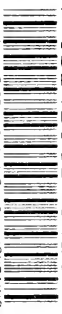


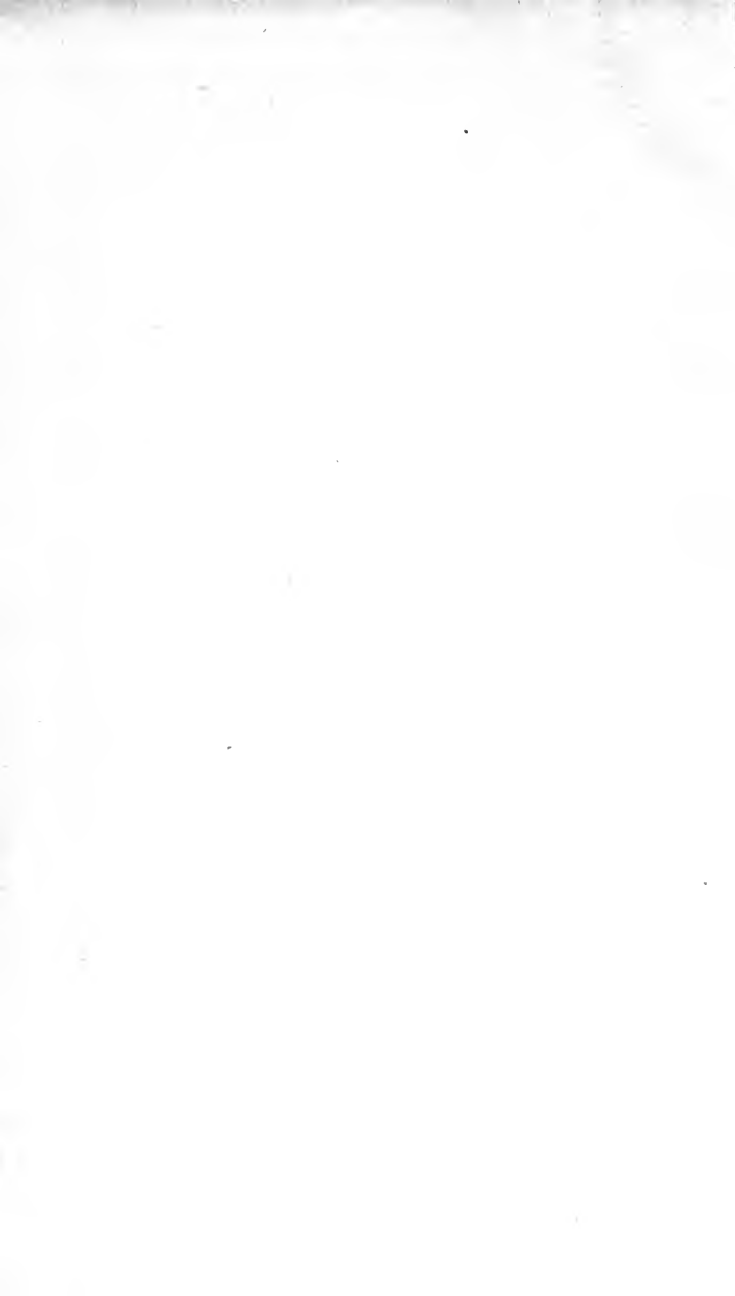
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THE HISTORY  
OF  
SANDFORD AND MERTON.

BY  
THOMAS DAY.



*ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS BY THE  
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A SKETCH  
OF THE  
LIFE OF THOMAS DAY.

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WHEN, after an existence of nearly threescore and ten years, the space of life allotted to man, but far more than the space accorded to the majority of juvenile books, a work of that class is found to possess sufficient vitality to warrant the bringing out of a new edition, it is but just that a page or two of space should be devoted to chronicling some particulars concerning the author, who frequently is forgotten while his work lives on. "SANDFORD AND MERTON," read and enjoyed by thousands of young readers, and by not a few children of a larger growth, has taken its place in the list of juvenile classics; but comparatively few who have been indebted to the book both for instruction and amusement, know even the name of its benevolent and philanthropic author, Mr. Thomas Day, of the worshipful society of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law.

He was born in Wellclose Square, London, on the twenty-second of June, 1748. His father, who died in his son's infancy, held a lucrative office in the Customs, and left a handsome property to his infant heir. Young Day went through the ordinary curriculum of a classical education, first under Dr. Crusius at the Charterhouse School, and afterwards as a gentleman pensioner at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He does not appear to have been particularly

ambitious of university honours ; for, after a residence of three years at that seat of learning, he retired without taking a degree.

On leaving Oxford, he proceeded to travel on the Continent ; but in a manner widely different from the headlong scamper through Europe, which, under the denomination of the "grand tour," was, at that time, considered a necessary supplement to a gentleman's education. Mr. Day appears from his college days to the close of his life to have been a really earnest, thinking man, actuated by true benevolence and a constant desire to benefit the poorer classes of his fellow-creatures ; in many points the character of Mr. Barlow, the village clergyman, was a mirror of the feelings and sentiments of the author himself. Already, during his college career, he had taken an opportunity of travelling on foot into Wales, though pedestrian excursions were then little in vogue among men who could afford a more expensive style of locomotion ; and during his foreign travels he resided for one winter in Paris, passed a second in Avignon, and a third at Lyons ; everywhere assiduously seeking out poverty and misery, and bringing the light of consolation to many a desolate home. Certainly, no man with the young traveller's benevolent tendencies could have met with a wider scope for his energies than Day found in the country where the deep and universal wretchedness had already begun to goad the people, from habitual submission, into the frantic resistance which, once begun, never stopped till the whole fabric of the monarchy had been overturned.

An amusing circumstance, connected with his stay in France, has been chronicled in the "Biographia Britannica." At Lyons he had, it appears, peculiarly excited the admiration of the poverty-stricken populace, by the very substantial tokens of goodwill and sympathy with which he used to accompany his visitations and advice ; on hearing that he was about to quit the town, a number of these good folks (whose modesty certainly did not stand in the way of their advancement) waited on him in the manner of a deputation, to request "that he would leave a sum of money behind him for



the supply of their future wants, and that they might have something to remember him by!"

In February 1765, Mr. Day had been admitted as a member of the Middle Temple; but he does not seem to have followed up the study of the law with any degree of ardour, inasmuch as he was not called to the bar until fully fourteen years afterwards, in 1797. He looked upon the profession, as may be gathered from his letters, in the light of an ultimate resource, in the event of his ever spending his fortune; a most improbable contingency to a person of his frugal habits and simple manners.

The next few years, after Day's return from the continent, were employed in congenial study, in deeds of active benevolence, and in a search for a suitable partner in life. The latter of these objects Day seems to have found far more difficult of attainment than the two first. A lady, belonging to the fashionable circles, jilted him in a manner which seems to have wounded him deeply; and not a little of the dislike of the manners and usages of "polite society," which appears so prominently in "SANDFORD AND MERTON," may, perhaps, be ascribed to the disgust and irritation consequent upon this fair one's heartless treatment of him. Mr. Day at that period of his life was certainly not the kind of personage who would have been likely to find favour with the ladies in the drawing-room; it is to a lady, however, but one far removed by intellectual superiority above the level of her companions, that we are indebted for an authentic portrait of the author of "SANDFORD AND MERTON."

"Mr. Day," says Miss Seward, "looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time, the appendages of gentlemen. Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall, and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small-pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazel eyes; yet, when he declaimed—

"Of good and evil,  
Passion, and apathy, and glory and shame

very expressive were the energies glancing from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. Edgeworth (an eminent scientific inquirer, and a great friend of Day's), but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, openhanded bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of commonplace society that marked his character." Miss Seward goes on to say, that he "resembled Dr. Johnson in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled him also in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him. Ever despicable in his opinion were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth, and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the graces."

The new Cœlebs in search of a wife now hit upon a whimsical expedient to avoid the frivolity he had so much reason to fear. He chose two foundling girls from Shrewsbury Hospital—one dark, the other fair. These girls he was permitted, under certain conditions, to remove, and giving them the names of Lucretia and Sabina, proceeded to educate them on his plan, in order to select the one who should please him best for his wife. Sabina soon became the favourite, and Lucretia was liberally provided for.

The scheme, however, failed. As Betsy Trotwood's maid-servants, brought up in principles calculated to make them abhor and avoid the opposite sex, finished their education by marrying the baker, so did Sabina, refusing to be inoculated with a love of science, cling desperately to the weaknesses and failings of her sex. And thus it was that after some eighteen or twenty months

of assiduous labour, Mr. Day found himself under the necessity of giving up his experiment in despair. Both his pupils ultimately married well.

There was consolation in store for Thomas Day, however, in the love of Miss Esther Milnes, of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, to whom, after a lengthened courtship, he was married, on the 10th of August, 1778. They resided first at Stapleford Abbots, in Essex, and afterwards at Anningsley, near Chertsey, in Surrey. At Anningsley, Mr. Day cultivated a farm of about two hundred acres, and became known for miles round, among the poor, as a ready helper, a kind employer, and a tried and trustworthy friend.

It was after his marriage, during the happy years spent at Anningsley, that Day wrote his delightful "SANDFORD AND MERTON," a book replete with information, of unimpeachable morality, and written in a style that has fascinated thousands of children, and will afford delight to thousands more. The chapters in which are described Tommy's brilliant entrance into fashionable society, its effect upon him, his treatment of Harry, and their subsequent reconciliation, have rarely been surpassed for truthfulness and vividness of description, in narratives of the kind; and throughout every page there seems to shine forth the hearty evidence of an author thoroughly in earnest, and embodying the real sentiments he himself has carried out in his own life.

Besides "SANDFORD AND MERTON," Mr. Day wrote several other works of merit, both in prose and verse; among the former class may be mentioned "The History of Little Jack;" among the latter, the poem of the "Dying Negro."

"SANDFORD AND MERTON" was published in three separate portions—the first appearing in 1783, the second in 1786, and the third in 1789. It is probable that the narrative might have been still further carried on; and, indeed, the way in which the last chapter concludes seems to point to some such intention on the part of the author; but within a few weeks of its publication Thomas Day's career of usefulness was brought to a sudden close. On

Monday, the 28th of September, 1789, as he was riding from Anningsley to his mother's house, at Barehill, where Mrs. Day was waiting for him, his horse, a young animal that he had trained himself, grew restive, threw him, and striking out, kicked him on the head as he lay in the road, killing him on the spot. He was not yet forty-two years of age.

Thus prematurely, by the decree of a higher wisdom than man can conceive, ended the life of a truly benevolent and unselfish man. His death was looked upon as a public calamity by the poor in the neighbourhood, to relieve whose wants he had devoted not only the greater part of his yearly income, but even a part of his principal. His wife's fortune he had caused to be strictly settled on herself; so that his generosity in this respect was free from injustice.

By none was he mourned so deeply and so sincerely as by his wife, who followed him, after a brief interval. Miss Seward tells us: "It is said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted for his loss."

That this excess of sorrow—this "mourning as those that have no hope"—was either Christian or right, we do not pretend to say; but he could have been no ordinary man, whose loss, unaccompanied by the aggravating circumstances of poverty and reverse in worldly affairs, which frequently cause the widow's cup to overflow, could cause such a weariness of sorrow, such an utter heart-broken desolation, that there was no comfort for the mourner but in the grave.





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## CHAPTER I.

ACCOUNT OF HARRY SANDFORD AND TOMMY MERTON—TOMMY'S ADVENTURE WITH THE SNAKE—HARRY'S VISIT TO MR. MERTON'S HOUSE—MR. BARLOW.

IN the western part of England lived a gentleman of large fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a great estate in the Island of Jamaica, where he had passed many years of his life, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one son, of whom he was excessively fond; and to educate this child properly, was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England.

Tommy Merton, at the time he came from Jamaica, was only six years old. He was naturally a very good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica, he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden upon any account to contradict him. If he walked, two negroes always went with him; one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from Tommy, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage, borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his play-fellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him, that she gave him everything he cried for, and would never let him learn to read, because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had every thing he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick; and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him; and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the house, he was always to be helped first, and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make a noise and disturb the whole company. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea-table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend to him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently upset the tea-cups.

By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to everybody, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently did he cut himself with knives; at other times he threw heavy things upon his head; and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that he was perpetually ill; the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of

playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came over to England, he could neither write nor read, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor could he bear any degree of fatigue; but he was very proud, fretful and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, whose name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton; his name was Harry. Harry, as he had always been accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-coloured. He was neither so fair, nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton, but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made every body like him; was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. If, while he was eating his dinner, little Harry saw a poor wretch who wanted victuals, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole, of what he had; nay, so very good-natured was he to everything, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, or practise any other kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread; but this was through ignorance, and want of thought; for, as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more, than he would do were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and when the cockchafer was perfectly recovered, Harry turned him out to enjoy liberty and the fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry was so careful and considerate, that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in

doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighbourhood. He used to stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs; if he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him, that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin-redbreast; even toads, and frogs, and spiders, and such sort of disagreeable animals, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry; he used to say, they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjust to kill creatures, only because we did not like them.

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

Master Merton became acquainted with Harry Sandford in the following manner:—As he and a maid were once walking in the fields on a fine summer morning, amusing themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake, on a sudden, started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright of



master and servant at this accident. The maid ran away, shrieking for help; while the child, in an agony of terror, dared not stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed ruefully to his leg. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened; and instantly seizing the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him to a great distance.

Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, and arrived just as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave deliverer. The mother's first impulse made her catch her darling up in her arms; and, after giving him a thousand kisses, she asked him whether he had received any hurt?—"No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe

that nasty ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off." "And who are you, my dear," said Mrs. Merton, turning to Harry, "to whom we are all so obliged?" "Harry Sandford, madam." "Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us." "No, thank you, madam, my father will want me." "And who is your father, my dear boy?" "Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill." "Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth; will you?" "If you please, madam; if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly despatched a servant to the Farmer's; and, taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion-house, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was led through costly apartments, where everything that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, had been collected. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and the very plates and knives and forks were of silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and pressed him to eat with the most obliging kindness; but, to the astonishment of everybody, he neither appeared pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been used to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it would make a great impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye with great attention a small silver cup out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing for his own; and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would, with great pleasure, give it to his little friend. "Yes, that I will," said Tommy; "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver." "Thank you with all my heart," said little Harry; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home."

"How!" said Mrs. Merton, "does your father eat and drink out of silver?" "I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads." "The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton; "and why are these better than silver cups?" "Because," said Harry "they never make us uneasy." "Make you uneasy, my child!" said Mrs. Merton, "what do you mean?" "Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as if you had been just ready to drop. Now, our cups at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it." "I protest," said Mrs. Merton, to her husband, "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that, during dinner, one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate; an accident which, as the salver was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a very severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it, but he thanked her, and said he was not thirsty. "But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it up." "But, madam, Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must only eat and drink such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way the Apostles did, who were all very good men."

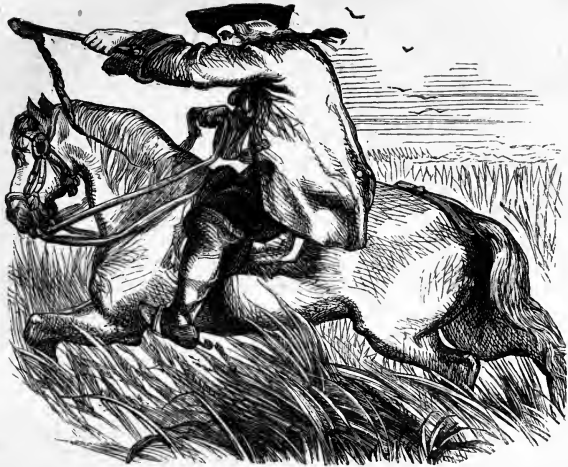
Mr. Merton laughed at this. "And pray," said he, "little man, do you know who the Apostles were?" "Oh! yes, to be sure I do." "And who were they?" "Why, sir, there was a time when people had grown so very wicked, that they did not care what they did; and the great folks were all proud, and cared for nothing but eating and drinking, and sleeping, and amusing themselves; and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to keep a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy,

and loved to be idle better than to work; and the little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them anything that was good; and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed, And then there came down from Heaven the Son of God, whose name was Christ; and He went about doing good to everybody, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do; and He chose out twelve very good men, and called them Apostles; and these Apostles went about the world doing as He did, and teaching people as He taught them. And they never minded what they eat or drank, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when anybody offered them money, they would not take it, but told them to be good, and give it to the poor and sick; and so they made the world a great deal better. And therefore it is not right to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get, and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water; and yet they are strong, and active and healthy."

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

"What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking contemptuously upon Harry. "I am not





sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry. "No, indeed, sir." "No, simpleton!" said Mrs. Merton; "and why not?" "Because the only rich man I ever saw, is Squire Chase, who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich; but everybody hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face; and I would not be hated for anything in the world." "But should you not like to have a fine coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?" "As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep me warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and, as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them." Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.

In the evening, little Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there?" "Why," replied little Harry, "they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them; but I would rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself; and then there was so much to do with putting one thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over; and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like squire Chase."

But, at the mansion-house, in the meantime, much of the conversation turned upon the merits of little Harry. Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper; she was also struck with the general good-nature and benevolence of his character; but she contended that he had a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas, which distinguish the children of the lower and middling classes from those of persons of fashion. Mr. Merton, on the contrary, maintained, that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and disposition would do so much honour even to the most elevated situation. Nothing, he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners, and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes prided themselves as their greatest, or even as their only, accomplishment; "nay, so easily are they picked up," said he, "that we frequently see them descend with the cast-off clothes to ladies'-maids and valets; between whom and their masters and mistresses there is little difference, except what results from the former wearing soiled clothes and healthy countenances. Indeed, the real seat of all superiority, even of manners, must be placed in the mind; dignified sentiments, superior courage, accompanied with genuine universal courtesy, are always necessary to con-

stitute the real gentleman; and where these are wanting, it is the greatest absurdity to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant and unnatural modes of dress; which, far from becoming the real test of gentility, have in general no other origin than the caprice of barbers, tailors, dancing-masters, milliners, and French servants of both sexes. I cannot help, therefore, asserting," said he, very seriously, "that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and though I shall also wish that our son may possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than to feel a certainty that he will never in any respect fall below the son of Farmer Sandford."

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to these observations of her husband, I cannot decide; but, without waiting to hear her particular sentiments, he thus went on:—"Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am but too sensible that our mutual fondness has hitherto made us treat him with rather too much indulgence. Over-solicitous to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful; our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations, has made us gratify even his caprices and humours; and in showing ourselves too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been the cause that he has not acquired even the common attainments of his age and station. All this I have long observed in silence; but have hitherto concealed my feelings both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of offending you; but at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you; that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he would take the care of him; and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly the age and size of our Tommy. I shall

therefore propose to the Farmer, that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion.

As Mr. Merton said this with a certain degree of firmness, and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary Mrs. Merton did not make any objection to it, but consented, although very reluctantly, to part with Tommy. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself as the obliged party.

"I will deliver my son into your hands," he concluded, "upon your conditions. And as to the terms—"

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Barlow, "if I interrupt you. I am contented to take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour by every means within my power to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensable; namely, that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the meantime, as there may be in him, I fear, some little faults of character which have grown up, by too much tenderness and indulgence, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority to alter them if I, for the present, appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend than of a schoolmaster."

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





## CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DAY AT MR. BARLOW'S—THE FLIES AND THE ANTS—TOMMY'S MORTIFICATION—THE SECOND DAY—STORY OF THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKET-MAKER—TOMMY LEARNS TO READ—THE STORY OF THE TWO DOGS.

THE day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, the good clergyman took his two pupils into the garden, as soon as breakfast was over, and taking a spade into his own hand, and giving Harry a hoe, they both began to work with great eagerness. "Everybody that eats," said Mr. Barlow, "ought to assist in procuring food; and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work. This is my bed, and that is his; we work every day, and he that raises the most will deserve to fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own." "No, indeed," said Tommy, very sulkily, "I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a ploughboy." "Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman," said Mr. Barlow;

“but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will attend to our work.”

In about two hours, Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off. He took Harry by the hand, and led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down; and Mr. Barlow, taking out a plate of very fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself.

Tommy had followed, expecting to receive his share. When he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him he could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying. “What is the matter?” asked Mr. Barlow, very coolly. Tommy looked at him very sulkily, but returned no answer. “Oh! Sir, if you don’t choose to give me an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here.” Tommy became more disconcerted at this; and unable to conceal his anger, he ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden, surprised and vexed to find himself in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or not.

When all the cherries were eaten, little Harry said, “You promised to be so good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and if agreeable to you, I will now read the story of the Flies and the Ants.” “With all my heart,” said Mr. Barlow; “remember to read slowly and distinctly, without hesitating or mispronouncing the words, and be sure to read it in such a manner as to show that you understand it.”

Harry then took up the book, and read as follows:—

#### THE FLIES AND THE ANTS.

In a corner of a farmer’s garden, there once happened to be a nest of Ants. During the fine weather of the summer these insects were employed all day long in drawing little seeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them there happened to be a bed of flowers, upon which a great quantity of Flies used to be always sporting, and humming, and diverting themselves by flying from one flower to another.



A little boy, the farmer's son, used frequently to observe the different employments of these insects ; and, as he was very young and ignorant, he one day thus expressed himself:—  
“Can any creature be so simple as these Ants? All day long they are working and toiling, instead of enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themselves like these Flies, who are the happiest creatures in the world.” Some time after he had made this observation, the weather grew extremely cold ; the sun was scarcely seen to shine, and the nights were chill and frosty. The same little boy, walking in the garden, did not see a single Ant, but all the Flies lay scattered up and down, either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help pitying the unfortunate insects, and asking what had happened to the Ants he used to see in the same place? The father said, “The Flies are all dead, because they were careless animals, who

gave themselves no trouble about laying up provisions, and were too idle to work; but the Ants, who have been busy all the summer, in providing for their maintenance during the winter, are all alive and well, and you will see them as soon as the warm weather returns."

"Very well, Harry," said Mr. Barlow, when his pupil had concluded; "we will now take a walk." They accordingly rambled out into the fields, where Mr. Barlow made Harry take notice of several kinds of plants, and told him the names and nature of each. At last, Harry, who had observed some very pretty purple berries upon a plant that bore a purple flower, and grew in the hedges, brought them to Mr. Barlow, and asked whether they were good to eat? "It is very lucky," said Mr. Barlow, "that you asked the question before you put them into your mouth; for, had you tasted them, they would have given you violent pains in your head and stomach, and perhaps have killed you. They grow upon a plant called Nightshade,—which is a rank poison." "Sir," said Harry, "I take care never to eat anything without knowing what it is; and I hope, if you will be so good as to continue to teach me, I shall very soon know the names and qualities of all the herbs that grow."

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

As soon as they came home, the first care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket, with some





fresh straw, some water, and some bread. Afterwards, Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner.

Tommy, who had been skulking about all day, uneasy and very much mortified, now came in, and, being very hungry, was going to sit down to the table with the others; but Mr. Barlow stopped him, and said, "No, sir; though you are too much of a gentleman to work, we, who are not so proud, do not choose to work for the idle." Upon this Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill-temper.

But little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up half crying into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, "Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my dinner?" "Yes, to be sure, my boy," answered Mr. Barlow. "Why then," said Harry, getting up, "I will give it to poor Tommy, who wants it more than I do." Saying this, he gave it to his friend as he sat in the corner; and Tommy took it, and thanked him, without ever turning his eyes

from the ground. "I see," said Mr. Barlow, "that though certain gentlemen are too proud to be of any use themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for." At this, Tommy cried still more bitterly than before.

The next day, Mr. Barlow and Harry again went to work; but they had scarcely begun, when Tommy came to them, and begged that he might have a hoe too. Mr. Barlow gave him one; but, as he had never before learned to handle such an implement, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several strokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own spade, and showed him how to hold and use the hoe; and, in a short time, Tommy became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their task was done, they all three retired to the summer-house; and Tommy felt the greatest joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his share. It seemed to him the most delicious fruit he had ever tasted, because working in the air had given him an appetite.

As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story out of it? but he, looking a little ashamed, said he had never learned to read. "I am very sorry for it," said Mr. Barlow, "because you lose a very great pleasure; then Harry shall read to you." Harry accordingly took up the book, and read the following story:—

#### THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKET-MAKER.

There lived, in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who dwelt in a fine house, and spent his whole time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants, who treated him with the greatest respect, and did whatever they were ordered, and, as he had never been taught to tell the truth, nor accustomed to hear it, he grew very proud, insolent, and capricious, imagining that he had a right to command all the world, and that the poor were only born to serve and obey him.

Near this rich man's house there lived an honest and

industrious poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried reeds, which grew upon a piece of marshy ground close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning to night, to earn food enough to support him, and though he seldom fared better than upon dry bread, or rice, or pulse, and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes of which he made baskets, yet was he always happy, cheerful, and contented; for his labour gave him so good an appetite, that the coarsest fare appeared to him delicious; and he went to bed so tired that he would have slept soundly upon the bare ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, humane to every body, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbours.

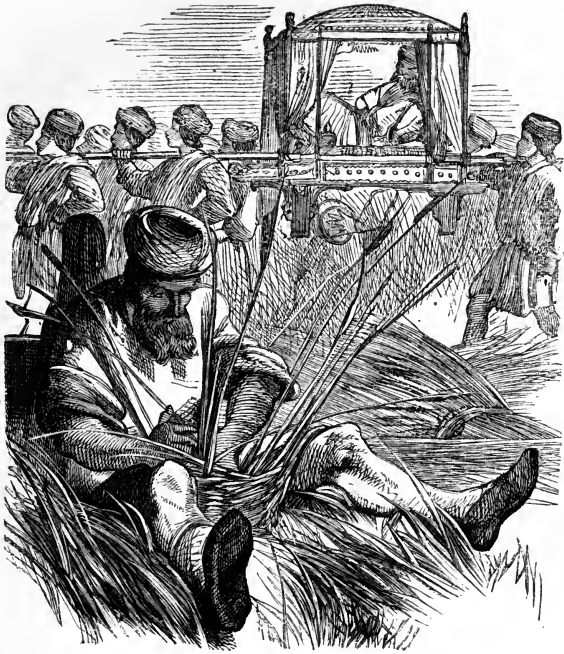
The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, yet could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, yet could he not eat with any pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite, nor use exercise, nor go into the open air. Besides this, as he was a great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill; and, as he did good to nobody, he had no friends; and even his servants spoke ill of him behind his back, and all his neighbours, whom he oppressed, hated him. For these reasons he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy, and became displeased with all who appeared more cheerful than himself. When he was carried out in his palanquin (a kind of bed, borne upon men's shoulders) he frequently passed by the cottage of the poor Basket-maker, who was always sitting at his door, and singing as he wove the baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger. "What!" said he, "shall a wretch, a peasant, a low-born fellow, that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and pleased, while I, that am a gentleman, possessed of riches and power, of more consequence than a million of reptiles like him, am always melancholy and discontented!" This reflection arose so often in his mind, that at last he began to feel the greatest

hatred towards the poor man; and, as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, however improper or unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the Basket-maker for being happier than himself.

With this wicked design he one night gave orders to his servants (who did not dare to disobey him) to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, and the weather in that country extremely hot, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but even the cottage itself, and the poor Basket-maker was obliged to run out almost naked, to save his life.

You may judge of the surprise and grief of the poor man, when he found himself entirely deprived of his means of subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour, whom he had never offended; but, as he was unable to punish him for this injustice, he set out and walked on foot to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom with many tears, he told his pitiful tale. The magistrate, who was a good and just man, immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him; and when he found that he could not deny the wickedness of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man:—"As this proud and wicked man has been puffed up with the opinion of his own importance, and attempted to commit the most scandalous injustice from his contempt of the poor, I intend to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is; but, for this purpose, it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go with him to the place whither I intend to send you both."

The poor man replied: "I never had much; but the little I once had is now lost by the mischievous disposition of this proud and oppressive man. I am entirely ruined; I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry; therefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me; and, though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet should I rejoice to teach him more justice and humanity, and to prevent his injuring the poor a second time."



The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, inhabited by a rude and savage race of men, who lived in huts, were strangers to riches, and got their living by fishing.

As soon as the two voyagers were set on shore, the sailors left them, as they had been ordered, and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers. The rich man, seeing himself thus exposed, without assistance or defence, in the power of a barbarous people, whose language he did not understand, began to cry and wring his hands in the most abject manner; but the poor Basket-maker, who had from his infancy been accustomed

to hardships and dangers, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and to be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs to both that they would do them no hurt, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and showing them several logs, ordered them to carry wood to their cabins. Both the strangers immediately set about their tasks; and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share of the work; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to any kind of labour, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages, who were witnesses of this, began to think that the Basket-maker would prove very useful to them, and therefore presented him with a large portion of fish, and several of their choicest roots; while to the rich man they gave scarcely enough to support him, because they thought him almost incapable of being useful to them; however, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table.

The next day they were set to work again, and the Basket-maker once more was highly caressed and well treated by the natives, while they showed every mark of contempt toward his companion, whose delicate and luxurious habits had rendered him very unfit for labour.

The rich man now began to perceive with how little reason he had before valued himself, and despised his fellow-creatures; and an accident which happened shortly after, completed his mortification.

