

herb for the service of man. The young lions roar, after their prey, and seek their meat from God. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour until the evening. The creatures wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them, they gather: thou openest thine hand: they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth!! I could not help comparing this grace with the short, and often senseless ejaculations muttered in a low precipitate voice by little spruce domestic chaplains, doctors in divinity, with bushy wigs, and dignitaries of the church, as by law established, in lawn sleeves.—Had any such Hierophants been present, at the Cobbler's grace, I could not have refrained under the feelings that then moved me from exclaiming to their face. 'Now you priests by profession! There is a grace for you, better than any that is commonly said at York, or Lambeth, or in any of the halls in Oxford or Cambridge.'

The old man (the shoemaker's father) was seated at one end of the board, and the shoemaker himself, our host, at the other. The little girl did not wait but sat at table; as also did the boy, who was herdsman. Our beautiful hostess herself waited on us, and after we had fully destroyed our appetites for eating and drinking, she sat down, and with great modesty and parsimony, partook of what remained. When we first sat down to supper, the Cobbler said, 'Now that this pig is indeed dressed, I should most cordially entreat you, according to the prevailing mode of hospitality, to eat heartily of it, and not to spare it.—But in truth, I think it is much better that we all of us satisfy the cravings of nature, especially at this late hour, with vegetables, and the milky bounty of our household gods. The sweetness of those slumbers, and the divine enchantment of those dreams that follow gentle labour, and a vegetable repast, afford a luxury of which the riotous eaters of flesh, and those addicted to strong drink, cannot form any conception. Pray do, divine strangers (for strangers are from love) eat sparingly of that animal, and attack with all imaginable ardour, those sallads. Here is abundance of butter fresh from the dairy; and whey; and butter-milk, food and drink for kings. Well, I see you will persevere in your attacks upon the pig. Since it is so, here, boy take that key, and fetch a quart of Otober. Fermented liquor is necessary to digest animal food. For ve-

getables and milk in all its modifications, it is not necessary. Come, since my visitors will not join me, I will play the fool for once for society's sake, and sacrifice a pleasing dream in honour of my company; hand me those eels;' of which he began to eat with a good appetite.—'You will be surprised,' continued the Cobbler, 'at my avowal of a parsimonious disposition before my guests; but consider, I beseech you, that this is not any proof of solitary selfishness, but of the contrary.'

It is absurd to me, that men should lay aside all calculation and economy at the very time when economy is most wanted; I mean, when a temporary accession is made to one's family. To be guilty of waste, and live beyond one's income, on occasion of visits, is a ready way to drive guests from your house; but to be at perfect ease, to live with your wonted frugality, to avoid all excess, and to gain the love and confidence of strangers, by a simple and secure discovery of the inward sentiments of your heart, is the way to keep them with you for a long time, as, by such treatment, they are convinced that you are not put out of your way; that your mode of entertaining them puts you to no expence beyond what you can easily bear, and that they are heartily welcome. And with respect to the health and pleasure of moderate living, it is beyond all comparison greater than that gormandizing like a fat alderman. The mind too, whatever may be the cause, is more comforted by vegetable than animal food. This may be proved by the effect that wine has to stimulate the powers of fancy, and to strike collisions of imagination almost divine, and indeed; if I could afford it, I would now and then take a bottle of Champagne, if I was not afraid lest I should fall into an habit of intoxication. It is not fish, flesh, nor fowl, that inspires great designs, or that leads on to noble actions, but juices of fruits prepared by the hand of nature, always more gentle, gradual, and exquisitely fine in its operations than that of art.

In the course of drinking a can of beer with this extraordinary philosopher, I learnt, that it was their practice for one of the brothers to read, while the other two worked at the awl, and that they relieved one another by turns; that they read but a few books, but those of the highest character—and this, because it was the most economical plan in respect of both time, money, and improvement; because to read a few good books, was the way to become most learned. The Cobbler gave me to understand also, that he had often been importuned to remove into some of the