

in a late conversation among some of the great and the wise. Theron, a man of wealth and figure, but unacquainted with philosophic science, sat in the midst of his friends, of both sexes, in a stately room, with rich variety of furniture.

Among other conversation, Theron was complaining that he had often heard it said how much we were indebted to the country and the plough, but for his part he knew no obligation that we had to the lower rank of mankind, whose life is taken up in the fields, the woods, and the meadows, but that they paid their rents well, that the gentlemen might live at their ease. Crito was pleased to seize the occasion, and entertained the gay audience with a surprising lecture of philosophy.

Permit me, Theron, said he, to be an advocate for the peasant, and I can draw up a long account of particulars, for which you are indebted to the field and the forest, and to the men that cultivate the ground, and are engaged in rural business. Look around you on all the elegant furniture of the room, survey your own cloathing, cast your eyes on all the splendid array of Therina and Parris, and the other ladies near them, and you will find, that, except a few glittering stones, and a little gold and silver which was dug out of the bowels of the earth, you can scarce see any thing that was not once growing green upon the ground, through the various labours of the planter and the plowman. Whence came the floor you tread on, part where of is inlaid with woods of different colours? Whence these fair pannels of wainscot, and the varnish that encompasses and adorns the room? Whence this lofty roof of cedar, and the carved ornaments of it? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest? Were not these once the verdant standards of the grove or the mountain? What are your hangings of gay tapestry? are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? Thus the finery of your parlour once was grass; and should you favour me with a turn into your bed-chamber, I could shew you that the curtains and the luen, and the costly coverings where you take your nightly repose, was some years ago all growing in the field.

But I need not retire from the room where we are seated, to give you abundant discoveries of this truth. Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains which hang down by the window, and the easy chairs which accommodate your friends? and if you think a little, you will find that camels, with their hair, were made of grass, as well as the sheep and the wool. I confess the chimney and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass and iron, were dug out of the ground from their beds of different kinds, and you must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them. But what think you of those nice tables of mosaic work? they confess the forest their parent. What are the books which lie in the window, and the little implements of paper and wax, pens and wafers, which I presume may be found in the escrutoire? And may I not add to these, that inch of wax candle, which stands ready to seal a letter, or perhaps to light a pipe?

You must grant they have all the same original, they were once mere vegetables. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which was woven of the threads of flax and

hemp: the pasteboard covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf that drew its life and sustenance from the meadow. The pen that you write with was plucked from the wings of the goose, which lives upon the grass of the common: The inkhorn was borrowed from the front of the grazing ox; the wafer is made of the paste of bread-corn; the sealing-wax is said to be formed chiefly of the gum of a tree, and the wax for the candle is originally plundered from the bee, who stole it out of a thousand flowers.

Permit me, ladies, said the philosopher, to mention your dress; too nice a subject indeed for a scholar to pretend any skill in it: But I persuade myself your candour will not resent my naming the rich materials, since I leave those more important points, the fashion and the air, to be decided entirely by your superior skill. Shall I enquire then, who gave Persis the silken habit which she wears? And whence did the worm borrow it but from the leaves of the mulberry tree, which was planted and nourished for this purpose by the country swain? May I ask again, how came Therina by those ornaments of fine linen which she is pleased to appear in, and the costly lure of Flanders that surrounds it? Was it not all made of the stalks of flax that grew up in the field like other vegetables? And are not the finest of your muslins owing to the Indian cotton tree? Can you tell me, Theron, one upper garment you have, whether coat, cloak, or night gown, from your shoulder to your very feet, as rich and as new as you think it, which the shrep or the poor silk-worm had not worn before you. It is certain, the beaver bore your hat on his skin; that soft fur was his covering before it was yours; and the materials of your very shoes, both the upper part and the soles of them, covered the calf or the hieser, before they were put on your feet: all this was grass at first, for we have seen that all the animal world owes its being to vegetables.

The company seemed strangely surprised, and thought they had been led into Fairy land; they imagined themselves decyed into the midst of enchantments, while their fancy roved through all these transformations: Yet the discourse seemed to carry such evidence and conviction with it, that though they retained their wonder, they could not withhold their assent.

When Crito had given them leave to muse a little, he took up the argument again. Give me leave Madam, said he to Therina, without offence, to lead you into further wonders. You have seen that the furniture of the place where we are, as well as the precious attire in which you are dressed, were lately the productions, and the ornaments of the forest, the meadow or the garden. But could you forgive me, Madam, if I should attempt to persuade you, that that beautiful body of yours, those features and those limbs, were once growing also in the fields and the meadows? I see, lady, you are a little shocked and surprised at the thought. I confess the ideas and sentiments of philosophy are not always so courtly and so favourable to human nature as to be addressed to the tender sex: But pardon me, Therina, if I enquire: Was not your infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have you not been fed with wheat, though it was of the finest kind? and your drink, what has it been but either the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape, or for variety, perhaps the cy-

der-grove has supplied you? The flesh with which you have been nourished to such a well proportioned stature belonged to four footed animals, or to the fowls of the air, and each of these have either been fed with corn or grass: Whence then, Madam, has your own body been supported and what do you think it is made of?

Remainder in our next Number.

## POETRY.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though grac'd with polished manners and fine accents,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,  
That crawls at evening in the public path;  
But he that has humanity, forwar'd,  
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes  
A visit unwelcome into scenes  
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,  
The chamber, or refectory, may die:  
A necessary act incurs no blame.  
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,  
And gull'd of offence, they range the air,  
Or take their pasture in the spacious field:  
There they are punish'd. And he that hunts  
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;  
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,  
Who, when she form'd design'd them an abode.  
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons  
To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
Is soon dishonour'd and desil'd, in most,  
By badging die, that ask a prudent hand  
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,  
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
Than cruelty most der'lish of them all.  
Mercy to him that shews it is the rule  
And righteous limitation of its act,  
By which Heaven moves in pard'ning guilty man,  
And he that shows none being ripe in years,  
And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

### THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

#### THE USES OF VOLATILES.

The uses of the poultry-kind, especially of such as are domesticated, are too obvious to be enumerated; it may, however, be remarked as an evidence of the Divine Goodness, that the common Hen, if well supplied with food and water, is said to lay sometimes 200 eggs in a year; and the fecundity of the Pigeon in a domestic state is so great, that from a single pair, near fifteen thousand may be produced in four years.

The flesh of the Grouse-kind is esteemed for its delicacy; the Peacock in some countries is considered as a luxury; and although it is not a great measure for his singular plumage the man has been tempted to follow the Ostrich in his desert retreat, some of the African tribes are very fond of his flesh, and even the Romans appear to have considered it a dainty. There are besides many parts of this animal which are supposed to be very salutary for medicinal purposes, and their strength and swiftness render them very fit for the purposes of travelling or carrying burdens.

If in the feathery tribe some appear to be formed to please us with the beauty of their plumage as the Goldfinch, the Bullfinch, and the Humming-bird; others, as the Thrush, the Blackbird, and the Canary, delight us with the melody of their song.—The Lark soars aloft and salutes