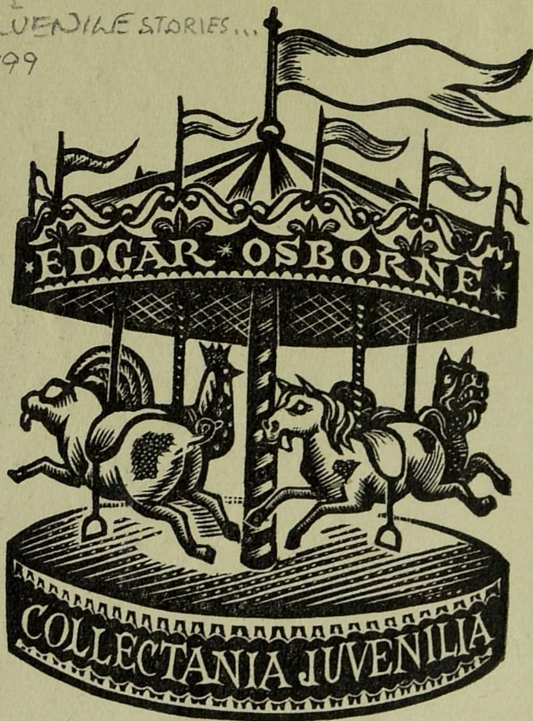
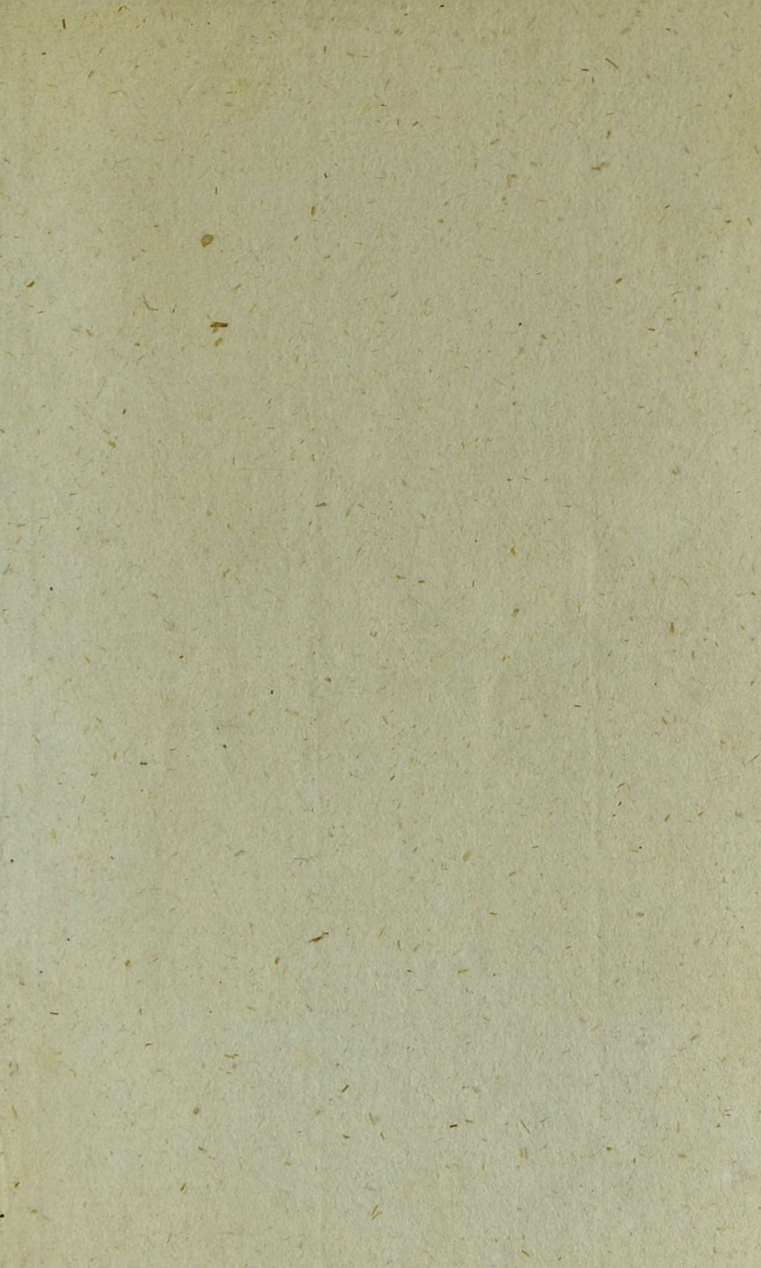
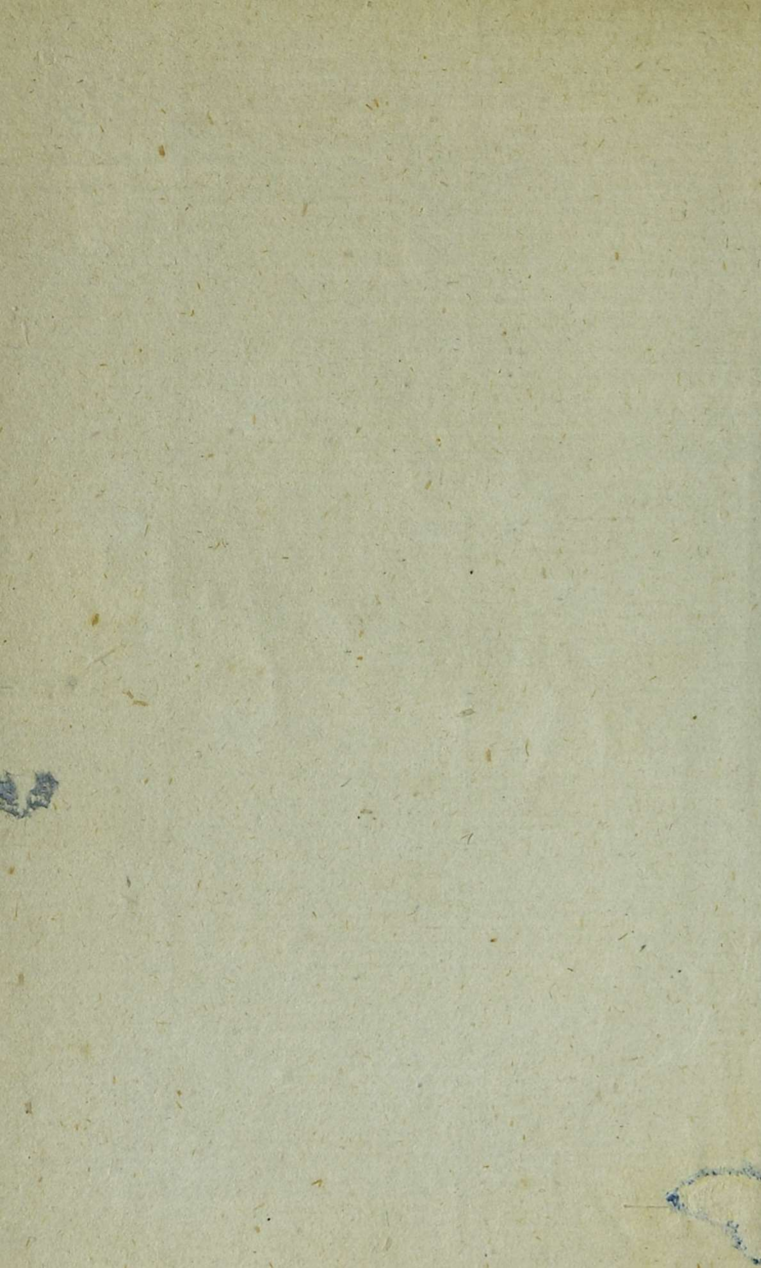
18/6

BI
JUVENILE STORIES...
1799



37131 009 549 254
I.126





Beayne
July 15 / 861

Thurston del.   P. Thomson Sculp.

The Chimney Sweep.

Published for Vernor & Hood, May 1st 1799.

JUVENILE
Stories and Dialogues,

COMPOSED CHIEFLY IN

Words of Two Syllables,

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND

YOUNG READERS.

LONDON:

Printed for VERNOR and HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1799.

CONTENTS.

Page

I. *Ice, Snow, Hail, Hoar-frost* 1

II. *A Walk in the Fields, Corn, Bread, &c.* - - - 6

III. *The Tea-Table* - - 12

IV. *Cloathing, Sheep, Silk-Worm, Flax, Cotton* 21

V. *The Chimney-Sweep* - 33

VI. *The Small-Pox* - - 42

VII. *The Young Travellers* 54

VIII. *Wings and Hands* - 78

IX. *The Needle* - - - 88

X. *The Happy Cobler* - 103

XI. *The Contrast* - - 116

XII. *The Honey-Bee* - - 126

XIII. *Lord Nelson* - - 141

JUVENILE
Stories and Dialogues.

I.

ICE.

Charles, running with a piece of ice,

MAMMA, I have found glafs in the yard. Look here!

Mamma. No, Charles; that is ice.

Ice, Mamma! what is that?

Water in a hard ftate, owing to cold. You know what cold is?

Yes. But foft water to become hard like glafs, how is that?

When the air is cold to a certain degree, 'tis called froſt; and water takes that form, and ſwells, and burſts veſſels. See, here is a bottle burſt that held water.

How does water ſwell with cold, Mamma?

Water in the act of freezing *takes in air*, which makes ice lighter than water, and will ſwim on its ſurface, as you may ſee; and makes the water ſo ſolid, that you may in a day or two walk over the pond in ſafety, if you don't fall down; for ice is very ſlippery, and therefore affords pleaſure in ſliding and ſkaiting.

ſkaiting. John ſhall teach you how to ſkait; elſe you may hurt yourſelf by falling, or venture upon the ice before it be ſtrong enough, which, if it were not, would break, and you would fall through into the water, and might be drowned.

SNOW.

Here is ſomething very white, but very cold, Mamma; and it lies over all the yard.

That is called ſnow, Charles; and is ice under another form, being very ſmall drops of rain or water frozen as they fall from the clouds. Its whiteneſs is owing to the ſmall parts of which ſnow is formed, and which does not tranſmit the rays of light. Ice, if broken into ſmall parts, would be white.

Snow is very uſeful. Like the cover upon your bed, ſnow covers the

the ground, and prevents the very great cold of froſt from killing graſs, wheat, ſhrubs, and other uſeful things. You may ſoon ſee, Charles, froſt under a form called hail, or round things like peas. Hail-ſtones are drops of rain, quickly formed into a hard maſs. But look upon thoſe buſhes, Charles, and there you will ſee ice under another form, which is called hoar-froſt, and which is dew or miſt frozen; and in that ſtate you obſerve the twigs glitter like drops of pearl, or plumes of ſilver, more rich in ſhape and fancy than could be wrought by the moſt ſkilful artiſt.

II.

A WALK IN THE FIELDS,

CORN, BREAD, &c.

WHAT is this, Charles?—Grafs.—True, it is a kind of grafs, but more often known by the name of corn; and corn, you have been told, makes bread.

Yes, I have; but can this green grafs (I am going to call it grafs again) ever become white bread?

