

THE
National Exhibition.

WITH COPPER-PLATES.

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY

HARVEY AND DARTON,

GRACECHURCH-STREET;

AND W. DARTON, HOLBORN HILL.

Price One Shilling.

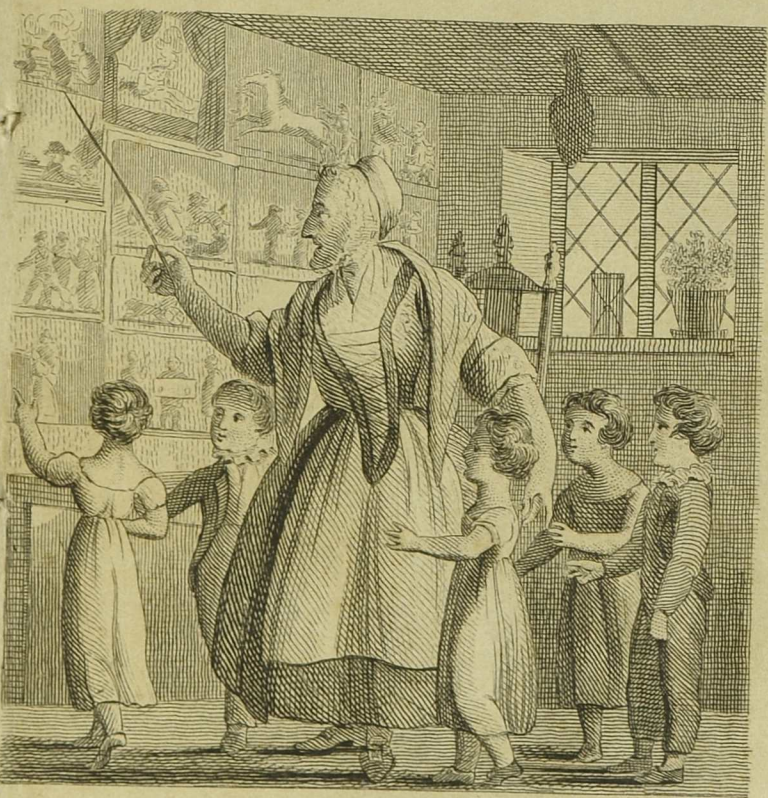
MARJORIE



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Published for HARVEY & DARTON,
Gracechurch Street,
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1824.

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GOING a short time since to visit an aged woman, I was surprised to find one side of her room covered with printed papers and pictures. She told me they were the collection of her children and grand-children; who, instead of tearing them, had suffered them to be pasted against the wall; that they not only answered the purpose of covering the ragged places in the paper-hangings, but afforded an opportunity for the children to read, and frequently employed her in giving them an account of many of the subjects depicted.

She had at that time an audience of several children about her, to whom she was describing the prints in their regular order, in the following words, as nearly as I can recollect.

The first print which comes to our view represents three blind subjects, who, some years ago, were frequently to be seen in London.

The man carried three live pigeons with him, when he walked abroad: they fed out of his hand, and picked up corn or tares from off his shoulders or head. When strangers attempted to touch them, they flew away, but regularly returned to their master's head or shoulder:—they knew his voice, and did not forsake him;—they respected the hand which fed them.

Elizabeth Hawes, the young woman at the right hand of the man, was well known from the days of her childhood in Moorfields, and St. Paul's Churchyard: she employed herself, though

blind, in sewing pieces of printed linen or cotton together, so as to make large counterpanes, &c. To attract the ear as well as the eye of the passenger, she generally chaunted a hymn, the words of which were so often interrupted by her attention to the needle-work, that it was very difficult to catch their meaning: but as she might, with great propriety, have used the following verses, I shall now repeat them.

“ Tho’ darkness still attends me,
It aids internal sight,
And from such scenes defends me,
As blush to see the light.

No weeping objects grieve me,
No glitt’ring fop offends;
No fawning smiles deceive me,
Kind darkness me befriends.

Then cease your useless wailings;
I know no reason why
Mankind to their own failings,
Are all as blind as I.”



The cleanly appearance, the serene and cheerful countenance, of Ann Johnson, a native of London, who lost her sight at the age of fourteen, by a fever, also very often attracted the notice of the considerate passenger. She employed herself in making laces, in which she was greatly assisted by her teeth. It was really admirable to observe how expertly she used the bobbins, and with what ease and cheerfulness she performed the task. Many young ladies used to buy their laces of Ann Johnson; and her industry deserved encouragement. She seemed to be a woman of few words, but when once spoken to upon the difficulty of supporting herself by work, she used words in effect similar to the following beautiful lines:

“ Are not the ravens daily fed by thee?
And wilt thou clothe the lilies, and not me?
Begone, distrust! I shall have clothes and
bread,
While lilies flourish, or the birds are fed.”

