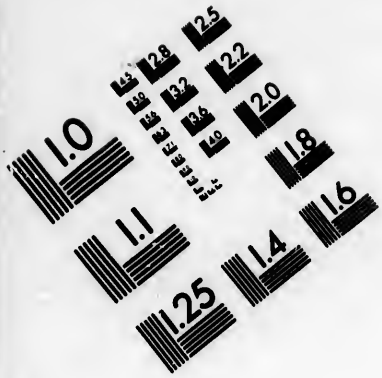

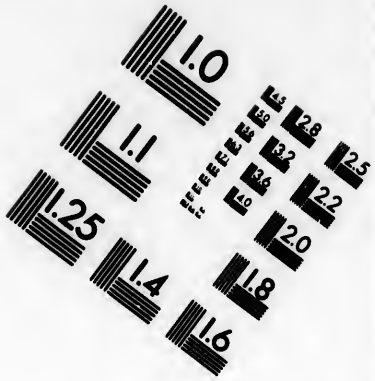

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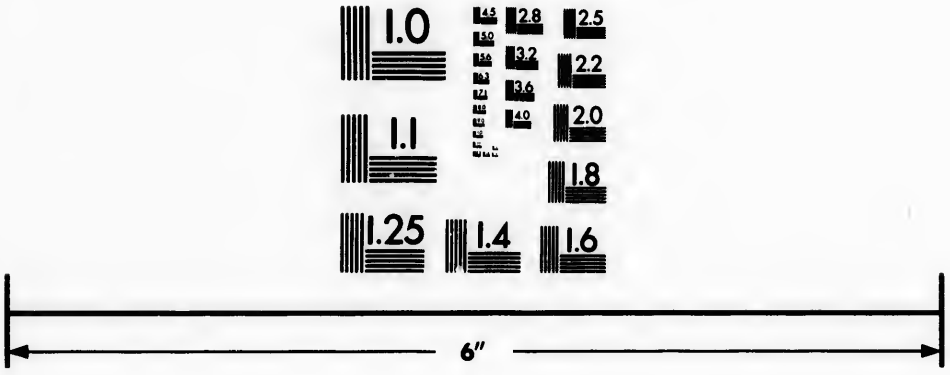

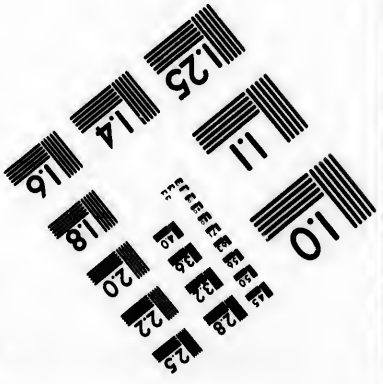

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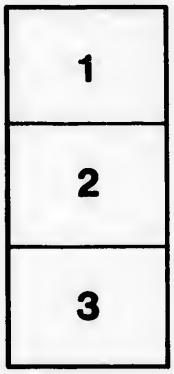

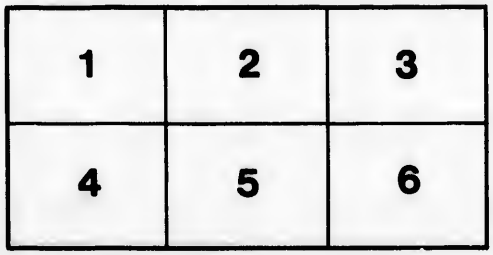

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE ENGLISH READER:

OR,

A SELECTION OF PIECES,

In Prose and Poetry;

CALCULATED

TO IMPROVE THE YOUNGER CLASSES OF LEARNERS IN READING;
AND TO IMBUE THEIR MINDS WITH THE LOVE OF VIRTUE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

RULES AND OBSERVATIONS

FOR

ASSISTING CHILDREN TO READ WITH PROPRIETY.

A NEW EDITION.

By LINDLEY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, &c.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JAMES DOUGLAS HAZZARD, QUEEN'S PRINTER, POWNAL STREET.

1841.

PREFACE.

"The English Reader," and "The Sequel" to that performance, having met with a favourable reception from the public, the compiler has been induced to prepare a small volume, on a similar plan, for the use of children who have made but little progress in reading. It has been his aim to form a compilation, which would properly conduct the young learner from the Spelling-book to the "English Reader:" and in prosecuting this design, he has been particularly careful to select such pieces as are adapted to the understanding, and pleasing to the taste, of children.

A work calculated for different classes of young readers, should contain pieces suited in point of language and matter, to their various ages and capacities. The compiler, in conformity with this idea, has in several of the chapters, particularly in the chapters of promiscuous pieces, endeavoured to arrange the materials so as to form an easy gradation, adapted to the different progress of the learners. Judicious teachers will know how to apply this arrangement to the years and abilities of their pupils.

Care has been taken to render the language of all the pieces correct and perspicuous; that the young

learner may improve in style as well as in reading, and insensibly acquire a taste for accurate composition.—To imbue the tender mind with the love of virtue and goodness, is an especial object of the present work: and, with this view, the pieces have been scrupulously selected; and, where necessary, purified from every word and sentiment that could offend the most delicate mind.

As a work tending to season the minds of children with piety and virtue, and to improve them in reading, language, and sentiment, the compiler hopes it will prove a suitable Introduction to the "English Reader," and other publications of that nature; and also a proper book for those schools, in which, from their circumscribed plan of education, larger works of the kind cannot be admitted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE compiler has added to the *second* edition of this book more than twenty pages of matter, which he hopes will be found useful and interesting. He has also given to many of the pieces a new arrangement, calculated to render every part of the work more intelligible and pleasing to young minds.

RULES AND OBSERVATIONS
FOR
ASSISTING CHILDREN TO READ WITH PROPRIETY.

THE compiler of this work having, in the preface to his "English Reader," explained at large the principles of elocution, nothing on this head seems to be necessary in the present publication, but to give a few plain and simple rules, adapted to the younger classes of learners; and to make some observations, calculated to rectify the errors which they are most apt to commit. These rules may be comprehended under the following heads. They are comprised in few words, and a little separated from the observations, that those teachers who wish their pupils to commit them to memory, may more readily distinguish them from the parts which require only an attentive perusal.

I. All the simple sounds should be pronounced with fulness, distinctness and energy; particularly the vowels, on the proper utterance of which, the force and beauty of pronunciation greatly depend.

The simple sounds, especially those signified by the letters *l*, *r*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*, are often very imperfectly pronounced by young persons. *B* and *p* are apt to be confounded: so are *d* and *t*, *s* and *z*, *f* and *v*. The letters *v* and *w* are often sounded the one for the other: thus, wine is pronounced vine; and vinegar, winegar. The dipthong *ow* is, in some words, vulgarly sounded like *er:* as foller, meller, winder; instead of follo, mellow, window. When several consonants, proper to be sounded, occur in the beginning or at the end of words, it is a very common error to omit one of them in pronunciation: as in the words asps, casks, guests, breadth, fifth, twelfth, strength, hearths. Not sounding the letter *h*, when it is proper to sound this letter, is a great fault in pronunciation, and very difficult wholly to correct.

When children have acquired any improper habits with respect to simple sounds, the best mode of correction is, to make them frequently repeat words and sentences, in which those sounds occur.—When the simple sounds are thoroughly understood and acquired, the various combinations of them into syllables and words will be easily effected.

II. In order to give spirit and propriety to pronunciation, due attention must be paid to accent, emphasis, and cadence.

When we distinguish a syllable by a greater stress of the voice, it is called *accent*. When we thus distinguish any word in a sentence, it is called *emphasis*.

It is difficult to give precise rules for placing the accent: but the best general direction, is to consult the most approved pronouncing dictionaries, and to imitate the practice of the most correct speakers.

There are, in every sentence, some word or words on which the sense of the rest depends; and these must always be distinguished by a fuller and stronger sound of voice, whether they are found in the beginning, the middle, or at the end of the sentence. It is highly improper to lay an emphasis on words of little importance. Words put in opposition to each other are always emphatical: as, "*here* I am *miserable*; but *there*, I shall be *happy*." "Children," says Beattie, "are not often taught to read with proper emphasis. When books are put before them which they do not understand, it is impossible they should apply it properly. Let them, therefore, read nothing but what is level to their capacity. Let them read deliberately, and with attention to every word. Let them be set right, not only when they misapply the emphasis; but also cautioned against the opposite extremes of too forcible and too feeble an application of it: for, by the former of these faults, they become affected in their utterance; and by the latter, insipid." That children may be enabled to apply the emphasis, with judgment, they should carefully study the subject, and ascertain the meaning of every difficult word and sentence, previous to their being called to read to the teacher.

As emphasis consists in raising the voice, cadence signifies the falling of it. Towards the close of a sentence, the cadence takes place, unless the concluding words be emphatical. It should always be easy and gradual, not abrupt; and should never be expressed in a feeble and languid manner. Even the falling of the voice may be managed with spirit and variety.

III. As the art of reading greatly depends on the proper management of the breath, it should be used with economy. The voice ought to be relieved at every stop; slightly at a comma, more leisurely at a semicolon, or a colon, and completely at a period.

A due attention to this rule, will prevent a broken, faint, and languid voice, which is the usual fault of ignorant and vulgar readers. It will enable the reader to preserve the command of his voice; to pronounce the longest sentence with as much ease as the shortest; and to acquire that freedom and energy, with which a person of judgment naturally expresses his perceptions, emotions, and passions, in common discourse.

The comma marks the shortest pause, the semicolon, a pause double that of the comma; the colon, double that of the semicolon; and the period, double that of the colon. A dash following a stop, shews that the pause is to be greater than if the stop were alone; and when used by itself, requires a pause of such length as the sense alone can determine. A

paragraph requires a pause double that which is proper at a period.

The points of interrogation and exclamation, are uncertain as to their time. The pause which they demand is equal to a semicolon, a colon, or a period, as the sense may require. They should be attended with an elevation of the voice. The parenthesis, unless accompanied with a stop, requires but a small pause. It generally marks a moderate depression of the voice.

IV. Let the tone of the voice in reading be the same as it would be in speaking on the same subject.

To render this rule proper and effectual, children should be taught to speak slowly, distinctly, and with due attention to the sentiments they express. The mode of speaking is then only to be imitated by the reader, when it is just and natural.

V. Endeavour to vary and modulate the voice according to the nature of the subject, whether it be in a solemn, a serious, a familiar, a gay, a humorous, or an ironical strain.

It would be highly improper to read an interesting narrative, with an air of negligence; to express warm emotions of the heart, with cold indifference; and to pronounce a passage of Scripture, on a sublime and

important subject, with the familiar tone of common conversation. On the other hand it would be absurd to read a letter on trivial subjects, in a mournful strain; or a production of gaiety and humour, with grave formality.

VI. In reading verse, the same general directions must be observed, as have been given for reading prose.

Narrative, didactic, descriptive, and pathetic pieces, have the same peculiar tone and manner, in poetry as in prose. A singing note, and making the lines jingle by laying too great stress on the rhyming words, should be particularly avoided. A very small pause ought to be made at the end of a line, unless the sense, or some of the usual marks of pause, require a considerable one. The great rule for reading verse, as well as prose, is to read slowly, distinctly, and in a natural tone of voice.

We shall now caution young readers against some faults which many are apt to commit. In doing this, it will unavoidably happen, that a few of the preceding observations will, in some respects, be repeated; but this confirmation of the rules will, it is presumed, be no disadvantage to the learners. A display of the various errors in reading, incident to

children, may make a greater impression, than directions which are positive, and point only to the propriety of pronunciation.

1. Avoid too loud, or too low a voice.

An overstrained voice is very inconvenient to the reader, as well as disgusting to the hearer. It exhausts the reader's spirits; and prevents the proper management and modulation of his voice, according to the sense of his subject; and it naturally leads into a tone. Too low a voice is not so inconvenient to the speaker, as the other extreme; but it is very disagreeable to the hearer. It is always offensive to an audience, to observe any thing in the reader or speaker, that marks indolence or inattention. When the voice is naturally too loud, or too low, young persons should correct it in their ordinary conversation: by this means they will learn to avoid both the extremes, in reading. They should begin the sentence with an even moderate voice, which will enable them to rise or fall as the subject requires.

2. Avoid a thick, confused, cluttering voice.

It is very disagreeable to hear a person mumble, clip, or swallow his words; leaving out some syllables in the long words; and scarcely ever pronouncing some of the short ones; but hurrying on without any care to give his words their full sound, or his hearers the full sense of them. This fault is not easily cured.

The best means of mending it, is, to endeavour, both in conversation and reading, to pronounce every word in a deliberate, clear, and distinct manner.

3. Be careful to read neither too quick nor too slow.

A precipitant reader leaves no room for pauses; fatigues himself; and lowers the dignity of his subject. His hearers lose much of what is delivered, and must always be dissatisfied with a reader who hurries and tires them. Children are very apt to read too fast, and to take pleasure in it, thinking that they who pronounce the words with the greatest rapidity, are the best scholars.—The heavy, dronish, sleepy reader, and who often makes pauses where there should be none, is also very disagreeable. If he hems and yawns between the periods he is still more so.

4. Study to avoid an irregular mode of pronunciation.

It is a great fault in reading, to raise and fall the voice by fits and starts; to elevate and depress it unseasonably, without regard to sense or stops; or always to begin a sentence with a high voice, and conclude it with a low one, or, on the contrary, to begin with a low voice, and conclude with a high one. To avoid those errors, the sentence should not be begun in too high or too low a key; regard should be had to the nature of the points, and the length of the periods: and the reader's mind should be attentive to the subject, sense, and spirit, of his author.

5. With the utmost care avoid a flat, dull, uniform voice, without emphasis or cadence, or a proper regard to the sense of what is reading.

This is a practice to which children who do not love learning, and are tired with their lessons, are very prone. When this mode of reading becomes habitual, it is painful to the hearer, and very difficult to be remedied. The best means of cure are those prescribed for the preceding error: for if the mind be attentive to the sentiments delivered, the voice will be adapted to their nature and importance.

6. Reading with an improper tone, is a great and common fault with learners, and must be carefully avoided.

No habit is more easy to be contracted than this or harder to be overcome. This unnatural tone in reading is always disgusting to persons of sense and delicacy. Some have a squeaking tone. Persons whose voices are shrill and weak, or overstrained, are apt to fall into this tone.—Some have a singing or canting note: others assume a high, swelling tone. These lay too much stress on every sentence, and violate every rule of decent pronunciation.—Some affect an awful and striking tone, attended with solemn grimace; as if they wished to move the reader with every word, whether the weight of the subject supports them, or not.—Some have a set, uniform tone of voice, which has already been noticed. Others

have a strange, whimsical, whining tone, peculiar to themselves, and not easy to be described. They are continually laying the emphasis on words which do not require or deserve it.

To avoid all kinds of unnatural and disagreeable tones, we should read with the same ease and freedom that would mark our private conversation, on the same subject. We do not hear persons converse in a tone: if we did, we should laugh at them. "Do not", says Dr. Watts, "affect to change that natural and easy sound with which you speak, for a strange, new, awkward tone, as some do, when they begin to read. We should almost be persuaded that the speaker and the reader were two different persons, if our eyes did not tell us the contrary."

We shall close these rules and observations, by a remark of considerable importance to young persons who are desirous of learning to read well. Few rules on the subject are intelligible to children, unless illustrated by the voice of a competent instructor. They should, therefore, pay great attention to the manner in which their teacher, and other persons of approved skill, perform the business of reading. They should observe their mode of pronouncing the words, placing the emphasis, making the pauses, managing the voice, and adapting it to the various subjects they read; and, in all these respects, endeavour to imitate them as nearly as possible.

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INTRODUCTION
TO THE ENGLISH READER.

PART I.
PIECES IN PROSE.

CHAPTER I.
SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

TO be good is to be happy.

Vice, soon or late, brings misery.

We were not made for ourselves only.

A good person has a tender concern for the happiness of others.

Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth.

Deceit discovers a little mind.

Cultivate the love of truth.

No confidence can be placed in those who are in the habit of lying.

Neglect no opportunity of doing good.

Idleness is the parent of vice and misery.

Cleanliness promotes health of body and delicacy of mind.

The real wants of nature are soon satisfied.

A contented mind is an inestimable treasure.

Deliberate before you promise.

Boast not of the favours you bestow.

Merit the approbation of the wise and good.

It is a great blessing to have pious and virtuous parents.

The most secret acts of goodness are seen and approved by the Almighty.

SECTION II.

Our reputation, virtue, and happiness, greatly depend on the choice of our companions.

Good or bad habits, formed in youth, generally go with us through life.

We should be kind to all persons, even to those who are unkind to us.

When we acknowledge our misconduct, and are sorry for it, generous and good persons will pity and forgive us.

Our best friends are those who tell us of our faults, and teach us how to correct them.

If tales were not listened to, there would be no tale-bearers.

To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellences of others, is a sure mark of a good heart.

We can never treat a fellow-creature ill, without offending the gracious Creator and Father of all.

A kind word, nay, even a kind look, often affords comfort to the afflicted.

Every desire of the heart, every secret thought, is known to him who made us.

SECTION III.

He that cares only for himself has but few pleasures; and those few are of the lowest order.

We may escape the censure of others, when we do wrong privately; but we cannot avoid the reproaches of our own mind.

Partiality to self often hides from us our own faults; we see very clearly the same faults in others.

Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Vicious pursuits may yield a few scattered pleasures; but piety and virtue will make our whole life happy.

Fancy paints pleasures at a distance with beautiful colors; but possession often takes away their beauty.

We should accustom ourselves to bear small injuries patiently; we shall then be better able to support great ones.

When provoked by the the follies of others, think of your own imperfections; be patient and humble.

Without frugality none can be rich; and with it, very few would be poor.

The good or bad disposition of children often shews itself, in their behaviour to servants and inferiors; it is seen even in their treatment of dumb animals.

They who ridicule the wise and good, are dangerous companions; they bring virtue itself into contempt.

We cannot be good as God is good, to all persons every where; but we can rejoice, that every where there is a God to do them good.

SECTION IV.

When blessed with health and prosperity, cultivate a humble and compassionate disposition; think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphans.

Avoid all harshness in behaviour; treat every one with that courtesy which springs from a mild and gentle heart.

Be slow in forming intimate connexions: they may bring dishonor and misery.

Almost all our desires are apt to wander into an improper course: to direct them properly requires care; but that care will render us safe and happy through life.