Yes, thefe green blades, very like grafs as they now appear, by a pro-
cefs

ceſs of nature, and the hand of art, are changed into that uſeful and conſtant food which we call bread.

This muſt be very ſtrange work: how is it done?

That would be a long ſtory; and it may be above your thoughts; but I will give you a brief account. From theſe green blades ſhoot out ſtems which bear ſeeds like this head of graſs: this ſeed is the corn, which, when ripe, is cut down, by men and women, with tools called ſickles, and bound up into bundles called ſheaves, which, after being dried by the ſun and the

the air, is carted, and laid up in barns; after which, the corn is beat out from the ſtraw by very hard work; and then the corn is again cleared from the chaff which ſurrounds it, by paſſing it through ſieves before the wind, when the chaff being lighter than the corn, "flies before the wind," leaving the corn upon the ſpot. And in this ſtate it was eaten in times of old; but when they wiſhed to ſhew reſpect to a friend who called upon them, they took pains then to parch it, as we read in the Bible, and in this ſtate it was a great feaſt. After a while, they went further, and bruiſed the corn in a

hollow

hollow ſtone; but this was very hard work, and it took up a great deal of time to bruiſe a very little corn; but with this they made a feaſt, which was only a cake made up of this ill-ground flour, mixed up with water, without yeaſt to make it light, as ours is at this time. In this ſtate it was thrown upon the embers of the fire, and there baked, as well as ſuch poor helps would ſupply.

In time mills were found out, which would bruiſe the corn to fine flour, as you have ſeen: but theſe coſt a deal of money; therefore the Lord of the Manor built

them for his tenants, and caufed them to bring their corn to his mill, for which he took a toll, or a certain part of the grain. Thefe reftraints to grind at the fame mill, in thefe days, are called great hardfhips; though, when they were built, they gave much eafement to all ranks. For the flour thus ground makes better bread; and thofe who follow this calling know how to make up the flour into puddings, tarts, cakes, and many other things good and pleafant to our palates; and which men in times of old never tafted, or could have thought of.

We

We live in happy days, Charles; and have ſo many comforts of life, that we know not their proper value.

THE

III.

THE TEA TABLE.

OH, dear! I am ſo glad to have tea! Why have we not always tea?

Becauſe it is not ſo good for little boys and girls as milk.

I am ſure I like it better.

That may be. You like cake ſo well, and eat ſo much, that it made you ſick.

But tea is ſo much better than milk.

But then it is much dearer.

And why ſhould tea be dearer than milk?

Becauſe it comes from places which are a great way off.

Why, don't you get it at the grocer's?

Yes; but it does not grow there. The tea our grocer ſells, and we buy, has paſſed through many hands, and over many hundred miles.

Why, what is tea?

 A leaf,

A leaf, which grows upon a ſhrub, from which it is picked, then dried, then packed up in boxes, and ſent to us over great ſeas in large ſhips.

Why not grow it in our garden?

We have many herbs which, either green or dried, make good tea. But the plant on which this leaf grows requires countries warmer than this, unleſs reared within buildings covered with glaſs, and warmed by fire.

Where does tea come from then?

China.

China. I will ſhew you the place in the map, and on the globes: although you have not learned the uſe of either, yet you may ſee ſomething about diſtance. See, here is England, there is a great broad ſea, and here lies China, from which we fetch this tea. Do you perceive how many countries (on land) lie betwixt England and China? Well, this is not all: we put ſugar into the cup, to make the tea ſweet and pleaſant; ſugar is bought at the grocer's as well as the tea. But ſugar too is fetched in ſhips a great way, though quite another road: from the weſt, as tea is from the eaſt.

Look again at this map. Here is England; there, on the right-hand, or eaſt, lies China; whilſt here, on the left-hand, you ſee a cluſter of iſlands, called the Weſt Indies, from which comes the ſugar now in this baſon.

Well, I could not have thought all this. But what is ſugar?

Sugar grows within a plant called the cane. We have nothing very like it here. Sugar is the juice of the cane, which, at a proper ſeaſon, is cut down, and cruſhed in a mill with rollers, and from this iſſues a ſweet liquor, which is boiled,

and

and at the bottom of the veſſel leaves what we call ſugar, and which, to render white, requires more labour to refine it. Beſides theſe two things, tea and ſugar, we want bread and butter, and milk to mix with the tea. So that you perceive that this meal, of which you thought little when you ſat down, has coſt much labour, and that too of a great many perſons, who have gone through many dangers and hardſhips, and have borne both cold and heat in ſuch long voyages, for which ſhips have been built, to tranſport them backward and forward: and the building of thoſe ſhips has been the labour of

many tradeſmen; ſo many, that when we begin to count the number, we may, indeed, be loſt with wonder.

Look once more upon this table. Beſides the tea, the ſugar, the bread, the butter, and the milk, all drawn from ſo many parts into this ſmall compaſs, upon this little round table, made out of wood, brought from the country where the ſugar-cane grows, ſtand cups from which we ſup the tea, and alſo brought from the ſame country where the tea grows. And theſe cups are ſupplied with ſilver ſpoons, brought out of a country from the

weſt,

weſt, but many hundreds of miles diſtant from where the ſugar-cane is planted. And when again we know that this metal is taken from the bowels of the earth, many fathoms below its ſurface, and where thoſe poor wretches who always labour hard, but never ſee the light of the ſun, nor ever drink a cup of tea, would be very thankful for a baſon of milk; it ſhould make you very grateful, when you can ſit down, and partake of this wonderful meal, collected from ſo many parts by the labour of ſo many hands; nay, even at the expence of many lives. Nor will you, I

hope, think lightly of a milk breakfast, which the poor fellows under ground would be thankful to have, but cannot.

IV.

CLOTHING, SHEEP, SILK-WORM, FLAX, COTTON.

WHAT pretty creatures are theſe? what do you call them?

Sheep; and to whom you are obliged more than you may now think.

What do you mean?

Part of your dreſs was worn by ſome of theſe ſheep before it became yours.

Nay,

Nay, now I think you joke.

No, indeed. Your under coat, and your upper coat, which keeps you warm in cold weather, is made up from their caſt-off coats.

Nay, this is more ſtrange than what you ſaid before, that I am really dreſſed in the caſt-off coats of ſheep, whilſt my caſt-off clothes are given away to the poor folks.

Well, then, to make you more eaſy, we will ſay taken off, rather than caſt-off coats, and which I will attempt to explain. Do you ſee how they are all covered with a

ſoft

ſoft downy ſubſtance? There is one ſtands ſo ſtill, and looks at us ſo kindly, that I think he will let us touch him: let us go very gently. Feel how ſoft. This cover is ſofter than the hair which covers our nice little lap-dog. Now, in warm weather, when the ſheep can ſuffer their coat, which is called wool, to be taken off, without danger of their catching cold; or rather when this warm cover would be a burden for them to carry during the heat of ſummer; after waſhing theſe coats well in water, men are employed to cut off the wool with ſharp ſhears, and this is called ſheep-ſhearing; and the day

the work is done, though very hard labour, is a kind of holiday. A better dinner than common being dreſſed; this, with a dance at the cloſe of the feaſt, with may be a garland of flowers, ſerve to cheer the labours of the day, ſo much as to fulfil their taſk. The wool in this ſtate is called a *fleece*, which is ſold to men ſkilled in making it into cloth; for which purpoſe, the fleece is again cleanſed from many things which adhered to the fibres of the wool; and then it is worked between two planes armed with crooked teeth, made of wire; and after being wrought by them with much labour, which is called card-

ing

ing the wool, it is then drawn out into long threads, which is called ſpinning. Theſe threads are made into a warp, which is in two ſets; and then a ſhuttle is paſſed between them, which carries with it the croſs threads, and that is the weft; and this art is called weaving; in the progreſs of which, much art and genius is ſhewn.

Although in this ſtate it were very uſeful to man, and fit to make up into any dreſs, yet ſo nice are we grown, that this cloth, now woven, is again teazed and dreſſed, and waſhed over and over again, till more than half worn out by ſo

many workings; and all this to make the ſtuff more pliant to the limbs, lighter to the body, and more pleaſant to the eye: and for this laſt purpoſe, the cloth is ſteeped in a liquor, which gives a certain colour, according to the nature of the drugs infuſed in the liquid, and which are to produce that colour which is wanted; and by practice they have found out to give whatever colour they chuſe: but this by mixing drugs which, it may be, come from a great diſtance, and that too each one from the other, with which it is mixed; yet, by joining them, and by adding a third, ſometimes a fourth kind; nay,

nay, more than four ſorts; a certain colour is given which, after all, is only to pleaſe the eye: for all this adds nothing to the wear or warmth of the cloth. This laſt proceſs is called dying: but it is not the laſt proceſs; for, after dying, the cloth muſt be dreſſed once more, to give it a laſt poliſh.

What you have ſaid, puts me in mind of thoſe pretty lines in one of my hymns, which I did not know the meaning of before.

How proud we are! how fond to ſhew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor ſheep and ſilk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

 Pretty

Pretty ſheep! I thank you for clothes. But—worms!—worms! —ſilk-worms wear clothing! what is a ſilk-worm? and how is he clothed?

I will try to explain this. Oh! now I think I can do it better. Mrs. M. keeps ſilk-worms. We will call upon her, and aſk leave to ſee hers. See, there is a worm, or kind of yellow grub, feaſting on the leaves of that food which it likes beſt, the mulberry.

Ugly thing!

And

And yet, my dear, it makes pretty work. But for this *ugly thing* you had never worn that nice ſilk ſaſh. Look at this, (ſhewing a cone.) Theſe ugly things, as you juſt now called them, are getting their meal upon a few leaves, in order, after ſome time, to retire to make up this clew or cover, in which they lie dormant, or aſleep, for ſome time; after which they come out, and appear with wings like a moth, and fly about. But what is moſt to our purpoſe is, this clew, or cone, or cover, as your hymn ſtates it, has been the work of the ſilk-worm, and worked out of its own bowels. This clew

may be wound upon a reel by thoſe who know how. It conſiſts of threads as fine, aye, finer, than your hair; nay, almoſt as fine as a cobweb; and from this ſilk is obtained, from which your ſaſh was made; and from theſe little creatures (let us no more call them ugly) is produced all the ſilk that is made up into ribbons, ſaſhes, gloves, hats, ſtockings and gowns, that are wore.

And ſo all the things we wear are either from the ſheep or ſilk-worm then?

Not

Not ſo. Walk this way. Do you obſerve a number of pretty plants now in full bloom, and blue flowers? from this graſs, or plant, your linen is made. Look here, (breaking the outer ſtem,) here is the inner rhind. This in time becomes tow or flax, after being parted from that outer ſkin; before which the whole muſt lie ſome time in water, ſo as to render this cover putrid or rotten, when the flax is waſhed, but not quite in the ſame way as I told you before about wool.

