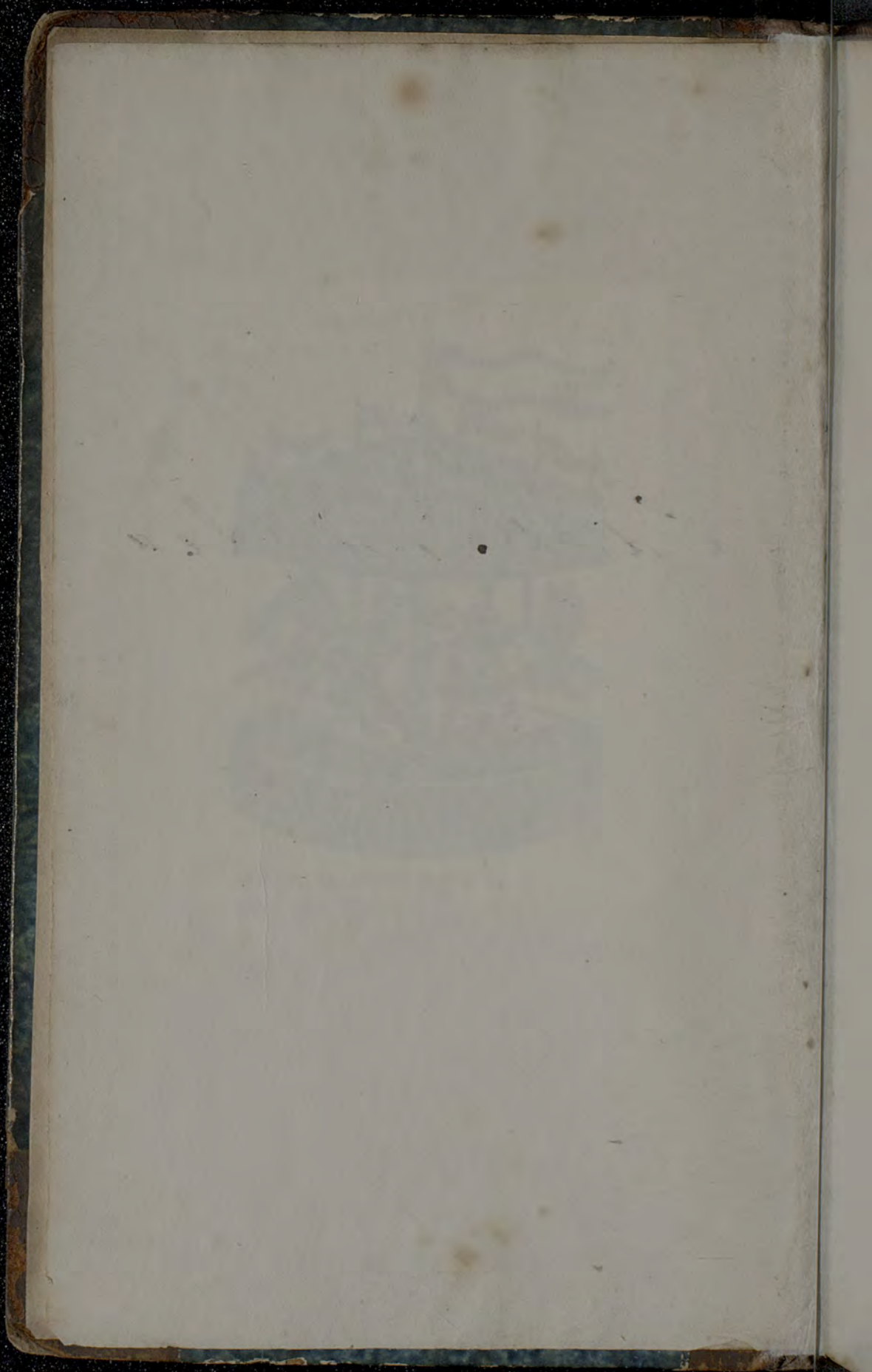


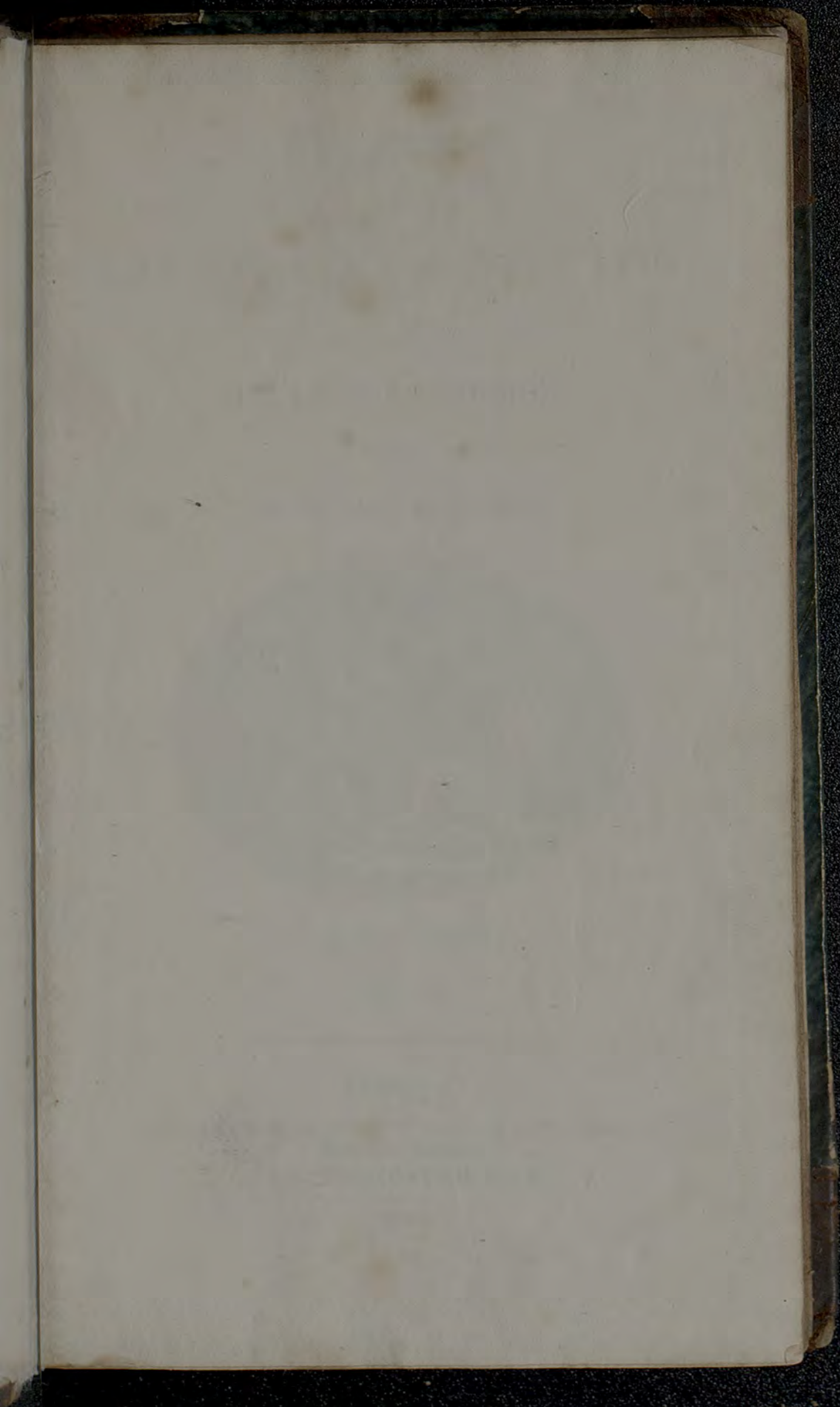
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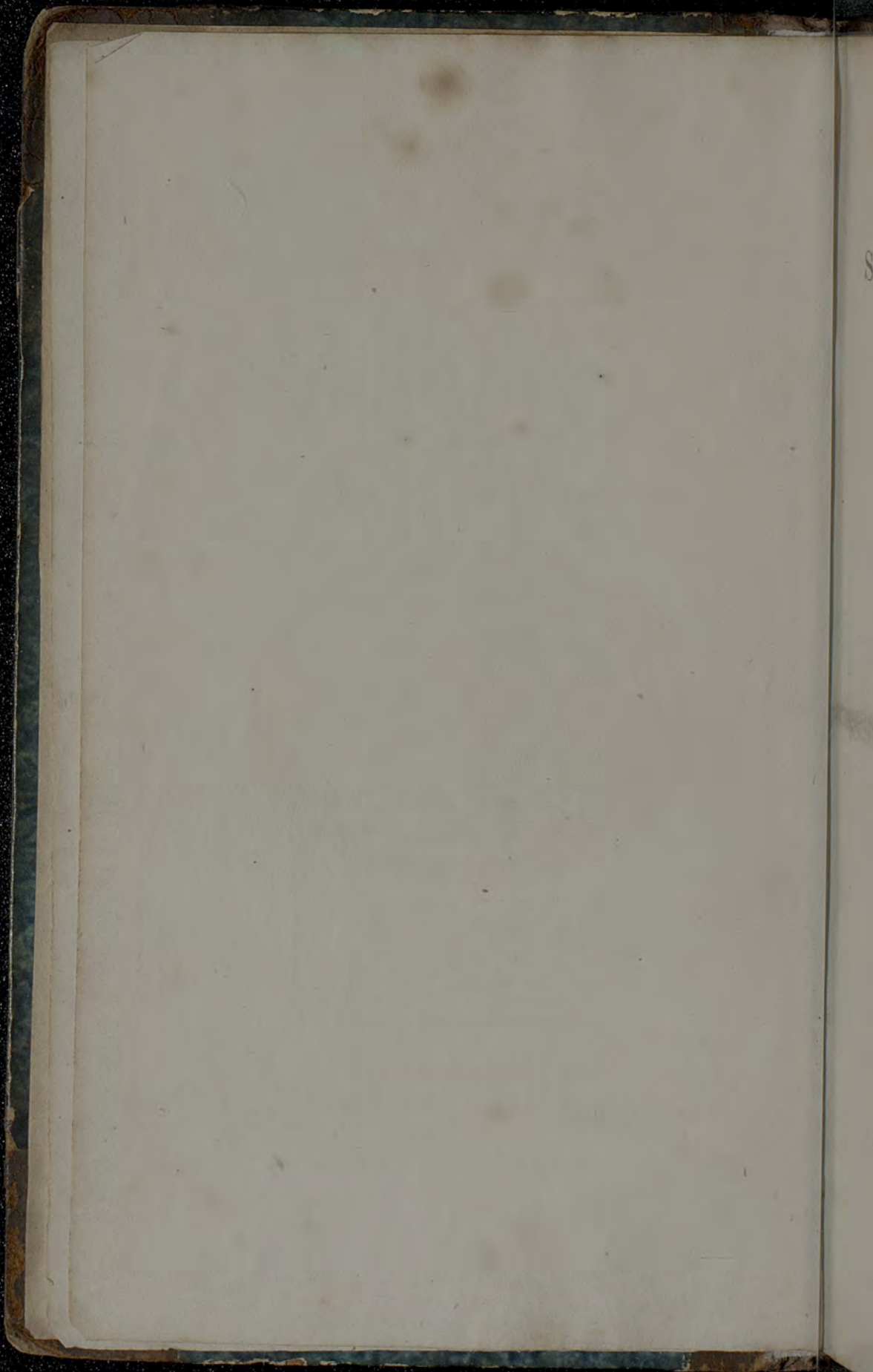


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Edith Ruth Lea







The History  
OF  
SANDFORD AND MERTON.

INTENDED FOR  
THE USE OF CHILDREN.

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BY THOMAS DAY, ESQ.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,  
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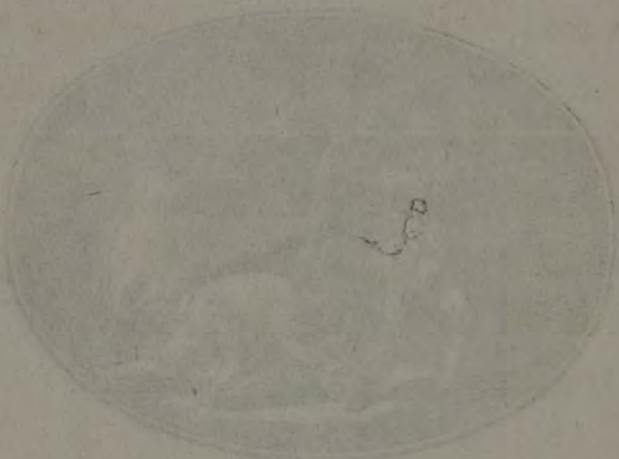
1816.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF MERTON

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THE HISTORY OF MERTON

BY THOMAS DAVENANT



IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON

PRINTED FOR B. BELLAMY AND SONS  
Zurich Street

WATERLOO SQUARE

1816



## PREFACE.

I HAD written a long preface to this book, but I considered that it was possible nobody might read the work itself; I, therefore, determined to send it alone into the world, with this short but necessary account of its origin.

All, who have been conversant in the education of very young children, have complained of the total want of proper books to be put into their hands, while they are taught the elements of reading. I have felt this

want in common with others, and have been very much embarrassed how to supply it. The only method I could invent, was to select such passages of different books as were most adapted to their experience and understanding. The least exceptionable that I could find for this purpose were Plutarch's Lives and Xenophon's History of the Institution of Cyrus, in English translations; with some part of Robinson Crusoe, and a few passages in the first volume of Mr. Brook's Fool of Quality. Nor can I help expressing my regret, that the very ingenious author of that novel has not deigned to apply his great knowledge of the human heart to this particular purpose. He would, by these means, have produced a work more calculated to promote the good of his fellow-creatures, though

not his own fame, than an hundred volumes of sentimental novels, or modern history.

Those that have been much used to children, and to such alone I appeal, will sufficiently understand the defects of the method I have described, and the total impossibility of avoiding it. I therefore thought that it would be a very valuable present to parents, were I to make a selection of such stories as may interest without corrupting the minds of children, and print them in a separate volume; a work which has, since that time, been very judiciously executed by the ingenious Dr. Percival, of Manchester.\* But more attention to the subject convinced me, that,

\* Dr. Percival's book is not merely a selection, but contains many original moral stories and essays.

though such a selection would be highly useful, the method was still defective, as the objects would overwhelm the tender mind of a child by their variety and number, instead of being introduced according to that natural order of association which we ought never to overlook in early education. I, therefore, resolved to proceed a step farther, and not only to collect all such stories as I thought adapted to the faculties of children, but to connect them by a continued narration; so that every story might appear to rise naturally out of the subject, and might, for that reason, make the greater impression. To render the relation more interesting to those for whom it was intended, I have introduced two children as the actors, and have endeavoured to make them speak and behave ac-

ording to the order of nature. As to the histories themselves, I have used the most unbounded licence; altering, curtailing, adding, and generally entirely changing the language, according to the particular views which actuated me in undertaking this work. Those who are much acquainted with literature, will easily discover where I have borrowed, where I have imitated, and where I have invented; and to the rest of the world it is of little consequence, whether they are enabled to make the distinction, as the originality of the author is a point of the least consequence in the execution of such a work as this. My ideas of morals and of human life will be sufficiently evident to those who take the trouble of reading the book; it is unnecessary either to apologize for

them, or to expatiate upon the subject; but such as they are, they are the result of all my reasoning, and of all my experience. Whether they are adapted to the present age, will best appear by the fate of the work itself. As to the language, I have endeavoured to throw into it a greater degree of elegance and ornament than is usually met with in such compositions; preserving at the same time a sufficient degree of simplicity to make it intelligible to very young children, and rather choosing to be diffuse than obscure.

I have only to add, that I hope nobody will consider this work as a treatise on education. I have unavoidably expressed some ideas upon this subject, and introduced a conversation not one word of which any

child will understand; but all the rest of the book is intended to form and interest the minds of children; it is to them that I have written; it is from their applause alone I shall estimate my success; and if they are uninterested in the work, the praises of an hundred reviewers will not console me for my failure.

It may perhaps be necessary to observe, before I conclude this preface, that what is now published, is only a small part of a much larger work. These sheets have lain by me for several years, and I have been long undetermined whether to suppress them entirely, or to commit them to the press. Had I considered my own reputation as an author, I certainly should have chosen the first part of the alternative; since

I am well aware of the innumerable pleasantries and sneers to which an attempt like this may be exposed; but considerations of an higher nature, which I will hereafter explain, should this work meet with any degree of popularity, have finally determined me to the latter. Such therefore as it is, I give it to the public. I cannot stoop either to deprecate censure, or to invite applause; but I would advise those alone to attempt to criticize, who have had some experience in the education of a child.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
SANDFORD AND MERTON.

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IN the western part of England lived a gentleman of great fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a large estate in the island of Jamaica, where he had past the greater part of his life, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one son, of whom he was excessively fond; and to educate this child properly was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton, who at the time he came from Jamaica, was only six years old, was naturally a very good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too

much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica, he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden upon any account to contradict him. If he walked, there always went two negroes with him, one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms, whenever he was tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced cloaths, and had a fine gilded carriage, which was borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his play-fellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him, that she gave him every thing he cried for, and would never let him learn to read, because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had every thing he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make

him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the house, he was always to be helped first, and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise as disturbed the whole company. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend to him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently overset the tea-cups. By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to every body, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently has he cut himself with knives, at other times thrown heavy things upon his head, and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that he was perpetually ill;

the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his cloaths, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came over to England, he could neither write, nor read, nor cypher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but he was very proud, fretful, and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, whose name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry. Harry, as he had been always accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-coloured. He was neither so fair, nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton; but

he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made every body love him; was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging every body. If little Harry saw a poor wretch who wanted victuáls, while he was eating his dinner, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole: nay, so very good-natured was he to every thing, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practise any other kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread, but then this was through ignorance and want of thought: for as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more than he would do, were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal home,

where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy liberty and the fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry was so careful and considerate, that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighbourhood. He used to stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs: if he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him, that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin-red-breasts. Even toads, and frogs, and spiders, and such kind of disagreeable animals, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry: he used to say they had a right to live as well as we, and that it

was cruel and unjust to kill creatures only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made little Harry a great favourite with every body; particularly with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow shewed so particular an affection for him; for, besides learning every thing that he was taught with the greatest readiness, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble, whatever he was desired to do. And then you might believe Harry in every thing he said; for though he could have gained a plumb-cake by telling an untruth, and was sure that speaking the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happiness in eating: for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his

dinner, and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

With this little boy did Master Merton become acquainted in the following manner:—As he and the maid were once walking in the fields upon a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake, on a sudden, started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in at this accident: the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, who was in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and asked what was the matter? Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who though young, was a boy of



a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened, and instantly seizing the snake by the neck with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him to a great distance off. Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt? No, says Tommy, indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty, ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off. And who are you, my dear, says she, to whom we are all so obliged? Harry Sandford, madam. Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us. No, thank you, madam; my father will want me. And who is your father, my sweet boy? Farmer Sandford,

madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill. Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth, will you? If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too.

Mrs. Merton instantly dispatched a servant to the farmer's, and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion-house, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery. Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where every thing that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness. But, to the astonishment of every body, he neither appeared

pleased or surprised at any thing he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for as she had always been used to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon every body else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup, with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of? and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would give it with great pleasure to his little friend. Yes, that I will, says Tommy; for you know, mamma, I have a much finer than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver. Thank you, with all my heart, says little Harry; but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home. How! says Mrs. Merton, what does your father eat and drink out of silver? I don't know, madam, what you call this, but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads. The child is a sim-

pleton, I think, says Mrs. Merton; and why is that better than silver ones? Because, says Harry, they never make us uneasy. Make you uneasy, my child, says Mrs. Merton; what do you mean? Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as if you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it.

I protest, says Mrs. Merton to her husband, I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations. The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a very severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass with wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not dry. But, my

dear, says she, this is very sweet and pleasant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it up. Ay! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says, that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry; and that we must only eat and drink such things as are easily met with, otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the apostles did, who were all very good men. Mr. Merton laughed at this: And pray, says he, little man, do you know who the apostles were? Oh! yes, to be sure I do. And who were they? Why, sir, there was a time when people were grown so very wicked that they did not care what they did, and the great folks were all proud, and minded nothing but eating and drinking, and sleeping, and amusing themselves, and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to hinder a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to

teach them any thing that was good, and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed:—and then there came a very good man indeed, whose name was Christ; and he went about doing good to every body, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do—and he chose out twelve other very good men, and called them the apostles, and these apostles went about the world, doing as he did, and teaching people as he taught them. And they never minded what they ate or drank, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when any body offered them money, they would not take it, but told them to be good, and give it to the poor and the sick: and so they made the world a great deal better—and therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water, and yet they are strong, and active, and healthy.

Upon my word, says Mr. Merton, this little man is a great philosopher, and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher? Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is, but I should like to be a king; because he's finer and richer than any body else, and has nothing to do, and every body waits upon him, and is afraid of him. Well said, my dear, says Mrs. Merton, and rose and kissed him; and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit, and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should not you like to be a king too, little Harry? Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me. What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen! whispered Mrs.

Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry. I am not sure, said Mr. Merton, that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should not you like to be rich, my dear, says he to Harry? No, indeed, sir. No, simpleton, says Mrs. Merton, and why not? Because the only rich man I ever saw is squire Chace, who lives hard by, and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor, and they say he does all this because he's rich; but every body hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face—and I would not be hated for any thing in the world. But should not you like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you? As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I chuse; and, as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I



had an hundred of them. Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.—In the evening little Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there? Why, says Harry, they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner.—There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself. And, then, there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over. And after dinner I was obliged to sit two whole hours without stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine cloaths, and

to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like squire Chace.

But, at the mansion-house, much of the conversation, in the mean time, was employed in examining the merits of little Harry. Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper; she was also struck with the general goodness and benevolence of his character; but she contended there were a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas which distinguish the children of the lower and middling classes of people from those of persons of fashion. Mr. Merton, on the contrary, contended that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and dispositions would do so much honour even to the most elevated situations. Nothing, he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners, and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes pride themselves as their greatest, or even as their only accomplishment: nay, so easily are

they picked up, said he, that we frequently see them descend with the cast cloaths to maids and valets; between whom and their masters and mistresses there is frequently little other difference than what results from the former wearing soiled cloaths and healthier countenances. Indeed, the real seat of all superiority, even of manners, must be placed in the mind: dignified sentiments, superior courage, accompanied with genuine and universal courtesy, are always necessary to constitute the real gentleman; and where these are wanting, it is the greatest absurdity to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant and unnatural modes of dress; which far from being the real test of gentility, have in general no higher origin than the caprice of barbers, taylor, actors, opera-dancers, milliners, fiddlers, and French servants of both sexes. I cannot help, therefore, asserting, said he very seriously, that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of cha-

racter; and, though I shall also wish that our son may possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than a certainty that he would never in any respect fall below the son of farmer Sandford.

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to those observations of her husband I cannot decide; but without waiting to hear her particular sentiments, he thus went on:—Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am too sensible, that our mutual fondness has hitherto treated him with rather too much indulgence. While we have been over solicitous to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful; our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations has made us gratify even his caprices and humours; and, while we have been too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been the cause

why he has not acquired even the common acquisitions of his age and situation. All this I have long observed in silence; but have hitherto concealed, both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of offending you. But at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he will take the care of him: and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly of the age and size of our Tommy. I will therefore propose to the farmer that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son.

As Mr. Merton said this with a certain degree of firmness, and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary, Mrs. Merton did not make any objection to it, but consented, although very reluctantly

to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so such importance to him, that he should always consider himself as the obliged party.

To this Mr. Barlow, after thanking Mr. Merton for the confidence and liberality with which he treated him, answered in the following manner:—I should be little worthy of the distinguished regard with which you treat me, did I not with the greatest sincerity assure you, that I feel myself totally unqualified for such a task. I am, sir, a Minister of the Gospel, and I would not exchange that character, and the severe duties it enjoins, for any other situation in life. But you must be sensible that the retired manner of life

which I have led for these twenty years, in consequence of my profession, at a distance from the gaieties of the capital and the refinements of polite life, is little adapted to form such a tutor as the manners and opinions of the world require for your son. Gentlemen in your situation of life are accustomed to divide the world into two general classes; those that are persons of fashion, and those that are not. The first class contains every thing that is valuable in life; and therefore their manners, their prejudices, their very vices, must be inculcated upon the minds of children from the earliest period of infancy; the second comprehends the great body of mankind, who, under the general name of the vulgar, are represented as being only objects of contempt and disgust, and scarcely worthy to be put upon a footing with the very beasts that contribute to the pleasure and convenience of their superiors.

Mr. Merton could not help interrupting Mr. Barlow here, to assure him, that,

though there was too much truth in the observation, yet he must not think that either he, or Mrs. Merton, carried things to that extravagant length; and that, although they wished their son to have the manners of a man of fashion, they thought his morals and religion of infinitely more consequence.

If you think so, said Mr. Barlow, sir, it is more than a noble Lord did, whose written opinions are now considered as the oracles of polite life, and more than I believe most of his admirers do at this time. But if you allow what I have just mentioned to be the common distinctions of genteel people, you must at one glance perceive how little I must be qualified to educate a young gentleman intended to move in that sphere; I, whose temper, reason, and religion, equally combine to make me reject the principles upon which those distinctions are founded.

The Christian religion, though not exclusively, is, emphatically speaking, the religion of the poor.—Its first ministers



were taken from the lower orders of mankind, and to the lower orders of mankind was it first proposed; and in this, instead of feeling myself mortified or ashamed, I am the more inclined to adore the wisdom and benevolence of that Power by whose command it was first promulgated. Those, who engross the riches and advantages of this world, are too much employed with their pleasures and ambition to be much interested about any system, either of religion, or of morals. They too frequently feel a species of habitual intoxication which excludes every serious thought, and makes them view with indifference every thing but the present moment. Those, on the contrary, to whom all the hardships and miseries of this world are allotted as their natural portion,—those who eat the bread of bitterness, and drink the waters of affliction, have more interest in futurity, and are therefore more prepared to receive the promises of the Gospel.—Yes, sir; mark the disingenuousness of many of our modern philosophers—they quarrel with the

Christian religion, because it has not yet penetrated the deserts of Africa, or arrested the wandering hords of Tartary; yet they ridicule it for the meanness of its origin, and because it is the Gospel of the poor!—that is to say, because it is expressly calculated to inform the judgments, and alleviate the miseries, of that vast promiscuous body which constitutes the majestic species of man.

But for whom would these philosophers have Heaven itself interested, if not for the mighty whole which it has created? Poverty, that is to say, a state of labour and frequent self-denial, is the natural state of man—it is the state of all in the happiest and most equal governments, the state of nearly all in every country:—it is a state in which all the faculties both of body and mind are always found to develop themselves with the most advantage, and in which the moral feelings have generally the greatest influence. The accumulation of riches, on the contrary, can never increase, but by the increasing poverty and degradation of those whom Hea-

ven has created equal; a thousand cottages are thrown down to afford space for a single palace.

How benevolently therefore has Heaven acted, in thus extending its blessings to all who do not disqualify themselves for their reception by voluntary hardness of heart! how wisely, in thus opposing a continual boundary to human pride and sensuality, two passions the most fatal in their effects, and the most apt to desolate the world!—And shall a Minister of that Gospel, conscious of these great truths, and professing to govern himself by their influence, dare to preach a different doctrine, and flatter those excesses which he must know are equally contrary both to reason and religion? Shall he become the abject sycophant of human greatness, and assist it in trampling all relations of humanity beneath its feet, instead of setting before it the severe duties of its station, and the account which will one day be expected of all the opportunities of doing good, so idly, so irretrievably lost and squandered?—But I beg pardon, sir, for

that warmth which has transported me so far, and made me engross so much of the conversation. But it will at least have this good effect, that it will demonstrate the truth of what I have been saying; and shew, that though I might undertake the education of a farmer, or a mechanic, I shall never succeed in that of a modern gentleman.

Sir, replied Mr. Merton, there is nothing which I now hear from you which does not increase my esteem of your character, and my desire to engage your assistance. Permit me only to ask, whether, in the present state of things, a difference of conditions and an inequality of fortune are not necessary, and, if necessary, I should infer, not contrary to the spirit of Christianity?

So it is declared, sir, that offences must come; but that does not prevent a severe denunciation against the offenders. But if you wish to know, whether I am one of those enthusiasts who are continually preaching up an ideal state of perfection, totally inconsistent with human affairs, I will endeavour to give you every satisfac-

tion upon the subject. If you mean by difference of conditions and inequality of fortunes, that the present state of human affairs, in every society we are acquainted with, does not admit that perfect equality which the purer interpretations of the Gospel inculcate, I certainly shall not disagree with you in opinion. He that formed the human heart, certainly must be acquainted with all the passions to which it would be subject; and if, under the immediate dispensation of Christ himself, it was found impossible for a rich man to give his possessions to the poor, that degree of purity will hardly be expected now, which was not found in the origin.

But here, sir, permit me to remark, how widely the principles of genuine Christianity differ from that imaginary scheme of ideal perfection, equally inconsistent with human affairs and human characters, which many of its pretended friends would persuade us to believe it; and as comparison sometimes throws a new and sudden light upon a subject, give me leave to use

one here, which I think bears the closest analogy to what we are now considering.

Were some physician to arise, who to a perfect knowledge of all preceding medical facts, had added, by a more than human skill, a knowledge of the most secret principles of the human frame; could he calculate with an accuracy that never was deceived, the effect of every cause that could act upon our constitutions; and were he inclined, as the result of all his science and observation, to leave a rule of life that might remain unimpeached to the latest posterity; I ask, what kind of one he would form?—I suppose one, said Mr. Merton, that was the most adapted to the general circumstances of the human species, and which observed, would confer the greatest degree of health and vigour.

Right, said Mr. Barlow.—I ask again, whether, observing the common luxury and intemperance of the rich, he would take his directions from the usages of a polite table, and recommend that heterogeneous assemblage of contrary mixtures,

high seasonings, poignant sauces, fermented and distilled poisons, which is continually breeding diseases in their veins, as the best means of preserving, or regaining health?

Certainly not—That were to debase his art, and sanctify abuses, instead of reforming them.

Would he not, then, recommend simplicity of diet, light repasts, early slumbers, and moderate exercise in the open air, if he judged them salutary to human nature, even though fashionable prejudice had stamped all these particulars with the mark of extreme vulgarity?

Were he to act otherwise, he must forfeit all pretensions either to honesty or skill.

Let us then apply all this to the mind, instead of the body, and suppose, for an instant, that some legislator, either human or divine, who comprehended all the secret springs that govern the mind, was preparing an universal code for all mankind;—must he not imitate the physician,

and deliver general truths, however unpalatable, however repugnant to particular prejudices, since upon the observance of these truths alone the happiness of the species must depend?

I think so indeed.

Should such a person observe, that an immoderate desire and accumulation of riches, a love of ostentatious trifles, and unnecessary splendor in all that relates to human life, an habitual indulgence of sensuality, tended not only to produce evil in all around, but even in the individual himself who suffered the tyranny of these vices, how would you have the legislator act?—Should he be silent?

No, certainly—he should arraign these pernicious habitudes by every mean within his power; by precept, by example.

Should he also observe, that riches employed in another manner, in removing the real miseries of humanity, in cherishing, comforting, and supporting all around, produced a contrary effect, and tended equally to make the obliged and obliger



happy; should he conceal this great, eternal truth, or should he divulge it with all the authority he possessed,—conscious, that, in whatever degree it became the rule of human life, in the same degree would it tend to the advantage of all the world?

There cannot be a doubt upon the subject.

But, should he know, either by the spirit of prophecy, or by intuitive penetration, that the majority of mankind would never observe these rules to any great degree, but would be blindly precipitated by their passions into every excess against which he so benevolently cautioned them; should this be a reason for his withdrawing his precepts and admonitions, or for seeming to approve what was in its own nature most pernicious?

As prudent would it be to pull off the bridle when we mount an impetuous horse, because we doubted of our power to hold him in—or to increase his madness by the spur, when it was already too great before.

Thus, sir, you will perceive, that the precepts of the Christian religion are founded upon the most perfect knowledge of the human heart, as they furnish a continual barrier against the most destructive passions, and the most subversive of human happiness. Your own concessions sufficiently prove, that it would have been equally derogatory to truth, and the common interests of the species, to have made the slightest concessions in favour either of human pride or sensuality. Your extensive acquaintance with mankind will sufficiently convince you, how prone the generality are to give an unbounded loose to these two passions: neither the continual experience of their own weakness, nor of the fatal effects which are produced by vicious indulgences, has yet been capable of teaching them either humility, or moderation. What then could the wisest legislator do, more useful, more benevolent, more necessary, than to establish general rules of conduct, which have a continual

tendency to restore moral and natural order, and to diminish the wild inequality produced by pride and avarice? Nor is there any greater danger that these precepts should be too rigidly observed, than that the bulk of mankind should injure themselves by too abstemious a temperance. All that can be expected from human weakness, even in working after the most perfect model, is barely to arrive at mediocrity; and were the model less perfect, or the duties less severe, there is the greatest reason to think that even that mediocrity would never be attained. Examine the conduct of those who are placed at a distance from all labour and fatigue, and you will find the most trifling exertions act upon their imaginations with the same force as the most insuperable difficulties.

If I have now succeeded in laying down the genuine principles of Christian morality, I apprehend it will not be difficult to deduce the duty of one who takes upon him the office of its minister and interpreter. He can no more have a right to alter the slightest of its principles, than

a magistrate can be justified in giving false interpretations to the laws. The more the corruptions of the world increase, the greater the obligation that he should oppose himself to their course; and he can no more relax in his opposition, than the pilot can abandon the helm, because the winds and the waves begin to augment their fury. Should he be despised, or neglected by all the rest of the human species, let him still persist in bearing testimony to the truth, both in his precepts and example: the cause of virtue is not desperate, while it retains a single friend; should it even sink for ever, it is enough for him to have discharged his duty.

But, although he is thus restricted as to what he shall teach, I do not assert, that it is improper for him to use his understanding and experience as to the manner of his instructions. He is strictly bound never to teach any thing contrary to the purest morality; but he is not bound always to teach that morality in its greatest extent. In that respect, he may use the wisdom of the serpent, though

guided by the innocence of the dove. If, therefore, he sees the reign of prejudice and corruption so firmly established, that men would be offended with the genuine simplicity of the Gospel and the purity of its primeval doctrines, he may so far moderate their rigour, as to prevent them from entirely disgusting weak and luxurious minds. If we cannot effect the greatest possible perfection, it is still a material point to preserve from the grossest vices. A physician that practises amongst the great, may certainly be excused, though he should not be continually advising the exercise and regimen of the poor; not, that the doctrine is not true, but that there would not be the smallest probability of its ever being adopted. But, although he never assents to that luxurious method of life which he is continually obliged to see, he may content himself with only inculcating those restrictions which even the luxurious may submit to, if they possess the smallest portion of understanding. Should he

succeed thus far, there is no reason for his stopping in his career, or not enforcing a superior degree of temperance; but, should it be difficult to persuade even so slight a restriction, he could hope for no success, were he to preach up a Spartan or a Roman diet. Thus the Christian Minister may certainly use his own discretion in the mode of conveying his instructions; and it is permitted him to employ all his knowledge of the human heart in reclaiming men from their vices, and winning them over to the cause of virtue. By the severity of his own manners he may sufficiently evince the motives of his conduct; nor can he, by any means, hope for more success, than if he shews that he practises more than he preaches, and uses a greater degree of indulgence to the failings of others than he requires for his own.

Nothing, said Mr. Merton, can be more rational or moderate than these sentiments; why, then, do you persist in pleading your incapacity for an employment which you can so well discharge?

Because, said Mr. Barlow, he that undertakes the education of a child, undertakes the most important duty in society, and is severely answerable for every voluntary omission. The same mode of reasoning which I have just been using is not applicable here. It is out of the power of any individual, however strenuous may be his endeavours, to prevent the mass of mankind from acquiring prejudices and corruptions; and when he finds them in that state, he certainly may use all the wisdom he possesses for their reformation. But this rule will never justify him, for an instant, in giving false impressions where he is at liberty to instil truth, and in losing the only opportunity which he perhaps may ever possess, of teaching pure morality and religion.

How will such a man, if he has the least feeling, bear to see his pupil become a slave, perhaps, to the grossest vices; and to reflect, with a great degree of probability, that this catastrophe has been owing to his own inactivity and improper

indulgence? May not all human characters frequently be traced back to impressions made at so early a period, that none but discerning eyes would ever suspect their existence? Yet nothing is more certain; what we are at twenty, depends upon what we were at fifteen; what we are at fifteen, upon what we were at ten; where shall we then place the beginning of the series?

Besides, sir, the very prejudices and manners of society, which seem to be an excuse for the present negligence in the early education of children, act upon my mind with a contrary effect. Need we fear that, after every possible precaution has been taken, our pupil should not give a sufficient loose to his passions, or should be in danger of being too severely virtuous? How glorious would be such a distinction, how much to be wished for, and yet how little to be expected by any one who is moderately acquainted with the world! The instant he makes his entrance there, he will find an universal relaxation



and indifference to every thing that is serious; every thing will conspire to represent pleasure and sensuality as the only business of human beings, and to throw a ridicule upon every pretence or principle or restraint. This will be the doctrine that he will learn at theatres, from his companions, from the polite circles into which he is introduced. The ladies too will have their share in the improvement of his character: they will criticise the colour of his clothes, his method of making a bow, and of entering a room. They will teach him that the great object of human life is to please the fair; and that the only method of doing it is to acquire the graces. Need we fear that, thus beset on every side, he should not attach a sufficient importance to trifles, or grow fashionably languid in the discharge of all his duties?—Alas! sir, it seems to me, that this will unavoidably happen, in spite of all our endeavours. Let us then not lose the important moment of human life, when it is possible to flatter ourselves with

some hopes of success in giving good impressions; they may succeed; they may either preserve a young man from gross immorality, or may have a tendency to reform him, when the first ardour of youth is past. If we neglect this awful moment, which can never return; with the view which, I must confess, I have of modern manners, it appears to me like launching a vessel, into the midst of a storm, without a compass and without a pilot.

Sir, said Mr. Merton, I will make no other answer to what you have now been saying than to tell you, it adds, if possible, to my esteem of your character, and that I will deliver my son into your hands, upon your own conditions. And as to the terms—

Pardon me, replied Mr. Barlow, if I interrupt you here, and give you another specimen of the singularity of my opinions. I am contented to take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour by every mean within my

power, to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensable; that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the mean time, as there are, I fear, some little circumstances, which have grown up by too much tenderness and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority, if I for the present appear to him and your whole family, rather in the light of a friend than that of a schoolmaster.

However disagreeable this proposal was to the generosity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to consent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage, which was at the distance of about two miles from his father's house.

The day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, as soon as breakfast was over, he took him and Harry into the garden: when he was there, he took a spade into

his own hand, and giving Harry an hoe, they both began to work with great eagerness. Every body that eats, says Mr. Barlow, ought to assist in procuring food, and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work; this is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day, and he that raises the most out of it, will deserve to fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you chuse to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own. No, indeed, says Tommy, very sulkily, I am a gentleman, and don't chuse to slave like a ploughboy. Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman, said Mr. Barlow; but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work. In about two hours Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off, and, taking Harry by the hand he led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down, and Mr. Barlow, taking out a plate of very fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself. Tommy, who had

followed, and expected his share, when he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying. What is the matter? said Mr. Barlow very coolly to him. Tommy looked upon him very sulkily, but returned no answer. Oh! sir, if you don't chuse to give me an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here. Tommy became still more disconcerted at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden; equally surprised and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or the contrary. When all the cherries were eat, little Harry said, You promised to be so good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and if it is agreeable to you, I will now read the story of the Flies and the Ants. With all my heart, said Mr. Barlow: remember to read it slowly and dis-

tinently, without hesitating, or pronouncing the words wrong; and be sure to read it in such a manner as to shew that you understand it. Harry then took up the book and read as follows:

THE FLIES AND THE ANTS.

IN a corner of a farmer's garden, there once happened to be a nest of ants, who, during all the fine weather of the summer, were employed all day long in drawing little seeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them there happened to be a bed of flowers, upon which a great quantity of flies used to be always sporting and humming and diverting themselves by flying from one flower to another. A little boy, who was the farmer's son, used frequently to observe the different employments of these animals; and, as he was very young and ignorant, he one day thus expressed himself:—Can any creature be so simple as these ants? All day long they are working and toiling, instead of

enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themselves like these flies, who are the happiest creatures in the world.—Some time after he had made this observation, the weather grew extremely cold, the sun was scarcely seen to shine, and the nights were chill and frosty. The same little boy, walking then in the garden with his father, did not see a single ant, but all the flies lay scattered up and down either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help pitying the unfortunate animals, and asking, at the same time, what had happened to the ants that he used to see in the same place? The father said, The flies are all dead, because they were careless animals, who gave themselves no trouble about laying up provisions, and were too idle to work; but the ants, who have been busy all the summer, in providing for their maintenance during the winter, are all alive and well; and you will see them again, as soon as the warm weather returns.

Very well, Harry, says Mr. Barlow; we

will now take a walk. They accordingly rambled out into the fields, where Mr. Barlow made Harry take notice of several kinds of plants, and told him the names and nature of them. At last, Harry, who had observed some very pretty purple berries upon a plant that bore a purple flower and grew in the hedges, brought them to Mr. Barlow, and asked whether they were good to eat. It is very lucky, said Mr. Barlow, young man, that you asked the question before you put them into your mouth; for had you tasted them they would have given you violent pains in your head and stomach, and perhaps have killed you, as they grow upon a plant called nightshade, which is a rank poison. Sir, says Harry, I take care never to eat any thing without knowing what it is; and I hope, if you will be so good as to continue to teach me, I shall very soon know the names and qualities of all the herbs which grow. As they were returning home, Harry saw a very large bird, called a kite, upon the ground, who



seemed to have something in his claws, which he was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew him to be one of those ravenous creatures which prey upon others, ran up to him, shouting as loud as he could, and the bird being frightened flew away, and left a chicken behind him, very much hurt indeed, but still alive. Look, sir, said Harry, if that cruel creature has not almost killed this poor chicken! see how he bleeds, and hangs his wings!—I will put him into my bosom to recover him; and carry him home, and he shall have part of my dinner every day, till he is well, and able to shift for himself.