The days that are past, are gone for ever; those that are to come, may not come to us; the present time only is ours: let us, therefore, improve it as much as possible.

They who are moderate in their expectations, meet with few disappointments: the eager and presumptuous are continually disappointed.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well: but it is impossible to do any thing well without attention.

Let us not expect too much pleasure in this life: no situation is exempt from trouble. The best persons, are, no doubt, the happiest: but they, too, have their trials and afflictions.

SECTION V.

How greatly do the kind offices of a dutiful and affectionate child, gladden the heart of a parent, especially when sinking under age or infirmities!

What better proof can we give of wisdom and goodness, than to be content with the station in which Providence has placed us?

An honest man (as Pope expresses himself) is the noblest work of God.

How pleasant it is, when we lie down at night, to reflect that we are at peace with all persons! that we have carefully performed the duties of the day! that the Almighty beholds and loves us!

How readily should we forgive those who offend us, if we considered how much our heavenly Father has forgiven us!

Who would exchange the humble peace which virtue gives, for all the honors and pleasures of a vain world?

Pride (to use the emphatical words of a sacred writer) was not made for man.

How can we spend our time foolishly, when we know that we must give an account hereafter, of our thoughts, words, and actions?

How glorious an object is the sun? but how much more glorious is that great and good Being who made it for our use!

Behold, how rich and beautiful are the works of nature! What a bountiful provision is made for our wants and pleasures!—Surely, the author of so many blessings is worthy of our love and gratitude!

SECTION VI.

Cyrus, when young, being asked what was the first thing which he learned, answered; "To speak the truth."

Epaminondas, the celebrated Theban general,

was remarkable for his love of truth. He never told a lie, even in jest.

All our moral duties are contained in these few words; "Do as you would be done by."

The following was a favourite sentiment of the wise and good Socrates: "We should eat and drink, in order to live; instead of living, as many do, to eat and drink."

Artaxerxes Mnemon, king of Persia, being, upon an extraordinary occasion, reduced to eat barley-bread and dried figs, and to drink water; "What pleasure," said he, "have I lost till now, by my delicacies and excess!"

When Cato drew near the close of life, he made this most benevolent declaration to his friends: "The greatest comfort of my old age, is the pleasing remembrance of the friendly offices I have done to others. To see them easy and happy by my means, makes me truly so."

Mark Anthony, when under adverse circumstances, made this interesting exclamation; "I have lost all, except what I have given away!"

The emperor Marcus Aurelius, a pious and good man, expressed the benevolence of his heart, in these words: "I cannot relish a happiness which no one partakes of but myself."

Edward VI. king of England, being, when very young, required by his uncle to sign a war-

rant for the execution of a poor woman, on account of her religious principles, said, with tears in his eyes: "I almost wish I had never learned to write."

SECTION VII.

Pity the sorrows and sufferings of the poor. Disdain not to enter their wretched abodes; nor to listen to their moving lamentations.

Gratitude is a delightful emotion. The grateful heart at once performs its duty, and endears itself to others.

If we ought to be grateful for services received from our friends, how should our hearts glow with thankfulness to Him, who has given us being, and all the blessings we enjoy!

Young people too often set out in life with too much confidence in themselves. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them!

To repine at the improvements of others, and wish to deprive them of the praise they have deserved, is an envious and odious disposition.

We ought not to be proud or vain of the advantages we possess; but humbly endeavour to use them for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, and the glory of that great Being from whom we have received them.

If we consider how much the comfort or the

uneasiness of all around us, depends on the state of our own temper, we should surely endeavour to render it sweet and accommodating.

When we feel our inability to resist evil, and to do good, what a comfort it is, to know that our heavenly Father will, if we humbly apply to him, hear our prayers, and graciously assist us.

When young persons are afflicted with illness, how greatly do they endear themselves to all about them, by being tractable, considerate, gentle, and grateful! but how painful it is, to see them peevish, self-willed, and unthankful! How much do the former qualities lessen the affliction; and the latter increase it!

A family where the great Father of the universe is duly reverenced; where parents are honored and obeyed; where brothers and sisters dwell together in love and harmony; where peace and order reign; where there is no law but the law of kindness and wisdom;—is surely a most delightful and interesting spectacle!

SECTION VIII.

God is the kindest and best of beings. He is our Father. He approves us when we do well: he pities us when we err; and he desires to make us happy for ever. How greatly should we love

so good and kind a father! and how careful should we be to serve and please him!

Never insult the unfortunate, especially when they implore relief or assistance. If you cannot grant their requests, refuse them mildly and tenderly. If you feel compassion for them, (and what good heart can behold distress without feeling compassion?) be not ashamed to express it.

Listen to the affectionate councils of your parents; treasure up their precepts; respect their riper judgment; and enjoy, with gratitude and delight, the advantages resulting from their society.—Bind to your bosom, by the most endearing ties, your brothers and sisters; cherish them as your best companions, through the variegated journey of life and suffer no jealousies and contentions to interrupt the harmony, which should ever reign amongst you.

They who are accustomed to view their companions in the most favourable light, are like persons who dwell amongst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Suspicious persons resemble the traveller in the wilderness, who sees no objects around him, but what are either dreary or terrible.

SECTION IX.

An amiable youth lamented, in terms of sincere grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His

companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased, with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I thought," replied the youth, "whilst my parent was living: but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement."

Sir Isaac Newton possessed a remarkably mild and even temper. This great man, on a particular occasion, was called out of his study to an adjoining apartment. A little dog, named Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant of his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers; and threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost-finished labours of some years. Sir Isaac soon returned, and had the mortification to behold his irreparable loss. But, with his usual self-possession, he only exclaimed; "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

Queen Caroline having observed that her daughter, the princess ———, had made one of the ladies about her stand a long time, whilst she was talking to her on some trifling subject, was resolved to give her a suitable reprimand. When the princess came in the evening, as usual, to read to her, and was drawing a chair to sit down, the queen said; "No my dear, you must not sit at present; for I intend to make you stand this evening,

as long as you suffered lady ——— to remain in the same position.

The benevolent John Howard, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favour, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other amusement she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her answer. This charitable hint met his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

Horace, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that a countryman, who wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation, that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed, increased, perhaps, by fresh torrents from the mountains: and it must for ever flow, because the sources, from which it is derived, are inexhaustible.—Thus the idle and irresolute youth trifles over his books, or wastes in play the precious moments; deferring the task of improvement, which at first is easy to be accomplished, but which will become more and more difficult, the longer it is neglected.

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The pious sons.

In one of those terrible eruptions of mount Ætna, which have often happened, the danger to the inhabitants of the adjacent country, was uncommonly great. To avoid immediate destruction from the flames, and the melted lava which ran down the sides of the mountain, the people were obliged to retire to a considerable distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of such a scene, (every one flying and carrying away whatever he deemed most precious,) two brothers, the one named Anapias, the other Amphinomus, in the height of their solicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, suddenly recollected that their father and mother, both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness triumphed over every other consideration. "Where," cried the generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure, than they are who gave us being, and who have cherished and protected us through life?" Thus having said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and happily made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. All who were witnesses of this

dutiful and affectionate conduct, were struck with the highest admiration: and they and their posterity, ever after, called the path which these good young men took in their retreat, "The Field of the Pious."

SECTION II.

Filial sensibility.

A STRONG instance of affectionate and dutiful attachment to parents, has been related in the preceding section. The following display of filial tenderness, is scarcely less interesting and extraordinary.

A young gentleman in one of the academies at Paris, was remarked for eating nothing but soup and dry bread, and drinking only water. The governor of the institution, attributing this singularity to excess of devotion, reproved his pupil, and endeavoured to persuade him to alter his resolution. Finding, however, that his remonstrances were ineffectual, he sent for him again, and observed to him, that such conduct was highly unbecoming, and that it was his duty to conform to the rules of the academy. He then endeavoured to learn the reason of his pupil's conduct; but as the youth could not be prevailed upon to impart the secret, the governor at last threatened to send him back to his family. The menace produced an immediate explanation: "Sir" said the young

man, "in my father's house I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good soup, and excellent white bread; and though I might, if I chose it, fare luxuriously, I cannot persuade myself to take any thing else, when I reflect on the situation in which I have left my father and mother." The governor was greatly moved by this instance of filial sensibility, and could not refrain from tears. "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension?" "No," replied the youth: "he has long been soliciting one; but, for want of money, has been obliged to give up the pursuit: and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country." 'Well" returned the governor, "if the fact is, as you have represented it, I promise to procure for your father a pension of five hundred livres a year. And since your friends are in such reduced circumstances, take these three louis d'or for your pocket expenses. I will undertake to remit to your father the first half year of his pension in advance." "Ah, Sir!" replied the youth, "as you have the goodness to propose remitting a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add to it these three louis d'or. As I have here every thing I can wish for, I do not need them: but they would be of great use to my father in the maintenance of his other children."

SECTION III.

Cruelty to insects condemned.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their feeble efforts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; glorying like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation he committed. His tutor remonstrated with him, in vain, on his barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony, which, when tormented, they express, by the quick and varied contortions of their bodies, he neither understood, nor regarded.

The tutor had a microscope; and he desired his pupil, one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. "Mark," said he, "how it is studded from head to tail with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles! The head contains the most lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs, and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in

the courts of the greatest princes." Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier; and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION IV.

Selfish sorrow reproved.

ONE day, during the summer vacation, Alexis had prepared himself to set out with a party of his companions, upon a little journey of pleasure. But the sky lowered, the clouds gathered, and he remained for some time in anxious suspense about his expedition; which at last was prevented by heavy and continued rain. The disappointment overpowered his fortitude; he burst into tears; lamented the untimely change of weather; and suddenly refused all consolation.

In the evening, the clouds were dispersed; the sun shone with unusual brightness; and the face of nature seemed to be renewed in vernal beauty. Euphronius conducted Alexis into the fields. The storm of passion in his breast was now stilled; and the serenity of the air, the music of the feathered songsters, the verdure of the meadows, and the sweet perfumes which breathed around, regaled every sense, and filled his mind with delightful emotions.

"Do not you remark," said Euphronius, "the delightful change which has suddenly taken place in the whole creation? Recollect the appearance of the scene before us yesterday The ground was then parched with a long drought; the flowers hid their drooping heads; no fragrant odours were perceived; and vegetation seemed to cease. To what cause must we impute the revival of nature?" "To the rain which fell this morning," replied Alexis, with a modest confusion. He was struck with the selfishness and folly of his conduct; and his own bitter reflections anticipated the reproofs of Euphronius. PERCIVAL.

SECTION V.

We are often deceived by appearances.

A YOUTH, who lived in the country, and who had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit foreign regions, came to Manchester, to see an exhibition of wild beasts. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe: and he viewed the rhinoceros with astonishment. But his attention was soon drawn from these animals, and directed to another, of the most elegant and beautiful form. He stood contemplating, with silent admiration, the glossy smoothness of his hair; the blackness and regularity of the streaks with which he was marked; the symmetry of his limbs; and

above all, the placid sweetness of his countenance. "What is the name of this lovely animal," said he to the keeper, "which you have placed near one of the ugliest beasts in your collection, as if you meant to contrast beauty with deformity?" "Beware, young man," replied the intelligent keeper, "of being so easily captivated with external appearance. The animal which you admire, is called a tiger; and notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description. I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence. But the other beast, which you despise, is in the highest degree docile, affectionate, and useful. For the benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia, where drink and pasture are seldom to be found; and will continue six or seven days without sustenance, yet still patient of labour. His hair is manufactured into clothing; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs. The camel, therefore, for such is the name given to this animal, is more worthy of your admiration than the tiger; notwithstanding the inelegance of his make, and the two bunches upon his back. For mere external beauty is of little estimation; and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION VI.

The two Bees.

On a fine morning in summer, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves with the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loaded his thighs at intervals, with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed vial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. His philosophic companion, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive: but he found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy.

Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu; and to lament, with his latest breath,—that though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

DODSLEY.

SECTION VII.

Ingenuity and industry rewarded.

A RICH husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple trees of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them. When his children were capable of handling garden-tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names: and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "My dear children, I give you these trees: you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

The younger, named Edmund, was indutrious

and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent. He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple tree.

His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went with all the little dirty country boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them; so that he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels. In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till, one day in autumn, he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it: but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow withered leaves. Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father, and said; "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you

have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better: bid him, at least, share his apples with me."—"Share with you!" said his father; "so the industrious must lose his labour, to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot; it is the effect of your negligence; and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his: it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered with the same care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself; and from this moment, both it, and the fruit it may bear are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery, and look for another; and rear it, to make amends for your fault: but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother, for assisting me in my labour."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Ed-

mund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it. He was now never out of humour with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work: and in autumn he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus, he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit; and, at the same time, of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that, the following year, he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

BERQUIN.

SECTION VIII.

The secret of being always satisfied.

A CERTAIN Italian bishop, was remarkable for his happy and contented disposition. He met with much opposition, and encountered many difficulties in his journey through life: but it was observed that he never repined at his condition, or betrayed the least degree of Impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired the virtue which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always satisfied. "Yes," replied the good old man, "I can teach you my secret,

and with great facility. It consists in nothing more, than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven; and reflect that my principal business here, is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind that, when I am dead, I shall occupy but a small space in it. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in every respect, are less fortunate than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end; and how very little reason I have to repine, or to complain."

SECTION IX.

Beneficence its own reward.

PIGALLE, the celebrated artist, was a man of great humanity. Intending on a particular occasion, to make a journey from Lyons to Paris, he laid by twelve louis-d'or to defray his expenses. But a little before the time proposed for his setting out, he observed a man walking, with strong marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance and deportment. Pigalle, impelled by the feelings of a benevolent heart, accosted him, and inquired, with much tenderness, whether it was in his power to afford him any relief. The stranger, impressed with the manner of his friendly address, did not

hesitate to lay open his distressed situation. "For want of ten louis-d'or," said he, "I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon; and be separated from a tender wife and a numerous family." "Do you want no more?" exclaimed the humane artist, "Come along with me; I have twelve louis-d'or in my trunk; and they are all at your service."

The next day a friend of Pigalle's met him; and enquired whether it was true, that he had, as was publicly reported, very opportunely relieved a poor man and his family, from the greatest distress. "Ah, my friend!" said Pigalle, "what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese, with a family whose tears of gratitude marked the goodness of their hearts; and who blessed me at every mouthful they eat!"

SECTION X.

The compassionate judge.

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, was promoted to the office of a judge of a provincial court, in the south of France, in which he presided, with public applause, for twenty-four years. One day a poor widow brought a complaint before him, against the baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a farm which was her whole dependence. Domat heard the cause; and finding by the clearest evidence, that the woman had ignorantly broken a covenant in

the lease, which empowered the landlord to take possession of the farm, he recommended mercy to the baron towards a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the judge was obliged to pronounce a sentence of expulsion from the farm, and to order payment of the damages mentioned in the lease, together with the costs of the suit. In delivering this sentence, Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion flowed plentifully. When the order of seizure, both of her person and effects, was decreed, the poor woman exclaimed: "O just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!" and immediately she fainted away. The compassionate judge assisted in raising the distressed woman; and after inquiring into her character, the number of her children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with a hundred louis-d'or, the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the baron to accept as a full recompence; and the widow was restored to her farm. Deeply affected with the generosity of her benefactor, she said to him; "O, my lord! when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?" "I will ask it" replied Domat, "when my conscience shall tell me I have done an improper act."

SECTION XI.

The generous negro.

Joseph Rachel, a respectable negro, resided in the island of Barbadoes. He was a trader, and dealt chiefly in the retail way. In his business, he conducted himself so fairly and complaisantly, that, in a town filled with little peddling shops, his doors were thronged with customers. I have often dealt with him, and always found him remarkably honest and obliging. If any one knew not where to obtain an article, Joseph would endeavour to procure it, without making any advantage for himself. In short, his character was so fair, his manners so generous, that the best people shewed him a regard, which they often deny to men of their own colour, because they are not blessed with the like goodness of heart.

In 1756, a fire happened, which burned down great part of the town, and ruined many of the inhabitants. Joseph lived in a quarter that escaped the destruction; and expressed his thankfulness, by softening the distresses of his neighbours. Among those who had lost their property by this heavy misfortune, was a man to whose family, Joseph in the early part of his life, owed some obligations. This man, by too great hospitality, an excess very common in the West Indies,

had involved himself in difficulties, before the fire happened; and his estate lying in houses, that event entirely ruined him. Amidst the cries of misery and want, which excited Joseph's compassion, this man's unfortunate situation claimed particular notice. The generous, the open temper of the sufferer, the obligations that Joseph had to his family, were special and powerful motives for acting towards him the part of a friend.

Joseph had his bond for sixty pounds sterling. "Unfortunate man!" said he, "this debt shall never come against thee. I sincerely wish thou couldst settle all thy other affairs as easily! But how am I sure that I shall keep in this mind? May not the love of gain, especially when, by the length of time, thy misfortune shall become familiar to me, return with too strong a current, and bear down my fellow-feeling before it? But for this I have a remedy. Never shalt thou apply for the assistance of any friend against my avarice." He arose, ordered a large account that the man had with him, to be drawn out: and in a whim, that might have called up a smile on the face of charity, filled his pipe, sat down again, twisted the bond, and lighted his pipe with it. While the account was drawing out, he continued smoking, in a state of mind that a monarch might envy. When it was finished, he went in search of his friend, with the discharged account, and

the mutilated bond, in his hand. On meeting him, he presented the papers to him with this address; "Sir, I am sensibly affected with your misfortunes; the obligations I have received from your family, give me a relation to every branch of it. I know that your inability to pay what you owe, gives you more uneasiness than the loss of your own substance. That you may not be anxious on my account in particular, accept of this discharge, and the remains of your bond. I am overpaid in the satisfaction that I feel, from having done my duty. I beg you to consider this only as a token of the happiness you will confer upon me, whenever you put it in my power to do you a good office. RAMSAY.

SECTION XII.

The Indian chief.

DURING the war in America, a company of Indians attacked a small body of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage in swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the British escaped; and those who fell into their hands, were treated with a cruelty, of which there are not many examples, even in that country.

Two of the Indians came up to a young officer, and attacked him with great fury. As they were

armed with battle-axes, he had no hope of escape. But just at this crisis, another Indian came up, who was advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but, after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses; and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honor to his professions.