One of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine. The Basket-maker, who had perceived this appearance of vanity, pulled up some reeds, and, sitting down to work, in a short time finished a very elegant wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet. This man was so pleased with his new acquisition, that he danced and capered with



joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another native came to the Basket-maker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion; and in such estimation were these chaplets held by the whole nation, that the Basket-maker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for the pleasure which he conferred upon them, the grateful savages brought him every kind of food their country afforded, built him a hut, and showed him every sign of gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the Basket-maker's servant, and to cut him reeds to supply the continual demand for chaplets.

Some months had passed in this manner, when the rich man and the Basket-maker were again transported to their own country by the order of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man,

and said:—"Having now taught you how helpless, contemptible, and feeble a creature you are, and how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall cause you to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. Did I treat you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches you possess; for you wantonly deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence; but, in the hope that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin."

The Basket-maker, after thanking the magistrate for his goodness, replied: "Bred up in poverty, and accustomed to labour, I have no desire to acquire riches, which I should not know how to use; all, therefore, that I require of this man is, that he shall put me into the same situation I was in before, and learn more humanity."

The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity; and, having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the Basket-maker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor, and benefiting his fellow-creatures.

When the story was ended, Tommy pronounced it very pretty; but observed that, had he been the good Basket-maker, he would have taken the naughty rich man's fortune and kept it. "So would not I," said Harry, "for fear of growing as proud, and wicked, and idle as the other."

From this time forward, Mr. Barlow and his two little pupils used to work in their garden every morning; and, when they were fatigued, they retired to the summer-house, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But, soon afterwards Harry went home for a week, and Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone.

The next day, after they had done work, and had retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him; but, to his great disappointment, found that gentleman was busy and could not. The next day the



same thing happened, and the day after that. At length Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself, "Now, if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask anybody to do it for me, and then I could amuse myself; and why may not I do what another has done? To be sure, little Harry is very clever; but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and, if I am taught, I dare say I shall learn to read too. Well, as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it."

The next day little Harry returned; and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him, he enquired, "Pray, Harry, how came you to be able to read?"

HARRY. Why, Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling; and then, by putting syllables together, I learnt to read. TOMMY. And could not you show me my letters? HARRY. Yes, very willingly.

Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was infinitely pleased with this first experiment, and could scarcely keep from running to Mr. Barlow, to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more, if he said nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to astonish Mr. Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said, that, if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. "Oh! very willingly," said Mr. Barlow, "but I should as soon expect you to fly as to read." Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and, taking up the book, read with great fluency:—

#### THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DOGS.

In a part of the world, where there are many strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to bring up two

puppies of a kind greatly valued for size and courage. As they appeared to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought one of these dogs would be an acceptable present for his landlord, who was a rich man, living in a great city; so he gave the gentleman one puppy, which was called Jowler, and brought up Keeper, the other, to guard his own flocks.

From this time the brother whelps lived in an entirely different manner. Jowler was sent into a well-supplied kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of the servants, who amused themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot-liquor and broken victuals; and as he was stuffing from morning to night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely. He was, indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly, that he would run away from a dog only half as big as himself. He was much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but, as he had learned to fawn upon the footman, and to stand upon his hind legs to beg, when he was ordered, and besides this, would fetch and carry, he was much caressed by all the neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the mean time, lived at a cottage in the country. He neither fared so well, nor looked so plump, as Jowler, nor had learned little tricks to recommend himself; but, as his master was too poor to maintain anything but what was useful, and was obliged to be continually in the air, in all kinds of weather, labouring hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent; he was also exposed to continual danger from the wolves, from whom while guarding the flocks he had received many a severe bite. By these continual combats he grew so intrepid, that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and assiduity so well defended the sheep of his master that not one had ever been missing since they were placed under his protection. His honesty too was so great, that no temptation could overpower it; and, though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness



whatever his master chose to give him. From a continual life in the open air, he became so hardy, that no tempest could drive him to seek shelter when out watching the flocks, and he would plunge into the most rapid river, in the coldest weather, at the slightest sign from his master.

It happened, that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. On his arrival, he could not help viewing with great contempt, the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which showed nothing of the address for which he so much admired Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by an accident which happened soon after. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, a hungry wolf rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, with eyes that sparkled like fire, bristling hair, and a horrid snarl that made the gentleman tremble. The unfortunate man gave himself over for lost, more especially when he saw that his faithful Jowler, instead of coming to his assistance, ran sneaking away, howling with fear, with his tail between his legs. But the undaunted Keeper, who had followed the gentleman humbly and unobserved, at a distance, flew to his assistance, and attacked the wolf with so much

courage and skill, that the savage beast was compelled to exert all his strength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody; but, in the end, Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving several severe wounds himself. The faithful dog presented but a bloody and mangled spectacle to the eyes of his master, who came up at that instant. The gentleman was filled with joy at his escape, and gratitude to his brave deliverer; and thus learned, by his own experience, that appearances are not always to be trusted, and that great virtues and good dispositions are sometimes found in cottages, while they may be totally wanting among the great.

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

The gentleman was so pleased with the noble behaviour of Keeper, that he desired the poor man to make him a present of the dog; with which request the cottager reluctantly complied. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by everybody; and the disgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, strict injunctions being given to the man to hang him up, as a worthless, unprofitable cur.

As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission; but, considering the noble size and comely look of the dog, and, above all, moved

with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail, and licked his new master's feet, just as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to spare the dog's life, and see whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day, Jowler was in every respect treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed but scantily; and, from this spare diet, soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in, he ran away as he had been accustomed to do, and sneaked to the fire-side: but the farmer's wife soon drove him out of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In consequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and, in a few months, regarded cold and rain no more then if he had been brought up in the country.

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

In the mean time, Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts, or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities both of mind and body are lost, if not continually exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous animal he was before, and acquired all the faults which are the consequences of idleness and gluttony.



About this time, the gentleman went again into the country; and, taking his dog with him, wished that he should exercise his prowess once more against his ancient enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise, when, at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity! At this moment, another dog sprang forward, and seizing the wolf with the greatest intrepidity, after a bloody contest, left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog, whom, to his infinite surprise, he found to be the same Jowler he had

discarded the year before. "I now see," said he to the farmer, "that it is vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence and repose; and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones."

"Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, "I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to amuse himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power; whether he chooses to read little entertaining stories like we have heard to-day, or to read the actions of great and good men in history, or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds, which have been described in books; in short, I scarcely know of any information which from this moment he may not acquire; and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others."

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





### CHAPTER III.

**TOMMY AND THE LITTLE RAGGED BOY—THE STORY OF ANDROcles AND THE LION—CONVERSATION ON SLAVERY—TOMMY'S ILL-ADVISED PRESENT—THE STORY OF CYRUS—THE RAGGED BOY'S MISHAP—HARRY'S ADVENTURE WITH SQUIRE CHASE—HELPING THE POOR.**

IN this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally very good dispositions, although he had been suffered to acquire many bad habits, that sometimes prevented them from appearing. He was, in particular, very passionate, and thought he had a right to command everybody who was not dressed as finely as himself. This opinion often led him into difficulties, and was once the occasion of his being severely mortified.

This accident happened in the following manner:—One day, as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over a hedge into an adjoining field; and seeing a little ragged boy walking along that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which, Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked if he did not hear what was



said? "Yes," said the boy, "for the matter of that, I am not deaf." "Oh, are you not?" replied Tommy; "then bring me my ball directly." "I don't choose to," said the boy. "Sirrah," said Tommy, "if I come to you, I shall make you choose it." "Perhaps not, my pretty little master," said the boy. "You little rascal," said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, "if I come over the hedge I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the other made no answer, but by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out; but it was to no purpose, for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank; his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water; to add to his distress, he first lost one shoe, and then the other, and his laced hat tumbled off his head, and was completely spoiled. In this dilemma he must probably have remained a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a dirty plight, that Mr. Barlow, who happened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt; but, when he heard an account of the accident which had happened, he could not help smiling, and he advised Tommy to be more careful for the future, how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys.

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

#### ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

There was a certain slave named Androcles, who was so ill-treated by his master, that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said

to himself, "it is better to die, than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined therefore to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once than to live in misery. If I escape, I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow-creatures; therefore, I will rather trust myself with them, than continue to be a miserable slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest, some miles distant from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery to experience another. He wandered about all day through a vast and trackless wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles. He grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude. At length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he found by accident.

"Poor man!" said Harry, whose little heart was moved at this mournful recital, "I wish I could have met with him; I would have given him my dinner, and he should have had my bed. But pray, sir, tell me, why does one man behave so cruelly to another, and why should one person be the servant of another, and bear so much ill-treatment?"

"As to that," said Tommy, "some folks are born gentlemen, and then they must command others; and some are born servants, and then they must do as they are bid. I remember, before I came hither, that there were a great many black men and women, and my mother said they were only born to wait upon me; and I used to beat them, and kick them, and throw things at them, whenever I was angry; and they never dared strike me again, because they were slaves."

"And pray, young gentleman," said Mr. Barlow, "how came these people to be slaves?"

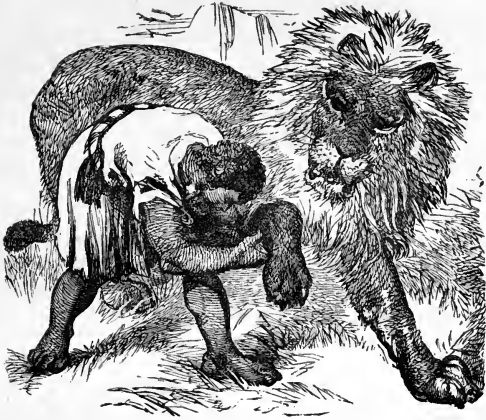
TOMMY. Because my father bought them with his money.

Mr. BARLOW. So then people who are bought with money, are slaves, are they? T. Yes. Mr. B. And those that buy them have a right to kick them and beat them, and do as they please with them? T. Yes. Mr. B. Then if I were to sell you to Farmer Sandford, he would have a right to do what he pleased with you. "No, sir," said Tommy, somewhat warmly; "you would have no right to sell me, nor he to buy me." Mr. B. Then it is not a person's being bought or sold that gives another a right to use him ill; but one person's having a right to sell another, and the man who buys having a right to purchase? T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. And what right have the people who sold the poor negroes to your father, to sell them, or what right has your father to buy them? Here Tommy seemed to be a good deal puzzled; but at length he said: "They are brought from a country that is a great way off, in ships, and so they become slaves." "Then," said Mr. Barlow, "if I take you to another country, in a ship, I shall have a right to sell you?" T. No, but you won't sir, because I was born a gentleman. Mr. B. What do you mean by that, Tommy? "Why," said Tommy, a little confused, "it is to have a fine house, and fine clothes, and a coach, and a great deal of money, as my papa has." Mr. B. Then if you were no longer to have a fine house, nor fine clothes, nor a great deal of money, somebody that had all these things might make you a slave, and use you ill, and beat you, and insult you, and do whatever he liked with you?—T. No, sir, that would not be right either, that anybody should use me ill. Mr. B. Then one person should not use another ill? T. No, sir. Mr. B. To make a slave of anybody, is to use him ill, is it not? T. I think so. Mr. B. Then no one ought to make a slave of you? T. No, indeed, sir. Mr. B. But if no one should use another ill, and making a slave is using him ill, neither ought you to make a slave of any one else.—T. Indeed, sir, I think not; and, for the future, I never will use our black William ill; nor pinch him, nor kick him, as I used to do. Mr. B. Then you will do very wisely. But let us now continue our story.

This unfortunate man had not lain long quiet in the cavern, before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up with a design to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw, coming towards him, a lion of prodigious size, who prevented any possibility of retreat. The unfortunate man now believed his destruction to be inevitable; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful wail, as if he begged the assistance of the man.

Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage, from this circumstance, to examine his monstrous guest, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swelled, as if it had been wounded. Taking still more courage from the gentle demeanour of the beast, Androcles advanced to him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine a patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot, and occasioned the swelling and lameness he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting this familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness, and seemed by his blandishments to invite him to proceed. He therefore extracted the thorn, and pressing the swelling, extracted a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness to the poor lion.

As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude, by every expression in his power. He jumped about like a playful spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness; from that moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chase, and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality the man continued to live during the space of several months; at length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a



company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner, and carried back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe against slaves, he was tried, and found guilty of having fled from his master; and, as a punishment, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food, to inspire him with additional rage.

When the appointed day arrived, the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every side, round which many thousand people were assembled to view the terrible spectacle.

Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror; and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, purposely set open, and darted forward with erected mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed. All eyes were directly turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, crouch submissively at the slave's feet, fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his master, and rejoice over him

as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain to them this unintelligible mystery—how a savage beast of the fiercest and most un pitying nature should thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and be made harmless and inoffensive.

Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying, that the very lion which now stood before them, had been his friend and entertainer there. All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story, to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude, and moved by humanity; and they unanimously joined to entreat the governor of the place for the pardon of the unhappy man. This was immediately granted to him; and he was also presented with the lion, who had in this manner twice saved the life of Androcles.

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

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

“Indeed, sir,” said Harry, “I think so. And I remember, as I was walking along the road, some days past, I saw a little naughty boy that used a poor jackass very ill indeed. The poor animal was so lame, that he could hardly stir; and yet the boy beat him with a great stick as hard as he could, to make him go on faster.” “And what did you say to him?” said Mr. Barlow. HARRY. Why, sir, I told him, how wicked and cruel it was; and I asked him, how he

would like to be beaten in that manner by somebody stronger than himself? Mr. B. And what answer did he make you? H. He said, that it was his daddy's ass, and that he had a right to beat it; and that if I said a word more, he would beat me. Mr. B. And what answer did you make? H. I told him, if it was his father's ass, he should not use it ill; for that we were all God's creatures, and that we should love each other, as He loved us all; and that as to beating me, if he struck me, I had a right to strike him again, and would do it, though he was almost as big again as I was. Mr. B. And did he strike you? H. Yes, sir. He endeavoured to beat me upon the head with his stick, but I dodged, and so it fell upon my shoulder; and he was going to hit me again, but I darted at him, and knocked him down, and then he began blubbering, and begged me not to hurt him. Mr. B. It is not uncommon for those who are most cruel, to be at the same time most cowardly; but what did you do? H. Sir, I told him, I did not want to hurt him; but that, as he had meddled with me, I would not let him rise till he had promised me not to hurt the poor beast any more; which he did, and then I let him go about his business.

"You did very right," said Mr. Barlow; "and I suppose the boy looked as foolish, when he was rising, as Tommy did the other day, when the little ragged boy whom he was going to beat, helped him out of the ditch." "Sir," answered Tommy, a little confused, "I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball." Mr. B. And what right had you to oblige him to bring your ball? T. Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. Mr. B. So, then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys? T. To be sure, sir. Mr. B. Then if your clothes should wear out and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you?

Tommy looked a little foolish, and said, "But he might have done it, as he was on that side of the hedge." Mr. B. And so he probably would have done, if you had asked him civilly to do it; but when persons speak in a haughty tone, they will find few inclined to serve them. But, as the boy

was poor and ragged, I suppose you hired him with money to fetch your ball. T. Indeed, sir, I did not; I neither gave him anything, nor offered him anything. Mr. B. Probably you had nothing to give him? T. Yes, I had, though; I had all this money; and Tommy pulled out several shillings. Mr. B. Perhaps the boy was as rich as you. T. No, he was not, sir, I am sure; for he had no coat, and his waistcoat and breeches were all tattered and ragged; besides, he had no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes. Mr. B. So, now I see what constitutes a gentleman. A gentleman is one who, when he has abundance of everything, keeps it all to himself; beats poor people, if they don't serve him for nothing; and when they have done him the greatest favour, in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return. I find that Androcles' lion was no gentleman.

Tommy was so affected by this rebuke, that he could hardly contain his tears; and, as he was really a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should see him again. He did not long wait for an opportunity; for, as he was walking out that very afternoon, he saw the ragged urchin at some distance gathering blackberries. Going up to him, he accosted him thus: "Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other clothes?" "No, indeed," said the boy; "I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself; but I should not much mind that, if I could have victuals enough." TOMMY. And why cannot you have victuals enough? LITTLE BOY. Because daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest; so that mammy says we must all starve, if God Almighty does not take care of us.

Tommy made no answer, but ran at full speed to the house, whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. "Here, little boy," said he, "you were very good-natured to me; and so I will give you all these, because I am a gentleman, and have many more."

Tommy did not wait for the little boy's acknowledgments,





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

#### THE STORY OF CYRUS.

Cyrus was a little boy of good disposition and humane

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

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

Just as the story was finished, they were surprised to see a little ragged boy come running up to them with a bundle of clothes under his arm. His eyes were black, as if he had been severely beaten, his nose was swelled, his shirt was bloody, and his waistcoat did but just hang upon his back, so much was it torn. He came running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him, saying, "Here, master, take your clothes again; and I wish that they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out



of, instead of upon my back; but I never will put such frippery on again, as long as I have breath in my body."

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow, who perceived that some unfortunate accident had happened in consequence of Tommy's present.

"Sir," answered the little boy, "my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now, as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but asked me civilly. But though I am poor, I am not bound to be his slave, as they say black William is, and so I would not; upon which little master here was jumping over the hedge to lick me; but, instead of that, he soused into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out—and so he gave me these clothes here, all out of good nature; and I put them on, like a fool as I was; for they are all made of silk, and look so fine, that all the little boys followed me and hallooed as I went; and Jack Dowset threw a handful of dirt at me and dirtied me all over. 'Oh!' says I, 'Jacky, are you

at that work?' and with that I hit him a good thump, and sent him roaring away. But Billy Gibson and Ned Kelly came up and said I looked like a Frenchman; and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave in; but I don't choose to be hallooed after wherever I go, and to look like a Frenchman, and so I have brought master his clothes again."

Mr. Barlow asked the little boy where his father lived. The boy answered, about two miles off, across the common, at the end of Runny Lane; on which Mr. Barlow told Harry that he would send the poor man some broth and victuals, if he would carry the basket when it was ready. "That I will," said Harry, "if it were five times as far." So Mr. Barlow went into the house to give orders about it.

In the meantime, Tommy, who had eyed the little boy for some time in silence, said, "So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt till you are all over bruises, only because I gave you my clothes. I am really very sorry for it." "Thank you, little master," said the boy, "but it can't be helped; you did not intend me any harm, I know; and I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating; so I wish you a good afternoon with all my heart."

As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said, "I wish I had but some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he seems very good-natured; I would give them to him." "That you may very easily have," said Harry; "for there is a shop in the village hard by, where they sell all manner of clothes for the poor people; and, as you have money, you may easily buy some."

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They accordingly set out before breakfast, and had proceeded nearly half-way, when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds running in full cry at some distance. Tommy then asked Harry if he knew what they were about. "Yes," said Harry, "I know well enough; it is Squire Chase and his dogs worrying a poor hare. But I wonder they are not ashamed to meddle with such a poor inoffensive creature that cannot defend itself; if they have a mind to hunt, why

don't they hunt lions, and tigers, and such fierce mischievous creatures, as I have read they do in other countries?" "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "how is that? it must surely be very dangerous." "Why, you know," said Harry, "the men are accustomed in some places to go almost naked; and that makes them so nimble, that they can run like a deer; and, when a lion or tiger comes into their neighbourhood, and devours their sheep or oxen, they go out six and seven together, armed with javelins; and they run all through the woods, and examine every place till they have found him; and they make a noise to provoke him to attack them. Then he begins roaring and foaming, and beating his sides with his tail, till, in a violent fury, he springs at the man nearest to him." "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "he must certainly be torn to pieces." "No such thing," answered Harry; "he jumps like a greyhound out of the way, while the next man throws his javelin at the lion, and perhaps wounds him in the side. This enrages him still more. He springs again, like lightning, upon the man that wounded him. But this man avoids him like the other, and at last the poor beast drops down dead, with the number of wounds he has received." "Oh," said Tommy "It must be a very strange sight; I should like to see it out of a window, where I am safe." "So should not I," answered Harry; "for it must be a great pity to see such a noble animal tortured and killed; but they are obliged to do it in their own defence. But these poor hares do nobody any harm excepting the farmers, by eating a little of their corn sometimes."

As they were talking in this manner, Harry, casting his eyes on one side, said, "As I live, there is the poor hare skulking along! I hope they will not be able to find her; and, if they ask me, I will never tell them which way she is gone."

Presently, up came the dogs, who had now lost all scent of their game; and then came a gentleman mounted upon a fine horse, who asked Harry, if he had seen the hare? Harry made no answer; but, upon the gentleman's repeating the question in a louder tone of voice, he answered that he

had. "And which way is she gone?" said the gentleman, "Sir, I don't choose to tell you," answered Harry, after some hesitation. "Not choose!" said the gentleman, leaping off his horse, "but I'll make you choose in an instant;" and coming up to Harry, who never moved from the place where he had been standing, he began to lash him in a most unmerciful manner with his whip, continually repeating, "Now, you little rascal, do you choose to tell me now?" To which Harry made no other answer than this: "If I would not tell you before, I won't now, though you should kill me."

But the fortitude of Harry, and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bitterest manner to see the distress of his friend, made no impression on this barbarian, who continued his brutality till another gentleman rode up full speed, and said, "For God's sake, Squire, what are you about? You will kill the child, if you do not take care." "And the little dog deserves it," said the other; "he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she is gone." "Take care," replied the gentleman, in a low voice, "you don't involve yourself in a disagreeable affair; I know the other to be the son of a gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood;" and then, turning to Harry, he said, "Why, my dear boy, would you not tell the gentleman which way the hare has gone, if you saw her?" "Because," answered Harry, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak "I don't choose to betray the unfortunate." "This boy," said the gentleman, "is a prodigy; and it is a happy thing for you, Squire, that his age is not equal to his spirit. But you are always passionate—" At this moment the hounds recovered the scent, and bursting into a full cry, the Squire mounted his horse, and galloped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the most affectionate manner, and asked him how he did? "A little sore," said Harry; "but that does not signify." TOMMY. I wish I had had a pistol or a sword! HARRY. Why, what would you have done with it? T. I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you so



cruelly. H. That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am sure he did not want to kill me. Indeed, if I had been a man, he should not have used me so; but it is all over now, and we ought to forgive our enemies, as Mr. Barlow tells us Christ did; and then perhaps they may come to love us, and be sorry for what they have done. T. But how could you bear to be so severely whipped, without crying out? H. Why, crying out would have done me no good at all, would it? And this is nothing to what many little boys have suffered without ever flinching, or bemoaning themselves. T. Well, I should have, though, a great deal. H. Oh! it's nothing to what the young Spartans used to suffer. T. Who were they? H. Why, they were a very brave set of people, who lived a great while ago; and, as they were but few in number, and were surrounded by a

great many enemies, they used to endeavour to make their little boys very brave and hardy ; and these little boys used to be always running about, half naked, in the open air, and wrestling and jumping, and exercising themselves ; and they had very coarse food, and hard beds to lie upon, and were never pampered and indulged ; and all this made them so strong and hardy, and brave, that the like was never seen. T. What, and had they no coaches to ride in, nor sweetmeats, nor wine, nor anybody to wait upon them ? H. Oh ! dear, no ; their fathers thought that would spoil them, and so they all fared alike, and eat together in great rooms ; and there they were taught to behave orderly and decently ; and when dinner was over, they all went to play together ; and, if they committed any faults, they were severely whipped ; but they never minded it, and scorned to cry out, or make a wry face."

As they were conversing in this manner, they heard a great outcry, and turning their heads, saw a horse galloping violently along, and dragging with him his rider, who had fallen off, and, in falling, hitched his foot in the stirrup. Luckily for the rider, it happened to be wet ground, and the side of a hill, which prevented the horse from going very fast, and the fallen man from being much hurt. But Harry, who was always prepared to do an act of humanity, even at the risk of his life, and, besides that, was a boy of extraordinary courage and agility, ran up towards a gap which he saw the horse approaching, and, just as the frightened animal made a little pause before vaulting over, caught him by the bridle, and effectually stopped him. In an instant, another gentleman came up with two or three servants, who alighted from their horses, disengaged the fallen man, and set him upon his legs. He stared wildly around him for some time ; as he was not materially hurt, he soon recovered his senses, and the first use he made of them was to swear at his horse, and to ask who had stopped the jade. "Who?" said his friend, "why the very little boy you used so scandalously this morning ; had it not been for his dexterity and courage, that numskull of yours would have had more flaws in it than it ever had before."





The Squire looked at Harry with a countenance in which shame and humiliation seemed yet to struggle with his natural insolence; but, at length, putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a guinea, which he offered to Harry, telling him at the same time he was very sorry for what had happened; but Harry, with a look of more contempt than he had ever been seen to assume, rejected the present, took up the bundle, which he had dropped at the time he seized the Squire's horse, and walked away, accompanied by his companion.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage. They found him much better, as

Mr. Barlow had been there the preceding night, and given him such medicines as he judged proper for his disease. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and, on his coming in, told him that he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without fear of being called a Frenchman, as well as some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was so great, and the acknowledgments and blessings of the good woman and the poor man, who had just begun to sit up, were so many, that little Tommy could not help shedding tears of compassion, in which he was joined by Harry. As they were returning, Tommy said that he had never spent any money with so much pleasure, as that with which he had purchased clothes for this poor family; and that for the future, he would take care of all the money that was given him to devote it to that purpose, instead of laying it out in eatables and playthings.

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## CHAPTER IV.

MAKING BREAD—GENTLEMEN AND WORKING-MEN—THE STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS—INDEPENDENCE—EXTRACTS FROM THE NARRATIVE OF FOUR RUSSIAN SAILORS ON THE ISLAND OF SPITZBERGEN.

SOME days after this, as Mr. Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to pass near a windmill; and, on Harry's telling Tommy what it was, Tommy asked leave to go into the building and look at it. Mr. Barlow consented; and, as he was acquainted with the miller, they all went in, and examined every part of the mill with great curiosity; and there little Tommy saw with astonishment, that the sails of the mill, being constantly turned round by the wind, moved a great flat stone, which, by rubbing upon another stone, bruised all the corn that was put between them, till it became a fine powder. "Oh, dear!" said Tommy, "is this the way they make bread?" Mr. Barlow told him this was the method by which the

corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were necessary before it arrived at that state; "You see that what runs from these millstones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a solid and tolerably hard substance."

As they were going home, Harry said to Tommy, "So you see now, if nobody chose to work, or do anything for himself, we should have no bread to eat; but you could not even have the corn to make it of, without a great deal of pains and labour." TOMMY. Why not? does not corn grow in the ground of itself? HARRY. Corn grows in the ground; but first it is necessary to plough the ground, to break it to pieces. T. What is ploughing? H. Did you never see three or four horses drawing something along the fields in a straight line, while one man drove and another walked behind, holding the thing by two handles? T. Yes, I have; and is that ploughing? H. It is; and there is a sharp iron called a ploughshare, which runs into the ground, and turns it up, all the way it goes. T. Well, and what then? H. When the ground is thus prepared, they sow the seed all over it, and then they rake it to cover the seed; and then the seed begins to grow, and shoots up very high; and at last the corn ripens, and they reap it, and carry it home. T. I protest it must be very curious; and I should like to sow some seed myself, and see it grow; do you think I could? H. Yes, certainly; and if you will dig the ground to-morrow, I will go home to my father to procure some seed for you.

The next morning Tommy was up almost as soon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perseverance till breakfast; when he came in, he could not help telling Mr. Barlow what he had done, and asking him, whether he was not a very good boy for working so hard to raise corn? "That," said Mr. Barlow, "depends upon the use you intend to make of it, when you have raised it; what is it you intend doing with it?" "Why, sir," said Tommy, "I intend to send it to the mill that we saw, and have it ground into flour; and then I will get you to show me how to make bread of it;

and then I will eat it, that I may tell my father that I have eaten bread made of corn of my own sowing." "That will be doing very well," said Mr. Barlow; "but where will be the great goodness in your sowing corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people round about here continually do; and if they did not do it, they would be obliged to fast." "But, then," said Tommy, "they are not gentlemen, as I am."

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

#### THE TWO BROTHERS.

About the time that many people went over to South America, in the hope of finding gold and silver, there was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, who had a great inclination to try his fortune like the rest; but as he had an elder brother, for whom he had a very great affection,

he went to him, told him his design, and solicited him very much to go with him, promising he should have an equal share of all the riches they found. The brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of a contented temper and a good understanding. He did not therefore much approve of the project, and endeavoured to dissuade Pizarro from it, by setting before him the danger to which he exposed himself, and the uncertainty of success; but finding all that he said was vain, he agreed to go, but told his brother that he wanted no part of the riches Pizarro might find, and would ask no other favour than to have his baggage and a few servants taken on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers, who had all great expectations, like himself, of soon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and some seeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought this a very odd preparation for a voyage; but, as he did not think proper to expostulate with his brother, he said nothing.

After sailing some time with prosperous winds, they put into the last port where they were to stop, before they came to the country where they intended to search for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find. He also hired an additional number of labourers to assist him in the work. Alonzo, on the contrary, bought only a few sheep, and four stout oxen, with their harness, and food enough to support them till they should reach land.

As it happened, they had a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother that, as he had only come to accompany and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while Pizarro went to search for gold; and when the gold-seeker had procured as much wealth as he desired, Alonzo would be always ready to embark for Spain.

Pizarro accordingly set out. He felt so great a contempt

for his brother, that he could not help expressing it to his companions. "I always thought," said he, "that my brother had been a man of sense; he bore that character in Spain; but I find people were strangely mistaken in him. Here he is going to divert himself with his sheep and his oxen, as if he were living quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing else to do but to raise cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time. So come along, my lads; and if we have but good luck, we shall soon be enriched for the rest of our lives." All present applauded Pizarro's speech, and declared themselves ready to follow wherever he went; only one old Spaniard shook his head as he went, and told the adventurous gold-seeker he doubted whether his brother would be found so great a fool as he appeared.