There is yet cotton, which is ſomething like the wool of ſheep, but

but which grows upon a ſmall tree in that country where the ſugar-cane grows, which I told you about before. From this cotton, which grows in little pods—You have ſeen both huſks of beans and peas, which ſhould be called pods. I ſay this to explain what I mean by the word pod, which covers the cotton; and when theſe burſt, the white woolly part appears, and which, when taken out of this ſhell, are put together, packed up, and ſent over to this and other countries; for but little of this cotton is made into cloth in the country wherein it grows.

V. THE

V.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

WHAT dirty little fellow is that croffing the yard? is he not very naughty to come from home fuch a black figure? His face fure has never been wafhed!

That little boy, black and dirty as he looks, is not naughty; but very good, and you and I are obliged to him.

Obliged to him! for what?

You

You have not forgot that we were driven out of our room lately by ſmoke.

Forgot, no; it made my eyes ſmart, and head ache; I was almoſt choked too with the ſoot.

Yes, we were driven out of the room by the ſmoke coming into the room, inſtead of going up the chimney. But this little fellow has been ſcrambling up the chimney, through all the black ſoot, which he has been cleaning away, that the ſmoke might aſcend, and that we might return to our abode,

and

and enjoy a fire as before with comfort.

Did I hear right? That boy been up the chimney, which is all within full of ſoot! Why, I ſhould think he could not live; he could not draw his breath in ſuch a narrow hole! What, I ſuppoſe he had a ladder then?

No, after a little help at firſt, into the pipe, he ſcrambles away, by preſſing againſt one ſide of the chimney wall with his feet and knees, and the other ſide with his back; and ſo forces his way up by ſlow degrees.

Well, I could not have thought this. I wonder that any body will choofe fo dirty a trade.

We fhould not defpife thofe who do, fince they are fuch ufeful perfons to others; and by thefe means obtain for themfelves a living.

Aye, but to live in fuch filth! Oh, what a life! Little boy, I ought not to have faid what I did fay at firft. But, indeed, I thought him naughty, becaufe he was fo dirty. I fhould like to fpeak to him.

Come hither, Sweep.

How

How came you to chooſe ſo dirty a trade?

My mother told me poor folks muſt do ſomething to get a living.

She ſaid well. But was this trade your own choice, or forced upon you?

My own choice.

And do you like it?

I like it well enough.

But it is very black and dirty.

Yet the trade gets white and clean money. It is an honeſt calling. Mother uſed to ſay that was better than begging or ſtealing. Beſides, my day's work is over before other pèople have well begun; and then, when we are got to the top of a chimney, oh, if you could be there, and ſee the fine proſpects that we ſometimes ſee, and people walking, working, or running, in the ſtreets below us, whilſt we can whiſtle and ſing at our eaſe on the top of a chimney, you would then think our dirty trade pleaſant enough. Beſides, I have a good maſter; he uſes me well, and gives me good meat, and ſends me to a Sunday

Sunday School. I can read a little, and ſay my prayers; and I have Sunday clothes; and I go to church, and am made clean, and then I look like other folks; and I ſhall be a man in time; and then, if I am good, I ſhall keep little boys to run up chimnies, as maſter now keeps me and others. But we all love him*, and he gets a deal of

 money;

* Mr. David Porter, a maſter chimney-ſweeper in Welbeck-ſtreet, London, anſwers the above deſcription of a maſter. See the Report for bettering the Condition of the Poor, p. 151.

Mr. Porter being aſked, how he came to be ſo rich, replied, by having his hands

money; and ſo ſhall I ſome time, if I deſerve it; and then mother ſhall have part.

Why, you are a good little fellow, indeed, and not a naughty boy. Here, take this, and this too; and God bleſs you; and when you

hands never idle, nor a guinea unemployed. By the ſweeping of chimnies he gained 500l. per ann. and by ſelling of ſoot about as much more. See Appendix, p. 344.

The writer of this has frequently enquired of the boys, how they liked the buſineſs of ſweeping chimnies. He has frequently received ſuch anſwers as here ſtated.

you come this way, if you are hungry, call, and you ſhall have ſomething to eat.

VI.

THE SMALL POX.

WHAT a ſtrange face that man has who juſt left us!

Yes, but you ſhould not have ſtared at him ſo; it is rude to look at any body full in the face for any length of time.

But did not you direct me to look at people when I ſpoke to them?

I did, and I ſtill requeſt that you would; becauſe it is not only proper

proper as a cuſtom, but ſometimes you may learn more from a perſon's looks than you can from his language. But you was not talking with the perſon, but came up merely to look at his face whilſt I was talking, and in a manner that with well-bred people muſt be called rude; and, beſides, in the preſent caſe, not pleaſant to the perſon upon whom you ſo long fixed your eyes, ſince his face was marked; and no one wiſhes to have defects noted: therefore, mind that, in future, when ever you obſerve any one with marks, and which, if your own, you could wiſh not to be looked at, that you render the

ſame

ſame ſervice to them, by paſſing them over. So true is the golden precept given us in that good *book* called the *Bible*, "That whatever you would others ſhould do to you, do alſo to them."

Well, I confeſs I have done wrong; but I hope there is no harm in aſking how this man's face looks ſo very rough, and, as I thought, full of holes, and in ſome places ridges or ſeams.

At proper ſeaſons, and in a fit place, it is very right to enquire about what you don't know. This man's face has been marked, or, as

it

it is ſometimes termed, pitted, with the ſmall-pox, in a manner we ſee very few now-a-days: but when I was your age, a face like that we have juſt now ſeen was very common indeed.

Were folks more ugly then than they are now?

Ugly is not a proper word. But thanks to our kind parents, and other people, we enjoy many good things which men and women of old never thought of; elſe you or I might have been marked with ſuch ſpots on our faces as this man has.

What

What do you mean?

I ſpoke juſt now of the ſmall-pox, a diſeaſe from which few people are exempt. There is ſomething within us, and which is brought with us into the world, that muſt have iſſue; and when this happens, it appears over the whole body, in ſmall pimples, red and ſore, full of matter; and along with this a fever, in ſome caſes very high, ſo as even to cauſe death: at other times illneſs; which does not, indeed, deſtroy life, but which only ceaſes with life; and many times leaves behind its attack, marks, ſcars, or wounds

wounds ſo deep and rugged, as to have taken away the beauty of many a pretty face. Sometimes the loſs of an eye, ſometimes the loſs of both, have been the victims of this loathſome diſeaſe. But I am talking of it as it was fifty years ago, not as it now is. Thanks, as I ſaid before, to the arts, and ſkill and labour of others, we have almoſt done away this dreadful evil.

How? how? O dear! how thankful ought we to be!

Have you forgot when the doctor pricked your arm?

I think

I think not quite: I have ſome faint—I know not what. I believe I was afraid.

Well, then, that act was to give you this diſeaſe; the lancet which pricked your arm being firſt dipped in matter, which had the ſeeds of the ſmall-pox, and by this way mixed with your blood, and then ſpread through your whole body.

Nay, now, I am puzzled, indeed. Why give me that which we ought ſo much to dread?

I will explain this as well as I am able. This proceſs, called inoculation,

oculation, we learned in Turkey by an Engliſh lady*, who lived there; and who, ſeeing the good effects of this practice on thoſe people, how few died, and how few were marked with the ſmall-pox, ſhe cauſed her own ſon to have it given him in the ſame way, who came well through it: but although this was known, yet people thought, as you may now think, that, to preſume to bring ſo dreadful an evil on their own children, was too bold; and as if taking upon themſelves to direct the hand of the Maker of us all,

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

and who muſt know beſt what is proper for the creatures of whom he is the common parent. After ſome time, by way of farther trial, two young men, who never had the ſmall-pox, and who had forfeited their lives to be hanged, for crimes they had done, had their lives granted, if they would conſent to ſubmit to have the ſmall-pox after this new method; and which they did, and came well through this complaint; after which, ſome people of high rank cauſed their children to receive the ſmall-pox this way; and which brought the practice into ſome credit, and yet but ſlowly; for if any died

died under this practice, the clamours raifed were great; as bold, and even wicked, at leaft daring; not at the fame time, it may be, thinking that our Father, who is in heaven, has given to us, his children here on earth, the means, by phyfic, bleeding, &c. to render ourfelves well if fick; or to prevent ficknefs by the ufe of clothes, and other things to fecure our bodies from colds, which would bring on ficknefs. By flow degrees, the practice became more frequent; fewer died: an account was taken how many, in a certain degree, compared with the number of thofe who had them in the way of na-

ture; and it was ſo much in favour of art, that this, with the leſs number of marked faces, brought it into very general uſe*.

But how comes it, in this inſtance, that art is ſo much better than nature?

Proofs are the beſt anſwer, and facts the ſtrongeſt reaſons: Children are put under this practice when in a good

* From an account kept in Liverpool for ſome years by one of the faculty, it appears, that one in five die who take the ſmall-pox in the natural way; whereas only one in a thouſand dies by inoculation.

a good habit of body, eat a proper diet, and have their bodies cooled by phyfic. The very treatment whilft under the difeafe is now quite changed; for inftead of being clofed up in a warm room, the patient is taken out into the open air; and, common as fuch faces as led us to this fubject were when I was young, they are now fo ftrange a fight as to excite your wonder even to difguft.

VII.

THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS.

RALPH, Roger and Robert Warner were to ſpend the Chriſtmas receſs with their uncle in town, a place they had never ſeen, and the firſt time they were ever from home without their father. Many a one, we may believe, may have been as happy as theſe three little fellows were with the thoughts of their journey, but hardly any could be more happy. The day fixed was almoſt come at laſt. Only the next morning the parents were, for the laſt

laſt time, giving leſſons how to behave on the journey, how to behave before their uncle and aunt, how to lay out their caſh, and to keep account. The many good things, by way of advice, which had been ſaid many times before, were ſaid again and again. Money too was brought, and counted, and put into each of their pockets. Of this though they might diſpoſe, they were yet to make a good uſe, not to ſquander. A ſum was given to Ralph, as eldeſt brother, to pay the expence of the journey; and they were then ſent to bed with the bleſſings and embraces of both father and mother.

Their

Their pillows during the night had as little reſt as themſelves. They aroſe from their beds long before the ſun. They waſhed, they dreſſed; they looked at their breakfaſt, but eat little. They went to the door, and ſometimes they thought they heard the ſound of the chaiſe on the turnpike road, and then all was ſilent. At laſt it was ſeen to enter at the lawn gate. Yonder it is at laſt. Come, get ready: but ready they had been long enough.

After being ſeated, after having talked over and over again the pleaſures of their journey, the ſight

of their uncle, the ſhows in the the town, and talked over all that was then in their thought, they pulled out and looked at their treaſure, counted over the ſtock; a ſum greater than each had ever before poſſeſſed; put it again into their pockets; then pulled it out, and counted it over and over again. I can buy any thing I want, ſays Ralph; and ſo can I, ſays Roger. Robert ſaid nothing. Robert Care-ful does not ſay a word, adds Ralph.

A diſpute had nearly aroſe at dinner who was to have the breaſt of the fowl; a part none of them had

had ever yet tafted. They had all been taught never to afk for the breaft, as that muft be given up to thofe of higheft refpect at the table. Young folks were to take what was given them; therefore the drum-fticks, or what was left after others were helped, had been allotted to each. Ralph faid the breaft was of right his, as the eldeft. At laft it was cut into three parts by the waiter, and Ralph had the largeft fhare.