He made him less a slave than a companion; taught him the language of the country; and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most perfect harmony; and the young officer, in the treatment he met with, found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time the spring returned and the Indians again took the field. The old man, who was still vigourous, and able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues across the forest, and came at length to a

plain, where the British forces were encamped. The old man shewed his prisoner the tents at a distance: "There," says he, "are thy countrymen. There is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to conduct a canoe, to arm thyself with a bow and arrows, and to surprise the beaver in the forest. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant. They could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness. Thou wast ignorant of every thing. Thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?" The officer replied, "that he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian, bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent. Then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief; "Hast thou a father?" "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country."—"Alas!" said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" he paused a moment, and then added, Dost thou know that I have been a father?— I am a father no more.—I saw my son fall in battle?—He fought at my side. —I saw him expire.—He was covered with wounds, when he fell dead at my feet."

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence. His body shook with a universal tremor. He was almost stifled with sighs, which he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tears flowed to his relief. At length, he became calm by degrees; and, turning towards the east, where the sun had just risen; "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?"—"Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky."—"I have none!" said the Indian, and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after, he shewed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" said he, "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"—"Yes," replied the officer, "I look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree."—"I have no longer any pleasure in looking upon it!" said the Indian hastily; and immediately added; "Go, return to thy father, that he may still have pleasure, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring!"

SECTION XIII.

Noble behaviour of Scipio.

Scipio the younger, at twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the com-

mand of the army against the Spaniards. Soon after the conquest of Carthagena, the capital of the empire, his integrity and virtue were put to the following exemplary and ever-memorable trial, related by historians, ancient and modern, with universal applause. Being retired into his camp, some of his officers brought him a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise; and seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession, so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was very remarkable. In a few moments, having recovered himself, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connexions; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. When the Spanish prince appeared in his presence, Scipio took him aside; and to remove the anxiety he might feel on account of the young lady, addressed him in these words: "You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with freedom. They who brought me your future spouse, assured me at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty and merit left me no room to doubt it. Upon which, I reflected, that

if I were in your situation, I should hope to meet with favour: I therefore think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you a service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may you be happy! You may rest assured, that she has been amongst us, as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase any pleasure at the expence of virtue, honor, and the happiness of an honest man! No; I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you, for this inestimable gift, is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people." Allucius's heart was too full to make him any answer; but, throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud: the captive lady fell down in the same posture, and remained so till the aged father, overwhelmed with transports of joy, burst into the following words: "O excellent Scipio! Heaven has given thee more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wonderous youth! what pleasure could equal that which must now fill thy heart, on hearing the prayers of this grateful virgin, for thy health and prosperity?" Such was Scipio; a soldier, a youth, a heathen! nor was his virtue unrewarded. Allucius, charmed with such magnanimity, liberality, and politeness, returned to

his own country, and published, on all occasions, the praises of his generous and humane victor; crying out, "that their was come into Spain a young hero, who conquered all things less by the force of his arms, than by the charms of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence." DODD.

SECTION XIV.

Virtue in humble life.

In the preceding section, we have seen an illustrious instance of virtue in a person of exalted rank. This section exhibits an equally striking example of uprightness in humble life. Virtue and goodness are confined to no station: and wherever they are discovered, they command respect.

Perrin, the amiable subject of this narrative, lost both his parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity school for his education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in a neighbourhood where Lucetta kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. After an acquantance of five years, in which they had many opportunities of becoming thoroughly known to each other, Perrin proposed to Lucetta to ask her father's consent to their marriage: she blushed, and did not refuse her approbation. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal.

"You wish to marry my daughter," said the old man: "have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It will not do, Perrin; it will not do." "But," replied Perrin, "I have hands to work: I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which which will defray the expense of the wedding: I will work harder, and lay up more."—"Well" said the old man, "you are young, and may wait a little: get rich, and my daughter is at your service." Perrin waited for Lucetta's return in the evening. "Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, Lucetta," replied Perrin, "how unhappy I am for being poor! But I have not lost all hopes: my circumstances may change for the better." As they never tired of conversing together, the night approached, and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing towards a light in the neighbourhood, he discovered that it was filled with gold. "I thank heaven," cries Perrin, in a transport of joy, "for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not ours: it belongs to some stranger; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it: let us go to the vicar for ad-

vice: he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, "that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it." The vicar eyed the young couple with attention: he admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. "Perrin," said he, "cherish these sentiments: Heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner: he will reward thy honesty. I will add what I can spare. You shall have Lucetta." The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not having been demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit: you may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner, as to ensure the sum itself to the owner, if he should ever appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them still more to each other.

Perrin, one evening, returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could

afford. "This spot," cried one of the gentlemen, "is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here twelve thousand livres." Perrin listened with attention. "What search made you for them?" said he. "I was not in my power," replied the stranger, "to make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, as the vessel was ready to sail." Next morning, Perrin shewed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," said he, addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag: "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion: he looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. "Where am I," cried he, "and what do I hear? What virtue in people of so low a condition! Have you any other land but this farm?"—"No," replied Perrin; "but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here."—"Your honesty deserves a better recompence," answered the stranger. "My success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune: keep it as your own. What man in the world could have acted more nobly than you have done?" Perrin and Lucetta

shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said Perrin, "kiss the hand of your benefactor.—Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward practise the virtue. DODD.

SECTION XV.

The female choice.

A YOUNG girl, having fatigued herself one hot day with running about the garden, sat down in a pleasant arbour, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground. Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck: and her head-dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy-dress all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribband. She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addressed her.

"My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing

delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements. Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life, and good humour. Come then, my dear! Let me put you on this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away, with me!"

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name.

"My name," said she, "is DISSIPATION."

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious, but satisfied: and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung a work-basket; and the girdle round her waist was garnished with scissors, knitting needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl.

"Melissa, I am the genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and I now offer you my protection. I have no allurements to tempt you with, like those of my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must rise early, and pass the long day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring exertion of body or of mind. You must dress plainly; live mostly at heme; and aim at being useful rather than shining. But in return, I will ensure you content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you." If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice or Folly, to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by langour and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise, and what you see is not her real face. For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I now do; but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will see me cheerful at my work; and when work is over, I can enjoy every innocent amusement. But I have said

enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY."

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight; and though overawed by her manner, she could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist; when by a lucky accident, the mask with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion.

BARBAULD.

SECTION XVI.

The noble basket-maker.

THE Germans of rank and fortune, were formerly remarkable for the custom of having their sons instructed in some mechanical business, by which they might be habituated to a spirit of industry; secured from the miseries of idleness; and qualified, in case of necessity, to support themselves and their families. A striking proof of the utility of this custom, occurs in the following nar-

rative. A young German nobleman of great merit and talents, paid his addresses to an accomplished young lady of the Palatinate; and applied to her father for his consent to marry her. The old nobleman, amongst other observations, asked him, "how he expected to maintain his daughter." The young man surprised at such a question, observed, "that his possessions were known to be ample, and as secure as the honors of his family."—"All this is very true," replied the father: "but you well know, that our country has suffered much from wars and devastation; and that new events of this nature may sweep away all your estate, and render you destitute. To keep you no longer in suspence, (continued the father, with great politeness and affection,) I have seriously resolved never to marry my daughter to any person, who, whatever may be his honors or property, does not possess some mechanical art, by which he may be able to support her in case of unforseen events." The young nobleman, deeply affected with his determination, was silent for a few minutes; when, recovering himself, he declared, "that he believed his happiness so much depended on the proposed union, that no difficulty or submissions consistent with his honor, should prevent him from endeavouring to accomplish it." He begged to know whether he might be allowed six

months to acquire the knowledge of some manual art. The father, pleased with the young man's resolution, and affection for his daughter, consented to the proposal; and pledged his honor that the marriage should take place, if, at the expiration of the time limited, he should succeed in his undertaking.

Animated by the tenderest regard, and by a high sense of the happiness he hoped to enjoy, he went immediately into Flanders, engaged himself to a white twig basket-maker, and applied every power of ingenuity and industry to become skilled in the business. He soon obtained a complete knowledge of the art; and before the expiration of the time proposed, returned, and brought with him as specimens of his skill, several baskets adapted to fruit, flowers, and needle-work. These were presented to the young lady; and universally admired for the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. Nothing now remained to prevent the accomplishment of the noble youth's wishes: and the marriage was solemnized to the satisfaction of all parties.

The young couple lived several years in affluence; and seemed, by their virtues and moderation, to have secured the favours of fortune. But the ravages of war, at length, extended themselves to the Palatinate. Both the families were driven from their country, and their estates forfeited. And now

opens a most interesting scene. The young nobleman commenced his trade of basket-making; and, by his superior skill in the art, soon commanded extensive business. For many years, he liberally supported not only his own family, but also that of the good old nobleman his father-in-law: and enjoyed the high satisfaction of contributing by his own industry, to the happiness of connexions doubly endeared to him by their misfortunes: and who otherwise would have sunk into the miseries of neglect and indigence, sharpened by the remembrance of better days.

CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

Tenderness to mothers.

Mark that parent hen, said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings! The kite is hovering in the air, and disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons.

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In your childhood, she mourned over your little griefs; rejoiced in your innocent delights; administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respct for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration. PERCIVAL.

SECTION II.

Respect and affection due from pupils to their tutors.

QUINCTILIAN says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them;—to love those who instruct them, as they love the sciences which they study; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. This sentiment of affection and respect disposes them to apply diligently during the time of their studies; and preserves in their minds, during the remainder of life, a tender gratitude towards their instructors. It seems to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in readily receiving instructions, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. As it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, warms and moistens it; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between masters and scholars.

Gratitude towards those who have faithfully laboured in our education, is an essential virtue, and the mark of a good heart. "Of those who have been carefully instructed, who is there," says Cicero,

"that is not delighted with the sight, and even the remembrance of his preceptors, and the very place where he was educated?" Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity sometimes displease, at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we discern that admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, far from justifying dislike, demand our esteem and love. Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked heaven for two things especially;—for having had excellent tutors himself; and for having found the like blessing for his children. ROLLIN.

SECTION III.

On filial piety.

FROM the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give. Go to the desert, my son: observe the young stork of the wilderness; let him speak to thy heart. He bears on his wings his aged sire;

he lodges him in safety, and supplies him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices, by the western gales.

Be grateful to thy father, for he gave the life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee. Hear the words of their mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to their admonition, for it proceeds from love.

Thy father has watched for thy welfare, he has toiled for thy ease: do honor, therefore, to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence. Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth; and bear with the infirmities of thy aged parents: assist and support them in the decline of life. So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace: and thy own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION IV.

Love between brothers and sisters.

You are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother gave you suck. Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers and sisters, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when you are separated in the world, remember the relation that binds you to love and unity; and prefer not a stranger before thy own blood. If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not. So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all, in your love to each other.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION V.

Benevolence.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of Humanity! who honored thee with reason; endued thee with speech; and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations. Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of the comforts and the pleasures of life: all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society. It is thy duty, therefore, to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

Rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of thy neighbour. Open not thy ear to slander; the faults and failings of men give pain to a benevolent heart. Desire to do good, and search out

occasions for it; in removing the oppression of another, the virtuous mind relives itself.

Shut not thine ear against the cries of the poor; nor harden thy heart against the calamities of the innocent. When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she implores thy assistance with tears of sorrow; pity their affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them. When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thy heart; let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thy own soul may live. Whilst the poor man groans on the bed of sickness; whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon; or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes? ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION VI.

Ingratitude to our Supreme Benefactor is highly culpable.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wise, powerful, and good prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table, was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to

the honor of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed; his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty. "I detest such a character," said Alexis, with generous indignation!—"It is your own picture which I have drawn," replied Euphronius. "The great Potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind, as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. He has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature, by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered, with brutal gaze, over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without suitable emotions of gratitude to the Sovereign Dispenser of all good: and you have too often slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION VII.

Speculation and practice.

A CERTAIN astronomer was contemplating the moon through his telescope, and tracing the extent of her seas, the height of her mountains, and the number of habitable territories which she contains. "Let him spy what he pleases," said a clown to his companion; "he is not nearer to the moon than we are."

Shall the same observation be made of you, Alexis? Do you surpass others in learning, and yet in goodness remain upon a level with the uninstructed vulgar? Have you so long gazed at the temple of virtue, without advancing one step towards it? Are you smitten with moral beauty, yet regardless of its attainment? Are you a philosopher in theory, but a novice in practice? The partiality of a father inclines me to hope, that the reverse is true. I flatter myself, that by having learned to think, you will be qualified to act; and that the rectitude of your conduct will be adequate to your improvements in knowledge. May that wisdom which is justified in her works, be your guide through life! And may you enjoy all the felicity which flows from a cultivated understanding, pious and well-regulated affections, and extensive benevolence! In these consist that sovereign good, which ancient sages so much extol; which reason recommends, religion authorizes, and God approves. PERCIVAL.

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Eagle.

The Golden Eagle is the largest and the noblest of all those birds that have received the name of Eagle. It weighs above twelve pounds. Its length is three feet; the extent of its wings, seven feet four inches; the bill is three inches long, and of a deep blue; and the eyes of a hazel color. In general, these birds are found in mountainous and ill-peopled countries, and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose those places which are remotest from man, upon whose possessions they but seldom make their depredations, being contented rather to follow the wild game in the forest, than to risk their safety to satisfy their hunger.

This fierce animal may be considered among birds as the lion among quadrupeds; and in many respects they have a strong similitude to each other. They are both possessed of force, and an empire over their fellows of the forest. Equally magnanimous, they disdain small plunder; and only pursue animals worthy the conquest. It is not till after having been long provoked, by the cries of the rook or the magpie, that this generous

bird thinks fit to punish them with death. The eagle also disdains to share the plunder of another bird; and will take up with no other prey than that which he has acquired by his own pursuits. How hungry soever he may be, he stoops not to carrion; and when satiated, never returns to the same carcass, but leaves it for other animals, more rapacious and less delicate than himself. Solitary, like the lion, he keeps the desert to himself alone: it is as extraordinary to see two pair of eagles in the same mountain, as two lions in the same forest. They keep separate, to find a more ample supply; and consider the quantity of their game as the best proof of their dominion. Nor does the similitude of these animals stop here: they have both sparkling eyes, and nearly of the same colour; their claws are of the same form, their breath equally strong, and their cry equally loud and terrifying. Bred both for war, they are enemies of all society; alike fierce, proud, and incapable of being easily tamed.

Of all the feathered tribe, the eagle flies highest; and from thence the ancients have given him the epithet of *the bird of heaven*. He possesses also the sharpest sight; but his sense of smelling, though acute, is inferior to that of the vulture. He never pursues, but when his object is in view; and having seized his prey, he stoops from his height, as if to examine its weight, always laying it on the

ground before he carries it off. He finds no difficulty in taking up geese and cranes. He also carries away hares, lambs, and kids; and often destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood; and bears a part of their flesh to his retreat. Infants themselves, when left unattended, have been destroyed by these rapacious creatures. An instance is recorded in Scotland, of two children having been carried off by eagles; but fortunately they received no hurt by the way; and, the eagles being pursued, the children were found unhurt in the nests, and restored to the affrighted parents.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbour; but peculiarly so when bringing up its young. It is then that the male and female exert all their force and industry to supply their offspring. Smith, in his history of Kerry, relates, that a poor man in that country got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and retarding the flight of the young: and very probably also, as I have known myself, by so tying them as to increase their cries, which is always found to increase the parent's despatch to procure them provision. It was fortunate, however, that the old eagles did not surprise the countryman thus em-

ployed, as their resentment might have been dangerous.

It requires great patience and much art to tame an eagle; and even though taken young, and subdued by long assiduity, yet it is a dangerous domestic, and often turns its force against its master. When brought into the field for the purposes of fowling, the falconer is never sure of its attachment: its innate pride, and love of liberty, still prompt it to regain its native solitudes. Sometimes, however, eagles are brought to have an attachment to their feeder: they are then highly serviceable, and liberally provide for his pleasures and support. When the falconer lets them go from his hand, they play about and hover round him till their game presents, which they see at an immense distance, and pursue with certain destruction.

It is said that the eagle can live many weeks without food; and that the period of its life exceeds a hundred years. GOLDSMITH.

SECTION II.

The Humming-bird.

Of all the birds that flutter in the garden, or paint the landscape, the humming-bird is the most delightful to look upon, and the most inoffensive. Of this charming little animal, there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren,

down to that of an humble-bee. A European would not readily suppose that their existed any birds so very small, and yet so completely furnished with a bill, feathers, wings, and intestines, exactly resembling those of the largest kind. Birds not so big as the end of one's little finger, would probably be supposed mere creatures of imagination, were they not seen in infinite numbers, and as frequent as butterflies in a summer's-day, sporting in the fields of America, from flower to flower, and extracting sweets with their little bills.

The smallest hummnig-bird is about the size of a hazel-nut. The feathers on its wings and tail are black; but those of its body, and under its wings, are of a greenish brown, with a fine red cast or gloss, which no silk or velvet can imitate. It has a small crest on its head, green at the bottom, and as it were gilded at the top; and which sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of its forehead. The bill is black, straight, slender, and of the length of a small pin.

It is inconceivable how much these birds add to the high finishing and beauty of a rich, luxurious, western landscape. As soon as the sun is risen, the humming-birds, of different kinds, are seen fluttering about the flowers, without ever lighting upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their colors, except by their glittering. They are never still, but

continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey as if with a kiss. For this purpose they are furnished with a forky tongue, that enters the cup of the flower, and extracts its nectared tribute. Upon this alone they subsist. The rapid motion of their wings occasions a humming sound, from whence they have their name; for whatever divides the air swiftly, must produce a murmur.

The nests of these birds are also very curious. They are suspended in the air, at the point of the twigs of an orange, a pomegranate, or a citron tree; sometimes even in houses, if a small and convenient twig is found for the purpose. The female is the architect, while the male goes in quest of materials; such as cotton, fine moss, and the fibres of vegetables. Of these materials a nest is composed, about the size of a hen's egg cut in two; it is admirably contrived, and warmly lined with cotton. There are never more than two eggs found in the nest; these are about the size of small peas, and as white as snow, and here and there a yellow speck. The male and the female sit upon the nest by turns; but the female takes to herself the greatest share. She seldom quits the nest, except a few minutes in the morning and evening, when the dew is upon the flowers, and their honey in perfection. During this short interval, the male takes her place. The time of incubation continues twelve days; at the

end of which the young ones appear, much about the size of a blue-bottle fly. They are at first bare; by degrees they are covered with down; and, at last, feathers succeed, but less beautiful at first than those of the old ones.