As soon as they came home, the first care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket with some fresh straw, some water, and some bread: after that Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner. In the mean time, Tommy, who had been skulking about all day, very much mortified and uneasy, came in, and, being very hungry, was going to sit down to the table with the rest; but Mr. Barlow

stopped him, and said, No, sir, as you are too much a gentleman to work, we, who are not so, do not chuse to work for the idle. Upon this, Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill temper. But little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up half crying into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my share of the dinner? Yes, to be sure, child. Why then, said he, getting up, I will give it all to poor Tommy, that wants it more than I do. Saying this, he gave it to him as he sat in the corner; and Tommy took it, and thanked him, without ever turning his eyes from off the ground. I see, says Mr. Barlow, that, though gentlemen are above being of any use themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for. At this Tommy cried still more bitterly than before.

The next day Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as before; but they had scarcely begun before Tommy came to them, and desired that he might have an hoe too, which Mr. Barlow gave him: but as he had never before learned to handle one, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several strokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own spade, and shewed him how to hold and use it, by which means, in a very short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their work was over, they retired all three to the summer-house; and Tommy felt the greatest joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his share, which seemed to him the most delicious he had ever tasted, because working in the air had given him an appetite. As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story out of it; but he, looking a little ashamed, said, he

had never learned to read. I am very sorry for it, said Mr. Barlow, because you lose a very great pleasure; then Harry shall read to you. Harry accordingly took up the book, and read the following story.

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKET-  
MAKER.

THERE was, in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who lived in a fine house, and spent his whole time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants to wait upon him, who treated him with the greatest respect, and did whatever they were ordered, and as he had never been taught the truth, or accustomed to hear it, he grew very proud, insolent, and capricious; imagining that he had a right to command all the world, and that the poor were only born to serve and obey him. Near this rich man's house, there lived an honest and industrious poor man, who

gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried reeds, which grew upon a piece of marshy ground close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning to night, to earn food enough to support him, and though he seldom fared better than upon dry bread, or rice, or pulse, and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes of which he made baskets, yet was he always happy, cheerful, and contented; for his labour gave him so good an appetite that the coarsest fare appeared to him delicious, and he went to bed so tired that he would have slept soundly even upon the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, humane to every boy, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbours. The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, yet could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, yet

could he not eat with any pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite, nor use exercise, nor go into the open air. Besides this, as he was a great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill; and, as he did good to nobody, he had no friends, and even his servants spoke ill of him behind his back, and all his neighbours, whom he oppressed, hated him. For these reasons, he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy, and became displeas'd with all who appear'd more chearful than himself. When he was carried out in his palanquin, a kind of bed borne upon the shoulders of men, he frequently pass'd by the cottage of the poor basket-maker, who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove the baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger—What, said he, shall a wretch, a peasant, a low-born fellow that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and pleas'd, while I, that am a gentleman, possess of riches and power, and of more conse-

quence than a million of reptiles like him, am always melancholy and discontented?—This reflection arose so often in his mind, that at last he began to feel the greatest degree of hatred towards the poor man; and, as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, however improper or unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the basket maker, for being happier than himself. With this wicked design he one night gave orders to his servants, who did not dare to disobey him, to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, and the weather in that country is extremely hot, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself, and the poor man was obliged to run out almost naked, to save his life. You may judge of his surprise and grief, when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour, whom he had never of-

fended; but as he was unable to punish him for this injustice, he set out and walked on foot to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom with many tears he told his pitiful case. The magistrate, who was a good and just man, immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him; and when he found that he could not deny the wickedness of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man:—As this proud and wicked man has been puffed up from the opinion of his own importance, and attempted to commit the most scandalous injustice from his contempt of the poor, I am willing to teach him of how little value he is to any body, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is; but, for this purpose, it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go along with him to the place whither I intend to send you both. The poor man said, I never had much, but the little I once had is now lost by the mischievous disposition of this proud and oppressive



man: I am entirely ruined; I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry: therefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me; and though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet should I rejoice to teach him more justice and humanity, and to prevent his injuring the poor a second time. The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who lived in huts, were strangers to riches, and got their living by fishing. As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them as they had been ordered, and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers. The rich man, seeing himself thus exposed, without assistance or defence, in the midst of a barbarous people, whose language he did not understand, and in whose power he was, began to cry and wring his hands in the

most abject manner; but the poor man, who had been always accustomed to hardships and dangers from his infancy, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs to them that they would do them no hurt, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood. Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and shewing them several logs, ordered them to transport them to their cabins. They both immediately set about their tasks, and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to any kind of labour, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages, who were witnesses to this, began to think that the basket-maker would prove very useful to them, and therefore presented him a large portion of fish, and several of their choicest roots; while to the rich

man they gave scarcely enough to support him, because they thought him capable of being of very little service to them: however, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table. The next day they were set to work again, and as the basket-maker had the same advantage over his companion, he was highly caressed and well treated by the natives; while they shewed every mark of contempt towards the other, whose delicate and luxurious habits had rendered him very unfit for labour. The rich man now began to perceive, with how little reason he had before valued himself, and despised his fellow-creatures; and an accident which happened shortly after, tended to complete his mortification. It happened that one of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine: the basket-maker, who had perceived this ap-

pearance of vanity, pulled up some reeds, and, sitting down to work, in a very short time, finished a very elegant wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet. This man was so pleased with his new acquisition, that he danced and capered for joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basket-maker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion; and with such pleasure were these chaplets considered by the whole nation, that the basket-maker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for the pleasure which he conferred upon them, the grateful savages brought him every kind of food which their country afforded, built him an hut, and shewed him every demonstration of gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possesseth neither talents to please, nor strength to labour, was

condemned to be the basket-maker's servant, and cut him reeds to supply the continual demand for chaplets. After having passed some months in this manner, they were again transported to their own country, by the orders of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man, and said, Having now taught you how helpless, contemptible, and feeble a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall proceed to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. Did I treat you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches that you possess, as you wantonly deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence; but, hoping that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin. Upon this, the basket-maker said, after thanking the magistrate for his goodness,—I, having been bred up in poverty, and accustomed to labour, have no desire

to acquire riches, which I should not know how to use: all, therefore, that I require of this man, is to put me into the same situation I was in before, and to learn more humanity. The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity; and, having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basket-maker as a friend, during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor and benefiting his fellow-creatures.—The story being ended, Tommy said it was very pretty; but had he been the good basket-maker, he would have taken the naughty rich man's fortune and kept it. So would not I, said Harry, for fear of growing as proud, and wicked, and idle as the other.

From this time forward, Mr. Barlow and his two little pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning, and, when they were tired, they retired to the summer-house, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or

other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But little Harry, going home for a week, Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone. The next day, after they had done work, and were retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him, but to his great disappointment, found that he was busy and could not. The next day the same accident was renewed, and the day after that. At this Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself, Now if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask anybody to do it for me, and then I could divert myself: and why, thinks he, may not I do what another has done? To be sure, little Harry is very clever, but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught, I dare say, I shall learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it.—The next day, little Harry returned, and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being

alone with him, Pray, Harry, says Tommy, how came you to be able to read? Why, Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling, and then, by putting syllables together, I learned to read. Tommy. And could not you shew me my letters, Harry? Yes, very willingly. Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was infinitely pleased with this first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr. Barlow to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more, if he said nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr. Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry,



Tommy stood up and said, that, if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. Oh! very willingly, said Mr. Barlow; but I should as soon expect you to be able to fly as to read. Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and taking up the book, read, with great fluency,

#### THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DOGS.

IN a part of the world, where there are many strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to bring up two puppies of that kind which is most valued for size and courage. As they appeared to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought that he should make an acceptable present to his landlord, who was a rich man living in a great city, by giving him one of them, who was called Jowler; while he brought up the other named Keeper, to guard his own flocks. From this time, the manner of living was entirely altered between the brother whelps. Jowler was sent into a plentiful

kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of all the servants, who diverted themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot-liquor and broken victuals; by which means, as he was stuffing from morning till night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely. He was, indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly, that he would run away from a dog who was only half as big as himself. He was much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but as he had learned to fawn upon the footmen, and would stand upon his hind legs to beg, when he was ordered, and, besides this, would fetch and carry, he was mightily caressed by all their neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the mean time, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared so well, looked so plump, nor had learned all these pretty little tricks to recommend him. But as his master was too poor to

maintain any thing but what was useful, and was obliged to be continually in the air, subject to all kinds of weather, and labouring hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent: he was also exposed to continual danger from the wolves, from whom he had received many a severe bite, while he was guarding the flocks. These continual combats gave him that degree of intrepidity that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and assiduity so well defended the sheep of his master, that not one had ever been missing since they were placed under his protection. His honesty too was so great, that no temptation could overpower it; and, though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness whatever his master chose to give him. From a continual life in the air, he was become so hardy that no tempest could drive him to shelter, when he ought to be employed in watching the flocks; and he would plunge into the most

rapid river, in the coldest weather of the winter, at the slightest sign from his master.

About this time, it happened that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. At his arrival there, he could not help viewing with great contempt the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which discovered nothing of the address for which he so much admired Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by means of an accident which happened to him. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, an hungry wolf, with eyes that sparkled like fire, bristling hair, and an horrid snarl that made the gentleman tremble, rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, and seemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself over for lost, more especially when he saw that his faithful Jowler, instead of coming to his assistance, ran

sneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of despair, the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him humble and unobserved, at a distance, flew to his assistance, and attacked the wolf with so much courage and skill, that he was compelled to exert all his strength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody, but in the end Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving several severe wounds himself, and presenting a bloody and mangled spectacle to the eyes of his master, who came up at that instant. The gentleman was filled with joy for his escape, and gratitude to his valiant deliverer; and learned by his own experience that appearances are not always to be trusted, and that great virtues and good dispositions may sometimes be found in cottages, while they are totally wanting among the great.

Very well indeed, says Mr. Barlow. I find that when young gentlemen chuse to take pains, they can do things almost as

well as other people. But what do you say to the story you have been reading, Tommy? Would you rather have owned the genteel dog that left his master to be devoured, or the poor, rough, ragged, meagre, neglected cur, that exposed his own life in his defence? Indeed, sir, says Tommy, I would rather have had Keeper; but then I would have fed him, and washed him, and combed him, till he had looked as well as Jowler. But then perhaps he would have grown idle, and fat, and cowardly, like him, says Mr. Barlow: but here is some more of it; let us read the end of the story. Tommy then went on thus:

The gentleman was so pleased with the noble behaviour of Keeper, that he desired the poor man to make him a present of the dog, which, though with some reluctance, he complied with. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by every body, and the disgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, with strict injunctions to the man

to hang him up, as a worthless, unprofitable cur.

As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission; but considering the noble size and comely look of the dog, and, above all, being moved with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail, and licked his new master's feet, just as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to spare his life, and see whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day, Jowler was in every respect treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed but scantily, and from this spare diet soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in, he ran away as he had been accustomed to do, and sneaked to the fire-side; but the farmer's wife soon drove him out of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In consequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and, in a few months, regarded

cold and rain no more than if he had been brought up in the country. Changed as he already was in many respects for the better, he still retained an insurmountable dread of wild beasts, till one day, as he was wandering through a wood alone, he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, who, jumping out of a thicket, seized him by the neck with fury. Jowler would fain have run, but his enemy was too swift and violent to suffer him to escape. Necessity makes even cowards brave. Jowler, being thus stopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, very luckily seizing him by the throat, strangled him in an instant. His master then coming up, and being witness of his exploit, praised him, and stroked him with a degree of fondness he had never done before. Animated by this victory, and by the approbation of his master, Jowler, from that time, became as brave as he had before been pusillanimous; and there was very soon no dog in the country who was so great a terror to beasts of prey.—



In the mean time, Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts, or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities both of mind and body are lost, if not continually exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous, enterprising animal he was before, and acquired all the faults which are the consequences of idleness and gluttony. About this time, the gentleman went again into the country, and carrying his dog with him, was willing that he should exercise his prowess once more against his ancient enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one, in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise, when, at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity? At this moment another dog sprang forward, and seizing the wolf with

the greatest intrepidity, after a bloody contest, left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog, whom, to his infinite surprise, he found to be the same Jowler whom he had discarded the year before. I now see, said he to the farmer, that it is in vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence and repose; and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones.

Indeed, says Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition; He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power; whether he chuses to read little entertaining stories like what we have heard to-day, or to read the actions of great and good men in history,

or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds, which are found in other countries, and been have described in books: in short, I<sup>2</sup> know of scarcely any thing which from this moment will not be in his power; and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others.

Yes, says Tommy, something elated by all this praise, I am determined now to make myself as clever as any body; and I don't doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown-up people; and I am sure, though there are no less than six blacks in our house, that there is not one of them who can read a story like me. Mr. Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden display of vanity, and said rather coolly, Pray, who has attempted to teach them any thing? Nobody, I believe, said Tommy. Where is the great wonder then, if they are ignorant? replied Mr. Barlow. You would probably have never

known any thing, had you not been assisted; and even now you know very little.

In this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally very good dispositions, although he had been suffered to acquire many bad habits, that sometimes prevented them from appearing. He was, particularly very passionate, and thought he had a right to command every body that was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into inconveniences, and once was the occasion of his being very severely mortified. This accident happened in the following manner: One day, as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over an hedge, into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which Tommy called out more loudly

than before, and asked if he did not hear what was said? Yes, said the boy, for the matter of that, I am not deaf. Oh! are you not, replied Tommy; then bring me my ball directly. I don't chuse it, said the boy. Sirrah, said Tommy, if I come to you, I shall make you chuse it. Perhaps not, said the boy, my pretty little master. You little rascal, said, Tommy, who now began to be very angry, if I come over the hedge, I will thrash you within an inch of your life. To this the other made no answer, but by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out, but it was to no purpose; for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank: his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered

with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water. To add to his distress, he first lost one shoe, and then the other; his laced hat tumbled off from his head, and was completely spoiled. In this distress he must probably have remained a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a dirty plight, that Mr. Barlow, who happened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt; when he heard the accident which had happened he could not help smiling, and he advised Tommy to be more careful for the future, how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys.

The next day, Mr. Barlow desired Harry, when they were all together in the arbour, to read the following story of

#### ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

THERE was a certain slave named An-

drocles, who was so ill treated by his master, that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself: It is better to die, than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined therefore to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once, than to live in misery. If I escape, I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by wild beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow-creatures; therefore I will rather trust myself to them, than continue to be a miserable slave.

Having formed his resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest which was at some miles distance from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery to experience another.

He wandered about all day through a vast and trackless wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles; he grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude; at length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he found by accident.

Poor man, said Harry, whose little heart could scarcely contain itself at this mournful recital, I wish I could have met with him; I would have given him all my dinner, and he should have had my bed. But pray, sir, tell me why does one man behave so cruelly to another, and why should one person be the servant of another, and to bear so much ill treatment? As to that, said Tommy, some folks are born gentlemen, and then they must command others; and some are born servants, and then they must do as they are bid. I remember before I came hither, that there were a great many black men and women, that my mother said were only born to wait upon me, and I used



to beat them, and kick them, and throw things at them, whenever I was angry, and they never dared strike me again, because they were slaves. And pray, young man, said Mr. Barlow, how came these people to be slaves? T. Because my father bought them with his money. Mr. B. So then, people that are bought with money are slaves, are they? T. Yes. Mr. B. And those that buy them have a right to kick them, and beat them, and do as they please with them? T. Yes. Mr. B. Then, if I was to take you and sell you to Farmer Sandford, he would have a right to do what he pleased with you. No, sir, said Tommy something warmly; but you would have no right to sell me, nor he to buy me. Mr. B. Then it is not a person's being bought or sold that gives another a right to use him ill; but one person's having a right to sell another, and the man who buys having a right to purchase. T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. And what right have the people who sold the poor negroes to your father, to sell

them? or what right has your father to buy them? Here Tommy seemed to be a good deal puzzled; but at length he said, They are brought from a country that is a great way off, in ships, and so they become slaves. Then, said Mr. Barlow, if I take you to another country, in a ship, I shall have a right to sell you?

T. No, but you won't, sir, because I was born a gentleman. Mr. B. What do you mean by that, Tommy? Why, said Tommy, a little confounded, to have a fine house, and fine clothes, and a coach, and a great deal of money, as my papa has. Mr. B. Then if you were no longer to have a fine house, nor fine clothes, nor a great deal of money, somebody that had all these things might make you a slave, and use you ill, and beat you, and insult you, and do whatever he liked with you.

T. No, sir, that would not be right neither, that any person should use me ill.

Mr. B. Then one person should not use another ill. T. No, sir.

Mr. B. To make a slave of any body is to use him ill, is it.

not? T. I think so. Mr. B. Then no one ought to make a slave of you. T. No indeed, sir. Mr. B. But if no one should use another ill, and making a slave of a person is using him ill, neither ought you to make a slave of any one else. T. Indeed, sir, I think not; and for the future I will never use our black William ill; nor pinch him, nor kick him, as I used to do. Then you will be a very good boy, said Mr. Barlow.—But let us now continue our story.

This unfortunate man had not lain long quiet in the cavern, before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up with a design to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size, who prevented any possibility of retreat. The unfortunate man now believed his destruction to be inevitable; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace,

without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful voice, as if he demanded the assistance of the man. Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage from this circumstance to examine his monstrous guest, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swelled, as if it had been wounded. Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle demeanour of the beast, he advanced up to him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine his patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot, and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness which he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting his familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness, and seemed to invite him by his blandishments to proceed. He therefore extracted the thorn, and pressing the swelling, discharged a considerable quan-

tity of matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness. As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude, by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness; from this moment Androcles became his guest: nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chace, and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality, did the man continue to live during the space of several months. At length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner, and conducted back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe against slaves, he was tried and found guilty of having fled from his master, and, as a punishment for this pre-

tended crime, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food, to inspire him with additional rage.

When the destined moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, inclosed on every side, round which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle. Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror, and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open, and rushed forward with erected mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed! All eyes were turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, couch submissively at his feet, fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his mas-

ter, and rejoice over him as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain to them this unintelligible mystery; and how a savage of the fiercest and most unpitying nature should thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and be converted into an harmless and inoffensive animal. Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying, that the very lion which now stood before them, had been his friend and entertainer in the woods. All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story, to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude, and moved by humanity; and they unanimously joined to entreat for the pardon of the unhappy man from the governor of the place. This was immediately granted to him; and he was also

presented with the lion, who had in this manner twice saved the life of Androcles.

Upon my word, said Tommy, this is a very pretty story: but I never should have thought that a lion could have grown so tame; I thought that they, and tigers, and wolves, had been so fierce and cruel, that they had torn every thing they met to pieces.

When they are hungry, said Mr. Barlow, they kill every animal they meet; but this is to devour it; for they can only live upon flesh, like dogs and cats, and many other kinds of animals. When they are not hungry, they seldom meddle with any thing, or do unnecessary mischief; therefore they are much less cruel than many persons that I have seen, and even than many children, who plague and torment animals, without any reasons whatsoever.

Indeed, sir, said Harry, I think so— And I remember, as I was walking along the road, some days past, I saw a little



naughty boy, that used a poor jack-ass very ill indeed. The poor animal was so lame that he could hardly stir, and yet the boy beat him, with a great stick, as violently as he was able, to make him go on faster. And what did you say to him? said Mr. Barlow. H. Why, sir, I told him, how naughty and cruel it was; and I asked him, how he would like to be beaten in that manner by some body that was stronger than himself? Mr. B. And what answer did he make you? H. He said, that it was his daddy's ass, and so that he had a right to beat it; and that if I said a word more he would beat me. Mr. B. And what answer did you make; any? H. I told him, if it was his father's ass, he should not use it ill; for that we were all God's creatures, and that we should love each other, as he loved us all—and that as to beating me, if he struck me, I had a right to strike him again, and would do it, though he was almost as big again as I was. Mr. B. And did he strike you? H. Yes, sir. He endeavoured to

strike me upon the head with his stick, but I dodged, and so it fell upon my shoulder; and he was going to strike me again, but I darted at him, and knocked him down, and then he began blubbering, and begged me not to hurt him. Mr.

B. It is not uncommon for those who are most cruel to be at the same time most cowardly: but what did you? H. Sir, I told him, I did not want to hurt him; but that, as he had meddled with me, I would not let him rise till he had promised me not to hurt the poor beast any more, which he did, and then I let him go about his business.