We will have a bottle of wine, fays Ralph.

A

A bottle of wine for us three! exclaims Roger.

A bottle of wine for us three! ſtrangely looked Robert.

Yes, a bottle of wine for us three, replies Ralph. When my father and I went to the fair, he ſaid we were not to give trouble to inns without laying out ſome money for their good: beſides, we only get one glaſs a-piece at home; and I could drink many more, but muſt not have them; and ſo could you, I have heard you ſay.

The

The effects of a whole bottle of wine upon our young topers were ſuch as one might expect: for, at the end of their journey, what had been ſaid by both father and mother, how to behave to their uncle and aunt, was quite forgot. One had got a head-ach: another not only the head-ach, but ſickneſs. All were drowſy. Their kind aunt thought the beſt relief would be ſleep; and at an early hour they were all ſent to bed.

Next morning they were put under the care of a ſervant, to walk with them through the ſtreets,

and to ſhew them the town, the fine ſhops, &c. The grand diſplay of trinkets in a window ſoon ſtopped their career. I want a walking-cane, ſays Ralph.—Walk in, young gentlemen, with a very polite bow, invites a well dreſſed man.—Ralph had ſoon his hands amongſt the walking ſticks.—A new ſtock, juſt come down. All very neat. This pretty little cane would juſt ſuit you, young maſter. —After the ſtick had been paid for, a very pretty red and gilded etwee caſe, with a pair of ſhining ſciſſars, a tooth-pick, pen-knife, pencil, &c. caſt their rays upon the dazzled eyes of Ralph; and

what is the price of this? Only ſo much. Ralph ſighed, and laid it down.—My dear young maſter, it is worth all the money I aſk: but rather than you ſhould go without ſuch a trifle, I will abate, and take a whole ſhilling leſs than I firſt aſked.

Who could reſiſt ſuch civil treatment? By chance a little box, with a very pretty motto, lay on the counter. Ralph juſt took it into his hands to read the motto.

Why, now, this pretty toy would be a nice preſent to any friend that you eſteem or reſpect. Mamma

would

would be pleaſed with ſuch a token of your notice of her: and the price is a mere nothing. Why, I juſt now refuſed —— and that is the reaſon why it now lies on my counter: but you have paid me ſo much that I think I ſhall venture to indulge you myſelf, maſter, to give me only ——— This ſum, as it appeared, was juſt the amount of the ſtock of Ralph's *white* money.

And what do you pleaſe to want, my young maſter? with a polite bow, to Roger.

I want a pocket-book to keep my accounts, a pen caſe, and an ink-pot, and a penknife; and—and a purſe, to hold my money.

But, alas! the amount of all theſe things left the purſe no money to hold.

Robert, who had been at the door, and often in the ſtreet, whilſt theſe bargains were made in the ſhop, now appeared at the door again.

Would not you pleaſe to want ſomething, my pretty little boy?

No,

No, I thank you, Sir.

We call him Robert Careful, with a ſly look, adds Ralph. No, Robert never ſpends money.

Through the ſtreets Robert was always behind, in danger of being loſt. The ſervant took hold of his little hand, but he ſomeway always ſlipped it out again, and was ſoon at a diſtance; and then he would run towards his brothers and the ſervant as hard as he could run, and beg their pardons, but was ſoon behind again. Dinner time ap-

proached, and they returned towards home.

When the uncle came into the dining-room, he found Ralph walking acroſs with great ſtate, handling his new bought cane. I will try to kill that fly with my ſtick, ſays Ralph. He lifts it up in great hurry, and ſmaſh goes a picture-glaſs, which hung juſt behind his back. What have you done now? jumps up, and aſks the uncle.

O dear! O dear! Indeed, I did not ſee the glaſs.

How

How came you by that cane?

I bought it, Sir, with my own money.

Bought a cane! and pray have you bought any other silly thing?

Yes, Sir—No, Sir—Yes, Sir, this pretty case; but then I bought it so cheap—Oh, quite cheap! And this pretty little box, which I intend for Mamma. Nay, if you will not be angry, I will give it to you. And the box, too, was very cheap!

And

And with all your cheap bargains, pray how much caſh have you left in your pocket?

None, Sir. (After a long pauſe.)

Well, Sir, you will find empty pockets a poor reſource, in this large town, to ſupply your future wants. All your whole ſtock laid out in traſh, in baubles! none of which you want; nay, even know not their uſe. As a proof of which, look at the fragments of glaſs, (which a ſervant was then taking up.)

Ralph

Ralph looked, he ſaw; he felt a bluſh on his face; he hung down his head, and ſaid not a word.

Roger had been ſcribbling in his new pocket-book, till rouſed by the craſh of broken glaſs; and after, by hearing the lecture given to his brother; and by looking at the knit brows of his uncle, and viewing the fallen creſt of his brother.

Have you been making cheap bargains too? (ſpeaking to Roger.) Pray what have you bought?

Roger,

Roger, under a little fear, with, as he thought, a good caufe, began as follows:

Sir, my father told me to keep account of all I laid out: fo I bought a pocket-book, a pen-knife, a pen-cafe, and ink-pot, and a purfe to hold my money.

Let me look at all thefe things.

Roger difplayed his bargains upon the table.

Here is a purfe, indeed! but where is the money?

Gone!

Gone!

I thought the purſe was to have *held* the money; but a purſe, it ſeems, is no hold-faſt. This piece of tawdry toy may at leaſt ſerve to remind you of your folly.

And pray, Sir, (turning to Robert, who held a book in his hand, but, inſtead of reading, had been hearing what paſſed,) and pray what have you bought!

Nothing, Sir.

No, Sir. Robert never buys cakes, or ought elſe, (ſays Ralph.)

We

We call him Robert Careful, and yet he is always without a penny in his pocket.

Silence, Sir! Then, Robert, your money remains ſafe.

A deep ſigh from the breaſt of Robert.

Why that ſigh, Robert?

Indeed, Sir, I am a very naughty boy: and if you are angry with my brothers, what muſt be your thoughts of me, when you know all! My money, like theirs, is all

all gone; but I have nothing to ſhew you in exchange.

But you can tell me truth. How has it been ſpent?

Indeed, if I muſt tell you any thing, it muſt be either the truth or nothing; for, as I never yet did, I do not know how to tell a lie.

Come hither, my little fellow: I think then you cannot be very naughty.

Robert hung down his head,

but was again cheered by the uncle.

Why then, (ſays Robert,) whilſt my brothers were in the ſhop, and I ſtanding at the door, looking at all that paſſed, there comes up a poor ſtarved, ragged little boy, who told me he had neither father nor mother; that he had not been in bed, had eat no breakfaſt, and did not know where to get his dinner, nor how to find wherein to put his head the next cold night; and he was too without a hat to his head, or ſhoes to his feet; and no ſhirt (for I looked) to his back.

Oh,

Oh, my good uncle, don't be angry, but I did give it to him with ſo much good will. I wiſhed he had had part of my breakfaſt, or could now have part of my dinner.

What, did you give him all that you had in your pocket?

No, and I am glad that I did not; for I ſaw a poor girl as wretched as the little boy; and one man that had loſt an arm, and one that had loſt a leg; and a third blind of both eyes, led through the ſtreets by a little dog. So I gave,

and gave, till at laſt I had no more to give.

Ring the bell, ſays the uncle. (*Enter Thomas.*) Thomas, ſays the uncle, did not I ſend you to take care of theſe boys? How comes it I hear ſo poor an account of this morning's walk?

Indeed, and indeed, Sir, (anſwered Thomas,) Maſter Warner is a little headſtrong, there he ſtands; he told me, that the money was his, not mine; and that he would lay it out as he liked. Maſter Roger ſaid he had orders to buy a pocket-book, and ſuch like.

And

And as to that pretty Robert, he always ſlipped out of ſight.

(Enter dinner.)

Come, hither, Robert; and the uncle gave him a kiſs. I am not very angry with you: but we muſt have ſome talk with you, Roger; and you, Ralph.

VIII.

WINGS AND HANDS.

I WISH I could fly like thoſe ſwallows.

That is a vain wiſh, indeed, ſince you never can.

But it muſt be very pleaſant. See how they ſport through yonder holes, then ſkim along over the lake. I ſuppoſe they are at play.

Not ſo much at play, although it may be pleaſant. They are upon

on the wing chiefly in ſearch after food; whilſt you partake of your meals from the table, where you can ſit at your eaſe. The ſwallows muſt either take it on the wing, after ſearching for it through the air, or over the pools, or they muſt go without meat.

And what can they find in the air, or over the pools?

A great number of flies, and other things, which are one moment ſporting themſelves in the ſun, and the next moment are in the ſtomach of the ſwallow. See

how

how quick they turn. Something preſents itſelf to their keen eyes, which are always on the look out. In an inſtant they turn about, ſeize the morſel, and look out again. If ſwallows could not fly, they muſt be ſtarved, ſince they are very bad walkers; and their food is in the air, or over the water, which yours is not. But if you cannot fly, you can walk; you can run; you can jump; you can ſwim, (but that, indeed, you have been taught;) you can ride; and, above all, you can talk.

By their chatter, one would ſometimes think that ſome ſorts of birds did talk.

No doubt they have a language known amongſt themſelves, but to what extent is unknown to us; but ſome of their ſounds or tones are ſo well known to us, by hearing them often, that we know as well what is meant by them as their own fellow-creatures. They have tones of fear, of joy, of anger, and of pleaſure, as clear and diſtinct as the tones of the human voice; as you juſt now took notice of their chatter. Among

geeſe,

geeſe, for inſtance, when they meet, after being parted, fancy might ſuppoſe that a plain diſcourſe was going forward; they chatter in ſo many and varied tones, from the organs of each; and that too with motions of the head, looking towards, and pointing and nodding to each other; as if ſome news of import was given by one, and noted by the other. But this, after all, is but fancy, and like one of Mother Gooſe's Tales; for we have a proverb, "as ſilly as a gooſe."

But I wonder we have not wings.

Since

Since wings were not given, he who formed man, and all other living creatures, knew what was beſt for each. But if man has not wings, he has hands.

Hands! well, and what of theſe?

From your manner, it ſhould ſeem, that you do not know their real value; for without hands, we, of all others, ſhould have been the moſt wretched of beings; and if we could have lived at all, our reaſon, and thoſe other talents with which man is gifted, would have

all tended to have ſtill made him more wretched.