Father Labat, in his account of the mission to America, says, "that his companion found the nest of a humming-bird, in a shed near the dwelling-house; and took it in, at a time when the young ones were about fifteen or twenty days old. He placed them in a cage at the chamber window, to be amused by their sportive flutterings; but he was much surprised to see the old ones, which came and fed their brood regularly every hour in the day. By this means they themselves grew so tame, that they seldom quitted the chamber; and, without any constraint, came to live with their young ones. All four frequently perched upon their master's hand, chirping as if they had been at liberty abroad. He fed them with a very fine clear paste, made of wine, biscuit, and sugar. They thrust their tongues into this paste, till they were satisfied, and then fluttered and chirped about the room. I never beheld any thing more agreeable," continues he, "than this lovely little family, which had possession of my companion's chamber, and flew in and out just as they thought proper; but were ever attentive to the voice of their master, when he called them. In this

manner they lived with him above six months: but, at a time when he expected to see a new colony formed, he unfortunately forgot to tie up their cage to the ceiling at night, to preserve them from the rats, and he found in the morning, to his great mortification, that they were all devoured."

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION III.

The Horse.

Of all quadrupeds, the horse appears to be the most beautiful. His fine size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions, and the exact symmetry of his shape, entitle him to this distinction.

To have an idea of this noble animal in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures, or the stables, to which he has been consigned by man; but in those wild and extensive plains where he was originally produced, where he ranges without control, and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature. In this state of happy independence, he disdains the assistance of man, which tends only to his servitude. In those boundless tracts, whether of Africa, or New Spain, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The continual verdure of the fields supplies his wants; and the climate that never knows a

winter, suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to heat.

In those countries, the horses are often seen feeding in droves of five or six hundred. As they do not carry on war with any other race of animals, they are satisfied to remain entirely upon the defensive. They have always one among their number that stands as sentinel, to give notice of any approaching danger; and this office they take by turns. If a man approaches them whilst they are feeding by day, their sentinel walks up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him from proceeding; but, as the man approaches within pistol shot, the sentinel then thinks it high time to alarm his fellows. This he does by a loud kind of snorting; upon which they all take the signal, and fly off with the speed of the wind; their faithful sentinel bringing up the rear.

But of all countries in the world, where the horse runs wild, Arabia produces the most beautiful breed, the most generous, swift, and persevering. They are found, though not in great numbers, in the deserts of that country; and the natives use every stratagem to take them.

The usual manner in which the Arabians try the swiftness of these animals, is by hunting the ostrich. The horse is the only animal whose

speed is incomparable to that of this creature, which is found in the sandy plains, that abound in those countries. The instant the ostrich perceives itself aimed at, it makes to the mountains, while the horseman pursues with all the swiftness possible, and endeavours to cut off its retreat. The chase then continues along the plain, while the ostrich makes use of both legs and wings to assist its motion. A horse of the first speed is able to outrun it: so that the poor animal is then obliged to have recourse to art to elude the hunter, by frequently turning. At length, finding all escape hopeless, it hides its head wherever it can, and tamely suffers itself to be taken. If the horse, in a trial of this kind, shews great speed, and is not readily tired, his character is fixed, and he is held in high estimation.

The horses of the Arabians form the principal riches of many of their tribes, who use them both in the chase, and in their expeditions for plunder. They never carry heavy burthens, and are seldom employed on long journeys. They are so tractable and familiar, that they will run from the fields to the call of their masters. The Arab, his wife, and children, often lie in the same tent with the mare and foal; which, instead of injuring them, suffer the children to rest on their bodies and necks, and seem afraid even to move lest they should hurt

them. They never beat or correct their horses, but treat them with kindness, and even affection. The following anecdote of the compassion and attachment shewn by a poor Arabian to one of these animals, will be interesting to every reader.—The whole property of this Arab consisted of a very fine beautiful mare. This animal the French consul at Said offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to the kind, Louis the Fourteenth. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain; and having obtained it, sent the information to the Arab. The man so poor as to possess only a few rags to cover his body, arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, but appeared to be greatly agitated by contending emotions. Looking first at the gold, and then at his mare, he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed; "To whom is it, I am going to surrender thee? to Europeans! who will tie thee close; who will beat thee; who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back; and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

SECTION IV.

The Ouran-Outang.

THE Ape called the Ouran-Outang, approaches in external appearance nearer to the human form, than any other brute; and, from this circumstance, it has sometimes obtained the appellation of "Man of the Woods." This animal is of different sizes, from three to seven feet. In general, its stature is less than that of a man; but its strength and agility are much greater. Travellers who have seen various kinds of these animals, in their native solitudes, give surprising relations of their force, their swiftness, their address, and their ferocity. They are found in many parts of Africa, in the East-Indies, in Madagascar, and in Borneo. In the last of these places, the people of quality course them as we do the stag; and this sort of hunting is one of the favourite amusements of the king himself. The skin of the Ouran-Outang is hairy, his eyes are sunk in his head, his countenance is stern, and all his lineaments, though resembling those of man, are harsh, and blackened by the sun. He sleeps under trees, and builds a hut to protect himself against the sun and the rains. When the negroes have left a fire in the woods, he comes near, and warms himself by the blaze. He has not, however sense and skill sufficient to keep the flame alive by feeding it with fuel.—These animals often go together in compa-

nies; and if they happen to meet one of the human species, remote from succour, they seldom shew him favour. Sometimes, however, they spare those who fall into their hands. A negro boy was carried off by one of them, and lived with them upwards of a year. On his escape and return home, he described many of them as being larger than men; and he said that they never attempted to injure him. They frequently attack the elephant: they beat him with clubs, and oblige him to leave that part of the forest which they claim as their own.—When one of these animals dies, the rest cover the body with leaves and branches.

The manners of the Ouran-Outang, when in confinement, are gentle, and, for the most part, harmless, perfectly devoid of that disgusting ferocity so conspicuous in some of the larger baboons and monkeys. It is mild and docile, and may be taught to perform with dexterity, a variety of entertaining actions. Vosmaer's account of one of these animals, which was brought into Holland in the year 1776, and lodged in the menagerie of the prince of Orange, is so exceedingly curious, that we shall present the reader with an extact from it.

"This animal shewed no symptoms of fierceness and malignity. It was fond of being in company, and appeared to be very sensible of the

kindness of those who had the care of it. Often, when they retired, it would throw itself on the ground, as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries, and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach. Its keeper having been accustomed to sit near it on the ground, it frequently took the hay of its bed, and laid it by its side, and seemed by all its actions to invite him to be seated nearer. Its usual manner of walking was on all fours, but it could also walk on its two hind-feet only. It eat almost every thing that was given to it; but its chief food was bread, roots, and all sorts of fruit, especially strawberries. When presented with strawberries on a plate, it was extremely pleasant to see the animal take them up, one by one, with a fork, and put them into its mouth holding at the same time the plate with the other hand. Its common drink was water; but it also very willingly drank all sorts of wine, and particularly Malaga. After drinking, it wiped its lips; and after eating, if presented with a toothpick, it would use it in a proper manner. On shipboard, ran freely about the vessel, played with the sailors, and went, like them, into the kitchen for its mess. At the approach of night, it lay down to sleep, and prepared its bed, by shaking well the the hay on which it slept, and putting it in proper order. It would then carefully draw up the co-

verlet. This animal lived only seven months after it had been brought into Holland."

The Ouran-Outang, described by Buffon, exhibited a still greater degree of sagacity. It walked upon two legs, even when it carried burthens. Its air was melancholy, and its deportment grave. Unlike the baboon and the monkey, whose motions are violent and appetites capricious, whose fondness for mischief is remarkable, and whose obedience proceeds only from fear, this animal was slow in its motions, and a look was sufficient to keep it in awe. "I have seen it," says Buffon, "give its hand to shew the company to the door; I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and the fork to carry victuals to its mouth; pour out its drink into a glass, and touch glasses when invited; take a cup and saucer, lay them on the table, put in sugar, pour out its tea, leave it to cool, and then drink it. All this it would do without any other instigation than the signs or the commands of its master, and often of its own accord. It was gentle and inoffensive: it even approached strangers with respect; and came rather to receive caresses than to offer injuries. It was particularly fond of comfits, which every body was ready to give it; but as it had a defluxion upon the breast, so much sugar contributed to increase the disorder, and to shorten its life.

It continued at Paris but one summer, and died in London."

We are told by Pyrard, that the Ouran-Outangs are found at Sierra Leona; where they are strong and well-formed, and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants; that, when ordered, they pound any substances in a mortar; and that they are frequently sent to fetch water, in small pitchers, from the rivers. After filling the pitchers, they carry them on their heads to the door of the dwelling; but if they are not soon taken off, the animals suffer them to fall to the ground. When they perceive the pitcher to be overturned and broken, they utter loud lamentations.

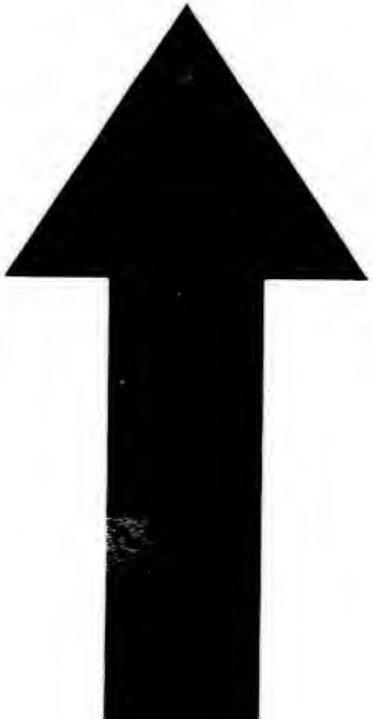
The form and organs of this animal bear so near a resemblance to those of men, that we are surprised to find them productive of so few advantages. The tongue, and all the organs of the voice, are similar, and yet the animal is dumb; the brain is formed in the same manner as that of man, and yet the creature wants reason: an evident proof, as Buffon finely observes, that no arrangement of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever formed, is formed to very limited ends, when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

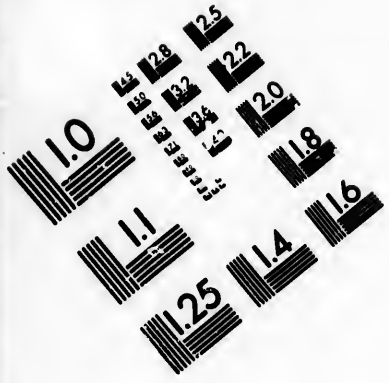
SECTION V.

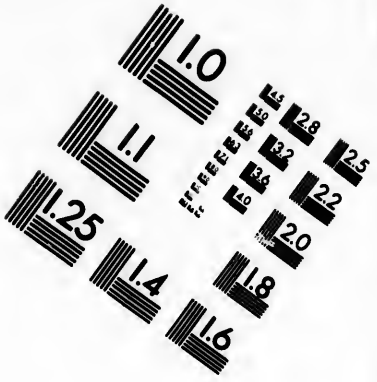
The four Seasons.

WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have you seen this beautiful virgin? If you have, tell me who is she, and what is her name.

WHO is this that comes from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming; and the sheepshearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she comes







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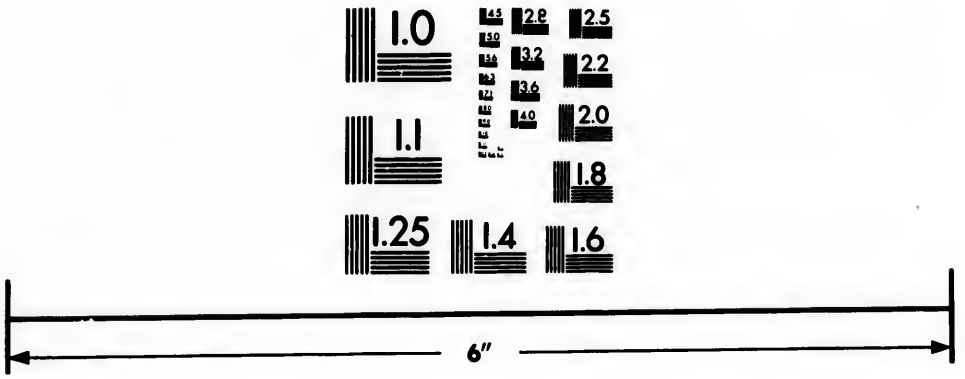

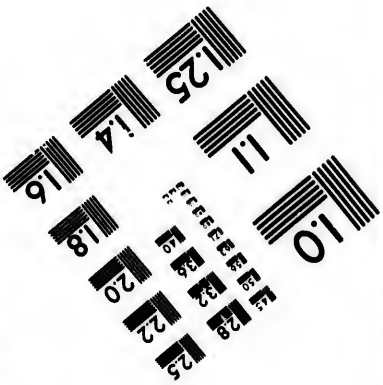

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let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree;—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass;—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that comes from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know who is she, and what is her name.

Who is he that comes with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name.

Who is he that comes from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire, high piled upon the hearth. He binds skates to his

feet and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to strike you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he and what is his name. BARBAULD.

SECTION VI.

Divine Providence.

THE glorious sun is set in the west; the night-dews fall; and the air which was sultry, becomes cool. The flowers fold up their colored leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk. The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest: the hen herself is at rest also. The little birds have ceased their warbling; they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing. There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honeyed woodbines; they have done their work, and they lie close in their waxen cells. The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills. There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the trampling of busy feet,

and of people hurrying to and fro. The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter. All men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother. Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground: every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who takes care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approaches?—There is an eye that never sleeps; there is an eye that sees in dark night, as well as in the bright sun-shine. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor no little star twinkling; through the thick clouds; that eye sees every where, in all places, and watches continually over all the families of the earth. The eye that sleeps not, is God's; his hand is always stretched out over us. He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary: he made night, that we might sleep in quiet. As the mother moves about the house with her finger on her lips, and stills every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed; as she draws the curtains around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes; so God draws the curtains of darkness around us; so he makes all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for

God watches over you. You may sleep, for he never sleeps; you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eye-lids, begin the day with praising God, who has taken care of you through the night. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves and smell sweet to his praise! Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs! Sing to him before you sing to your mates!—Let his praise be in our hearts, when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips when we awake. BARBAULD.

SECTION VII.

Health.

WHO is she that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blushes on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breathes from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkles in her eyes; and the cheerfulness of her heart appears in all her movements. Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance. Their sons inhabit the mountain and the plain. They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister. Vigour strings their nerves, strength dwells in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long. The

employments of their father excite their appetites; and the repasts of their mother refresh them. To combat the passions, is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory. Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed. Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician does not find the way to their habitations.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION VIII.

Charity.

HAPPY is the man who has sown in his breast the seeds of charity and love! From the fountain of his heart rise rivers of goodness; and the streams overflow for the benefit of mankind. He assists the poor in their trouble; he rejoices in promoting the welfare of all men. He does not harshly censure his neighbour; he believes not the tales of envy and malevolence nor repeats their slanders. He forgives the injuries of men; he wipes them from his remembrance: revenge and malice have no place in his heart. For evil he returns not evil; he hates not even his enemies; but requites their injustice with friendly admonition. The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion: he endeavours to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewards his labour. He calms the fury, he heals the quarrels of angry men;

and prevents the mischiefs of strife and animosity. He promotes in his neighbourhood peace and good will; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION IX.

Gratitude.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose; as a river pours its streams to the sea whence its spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received. He acknowledges his obligation with cheerfulness; he looks on his benefactor with love and esteem. And if to return a favour be not in his power, he cherishes the remembrance of it through life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers: but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows with greediness the showers that fall, buries them in its bosom, and produces nothing.

The grateful mind envies not its benefactor, nor strives to conceal the benefit he has conferred. Though to oblige is better than to be obliged; though the act of generosity commands admiration; yet the humility of gratitude touches the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION X.

Mortality.

CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thy eyes red with weeping?—I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves where scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald: they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike

had seized them: there were found none of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowing with beauty; his limbs were full of activity: he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his nostrils. Therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made, must be destroyed; all that is born, must die; let me alone, for I will weep yet longer. BARBAULD.

SECTION XI.

Immortality.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again:—it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around.—I looked: the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him

from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move.—I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that comes, to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake; and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven! He descends on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goes before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand.—It is Jesus, the Son of God; the saviour of men; the friend of the good. He comes in the glory of his Father; he has received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered death:—child of immortality mourn no longer.

BARBAULD.

SECTION XII.

Heaven.

THE rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with thorns: the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it springs up amongst the brambles. The spring is pleasant but it is soon past: the summer is bright, but the winter destroys its beauty. The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanishes away: life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a land where the roses are without thorns; where the flowers are not mixed with brambles. In that land, there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud. The tree of life grows in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasures are there, and flowers that never fade. Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn. The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire!—This country is heaven: it is the country of those that are good; and nothing that is wicked must inhabit there. The toad must not spit its venom amongst turtle-doves; nor the poisonous henbane grow amongst sweet flowers. Neither must any one that does ill, enter into that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things. But

that country is far better: there we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us. In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all dearly love one another.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more. There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books. There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful; and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert; and Elijah, the prophet of God; and Daniel, who escaped the lions' den; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel. They loved God on earth; they praised him on earth; but in that country they will praise him better and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus who has gone before us to that happy place; and there we shall behold the glory of the high God. We cannot see him here, but we will love him here. We must be now on earth, but we will often think on heaven. That happy land is our home; we are to be here but for a little while, and there for ever, even for eternal ages. BARBAULD.

CHAPTER V.

DIALOGUES.

SECTION I.

CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.

Flattery reproved.

CANUTE.

Is it true, my friends, as you have often told me that I am the greatest of monarchs?

OFFA.

It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

OSWALD.

We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

OFFA.

Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

CANUTE.

Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

OFFA.

Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

CANUTE.

Is not the tide coming up?

OSWALD.

Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

CANUTE.

Bring me a chair then: set it here upon the sands.

OFFA.

Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

CANUTE.

Yes, set it just here.

OSWALD. *(Aside.)*

I wonder what he is going to do!

OFFA. *(Aside.)*

Surely he is not so silly as to believe us!

CANUTE.

