "I hope not," replied her mother, very mildly; "for you have the same allowance as herself; and this ought to supply all your wants, when every article of dress is bought for you. Your father and I gave you this allowance, hoping that it would not all be spent upon yourselves; but I fear we are disappointed." Eliza continued to weep; and Mrs. Mortimer asked her the sum she now owed her sister? "Fourteen shillings, mamma," said she, deeply sighing: "it was five shillings before, which I paid her the last time I had my allowance." "You have spent all that then, and fourteen shillings more," said Mrs. Mortimer, "since the last quarter day! But I remember my promise, and will not be angry with you, particularly as I have reason to think you are sorry for what

you have done. Stay here, while I go to your sister." Eliza kissed her mother, and felt grateful for her kindness, while she rejoiced that the burden of concealment was off her mind.

Mrs. Mortimer then proceeded to Charlotte's apartment, where she found Sally talking of the distress of the poor woman who had been at the door. "I know that she is a very civil, honest, industrious woman, Miss," said she, "and not one who goes *mumping* about, but her child has been ill a long time." "Who are you speaking of?" said Mrs. Mortimer, whose entrance had interrupted their conversation. "A poor woman who was here just now, ma'am," continued the maid: "my master saw her, and gave her something;" and she repeated the tale the woman had related. "And did *you*

give her any thing, Charlotte," asked Mrs. Mortimer. "No, mamma; I thought as my father had done it that was sufficient." "But was not she going away without any thing, if *he* had not seen her?" enquired her mother. "I don't know," replied Charlotte, blushing as she spoke; "my sister had nothing to give." "But *you* had, I dare say," said Mrs. Mortimer: you have not spent all your quarter's allowance." "No, mamma," answered Charlotte, exultingly; "and what I have spent has been upon *her*." "You don't mean to be *paid*, then, I suppose?" resumed Mrs. Mortimer. "Oh! yes, I do," cried Charlotte, "or else I might give her all my money. I don't mind speaking before Sally, mamma, for she knows the circumstance; I have lent her money more than once." "And

did not she ask you to lend her some for this poor woman to-day? but you would neither assist her yourself, or allow your sister to do it." "But papa did," resumed Charlotte, rather abashed by this accusation. "And it was well my master did, ma'am," interrupted Sally, who, from having lived a long while in the family, took the privilege of a friend, when speaking to the young ladies, "or I believe the poor woman would have gone away without any thing, unless I had come and told *you*." "I am ashamed and hurt at your conduct, Charlotte," said Mrs. Mortimer, "more than I can express. Your father overheard you refuse your sister's request, as well as the poor woman's: and though I by no means justify Eliza in her love of dress, and the way in which she spends her money, I

declare her conduct does not give me so much uneasiness as your's does: neither does it hurt your father half so much." "Not when I have heard you say, that she is double the expense to you in clothes, mamma, that I am?" "Hold your tongue, Charlotte," said Mrs. Mortimer: "I repeat that I am ashamed of you;" and she left the room to conceal her emotion.

"I declare," said the unfeeling girl, "I never knew any thing like it. Is not this a proof of mamma's partiality? I always said that she loved my sister best." "I don't think *so*, Miss," replied Sally. "But if you will give me leave to speak, I think she must like Miss Eliza's fault better than your's." "Fault!" returned Charlotte, "what fault have *I*, pray?" "Why, too great a love of money, Miss," replied Sally:

"and every body will allow, that money spent is better than money hoarded. It does some good then; the tradespeople are the better for it." "How do you know that I hoard money?" asked Charlotte, very angrily. "But I see how it is, Eliza is the favourite of every one;" and she left the room very much displeased. In the mean time, Eliza had no sooner heard her mother come out of her sister's room, and enter her own, than she immediately followed her: but she was too much engrossed by her own feelings, to observe the expression of sorrow which was in Mrs. Mortimer's countenance. "Has my sister told you what the money she lent me was for, mamma?" asked she. "No," said Mrs. Mortimer, deeply sighing. "That was *good natured* of her, however," replied Eliza: "but I

will not conceal it from you, mamma. It was to pay a bill which I was foolish enough to contract at the pastry cook's, though you have so often guarded me against it." And she then related to her mother the whole of that occurrence, and the reason why it was not paid before. "I will not reprove you, Eliza," said her mother, "for I believe you are sensible you have done wrong. I wish your sister was equally so, but let us go to your father; he overheard enough of your conversation with your sister, in the hall, to make him very uneasy, and I fear he thinks you more in debt than you really are."