They then travelled on, several days' march into the country, sometimes obliged to cross rivers, at others to pass mountains and forests, where they could find no paths; sometimes scorched by the fervent heat of the sun, and at others wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. These difficulties, however, did not discourage the Spaniards so much as to hinder them from trying in several places for gold, which they were at length lucky enough to find in considerable quantities. This success animated them very much, and they continued working upon that spot till all their provisions were consumed. They gathered daily large quantities of ore; but then they suffered very much from hunger. Still, however, they persevered in their labours, and sustained themselves with such roots and berries as they could find. At last even this resource failed them; and, after several of their company had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, to acquire which they had suffered so many miseries.

But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foresaw what would happen, had been industriously toiling to a very different purpose. His skill in husbandry had easily enabled him to find a spot of considerable extent, and with a very fertile soil, which he and



his servants ploughed up with the oxen he had brought with him. He then sowed the different seeds he had brought, and planted the potatoes, which prospered beyond what he could have expected, and yielded him a most abundant harvest. His sheep he had turned out in a very fine meadow near the sea, and every one of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Besides that, he and his servants, at leisure times, employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they had caught were all dried and salted with salt they had found upon the sea-shore; so that by the time Pizarro returned, they had laid up a very considerable quantity of provisions.

When Pizarro returned, his brother received him with the greatest cordiality, and asked him what success he had had? Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold; but that several of his companions had perished, and that the rest were almost starved from the want of provisions. He then requested that his brother would immediately give him something to eat, as he had tasted no food for the last two days, excepting the roots and bark of trees. Alonzo very coolly answered, that Pizarro should remember the agreement they made on first starting, namely, that neither should interfere with the other. He had never, he said, desired to have any share of the gold which Pizarro might find, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should expect to be supplied with the provisions that his brother had procured with so much care and labour; "but," added he, "if you choose to exchange some of the gold you have found for provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you."

Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but, as he and his companions were almost starved, they were obliged to comply with Alonzo's demands, which were so exorbitant, that in a very short time the gold-seekers had parted with all the gold they had brought with them, merely to purchase food. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Spain in the vessel which had brought them hither, as the wind and weather seemed to be most favourable; but Pizarro, with an angry look, replied, that, since Alonzo had deprived him of everything he had gained, and treated him in so unfriendly a manner, he should go without Pizarro; who, for his part, would rather perish upon that desert shore than embark with so inhuman a brother.

But Alonzo, instead of resenting these reproaches, embraced his brother with the greatest tenderness, and said: "Could you then believe, my dearest Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labours, which you have gained through so much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the universe perish than I should be capable of such behaviour to my dearest brother."





But I saw the rash, impetuous desire you had for riches, and wished to correct this fault in you, and serve you at the same time. You despised my prudence and industry, and imagined that nothing could be wanting to him who had once acquired wealth; but you have now learned, that without foresight and industry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from perishing miserably. You are now, I hope, wiser; therefore take back your riches, which I hope you have now learned properly to employ. Pizarro was filled with gratitude and astonishment at this generosity of his brother, and he acknowledged, from experience, that industry was better than gold. They embarked for Spain, where they all arrived safely. During the voyage, Pizarro often solicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo

constantly refused, telling him that he who could raise food enough to maintain himself, was in no want of gold.

“Indeed,” said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished the story, “I think Alonzo was a very sensible man; and, if it had not been for him, his brother and all his companions must have been starved; but then this was only because they were in a desert country. This could never have happened in England; there they could always have had, for their money, as much corn or bread as they chose. “But,” said Mr. Barlow, “is a man sure to be always in England, or in some place where he can purchase bread? In travelling, he may be wrecked upon some country where there are no inhabitants; and then, although he should escape the dangers of the sea, what will he do for food?”

TOMMY. And have such accidents sometimes happened?  
MR. BARLOW. Yes, several; there was, in particular, one Selkirk, who was abandoned, and obliged to live several years upon a desert island. T. That was very extraordinary indeed; and how did he get victuals? Mr. B. He sometimes procured roots, sometimes fruits; he also at last became so active, that he was able to pursue and catch wild goats, with which the island abounded. T. And did not such a hard, disagreeable way of life kill him at last? Mr. B. By no means; he never enjoyed better health than when he was on the island, and you have heard that he became so active as to be able to overtake even the wild beasts. But a still more extraordinary story is that of some Russians, who were left on the coast of Spitzbergen, where they were obliged to stay several years. T. Where is Spitzbergen, sir? Mr. B. It is a country very far to the north, which is constantly covered with snow and ice, because the weather is unremittingly severe. Scarcely any vegetables will grow upon the soil, and scarcely any animals are found in the country. To add to this, a great part of the year it is in darkness, and is inaccessible to ships; so that it is impossible to conceive a more dreary country, or one where it must be more difficult to support human life. Yet four men were capable of struggling with all these

hardships during several years, and three of them returned at last safely to their own country. T. This must be a very curious story indeed; I would give anything to be able to see it. Mr. B. That you may, very easily. When I read it I thought it so curious and interesting, that I copied off several parts of it, which I can easily find, and will show you. Here is the story; but I must first inform you that those northern seas, from the intense cold of the climate, are so full of ice, as frequently to render it extremely dangerous to ships; for they may be crushed between two icebergs, or so completely surrounded that they cannot be extricated. With this preliminary information, you will easily understand the distressful situation of a Russian ship, which, as it was sailing on those seas, was on a sudden so surrounded by ice, as not to be able to move. My extracts begin here, and you may read them.

EXTRACTS FROM A NARRATIVE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY  
ADVENTURES OF FOUR RUSSIAN SAILORS, WHO WERE  
CAST AWAY ON THE DESERT ISLAND OF EAST SPITZ-  
BERGEN.

“In this alarming state (that is, when the ship was surrounded with ice) a council was held, when the mate, Alexis Hinkof, informed them, that he recollected to have heard how some of the people of Mesen, some time before, having formed a resolution of wintering upon this island, had carried from that city timber proper for building a hut, and had actually erected one at some distance from the shore. This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering there if the hut, as they hoped, still existed; for they clearly perceived the imminent danger they were in, and that they must inevitably perish if they continued in the ship. They therefore dispatched four of their crew in search of the hut, or any other refuge they could meet with. These were Alexis Hinkof, the mate, Iwan Hinkof, his godson, Stephen Scharassof, and Feodor Weregine.

“As the shore on which they were to land was uninhabited,

it became necessary that they should make some provision for their expedition. They had almost two miles to travel over ridges of ice, which, being raised by the waves, and driven against each other by the wind, rendered the way equally difficult and dangerous; prudence therefore forbade their loading themselves too much, lest, by being overburthened, they should sink in between the pieces of ice, and perish. Having thus maturely considered the nature of their undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket and powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder, with as many balls, an axe, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe.

“Thus accoutred, these four sailors quickly arrived on the island, little expecting the misfortunes that were to befall them. They began with exploring the country, and soon discovered the hut they were in search of, about an English mile-and-a-half from the shore. It was thirty-six feet in length, eighteen feet in height, and as many in breadth; it contained a small antechamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, the one to shut it up from the outer air, the other to form a communication with the inner room; this contributed greatly to keep the large room warm when once heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner; that is, a kind of oven without a chimney, which served occasionally either for baking, for heating the room, or, as is customary among the Russian peasants in very cold weather, for a place to sleep upon. Our adventurers rejoiced greatly at having discovered the hut, which had, however, suffered much from the weather, it having now been built a considerable time. They however contrived to pass the night in it.

“Early next morning they hastened to the shore, impatient to inform their comrades of their success, and also to procure from their vessel such provision, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might better enable them to winter on the island. I leave my readers to figure to themselves the



astonishment and agony of mind these poor people must have felt, when, on reaching the place of their landing, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from the ice, which, but a day before, had covered the ocean. A violent storm, which had risen during the night, had certainly been the cause of this disastrous event; but they could not tell whether the ice, which had before hemmed in the vessel, agitated by the violence of the waves, had been driven against her, and shattered her to pieces; or whether she had been carried by the current into the main, a circumstance which frequently happens in those seas. Whatever accident had befallen the ship, they saw her no more; and, as no tidings were ever afterwards received of her, it is most probable that she sank, and that all on board her perished.

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

“Their first attention was employed, as may easily be imagined, in devising means of providing subsistence, and for repairing their hut. The twelve charges of powder which they had brought with them, soon procured them as many rein-deer, the island, fortunately for them, abounding in these animals. I have before observed, that the hut, which the sailors were so fortunate as to find, had sustained some damage. There were cracks in many places between the boards of the building, which freely admitted the air. This inconvenience was, however, easily remedied, as they had an axe, and the beams were still sound (for wood in those cold climates continues through a length of years unimpaired by worms or decay). It was thus easy for them to make the boards join again very tolerably; besides, as moss grew in great abundance all over the island, there was more than sufficient to stop up the crevices, to which wooden houses must always be liable. Repairs of this kind cost the unhappy men less trouble, as they were Russians; for all Russian peasants are known to be good carpenters; they build their own houses, and are very expert in handling the axe.

“The intense cold which makes these climates habitable to so few species of animals, renders them equally unfit for the production of vegetables. No species of tree, or even shrub, is found in any of the islands of Spitzbergen; a circumstance most alarming to our sailors.

“Without fire it was impossible to resist the rigour of the climate, and, without wood, how was the fire to be produced or supported? However, in wandering along the beach, they collected plenty of wood, which had been driven ashore by the waves, and which at first consisted of the wrecks of ships, and afterwards of whole trees with their roots, the produce of some more hospitable but to them unknown climate, which the overflowings of rivers, or other accidents, had sent into the ocean. Nothing proved of more essential service to these unfortunate men, during



the first year of their exile, than some boards they found upon the beach, having a long iron hook, a few nails about five or six inches long, and proportionably thick, and other bits of old iron fixed in them, the melancholy relics of some vessels, cast away in those remote parts. These were thrown ashore by the waves, at the time when the want of powder gave our men reason to apprehend that they must fall a prey to hunger, as they had nearly consumed the reindeer they had killed. This lucky circumstance was attended with another equally fortunate. They found on the shore the root of a fir-tree, which nearly approached to the figure of a bow. As necessity has ever

been the mother of invention, so they soon fashioned this root to a good bow by the help of a knife; but still they wanted a string and arrows. Not knowing how to procure these at present, they resolved upon making a couple of lances to defend themselves against the white bears, by far the most ferocious of their kind, whose attacks they had great reason to dread. Finding they could neither make the heads of their lances, nor of their arrows, without the help of a hammer, they contrived to form the above-mentioned large iron hook into one, by beating it, and widening a hole it happened to have about its middle, with the help of one of their largest nails; this received the handle, and a round button at one end of the hook served for the face of the hammer. A large pebble supplied the place of an anvil, and a couple of rein-deer's horns made the tongs. By means of such tools they made two heads of spears, and, after polishing and sharpening them on stones, they tied them as fast as possible, with thongs made of rein-deer skins, to sticks about the thickness of a man's arm, which they got from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore. Thus equipped with spears, they resolved to attack a white bear, and, after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thereby obtained a new supply of provisions. The flesh of this animal they relished exceedingly, as they thought it much resembled beef in taste and flavour. The tendons, they saw with much pleasure, could, with little or no trouble, be divided into filaments of what fineness they thought fit. This, perhaps, was the most fortunate discovery these men could have made, for, besides other advantages, which will be hereafter mentioned, they were hereby furnished with strings for their bow.

“The success of our unfortunate islanders in making the spears, encouraged them to proceed, and forge some pieces of iron into heads of arrows of the same shape, though somewhat smaller in size than the spears above-mentioned. Having ground and sharpened these like the former, they tied them with the sinews of the white bear to pieces of fir, to which, by the help of fine threads of the same, they



fastened feathers of sea-fowl, and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity in this respect was crowned with success far beyond their expectation; for, during the time of their continuance upon the island, they killed with these arrows no less than two hundred and fifty rein-deer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them also for food, and their skins for clothing, and other necessary preservatives against the intense coldness of a climate so near the Pole. They killed, however, not more than ten white bears in all, and that not without the utmost danger; for these animals being prodigiously strong, defended themselves with astonishing vigour and fury. The first our men attacked designedly; the other nine they slew in defending themselves from their assaults; for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut, in order to devour them. It is true that all the bears did not show, if I may be allowed the expression, equal intrepidity, either owing to some being less pressed by hunger, or to their being by nature less carnivorous than the others; for some of them which entered the hut, immediately betook themselves to flight on the first attempt of the sailors to drive them away. A repetition, however, of these ferocious attacks threw the poor men into great terror and anxiety, as they were in almost perpetual danger of being devoured.

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

There was but one stove in the hut, and that, being set up agreeably to the Russian taste, was more like an oven, and consequently not well adapted for boiling anything. Wood, also, was too precious a commodity to be wasted in keeping up two fires; and the one they might have made outside of their habitation, to dress their victuals, would in no way have served to warm them. Another reason against their cooking in the open air was, the continual danger of an attack from the white bears. And here I must observe that, if they had made the attempt, it would have been practicable only for some part of the year; the cold, which, in such a climate, during some months, scarcely ever abates, from the long absence of the sun, then enlightening the opposite hemisphere, the inconceivable quantity of snow, which is continually falling through the greatest part of the winter, together with the almost incessant rains at certain seasons, were almost insurmountable obstacles to that expedient. To remedy, therefore, in some degree the hardship of eating their meat half raw, they bethought themselves of drying some of their provisions during the summer in the open air, and afterwards of hanging them up in the upper part of the hut, which, as I mentioned before, was continually filled with smoke down to the windows; it was thus dried thoroughly by the help of that smoke. This meat, so prepared, they used for bread, and it made them relish their other flesh the better, as they could only half dress it. Finding this experiment answer in every respect to their wishes, they continued to practise it during the whole time of their confinement upon the island, and always kept up, by that means, a sufficient stock of provisions. Water they procured in summer from small rivulets that fell from the rocks, and in winter from the thawed snow and ice. This was of course their only beverage, and their small kettle was the only vessel they could make use of for this and other purposes. I have mentioned above, that our sailors brought a small bag of flour with them to the island; of this they had consumed about one-half with their meat, the remainder they employed in a different manner, equally useful. They soon saw the necessity of keeping up a con

tinual fire in so cold a climate, and found that, if it should unfortunately go out, they had no means of lighting it again; for though they had a steel and flints, yet they wanted both match and tinder. In their excursions through the island they had met with a slimy loam, or a kind of clay, nearly in the middle of it. Out of this they found means to form a utensil which might serve for a lamp, and they proposed to keep it constantly burning with the fat of the animals they should kill. This was certainly the most rational scheme they could have thought of, for to be without a light in a climate where, during winter, darkness reigns for several months together, would have added much to their other calamities.

“Having, therefore, fashioned a kind of lamp, they filled it with rein-deer’s fat, and stuck into it some twisted linen, shaped into a wick; but they had the mortification to find that, as soon as the fat melted, it not only soaked into the clay, but fairly ran out of it on all sides. The thing, therefore, was to devise some means of preventing this inconvenience, not arising from cracks, but from the substance of which the lamp was made being too porous. They made, therefore, a new one, dried it thoroughly in the air, then heated it red-hot, and afterwards quenched it in their kettle, wherein they had boiled a quantity of flour down to the consistence of thin starch. The lamp being thus dried and filled with melted fat, they now found, to their great joy, that it did not leak; but, for greater security, they dipped linen rags in their paste, and with them covered all its outside. Succeeding in this attempt, they immediately made another lamp for fear of an accident, that at all events they might not be destitute of light; and, when they had done so much, they thought proper to save the remainder of their flour for similar purposes. As they had carefully collected whatever happened to be cast on shore to supply them with fuel, they had found amongst the wrecks of vessels some cordage, and a small quantity of oakum (a kind of hemp used for caulking ships), which served them to make wicks for their lamps. When these stores began to fail, their shirts and their drawers, which are worn by

almost all Russian peasants, were employed to make good the deficiency. By these means they kept their lamp burning without intermission, from the day they first made it (a work they set about soon after their arrival on the island) until that of their embarkation for their native country.

“The necessity of converting the most essential part of their clothing, such as their shirts and drawers, to the use above specified, exposed them the more to the rigour of the climate. They also found themselves in want of shoes, boots, and other articles of dress; and, as winter was approaching, they were again obliged to have recourse to that ingenuity which necessity suggests, and which seldom fails in the trying hour of distress. They had skins of reindeer and foxes in plenty, that had hitherto served them for bedding, and which they now thought of employing in some more essential service; but the question was how to tan them. After deliberating on this subject, they took to the following method: they soaked the skins for several days in fresh water, till they could pull off the hair pretty easily; they then rubbed the wet leather with their hands till it was nearly dry, they then spread some melted reindeer fat over it, and again rubbed it well. By this process the leather became soft, pliant, and supple, proper for their purpose in every respect. Those skins which they designed for furs, they only soaked for one day, to prepare them for being wrought; and then proceeded in the manner before-mentioned, except only that they did not remove the hair. Thus they soon provided themselves with the necessary materials for all the parts of dress they wanted. But here another difficulty occurred; they had neither awls for making shoes and boots, nor needles for sewing their garments. This want, however, they soon supplied by means of the pieces of iron they had occasionally collected. Out of these they made both, and by their industry even brought them to a certain degree of perfection. The making eyes to their needles gave them indeed no little trouble, but this they also performed with the assistance of their knife; for, having ground it to a very sharp point, and heated red-hot a

kind of wire forged for that purpose, they pierced a hole through one end, and, by whetting and smoothing it on stones, brought the other to a point; and thus gave the whole needle a very tolerable form. Scissars to cut out the skin were what they next had occasion for; but, having none, they supplied their place with the knife; and, though there was neither shoemaker nor tailor amongst them, yet they contrived to cut out the leather and furs well enough for their purpose. The sinews of the bears and the rein-deer, which, as I mentioned before, they had found means to split, served them for thread; and, thus provided with the necessary implements, they proceeded to make their new clothes."

"These," said Mr. Barlow, "are the extracts which I have made from this very extraordinary story; and they are sufficient to show both the many accidents to which men are exposed, and the wonderful expedients which may be found out, even in the most dismal circumstances." "It is very true, indeed," answered Tommy; "but pray what became of these poor men at last?" "After they had lived more then six years upon this dreary and inhospitable coast," answered Mr. Barlow, "a ship arrived there by accident, which took three of them on board, and carried them in safety to their own country." "And what became of the fourth?" said Tommy. "He," said Mr. Barlow, "was seized with a dangerous disease, called the scurvy; and, being of an indolent temper, and therefore not using the exercise which was necessary to preserve his life, after having lingered some time, died, and was buried in the snow by his companions."





## CHAPTER V.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS—TOMMY'S EXPERIMENT WITH THE PIG—ACCOUNT OF THE ELEPHANT—STORY OF THE ELEPHANT AND THE TAILOR—THE ELEPHANT AND THE KEEPER'S CHILD—THE STORY OF THE GOOD-NATURED BOY—STORY OF THE ILL-NATURED BOY.

HERE little Harry came in from his father's house, and brought with him the chicken, which, it has been mentioned, he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little creature was now perfectly recovered from the hurt it had received, and showed so much affection for its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in

his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely surprised and pleased to remark its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well; and that, in consequence of that kindness, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him.

“Indeed,” said Tommy, “that is very surprising; for I thought all birds would have flown away whenever a man came near them; and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them.” Mr. B. And what do you imagine is the reason of that? T. Because they are wild. Mr. B. And what is a fowl’s being wild? T. When he will not let you come near him. Mr. B. Then a fowl is wild, because he will not let you come near him; and will not let you come near him, because he is wild. This is saying nothing more than that when a fowl is wild, he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reason of his being wild. T. Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so. Mr. B. But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry. T. That is because he is so good to it. Mr. B. Very likely. Then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him? T. No, sir, I believe not. Mr. B. But when a person is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not? T. Yes. Mr. B. And then you say he is wild, do you not? T. Yes, sir. Mr. B. Why then it is probable that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tiger. T. Indeed I would, sir. Mr. B. And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal? Tommy laughed heartily at this, and said, “No.” “Therefore,” said Mr. Barlow, “if you want to tame animals, you must be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you.” “Indeed,” said Harry, “that is very true; for I knew a

little boy that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden; and when he had milk for breakfast, he used to sit under a nut tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl." T. And did it not bite him? H. No; he sometimes used to give it a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast, but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation; and, being both good-natured and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal upon which he might bestow it. The first thing he happened to meet was a sucking pig that had rambled from its mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy would not neglect this opportunity of showing his talents; so he began calling out, "Pig, pig, pig! come hither, little pig!" But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted, and ran away. "You little ungrateful thing," said Tommy, "do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends, I must teach you." So saying he sprang at the pig, and caught him by the hind leg, intending to have given him the bread he held in his hand; but the pig, unused to be treated in that manner, began struggling and squeaking to such a degree that the sow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one or not, he thought it most prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The place where this accident happened was extremely wet, therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot; and the sow, who came up at that instant, passed over him as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire.

Tommy, who had not the coolest temper in the world, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindness; and, losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind leg, and began pommelling her with all his might. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment,



endeavoured with all her force to escape; but Tommy still keeping his hold, and continuing his discipline, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking at the same time in the most lamentable manner, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs.

During the heat of this contest, a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road; into the midst of this flock the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their frightened cackling to the general noise; but a gander of more than common size and courage, resenting the unprovoked attack upon his family, attacked Tommy in the rear and gave him several severe strokes with his bill.

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

When Tommy had returned, Mr. Barlow asked him how the accident had happened; and when he had heard the story, he said, "I am very sorry for your misfortune, but I do not perceive that I was the cause of it; for I do not remember that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hind

legs. TOMMY. No sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me; and so I wanted to feed the pig. Mr. B. But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore, when you seized him in so violent a manner, he naturally attempted to escape; and his mother, hearing his cries, very naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition, otherwise you may fare like the little boy, who in attempting to catch flies, was stung by a wasp; or like another, who seeing an adder sleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it; which had nearly cost him his life. T. But, sir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy who used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it. Mr. B. That might very well happen. There is scarcely any creature that will do harm, unless it is attacked or wants food; and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless, others not; therefore the best way is not to meddle with one till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you observed this rule, you never would have attempted to catch the pig by the hind leg, in order to tame it; and it is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwise you might have been as badly treated as the tailor was by the Elephant. T. Pray, Sir, what is that curious story? But first tell me, if you please, what an Elephant is.

“An Elephant,” said Mr. Barlow, “is the largest land animal that we are acquainted with. It is many times more bulky than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its strength, as may easily be imagined, is prodigious; but it is, at the same time, so very gentle, that it rarely does harm to anything, even in the woods where it lives. It does not eat flesh, but subsists upon the fruits and branches of trees. But what is most singular about its structure is, that instead of a nose, it has a long hollow piece of flesh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet; this is called the trunk of the Elephant.

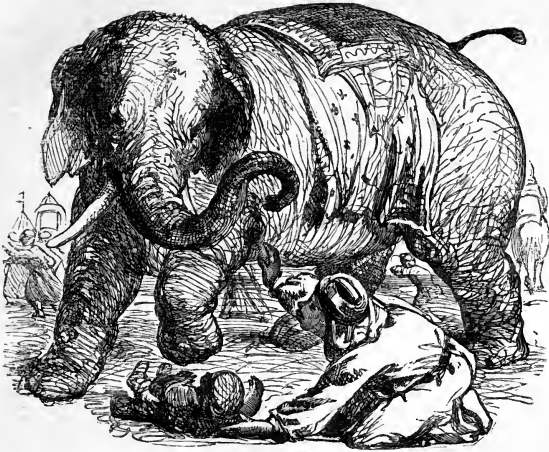
and he is capable of bending it in every direction. When he wants to break off the branch of a tree, he twists his trunk round it, and snaps it off directly; when he wants to drink, he lets it down into the water, sucks up several gallons at a time, and then, doubling the end of it back, discharges all the water into his mouth."

"But, if he is so large and strong," said Tommy, "I should suppose it must be impossible ever to tame him."  
"So perhaps it would be," replied Mr. Barlow, "did men not instruct those that have been already tamed to assist in catching others." T. How is that, sir? Mr. B. When they have discovered a forest where these animals resort, they make a large enclosure with strong pales and a deep ditch, leaving only one entrance to it, which has a strong gate left purposely open. They then let loose one or two of their tame Elephants, who join the wild ones, and gradually entice them into the enclosure. As soon as one of these has entered, a man who stands ready shuts the gates, and takes him prisoner. The animal finding himself thus entrapped, begins to grow furious, and attempts to escape; but immediately two tame ones, of the largest size and greatest strength, who have been placed there on purpose, come up to him one on each side, and beat him with their trunks till he becomes more quiet. A man then comes behind, ties a very large cord to each of his hind legs, and fastens the other end of it to two great trees. He is then left without food for some hours, and in that time generally becomes so docile, as to suffer himself to be conducted to the stable that is prepared for him, where he lives the rest of his life like a horse, or any other domestic animal. T. And pray, sir, what did the Elephant do to the tailor? "At Surat," said Mr. Barlow, "a city where many of these tame Elephants are kept, there was a tailor, who used to sit and work in his shed, close to the place to which these Elephants were led every day to drink. This man contracted a kind of acquaintance with one of the largest of these beasts, and used to present him with fruits and other vegetables whenever the Elephant passed by his door. The Elephant was accustomed to put his

long trunk in at the window, and to receive in that manner whatever his friend chose to give. But one day, the Tailor happened to be in a particularly bad humour, and, not considering how dangerous it might prove to provoke an animal of that size and strength, when the Elephant put his trunk in at the window as usual, instead of giving him any thing to eat, pricked him with his needle. The Elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and, without showing any marks of resentment, went on with the rest to drink; but, after he had quenched his thirst, he collected a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find in his trunk, which I have already told you is capable of holding some gallons; and, when he passed by the tailor's shop in his return, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim, that he wetted him all over, and almost drowned him; thus justly punishing the man for his ill-nature and breach of friendship."

"Indeed," said Harry, "considering the strength of the animal, he must have had great moderation and generosity, not to have punished the man more severely; and therefore I think it is a very great shame to men ever to be cruel to animals, when dumb beasts are so affectionate and gentle to them."

"You are very right," said Mr. Barlow; "and I remember another story of an Elephant, which, if true, is still more extraordinary. These animals, although in general they are as docile and obedient as a dog to the person that takes care of them, are sometimes seized with a species of impatience which makes them absolutely ungovernable. It is then dangerous to come near them, and very difficult to restrain them. I should have mentioned that, in the Eastern parts of the world, where Elephants are found, the kings and princes keep them to ride upon as we do horses. A kind of tent or pavilion is fixed upon the back of the animal, in which one or more persons may be placed; and the keeper who is used to manage him sits upon the neck of the Elephant, and guides him by means of a stick with an iron hook at the end. Now, as these animals are of great value, the keeper is frequently severely punished



if any accident happens to the animal by his carelessness. But one day, one of the largest Elephants, being seized with a sudden fit of passion, had broken loose; and, as the keeper was not in the way, nobody was able to appease him, or dared to come near him. While, therefore, he was running about in this manner, he chanced to see the wife of his keeper, who had often fed him as well as her husband, with her young child in her arms, with which she was endeavouring to escape from his fury. The woman ran as fast as she was able; but, finding that it was impossible for her to escape, because these beasts, although so very large, are able to run very fast, she resolutely turned about, and throwing her child down before the Elephant, thus accosted him, as if he had been capable of understanding her: 'You ungrateful beast, is this the return you make for all the benefits we have bestowed! Have we fed you, and taken care of you, by day and night, during so many years, only that you may at last destroy us

all? Crush, then, this poor innocent child and me, in return for the services that my husband has done you! While she was making these passionate exclamations, the Elephant approached the place where the little infant lay; but, instead of trampling upon him, he stopped short, and looked at him with earnestness, as if he had been sensible of shame and confusion; and, his fury from that instant abating, he suffered himself to be led without opposition to his stable."

Tommy thanked Mr. Barlow for these two stories, and promised for the future to use more discretion in his kindness to animals.

The next day Tommy and Harry went into the garden to sow the wheat which Harry had brought with him, upon a bed which Tommy had dug for that purpose.

While they were at work, Tommy said, "Pray, Harry, did you ever hear the story of the men that were obliged to live six years in that terrible cold country—I forget the name of it—where there is nothing but snow and ice, and scarcely any other animals but great bears, that are ready to eat men up?" HARRY. Yes, I have. T. And did not the very thoughts of it frighten you dreadfully? H. No, I cannot say they did. T. Why, should you like to live in such a country? H. No, certainly; I am very happy that I was born in such a country as this, where the weather is scarcely ever too hot or too cold; but a man must bear patiently whatever is his lot in this world. T. That is true. But should you not cry, and be very much afflicted, if you were left upon such a country! H. I should certainly be very sorry, if I was left there alone, more especially as I am not big enough, or strong enough, to defend myself against such fierce animals; but crying would do me no good, it would be better to do something, and endeavour to help myself. T. Indeed I think it would, but what could you do? H. Why, I would endeavour to build myself a house, if I could find any materials. T. And what materials is a house made of? I thought it had been impossible to make a house without having a great many people of different trades, such as carpenters and bricklayers. H. You know

there are houses of different sizes. The houses that poor people live in, are very different from your father's house.