O mighty ocean! thou art my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is thy duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swell-

ing waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

OSWALD. *(Aside.)*

I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

OFFA.

See how fast the tide rises!

OSWALD.

The next wave will come up to the chair. It is folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

CANUTE.

Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person! Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies? that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is but one Being whom the sea will obey. He is sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man; and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him?—May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

DR. AIKIN.

SECTION II.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

We often condemn in others what we practise ourselves.

Alexander the Great in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.

ALEXANDER.

What, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

ROBBER.

I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

ALEXANDER.

A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

ROBBER.

What have I done of which you can complain?

ALEXANDER.

Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

ROBBER.

Alexander! I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

ALEXANDER.

Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

ROBBER.

I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

ALEXANDER.

Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

ROBBER.

And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—But I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

ALEXANDER.

Still, what are you but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

ROBBER.

And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with

a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

ALEXANDER.

But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce and philosophy.

ROBBER.

I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischiefs we have done it.

ALEXANDER.

Leave me—Take off his chains, and use him well.—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

DR. AIKIN.

SECTION III.

A FAMILY CONVERSATION.

On the slavery of the negroes.

AUGUSTA.

My dear papa, you once informed me, that, in the West-Indies, all laborious operations were performed by negro slaves. Are those Islands inhabited by negroes? I thought these people were natives of Africa.

FATHER.

You are right, my dear; they are, indeed, natives of Africa; but they have been snatched, by the hand of violence, from their country, friends, and connexions. I am ashamed to confess that many ships are annually sent from different parts of England to the coast of Guinea, to procure slaves from that unhappy country, for the use of our West-India islands, where they are sold to the planters of sugar-plantations; and afterwards employed in the hardest and most servile occupations; and pass the rest of their lives in slavery and wretchedness.

SOPHIA.

How much my heart feels for them! How agonizing must it be, to be separated from one's near relations! parents, perhaps, divided from their children for ever; husbands from their wives; brothers and sisters obliged to bid each other a final fare-

well!—But why do the kings of the African states suffer their subjects to be so cruelly treated.

MOTHER.

Many causes have operated to induce the African princes to become assistants in this infamous traffic: and instead of being the defenders of their harmless people, they have frequently betrayed them to their most cruel enemies. The Europeans have corrupted these ignorant rulers, by presents of rum, and other spirituous liquors, of which they are immoderately fond. They have fomented jealousies, and excited wars, amongst them, merely for the sake of obtaining the prisoners of war for slaves. Frequently they use no ceremony, but go on shore in the night, set fire to a neighbouring village, and seize upon all the unhappy victims, who run out to escape the flames.

CECILIA.

What hardened hearts do the captains of those ships possess! They must have become extremely cruel, before they would undertake such an employment.

MOTHER.

These is reason to believe that most of them, by the habits of such a life, are become deaf to the voice of pity: we must, however, compassionate the situation of those, whose parents have early bred them to this profession, before they were of

an age to choose a different employment. But, to resume the subject of the negroes. What I have related, is only the beginning of their sorrows. When they are put on board the ships, they are crowded together in the hold, where many of them die for want of air and room. There have been frequent instances of their throwing themselves into the sea, when they could find an opportunity, and seeking in death a refuge from their calamity. As soon as they arrive in the West-Indies, they are carried to a public market, where they are sold to the best bidder, like horses at our fairs. Their future lot depends much upon the disposition of the master into whose hands they happen to fall; for, among the overseers of sugar-plantations, there are some men of feeling and humanity: but too generally the treatment of the poor negroes is very severe. Accustomed to an easy indolent life, in the luxurious and plentiful country of Africa, they find great hardship from the transition to a life of severe labour, without any mixture of indulgence to soften it. Deprived of the hope of amending their condition, by any course of conduct they can pursue, they frequently abandon themselves to despair; and, die, in what is called the seasoning, which is, becoming inured by length of time to their situation. They who have less sensibility and stronger constitutions, survive their complicated misery but a few years: for it is generally acknow-

ledged, that they seldom attain the full period of human life.

AUGUSTA.

Humanity shudders at your account! But I have heard a gentleman, who had lived many years abroad, say, that negroes were not much superior to the brutes; and that they were so stupid and stubborn, that nothing but stripes and severity could have any influence over them.

FATHER.

That gentleman was most probably interested in misleading those with whom he conversed. People, who reason in that manner, do not consider the disadvantages which the poor negroes suffer from want of cultivation. Leading an ignorant savage life in their own country, they can have acquired no previous information: and when they fall into the hands of their cruel oppressors, a life of laborious servitude, which scarcely affords them sufficient time for sleep, deprives them of every opportunity of improving their minds. There is no reason to suppose that they differ from us in any thing but colour; which distinction arises from the intense heat of their climate. There have been instances of a few, whose situation has been favourable to improvement, who have shewn strong powers of mind. Those masters, who neglect the religious and moral instruction of their slaves, add a

heavy load of guilt to that already incurred, by their share in this unjust and inhuman traffic.

CHARLES.

My indignation rises at this recital. Why does not the British parliament exert its power, to avenge the wrongs of these oppressed Africans? What can prevent an act being passed to prevent Englishmen from buying and selling slaves?

FATHER.

Many persons of great talents and virtue, have made several fruitless attempts to obtain an act for the abolition of this trade. Men interested in its continuance have hitherto frustrated these generous designs; but we may rely upon the goodness of that Divine Providence, who cares for all creatures, that the day will come, when their rights will be considered: and there is great reason to hope, from the light already cast upon the subject, that the rising generation will prefer justice and mercy, to interest and policy; and will free themselves from the odium we at present suffer, of treating our fellow-creatures in a manner unworthy of them, and of ourselves.

MOTHER.

Henry, repeat that beautiful apostrophe to a negro woman, which you learned the other day out of Barbauld's Hymns.

HENRY.

"Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity,

and weepest over thy sick child, though no one sees thee, God sees thee; though no one pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one; call upon him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee."

CECILIA.

I think no riches could tempt me to have any share in the slave trade. I could never enjoy peace of mind, whilst I thought I contributed to the woes of my fellow-creatures.

MOTHER.

But, Cecilia, to put your compassion to the proof; are you willing to debar yourself of the numerous indulgences you enjoy, from the fruit of their labour?

CECILIA.

I would forego any indulgences to alleviate their sufferings.

The rest of the children together.

We are all of the same mind.

MOTHER.

I admire the sensibility of your uncorrupted hearts, my dear children. It is the voice of nature and virtue. Listen to it on all occasions, and bring it home to your bosoms, and your daily practice. The same principle of benevolence, which excites your just indignation at the oppression of the negroes, will lead you to be gentle towards your inferiors, kind and obliging to your equals, and in

a particular manner condescending and considerate towards your domestics; requiring no more of them, than you would be willing to perform in their situation; instructing them when you have opportunity; sympathizing in their afflictions, and promoting their best interests to the utmost of your power.*

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

SECTION IV.

The father redeemed from slavery by his son.

A young man, named Robert, was sitting alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger stepped in, and took his seat near him, but quickly arose again; observing, that, since the master was not present, he would take another boat. "This, sir, is mine," said Robert: "would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the basin, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—"Nor am I: yet on Sundays and holidays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum,"—"What! covetous at your age! your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour."—"Alas! sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well; perhaps I am mistaken. Let us take our little cruise of pleasure; and acquaint me with your history.

* Since this dialogue was written, the slave-trade has been abolished by the British Parliament.

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus. "I perceive, young man, you are sad. What grieves you thus?"—"My father, sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage; but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superinted in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair; and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refused to release him for less than two thousand crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best. My mother and sisters work day and night. I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller; and, as you perceive, make the most I can of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and an only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray, do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez; and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles."—"Robert, overseer of the Royal gardens?"—"Yes,

sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes; but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The stranger, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse containing eight double lous d'or, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks passed after this adventure; and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds old Robert entered the apartment in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner; tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, for his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, the mother, suspecting that her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal and affection. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted; and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and

eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once, whatever may be the consequence."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son embracing him. "No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am not your deliverer: but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, the father again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. Some time afterwards, on a Sunday morning, as the son was walking on the quay, he discovered his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as his guardian angel, as the preserver of a

father and a family, to share the happiness he had been the means of producing. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu. MUIRHEAD'S TRAVELS.

SECTION V.

THE TUTOR AND HIS PUPILS.

Eyes and no eyes; or, the art of seeing.

WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon? (said a tutor to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday).

ROBERT.

I have been to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows by the river side.

TUTOR.

Well, that is a pleasant round.

ROBERT.

I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I would much rather have gone along the turnpike road.

TUTOR.

Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

ROBERT.

We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

TUTOR.

That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

ROBERT.

O, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I would rather walk alone. I dare say he is not got home yet.

TUTOR.

Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

WILLIAM.

O, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

TUTOR.

Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high-road.

WILLIAM.

I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

TUTOR.

Suppose then you give us an account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

WILLIAM.

I will do it readily. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

TUTOR.

Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old, in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made, whence the Latin name *Viscus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*, as being hangers on or dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

WILLIAM.

A little further on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

TUTOR.

That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

WILLIAM.

What beautiful birds they are!

TUTOR.

Yes; they have been called, from their colour and size, the English parrot.

WILLIAM.

When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here,) and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colours, of which I will beg you presently to tell me the names.

TUTOR.

That I will readily.

WILLIAM.

I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty greyish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he shewed a great deal of white above his tail.

TUTOR.

That was a wheat-ear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open

downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great number.

WILLIAM.

There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *pewit* so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always contrived to get away.

TUTOR.

Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did not they draw off the attention of intruders, by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

WILLIAM.

I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel; and I had a great deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed,

together wit its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker colour than they are.

TUTOR.

True. Vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds pretty much, and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

WILLIAM.

They are very venomous, are they not?

TUTOR.

Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

WILLIAM.

Well—I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the amidst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, if you will give me leave.

TUTOR.

What is that?

WILLIAM.

I will go again, and take with me Carey's county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

TUTOR.

You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass.

WILLIAM.

I shall be very glad of that. Well—a thought struck me, that as the hill is called *Camp-mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds, with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount.

TUTOR.

Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further when we go.

WILLIAM.

From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and I walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds, and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them,

I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

TUTOR.

I can tell you what the bird was—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks; and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream it inhabits.

WILLIAM.

I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise, They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

TUTOR.

I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading along the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

WILLIAM.

There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the sruface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of the holes with which the bank was bored full.

TUTOR.

Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests, and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

WILLIAM.

A little further I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down in the mud in the

deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

TUTOR.

I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

WILLIAM.

While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

TUTOR.

Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest tree they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few are still remaining.

WILLIAM.

I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

TUTOR.

They are of great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

WILLIAM.

I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose altogether from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

TUTOR.

Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous, as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes, to a cloud of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

WILLIAM.

After I had left the meadows, I crossed the cornfields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Looking into it, I saw, on one of the sides, a cluster of what I took to be

shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there, I cannot imagine.

TUTOR.

I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals, even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea.

WILLIAM.

I got to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson, and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is over head.

TUTOR.

It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

WILLIAM.

I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

TUTOR.

It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till

you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you? I do not wonder that you found it amusing: it has been very instructive too. Did *you* see nothing of these sights, *Robert?*

ROBERT.

I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

TUTOR.

Why not?

ROBERT.

I do not know. I did not care about them; and I made the best of my way home.

TUTOR.

That would have been right, if you had been sent on a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making some observation

useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe, without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and enquiring mind finds matter of improvement and delight, in every ramble in town or country. Do *you*, then, *William*, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, *Robert*, learn that eyes were given you to use.

DR. AIKIN.

CHAPTER VI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

We destroy pleasure by pursuing it too eagerly.

A BOY smitten with the colours of a butterfly, pursued it frow flower to flowei with indefatigable pains. First, he aimed to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy. At one time, he hoped to secure it, as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and at another, grew sure of his prize, perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching it with violence, crushed it to pieces. Thus, by his eagerness to enjoy, he lost the object of his pursuit.—From this instance, young persons may learn, that pleasure is but a painted butterfly; which if temperately pursued, may serve to amuse; but which, when embraced with too much ardour, will perish in the grasp.

LORD KAMES.

SECTION II.

On sisterly unity and love.

"OBSERVE those two hounds, that are coupled together," said Euphronius to Lucy and Amelia, who were looking through the window. "How they torment each other by a disagreement in their pursuits! One is for moving slowly, and the other vainly urges onward. The larger dog now sees some object that tempts him on this side; and mark how he drags his companion along, who is exerting all his efforts, to pursue a different route! Thus they will continue all day at variance, pulling each other in opposite directions, when they might, by kind and mutual compliances, pass on easily, merrily, and happily.

Lucy and Amelia concurred in censuring the folly and ill-nature of these dogs; and Euphronius expressed a tender wish, that he might never see any thing similar in their behaviour to each other. "Nature," said he, "has linked you together by the near equality of age; by your common relation to the most indulgent parents; by the endearing ties of sisterhood; and by all those generous sympathies, which have been fostered in your bosoms, from the earliest infancy. Let these silken cords of mutual love continue to unite you in the same pursuits. Suffer no allurements

to draw you different ways; no contradictory passions to distract your friendship; nor any selfish views, or sordid jealousies, to render those bonds uneasy and oppressive, which are now your ornament, your strength, and your happiness."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION III.

The Supreme Ruler of the world.

MANY kingdoms, and countries full of people, and Islands, and large continents, and different climes, make up this whole world: God governs it. The people swarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock. Some are black with the hot sun; some cover themselves with furs against the sharp cold; some drink of the fruit of the vine; some the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut; and others quench their thirst with the running stream. All are God's family; he knows every one of them, as a shepherd knows his flock. They pray to him in different languages, but he understands them all; he hears them all; he takes care of all; none are so great, that he cannot punish them; none are so mean, that he will not protect them.

Negro woman who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child; though no one

sees thee, God sees thee; though no one pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one; call upon him from amidst thy bonds; for assuredly he will hear thee.—Monarch that rulest over a hundred states; whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land, boast not thyself as though there were none above thee. God is above thee; his powerful arm is always over thee; and if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord; families of men, call upon the name of your God. Is there any one whom God hath not made? let him not worship him? Is there any one whom he hath not blessed? let him not praise him.

BARBAULD.

SECTION IV.

Abraham and Lot: a fine example of wisdom and condescension.

Domestic altercations began to perplex families in the very childhood of time; the blood even of a brother was shed, at an early period. But with how much tenderness and good sense does Abraham prevent the disagreement which had nearly arisen, as is but too frequently the case, from the quarrels of servants! He said unto Lot, "I pray thee let there be no strife betwixt me and thee, nor between my herdmen and thine." And why?

For the tenderest reason that can be: "because, we are brethren." The very image of the patriarch in the attitude of entreaty, the fraternal tear just starting from his eye, is this moment before me: and thus methinks, I catch instruction from the lip of the venerable man, as he addresses Lot. "Away, my dear brother, away with strife: we were born to be the servants of God, and the companions of each other: as we sprang from the same parent, so we naturally partake of the same affections. We are brethren, sons of the same father: we are friends; for surely kindredship should be the most exalted friendship. Let us not then disagree, because our herdmen have disagreed; since that were to encourage every idle pique, and senseless animosity. Great, indeed, has been our success since our migration into this fair country: we have much substance, and much cattle. But what! shall brothers quarrel, because it has pleased Heaven to prosper them? This would be ingratitude, impiety! But if, notwithstanding these persuasives, thy spirit is still troubled, let us separate: rather than contend with a brother, I would hard as it is, even part with him for a time. Perhaps the occasion of dispute (which I have already forgotten) will soon be no more remembered by thee. Is not the whole land before thee? Take then my blessing and my em-

brace, and separate thyself from me. To thee is submitted the advantage of choice: if thou wilt take the left hand, then, that I may not appear to thwart thee unbrotherly, I will take the right; or, if thou art more inclined to the country which lies upon the right, then will I go to the left. Be it as thou wilt, and whithersoever thou goest, happy mayest thou be!"

Lot listened to his brother, and departed. He cast his eyes on the well-watered plains of Jordan. When he separated, it appears to have been with the hope of increasing his wealth: whilst Abraham, actuated by the kindest motives, often, no doubt, pressed his brother's hand; and often bade him adieu; and even followed him to repeat his farewell wishes, ere he could suffer him to depart.

MELMOTH.

SECTION V.

A persecuting spirit reproved.

ARAM was sitting at the door of his tent, under the shade of his fig-tree, when it came to pass that a man stricken with years, bearing a staff in his hand, journeyed that way. And it was noon-day. And Aram said unto the stranger; "Pass not by, I pray thee, but come in, and wash thy feet, and tarry here until the evening; for thou art stricken with years, and the heat overcometh thee." And the stranger left his staff at the door, and entered

into the tent of Aram. And he rested himself: and Aram set before him bread, and cakes of fine meal, baked upon the hearth. And Aram blessed the bread, calling upon the name of the Lord. But the stranger did eat, and refused to pray unto the Most High; saying, "Thy Lord is not the God of my fathers; why therefore should I present my vows unto him?" And Aram's wrath was kindled; and he called his servants, and they beat the stranger, and drove him into the wilderness. Now in the evening, Aram lifted up his voice unto the Lord, and prayed unto him. And the Lord said, "Aram, where is the stranger that sojourned this day with thee?" And Aram answered and said, "Behold, O Lord! he eat of thy bread, and would not offer unto thee his prayers and thanksgivings. Therefore did I chastise him, and drive him from before me into the wilderness." And the Lord said unto Aram, "Who hath made thee a judge between me and him?" Have not I borne with thine iniquities, and winked at thy backslidings; and shalt thou be severe with thy brother, to mark his errors, and punish his perverseness? Arise, and follow the stranger; and carry with thee oil and wine, and anoint his bruises, and speak kindly unto him. For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and judgment belongeth only unto me. Vain is thine oblation of thanksgiving, without a

lowly heart. As a bulrush thou mayst bow down thine head, and lift up thy voice like a trumpet; but thou obeyest not the ordinance of thy God, if thy worship be for strife and debate. Behold the sacrifice that I have chosen: is it not to undo the heavy burdens; to let the oppressed go free; and to break every yoke? to deal thy bread to the hungry; and to bring the poor, that are cast out, to thy house?" And Aram trembled before the presence of God. And he arose, and put on sackcloth and ashes; and went out into the wilderness, to do as the Lord had commanded him.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION VI.