On their entering the parlour, the story was related to Mr. Mortimer, who immediately ordered Charlotte to be called; and with an angry counte-

nance he commanded her to bring him every farthing of money she had by her. Accustomed to obey him implicitly in every thing, she went up stairs, and half afraid, yet half inclined to hope he would commend her care of it, she brought down all her stock, which was nearly five guineas in gold and silver. Mr. Mortimer counted it over: "and now," said he, "you have received an allowance but one year and a quarter, which all together is seven guineas and an half; out of which you have spent but two guineas and an half, just one third of what was allotted you: for the future, therefore, I shall allow you but half a guinea a quarter, and *that* I insist upon your disposing of, as your mother directs. Your sister is two years older than yourself, and of the two, knows better how to

dispose of it. I shall therefore continue her allowance as before; only begging her to remember the circumstance of this morning: that she may endeavour never to be without a small sum of money to relieve the distress of others. I say this to her, because I think she has compassion enough, to rejoice in so doing; but as for *you*, I am sorry to say, I have seen that you have not sufficient feeling to assist the poor when it is in your power; and now, as I understand your aunt is desirous of making you some return for the present you sent her in the summer, here are five counterfeit guineas; see, they are of the same colour, as those you have lost: and the stamp upon them is nearly the same; these, she begs your acceptance of," continued he, "and they will do just as well to be

hoarded as those you have hitherto had; and which will now be very useful to the poor woman, you refused even a shilling to this morning, and you may depend upon it, *she* shall have them all. Next week, your quarter's allowance will again be due; when I have no doubt Eliza will pay you what she owes; in the mean time, if you wish in any measure to gain my good opinion, you will not say a word that shall remind her of her debt."

Charlotte was covered with confusion, and her tears flowed very plenteously; at first she refused to take the counterfeit guineas which had been given her: "Nay," said her father, "you shall have them, and keep them in the same box too; and may you, every time you look upon it be as

much ashamed of your present conduct as you now appear to be: and for the future learn to spend your money and not to hoard it."

ON ANIMALS CONTINUED.

"But learn we might, if not too proud
"To stoop to quadruped instructors, many a good
"And useful quality, and virtue too,
"Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
"Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd
"By any change of fortune; proof alike
"Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
"Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat
"Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
"And trivial favors, lasting as the life,
"And glist'ning even in the dying eye."

Cowper.

Mr. Bently. "Well, Henry, we are taking another walk together, and this seems to offer us a different subject of conversation. Sheep and oxen are now

before us, do you wish to hear any thing of these animals?"

Henry. "Yes, papa, whatever you have to tell me, I shall be glad to hear; and in the first place, let me ask, if it be true that sheep are the only animals which cannot defend themselves?"

Mr. B. "It has been said, that when wild they are able to do so; but the fact is, no wild sheep are seen; goats are, but they are of a different nature. In these fields the shepherd does not stay with his sheep all day, but when they are led to the side of the Downs, and to open places, they are always attended both by him and his dog. Wherever they are, they would continue, either in rain, or snow, and would never seek a shelter, unless driven to one: their usefulness in giving us food and clothing is very well known; and

they are of great benefit in enriching the land on which they feed; but they are the most helpless, and without defence, of any animal, as even the horns of the ram are of no use for this purpose. One is their chief, which the shepherd instructs to walk first, and him they will follow; if there be any stragglers, the dog barks round the field and drives them in."

Henry. "Is it true, I wonder, papa, that the shepherd knows the face of every one of his flock?"

Mr. B. "I have heard so, and I should think it not unlikely, if he have been long used to his charge, and is attentive to them. Salt is a good thing for sheep, and makes their flesh better meat, and water fattens them. They are sheared once a year, about June or July: do you not remem-

ber what Thompson says of sheep-shearing? It was but a little while back that your mother gave it you to learn."

Henry. "And I have not forgotten it, papa, but is not that the shepherd's dog? look, it is not a very handsome one."

Mr. B. "No, but it is the most useful of all its species, a faithful honest creature, he is better understood by the sheep than the shepherd is, who looks to him for assistance, and can do very little without him. It is thought that the shepherd's dog is the primitive race of these animals, but there are now a variety produced by a mixture of the species, and we see the most care taken to multiply the breed of those that are the most pleasing."

Henry. "But I think all dogs par-

take of the fidelity of their original, papa, for where do we see one who is not fond of his master ?"

Mr. B. "Very true, and he is the only animal who regards his master's friend, for his sake, but as soon as an unknown person arrives he discovers his sagacity by carefully examining him ; he will attack those who come with an ill design, and having taken away their prey never touches it himself, though ever so hungry ; he laments his master's absence, welcomes his return, and in a long journey will find his way back, though perhaps, he has been the road but once before."