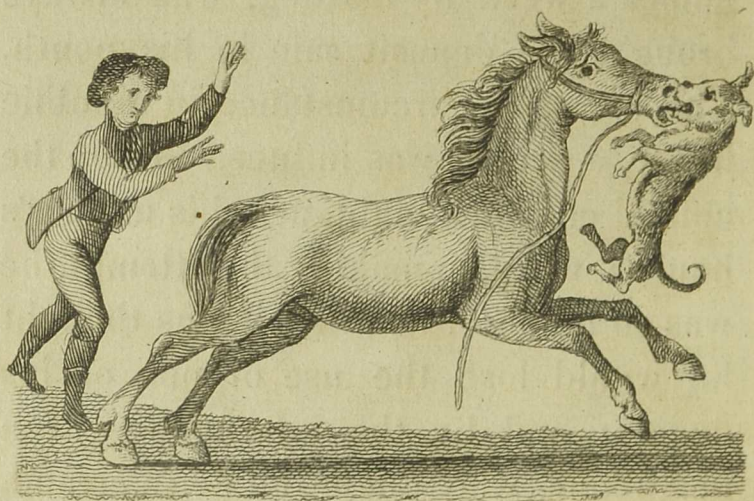


Here, children, attend to this. It is not uncommon to hear of robberies, but I never before heard of an attempt to rob a dog. What I am going to relate appeared in most of the public newspapers in London, at the commencement of the year 1800.

The faithful animal, it seems, was the property of one *Porson*, of Church-street, Bethnal Green; who, working at a factory at Bow, did not return home above once a month; but for a long time was in the practice of sending his mother half-a-

guinea a week by his dog, who always brought the deposit safe in his mouth. Talking of the circumstance in a public house, a person was induced to stop the animal one dark night, near his mother's house: when, in making the attempt, he was so much bitten, that it was thought he would lose the use of one of his fingers: and by the interference of a neighbour, who knew the dog's errand, he was obliged to relinquish his fraudulent design.

What a good servant this dog was! And many of his kind are very useful creatures. Without a dog, what labour the shepherd would endure! Well may it be said, "dogs are faithful creatures;" but they sometimes do wrong from mistake: then their *zeal* becomes dangerous. The bear, which was so fond of his master, that he would have prevented a fly from teasing him as he slept, and in endeavouring to strike it



off, bruised his master's face, acted with a good intent; but the effect of the remedy was worse than the disease, and it was not well received.

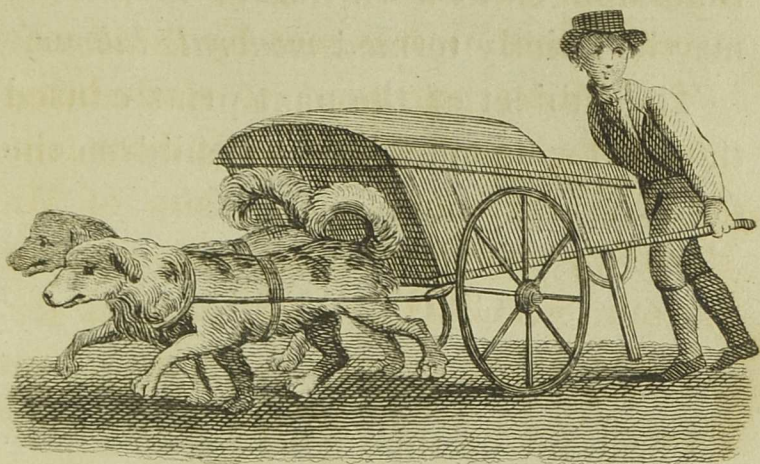
The print we now see will illustrate this subject to my little hearers. For who can doubt the good intentions of the poor dog? He had been taught, whilst young, to seize the fiercest bull, at the halloo of his master; and when he heard an outcry, he ran with the multitude to assist. A *quadruped* was pursued, and the poor fellow flew to stop it, without

ever looking whether it was a bull or a horse! I have got the account in an old newspaper: let us read it.—“A remarkable instance of the ferocious obstinacy of what is termed the truly-bred bull-dog, was witnessed at Carlisle, on Saturday last:—A horse belonging to a poor man, a porter, at Stanwix, contrived to get freed from the halter with which he had been fastened, in Castle-street, and had proceeded several yards on its way home, before the owner was apprized of its escape. Immediately on his discovering it, he gave pursuit, and called to the surrounding people to assist him in the recovery of his beast. A bull-dog also taking the alarm, pursued, and soon coming up, seized the poor animal by the upper lip. The horse, affrighted, ran violently along Castle-street, by the market-place, through Scotch-street, into Rickergate-street, the dog all the time depending from his lip. Here a crowd collecting prevented its further

progress, and turned it again up Scotch-street, where it was met by those who had been its pursuers; to elude being caught by whom, and frantic from pain and fear, it ran into the shop of Mr. Porter, ironmonger, and thence into the parlour, where the family were at tea. After overturning the table, but without doing any other injury, the unwelcome visitors were driven back into the shop, when every exertion was made in vain, by the owner of the horse and several other persons, to extricate the suffering animal from the gripe of its merciless tormentor, till one of the company, with a penknife, put a termination to the existence of the savage brute, after it had kept its hold, in despite of threats and blows, for above half an hour."

Public Ledger, Dec. 25, 1799.

Thus, poor fellow, he lost his life! Better had it been for him to have been muzzled, or even harnessed in a baker's



cart, as is represented in the print before us.

These two dogs belong to a baker, and, by the help of a boy, draw a very great weight of bread and flour from village to village.

They appear to work willingly, seem to be in good health, and wag their tails with cheerful-looking faces.—Moderate labour conduces to health and cheerfulness, both in man and beast; but I am afraid that these poor animals are some-

times obliged to work harder than what may be strictly termed *moderate labour*.

