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T H E

H I S T O R Y

O F

SANDBFORD AND MERTON.

ABRIDGED

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT PLATES.

For the Amusement and Instruction of Juvenile
Minds.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
SANDFORD AND MERTON.

CHAP. I.

THE Hero of our history, Tommy Merton, was the only son of a gentleman of great fortune, who had large possessions in the island of Jamaica, but had come to reside, for some time, in the western part of England. As Tommy was his only child, it is no wonder if he were spoiled by too much indulgence. His mother was so excessively fond of him, that, however unreasonable his requests at any time were, he need only cry for them, and he was generally sure to have them complied with: though it sometimes happened, that it was totally impossible to procure him what he wanted, and then the house, from top to bottom, was one complete scene of confusion.

When any company came to visit at their house, he was sure to behave in such a manner as disgusted every one present. He must have the first cut of every thing at dinner; and at tea-time, the cups and saucers were frequently upset, by his eagerness to reach at a bit of toast, or any other favourite object he had in view. He was so delicately brought up

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that he was hardly ever well; for the least blast of wind gave him cold, and the least additional heat of the sun was sure to bring on a fever. When Tommy arrived in England, though he was then six years of age, he had not learned so much as to write or read, and had been so much indulged, that he hardly knew the proper use of his limbs. To complete his character, he was impatient, fretful, and proud.

At no great distance from Mr Merton's seat, lived a plain and honest farmer, who, like him, had an only son, but a few months older than Master Merton. His name was Harry Sandford. This youth was strong, active, hardy, and fresh-coloured, being accustomed to run about in the fields, and engage in those rural employments his age would admit of. His obliging manners and affable temper made him beloved by every one, and so tender were his feelings, that he would never rob the innocent birds of their eggs, but has frequently given half his bread and butter to feed the poor robins in the winter. He would destroy no animal whatever, saying, that God had made nothing in vain, and we had no right to put an end to the existence of any creature he had been pleased to make.

Such amiable accomplishments as these drew on him the attention of the clergyman of the parish, who was so much pleased with him, that he taught him to read and write, and was always happy when young Harry was with him. Little Harry was an obliging creature, and cheerfully submitted to do whatever he was bidden, and was so much attached to truth, that he abhorred telling a lie on any occasion. The gratification of his appetite had no share in his mind, and he frequently preferred his own homely fare to the delicacies he met with at other tables.

Accident happened to bring him and Tommy Merton together. The latter was one morning walking in the fields with his female attendant, amusing themselves with hunting butterflies, and collecting a nosegay from the wild beauties of the fields. In the course of this amusement, a large snake rushed from his concealed abode, and entwined himself round one of the legs of poor Tommy. His female attendant, half dead with terror, fled as fast as she could to procure assistance, while the little enervated youth stood motionless, half dead with the fright.

Harry, who happened to be but at a little distance, and saw all that had passed, instantly ran to his assistance, heroically seized hold of the snake, and soon relieved Tommy from his terror.

By this time, Mrs Merton, who had heard the shrieks of the maid, ran, with half the family attending her, to the assistance of her darling son. In her emotions of tenderness, she caught him in her arms, and almost smothered him with caresses. At last, however, she was inexpressibly happy to find he had received no injury, and then enquired of him in what manner he had got rid of the cruel animal. "Indeed, mama, (said Tommy) had not that little boy come to my assistance, I fear the nasty creature would have bitten me."

"Pray, my dear, (said the lady) whose good boy are you, to whom I am so much obliged?"—"My name, (said he) is Harry Sandford." Mrs Merton then insisted that he should go home and dine with them; but Harry endeavoured to excuse himself, saying his father would want him. The lady asked him who his father was, when he replied, "Farmer Sandford, madam, who lives at
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the bottom of yonder hill." The lady said, that she should in future consider him as her child; but Harry did not seem much to like the idea of giving up his own father and mother.

The matter, however, was soon settled, Mrs Merton sent a servant to the farmer, and, taking Harry by the hand, led him to her house, where every thing appeared new to him. He had never before seen such magnificent apartments, and yet did not seem to shew many marks of wonder or surprise. When seated at table, Harry, to the astonishment of every one, appeared neither pleased nor surprised at the novelty of the scene, nor at the delicacy of the provisions. He could find no difference between the silver cup, out of which he drank at Mr Merton's, and the horn one, which he made use of for the same purpose at home. He could not see the superior utility of gold and silver, when horn would answer the same purposes.

Dinner being over, the lady presented Harry with a large glass of wine, which he thanked her for, but begged to be excused drinking it, saying, that his master, Mr Barlow, told him, that he should never eat but when he was hungry, nor drink but when he was dry; that he should accustom himself to eat and drink those things only which are easily to be procured, as otherwise he might grow peevish and fretful when he could not get them. The more they conversed with this little youth, the more they were surprised to find so much good sense in a farmer's son.

Mr Merton observed to his lady, that he wished Mr Barlow would take their Tommy under his care, as he grew a great boy, and it was time he should learn something. Mr Merton then asked his son,
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if he should like to be a philosopher ; to which he replied, that he did not know what a philosopher was, but he should like to be a king ; because kings having many persons to wait on them, have no occasion to do any thing themselves, and live in so much grandeur.

Mrs Merton caught Tommy in her arms, and, after having given him a thousand kisses for so witty and sensible an answer, asked Harry how he should like to be a king. The little fellow replied, that he did not know what a king was, but he should be very happy when he was grown big enough to work at the plow, and get his own bread ; for he wanted nobody to wait upon him.

The lady observed, in a whisper to her husband, what a difference there was between the children of gentlefolks and those of poor people. Mr Merton, however, was a very sensible man, and chose rather to be silent than offend his lady, though he was far from being of her opinion.

Mrs Merton then asked Harry, if he should like to be rich ; and, on the honest little fellow's answering in the negative, she requested of him to know, with a smile of contempt, why he preferred poverty to riches.

“ For this reason, madam, (replied Harry) because I know only one rich man, and that is 'Squire Chace, who lives just by us. He rides over fields of ripe corn, demolishes hedges, detrays other people's dogs, and does many injuries to the poor, and all this merely because he says he is rich. He is, however, universally hated, though it would be dangerous for any one to tell him so. For my part, I would rather die than be hated by my neighbours.”

Mrs Merton then asked Harry, if he should not like to be dressed in fine laced cloths, to have a coach to carry him wherever he pleased, and a number of servants to attend his orders.

“As to clothes, madam, (replied Harry) one coat is as good as another, so it does but keep one warm, and so long as I can walk where I chuse, I shall have no occasion for a coach to carry me. Had I an hundred servants, I should find it more trouble to tell them what to do, than to do it myself.” The lady viewed Harry with a countenance mixed with astonishment and contempt, but forbore asking him any further questions.

When Harry returned home in the evening to his parents, they asked him how he liked what he had seen at the great house. Harry replied, that they had all been very civil to him, but that he would much rather have been at home. “I never in my life (said he) had so much trouble to eat my dinner. One would have thought that I was either lame or blind, as a servant stood behind me all the time I was at dinnerto help me to beer and bread, and take away my plate; and so many dishes followed one another, that I thought there would never have been an end to it. What was still worse, after dinner was over, I was obliged to sit two hours on my seat, as if I had been nailed to it, while the lady asked me how I should like to be a king, to be rich, and, like Squire Chace, to be hated by every one.”

After Harry was gone, a long conversation took place between Mr Merton and his lady. The lady preferred what she called the polite notions of Tommy to the honest rusticity of Harry; but the gentleman was of a different opinion, and preferred sincerity and honesty to the empty parade of greatness.

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This conversation concluded with an agreement between Mr Merton and his wife, that their son Tommy should be put under the care of the same master as Harry. Mr Barlow was accordingly invited the next Sunday to dinner, when Mr Merton introduced the subject, and made the proposal to him. The conversation that passed between Mr Merton and Mr Barlow was long and interesting; but, at the same time, so little adapted to the comprehension of my youthful readers, that I shall pass it over for the present in silence, and only observe, that Tommy's parents delivered him into the hands of this good man, to treat him in such a manner as should appear to him best.

CHAP. II.

WE have now brought Tommy to the vicarage, which was about two miles from his father's house, to undergo a very material change in his temper and dispositions. The next morning, after breakfast, Mr Barlow conducted him and Harry into the garden. He then took a spade himself, gave a hoe to Harry, and they both began their work. Tommy was invited to join them in their labour, and Mr Barlow promised to give him a little piece of ground to himself, if he would undertake the cultivation of it; but he rejected with contempt an offer, which he thought was more proper to be made to a plough-boy, than to a young gentleman of his fortune and character.

Mr Barlow told Tommy he might do as he liked, and, after he and Harry had worked about two

hours, they left off, and went into a pleasant summer-house, where they sat down. Here Mr Barlow, taking a plateful of fine cherries out of a cupboard, divided them between himself and Harry: they eat them up without offering a single one to Tommy, who undoubtedly expected to have his share of them.

This put the little youth into a sullen state, which at last found vent in tears; but his indulgent mother was not at hand to soothe and care for him, and he wandered about the garden, equally surprised and vexed, on finding himself in a place where no one concerned themselves whether he was pleased or not.

As soon as the cherries were demolished, Harry proposed to read a lesson, which was the story of the Flies and the Ants. To this Mr Barlow agreed, and told Harry to take care that he read slowly and distinctly, and to pronounce his words properly. This good boy then took up his book, and read the following lesson.

“ In one corner of a farmer’s garden, a nest of ants was one day discovered. These animals, during all the warm and pleasant months of the year, were fully occupied in dragging to their cells all the little seeds and grains of corn they were capable of collecting. A bed of flowers happened to be near the habitation of these ants, and was frequented by numberless flies, who diverted themselves in sporting from flower to flower. The farmer’s little son, having frequently observed the different employments of these animals, and, being young and ignorant, he one day broke out into these expressions: “ Surely these ants are the most simple of all creatures! How they toil and labour all the day, instead of reveling in the warmth of the sun, and
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wandering from flower to flower, like these flies, who seem to know how to enjoy themselves!"

"It was not long after he had made this idle remark, when the weather began to grow very cold, the sun seldom made its appearance, and the evenings were sharp and frosty. This same little boy, walking with his father in the garden at this period of the year, did not perceive a single ant, but observed that all the flies were lying about either dead or dying. As he was a good-natured youth, he could not help regretting the fate of the unfortunate flies, and asked his father, what was become of the ants he had so often seen on the same spot. His father replied, "The flies, being careless animals, are all dead, because they made no provision against the approach of severe weather. The ants, on the contrary, have been busy during the summer, in laying up a store against the winter, and are now snug in their cells alive and well. When the warm weather shall return, you will again see them at their labour."

This story being finished, Mr Barlow and Harry took a walk into the fields, and the latter was very inquisitive, in asking the names of all the shrubs and plants they met with. In the midst of their conversation, Harry espied a large bird, called a kite, which seemed to be very busy with something in its claws. He instantly ran to the spot, and by making a loud noise and shouting as he approached, frightened the bird away, leaving a chicken behind him. Harry picked it up, and, though he found it much hurt, it was still alive. The humane little fellow told Mr Barlow, he would put it in his bosom, in order to recover it; that he would carry it home, and give it part of his dinner every day, till

it should be able to do without his assistance. This promise he afterwards punctually performed, and his endeavours were crowned with success.

On their arrival at home to dinner, Tommy, who had been all this time rambling in the garden in a solitary manner, made his appearance, and, being very hungry, was going to sit down at the table with the rest; but Mr Barlow observed to him, that as he was too much of a gentleman to think of working, he must go without victuals, as it was not reasonable, that the industrious should work for the idle.

Tommy now withdrew into a corner, crying most bitterly; but these were rather tears of grief than obstinacy, as he found nobody seemed inclined to humour his bad temper. Harry, however, was very unhappy to see his friend in so humiliating a situation, and begged Mr Barlow, with tears in his eyes, that he might give him a part of his dinner. Having obtained permission to do so, he got up, went to Tommy, and gave him the whole of it, when the young gentleman took it, thanked him for it, and eat it all up. Here Mr Barlow observed, though gentlemen are above working for themselves, they will eat the bread that others earn by the sweat of their brow. This threw Tommy again into tears.

Mr Barlow and Harry went the next morning to work as usual, when Tommy came to them, and desired that he also might have a hoe. Mr Barlow instantly gave him one, and instructed him how to use it, so that, in a short time, he became a good workman, and pursued his labour with pleasure.

Their work being finished for that day, they all withdrew to the summer house, and the joy of Tommy was inexpressible, when he found he was to have his share of the fruit. When the fruit was demolished,

molished, Mr Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy to read them a story; but he, hanging down his head, said he had not yet learned to read. Mr Barlow, after expressing his sorrow for the young gentleman's ignorance, desired Harry to read the following story of the Gentleman and the Basket-maker.

“ In a distant part of the world lived a rich man, who had a magnificent house, and spent all his time in the luxurious enjoyments of eating, drinking, gaming, and every kind of pleasure. Such were the errors of his education, that he thought it was the duty of every one to obey him, and that the poor were only made for his use.

“ At no great distance from this rich person's house, lived a poor, honest, industrious man, who made shift to maintain himself by making baskets out of dried reeds, which grew in a swamp near his habitation. So small was his income, that his food was very coarse, and his bed was nothing better than spare rushes. Notwithstanding this, he was happy and contented, and bore a very respectable and amiable character. The rich man was of a contrary character; he was a great sluggard and glutton, so that he was a stranger to a good state of health, and never sat down to any meal with an appetite. He was universally hated for his tyranny and oppression, and even his own servants detested him.

“ Whenever this tyrant went abroad, it was on a kind of bed borne on the shoulders of men. As he frequently passed by the habitation of the poor basket-maker, he constantly observed, that the honest fellow was always singing and merry at his work. What, said he to himself, shall such a gentleman as I be always melancholy and gloomy, while such a reptile as this is gay and cheerful!

“ This invidious and wicked reflection was strengthened by the repetition of the poor man’s happiness; he therefore determined to make him as miserable as himself, and with that view ordered his servant one night to set fire to the rushes that surrounded the poor man’s house. The whole marsh was soon in a flame, which extended to the cottage of the basket maker, who was forced to save his life by running out with only his shirt on his back.

“ Sorrowful indeed was the situation of this poor creature, who found himself totally deprived of the means of procuring subsistence, by the wicked cruelty of a rich man, whom he had never offended. Naked and miserable as he was, he set out barefooted to tell his melancholy tale to the governor of the province, who was a good and just man. He instantly sent for the rich tyrant, who was unable to make any defence, the crime being clearly proved against him.

“ Since this rich tyrant (said the governor) is so much puffed up with his own consequence, I will convince him of what little value he is to the public, and what a wicked and contemptible mortal he is. As to you, (addressing himself to the poor man) it must be a matter of indifference to what part you go, since your honesty and industry will procure you a livelihood any where.

“ The governor then gave orders to put them both on board a ship, and to carry them to a remote country, inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who principally got their living by fishing, were strangers to riches, and lived in huts. The sailors having put them on shore, there left them, when they were presently surrounded by the inhabitants. The situation of the rich man was now terrible, and he began to cry and wring his hands in the
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most abject manner; while the poor man seemed perfectly at ease, well knowing his labour would procure him his bread.

“The natives made them understand by signs, that they would not hurt them, but would employ them in fishing and carrying wood. They were then both conducted to a distant wood, and shewed several logs, which they were ordered to carry to the cabins of the natives. They instantly set about their business, when the strength and activity of the poor man soon enabled him to complete his business, before the rich man had finished half his.

“The natives, seeing the difference between the abilities of these two men, were very much prepossessed in favour of the basket-maker, who they supposed would be very useful to them. They therefore fed him with what they called their dainties, while they gave the rich man a very scanty allowance of their ordinary fare. However, labour had created him an appetite, and he swallowed that meagre fare more heartily than he would at home have eat the most luxurious food.

“Experience soon taught the rich man on what false pretensions he had before valued himself, and how much superior to him was a plain honest labouring man.

“The basket-maker, on the other hand, bound twigs together in so pretty a manner, as ornaments for the heads of the natives, that they became enraptured with him. They released him from his former drudgery, brought him their choicest provisions, and built him a hut to dwell in. As to the gentleman, who had neither abilities to do any thing pleasing, nor strength to labour, they made him the basket-maker's servant, and employed him

in cutting reeds for his use. So effectually was the pride of the rich man mortified!

“Several months had elapsed in this manner, when the governor of their native country sent for them, and ordered them to be brought before him. As soon as they appeared, he cast a stern and severe look on the gentleman, and thus addressed him:

“I have now taught you, what a feeble, helpless, and contemptible creature you are, and how inferior you are to the person you insulted. I shall take care that you shall make him reparation for the injury you have done him. Were I to punish you as you deserve, I should strip you of all your riches, as you wantonly deprived this man of the little all he possessed in this world; but I will act more humanely than you did, and therefore sentence you to give one half of your possessions to this poor injured man.”