You did very right, said Mr. Barlow; and I suppose the boy looked as foolish, when he was rising, as Tommy did the other day, when the little ragged boy, that he was going to beat, helped him out of the ditch. Sir, answered Tommy, a little confused, I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball. Mr. B. And what right had you to oblige him to bring

your ball? T. Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. Mr. B. So then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys. T. To be sure, sir. Mr. B. Then, if your clothes should wear out and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you. Tommy looked a little foolish, and said, But he might have done it, as he was on that side of the hedge. Mr. B. And so he probably would have done, if you had asked him civilly to do it; but when persons speak in an haughty tone, they will find few inclined to serve them.—But as the boy was poor and ragged, I suppose you hired him with money to fetch your ball. T. Indeed, sir, I did not; I neither gave him any thing, nor offered him any thing. Mr. B. Probably you had nothing to give him. T. Yes I had though—I had all this money (pulling out several shillings.) Mr. B. Perhaps the boy was as rich as you. T. No, he was not, sir, I am sure; for he had no coat, and his waistcoat and breeches were all tattered

and ragged: besides, he had no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes. Mr. B. So, now I see what constitutes a gentleman——A gentleman is one, that, when he has abundance of every thing, keeps it all to himself; beats poor people if they don't serve him for nothing; and, when they have done him the greatest favour, in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return. I find that Androcles's lion was no gentleman.

Tommy was so affected with this rebuke, that he could hardly contain his tears, and, as he was really a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should see him again. He did not long wait for an opportunity; for, as he was walking out that very afternoon, he saw him at some distance gathering black-berries, and going up to him, he accosted him thus: Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other clothes? No, indeed, said the

boy ; I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself : but I should not much mind that, if I could have my belly full of victuals. T. And why cannot you have your belly full of victuals? Little Boy. Because daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest; so that mammy says we must all starve, if God Almighty does not take care of us. Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house, whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. Here, little boy, said he, you were very good natured to me, and so I will give you all this, because I am a gentleman, and have many more. Nothing could equal the joy which appeared in the boy's countenance at receiving this present, excepting what Tommy himself felt the first time at the idea of doing a generous and grateful action. He strutted away without waiting for the little boy's acknowledgments, and happening to meet Mr. Barlow, as he was returning

home, told him, with an air of exultation, what he had done. Mr. Barlow coldly answered, You have done very well in giving the little boy clothes, because they are your own : but what right have you to give away my loaf of bread without asking my consent? T. Why, sir, I did it because the little boy said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill, and could not work. Mr. B. This is a very good reason why you should give them what belongs to yourself; but not why you should give away what is another's. What would you say, if Harry were to give away all your clothes without asking your leave? T. I should not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without asking your leave. You will do well, said Mr. Barlow; and here is a little story you may read upon this very subject.

## THE STORY OF CYRUS.

CYRUS was a little boy of very good

dispositions, and a very humane temper. He had several masters that endeavoured to teach him every thing that was good, and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening, his father asked him what he had done, or learned that day. Sir, said Cyrus, I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly. How so? said his father. Cyrus. There were two boys, one of whom was a great, and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that was much too big for him; but the great boy had one that scarcely reached below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part; upon which the great boy proposed to the little boy to change coats with him, because then, said he, we shall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you, as mine is too little for me. The little boy would not consent to the proposal; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing

upon this subject, I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one, for which judgment my master punished me. Why so? said Cyrus's father; was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy? Yes, sir, answered Cyrus; but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent; and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished.

Just as the story was finished they were surprised to see a little ragged boy come running up to them, with a bundle of clothes under his arm: his eyes were black as if he had been severely beaten, his nose was swelled, his shirt was bloody, and his waistcoat did but just hang upon his back, so much was it torn. He came



running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him, saying, Here, master, take your clothes again, and I wish that they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out of, instead of upon my back;—but I never will put such frippery on again as long as I have breath in my body. What is the matter, said Mr. Barlow, who perceived that some unfortunate accident had happened in consequence of Tommy's present? Sir, answered the little boy, my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now, as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but asked me civilly. But though I am poor, I am not bound to be his slave, as they say black William is, and so I would not: upon which little master here was jumping over the hedge to lick me, but instead of that, he soused into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out. And so he gave me these clothes here, all out of good will,

and I put them on, like a fool as I was; for they are all made of silk, and look so fine that a'l the little boys followed me, and halloed as I went, and Jack Dowset threw a handful of dirt at me, and dirtied me all over. — Oh! says I, Jackey, are you at that work?—and with that I hit him a punch in the belly, and sent him roaring away. But Billy Gibson and Ned Kelly came up, and said I looked like a Frenchman: and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave out; but I don't chuse to be halloed after wherever I go, and to look like a Frenchman, and so I have brought master his clothes again.

Mr. Barlow asked the little boy where his father lived; and he told him that his father lived about two miles off, across the common, and at the end of Runny Lane; upon which Mr. Barlow told Harry that he would send the poor man some broth and victuals, if he would carry it when it was ready. That I will, says Harry, if it were five times as far: so Mr.

Barlow went into the house to give orders about it. In the mean time, Tommy, who had eyed the little boy for some time in silence, said, So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt till you are all over bloody, only because I gave you my clothes; I am really very sorry for it. Thank you, little master, said the boy, but it can't be helped; you did not intend me any hurt I know, and I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating: so I wish you a good afternoon with all my heart.—As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said, I wish I had but some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he seems very good-natured; I would give them to him. That you may very easily have, said Harry; for there is a shop in the village hard by, where they sell all manner of clothes for the poor people; and, as you have money, you may easily buy some.

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They ac-

cordingly set out before breakfast, and had proceeded near half way, when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds that seemed to be running full cry at some distance. Tommy then asked Harry if he knew what they were about. Yes, says Harry, I know well enough what they are about; it is squire Chase and his dogs worrying a poor hare. But I wonder they are not ashamed to meddle with such a poor inoffensive creature that cannot defend itself; if they have a mind to hunt, why don't they hunt lions, and tigers, and such fierce mischievous creatures, as I have read they do in other countries? Oh! dear, says Tommy, how is that? It must surely be very dangerous. Why, you must know, says Harry, the men are accustomed in some places to go almost naked, and that makes them so prodigiously nimble that they can run like a deer; and when a lion or tiger comes into their neighbourhood, and devours their sheep or oxen, they go out six or seven together, armed with javelins; and

they run over all the woods, and examine every place till they have found him; and then they make a noise and provoke him to attack them. Then he begins roaring and foaming, and beating his sides with his tail, till, in a violent fury, he springs at the man that is nearest to him. Oh! dear, says Tommy, he must certainly be torn to pieces. No such thing, answered Harry; he jumps like a greyhound out of the way, while the next man throws his javelin at the lion, and perhaps wounds him in the side: this enrages him still more; he springs again, like lightning, upon the man that wounded him; but this man avoids him like the other: and at last the poor beast drops down dead, with the number of wounds he has received. Oh! says Tommy, it must be a very strange sight; I should like to see it out of a window, where I was safe. So should not I, answered Harry; for it must be a great pity to see such a noble animal tortured and killed. But they are obliged to do it in their

own defence. But these poor hares do nobody any harm, excepting the farmers, by eating a little of their corn sometimes. As they were talking in this manner, Harry, casting his eyes on one side, said, As I am alive, there is the poor hare skulking along. I hope they will not be able to find her, and if they ask me, I will never tell them which way she is gone. Presently up came the dogs, who had now lost all scent of their game, and a gentleman mounted upon a fine horse, who asked Harry if he had seen the hare. Harry made no answer; but upon the gentleman's repeating the question in a louder tone of voice, he answered that he had. And which way is she gone? said the gentleman. Sir, I don't choose to tell you, answered Harry, after some hesitation. Not choose! said the gentleman, leaping off his horse; but I'll make you choose it in an instant; and coming up to Harry, who never moved from the place where he had been standing, began to lash him in a most unmerciful manner

with his whip, continually repeating, Now! you little rascal, do you choose to tell me now? To which Harry made no other answer than this,—If I would not tell you before, I won't now, though you should kill me. But this fortitude of Harry, and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bitterest manner to see the distress of his friend, made no impression upon this barbarian, who continued his brutality, till another gentleman rode up full speed, and said, For God's sake, squire, what are you about? You will kill the child if you do not take care. And the little dog deserves it, said the other; he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she is gone. Take care, replied the gentleman, in a low voice, you don't involve yourself in a disagreeable affair; I know the other to be the son of a gentleman of great fortune in the neighbourhood: and then, turning to Harry, he said, Why, my dear, would not you tell the gentleman which way the hare had gone, if you saw her? Because, an-

answered Harry, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, I don't choose to betray the unfortunate. This boy, said the gentleman, is a prodigy; and it is an happy thing for you, squire, that his age is not equal to his spirit. But you are always passionate. . . . At this moment the hounds recovered the scent, and bursting out into a full cry, the squire mounted his horse and galloped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the most affectionate manner, and asked him how he did? A little sore, says Harry, but that does not signify. Oh! says Tommy, I wish I had had a pistol or a sword! H. Why, what would you have done with it? T. I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you so cruelly. H. That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am sure he did not want to kill me. Indeed, if I had been a man, he should not have used me so; but it is all over now, and we ought to forgive our



enemies, as Mr. Barlow tells us Christ did; and then perhaps they may come to love us, and be sorry for what they had done. T. But how could you bear to be so severely whipped, without crying out? H. Why, crying out would have done me no good at all, would it? And this is nothing to what many little boys have suffered without ever flinching or bemoaning themselves. T. Well, I should have thought it a great deal. H. Oh! it's nothing to what the young Spartans used to suffer. T. Who were they? H. Why, you must know they were a very brave set of people that lived a great while ago: and as they were but few in number, and were surrounded by a great many enemies, they used to endeavour to make their little boys very brave and hardy. And these little boys used to be always running about half naked in the open air, and wrestling and jumping, and exercising themselves; and then had very coarse food, and hard beds to lie upon, and were never pampered and indulged:

and all this made them so strong and hardy and brave, that the like was never seen. T. What, and had they no coaches to ride in, nor sweetmeats, nor wine, nor any body to wait upon them? H. Oh! dear, no—their fathers thought that would spoil them; and so they all fared alike, and ate together in great rooms, and there they were taught to behave orderly and decently; and when dinner was over, they all went to play together, and if they committed any faults they were very severely whipped; but they never minded it, and scorned to cry out, or make a wry face. As they were conversing in this manner they approached the village, where Tommy laid out all his money, amounting to fifteen shillings and sixpence, in buying some clothes for the little ragged boy and his brothers, which were made up in a bundle and given to him; but he desired Harry to carry them for him. That I will, said Harry; but why don't you choose to carry them yourself? T. Why, it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things him-

self. H. Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is but strong enough? T. I do not know—but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people. H. Then he should not have hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or mouth, because the common people have the same. T. No, no, he must have all these, because they are useful. H. And is it not useful to be able to do things for ourselves? T. Yes, but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them. H. Then I should think it must be a bad thing to be a gentleman. T. Why so? H. Because if all were gentlemen, nobody would do any thing, and then we should be all starved. T. Starved! H. Yes; why you could not live, could you, without bread? T. No, I know that very well. H. And bread is made of a plant that grows in the earth, and is called wheat. T. Why then I would gather it, and eat it. H. Then you must do something for yourself: but that would not do, for wheat is a small hard grain, like the oats which you have sometimes given

to Mr. Barlow's horse; and you would not like to eat them. T. No, certainly; but how comes bread then? H. Why they send the corn to the mill. T. What is a mill? H. What, did you never see a mill? T. No, never; but I should like to see one, that I may know how they make bread. H. There is one at a little distance, and if you ask Mr. Barlow, he will go with you, for he knows the miller very well. T. That I will, for I should like to see them make bread.

As they were conversing in this manner they heard a great outcry, and turning their heads, saw a horse that was galloping violently along, and dragging his rider along with him, who had fallen off, and in falling hitched his foot in the stirrup. Luckily for the person, it happened to be wet ground and the side of a hill, which prevented the horse from going very fast, and the rider from being much hurt. But Harry, who was always prepared to do an act of humanity, even with the danger of his life, and, besides

that, was a boy of extraordinary courage and agility, ran up towards a gap which he saw the horse approaching, and, just as he made a little pause before he vaulted over, caught him by the bridle, and effectually stopped him from proceeding. In an instant, another gentleman came up with two or three servants, who alighted from their horses, disengaged the fallen person, and set him upon his legs. He stared wildly round him for some time; but as he was not materially hurt, he soon recovered his senses, and the first use he made of them was to swear at his horse, and to ask who had stopped the confounded jade? Who? said his friend; why the very little boy that you used so scandalously this morning: had it not been for his dexterity and courage, that numskull of yours would have had more flaws in it than it ever had before. The squire considered Harry with a countenance in which shame and humiliation seemed yet to struggle with his natural insolence; but at length putting his hand in his pocket,

he pulled out a guinea, which he offered to Harry, telling him at the same time he was very sorry for what had happened. But Harry, with a look of more contempt than he had ever been seen to assume before, rejected the present, and taking up the bundle which he had dropt at the time he seized the squire's horse, walked away, accompanied by his companion.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage, whom they found much better, as Mr. Barlow had been there the preceding night, and given him such medicines as he judged proper for his disease. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and upon his coming in, told him that he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without fear of being called a Frenchman, as well as some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was so great, and the acknowledgments and blessings of the good woman and the poor man, who had just begun to sit up, were so

many, that little Tommy could not help shedding tears of compassion, in which he was joined by Harry. As they were returning, Tommy said that he had never spent any money with so much pleasure, as that with which he had purchased clothes for this poor family; and that for the future he would take care of all the money that was given him, for that purpose, instead of laying it out in eatables and play-things.

Some few days after this, as Mr. Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to pass near a windmill, and upon Harry's telling Tommy what it was, Tommy desired leave to go into it and look at it. This Mr. Barlow consented to, and being acquainted with the miller, they all went in, and examined every part of it with great curiosity; and there little Tommy saw with astonishment, that the sails of the mill being continually turned round by the wind, moved a great flat stone, which, by rubbing upon another stone,

bruised all the corn that was put between them, till it became a fine powder. Oh! dear, says Tommy, is this the way they make bread? Mr. Barlow told him this was the method by which the corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were necessary before it arrived at that state. You see that what runs from these mill-stones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a solid and tolerably hard substance.

As they were going home, Harry said to Tommy, So you see now that if nobody chose to work, or do any thing for himself, we should have no bread to eat. But you could not even have the corn to make it of, without a great deal of pains and labour. Why not? said Tommy; does not corn grow in the ground, of itself? H. Corn grows in the ground, but then first it is necessary to plough the ground, to break it to pieces. T. What's ploughing? H. Did you never see three or four horses draing something along



the fields in a straight line, while one man drove, and another walked behind, holding the thing by two handles? T. Yes, I have; and is that ploughing? H. It is—and there is a sharp iron underneath, which runs into the ground, and turns it up, all the way it goes. T. Well, and what then? H. When the ground is thus prepared, they sow the seed all over it, and then they rake it over to cover the seed, and then the seed begins to grow, and shoots up very high, and at last the corn ripens, and they reap it and carry it home. I protest, says Tommy, it must be very curious, and I should like to sow some seed myself, and see it grow; do you think I could? Yes, certainly, said Harry; and if you will dig the ground to-morrow, I will go home to my father, in order to procure some seed for you. The next morning Tommy was up almost as soon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perseverance till breakfast: when he came in, he could

not help telling Mr. Barlow what he had had done, and asking him, whether he was not a very good boy, for working so hard to raise corn? That, said Mr. Barlow, depends upon the use you intend to make of it, when you have raised it. What is it you intend doing with it? Why, sir, said Tommy, I intend to send it to the mill that we saw, and have it ground into flour; and then I will get you to shew me how to make bread of it; and then I will eat it, that I may tell my father that I have eaten bread out of corn of my own sowing. That will be very well done, said Mr. Barlow; but where will be the great goodness that you sow corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people round continually do; and if they did not do it, they would be obliged to fast. But then, said Tommy, they are not gentlemen, as I am. What then, answered Mr. Barlow, must not gentlemen eat as well as others, and therefore is it not for their interest to know how to procure food as well as

other people? Yes, sir, answered Tommy, but they can have other people to raise it for them, so that they are not obliged to work themselves. How does that happen, said Mr. Barlow? T. Why, sir, they pay other people to work for them, or buy bread when it is made, as much as they want. Mr. B. Then they pay for it with money. T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. Then they must have money before they can buy corn. T. Certainly, sir. Mr. B. But have all gentlemen money? Tommy hesitated some time at this question; at last he said, I believe not always, sir. Mr. B. Why then, if they have not money, they will find it difficult to procure corn, unless they raise it for themselves. Indeed, said Tommy, I believe they will; for perhaps they may not find any body good-natured enough to give it them. But, said Mr. Barlow, as we are talking upon this subject, I will tell you a story, that I read a little time past, if you choose to hear it. Tommy said he should be very glad if Mr. Barlow would take the trouble

of telling it to him, and Mr. Barlow told him the following history of

THE TWO BROTHERS.

ABOUT the time that many people went over to South America, with the hopes of finding gold and silver, there was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, who had a great inclination to try his fortune like the rest. But as he had an elder brother, for whom he had a very great affection, he went to him, told him his design, and solicited him very much to go along with him, promising him that he should have an equal share of all the riches they found. The brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of a contented temper and a good understanding; he did not therefore much approve of the project, and endeavoured to dissuade Pizarro from it, by setting before him the danger to which he exposed himself, and the uncertainty of his succeeding. But finding all that he said was vain, he agreed to go with

him, but told him at the same time, that he wanted no part of the riches which he might find, and would ask no other favour than to have his baggage and a few servants taken on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers, who had all great expectations, like himself, of soon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and some seeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought this a very odd preparation for the voyage; but as he did not think proper to expostulate with his brother, he said nothing. After sailing some time with prosperous winds, they put into the last port where they were to stop, before they came to the country where they were to search for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to

find, besides hiring an additional quantity of labourers to assist him in the work. Alonzo, on the contrary, bought only a few sheep and four stout oxen, with their harness, and food enough to subsist them till they should arrive at land. As it happened, they met with a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother, that, as he had only come to accompany and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while he went to search for gold, and when he had acquired as much as he desired, should be always ready to embark for Spain with him. Pizarro accordingly set out, not without feeling so great a contempt for his brother, that he could not help expressing it to his companions. I always thought, said he, that my brother, had been a man of sense; he bore that character in Spain, but I find people were strangely mistaken in him. Here he is going to divert himself with his sheep and his oxen, as if he was living

quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing else to do than to raise cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time; so come along, my lads, and if we have but good luck, we shall soon be enriched for the rest of our lives. All that were present applauded Pizarro's speech, and declared themselves ready to follow him wherever he went; only one old Spaniard shook his head as he went, and told him he doubted whether he would find his brother so great a fool as he thought. They then travelled on several days march into the country, sometimes obliged to cross rivers, at others to pass mountains and forests where they could find no paths; sometimes scorched by the violent heat of the sun, and then wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. These difficulties, however, did not discourage them so much as to hinder them from trying in several places for gold, which they were at length lucky enough to find in a considerable quantity. This success ani-

mated them very much, and they continued working upon that spot till all their provisions were consumed; they gathered daily large quantities of ore, but then they suffered very much from hunger. Still, however, they perserved in their labours, and sustained themselves with such roots and berries as they could find. At last even this resource failed them; and, after several of their company had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, to acquire which they had suffered so many miseries.

But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foresaw what would happen, had been industriously toiling to a very different purpose. His skill in husbandry had easily enabled him to find a spot of considerable extent and very fertile soil, which he ploughed up with the oxen he had brought with him, and the assistance of his servants. He then sowed the different seeds he had



brought, and planted the potatoes, which prospered beyond what he could have expected, and yielded him a most abundant harvest. His sheep he had turned out in a very fine meadow near the sea, and every one of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Besides that, he and his servants, at leisure times, employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they had caught were all dried and salted, with salt they had found upon the sea-shore; so that by the time of Pizarro's return they had laid up a very considerable quantity of provision. When Pizarro returned, his brother received him with the greatest cordiality, and asked him what success he had had? Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold, but that several of his companions had perished, and that the rest were almost starved from the want of provisions: he then requested his brother would immediately give him something to eat, as he assured him he had tasted no food the last two days, excepting the roots and bark

of trees. Alonzo then very coolly answered, that he should remember, that when they set out they had made an agreement, that neither should interfere with the other; that he had never desired to have any share of the gold which Pizarro might acquire, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should expect to be supplied with the provisions that he had procured with so much care and labour. But, added he, if you choose to exchange some of the gold you have found, for provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you. Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but as he and his companions were almost starved, they were obliged to comply with his demands, which were so exorbitant, that in a very short time they parted with all the gold they had brought with them, merely to purchase food. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Spain in the vessel which had brought them thither, as the winds and weather seemed to be most favourable: but Pi-

zarro, with an angry look, told him, that since he had deprived him of every thing he had gained, and treated him in so unfriendly a manner, he should go without him; for as to himself, he would rather perish upon that desert shore, than embark with so inhuman a brother. But Alouzo, instead of resenting these reproaches, embraced his brother with the greatest tenderness, and spoke to him in the following manner: Could you then believe, my dearest Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labours, which you have acquired with so much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the universe perish, than I should be capable of such behaviour to my dearest brother! But I saw the rash, impetuous desire you had of riches, and wished to correct this fault in you, and serve you at the same time. You despised my prudence and industry, and imagined that nothing could be wanting to him that had once acquired wealth. But you have now learned, that, without

that foresight and industry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from perishing miserably. You are now I hope wiser; and therefore take back your riches, which I hope you have now learned to make a proper use of. Pizarro was equally filled with gratitude and astonishment at this generosity of his brother, and he acknowledged from experience that industry was better than gold. They then embarked for Spain, where they all safely arrived: during the voyage Pizarro often solicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo constantly refused, telling him that he that could raise food enough to maintain himself was in no want of gold.