The subject of the next print caused the good woman to give the children the following very necessary

CAUTIONS.

“ Take care of your fire and candle.”

For want of this many persons have lost their lives, and many more their property.

“ Use a lantern in a shop, warehouse, or stable; and put out a candle with an extinguisher.”

If this good advice had always been attended to, I should not have had to relate the following melancholy circumstance.

In the year 1791, while the family of a respectable linen draper, near Aldgate, in the city of London, were at supper with a few friends, the servant boy was sent out of an errand, and he left a candle burning on the counter. It is sup-



posed that the wind, on his shutting the street door, had blown a piece of drapery, which hung up in the shop, towards the candle, and that it caught fire: this communicated to other pieces of drapery, and on the lad's returning, the whole shop appeared in flames! The servants, who were in the kitchen below stairs, found great difficulty in forcing their way through the flames in the shop to the street door.

The family in the dining-room above, could not get down stairs: and they, with

their visitors, made their escape out of the window, several of whom were much hurt.

The master of the house attempted to fetch his little children down stairs, but was prevented by the rapidity of the flames, and the quantity of smoke which filled the house; he was therefore obliged to make his escape out of a back window into a court, and in the fall, one of his legs was broken.

The poor infants lost their lives in the flames, notwithstanding many efforts were used by the neighbours and passengers to save them, by means of long ladders, raised against the house for the purpose.

The fright and affliction occasioned the mother of the suffering infants a severe fit of illness, but her life was preserved.

Thus we may observe that, from the want of attending to the foregoing precaution, two innocent children were deprived of life, and a whole family involved in the deepest distress.



“ Never sit up in bed to read by candle-light.”

How many have had to repent of this practice, it is not in my power to tell; but this picture shows the dangerous situation of a young man, who sat up very late one night to read in his bed.

At one time being overcome with sleep, he nodded: and shortly after was surprised at seeing an uncommon light in the room. He looked about him to see where it could come from, and was alarmed to find that the light moved.

until at length he found his hair beginning to burn, and then he discovered that his cotton *night-cap* was all in flames. It was with some difficulty he extinguished it without setting fire to the bed-furniture.

The old lady next produced a letter from a little boy, descriptive of the following plate.

DEAR PARENTS,

I ARRIVED safe at my uncle's yesterday morning, and found the family well. I wish I could say so now: cousin John is very ill; he has had a narrow escape for his life, on which account my uncle and aunt are much indisposed.

Yesterday after dinner we walked to a farm-house, near the side of the river Thames, intending to regale ourselves with some warm milk. We were scarcely got to the farm-house, when John



proposed to us to go into a little boat, which was floating by the river bank. Eliza and George refused, saying that their parents had forbidden them. "Pshaw! they'll know nothing of it," said John. "But brother," said George, "we never ought to do any thing our parents should not know." "Very well," said John, "then I may go and take a run into the meadow, for it is no pleasure to me to be here." Away he ran, and, as we thought, with no other design than to run into the mead; but

instead of going there, he no sooner saw us enter the farm-house, than he went into the boat. About a quarter of an hour after this we heard one cry out for help: we ran after the farmer and his son to the place; but what was our surprise, when we saw the boat overturned, and John underneath the water, alternately rising and calling for help, then sinking again. The farmer's son first jumped into the water, and was just in time to take hold of John's coat as he was sinking, but he had not sufficient strength to bring him out of the water; the farmer then plunged in and brought them both out; but John was without sense or motion. Eliza cried most piteously. As for me, I was so alarmed, that I could not speak. George, assisted by the farmer's son, carried John into the house.

The neighbours came to give assistance, and two of them used the means recommended by the **HUMANE SOCIETY**

of London, for recovering those apparently dead; having been furnished with printed instructions for that purpose from the society. George endeavoured to compose his sister; and when she had a little recovered from the fright, "I will go back to my parents," said he, "to prevent their being abruptly told of this accident."

I admired these precautions; but I am at a loss to describe the agitation of his parents, when they heard his recital. My aunt fainted; my uncle, after giving her the necessary assistance, came running to his son: in spite of all his firmness, he could not refrain from shedding tears. How well does a kind father love his children! He forgets their faults in a time of danger. After much pains John was brought to himself; he has been punished for his disobedience, for he was at the point of losing his life: and he has been pained at being the cause of endangering the health of his



parents. Children should be obedient. Adieu, my dear parents, give my love to all my acquaintance, and believe me, with great affection, &c.”

The next object which attracted the attention of the little group was a picture of a large mastiff dog, which was kept by a timber-merchant to guard the yard, and was in general chained by day, and loose at night. A boy in the neighbourhood took an ill-natured pleasure in throwing stones at, and by other

means vexing this dog, which, as might be expected, took a dislike to him, and showed it by many an angry growl. It happened one day, that the dog was loose and ranging about the yard, when he saw the boy enter: immediately he attacked him with great fury. The boy now felt the consequence of his ill-usage to the dog, and repented that he had given way to so unkind a disposition; but his efforts and repentance seemed to him to be too late; for the enraged animal seized him by the throat, and in all probability would quickly have put an end to his life, had not a young woman entered the yard. This lass had been kind to the dog, and was of course beloved by him. She ran to help the boy; but finding her strength not sufficient to draw off the dog by his collar, she thrust her hand into his mouth! The dog, all furious as he was, when he felt the hand of his friend, let go his hold; and, by continued exertions, she kept him quiet till the boy escaped.