“The basket-maker instantly thanked the governor for his goodness; but begged leave to remind him, that having lived all his life in poverty, and laboured for his daily bread, he had no inclination for those possessions, of which he should not know the use. All he required, therefore, was to be put in the same condition he formerly enjoyed, and thereby be enabled to get his bread.

“The noble generosity of the basket-maker astonished the rich man, of whom misfortunes had made a different creature. He ever after treated the poor man as his friend, and was a benefactor to the distressed all the rest of his life.”

As soon as the story was ended, Tommy allowed it was very entertaining; but said, had he been in the basket-maker's place, he would have accepted of the governor's decree, and have taken one half of the gentleman's fortune. But Harry said he would
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have done no such thing, lest it should make him as proud, as idle, and as wicked as the other. Mr Barlow and the two young folks then went in to dinner.

CHAP. III.

FROM this time, Mr Barlow and his two pupils worked every morning in the garden, and retired after their labour to the summer-house, where they refreshed themselves before dinner. By degrees, Tommy began to be angry with himself that he could not read, and at last spoke privately to Harry on the occasion, who very generously proposed to learn him. He accordingly began with teaching him the alphabet, which he learned in the course of a day. He then proceeded to spelling, and in a little time read tolerably well. All this was to be done without Mr Barlow knowing any thing of the matter, as Tommy wished to surprise him by reading him a lesson unexpectedly.

He pursued his study with very great attention, and Harry was by no means backward in giving him assistance. At last, being all three assembled in the summer-house, and the book being given to Harry, Tommy said, that, if Mr Barlow would give him permission, he would try to read. Mr Barlow replied, that he should have no objection, but he should as soon expect to see him fly as to read. Tommy, however, with a smile of confidence and self-approbation took up the book, and, with great fluency, read the following history of the two dogs.

“ In one particular part of the world, which a-

bounds with strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to rear two puppies, of that sort which is most esteemed for size and courage. From the very promising appearance the puppies made, he thought one of them would be a very acceptable present to his landlord. Accordingly he gave him one, which he called Jowler, and kept the other, which he named Keeper, to look after his own flocks.

“ Jowler was sent into a plentiful kitchen, where he soon became the favourite of the servants, whom he diverted by his little tricks and gambols: hence it is no wonder that he lived in a dainty manner, and increased in size and comeliness. This pampered way of living, however, made him cowardly, he became a great glutton, and though he had plenty, yet he could not help thieving.

“ With respect to Keeper, his mode of living, was very different; for his master was a poor man, who lived hard, and was exposed to all weathers. Keeper grew active, diligent, and hardy, and being exposed to perpetual dangers from the wolves, with whom he had frequent combats, he grew bold and courageous. His honesty was unconquerable, for though left alone with meat on the table, he never touched any thing but what was given him.

“ The poor man’s landlord, happening to come into the country to examine his estates, brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. On his arrival there, he was much surprised to find Keeper so much unlike his brother Jowler, who received a pat or two on the back from his master, as a mark of his superiority. An accident however, brought Jowler into disgrace.

“ As the gentleman was one day walking in a thick wood, attended only by the two dogs, an
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hungry wolf, whose eyes sparkled like fire, with his bristles standing erect, and an horrid snarl that filled the gentleman with terror, rushed out of a thicket, and seemed determined to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself over for lost; especially when he saw that his dog Jowler, instead of flying to his assistance, sneaked away, howling with fear, and hanging his tail between his legs.

“Happily for the gentleman, in this moment of despair, the courageous Keeper, who had followed him at a distance, humble and unobserved, rushed to his assistance, and so courageously attacked the furious animal, that he at last laid him dead on the spot, though poor Keeper received some terrible wounds in the conflict.

“So pleased was the gentleman with the courageous behaviour of the dog, that he desired his tenant would make an exchange with him, giving him permission, at the same time, if he pleased, to hang him as a cowardly worthless cur.

“The gentleman was no sooner gone, than the poor man was preparing to hang Jowler, and was actually putting the cord about his neck; but the unfortunate animal, who had been spoiled by his master, licked his hand, and looked so pitifully, that his tender heart relented, and he determined to try if he could not work a reformation in him.

“He was accordingly fed very sparingly, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, so that in a little time he became vigorous and active as he had before been lazy and indolent.

“Jowler being one day in the woods, and still fearful of engaging with a wild beast, was suddenly attacked by a furious wolf, from whom he wished to make his escape, but found it impossible. They

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say necessity makes cowards brave, at least it proved so with Jowler, who then faced about, engaged the wolf, and killed him.

“The applauses and careffes Jowler received on this first proof of his courage, animated him to greater exploits, and he soon became a terror to all the beasts of prey in that neighbourhood.

“Keeper, in the mean time, leading a life of luxury and ease, soon degenerated, and acquired all the evil qualities which Jowler was possessed of, while in his place. Idleness and gluttony soon destroy all the qualities of the mind and body, and in the end lead to ruin.

“The gentleman deing desirous of making another excursion into the country, took his dog Keeper with him, in order to give him an opportunity of exercising his skill against his old enemies, the wolves. The country people soon turned out one from a neighbouring wood; but great indeed was the astonishment of the gentleman, when he saw his dog run away on the first onset. While the wolf was pursuing Keeper, another dog sprung forward, attacked the enraged animal, and soon killed him.

“It was natural for the gentleman to lament the cowardice of his favourite dog, and praise the noble spirit of the other: but judge what must be his surprize, when he found it was his discarded dog Jowler. “I now plainly see, (said the gentleman) that courage is not to be expected from those who live a life of indolence and repose. Unremitted exercise, and proper discipline only, are capable of forcing the faculties to exert themselves.”

The story being finished, “I clearly see (said Mr Barlow) that if young gentlemen will but take pains, they may do as well as others.” He rejoiced





joiced to find, that Tommy had made so useful an acquisition, as that of learning to read. "I have no doubt, (continued Mr Barlow) that Tommy will one day become a sensible man, and will hereafter be able to teach others."

Tommy seemed highly pleased with these praises, and determined to make himself as clever as other people. Indeed, he was naturally of a good disposition, though the talents he possessed had been prevented from appearing by the bad habits of a wrong education. He was very passionate, and thought every one obliged to obey him, who was not so finely dressed as himself. This opinion often led him into errors, attended with disagreeable consequences, of which the following is an instance.

Tommy one day happened to strike a ball with his bat into an adjoining field, in which a little ragged boy was walking. Tommy called to the boy in a very commanding tone to throw the ball over, but he took no notice of what was said to him. Tommy then called out in a more angry tone than before, and asked the boy if he were deaf. "No, (replied the boy) for the matter of that I am not deaf." This enraged the young gentleman still more, and he threatened the boy, that, if he did not immediately throw the ball over, he would come into the field, and thrash him within an inch of his life. The boy then set up a loud laugh, which so provoked Tommy, that he clambered over the hedge, with an intent to leap into the field; but his foot happening to slip, down he went into a ditch full of mud and water. There Tommy lay tumbling about for some time, in vain attempting to get out. His fine waistcoat was totally spoiled, his white stockings had assumed another colour, and his

his breeches were filled with muddy water. In struggling to get out, he first lost one shoe and buckle, and then the other; and, to complete his misfortunes, his laced hat fell into the most muddy part, and sunk to the bottom.

At last, the little ragged boy took pity on him, and helped him out, and Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he was not able to say a word, but set off for home. Mr Barlow seeing him in such a plight, was afraid he might have received some injury; but, on hearing the whole of the business, he could not help smiling, advising Tommy to be more careful in future how he threatened others with punishment.

The next day, being all three in the harbour together, Mr Barlow desired Harry to read the following story of Androcles and the Lion.

“A slave, named Androcles, was so ill treated by his master, that his life became an insupportable burthen. Seeing no probability of an end to his misery, he determined within himself, that it would be better to die, than to endure the severities and hardships to which he was perpetually exposed. He accordingly determined to run away from his slavery, and seek an asylum among the savage inhabitants of the woods and forests, less ferocious perhaps than he had found some of his fellow creatures.

“He accordingly took an opportunity of quitting his master’s house, and went and hid himself in the recesses of a gloomy forest at some distance from the town. In endeavouring to shun one misery, we often run into another; thus poor Androcles, though he had escaped from the cruelty of his master, had fresh difficulties to encounter. He found himself in a vast and trackless wood, where

where he could find no food, and where his flesh was torn by thorns and brambles every step he took. At last, coming by accident to a large cavern, he there lay down, overcome with hunger, fatigue, and despair.

“Androcles had not been long reposing in the cavern, when he heard a dreadful noise, resembling the roar of a wild beast, which terrified him exceedingly. He started up in order to make his escape, and ran to the mouth of the cave, when he saw an enormous lion coming towards him, and from whom there seemed no possibility of escaping. He now gave himself up as devoted to destruction; but great indeed was his astonishment, when he saw the animal advancing towards him in a grave and gentle pace, without shewing the least mark of rage or fury, but uttering a kind of mournful sound, as if he himself wanted assistance.

“This unexpected event gave fresh courage to Androcles, who was naturally bold and resolute. He attentively surveyed every part of his new savage acquaintance, who stood still to give him leisure for that purpose. He observed, that the lion did not put all his feet to the ground, and that one of them seemed wounded. He boldly advanced, took hold of it, and attentively surveyed it, when he perceived in it a large thorn, which must have occasioned great pain to the animal, as the leg was in consequence very much swelled. However, he carefully pulled out the thorn, and then squeezed the foot to force out the matter that had gathered there.

“The operation was no sooner completed, than the grateful animal jumped round him, and put himself into as many attitudes of joy, as does the pampered lap-dog, when, after a short absence, he again finds himself with his fond and delicate mistress.

“Androcles

“ Androcles became the lion’s surgeon and completely cured his patient, who, in return, never went out in pursuit of prey, without bringing something for the support of his kind physician, and such as was more adapted to the nature of man, than to that of a lion.

“ Our fugitive and his savage friend lived in this strange kind of hospitality for some months, when Androcles, happening one day to wander too far from his retreat, was taken by a party of soldiers, and conducted back to his master. Being tried and convicted, by the severe laws of his country, he was condemned to be devoured by a lion, kept some time without food to make him the more fierce and ravenous.

“ The fatal moment arrived, and the wretched Androcles was exposed unarmed, in a spacious place properly enclosed, round which were assembled an innumerable crowd to be witnesses to this inhuman scene. A den was opened, and out of it rushed a furious lion, uttering so dreadful a yell as filled all the spectators with horror. He sprang towards the helpless victim, with an erected mane, flaming eyes, and jaws gaping with destruction.

“ Pity commanded a mournful silence, and every eye was turned on the devoted victim, whose miseries seemed to be hastening to a period. Pity and horror, however, were soon changed into wonder and astonishment, when they beheld the furious animal, instead of tearing the victim in pieces, stop suddenly in his career, and submissively crouch at the feet of Androcles, as a faithful dog does at those of his master.

“ Androcles was then loudly called upon by the governor of the town, to explain to him and the spectators

spectators the cause of so unintelligible a mystery, how such a fierce and savage wild beast should, in a moment, be converted into a quiet and peaceful animal. Androcles then related every thing that had passed between him and the lion in the wood; and in what manner he had there entertained him.

“Every one present was equally delighted and astonished at the honest narrative, and were happy to find, that even the most savage beast may be softened by gratitude, and moved by humanity. They unanimously exerted their interests to gain pardon for Androcles, and they succeeded in their endeavours. He was pardoned and presented with the lion, to whom Androcles twice owed his life.”

The story being now finished, Tommy seemed vastly pleased with it; but could not comprehend how the wild beasts of the forest could thus be tamed. To this Mr Barlow observed, that wild beasts never do any mischief but when they are hungry; whereas many human beings, and some children in particular, plague and torment animals frequently out of mere wantonness and cruelty, and in that respect are worse than the beasts of the forest.

This just observation of Mr Barlow struck Harry very forcibly. “I remember, Sir, (said he) in going along the road, I met with a wicked boy, who was treating a poor ass very cruelly. The animal was lame, and the boy beat him unmercifully, because he could not go faster than he was able. I asked him, how he would like to be treated in that manner himself. He replied, it was his father’s ass, and he had a right to do with it as he pleased. He added, if I were saucy, he would serve me in the same manner. I do not like to be quarrelsome, or offend any one; but, as I thought he was very much

in the wrong, I told him he was a cruel creature, and that I was not afraid of him, though he was, almost twice my size. Upon this he attacked me with his stick; but I soon made him sick of the contest. You have often told me, that those who bluster most, are generally the greatest cowards. He no sooner found I had mastered him, than he earnestly begged, while he lay upon the ground, that I would not hurt him. I told him I would not, if he would promise not to use his fists ill any more. Upon his solemnly assuring me that he would never again treat the poor animal with inhumanity, I forgave him, and we both went on our own way."

Mr Barlow applauded the conduct of Harry, and observed, that he supposed the fist boy looked as foolish as Tommy did, when the ragged boy helped him out of the ditch. A conversation then took place between Mr Barlow and Tommy, which so much convinced the little gentleman of his imprudent behaviour, that he could hardly refrain from tears: and, as he was naturally of a generous temper, he determined to make the poor boy amend the first time he should meet with him.

CHAP. IV.

IT was not long before he had an opportunity of displaying his promised generosity; for as he was that afternoon walking over the fields, he saw the poor boy gathering blackberries. Tommy instantly ran up to him, and asked him, if he had no better clothes than those on his back, which hung all in rags. "No, sir, (replied the poor boy) these

these are my best. I have brothers and sisters, who are as ragged as myself; but what is worse, we are all half starved."

On Tommy's asking him what could be the cause of that, the poor boy replied, "that his father was ill of a fever, and was unable to work; and that his mammy told him, they must all starve, unless God Almighty took pity on them." Tommy, without making any reply, ran home as fast as he could, and presently returned with a loaf of bread, and a suit of his plainest clothes. "Here, poor boy, (said he) you behaved very kindly to me, and therefore I give you these. I am a gentleman, and shall not miss them." The boy received this present with every mark of gratitude, and Tommy turned from him without saying a word more, highly delighted with his own feelings on this his first act of humanity.

The next morning early, Tommy desired Harry to accompany him to an old-clothes shop in a neighbouring village. On their arrival there, Tommy laid out all his money, which amounted to fifteen shillings and six-pence, in buying clothes for the poor ragged family. As they were tied up in a bundle, Tommy gave them to Harry to carry, to which he readily consented; but, at the same time asked him, in a friendly manner, why he could not carry it himself. Tommy replied, gentlemen never carry bundles, but that common people always carry them for them. Harry hereupon very justly observed, that gentlefolks should have neither hands, nor feet, nor eyes, nor ears, nor mouths, because common people have them.

They walked on, conversing in this manner, till they arrived at the cottage of the poor man whom they

they

they found much better, owing to some medicines Mr Barlow had given him the preceding night. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and, as soon as he appeared, told him, that he had brought some clothes for him and the rest of the little family. The manner in which they were received shewed how much they were wanted. The sincere blessings of the good woman and her husband were so affecting, that Tommy and his companion could not help shedding tears of joy. As they were returning home, the young gentleman observed, that he had never before spent money with so much satisfaction as on this occasion; and that, for the time to come, he would save up all the money that was given him, and apply it to these charitable purposes, instead of spending it in the purchase of baubles.

On their return home, Tommy acquainted Mr Barlow with what he had done, which met with the hearty applauses of that worthy gentleman. In the evening, Mr Barlow, in return for Tommy's goodness, read him the following story of *The Two Brothers*.

“ Among the numerous adventurers, who went to South America in pursuit of gold and silver, was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, and who, like others, was anxious to try his fortune. As he had a great affection for his elder brother, he communicated to him his design, and earnestly entreated him to go along with him, promising to give him an equal share of whatever the expedition should produce.

“ His brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of good understanding and easy temper. He did not much like the proposed expedition, and endeavoured

endeavoured to persuade Pizarro to abandon it, representing to him the certain dangers he would have to encounter, and the great uncertainty of success. However, perceiving that all arguments were in vain, he consented to accompany him, declaring at the same time, that he wanted no part of the riches he might procure, and only asked to have a few servants and his baggage taken on board the ship with him. Pizarro then disposed of all his effects, purchased a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers, who had no doubt of making immense fortunes. Alonzo, on the other hand, took with him only a few plows, harrows and other implements of husbandry; together with some corn, and seeds of different sorts of vegetables. Though this conduct appeared very strange to Pizarro, yet he took no notice of it to his brother, wishing to avoid the least appearance of altercation.