The body of man has neither wool nor feathers to ſcreen it from the cold air. Our bodies muſt either obtain this cover by art, from the labour of our own hands, or we muſt go naked, and might periſh with cold. We could have no houſe to dwell in, no fire to warm us, no bed whereon to reſt our weary limbs, without the uſe of hands; without which, man would have been more wretched than the beaſts of the field, the fowls of the air, or the fiſhes of the

the ſea. Theſe all come into the world with *ſuch cloathing* as their natures require. The earth, without culture, yields them a great plenty of ſuch food as ſupports life; and well it is ſo: for look at the round, ſtubborn hoof of the ſtrong horſe, and you will perceive it could not manage the plough; nor the cloven hoof of the uſeful cow, or ſheep, ever handle the ſpade or the wheel; nor the open paws of the docile dog ſow the grain; nor the more open claws of the ſportive bird thread a needle. No, if their ſupport was to depend upon any of theſe things, they would all of them periſh with want.

want. But man, whom the great Creator of heaven and earth has gifted with hands and fingers, the ſimpleſt, the beſt, and the moſt uſeful machines that can be conceived, or that ever were formed, renders all nature, all the creatures of the earth, uſeful to him; and whilſt he is doing this, he alſo renders them more happy to themſelves.

What a fine lecture on hands have you juſt now given me! You have quite cured me of my wiſh for wings.

All the talents of man could be of no avail, but to render him more

more wretched, as I before ſaid, without the uſe of hands. Nay, by figure of ſpeech, both men and women are called ſo many HANDS. Such a one employs ſo many *hands*; ſuch a ſhip carries ſo many *hands*. Never ſo many *heads*; of which ſome, rather empty, are too apt to boaſt. But we ſay, ſuch a number of head of cattle, indeed; but then cattle have no hands.

IX.

THE NEEDLE.

WHAT bright thing is that on the floor?

Only a needle.

Will not you ſtoop for it?

No; I have got plenty.

Plenty has ſometimes proved a ſore evil; and by not minding trifles, ſome folks have loſt their all, becauſe they had plenty. Suppoſe you

you wanted a needle, in a country where ſuch a thing was not to be had? how thankful would you feel to ſee ſuch a thing lie before you, and which you would have for the ſmall trouble of taking up from the floor!

Well, but I don't want any needles. Beſides, they are cheap enough.

And that is a great wonder, you would think, if you knew how many hands are employed to make one ſingle needle.

Sure, there are many things harder to make than a needle; therefore why require ſo many hands to make ſo ſmall a thing?

There are good reaſons: but, in the firſt place, let me tell you that forty pair of hands, at leaſt, have worked upon that trifling needle.

Forty pair of hands! did you ſay? Why you, indeed, now, make me wonder. Will you have the goodneſs, after I have been ſo naughty, to explain ſomething of this?

Well,

Well, then, needles are often made of German ſteel; ſteel is made from iron; iron is brought from under ground, and then looks like dirty red earth, when it is melted in hot fires, and after changed into ſteel, which is a more pure ſtate of iron. The ſteel is made to paſs through a coal fire, and then under the hammer, and whilſt ſoft with the fire, the bar is changed from a ſquare form to a round one. This done, the rod is drawn through a hole, made in a plate of iron, and drawn into wire. That is, in paſſing through a hole leſs in ſize than

the

the bar, the ſteel becomes ſmaller, but then longer. It is then put again into the fire, and drawn through a ſmaller hole, and that again and again, from hole to hole, each ſmaller than the laſt, till it becomes of that degree of fineneſs wanted for certain kinds of needles. In this proceſs the ſteel requires greaſe to render the paſſage through the hole more eaſy.

The ſteel thus reduced to wire, is cut into lengths of ſuch ſize as the needles wanted. Each of theſe pieces are then flatted at one end on an anvil.

Anvil!

Anvil! what is that?

A piece of iron, ſolid, of a certain ſhape; upon which iron and ſteel is worked with an hammer.

This flat end is to form the head and eye of the needle; and the eye requires to be punched through four times: but before this, they are put into the fire to ſoften, and then laid on a leaden block, to punch out the eye, and bring out the little piece of ſteel left in the eye. The corners are then filed off the ſquare of the heads,

heads, and a little hollow ſpace filed on each ſide of the flat of the head. (Look here.)

This done, the point is formed, and the whole worked over with a file. They are then laid to heat red hot, and laid on a long narrow iron, crooked at one end, in a charcoal fire; and when taken out thence, are thrown into a baſon of cold water, to harden. On this proceſs depends a great deal. Too much heat burns them, and too little leaves them ſoft. Practice is the only guide. When they have thus had given a pro-

per

per temper or hardneſs, they are laid in an iron ſhovel, on a fire, more or leſs briſk, with regard to the thickneſs of the needles. This is to prevent their being too brittle; but this requires great care what degree of heat to give. They then are all put under the hammer to make ſtraight, one by one; the coldneſs of the water having twiſted the moſt of the needles.

Next, to poliſh them, from twelve to fifteen thouſand needles are ranged in little heaps, againſt each other, in a piece of new buckram.

What

What is buckram?

Buckram is linen cloth waſhed over with melted glue. Glue is made from the refuſe part of ſkins of cows, calves, &c. On the needles is ſprinkled emery duſt. This laſt is a rich iron ore. The needles thus placed, the duſt is thrown over them, which is again ſprinkled with oil of olives. At laſt the whole is made up into a roll, well bound at both ends. This roll is then laid on a table to poliſh, and over the roll a thick plank loaded with ſtones, which two men work backwards and forwards

forwards a day or two. By this procefs, the roll thus moved, and the weight of the plank over it, the needles being rubbed againft each other, with what was put amongft them, they by degrees obtain a polifh; after which the needles are taken out of the rolls, and wafhed through hot water and foap. They are then put into a box of bran, a little moift, which is ftirred about till the bran is dry, and this is done more than through one box of bran, and which is to make the needles quite clean; after which, they are taken out by a riddle, put into veffels and picked, the good from the bad.

Then a number being taken into the hands, the points being all the ſame way, they are ſmoothed off by a wheel turning round; which is the laſt thing, only making up into packets of two hundred and fifty in each.

There are twenty-five ſizes; and they are ſold as low as from two ſhillings and ſix-pence to ten ſhillings a thouſand. Uſeful and common as they now are, needles have only been made a little more than two hundred years. Our ſemptreſs work, before that time, we may believe, was very coarſe.

When uſed to any thing, we never know its value, till we feel its loſs. A ſtrong inſtance of which I am going to relate to you, as told me by a lady, who was in the weſtern world during the conteſt between this country and that. The town where ſhe lived could only produce one needle, and that was in conſtant uſe every hour in the day, and every day in the week. What a charge was given with this little uſeful fellow as it went from hand to hand!

I thank you; and from this time I think I can hardly paſs

by a needle, or even a pin, although I may have plenty of each. I ſuppoſe pins are made almoſt the ſame way as needles.

Almoſt; not quite: of this I will juſt obſerve, that, by a number of people being employed in this little uſeful thing, as well as upon needles, a much greater number of each may be made than if one perſon was to go through the whole proceſs; for if the ſame perſon was to make either pin or needle from end to end, without ſtopping, it might be hard work to make twenty pins in one day.

By

By the divifion of labour, as it is termed, *one* man makes near *five thoufand each day* *. But boys and

K 3 girls

* *Adam Smith's* opinion, and in the following words:

" I have feen a fmall manufactory of this kind, where ten men only were employed, and where fome of them confequently performed two or three diftinct operations. But though they were poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the neceffary machinery, they could, when they exerted themfelves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thoufand pins of a middling fize. Thofe ten perfons, therefore, could

girls can work at this trade. The anceſtors of the preſent Lord Milton erected the firſt factory of needles, at Long Crendon, in Bucks, which is carried on to this day.

X. THE

could make among them upwards of forty-eight thouſand pins a day. Each perſon, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thouſand pins, might be conſidered as making four thouſand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought ſeparately and independently, and without any of them being educated to this particular buſineſs, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin a day!" *Smith's Wealth of Nations, Book I. p. 8. Sixth Edition, 8vo.*

X.

THE HAPPY COBLER.

MASTER Tefty had been out of humour all the morning. Nothing could pleafe him: he found fault with every thing. He would not eat his breakfaft, becaufe he faid it was not good: he would not repeat his leffon, becaufe he did not like it. He was looking for his whip, to whip his top, when Mr. Freeman afked him if he would pleafe to take a walk; and through that, try to throw off his bad humours.

I think

I think I ſhall *not* pleaſe to walk.

Why not?

I will ſtay, and whip my top here.

I ſay then that you SHALL walk. This ſimple word *ſhall*, ſpoken in a certain manner, with eye, aſpect, and accent all in tune, had never yet been diſputed.

Maſter Teſty took up his hat, and walked after his tutor.

After

After ſome time, Mr. Freeman went down ſome ſteps into a cobler's ſhop, taking hold of Maſter Teſty's hand. I want a ſtitch put into my ſhoe, and will wait whilſt you do it. The old woman handed the three-foot ſtool to young Maſter, whilſt the two-armed old oak chair was given to Mr. Freeman.

The whole was a new ſcene to Maſter Teſty; he almoſt thought he had got into a new world. This cellar was kitchen, parlour, bed-room and work-ſhop!

In

In one corner ſtood a bed; no curtains; with a rug cover, ſuch a thing as he had never ſeen. A table and an old cheſt, ſome tea-cups, a kettle and pot, a frying-pan, a fire-ſhovel, a cobler's ſeat, and a heap of dirty old ſhoes, were the chief contents of this abode. The old woman was ſmoking her pipe; the old man was mending ſhoes.

Early or late, ſays Mr. Freeman, I always find you at work, Mr. Jobſon; and often, too, either whiſtling or ſinging: You are always cheerful.

And

And why ſhould I not? There is not a man in the world more happy than I. I have good health, and plenty of work; for I would rather work than play: and I have old Mary there, who is very good, though I ſhould not praiſe her before her face; and we have been man and wife, as the ſaying is, forty years come Criſpin next. Old Mary cooks my meat, and makes my bed, and waſhes my ſhirt, and lights my pipe, and fetches me drink; and when I am tired with work, I take a walk; and every body knows old Jobſon, nor are they above ſpeaking

to

to him; and after a walk I am quite refreſhed, and can ſit and work; and, to ſay truth, I work for the parſon and the doctor, and for the ſquire too. On Sunday both Mary and I go to church, (we have Sunday clothes in that old cheſt,) and ſend our dinner to the bake-houſe. And our good parſon always nods as he paſſes old Jobſon. Is not that kind?

Have you any children?

We have had fifteen; but they are all dead (God reſt their ſouls!) except two.

And

And where are thoſe two?

Two of the fineſt and beſt lads in the world: are they not, Mary?

Mary nodded aſſent.

Aye, and the braveſt fellows too. They will never deſert their poſts: will they, Mary?

What, are they in the army?

One in the army; the other in the navy: both fighting for their king and country.

Would not you rather have them at home?

To be ſure I would: but where can they be better than fighting againſt thoſe who, if not kept off by our brave fellows, would come, and plunder and deſtroy all that

we have. I have ſeen the day, it is true: but both Mary and I are now old: we could neither fight nor run: but our two brave lads will fight in our ſtead; and, whilſt they can, will defend us both. Many a hard day's work, and long march, have I had; but I always thought more of poor Mary than of myſelf. A child-bearing woman has many hardſhips to go through, who will follow her huſband in the army, when marching through an enemy's country.

Were you ever wounded?