“This print,” said our intelligent guide, “represents the situation of a man in the water, near Bristol.”

“As the ferry-boat was passing over the river to Bristol Hot Wells, one of the passengers, an aged man, by some accident, fell into the water, nearly in the middle of the stream; but having a basket of live poultry on his arm, he was thereby buoyed up till taken into a fishing smack, after having been carried by the current above a hundred yards from the ferry-boat.”

We now came to the printed papers, which were mentioned in the beginning of this book, a few of which I have copied for the entertainment of my young readers.

The first paper is by an author said to be unknown; the sentiments are not the worse on that account.

By an unknown Hand.

GREAT GOD, from thy all-seeing eye,
Weak man, in vain, attempts to fly;
Through space immeasured, unconfin'd,
Thou hold'st thy audit, *mighty mind!*
Nor thought, nor word, nor act can be
Kept secret, and conceal'd from thee:
All-active, thou inspir'st the whole,
With vivid, universal soul.

If 'mongst yon glowing orbs I rise,
And rush into the trackless skies,
Thy vivifying presence reigns,
Upon those bright ethereal plains:

Stars learn to shine by thy command,
And planets own thy guiding hand;
Propell'd by thy unerring force,
Each moves according to his course.

If, drawn by gravitation's law,
I to the constant centre go,
Or to the chambers of the tomb,
Shut up in *earth's* dark, silent womb,
In hope t' elude thy piercing eye,
And wrapt in shade, unnoticed lie;—
In vain;—though nought to me appear,
'Tis light to *thee*, for *thou* art there.

If, on the pinions of a dove,
Swift through the yielding air I move,
To where the sun first cheers our sight,
Or where he dips his orb in night,
Or seek the regions of the pole,
Where ice-bound seas forget to roll;
Yet, still a shade I seek to gain,
Impervious to thee,—in vain.

Then teach my soul, that spark divine,
Absurd evasions to decline;
A portion of thy grace impart,
To mould anew this rebel heart;

Give me that willing faith to prove,
That fear dispels, and "works by love;"
Then within earth, or stars among,
Redeeming love shall be my song.

The Husbandman.

YE pamper'd great, who proudly ride
In gilded coaches, as ye glide
 Along the crowded street;
Scorn not the man who tills the fields,
Who reaps the fruits which autumn yields,
 That rich and poor may eat.

Tho' Fortune adverse, for his home
Has rais'd in state no splendid dome,
 Nor spread upon his board
Delicious dainties—and his name,
Unblazon'd in the rolls of fame,
 Is lost among the crowd;

Yet calm content, around his head
Will still her genial influence shed:
 He envies not your lot;
When day declining, night returns,
And on his hearth one faggot burns,
 He hastens to his cot.

His infants sportive round the fire,
In lisping accents greet their sire,
 (While each alike's his care,)
With wanton gamb'lings strive to please,
And eager climb his honour'd knees,
 The envy'd kiss to share.

The greeting o'er—to rest he goes;
Ambition breaks not his repose,
 Nor robs his soul of rest;
For envy, hate, corroding care,
The dire effects of fell despair,
 Are strangers to his breast.

Can all your wealth—can all your pow'r—
(Those glitt'ring playthings of an hour,)
 Bring happiness like this?
Can pompous titles and estates,
The fleeting gifts of blinded fates,
 Be reckon'd equal bliss?

No!—hence, ye vain, delusive toys,
Ye poor, fantastic, short-liv'd joys!
 Give me a conscience pure;
Give me a mind content, serene;
No cloud of guilt to intervene,
 My joys will still endure.

*On seeing the following Words on a
Sun-dial;*

“ BE GONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.”

IF attentive ear we lend,
And to Time's still voice attend,
We shall truth important learn,
And the work of Time discern.

“ *Be about your business gone,*”
Shun to imitate the drone;
Such as time will idly waste,
Never can its blessings taste.

Do whate'er thy hand shall find,
With all thy might, with all thy mind;
Now in works of love abound:
None can in the grave be found.

When from Duty's call I shrink,
Silent monitor, I'll think
On thy counsel, truly wise,
And at Duty's call arise.

EVENING.

THE morn is past, the noon-tide o'er,
And the declining sun,
Obedient to *creative* pow'r,
His steady course has run.

Perhaps no more on earth to rise,
At least to shine *on me*;
The close of night may close these eyes
To all eternity.

Come blessed *Spirit*, thou *Great One*!
My languid soul inspire:
Help me to do what must be done,
Ere I to rest retire.

Reflect, my soul, the days and years,
The hours of dark account;
Trifling pursuits, and fruitless cares,
To what do they amount?

Ere thou presume to lay thy head,
On thy soft pillow down,
Call the *Almighty* to thine aid,
And thy transgressions own.

Art thou in peace, in perfect peace?

No guilt of heart or tongue?

Are there no passions to repress?

Nothing to wish undone?

What though to-morrow's dawn behold

This corruptible frame,

Like a pale object, stiff and cold,

And nothing but a name!

My soul enlarged may tow'ring fly,

Borne on soft Mercy's wing,

Through all the wonders of the sky,

T'ward heav'n's *Almighty King*.

Th' *angelic* hosts for ever pure,

My late return shall bless;

Nor sin, nor sorrow, ever more

Conspire against my peace.