“A prosperous gale wafted them across the Atlantic, when they put into the last port they intended to stop at, till they should reach the land of gold and silver. Here Pizarro purchased several more implements used in digging for, melting, and refining, the gold he doubted not of finding, and also procuring more labourers to assist him in the work. On the other hand, Alonzo purchased only a few sheep, and four stout oxen properly harnessed for ploughing.

“From hence they set sail, and arrived safe at the destined port. Alonzo then acquainted his brother, that as his intentions were only to accompany and assist him in the voyage, he should stay near the borders of the sea with his servants and cattle, while he traversed the country in search of
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of gold; and, as soon as he had procured as much as he wanted, he should be ready to accompany him back to Spain, whenever he should return to the coast.

“Pizarro set out immediately, and, though he said nothing to his brother, he could not help expressing his contempt of him to his companions. “I have always been accustomed, (said he to his followers) to consider my brother as a man of sense; but I now perceive my mistake. He intends to amuse himself with his sheep and oxen, as if he were actually on his own farm in Spain. We, however, know better than to waste our time in that manner. We, in a short time, shall enrich ourselves for the rest of our lives.” His speech was universally applauded, excepting by one Spaniard, who, as he marched on, shook his head, and told Pizarro, that he probably might not find this brother so great a fool as he imagined.

“They continued their journey into the country for several days, and met with numberless obstacles, such as being obliged to cross rivers, to ascend craggy mountains, and penetrate almost impervious forests; sometimes scorched with the intense heat of the sun, and then socked by the violent rains that fell. In spite of all difficulties, they pursued their search for gold, and luckily at last came to a place where they found it in tolerable quantities. Success inspired them with courage, and they continued their labours on the spot, till their provisions were all expended. Though they gained gold, they suffered much from hunger, but contented themselves with living on such roots and berries as the earth spontaneously produced. Even this supply at last failed them, and, after

after losing several of their company by famine and hardships, the rest with difficulty crawled back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them that pernicious gold, for which they had exposed themselves to the dangers of death in so many miserable shapes.

“ In the mean time, Alonzo, who foresaw all these disasters, was employing himself in a far more useful manner. His knowledge in husbandry pointed out to him a spot of considerable extent and fruitful soil, which he ploughed up by the assistance of his servants and the oxen he had brought with him. He then committed the different seeds, with which he had furnished himself, to the bosom of the earth. Every thing prospered beyond expectation, and a plentiful harvest rewarded his toils. His sheep also proved prolific. In the intervals of time, Alonzo and his servants employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they caught they dried and salted, having found salt upon the sea-shore. So that by this time they had formed a tolerable magazine of provisions.

“ Alonzo received his brother Pizarro, on his return, with the utmost respect, and enquired what success he had met with. Pizarro then informed him of the vast quantity of gold they had found, but that several of his comrades had perished, and that those who remained were in a starving condition. He immediately requested his brother to give him something to eat, as he had tasted no other food for two days than the roots and barks of trees.

“ To this request, Alonzo very coolly replied, that his brother should remember, on their departure from Europe, that they had agreed not to interfere with each other; and that, as he had relinquished

quished all pretensions to the gold they might discover, they could have no right to any part of the produce of his labour. "If you think proper, (added Alonzo) to exchange some of your gold for provisions, I shall then be ready to accommodate you."

"However unkind Pizarro thought this behaviour of his brother, he and his companions, being in a starving condition, were obliged to submit to his demands. Alonzo placed so high a value on his provisions, that he soon became master of all the gold they had collected, merely to procure them articles of subsistence. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Europe, as the vessel in which they had arrived at America was still in good condition, and the winds and weather favourable.

"Pizarro, with a stern, haughty, and disdainful look, replied, that since he had stripped him of all the wealth he had acquired with such danger and fatigue, and treated him so unbrotherly, he might return without him. As to himself, he said he would remain upon that desert shore, and there end his life. Alonzo, instead of resenting this language, caught his brother in his arms, and thus addressed him:

"Is it possible, that my dear brother could believe that I meant to deprive him of the gold he has so dearly bought? May all the gold in the universe perish, rather than that I should treat you in such a manner! I perceived your impetuous desire for riches, and I have taken this method to draw you from your attachment to them. My prudence and industry appeared to you as chimerical, since you imagined, that nothing can be wanting to
him

him who possesses riches ; but you have now learned, that all the gold you had found would not have prevented you and your followers from starving, had not my industry and foresight prevented it. I am willing to flatter myself, that you will be wiser for the future ; and, therefore, take back your gold, and make a proper use of it for the time to come."

" This unexpected generosity of Alonzo, filled Pizarro with astonishment and gratitude, and he was, for the first time, obliged to confess, that industry and prudence were preferable to gold. They then embarked for Europe, and, after an easy passage, arrived safe in Spain. Pizarro, during the voyage, often entreated his brother to accept of one half of the gold, which Alonzo invincibly refused, saying, that he who can raise what is sufficient for the supply of his natural wants, stands in no need of the assistance of gold."

When Mr Barlow had finished this story, Tommy observed, that he thought Alonzo was a very sensible man, since, by his good conduct, he preserved the lives of his brother and his companions. " It must be, (continued Tommy) a sad thing to be in a country where one can get nothing to eat." Mr Barlow replied, that the sufferings of Pizarro and his men were not to be compared to those of some Russians, who were left upon the coast of Spitzbergen, and there obliged to shift for themselves.

On Tommy's asking where Spitzbergen was, Mr Barlow replied, " It is in a far northern country, which is perpetually covered with ice and snow, owing to the severity of the weather. The soil is hardly capable of producing any vegetable, and only a few animals are found in the country. The island is, a great part of the year, in perpetual darkness,

ness, and is at that time inaccessible to ships. Though it is impossible to form to the mind a more dreary country, and where human life must be supported with the greatest difficulty; yet, in spite of all these obstacles, four men struggled with them six years, and three of them returned safe to their own country."

Tommy observed, that this must be a very curious story, and that he should be very glad to hear it. Mr Barlow replied, that he would take the first opportunity to gratify his curiosity, and that probably he should not keep him long in suspense.



CHAP. V.

THE next day, Mr Barlow entertained Tommy with the following narrative of the extraordinary adventures of four Russian Sailors, who were cast away on the desert island of East Spitzbergen.

"These northern seas, (said Mr Barlow) owing to the excessive cold of the climate. are frequently so full of ice as to render it exceedingly hazardous to ships, which are thereby exposed to the danger of being crushed between two bodies of immense ice, or of being so completely surrounded, as to deprive them of every power of moving from the spot.

"In this latter alarming situation were the crew of a Russian ship. A council was immediately held, when the mate mentioned, what he recollected to have heard, that a ship's crew from Meseu, some time before, had formed a resolution of passing the winter upon this island, and for that purpose had carried timber proper for building a hut at a little distance from the shore. This information

tion led the whole company to form the resolution of wintering there, should the hut be fortunately remaining. They were induced to adopt this measure from the certainty of perishing should they remain in the ship. They therefore deputed four of their crew to go in search of the hut, and make what further discoveries they could. These were Alexis Himkof the mate, Iwan Himkof his god-son, Stephon Scharoffof, and Feodor Weregine.

“As no human creature inhabited the shore on which they were to land, it was absolutely necessary for them to carry some provisions with them for their support. They had to make their way, for nearly two miles, over loose heaps of ice, which the water had raised, and the wind had driven against each other; and this made it equally difficult and dangerous. From this consideration, they avoided loading themselves too much with provisions, lest their weight might sink them between the pieces of ice, where they must inevitably perish. Having previously considered all these matters, they provided themselves only with a musket and powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder and ball; 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 poorly equipped, these four sailors reached the island, little thinking what they were to endure while they remained on it.

“After exploring some small part of the country, they discovered the hut they were in pursuit of, at the distance of about an English mile and a half from the shore.—Its length was thirty-six feet, and its height and breadth eighteen. It consisted of a small antichamber, about twelve feet broad, having
two

two doors, the one to exclude the outer air, and the other to form a communication with the inner room. This contributed not a little to keep the larger room warm, when it was once heated. They found in the larger room an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner. They rejoiced exceedingly at this discovery, though they found the hut had suffered very much from the severity of the weather, it having been built a considerable time. However, they contrived to make it supportable for that night.

“ The next morning early they repaired to the shore, in order to acquaint their comrades with their success, and also to get from the vessel such provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might in some measure enable them to struggle with the approaching winter. But what pen can properly describe the terrible situation of their minds, when, coming to the place at which they landed, they discovered nothing but an open sea, clear of all ice, though, but a day before, it had covered the ocean! During the night, a violent storm had arisen, which had been the cause of this change of appearance in the ocean. Whether the ice, which had before surrounded the vessel, being put into motion by the violence of the winds and waves had crushed the ship to pieces, or whether she had been carried by the current into the main ocean, it was impossible for them to determine. However, they saw the ship no more, and as she was never afterwards heard of, it is most likely that she went to the bottom with every soul on board.

“ This dreadful event deprived the poor unhappy wretches of all hopes of ever again seeing their native country. They returned to their hut, and there bewailed their deplorable lot, more, perhaps,

to be pitied, than those who were buried in the bosom of the deep.

“ Their thoughts were, in course, first directed to procure subsistence, and to repair their hut. Their twelve charges of powder and shot soon produced them as many rein-deer, of which there fortunately happened to be many on the island. They then set about repairing their hut, and filled up all the crevices, through which the air found its way, with the moss that grew there in plenty. As it was impossible to live in that climate without fire, and as no wood grew upon the island, they were much alarmed on that account. However, in their wanderings over the beach, they met with plenty of wood, which had been driven on shore by the waves. This principally consisted of the wrecks of ships; but sometimes whole trees with their roots came on shore, the undoubted produce of some more hospitable clime, which were washed from their native soil by the overflowing of rivers, or some other accident.

“ As soon as their powder and shot were exhausted, they began to be in dread of perishing with hunger; but good fortune, and their own ingenuity, to which necessity always gives a spur, removed these dreadful apprehensions. In the course of their traversing the beach, they one day discovered some boards, in which were large hooks and nails in abundance. By the assistance of these they made spears and arrows, and, from a yew tree, which had been thrown on shore by the waves, they formed plenty of bows. With these weapons during the time of their continuance on the island, they killed upwards of two hundred and fifty rein-deer, besides a great number of blue and white

foxes. The flesh of these animals served them for food, and their skins were equally useful in supplying them with warm clothing. The number of white bears they killed were only ten; for these animals being very strong, defended themselves with great vigour and fury and even ventured to make their appearance frequently at the door of their hut, from whence they were driven with some difficulty and danger. Thus these three different sorts of animals were the only food of those miserable mariners during their long and dreary abode on this island.

“The intenseness of the cold, and the want of proper conveniencies, rendered it impossible for them to cook their victuals properly, so that they were obliged to eat their provisions almost raw, and without bread or salt. There was but one stove in the hut, and that being in the Russian manner, was not proper for boiling. However, to remedy this inconvenience as much as possible, they dried some of their provisions, during the summer, in the open air, and then hung them up in the upper part of the hut, which being continually filled with smoke, they thus became thoroughly dried. This they used instead of bread, which made them relish their half boiled meat the better.

“They procured their water in summer from the rivultes that fell from the rocks, and in the winter from snow and ice thawed. This was their only drink, and their small kettle was the only convenience they had to make use of for this and many other purposes. As it was necessary to keep up a continual fire they were particularly cautious not to let the light be extinguished; for, though they had both steel and flints, yet they had

no tinder, and it would have been a terrible thing to be without light in a climate, where darkness reigns so many months during winter. They therefore fashioned a kind of lamp, which they filled with rein-deer fat, and stuck into it some twisted linen, shaped in the form of a wick. After many trials, they at last brought their lamp to complete perfection, and kept it burning, without intermission, from the day they first made it, till they embarked for their native country. They also found themselves in want of shoes, boots, and other necessary articles of dress, for all which they found wonderful resources in that genius, to which necessity gives birth.

“ Having lived more than six years upon this dreary and inhospitable island, a ship happened to arrive there, which took three of them on board, and carried them back to their native country. The fourth man was seized with the scurvy, and being naturally indolent, and not using proper exercise, he died, after lingering for some time, when his companions buried him in the snow.

“ These (said Mr Barlow) are the principal particulars of this extraordinary story, and which are sufficient to shew how many accidents mankind are exposed to, and the wonderful expedients, which ingenuity and necessity can find out under the most dreadful circumstances.”

Tommy was going to make some remarks on this singular adventure, when he was interrupted by the appearance of Harry, who brought with him the chicken he had saved, as before mentioned, from the claws of the kite. The animal was perfectly recovered of its wounds, and was so grateful to its preserver, that whenever it saw Har-

ry, it would hover about him, hop on his shoulder, and shew every other mark of tenderneſs and gratitude.

Tommy was vaſtly delighted with this ſcene, and enquired by what means he had made it ſo tame and gentle. Harry replied, that he had taken no pains about the matter, but that he had treated the animal kindly, and that every creature would always be friendly with thoſe who treated them well. Mr Barlow here interferred, and told Tommy, that if he wanted to tame animals, he muſt be good to them, and treat them with kindneſs.

This converſation between Mr Barlow, Tommy, and Harry, laſted ſome time, after which Tommy reſolved to try his ſkill in taming animals. He accordingly took a large ſlice of bread in his hand, and ſallied forth in purſuit of ſome animal on whom he might make the experiment.

The firſt object he met with was a ſucking-pig, which had wandered ſome diſtance from the ſow, and was basking in the ſun. Tommy immediately began to put his ſkill to the trial, and called out, "Piggy, piggy, piggy, come hither, little piggy!" The pig, however not underſtanding his meaning or intentions, ran away grunting. Tommy accuſed the pig of ingratitude, in thus running away from him when he meant him a kindneſs. "And ſince, (ſaid the little gentleman) you do not know what is good manners, I will teach you to behave better for the future." So ſaying he ſprung at the pig and caught him by one of his hind legs, intending to make him eat the bread he had in his hand; but the uncomplaiſant animal, who was not uſed to ſuch kind of treatment, began ſtruggling and ſqueaking ſo violently, that the
old

old dam, who was within hearing, instantly ran to the assistance of her pig, attended by all her young family. As Tommy apprehended the old sow would be less complaisant than even her pig, he thought it adviseable to let the young one go, when the pig, in endeavouring to get away with all possible speed, ran between his legs, and threw him down.

The scene of this action being in a very dirty place, Tommy was covered with mud and mire from head to foot, and the sow, who reached the spot at that instant, ran over him as he was rising, and encreased his dirty condition. As Tommy, though naturally good-natured, was not remarkably cool in his temper, he was sadly irritated at these ungrateful returns for his intended kindness. He instantly seized the sow by one of the hind legs, and began beating her with a stick, which he picked up in the mire. We may naturally suppose, that the sow did not like this kind of treatment, but endeavoured to escape. Tommy, however, kept his hold, still beating the sow, who dragged him several yards, squeaking all the time in the most pitiful manner, to which the young pigs added the music of their pipes.

A flock of geese happened to be crossing the road at this time, among which the angry sow ran dragging Tommy at her heels. The goslings ran away affrighted, joining the noise of their cracklings to the general concert; but the gander that attended them was not at all dismayed. He so furiously attacked Tommy in the breech with his bill, that the little gentleman was obliged to give up the contest, and suffer the sow to escape.

The noise alarming Mr Barlow, he hastened to

the spot, and found his pupil in this most woeful plight. He enquired into the cause of this disaster, when Tommy, as soon as he was able to speak, told him every thing that had happened, and concluded with saying, "All this, Sir, is the consequence of what you have told me concerning the taming of animals."

Mr Barlow told him, that before he attempted to make free with any animal, he should make himself acquainted with his nature and disposition. He then advised Tommy to go into the house and get himself cleaned, after which they would talk over the matter more fully.

CHAP. VI.

TOMMY and Harry went the next day into the garden, to sow some wheat, which Harry had brought with him from his father's, on a piece of ground, which Tommy had dug and prepared for the purpose. After they had finished their labour, they returned into the house, when Mr Barlow desired Tommy to read the following History of the Good-natured Little Boy, which he accordingly did in a very clear and distinct voice.

"One morning, a little boy set out from his own home to go to a village at a small distance, and took with him a basket of provisions sufficient to serve him the whole day. In the course of his journey, a half-starved dog came up to him wagging his tail, and seemingly to implore his compassion. The little boy at first took no notice of him; but seeing the dog still follow him, and observing how

how lean and meagre he looked, he gave him part of his victuals, though he had no more than what he should want for himself.

“The little boy then pursued his journey, the dog still attending him, and fawning upon him with gratitude and affection. Presently he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning bitterly. He went up to him, and perceived he was in a starving condition. Though he was afraid of being benighted before he should get back, he went and gathered some grass, which he put to the horse’s mouth who began to eat it in such a manner as plainly shewed, that his principal disorder was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal having drank up, seemed to be so much refreshed, that it soon got on its legs, and began grazing.