T. Yes, they are little, nasty, dirty, disagreeable places; I should not like to live in them at all.

H. And yet the poor are in general as strong and healthy as the rich. But if you could have no other, you would rather live in one of them than be exposed to the weather?

T. Yes, certainly.

And how would you make one of them?

H. If I could get some wood, and had a hatchet, I would cut down some branches of trees and stick them upright in the ground, near to each other.

T. And what then?

H. I would then get some other branches, but more full of small wood; and these I would interweave between the large stakes, just as we make hurdles to confine the sheep; and then, as that might not be warm enough to resist the wind and cold, I would cover them over, both within and without, with clay.

T. Clay! what is that?

H. It is a particular kind of earth that sticks to your feet when you tread upon it, or to your hands when you touch it.

T. I declare I did not think it had been so easy to make a house.

And do you think that people could really live in such houses?

H. Certainly they might, because many persons live in such houses here; and I have been told, that in many parts of the world they have not any other.

T. Really I should like to try to make a house; do you think, Harry, that you and I could make one?

H. Yes; if I had wood and clay enough, and a small hatchet to sharpen the stakes, and make them enter the ground, I think I could.

Mr. Barlow then came to call them in to read; and told Tommy, that as he been talking so much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. "That I will," said Tommy, "for I begin to like reading extremely, and I think that I am happier too since I learned it; for now I can always amuse myself." "Indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "most people find it so. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burthen to him, and it is his own fault if he is not constantly amused. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a Gentleman, since you are

so fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, because he has so much time at his disposal; and it is much better that he should distinguish himself by having more knowledge and improvement than others, than by fine clothes, or such trifles, which any one may have that can purchase them, as well as himself."

Tommy then read, with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

#### THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY.

A little Boy went out one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him in a basket the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little Boy at first took no notice of him, but at length, remarking how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said, "This animal is certainly in very great necessity; if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall share with me." Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in the basket; and the poor creature eat as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight.

The little Boy then went on a little farther, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection; when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if in great pain. He went up to the horse, and saw that it was almost starved, and so weak that it was unable to rise. "I am very much afraid," said the little Boy, "that if I stay to assist this horse it will be dark before I can return; and I have heard that there are several thieves in the neighbourhood. However, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me." He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, and the horse immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease were hunger. The





little Boy then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed, that, after a few trials, he got up and began grazing.

The little Boy then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. "What is the matter, good man?" said the little Boy to him; "Can't you find your way out of this pond?" "No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss," said the man, "for such I take you to be by your voice; I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned." "Well," said the little Boy, "though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick,

I will try to help you out of it." The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little Boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth; at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope his way home; and the little Boy ran on as hard as he could, for fear of being benighted.

But he had not proceeded far, before he saw a poor sailor, who had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. "God bless you, my little master!" said the sailor; "I have fought many a battle with the French, to defend poor old England; but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished." The little Boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him; so he gave him all his remaining food, and said, "God help you, poor man! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more." He then ran along, and presently arrived at his destination, delivered his message, and returned towards his own home, with all expedition.

But he had not gone much more than half-way, before the night closed in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little Boy used his utmost endeavours to find his way; but unfortunately he missed it in turning down a lane, which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble, that he could go no farther, but sat down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little Boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up; and on opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little Boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself

extremely refreshed with his meal. "So," said the little Boy, "I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper; and a good turn done even to a dog is never lost."

He then once more attempted to escape from the wood. But it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all farther attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and, going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same horse he had fed in the morning.

"Perhaps," said the little Boy, "this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood." The little Boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition; and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening, which led to the high road. The little Boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, "If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have stayed here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost."

But the poor little Boy had yet a greater danger to undergo. As he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but, just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little Boy, and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard crying out, "There the rascals are—let us knock them down!" which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little Boy then looked up, and saw the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, borne upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. "There, my little dear," said the sailor, "God be thanked! we have come in time to do you

a service, in return for the kindness you showed us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy; from the description, I concluded it must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come in time to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back, while I showed him the way."

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

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

Harry then read the following story of

#### THE ILL-NATURED BOY.

There was once a little Boy who was so unfortunate as to have for his father a very bad man, who was always surly and ill-tempered, and never gave his children either good instructions or good example; in consequence of which this little Boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelsome, and disagreeable to everybody. He very often was severely beaten for his

impertinence by boys bigger than himself, and sometimes by boys that were less; for, though he was very abusive and quarrelsome, he did not much like fighting, and generally trusted more to his heels than his courage when he had involved himself in a quarrel. This little Boy had a cur-dog that was the exact image of himself; he was the most troublesome, surly creature imaginable, always barking at the heels of every horse he came near, and worrying every sheep he could meet; for which reason both the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbourhood.

One morning his father got up early to go to the alehouse, where he intended to stay till night, as it was a holiday; but before he went out, he gave his son some bread and cold meat and sixpence, and told him he might go and amuse himself as he liked the whole day. The little Boy was much pleased with this liberty; and, as it was a very fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk.

He had not proceeded far before he met a little boy driving a flock of sheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. "Pray, master," said the little boy, "stand still, and keep your dog close to you, for fear of frightening my sheep." "Oh! yes, to be sure!" answered the ill-natured Boy, "I am to wait here all the morning till you and your sheep have passed, I suppose! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy!" Tiger at this sprang forward into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side, and the sheep, in a general consternation, hurried each a separate way. Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport equally with his master. But in the midst of his triumph he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock; the ram, instead of running away, faced about and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy, with so much force and dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and, butting him several times while he was down, obliged him to limp howling away.

The ill-natured little Boy, who was not capable of loving anything, had been much amused with the trepidation of the sheep; but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog, and he would have laughed much longer, had not

the other boy, provoked beyond all patience at this treatment, thrown a stone at his tormentor, which hit him full upon the temples, and almost knocked him down. The cowardly Boy immediately began to cry in concert with his dog; and perceiving a man coming towards them, who he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily as possible.

But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned, before his former mischievous disposition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmost. He had not gone far, before he saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large pot of milk at her feet. "Pray," said the little girl, "help me up with this pot of milk. My mother sent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head, but I am so tired that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest myself; and if I don't return home presently, we shall have no pudding to-day, and, besides, my mother will be very angry with me." "What" said the Boy, "you are to have pudding to-day, are you, miss?" "Yes," said the girl, "and a fine piece of roast beef; for there's Uncle Will, and Uncle John, and Grandfather, and all my cousins to dine with us, and we shall be very merry in the evening, I can assure you; so pray help me up as speedily as possible." "That I will, miss," said the Boy; and taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but just as she had hold of it, he gave it a little push as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry violently, but the mischievous boy ran away laughing heartily, and saying, "Good-bye, little miss; give my humble service to Uncle Will, and Grandfather, and the dear little cousins."

This prank encouraged him very much, for he thought he had now certainly escaped without any bad consequences; so he went on, applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green where several little boys were at play. He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long, without exercising his evil disposition; so taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, instead of flinging it the way he ought



to have done, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch. The little boys ran in a great hurry to see what had become of it, and as they were standing together upon the brink, he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour; he, not being able to resist the shock, tumbled against the next, that next against another, and finally they were all soused in the ditch together. They soon scrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to have punished him for his ill behaviour; but he patted Tiger upon the back, and the dog began snarling and growling in such a manner, as made them desist. Thus this michievous little boy escaped a second time with impunity.

The next thing that he met with was a poor jackass feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little Boy, seeing that nobody was within sight, thought this an opportunity of plaguing an animal not to be lost; so he went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he contrived to fix upon the poor beast's tail, and then setting Tiger at him, he was extremely delighted to see the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who, while he was baying and biting the animal's heels, received so severe a kick upon his forehead, that he fell dead upon the spot.

The Boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greatest unconcern, when he saw what had happened, and finding himself hungry, sat down by the way-side to eat his dinner.

He had not been long there, before a poor blind man came groping his way out with a couple of sticks. "Good morning to you, gaffer," said the Boy; "pray did you see a little girl come this road, with a basket of eggs upon her head, dressed in a green gown, with a straw hat upon her head?" "God bless you, master," said the beggar, "I am so blind that I can see nothing; I have been blind these twenty years, and they call me poor old blind Richard."

Though this poor man was such an object of charity and compassion, yet the little Boy determined as usual, to play him some trick; and, as he was a great liar and hypocrite, he spoke to him thus: "Poor old Richard! I am sorry for you with all my heart; I am just eating my breakfast, and if you will sit down by me, I will give you part, and feed you myself." "Thank you with all my heart," said the poor man; "and if you will give me your hand, I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear, good little master!" The little Boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet mud that lay by the road side. "There," said he, "now you are nicely seated, and I will feed you." So, taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth; but the man, who now perceived the trick that had been played him, made a sudden snap at the boy's fingers, and getting them between his teeth, bit them so severely, that the little rascal roared out for mercy, and promised never more to be guilty of such wickedness. At last, after he had put him to very severe pain, the blind man consented to let him go, saying as he went, "Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to harm those who have never injured you, and to want to add to the sufferings of poor men who are already sufficiently miserable? Although you escape now, be assured, that if you do not repent and mend your manners, you will meet with a severe punishment for your bad behaviour."



One would think, that this severe lesson would have cured the boy entirely of his mischievous disposition; but unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far, before he saw a lame beggar who just made a shift to support himself by means of a couple of sticks. The beggar asked the little Boy to give him something, and the little mischievous wretch, pulling out his sixpence, threw it down just before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but, while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked Boy knocked the stick away, so that the beggar fell down upon his face; and then snatching up the sixpence, the Boy ran away, laughing very heartily at the accident.

This was the last trick this ungracious boy had it in his power to play; for, seeing two men come up to the beggar, and enter into conversation with him, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran as fast as he was able over several fields. At last he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence, a large dog seized him by the leg, and held him fast. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought out the farmer, who called the dog off, but seized the Boy very roughly, saying, "So! sir, you are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come day after day and steal my apples, without detection; but it seems you are mistaken, and now you shall receive the punishment you have so long deserved." The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand, and the Boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked him who he was, and where he lived; but when he heard his name, he cried out, "What, are you the little rascal that frightened my sheep this morning, so that several of them are lost; and do you think to escape?" Saying this, he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turned him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten sheep again if he liked the consequences.

The little Boy slunk away, crying very bitterly, for he had been very severely beaten; and now began to find that no one can continue to hurt others with impunity; so he determined to go quietly home, and behave better for the future.

But his sufferings were not yet at an end, for, as he jumped down from a stile, he felt himself very roughly seized; and looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he cried, entreated, and begged pardon; the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thrashed him very severely with his stick, before he would part with him. The boy now again went on, crying and roaring with pain, but at least expecting to escape without farther damage. He was mistaken, however; for walking slowly through a lane, he turned a corner and found himself in the middle of the very troop of boys he had used so ill in the morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw their enemy in their power without his dog, and began persecuting him in a thousand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him; some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to escape; they were still at his heels, and surrounding him on every side, continued their persecutions. At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to come up to the same jackass he had seen in the morning; and making a sudden spring, jumped upon his back, hoping thus to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts; and the ass, frightened at the noise, began galloping with all his might, and presently bore his rider from the reach of his enemies. But the ill-natured Boy had little reason to rejoice at this escape; for he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being thrown off, and dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time, the ass on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury that the little Boy was thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall. His cries immediately brought



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





## CHAPTER VI.

**THE BOYS DETERMINE TO BUILD A HOUSE—THEIR METHOD OF PROCEEDING—STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK—THE HOUSE BLOWN DOWN—THE MISFORTUNE REMEDIED—PLACING THE ROOF—THE CROCODILE.**

When the story was ended, Tommy said it was very surprising to see how differently the two little boys fared. The one little boy was good-natured; and therefore everything he met became his friend, and assisted him in return; the other, who was ill-natured, made everything his enemy, and therefore he met with nothing but misfortunes and vexations, and nobody seemed to feel any compassion for him, excepting the poor little girl that assisted him at last; which was very kind indeed of her, considering how ill she had been used.

“That is very true indeed,” said Mr. Barlow; “nobody is

loved in this world, unless he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but one time or other he may want the assistance of the meanest and lowest, therefore every sensible man will behave well to everything around him; he will behave well, because it is his duty to do it, because every benevolent person feels the greatest pleasure in doing good, and even because it is his own interest to make as many friends as possible. No one can tell, however secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now infinitely below him. I could show you a story to that purpose; but you have read enough, and therefore you must now go out and take some exercise."

"Oh! pray, sir," said Tommy "do let me hear the story; I think I could now read for ever, without being tired." "No," said Mr. Barlow, "everything has its turn. Tomorrow you shall read, but now we must work in the garden." "Then pray, Sir," said Tommy, "may I ask a favour of you?" "Surely," answered Mr. Barlow; "if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleasure than to grant it." "Why, then," said Tommy, "I have been thinking that a man should know how to do everything in the world." Mr. B. Very right; the more knowledge he acquires the better. T. And therefore Harry and I are going to build a house. Mr. B. To build a house? Well, and have you laid in a sufficient quantity of bricks and mortar? "No, no," said Tommy, smiling; "Harry and I can build houses without bricks and mortar." Mr. B. What are they to be made of then—cards? "Dear sir," answered Tommy, "do you think we are such little children as to want card houses? No; we are going to build real houses, fit for people to live in. And then, you know, if ever we should be thrown upon a desert coast, as the poor men were, we shall be able to supply ourselves with necessaries, till some ship comes to take us away." Mr. B. And if no ship should come, what then? T. Why then we must stay there all our lives, I am afraid. Mr. B. If you wish to prepare yourselves for such an event, you are very right, for nobody knows what

may happen to him in this world. What is it, then, you want to make your house? T. The first thing we want, sir, is wood, and a hatchet. Mr. B. Wood you shall have in plenty; but did you ever use a hatchet? T. No sir. Mr. B. Then I am afraid to let you have one, because it is a very dangerous kind of tool; and if you are not expert in the use of it, you may wound yourself severely. But if you will let me know what you want, I, who am stronger and more expert, will take the hatchet and cut down the wood for you. "Thank you sir," said Tommy; "you are very good indeed." And away Harry and he ran to the copse at the bottom of the garden.

Mr. Barlow went to work, and presently, by Harry's direction, cut down several poles about as thick as a man's wrist, and about eight feet long; these he sharpened at the end, that they might run into the ground; and so eager were the two little boys at the business, that in a very short time they had transported all to the bottom of the garden; and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greatest eagerness.

"Now," said Mr. Barlow, "where will you fix your house?" "Here, I think," answered Tommy, "just at the bottom of this hill, because it will be warm and sheltered."

So Harry took the stakes, and began to thrust them into the ground, at about the distance of a foot from each other, and in this manner he enclosed a piece of ground about ten feet long, and eight feet wide, leaving an opening in the middle, of three feet wide, for a door. After this was done, they gathered up the brushwood that was cut off, and, by Harry's direction, they interwove it between the poles, in such a way as to form a compact kind of fence. This labour, as may be imagined, took them some time; however, they worked at it very hard every day, and every day the work advanced; which filled Tommy's heart with so much pleasure, that he thought himself the happiest little boy in the universe.

But this employment did not make Tommy unmindful of the story which Mr. Barlow had promised him. It was to this effect:—

## THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

It is much to be lamented that different nations are so often engaged in bloody wars with each other; and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they confine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The enmity that has often been between many of the Italian states, particularly the Venetians, and the Turks, is sufficiently known.

It once happened, that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and, according to the barbarous customs I have mentioned, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. One of the slaves lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet (for that was the name of the slave), and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good-nature and compassion, always saluted him with the greatest courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a fancy to the slave, that he would visit him several times in the day, and take him such little presents as he had it in his power to make, and which he thought would be of use to his friend.

But though Hamet seemed always to take delight in the innocent caresses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that the Turk was frequently extremely sorrowful; and he often surprised him on a sudden when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight, that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, and besides, had observed that he seldom requested anything which was not generous and humane, determined to see the Turk himself, and talk to him.

Accordingly, he went to him the next day ; and, observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the appearance of mildness and honesty which his countenance indicated. At length, he said to him, "Are you that Hamet of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk?" "Yes," said the Turk, "I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive; during that time, your son is the only human being who seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray to that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer."

"Indeed, Hamet," said the Merchant, "he is much obliged to you, although, from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me—for I wish to do you good—in what can I assist you? My son informs me, that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow."

"Is it wonderful," answered the Turk, while a glow of generous indignation suddenly animated his countenance, "is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the first and noblest present of nature—my liberty?" "And yet," answered the Venetian, "how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters!"

"I am not answerable," said the Turk, "for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures; I have never spoiled the Venetian merchants of their property to increase my riches; I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore my fate is the more severe." Here a tear started from his eye, and wetted his manly cheek; instantly, however, he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, "God is good; and man must submit to His decrees."



The Venetian was affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, and said—"Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty?" "What would I do!" answered Hamet; "by the eternal Majesty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man!" "Nay," answered the Merchant, "you will not be exposed to a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance." "Name them! name them!" cried the impatient Hamet; "place death before me in every horrid shape—and if I shrink——"

"Patience," answered the Merchant, "we shall be observed. But hear me attentively. I have in this city an inveterate foe, who has heaped upon me every injury which can most bitterly sting the heart of man. This man is as brave as he is haughty; and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you were born for manly daring. Take this dagger; as soon as the shades of night surround the city, I will myself conduct you to the place, where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom."

At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and passion for a considerable time deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried, with an indignant voice, "Mighty prophet! and are these the wretches to whom you permit your faithful votaries to be enslaved! Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin for all the wealth of Venice!—no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race!"

At these words, the Merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him; but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. "However," added he, as he turned his back, "you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by

to-morrow you may change your mind." Hamet disdained to answer; and the Merchant went his way.

The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: "The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you, might perhaps astonish you; but I am now come to discourse on the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons—"

"Christian!" interrupted Hamet, with a severe but composed countenance, "cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permit such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mahometan; therefore, from this moment let us break off all farther intercourse, and be strangers to each other."

"No," answered the Merchant, seizing the hand of Hamet, "let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free; therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is as averse to deeds of treachery and blood, as is the heart of Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free. Thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice."

It is impossible to describe the ecstasies or the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will not attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactors. I will only add, that he was that day set free; and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Nor was it without the greatest



regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kindness had thus produced his freedom. He embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

About six months after this transaction, a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous Merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is the most profound, and none of the family perceived the fire till almost the whole building was involved in flames. The affrighted servants had just time to waken the Merchant and hurry him down stairs; and the instant he was down, the stair-

case itself gave way, and sank with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire.

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

The unhappy father now lost all consciousness, and sank down in a state of insensibility; when, in this dreadful moment of general suspense and agony, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders, with an intrepidity that showed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost; when, on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. A universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; and what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, on recovering his senses, he found his darling miraculously preserved, and safe within his arms?

After the first effusions of his tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shown a man of a noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and with features so begrimed with smoke and filth, that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with

courtesy, and, presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and promised that, the next day, he should receive to the utmost his promised reward. "No, generous Merchant," answered the stranger, "I do not sell my blood."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried the Merchant; "sure I should know that voice! It is—" "Yes," exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, "it is my Hamet!"

It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the Merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco; but, as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends; and when they were alone, he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enslaved a second time, adding a kind of reproach for his not informing his friends of his captivity.

"I bless God for that captivity," answered Hamet, "since it has given me an opportunity of showing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth, which I value a thousand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your galleys, his aged father shared his captivity; it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian who had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm. I added, too, the gold which I had received from your bounty—in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom; since that time I have staid here to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave——"

At this part of the story, Harry, who had with difficulty restrained himself before, burst into such a fit of crying, and Tommy himself was so much affected, that Mr. Barlow told them they had better leave off for the present, and go to some other employment. They therefore went into their garden to work again at their house; but found, to their unspeakable regret, that, during their absence, an accident had happened, which had entirely destroyed all their labours. A violent storm of wind and rain had risen that morning, which, blowing full against the walls of their newly-constructed house, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from crying when he saw the ruins lying around; but Harry, who bore the loss with more composure, told him not to mind it, for it could be easily repaired, and they would build the house stronger the next time.

Harry then went up to the spot, and after examining it some time, told Tommy that he believed he had found out the reason of their misfortune. "What is it?" said Tommy. "Why," said Harry, "it is only because we did not drive these stakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our house, far enough into the ground; and therefore, when the wind blew against the flat side of it with so much violence, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig to a considerable depth in the ground, to lay the foundation fast; and I should think that if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from any future storms."

Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys showed him their misfortune, and asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes further in would prevent such an accident for the future? Mr. Barlow told them he thought it would; and that, as they were too short to reach to the top of the stakes, he would assist them. He then went and brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the tops of the stakes, and drove them so fast into the ground, that there was no longer any danger

of their being shaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves with so much assiduity to their work, that in a very short time they had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before.

The next thing that was necessary to be done, was putting on a roof; for hitherto they had constructed nothing but the walls. For this purpose they took several other long poles, which they had laid across their building where it was most narrow; and upon these placed straw in considerable quantities, so that they now imagined they had constructed a house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again mistaken; for a very violent shower of rain coming just as they had finished their building, they took shelter in their house, and remarked for some time, with great pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them; but at last, the straw that covered it being completely soaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reason of the flatness of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities.

For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconvenience; but it increased so much, that they were soon obliged to leave the building, and seek for other shelter. They began again to consider the affair of the house; and Tommy said that they surely had not put straw enough upon it. "No," said Harry; "I think that cannot be the reason; I rather imagine that it must be owing to our roof lying so flat; for I have observed that all houses I have ever seen, have their roofs in a shelving posture, so that the wet continually runs off from them, and falls to the ground; whereas ours, being quite flat, detained almost all the rain that fell upon it, which must necessarily soak deeper and deeper into the straw, till it penetrated quite through."

They therefore agreed to remedy this defect; and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, one end of which they fastened to the side of the house, and let the other two ends meet in the middle; thus they formed a roof exactly like those we commonly see upon buildings; they also took several poles, which they tied

across the others, to keep them firm in their places, and give the roof additional strength; and, lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch; and for fear the thatch should be blown away, they stuck several pegs in different places, and put small pieces of stick crosswise from peg to peg, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable house; only the sides, being formed of brushwood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience, Harry, who was chief architect, procured some clay, and mixing it up with water to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, which excluded the wind and rendered the house much warmer than before.

Some time had now elapsed since the seeds of the wheat were sown, and they began to shoot so vigorously, that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increased every day in strength. Tommy went to look at it every morning, and remarked its gradual increase with the greatest satisfaction. "Now," said he to Harry, "I think we should soon be able to live, if we were upon a desert island. Here is a house to shelter us from the weather, and we shall soon have some corn for food." "Yes," answered Harry; "but there are a great many things still wanting to enable us to make bread."

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





assistance, he transplanted into the garden in the following manner. They both took their spades, and very carefully dug the trees up without injuring their roots; then they dug two large holes in the place where they chose the trees should stand, and very carefully broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie lightly on the roots; then the tree was placed in the middle of the hole, and Tommy held it upright, while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet, in order to cover them well. Lastly, he stuck a large stake in the ground, and tied the tree to it, for fear that the wintry wind might injure it, or perhaps entirely blow it out of the ground.

Nor did they end their labours here. There was a little spring of water, which burst forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the side of the hill in a small stream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for several days to form a new channel, to lead the water near the roots of their trees, for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might perish for want of moisture.

Mr. Barlow saw them employed in this manner with the greatest satisfaction. He told them that, in many parts of the world, the excessive heat burned up the ground so much that nothing would grow, unless the soil was watered in that manner. "There is," said he, "a country in particular, called Egypt, which is naturally watered in the following remarkable manner:—There is a great river called the Nile, which flows through the whole extent of the country; the river, at a particular time of the year, begins to overflow its banks, and, as the whole country is flat, the Nile very soon covers all the ground with its waters. These waters remain in this situation several weeks, before they have entirely drained off; and when that happens, they leave the soil so rich that every thing that is planted in it flourishes, and produces with the greatest abundance."

"Is not that the country, sir," said Harry, "where that cruel animal the crocodile is found?" "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow. "What is that, sir?" said Tommy. "It is an animal," answered Mr. Barlow, "that lives sometimes upon the land, sometimes in the water. It comes originally from an egg, which the old one lays, and buries in the sand. The heat of the sun then warms it during several days, and at last a young crocodile is hatched. This animal is at first very small; it has a long body and four short legs, which serve it both to walk with upon the land and to swim with in the waters. It has, besides, a long tail; or rather the body is extremely long, and gradually grows thinner, till it ends in a point. Its shape is exactly like that of a lizard; but as it grows older, it gradually becomes bigger, till at last, as I have been informed, it reaches the length of twenty or thirty feet." "That is very large," said Tommy; "and does it do any harm?" "Yes," said Mr. Barlow; "it is a very voracious animal, and devours everything it can seize. It frequently comes out of the water, and lives upon the shore, where it resembles a large log of wood; and if any animal unguardedly comes near, it snaps at it on a sudden, and, if it can catch the poor creature, devours it." T. And does it never devour men? Mr. B. Sometimes, if it surprises them; but those who



are accustomed to meet with crocodiles frequently, easily escape. They run round in a circle, or turn short on a sudden, so that the animal is left far behind; because, although he can run tolerably fast in a straight line, the great length of his body prevents him from turning with ease. T. This must be a very dreadful animal to meet with. Is it possible for a man to defend himself against it? Mr. B. Everything is possible to those who have courage and coolness; therefore many of the inhabitants of those countries carry long spears in their hands, in order to defend themselves from those animals. The crocodile opens his wide voracious jaws to devour the man; but the man takes this opportunity, and thrusts the point of his spear into the creature's mouth, and manages generally to kill it upon the spot. Nay, I have even heard that some will carry their hardiness so far as to go into the water, in order to fight the crocodile there. They take a large splinter of wood, about a foot in length, strong in the middle, and sharpened at both ends; to this they tie a long and tough cord. The man who intends to fight the crocodile takes this piece of wood in his right hand, and goes into the river, where he wades about till one of these creatures perceives him. As soon as that happens, the

crocodile comes up to him to seize him, extending a pair of horrid jaws, armed with several rows of pointed teeth; but the man, with the greatest intrepidity, waits for his enemy, and the instant the crocodile approaches, thrusts his hand, armed with the splinter of wood, into his terrible mouth, which the creature closes directly, and thus forces the sharp points into each of his jaws, where they stick fast. He is then incapable of doing harm, and they pull him to the shore by the cord. "Pray, sir," said Tommy, "is this dreadful animal capable of being tamed?" "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow; "I believe, as I have before told you, there is scarcely any animal that may not be rendered mild and inoffensive by good usage. In several parts of Egypt tame crocodiles are kept; these animals, though of the largest size, never do harm to anything, but suffer every one to approach them, and even little children to play about them, and ride securely upon their enormous backs."

This account interested Tommy very much. He thanked Mr. Barlow for giving him this description of the crocodile, and said he should like to see every animal in the world. "That," answered Mr. Barlow, "will be extremely difficult, as almost every country produces some kind which is not found in other parts of the world; but if you will be contented to read the descriptions of them which have been written, you may easily gratify your curiosity."

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## CHAPTER VII.

TOMMY AND THE FARMER'S WIFE—TOMMY'S GENEROSITY—CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK—A TALK ABOUT ANIMALS.

It happened, about this time, that Tommy and Harry rose early one morning, and went to take a long walk before breakfast, as they used frequently to do; they rambled so far, that at last they both found themselves tired, and sat down under a hedge to rest. While they were here, a very clean and decently dressed woman passed by, and seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, stopped to look at

them. After considering them attentively; she said, "You seem, my little dears, to be either tired, or to have lost your way." "No, madam," said Harry, "we have not lost our way, but we have walked farther than usual this morning, and we wait here a little while to rest ourselves." "Well," said the woman, "if you will come into my little house, that you see a few yards farther on, you may sit more comfortably; and as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk."

Tommy, who was by this time extremely hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept the good woman's invitation; so they both followed her to a small but clean-looking farm house, which stood at a little distance. Here they entered a very clean kitchen, furnished with very plain but convenient furniture, and were asked to sit down by a warm and comfortable fire, made of turf. Tommy, who had never seen such a fire, could not help inquiring about it. The good woman told him that poor people like herself were unable to purchase coals; "therefore," said she, "we go and pare the surface of the common, which is full of grass, and heath, and other plants, with their roots all matted together; these we dry in small pieces by leaving them exposed to the summer's sun, and then we bring them home, and put them under the cover of a shed and use them for our fires." "But," said Tommy, "I should think you would hardly have fire enough by these means to dress your dinner; for I have by accident been in my father's kitchen when they were cooking the dinner, and I saw a fire that blazed up to the very top of the chimney." The poor woman smiled at this, and said, "Your father, I suppose, master, is some rich man who has a great dinner to dress, but we poor people must be more easily contented." "Why," said Tommy, "you must at least want to roast meat every day." "No," said the poor woman, "we seldom see roast beef in our house, but we are very well contented if we can have a bit of fat pork every day, boiled in a pot with turnips; and we bless God that we fare so well, for there are many poor souls, who are as good as we, that can scarcely get a morsel of dry bread."

While they were conversing in this manner, a clean little girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large slice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate with so good a relish, that he thought he had never made a better breakfast in his life.