The folly of pride.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages of birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up and valuing himself above his neighbours, on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is liable to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we shall fancy, if you please, that yonder molehill is in-

habited by reasonable creatures; and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles, that reign among them!—Observe how the whole swarm divide, and make way for the pismire that passes along! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the molehill. Do you not see how sensible he is of it, how slowly he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect this side the hillock: he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps one hundred menial servants, and has at least fifty barley corns in his granary. He is now chiding and enslaving the emmet that stands before him, one who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of rank! Do not you perceive the little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the molehill: you cannot conceive what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qua-

lities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up; and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come to his successor.

If now you have a mind to see the ladies of the molehill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect, that she is a superior being; that her eyes are brighter than the sun; that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it.—Mark the vanity of the pismire on her right hand. She can scarcely crawl with age: but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running by the side of her, is a wit. She has broken many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of admirers are running after her.

We shall here finish this imaginary scene. But first of all, to draw the parallel closer, we shall suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the molehill, in shape of a cock-sparrow; and picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white straw-officer and his syco-

phants, with all the ladies of rank, the wits, and the beauties of the molehill.

May we not imagine, that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit this earth; or, (in the language of an ingenious French poet,) of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

GUARDIAN.

SECTION VII.

The Whistle.

WHEN I was a child about seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with half-pence. I went directly towards a shop where toys were sold for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have

bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation. My reflections on the subject gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This little event, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind: so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Do not give too much for the whistle;* and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for their whistle.*

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favour, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasures of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of

accumulating wealth; *Poor man!* said I, *you indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind, or of fortune, to mere sensual gratification; *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison; *Alas!* said I, *he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle.*

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind, are brought upon them by the false estimate they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles.*

DR. FRANKLIN.

SECTION VIII.

A generous mind does not repine at the advantages others enjoy.

EVER charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;

The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives to each a double charm. DYER.

Alexis was repeating these lines to Euphronius, who was reclining upon a seat in one of his fields, enjoying the real beauties of nature which the poet describes. The evening was serene, and the landscape appeared in all the gay attire of light and shade. "A man of lively imagination," said Euphronius, "has a property in every thing which he sees: and you may now conceive yourself to be the proprietor of the vast expanse around us; and exult in the happiness of myriads of living creatures, that inhabit the woods, the lawns, and the mountains, which present themselves to our view." The house, garden, and pleasure-grounds of Eugenio, formed a part of the prospect: and Alexis expressed a jocular wish, that he had more than an imaginary property in those possessions. "Banish the ungenerous desire," said Euphronius; "for if you indulge such emotions as these, your heart will soon become a prey to envy and discontent. Enjoy, with gratitude, the blessings which you have received from the liberal hand of Providence; increase them if you can with honor and credit, by a diligent attention to the business for which you are designed; and though your own

cup may not be filled, rejoice that your neighbour's overflows with plenty. Honor the abilities, and emulate the virtues of Eugenio: but repine not that he is wiser, richer, or more powerful, than yourself. His fortune is expended in acts of humanity, generosity, and hospitality. His superior talents are applied to the instruction of his children; to the assistance of his friends; to the encouragement of agriculture, and of every useful art; and to support the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. And his power is exerted to punish the guilty, to protect the innocent, to reward the good, and to distribute justice, with an equal hand to all. I feel the affection of a brother for Eugenio; and esteem myself singularly happy in his friendship." PERCIVAL.

SECTION IX.

Insolent deportment towards inferiors reproved.

SACCHARISSA was about fifteen years of age. Nature had given her a high spirit, and education had fostered it into pride and haughtiness. This temper was displayed in every little competition, which she had with her companions. She could not brook the least opposition from those whom she regarded as her inferiors; and, if they did not instantly submit to her inclination, she assumed all

her airs of dignity, and treated them with the most supercilious contempt. She domineered over her father's servants; always commanding their good offices with the voice of authority, and disdaining the gentler language of request. Euphronius was one day walking with her, when the gardener brought her a nosegay, which she had ordered him to collect.—"Blockhead!" she cried, as he delivered it to her; "what strange flowers you have chosen; and how awkwardly you have put them together!" "Blame not the man with so much harshness," said Euphronius, "because his taste is different from yours! He meant to please you; and his good intention merits your thanks, and not your censure.—"Thanks!" replied Saccharissa, scornfully. "He is paid for his services, and it is his duty to perform them."—"And if he does perform them, he acquits himself of his duty," returned Euphronius. "The obligation is fulfilled on his side; and you have no more right to upbraid him for executing your orders according to his best ability, than he has to claim, from your father, more wages than were covenanted to be given him."—"But he is a poor dependant," said Saccharissa, "and earns a livelihood by his daily labour."—"That livelihood," answered Euphronius, "is the just price of his labour; and if he receive nothing farther from your hands, the ac-

count is balanced between you. But a generous person compassionates the lot of those who are obliged to toil for his benefit, or gratification. He lightens their burdens; treats them with kindness and affection; studies to promote their interest and happiness; and, as much as possible, conceals from them their servitude and his superiority. On the distinctions of rank and fortune, he does not set too high a value: and though the circumstances of life require, that there should be hewers of wood, and drawers of water, yet he forgets not that mankind are by nature equal; all being the offspring of God, the subjects of his moral government, and joint heirs of immortality. A conduct directed by such principles, gives a master claims, which no money can purchase, no labour can repay. His affection can only be compensated by love; his kindness, by gratitude; and his cordiality, by the service of the heart." PERCIVAL.

SECTION X.

Arachne and Melissa; or the happiness of cultivating a good temper.

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it will be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so

in a good measure it is; yet it may be acquired by art, and improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has a bright and a dark side. He that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper; and, by this means, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new literary work makes its appearance, with a thousand beauties, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her an excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery, that has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her into it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves,

and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By habituating herself to look on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers that it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she communicates the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed,

and therefore seldom misses what she looks for.—Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather, and of season, as bringing with it some advantages of health or convenience. In conversation, you never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied; the other always pleased and cheerful; the one spreads a universal gloom; the other a continual sunshine.

WORLD.

SECTION XI.

SOCRATES AND LAMPROCLES.

Disrespect to parents, is in no case allowable.

LAMPROCLES, the eldest son of Socrates, fell into a violent rage with his mother. Socrates

was witness to this shameful misbehaviour, and attempted the correction of it in the following gentle and rational manner. "Come hither, son," said he, "have you never heard of men who are called ungrateful?"—"Yes, frequently," answered the youth. "And what is ingratitude?" demanded Socrates. "It is to receive a kindness," said Lamprocles, "without making a proper return, when there is a favourable opportunity."—"Ingratitude is therefore a species of injustice," said Socrates, "I should think so," answered Lamprocles. "If then," pursued Socrates, "ingratitude be injustice, does it not follow, that the degree of it must be proportionate to the magnitude of the favours which have been received?" Lamprocles admitted the inference; and Socrates thus pursued his interrogations. "Can there subsist higher obligations than those which children owe to their parents; from whom life is derived and supported, and by whose good offices, it is rendered honourable, useful, and happy?"—"I acknowledge the truth of what you say," replied Lamprocles; "but who could suffer, without resentment, the ill humours of such a mother as I have?"—"What strange thing has she done to you?" said Socrates. "She has a tongue," replied Lamprocles, "that no mortal can bear."—"How much more," said Socrates, "has she endured from your wrangling, fretful-

ness, and incessant cries, in the period of infancy! What anxieties has she suffered from the levities, capriciousness, and follies, of your childhood and youth! What affliction has she felt, what toil and watching has she sustained in your illnesses! These, and various other powerful motives to filial duty and gratitude, have been recognised by the legislators of our republic. For if any one be disrespectful to his parents, he is not permitted to enjoy any post of trust or honor. It is believed that a sacrifice, offered by an impious hand, can neither be acceptable to Heaven, nor profitable to the state: and that an undutiful son cannot be capable of performing any great action, or of executing justice with impartiality. Therefore, my son, if you be wise, you will pray to Heaven to pardon the offences committed against your mother. Let no one discover the contempt with which you have treated her; for the world will condemn, and abandon you for such behaviour. And if it be even suspected, that you repay with ingratitude the good offices of your parents, you will inevitably forego the kindness of others; because no man will suppose, that you have a heart to requite either his favours or his friendship."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION XII.

SOCRATES AND CHÆRECRATES.

Brethren should dwell together in harmony.

Two brothers, named Chærephon and Chærecrates, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Chærecrates, he thus accosted him: "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?"—"Certainly it is," replied Chærecrates; "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased by sympathetic participation."—"Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?" said Socrates. "Would you search among strangers? they cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger, than yourself? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?"—"Undoubtedly there are," answered Chærecrates. "May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongst the circumstances fa-

vourable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connexions, similitude of age, and union of interest?"—"I acknowledge," said Chærecrates, "the powerful influence of these circumstances: but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity."—"And what," said Socrates, "are these essentials which are wanting, in Chærephon?"—"He has forfeited my esteem and attachment," answered Chærecrates. "And has he also foreited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?" continued Socrates. "Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?"—"Far be it from me," cried Chærecrates, "to lay so heavy a charge upon him! His conduct to others, is, I believe, irreproachable; and it wounds me the more, that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness."—"Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable, when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavour, by all means to conciliate his affection, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable? Or, if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way; would you attempt to cure him of this

fault by angry looks or words, or by any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth, than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why then do you delay to put in practice those means which may reconcile you to Chærephon?" "Acquaint me with those means, answered Chærecrates, "for I am a stranger to them."—"Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. "If you desire, that one of your neighbours should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—"I would first invite him to mine."—"And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?"—"I should be forward to do the same good office to him in his absence."—"If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have received against you, how would you then behave towards him?"—"I should endeavour to convince him, by my looks, words and actions, that such prejudice was ill founded."—"And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?"—"No," answered Chærecrates; "I would repeat no grievances."—"Go," said Socrates, "and pursue that conduct towards your brother which you would practise to a neighbour. His friendship is of inestimable worth; and

nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to dwell together in unity."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION XIII.

On good breeding.

As learning, honour, and virtue, are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good-breeding are equally necessary to make you agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all people are judges of the smaller talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging agreeable address and manner; because they feel the effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing. Good sense must, in many cases, determine good breeding; but there are some general rules of it, that always hold true. For example, it is extremely rude not to give proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you; or to go away, or be doing something else, while they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear, or answer what they say.

It is also very rude to take the best place in a room; or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others; as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavour to procure all the conveniences you can, to the people you are with.

Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good-breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a becoming manner:—

Awkwardness can proceed from two causes; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. Attention is absolutely necessary for improving in behaviour, as indeed it is for every thing else. If an awkward person drinks tea or coffee, he often scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee on his clothes. At dinner, his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do. There he holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of his lips; picks his teeth with his fork; and puts his spoon, which has been in his mouth twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint; but in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in every body's face. He generally daubs himself with

soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a button-hole, and tickles his chin. When he drinks, he coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. Besides all this, he has strange tricks and gestures; such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his fingers in his nose, or blowing it, and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as greatly to disgust the company. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them; and he does not know where to put them, but keeps them in perpetual motion. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company; and ought most carefully to be guarded against, by every one that desires to please.

There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words which aught to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and vulgar proverbs; which are so many proofs of a poor education. For example, if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a vulgar proverb, and say, "That what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" or else, "Every one to his liking, as the old man said when he kissed his cow;" the company would be persuaded that you had never associated with any but low persons.

To mistake or forget names; to speak of "What-d'ye-call-him," or "Thingum," or "How-d'ye-call-her," is excessively awkward and vulgar. To begin a story or narration, when you are not perfect in it, and cannot go through with it, but are forced, possibly, to say in the middle of it, "I have forgotten the rest," is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear, and perspicuous, in every thing one says; otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them. The voice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be neglected. Some people almost shut their mouths when they speak; and mutter so, that they are not to be understood: others speak so fast, and sputter, that they are equally unintelligible. Some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people; and others so low, that one cannot hear them. All these, and many other habits, are awkward and disagreeable, and are to be avoided by attention. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things. I have seen many people, with great talents, ill received, for want of having these talents too; and others well received, only from their little talents, and who had no great ones.

SECTION XIV.

The ungrateful guest.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, is celebrated for an act of private justice which does great honor to his memory. A certain soldier, in the Macedonian army, had, in various instances, distinguished himsel by extraordinary acts of valour; and had received many marks of Philip's approbation and favour. On a particular occasion, this soldier embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm; and he was cast on the shore, helpless and naked, with scarcely any appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress; and, with the most humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, and comforted him; and, for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor; assured him of his interest with the king; and of his determination to obtain for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was at length completely

recovered; and was supplied by his kind host with money to pursue his journey. After some time, the soldier presented himself before the king; he recounted his misfortunes; he magnified his services: and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man by whom his life had been preserved, was so devoid of gratitude, and of every humane sentiment, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, precipitately granted his infamous request. The soldier then returned to his preserver; and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with such an instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief: and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own, and the soldier's conduct, in a lively and affecting manner. The king was instantly fired with indignation. He ordered that ample justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horridly repaid; and, to shew his abhorrence of the

deed, he caused the soldier to be seized, and to have these words branded on his forehead—"The Ungrateful Guest." GOLDSMITH.

SECTION XV.

The hospitable negro woman.

THE enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, was employed by the African Association, to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties. His wants were often supplied, and his distresses alleviated, by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman.

"Being arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides: but, from the number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours. During this time, the people who had crossed the river, carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me, until he knew

what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge, for that night, at a distant village to which he pointed; and said that, in the morning, he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village; where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. From prejudices infused into their minds, I was regarded with astonishment and fear; and was obliged to set the whole day without victuals in the shade of a tree.

"The night threatened to be very uncomfortable; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain: the wild beasts too were so numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me: and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and

bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me to her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me, I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat; and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused it to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female par of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night.

"They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these. "The winds roared, and the rains fell.—The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.* Let us pity the white man: no mother has he to bring him milk;

no wife to grind his corn."* Trifling as these events may appear to the reader, they were to me affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my com-

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* These simple and pathetic sentiments have been very beautifully versified and expanded by the duchess of Devonshire. The following is a copy of this little interesting piece of poetry.

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast.
He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he:
And ah! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share:
Alas! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low:
The white man far away must go,
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man go; but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's pray'r,
Remembrance of the negro's care.

passionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat; the only recompense it was in my power to make her."

PARK'S TRAVELS.

SECTION XVI.

Catharina, empress of Russia.

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritnnce than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion. When the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by the fire-side, and enjoy their frugal meal. Though Catharina's face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong,

but a right understanding. Her virtues and accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage, from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity. The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in the elegant parts of female education, by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve, till he died; by which accident she was reduced to her former poverty. The country of Livonia was at that time wasted by war, and lay in a miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wal-

let, she set out on her journey, on foot. She had to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way. One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers. They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidently passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected, in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructer, benefactor, and friend. This was a happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses: her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes; furnished her with a horse; and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of his father's, the superintendant of Marienburgh.

SECTION XVII.

The same subject continued.

THE beautiful stranger was well received at Marienburgh. She was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and, though but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness. Such were her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand; which, to his great surprise she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds, received in the service. In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty she offered him her hand, which he accepted with joy; and their nuptials were accordingly solemnized. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking. The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh. The unhappy soldier was immediately ordered to an attack, from which he never returned.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other

by revenge. The war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven. She had hitherto been poor, but free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even prince Menzikoff, the Russian general. He desired to see her; was pleased with her appearance; bought her from the soldier, her master; and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The

mighty monarch saw her, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day; called for the beautiful slave; asked her several questions; and found the charms of her mind superior even to those of her person. He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired into the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through the vicissitudes of her fortune; and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design. The nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince declaring to his courtiers, that virtue was the properest ladder to the throne.

We now see Catharina, raised from the low, mud-walled cottage, to be empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her good fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more. She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne: and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the re-

formation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses; introduced mixed assemblies; instituted an order of female knighthood; promoted piety and virtue: and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret,—regretted by all. GOLDSMITH.

SECTION XVIII.

Virtue and happiness equally attainable by the rich and the poor.

The man to whom God has given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured and highly distinguished. He looks on his wealth with pleasure, because it affords him the means to do good. He protects the poor that are injured; he suffers not the mighty to oppress the weak. He seeks out objects of compassion; he inquires into their wants; he relieves them with judgment, and without ostentation. He assists and rewards merit; he encourages ingenuity, and liberally promotes every useful design. He carries on great works, his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed; he forms new schemes, and the arts receive improvement. He considers the superfluities of his table as be-

longing to the poor of his neighbourhood; and he defrauds them not. The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoices therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

The virtuous poor man also may rejoice; for he has many reasons. He sits down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers. He is not embarrassed with a train of dependants, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation. Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapes also their diseases. The bread that he eats, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinks, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious. His labour preserves his health, and procures him a repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger. He limits his desire with humility; and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul, than all the acquisitions of wealth and grandeur.—Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his riches; nor the poor in his poverty yield to despondence: for the providence of God dispenses happiness to them both.

SECTION XIX.

The character of Christ.

WHOEVER considers, with attention, the charater of our blessed Lord, as it may be collected from the various incidents and actions of his life (for there are no laboured descriptions of it, no encomiums upon it, by his own disciples,) will soon discover that it was, in every respect, the most excellent that was ever made known to mankind. If we only say of him, what even Pilate said of him, and what his bitterest enemies cannot and do not deny, *that we can find no fault in him*, and that the whole tenor of his life was blameless, this is more that can be said of any other person that ever came into the world. But this is going a very little way indeed in the excellence of his character. He was not only free from every failing, but he possessed and practised every imaginable virtue. Towards his heavenly Father he expressed the most ardent love, the most fervent yet rational devotion; and displayed, in his whole conduct, the most absolute resignation to his will, and obedience to his commands. His manners were gentle, mild, condescending, and gracious: his heart overflowed with kindness, compassion,

and tenderness to the whole human race. The great employment of his life, was to do good to the bodies and souls of men. In this, all his thoughts, and all his time, were constantly and almost incessantly occupied. He went about dispensing his blessings to all around him, in a thousand different ways; healing diseases, relieving infirmities, correcting errors, removing prejudices; promoting piety, justice, charity, peace and harmony; and crowding into the narrow compass of his ministry more acts of mercy and compassion, than the longest life of the most benevolent man upon earth ever yet produced. Over his own passions he had obtained the most complete command; and though his patience was continually put to the severest trials, yet he was never overcome, never betrayed into any intemperance or excess in word or deed; "never once spake unadvisedly with his lips." He endured the cruelest insults from his enemies, with the utmost composure, meekness, patience, and resignation; displayed astonishing fortitude under a most painful and ignominius death; and, to crown all, in the very midst of his torments on the cross, implored forgiveness for his murderers, in that divinely charitable prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Nor was his wisdom inferior to his virtues. The doctrines he taught were the most sublime, and the most important, that were ever before delivered to mankind; and every way worthy of that God, from whom he professed to derive them, and whose son he declared himself to be.