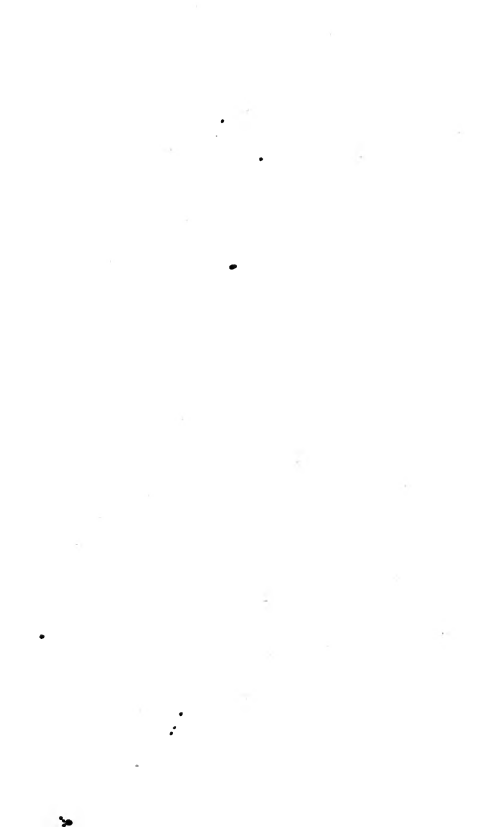
“He then continued his journey, and presently saw a man wading about in a pond of water, and seemingly incapable of finding his way out of it. The little boy asked him, why he did not get out of the pond; to which the poor man replied, that he was blind, and having fallen into it, he could not get out again. The little boy told him, that if he would throw him his stick, he would endeavour to get at him, though he should be ever so wet in the attempt. The blind man threw his stick, and the good boy groped his way into the pond, taking care not to get out of his depth. At length he reached the the blind man, and conducted him safely out. The blind man gave him a thousand blessings, and the little boy again resumed his journey.

“He had not got a great way from hence, when he met a poor sailor, who had lost both his legs in an engagement, and was hobbling along upon

crutches. The poor sailor begged charity of the little boy, saying he had neither victuals nor money, and was almost famished. The tender-hearted child immediately gave him all the victuals he had left, telling him he had nothing else to give him. He then ran the rest of the way, and getting to the place he was going to, he did his business, and set out for his home with all possible speed.

“ He had not got far on his return before night commenced, which proved exceedingly dark, neither moon nor stars making their appearance. The poor boy, missing his way, turned down a lane, which brought him into a wood, where he lost himself, and was unable to proceed. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he sat himself down upon the ground crying bitterly. At last, the little dog, who had never left him, came to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. He soon found it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had probably dropped, and the dog had picked up. The contents of it, which were bread and meat, he eat most heartily, and then found himself much refreshed. Thus the dog, to whom the little boy had given a breakfast, provided him with a supper.

“ He again attempted to make his way through the wood, but in vain, and was almost giving himself up to despair, when he saw, by the light of the moon, which was just beginning to shine, the horse he had fed in the morning. He thought, if he would permit him to get on his back, he might probably carry him out of the wood into the road. He then went up to the horse, stroked him, and spoke to him kindly, and he let him get quietly on his back. The horse then proceeded on slowly till he got into





the main road, when the little boy got off his back, stroked and patted him by way of kindness, and then proceeded towards his own home.

“ He had not, however, gone a great way, before he met with another danger to encounter. As he was passing through a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, and were preparing to strip him of his clothes, when the little dog bit the leg of one of the men so violently, that he left the little boy to pursue the dog, who ran away howling and barking. In this critical moment a voice was heard crying out, “ There the villains are; knock them down!” This frightened the thieves so much that they instantly decamped.

The little boy then saw it was the sailor he had relieved in the morning, supported on the shoulders of the blind man, whom he had conducted out of the pond. “ Thank God, my little dear, (said the sailor) I have now been able to return your kindness to me in the morning. As I was sitting in a ditch, I heard these two fellows lay the plan of robbing you; and, as I was unable to follow them, I got this blind man to let me sit on his shoulders, while he carried me to the spot where they intended to attack you.”

“ The little youth thanked them kindly, and, from what had passed that day, was fully convinced, that a good action never goes unrewarded. He then invited them home to his father’s house, where they were kindly entreated for the night, and he took care of his favourite dog as long as he lived.”

Tommy, having thus finished the story, was vastly pleased with it, and particularly with that part which speaks of the fidelity of the dog. Upon this occasion Mr Barlow observed to him, that those ani-

imals would be equally fond of him, provided he were kind to them, and allowed them some little time to be acquainted with him; for, as he justly observed, nothing equals the gratitude and sagacity of a dog. “But, (added Mr Barlow) since you have been so well pleased with this story, Harry shall read you the adventures of an ill-natured Boy, and he accordingly proceeded as follows.

“It is a great misfortune for children to have bad parents, who take no care of them, and such was the unhappy lot of a little youth, who might have been happier and better under a good parent. He drew on himself the name of the Ill-natured Boy, and, as he was quarrelsome, he became disagreeable to every one. This little boy had a dog that in temper resembled himself, as he was always barking at the heels of every horse, and worrying every sheep he met with.

“One holiday, his father got up early in the morning, in order to go to the ale-house, and consume the day in drunkenness and riot. Before he went out, he gave his son some provisions and sixpence telling him, that he might amuse himself that day as he liked. The boy was very much pleased with this liberty, and taking with him his dog Tiger, he set out on his ramble.

“He had not gone far, before he met a lad with a flock of sheep, which the youth wished to drive through a gate into a field adjoining to the road. The little shepherd begged of him to keep off his dog that he might not frighten his sheep; but, instead of complying with so reasonable a request he ordered his dog to seize them. Tiger, thus encouraged, sprung into the middle of the flock, when the affrighted sheep dispersed in different directions. The
master

master and his dog equally enjoyed this ill-natured and inhuman sport. Tiger happened, however, to attack an old ram, who, having more courage than the rest, handled Tiger very roughly, and obliged him at last to run away howling. In the mean time, the little shepherd, highly irritated at this unworthy treatment, taking up a stone, threw it with so good an aim, that he gave the ill-natured boy such a blow on the temples as almost brought him to the ground. As he was naturally a coward, he walked off crying, both he and his dog being sick of the business.

“ He had hardly recovered from the smart the blow had occasioned, than he began to think of fresh mischief. He saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large pan of milk by her side. She begged him to help her to put it on her head, for she wished to get home as soon as she could, lest her mother should wait for it; and that it was to make a pudding for the family, who had not had a good meal for some days. The wicked boy, taking up the jug, pretended to put it on her head; but, just as she had got hold of it, he feigned to make a stumble, gave her a push, and overturned the milk upon her, and then ran away laughing.

“ He presently afterwards came to a green, where several boys were playing, and, on his asking to be permitted to make one of them, they readily consented. His mischievous disposition was still at work, and taking an opportunity when the ball came to him, instead of throwing it the right way, he struck it into a deep muddy ditch. The little boys ran in a hurry to find it, and as they were standing one behind the other on the brink, he gave the boy furthest behind a violent push, and he pres-

sing on the rest, they all tumbled into the ditch together. As soon as they got out, entirely covered with mud and mire, they were preparing to give him a sound drubbing; but he got Tiger between his legs, whom he clapped on his sides, and on the dog's shewing his teeth and grinning, they were afraid to proceed. Thus he again escaped without punishment.

“ He soon afterwards met with a jack-ass quietly feeding in a ditch, and he determined to have, as he called it, some fun with the animal. He accordingly 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 greatly diverted with the fright and agony of the animal. Tiger, however, paid dear for his master's sport; for, as he was biting the animal's heels, he received so violent a kick as laid him dead on the spot. As this sad boy had no feelings of compassion, he did not care much for the fate of his dog, whom he left with the utmost unconcern, and then sat down to regale himself.

“ He had not been long in that situation, when a poor blind man came groping his way with a couple of sticks. Though this man was a true object of pity and compassion, yet the wicked little boy was determined to play him a trick. He asked the blind man if he would eat a bit with him, and on his accepting his offer, he got up to lead the man to the place where he sat; but, instead of so doing, he placed him on a parcel of wet dung. He then took a bit of meat between his fingers to put into the blind man's mouth; but he, perceiving the trick that was played him, made a snap at the boy's fingers, and catching them between his teeth, made him roar most lustily. After the blind man had put him to a great deal of pain, he let his fingers
loose.

loose; advising him never more to be guilty of such improper conduct.

“ Even this punishment was not sufficient to cure him of his propensity for mischief; for he had not gone much farther, before he saw a lame beggar walking on two crutches. The beggar craved his charity, when the mischievous little boy, pulling out his six-pence, threw it on the ground, and bid him take it; but, as the poor man was stooping to pick it up, this wicked boy knocked his crutches from under him, and the beggar fell upon his face, when he snatched up the six-pence, and ran away laughing.

“ His career of wickedness was, however, now at an end; for, observing two men coming up to the beggar, he ran away as fast as he could over several fields. At last he came to a farmer's orchard, and, as he was clambering over the fence, a large dog seized him, and held him fast. Being terribly frightened, he roared out lustily, which brought out the farmer, who instantly called off his dog, but seized hold of the boy, saying, “ So, my lad, I have caught you at last! You thought you might steal my apples when you pleased; but you are mistaken, and you shall now suffer for all.” So saying, he laid a whip he had in his hand very smartly on his back and shoulders. In vain did the ill-natured boy roar and cry as loud as he could; for the farmer did not let him go till he had given him a severe whipping.

“ He now began to be sensible, that punishment does not fail at last to overtake the wicked; but the measure of his misfortunes was not yet completed. As he jumped down from a stile, he found himself in the hands of the lame beggar he had thrown on his face. He cried and begged

pardon, but the lame man gave him a severe threshing before he let him depart.

“ He again pursued his journey, roaring and crying most bitterly with pain; and, to encrease his misfortunes, he had not gone much further, before he found himself surrounded by the boys he had so ill-used in the morning. As soon as they saw him without his dog, they set up a shout, and began to torment him different ways. Some pulled his hair, and others pinched him; some pelted him with dirt, and others snapped their handkerchiefs at his legs. He endeavoured in vain to make his escape, as they were deaf to his tears and entreaties. At last, however, he happened to see the jack-afs he had tormented in the morning, when he sprung upon his back, hoping by that means to escape. The afs instantly galloped away with him, and soon bore him from his enemies; but, the animal still keeping his pace, in spite of the efforts of the Ill-natured Boy to prevent him, on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with such violence, that he threw the little boy from his back, and his leg broke in the fall.

“ His cries brought out the family, and among them the little girl, whose milk he had spilled in the morning. However, they took him in, laid him on the bed, and there this unfortunate boy had leisure to recollect himself, and reflect on the evils which his bad behaviour had brought on him in the course of one day. He determined, should he recover from this accident, he would in future study to do good, and injure no person or animal any more.”

Tommy was vastly pleased with this story, as it shewed the difference between being good and naughty.

naughty. Every one loved and assisted the little good natured boy, but every one punished and despised the other.

CHAP. VII.

TOMMY and Harry having taken it into their heads, that they would build them a house at the bottom of the garden, Mr Barlow not only gave his consent, but went into the copse, to cut down poles proper for the purpose. These poles, which were about as thick as a man's wrist, and about eight feet long, he brought to a point at one end, in order to run into the ground. So eager were the two little boys at their business, that they soon conveyed all the poles to the bottom of the garden, and Tommy seemed to have entirely forgotten that he was a gentleman.

Harry then took the stakes, and drove them into the ground, at the distance of about a foot, and thus he enclosed a piece of land, about ten feet long and eight feet wide. This being done, they gathered up the brush-wood they had cut off, and interwove it between the poles, so as to form a kind of fence. They worked so hard at this business, that Mr Barlow, in order to encourage them, told them the following story of the Grateful Turk.

“ At a time when the Venetians and Turks were at war, one of the ships of the latter was taken and carried into Venice, where the crew were all sold as slaves. One of these unhappy people happened to live opposite the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, then in the twelfth year of his age.

The little youth used frequently to stop and gaze at Hamet, for such was the name of the slave, and at last, an acquaintance commenced between them.

“ Though Hamet seemed always delighted with the tender regards of his little friend, yet the latter frequently observed, that involuntary tears trickled down the cheeks of Hamet. The little youth at last spoke of it to his father, and begged of him, if he could, to make Hamet happy.

“ Hereupon the father determined to see the slave, and to talk to him himself. He went to him the next day, and asked him if he were the Hamet, of whom his son had spoken so kindly. He replied, that he was the unfortunate Hamet, who had been three years a captive; and that during that time, his little son was the only person, who had in the least pitied his misfortunes. “ And I night and morning, (added he) offer up my prayers to that power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to shower down upon his head every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from miseries like mine.”

“ The Venetian merchant then entered into closer conversation with Hamet, and could not help admiring his generous sentiments and manly fortitude. He asked him what he would do to regain his liberty. “ What would I do? (answered Hamet) By the Eternal Majesty of Heaven, I would cheerfully face every danger, and even death itself, in whatever shape it might appear!”

“ The merchant then told him, that the means of his deliverance were in his own hands. “ Hear me attentively, (said the merchant.) An inveterate foe of mine lives in this city, and has heaped upon me every injury that can sting the heart of man.

He is as brave as he is haughty, and I must confess, that his strength and valour prevent my attempting personally to revenge my wrongs. Now, Hamet, take this dagger, and as soon as the shade of night shall envelope the city, I will lead you to the place, where you may at once revenge the injuries of your friend, and regain your own freedom."

"Scorn and contempt now flamed in the eyes of Hamet, and, as soon as his passion had a little subsided, he exclaimed, "O gracious prophet! are these the wretches by whom you suffer your faithful servants to be enslaved! Go, wicked Christian, and be assured, that Hamet would not become an assassin for all the riches of Venice, or to purchase the freedom of his whole race!" The merchant coolly replied; that he was sorry he had offended him, but thought that he prized his freedom at a higher rate; and added, as he turned his back, "You will perhaps change your mind tomorrow, after you shall have more maturely reflected on the matter," and he then left him.

"The next day, the merchant, accompanied by his son, returned to Hamet, and was going to renew his former conversation, when the honest Turk exclaimed, with a severe and fixed countenance, "Christian! cease to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than death itself! The Christian religion may tolerate such acts, but to a Mahometan they are an abomination!"

"Francisco, for such was the name of the Venetian merchant, now tenderly embraced Hamet, and begged he would forgive the trial to which he put his virtue, assuring him at the same time, that his soul abhorred all deeds of blood and treachery, as much as Hamet himself. "From this moment (said

the merchant) you are free; your ransom is paid, and you are at liberty to go where you please. Perhaps, hereafter, when you see an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, your generosity may bring Venice to your remembrance."

The feelings of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance are not to be described. Francisco put him on board a ship, which was bound to one of the Grecian islands, and, after taking leave of him in the tenderest manner, forced him to accept of a purse of gold to pay his expences. Affectionate was the parting of Hamet with his little friend, whom he embraced in an agony of tenderness, wept over him, and implored Heaven to grant him all the blessings of this life.

"About six months afterwards, one morning, while the family were all in bed, Francisco's house was discovered to be on fire, and great part of the house was in flames before the family was alarmed. The terrified servants had but just time to awaken Francisco, who was no sooner got into the street, than the whole stair-case gave way, and fell into the flames.

"If the merchant thought himself happy in having saved himself, it was only for a moment, as he soon recollected, that his beloved son was left behind to the mercy of the flames. He sunk into the deepest despair, when upon enquiry he found, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been forgotten in the general confusion. He raved in agonies of grief, and offered half his fortune to any one, who would risk his life to save his child. As he was known to be very rich, several ladders were instantly raised by those who wished to obtain the reward; but the violence of the flames drove every one down who attempted it.

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“The unfortunate youth then appeared on the top of the house, extending his arms, and calling out for aid. The unhappy father became motionless, and remained in a state of insensibility. At this critical moment, a man rushed through the crowd, and ascended the tallest ladder, seemingly determined to rescue the youth, or perish in the attempt. A sudden gust of flame bursting forth, led the people to suppose he was lost; but he presently appeared descending the ladder with the child in his arms, without receiving any material injury. An universal shout attended this noble action, and the father, to his inexpressible surprise, on recovering from his swoon, found his child in his arms.

“After giving vent to the first emotions of tenderness, he enquired after his generous deliverer, whose features were so changed by the smoke, that they could not be distinguished. Francisco immediately presented him with a purse of gold, promising the next day to give him the reward he had offered. The stranger replied, that he should accept of no reward. Francisco started, and thought he knew the voice, when his son, flew to the arms of his deliverer, and cried out, “It is my dear Hamet!”