Indeed, said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished the story, I think Alonzo was a very sensible man; and if it had not been for him, his brother and all his companions must have been starved; but then this was only because they were in a desert, uninhabited country, This

could never have happened in England; there they could always have had as much corn or bread as they chose for their money. But, said Mr. Barlow, is a man sure to be always in England, or some country where he can purchase bread? T. I believe so, sir. Mr. B. Why, are there not countries in the world where there are no inhabitants, and where no corn is raised? T. Certainly, sir; this country which the two brothers went to was such a place. Mr. B. And there are many other such countries in the world. T. But then a man need not go to them; he may stay at home. Mr. B. Then he must not pass the seas in a ship. T. Why so, sir? Mr. B. Because the ship may happen to be wrecked upon some such country where there are no inhabitants; and then, although he should escape the danger of the sea, what will he do for food? T. And have such accidents sometimes happened? Mr. B. Yes, several: there was, in particular, one Selkirk, who was shipwrecked, and ob-

liged to live several years upon a desert island. T. That was very extraordinary indeed; and how did he get victuals?

Mr. B. He sometimes procured roots, sometimes fruits: he also at last became so active, that he was able to pursue and catch wild goats, with which the island abounded.

T. And did not such an hard, disagreeable way of life kill him at last?

Mr. B. By no means. He never enjoyed better health in his life: and you have heard that he became so active as to be able to overtake the very wild beasts.

But a still more extraordinary story is that of some Russians, who were left upon the coast of Spitzbergen, where they were obliged to stay several years.

T. Where is Spitsbergen, sir? Mr. B. It is a country very far to the north, which is constantly covered with snow and ice, because the weather is so unremittingly severe. Scarcely any vegetables will grow upon the soil, and scarcely any animals are found in the country. To add to this, a great part of the year it is covered

with perpetual darkness, and is inaccessible to ships: so that it is impossible to conceive a more dreary country, or where it must be more difficult to support human life. Yet four men were capable of struggling with all these difficulties during several years, and three of them returned at last safe to their own country. T. This must be a very curious story indeed; I would give any thing to be able to see it. That you may very easily, said Mr. Barlow. When I read it, I copied over several parts of it, I thought it so curious and interesting, which I can easily find and will shew you.—Here it is; but it is necessary first to inform you, that those northern seas, from the intense cold of the climate, are so full of ice as frequently to render it extremely dangerous to ships, lest they should be crushed between two pieces of immense size, or so completely surrounded as not to be able to extricate themselves. Having given you this previous information, you will easily understand the distressful si-

tuation of a Russian ship, which, as it was sailing in those seas, was on a sudden so surrounded by ice as not to be able to move. My extracts begin here, and you may read them.

*Extracts from a Narrative of the extraordinary Adventures of four Russian Sailors, who were cast away on the desert Island of East Spitsbergen.*

“ In this alarming state, (that is, when the ship was surrounded with ice,) a council was held, when the mate, Alexis Hinkof, informed them, that he recollected to have heard, that some of the people of Mesin, some time before, having formed a resolution of wintering upon this island, had carried from that city timber proper for building a hut, and had actually erected one at some distance from the shore. This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering there, if the hut, as they hoped, still existed; for they clearly perceived the immi-



ment danger they were in, and that they must inevitably perish, if they continued in the ship. They dispatched therefore four of their crew in search of the hut, or any other succour they could meet with. These were Alexis Himkof the mate, Iwan Himkof his godson, Stephen Scharassof, and Feodor Weregine. As the shore on which they were to land was uninhabited, it was necessary that they should make some provision for their expedition. They had almost two miles to travel over loose ridges of ice, which being raised by the waves, and driven against each other by the wind, rendered the way equally difficult and dangerous: prudence, therefore, forbade their loading themselves too much, lest, by being overburthened, they might sink in between the pieces of ice, and perish. Having thus maturely considered the nature of their undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket and powder-horn containing twelve charges of powder, with as many balls, an axe, a small kettle, a

bag with about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe. Thus accoutred, these four sailors quickly arrived on the island, little suspecting the misfortunes that would befall them. They began with exploring the country, and soon discovered the hut they were in search of, about an English mile and a half from the shore. It was thirty-six feet in length, eighteen feet in height, and as many in breadth. It contained a small anti-chamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, the one to shut it up from the outer air, the other to form a communication with the inner room: this contributed greatly to keep the larger room warm when once heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner; that is, a kind of oven without a chimney, which serves occasionally either for baking, for heating the room, or, as is customary amongst the Russian peasants, in very cold wea-

ther, for a place to sleep upon. They rejoiced greatly at having discovered the hut, which had, however, suffered much from the weather, it having now been built a considerable time: our adventurers, however, contrived to pass the night in it. Early next morning they hastened to the shore, impatient to inform their comrades of their success, and also to procure from their vessel such provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might better enable them to winter on the island. I leave my readers to figure to themselves the astonishment and agony of mind these poor people must have felt, when, on reaching the place of their landing, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from the ice, which but a day before had covered the ocean. A violent storm, which had arisen during the night, had certainly been the cause of this disastrous event. But they could not tell, whether the ice which had before hemmed in the vessel, agitated by the violence of the waves, had been driven

against her, and shattered her to pieces; or, whether she had been carried by the current into the main, a circumstance which frequently happens in those seas. Whatever accident had befallen the ship, they saw her no more; and as no tidings were ever afterwards received of her, it is most probable that she sunk, and that all on board of her perished.

This melancholy event depriving the unhappy wretches of all hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut whence they had come, full of horror and despair."

Oh! dear, cried Tommy at this passage, what a dreadful situation these poor people must have been in! To be in such a cold country, covered with snow and frozen with ice, without any body to help them or give them victuals: I should think they must all have died. That you will soon see, said Mr. Barlow, when you have read the rest of the story: but tell me one thing, Tommy, before you proceed; these four men were poor sailors:

who had always been accustomed to danger and hardship, and to work for their living: do you think it would have been better for them to have been bred up gentlemen, that is, to do nothing, but to have other people wait upon them in every thing? Why, to be sure, answered Tommy, it was much better for them that they had been used to work; for that might enable them to contrive and do something to assist themselves: for without doing a great deal, they must certainly all have perished.

“Their first attention was employed, as may easily be imagined, in devising means of providing subsistence and for repairing their hut. The twelve charges of powder, which they had brought with them, soon procured them as many reindeer, the island, fortunately for them, abounding in these animals. I have before observed, that the hut, which the sailors were so fortunate as to find, had sustained some damage, and it was this: there were cracks in many places between the boards

of the building, which freely admitted the air. This inconveniency was, however, easily remedied, as they had an axe, and the beams were still sound (for wood in these cold climates, continues through a length of years unimpaired by worms or decay); so it was easy for them to make the boards join again very tolerably: besides, moss growing in great abundance all over the island, there was more than sufficient to stop up the crevices, which wooden houses must always be liable to. Repairs of this kind cost the unhappy men less trouble as they were Russians; for all Russian peasants are known to be good carpenters; they build their own houses, and are very expert in handling the axe. The intense cold which makes these climates habitable to so few species of animals, renders them equally unfit for the production of vegetables. No species of tree or even shrub is found in any of the islands of Spitzbergen; a circumstance of the most alarming nature to our sailors.

Without fire it was poimssible to resist

the rigour of the climate, and without wood how was that fire to be produced or supported? However, in wandering along the beach, they collected plenty of wood, which had been driven ashore by the waves, and which at first consisted of the wrecks of ships, and afterwards of whole trees with their roots, the produce of some more hospitable, but to them unknown climate, which the overflowings of rivers, or other accidents, had sent into the ocean. Nothing proved of more essential service to these unfortunate men, during the first year of their exile, than some boards they found upon the beach, having a long iron hook, some nails of about five or six inches long and proportionably thick, and other bits of old iron, fixed in them; the melancholy relicks of some vessels cast away in those remote parts. These were thrown ashore by the waves, at the time when the want of powder gave our men reason to apprehend that they must fall a prey to hunger, as they had nearly consumed those

rein-deer they had killed. This lucky circumstance was attended with another equally fortunate; they found on the shore the root of a fir-tree which nearly approached to the figure of a bow. As necessity has ever been the mother of invention, so they soon fashioned this root to a good bow by the help of a knife: but still they wanted a string and arrows. Not knowing how to procure these at present, they resolved upon making a couple of lances, to defend themselves against the white bears, by far the most ferocious of their kind, whose attacks they had great reason to dread. Finding they could neither make the heads of their lances nor of their arrows without the help of a hammer, they contrived to form the large iron hook mentioned above, into one, by heating it, and widening a hole it happened to have about its middle, with the help of one of their largest nails: this received the handle, and a round button at one end of the hook



served for the face of the hammer. A large pebble supplied the place of an anvil, and a couple of rein-deers horns made the tongs. By the means of such tools, they made two heads of spears; and after polishing and sharpening them on stones, they tied them, as fast as possible, with thongs made of rein-deer skins, to sticks about the thickness of a man's arm, which they got from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore. Thus equipped with spears, they resolved to attack a white bear; and after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thereby made a new supply of provisions. The flesh of this animal they relished exceedingly, as they thought it much resembled beef in taste and flavour. The tendons, they saw with much pleasure, could with little or no trouble be divided into filaments of what fineness they thought fit. This perhaps was the most fortunate discovery these men could have made; for, besides other advantages,

which will be hereafter mentioned, they were hereby furnished with strings for their bow. The success of our unfortunate islanders in making the spears, and the use these proved of, encouraged them to proceed, and to forge some pieces of iron into heads of arrows of the same shape, though somewhat smaller in size than the spears above-mentioned. Having ground and sharpened these like the former, they tied them with the sinews of the white bears to pieces of fir, to which, by the help of fine threads of the same, they fastened feathers of sea fowl; and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity in this respect was crowned with success far beyond their expectation; for during the time of their continuance upon the island, with these arrows they killed no less than two hundred and fifty rein-deer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them also for food, and their skins for clothing, and

other necessary preservatives against the intense coldness of a climate so near the pole. They killed, however, only ten white bears in all, and that not without the utmost danger; for these animals, being prodigiously strong, defended themselves with astonishing vigour and fury. The first our men attacked designedly; the other nine they slew in defending themselves from their assaults: for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut, in order to devour them. It is true that all the bears did not shew (if I may be allowed the expression) equal intrepidity, either owing to some being less pressed by hunger, or to their being by nature less carnivorous than the others; for some of them which entered the hut immediately betook themselves to flight, on the first attempt of the sailors to drive them away. A repetition, however, of these ferocious attacks, threw the poor men into great terror and anxiety, as they were in almost a perpetual danger of being devoured."

Sure, exclaimed Tommy, such a life as that must have been miserable and dreadful indeed. Why so? said Mr. Barlow. T. Because being always in danger of being devoured by wild beasts, those men must have been always unhappy. Mr. B. And yet they never were devoured. T. No, sir, because they made weapons to defend themselves. Mr. B. Perhaps, then, a person is not unhappy, merely because he is exposed to danger; for he may escape from it; but because he does not know how to defend himself. T. I do not exactly understand you, sir. Mr. B. I will give you an instance. Were you not very unhappy when the snake coiled itself round your leg, because you imagined it would bite you? T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. But Harry was not unhappy. T. That is very true, sir. Mr. B. And yet he was more in danger of being bitten than yourself, because he took hold of it. T. Indeed he did. Mr. B. But he knew that by boldly seizing it, and flinging it away, he was in very little danger: had you, there-

fore, known the same, you probably would neither have feared so much, nor have been so unhappy as you were. T. Indeed, sir, that is true; and were such an accident to happen again, I think I should have courage enough to do the same. Mr. B. Should you then be as unhappy now, as you were the first time? T. By no means: because I have a great deal more courage. Mr. B. Why then, persons that have courage are not so unhappy as those that are cowardly, when they are exposed to danger. T. Certainly not, sir. Mr. B. And that must be equally true in every kind of danger. T. Indeed it must; for I have sometimes heard my mother shriek out, when she was passing in a coach, through a small stream of water, while my father only laughed at her. Mr. B. Why then if she had possessed as much courage, perhaps, she would have laughed too. T. Indeed I believe she might; for I have sometimes seen her laugh at herself when it was over, for being so cowardly. Mr. B. Why

then it is possible that when these men found they were so well able to defend themselves against the bears, they might no longer be afraid of them; and not being afraid, they would not be unhappy. T. Indeed, I believe so. Mr. B. Let us now continue.

“ The three different kinds of animals above mentioned, viz. the rein-deer, the blue and white foxes, and the white bears, were the only food these wretched mariners tasted during their continuance in this dreary abode. We do not at once see every resource. It is generally necessity which quickens our invention, opening by degrees our eyes, and pointing out expedients which otherwise might never have occurred to our thoughts. The truth of this observation our four sailors experienced in various instances. They were for some time reduced to the necessity of eating their meat almost raw, and without either bread or salt; for they were quite destitute of both. The intenseness of the cold, together with the want of

proper conveniencies, prevented them from cooking their victuals in a proper manner. There was but one stove in the hut, and that being set up agreeably to the Russian taste, was more like an oven, and, consequently, not well adapted for boiling any thing. Wood, also, was too precious a commodity to be wasted in keeping up two fires, and the one they might have made out of their habitation, to dress their victuals, would in no way have served to warm them. Another reason against their cooking in the open air, was the continual danger of an attack from the white bears. And here, I must observe, that, suppose they had made the attempt, it would still have been practicable for only some part of the year: for the cold, which, in such a climate, for some months scarcely ever abates, from the long absence of the sun, then enlightening the opposite hemisphere; the inconceivable quantity of snow, which is continually falling through the greatest part of the winter; together with the almost in-

cessant rains at certain seasons ; all these were almost insurmountable obstacles to that expedient. To remedy, therefore, in some degree, the hardship of eating their meat half raw, they bethought themselves of drying some of their provisions, during the summer, in the open air, and afterwards of hanging it up in the upper part of the hut, which, as I mentioned before, was continually filled with smoke down to the windows : it was thus dried thoroughly by the help of that smoke. This meat so prepared they used for bread, and it made them relish their other flesh the better, as they could only half dress it. Finding this experiment answer in every respect to their wishes, they continued to practise it during the whole time of their confinement upon the island, and always kept up by that means a sufficient stock of provisions. Water they had in summer from small rivulets that fell from the rocks, and in winter from the snow and ice thawed. This was of course their only beverage ; and their small kettle was the only vessel



they could make use of for this and other purposes. I have mentioned above, that our sailors brought a small bag of flour with them to the island. Of this they had consumed about one half with their meat; the remainder they employed in a different manner, equally useful. They soon saw the necessity of keeping up a continual fire in so cold a climate, and found that if it should unfortunately go out, they had no means of lighting it again; for though they had a steel and flints, yet they wanted both match and tinder. In their excursions through the island, they had met with a slimy loam, or a kind of clay nearly in the middle of it. Out of this they found means to form an utensil which might serve for a lamp, and they proposed to keep it constantly burning, with the fat of the animals they should kill. This was certainly the most rational scheme they could have thought of; for to be without a light in a climate, where, during winter, darkness reigns for several

months together, would have added much to their other calamities."

Pray, sir, stop, said Tommy. What, are there countries in the world where it is night continually for several months together? Indeed, there are, answered Mr. Barlow. T. How can that be? Mr. B. How happens it, that there is night at all? T. How happens it? It must be so, must it not? Mr. B. That is only saying that you do not know the reason. But do you observe no difference here, between the night and day? T. Yes, sir, it is light in the day, and dark in the night. Mr. B. And why is it dark in the night? T. Really, I do not know. Mr. B. What, does the sun shine every night? T. No, sir, certainly. Mr. B. Then it only shines upon some nights, and not upon others. T. It never shines at all in the night. Mr. B. And does it in the day? T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. Every day? T. Every day, I believe; only sometimes the clouds prevent you from seeing it. Mr. B. And

what becomes of it in the night? T. It goes away, so that we cannot see it. Mr. B. So, then, when you can see the sun it is never night. T. No, sir. Mr. B. But when the sun goes away, the night comes on. T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. And when the sun comes again, what happens? T. Then it is day again, for I have seen the day break, and the sun always rises presently after. Mr. B. Then if the sun were not to rise for several months together, what would happen? T. Sure, it would always remain night, and be dark. Mr. B. That is exactly the case with the countries we are reading about.

“ Having, therefore, fashioned a kind of lamp, they filled it with rein-deers fat, and stuck into it some twisted linen, shaped into a wick. But they had the mortification to find, that as soon as the fat melted, it not only soaked into the [ clay, but fairly ran into it on all sides. The thing, therefore, was to devise some

means of preventing this inconvenience, not arising from cracks, but from the substance of which the lamp was made being too porous. They made, therefore, a new one; dried it thoroughly in the air, then heated it red hot, and afterwards quenched it in their kettle, wherein they had boiled a quantity of flour down to the consistence of thin starch. The lamp being thus dried and filled with melted fat, they now found, to their great joy, it did not leak. But for greater security they dipped linen rags in their paste, and with them covered all its outside. Succeeding in this attempt, they immediately made another lamp for fear of an accident, that in all events they might not be destitute of light; and when they had done so much, they thought proper to save the remainder of their flour for similar purposes. As they had carefully collected whatever happened to be cast on shore, to supply them with fuel, they had found amongst the wrecks of vessels some

cordage, and a small quantity of oakum (a kind of hemp used for caulking ships,) which served them to make wicks for their lamps. When these stores began to fail, their shirts and their drawers (which are worn by almost all Russian peasants) were employed to make good the deficiency. By these means they kept their lamp burning without intermission, from the day they first made it, (a work they set about soon after their arrival on the island,) until that of their embarkation for their native country. The necessity of converting the most essential part of their clothing, such as their shirts and drawers, to the use above specified, exposed them the more to the rigour of the climate. They also found themselves in want of shoes, boots, and other articles of dress; and as winter was approaching, they were again obliged to have recourse to that ingenuity which necessity suggests, and which seldom fails in the trying hour of distress. They had

skins of rein-deer and foxes in plenty, that had hitherto served them for bedding, and which they now thought of employing in some more essential service; but the question was how to tan them. After deliberating on this subject, they took to the following method: they soaked the skins for several days in fresh water, till they could pull off the hair pretty easily; they then rubbed the wet leather with their hands till it was nearly dry, when they spread some melted rein-deer fat over it, and again rubbed it well. By this process, the leather became soft, pliant, and supple, proper for answering every purpose they wanted it for. Those skins which they designed for furs, they only soaked for one day, to prepare them for being wrought, and then proceeded in the manner before mentioned, except only that they did not remove the hair. Thus they soon provided themselves with the necessary materials for all the parts of dress they wanted.—But here another

difficulty occurred: they had neither awls for making shoes or boots, nor needles for sewing their garments. This want, however, they soon supplied by means of the bits of iron they had occasionally collected. Out of these they made both, and by their industry even brought them to a certain degree of perfection. The making eyes to their needles gave them indeed no little trouble, but this they also performed with the assistance of their knife; for having ground it to a very sharp point, and heated red-hot a kind of wire forged for that purpose, they pierced a hole through one end, and by whetting and smoothing it on stones brought the other to a point, and thus gave the whole needle a very tolerable form. Scissars to cut out the skin were what they next had occasion for, but having none, their place they supplied with the knife: and though there was neither shoemaker nor tailor amongst them, yet they had contrived to cut out their leather and furs

well enough for their purpose. The sinews of the bears and the rein-deer, which, as I mentioned before, they had found means to split, served them for thread; and thus provided with the necessary implements, they proceeded to make their new clothes."

These, said Mr. Barlow, are the extracts which I have made from this very extraordinary story, and they are sufficient to shew both the many accidents to which men are exposed, and the wonderful expedients which may be found out, even in the most dismal circumstances. It is very true indeed, answered Tommy; but pray what became of these poor men at last? After they had lived more than six years upon this dreary and inhospitable coast, answered Mr. Barlow, a ship arrived there by accident, took three of them on board, and carried them in safety to their own country. And what became of the fourth? said Tommy. He, said Mr. Barlow, was seized with a dangerous dis-



ease, which is called the scurvy; and being of an indolent temper, and therefore not using the exercise which was necessary to preserve his life, after having lingered some time, died, and was buried in the snow by his companions.