Then oh, ye loved, whom well I knew,

On earth, my joy! my care!

We shall again our loves renew,

As lasting as sincere.

The Beau and the Bedlamite.

A PATIENT in Bedlam, that did pretty well,
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell:
One day, when they gave him that freedom, he
spied,

A beauish young spark with a sword by his side;
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard of steel,
That swung a due length, from his hip to his heel.
When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
The bedlamite ran and survey'd him all round;
While a keeper suppress'd the young captain's
alarm,

With, 'You need not to fear, Sir, he'll do you
no harm.'

At last he broke out, 'Ay, a very fine show!
May I ask him one question?'—'What's that?'
said the beau.

'Pray, what is that long, dangling, cumbersome
thing,

That you seem to be tied to with ribbon and
string?'

'Why, that is my sword.'—'And what's it to do?'
Kill my enemies, surely, by running them thro'.'

'Kill your enemies! sure that's a thought I'd not
own;

'They'll die of themselves if you'll let them alone.'

On the Death of a favourite Cat.

GENIUS of Gray,* direct my pen,
That, to the utmost of my ken,
I may the praise resound
Of *Tom*, who late a victim fell,
To dire disease, and sad to tell,
Lies buried underground.

Tom was of all the tabby kind,
The most demure, the most inclined
To fondle and embrace:
He, on one's knee, would sit and play,
And purr applause a live-long day,
No sorrow in his face.

An enemy to none but mice,
He would not let them have a slice
Of *bacon* or of *bread*;
He watched them close by night and day,
Drove each nocturnal thief away,
And made him hide his head.

When little Johnny stroked his back,
He had a most engaging knack
Of whirling round his tail;

* A poet famous for writing elegies.

The children loved him far and near,
And when he died each dropp'd a tear:
 Good nature will prevail.

And be it mention'd to his praise,
Ere I conclude these mournful lays,
 His honesty was such,
Tho' beef and pudding in galore,
Were left on table, him before,
 He never would them touch.

If qualities like these could save
A *cat* from an untimely grave,
 Tom had not died so soon;
But *virtue* in a *man* or *beast*,
Will not, alas! avail the least,
 T' obtain so *large* a boon.

Let not the cynic knit his brow,
Because my muse descends so low,
 To praise a simple *cat*;
But let him learn to imitate
Whate'er in *Tom* was good or great,
 And be content with that.

The Good Samaritan.

A doctor of the Mosaic law asked Jesus, by way of ensnaring him, "which was the great commandment of the law?" To which he answered, "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself." The doctor then asked, "Who is our neighbour?" Jesus replied: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, wounded him, and left him half dead. A priest happened to see him in this distress, but passed by, without endeavouring to give, or to procure him any relief. A Levite did the same, and left us an example, that great virtues are not inherent in those of high station; and that one may have both learning and dignities, and want that charity, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a Christian.

"At last there came a Samaritan, who

was a Pagan and an idolater; but seeing that same poor Jew, was moved with compassion, went up to him, bound up his wounds, poured oil and wine into them, set him upon his beast, carried him to an inn, took care of him, gave him money, and gave him in charge to the innkeeper, with a promise to pay him all his expenses, should he spend more before he came back. Now, says Jesus to the doctor, I will ask you, 'which of these three men was the neighbour of this poor man that fell among thieves?' The doctor answered, 'He who had compassion on him,' 'Therefore,' said Christ, 'go thou and do the same.' And in this we are commanded, to be always ready to succour those whom we see in misery, and to spare neither trouble nor expense, within our abilities, when any object of charity presents itself for our relief: for every man is neighbour to his fellow-creature, and we are commanded "to love our neighbour as ourselves."



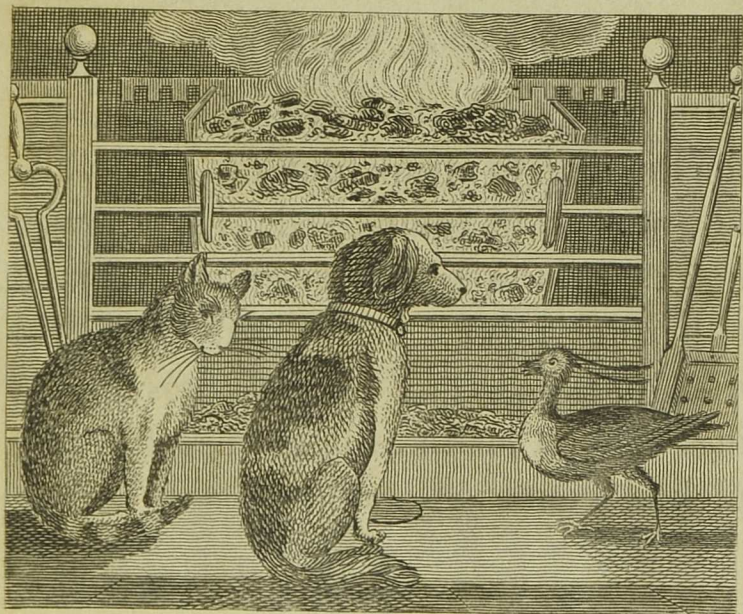
The next was a picture representing the very remarkable preservation of a vessel on the coast of Newfoundland.