“The astonishment and gratitude of the merchant were equally excited, and retiring from the crowd, he took Hamet with him to a friend’s house. As soon as they were alone, Francisco enquired by what means he had been a second time enslaved.

“I will tell you in a few words (said the generous Turk.) When I was taken by the Venetian galleys, my father shared in my captivity. It was his fate, and not my own, which so often made me shed those tears, which first attracted the notice of your amiable son. As soon as your bounty

had set me free, I flew to the Christian who had purchased my father. I told him, that as I was young and vigorous, and he aged and infirm, I would be his slave instead of my father. I added too the gold which your bounty had bestowed on me, and by these means I prevailed on the Christian to send back my father in that ship you had provided for me, without his knowing the cause of his freedom. Since that time I have staid here a willing slave, and heaven has been so gracious as to put it into my power to save the life of that youth, which I value a thousand times more than my own."

"The merchant was astonished at such an instance of gratitude and affection, and pressed Hamet to accept of the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his days. Hamet, however, with a noble magnanimity, refused the offer, saying, he had done no more than what every one ought to do in a similar situation. Though Hamet seemed to under-rate his past services to the merchant, yet the latter could not suffer things to pass in this manner. He again purchased his freedom, and fitted a ship out on purpose to take him back to his own country. At parting, they mutually embraced each other, and, as they thought, took an eternal farewell.

"After many years had elapsed, and young Francisco was grown up to manhood, beloved and respected by every one, it so happened, that some business made it necessary for him and his father to visit a neighbouring city on the coast, and as they supposed a passage by sea would be more expeditious than by land, they embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was bound to that port, and ready to sail.

"A favourable gale soon wafted them out of sight,

fight, and promised them a speedy passage; but, unfortunately for them, before they had proceeded half their voyage, they were met by some Turkish vessels, who, after an obstinate resistance from the Venetians, boarded them, loaded them with irons, and carried them prisoners to Tunis. There they were exposed in the market-place in their chains, in order to be sold as slaves.

“At last, a Turk came to the market, who seemed to be a man of superior rank, and after looking over the prisoners, with an expression of compassion, he fixed his eyes upon young Francisco, and asked the captain what was the price of that young captive. The captain replied, that he would not part with him for less than five hundred pieces of gold. The Turk considered that as a very extraordinary price, since he had seen him sell others, that exceeded him in strength and vigour, for less than a fifth part of that money.

“That is true, (replied the captain) but he shall either fetch me a price that will repay me the damage he has occasioned me, or he shall labour all the rest of his life at the oar.” The Turk asked him, what damage he could have done him more than the rest of the crew. “It was he, (replied the captain) who animated the Christians to make a desperate resistance, and thereby proved the destruction of many of my bravest seamen. We three times boarded them with a fury that seemed invincible, and each time did that youth attack us with a cool and determined opposition: so that we were obliged to give up the contest, till other ships came to our assistance. I will therefore have that price for him, or I will punish him for life.”

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“The Turk now surveyed young Francisco more attentively than before; and the young man who had hitherto fixed his eyes in sullen silence on the ground, at length raised them up; but he had no sooner beheld the person who was talking to the captain, than, in a loud voice, he uttered the name of Hamet. The Turk, struck with astonishment, surveyed him for a moment, and then caught him in his arms.

“After a moment’s pause, the generous Hamet lifted up his hands to heaven, and thanked his God, who had put it in his power to shew his gratitude; but words cannot express his feelings, when he found that both father and son were slaves. Suffice it to say, that he instantly bought their freedom, and conducted them to his magnificent house in the city.

“They had here full leisure to discourse on the strange vicissitudes of fortune, when Hamet told his Venetian friends, that after their generosity had procured him liberty, he became an officer in the Turkish army, and happening to be fortunate in all his enterprises, he had been gradually promoted, till he arrived at the dignity of bathaw of Tunis. That in this situation, he found the greatest consolation in alleviating the misfortunes of the Christian prisoners, and always attended the sales of those unhappy slaves, to procure liberty to a certain number of them. “And gracious Allah (added he) has this day put it in my power in some measure to return the duties of gratitude.”

“They continued some days with Hamet, who did every thing in his power to amuse and divert them; but as he found their desire was to return to their own country, he told them, that he would not wish to detain them against their wishes, and that they should embark the next day in a ship bound

bound for Venice, which would be furnished with a passport to carry them safe there.

“The next day, he dismissed them with every mark of tenderness and affection, and ordered a party of his own guards to attend them to the vessel. They had no sooner got on board, than they found, to their inexpressible surprize and joy, than they were in the very ship in which they had been taken, and that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship, but even the whole crew were redeemed and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son, after a quick passage, arrived in their own country, where they lived beloved and respected, and endeavoured to convince every one they knew, how great were the vicissitudes of fortune, that God never suffers humanity and generosity to go unrewarded, here or hereafter.”

The story being now ended, Mr Barlow, with pleasure saw the tear stealing down the cheeks both of Tommy and Harry, when he led them into the garden to amuse them.

CHAP. VIII.

THEIR next business was to go to look at the house they had begun building, when they found, that a hurricane which had happened the preceding night, had levelled every stick with the earth. Tommy shook his head, but Harry only observed, that they had not built it strong enough, and that they must drive their posts further into the ground. They therefore set about repairing it, and in the course of a few days completed the whole,

whole, so as to make it capable of affording them shelter from the severest shower.

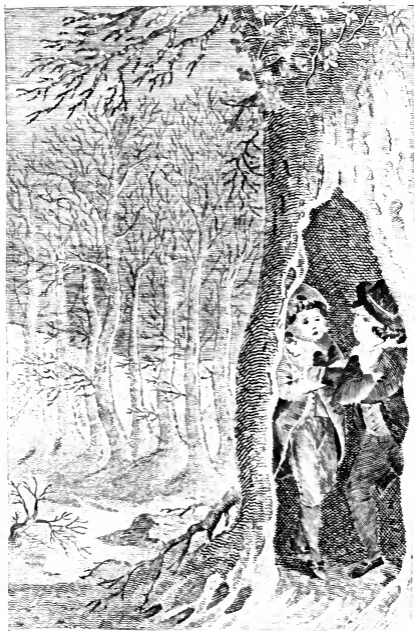
The winter had now set in with its usual severity, so that the two youths were at present no longer able to pursue their labours in the garden; but they now and then took a walk in the air. One day, when the snow which had fallen was a good deal gone off, Tommy and Harry took their usual walk. They were so deep in conversation, that they wandered much further than they intended; and got into paths, with which they were not well acquainted. They therefore thought it prudent to return as fast as possible.

It unfortunately happened, that in passing through a wood, they wandered from the right path, and could not tell where they were. To add to their distress, the wind from the north began to blow with great fury, and so violent a fall of snow came on, as obliged them to seek shelter. The hollow of an aged oak afforded them a comfortable asylum, and they exerted all their youthful abilities to keep themselves warm.

Tommy had never before experienced hardships of this nature, and, for some time, shewed an heroic courage; but hunger and fear at last got the better of him, when, with tears in his eyes, he asked Harry what they should do. "Why, (replied Harry with great courage) we must stay here till the storm is over, and then endeavour to get home."

After remaining some time in the hollow of the tree, the storm greatly abated, when they began their march through the snow, which had completely covered every track, and what was worst of all, the day began to close. Harry had great difficulty to persuade his companion, who was up





to his kness in snow every step he took, to pursue his march.

At length, however they came to some lighted embers, which probably some labourers had just quitted. Harry then got together all the dry pieces of wood he could find, and placing them on the embers, they soon caught fire, which afforded them a comfortable warmth. Tommy, as they were warming themselves, observed to Harry, that it was a terrible thing to be cold and hungry, and more so to a gentleman than to a common person.

Harry replied, that what he had felt from the storm might be disagreeable to a gentleman, but it was nothing more than common to country farming people, who were of more use to the community than gentlemen, who were ready to die under the least degree of fatigue. For his part, he thought it much better to be a plain countryman than a fine laced gentleman.

While they were conversing together on such subjects as these, a little boy came along singing, with a bundle of sticks on his shoulder, whom Harry happened to know. In fact, he was the very little ragged boy, to whom Tommy had given the clothes in the summer. Harry instantly spoke to him, and desired him to shew them the way out of the wood, which he readily consented to, but advised them to go first to his father's house, and, while they warmed themselves, they would send to Mr Barlow to acquaint him where they were. Tommy joyfully accepted the offer, and the little boy led them to his father's cottage.

As soon as they arrived there, the good women, who knew them again, gave them a hearty welcome, and threw a large faggot on the fire to give them a comfortable warm. She said she had not

any thing in the house worth asking Tommy to eat, as she had nothing better than brown bread and bacon. Tommy, however, had fasted so long and was so hungry, that he said he could eat any thing.

The good woman laid a clean coarse cloth, and soon brought some bacon on an earthen plate, together with some coarse brown bread. The two youths, having eat nothing since the morning, made a most hearty meal, while the honest farmer went to acquaint Mr Barlow of the safety of his pupils, which gave infinite satisfaction to that reverend gentleman, as he had dispatched people every where in pursuit of them.

The next morning, after they had related all the particulars of their expedition, Mr Barlow desired Tommy to read the following account of some people who were buried in the snow, when he began as follows.

“ The country, in which this accident happened, is full of rocks and mountains, which are so exceedingly high, that the snow lies perpetually on them. The vallies between these mountains are inhabited by a brave and industrious people, who also cultivate the sides of the mountains; but the tops of the highest of them are so exceedingly cold, that ice and snow are perpetually to be seen on them.

“ As soon as the frost and snow set in, the inhabitants confine themselves to their houses, which they know how to make comfortable and agreeable. The roads then become impassable, and the only prospect is snow and ice. On the return of warmer weather, the snow thaws from the sides of the mountains, and is frequently undermined by the torrents of water, which pour down with great impetuosity. From this cause it sometimes happens, that such
prodigious

prodigious bodies of snow fall down as are sufficient to bury beasts and houses, and even whole villages are sometimes hidden under them.

“ In the neighbourhood of these vast mountains, which are called the Alps, on the nineteenth of March, 1755, a small cluster of houses were entirely buried by two immense bodies of snow, which fell upon them from a higher part of the mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia and his son, a lad of fifteen years of age, who were on the roof of their house removing the snow which had fallen for three days successively.

“ A priest, who happened to be going by in his way to church, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man and his son descended with all possible haste, and fled they know not whither. At last turning round to look back, he saw his own and his neighbours houses, in which were twenty-two persons, covered with a high mountain of snow. After viewing this sorrowful sight, he hastened to a friend's house at some distance.

“ Five days afterwards, Joseph got upon the snow, accompanied by his son and two of his wife's brothers, with an intent to discover whereabouts his house lay buried; but after various trials, they were obliged to give up the pursuit. The month of April proving hot, and the snow begining to give way, Joseph again made a second effort, in order to recover his effects, and bury the unfortunate victims. On the 24th of April, the snow was greatly diminished, when he broke through ice the thickness of six English feet, and with a long
pole

pole touched the ground; but the night coming on, obliged him to desist for that time.

“ His wife’s brother, who had been informed of this misfortune, came the next day to the house where Joseph was, and after resting himself a little, they both went to work on the snow. They then made another opening, which led them to the house they were in search of. As they found no dead bodies in the ruins, they searched for the stable, which was at the distance of about two hundred and forty English feet. Having found the stable, they heard a cry of, “ Help, my dear brother !” Equally surpris’d and encouraged by these words, they laboured with additional ardour, till they had made a large opening through which the brother immediately descended, where the sister, with a faint and feeble voice, said to him, “ I have always trusted in God and you, and knew that you would not forsake me.”

“ The husband and the other brother then went down, and found the wife about forty-five, the sister about thirty-five, and the daughter about thirteen years old, all still alive. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as from a deep pit, and carried them to a neighbouring house; for they were unable to walk, being so wasted that they appeared like skeletons.

“ The magistrates of the place came some days afterwards to visit them, and found the wife still unable to use her feet, or rise from the bed, owing to the severity of the cold she had endured, and the posture to which she had been confined. The sister, whose legs they had bathed with hot wine, was a little recovered, and could walk with some difficulty. The daughter stood in no need of any further remedies.

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“The woman gave the following account of their situation while buried in the snow. On the morning of the nineteenth of March they were in the stable, with a boy of about six years old, and a girl of thirteen. There were six goats in the stable, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a mess of rye flour gruel. There were also an ass and five or six fowls.

“They had got into a warm corner of the stable, waiting there till the church bell should ring, as they proposed to attend divine service. Joseph’s wife related, that having occasion to go and kindle a fire in the house, while her husband was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a great body of snow breaking down towards her, when she immediately went back into the stable, shut the door, and mentioned to her sister what she had seen. Three minutes had scarcely elapsed, when they heard the roof break over their heads, together with part of the ceiling. They immediately got into the manger, to which was tied the ass, who got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down a small vessel, which they afterwards found, and used to hold the melted snow, the principal liquor they had to drink.

“The main prop of the stable being fortunately over the manger, it resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to consider what they should live upon. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted, and therefore could do without any thing more till the next day. They recollected, that there were between thirty and forty biscuits in a place near the stable; but they were not able to get

at them on account of the snow. They frequently called for help, but in vain.

“ They eat part part of the chesnuts the first day, and drank some snow water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days, after which they heard nothing more of them. Two of the goats, however, were still living, and being near the manger, they felt them. They found that one of them was big, and they recollected it would kid about the middle of April. The milk of the other preserved their lives. Not the least ray of light was to be seen, though the crowing of the fowls, for about twenty days, gave them some notice of night and morning; but when the fowls died, they could no longer make any distinction.

“ Being very hungry the second day, they eat all the chesnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being at first about two pounds a day, but that soon decreased. On the third day, they made another vain attempt to get at the cakes. They therefore resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats, which they were enabled to do by means of the hay-loft being just above the manger, from whence the sister pulled some down, through a hole into the rack, and gave it the goats as long as she could reach it; and, when it got beyond her reach, the goats got at it themselves by climbing on her shoulders.

“ On the sixth day, the poor little boy grew sick, and six days after that desired his mother, who had kept him in her arms all the time, to lay him at length in the manger. She complied with his desire, and then taking him by the hand, found it was cold, as well as his mouth. She then gave him a little milk, when the poor boy cried, “ Oh, my father is in the snow: O father! father!” and then expired.

“ The

“ The goat’s milk began to diminish daily; but, according to the woman’s recollection, it could not be long before the other goat would kid, which she soon did, and the young one dying immediately, they in course had all the milk for their own nourishment. The circumstance of the goat’s kidding, led them to suppose, that the middle of April was come. As soon as they called the goat to them, it would come, and lick their hands and faces, and every day afforded them about two pounds of milk, which saved them from perishing, preserved their existence till they were relieved in the manner before related. It is no wonder, if the goats were properly taken care of, for the rest of their lives, in the manner which gratitude would dictate.

The story being now ended, Tommy could not help exclaiming, “ O dear Sir! what a variety of accidents people are exposed to in this world!” Mr Barlow replied, that it was very true; but that, in such cases, it was necessary for us to improve ourselves in such a manner, as to be able to struggle with them, and not suffer them to conquer us.

CHAP. IX.

TOMMY, during his residence with Mr Barlow, had lost a great part of his West-Indian pride, and had contracted many acquaintances among poor families. In imitation of Mr Barlow, he went about from house to house, enquiring after the health and welfare of their families, and the returns of civility and gratitude he met with amply rewarded his tenderness and humanity. He began to reflect on every thing he heard, and to imitate

imitate whatever he saw that appeared laudable and praise-worthy.

Mr Barlow had a large Newfoundland dog, which was exceedingly good-natured, and very fond of the water. Tommy had by this time learned to make even animals respect him, and he and Cæsar were upon exceeding good terms. He would sometimes divert himself with throwing a stick into the water, which the dog would instantly fetch in his mouth, and lay it down at his feet. When he would stroke and pat him by way of encouragement.

Tommy had heard Mr Barlow give an account in what manner the Kamschatkan dogs drew their sledges, and he determined to make an experiment of that nature. Being one day perfectly disengaged from business, he furnished himself with some rope, and a kitchen chair, which he intended to make use of instead of a sledge. He then coaxed Cæsar into a large yard behind the house, and placing the chair flat upon the ground, he fastened the dog to it, with great care, and no small share of ingenuity. Cæsar, however, did not understand being harnessed, and was ignorant of the part he was to act. At last Tommy mounted his seat triumphantly, with a whip in his hand, and began his career.