When Harry and he had eaten their breakfast, Tommy found it was time they should return home; so he thanked the good woman for her kindness, and, putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a shilling, which he asked her to accept. "No, God bless you, my little dear!" said the woman, "I will not take a farthing of you for the world. Though my husband and I are poor, yet we are able to get a living by our labour, and to give a mess of milk to a traveller without hurting ourselves."

Tommy thanked her again, and was just going away, when a couple of surly-looking men came in, and asked the woman "if her name was Tosset?" "Yes it is," said the woman; "I have never been ashamed of it." "Why, then," said one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "here is an execution against you, on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your husband does not instantly discharge the debt, with interest and all costs, amounting altogether to the sum of thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, we shall take an inventory of all you have, and proceed to sell it by auction for the discharge of the debt."

"Indeed," said the poor woman, looking a little confused; "this must certainly be a mistake, for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff in all my life, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord; and I know that he has almost made up half a year's rent for him; so that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man." "No, no, mistress," said the man, shaking his head, "we know our business too well to make these kind of mistakes; but when your husband comes in, we'll talk with him; in the meantime we must go on with our inventory."

The two men then went into the next room, and immediately after, a stout, comely-looking man, about forty years of age came in, with a good-humoured countenance, and asked if his breakfast was ready? "Oh! my poor dear



William," said the woman, "here is a sad breakfast for you; but I think it cannot be true that you owe anything—so what the fellows told me must be false about Richard Gruff." At this name the man started, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became pale as a sheet. "Surely," said the woman, "it cannot be true, that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff?" "Indeed," answered the man, "I do not know the exact sum; but when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors seized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to jail, had not I agreed to be surety for him, which enabled him to go to sea, He indeed promised to remit his wages to me, to prevent my getting

into any trouble upon that account ; but you know it is now three years since he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing about him." "Then," said the woman, bursting into tears, "you, and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother ; for here are two bailiffs in the house, who are come to take possession of all you have, and to sell it."

At this the man's face became red as scarlet ; and seizing an old sword which hung over the chimney, he cried out, "No, it shall not be, I will die first ; I will make these villains know what it is to make honest men desperate." He then drew the sword, and was going out in a fit of madness, which might have proved fatal either to himself or to the bailiffs, but his wife flung herself upon her knees before him, and catching hold of his legs, besought him to be more composed. "Oh ! for Heaven's sake, my dear, dear husband," said she, "consider what you are doing ! You can do neither me nor your children any good by this violence ; instead of that, if you kill either of these men, will it not be murder ? and should we not be a thousand times worse off than we are at present ?"

This remonstrance seemed to have some effect upon the farmer ; his children, too, although too young to understand the cause of all this confusion, gathered round him, and hung about him, sobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry, too, although a stranger to the poor man before, yet with the tenderest sympathy took him by the hand, and bathed it with his tears. At length, softened and overcome by the sorrows of those he loved so well, and by his own cooler reflections, he resigned the fatal instrument, and sat down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only saying, "The will of God be done !"

Tommy had beheld this affecting scene with the greatest attention, although he had not said a word ; and now, beckoning Harry away, he went silently out of the house, and took the road which led to Mr. Barlow's. While he was on the way, he seemed to be so full of the scene which he had just witnessed, that he did not open his lips ; but when he came home, he instantly went to Mr. Barlow, and



requested to be sent home to his father's. Mr. Barlow stared at the request, and asked him what was the occasion of his being so suddenly tired with his residence at the vicarage? "Sir," answered Tommy, "I am not the least tired, I assure you; you have been extremely kind to me, and I shall always remember it with the greatest gratitude; but I want to see my father immediately, and I am sure, when you come to know the occasion, you will not disapprove of it." Mr. Barlow did not press him any farther, but ordered a careful servant to saddle a horse directly, and take Tommy home before him.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely surprised and overjoyed at the sight of their son, who thus unexpectedly arrived at home; but Tommy, whose mind was full of the project he had formed, as soon as he had answered their first questions, accosted his father thus: "Pray, sir, will you be angry with me, if I ask you a great favour?" "No, surely," said Mr. Merton, "that I will not." "Why then," said Tommy, "as I have often heard you say that you were very rich, and that, if I was good, I should be rich too, will you give me some money?" "Money!" said Mr. Merton, "yes to be sure; how much do you want?" "Why, sir," said Tommy, "I want a very large sum indeed." "Perhaps a guinea," answered Mr. Merton. TOMMY. No, sir, a great deal more, a great many guineas. MR. MERTON. Let us see, however. T. Why, sir, I want at least forty pounds. "Mercy on the boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton; "surely Mr. Barlow must have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before. T. Indeed, madam, Mr. Barlow knows nothing about the matter. "But," said Mr. Merton, "what can such an urchin as you want with such a large sum of money?" "Sir," answered Tommy, "that is a secret; but I am sure, when you come to hear it, you will approve of the use I intend to make of it." Mr. M. That I very much doubt. T. But, sir, if you please, you may let me have this money, and I will pay you again by degrees. Mr. M. How will you ever be able to pay me such a sum? T. Why, sir, you know you are so kind as frequently to give me new clothes and pocket money; now, if you will

only let me have this money, I will neither want new clothes, nor anything else, till you have made it up. Mr. M. But what can such a child as you want with all this money? T. Pray, sir, wait a few days, and you shall know; and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live."

Mr. Merton was extremely struck with the earnestness with which his son persevered in his request; and, as he was at once rich and liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply. He accordingly went and fetched Tommy the money he asked for, and put it into his hands; telling him at the same time, that he expected to be acquainted with the use to which it was put; and that if he was not satisfied with the account, he would never trust him again. Tommy appeared in ecstasies at the confidence reposed in him, and, after thanking his father for his extraordinary goodness, he asked leave to go back again with Mr. Barlow's servant.

When he arrived at Mr. Barlow's, his first proceeding was to ask Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's house. Thither the two little boys went with the greatest expedition; and, on entering the house, found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. But Tommy, who had hitherto suppressed his feelings, finding himself now enabled to execute the project he had formed, went up to the good woman of the house, who sat sobbing in a corner of the room, and taking her gently by the hand, said, "My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and therefore I am determined to be kind to you in return." "God bless you, my little master," said the woman, "you are very welcome to what you had; but you are not able to do anything to relieve our distress." "How do you know that?" said Tommy, "perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine." "Alas!" answered the woman, "I believe you would do all you could; but all our goods will be seized and sold unless we can immediately raise the sum of forty pounds; and that is impossible, for we have no earthly friend to assist us; therefore my poor babes and I must soon be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from starving."



'Tommy's little heart was too much affected to keep the woman longer in suspense; therefore, pulling out his bag of money, he poured it into her lap, saying, "Here my good woman, take this, and pay your debts, and God bless you and your children!"

It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor woman at the sight. She stared wildly round her, and upon her little benefactor, and clasping her hands together in an agony of gratitude and feeling, she fell back in her chair with a kind of convulsive motion. Her husband, who was in the next room, seeing her in this condition, ran up to her, and catching her in his arms, asked her with the greatest tenderness, what was the matter; but she, springing on a sudden from his embraces, threw herself upon her knees before the little boy, sobbing and blessing him with a broken, inarticulate voice, embracing his knees and kissing his feet. The husband, who did not know what had happened imagined that his wife had lost her senses; and the little

children, who had before been skulking about the room, ran up to their mother, pulling her by the gown and hiding their faces in her bosom. But the woman, at the sight of them, seemed to recollect herself, and cried out, "Poor creatures, who must all have been starved without the assistance of this little angel, why do you not join with me in thanking him?" At this the husband said, "Surely Mary, you must have lost your senses. What can this young gentleman do for us?" "Oh! William," said the woman, "I am not mad, though I may appear so; but look here, William, look what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder that I should be wild." Saying this, she held up the money, and at the sight her husband looked as wild and astonished as she. But Tommy went up to the man, and taking him by the hand, said, "My good friend you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you, and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe, and to preserve these poor little children." But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with silent dignity, now burst into tears and sobbed like his wife and children; and Tommy, who began to be pained with this excess of gratitude, went silently out of the house, followed by Harry—and before the poor family perceived what was become of him, was out of sight.

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

#### CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

When Hamet had thus finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation of his mind, and, after saying everything that gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded by pressing the Turk to accept

the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused with the greatest respect, but with a generous disdain; and told his friend that, in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. "You were," said he, "my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred; that life would have been well bestowed had it been lost in your service; but since Providence had otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been instrumental in the preservation of your happiness."

But though the disinterestedness of Hamet made him underrate his own exertions, the Merchant could not remain contented, without showing his gratitude by all the means in his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country; he and his son then embraced their preserver with all the affection that gratitude could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

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

It happened about this time that some business made it necessary for the young Francisco and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city; and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was on the point of sailing. They set sail with favourable winds, and every appearance of a happy passage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish corsair (a ship purposely fitted out for war) was seen bearing down upon them; and as the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness,

they soon found it was impossible to escape. The majority of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel were struck with consternation; but the young Francisco, drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke, intermixed with transitory flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap with horrid shouts upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew, headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter among the Turks was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually sheering off. The Venetians beheld the flight of their enemies with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their own successful valour and merited escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them before the wind, with incredible swiftness. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when, on the nearer approach of these ships, the Venetians discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility either of resistance or escape. They therefore lowered their flag (the sign of surrendering their ship), and in an instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

All who remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis.

They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out one by one, according to their apparent strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank; and, after glancing his eye over the captives with an expression of compassion, he fixed them at last upon young



Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man? The captain answered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for his captive. "That," said the Turk, "is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those who much exceed him in vigour, for less than a fifth part of that sum." "Yes," answered the captain, "but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar." "What damage," persisted the other, "can he have done you more than all the rest whom you have prized so cheaply?" "He it was," replied the captain, "who animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my brave sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a

fury that seemed irresistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool, determined opposition, that we were obliged to retreat ingloriously, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley."

At this the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground, in sullen silence, now lifted them up; but scarcely had he beheld the person who was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet! The Turk, with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then, catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child. It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment in his garment, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; then, recollecting himself, he raised his arms to heaven, and blessed that Providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor. He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood waiting for his fate with a manly, mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire; and, ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted the captive merchant and his son to his own magnificent house in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians that, when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that, having had the good fortune to distinguish himself on several occasions, he had gradually been promoted through various offices to the dignity of Bashaw of Tunis. "Since I have enjoyed this post," added he, "there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the



power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives which brings with it any of these sufferers, I constantly visit the markets and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty. And gracious Allah has shown that he approves of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men."

During ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, who put in practice every thing in his power to please and interest them; but when he found they were desirous of returning home, he told them he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day, in a ship which was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow he dismissed them, with many embraces, and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were considerably increased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew, were redeemed, and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed; continually mindful of the vicissitude of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

When this story was concluded, Mr. Barlow and his pupils went out to walk upon the high road. They had not gone far, before they encountered three men, who seemed each to lead a large and shaggy beast by a string, followed by a crowd of boys and women, whom the novelty of the sight had drawn together. On a nearer approach, Mr. Barlow discovered that the beasts were three tame bears, led by as many Savoyards, who got their living by exhibiting them. Upon the head of each of these formidable animals was seated a monkey, who grinned and

chattered, and, by his strange grimaces, excited the mirth of the whole assembly. Tommy, who had never before seen one of these creatures, was very much surprised and entertained, and still more so, when he saw the animal rise upon his hind legs at the word of command, and dance about in a strange, uncouth manner, to the sound of music.

After having satisfied themselves with this spectacle, they proceeded on their way, and Tommy asked Mr. Barlow whether a bear was an animal easily tamed, and if it did mischief in those places where it was found wild?

"The bear," replied Mr. Barlow, "is not an animal quite so formidable or destructive as a lion or a tiger; he is, however, somewhat dangerous, and will frequently devour women and children, and even men, when he has an opportunity. These creatures are generally found in cold climates, and it is observed that the colder the climate is the larger and fiercer do the beasts become. In those Northern countries, which are perpetually covered with snow and ice, a species of bear is found, white in colour, and of amazing strength and fierceness. These animals are often seen clambering over the huge pieces of ice that almost cover those seas, and preying upon fish and other sea animals. I remember reading an account of one that came unexpectedly upon some sailors who were boiling their dinners on the shore. This creature had two young ones with her; and the sailors, as you may easily imagine, did not like such dangerous guests, but made their escape immediately to the ship. The old bear then seized upon the meat which the sailors had left, and set it before her cubs, reserving a very small portion for herself; showing by this, that she took a much greater interest in their welfare than her own. But the sailors, enraged at the loss of their dinners, levelled their muskets at the cubs, and, from the ship, shot them both dead. They also wounded the dam, who was fetching away another piece of flesh, but not mortally, so that she was still able to move. It would have affected any but a brutal mind with pity (says the story) to see the behaviour of this poor beast



towards her young ones, all wounded and bleeding as she was. Though she was sorely hurt, and could scarcely crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had in her mouth, as she had taken the preceding ones, and laid it down before them; and when she observed that they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other of her dead cubs, and endeavoured to raise them up, all the while making the most pitiful moans. When she found that they did not stir, she went away to a little distance, and then looked back and moaned, as if to entice them to her; but finding them still immoveable, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She then went off a second time, as before, and, after crawling a few yards, turned back and moaned, as if to entreat them not to desert their mother. But her cubs not yet rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went first round one, and then round the other, pawing them

and moaning all the time. Finding them at last cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and began to growl in an indignant manner, as if she were denouncing vengeance against the murderers of her young; but the sailors levelled their muskets again, and wounded her in so many places, that she dropped down between her young ones; yet, even while she was expiring, she seemed sensible only to their fate, and died licking their wounds."

While Mr. Barlow and his pupils were conversing in this manner, they beheld a crowd of women and children running away in the greatest trepidation; and, looking behind them, saw that one of the bears had broken his chain, and was running after them, growling all the time in a very disagreeable manner. Mr. Barlow, who had a good stick in his hand, and was a man of an intrepid character, perceiving this, bade his pupils remain quiet, and instantly ran up to the bear, who stopped in the middle of his career, and seemed inclined to attack Mr. Barlow for his interference; but this gentleman struck him two or three blows, rating him at the same time in a loud and severe tone of voice, and seizing the end of the chain with equal boldness and dexterity. The animal quietly submitted, and suffered himself to be taken prisoner. Presently the keeper of the bear came up; and Mr. Barlow consigned the beast into his hands, charging him for the future to be more careful in guarding so dangerous a creature.

While this was doing, the boys had remained quiet spectators at a distance; but, by accident, the monkey, who used to be perched upon the head of the bear, and was shaken off when the beast broke loose, came running that way, playing a thousand antic tricks as he passed. Tommy, who was determined not to be outdone by Mr. Barlow, ran very resolutely up, and seized a string, which was tied round the loins of the animal; but the monkey, not choosing to be taken prisoner, instantly snapped at Tommy's arm and almost made his teeth meet in the fleshy part of it. Yet Tommy, who was now greatly improved in courage and in the use of his limbs, instead of letting his enemy escape, began thrashing him very severely with the stick

he held in his hand, till the monkey, seeing he had so resolute an antagonist to deal with, desisted from opposition, and suffered himself to be led captive like his friend the bear.

Returning home, Tommy asked Mr. Barlow whether he did not think it very dangerous to meddle with such an animal when it was loose? Mr. Barlow replied it was not without danger, but the risk was much smaller than most people would imagine. "Most animals," said he, "are easily awed by the appearance of intrepidity, while they are invited to pursue by marks of fear and apprehension." "That, I believe, is very true," answered Harry; "for I have very often observed the behaviour of dogs to each other. When two strange dogs meet, they generally approach each other with caution, as if they were mutually afraid; but as sure as either of them runs away, the other will pursue him with the greatest insolence and fury." "This is not confined to dogs," replied Mr. Barlow; "almost all wild beasts are subject to receive the sudden impression of terror; and therefore men, who have been obliged to travel without arms, through forests that abound with dangerous animals, have frequently escaped unhurt, by shouting aloud whenever they met with any of them on their way; but what I chiefly depended on was, the education which the bear had received since he left his own country."

As Mr. Barlow was talking in this manner, he perceived that Tommy's arm was bloody; and enquiring into the reason, he heard the history of his pupil's adventure with the monkey. Mr. Barlow then looked at the wound, which he found of no great consequence, and told Tommy that he was sorry for his accident, and imagined that he was now too courageous to be daunted by a trifling hurt. Tommy assured him he was, and proceeded to ask some questions concerning the nature of the monkey, which Mr. Barlow answered in the following manner: "The Monkey is a very extraordinary animal, which closely resembles a man in shape and appearance, as perhaps you may have observed. He is found in countries, the forests of which, in many parts of the world, are filled with innumerable bands of

these animals. He is extremely active, and, instead of fore legs, has arms like those of a man; these he not only uses to walk upon, but frequently to climb trees, to hang by the branches, and to take hold of his food. He lives upon almost every species of wild fruit found in those countries where he dwells, so that it is necessary he should be continually scrambling up and down the highest trees, in order to procure himself a subsistence. Nor is he contented always with the diet which he finds in the forest where he makes his residence. Large bands of these creatures will frequently sally out to plunder the gardens in the neighbourhood, and many wonderful stories are told of their ingenuity and contrivance." "What are these?" said Tommy. "It is said," answered Mr. Barlow, "that they proceed with all the caution and regularity which could be found in men themselves. Some of these animals are placed as spies to give notice to the rest, in case any human being should approach the garden; and, should that happen, one of the sentinels informs them by a peculiar chattering, and they all escape in an instant." "I can easily believe that," answered Harry, "for I have observed, that when a flock of rooks alight upon a farmer's field of corn, two or three of them always take their station upon the highest tree they can find; and if any one approaches, they instantly give notice by their cawing, and all the rest take wing directly, and fly away." "But," answered Mr. Barlow, "the monkeys are said to be yet more ingenious in their thefts, for they station some of their body at a short distance from each other, in a line that reaches quite from the forest they inhabit to the particular garden they wish to plunder. When this is done, several of them mount the fairest fruit trees, and, picking the fruit, throw it down to their companions who stand below; these again cast it to others at a little distance; and thus it flies from hand to hand till it is safely deposited in the woods or mountains whence they came. When they are taken very young, monkeys are easily tamed; but they always retain a great disposition to mischief, as well as to imitate everything they see done by men. Many ridiculous



stories are told of them in this respect. I have heard of a monkey which resided in a gentleman's family, and frequently observed its master undergo the operation of shaving. The imitative animal one day took it into its head to turn barber, and, seizing in one hand a cat that lived in the same house, and in the other a bottle of ink, it carried her up to the top of a very fine marble staircase. The servants were all attracted by the screams of the cat, who did not relish the operation which was going forward; and, running out, were equally surprised and amused to see the monkey gravely seated upon the landing-place of the stairs, and holding the cat fast in one of his paws, while with the other he continually applied ink to pussy's face, rubbing it all over, just as he had observed the barber do to his master. Whenever the cat struggled to escape, the monkey gave her a pat with his paw, chattering all the time, and making the most ridiculous grimaces; and when she was

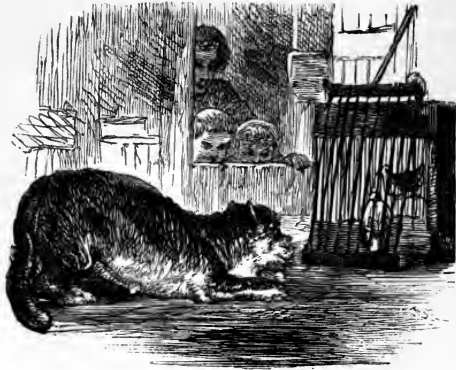
quiet, he applied himself to his bottle, and continued the operation. But I have heard a more tragic story of the imitative genius of these animals. One of them lived in a fortified town, and used frequently to run up and down upon the ramparts, where he had observed the gunner discharge the great guns that defended the town. One day he got possession of the lighted match with which the man used to perform his business; and, applying it to the touch-hole of a gun, he ran to the mouth of it to see the explosion; but the cannon, which happened to be loaded, instantly went off, and blew the poor monkey into a thousand pieces."

When they came to Mr. Barlow's, they found Master Merton's servant and horses waiting to take him home. When he arrived there, he was received with the greatest joy and tenderness by his parents; but though he gave them an account of everything else that had happened, he did not say a word about the money he had given to the farmer. But the next day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Tommy went together to the parish church; which they had scarcely entered when a general whisper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were in an instant turned upon the little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were very much astonished at this, but they forbore making any remark until the end of the service; then, as they were going out of the church together, Mr. Merton asked his son what could be the reason of the general attention which he excited at his entrance into church? Tommy had no time to answer; for at that instant a very decent-looking woman ran up and threw herself at his feet, calling him her guardian angel and preserver, and praying that Heaven would shower down upon his head all the blessings which he deserved. It was some time before Mr. and Mrs. Merton could understand the nature of this extraordinary scene; but when they at length understood the secret of their son's generosity, they seemed to be scarcely less affected than the woman herself; and shedding tears of transport and affection, they embraced their son, without attending to the crowd that surrounded them; but immediately



recollecting themselves, they took their leave of the poor woman, and hurried to their coach, full of joy and thankfulness for this good feature in their little boy's character





## CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER—THE ROBIN AND THE CAT—ACCOUNT OF THE LAPLANDERS—  
HISTORY OF A SURPRISING CURE OF THE GOUT.

THE summer had now completely passed away, and the winter had set in with unusual severity. The water was all frozen into a solid mass of ice; the earth was bare of food, and the little birds, that used to chirp with gladness, seemed to lament in silence the inclemency of the weather. Tommy was one day surprised to find a pretty bird flying about the chamber in which he was reading. He immediately went down stairs and informed Mr. Barlow of the circumstance. That gentleman, after he had seen the bird, told him that it was called a Robin Redbreast, and that it was naturally more tame and disposed to cultivate the society of men than any other species; "Moreover, at present," added he, "the little fellow is in want of food, because the earth is too hard to furnish him any subsistence, and hunger inspires him with this unusual boldness." "Why, then, sir," said Tommy, "if you will give me leave, I will fetch a piece of bread and feed him." "Do so," answered Mr. Barlow;

“but first set the window open, that he may see you do not intend to take him prisoner.” Tommy accordingly opened his window; and scattering a few crumbs of bread about the room, had the satisfaction of seeing his guest hop down, and make a very hearty meal; he then flew out of the room, and settled upon a neighbouring tree, singing all the time, as if to return thanks for the hospitality he had received.

Tommy was greatly delighted with his new acquaintance; and from that time never failed to set his window open every morning, and scatter some crumbs about the room; perceiving which, the bird hopped fearlessly in, and regaled himself under the protection of his benefactor. By degrees, the intimacy increased so much, that little Robin would alight on Tommy's shoulder, and whistle his notes in that situation, or eat out of his benefactor's hand; all which gave Tommy so much satisfaction, that he would frequently call Mr. Barlow and Harry to be witness of his favourite's caresses; nor did he ever eat his own meals without reserving a part for his little friend.

It happened, however, that one day Tommy went up stairs after dinner, intending to feed his bird, as usual; but as soon as he opened the door of his chamber, he saw a sight that pierced him to the very heart. His little innocent friend and companion lay dead upon the floor, torn in pieces; and a large cat, taking the opportunity of Tommy's entrance to escape, soon directed his suspicions towards the murderer. Tommy instantly ran down with tears in his eyes, to relate the unfortunate death of his favourite to Mr. Barlow, and to demand vengeance against the wicked cat that had occasioned it. Mr. Barlow heard him with great compassion, but asked, what punishment he wished to inflict upon the cat?

TOMMY. Oh! sir, nothing can be too bad for that cruel animal. I would have her killed, as she killed the poor bird.

MR. BARLOW. But do you imagine that she did it out of any particular malice to your bird, or merely because she was hungry, and accustomed to catch her prey in that manner?

Tommy considered some time, and at last owned that he did not suspect the cat of having any particular spite against his bird, and therefore he supposed she had been impelled by hunger.

Mr. B. Have you never observed, that it was the habit of that species to prey upon mice and other little animals?

T. Yes, sir, very often.

Mr. B. And have you ever corrected her for so doing, or attempted to teach her abstinence?

T. I cannot say I have. Indeed I have seen little Harry, when she had caught a mouse and was tormenting it, take it from her, and give it liberty. But I have never meddled with her myself.

Mr. B. Then her act was not one of cruelty, as it would be in you, who are endowed with reason and reflection. Nature has given the cat a propensity for animal food, which she obeys in the same manner as the sheep and ox when they feed upon grass, or as the ass when he browses upon the furze or thistles.

T. Why, then, perhaps, the cat did not know the cruelty she was guilty of in tearing that poor bird to pieces?

Mr. B. It was impossible Puss should know the value you set upon your bird, and therefore she had no more intention of offending you, than had she caught a mouse.

T. But, if that is the case, should I have another tame bird, she would kill it, as she has done this poor fellow.

Mr. B. That, perhaps, may be prevented. I have heard people that deal in birds affirm, there is a way of preventing cats from meddling with them.

T. Oh! dear sir, I should like to try it. Will you not show me how to prevent the cat from killing any more birds?

Mr. B. Most willingly. It is certainly better to correct the faults of an animal, than to destroy it. Besides, I have a particular affection for this cat, because I found her when she was a kitten, and have bred her up so tame and gentle, that she will follow me about like a dog. She comes every morning to my chamber-door, and mews till she is let in; and she sits upon the table at breakfast and dinner, as

grave and polite as a visitor, without offering to touch the meat. Indeed, before she was guilty of this offence, I have often seen you stroke and caress her with great affection; and Puss, who is by no means of an ungrateful temper, would always purr and arch her tail, as if she was sensible of your attention.

In a few days after this conversation, another robin, suffering like the former from the inclemency of the season, flew into the house, and commenced acquaintance with Tommy. But he, who recollected the mournful fate of his former bird, would not encourage it to any familiarity, till he had claimed the promise of Mr. Barlow, in order to preserve it from danger. Mr. Barlow, therefore, enticed the new guest into a small wire cage, and, as soon as he had entered it, shut the door, in order to prevent his escaping. He then took a small gridiron, such as is used to broil meat upon, and, having heated it almost red-hot, placed it erect upon the ground, before the cage in which the bird was confined. He then contrived to entice the cat into the room, and observing that she fixed her eye upon the bird, which she destined to become her prey, he withdrew with the two little boys, in order to leave her unrestrained in her operations. They did not retire far, but observed her from the door fix her eyes upon the cage, and begin to approach it in silence, bending her body to the ground, and almost touching it as she crawled along. When she judged herself within a proper distance, she exerted all her agility in a violent spring, which would probably have been fatal to the bird, had not the gridiron, placed before the cage, received the impression of her attack. Nor was this disappointment the only punishment she was destined to undergo. The bars of the machine had been so thoroughly heated, that in rushing against them she felt herself burned in several parts of her body, and retired from the field of battle, mewing dreadfully, and full of pain; and such was the impression produced, that from this time she was never again known to attempt to destroy birds.

The coldness of the weather still continuing, all the wild animals began to perceive the effects, and, compelled by

hunger, approached the habitations of man, and the places they had been accustomed to avoid. A multitude of hares, the most timid of all animals, were frequently seen scudding about the garden in search of the scanty vegetables which the severity of the season had spared. In a short time they had devoured all the green herbs which could be found, and, hunger still oppressing them, they began to gnaw the very bark of the trees for food. One day, as Tommy was walking in the garden, he found that even the beloved tree which he had planted with his own hands, and from which he had promised himself so plentiful a crop of fruit, had not escaped the general depredation, but had been gnawed round at the root and killed.

Tommy, who could ill brook disappointment, was so enraged to see his labours prove abortive, that he ran with tears in his eyes to Mr. Barlow, to demand vengeance against the devouring hares. "Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, "I am sorry for what they have done, but it is now too late to prevent it." "Yes," answered Tommy, "but you may have all those mischievous creatures shot, that they may do no farther damage." "A little while ago," replied Mr. Barlow, "you wanted to destroy the cat, because she was cruel, and preyed upon living animals; and now you would murder all the hares, merely because they are innocent, inoffensive animals, that subsist upon vegetables." Tommy looked a little foolish, but said, "he did not want to hurt them for living upon vegetables, but for destroying his tree." "But," said Mr. Barlow, "how can you expect the animal to distinguish your trees from any others? You should have fenced them round in such a manner as to prevent the hares from reaching them. Besides, in such extreme distress as animals now suffer from want of food, I think they may be forgiven if they trespass a little more than usual."

Mr. Barlow then took Tommy by the hand, and led him into a field at some distance, which belonged to him, and which was sown with turnips. Scarcely had they entered the field, before a flock of larks rose up in such numbers, as almost to darken the air. "See," said Mr. Barlow, "these

little fellows are trespassing upon my turnips in such a manner, that in a short time they will destroy every bit of green about the field; yet I would not hurt them on any account. Look round the whole extent of the country, you will see nothing but a barren waste, which presents no food either to bird or beast. These little creatures, therefore, assemble in multitudes here, where they find a scanty subsistence; and though they do me some mischief, they are welcome to what they can get. In the spring they will enliven our walks by their agreeable songs.

T. How dreary and uncomfortable this season of winter is; I wish it were always summer.

Mr. B. In some countries it is so; but there the inhabitants complain more of the intolerable heat than you do of the cold. They would with pleasure be relieved by the agreeable variety of cooler weather, when they are panting under the violence of a scorching sun.

T. Then I should like to live in a country that was never either disagreeably hot or cold.

Mr. B. Such a country is scarcely to be found; or, if it is, it comprises so small a portion of the earth as to give room for very few inhabitants.