Here little Harry came in from his father's house, and brought with him the chicken, which, it has been mentioned, he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little animal was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received, and shewed so great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely surprised and pleased to remark its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him, he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well; and that, in consequence

of that kindness, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him. Indeed, said Tommy, that is very surprising: for I thought all birds had flown away whenever a man came near them; and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them. Mr. B. And what do you imagine is the reason of that? T. Because they are wild? Mr. B. And what is a fowl's being wild? T. When he will not let you come near him. Mr. B. Then a fowl is wild because he will not let you come near him; and will not let you come near him because he is wild. This is saying nothing more than that when a fowl is wild, he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reason of his being wild. T. Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so. Mr. B. But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry. T. That is because he is so good to it. Mr. B. Very likely: then it is not natural

for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him. T. No, sir, I believe not. Mr. B. But when a person is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not? T. Yes. Mr. B. And then you say that he is wild, do you not? T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. Why then it is probable that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tiger. T. Indeed I would, sir. Mr. B. And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal. Tommy laughed heartily at this, and said, No. Therefore, said Mr. Barlow, if you want to tame animals, you must be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you. Indeed, said Harry, that is very true: for I knew a little boy, that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden; and when he had his milk for breakfast, he

used to sit under a nut-tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl. T. And did it not bite him? H. No; he sometimes used to give it a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast; but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation; and being both good-natured, and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal that he might give it to. The first thing that he happened to meet was a sucking pig that had rambled from its mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy would not neglect the opportunity of shewing his talents; he therefore called Pig, pig, pig, come hither, little pig! But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted, and ran away. You little ungrateful thing, said Tommy, do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not know

your friends, I must teach you. Saying this, he sprang at the pig, and caught him by the hind leg, intending to have given him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig, who was not used to be treated in that manner, began struggling and squeaking to that degree, that the sow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one, or not, he thought it most prudent to let it go: and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The place where this accident happened was extremely wet; therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot, and the sow, who came up at that instant, passed over him as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire. Tommy, who was not the coolest in his temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended

kindness, and, losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind leg, and began pommelling her with all his might, as she attempted to escape. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment, but endeavoured with all her force to escape; but Tommy keeping his hold, and continuing his discipline, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking in the most lamentable manner all the time, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs. During the heat of this contest, a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise; but a gander of more than common size and courage, resenting the unprovoked attack which had been made upon his family, flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him several severe strokes with his bill. Tommy,

whose courage had hitherto been unconquerable, being thus unexpectedly attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to yield to fortune; and not knowing the precise extent of his danger, he not only suffered the sow to escape, but joined his vociferations to the general scream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who coming up to the place, found his pupil in the most woeful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as those of any chimney-sweeper. He enquired what was the matter, and Tommy, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, answered in this manner:—Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them tame and gentle and to love me, and you see the consequences. Indeed, said Mr. Barlow, I see you have been very ill treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to any thing I have said, I shall feel the more concern. No, said Tommy, I cannot say that I am much hurt. Why then, said Mr. Barlow, you

had better go and wash yourself; and when you are clean we will talk over the affair. When Tommy had returned, Mr. Barlow asked him how the accident had happened; and when he had heard the story, he said, I am very sorry for your misfortune, but I do not perceive that I was the cause of it: for I do not remember that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hinder legs. T. No, sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and so I wanted to feed the pig. Mr. B. But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore, when you seized him in so violent a manner, he naturally attempted to escape; and his mother, hearing his cries, very naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition; otherwise, you may fare like the little boy,



that, in attempting to catch flies, was stung by a wasp; or, like another, that, seeing an adder sleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it, which had nearly cost him his life. T. But, sir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy that used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it. Mr. B. That might very well happen: there is scarcely any creature that will do hurt without it is attacked or wants food, and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless, others not; therefore the best way is not to meddle with any thing till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you observed this rule, you never would have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, in order to tame it; and it is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwise you might have been as badly treated as the taylor was by the elephant. T. Pray, sir, what is this curious story? But first tell me, if you please, what an elephant is.

An elephant, said Mr. Barlow, is the largest land animal that we are acquainted with. It is many times thicker than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its strength, as may be easily imagined, is prodigious, but it is, at the same time, so very gentle, that it rarely does hurt to any thing, even in the woods where it resides. It does not eat flesh, but lives upon the fruits and branches of trees. But what is most singular about its make is, that, instead of a nose, it has a long, hollow piece of flesh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet. This is called the trunk of the elephant, and he is capable of bending it in every direction. When he wants to break off the branch of a tree, he twists this trunk round it, and snaps it off directly. When he wants to drink, he lets it down into the water, sucks up several gallons at a time, and then doubling the end of it back, discharges it all into his mouth. But if he is so large, said Tommy, and strong, I should suppose it

must be impossible ever to tame him. So perhaps it would, replied Mr. Barlow, did they not instruct those that have been already tamed to assist in catching others. T. How is that, sir? Mr. B. When they have discovered a forest where these animals resort, they make a large enclosure with strong pales and a deep ditch, leaving only one entrance to it, which has a strong gate left purposely open. They then let one or two of their tame elephants loose, who join the wild ones, and gradually entice them into the enclosure. As soon as one of these has entered, a man who stood ready, shuts the gates, and takes him prisoner. The animal, finding himself thus entrapped, begins to grow furious, and attempts to escape: but immediately two tame ones, of the largest size and greatest strength, who had been placed there on purpose, come up to him one on each side, and beat him with their trunks till he becomes more quiet. A man then comes behind, ties a very large cord to each of his hind legs, and fastens the

other end of it to two great trees. He is then left without food for some hours, and in that time generally becomes so docile, as to suffer himself to be conducted to the stable that is prepared for him, where he lives the rest of his life like an horse, or any other sort of domestic animal. T. And pray, sir, what did the elephant do to the taylor? Mr. B. There was at Surat, a city where many of these tame elephants are kept, a taylor, that used to sit and work in his shed, close to the place to which these elephants were led every day to drink. This man contracted a kind of acquaintance with one of the largest of these beasts, and used to present him fruits and other vegetables, whenever the elephant passed by his door. The elephant was accustomed to put his long trunk in at the window, and to receive in that manner whatever his friend chose to give. But one day, the taylor happened to be in a more than ordinary ill humour, and, not considering how dangerous it might prove to provoke an animal of that size

and strength, when the elephant put his trunk in at the window, as usual, instead of giving him any thing to eat, he pricked him with his needle. The elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and without shewing any marks of resentment, went on with the rest to drink; but after he had quenched his thirst, he collected a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find in his trunk, which, I have already told you, is capable of holding many gallons, and when he passed by the tailor's shop in his return, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim, that he wetted him all over, and almost drowned him; thus justly punishing the man for his ill-nature and breach of friendship.—Indeed, said Harry, considering the strength of the animal, he must have had great moderation and generosity not to have punished the man more severely; and therefore I think it is a very great shame to men ever to be cruel to animals, when they are so affectionate and humane to them. You are very right, said Mr. Bar-

low; and I remember another story of an elephant, which, if true, is still more extraordinary. These animals, although in general they are as docile and obedient to the person that takes care of them as a dog, are sometimes seized with a species of impatience which makes them absolutely ungovernable. It is then dangerous to come near them, and very difficult to restrain them. I should have mentioned, that in the eastern parts of the world, where elephants are found, the kings and princes keep them to ride upon as we do horses: a kind of tent or pavilion is fixed upon the back of the animal, in which one, or more persons, is placed, and the keeper that is used to manage him, sits upon the neck of the elephant, and guides him by means of a pole with an iron hook at the end. Now, as these animals are there of great value, the keeper is frequently severely punished, if any accident happens to the animal by his carelessness. But, one day, one of the largest elephants, being seized with a sudden fit of passion,

had broken loose, and, as the keeper was not in the way, nobody was able to appease him, or dared to come near him. While he was, therefore, running about in this manner, he chanced to see the wife of his keeper, who had often fed him as well as her husband, with her young child in her arms, with which she was endeavouring to escape from his fury. The woman ran as fast as she was able: but finding that it was impossible for her to escape, because these beasts, although so very large, are able to run very fast, she resolutely turned about, and throwing her child down before the elephant, thus accosted him, as if he had been capable of understanding her: You ungrateful beast, is this the return you make for all the benefits we have bestowed? Have we fed you, and taken care of you, by day and night, during so many years, only that you may at last destroy us all? Crush, then, this poor innocent child and me, in return for the services that my husband has done you!

While she was making these passionate exclamations, the elephant approached the place where the little infant lay, but, instead of trampling upon him, or hurting him, he stopped short, and looked at him with earnestness, as if he had been sensible of shame and compassion; and his fury from that instant abating, he suffered himself to be led without opposition to his stable.—Tommy thanked Mr. Barlow for these two stories, and promised, for the future, to use more discretion in his kindness to animals.

The next day Tommy and Harry went into the garden to sow the wheat which Harry had brought with him upon a bed which Tommy had dug for that purpose. While they were at work, Tommy said, Pray, Harry, did you ever hear the story of the men that were obliged to live six years upon that terrible cold country, I forget the name of it, where there is nothing but snow and ice, and scarcely any other animals but great bears that are ready to eat men up? H. Yes, I have. T.



And did not the very thoughts of it frighten you dreadfully? H. No, I cannot say they did. T. Why, should you like to live in such a country? H. No, certainly; I am very happy that I was born in such a country as this, where the weather is scarcely ever too hot or too cold: but a man must bear patiently whatever is his lot in this world. T. That is true—But should you not cry, and be very much afflicted, if you were left upon such a country? H. I should certainly be very sorry, if I was left there alone, more especially as I am not big enough or strong enough to defend myself against such fierce animals. But the crying would do me no good—it would be better to do something, and endeavour to help myself. T. Indeed I think it would; but what could you do? H. Why, I would endeavour to build myself an house, if I could find any materials. T. And what materials is an house made of? I thought it had been impossible to make an house without having a great many people of dif-

ferent trades, such as carpenters and bricklayers. H. You know there are houses of different sizes. The houses that the poor people live in, are very different from your father's house. T. Yes, they are little, nasty, dirty, disagreeable places; I should not like to live in them at all. H. And yet the poor are in general as strong and healthy as the rich. But if you could have no other, you would rather live in one of them than be exposed to the weather. T. Yes certainly. And how would you make one of them? H. If I could get any wood, and had an hatchet, I would cut down some branches of trees, and stick them upright in the ground, near to each other. T. And what then? H. I would then get some other branches, but more full of small wood, and these I would interweave between them, just as we make hurdles to confine the sheep: and then, as that might not be warm enough to resist the wind and cold, I would cover them over, both within and without, with clay. T. Clay,

what is that? H. It is a particular kind of earth that sticks to your feet when you tread upon it, or to your hands when you touch it. T. I declare I did not think it had been so easy to make an house. And do you think that people could really live in such houses? H. Certainly they might, because many persons live in such houses here, and I have been told that in many parts of the world they have not any other. Really, said Tommy, I should like to try to make an house; do you think, Harry, that you and I could make one? Yes, said Harry, if I had wood and clay enough, I think I could, and a small hatchet to sharpen the stakes, and make them enter the ground.—Mr. Barlow then came to call them in to read, and told Tommy, that, as he had been talking so much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. That I will, said Tommy; for I begin to like reading extremely: and I think that I am happier

too since I learned it; for now I can always divert myself. Indeed, answered Mr. Barlow, most people find it so. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burthen to him; and it is his own fault, if he is not constantly amused. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a gentleman, since you are so fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, because he has so much time at his own disposal. And it is much better that he should distinguish himself by having more knowledge and improvement than others, than by fine clothes, or any such trifles, which any one may have that can purchase them, as well as himself. Tommy then read, with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

OF THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY.

A LITTLE boy went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a basket, the provision that

was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him, but at length remarking how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said, This animal is certainly in very great necessity: if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me. Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in his basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight. The little boy went on a little farther, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill: he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. I am very much afraid, said the little boy, if

I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return, and I have heard there are several thieves in the neighbourhood: however, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me. He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed, that, after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing. He then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. What is the matter, good man, said the little boy to him; can't you find your way out of this pond? No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss, said the man; for such I take you to be by your voice: I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out

again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move, for fear of being drowned. Well, said the little boy, though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it. The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth: at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope out his way home, and the little boy ran on as hard as he could, to prevent being benighted. But he had not proceeded far before he saw a poor sailor, that had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. God bless you, my little master, said the sailor; I have fought many a battle with the French to defend poor Old England, but now I am crippled, as you see, and

have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished. The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him, so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, God help you, poor man! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more. He then ran along, and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home, with all the expedition he was able. But he had not gone much more than half way, before the night shut in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy did all he was able to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last and hungry, he felt himself so feeble, that he could go no farther, but sat himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last



the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and saw it was an handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up; and upon opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. So, said the little boy, I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, done even to a dog. He then once more attempted to escape from the wood, but it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all farther attempts in despair, when he happened to see an horse feeding before him, and going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same

he had fed in the morning. Perhaps, said the little boy, this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood. The little boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition; and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have staid here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost. But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for as he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little boy,

and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard that cried out, There the rascals are, let us knock them down! which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up, and saw that it was the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. There, my little dear, said the sailor, God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under an hedge I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, that, from the description, I concluded must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back, while I shewed him the way. The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him; and they went altogether

to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

Upon my word, said Tommy, when he had finished, I am vastly pleased with this story; and I think that it may very likely be true, for I have observed myself that every thing seems to love little Harry here, merely because he is good-natured to it. I was quite surprised to see the great dog, the other day, which I have never dared to touch, for fear of being bitten, fawning upon him, and licking him all over: it put me in mind of the the story of Androcles and the Lion. That dog, said Mr. Barlow, will be equally fond of you, if you are kind to him; for nothing equals the sagacity and gratitude of a dog. But since you have read a story about a good-natured boy, Harry

shall read you another, concerning a boy of a contrary disposition. Harry then read the following story of

## THE ILL-NATURED BOY.

THERE was once a little boy who was so unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who was always surly and ill-tempered, and never gave his children either good instructions or good example: in consequence of which, this little boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelsome, and disagreeable to every body. He very often was severely beaten by boys that were bigger than himself for his impertinence, and sometimes by boys that were less; for, though he was very abusive and quarrelsome, he did not much like fighting, and generally trusted more to his heels than his courage, when he had engaged himself in a quarrel. This little boy had a cur dog that was the exact image of himself; he was the

most troublesome, surly creature imaginable, always barking at the heels of every horse he came near, and worrying every sheep he could meet with; for which reason both the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbourhood.

One morning his father got up early to go to the alehouse, where he intended to stay till night, as it was an holiday; but before he went out, he gave his son some bread and cold meat, and six-pence, and told him that he might go and divert himself as he would the whole day. The little boy was very much pleased with this liberty; and as it was a very fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk. He had not proceeded far before he met a little boy, that was driving a flock of sheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. Pray, master, said the little boy, stand still, and keep your dog close to you, for fear you frighten my sheep. Oh! yes, to be sure, answered the ill-natured little boy; I am to wait here all the morning

till you and your sheep have passed, I suppose! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy! Tiger at this sprang forth into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side, and the sheep, in a general consternation, hurried each a separate way. Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport equally with his master; but in the midst of his triumph, he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock: he, instead of running away, faced about, and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy, with so much force and dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and butting him several times while he was down, obliged him to limp howling away. The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving any thing, had been very much diverted with the trepidation of the sheep; but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog; and he would have laughed much longer, had not the other little boy, provoked beyond his patience at this treatment,

thrown a stone at him, which hit him full upon the temples, and almost knocked him down. He immediately began to cry, in concert with his dog, and perceiving a man coming towards them, whom he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily as possible. But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned, before his former mischievous disposition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmost. He had not gone far, before he saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large pot of milk at her feet. Pray, said the little girl, help me up with this pot of milk: my mother sent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head; but I am so tired that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest me; and if I don't return home presently, we shall have no pudding to-day, and, besides, my mother will be very angry with me. What, said the boy, you are to have a



pudding to-day, are you, miss? Yes, said the girl, and a fine piece of roast beef; for there's uncle Will, and uncle John, and grandfather, and all my cousins, to dine with us; and we shall be very merry in the evening, I can assure you: so, pray help me up, as speedily as possible. That I will, miss, said the boy, and taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but just as she had hold of it, he gave it a little push, as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry violently; but the mischievous boy ran away laughing heartily, and saying, Good by, little miss; give my humble service to uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little cousins.—This prank encouraged him very much; for he thought that now he had certainly escaped without any bad consequences: so he went on, applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green, where several little boys were at play. He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be

contented long, without exerting his evil disposition; so, taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, instead of flinging it the way he ought to have done, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch: the little boys ran in a great hurry to see what was become of it, and as they were standing all together upon the brink, he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour; he, not being able to resist the violence, tumbled against the next, that next against another, by which means they all soused into the ditch together. They soon scrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to have punished him for his ill behaviour; but he patted Tiger upon the back, who began snarling and growling in such a manner as made them desist. Thus this little mischievous boy escaped a second time with impunity.

The next thing that he met with was a poor jack-ass feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, seeing that nobody

was within sight, thought this was an opportunity of plaguing an animal that was not to be lost; so he went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he contrived to fix to the poor beast's tail, and then setting Tiger at him, he was extremely diverted to see the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who, while he was baying and biting the animal's heels, received so severe a kick upon his head, as laid him dead upon the spot. The boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greatest unconcern, when he saw what had happened, and, finding himself hungry, sat down by the way side to eat his dinner. He had not been long there, before a poor blind man came groping his way out with a couple of sticks. Good morning to you, gaffer, said the boy; pray did you see a little girl come this road, with a basket of eggs upon her head, dressed in a green gown, with a straw hat upon her head? God bless you, master, said the beggar, I am so blind that I can

see nothing either in heaven above, or on the earth below : I have been blind these twenty years, and they call me poor, old, blind, Richard. Though this poor man was such an object of charity and compassion, yet the little boy determined as usual to play him some trick ; and as he was a great liar and deceiver, he spoke to him thus : Poor, old, Richard ! I am heartily sorry for you with all my heart : I am just eating my breakfast, and if you will sit down by me, I will give you part, and feed you myself. Thank you with all my heart, said the poor man, and if you will give me your hand, I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear, good little master ! The little boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet dung that lay by the road side. There, said he, now you are nicely seated, and I will feed you ; so taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth. But the man, who now perceived the trick that had been

played him, made a sudden snap at his fingers, and getting them between his teeth, bit them so severely, that the wicked boy roared out for mercy, and promised never more to be guilty of such wickedness. At last the blind man, after he had put him to very severe pain, consented to let him go, saying as he went, Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to do hurt to those who have never injured you, and to want to add to the sufferings of those who are already sufficiently miserable? Although you escape now, be assured, that, if you do not repent and mend your manners, you will meet with a severe punishment for your bad behaviour.

One would think, that this punishment should have cured him entirely of this mischievous disposition, but, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far, before he saw a lame beggar that just made a shift to support himself by the means of a couple of sticks.

The beggar asked him to give him something, and the little mischievous boy, pulling out his six-pence, threw it down just before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked little boy knocked the stick away, by which means the beggar fell down upon his face, and then snatching up the six-pence, he ran away laughing very heartily at the accident.

This was the last trick this little ungracious boy had it in his power to play; for seeing two men come up to the beggar, and enter into discourse with him, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran as fast as he was able over several fields. At last he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence, a large dog seized him by the leg, and held him fast. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who called the dog off, but seized him very roughly, saying, So! sir, you

are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come day after day and steal my apples, without detection; but it seems you are mistaken, and now you shall receive the punishment you have so long deserved. The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand, and the boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked him who he was, and where he lived; but when he had heard his name, he cried out, What are you the little rascal that frightened my sheep this morning, by which means several of them are lost? and do you think to escape?—Saying this, he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turned him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten sheep again if he liked the consequences. The little boy slunk away crying very bitterly, for he had been very severely beaten, and now began to find that no one can

long hurt others with impunity : so he determined to go quietly home, and behave better for the future. But his sufferings were not yet at an end ; for as he jumped down from a stile, he felt himself very roughly seized, and, looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged pardon : the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, threshed him very severely with his stick, before he would part with him. He now again went on, crying and rearing with pain, but at least expected to escape without farther damage. But here he was mistaken ; for as he was walking slowly through a lane, just as he turned a corner, he found himself in the middle of the very troop of boys that he had used so ill in the morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw their enemy in their power without his dog, and began persecuting him in a thousand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others



pinched him; some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to escape, they were still at his heels, and, surrounding him on every side, continued their persecutions. At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to come up to the same jack-ass he had seen in the morning, and making a sudden spring jumped upon his back, hoping by these means to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts, and the ass, who was frightened at the noise, began galloping with all his might, and presently bore him from the reach of his enemies. But he had little reason to rejoice at this escape; for he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being thrown off, and dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time, the ass on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury, that the little boy

was presently thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall. His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the very little girl he had used ill in the morning. But she, with the greatest good-nature, seeing him in such a pitiable situation, assisted in bringing him in, and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leisure to recollect himself, and reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had exposed him to such a variety of misfortunes; and he determined with great sincerity, that, if ever he recovered from his present accident, he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good, as he had before been to commit every species of mischief.