His precepts inculcated the purest and most perfect morality; his discourses were full of dignity and wisdom, yet intelligible and clear; his parables conveyed instruction in the most pleasing, familiar, and impressive manner; and his answers to the many insidious questions that were put to him, shewed uncommon quickness of conception, soundness of judgment, and presence of mind; completely baffled all the artifices and malice of his enemies; and enabled him to elude all the snares that were laid for him.—From this short and imperfect sketch of our Saviour's character, it is evident that he was, beyond comparison, the wisest and most virtuous person that ever appeared in the world. BEILBY, BISHOP OF LONDON.

PART II.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

Improvement of time.

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Moral culture.

If good we plant not, vice will fill the place;
And rankest weeds the richest soil deface.

The noblest art.

Indulge the true ambition to excel
In that best art,—the art of living well.

Life a state of trial.

In its true light, this transient life regard:
This is a state of trial not reward.

Happiness domestic.

For genuine happiness we need not roam;
'Tis doubtless found with little and at home

Virtue and vice progressive.

The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,
Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best.

Humility.

Be humble; learn thyself to scan:
Know, pride was never made for man.

Contentment is happiness.

Could wealth our happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content!

Virtue altogether lovely.

Virtu is amiable, mild, serene:
Without, all beauty; and all peace within.

Self-partiality.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves tho' we practise the same.

Candour and forgiveness.

—— How noble 'tis to own a fault!
How generous and divine to forgive it!

Troubles from ourselves.

'Tis to ourselves, indeed, we chiefly owe
The multitude of poignant griefs we feel.

Resignation.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.

SECTION II.

Integrity.

The man of pure and simple heart,
Through life disdains a double part,
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.

Best use of riches.

When wealth to virtuous hands is giv'n,
It blesses like the dews of heav'n:

Like Heav'n it hears the orphan's cries;
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.

Choice of friends.

Who friendship with a knave has made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends,
Our good or evil name depends.

Christian morality.

——————— 'Tis our part,
As Christians, to forget the wrongs we feel;
To pardon trespasses; our very foes
To love and cherish; to do good to all;
Live peaceably; and be, in all our acts,
Wise as the serpent, gentle as the dove.

Hope in affliction.

——————— Shall we pine,
And be dishearten'd with a day of grief,
When the same hand which brought affliction on,
Retains its pow'r, and can, with equal ease,
Remove it?

Folly of envy.

Can you discern another's mind?
Why is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

The wish.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth;
But grant me, kind Providence! virtue and health:

Then, richer than kings, and more happy than they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

Censoriousness reproved.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.—
Ere we remark another's sin,
Let our own conscience look within.

Self-command.

Ungovern'd wrath, and fell resentment fly:
They rend the soul, as tempests rend the sky.
Shun peevish humours: they corrode the breast,
And cloud the brow; are childish at the best.
Learn to controul your tongue, that restless thing!
Of mischief oft and shame the fatal spring.

Inscription on a sun-dial.

Mark well my shade, and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend:—
Since time and life speed hastily away,
And no one can recall the former day,
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past;
And know each fleeting hour may be thy last.

SECTION III.

Source of true happiness.

The happiness of human kind
Consists in rectitude of mind,

A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a generous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom neither sad nor sour.

Love to God produces love to men.

Let gratitude in acts of goodness flow;
Our love to God, in love to man below.
Be this our joy—to calm the troubled breast,
Support the weak, and succour the distrest;
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear;
The orphan guard, the sinking spirits cheer.
Tho' small our pow'r to act, tho' mean our skill,
God sees the heart; he judges by the will.

Men mutually helpful.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born to sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd.
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw:
Some studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
While some, with genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Thus, aiming at one common end,
Each proves to all a needful friend.

To bless, is to be blest.

When young, what honest triumph flush'd my breast,
This truth once known,—To bless, is to be blest!
I led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey;)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip I dropped my little store,
And wept to think that little was no more.
He breath'd his pray'r, "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Epitaph on a young woman.

In dawn of life she wisely sought her God;
And the straight path of thorny virtue trod.
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend;
Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend:
The bad she censur'd by her life alone;
Blind to their faults, severe upon her own:
In others' griefs a tender part she bore;
And with the needy shar'd her little store:
At distance viewed the world with pious dread;
And to God's temple for protection fled:
There sought that peace which Heav'n alone can give;
And learn'd to die, ere others learn to live.

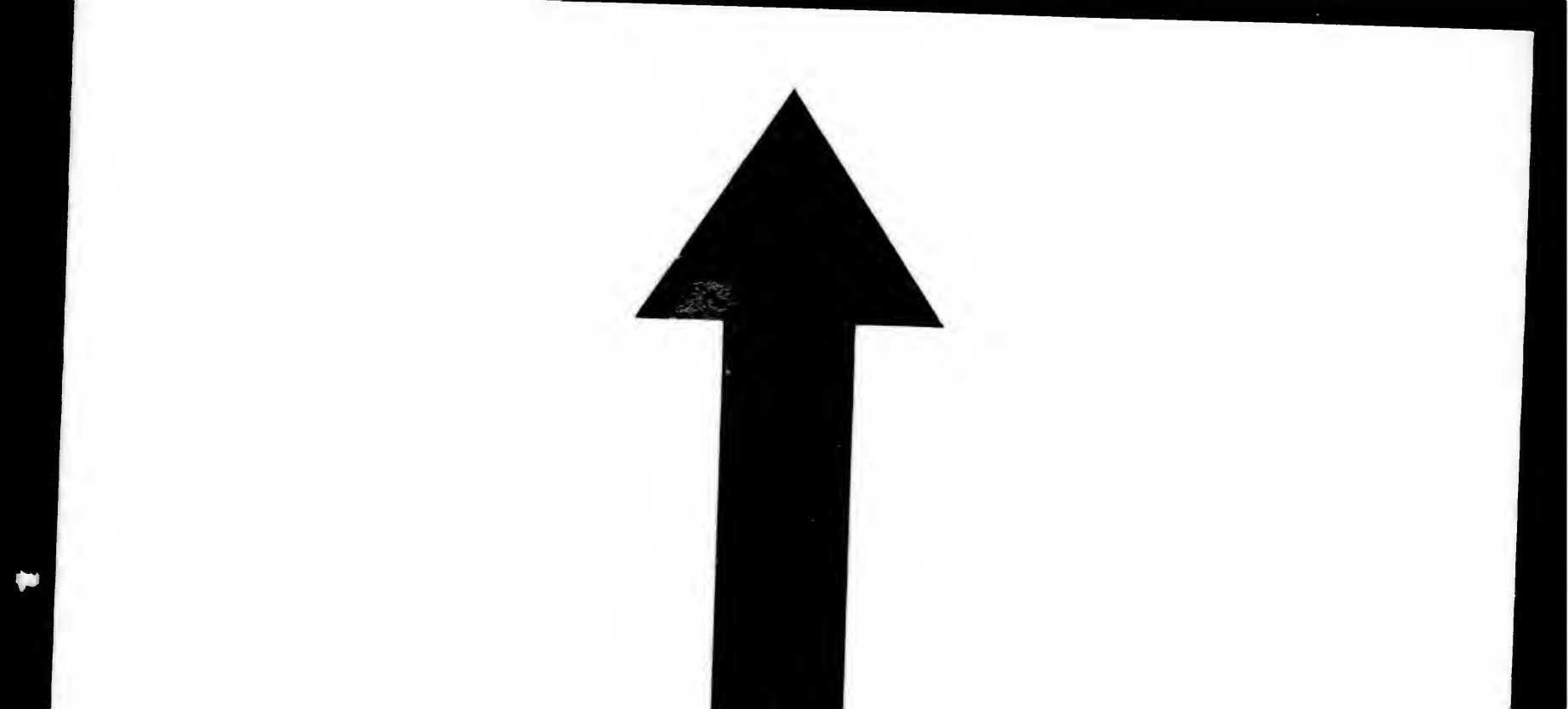
CHAPTER II.

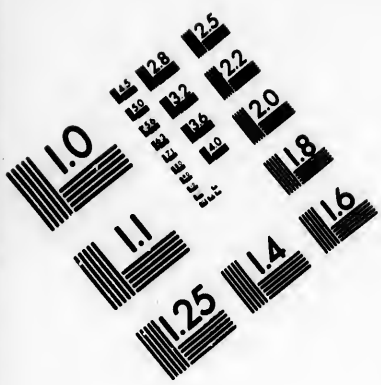
NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The looking-glass; or, ill-humour corrected.

THERE was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft sho'd scold and fret;
Then in a corner take her seat,
And sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied:
But both were vain; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this, a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another;





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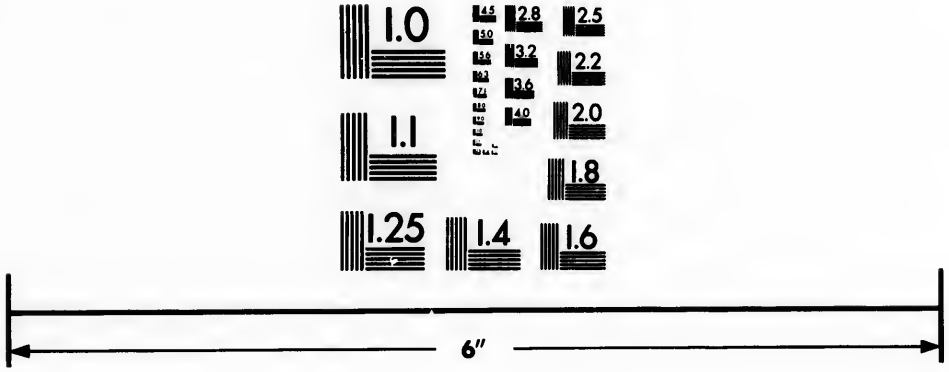

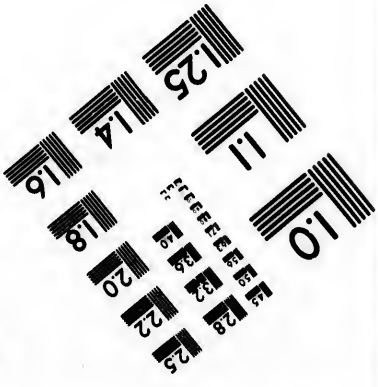

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Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd;
Its threats were minded, and believ'd.
The maid who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd. WILKIE.

SECTION II.

The Butterfly and the snail; or, elevation renders little minds proud and insolent.

All upstarts insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose;
With pert conceit his bosom glows:
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus with insult vain
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd:
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best,
He's but a caterpillar drest:
And all thy race (a num'rous seed,)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed." GAY.

SECTION III.

The Brother and Sister; or, mental excellence superior to personal beauty.

WARN'D by our counsel, oft beware,
And look into yourselves with care.
There was a certain father had
A homely girl and comely lad.
These being at their childish play
Within their mother's room one day,
A looking-glass was in the chair,
And they beheld their faces there.
The boy grows prouder, as he looks;
The girl is in a rage, nor brooks
Her boasting brother's jests and sneers,
Affronted at each word she hears.
Then to her father down she flies.
And urges all she can devise
Against the boy, who could presume
To meddle in a lady's room.
At which, embracing each in turn
With most affectionate concern,

"My dears," said he "you must not pass
A day without this useful glass:
You, lest you spoil a pretty face,
By doing things to your disgrace—
You, by good conduct to correct
Your form and beautify defect."

SMART.

SECTION IV.

The Lamb and the Pig; or, nature and education.

CONSULT the moralist, you'll find
That education forms the mind.
But education ne'er supplied
What ruling nature has denied.
If you'll the following page pursue,
My tale shall prove this doctrine true.
Since to the muse all brutes belong,
The Lamb shall usher in my song;
Whose snowy fleece adorn'd her skin,
Emblem of native white within.
Meekness and love possess'd her soul,
And innocence had crown'd the whole.
It chanc'd upon a luckless day,
The little wanton full of play,
Rejoic'd a thymy bank to gain;
But short the triumphs of her reign!

The treach'rous slopes her fate foretell,
And soon the pretty trifler fell.
Beneath, a dirty ditch impress'd
Its mire upon her spotless vest.
What greater ill could lamb betide,
The butcher's barb'rous knife beside?
The shepherd, wounded with her cries,
Straight to the bleating sufferer flies.
The lambkin in his arms he took,
And bore her to a neighb'ring brook.
The silver streams her wool refin'd;
Her fleece in virgin whiteness shin'd.
Cleans'd from pollution's ev'ry stain,
She join'd her fellows on the plain;
And saw afar the stinking shore,
But ne'er approach'd those dangers more.
The shepherd bless'd the kind event,
And view'd his flocks with sweet content.
To market next he shap'd his way,
And bought provisions for the day:
But made for winter's rich supply,
A purchase from a farmer's sty,
The children round their parent crowd;
And testify their mirth aloud.
They saw the stranger with surprise,
And all admir'd his little eyes.
Familiar grown he shar'd their joys;
Shar'd too the porridge with the boys.

The females o'er his dress preside;
They wash his face and scour his hide,
But daily more a swine he grew,
For all these housewives e'er could do.

COTTON.

SECTION V.

The Bee and the Ant; or, the advantages of application and diligence in early years.

On a bright dewy summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies.
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews,
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty, or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in every way,
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care:

A great economist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends,
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parents' law.
Ah! sister-labourer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Does not the sun with constant pace
Persist to run his annual race?

Do not the stars that shine so bright,
Renew their courses ev'ry night?
Does not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?

COTTON.

SECTION VI.

The Doves.

REAS'NING at ev'ry step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus address'd her mate,
And sooth'd the list'ning dove:—

"Our mutual bond of faith and truth,
No time shall disengage;
Those blessings of our early youth,
Shall cheer our latest age:

While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there;

Those ills that wait on all below
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or, gently felt, and only so,
As being shar'd with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kites are hov'ring near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolv'd a union form'd for life,
Death never shall divide.

But, oh! if, fickle and unchaste,
(Forgive a transient thought,)
Thou couldst become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot;

No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak;
Denied th' endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break."

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
Soft as the passing wind;
And I recorded what I heard,—
A lesson for mankind.

COWPER.

SECTION VII.

The Goldfinches.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
Two Goldfinches had built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Nor distant far, a wood-lark's soft retreat.

Here, blest with ease, and in each other blest,
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves;
Till time matured their joy, and crown'd their nest
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now, what transport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
How does the fairest purpose often fail!
A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
Their flattering hopes, and leave them both to wail;

The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
With concord false, and hideous prosody,
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd with rav'nous eyes,
Where, wrapt in down, the callow songsters lay;
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When, from her secret stand, aghast, she view'd
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

"O grief of griefs!" with shrieking voice she cried,
"What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
Oh! that I had in youth's fair season died,
From all false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw;
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;
For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

Was it for this my fredom I resign'd,
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;

For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the scorching heat and pealing rain?

Was it for this my watchful eyes grew dim?
For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail?"

Thus sung the mournful bird her piteous tale;—
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd;—
Then side by side they sought the distant vale;
And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

JAGO.

SECTION VIII.

The Pet Lamb.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied,
A snow-white mountain Lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tether'd to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to the mountain Lamb she gave its evening meal.

'Twas little Barbara Lethwaite, a child of beauty rare:
I watch'd them with delight; they were a lovely pair.
And now with empty can, the maiden turn'd away,
But, ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the Lamb she look'd, and from that shady place
I unobserv'd could see the workings of her face:
If nature to her tongue could measur'd numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little maid would sing.

"What ails thee, young one? what? why pull so at thy cord?
It is not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be:
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

What is it thou would'st seek? What's wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears.

If the sun is shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,
his beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain:
For rain and mountain storms the like thou needst
not fear;
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can
come here.

Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away:
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd
by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home;
A blessed day for thee! then whither would'st thou
roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that, twice a day, I've brought thee,
in this can,
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran:
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and
new.—

It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature! can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart, which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of, perhaps to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

Alas! the mountain tops which looks so green and fair;—
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there:
The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
He will not come to thee; our cottage is hard by.
Night and day thou art safe as living thing can be:
Be happy then and rest; what is't that aileth thee?"

WORDSWORTH.

SECTION IX.

The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.

As at his board a farmer sat,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.
The hungry Cat, in turn drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share.
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw.
Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:
"They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunged in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep;

At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows.
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you!"
"I own," with meekness, Puss replied,
"Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my heart with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well:
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me!"
"Thy words are just," the Farmer cried,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

GAY.

SECTION X.

The Wheat and the Weeds.

'Twas in a pleasant month of spring,
When flow'rets bloom and warblers sing;
A field of wheat began to rise,
The farmer's hope, his country's prize.
When lo! amid the op'ning ears,
A various crop of weeds appears.
The poppy, soldier like array'd,
Its flimsy scarlet flow'rs display'd.
Some, like the lofty sky, were blue;
And some were tinged with golden hue;
But ev'ry where the wheat was seen,
Clad in one modest robe of green.
It chanc'd three youths, in city bred,
That knew to eat—not raise their bread;
For pleasure's sake, had rambled there,
To see the sun and breathe fresh air.
Of herbs and grain they little knew
What Linnæus wrote, or Sinclair grew.
But each, as o'er the field he gaz'd,
What fancy led to, pluck'd and prais'd.
"See," said the first, "this flow'r so red,
That gently bows its blushing head:

Can the whole field a plant display,
So rich, so noble, and so gay?"
"Yes," said the next, "the flow'r I show
With star-like rays, and sky-like blue,
So much does your dull plant out-shine,
That the best choice is surely mine;"
"Stop," said the third, "the flow'r I hold,
With cluster'd leaves of burnish'd gold,
Than your's, or his, is richer drest:
The choice I've made is doubtless best."
In this, however, each agreed,
That nothing could his own exceed;
And that the rising blades of green,
Did not deserve to grow between.
A Farmer chanc'd behind the gate
To overhear the youths' debate;
Knowing from ign'rance error springs,
He strove to teach them better things.
"My lads," he said, "now understand,
These are but weeds that spoil our land;
But the green blades you trample down
Are wheat, man's food, and nature's crown.
With art and pains the crop is sown;
And thus your daily bread is grown.
Al s! your judgment was not right,
Because you judg'd from outward sight."