T. Then I should think it would be so crowded, that one would hardly be able to stir; for everybody would naturally wish to live there.

Mr. B. There you are mistaken, for the inhabitants of the finest climates are often less attached to their own country than those of the worst. Custom reconciles people to every kind of life, and makes them satisfied with the place in which they are born. There is a country called Lapland, which extends a great deal further north than any part of England, and is covered with perpetual snows during all the year; yet the inhabitants would not exchange it for any other portion of the globe.

T. How do they live in so disagreeable a country?

Mr. B. If you ask Harry, he will tell you. As a farmer, it is his business to study the different methods by which men find subsistence in all the different parts of the earth.

T. I should like very much to hear, if Harry will tell me.

H. You must know, then, master Tommy, that in the greater part of this country, which is called Lapland, the inhabitants neither sow nor reap. They are totally unacquainted with the use of corn, and know not how to make bread; they have no trees which bear fruit, and scarcely any of the herbs which grow in our gardens in England, nor do they possess either sheep, goats, hogs, cows, or oxen.

T. That must be a disagreeable country indeed! What, then, have they to live upon?

H. They have a species of deer, which is bigger than the largest stags you see in the gentlemen's parks in England, and very strong. These animals are called Reindeer, and are of so gentle a nature, that they are easily tamed, and taught to live together in herds, and to obey their masters. In the short summer, the Laplanders lead out the Reindeer to pasture in the valleys, where the grass grows very high and thick. In the winter, when the ground is all covered over with snow, the deer manage to scratch away the snow and find a sort of moss which grows underneath it, and upon this they subsist. These creatures afford not only food, but raiment, and even houses, to their masters. In the summer the Laplander milks his herds, and lives upon the produce; sometimes he lays by the milk in wooden vessels, to serve him for food in winter. This milk is soon frozen so hard, that when the Laplanders want to use it, they are obliged to cut it in pieces with a hatchet. Sometimes the winters are so severe, that the poor deer can scarcely find even moss; and then the master is obliged to kill some of them, and live upon the flesh. Of the skins he makes warm garments for himself and his family, and strews them thickly upon the ground to sleep upon. The Laplanders' houses are only poles stuck slanting into the ground and almost joined at the top, except a little hole to let out the smoke. These poles are covered either with the skins of animals, or with coarse cloth, or sometimes with turf and the bark of trees. There is a little hole left in one side, through which the family creep into their tent, and in the middle they make a comfortable fire to warm them.





People who are so easily contented, are totally ignorant of most of the things thought necessary here. The Laplanders have neither gold, nor silver, nor carpets, nor carved work in their houses; every man makes for himself all that he requires. Their food consists either of frozen milk, or the flesh of the Reindeer or Bear, which they frequently hunt and kill. Instead of bread, they strip off the bark of firs, which are almost the only trees that grow upon their dismal mountains; and, boiling the inward and more tender skin, they eat it with their meat. The greatest happiness of these poor people is to live free and unrestrained; therefore they do not long remain fixed to any spot, but taking down their houses, they pack them up along with the little furniture they possess, and load them upon sledges, to carry and set them up in some other place.

T. Have you not said that they have neither horses nor oxen? Do they then draw these sledges themselves?

H. I thought I should surprise you, master Tommy. The Reindeer which I have described are so tractable, that they are harnessed like horses, and draw the sledges, with their masters upon them, nearly thirty miles a day. They set out with surprising swiftness, and run along the snow

which is frozen so hard in winter, that it supports them like a solid road. In this manner the Laplanders perform their journeys, and change their places of abode as often as they like. In Spring they lead their herds of deer to pasture upon the mountains; in the winter they come down into the plains, where they are better protected against the fury of the winds. For the whole country is waste and desolate, destitute of all the objects you see here. There are no towns nor villages, no fields enclosed or cultivated, no beaten roads, no inns for travellers to sleep at, no shops to purchase the necessaries or conveniences of life at. The face of the whole country is barren and dismal; wherever you turn your eyes, nothing is to be seen but lofty mountains, white with snow, and covered with ice and fogs; scarcely any trees are there except a few stunted firs and birches. These mountains afford a retreat to thousands of Bears and Wolves, which are continually pouring down and prowling about to prey upon the herds of Deer, so that the Laplanders are continually obliged to fight in their own defence. To do this, they fix large pieces of flat board about four or five feet long to the soles of their feet; and, thus secured, they run along, without sinking into the snow, so nimbly that they can overtake the wild animals in the chase. The Bears they kill with bows and arrows, which they make themselves. Sometimes they find out the dens where these beasts have laid themselves up in the winter; and then the Laplanders attack them with spears, and generally overcome them. When a Laplander has killed a Bear, he carries it home in triumph, boils the flesh in an iron pot, and invites all his neighbours to the feast.

Bear's flesh they account the greatest delicacy in the world, and particularly the fat, which they melt over the fire and drink; then, sitting round the flame, they entertain each other with stories of their own exploits in hunting or fishing, till the feast is over. Though they have so hard a life, they are a good-natured, sincere, and hospitable people. If a stranger comes among them, they lodge and entertain him in the best manner they are able, and generally refuse all payment for their services, unless it be

a little bit of tobacco, which they are very fond of smoking.

T. Poor people! how I pity them, to live such an unhappy life! I should think the fatigues and hardships they undergo must kill them in a very short time.

Mr. B. Have you then observed that those who eat and drink the most, and undergo the least fatigue, are the most free from disease?

T. Not always; for I remember, that there are two or three gentlemen who come to dine at my father's. They eat an amazing quantity of meat, besides drinking a great deal of wine; and these poor gentlemen have almost lost the use of their limbs.

Mr. B. And did you ever observe that any of the poor had lost the use of their limbs in the same manner?

T. I cannot say I have.

Mr. B. Then, perhaps, the being confined to a scanty diet, to hardship, and to exercise, may not be so desperate a misfortune as you imagine. This way of life is even much less irksome than the intemperance in which too many of the rich continually indulge themselves. I remember lately reading a story on this subject, which, if you please, you shall hear. Mr. Barlow then read the following

#### HISTORY OF A SURPRISING CURE OF THE GOUT.

In one of the provinces of Italy there lived a wealthy gentleman, who, having no taste either for improving his mind, or exercising his body, acquired a habit of eating almost all day long. The whole extent of his thoughts was what he should have for dinner, and how he should procure the greatest delicacies. Italy produces excellent wines; but these were not enough for our epicure; he settled agents in different parts of France and Spain, to buy up all the most generous and costly wines of those countries. He had correspondence with all the maritime cities, that he might be constantly supplied with every species of fish; every poulterer and fishmonger in the town was under articles to let him have his choice of rarities. He also

employed a man on purpose to give directions for his pastry and desserts. As soon as he had breakfasted in the morning, it was his constant practice to retire to his library—for he had a library, although he never opened a book. When he was there, he gravely seated himself in an easy chair, and tucking a napkin under his chin, ordered his head-cook to be summoned. The head-cook appeared, attended by a couple of footmen, who carried each a silver salver of prodigious size, on which were cups containing sauces of every different flavour which could be devised. The gentleman, with the greatest solemnity, used to dip a bit of bread in each and taste it, giving his orders upon the subject with as much earnestness and precision, as if he had been issuing decrees for the government of a kingdom. When this important affair was thus concluded, he would throw himself upon a couch, to recover from the fatigues of such an exertion, and prepare himself for dinner. It is impossible to describe either the variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, which was set before him, or the surprising greediness with which he ate of all, when that delightful hour arrived. He stimulated his appetite with the highest sauces and richest wines, till at length he was obliged to desist, not from being satisfied, but from mere inability to contain more.

This kind of life he had long pursued, but at last became so corpulent, that he could hardly move. His belly appeared prominent like a mountain, his face was bloated, and his legs, though swelled to the size of columns, seemed unable to support the prodigious weight of his body. Added to this, he was troubled with continual indigestion, and racking pains in several of his limbs, which at length terminated in a violent fit of the gout. The pain at length abated, and this unfortunate epicure returned to all his former habits of intemperance. The interval of ease, however, was short; and the attacks of his disease becoming more and more frequent, he was at length almost entirely deprived of the use of his limbs.

In this unhappy state he determined to consult a physician who lived in the same town, and had the reputation of performing many surprising cures. "Doctor," said the



gentleman to the physician, when he arrived, "you see the miserable state to which I am reduced." "I do, indeed," answered the physician, "and I suppose you have contributed to it by your intemperance." "As to intemperance," replied the gentleman, "I believe few have less to answer for than myself; I indeed can enjoy a moderate dinner and supper, but I never was intoxicated with liquor in my life." "Probably, then, you sleep too much?" said the physician. "As to sleep," said the gentleman, "I am in bed nearly twelve hours every night, because I find the sharpness of the morning air extremely injurious to my constitution; but I am so troubled with flatulence and heart-burn, that I am scarcely able to close my eyes all night; or, if I do, I find myself almost strangled with wind, and wake in agonies." "That is a very alarming symptom, indeed," replied the doctor, "I wonder so many restless nights do not entirely wear you out." "They would, indeed," answered the gentleman, "if I did not make shift to procure a little sleep two or three times a day, which enables me to hold out a

little longer." "As to exercise," continued the doctor, "I fear you are not able to take much." "Alas!" answered the sick man, "while I was able, I never failed to go out in my carriage once or twice a week, but in my present situation, I can no longer bear the gentlest motion; besides disordering my whole frame, it gives me such intolerable twitches in my limbs, that you would imagine I was absolutely falling to pieces." "Your case," answered the physician, "is indeed bad, but not quite desperate, and if you could curtail the quantity of your food and sleep, you would in a short time find yourself much better." "Alas," answered the sick man, "you little know the delicacy of my constitution, or you would not put me upon a method which will infallibly destroy me. When I rise in the morning, I feel as if all the powers of life were extinguished within me. My stomach is oppressed with nausea, my head with aches and swimming, and, above all, I feel such an intolerable sinking in my spirits, that without the assistance of two or three cordials, and some restorative soup, I am confident I never could get through the morning. Now, Doctor, I have such confidence in your skill, that there is no pill or potion you can order me, which I will not take with pleasure, but as to a change in my diet, that is impossible." "That is," answered the physician, "you wish for health without being at the trouble of acquiring it, and imagine, that all the consequences of an ill-spent life are to be washed away by a pill, or a decoction of senna. But, as I cannot cure you upon those terms, I will not deceive you for an instant. Your case is out of the power of medicine, and you can only be relieved by your own exertions." "How hard is this," answered the gentleman, "to be thus abandoned to despair even in the prime of life! Cruel and unfeeling Doctor, will you not attempt anything to procure me ease?" "Sir," answered the physician, "I have already told you everything I know upon the subject; I must, however, acquaint you, that I have a brother physician, who lives at Padua, a man of the greatest learning and integrity, who is particularly famous for curing the gout. If you think it worth your while to consult him, I will give you a letter

of recommendation, for he never stirs from home, even to attend a prince."

Here the conversation ended; for the gentleman, who did not like the trouble of the journey, took his leave of the physician, and returned home very much dispirited. In a little while he either was, or fancied himself worse, and, as the idea of the Paduan physician had never left his head, he at last resolutely determined to set out upon the journey. For this purpose he had a litter so contrived, that he could lie recumbent, or recline at his ease, and eat his meals. The distance was not above one day's tolerable journey, but the gentleman wisely resolved to make four of it, for fear of over-fatiguing himself. He had besides a loaded waggon attending, filled with everything that constitutes good eating; and two of his cooks went with him, that nothing might be wanting to his accommodation on the road.

After a wearisome journey, he at length arrived within sight of Padua, and, eagerly inquiring after the house of Doctor Ramozini, was soon directed to the spot; then, having been helped out of his carriage by half a dozen of his servants, he was shown into a neat but plain parlour, from which he had the prospect of twenty or thirty people at dinner in a spacious hall. In the midst of them was the learned doctor himself, who with much politeness invited the company to eat heartily. "My good friend," he was saying to a pale-looking man on his right hand, "you must eat three slices more of this roast beef, or you will never lose your ague." "My friend," he continued to another, "drink off this glass of porter; it is just arrived from England, and is a specific for nervous fevers." "Do not stuff your child so with macaroni," added he, turning to a woman, "if you would wish to cure him of scrofula." "Good man," said he to a fourth, "how goes on the ulcer in your leg?" "Much better, indeed," replied the man, "since I have lived at your honour's table." "Well," replied the physician, "in a fortnight you will be perfectly cured, if you do but drink wine enough."

"Thank heaven," said the gentleman, who had heard all this with infinite pleasure, "I have at last met with a

reasonable physician ; he will not confine me to bread and water, nor starve me under pretence of curing me, like that thick-headed quack from whose clutches I have so luckily escaped."

At length the doctor dismissed his company, who retired, loading him with thanks and blessings. He then approached the gentleman, and welcomed him with the greatest politeness. The visitor presented him with his letters of recommendation. The physician perused them, and thus accosted him: "Sir, the letter of my learned friend has fully instructed me in the particulars of your case; it is indeed a difficult one, but I think you have no reason to despair of a perfect recovery. If," added he, "you choose to put yourself under my care, I will employ all the secrets of my art for your assistance; but one condition is absolutely indispensable. You must send away all your servants, and solemnly engage to follow my prescriptions for at least a month; without this compliance I would not undertake the cure even of a monarch." "Doctor," answered the gentleman, "what I have seen of men of your profession, does not, I confess, much prepossess me in their favour; and I should hesitate to agree to such a proposal from any other person." "Do as you like, sir," answered the physician; "you may employ me or not, as you will; but, as I am above the common mercenary views of gain, I never stake the reputation of so noble an art without a rational prospect of success—and what success can I hope for in so obstinate a disorder, unless the patient will consent to a fair experiment of what I can effect?" "Indeed," replied the gentleman, "what you say is so candid, and your whole behaviour so much interests me in your favour, that I will immediately give you proofs of the most unbounded confidence."

He then sent for his servants, and ordered them to return home, and not to come near him till a whole month had elapsed. When they were gone, the physician asked him how he had borne the journey? "Why, really," answered he, "much better than I could have expected. But I feel myself unusually hungry; and therefore, with your permission, shall beg to have the hour of supper a little



nastened." "Most willingly," answered the Doctor; "at eight o'clock, everything shall be ready for your entertainment. In the meantime you will permit me to visit my patients."

While the physician was absent, the gentleman was pleasing his imagination with the thoughts of the excellent supper he should make. "Doubtless," said he to himself, "if Signor Ramozini treats the poor in such a hospitable manner, he will spare nothing for the entertainment of a man of my importance. I have heard there are delicious trouts and ortolans in this part of Italy. I have no doubt but the Doctor keeps an excellent cook; and I shall have no reason to repent the absence of my servants."

With these ideas he kept himself some time amused; at length, his appetite growing keener and keener every instant, from fasting longer than usual, he lost all patience, and, calling one of the servants of the house, asked for some little nice thing to stay his stomach till the hour of supper. "Sir," said the servant, "I would gladly oblige you; but it is as much as my place is worth. My master is the best and most generous of men; but so great is his attention to his house patients, that he will not suffer one of them to eat unless in his presence. However, sir, have patience; in two hours more, the supper will be ready, and then you may indemnify yourself for all."

Thus was the gentleman compelled to pass two hours more without food; a degree of abstinence he had not practised for almost twenty years. He complained bitterly of the slowness of time, and was continually inquiring what was the hour.

At length the doctor returned, punctual to his time; and ordered the supper to be brought in. Accordingly six covered dishes were set upon the table with great solemnity, and the gentleman flattered himself he should now be rewarded for his long abstinence. As they were sitting down to table, the learned Ramozini thus accosted his guest: "Before you begin to satisfy your appetite, sir, I must acquaint you that, as the most effectual method of subduing this obstinate disease, all your food and drink will

be mixed up with such medicinal substances as your case requires. They will not indeed be discoverable by any of your senses; but, as their effects are equally strong and certain, I must recommend to you to eat with moderation."

Having said this, he ordered the dishes to be uncovered. To the extreme astonishment of the gentleman, they contained nothing but olives, dried figs, dates, some roasted apples, a few boiled eggs, and a piece of hard cheese!

"Heaven and earth!" cried the gentleman, losing all patience at this mortifying spectacle, "is this the entertainment you have prepared for me, with so many speeches and prefaces? Do you imagine that a person of my fortune can sup on such contemptible fare as would hardly satisfy the wretched peasants whom I saw at dinner in your hall?" "Have patience, my dear sir," replied the physician; "it is the extreme anxiety I have for your welfare, that compels me to treat you with this apparent incivility. Your blood is all in a ferment with the violent exercise you have undergone; and, were I rashly to indulge your craving appetite, a fever or a pleurisy might be the consequence. But tomorrow I hope you will be cooler; and then you may live in a style more adapted to your quality."

The gentleman began to comfort himself with this reflection; and, as there was no help, he at last determined to wait with patience another night. He accordingly tasted a few of the dates and olives, ate a piece of cheese with a slice of excellent bread, and found himself more refreshed than he could have imagined was possible from such a homely meal. When he had nearly supped, he wanted something to drink, and observing nothing but water upon the table, desired one of the servants to bring him a little wine. "Not as you value the life of this illustrious gentleman," cried out the physician. "Sir," added he, turning to his guest, "it is with inexpressible reluctance that I refuse you; but wine would be at present a mortal poison; therefore, please to content yourself, for one night only, with a glass of this most excellent and refreshing mineral water."

The gentleman was again compelled to submit, and drank



the water, with a variety of strange grimaces. After the cloth was removed, Signor Ralozini entertained his patient with some agreeable and improving conversation for about an hour, and then proposed retiring to rest. This proposal the gentleman gladly accepted, as he found himself fatigued with his journey, and unusually disposed to sleep. The doctor then retired, and ordered one of his servants to shew the guest to his chamber.

He was accordingly conducted into a neighbouring room, where there was little to be seen, but a homely bed, without furniture, with nothing to sleep upon but a mattress almost as hard as the floor. At this, the gentleman burst into a violent passion again; "Villain!" cried he to the servant, "it is impossible your master should dare to confine me to such a wretched dog-hole! Show me into another room immediately!" "Sir," answered the servant, with profound humility; "I am heartily sorry the chamber does not please you, but I am perfectly certain I have not mistaken my master's order; and I have too great a respect for you to think of disobeying him in a point which concerns your precious life." Saying this, he went out of the room, and, shutting the door on the outside, left the gentleman to his

meditations. They were not very agreeable at first; however, as he saw no remedy, he undressed himself, and ensconced himself in the wretched bed, where he presently fell asleep, meditating revenge upon the doctor and his whole family.

The gentleman slept so soundly, that he did not awake till morning; and then the physician came into his room, and with the greatest tenderness and civility inquired after his health. He had indeed fallen asleep in very ill humour; but his night's rest had much composed his mind, and the effect was increased by the extreme politeness of the doctor; so that he answered with tolerable temper, only making bitter complaints of the homeliness of his accommodation.

"My dearest sir," answered the physician, "did I not make a previous agreement with you that you should submit to my management? Can you imagine that I have any other end in view than the improvement of your health? It is not possible that you should in everything perceive the reasons of my conduct, which is founded upon the most accurate theory and experience. However, in this case, I must inform you, that I have found out the art of making my very beds medicinal; and this you must confess, from the excellent night you have passed. I cannot impart the same salutary virtues to down or silk, and therefore, though very much against my inclination, I have been compelled to lodge you in this homely manner. But now, if you please, it is time to rise."

Ramozini then rang for his servants, and the gentleman suffered himself to be dressed. At breakfast he expected to fare a little better; but his relentless guardian would suffer him to taste nothing but a slice of bread and a porringer of water-gruel, all which he defended, very little to his guest's satisfaction, upon the most unerring principles of medical science.

After breakfast had been some time finished, Doctor Ramozini told his patient it was time to begin the great work of restoring to him the use of his limbs. He accordingly had him carried into a little room, where he desired



the gentleman to attempt to stand. "That is impossible," answered the patient, "for I have not been able to use a leg these three years." "Prop yourself, then, upon your crutches, and lean against the wall to support yourself," answered the physician. The gentleman did so, and the doctor went abruptly out, and locked the door after him. The patient had not been long alone before he felt the floor of the chamber, which he had not before perceived to be composed of plates of iron, grow immoderately hot under his feet. He called the doctor and his servants, but to no purpose; he then began to utter loud vociferations and menaces, but all was equally ineffectual. He raved, he swore, he promised, he entreated, but nobody came to his assistance, and the heat grew more intense every instant. At length

necessity compelled him to hop upon one leg, in order to rest the other, and this he did with greater agility than he could conceive was possible. Presently the other leg began to burn, and then he hopped upon the other. Thus he went on, hopping about, with this involuntary exercise, till he had stretched every sinew and muscle more than he had done for several years before, and thrown himself into a profuse perspiration.

When the doctor was satisfied with the exertions of his patient, he sent into the room an easy chair for him to rest upon, and suffered the floor to cool as gradually as it had been heated. Then the sick man for the first time began to be sensible of the real use and pleasure of repose; he had earned it by fatigue, without which it can never prove either salutary or agreeable.

At dinner the doctor appeared again to his patient, and made him a thousand apologies for the liberties he had taken with his person. These excuses the gentleman received with a kind of sullen civility; however, his anger was a little mitigated by the smell of a roasted pullet, which was brought to table, and set before him. He now, from exercise and abstinence, began to find a relish in his dinner he had never found before, and the doctor permitted him to mingle a little wine with his water. Restraint, however, was so extremely irksome to the gentleman's temper, that the month seemed to pass away as slowly as a year. When it had expired, and his servants came to ask his orders, he instantly threw himself into his carriage, without taking leave either of the doctor or his family. When he came to reflect upon the treatment he had received, his forced exercises, his involuntary abstinence, and all the other mortifications he had undergone, he could not conceive but it must be a plot of the physician he had left behind, and, full of rage and indignation, he drove directly to his house in order to reproach him.

The physician happened to be at home, but scarcely knew his patient again, though after so short an absence. He had shrunk to half his former bulk; his look and colour were improved, and he had entirely thrown away his crutches.

When he had given vent to all that his anger could suggest, the physician coolly answered in the following manner: "I know not, sir, what right you have to make me these reproaches, since it was not by my persuasion that you put yourself under the care of Doctor Ramozini." "Yes, sir, but you gave me a high character of his skill and integrity." "Has he, then, deceived you in either, or do you find yourself worse than when you put yourself under his care?" "I cannot say that," answered the gentleman; "I am, to be sure, surprisingly improved in my digestion; I sleep better than ever I did before; I eat with an appetite; and I can walk almost as well as ever I could in my life." "And do you seriously come," said the physician, "to complain of a man that has effected all these miracles for you in so short a time, and, unless you are now wanting to yourself, has given you a degree of life and health which you had not the smallest reason to expect?"

The gentleman, who had not sufficiently considered all these advantages, began to look a little confused, and the physician thus went on: "All that you have to complain of is, that you have been involuntarily your own dupe, and have been cheated into health and happiness. You went to Dr. Ramozini, and saw a number of miserable wretches comfortably at dinner. That great and worthy man is the father of all about him. He knows that most of the diseases of the poor originate in their want of food and necessaries, and therefore benevolently assists them with better diet and clothing. The rich, on the contrary, are generally the victims of their own sloth and intemperance, and therefore he finds it necessary to use a contrary method of cure—exercise, abstinence, and mortification. You, sir, have indeed been treated like a child; but it has been for your own advantage. Neither your bed, your meat, nor your drink, has ever been medicated; all the wonderful change has been produced by giving you better habits, and rousing the slumbering powers of your own constitution. As to deception, you have none to complain of, except what proceeded from your own foolish imagination, which persuaded you that a physician was to regulate his conduct by

the folly and intemperance of his patient. As to all the rest, he only promised to exert all the secrets of his art for your care; and this, I am witness, he has done so effectually, that, were you to reward him with half your fortune, it would hardly be too much for his deserts."

The gentleman, who did not want either sense or generosity, could not help feeling the force of what was said. He therefore made a handsome apology for his behaviour, and instantly despatched a servant to Dr. Ranzini, with a handsome present, and a letter expressing the highest gratitude; and so much satisfaction did he find in the amendment of his health and spirits, that he never again relapsed into his former habits of intemperance, but, by constant exercise and uniform moderation, continued free from any severe disease to a very comfortable old age.

"Thus," continued Mr. Barlow, "you see by this story, which is applicable to half the rich in most countries, that intemperance and excess are fully as dangerous as want and hardships. As to the Laplanders, whom you pitied so much, they are some of the healthiest people whom the world produces. They generally live to an extremely old age, free from all the common diseases with which we are acquainted, and subject to no other inconvenience than blindness, which is supposed to arise from the continual prospect of snow, and the constant smoke with which they are surrounded in their huts."







## CHAPTER IX.

**TOMMY AND HARRY IN THE SNOW—THE POOR COTTAGER—A TALK ABOUT THE STARS—HARRY'S ADVENTURE ON THE DESOLATE HEATH—ACCOUNT OF AN AVALANCHE—THE MERITS OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.**

SOME few days after this conversation, when the snow had nearly disappeared, though the frost and cold continued, the two little boys went out to take a walk. Insensibly they wandered so far that they scarcely knew their way, and therefore resolved to return as speedily as possible; but, unfortunately, in passing through a wood, they entirely missed the track, and lost themselves. To add to their distress, the wind began to blow most bitterly from the north, and a violent shower of snow coming on, obliged them to seek the thickest shelter they could find. They happened fortunately to be near an aged oak, the inside of which, gradually decaying, was worn away by time, and

afforded an ample opening to shelter them from the storm. Into this the two little boys crept, and endeavoured to keep each other warm, while a violent shower of snow and sleet fell all around, and gradually covered the earth. Tommy, who had been little used to hardships, bore it for some time with fortitude, and without uttering a complaint. At length hunger and fear took entire possession of his soul; and, turning to Harry, with watery eyes and a mournful voice, he asked him what they should do? "Do?" said Harry, "we must wait here, I think, till the weather clears up a little, and then we will endeavour to find the way home."

T. But what if the weather should not clear up at all?

H. In that case we must either endeavour to find our way through the snow, or stay here, where we are so conveniently sheltered.

T. But oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be here all alone in this dreary wood! And then I am so hungry and so cold. Oh! if we had but a little fire to warm us!

H. I have heard that shipwrecked persons, when they have been cast away upon a desert coast, have made a fire to warm themselves, by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they caught fire; or here is a better thing; I have a large knife in my pocket, and, if I could but find a piece of flint, I could easily strike fire with the back of it.

Harry then searched about, and, after some time, found a couple of flints, though not without much difficulty, as the ground was nearly hidden with snow. He then took the flints, and striking one upon the other with all his force, he shivered them into several pieces; of these he chose the thinnest and sharpest, and telling Tommy, with a smile, that he believed it would do, he struck it several times against the back of his knife, and thus produced several sparks of fire. "This," said Harry, "will be enough to light a fire, if we can but find something sufficiently combustible to kindle from these sparks." He then collected all the driest leaves he could find, with little decayed pieces of wood, and, piling them into a heap, endeavoured to kindle a blaze by the sparks which ho

continually struck from his knife and the flint. But it was in vain; the leaves were not of a sufficiently combustible nature; and while he wearied himself in vain, they were not at all the more advanced. Tommy, who beheld the ill success of his friend, began to be more and more terrified, and in despair asked Harry, again, what they should do? Harry answered, that as they failed in their attempt to warm themselves, the best thing they could do, was to endeavour to find their way home, more especially as the snow had now ceased, and the sky had become much clearer. To this Tommy consented; and with infinite difficulty they began their march; for, as the snow had completely covered every track, and the daylight began to fail, they wandered at random through a vast and pathless wood. At every step which Tommy took, he sank almost to his knees in snow; the wind was bleak and cold, and it was with much difficulty that Harry could prevail upon him to continue his journey. At length, however, as they thus pursued their way with infinite toil, they came to some lighted embers, lately quitted by some labourers, or some wandering passenger, and as yet unextinguished. "See," said Harry, with joy, "see what a lucky chance is this! here is a fire ready lighted for us, which needs only the assistance of a little wood to make it burn." Harry again collected all the dry pieces of wood he could find, and piled them upon the embers, which in a few minutes began to blaze, and diffused a cheerful warmth. Tommy then began to warm and chafe his almost frozen limbs with infinite delight over the fire; at length he could not help observing to Harry, that he never could have believed that a few dried sticks could have been of so much consequence to him. "Ah!" answered Harry, "Master Tommy, you have been brought up in such a manner, that you never knew what it was to want anything; but that is not the case with thousands and millions of people. I have seen hundreds of poor children who have neither bread to eat, fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Only think, then, what a disagreeable situation they must be in; yet they are so accustomed to hardship, that they do not cry

in a twelvemonth as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour."

"Why," answered Tommy, a little disconcerted at the observation concerning his crying, "it cannot be expected that gentlemen should be able to bear all these inconveniences as well as the poor." "Why not?" answered Harry, "Is not a gentleman as much a man as a poor person can be? And if he is a man, should he not accustom himself to support everything that his fellow-creatures bear?"

T. That is very true, but he will have all the conveniences of life provided for him; food to eat, a good warm bed, and a fire to warm him.

H. But he is not sure of having all these things as long as he lives. Besides, I have often observed the gentlemen and ladies in our neighbourhood riding about in coaches, and covered from head to foot, yet shaking with the least breath of air as if they all had agues; while the children of the poor run about bare-footed upon the ice, and divert themselves with making snow-balls.