A number of the neighbouring little boys gathered round the young gentleman, which made him the more anxious to distinguish himself. Tommy began to make use of those expressions to his dog, which he had heard coachmen apply to their horses, and smacked his whip with great consequence. Cæsar, who had not been used to this kind of language, grew rather impatient, and shewed his dislike to his present situation, by endeavouring to get rid of his harness. This drew on Tommy the
laugh





laugh of the spectators, which made him more eager to perform his exploit with honour, and, after having tried many experiments with his steed, and being a little angry with him, he applied a pretty severe lash to his hinder parts. Cæsar was very angry at this, and instantly set off at full speed, dragging the chair, with the driver upon it, at a prodigious rate.

Tommy now looked about him with a triumphant air, and maintained his seat with great firmness and address. Unfortunately, however, at no great distance was a large horse pond, which gradually shelved to the depth of three or four feet. The affrighted Cæsar, by a kind of natural instinct, ran thither, in hopes of getting rid of his tormentor; while Tommy, who began not much to like his situation, in vain endeavoured to pacify and restrain his steed. Cæsar, without paying any regard to his driver, precipitately rushed into the pond, and carried both carriage and driver into the middle of it. The boys who were spectators, now received fresh matter of diversion, and, notwithstanding their respect for Tommy, they could not help uttering loud shouts of derision. The unmannerly exultations of the spectators very much discomposed our little hero; but his misfortunes had not yet reached their summit. Cæsar, by floundering about in the pond, and by making a too sudden turn, overturned the car, and threw poor Tommy into the water.

A sudden thaw having commenced the day before, occasioned the pond to be a mixture of ice and water, and mud and mire. Through this he struggled as well as he was able, his feet sometimes slipping, and then down he tumbled. At last, however, he got safe through the ice, mud, and
water,

water, with the loss of both his shoes. Such was the appearance of poor Tommy when he got out of the pond, that the whole troop of spectators, who were incapable of stifling their laughter, broke forth in redoubled peals, which irritated the unfortunate hero to a violent degree of rage. As soon as he had struggled to the shore, forgetting the situation he was in, he fell upon the boys with great fury, and so liberally dealt his blows on every side, that he put them all to flight.

While Tommy was thus revenging the affronts he thought he had received, and pursuing the vanquished about the yard, the noise and uproar brought Mr Barlow to the door, who could hardly help laughing at the sorrowful figure of his pupil, with the water dropping from every part of his body, and the violent attacks he was making.

Such was the agitation of Tommy's mind, that it was some little time before he could listen to the calls of Mr Barlow. At last, having heard his preceptor's voice, he respectfully approached him, and related every thing that had happened. Mr Barlow immediately led him into the house, and having advised him to undress himself and go to bed, he carried him a little warm wine to drink, and thus this unfortunate affair ended without any evil consequences.

Not long after this, Tommy was to pay a visit to his parents, and Harry was to accompany him. They no sooner arrived at Mr Merton's, than they found a crowded assembly to receive them. It is impossible to describe the many flattering encomiums that were passed upon Tommy, not even his hair or his teeth passed without some compliment, while nobody took the least notice of Harry, except

cept Mr Merton, who treated him in the most tender and affectionate manner.

Among the company, however, was an amiable young lady, Miss Simmons, who advanced towards Harry, with the greatest affability, and entered into conversation with him. This young lady had the misfortune to lose her father and mother in her infancy, and was then under the care of an uncle, who brought her up in such a manner, as contributed to inform her mind, without suffering her to acquire those fashionable talents which are so pernicious to the fair of the rising generation.

This young lady, whose character was singularly benevolent, addressed Harry in such a manner as set him perfectly at his ease. He possessed such a natural politeness and good nature as is infinitely preferable to all the artificial graces of society. He indeed had not that vivacity, or rather impertinence, which renders a boy the darling of the ladies, and passes for wit among superficial people; but he paid the strictest attention to what was said to him, and always answered to the purpose. It was for these reasons, that Miss Simmons, who though much older and more improved than Harry, was highly pleased with his conversation, and thought it preferable to any thing of the kind she had met among the number of smart young gentlemen, with whom she had conversed at Mr Merton's house.

At dinner time, when Harry saw so many fine gentlemen and ladies, so many powdered servants to stand behind them, such a multitude of dishes, and such pomp and solemnity about merely satisfying the appetite, he could not help envying the condition of his father's labourers, who, when they find themselves hungry, sit perfectly at ease under

an hedge, and make a hearty meal, without table-cloth, plates, or compliments.

Tommy never opened his mouth, but his words were caught by the whole company, who considered them as so many marks of the most brilliant wit, while little or no notice was taken of Harry.

The time was passed in all those fashionable amusements, which tend only to corrupt the morals of youth, and had such an influence on the mind of Tommy, that he began almost to hate the name of Mr Barlow, and no longer paid any respect to his friend Harry, who received very little satisfaction from this visit, except in his conversation with Miss Simmons.

One day, a bull was to be baited in the neighbourhood, when Tommy, and all his gay and flighty companions, stole away to see it, and Harry reluctantly followed them at a distance; for he had received very singular ill-treatment, not only from the young visitors at Mr Merton's house, but even from Tommy himself.

While this inhuman spectacle was going forward, a poor half naked black came to them, and humbly implored their charity. The poor black finding he could get nothing from them, (for Tommy had spent all his money in trifles, and the rest of the young gentlemen only made a laugh of the poor man) he approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the remains of his tattered hat, and imploring charity. Harry put his hand in his pocket, and gave him the only six-pence he had.

The dogs now attacked the bull with such fury, that the animal became mad and outrageous; he killed two of the dogs presently, and soon after snapped the rope that held him. It is impossible to describe

cribe the terror and confusion that followed. Those who had but just before been rejoicing in the torments of the poor animal, now fled with precipitation, and were pursued by the enraged bull, who trampled over some, gored others, and thus took ample vengeance for the injuries he had received.

The furious animal, then changing its course, ran towards the spot where Tommy and his associates stood, and put them to flight; but the bull was too swift for them, and Tommy stumbling and falling to the ground, lay directly in the way of his pursuing enemy. Master Merton was now given over for lost.

Harry had all this time kept his ground, but now seeing his little friend in extreme danger, he determined to rescue him, or lose his life in the attempt. With a courage and presence of mind above his years, he caught up a prong, which had been dropped by one of the fugitives, and at the very instant the bull was stooping to revenge himself on the defenceless Tommy, he gave him a deep wound in the flank. The wounded animal instantly turned round to attack a more formidable enemy, and it is highly probable, that, notwithstanding Harry's courage and resolution, his life would have paid for the salvation of his friend, had not the generous black, to whom he had just before given six-pence, instantly fled to his assistance. With a large stick he had in his hand, he gave the bull so violent a blow as called off his attention from Harry. He instantly turned round to his new enemy, who with the greatest dexterity, shifted from him, and got hold of his tail, by which he held fast, and so belaboured the bull with his stick, that he was at last obliged to lie down, when they threw a rope over his horns, and fastened him to a tree.

While these matters were transacting, Mr Merton had sent out his servants to see after the young gentlemen. They flew to the spot where their young master lay, who, though he had not received any injury, was half dead with fear and terror. As soon as Harry saw that Tommy was safe in the hands of his servants, he asked the black to go along with him; but he took the road which led to his father's house, instead of returning to Mr Merton's.

CHAP. X.

MRS Merton was looking out at the window, when she saw her son in the arms of one of the servants who was bringing him home. Judge what were the feelings of so fond a mother! she fainted at the sight, and was some time before she recovered. At length, coming to herself, and finding he had received no injury, she embraced him with the greatest tenderness, and accused the absent Harry with enticing him, and the rest of the young gentlemen, to the bull-baiting. However, when the matter came to be cleared up, and she found that her son owed his life to his valour, she was ashamed of her partiality.

At this instant Mr Barlow, who knew nothing of what had passed, arrived at Mr Merton's, where he was received by that gentleman with every mark of hospitality. Mr Merton related to him every thing that had passed, and concluded with lamenting how much unlike his son was to the amiable little

Harry

Harry. A long and interesting discourse took place between the two gentlemen, when Mr Barlow prevailed on Mr Merton to believe, that, in a little time, his son Tommy might be brought to forget all his pride, and become an amiable young gentleman, however poisoned his mind might have been by too much indulgence, and the flattery of the visitors at his house.

This conversation being ended, Mr Merton conducted Mr Barlow into another room, and introduced him to the company, who received him with great politeness, and particularly Mrs Merton, who began to think, that her conduct to her son was not entirely rational and prudent.

Tommy, who was so lately the idol of this flattering circle, appeared to be much humbled. He indeed approached Mr Barlow with ever appearance of modesty and gratitude, and answered all his questions in the most respectful manner; but he could not conceal that dejection of mind, which evidently appeared on his countenance. Mr Barlow was too sensible a man not to see these marks of contrition, and drew from them the most pleasing omens.

The company now began to depart for their respective homes, and Tommy, who before was so fond of the company of the young gentlemen, seemed not a little pleased at their departure. Mr Merton's house, which had for some days been a scene of noise, bustle, and festivity, was become the abode of tranquillity and repose. As Mr Barlow was not fond of cards, an amusement in which too much time is frequently spent, he proposed that Miss should read a story for the entertainment of the company which she instantly complied with, and accomplished the task with great accuracy, precision and judgement.

The time for retiring to rest being now come, the company broke up for the evening. The next day Tommy rose before his father and mother, and, as his mind was much impressed with the story read by Miss Simmons the preceding evening, in which she had described the wonderful exploits of some Arabian horsemen, he begged his little horse might be saddled, and that William, one of the footmen, might attend him in his morning's ride.

He had now got it into his head to make a figure as an Arabian horseman, and he imagined, that nothing could be so great as guiding a high-mettled steed over dreary and desolate wastes, such as he had heard Miss Simmons describe. He therefore chose the common before his father's house as the proper field of action, that being the most rugged part in the neighbourhood.

He accordingly put on his boots, and ordered William to attend him. This servant had been accustomed to humour him in whatever he took into his head, and indeed he might have endangered the loss of his place had he shewn the least reluctance to obey his commands. Mrs Merton had strictly forbidden her son ever to ride with spurs, and had ordered all the servants never to suffer him to put on those dangerous implements. Tommy had long complained of this severe restriction, which seemed to lessen his abilities as a horseman, and very much wounded his pride; but as he had now taken it into his head to be an Arabian horseman, he could no longer submit to that restraint. However, as he dared not to ask for spurs, he went to one of the maids, and got from her two large pins, which he very ingeniously stuck into his boots, and then mounted his horse.

He had not ridden far, before he thought of putting his horsemanship to the trial, and accordingly gave his horse a very sharp prick with his pins. The animal, being a spirited creature, set off with him at full gallop, and William knew not whether this sudden start was from accident or design. Seeing, however, that the horse galloped over the roughest part of the common, while Tommy used all his efforts to stop him, he thought it prudent to endeavour to overtake him, and therefore pursued him with all possible speed. The poney, hearing another horse behind him, rather increased his pace; so that while Tommy was carried over the common with such violent speed, William was in vain pursuing him. Just as the servant thought he had reached his master, his horse exerted all his strength to push forward, and left his pursuer at a distance behind him.

The young gentleman maintained his seat admirably well, but he began seriously to reflect on his own ungovernable ambition, and would have been happy to exchange his high-mettled steed for the dronest ass in England. The race continued without any appearance of abatement, when the poney turned short on a sudden, upon an attempt of his master to stop him, and rushed into a quagmire. This stopped him for a moment, and gave Tommy an opportunity of slipping off his back into a soft bed of mire.

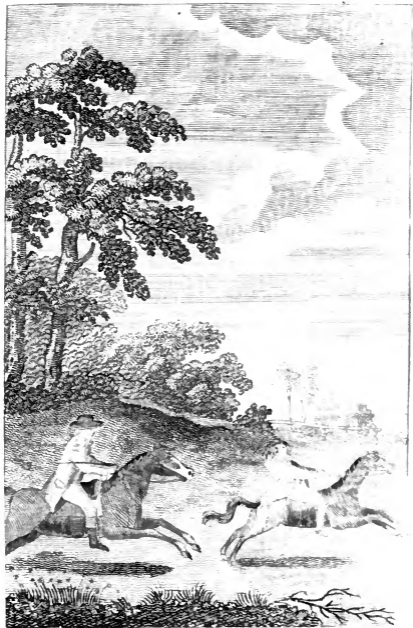
The servant had now time to get up to Tommy, and rescue him from his disagreeable situation, where he had received no other damage than that of daubing his clothes. The servant was very much frightened at the situation of his young mas-

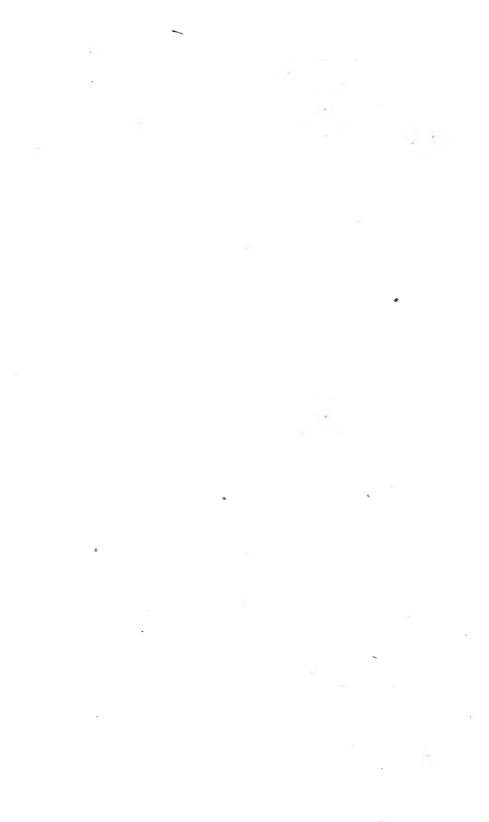
ter while the horse was running away with him; but finding he had received no injury, he left Tommy to walk home on foot, while he went in pursuit of the poney.

Tommy in the mean time, walked pensively along the common, thinking of the different accidents he had encountered, and of the various disappointments he had met with in his pursuit of glory. While his mind was thus employed, a poor and ragged figure made his appearance. He was a Scotch highlander, dressed in a tattered plaid, and a large broad sword by his side. He was leading two poor children, and carried a third in his arms. Tommy immediately took notice of him, which the poor man seeing, pulled off his hat, and begged his charity. Our little gentleman, after some conversation with him, put his hand in his pocket, and gave him a shilling to buy himself and his children some bread. The poor man gratefully thanked him, and pursued his journey.

Tommy had not proceeded a great way before he met with another adventure. A flock of sheep was running with all possible speed from the pursuit of a large dog. As he was an enemy to all cruelty, he endeavoured to drive the dog from his prey. The dog, however, probably despising the size of little Tommy, after growling and shewing his teeth, for a little time, at last seized upon the skirt of Tommy's coat, shaking it with every appearance of rage; but the youth neither attempted to run, nor shewed any marks of fear, only endeavouring to disengage himself from his enemy.

It is probable, that Tommy would have suffered much from the teeth of the enraged animal, had not





not the honest man, whom he had just relieved, ran to his assistance, and laid the dog sprawling on the ground with a stroke of his broad sword. Tommy thanked his deliverer in the most grateful manner, and desired him to attend him to his father's house, where he and his children should receive every refreshment their house could afford.

Tommy being arrived within a short distance of the house, met his father and Mr Barlow, who were walking to enjoy the morning air before breakfast. They were surprised at the appearance Tommy made, he being bespattered with mud from head to foot. The youth, however, without giving time to make any enquiries, ran up to the gentlemen, and wished them a good morning. Mr Merton was very glad to find his son was not hurt, for he doubted not, from the situation of his clothes, that he had fallen from a horse, which was presently confirmed by the appearance of William who was leading the poney.

On the servant telling Mr Merton, that the poney had run away with Tommy, he seemed very much surprised, as it was the most quiet and easy horse he had. He then asked William, if he had not been so imprudent as to let his young master have spurs, which the servant positively denied. Mr Merton, who was convinced there was something more in the business than he could get at, surveyed Tommy very attentively, and soon found out his ingenious contrivance to supply the place of spurs. Though his father could hardly keep his countenance at this discovery, he endeavoured to convince him of his imprudence, which might have been attended with very disagreeable conse-

quences, such as a broken limb, and even the loss of life. He therefore desired him for the future to be more cautious, and they then returned to the house, when Mr Merton gave orders, that proper nourishment might be administered to the beggar and his children, whom Tommy had brought home with him, and then dismissed the poor man with a valuable present.

After dinner, a very interesting conversation took place between Mr Barlow and his pupil Tommy, who confessed that he had been a very unthinking boy, and that he had forfeited all kind of pretension to the kindness of his worthy preceptor. Mr Barlow told him, that to be sensible of his fault was half way to a reformation, and therefore begged that he would open his mind without the least reserve.