The ship was freighted with live cattle, but in a dreadful storm was dismasted, and became a mere wreck: the crew being unable to manage her, the commander, whose name was Drummond, had the presence of mind to fasten a rope round the horns of some bullocks, and turn them into the sea; and these, making for land, towed the ship to the shore, and saved the lives of the crew.

“ This,” said she, “ is an unusual assembly; the drawing of which was taken from an anecdote in Bewick’s History of Birds.

“ A gentleman had two peewits given to him, which he put into a garden, where one of them soon died; the other continued to pick up such food as the place afforded, till winter deprived it of its usual supply; necessity soon compelled it to draw near the house, by which it gradually became familiarized.

“ At length, one of the servants, when she had occasion to go into the back kitchen with a light, observed that the lapwing always uttered the cry *pee-wit*, to gain admittance. He soon grew more familiar; and as the winter advanced, he drew towards the kitchen, but with much caution, as that part of the house was generally occupied by a dog and a cat, whose friendship the lapwing at length conciliated so entirely, that it was his regular custom to resort to the fire-



side, as soon as it grew dark, sitting close by them, and partaking of the comforts of a warm fire-side. When spring appeared, he left off coming to the house, and betook himself to the garden; but on the approach of winter, he had recourse to his old shelter and his old friends, who received him very cordially. Security was productive of insolence; what was obtained by caution, was afterwards taken without reserve: he frequently amused himself

with washing in the bowl which was set for the dog to drink out of, and while he was thus employed, he showed marks of the greatest indignation, if either dog or cat interrupted him. He died in the asylum he had chosen, being choked with something he had picked from the floor."

The drawing for the next print was made from the history of Sandford and Merton.

"Merton had heard an account in what manner the dogs of Kamtschatka drew their sledges, and he determined to make an experiment of that nature. Being one day perfectly disengaged from business, he furnished himself with some rope and a kitchen-chair, which he intended to make use of instead of a sledge. He then coaxed Cæsar, his father's large dog, into a yard behind the house, placed the chair flat on the

ground, and fastened the dog to it, with great care and no small share of ingenuity. Cæsar, however, did not understand being harnessed, and was ignorant of the part he was to act. At last Merton mounted his seat triumphantly, and began his career.

“ A number of the neighbouring little boys gathered round the young gentleman, which made him the more anxious to distinguish himself. He began by making use of those expressions to his dog which he had heard coachmen apply to their horses, and smacked his whip with great consequence. Cæsar, who had not been used to this kind of language, grew rather impatient, and showed his dislike to his present situation, by endeavouring to get rid of his harness. This drew on Merton the laugh of the spectators, which made him more eager to perform his exploit. After trying many experiments with his steed, and being a little angry with him, he ap-



plied a pretty severe lash to his hinder parts. Cæsar was very angry at this, and instantly set off at full speed, dragging the chair, with the driver upon it, at a great rate.

“ Merton now looked about him with a triumphant air, and maintained his seat with great firmness and address. Unfortunately, however, at no great distance was a large horse-pond, which gradually shelved to the depth of three or four feet.

“ The affrighted Cæsar, by a kind of

natural instinct, ran thither in hopes of getting rid of his tormentor; while Merton, who began not much to like his situation, strove in vain to stay his steed. Cæsar, without paying any regard to his driver, rushed into the pond, and drew the carriage and driver into the middle of it. The boys who were spectators, now received fresh cause of diversion; they laughed and shouted aloud. This unmannerly behaviour vexed Merton much. But his misfortunes were not ended. Cæsar, in making a sudden turn, upset the car, and threw the little rider into the water. As there was much mud in the pond, he got up with some difficulty; but such was his appearance, that the whole troop of spectators broke forth into peals of laughter: this irritated him to a violent degree, so that he fell upon the boys with great fury, and put them all to flight. This noise brought his preceptor to the door, who could hardly help laughing at the sorrowful, muddy figure of his pupil.



“ After relating what had passed, his preceptor advised him to undress and go to bed: he carried him a little warm wine to drink, and thus this affair ended, without any further bad consequences.”

We now came to a print of a different description from any we had before seen, representing the eruption of a volcano, or burning mountain.—This is the story of it.

Pliny the younger and his family

were at a town near *Mount Vesuvius*, in Italy, which at different periods bursts out into flames, and discharges great quantities of burning cinders to a considerable distance. One of these terrible eruptions happening, the inhabitants of the town where Pliny was then situated, sought their safety in flight. The aged mother of Pliny was with him, and more anxious for her safety than for his own, he resolved not to leave her, though she entreated him to flee from those dangers which she imagined it impossible for herself to escape, because of her great age and infirmity; and a little delay might expose him also to destruction. Her entreaties were in vain; for her son preferred the chance of dying with his mother, to forsaking her when in distress. At length she yielded to the tenderness of her son, though she was fearful of retarding his flight. The cinders from the burning mountain fell upon them, and the vapours and smoke