A little boy now came singing along, with a bundle of sticks at his back. As soon as Harry saw him, he recollected him, and cried out, "As I live, here is Jack Smithers, the little ragged boy to whom you gave the clothes in the summer! He lives, I dare say in the neighbourhood, and either he, or his father, will now show you the way home."

Harry then spoke to the boy, and asked him if he could show them the way out of the wood. "Yes, surely I can," answered the boy; "but I never should have thought of seeing Master Merton out so late, in such a night as this; but if you will come with me to my father's cottage, you can warm yourselves at our fire, and father will run to Mr. Barlow, to let him know you are safe."

Tommy accepted the offer with joy; and the little boy led them out of the wood, and in a few minutes they came to a small cottage by the side of the road. They entered and saw a middle-aged woman busy in spinning; the eldest girl was cooking some broth over the fire; the father was sitting in the chimney-corner reading a book, while three



or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor, and creeping between their father's legs.

"Daddy," said the little boy, as he came in, "here is Master Merton, who was so good to us all in the summer; he has lost his way in the wood, and has almost perished in the snow."

The man upon this arose, and with much civility desired the two little boys to seat themselves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch her largest faggot, which she threw upon the fire, and created a cheerful blaze in an instant. "There, my dear little master," said she, "you may at least refresh yourself a little by our fire; and I wish I had anything to offer you that you could eat, but I am afraid you would never be able to bear such coarse brown bread as we poor folks are obliged to eat." "Indeed," said Tommy, "my good mother, I have fasted so long, and I am so hungry, that I think I could eat anything." "Well, then," answered the woman, "here is a little bit of gammon

of bacon, which I will broil for you upon the embers, and if you can make a supper, you are heartily welcome."

While the good woman was thus preparing supper, the man had closed his book, and placed it with great respect upon a shelf. Tommy had the curiosity to ask him what he was reading about? "Master," answered the man, "I was reading the book which teaches me my duty towards man, and to my God; I was reading the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

TOMMY. Indeed, I have heard of that good book; Mr. Barlow has often read part of it to me, and promised I should read it myself. That is the book they read at church; I have often heard Mr. Barlow read it to the people, and he always reads it so well and so affectingly, that everybody listens, and you may hear even a pin drop upon the pavement.

THE MAN. Yes Master, Mr. Barlow is a worthy servant and follower of Jesus Christ himself. He is the friend of all the poor in the neighbourhood; he gives us food and medicines when we are ill, and he employs us when we can find no work; but, what we are even more obliged to him for than the giving us food and raiment, and life itself, he instructs us in our duty, makes us ashamed of our faults, and teaches us how we may be happy, not only here, but in another world. I was once an idle abandoned man myself, given up to swearing and drinking, neglecting my family, and taking no thought for my poor wife and children; but since Mr. Barlow has taught me better things and made me acquainted with this blessed book, I hope I do my duty better to my poor family.

"That indeed you do, Robin," answered the woman; "there is not a better and kinder husband in the world. You have not wasted a single penny or a moment's time these two years; and without that unfortunate fever, which prevented you from working last harvest, we should have the greatest reason to be all contented."

"Have we not the greatest reason now," answered the man, "to be not only contented, but thankful for all the blessings we enjoy? It is true, that I, and several of the

children were ill this year for many weeks ; but did we not all escape, through the blessing of God and the care of good Mr. Barlow, and this worthy Master Sandford, who brought us victuals so many days with his own hands, when we otherwise should perhaps have starved ? Have I not had very good employment ever since, and do I not now earn six shillings a week, which is a very comfortable thing, when many poor wretches as good as I are starving, because they cannot find work ? ”

“ Six shillings a week ! six shillings a week ! ” answered Tommy, in amazement, “ and is that all you and your wife and children have to live on for a whole week. ”

THE MAN. Not all, Master ; my wife sometimes earns a shilling or eighteen-pence a week by spinning, and our eldest daughter begins to do something that way, but not much.

TOMMY. That makes seven shillings and sixpence a week. Why, I have known my mother give more than that to go to a place where foreign people sing. I have seen her and other ladies give a man a guinea for dressing their hair ; and I knew a little Miss, whose father gives half-a-guinea a time to a little Frenchman, who teaches her to jump and caper about the room.

“ Master, ” replied the man, smiling, “ these are great gentlefolks that you are talking about ; they are very rich, and have a right to do what they please with their own. It is the duty of us poor folks to labour hard, to take what we can get, and thank the great and wise God that our condition is no worse. ”

T. What, and is it possible that you can thank God for living in such a house as this, and earning seven shillings and sixpence a week ?

THE MAN. To be sure I can, Master. Is it not an act of His goodness, that we have clothes, and a warm house to shelter us, and wholesome food to eat ? It was but yesterday that two poor men came by, who had been cast away in a storm, and lost their ship and all they had. One of the poor men had scarcely any clothes to cover him, and was shaking all over with a violent ague ; and the other had his toes almost mortified by walking bare-footed in the

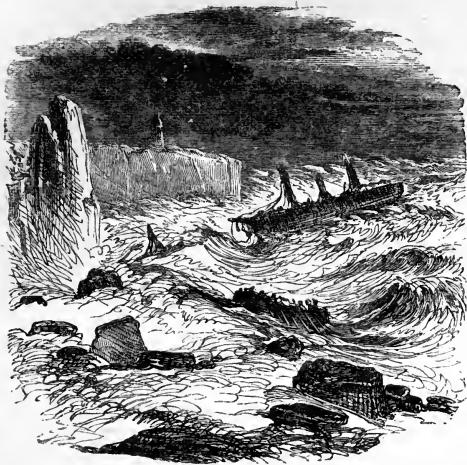
snow. Am I not a great deal better off than these poor men, and perhaps than a thousand others, who are at this time tossed about upon the waves, or cast away, or wandering about the world, without a shed to cover them from the weather or imprisoned for debt? Might I not have gone on in committing bad actions, like many other unhappy men, till I had been guilty of some notorious crime, which might have brought me to a shameful end? And ought I not to be grateful for all these blessings which I possess without deserving them?

Tommy, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life, without reflecting from whom he had received them, was very much struck with the piety of this honest and contented man; but, as he was going to answer, the good woman, who had laid a clean though coarse cloth upon the table, and taken up her savoury supper in an earthen plate, invited them to sit down; an invitation which both the boys obeyed with the greatest pleasure, as they had eaten nothing since the morning. In the meantime, the honest cottager had taken his hat and walked to Mr. Barlow's to inform him that his two pupils were safe in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Barlow had long suffered the greatest uneasiness at their absence, and not contented with sending after them on every side, was at that very time busy in the pursuit; so that the man met him about half-way from his own house. As soon as Mr. Barlow heard the good news, he determined to return with the messenger, and reached his house just as Tommy Merton had finished one of the heartiest meals he had ever made.

The little boys rose up to meet Mr. Barlow, and thanked him for his kindness, and the pains he had taken to look after them; expressing their concern for the accident which had happened, and the uneasiness which, without designing it, they had occasioned. But he, with the greatest good nature, advised them to be more cautious for the future, and not to extend their walks so far; then, thanking the worthy couple, he offered to conduct his pupils home: and they all three set out together in a very cold, but fine and starlight evening.





As they went, Mr. Barlow renewed his caution, and told them the dangers they had incurred. "Many people," said he, "in your situation, have been surprised by an unexpected storm, and, losing their way, have perished with cold. Sometimes, both men and beasts, not being able to discern their accustomed track, have fallen into deep pits filled up and covered with the snow, where they have been found buried several feet deep, and frozen to death." "And is it impossible," said Tommy, "in such a case to escape?" "In general it is," said Mr. Barlow; "but there have been some extraordinary instances of persons who have lived several days in that condition, and yet have been taken out alive; to-morrow you shall read a remarkable story to that purpose."

As they were walking on, Tommy looked up at the sky, where all the stars glimmered with unusual brightness, and said, "What a number of stars are here! I think I never observed so many before in all my life!" "Innumerable as they appear to you," said Mr. Barlow, "there are persons who have counted many more, which are at present invisible

to your eye." "How can that be?" inquired Tommy, "for there is neither beginning nor end; they are scattered so confusedly about the sky, that I should think it as impossible to number them, as the flakes of snow that fell to-day, while we were in the wood."

At this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, that he believed Harry could give him a different account, although perhaps he could not number them all. "Harry," said he, "cannot you shew your companion some of the constellations?" "Yes," answered Harry, "I believe I remember some, that you have been so good as to teach me." "But pray, sir," said Tommy, "what is a constellation?"

"Those men," answered Mr. Barlow, "who first began to observe the heavens as you do now, have observed certain stars, remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they have given a particular name, that they might the more easily know them again, and discourse of them to others; and these clusters of stars they call constellations. But come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles's Wain.

Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out seven very bright stars towards the North. "You are right," said Mr. Barlow; "four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon, and the three others of the horses; therefore they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

T. Indeed, sir, I do not think I can.

Mr. B. Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?

T. I will try, sir. Now, I will take my eye off, and look another way. I protest I cannot find them again. Oh! I believe there they are. Pray, sir (pointing with his finger), is not that Charles's Wain?

Mr. B. You are right; and, by remembering these stars, you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names, too, and so on, till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

T. That is indeed very clever and very surprising. I will show my mother Charles's Wain, the first time I go home; I dare say she has never observed it.

Mr. B. But look at the two stars which compose the hinder wheels of the waggon, and raise your eye up towards the top of the sky; do you not see a very bright star, that seems to be almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?

T. Yes, sir; I see it plainly.

Mr. B. That is called the Pole-star; it never moves from its place; and, by looking full at it, you may always find the North.

T. That is very curious indeed; so, then, by knowing the Pole-star, I can always find North, East, West, and South. But you said that the Pole-star never moves; do the other stars, then, move out of their places?

Mr. B. That is a question you may learn to answer yourself, by observing the present appearance of the heavens; and then examining whether the stars change their places at any future time.

T. But, sir, I have thought that it would be a good contrivance, in order to remember their situations, if I were to draw them upon a bit of paper.

Mr. B. But how would you do that?

T. I would make a mark upon the paper for every star in Charles's Wain; and I would place the marks just as I see the stars placed in the sky; and I would beg you to write the names for me; and this I would do till I was acquainted with all the stars in the heavens.

Mr. B. That would be an excellent way; but your paper is flat; is that the form of the sky?

T. No; the sky seems to rise from the earth on every side, like the dome of a great church.

Mr. B. Then if you were to have some round body, I should think it would correspond to the different parts of the sky, and you might place your stars with more exactness.

T. That is true, indeed, sir; I wish I had just such a globe.

Mr. B. Well, just such a globe I will endeavour to procure you.

T. Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the stars?

Mr. B. Were there no other use, I should think there would be a very great pleasure in observing such a number of glorious glittering bodies as are now above us. We sometimes run to see a procession of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes strutting about. We admire a large room that is painted, and ornamented, and gilded; but what is there in all these things to be compared with the sight of these luminous bodies that adorn every part of the sky?

T. That's true, indeed. My Lord Wimple's great room, that I have heard all the people admire so much, is no more to be compared to it than the shabbiest thing in the world.

Mr. B. You are right; besides there are some, and those very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the stars. Harry, do you tell Master Merton the story of your being lost upon the great moor.

H. You must know, Master Tommy, that I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor that we have sometimes walked upon. Now, as I am in general pretty well acquainted with the roads, my father very often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I came there so late, that it was scarcely possible to get home again before it was quite dark. It was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night, but I could not, because my father had desired me to come back; so I set out as soon as possible, but, just as I had reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark.

T. And were not you frightened to find yourself all alone upon such a dismal place?

H. No; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night, and as soon as ever the morning shone, I should find my way home. However, by the time I had reached the middle of the heath, there came



on such a violent tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with such a shower, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly-bush that grew at some distance, to seek a little shelter. Here I lay very comfortably till the storm was almost over; then I rose and attempted to continue my way, but unfortunately I missed the track, and lost myself.

T. That was a very dismal thing indeed.

H. I wandered about a great while, but still to no purpose. I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare either of trees or houses, that one may walk for miles and see nothing but heath and furze. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze; now and then I plumped into a hole full of water, and should have been drowned if

I had not learned to swim; so that at last I was going to give it up in despair, when, looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a candle and lantern that somebody was carrying across the moor.

T. Did not that give you very great comfort?

"You shall hear," answered Harry, smiling. "At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it; but I considered that it was not worth anybody's pains to hurt a poor boy like me, and that no person who was out on any evil design would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it and inquire the way."

T. And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you?

H. I began walking towards it; when immediately the light, which I had first observed on my right hand, moving slowly along by my side, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the same degree of swiftness. I thought this very odd, but I still continued the chase; and just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit full of water.

T. That was unlucky indeed.

H. Well, I scrambled out, and very luckily on the same side with the light, which I began to follow again, but with as little success as ever. I had now wandered some miles about the common. I knew no more where I was than if I had been set down upon an unknown country; I had no hopes of finding my way home, unless I could reach this wandering light; and, though I could not conceive that the person who carried it could know of my being so near, he seemed to act as if determined to avoid me. However, I was resolved to make one attempt, and therefore I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out, at the same time, to the person whom I thought before me, to entreat him to stop.

T. And did he?

H. Instead of that, the light, which had been moving along at a slow and easy pace; now began to dance before me ten times faster than before; so that, instead of overtaking it, I found myself farther and farther behind.

Still I ran on, till I unwarily sunk up to the middle in a large bog, out of which I at last scrambled with very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving that any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue the light no longer. But now I was wet and weary; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine; I looked around me, and could discern nothing but a wide, barren country, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any animal in sight. I listened, in hopes of hearing a sheep-bell, or the barking of a dog; but nothing met my ear, except the shrill whistling of the wind, which blew so cold, that it chilled me to the very heart. In this situation I stopped awhile to consider what I should do; and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld was that very constellation of Charles's Wain, and above it I discerned the Pole-star, glimmering, as it were, from the very top of Heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind. I considered, that when I had been walking along the road which led towards my uncle's house, I had often observed the Pole-star full before me; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went straight forward in a contrary direction, it must lead me towards my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution, I began to execute it. I was persuaded I should now escape; and, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as briskly as if I had only just set out. Nor was I disappointed; for though I could see no tracks, yet, taking the greatest care always to go on in one direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs which are found in various parts of that wild moor. When I had travelled, as I imagined, about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigour; and a little farther on I came to some inclosures at the skirts of the common, which I knew; so that I found my way home, after having almost despaired of doing it.

T. Indeed, the knowledge of the Pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in the heavens. But did you

ever find out what that light was, which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?

H. When I came home, my father told me it was what the common people call a Jack-o'-the-lantern, and Mr. Barlow has since informed me, that these are only vapours which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny places, although they have a bright appearance; and therefore told me that many people like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches.

Just as Harry had finished his history, they arrived at Mr. Barlow's, and after sitting some time, and talking over the accidents of the day, the little boys retired to bed. Mr. Barlow was sitting alone in his parlour, reading, when, to his great surprise, Tommy came running into the room half undressed, bawling out, "Sir, sir, I have found it out! they move! they move!" "What moves?" said Mr. Barlow. "Why, Charles's Wain moves," answered Tommy; "I wanted to take one peep at the sky before I went to bed, and I see that all the seven stars have moved from their places a great way higher up the sky." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "you are indeed right. You have done a vast deal to-day; and to-morrow we will talk over these things again."

When the morrow came, Tommy put Mr. Barlow in mind of the story he had promised him about the people buried in the snow. Mr. Barlow looked out the book; but first said, "It is necessary to give you some explanation. The country where this accident happened is full of rocks and mountains, so exceedingly high that the snow never melts upon their tops." "Never?" said Tommy, "not even in the summer?" "Not even in the summer. The valleys between these mountains are inhabited by a brave and industrious people. Their sides, too, are cultivated, but the tops of the highest mountains are so extremely cold that the ice and snow never melt, but go on continually increasing. During a great part of the winter the weather is extremely cold, and the inhabitants confine themselves within their houses, which they have the art to render very comfortable.





Almost all the roads are then impassable, and snow and ice afford the only prospect. But when the year begins to grow warmer, the snow is frequently thawed upon the sides of the mountains, and undermined by the torrents of water, which pour down with irresistible fury. Hence it frequently happens that prodigious masses of snow fall down, burying beasts and houses, and even villages.

“In the neighbourhood of these high mountains, which are called the Alps, on the 19th of March, 1755, a small cluster of houses was entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down upon them from a greater height. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house, clearing away the snow, which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to church advised them to come down, as he had just observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son, he knew not whither; but scarcely had he gone

thirty or forty steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down. The father looking back saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but, soon reviving, got safe to a friend's house at some distance.

"Five days after, Joseph, being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow, with his son and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood, but, after making many openings in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, Rochia again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth to melt the snow, which on the 24th of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six English feet thick, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole, and touched the ground; but, evening coming on, he desisted.

"The next day the brother of his wife, who had heard of the misfortunes of the family, came to the house where Joseph was, and, after resting himself a little, went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but, finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about two hundred and forty English feet distant. Having found this building, they heard the cry of "Help, my dear brother!" Greatly surprised, as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother immediately went down. The sister, with an agonized and feeble voice, told him, 'I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me.' The other brother and the husband then went down, and found, still alive, the wife, about forty-five, the sister, about thirty-five, and the daughter, about thirteen years old. These they passed up in their arms to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house. They were unable to walk, and so wasted, that they

appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flour and a little butter was given to recover them.

“Some days after, the magistrate of the place came to visit them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed, or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with some difficulty, and the daughter needed no farther remedies.

“On the magistrate’s interrogating the women, they told him that, on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable, with a boy six years old, and a girl of about thirteen. In the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel; there were also an ass, and five or six fowls. The women were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church bell should ring, as they intended to go there. The wife related that, wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house of her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the roof, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also a part of the ceiling. The sister advised them to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

“Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. The first care of the captives was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pockets; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave

the chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days, after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, were left alive, and lay near the manger. One of them gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all this time, they saw not one ray of light; yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till these died.

“The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded. This was two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes; so they resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; for just above the manger was a hay-loft, where, through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it for themselves.

“On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried, ‘Oh! my father is in the snow! Oh father! father!’ and expired.

“In the meanwhile, the goat’s milk diminished daily, and, the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day. But now the second goat had a kid, and the young one dying, they had all the milk for their own subsistence; so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called this goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two pounds of milk; on which account they still bear the poor creature a great affection.

“This was the account which these poor people gave to the magistrate of their preservation.”

“Dear me!” said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished this account, “what a number of accidents people are



subject to in this world." "It is very true," answered Mr. Barlow; "but, as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every manner, that we may be able to struggle against them."

TOMMY. Indeed sir, I begin to believe it is; for when I was younger than I am now, I remember I was always fretful and hurting myself, though I had two or three people constantly to take care of me. At present, I seem quite another thing; I do not mind falling down and hurting myself, or cold, or weariness, or scarcely anything which happens.

MR. BARLOW. And which do you prefer—to be as you are now, or as you were before?

T. As I am now, a great deal, sir; for then I always had something or another the matter with me. Sometimes I

had a little cold, and then I was obliged to stay indoors for several days; sometimes a little headache, and then I was forced to take physic; sometimes the weather was too hot, then I must stay at home, and the same when it was too cold; I used to be tired to death if I did but walk a mile, and I was always eating cake and sweetmeats, till I made myself sick. At present I think I am ten times stronger and healthier than ever I was in my life. But what a terrible country that must be, where people are subject to be buried in that manner in the snow! I wonder anybody will live there.

Mr. B. The people who inhabit that country are of a different opinion, and prefer it to all the countries in the world. They are great travellers, and many of them follow different professions in all the different countries of Europe; but it is the only wish of almost all to return, before their death, to the mountains where they were born and where they passed their youth.

T. I cannot understand that. I have seen a great many ladies and little misses at our house; and whenever they were talking of the places where they should like to live, I have always heard them say that they hated the country of all things, though they were born and bred there.

Mr. B. And yet there are thousands who bear to live in it all their lives, and have no desire to change. Should you, Harry, like to leave the country, and go to live in some town?

HARRY. Indeed, sir, I should not, for then I must leave everything I love in the world; I must leave my father and mother, who have been so kind to me, and you too, sir, who have taken such pains to improve me, and make me good. I am convinced that I never shall find such friends again as long as I live; and what should anybody wish to live for, who has no friends? Besides, there is not a field upon my father's farm, that I do not prefer to every town I ever saw in my life.

T. And have you ever been in any large town?

H. Once I was in Exeter, but I did not much like it. The houses seemed to me to stand too thick and close, and then there are little narrow alleys where the poor live, and

the houses are so high, that neither light nor air can ever get to them; and they most of them appeared so dirty and unhealthy, that it made my heart ache to look at them. And then I walked along the streets, and peeped into the shops—and what do you think I saw?

T. What?

H. Why, I saw great hulking fellows, as big as our ploughmen and carters, with their heads all frizzled and curled like one of our sheep's tails, and they did nothing but finger ribands and caps for the women! This amused me so, that I could not help laughing ready to split my sides. And then, the gentlewoman at whose house I was, took me to a place, where there was a large room full of candles, and a great number of fine gentlemen and ladies all dressed out very finely, who were dancing about as if they were mad. But at the door of this house there were twenty or thirty ragged, half-starved women and children, who stood shivering in the rain, and begged for a bit of bread; but nobody gave it to them. So then I could not help thinking that it would be a great deal better, if all the fine people would give some of their money to the poor that they might have some clothes and victuals in their turn. I went home the next day, and never was I better pleased in my life. When I came to the top of the great hill, from which you have a prospect of our house, I really thought I should have cried with joy. The fields looked all so pleasant, and the cattle feeding in them so happy; and then every step I took, I met with somebody or other I knew, or some little boy that I used to play with. "Here is little Harry come back," said one. "How do ye do, how do ye do?" cried a second. Then a third shook hands with me; and the very cattle, when I went about to see them, all seemed glad that I was come home again.

Mr. B. You see by this, that it is very possible for people to like the country, and to be happy in it. But as to the fine young ladies you talk of, the truth is, that they neither love, nor would be long contented in any place. It is no wonder they dislike the country, where they find neither employment nor amusement. They wish to go to

London, because there they meet with numbers of people as idle and frivolous as themselves; and these people mutually assist each other to talk about trifles, and waste their time.

T. That is true, sir, really; for when we have a great deal of company, I have often observed that they never talked about anything but eating or dressing, or men and women that are paid to make faces at the play-house, or a great room called Ranelagh,\* where everybody goes to meet their friends.

Mr. B. I believe Harry will never go there to meet his friends.

H. Indeed, sir, I do not know what Ranelagh is; but all the friends I have are at home; and when I sit by the fire-side on a winter's night, and read to my father and mother, and sisters, as I sometimes do, or when I talk with you and Master Tommy upon improving subjects, I never wish for any other friends or conversation. But pray, sir, what is Ranelagh?

Mr. B. Ranelagh is a very large round room, to which, at particular times of the year, great numbers of persons go in their carriages to walk about for several hours.

H. And does nobody go there that has not several friends? Because Master Tommy said that people went to Ranelagh to meet their friends.

Mr. Barlow smiled at this question, and answered, "The room is generally so crowded, that people have little opportunity for any kind of conversation; they walk round and round in a circle, one after the other, just like horses in a mill. When people meet who know each other, they perhaps smile and bow, but are pushed forward, without having any opportunity to stop.

H. Whenever I see people dressed very finely, I cannot help thinking of the story you once read me of Agesilaus, king of Sparta.

T. What is that story? Do pray let me hear it.

Mr. B. To-morrow you shall hear it; at present we have read and conversed enough; it is better that you should go out and amuse yourselves.

\* A public room at Chelsea, where large assemblies were held during the last century.





## CHAPTER X.

THE LEVER AND ITS POWERS—THE SCALES—THE WHEEL AND AXLE—  
ARITHMETIC—ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY—THE HISTORY OF AGESILAUS—  
THE STORY OF LEONIDAS.

THE little boys then went out, and returned to a diversion they had been amusing themselves with for several days, the making a prodigious snow-ball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands. This they turned over and over, till, by continually collecting fresh matter, it grew so large that they were unable to roll it any farther. Here Tommy observed that their labours must end, "for it was impossible to turn it any longer." "No," said Harry, "I know a remedy for that." So he ran and fetched a couple of thick sticks, about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himself. He then desired Tommy to put the end of his stick under the mass, while Harry did the same on his side; and then, lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the greatest ease.

Tommy was extremely surprised, and said, "How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than we were before; and yet now we are able to roll this snow-ball along with ease, while we could not even stir it before." "That is very true," answered Harry, "but it is owing to these sticks. This is the way the labourers move the largest trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to stir." "I never should have imagined," said Tommy, "that the sticks would have given us more strength than we had before."

Just as he had said this, through a violent effort made by the boys, both their sticks broke short in the middle. "This is no great loss," observed Tommy; "for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks."

They then tried to shove the ball again, with the truncheons which remained in their hands; but, to the new surprise of Tommy, they found they were unable to stir it. "That is very curious, indeed," said Tommy; "I find that only long sticks are of any use." "That," said Harry, "I could have told you before; but I wished you to find it out yourself. The longer the stick is, provided it is sufficiently strong, and you can manage it, the more easily will you succeed." "This is really strange," replied Tommy; "but I see some of Mr. Barlow's labourers at work a little way off; let us go to them, and desire them to cut us two longer sticks, that we may try their effect."

They then went up to the men who were at work, but here a new subject of admiration presented itself to Tommy's mind. This was a root of a prodigious oak tree, so large and heavy, that half-a-dozen horses would scarcely have been able to draw it along; besides, it was so tough and knotty, that the sharpest axe could hardly make any impression upon it. A couple of old men were attempting to cleave this root in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr. Barlow's fire.

Tommy, who thought their strength totally disproportionate to such an undertaking, could not help pitying them; and observing, that certainly Mr. Barlow "did not know what they are about, or he would have prevented such



poor, weak old men from fatiguing themselves about what they never could perform." "Do you think so?" replied Harry; "what would you then say, if you were to see me, little as I am, perform this wonderful task, with the assistance of one of these good people?" So he took up a wooden mallet—an instrument which, although much larger, resembles a hammer—and began beating the root, but without making the least impression. Tommy, who imagined that his friend Harry was caught, began to smile, and told him, "that he would break a hundred mallets to pieces before he made the least impression upon the wood." "Say you so?" answered Harry, smiling; "then I believe I must try another method;" so he stooped down, and picked up a small piece of rough iron, about six inches long, which Tommy had not observed before, as it lay upon the ground. This iron was broad at the top, but gradually sloped all the way down, till it came to a perfect edge. Harry then took it up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the body of the root. The old man and he

then struck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every side, and the iron was totally buried in the wood.

"There," said Harry, "this first wedge has done its business very well; two or three more will finish it." He then took up another larger wedge, and inserting it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began to beat upon it as he had done before. The root now cracked and split on every side of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, still continuing his blows, and inserting new and larger wedges as fast as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and entirely separated the monstrous mass of wood into two unequal parts.

Harry then said, "Here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire; and I will show you something else that will surprise you." So he took a pole of about ten feet long, and hung the log upon it by a piece of cord which he found there; then he asked Tommy which end of the pole he chose to carry? Tommy, who thought it would be most convenient to have the weight near him, chose that end of the pole near which the weight was suspended, and put it upon his shoulder, while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the pressure; however, as he saw Harry walk briskly away under his share of the load, he determined not to complain.

As they were walking in this manner, Mr. Barlow met them; and seeing poor Tommy labouring under his burthen, he asked him who had loaded him in that manner? Tommy said it was Harry. Upon this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, "Well, Tommy, this is the first time I ever saw your friend Harry attempt to impose upon you; he is making you carry about three times the weight he himself supports." Harry replied, "that Tommy had chosen his task for himself, and that he should directly have informed him of his mistake, but that Tommy had been so surprised at seeing

the common effects of a lever, that he wished to teach him some other facts about it." Then, shifting the ends of the pole, so as to support that part which Tommy had been carrying, he asked him, "if he found his shoulder any easier?" "Indeed I do," replied Tommy, "but I cannot conceive how; for we carry the same weight between us, and just in the same manner." "Not quite in the same manner," answered Mr. Barlow; "for, if you observe, the log is a great deal farther from your shoulder than from Harry's, so that he now supports just as much as you did before, and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you." "This is very extraordinary, indeed," said Tommy; "I find there are a great many things which I did not know, nor even my mamma, nor any of the fine ladies that come to our house." "Well," replied Mr. Barlow, "if you have acquired so much useful knowledge already, what may you not expect to achieve in a few years more?"

Mr. Barlow then led Tommy into the house, and showed him a stick about four feet long, with a scale hung at each end. "Now," said he, "if you place this stick over the back of a chair, so that it may rest exactly upon the middle, you see the two scales will just balance each other. So, if I put into each of them an equal weight, they will still remain suspended. In this manner we weigh everything which is bought, only, for greater convenience, the beam of the scale, which is the same thing as this stick, is generally hung up to something else by its middle. But let us now move the stick, and see what will be the consequence." Mr. Barlow then pushed the stick along in such a manner, that when it rested upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one side, and only one on the other. That side which was longest instantly came to the ground as heaviest. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "if we would now balance the scales, we must put a greater weight on the shortest side." So he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longest side would exactly balance three on the shortest; for, as much as the longer side exceeded the shorter in length, so

much did the weight which was hung at that end require to exceed that on the longest side.