Encouraged by this kind declaration, Tommy thus proceeded. "Since I have been at home, Sir, I have been surrounded by a number of fine young gentlemen and ladies, who, because their parents are rich, thought they had a right to despise every one who was poor. Indeed, they at last learned me to think so too, and to forget all your wise admonitions. As they told me, every thing centered in politeness, I imitated them on all occasions, and soon became as bad as themselves. They were always laughing at poor Harry Sandford, and at last brought me to slight his company."

"I am very sorry for that, (replied Mr Barlow) because I am sure he loves you. That, however, is of no great consequence, for he finds sufficient employment among his father's labourers in the fields, and I am sure he would be rather there than in any gentleman's house whatever. I will inform

inform him, that you have got other acquaintance and do not wish him to interrupt you in future."

Tommy replied, with tears in his, "I did not think, sir, you could be so cruel! I love him better than all the company I have lately seen put together, and I shall never more be happy till he forgives all my past unfriendly behaviour." Tommy then went on to acquaint Mr Barlow with all the ill-treatment he had been guilty of to his friend Harry, and concluded with asking, if he thought it possible that Harry would ever forgive him.

Our little gentleman here burst into a flood of tears, and Mr Barlow, after having suffered him to ease his mind that way, told him, he must ask Harry's pardon. To this Tommy had no objection, and begged that Mr Barlow would bring him to their house. To this the reverend gentleman objected, saying it was his place to go to Harry, and not Harry's to come to him. Tommy's pride was not yet quite conquered, and he replied, that he thought it would be very unbecoming of a gentleman to go to a farmer's son to ask pardon. Mr Barlow told him he might do as he pleased, and then got up to away.

Hereupon Tommy again burst into tears, and begged Mr Barlow would not leave him. He promised to go directly, and beg Harry's forgiveness. As his preceptor was now sensible of his contrition, he said he would go to young Sandford, and hear what he thought of the meeting.

He accordingly set out for Mr Sandford's on foot, for he would not accept of the carriage Mr Merton offered him, nor even of any servant to attend him. He found Harry driving the team in

the field, whistling, singing, and more happy than a prince. He no sooner saw Mr Barlow, than he stopped his team, and ran to him with every expression of joy in his countenance.

Mr Barlow told him, that he was sorry to hear of the difference that had happened between him and Tommy, and desired that he would acquaint him with every particular. Harry hereupon told him the whole of the transaction, omitting only, out of modesty, the circumstance of saving Tommy's life. On Mr Barlow's asking him why he did not mention that matter, he replied, he would have done as much for any one else, and therefore could not do less for his little friend, whom he loved.

The good preceptor then desired to know, what was become of the black, who had in fact saved his life. Harry replied, that he had invited him home with him; and, when he informed his father of what service he had been to him, he ordered a decent bed to be made for him over the stable; that he gave him victuals every day, and that he appeared very thankful and industrious, saying, he should be very glad to put his hand to any thing that might enable him to get his living.

Mr Barlow hereupon returned to Mr Merton's house, and in the presence of Tommy related the whole of the conversation between him and Harry. Our little gentleman, who had attentively listened to all his preceptor had said, for some time hung down his head in silence. At last, in a faint voice, he owned, that he was become unworthy of the affection of his real friends; but he hoped, that his father and Mr Barlow would not give him up entirely; and that, should he be ever guilty of the
same

same faults again, he would never more entreat for their favour and forgiveness. He had no sooner uttered these words, than he silently withdrew from the presence of his father and preceptor.

Mr Merton was at a loss to guess what could be the motive of this abrupt departure, and complained to Mr Barlow, that his son appeared to him like a weathercock, which changes its position with every varying gust of wind. The reverend divine endeavoured to inspire Mr Merton with different sentiments, and gave him great hopes from the sorrow and contrition, which at present evidently marked the countenance of his son.

Tommy presently returned, but in a very different kind of dress. He had destroyed the gaiety of his curls, and combed all the powder out of his hair. Every appearance of finery was vanished, and even his darling buckles were changed for others of the plainest sort. His mother, seeing him thus strangely altered, could not help exclaiming, "What has the boy been doing to himself! Why, Tommy, I declare you look more like a country clown than like a young gentleman of fortune."

To this observation of Mrs Merton, who still considered the parade of grandeur as the summit of all human happiness, Tommy gravely replied, that he was then only what he ought always to have been; and that, had he been accustomed to that dress, he should never have treated his dear friend Harry in so shameful a manner. "From this time, (said he) I shall spend my life in rational pursuits, and shall no longer give up myself to the false parade of finery and grandeur."

Mr Merton and Mr Barlow could hardly keep
C 6 their

their countenance at this solemn speech, which Tommy delivered with uncommon gravity. However, they endeavoured to put on a serious countenance, and advised him to persevere in so commendable a resolution. As the night was pretty far advanced, and the gentlemen did not wish to tire Tommy with too many moral reflections at one time, they retired to their different chambers.

CHAP. XI.

TOMMY rose early the next morning, and dressed himself in his new habit of simplicity; and, after they had all breakfasted together, he begged of Mr Barlow to go with him to Harry Sandford's. When they drew near to the house, Tommy saw at some distance his friend, who was driving his father's sheep home. At this sight, he took to his heels, and ran so hastily to meet Harry, that he was quite out of breath when he reached him. Harry met him with open arms, and a reconciliation immediately took place.

As soon as Mr Barlow got up, he told Harry, that he had brought him his little friend, who was very sorry for the faults he had committed, and was come to ask his pardon. "Indeed, (said Tommy, who by this time had a little recovered his breath) I am sincerely ashamed of the affronts I have given you, and I am afraid, as I have been such an ungrateful boy, you will not easily pardon me."

"Indeed, (answered Harry) you are very much mistaken in the matter; for I have long since for-
got

got every thing but your former friendship and affection." After several endearing expressions had passed between them, Harry took his companion by the hand, and led him to his father's house, where he was received with the greatest civility by that family.

As soon as the first civilities were over, Tommy cast his eyes on the black, who had done such singular services for him at the bull baiting, and who was then sitting in the chimney-corner. "I see, (said Tommy) that I am to receive favours from all the world, and to return them by neglect and ingratitude." He then took the black by the hand, and kindly thanked him for the important service he had done him. The black replied, that he was happy in what he had done, and for his trifling services he had been amply repaid by Mr Sandford and his hospitable family. Tommy said he had not yet been sufficiently rewarded, and he had still something to expect from his father.

Dinner being ready, Tommy sat down in company with Mrs Sandford, a venerable, decent, middle-aged woman, her two daughters, plain, modest, healthy-looking girls, a little older than Harry, who was also one of the company. Though the table was not covered with dainties, yet the provisions were of the best kind, plenty in quantity, but sparing in variety. Every thing was hot and well-dressed, and neatness was visible in every part of the rustic banquet.

After Tommy made a very hearty dinner, and the cloth was removed, he begged the black would give him some information concerning bull-baiting, with which he seemed to be so well acquainted.

“ I do suppose, (said Tommy) that it was in your own country you learned to encounter such a furious animal.”

The black replied, that it was not in his own country he had learned to encounter these creatures. “ I lived for some time, (continued the black) as a slave among the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, where it was a common practice of the people to hunt down cattle in the woods for their subsistence.” The black then related the following story, to which he had been an eye witness during his residence in that part of the world.

“ A native of that country, (continued the black) having committed some offence, was condemned to labour in the galleys for several years. He sent a petition to the governor of the town, praying that his punishment might be changed. Being bred a warrior, he stood more in dread of dishonour than death. He therefore implored, that he might not be suffered to consume his strength and spirits in such an ignominious employment, but have an opportunity given him of performing something worthy of a man, or of perishing in the attempt. “ At the approaching festival, (said he) I will encounter the most furious bull you can procure. I will throw him down, bridle him, saddle him, and ride him. At the same time you shall turn out two more, when I will attack them both, and put them to death with my dagger.”

“ The governor consented to this brave proposal, and, when the appointed day arrived, all the inhabitants of the city assembled in a kind of amphitheatre erected for the purpose. The brave American made his appearance on horse-back,

back, with nothing but a cord in his hand. As soon as he had paid his reverence to the audience, an enormous bull was let loose, who hastened to attack the man with great fury; but he avoided his shock with great agility, and galloped round his antagonist, who, in his turn, betook himself to flight. The horseman then pursued his flying enemy, and throwing the noose, which he held ready in his hand, he caught the bull in his flight by one of his hind legs. Then galloping two or three times round the animal, he so entangled him in the snare, that after a few violent efforts to disengage himself, he fell to the ground. The American then leaped from his horse, and put the animal to death in an instant, by stabbing him with his dagger behind the horns. The air resounded with the applauses of the spectators, while he was employed in taking the rope from the slaughtered animal, and preparing for a more furious enemy.

“As soon as he was prepared, a bull much more furious than the first was let loose, and this he was ordered, according to his engagement to bridle and saddle. The champion waited the attack of this furious enemy with an undaunted resolution, and making his horse wheel nimbly round the bull, he by that means baffled his fury, and put him to flight. He then chased him as he had done the former, till he got him into the middle of the inclosed space, where a strong post was fixed into the ground. Here he threw the unerring noose round the horns of the bull, and therewith dragged him to the stake, to which he bound him down closely. Then taking a saddle, he girded it on firmly to the back of the bull; and through his

nostrils he thrust an iron ring, to which was fixed a cord; this, which he brought over his neck, served as a bridle. Then taking a short pike in his hand, he nimbly jumped on the back of the bull.

“All this time the creature bellowed with rage, without producing any effect, on the mind of its rider, who coolly taking a knife, cut the cord that confined him to the stake, and gave him his liberty. The bull being thus disengaged, tried every experiment that rage and fury could dictate to throw his rider, who maintained his seat with wonderful dexterity.

“Two other furious bulls were then let loose, to attack the champion; but, as soon as they saw in what manner he was mounted, terror seized them, and they precipitately fled away. The bull, on which he was mounted, followed the others, and carried his rider several times round the amphitheatre. The governor then called to the champion, to complete his business by putting all the bulls to death, when he instantly dispatched that on which he rode, by plunging in his knife behind the horns. After this he mounted his horse, and destroyed the other two bulls, in the same manner as he had dispatched the first.”

Tommy was vastly pleased with this narration; but, as the evening was approaching, Mr Barlow reminded him, that it was time to return. Tommy, however, taking his kind preceptor by the hand, begged he might be permitted to stay some time with his friend Harry. “I assure you, Sir, (said Tommy) that I am entirely ashamed of my past conduct, and in your presence, as well as before all this worthy family, I do most sincerely ask
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my friend Harry's pardon for all my past offences, most faithfully promising, that I will do my endeavours for the future to act otherwise." Harry embraced his friend with all imaginable tenderness, and begged no more might be said about the matter. The whole family regarded this conversation with wonder, as they had no idea that Tommy's pride would suffer him to act upon such humiliating principles.

Tommy's proposal of staying some time with Harry was highly approved of by Mr Barlow, who took upon himself to answer for the consent of Mr Merton; and then, after taking a complaisant leave of the company, he went to his own house.

Our young gentleman was now embarked in a new scene of life, very different from that he had been hitherto engaged in. He supped heartily that night on the rustic fare he met with, went to bed early, and slept soundly. When Harry called him at five the next morning, according to agreement the over night, he found some difficulty in complying with the summons; but, when he recollected that his word and honour were at stake, he immediately jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and accompanied Harry in all his rustic employments.

In a short time, Tommy became perfectly reconciled to his new mode of life, though it appeared a little awkward to him at first. The increase of exercise greatly contributed to improve his health and strength, and so much assisted his appetite, that the rustic food of farmer Sandford's table appeared to him more pleasing than all the luxuries he met with at home. From being accustomed to view scenes of distress, his heart began to be more

sensible of the tender feelings of humanity; and from the observations he had daily occasion to make, he learned to know of what utility the labourer was to the community. Mr Barlow paid him frequent visits, and pointed out every thing to him that was most worthy of his notice.

“ The reverend gentleman one day thus addressed his little friend. “ You are now, Tommy, learning the practice of those virtues, which have rendered the sages of antiquity so conspicuous. It is not by finery, indolence, or the gratification of our appetites, that we must expect to establish our reputation in the world; for no man could ever derive the abilities of commanding armies in the field, or acting as a good legislator at home, who had been nursed in the lap of Indolence or Luxury. When the Roman people were pushed hard by their enemies, and the greatest generals were necessary to check them, it was not in the circles of the gay, elegant and dissipated, nor at banquets, nor in gilded palaces, that they sought such commanders; they visited the poor and homely cottage, such as your late companions would view with the utmost contempt. But it was in such a situation they found Cincinnatus, whose virtues and abilities rendered him superior to the rest of his fellow citizens; they found him ploughing his field, and driving his oxen himself. Though this great man had passed his youth in the study of civil government and the use of arms, though he had frequently taught the Roman legions to triumph over their enemies; yet, when his country had no more commands on his service, he withdrew from the bustle of affairs, and, in a retired and humble situation, owed his
subsistence

subsistence to his labour. Tell me, my little friend, since chance seems to have more the direction of human affairs than merit, would you rather appear to the world in an elevated station, and as unworthy of the advantages you enjoy; or, in an humble condition, be esteemed as worthy, from your virtues and abilities, of the most exalted places of honour and trust?"

Tommy frequently received such lessons as these from Mr Barlow, and the young gentleman attended to them with every mark of gratitude and sensibility. The behaviour of Harry was truly great and noble; for, after he had finished his labour of the day, he employed all the rest of his time to the amusement of Tommy, and this he did with so much affection and pleasure, that they loved each other infinitely beyond what they had before.

In the course of the evenings, Tommy frequently conversed with the negro, and asked him many questions concerning his own country. The young gentleman being one night particularly inquisitive, the black man gave him the following history of himself.

“ A town on the river Gambia in Africa, (said he) gave me birth. In this part of the world where I now am, people look upon me as a being of a different species; and the inhabitants of my country look with equal surprise on the white Europeans. I have seen men in some parts of the world of a yellow hue, in other parts the copper colour prevailed, and each have considered the rest as beings beneath them. This opinion, however, arises from ignorance, and I have often been surpris'd to see the people of so enlightened a nation

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tion as this give way to such idle prejudices. Do you make any difference between a white and a black horse, in point of strength and agility? Is a white cow more valuable on account of its colour, or is a white dog more useful in your houses or on the chace, than that of any other colour? It has, on the contrary, been the general opinion, that light-coloured animals are more feeble and less active.

“ In my own country, there is a difference, not only in the colour of men, but also in a variety of other circumstances. In England, for a great part of the year, you are chilled with frosts and snows, and sometimes do not see the all-cheering rays of the sun for whole days together. It is the contrary with us, for the sun never leaves us, and pours on us his most scorching influence. Our days and nights are equal, and we are consequently strangers to that diversity of seasons you experience in this climate. Snow, frost, and ice, are unknown to us, a perpetual verdure prevails, and every season of the year produces us fruits. There are, indeed, some months in the year, when we are scorched with intolerable heat; in those seasons vegetation appears to be destroyed, the rivers fail in their salutary streams, and men and animals are parched with thirst.

“ Tigers, lions, elephants, and other animals of prey, in those seasons are driven from their dreary abodes in forests impenetrable to men, and skulk about the lower grounds and the borders of rivers. We are then frequently disturbed by the nocturnal yells and savage roarings of these ferocious animals, which frequently interrupt our repose in our otherwise peaceful cottages.

“ In this country, I mean the country I am now in, however melancholy may be the truth, you seem to have more to fear from each other, than from the savage inhabitants of the woods. Your houses are built so as to defy the utmost fury of winds and weather, and which seem almost to resist the efforts of Time. With us, reeds twisted together, and cemented with slime or mud, form our contented though humble dwellings. Wretched as these habitations may appear to you, an African enjoys in them all the felicities of life, till you white Christians drag him from thence, and export him from his native country into foreign climes, where he is exposed to all the calamities of slavery and cruelty.

“ A few stakes set in the ground, interwoven with reeds, and whose covering was nothing more than the spreading leaves of the palm, were the compositions of that mansion, in which I first learned to know that I was a human creature. A few earthen vessels, which served to dress our provisions, composed the whole of our kitchen utensils. Our chamber furniture was nothing more than a few mats woven with soft grass, and these supplied us with a luxurious bed. The few tools we used in turning the ground, the arrows and javelins which we employed in hunting, and our lines necessary for fishing, completed the catalogue of all our earthly possessions.

“ In your country, men seem to place their happiness in obtaining a thousand things more than nature requires, and more than they can ever make use of. Your houses are sufficiently extensive to contain a whole tribe of our people, and
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you so load yourself with clothes that your limbs cannot properly perform their offices. Your tables at meal times are covered with a profusion of victuals sufficient to serve a whole village, and I have frequently seen a poor wretch perishing with hunger at the gates of a rich man, while he was eating his dinner, composed of many sumptuous dishes; without the least appetite for any.