Look here! (pulling up his woollen cap.) I loſt this eye by the blaſt of a cannon ball: but

I can

I can ſee very well with the other. Look here! A bullet went through this arm, and took away part of this finger: but it does not hinder me from working. The wound gives me a twinge ſometimes againſt change of weather, but that is ſoon over: I never mind it. I was preſent when the gallant Wolfe fell, and helped to carry him off.

Have you a penſion?

Sure I have; and with that I can afford to take a mug of ale every day; and ſometimes do more than that, but not often; but always on St. Criſpin; for that was the day on which Mary and I became man and wife; and, old as

ſhe looks now, a tight looking laſs was Mary then. On St. Criſpin too! Why, beſides being the patron of fellow-crafts, it was on that day our King Henry made that fine ſpeech to his ſoldiers in France, and which you muſt have ſeen in the play-book: and ſo what with thinking of King Harry's fine ſpeech, and drinking our Royal George and Maſter's good health, the Squire's, the Doctor's, the Parſon's, and old Mary's, I always drink on St. Criſpin till I can drink no longer.

Come, here is ſixpence for you to drink your Royal Maſter's health on any day you like.

Why,

Why, Sir, my work is hardly worth a penny. This is too much.

Your ſtory, and your grateful heart, is worthy a better reward, and may afford a good leſſon to a young maſter who is ſometimes too apt to complain, find fault, and even grow angry with ſome things that cannot be mended. But ſince you are ſo merry and ſo happy, and Maſter does not love his book, ſuppoſe he ſtays here, and learns how to be happy, and all may yet be well.

What ſay you, my little friend?

Maſter Teſty, who had turned himſelf round and round upon his three footed ſtool, and looked

over and over again at the poor bed, and at every thing before him, and had heard the ſtory of the poor cobler, with wonder how he could be ſo happy, cried out, "No, no: don't leave me here. I will go home with you; be a good boy, and ſay my leſſon."

And do what you are ordered? Did not you promiſe all this before?

I did; but I never was in ſuch a place as this. Do pray, Sir, good Mr. Freeman!

So they walked back; and Maſter run to fetch his book, ſaid a very good leſſon, eat his dinner, and found no fault.

XI.

THE CONTRAST.

MASTER Tefty and his tutor had been taking their morning's walk, in which Mr. Freeman had pointed out to his young pupil the divers graffes of the field, the leaves of the trees, and a number of other things which they had met with in their journey, when they heard the cries of fome perfon in diftrefs. As they came nearer, a man was whipping a boy, who cried out, Sir! Oh dear! Oh dear! What do you beat me for, Sir?

For

For being ſo happy and merry, you young raſcal, whilſt your betters are ſo ſad. Did not you diſturb me with your loud ſong, whilſt I could have better cried for grief of heart?

The boy was going to make excuſe, when Mr. Freeman ſtepped between, and took hold of the perſon's arm, whom he then thought muſt be out of his ſenſes, from his harſh treatment of the boy, and his poor excuſe of himſelf. By this time his choler had calmed; and Mr. Heartleſs (for that was the perſon's name) begged Mr. Freeman's pardon for his own conduct.

But

But the boy (ſays Mr. Freeman) has the moſt right to complain, and ſome excuſe is ſurely due to him, if he did not merit your blows, which, from his manner, it ſhould ſeem, he did not.

Indeed he did not, ſaid Mr. Heartleſs: but I am the moſt wretched man alive; ſo much ſo, that at ſome ſeaſons I am but too apt to quarrel with every one I ſee, or any thing that occurs. Come hither, poor lad; and if thou dareſt put thyſelf under my care, follow me to my houſe, and I will make thee ſome amends for thy blows. Come, kind Sir, and your little maſter there, under your care.

I am

I am ſure he can truſt himſelf. We will all walk to the houſe.

Mr. Freeman could as little account for the calm and humane tone with which Mr. Heartleſs now ſpoke, as at the cruel manner of treating the boy, and which had been the means of their preſent meeting and diſcourſe. In their walk towards the houſe, Mr. Heartleſs, of his own accord, thus began.

You muſt think ſtrangely of me, to be ſure, for beating this poor boy for being merry. Strange as it may ſeem, and yet it is but too true, I am ſometimes the moſt wretched of mortals; and yet I was

was once a happy man; but then I was poor, and now I am rich.

Strange beings ſurely are we poor mortals, when once we degrade our reaſon! Being a younger ſon, I gained a living by the labour of my own hands, which I did with honour to myſelf, and with eſteem among my friends. My meals were then frugal, but I ſat down to enjoy them with pleaſure, and aroſe from them grateful. The labours of the day gave health to my body. My ſlumbers at night were ſweet, and gave freſh vigour to my limbs.

My elder brother, by ſucceſs in trade, was grown rich. He died,

 and

and left me all he died worth: and ſoon after an uncle of my wife, who would never own her whilſt living, left the whole of his wealth to her after his death. On a ſudden we became rich in the good things of the world, but without the bleſſing of children. We changed our ſtyle of life to ſuch as was ſaid became our large income. We bought a large eſtate, with a good houſe, fine gardens, and other good things. We hired a great number of ſervants, gave orders for a coach, laid in a large ſtock of wines, had the viſits and fine ſpeeches of our neighbours, and paid them

back again. But what with vi-ſits, and dinners, and ſuppers, and balls, and plays, from one ſilly thing to another ſilly thing, my peace of mind is gone, and my health is going. I retire to my reſt ſickly, and riſe in the morn-ing in ſorrow. In the morning I wiſh it was night, and at night I wiſh for the return of morn. My books have loſt their charms. My wife, too, (but this is much the beſt loſs of all,) has loſt —— I will not ſay what. I quarrel with my ſervants, I quarrel with myſelf. In one of my phrenzies, I fell in with this poor lad, and not only quarrelled with him, but

beat him, becauſe he could ſing and be merry, whilſt I felt only ſickneſs and ſorrow of heart. But it may prove a good meeting for the poor boy after all. What is thy name?

Will Barehead, folk call me. I had never a hat of my own in my life.

Where is thy father and mother?

I never had father or mother.

Where doſt thou live?

Any where. But Bob Oſtler lets me ſleep in the ſtable under the manger; and he ſometimes gives me a cruſt of bread; for which I run errands, and ſometimes water the horſes.

Wilt

Wilt thou live with me?

Yes, if you will not beat me.

No, I will not beat thee, if thou can'ſt be a good boy; and I will buy thee new cloaths, and ſend thee to ſchool; and if thou be a good lad, and wilt learn thy book, thou mayeſt ſome time become a great man. And this morning's work may prove, if thy conduct in future deſerve, the moſt happy day of thy life.

After taking leave of Mr. Heartleſs, Mr. Freeman and his young pupil had a deal of talk on their way home. The tutor ſaid, that peace of mind did not always dwell under gilded roofs, whilſt

they had lately found it in an humble cellar. Maſter Teſty sometimes thought upon the wretched Mr. Heartleſs, ſometimes upon the poor lad, who had now a chance to ſleep upon a bed, and who before lay under the manger, and then upon himſelf, how happy he might be, and how thankful he ought to be; whilſt Jobſon and old Mary could enjoy themſelves and be happy within ſo poor a cellar.

XII.

THE HONEY-BEE.

WHAT a ſtrange kind of fly that is in the window! I will try to catch it.

Forbear: It may ſting you!

Sting me! What is that?

Thoſe kind of flies are called bees; and though they do not often frequent the inſide of houſes, a ſtraggler by chance ſometimes enters. They are armed with what is called a ſting in their hinder parts, with which, like a dart, they can pierce through the ſkin, and inject a liquor, which cauſes ſwelling and much pain.

Nafty things! Why are they not all killed, to prevent fo much mifchief?

Becaufe they are very good, very ufeful, and work hard.

Such little creatures work hard, and be ufeful! You mean to joke me!

No; what I fay is true, and which yourfelf muft confefs, when I tell you that the fweet ftuff I gave you out of a fpoon, when your throat was fore, was the product of the labour of thefe little creatures.

How! a fly make phyfic, and the beft phyfic too that I ever took! Do, pray tell me more about bees, I think you called them. I could wifh to know all.

Your curiofity is praife-worthy; but to tell you all about this wondrous creature, would be a long ftory indeed. But we will take a walk into Mr. Goodman's garden, where we may view them at work, and where I will explain fome things.

Thofe round fhaped figures, made out of ftraw, and ftanding upon benches, are called hives, and are the dwellings of bees. But firft let me advife you, before we approach too near, how to behave fo as beft to avoid being ftung. Keep yourfelf quiet; and if ever fo many fhould fly even about your face, do not offer to ftroke them, or drive them. If you fhould feel diftreffed, retire amongft the bufhes, and they will leave

leave you. Should you ever be ſtung, and you can have patience, let the bee withdraw its weapon itſelf at its own leiſure, in which caſe the wound will be much leſs painful; after which open the wound, ſqueeze out the poiſon as much as you can, which is an acid, and therefore any alkali, as chalk, &c. will correct its effects.

Is it not a pity that ſuch good creatures ſhould be ſo ill tempered, or ſhould have the power to do ſo much hurt?

Bees, as I ſaid before, labour hard, and by that means acquire treaſures, which they lay up in ſtore-houſes. But other creatures, of which there are many, are very fond of theſe treaſures, which we

call

call honey, but which they will not take the pains to collect, but would plunder the poor bees, if they had no other force than their own little bodies, which could but feebly resist the attacks of a mouse, which is fond of honey, and which is more than a hundred times the bulk of a little bee: but kind nature, whose wisdom is over all her works, has made the less an equal match for the greater by means of this severe weapon.

Here is a good station, where we can stand, and view their motions, without being in the way of danger. Some you see going out of the hive, others coming in; but observe, that the former carry nothing out, whilst the

the latter return heavy loaded. Look at their thighs.

Oh, dear! yes, both thighs! a heap the ſize of a ſmall pea on each, but not all the ſame colour.

No, tis the duſt called farina of flowers. I will ſhew you, as we return, where this duſt lies, and which is not all of the ſame colour. This they collect by rolling themſelves within the cup of the flower, by which the hair of their bodies is covered with duſt, which the bee bruſhes off with its two hind legs, then kneads into two little balls, and then faſtens into two cavities which are in each hind leg, which are edged with hair, and ſerve as two little baſkets; in which, after having faſtened this little pellet, it

flits

flits again from flower to flower, and repeats the ſame proceſs, till both thighs are ſo loaded that it can carry no more, when it returns home.

And this is honey?

No, it will be wax in time.

Wax! what is that?

I ſhall at preſent only explain wax to ſerve our preſent ſubject. Wax then is the caſe or cell wherein the honey is laid up till wanted. There is a piece lying upon one of the benches. This is called the honey-comb; very thin, and very neatly worked; each hole, or cell, of the ſame ſize and ſhape, of ſix ſides; and this is made from the ſubſtance with which you ſee the little creatures ſo loaded.

How

How is this! That which they bring is yellow, but this is quite white!