When the story was ended, Tommy said it was very surprising to see how differently the two little boys fared. The one little boy was good natured, and therefore every thing he met became his friend, and assisted him in return: the other, who

was ill-natured, made every thing his enemy, and therefore he met with nothing but misfortunes and vexations, and nobody seemed to feel any compassion for him, excepting the poor little girl that assisted him at last, which was very kind indeed of her, considering how ill she had been used. That is very true, indeed, said Mr. Barlow: nobody is loved in this world, unless he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but one time or other he may want the assistance of the meanest and lowest. Therefore every sensible man will behave well to every thing around him; he will behave well, because it is his duty to do it, because every benevolent person feels the greatest pleasure in doing good, and even because it is his own interest to make as many friends as possible. No one can tell, however secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now infinitely below him. I could shew you a story to that purpose,

but you have read enough, and therefore you must now go out and use some exercise. Oh! pray, sir, said Tommy, do let me hear the story. I think I could now read for ever, without being tired. No, said Mr. Barlow; every thing has its turn. To-morrow you shall read, but now we must work in the garden. Then, pray, sir, said Tommy, may I ask a favour of you? Surely, answered Mr. Barlow: if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleasure than to grant it. Why then, said Tommy, I have been thinking that a man should know how to do every thing in this world. Mr. B. Very right: the more knowledge he acquires, the better. T. And therefore Harry and I are going to build an house. Mr. B. To build an house!—Well, and have you laid in a sufficient quantity of brick and mortar? No, no, said Tommy, smiling, Harry and I can build houses without brick and mortar. Mr. B. What are they to be made of then, cards? Dear sir, answered Tommy, do you think we

are such little children as to want card-houses? No, we are going to build real houses, fit for people to live in. And then you know, if ever we should be thrown upon a desert coast, as the poor men were, we shall be able to supply ourselves with necessaries, till some ship comes to take us away. Mr. B. And if no ship should come, what then? T. Why then we must stay there all our lives, I am afraid. Mr. B. If you wish to prepare yourself against that event, I think you are much in the right, for nobody knows what may happen to him in this world. What is it then you want, to make your house? T. The first thing we want, sir, is wood, and an hatchet. Mr. B. Wood you shall have in plenty;—but did you ever use an hatchet? T. No, sir. Mr. B. Then I am afraid to let you have one, because it is a very dangerous kind of tool; and if you are not expert in the use of it, you may wound yourself severely. But if you will let me know what you want, I, who am more strong and expert, will take the

hatchet and cut down the wood for you. Thank you, sir, said Tommy; you are very good to me indeed.—And away Harry and he ran to the copse at the bottom of the garden. Mr. Barlow went to work, and presently, by Harry's direction, cut down several poles about as thick as a man's wrist, and about eight feet long: these he sharpened at the end, in order to run into the ground; and so eager were the two little boys at the business, that in a very short time they had transported them all to the bottom of the garden, and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greatest eagerness. Now, said Mr. Barlow, where will you fix your house? Here, answered Tommy, I think, just at the bottom of this hill, because it will be warm and sheltered. So Harry took the stakes, and began to thrust them into the ground at about the distance of a foot; and in this manner he enclosed a bit of ground which was about ten feet long and eight feet wide, leaving an opening in the middle, of three feet

wide, for a door. After this was done, they gathered up the brush-wood that was cut off, and by Harry's direction they interwove it between the poles, in such a manner as to form a compact kind of fence. This labour, as may be imagined, took them up several days: however, they worked at it very hard every day, and every day the work advanced, which filled Tommy's heart with so much pleasure, that he thought himself the happiest little boy in the universe.

But this employment did not make Tommy unmindful of the story which Mr. Barlow had promised him; it was to this purpose:

#### THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

It is too much to be lamented that different nations frequently make bloody wars with each other; and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they confine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The en-

mity that there has often been between many of the Italian states, particularly the Venetians and the Turks, is sufficiently known. It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and, according to the barbarous custom I have mentioned, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. By accident one of the slaves lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet, for that was the name of the slave, and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good nature and compassion, used always to salute him with the greatest courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a fancy to the slave, that he used to visit him several times in the day, and brought him such little presents as he had it in his power to make,



and which he thought would be of use to his friend. But though Hamet seemed to take the greatest delight in the innocent caresses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him on a sudden, when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight, that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, and besides had observed that he seldom requested any thing which was not generous and humane, determined to see the Turk himself, and talk to him. Accordingly he went to him the next day, and observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty which his countenance discovered. At length he said to him, Are you that Hamet of

whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk? Yes, said the Turk, I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive: during that space of time, your son, if you are his father, is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer. Indeed, Hamet, said the merchant, he is much obliged to you, although, from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me, for I wish to do you good, in what can I assist you? for my son informs me that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow. Is it wonderful, answered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation that sud-

denly animated his countenance, is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the first and noblest present of nature, my liberty? And yet, answered the Venetian, how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters? I am not answerable, said the Turk, for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures; I have never spoiled Venetian merchants of their property to increase my riches; I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe. . . . . Here a tear started from his eye and wetted his manly cheek: instantly, however, he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, God is good, and man must submit to his decrees. The Venetian was affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, and said, Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and

may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty? What would I do! answered Hamet; by the eternal Majesty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man. Nay, answered the merchant, you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance. Name them! name them! cried the impatient Hamet; place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink . . . . . Patience, answered the merchant, we shall be observed. But hear me attentively— I have in this city an inveterate foe, that has heaped upon me every injury which can most bitterly sting the heart of man. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you are born

for manly daring. Take this dagger—as soon as the shades of night involve the city, I will myself conduct you to the place, where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom.—At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and passion for a considerable time deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted up his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, Mighty prophet! and are these the wretches to which you permit your faithful votaries to be enslaved? Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race! At these words, the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him—but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. However, added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by

to-morrow you may change your mind. Hamet disdained to answer, and the merchant went his way.

The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you, might perhaps astonish you; but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons.....Christian, interrupted Hamet with a severe but composed countenance, cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permits such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mahometan: therefore, from this moment let us break off all farther intercourse, and be strangers to each other. No, answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet, let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten

thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free: therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.

It is impossible to describe the ecstasies or the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will not therefore attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactors: I will only add, that he was that day set free; and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to

one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Nor was it without the greatest regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kindness had thus produced his freedom; he embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

It was about six months after this transaction, that a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is the most profound, and none of the family perceived it till almost the whole building was involved in flames. The frightened servants had just time to waken the merchant and hurry him down stairs; and the instant he was down, the stair-case itself gave way, and sunk with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire. But if Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape, it was only



to resign himself immediately after to the most deep despair, when he found, upon enquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's agony; he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man that would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, incited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms, and imploring aid, seemed to be destined to certain destruction. The unhappy father now lost

all perception, and sunk down in a state of insensibility; when, in this dreadful moment of general suspense and agony, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders, with an intrepidity that shewed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost: when on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. An universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his senses, he found his darling miraculously preserved, and safe within his arms? After the first effusions of his tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shewn a man of a noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimed with smoke and filth, that it was impossi-

ble to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive to the utmost of his promised reward. No, answered the stranger, generous merchant, I do not sell my blood. Gracious heavens! cried the merchant, sure I should know that voice!—It is—— Yes, exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, it is my Hamet! It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco, but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus

been enslaved a second time; adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bless God for that captivity, answered Hamet, since it has given me an opportunity of shewing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth, that I value a thousand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your gallies, his aged father shared his captivity: it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian that had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which

was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom——since that time I have staid here to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave.

At this part of the story, Harry, who had with difficulty restrained himself before, burst into such a fit of crying, and Tommy himself was so much affected, that Mr. Barlow told them they had better leave off for the present, and go to some other employment. They, therefore, went into the garden to resume the labour of their house, but found, to their unspeakable regret, that, during their absence, an accident had happened which had entirely destroyed all their labours. A violent storm of wind and rain had risen that morning, which, blowing full against the walls of their newly-constructed house, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from crying when he saw the ruins lying around; but

Harry, who bore the loss with more composure, told him not to mind it, for it could be easily repaired, and they would build it stronger the next time. Harry then went up to the spot, and after examining it some time, told Tommy that he believed he had found out the reason of their misfortune. What is it, said Tommy? Why, said Harry, it is only because we did not drive these stakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our house, far enough into the ground; and therefore when the wind blew against the flat side of it with so much violence, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig a considerable way into the ground, to lay the foundation fast; and I should think, that, if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from any future storms. Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys shewed him their mis-

fortune, and asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes farther in would prevent such an accident for the future? Mr. Barlow told them, he thought it would; and that, as they were too short to reach to the top of the stakes, he would assist them. He then went and brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the top of the stakes, and drove them so fast into the ground, that there was no longer any danger of their being shaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves with so much assiduity to their work, that they in a very short time had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before. The next thing that was necessary to be done, was putting on a roof; for hitherto they had constructed nothing but the walls. For this purpose they took several other long poles, which they laid across their building where it was narrowest; and upon these they placed straw in considerable quantities, so that now they ima-

gined they had constructed an house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again mistaken; for a very violent shower of rain coming just as they had finished their building, they took shelter under it, and remarked for some time, with infinite pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them; but at last the straw that covered it being completely soaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reason of the flatness of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities. For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconveniency; but it increased so much, that they were soon obliged to yield to it, and seek for shelter in the house. When they were thus secured, they began again to consider the affair of the house, and Tommy said that it surely must be because they had not put straw enough upon it. No, said Harry, I think that cannot be the reason; I rather imagine that it



must be owing to our roof lying so flat: for I have observed, that all houses that I have ever seen, have their roofs in a shelving posture, by which means the wet continually runs off from them, and falls to the ground; whereas, ours being quite flat, detained almost all the rain that fell upon it, which must necessarily soak deeper and deeper into the straw, till it penetrated quite through. They therefore agreed to remedy this defect; and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, the one end of which they fastened to the side of their house, and let the other two ends meet in the middle, by which means they formed a roof, exactly like that which we commonly see upon buildings. They also took several other poles, which they tied cross the others, to keep them firm in their places, and give the roof additional strength. And, lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch; and for fear the thatch should be blown away, they

stuck several pegs in different places, and put small pieces of stick cross-wise from peg to peg, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable house; only the sides, being formed of brush-wood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience, Harry, who was chief architect, procured some clay; and mixing it up with water to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was excluded, and the house rendered much warmer than before.—Some time had now elapsed since the seeds of the wheat were sown, and they began to shoot so vigorously, that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increased every day in strength. Tommy went to look at it every morning, and remarked its gradual increase with the greatest satisfaction. Now, said he to Harry, I think we should soon be able to live, if we were

upon a desert island. Here is an house to shelter us from the weather, and we shall soon have some corn for food. Yes, answered Harry, but there are a great many things still wanting to enable us to make bread.

Mr. Barlow had a very large garden, and an orchard full of the finest fruit-trees; and he had another bit of ground where he used to sow seeds in order to raise trees; and then they were carefully planted out in beds, till they were big enough to be moved into the orchard, and produce fruit. Tommy had often eaten of the fruit of the orchard, and thought it delicious; and this led him to think that it would be a great improvement to their house, if he had a few trees which he might set near it, and which would shelter it from the sun, and hereafter produce fruit: so he desired Mr. Barlow to give him a couple of trees, and Mr. Barlow told him to go into the nursery, and take his choice. Accordingly, Tommy

went, and chose out two of the strongest looking trees he could find, which, with Harry's assistance, he transplanted into the garden in the following manner. They both took their spades, and very carefully dug the trees up without injuring their roots. Then they dug two large holes in the place where they chose the trees should stand, and very carefully broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie light upon the roots: then the tree was placed in the middle of the hole, and Tommy held it upright, while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet, in order to cover them well: lastly, he stuck a large stake in the ground, and tied the tree to it, from the fear that the wintry wind might injure it, or perhaps entirely blow it out of the ground. Nor did they bound their attention here. There was a little spring of water which burst forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the side of the hill in

a small stream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for several days to form a new channel, to lead the water near the roots of their trees; for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might perish from the want of moisture. Mr. Barlow saw them employed in this manner with the greatest satisfaction. He told them, that, in many parts of the world, the excessive heat burned up the ground so much that nothing would grow, unless the soil was watered in that manner. There is a country in particular, called Egypt, which has always been famous for its fertility, and for the quantity of corn which grows in it, which is naturally watered in the following extraordinary manner. There is a great river called the Nile, which flows through the whole extent of the country: the river, at a particular time of the year, begins to overflow its banks; and as the whole country is flat, it very soon covers it all with its waters. These waters re-

main in this situation several weeks, before they have entirely drained off; and when that happens, they leave the soil so rich, that every thing that is planted in it flourishes, and produces with the greatest abundance.

Is not that the country, sir, said Harry, where that cruel animal the crocodile is found? Yes, answered Mr. Barlow. What is that, sir, said Tommy? It is an animal, answered Mr. Barlow, that lives sometimes upon the land, sometimes in the water. It comes originally from an egg which the old one lays, and buries in the sand. The heat of the sun then warms it during several days, and at last a young crocodile is hatched. This animal is at first very small: it has a long body and four short legs, which serve it both to walk with upon the land, and to swim with in the waters. It has besides a long tail; or, rather, the body is extremely long, and gradually grows thinner till it ends in a point. Its shape is

exactly like that of a lizard; or, if you have never seen a lizard, did you never observe a small animal, of some inches length, which lives at the bottom of ditches and ponds? Yes, sir, I have, answered Tommy: and I once caught one with my hand, taking it for a fish; but when I had it near me, I saw it had four little legs; so I threw it into the water again, for fear the animal should be hurt. This animal, answered Mr. Barlow, may give you an exact idea of a young crocodile; but as it grows older, it gradually becomes bigger, till at last, as I have been informed, it reaches the length of twenty or thirty feet. That is very large, said Tommy; and does it do any harm? Yes, said Mr. Barlow; it is a very voracious animal, and devours every thing it can seize. It frequently comes out of the water and lives upon the shore, where it resembles a large log of wood; and if any animal unguardedly comes near, it snaps at it on a sudden, and if it can catch the

poor creature, devours it. T. And does it never devour men? Mr. B. Sometimes, if it surprises them. But those that are accustomed to meet with them frequently, easily escape. They run round in a circle, or turn short on a sudden, by which means the animal is left far behind; because although he can run tolerably fast in a straight line, the great length of his body prevents him from turning with ease. T. This must be a very dreadful animal to meet with; is it possible for a man to defend himself against it? Mr. B. Every thing is possible to those that have courage and coolness: therefore, many of the inhabitants of those countries carry long spears in their hands, in order to defend themselves from those animals. The crocodile opens his wide, voracious jaws, in order to devour the man; but the man takes this opportunity, and thrusts the point of his spear into the creature's mouth, by which means he is generally killed upon the spot. Nay, I



have even heard, that some will carry their hardiess so far, as to go into the water in order to fight the crocodile there. They take a large splinter of wood, about a foot in length, strong in the middle, and sharpened at both ends, to this they tie a long and tough cord. The man that intends to fight the crocodile, takes this piece of wood in his right hand, and goes into the river, where he wades till one of these creatures perceives him. As soon as that happens, the animal comes up to him, to seize him, extending his wide and horrid jaws, which are armed with several rows of pointed teeth; but the man, with the greatest intrepidity, waits for his enemy, and the instant he approaches, thrusts his hand, armed with the splinter of wood, into his terrible mouth, which the creature closes directly, and by these means forces the sharp points into each of his jaws, where they stick fast. He is then incapable of

doing hurt, and they pull him to the shore by the cord. Pray, sir, said Tommy, is this dreadful animal capable of being tamed? Yes, answered Mr. Barlow; I believe, as I have before told you, there is no animal that may not be rendered mild and inoffensive, by good usage. There are several parts of Egypt where tame crocodiles are kept: these animals, though of the largest size, never do hurt to any thing; but suffer every one to approach them, and even little children to play about them, and ride securely upon their enormous backs.

This account diverted Tommy very much. He thanked Mr. Barlow for giving him this description of the crocodile, and said he should like to see every animal in the world. That, answered Mr. Barlow, will be extremely difficult, as almost every country produces some kind which is not found in other parts of the world; but if you will be contented to

read the descriptions of them which have been written, you may easily gratify your curiosity.

It happened about this time, that Tommy and Harry rose early one morning, and went to take a long walk before breakfast, as they used frequently to do: they rambled so far, that at last they both found themselves tired, and sat down under an hedge to rest. While they were here, a very clean and decently-drest woman passed by, who seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, stopped to look at them; and after considering them attentively, she said, You seem, my little dears, to be either tired, or to have lost your way. No, said Harry, madam, we have not lost our way; but we have walked farther than usual this morning, and we wait here a little while to rest ourselves. Well, said the woman, if you will come into my little house that you see a few yards farther on, you may sit more comfortably; and as my daughter

has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk. Tommy, who was by this time extremely hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept the good woman's invitation; so they both followed her to a small but clean-looking farmhouse which stood at a little distance. Here they entered a very clean kitchen, furnished with plain but convenient furniture, and were desired to sit down by a warm and comfortable fire, which was made of turf. Tommy, who had never seen such a fire, could not help enquiring about it: and the good woman told him, that poor people, like her, were unable to purchase coals; therefore said she, we go and pare the surface of the commons, which is full of grass, and heath, and other vegetables, together with their roots all matted together; these we dry in small pieces, by leaving them exposed to the summer's sun, and then we bring them home and put them under the cover

of a shed, and use them for our fires. But, said Tommy, I should think that you would hardly have fire enough by these means to dress your dinner; for I have by accident been in my father's kitchen when they were dressing the dinner, and I saw a fire that blazed up to the very top of the chimney. The poor woman smiled at this, and said, Your father, I suppose, master, is some rich man that has a great deal of victuals to dress; but we poor people must be more easily contented. Why, said Tommy, you must at least want to roast meat every day. No, said the poor woman, we seldom see roast meat in our house; but we are very well contented, if we can have a bit of fat pork every day, boiled in a pot with turnips; and we bless God that we fare so well; for there are many poor souls, that are as good as we, that can scarcely get a morsel of dry bread. As they were conversing in this manner, Tommy happened to cast his eyes on one side, and

saw a room that was almost filled with apples. Pray, said he, what can you do with all these apples? I should think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing else. That is very true, said the woman; but we make cyder of them. What, cried Tommy, are you able to make that sweet pleasant liquor that they call cyder, and is it made of apples? The woman. Yes, indeed it is. Tommy. And pray how is it made? The woman. We take the apples when they are ripe, and squeeze them in a machine we have for that purpose. Then we take this pulp and put it into large hair bags, which we press in a great press, till all the juice runs out. Tommy. And is this juice cyder? The woman. You shall taste, little master, as you seem so curious. She then led him into another room, where there was a great tub full of the juice of apples, and taking some up in a cup, she desired him to taste whether it was cyder. Tommy tasted, and said it was very sweet and pleasant,

and said it was very sweet and pleasant, but not cyder. Well, said the woman, let us try another cask. She then took some liquor out of another barrel, which she gave him; and Tommy, when he had tasted it, said that it really was cyder. But pray, said he, what do you do to the apple-juice to make it into cyder? The woman. Nothing at all. Tommy. How then should it become cyder? for I am sure what you gave me at first is not cyder. The woman. Why, we put the juice into a large cask, and let it stand in some warm place, where it soon begins to ferment. Tommy. Ferment! Pray what is that? The woman. You shall see. She then shewed him another cask, and bid him observe the liquor that was in it. This he did, and saw it was covered all over with a thick scum and froth. Tommy. And is this what you call fermentation? The woman. Yes, master. Tommy. And what is the reason of it? The woman. That I do not know in-

deed; but when we have pressed the juice out, as I told you, we put it into a cask, and let it stand in some warm place, and in a short time it begins to work or ferment of itself, as you see; and after this fermentation has continued some time, it acquires the taste and properties of cyder; and then we draw it off into casks and sell it, or else keep it for our own use. And I am told this is the manner in which they make wine in other countries. Tommy. What is wine made of apples then? The woman. No, master; wine is made of grapes, but they squeeze the juice out, and treat it in the same manner as we do the juice of the apples. Tommy. I declare this is very curious indeed. Then cyder is nothing but wine made of apples. While they were conversing in this manner, a little clean girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large slice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate it with so good a re-



lish, that he thought he had never made a better breakfast in his life. When Harry and he had eaten their breakfast, Tommy told him it was time they should go home; so he thanked the good woman for her kindness, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a shilling, which he desired her to accept. No, God bless you, my little dear, said the woman; I will not take a farthing of you for the world. What, though my husband and I are poor, yet we are able to get our living by our labour, and give a mess of milk to a traveller, without hurting ourselves. Tommy thanked her again, and was just going away, when a couple of surly-looking men came in, and asked the woman if her name was Tosset. Yes, it is, said the woman; I have never been ashamed of it. Why then, said one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, here is an execution against you on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your husband does

not instantly discharge the debt with interest and all costs, amounting altogether to the sum of thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, we shall take an inventory of all you have, and proceed to sell it by auction for the discharge of the debt. Indeed, said the poor woman, looking a little confused, this must certainly be a mistake; for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff in all my life, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord; and I know that he has almost made up half a year's rent for him: so that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man. No, no, mistress, said the man, shaking his head; we know our business too well to make these kind of mistakes: but when your husband comes in, we'll talk with him; in the mean time we must go on with our inventory. The two men then went into the next room, and, immediately after, a stout, comely-looking man, of about the age of forty,

came in, with a good-humoured countenance, and asked if his breakfast was ready. Oh! my poor dear William, said the woman, here is a sad breakfast for you; but I think it cannot be true that you owe any thing; so what the fellows told me must be false, about Richard Gruff. At this name the man instantly started, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became pale as a sheet. Surely, said the woman, it cannot be true, that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff. Alas, answered the man, I do not know the exact sum; but when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors seized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to a jail, had not I agreed to be bound for him, which enabled him to go to sea: he indeed promised to remit his wages to me, to prevent my getting into any trouble upon that account; but you know it is now three years since he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing

about him. Then, said the woman, bursting into tears, you and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the house, who are come to take possession of all you have, and to sell it. At this, the man's face became red as scarlet; and seizing an old sword which hung over the chimney, he cried out, No, it shall not be—I will die first—I will make these villains know what it is to make honest men desperate. He then drew the sword, and was going out in a fit of madness, which might have proved fatal either to himself or to the bailiffs; but his wife flung herself upon her knees before him, and, catching hold of his legs, besought him to be more composed. Oh! for Heaven's sake, said she, my dear, dear husband, consider what you are doing! You can do neither me nor your children any service by this violence; instead of that, should you be so unfortunate as to kill either of these

men, would it not be murder? And would not our lot be a thousand times harder than it is at present? This remonstrance seemed to have some effect upon the farmer: his children too, although too young to understand the cause of all this confusion, gathered round him, and hung about him, sobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry too, although a stranger to the poor man before, yet with the tenderest sympathy took him by the hand, and bathed it with his tears. At length, softened and overcome by the sorrows of those he loved so well, and by his own cooler reflections, he resigned ~~the chair~~ upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only saying, The will of God be done!—Tommy had beheld this affecting scene with the greatest attention, although he had not said a word; and now beckoning Harry away, he went silently out of the house, and took the road which led to Mr. Barlow's. While

he was upon the way, he seemed to be so full of the scene which he had just passed, that he did not open his lips; but when he came home, he instantly went to Mr. Barlow, and desired that he would directly send him to his father's. Mr. Barlow stared at the request, and asked him what was the occasion of his being so suddenly tired with his residence at the vicarage? Sir, answered Tommy, I am not the least tired, I assure you; you have been extremely kind to me, and I shall always remember it with the greatest gratitude; but I want to see my father immediately, and I am sure, when you come to know the occasion, you will not disapprove it. Mr. Barlow did not press him any farther, but ordered a careful servant to saddle an horse directly, and take Tommy home before him. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely surprised and overjoyed at the sight of their son, who thus unexpectedly arrived at home; but Tommy, whose mind was full

of the project which he had formed, as soon as he had answered their first questions, accosted his father thus: Pray, sir, will you be angry with me, if I ask you for a great favour? No, surely, said Mr. Merton, that I will not. Why then, said Tommy, as I have often heard you say that you were very rich, and that if I was good, I should be rich too, will you give me some money? Money, said Mr. Merton, yes, to be sure; how much do you want? Why, sir, said Tommy, I want a very large sum, indeed. Perhaps a guinea, answered Mr. Merton. Tommy. No, sir, a great deal more—a great many guineas. Mr. Merton. Let us however see. T. Why, sir, I want at least forty pounds. God bless the boy! answered Mrs. Merton; surely Mr. Barlow must have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before. Tommy. Indeed, madam, Mr. Barlow knows nothing about the matter. But, said Mr. Merton, what can such an ur-

chin as you want with such a large sum of money? Sir, answered Tommy, that is a secret; but I am sure, when you come to hear it, you will approve of the use I intend to make of it. Mr. Merton. That I very much doubt. But, replied Tommy, sir, if you please, you may let me have this money, and I will pay you again by degrees. Mr. Merton. How will you ever be able to pay me such a sum? T. Why, sir, you know you are so kind as frequently to give me new clothes and pocket money; now, if you will only let me have this money, I will neither want new clothes, nor any thing else, till you have made it up. Mr. Merton. But what can such a child as you want with all this money? T. Pray, sir, wait a few days, and you shall know, and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live. Mr. Merton was extremely struck with the earnestness with which his son persevered in his demand; and as he was both very



rich and very liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply with his request. He accordingly went and fetched him the money which he asked, and put it into his hands, telling him at the same time, that he expected to be acquainted with the use he put it to, and that if he was not satisfied with the account, he would never trust him again. Tommy appeared in ecstasies at the confidence which was reposed in him; and, after thanking his father for his extraordinary goodness, he desired leave to go back again with Mr. Barlow's servant. When he arrived at Mr. Barlow's, his first care was to desire Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's house. Thither the two little boys went with the greatest expedition, and, upon their entering the house, found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. But Tommy, who had hitherto suppressed his feelings, finding himself now enabled to execute the project he had

formed, went up to the good woman of the house, who sat sobbing in a corner of the room, and taking her gently by the hand, said, My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and therefore I am determined to be kind to you in return. God bless you, my little master, said the woman, you were very welcome to what you had; but you are not able to do any thing to relieve our distress. How do you know that? said Tommy; perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine. Alas! answered the woman, I believe you would do all you could; but all our goods will be seized and sold, unless we can immediately raise the sum of forty pounds; and that is impossible, for we have no earthly friend to assist us: therefore, my poor babes and I must soon be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from starving. Tommy's little heart was too much affected to keep the woman longer in suspense; therefore

pulling out his bag of money, he poured it into her lap, saying, Here, my good woman, take this, and pay your debts, and God bless you and your children ! It is impossible to express the surprize of the poor woman at the sight ; she stared wildly round her, and upon her little benefactor, and clasping her hands together in an agony of gratitude and feeling, she fell back in her chair with a kind of convulsive motion. Her husband, who was in the next room, seeing her in this condition, ran up to her, and catching her in his arms, asked her, with the great tenderness, what was the matter : but she, springing on a sudden from his embraces, threw herself upon her knees before the little boy, sobbing and blessing with a broken, inarticulate voice, embracing his knees, and kissing his feet. The husband, who did not know what had happened, imagined that his wife had lost her senses, and the little children, that had before been skulking about the room, ran up to

their mother, pulling her by the gown, and hiding their faces in her bosom. But the woman, at sight of them, seemed to recollect herself, and cried out, Little wretches, that must all have been starved without the assistance of this little angel, why do you not fall down and join with me to worship him? At this the husband said, Surely, Mary, you must have lost your senses. What can this young gentleman do for us, or to prevent our wretched babes from perishing? Oh! said the woman, William, I am not mad, though I may appear so: but look here, William, look what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder that I should be wild. Saying this, she held up the money, and at the sight her husband looked as wild and astonished as she. But Tommy went up to the man, and taking him by the hand, said, My good friend, you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you, and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe,

and to preserve these poor little children. But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with silent dignity, now burst into tears, and sobbed like his wife and children. But Tommy, who now began to be pained with this excess of gratitude, went silently out of the house, followed by Harry, and before the poor family perceived what was become of him, was out of sight.

When he came back to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman received him with the greatest affection, and when he had inquired after the health of Mr. and Mrs. Merton, asked Tommy whether he had forgotten the story of the grateful Turk. Tommy told him he had not, and should now be very glad to hear the remainder, which Mr. Barlow gave him to read, and was as follows:

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF  
THE GRATEFUL TURK.

WHEN Hamet had thus finished his

story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and after saying every thing that his gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused, with the greatest respect, but with a generous disdain; and told his friend, that in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. You were, said he, my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred: that life would have been well bestowed, had it been lost in your service; but since Providence has otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been instrumental to the preservation of your happiness.

But though the disinterestedness of Hamet made him under-rate his own

exertions, the merchant could not remain contented, without shewing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country; he and his son then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

Many years had now elapsed since the departure of Hamet into his own country without their seeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood, and as he had acquired every accomplishment which tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent disposition, he was generally beloved and esteemed.

It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring mari-

time city, and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was upon the point of sailing to that place. They set sail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of an happy passage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish corsair, a ship purposely fitted out for war, was seen bearing down upon them, and as the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness, they soon found that it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel was struck with consternation, and seemed already overcome by fear; but the young Francisco drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant



the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke intermixed with transitory flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap with horrid shouts upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew, headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their successful valour and merited escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when upon their nearer approach they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility either of resistance or escape.

They therefore lowered their flag, the sign of surrendering their ship, and in an instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out, one by one, according to their apparent strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length, a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank, and after glancing his eye over the rest, with an expression of compassion, he fixed them at last upon young Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man? The captain an-

swered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive. That, said the Turk, is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those that much exceed him in vigour for less than a fifth part of that sum. Yes, answered the captain, but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar. What damage, answered the other, can he have done you more than all the rest, that you have prized so cheaply? He it was, replied the captain, that animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my bravest sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury that seemed irresistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool, determined opposition, that we were obliged to retreat ingloriously, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him,

great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley.

At this, the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up, but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk, with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child.—It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his vest, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; then recollecting himself, he

raised his arms to Heaven, and blessed that Providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor.

He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood waiting for his fate, with a manly, mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire, and ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that having had the good fortune to distinguish himself upon several occasions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the

dignity of Bashaw of Tunis. Since I have enjoyed this post, added he, there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians that are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives which brings with it any of these sufferers, I constantly visit the markets, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty. And gracious Allah has shewn that he approves of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men.

Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, during which time he put in practice every thing within his power to please and interest them; but when he found that they were desirous of returning home, he told them that he would no

longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day, in a ship that was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he dismissed them with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were considerably increased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed, and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the vicissitudes of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

When this story was concluded, Mr. Barlow and his two pupils went out to walk upon the high road; but they

had not gone far, before they discovered three men that seemed each to lead a large and shaggy beast by a string, followed by a crowd of boys and women, whom the novelty of the sight had drawn together. When they approached more near, Mr. Barlow discovered that the beasts were three tame bears led by as many Savoyards, who got their living by exhibiting them. Upon the head of each of these formidable animals was seated a monkey, who grinned and chattered, and, by his strange grimaces, excited the mirth of the whole assembly. Tommy, who had never before seen one of these creatures, was very much surprized and entertained; but still more so, when he saw the animal rise upon his hind-legs at the word of command, and dance about in a strange, uncouth manner, to the sound of music. After having satisfied themselves with this spectacle, they proceeded upon their way, and Tommy asked Mr. Barlow, whether a bear was



an animal easily tamed, and that did mischief in those places where he was wild. The bear, replied Mr. Barlow, is not an animal quite so formidable or destructive as a lion or a tiger; he is however sufficiently dangerous, and will frequently devour women and children, and even men, when he has an opportunity. These creatures are generally found in cold countries; and it is observed that the colder is the climate, the greater size and fierceness do they attain to. You may remember, in the account of those poor men who were obliged to live so long upon a dreary and uninhabited country, that they were frequently in danger of being devoured by the bears that abounded in that place. In those northern countries which are perpetually covered with snow and ice, a species of bear is found, that is white in colour, and of amazing strength as well as fierceness. These animals are often seen clambering over the huge

pieces of ice which almost cover those seas, and preying upon fish and other sea animals. I remember reading an account of one that came unexpectedly upon some sailors who were boiling their dinners upon the shore. This creature had two young ones with her, and the sailors, as you may easily imagine, did not like such dangerous guests, but made their escape immediately to the ship. The old bear then seized upon the flesh which the sailors had left, and set it before her cubs, reserving a very small portion for herself; shewing by this, that she took a much greater interest in their welfare than in her own. But the sailors, enraged at the loss of their dinners, levelled their muskets at the cubs, and, from the ship, shot them both dead. They also wounded the dam, who was fetching away another piece of flesh, but not mortally, so that she was still able to move. But it would have affected any one with

pity, but a brutal mind, (says the relation,) to see the behaviour of this poor beast, all wounded as she was and bleeding, to her young ones. Though she was sorely hurt, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had in her mouth, as she had done the preceding ones, and laid it down before them; and when she observed that they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon another, and endeavoured to raise them up, all this while making the most pitiful moans. When she found that they did not stir, she went away to a little distance, and then looked back and moaned, as if to entice them to her; but finding them still immoveable, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She then went off a second time as before; and after crawling a few yards, turned back and moaned, as if to entreat them not to desert their mother. But her cubs not

yet rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round first one, and then the other, pawing them, and moaning all the time. Finding them at last cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and began to growl in an indignant manner, as if she were denouncing vengeance against the murderers of her young: but the sailors levelled their muskets again, and wounded her in so many places, that she dropped down between her young ones; yet even while she was expiring, she seemed only sensible to their fate, and died licking their wounds.

And is it possible, said Harry, that men can be so cruel towards poor, unfortunate animals? It is too true, answered Mr. Barlow, that men are frequently guilty of very wanton and unnecessary acts of barbarity. But in this case, it is probable, that the fear of these animals contributed to render the sailors

more un pitying than they would otherwise have been. They had often seen themselves in danger of being devoured, and that inspired them with a great degree of hatred against them, which they took every opportunity of gratifying. But would it not be enough, answered Harry, if they carried arms to defend themselves when they were attacked, without unnecessarily destroying other creatures, who did not meddle with them? To be sure it would, replied Mr. Barlow, and a generous mind would at any time rather spare an enemy than destroy him. While they were conversing in this manner, they beheld a crowd of women and children running away, in the greatest trepidation, and looking behind them, saw that one of the bears had broken his chain, and was running after them, growling all the time in a very disagreeable manner. Mr. Barlow, who had a good stick in his hand, and was a man of an intrepid cha-

racter, perceiving this, bade his pupils remain quiet, and instantly ran up to the bear, who stopped in the middle of his career, and seemed inclined to attack Mr. Barlow for his interference. But this gentleman struck him two or three blows, rating him at the same time in a loud and severe tone of voice, and seizing the end of the chain with equal boldness and dexterity, the animal quietly submitted, and suffered himself to be taken prisoner. Presently, the keeper of the bear came up, into whose hands Mr. Barlow consigned him, charging him for the future to be more careful in guarding so dangerous a creature. While this was doing, the boys had remained quiet spectators at a distance; but by accident, the monkey who used to be perched upon the head of the bear, and was shaken off when the beast broke loose, came running that way, playing a thousand antic grimaces as he passed. Tommy, who was determined not to be out-

done by Mr. Barlow, ran very resolutely up, and seized a string, which was tied round the loins of the animal; but he not choosing to be taken prisoner, instantly snapped at Tommy's arm, and almost made his teeth meet in the fleshy part of it. But Tommy, who was now greatly improved in courage and the use of his limbs, instead of letting his enemy escape, began threshing him very severely with a stick which he had in his hand; till the monkey, seeing he had so resolute an antagonist to deal with, desisted from opposition, and suffered himself to be led captive like his friend the bear.

As they were returning home, Tommy asked Mr. Barlow whether he did not think it very dangerous to meddle with such an animal when he was loose. Mr. Barlow told him it was not without danger, but that it was much less so than most people would imagine. Most animals, said he, are easily awed by the ap-

pearance of intrepidity, while they are invited to pursue by marks of fear and apprehension. That, I believe, is very true, answered Harry; for I have very often observed the behaviour of dogs to each other. When two strange dogs meet, they generally approach with caution, as if they were mutually afraid; but as sure as either of them runs away, the other will pursue him with the greatest insolence and fury. This is not confined to dogs, replied Mr. Barlow; almost all wild beasts are subject to receive the sudden impressions of terror; and therefore men that have been obliged to travel without arms through forests that abound with dangerous animals, have frequently escaped unhurt by shouting aloud whenever they have met with any of them upon their way. But what I chiefly depended upon, was the education which the bear had received since he left his own country. Tommy laughed heartily at this idea, and Mr. Barlow



went on:—Whenever an animal is taught any thing which is not natural to him, that is properly receiving an education. Did you ever observe colts running about wild upon the common? Tommy. Yes, sir, very often. Mr. Barlow. And do you think it would be an easy matter for any one to mount upon their backs, or ride them? Tommy. By no means. I think that they would kick and prance to that degree that they would throw any person down. Mr. Barlow. And yet your little horse very frequently takes you upon his back, and carries you very safely between this and your father's house. Tommy. That is because he is used to it. Mr. Barlow. But he was not always used to it: he was once a colt, and then he ran about as wild and unrestrained as any of those upon the common. Tommy. Yes, sir. Mr. Barlow. How came he then to be so altered as to submit to bear you about upon his back? Tommy. I do not know; unless it was by feeding

him. Mr. Barlow. That is one method, but that is not all. They first accustom the colt, who naturally follows his mother, to come into the stable with her. Then they stroke him and feed him, till he gradually becomes gentle, and will suffer himself to be handled. Then they take an opportunity of putting an halter upon his head, and accustom him to stand quietly in the stable, and be tied to the manger. Thus, they gradually proceed from one thing to another, till they teach him to bear the bridle and the saddle, and to be commanded by his rider. This may very properly be called the education of an animal, since by these means he is obliged to acquire habits, which he would never have learned had he been left to himself. Now, I knew that the poor bear had been frequently beaten and very ill used, in order to make him submit to be led about with a string, and exhibited as a sight. I knew that he had been accustomed to

submit to man, and to tremble at the sound of the human voice; and I depended upon the force of these impressions, for making him submit without resistance to the authority I assumed over him. You see I was not deceived in my opinion; and by these means I probably prevented the mischief which he might otherwise have done to some of those women or children.

As Mr. Barlow was talking in this manner, he perceived that Tommy's arm was bloody, and inquiring into the reason, he heard the history of his adventure with the monkey. Mr. Barlow then looked at the wound, which he found of no great consequence; and told Tommy that he was sorry for his accident, but imagined that he was now too courageous to be daunted by a trifling hurt. Tommy assured him he was, and proceeded to ask some questions concerning the nature of the monkey; which Mr. Barlow answered in the following manner. The mon-

key is a very extraordinary animal, which closely resembles a man in his shape and appearance, as perhaps you may have observed. He is always found to inhabit hot countries, the forests of which in many parts of the world are filled with innumerable bands of these animals. He is extremely active, and his fore legs exactly resemble the arms of a man; so that he not only uses them to walk upon, but frequently to climb trees, to hang by the branches, and to take hold of his food with. He supports himself upon almost every species of wild fruit which is found in those countries, so that it is necessary he should be continually scrambling up and down the highest trees in order to procure himself a subsistence.

Nor is he contented always with the diet which he finds in the forest where he makes his residence. Large bands of these creatures will frequently sally out to plunder the gardens in the neighbourhood; and many wonderful stories are

told of their ingenuity and contrivance. What are these, said Tommy? It is said, answered Mr. Barlow, that they proceed with all the caution and regularity which could be found in men themselves. Some of these animals are placed as spies to give notice to the rest, in case any human being should approach the garden; and should that happen, one of the centinels informs them by a peculiar chattering, and they all escape in an instant. I can easily believe that, answered Harry; for I have observed, that when a flock of rooks alight upon a farmer's field of corn, two or three of them always take their station upon the highest tree they can find; and if any one approaches, they instantly give notice by their cawing, and all the rest take wing directly and fly away. But, answered Mr. Barlow, the monkies are said to be yet more ingenious in their thefts; for they station some of their body at a small distance from each other, in a line that

reaches quite from the forest they inhabit to the particular garden they wish to plunder. When this is done, several of them mount the fairest fruit-trees, and picking the fruit, throw it down to their companions who stand below; these again chuck it to others at a little distance; and thus it flies from hand to hand, till it is safely deposited in the woods or mountains whence they came.

When they are taken very young, they are easily tamed, but always retain a great disposition to mischief, as well as to imitate every thing they see done by men. Many ridiculous stories are told of them in this respect. I have heard of a monkey, that resided in a gentleman's family, and that frequently observed his master undergo the operation of shaving. The imitative animal one day took it into his head to turn barber, and seizing a cat that lived in the same house, in one hand, and a bottle of ink in the other, he carried her up to the top of a very

fine marble stair-case. The servants were all attracted by the screams of the cat, who did not relish the operation which was going forward; and, running out, were equally surprised and diverted, to see the monkey gravely seated upon the landing-place of the stairs, and holding the cat fast in one of his paws; while with the other he continually applied ink to puss's face, rubbing it all over just as he had observed the barber do to his master. Whenever the cat struggled to escape, the monkey gave her a pat with his paw, chattering all the time, and making the most ridiculous grimaces; and when she was quiet, he applied himself to his bottle, and continued the operation.

But I have heard a more tragic story of the imitative genius of these animals. One of them lived in a fortified town, and used frequently to run up and down upon the ramparts, where he had observed the gunner discharge the great

guns that defended the town. One day he got possession of the lighted match with which this man used to perform his business, and applying it to the touch-hole of a gun, he ran to the mouth of it to see the explosion; but the cannon, which happened to be loaded, instantly went off, and blew the poor monkey into a thousand pieces.

When they came back to Mr. Barlow's they found Master Merton's servant and horses waiting to bring him home. When he arrived there, he was received with the greatest joy and tenderness by his parents; but though he gave them an account of every thing else that had happened, he did not say a word about the money he had given to the farmer. But the next day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Tommy went together to the parish-church; which they had scarcely entered, when a general whisper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were in an instant turned



upon the little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were very much astonished at this, but they forebore to inquire till the end of the service: then, as they were going out of church together, Mr. Merton asked his son what could be the reason of the general attention which he excited at his entrance into church. Tommy had no time to answer, for at that instant a very decent-looking woman ran up, and threw herself at his feet, calling him her guardian-angel and preserver, and praying that Heaven would shower down upon his head all the blessings which he deserved. It was some time before Mr. and Mrs. Merton could understand the nature of this extraordinary scene; but when they at length understood the secret of their son's generosity, they seemed to be scarcely less affected than the woman herself; and shedding tears of transport and affection, they embraced their son, without attending to the crowd that surrounded them; but im-

mediately recollecting themselves, they took their leave of the poor woman, and hurried to their coach with such sensations as it is more easy to conceive than to describe.

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