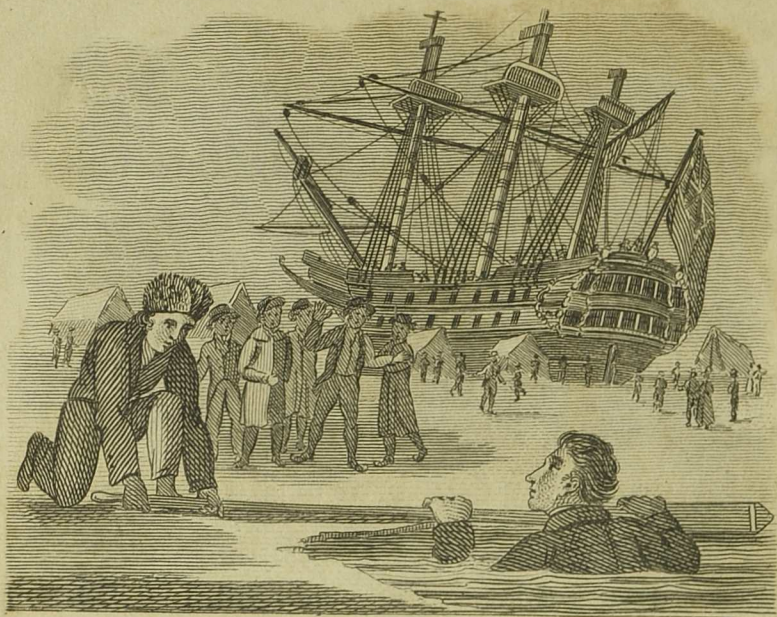
which obscured the air, changed the day into the darkness of night in which the light of flames only served to direct their steps.

The cries of the distressed, which they heard around them, made the darkness more terrible. But Pliny's care for his mother's life supported his resolution, and made him capable of great efforts: he carried her in his arms, sustaining and comforting her; till, by favour of Providence, they arrived at a place safe from the dangers of the falling cinders.

Thus were the affectionate mother and dutiful son preserved to each other.

The print which next claimed our attention, showed the great presence of mind of a lad, who, though he had the misfortune to be dumb, was of a humane disposition, and was willing to employ the faculties which he did possess, to the advantage of his fellow-creatures.

In the winter of the year 1739, when an intense frost had covered the river Liffey, in Ireland, with such thick ice, that tents were erected upon it, in which trade was carried on, and fires kindled for dressing victuals, many, attracted by the novelty of the sight, crowded upon the river, especially to see a ship of war which was frozen in. One of those spectators happening to tread upon a part where the ice had been broken, and which was slightly frozen over again, suddenly went down; as he sunk he caught hold of the edge of the



ice with the fingers of both hands! Hanging in that precarious situation, shrieks and cries echoed from all sides, but no one of the crowd ventured to go to the man's relief, fearing that the ice would give way near the edge of the hole.

A *dumb boy*, on board the ship, saw his distress, and snatching up an oar, advanced towards the spot, and slid it across the hole. Both ends resting a considerable way upon the ice, it had a firm hold, and proved the safety of venturing to the assistance of the sufferer,



who, grasping the oar, was soon helped out of his extremity.

As my elderly friend was of a tender-hearted disposition, it was no wonder that she disapproved of the cruel practice of robbing birds of their young; and that she might have an opportunity of expressing her disapprobation, she related to us the story that follows.

A little boy, who had discovered a bird's nest in a thicket, felt a mistaken joy at finding such a prize, and hurried

away with it; as he walked towards home he met his sister, who, upon seeing the nest, remarked to him how curiously it was formed: moss, hair and wool were combined together, and these were lined with feathers, by the industrious and tender parents, (to provide for the warmth and safety of their young,) surpassing the art of any little boy to frame a similar nest. There had the anxious mother sat for many an hour, brooding over her eggs, before the warmth called the little creatures into life. Now, the reward of her care was snatched from her; and who can describe her distress when she returned to feed her helpless charge, and spread her sheltering wings over them! How would she complain, in a plaintive song, of the injustice of mankind, who should protect and not destroy inferior animals.

Whilst the boy beheld the nest and nestlings, and heard these reflections, his heart was touched;—he yielded to



the sweet impulse of humanity.—He turned about:—his steps were pleasant, for he was going to amend his faults:—he replaced the nest, in the best manner he could, where he had found it, and tasted more satisfaction from this act, than any amusement sullied with oppression or injustice could bestow.

We are indebted, said our conductor, to a very ingenious artist for our next picture, and if my showing it should be

the means of deterring any one of you from getting into so dangerous a situation, it will give me the greatest pleasure.

It appears that, either from necessity or idleness, the carman had stopped to drink, when five children got up into the cart. By some means the horse took fright and ran away! One little boy fell out, (whether he lived or not we were never told,) and the other four screamed most frightfully; which, with the barking of the dogs, made the horse go the faster. In vain the man called whoa, whoa, whilst the affrighted woman ran to save the children in danger.

Upon viewing the next picture, we were afraid that we should hear an account of some naughty boy who had been so wicked as to hang poor puss, out of mere wantonness; but, to the satisfaction of the whole company, my



friend soon informed us that the story was of a far more pleasant nature.

This cat, which belonged to a farmer in the country, was very fond of catching birds, for which purpose she often roved abroad in the fields. In one of her evening journeys she met with part of a roasted goose, in a trap which had been set to catch a fox. No sooner had she begun to eat, than off went the spring, down ran the weight, and up went puss. But some little children who happened to be playing near, arriv-

ing at the spot soon after, were so fortunate as to be in time to save pussy's life.

The next was a picture of Daniel in the lion's den, with its history.