That which is now brought is not yet wax; its nature and colour is changed by paſſing through the body of the bee. As ſoon as ever the bee arrives within the mouth of the hive, ſhe is met by many others, who eaſe her of her load, by taking each a part into their ſtomachs, and which, after a certain ſpace of time, is changed into the white wax, ſuch as you ſee is here formed in ſo curious a manner into a comb; and in the forming of which is ſhewn wonderful ſkill, without tools of any kind, or even hands, only their own talons; yet they are made of the beſt form, both in ſize and ſhape, that is poſſible,

poffible, for ftrength and ftorage room. They are thin; but this form renders them more firm than any other form. The entrance of the cells moft expofed to danger, is made more firm by a fillet of wax all round, by which means the mouth is thrice or four times thicker than the fides.

In the making of thefe cells, the labour is divided fo as each fhall know its own proper tafk. There are porters, mafons, polifhers, &c. One party is feeking out materials in the fields; others unload, fwallow, or depofit in the ftore-rooms what is brought into the common ftock; others fetch from the ftore-houfe the wax which is now ready for ufe: others are bufy in laying out the cells; others in fmoothing the infide

 of

of the corners and angles of the cells; even the rough parts, that are cut out of the ſtem, are with care taken away by porters, and laid up, that nothing may be loſt.

Beſides this wiſe diviſion of labour, they again change the labour in the hive for a flight into the fields; and thoſe who have been ſporting on the flowers of the fields, return to the labour of the hives; and then by changing their works, find relief to their bodies, and thus regain freſh vigour; and their diligence is ſuch, that a ſwarm of bees will make three thouſand cells in the ſpace of one day. A ſwarm of bees (that is, the contents of one hive) may be from ten to fifteen thouſand bees. The bees ſeem to know quickly what is meant

meant by each others ſigns, and that makes the work more regular. Indeed, they converſe: at leaſt, the bee-maſter knows, from certain ſounds or hums, what is meant: but theſe tones do not proceed from organs of ſpeech, but from the motions of the wings, and which execute various tones from varied vibrations. Indeed, I ſhould have told you, that this order is kept in due bounds by a ruler, or chief, called the queen; and without one of theſe, bees cannot exiſt as a body. The inſtant this chief dies, all the ſtate is in tumult; labour ceaſes; quarrels begin; battle enſues: they emigrate, and ſeek out another ſtate, wherein is found a ruler, but in which many lives are often loſt, before the ſtran-

gers can obtain entrance. Again, two rulers cannot exiſt in the ſame ſtate. A young princeſs is brought up in the ſpring; but as ſoon as ſhe is of proper age, ſhe muſt turn out, and take ſome attendants. Theſe often unite in a knot upon ſome buſh that is near, and from whence they are ſhaken by the bee-maſter into a new hive. This is termed a ſwarm, but is the foundation of a new ſtate, who, after having cleared their new dwelling (if they are pleaſed with the new abode) from ſuch nuiſances as they diſlike, ſet to work the very firſt day to form new combs, and begin a new colony. There are three kinds of bees; the queen, the workers, and the drones. The two firſt females, the laſt males; which, although

though they do not gather honey or wax, are yet uſeful; but as ſoon as their uſe is over, are killed to a bee, even their very young.

But you have ſaid nothing about the honey.

Honey is a juice which exudes from plants, or chiefly from the flowers of plants. The bees know how to ſearch for theſe ſtores, which they collect, and convey into their ſtomachs: not into the ſame where the wax is matured, for bees have two. When the bees have gathered about the ſize of a pea into their ſtomachs, they return home, and put it into their cells, which, when filled, are nicely ſealed up till wanted. Honey does not appear to ſuffer any change, like wax, from the ſtomach of the bees.

Uſeful as honey and wax are to men, yet man, with all his art, could not collect them; nor, as far as we know, is it in the power of any other creature to perform ſo curious a taſk. And what may again excite our wonder, theſe two things, wax and honey, ſo uſeful for many purpoſes, when collected, would not be of any ſervice, either to the plants or any creature, ſo far as we know, if left upon the plants: ſo that the labours of the bee are clear gain; and honey and wax, made from raw materials of no value, by their labour, become articles of great value.

But why collect theſe things with ſo much labour, and lay them up in ſtore? Would it not be more pleaſant for the bee to ſearch for them

in

in the fields when hungry? It ſeems very pleaſant to ſport from flower to flower!

But flowers are not found through the whole year, much leſs the food of bees, or wax, which laſt is chiefly the produce of ſpring; the honey at a later ſeaſon; both ſeaſons of ſhort ſpace: therefore theſe ſtores, laid up with ſo much care and art, are to be their food through the winter, when none is to be found in the fields.

But if this honey was laid up in ſtore for the ſupport of the bee during winter, how come we by it? The bees muſt periſh for want. Is not this cruel?

Indeed ſo it appears at firſt ſight, and that in the extreme. But how many creatures are uſeful to man whilſt

whilſt living, and yet their lives are not ſpared on that account, but are even ſlain for his further uſe !

Stings, that were given for the protection of theſe little creatures, in ſome caſes may prove their deſtruction. When a perſon wiſhes to obtain the honey from a ſtock of bees, he finds it adds to his ſafety to deſtroy the ſtock, by means of fire and ſulphur, before he begins the attack. This death is ſpeedy, and that affords ſome comfort. Means have been thought of to ſave the lives of bees, by leaving ſome of the ſtock for their winter ſupport. But this practice has ſometimes proved more cruel than inſtant death; as enough has not been left, and they have died through famine.

XIII.

LORD NELSON.

MR. and Mrs. Goodman, ſeated by the fire, along with their ſon, young Henry, intended for the law; but who wiſhed, contrary to the inclinations of his parents, to become a ſoldier. Mr. Goodman always contrived ſome uſeful amuſement, as well as inſtruction, by introducing a ſtory, an anecdote, or ſome piece of hiſtory; upon all which he would make comments himſelf; and encouraged his ſon to offer his remarks, to which he always liſtened with attention; and when he had finiſhed, would, in an affectionate and pleaſing manner, point out his miſtakes, or wrong conceptions, if any; whilſt

he never withheld due praiſe to any thoughts, however puerile, if juſt. By theſe means, his judgment became corrected, his mind enlarged and improved, his language more chaſte, and his choice of words copious.

Lord Nelſon has ſo greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and is become the ſubject of ſo much general converſation, and ſo deſervedly, that, on theſe occaſions, every one becomes intereſted, and looks up to ſo great a man with a degree of partiality, as if his particular friend. But theſe great atchievements are not the trials of a ſingle day. How many ſevere ones are to be paſt before a man arrives to this point of honour, let his memorial to his king bear evidence, in the following.

it

It is the cuſtom to draw out a memorial of paſt ſervices, previous to the reward of receiving freſh honours, which I will read:

"To the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty, the Memorial of Sir Horatio Nelſon, K. B. and a Rear Admiral in your Majeſty's Service.

"That, during the preſent War, your Memoraliſt has been in four Actions with the Fleets of the Enemy; namely, on the 13th and 14th of March, 1795; and on the 13th of July, 1795; and on the 14th of February, 1797: in three Actions with Frigates: in ſix Engagements againſt Batteries: in ten Actions in Boats employed in cutting out of Harbours, in deſtroying Veſſels, and in taking three Towns.

Your Memorialiſt has alſo ſerved on Shore with the Army four Months, and commanded the Batteries at the Sieges of Baſtia and Calvi. That during the War, he has aſſiſted at the Capture of ſeven Sail of the Line, ſix Frigates, four Corvettes, and eleven Privateers of different Sizes; and taken and deſtroyed near fifty Sail of Merchant Veſſels: And your Memorialiſt has actually been engaged againſt the Enemy upwards of ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY TIMES: In which Service your Memorialiſt has loſt his right Arm and Eye, and been ſeverely wounded and bruiſed in his Body. All which Services and Wounds your Memorialiſt moſt humbly ſubmits to your Majeſty's

moſt

moſt gracious Conſideration."

October, 1797.

Signed, H. NELSON.

During the recital of this memorial, tears were trickling down the cheeks of Mrs. Goodman, and which, after perceiving, Mr. Goodman tenderly aſked the cauſe.

Mrs. Goodman. Knowing our dear child's ſtrong deſire to become a warrior, how could I ſuppreſs my emotions at the recital of ſuch dangers?—Oh! Henry, what do you think would be your mother's feelings, on receiving you mutilated, full of ſcars, and deprived of an arm and an eye?

Henry. [*Jumping up, and embracing his mother.*] But I ſhould have one yet left, and which ſhould cling round the neck of my dear

mother, (thus,) replies the youth. Nor would either of my parents think their ſon disfigured, ſhould he ever preſent himſelf before their eyes ſo mutilated, if the limb were loſt in the ſervice of his king and country.

Mrs. Goodman. Your youthful ardour carries you beyond the bounds of reaſon. You may have been caught with the glitter of dreſs, the novelty of title, freedom from paternal reſtraint, and a number of pleaſant fancies, which float on the imagination of inexperience, but are never realized in practice. You will be under much greater reſtraint from your ſuperior officers, than ever you felt from either your maſters, teachers, or parents.

parents. And novelty of drefs will foon ceafe to charm.

Henry. Your maternal affection, kind attentions, admonitions, and difcretions, I have often experienced, and hold in grateful remembrance. [*Refpectfully bowing.*]

Mrs. Goodman. You might lofe a leg, my dear Henry.

Henry. I have two legs mother.

Mrs. Goodman. I fhudder to think what I dare hardly utter. You might lofe your precious life.

Henry. One life is but allotted in this world to man; the chief regret I fhould feel for the lofs of which, is the grief it might occafion to two fuch kind parents.

The father and mother looked at each other; the big tear gliftened; their breafts fwelled; fighs iffued; and

and ſilence enſued. After a long pauſe, " I will read Lord Nelſon's Letter on his glorious Victory," ſays Mr. Goodman.

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile, Aug. 3.

" My Lord,

" Almighty God has bleſſed his Majeſty's Arms, in the late Battle, by a great Victory over the Fleet of the Enemy, whom I attacked at Sun-ſet, on the Firſt of Auguſt off the Mouth of the Nile. The Enemy were moored in a ſtrong Line of Battle for defending the Entrance of the Bay (of Shoals) flanked by numerous Gun-boats, four Frigates, and a Battery of Guns and Mortars, on an Iſland in their Van: but nothing could withſtand the Squadron your Lordſhip did me the Honour to place under

under my Command. Their high State of Difcipline is well known to you, and with the Judgment of the Captains, together with their Valour, and that of the Officers and Men of every Defcription, it was abfolutely irrefiftible. Could any Thing from my Pen add to the Characters of the Captains, I would write it with Pleafure; but that is impoffible. I have to regret the Lofs of Captain Weftcott, of the Majeftic, who was killed early in the Action; but the Ship was continued to be fo well fought by her firft Lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordfhip's Pleafure is known. The Ships of the Enemy, all but their two rear Ships, are nearly difmafted; and thofe

thoſe Two, with Two of their Frigates, I am ſorry to ſay, made their eſcape; nor was it, I aſſure you, in my Power to prevent them. Captain Hood moſt handſomely endeavoured to do it; but I had no Ship in a Condition to ſupport the Zealous, and I was obliged to call her in. The Support and Aſſiſtance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be ſufficiently expreſſed. I was wounded in the Head, and obliged to be carried off the Deck; but the Service ſuffered no Loſs by that Event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important Service then going on; and to him I muſt beg Leave to refer you for every Information relative to this Victory. He will preſent you with the Flag of the Second in Command,

Command, that of the Commander in Chief being burnt in the L'-Orient. Herewith I tranſmit you Liſts of the killed and wounded, and the Lines of Battle of ourſelves and the French.