“Yams, a root resembling your potatoe, Indian corn, and rice in particular, form all the natural luxuries of our tables, excepting what nature spontaneously produces in our woods, and the produce of hunting and the fishery. Yet this simple diet contents us more, and affords us a greater degree of satisfaction and contentment, than what you derive from your most splendid tables.

“In the cool of the evening, we enjoyed ourselves under the wide-spreading palm-trees, and every traveller that chanced to pass through our village, found a home at every house he came to. No door was shut against him, no saucy, insolent, and pampered servant disputed his admission: he entered every house freely, was welcome to partake of what the table produced, and then pursued his journey.

“In almost every town there is a large building, where the aged people meet, in the cool of the evening, and converse on different subjects. Here the sturdy youths join in the jovial dance, and amuse themselves in other manly exercises; while the children of the rising generation divert themselves with their innocent gambols. Some throw little arrows at marks, and dart at each other their light blunted javelins, in order to prepare themselves to join in the chase, or to perform their

their duty when called forth to seats of war. Some wrestle, others run races, with a degree of activity little known to Europeans. Among us, every man is his own architect, for our buildings are plain and simple. Our little towns, which generally consist of an hundred or two of such houses as I have just described, are surrounded by thick hedges of thorns, which guard us against any nocturnal attacks of the wild beasts."

Tommy had hitherto listened, in the most profound silence, to a narrative so novel to him; but now he interrupted the honest negroe by asking him, if his country was much infested with wild beasts.

"Yes, master, (replied the black) we have every species of them, equally ferocious and dreadful. We have the powerful lion, who has so much strength in his paw, that he will level a man to the earth with a single blow; and his paws are armed with such claws, that no creature can resist their sharpness and violence. His roar is like that of thunder, at which the boldest hunter frequently trembles. When our valiant youths resolve to attack this noble, dreadful animal, they assemble in troops, arm themselves with javelins and arrows, and surround his dreadful abode. Their shouts and cries, accompanied with the clashing of their arms, bring him out of his den, and rouse him to resistance. He no sooner views his enemies, than he shakes his majestic mane, and looks round upon his host of foes with the utmost contempt and indifference. He regards neither their numbers, their horrid shouts, nor the glittering of their shining arms. He remains undaunted, and despises the weakness of all their vain boastings.

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“ After a little time, he begins lashing his sides with a long and ponderous tail, which is a certain emblem of his rising fury; his eyes sparkle like consuming fire, and, when he perceives that his hunters are numerous, he generally moves towards them with a slow and awful step. This, however, he is not permitted long to do, for those in his rear wound him in the flank with a javelin, which makes him face about. Then commences his rage and fury, when neither a torrent of blood issuing from his wound, nor a combined number of spears opposed to him, can prevent his rushing on the man he supposes to have first wounded him. Death is the inevitable lot of his devoted enemy, should he reach him in his first spring; but it generally happens, that the hunter, who has glory and his own life at stake, avoids him by a nimble leap, when the whole troop rush on to his assistance. The rage of this furious animal then avails him but little, his strength is gradually exhausted, and his life hastily steals away through every fresh wound he receives. In the agonies of death, he bites the ground, and yields to his inevitable fate.

“ The conquerors, as a trophy of their victory, carry him home in triumph, when all the villagers, young and old, meet them with joyful shouts, and celebrate the valour of the conquerors. Every part of the slain animal is surveyed, his enormous size, his wonderful limbs, and his dreadful fangs. The men repeat tales of their former exploits, while the women with horror survey the animal, though peaceful and quiet in death. The children are brought forward, that they may survey the victim, and are taught to examine the most
terrible

terrible parts of him, that they might become familiar to scenes of danger. Joyful acclamations are echoed from every part of the village, and a feast is prepared for the entertainment of the conquerors."

Tommy here said, that this relation almost made him tremble. He observed, that should a lion meet a man singly, he supposed his death would be unavoidable.

"That is not always the case, (replied the black) as I was myself once witness to the contrary. My father, who, besides having had the reputation of being the most skilful hunter, was considered as the bravest in our village, and many trophies of his valour are there to be seen at this day. The inhabitants of the whole village, being one day assembled at their sports and pastimes, an enormous lion, perhaps attracted by the smell of human flesh, unexpectedly rushed in upon them with a horrid roaring. The villagers, being all unarmed, fled away with the utmost precipitation, when none but my father remained. As he had never yet turned his back on any beast of the forest, he drew from his side a short dagger, which he always carried with him, and placing one knee and hand on the ground, serenely waited the attack of this formidable enemy. It is not in the power of words to express the fury, with which the lion rushed towards my father; but he received him on the point of his dagger, in so steady and composed a manner, that he sunk it several inches into its belly. The beast then made a second attack, and received another wound more dreadful than the first, after having given my father so severe a blow with his paw as laid one of his sides bare. By this time,
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the villagers had armed themselves, and rushing to the assistance of my father, they soon dispatched this furious animal. This action appeared so wonderful to every one, that his fame was spread throughout the whole country, and he gained the most honourable marks of distinction."

A gentleman now entering Mr Sandford's house, about some particular business, Tommy desired the honest black to defer the remainder of his story till the gentleman's departure.

CHAP. XII.

AS soon as the gentleman was gone, Tommy desired the black to proceed in his entertaining narrative, with which he instantly complied.—“It is no wonder, (said he) if under such a parent I learned every species of the chase. I was first taught to pursue stags and other feeble animals, and accompanied other children and young men to defend our rice-fields from the depredations of the river horse. Rice being a plant that requires great moisture, our plantations are for the most part made by the sides of rivers, where the soil being overflowed in the rainy season becomes soft and fertile. As soon as it nearly approaches perfection, we are obliged to defend it from different kinds of destructive animals, of which the principal is the river horse. It is a prodigious animal, being twice the size of your English oxen. He has four short thick legs, an enormous head, and jaws armed with prodigiously long and strong teeth,

teeth, besides two prominent tusks, which make a most formidable appearance.

“ Notwithstanding the strength and size of this animal, his principal abode is in rivers, where he lives upon the produce of the waters. It is a curious though dreadful sight to behold this monstrous creature travelling along the bottom several yards below the surface, over which you are gently gliding in a boat, and can see every thing that passes in the transparent mirror beneath you. The boatman always endeavours to get out of his way; for so strong is this animal, that he can overset a tolerably large bark, or tear out a plank with his enormous fangs. During the day, he generally conceals himself in the water, and preys on the inhabitants of that element; but when the gloom of night approaches, he quits the river, and entering the fields, commits depredations on the standing corn, which he would totally destroy, were not people set to watch his motions, and drive him away by their shouts and clamours.

“ Among these parties I have frequently made one, and have watched several successive nights. At length, one of our most enterprising youths proposed that we should boldly attack this enemy, and punish him for his depredations. For this purpose, we concealed ourselves in a proper place, and when we saw him issue from the water, and had suffered him to advance some way into the plantation, we rushed from our concealment, and endeavouring to intercept his return. This monster was so sensible of his own strength, that he slowly retreated, snarling horribly, and gnashing his dreadful tusks. Our darts and arrows had no
power

power on his invulnerable sides, every weapon rebounding as from a wall, or glancing aside without making the least wound.

“ One of our boldest youths then unguardedly approached him, and endeavoured to wound him at a shorter distance; but the enraged animal, running at him with a degree of swiftness he was not before supposed to possess, he seized him, ripped up his body with his tusk, and left him dead upon the spot. His companions instantly fled with terror, and every one but myself declined the dangerous conflict. Inflamed with grief and rage for the loss of my comrade, I resolved, at the hazard of my life, to attempt to revenge his death. As I found his hide was impenetrable to any weapon, I selected one of my sharpest arrows, fitted it to my bow-string, and with a cool and steady aim, while the animal was hastening to the borders of the river, I hit him so directly in the ball of one of his enormous eyes, that the point penetrated to his brain, when he fell to the ground, with a dismal groan, and instantly expired.”

“ Though there was in fact nothing very great in this action, it was deemed by every one as the noblest act of heroism, and from that time I was regarded as the first among the youths of our hamlet. I was received with songs of joy and congratulation, and was ever afterwards chosen as the leader of every dangerous exploit. But, what flattered my ambition more than all the rest, my father received me with transport; he pressed me to his bosom with tears of joy, and told me, that he could now resign his breath without reluctance, since he had lived to see that I was not unworthy of being called

called his son. "I have not (continued my father) passed my youth in an inglorious inactivity: I have laid many a tiger dead at my feet; I have compelled the lion, the terror of the woods, and the fiercest of all animals, to yield to my courage, and many an elephant has been obliged to flee from me; but I do not remember, that I ever atchieved an action so glorious as what you have just now performed."

"My father then went into his cabin, and brought out the bows and arrows he had so successfully used in the chace. "Take these, my son, (said he to me) for now you are worthy of them. Age now creeps on me apace, and I have no longer strength sufficient properly to use them in the chace. I must now transfer that business to you, and leave to your youthful and nervous arm the protection of your country from the furious beasts of the forest."

Tommy's curiosity was much gratified with the recital of these adventures, and, as his knowledge encreased, so his generous heart expanded. He reflected on his former prejudices with shame and contempt, began to consider all mankind as his equals, and ceased to make those foolish distinctions, which pride and vanity had before suggested to his mind. This happy change in his sentiments made him respected by every one in Mr Sandford's family, and Harry and Tommy loved each other more than ever."

Our young gentleman was one day surpris'd by an unexpected visit from his father. The meeting was equally affectionate on both sides, for Tommy was become another boy. His father told him,
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he was come to take him back to his own house, having heard such an account of his present behaviour, that all his former errors were forgiven, and that he began to glory in owning him as his son. Tommy mutually met the embraces of his father, and consented to return home to his mother, that he might, by his future conduct, convince her of the happy alteration made in his temper.

Farmer Sandford was at this instant returning from the fields, and very respectfully invited Mr Merton to walk in, when the latter called the former aside, as if he had something to say to him in private. When they were alone, Mr Merton thanked the farmer for the infinite services he and his family had been of to his son, in working so happy a reformation. He then pulled out a pocket-book, and begged Mr Sandford would accept of it and its contents. The farmer, taking the book and looking into it, found it contained bank-notes of great value. He therefore shut it up again, and politely returned it to Mr Merton, begging to be excused the acceptance of it.

Mr Merton was very much surpris'd at this mark of modesty and moderation. He reminded Mr Sandford of the state of his family; his daughters unprovided for, his amiable son brought up to labour, and himself hastening to old age, which required a respite from the toils and fatigues of life. "I remember the time was, (replied the farmer) when people in my station thought of nothing but doing their duty towards God, and working hard. When I was a youth, I rose with the sun, and could turn a furrow as straight as any ploughman in this or any neighbouring country.

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My father used to say, that a farmer was good for nothing who was not in the fields by four in the morning, and my mother always began milking by five. In those times, women knew something of the management of a house, and did not give themselves up to indolence and the pride of dress."

Mr Merton here interrupted the farmer, and earnestly pressed him to accept of his present; but he persisted in his refusal, saying, "Formerly, Sir, farmers were a healthy and happy set of people, because they gave themselves no concern about the parade of life; but now nothing else is talked of. One of my neighbours, a farmer like myself, suffers his son to go a shooting with gentlemen; another sends his to market on a blood horse, with a plaited bridle, and a fine saddle. And then the girls! the girls!—There is pretty work indeed! They must have their hats and feathers, and riding habits. What a profusion of pomatum, powder, and pasteboard, and cork! Hardly any one of them knows any thing of the common duties of a family; so that, unless our wise ministers of state will send them all to this new settlement, of which I have heard so much talk, and bring us a cargo of plain and industrious housewives who have not been brought up at boarding-schools, I cannot see how we plain farmers are to get wives."

Mr Merton could not help laughing at this honest declaration, and observed, that he would venture to pronounce, that things were not conducted in that manner at his house.

"I cannot say quite so bad, (replied Sandford.) My wife was brought up by an industrious mother,
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and, though she wishes to have her tea every afternoon, she is nevertheless a good wife. Her daughters are brought up in a little higher mode than she was; but my wife and I have sometimes a serious conversation on that matter. She indeed employs them in milking, spinning, and making themselves useful in the family; and yet she lets them run into what they call a little of the genteel mode. Every woman now-a-days runs mad after gentility, and when once gentility begins, good-by to industry. Were such a sum mentioned to them as you have been pleased generously to offer me, there would be an end to all peace in the family. It would be no longer Deb and Kate, but Miss Deborah and Miss Catharine. The next thing would be, they must be sent to a boarding school to learn French and music, and to cut capers about the room. When they came back, there would be a dispute about who was to look after the boiling of the pot, make the puddings, sweep the house, and feed the chickens and pigs; for such vulgar things as these are not to be done by a delicate miss."

Mr Merton could not avoid being struck with this reasonable mode of arguing, and sensibly felt the truth of his observations. However, he still pressed him to accept of his offer, telling him, how far it would enable him to improve his farm, and cultivate his lands.

"I return you a thousand thanks, (replied the farmer) but all our family, time immemorial, have been brought up to industry, and to live by the labour of our hands. I have been told by my father, that there has not been a dishonest person, a gentleman,

gentleman, or a madman among us. I will not be the first to break through the long-established custom of the family. I could not be more happy, were I a lord, or a macaroni, as I think you call them. I want for neither victuals nor work, good firing, cloaths, a warm house, a little to give to the poor, and between you and I, perhaps, I have something by me to give to my children, to put them into the world, if they behave well. Ah! my good neighbour, if you did but know the pleasure of following a plough drawn by a good team of horses, and then going tired to bed, I think you would wish you had been brought up a farmer. Certain I am, and I shall never forget the kind offer you have made me; but, if you do not wish to make an innocent and industrious family miserable, I am sure you will consent to leave us in the condition, in which you at present find us."

Mr Merton no longer pressed him to accept the present, as he found it was to no purpose; and Mrs Sandford coming at this instant to invite them in to dinner, they went immediately into the house, and, after Mr Merton had paid his respects to the family, they all sat down to dinner.

As soon as dinner was over, the cloth was removed, and the silver mug, the only article of luxury in his house, had been two or three times replenished, when little Harry Sandford came running in, crying, "Father! father! here is the sweetest team of horses, all of a size and colour, with new harness, and make the finest figure I ever saw in my life. They are stopped at our door and the man says he has orders to deliver them to you!"

Farmer

Farmer Sandford was then relating the history of the ploughing match, where he won the silver mug they were then drinking out of; but this account of his son had such an effect on him, that he started up immediately, and, after making an apology to Mr Merton, ran out to see what sort of horses these were.

On his return, surprised as well as his son, "Mr Merton, (said he) I suppose these horses are a new purchase, and that you want to have my opinion of them. I can assure you, they are the true Suffolk sorrels, the finest breed of working horses in the kingdom, and these appear to me to be some of the best of that sort."

Mr Merton replied, that such as they were, they were at his service. "I cannot think, (said he) after the singular favours I have received from your family, you will so far displease me as to refuse this mark of my gratitude." Mr Sandford was lost in astonishment, and knew not what answer to make. At length, however, recovering himself, he was going to make the politest refusal he could think of, when Tommy coming in, took Mr Sandford by the hand, and begged he would not be so unkind as to refuse his father and himself the first favour they had ever asked him to grant them. He also reminded him, that this present was less to him than it was to little Harry, his dear companion; and, after having lived so long in his family, he hoped he would not treat him as if his conduct had been improper.

Harry himself here interposed, and, considering the feelings and intentions of the giver more than the value of the present, he took his father by the hand,

hand, and begged him to oblige Mr Merton and his son. "I would not say a word, (added he) were it any person else; but I so well know the generosity of Mr Merton, and the benevolence of Master Tommy, that they will receive more pleasure in your accepting, than in their giving the horses." Mr Sandford's delicacy was now quite conquered, and he at last consented that the horses should be led into his stables.

Mr Merton, having expressed every mark of tenderness and affection to this worthy family, not even forgetting the honest black, for whom he promised to provide, he desired his son to accompany him home. Tommy arose, and with the sincerest gratitude and affection, took his leave of his friend Harry, and of all the rest of the family. "It will not be long before I shall see you again, (said he to Harry) for to your example I owe the little good I have to boast of. You have made me sensible, how much better it is to be useful than to be rich or fine, and that it is more amiable to be good than great. Should I ever be tempted to return to my former errors, and to relapse into my late habits, I will return here to be taught better, and I hope I shall not be so unhappy as to be unworthy of your instructions." Tommy and Harry then most affectionately embraced each other, shed the tear of sincere friendship and then parted, when Mr Merton conducted his son home.

F I N I S.