“The great services that Daniel had done to king Nebuchadnezzar, recommended him to Darius, who honoured him with the inspection of the conduct of all the governors of his provinces. This mark of royal favour subjected him to envy, and raised him up very powerful enemies, who were determined to undermine him, and to glut their malice with his death. With this view they persuaded the king to issue a decree, forbidding any person to pray to any one excepting himself for the space of thirty days. The king listened to their persuasions, and the decree was made public. The authors of this unjust law watched Daniel, and having found him frequently praying to God, informed the king of it. Darius now perceived his weakness, and



strove all he could to prevent Daniel from falling a sacrifice to the malice of his enemies. But he strove in vain, and his reluctance to put his law into execution, was represented as a violation of the constitution of his kingdom. Obligated to condemn Daniel to the lion's den, the punishment for violating his decree, he committed him to the protection of God in whom he trusted, and the mouth of the den was closed upon him, and sealed with his own seal. The king passed a very uneasy night, and as soon as he

arose the next morning, went to the den and called Daniel twice. Nothing can express the joy which the king showed on hearing Daniel answer him. He was immediately drawn up, and relating the manner in which he had been preserved from those raging animals, convinced the king of the mercy and power of the Almighty. The king, being enraged against the enemies of Daniel, as a recompense for their wickedness, they were cast into the same den into which Daniel had been cast by their instigation, and as soon as they came within reach of the lions, were seized by them, and torn into pieces."

The representation of a remarkable instance of *Conjugal Affection*, which may be seen over-leaf, next succeeded.

At Haerlem, in Holland, the inhabitants show to strangers visiting that city, the ruins of an old castle, which underwent

a long siege, at which the assailants were greatly enraged, promising to spare only the women in the place. The wife of the governor requesting permission to bring out as much as she could carry on her back, without being molested, was answered in the affirmative; when, to the surprise of the besiegers, she brought out her husband, and by this stratagem saved his life.

This behaviour was very commendable, and deserving of imitation. History affords us many examples of similar acts of kindness in wives for their husbands; but though many of the fair sex have often deserved commendation, we have heard of others who have misplaced their affections on animals, giving up their time and property for their support. There have been persons who have carried their love of dogs and cats to such an extreme, as to have fowls or rabbits cooked on purpose for them to feed on; whilst the poor wife and chil-



dren of an absent soldier or sailor have been sent from their door without being relieved. On the contrary, there is no vice that tends more to deprave the human heart than that of *cruelty* to animals.

I will relate to you, as a description of our last picture, a circumstance which occurred at Abo, in Finland; and I am sure you cannot but admire the conduct of the magistrate. A dog, which had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner of that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age,

first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water on the miserable animal. This act of cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who all agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment:—he was imprisoned till the following market-day; then, in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence: “Inhuman young man! because you did not help an animal which implored your assistance by its cries, and which derived being from the same God who gave you life; because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes.” He then hung a black board round his neck, with this inscription: *A savage and inhuman young man!* and after giv-

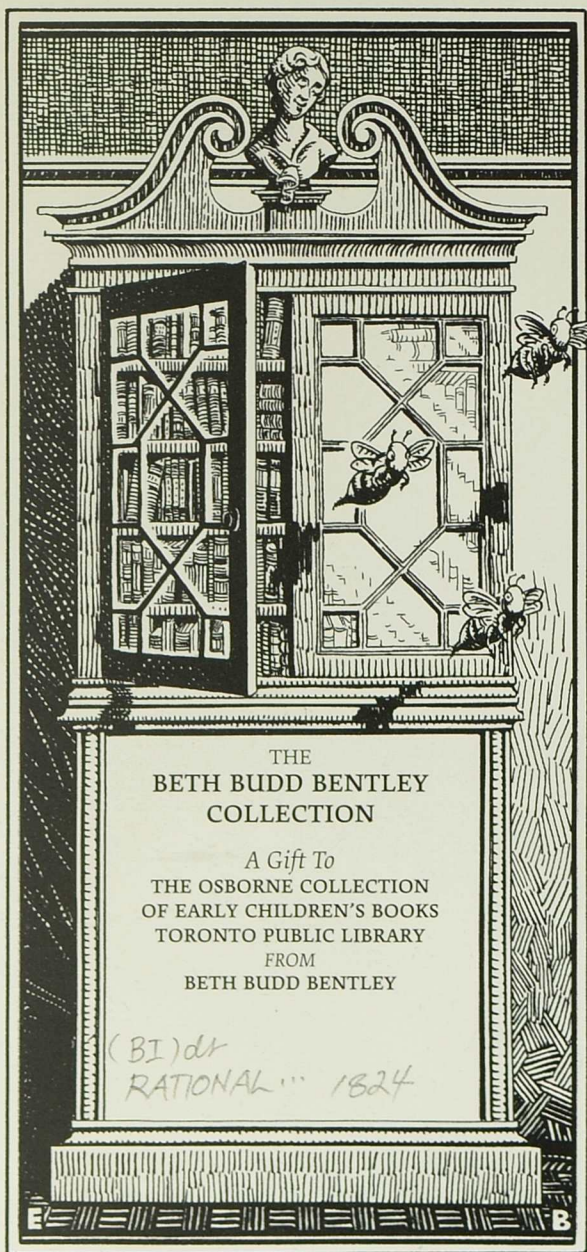


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ing him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded, "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death! As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence. This story was translated, from a work written in the Portuguese language, by the worthy Count Leopold Berchtold.

THE END.

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