Henry. "Are there no wild dogs, papa ?"

Mr. B. "Yes, in desert countries, and these are very fierce, and when pressed with hunger they come, like

wolves, in troops to attack cattle, and even men. They are then obliged to be driven away, or killed as other ferocious animals; though at other times, if approached with gentleness, and familiarity, they are easily tamed, and soon grow attached to the people who possess them; but this the wolf never is. I have often noticed the tame dog's submission to his master, how he crawls to his feet, observes every motion: he seems to consult, interrogate, and beseech him, and only waits his command to use his strength, his courage, and even his life in his service; a glance of the eye, or a motion of the hand is sufficient; he is all warmth, all zeal, and has no fear but that of displeasing his master. He remembers benefits, but forgets injuries. What a lesson is this for us: Henry! and while

he is receiving proofs of his master's anger, never runs away, but licks the hand that beats him. He is not perverted by a bad example, but appears to have all the sentiments of men, without their vices. Faithful to them, he preserves a superiority over other animals, and learns the manners of the house he lives in."

Henry. "And in hunting, papa, how useful they are: and in what order are a well kept pack of hounds! it is beautiful to see them. I have heard the huntsman say, each dog knows its place; and if one dog be refractory, he is chained to another that is in better order, and thus is taught his duty."

Mr. B. "It is in this exercise that the natural ardour and intrepidity of dogs are thoroughly seen. With what

art and patience he pursues his prey, and makes known to his employers by various cries, the distance, species, and even the age of that which he is pursuing. He is never tired of the chace; but, if called in, obeys the summons without rebelling."

Henry. "How long do dogs in general live, papa?"

Mr. B. "It is said to be according to their growth: if two years in growing, they live fourteen: if three years before they come to their full size, twenty or twenty one; but they are then very old; and it is not many that attain to this age."

Henry. "Don't you think that cows are as useful as sheep, papa? I am sure their milk is a necessary article; and how many good things are made with it!"

Mr. B. "There is nothing, my boy, that is not of use, as I have often said before; and that of the cow is generally known; and, when dead, her skin helps to make our shoes: so that, like the sheep, she assists us with clothing as well as with food. Cows are called ruminating animals; that is, they chew the cud, which is bringing up their food into their mouths again to chew it more properly, as they eat it at first in too great a hurry. They are born without teeth, as are all animals which suck. The cow seldom has but one calf at a time, and that but once a year. There is no animal which produces more than it can feed: but after the first week or two we generally share the milk with the calf, and in about six weeks it is weaned.

Henry. "Is it not strange, papa,

that animals can hold their heads down to feed for so long a time? I should think it must tire them greatly."

Mr. B. "The posture of all quadrupeds is suited to their wants; and it is a strong ligament, which is called white leather, or pack-wax, and which reaches from the head to the middle of the back, which enables them thus to bend their heads to the ground. But we must shorten our walk, for it is going to rain, and it is better for us to return home."

Henry. "I am sorry for it, papa, for there are a great many questions I wish to ask you, besides I want to hear more of several animals, which are not so common among us."

Mr. B. "If so, my dear, you had better read the authors I have mentioned to you. When we get home

I will look you out some of their works; and there you will find a description of many which it is likely you will never see."

Henry. "Thank you, papa, that is what I wish."

THE END.

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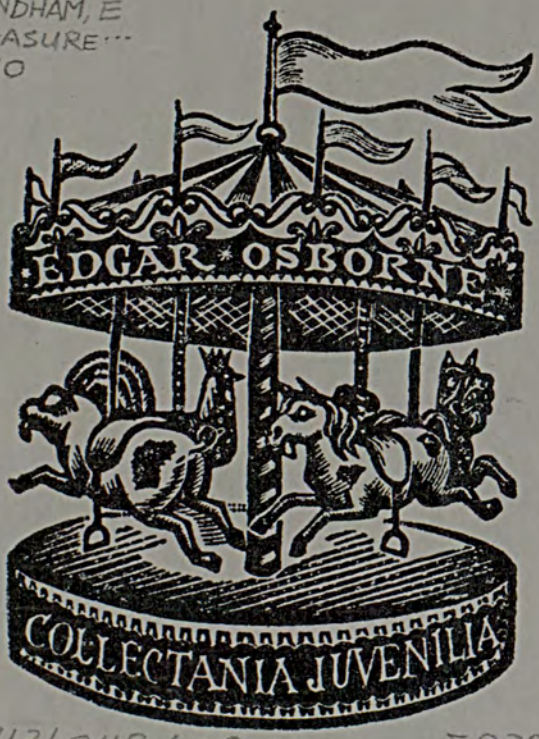

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