"H. NELSON."

Henry. Oh! that I could ever have it in my power to write ſuch a letter!

Mr. Goodman. The letter is a good letter. But of that more hereafter. It is the fate of all military men whatever, let their talents, their bravery, their ardour, and anxiety in the cauſe, in which they are engaged, be what it will, that it may ſo happen, ſome officers have never an occaſion given wherein they can diſplay their valour;

valour; and whatever other ſuperior abilities they poſſeſs, have no chance of being brought to light. The poet, muſician, painter, actor, and every other profeſſor of the liberal arts, if he have ſuperior abilities, he can diſplay them, and make them ſhine as lights before men, and reap the plaudits, the praiſes and the profits of his genius through life. Not ſo the ſoldier or the ſailor; they have a certain chance of being expoſed to danger, whilſt there are many odds againſt the chance of the poſt of honour. I read a ſtory very lately, when, at the ſiege of ——— an officer was called upon by his ſuperior to take the men under his command to ſuch a poſt; but, ſays the ſuperior, it is with regret I inform you

you that this ſervice is certain death to yourſelf and your brave followers. A mine will be ſprung under you, and you know the conſequence. The officer immediately departed with his detachment. Death was every moment expected for ſome hours. It is with pleaſure I conclude this ſtory, that the lives of thoſe brave fellows were ſaved by an immediate capitulation of the enemy, and the mine of courſe was never ſprung.

What I have ſaid on the fortunate chance of action falling on particular men, by no means leſſons the brilliant victory of Lord Nelſon; the moſt brilliant probably of any action on record, in which the ſtrongeſt judgment was united with the moſt ardent diſplay of valour.

And the events which may arife in confequence of this victory, are yet not to be told. Suffice it to fay, that this defeat muft have greatly cramped the views, and damped the fpirits, of the enemy. It has revived the fpirits of all the European powers, and has put bodies into action that were heretofore torpid through indifference, or benumbed through fear: whilft he is cheered by the fhouts of the inhabitants of that country to whom as if fent by Providence as her guardian angel and deliverer, by a difplay of bonfires on fhore, and rich prefents from the chiefs to the hero on board his fhip. In the midft of thofe triumphs, with the pious humility of a good man, he orders the fhips' crews on that

ſtation to return their thanks to Almighty God for ſo ſignal a victory. Nay, in his diſpatches to his commander, inſtead of claiming honour to himſelf, ſo different is his language from that lately adopted by thoſe with whom he had been contending and conquering, he ſays, "Almighty God has bleſſed his Majeſty's Arms," &c. Inſtead of ſpeaking of himſelf, he adds, "that nothing could exceed the valour of his own men of every deſcription, which was abſolutely irreſiſtible;" that "the ſervice ſuffered no loſs through want of him, after being wounded, and carried off."

Mrs. Goodman. [*After a pauſe.*] Wounded, My dear Henry; wounds accompany honours. But the

wounded ſoldier or ſailor has but ſlight accommodation in the hour of battle. How long may the former be upon the field of blood in an agony of pain, expoſed to ſcorching ſuns, or piercing blaſts, under danger of being trampled to inſtant death, before opportunity is at laſt given to carry off ſuch as can ſurvive theſe horrors! There may be no lenient hand of friendſhip to ſooth the bitter pang, or offer the cup to quench the ſcorched lips. The ſurgeon does what man can do; but what are the efforts of a few amongſt ſuch numbers, who have immediate claims, in an hoſpital crowded, the air foul, and many neceſſaries wanted! Have you ever turned your thoughts towards theſe ſcenes,

my

my Henry? A mother's feelings call forth a mother's fears.

Henry. I know what pain is. What! Have not I undergone more than one operation? Did I ever ſhrink? Did not even the ſurgeons commend the reſolution of the child? What! Do you ſuppoſe that manhood will unbrace thoſe ſtrings which ſtring the nerves of childhood? If in a ſlight operation I could bear pain without complaint, ſurely in the ſervice of my country, the wounds of honour could never produce any ſymptoms of weakneſs, plaints of ſorrow, groans of diſtreſs, or ſuch wailings as ſome utter to excite pity. I never mean to exult, but I am prepared to ſubmit.

Mr. Goodman. Spoke like a man and a ſoldier! My dear, (to Mrs. Goodman,) your weakneſſes are amiable; they beſpeak the mother. I too am his parent. But there are higher duties to which we are called, and from which we ought not to ſhrink. That Being who created us, knew for what purpoſe each of his creatures was deſigned. He gave ſtrength of arm to one, that it might afford protection to him that was weak of body. He laid open the ſecrets of nature to another, that his brethren might enjoy what would otherwiſe have been veiled from their eyes. To another he gave ſkill to guide the veſſel over the trackleſs ocean, to bring home the bleſſings of foreign climes. One rears the manſion to ſcreen

ſcreen us from the elements, whilſt another is weaving the web to ſcreen our body. Some have courage to repel the foe, who would otherwiſe invade our borders, and plunder our property. Whilſt they are engaged in theſe daring efforts, many are employed at home to cultivate the fields, and procure food for their brave defenders.

Thus it is in ſociety; each has his ſtation, his taſk, a certain duty to perform, and to which he is ſometimes called by no feeble voice. In theſe caſes it is the duty of man to ſubmit; not to reſiſt. The office of parent extends no further than to offer advice, with freedom, and with diſcretion; but not arbitrarily to oppoſe the will. My ſon, your inclinations will

will no longer be oppofed by your father.

Henry, throwing himfelf on his knees, layed his glowing cheek upon the the knees of his kind father, who raifed, embraced and bleffed him. Then turning towards his weeping mother, he threw his arms around her neck.

As foon as the father could recover himfelf, " Come (fays Mr. Goodman,) we have not finifhed our work. Here is a letter full of pathos from the reverend father of our hero to his friend, in anfwer to a congratulatory epiftle on the late victory, dated October, 1798.

" My great and good Son went into the World without Fortune; but with a Heart replete with every moral and religious Virtue. Thefe have

have been his Compaſs to ſteer by; and it has pleaſed God to be his Shield in the Day of Battle, and to give Succeſs to his Wiſhes to be of Service to his Country.

"His Country ſeems ſenſible of his Services. But ſhould he ever meet with Ingratitude, his Scars will cry out, and plead his Cauſe. At the Siege of Baſtia, he loſt an Eye; at Teneriffe, an Arm. On the memorable 14th of February he received a ſevere Blow on his Body, which he ſtill feels; and now a Blow on the Head. After all this you will believe his Bloom of Countenance muſt be faded; but the Spirit beareth up yet as vigorous as ever.

"On the 29th of September he completed his 40th Year; cheer-

ful,

ful, generous, and good; fearing no Evil, becauſe he has done none; an Honour to my grey Hairs, which with every Mark of old Age creep faſt upon me."

After a pauſe, Mr. Goodman ſaid, "What are your Remarks upon this Letter?"

Henry. I do not know well what to ſay. It has almoſt drawn tears from my eyes, but I do not know for what. Does not he ſay, great and good ſon? Is that proper for a father?

Mr. Goodman. Not in general. But whatever father had ſuch cauſe to call a ſon both *great* and *good?* But here is a particular propriety. Greatneſs is placed as inferior to goodneſs, which latter epithet this excellent Chriſtian parent uſed to give

give value and luſtre to the former, and to complete the ſon's moſt eſtimable character. I cannot read over the ſentence without participating ſome of the parent's exquiſite feelings. What muſt have been his emotions, when, in the public diſcharge of his parochial duty, as officiating Miniſter at Burnham, when, returning thanks to Almighty God for this glorious victory? No doubt he had more than once poured forth his thankfulneſs in private to his Maker before this occaſion: but on this public day of thankſgiving, his pariſhioners, his friends, all joined with him on their bended knees, and, in the preſence of their GOD, to return thanks to that being,

through

through whom his own ſon had been the inſtrumental cauſe.

There is another circumſtance we may obſerve in this letter, which contradicts an obſervation often urged by thoſe who are diſpoſed to find fault; namely, that merit is overlooked, that patronage or wealth are the two only ſteps to promotion. But how often have theſe aſſertions been contradicted by ſtrong proofs? "This ſon went into the world without fortune;" and ſo did Lord Heathfield, the late, but glorious, governor of Gibraltar.

If you are not already tired, we will read Lord Nelſon's letter to his Lady after a diſaſter.

Vanguard,

Vanguard, St. Peter's Iſland, off Sardinia,
May 24, 1798.

"My deareſt Fanny,

"I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold Name of Accident: I believe firmly it was the Almighty's Goodneſs to check my conſummate Vanity. I hope it has made me a better Officer, as I feel it has made me a better Man. I kiſs with all Humility the Rod. Figure to yourſelf, on Sunday Evening, at Sun-ſet, a vain Man walking in his Cabin with a Squadron around him, who looked up to their Chief to lead them to Glory, and in whom their Chief placed the firmeſt Reliance, that the proudeſt Ships, of equal Numbers, belonging to France, would have bowed their Flags;

and with a very rich Prize lying by him. Figure to yourſelf on Monday Morning, when the Sun roſe, this proud, conceited Man, his Ship diſmaſted, his Fleet diſperſed, and himſelf in ſuch Diſtreſs, that the meaneſt Frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome Gueſt. But it has pleaſed Almighty God to bring us into a ſafe Port, where we are refuſed the Rights of Humanity. Yet the Vanguard will, in two Days, get to Sea again as an Engliſh Man of War."

In this Letter is diſplayed another trait of character of this truly great and truly good man; I mean his pious and manly reſignation to his late misfortune, which "had taught him to become not only

a better

a better officer, but likewiſe a better man."

How prepared to meet death ſhould thoſe men be whoſe lives are devoted to the ſervice of their country! They have not only the wiles and ſtratagems of an enemy to fear, but they are more expoſed to the war of the elements than thoſe people who follow the learned profeſſions or the liberal ſciences. All who are in the land or ſea ſervice, ſhould ſo live, as always to be ready to meet their God.

Before, my dear Henry, you have the command of others, firſt learn how to command yourſelf. Subdue all partialities, puerilities of temper, anger, heat, and imperiouſneſs. Although an officer, and

even

even a chief, you are ſtill a man; and all under your command are brethren, and under proper diſcipline ſhould be treated as your children; and thus under regular ſubordination you will obtain more by proper requeſt, than by the moſt bluſtering threats. An officer's life may be in the power of the meaneſt ſubaltern: but how many have devoted their own lives to preſerve that of a beloved leader! If ſuch be the reward of kindneſs, how pleaſant, how great the acquiſition of the purchaſe!

FINIS.