SECTION XI.

Economy the source of Charity.

By gen'rous goodness taught, my early youth
Soon learnt humanity.—My parents died—
Orphans have claims on charitable souls;
The pious Edgar thought so: mov'd perhaps
By the soft eloquence of infant tears,
Perchance by nature prompted, to his roof
He led the fatherless.—It was the seat
Of nuptial happiness; a rustic cot,
Small, yet convenient, for their wants were few.
And Edgar, knowing what all men should learn,
Was with his lot contented.—Happy state.
Labour he plied for exercise, not gain.
At early dawn, he led me to the field;
And, drawing morals from each task he took,
Told me, "that ev'ry seed well sown on earth,
Would yield full harvest in that awful day,
When all arrears of labour shall be paid;
Each well-meant toil rewarded."—Once perchance,
I found him busied near a murm'ring rill:
To various little streams he turn'd its source,
Where, wand'ring devious through his neat dress'd grounds,
It cheer'd the green copse, fill'd the earing corn;
And trickled gently through the perfum'd grove.

"Mark well, my child," he said: "this little stream
Shall teach thee Charity. It is a source
I never knew to fail: directed thus
Be that soft stream, the fountain of thy heart.
For, oh! my much lov'd child, I trust thy heart
Has those affections that shall bless thyself;
And flowing softly, like this little rill,
Cheer all that droop."—The good man did not err,
The milk of human-kindness warmed my breast;
Young as I was, I felt for others' woes,
And, when I could, reliev'd them.—Yet I was young!
And, having lavish'd all my infant store
In gewgaw toys, and childish fooleries,
I do remember well, a vet'ran old,
Maim'd and disfigur'd by the hand of war,
Implor'd my charity. I felt, alas!
His various wants—sore, sick, and wan, he seem'd:
My little heart bled at each wound he shew'd.
Alas! alas! replied my infant thoughts,
And shall want cloud the ev'ning of his days
Whose noon of life was toil?—And then I wept.—
It was the first time that I e'er knew want:
I was indeed a bankrupt. Edgar came.
I wept, but spoke not; for my heart was full.
"What wilt thou give, my boy?"—Fearing a lie,
I sobb'd out truth most sadly. Edgar felt;
Pardon'd my folly; (for he lov'd my tears;)
And gave what soothed the poor man's misery.
But, in our ev'nings walk, behold! the stream
Was dry. I ask'd the cause—"Mark me, my child,

This rill, I told thee oft, through all thy life,
Should teach thee Charity.—Now let it teach,
If yet thou hast to learn, that the blessed source
Of lib'ral deeds is, wise Economy.
This morn, like thee, I drew the stream too fast:
Now—when the parched glebe wants its wat'ry aid,
The source is all exhausted."

CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

To some children listening to a lark.

See the lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to heav'n, and soars, and sings!
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise.
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.
When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast;
And, as he sings, he sinks to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?—
No, ye dear nestlings of my heart;
Go, act the wiser songster's part:
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To him your grateful tribute pay,
Through every period of the day.

To him your ev'ning songs direct;
His eye shall watch, his arm protect:
Though darkness reigns, he's with you still;
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

COTTON.

SECTION II.

The advantages of early religion.

Happy the child, whose tender years,
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we give up our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes:
A flow'r, that's offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easy work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
It will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

SECTION III.

Peace and love recommended.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite;
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like God's well-beloved Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as in age he grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father, too.

The Lord of all, who reigns above,
Does from his heav'nly throne,
Behold what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

WATTS.

SECTION IV.

To a young woman, with a watch.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time,
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care
The blessing can restore;
And Heav'n requires a strict account
For ev'ry misspent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospect ends,
Yet on that day's uncertain date,
Eternity depends.

But equal to our being's aim,
The space to virtue giv'n;
And ev'ry minute well improv'd,
Secures an age in Heav'n.

CARTER.

SECTION V.

Verses accompanying a nosegay.

Thou can'st not steal the rose's bloom,
To decorate thy face!
But the sweet blush of modesty,
Will lend an equal grace.

These violets scent the distant gale;
(They grew in lowly bed;)
So real worth new merit gains,
By diffidence o'erspread.

Nor wilt thou e'er that lily's white,
In thy complexion find;
Yet innocence may shine as fair,
Within thy spotless mind.

Now, in th' op'ning spring of life,
Let ev'ry flow'ret bloom:
The budding virtues in thy breast
Shall yield the best perfume.

This nosegay, in thy bosom plac'd,
A moral may convey:
For soon its brightest tints shall fade,
And all its sweets decay.

So short-liv'd are the lovely tribes
Of Flora's transient reign:
They bud, blow, wither, fall, and die;
Then turn to earth again.

And thus, my dear, must ev'ry charm,
Which youth is proud to share;
Alike this quick succession prove,
And the same truth declare.

Sickness will change the roseate hue,
Which glowing health bespeaks;
And age will wrinkle with its cares,
The smile on beauty's cheeks.

But as that fragrant myrtle wreath,
Will all the rest survive;
So shall the mental graces still,
Through endless ages live.

SECTION VI.

Duties of the morning.

See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before or with the sun.
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The Fountain of eternal day,

That, as the light serenely fair,
Illumines all the tracts of air;
The sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care.
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings:
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd:
That would to works appointed fall;
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view,
O, Giver of eternal bliss,
Heav'nly Father, grant me this!
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above;
Who thy sacred Spirit love!

PARNELL.

SECTION VII.

The mind to be cultivated.

Hear, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight:
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aid of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, or pride!
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face.
But the soul's index, or its case?
Now take a similie at hand;
Compare the mental soil to land.

Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due;
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil;
So harvest shall repay your toil.
If human minds resemble trees,
(As ev'ry moralist agrees,)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine;
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

COTTON.

SECTION VIII.

Dependence on Providence.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectations high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise;
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy;
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall sov'reign Love desert
The humble, and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike, both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow, Goodness takes away.
You say, that troubles intervene;
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so,
But still his native country lies
Beyond the boundaries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health;
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine, (tho' little gold,)
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as my nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more:
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

COTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The pleasures of retirement.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world; and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

POPE.

SECTION II.

The Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard—I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number.
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher.
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had ta'en better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading!"

WATTS.

SECTION III.

Creation and Providence.

I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord! how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love;
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

WATTS.

SECTION IV.

A morning in Spring.

Lo! the bright, the rosy morning,
Calls me forth to take the air:
Cheerful spring with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year.

Nature now in all her beauty,
With her gently-moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty,
Of a greatful morning song.

See the early blossoms springing!
See the jocund lambkins play!
Hear the lark and linnet singing,
Welcome to the new-born day!

Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove:
Nature now with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

Now the kind refreshing showers,
Water all the plains around:
Springing grass, and painted flowers,
In the smiling meads abound.

Now their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees:
Odours now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.

Praise to thee, though great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature;
Join the universal song!

For ten thousand blessings giv'n;
For the richest gifts bestow'd
Sound his praise through earth and heav'n;
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud!

FAWCETT.

SECTION V.

Heavenly wisdom.

How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes,
His early only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her reward is more secure,
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

SECTION VI.

The man of Ross.

Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross.—
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest;
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What numbers wish, but want the power to do.

POPE.

SECTION VII.

Resignation.

While some in folly's pleasures roll,
And seek the joys that hurt the soul;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, which never fails the just,
When other friends must quit their trust.

Come, then, my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to folly's sons the rest:
With this thou ever may'st be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;
Though death appear in ev'ry form;
My little bark shall brave the storm.

Amid the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my GOD,
When sov'reign love directs the rod.

Peace, rebel thoughts—I'll not complain;
My Father's smiles suspend my pain:
Smiles, that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though Heav'n afflict, I'll not repine;
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

Blest Saviour! cheer that darksome way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

COTTON.

SECTION VIII.

Character of Christ.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

The noblest love of human-kind
Inspir'd his holy breast;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was exprest.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart, by all his friends,
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Be Christ my pattern, and my guide!
His image may I bear!
O may I tread his sacred steps:
And his bright glories share!

ENFIELD.

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Gratitude to the Supreme Being.

How cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My heart shall rejoice in my God.

SECTION II.

Acknowledgment of Divine favours.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me!

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has giv'n me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

While some poor creatures scarce can tell,
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best. WATTS.

SECTION III.

The excellence of the Bible.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, which in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may get to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

For here I learn how Jesus died,
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books in earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night. WATTS.

SECTION IV.

On Industry.

How does the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey all the day,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last. WATTS.

SECTION V.

On early rising.

How foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light!
How sweet, at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies,
And mark with curious eye the sun
Prepare his radiant course to run!
Its fairest form then nature wears,
And clad in brightest green appears.
The sprightly lark, with artless lay,
Proclaims the entrance of the day.
How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feast the eyes with nature's bloom!
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove!
Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
Neglect to taste the morning air;
This will your nerves with vigour brace,
Improve and heighten ev'ry grace;
Add to your breath a rich perfume;
Add to your cheeks a fairer bloom;
With lustre teach your eyes to glow
And health and cheerfulness bestow.

ARMSTRONG.

SECTION VI.

The drowning fly.

In yonder glass, behold a drowning fly,
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Poor helpless insect! and will no one save?
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning grave?
My finger's top shall prove a friendly shore.—
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er.
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
Go, join the num'rous kindred in the air.
Away it flies; resumes its harmless play;
And lightly gambols in the golden ray.
Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed;
For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed:
A young and sinking family to save;
To raise the thoughtless from destruction's wave!
To you, for help, the wretched lift their eyes:
Oh! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries;
Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
O'er their devoted heads, the floods may close

SECTION VII.

To a redbreast.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.

Doubt, not little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee:
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou eat'st thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again!
Well thou know'st the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store;
Ever welcome to my door!

LANGHORNE.

SECTION VIII.

To a child five years old.

Fairest flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Milton's page we see;
Flowers of Eve's imbower'd dwelling,
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses—
Buds thy op'ning bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away:
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens, which ne'er decay!

COTTON.

SECTION IX.

The Rose.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
In summer so fragrant and gay!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one pow'rful virtue to bonst,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
For all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by performing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS.

SECTION X.

The Ant.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There is many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms;
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care of the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch I shall be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiv'n:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey;
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in Heav'n. WATTS.

SECTION XI.

A morning hymn.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Does send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain. WATTS.

SECTION XII.

An evening hymn.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise:
My comforts every hour make known,
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord! give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since God will not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in his love.

SECTION XIII.

The Winter's day.

When raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend;
And the wide landscape, bright and fair,
No deepen'd colours blend;

When biting frost rides on the wind,
  Bleak from the north and east,
And wealth is at its ease reclin'd,
  Prepar'd to laugh and feast;

When the poor trav'ller treads the plain,
  All dubious of his way,
And crawls with night increasing pain,
  And dreads the parting day;

When poverty in vile attire,
  Shrinks from the biting blast,
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
  And fears it will not last;

When the fond mother hugs her child
  Still closer to her breast;
And the poor infant, frost-beguil'd,
  Scarce feels that it is prest;—

Then let your bounteous hand extend
  Its blessings to the poor;
Nor spurn the wretched while they bend
All suppliant at your door.

SECTION XIV.

Compassion and Forgiveness.

I HEAR the voice of wo;
  A brother mortal mourns:
My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow;
  My heart his sighs returns.

I hear the thirsty cry;
The famished beg for bread:
O let my spring its streams supply;
My hand its bounty shed.—

And shall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
Nor will offend again!"

How else, on sprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r,
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there? SCOTT.

SECTION XV.

The ignorance of man.

Behold yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive power!)
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern;
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell;
Thy love my footsteps guide:
That love shall all vain loves expel
That fear all fears beside.

And oh! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
What ill though ask'd, deny. MERRICK

SECTION XVI.

The happy choice.

Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this frail and wav'ring heart,
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies.
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Father! still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

SECTION XVII.

The fall of the leaf.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

"Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
When, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lecture we are reading;
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red;

View us late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

DR. HORNE

SECTION XVIII.

Trust in the goodness of God.

Why, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on ev'ry side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For He, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er:
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

COTTON.

SECTION XIX.

The Christian race.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on,

A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE

SECTION XX.

The dying Christian to his soul.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."—
What is this absorbs me quite;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting? POPE.

SECTION XXI.

Epitaph on a poor and virtuous man.

STOP, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name;
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast:
His coat of arms, "a spotless life;"
"An honest heart," his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:
"A conscience void of all offence
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

SECTION XXII.

Love to enemies.

When Christ, among the sons of men,
In humble form was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
He was encompass'd round.

The woes of men, his pity mov'd;
Their peace, he still pursu'd;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

From the rich fountain of his love,
What streams of mercy flow!

"Father, forgive them," Jesus cries,
"They know not what they do."

Let not this bright example shine
In vain before our eyes!
Give us, great God, a soul like his,
To love our enemies. WATTS.

SECTION XXIII.

The dangers and snares of life.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host!
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lust engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come, then, my soul, now learn to yield
The weight of thine immortal shield:
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth and pow'rs of hell:
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear.

BARBAULD.

SECTION XXIV.

The Divine Being knows and sees every thing.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through:
Thine eye beholds, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there. WATTS.

SECTION XXV.

All nature attests the great Creator.

Hast thou beheld the glorious sun,
Through all the sky his circuit run,
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beam'd his noontide ray?

Say, did'st thou e'er attentive view
The ev'ning cloud, or morning dew?
Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous show?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise;
And, with a mild and placid light,
Shed lustre o'er the face of night?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And viewed the fields and waving grain
The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,

When, rous'd by some tremendous storm,
Its billows roll in dreadful form?

Hast thou beheld the light'ning stream
Through night's dark gloom with sudden gleam;
While the bellowing thunder's sound
Roll'd rattling through the heav'ns profound?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The sleety show'r, the biting hail;
Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains;
The water, bound in icy chains?

Hast thou the various beings seen,
That sport along the valley green;
That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray?

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep;
That through the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange?

Hast thou the wond'rous scenes survey'd
That all around thee are display'd?
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To HIM who caus'd these scenes to rise?

'Twas GOD who form'd the concave sky,
And all the shining orbs on high:

Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis HE that bids the tempests rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies.
His voice the elements obey:
Through all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share:
But man is his peculiar care.—
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
Let man his voice the loudest raise.

SECTION XXVI.

Praise due to God for his wonderful works.

My God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flow'r,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong!
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The ev'ning slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;

From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.
In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise, and love.
As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise!

WILLIAM.

SECTION XXVII.

The happy end.

When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse to sin!
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.

See smiling patience smooth his brow!
See the kind angels waiting now,
To lift his soul on high!
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display;
For He who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can turn
Their darkness into day.

No sorrows drown his lifted eyes;
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours sweetest comforts from above,
And soothes his heart to rest!

SECTION XXVIII.

A kind and gentle temper of great importance to the happiness of life.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our mis'ry from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save, or serve, but all can please.

Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain:
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heav'n decrees
To all the gift of minist'ring to ease.
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault;
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought:
On these Heaven bade the sweets of life depend;
And crush'd ill fortune when it made a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwin'd:
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooth's not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmix'd with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight:
These, and a thousand griefs, minute as these,
Corrode our comforts, and destroy our peace.

MORE.

SECTION XXIX.

Simplicity.

Hail, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd:
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

No charm in thy modest allurements they find;
The pleasures they follow, a sting leave behind:
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast,
Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest?

O would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us, with delight, at her altar you'd bend;
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embrac'd;
You'd practise from virtue, and love them from taste.

The Linnet enchants us the bushes among;
Though cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with ecstacy hang on the ravishing notes.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings:
Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest;
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.

From our culture yon garden its ornament finds;
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds:
To live to some purpose we constantly try;
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.

Since such are the joys that simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How useless to us, then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health!

MORE.

SECTION XXX.

Care and Generosity.

Old Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherds told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded gran'ries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas her's the largest to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide;
The pilgrim there might safe abide:

For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew:
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed.
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale penury seized the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
All blam'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before.
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair:
When, lo! to comfort her, came Care;
And cried, "My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Though I restrain your bounteous art,
You still shall act the generous part.—
The bridal came, great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd with care and glee;
And she was nam'd Economy.

They styl'd her fair Discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from care. SMART.

SECTION XXXI.

The Slave.

WIDE o'er the tremulous sea,
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood;
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

"Ah, wretch!" in wild anguish, he cried,
"From country and liberty torn!
Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and hope made my bosom their home;
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echoed loud through the air:
There was fury and wrath on his tongue;
He was deaf to the voice of despair.—

Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow;
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But hark! o'er the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear;
And mournful, beneath the wan light,
I see her lov'd image appear.

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her partner she chides,
Who lingers so long from his grave.

'Oh, Maratan! haste thee,' she cries,
'Here the reign of oppression is o'er;
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more.'

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view:
O! stay thee, my Adila, stay!—
She beckons,—and I must pursue.

To-morrow the white man, in vain,
Shall proudly account me his slave:
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave!"*

* It may not be improper to remind the young reader, that the anguish of the unhappy negroes, on being separated for ever from their country and dearest connexions, with the dreadful prospect of perpetual slavery, frequently becomes so exquisite, as to produce derangement of mind, and suicide.

SECTION XXXII.

The Swallows.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,
The swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a grave assembly sate;
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind:
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.

"Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid;
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n!
With us, through summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

But now, through sacred prescience, well they know
The near approach of elemental strife;
The blust'ring tempest, and the chilly snow,
With ev'ry want and scourge of tender life.

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
For this, e'en now, they prune their v[illegible]'rous wing;
For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite;
And prove their strength, in many an airy ring.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,
That warns them hence; they feel it and obey:
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
Nor give us tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence,
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time?

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless day;
That bid our hearts nor death, nor anguish fear:
This, future transport; that, to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and trust the leader's care,
To bring us safe, through virtue's path, to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh;
No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:
Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide."

JAGO.