"This," said Mr. Barlow, "is what they call a lever, and all the sticks that you have been using to-day are only levers of a different construction. By these short trials you may conceive the great importance to men of the lever; for, by using it, one man can stir a weight which half-a-dozen could not be able to with their hands alone; thus may a little boy, like you, do more than the strongest man could effect, who did not know these secrets. As to that instrument by the help of which you were so surprised to see Harry cleave such a vast body of wood, it is called a wedge, and is almost equally useful with the lever. The whole force of it consists in its being gradually narrower and narrower, till at last it ends in a thin edge, capable of penetrating the smallest chink. By this we are enabled to overthrow the largest oaks, to cleave their roots, almost as hard as iron itself, and even to split the solid rocks.

"One thing more," added Mr. Barlow, "as we are upon this subject, I will show you." So he led them into the yard, at the bottom of his granary, where stood a heavy sack of corn. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "if you are so stout a fellow as you imagine, take up this sack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary." "That," replied Tommy, laughing, "is impossible; and I doubt, sir, whether you could do it yourself." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "we will at least try what is to be done." He then led them up into the granary, and showing them a middle-sized wheel, with a handle fixed upon it, desired the little boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with some little difficulty; and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when, presently after, he saw the sack of corn, which he had despaired of moving, mounting up into the granary, and safely landed upon the floor. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakest person may perform the work of the strongest. This is called the wheel and axle. You see this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle, which goes into it, and is much smaller; and at every turn

the rope to which the weight is fixed that you want to move, is twisted round the axle. Now, just as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, so much greater is the weight that the person who turns it can move, than he could stir without it." "Well," said Tommy, "I see it is a fine thing indeed to acquire knowledge, for, in doing so, one not only increases one's understanding, but one's bodily strength. But are there no more, sir, of these ingenious contrivances? for I should like to understand them all." "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow, "there are more, and with all of them you shall be perfectly acquainted in time; but for this purpose you should be able to write, and comprehend something of arithmetic."

TOMMY. What is arithmetic, sir?

MR. BARLOW. That is not so easy to make you understand at once; I will, however, try to explain it. Do you see the grains of wheat which lie scattered in the window.

T. Yes, sir.

MR. B. Can you count how many there are?

T. There are just five-and-twenty of them.

MR. B. Very well. Here is another parcel; how many grains are here?

T. Just fourteen.

MR. B. If there are fourteen grains in one heap, and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all? or, how many do fourteen and twenty-five make?

Tommy was unable to answer, and Mr. Barlow proposed the same question to Harry, who answered, that together they made thirty-nine. "Very well," said Mr. Barlow, "I will put the two heaps together, and then how many will there be?"

T. Thirty-nine.

MR. B. Now, look, I have just taken away nineteen from the number; how many do you think remain?

T. I will count them.

MR. B. And cannot you tell without counting? How many are there, Harry?

H. Twenty, sir.

Mr. B. All this is properly the art of arithmetic, which is the same as that of counting, only it is done in a much shorter and easier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus, for instance, if you wanted to know how many barley-corns were in this sack, you would perhaps be a week in counting the whole number.

T. Indeed I believe I should.

Mr. B. If you understood arithmetic, you might do it in five minutes.

T. That is extraordinary, indeed; I can hardly conceive it possible.

Mr. B. A bushel of corn weighs about fifty pounds; this sack contains four bushels; so that there are just two hundred pounds' weight in all. Now, every pound contains sixteen ounces, and sixteen times two hundred makes thirty-two hundred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but to count the number of grains in a single ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in the sack.

Before we leave this subject I must tell you a little story. There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and did not grudge to give the highest prices for them. One day a horse-courser came to him, and showed him one so handsome, that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted the horse, and found his paces excellent; for, though he was full of spirit, he was gentle and tractable as could be wished. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the beautiful creature's price. The horse-courser answered, that he would bate nothing of two hundred guineas; the gentleman, although he admired the horse, would not consent to give so much, and they were just on the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him, and said, "Is there no possible way of our agreeing? for I would give you anything in reason for such a beautiful creature." "Why," replied the dealer, who was a shrewd fellow, and perfectly understood calculation, "if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail the horse has





in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go on doubling throughout the whole twenty-four? for there are no more than twenty-four nails in all his shoes."

The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables.

T. This fellow must have been a very great blockhead, to ask two hundred guineas, and then to take a few farthings for his horse.

Mr. B. The gentleman was of the same opinion; however, the horse-courser added, "I do not mean, sir, to tie you

down to this last proposal, which, upon consideration, you may like as little as the first; all I require is, that if you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you will promise to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I first asked." To this the gentleman willingly agreed, and then called his steward to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with his pen and ink, and, after some time, gravely wished his master joy, and asked him, "in what part of England the estate was situated that he was going to purchase?" "Are you mad?" replied the gentleman; "it is not an estate, but a horse, that I have just bargained for, and here is the owner, to whom I am going to pay the money." "If there is any madness, sir," replied the steward, "it certainly is not on my side; the sum you have ordered me to calculate comes to just seventeen thousand four hundred and seventy-six pounds, besides some shillings and pence, and surely no man in his senses would give this price for a horse." The gentleman was more surprised than he had ever been before to hear the assertion of his steward; but when, upon examination, he found it correct, he was very glad to compound for his foolish agreement by giving the horse-courser the two hundred guineas, and dismissing him.

T. This is quite incredible, that a farthing, just doubled a few times, should amount to such a prodigious sum; however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be imposed upon in this manner, for I think a gentleman must look very silly in such a situation.

Thus had Tommy a new employment for the winter nights—the study of arithmetic. Almost every night did Mr. Barlow, and Harry, and he, amuse themselves with little questions that related to numbers, and Tommy became in a short time so expert, that he could add, subtract, multiply, or divide almost any given sum, with little trouble and great exactness. But he did not for this forget the employment of observing the heavens. Every night, when the stars appeared bright, and the sky was unclouded, Harry and he observed the various figures and positions of the constellations.. Mr. Barlow gave him a little paper

globe, as he had promised, and Tommy immediately marked out upon the top his first and favourite constellation of Charles's Wain. A little while after that, he observed on the other side of the Pole-star, another beautiful assemblage of stars, which was always opposite to Charles's Wain; this, Mr. Barlow told him, was called Cassiopeia's Chair, and this, in a short time, was added to the collection.

One night, as Tommy was looking up to the sky, in the southern part of the heavens he observed so remarkable a constellation, that he could not help particularly noticing it; four large and shining stars composed the ends of the figure, which was almost square, and full in the middle appeared three more, placed in a slanting line, and very near each other. This Tommy pointed out to Mr. Barlow, and begged to know the name. Mr. Barlow answered, that the constellation was named Orion, and that the three bright stars in the middle were called his belt. Tommy was so delighted with the grandeur and beauty of this glorious constellation, that he could not help observing it, at intervals, all the evening, and he was surprised to see that it seemed to pass on, in a right line drawn from east to west, and that all the stars he had become acquainted with moved every night in the same direction.

But he did not forget to remind Harry, one morning, of the history he had promised to tell him of Agesilaus. Harry told it in the following manner:—

## HISTORY OF AGESILAUS.

The Spartans were a brave and hardy people, who despised everything that tended to make them delicate and luxurious. All their time was spent in such exercises as made them strong and active, able to bear fatigue, and to despise wounds and danger; for they lived in the midst of several other nations, who frequently had quarrels with each other, and with them, and therefore it was necessary that they should learn to defend themselves. Therefore, all the children were brought up alike, and the sons of their kings themselves were as little indulged as anybody else.

T. Stop, stop! I don't exactly understand that. I thought a king was a person who dressed more finely, and had less to do, than anybody else in the world. I have often heard my mamma and the ladies say, that I looked like a prince when I had fine clothes on; and therefore I thought that kings and princes never did anything but walk about with crowns upon their heads, and eat sweetmeats, all day long.

H. I do not know how that may be, but in Sparta the great business of the kings (for they had two) was to command the people when they went out to war, or when they were attacked at home—and that, you know, the kings could not do without being brave and hardy themselves. Now it happened that the Spartans had some dear friends and allies who lived at a distance from them, across the sea, who were attacked by a great and numerous nation called the Persians. So, when the Spartans knew the danger of their friends, they sent over to their assistance Agesilaus, one of their kings, together with a few thousand of his countrymen, and these they judged, would be a match for all the forces that could be brought against them by the Persians, though ever so numerous. When the general of the Persians saw the small number of his enemies, he imagined it would be an easy matter to take them prisoners, or to destroy them. Besides, as he was immensely rich, and possessed a number of palaces, furnished with everything that was fine and costly, and had a great quantity of gold and silver, and jewels, and slaves, he did not conceive it possible that anybody could resist him. He therefore raised a large army, several times greater than that of the Spartans, and attacked Agesilaus, who was not in the least afraid of him; for the Spartans, joining their shields together, and marching slowly along in even ranks, fell with so much fury upon the Persians, that in an instant they put their foes to flight.

When Pharnabazus (for that was the name of the Persian general) observed that his troops were never able to stand against the Spartans, he sent to Agesilaus, and requested that they might have a meeting, in order to treat about



terms of peace. To this the Spartan consented, and appointed the time and place where he would wait for Pharnabazus. When the day came, Agesilaus arrived first at the place of meeting, with the Spartans; but not seeing Pharnabazus, he sat down upon the grass with his soldiers, and, as it was the hour for the soldiers' repast, they pulled out their provisions, which consisted of some coarse bread and onions, and began eating very heartily. In the midst of them sat King Agesilaus himself, in no wise distinguished from the rest, either by his clothing or his fare; nor was there, in the whole army, a man who more exposed himself to every species of hardship, or discovered less nicety than the king himself. He was consequently beloved and revered by all the soldiers, who were ashamed of appearing less brave or patient than their general.

The Spartans had not long thus reposed, before the first servants of Pharnabazus arrived, bringing with them rich and costly carpets, which they spread upon the ground for their master to recline upon. Presently arrived another troop, who began to erect a spacious tent, with silken hangings, to screen him and his train from the heat of the sun. Next came a company of cooks and confectioners, with a great number of horses laden with all the materials

of an elegant entertainment. Last of all appeared Pharnabazus himself, glittering with gold and jewels, and adorned with a long purple robe, after the fashion of the East; he wore bracelets upon his arms, and was mounted upon a beautiful horse, as gaudily attired as himself.

As he approached nearer, and beheld the simple manners of the Spartan king and his soldiers, he could not help scoffing at their poverty, and making comparisons between their mean appearance and his own magnificence. The courtiers around him seemed to be infinitely diverted with the wit and acute remarks of their general, except a single leader, who had served in the Grecian armies, and therefore was better acquainted with the manners and discipline of these people. This man was highly valued by Pharnabazus for his understanding and honesty, and therefore, when the general observed that he said nothing, he insisted upon his declaring his sentiments, as the rest had done. "Since then," replied he, "you command me to speak my opinion, O Pharnabazus, I must confess that the very circumstances, which is the cause of so much mirth to the courtiers who accompany you, is the reason of my fears. On our side, indeed, I see gold, and jewels, and purple in abundance; but when I look for men, I can find nothing but barbers, cooks, confectioners, fiddlers, dancers, and everything that is most unmanly and unfit for war. On the Grecian side, I discern none of these costly trifles; but I see iron, that forms their weapons, and composes most serviceable arms. I see men who have been brought up to despise every hardship, and face every danger; who are accustomed to keep their ranks, to obey their leader, to take every advantage of their enemy, and to fall dead in their places, rather than to turn and flee. Were it a contest as to who should dress a dinner, or curl hair with the greatest nicety, I should not doubt that the Persians would gain the advantage; but when it is necessary to contend in battle, where the prize is won by hardiness and valour, I cannot help dreading men, who are inured to wounds, and labour, and suffering; nor can I ever think that the Persian gold will be able to resist the Grecian iron."

Pharnabazus was so struck with the truth and justice of these remarks, that from that very hour he determined to contend no more with such invincible troops, but bent all his care towards making peace with the Spartans, thus preserving himself and his country from destruction.

“You see, by this story,” said Mr. Barlow, “that fine clothes are not always of the consequence you imagine, since they are not able to give their wearers either more strength or courage than they had before, or to preserve them from the attacks of men whose appearance is more homely. But since you are so little acquainted with the business of a soldier, I must show you a little more clearly in what it consists. In spite, therefore, of all this pageantry, which seems so strongly to have acted upon your mind, I must inform you that there is no human being more exposed than the soldier to suffer great hardships; he is often obliged to march whole days in the most violent heat, or cold, or rain, and frequently without victuals to eat, or clothes to cover him; and when he stops at night, the best shelter he can expect is a miserable canvass tent, penetrated in every part by the wet, and a little straw to keep his body from the damp, unwholesome earth. Frequently he cannot meet with even this, and is obliged to lie uncovered upon the ground; so that he may contract a thousand diseases, which are more fatal than the cannon and weapons of the enemy. Every hour he is exposed to engage in combats at the hazard of losing his limbs, of being crippled, or mortally wounded. If he gain the victory, he generally has only to begin again and fight anew, till the war is over; if he be beaten, he may probably lose his life upon the spot, or be taken prisoner by the enemy; in which case he may languish several months in a dreary prison, in want of all the necessaries of life.”

“Alas!” said Harry, “what a dreadful picture do you draw of the fate of those brave men who suffer so much to defend their country. Surely, those who employ them should take care of them when they are sick, or wounded, or incapable of providing for themselves.”

"So, indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "they ought to do; but rash and foolish men engage in wars, without either justice or reason; and when they are over, they think no more of the unhappy people who have served them at so much loss to themselves."

H. Pray, dear sir, read to Master Tommy the story of Leonidas, which gave me so much pleasure; I am sure he will like to hear it.

Mr. Barlow accordingly read—

#### THE HISTORY OF LEONIDAS, KING OF SPARTA.

Xerxes, king of Persia, commanded a vast extent of territory, which was inhabited by many millions of people, and not only abounded in all the necessaries of life, but produced immense quantities of gold and silver, and every other costly thing. Yet all this did not satisfy the haughty mind of Xerxes. He considered that the Grecians, his neighbours, were free, and refused to obey his imperious orders, which he foolishly imagined all mankind should respect; he therefore determined, to make an expedition with a mighty army into Greece, and to conquer the country. For this reason he raised such an immense army, that it was almost impossible to describe it; the number of men that composed it seemed sufficient to conquer the whole world, and all the forces the Grecians were able to raise, would scarcely amount to a hundredth part. Nevertheless, the Grecians held public councils to consult about their common safety; and they nobly determined, that, as they had hitherto lived free, so they would either maintain their liberty, or bravely die in its defence.

In the meantime, Xerxes was continually marching forward, and at length entered the territory of Greece. The Grecians had not yet been able to assemble their troops or make their preparations, and therefore they were struck with consternation at the approach of such an army as that of Xerxes. Leonidas was at that time king of Sparta; and when he considered the state of affairs, he saw one method alone by which the ruin of his country and of all Greece



could be prevented. In order to enter the more cultivated parts of that country, it was necessary for the Persian army to march through a very rough and mountainous district, called Thermopylæ. There was only one narrow road through all these mountains, which it was possible for a very small number of men to defend for some time, against the most numerous army. Leonidas perceived, that if a small number of resolute men would undertake to defend this passage, it would retard the march of the whole Persian army, and give the Grecians time to collect their troops—but who would undertake so desperate an enterprise, where there was scarcely any possibility of escaping alive? Leonidas determined to undertake the expedition himself, with such of the Spartans as would voluntarily attend him; and to sacrifice his own life for the preservation of his country.

With this design he assembled the chief persons of Sparta, and laid before them the necessity of defending the pass of Thermopylæ. They were equally convinced of its importance, but knew not where to find a man of sufficient valour to undertake the duty, "Then," said Leonidas, "since there is no more worthy man ready to perform this service, I myself will undertake it, with those who will voluntarily accompany me." The hearers were struck with admiration at his proposal, and praised the greatness of his mind, but set before him the certain destruction which must befall him. "All this," said Leonidas, "I have already considered; but I am determined to go, with the appearance indeed of defending the pass of Thermopylæ, but in reality to die for the liberty of Greece." Saying this, he went out of the assembly, and instantly prepared for the expedition, taking with him about three hundred Spartans. Before he went, he embraced his wife, who hung about him in tears, well acquainted with the dangerous purposes of his march; but he endeavoured to comfort her, and told her, that a short life was well sacrificed to the interests of his country, and that Spartan women should be more careful about the glory than the safety of their husbands. He then kissed his infant children, and went

out of his house, to put himself at the head of those brave men who were to accompany him.

As they marched through the city, all the inhabitants attended them, with praises and acclamations. The young women sang songs of triumph, and scattered flowers before them; the youths were jealous of their glory, and lamented that such a noble doom had not rather fallen upon themselves; while all their friends and relations seemed rather to exult in the immortal honour the heroes were going to acquire, than to be dejected with the apprehension of their loss; and, as they continued their march through Greece, they were joined by various bodies of their allies, so that their numbers amounted to about six thousand, when they took possession of the pass of Thermopylæ.

In a short time, Xerxes approached with his innumerable army, which was composed of various nations, and armed in a thousand different ways. When he saw the small number of his enemies, he could not believe that they really meant to oppose his passage; but when he was told that this was surely their design, he sent out a small detachment of his troops, and ordered them to take those Grecians alive, and bring them bound before him. The Persian troops set out, and attacked the Grecians with considerable fury; but at the first onset they were routed, the greater part slain, and the rest obliged to fly. Xerxes was enraged at this misfortune, and ordered the combat to be renewed with greater forces. The attack was repeated, but always with the same result, although he sent the bravest troops in his whole army. Thus was this immense army stopped in its career, and the pride of their monarch humbled, by a body of Grecians so inconsiderable, that they were not at first thought worthy of a serious attack. At length, what Xerxes with all his troops was incapable of effecting, was performed by the treachery of some of the Grecians who inhabited that country. For a great reward they undertook to lead a chosen body of the Persians across the mountains, by a secret path with which they alone were acquainted. Accordingly, the Persians set out in the night, and, having passed over the mountains in safety, encamped on the other side.



As soon as day arose, Leonidas perceived that he had been betrayed, and that he was surrounded by the enemy; nevertheless, with undaunted courage, he took all necessary measures, and prepared for the fate which he had long resolved to meet. After praising and thanking the allies for the bravery with which they had behaved, he sent them all away to their respective countries; many of the Spartans, too, he would have dismissed under various pretences; but they, determined rather to perish with their king than to return, refused to go. When he saw their resolution, he consented that they should stay with him and share his fate. All day, therefore, he remained quiet in his camp, but when evening approached he ordered his troops to take some refreshment, and, smiling, told them "to dine like men who were to sup in another world." They then completely armed themselves, and waited for the middle of the

night, the time Leonidas judged most proper for the design he meditated. He saw that the Persians would never imagine it possible that such an insignificant body of men should think of attacking their numerous forces; he was therefore determined, in the silence of the night, to break into their camp, and endeavour, amid the terror and confusion which would ensue, to surprise Xerxes himself.

About midnight, therefore, this determined body of Grecians marched out, with Leonidas at their head. They soon broke into the Persian camp, and put all to flight that dared to oppose them. It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion which ensued among so many thousands, thus unexpectedly surprised. Still the Grecians marched on in close impenetrable order, overturning the tents, destroying all that dared resist, and driving that vast and mighty army like frightened sheep before them. At length they came even to the imperial tent of Xerxes; and had he not quitted it at the first alarm, he would there have ended at once his life and his expedition. The Grecians put all the guards to flight, and, rushing upon the imperial pavilion, violently overturned it, and trampled under their feet all the costly furniture and vessels of gold which were used by the monarchs of Persia.

But now the morning began to appear; and the Persians, who had discovered the small number of their assailants, surrounded them on every side, and, without daring to come to a close engagement, poured in their darts and missiles. The Grecians were wearied even with the toils of conquest, and their body was already considerably diminished; nevertheless, Leonidas, who was yet alive, led on to a fresh attack the intrepid few that remained. Again he rushed upon the Persians, and pierced their thickest battalions as often as he could reach them. But valour itself was vain against such inequality of numbers; at every charge the Grecian ranks grew thinner and thinner, till at length they were all destroyed, without a single man having quitted his post or turned his back upon the enemy.

“Really,” said Tommy, when the history was finished,



“Leonidas was a brave man. But what became of Xerxes and his army after the death of this valiant Spartan? Was he able to overcome the Grecians, or did they repulse him?” “You are now able to read for yourself,” replied Mr. Barlow; “and therefore, by examining the histories of those countries, you may be informed of everything you wish to know.”





## CHAPTER XI.

THE CONSTELLATIONS—DO THE STARS MOVE?—SIZE AND DISTANCE—THE  
LOADSTONE AND MAGNET—THE COMPASS—GREENLAND AND ITS PRO-  
DUCTIONS—THE WHALE—THE KAMTSCHATKANS AND THEIR DOGS—  
THE MAGIC LANTERN.

AND now the frost had continued for several weeks, and Tommy had taken advantage of the evenings, which generally proved clear and starlight, to improve his knowledge of the heavens. He had already ornamented his paper globe with several of the most remarkable constellations. Around the Pole-star he had discovered Perseus and Andromeda, and Cepheus, and Cassiopeia's Chair. Between these and the bright Orion, which rose every night and glittered in the south, he discovered seven small stars in a cluster, called the Pleiades. Then, underneath Orion, he discovered another glittering star, called Sirius, or the Dog-star. All these, he continually observed, journeyed every night from east to west, and then appeared, the evening after, in their former places. "How strange it

is," observed Tommy, one day to Mr. Barlow, "that all these stars should be continually turning about the earth!" "How do you know," replied Mr. Barlow, "that they turn at all?"

T. Because I see them move every night.

Mr. B. But how are you sure that it is the stars which move every night, and not the earth itself?

Tommy considered and said; "But then I should see the earth move, and the stars stand still."

Mr. B. What, did you never ride in a coach?

T. Yes, sir, very often.

Mr. B. And did you then see that the coach moved, as you sat still and went along a level road?

T. No, sir; I protest I have often thought that the houses and trees, and all the country, glided swiftly along by the windows of the coach.

Mr. B. And did you never sail in a boat?

T. Yes, I have; and I have observed the same thing; for I remember, I have often thought the shore was running away from the boat, instead of the boat from the shore.

Mr. B. If that is the case, it is possible, even though the earth should move, instead of the stars, that you might only see what you do at present, and imagine that the earth you are upon, was at rest.

T. But is it not more likely, that such little things as the stars and the sun should move, than such a large thing as the earth?

Mr. B. And how do you know that the stars and sun are so small?

T. I see that they are so, sir. The stars are so small, that they are hardly to be seen at all; and the sun itself, which is much larger, does not seem bigger than a small round table.

The day after this conversation, as the weather was bright and clear, Mr. Barlow went out to walk with Harry and Tommy. As, by this time, Tommy was inured to fatigue, and able to walk many miles, they continued their excursion over the hills, till at last they came in sight of the sea. As

they were enjoying the immense prospect of water that was before them, Mr. Barlow perceived something floating at a distance, so small as to be scarcely discernible by the eye. He pointed it out to Tommy, who with some difficulty was able to distinguish it, and asked him what he thought it was?

Tommy answered that he imagined it to be some little fishing boat, but could not well tell, on account of the distance.

Mr. B. If you do not then see a ship, what is it you do see? or what does that object appear to your eyes?

T. All that I can see, is no more than a little dusky speck, which seems to grow bigger and bigger.

Mr. And what is the reason it grows bigger and bigger?

T. Because it comes nearer and nearer to me.

Mr. B. What, then, does the same thing sometimes appear small, and sometimes great?

T. Yes, sir; it seems small when it is at a great distance; for I have observed even houses and churches, when you are some miles distant, seem to the eye very small indeed; and now I observe that the vessel is sailing towards us, and it is not, as I imagined, a little fishing boat, but a ship with a mast, for I begin to distinguish the sails.

Mr. Barlow walked on a little while by the side of the sea, and presently Tommy called out again—"I protest I was mistaken again; for it is not a vessel with one mast, as I thought a little while ago, but a fine large ship with three great masts, and all her sails before the wind. I believe she must either be a large merchantman or else a frigate.

Mr. B. Then take notice of what you have now been saying. What was at first only a little dusky speck, became a vessel with one mast, and now this vessel with one mast plainly appears a ship of a very large size, with all her masts, and sails, and rigging complete. Yet all these three appearances are only the same object at different distances from your eye.

T. Yes, sir, that is all very true.

Mr. B. Why, then, if the ship, which is now full in



sight, were to tack about again, and sail away from us as fast as she approached just now, what do you think would happen?

T. It would grow less and less every minute, till it appeared a speck again.

Mr. B. You said, I think, that the sun was a very small body, not bigger than a round table?

T. Yes, sir.

Mr. B. Supposing, then, the sun were to be removed to a much greater distance than it is now, what would happen? Would it appear the same size to your eyes?

Tommy considered for some time, and then said, "If the ship grows less and less, till at last it appears a mere speck, by going farther and farther, I should think the sun would do the same."

Mr. B. There you are perfectly right; therefore if the sun were to depart farther and farther from us, at last it would appear no bigger than one of those twinkling stars that you see at so great a distance above your head.

T. That I perfectly understand.

Mr. B. But if, on the contrary, one of those twinkling stars were to approach nearer and nearer to where you stand, what do you think would happen? Would it still appear of the same size?

T. No, sir. The ship, as it came nearer to us, appeared every moment larger, and therefore I think the star must do the same.

Mr. B. Might it not then at last appear as big as the sun now does; just as the sun would dwindle away to the size of a star, were it to be removed to a still greater distance?

T. Indeed I think it might.

Mr. B. What, then, do you imagine must happen, could the sun approach a great deal nearer to us? Would its size remain the same?

T. No; I plainly see that it must appear bigger and bigger, the nearer it comes.

Mr. B. Do you remember what happened to you when you left the island of Jamaica?

T. Yes, I do. One of the blacks held me up on the deck, and then I looked towards the island, and I thought that it began to move away from the ship, though, in reality, it was the ship moving away from the land; and then, as the ship continued sailing along the water, the island appeared less and less. First, I lost sight of the trees and houses that stood upon the shore; then I could only see the highest mountains; then I could scarcely see the mountains themselves. At last, the whole island appeared only like a dark mist above the water; and then the mist itself disappeared, and I could see nothing but a vast extent of water all round and the sky above.

Mr. B. Now, then, you will be able to answer the question I asked you a little while ago—Could a person travel straight forward from the earth to the sun, how would they both appear to him as he went forward?

T. The earth would appear less and less as he went from it, and the sun bigger and bigger.

Mr. B. Why, then, perhaps it would happen at last, that the sun appeared bigger than the earth.

T. Certainly.

Mr. B. Then you see that you must no longer talk of the earth's being large, and the sun small, since that may only appear so because you are near the one and at a great distance from the other. At least, you must now be convinced that both the sun and stars must be immensely larger than you would at first sight guess them to be.

As they were returning home, they happened to pass through a small town, and saw a crowd of people going into a house, Mr. Barlow had the curiosity to inquire the reason. They were told that there was a wonderful person within, who performed a variety of strange and diverting experiments. On Tommy's expressing a great desire to see these curious exhibitions, Mr. Barlow took both his pupils in, and they all seated themselves among the audience.

Presently the performer began his exhibitions, which very much amused Tommy, and surprised the spectators. At length, after a variety of curious tricks upon cards, the conjuror desired them to observe a large basin of water,

with the figure of a little swan floating upon the surface. "Gentlemen," said the man, "I have reserved this curious experiment for the last, because it is the most wonderful of all I have to show; the strangest, perhaps, that ever was exhibited, to the present hour. You see that swan. It is no more than a little image, without either sense or life. If you have any doubt upon the subject, take it up in your hands and examine it. Accordingly, several of the spectators took the swan up in their hands, and, after having examined it, set it down again upon the water. "Now," continued he, "this swan, which to you appears totally without sense or motion, is of so extraordinary a nature that he knows me, his master, and will follow in any direction at my command." Saying this, he took out a little piece of bread, and, whistling to his bird, ordered him to come to the side of the basin and be fed. Immediately, to the great surprise of all the company, the swan turned about and swam to the side of the basin. The man whistled again, and presently the swan turned himself round, and pursued the hand of his master to the other side.

The spectators could hardly believe their eyes; and some of them got little pieces of bread, and held them out, imagining that the swan would do the same to them. But it was in vain they whistled and presented their bread; the bird remained unmoved upon the water, and obeyed no orders but those of his master.

When this exhibition had been repeated over and over again, to the extreme delight and astonishment of all present, the company rose and dispersed, and Mr. Barlow and the little boys pursued their way home.

But Tommy's mind was so engaged with what he had seen, that for several days he could think and talk of nothing else. He would have given all that he had in the world to find out this curious trick, and to be the owner of such a swan. At length, as he was one day talking to Harry upon the subject, Harry told him, with a smile, that he believed he had found out a method of doing it, and that, if he did not mistake, he would the next day show Tommy a swan that would come to be fed as well as the conjuror's

Accordingly, Harry moulded a bit of wax into the shape of a swan, and placed it in a basin of water. He then presented to it a piece of bread, and, to the inexpressible delight of Tommy, the swan pursued the bread, just as the conjuror's swan had done.

After he had several times diverted himself with this experiment, he wanted to be informed of the composition of this wonderful swan. Harry therefore showed him, within the body of the bird, a large needle, which lay across it from one end to the other. In the bread with which the swan was fed, he also showed him concealed a small bar of iron. Tommy could not comprehend all this, although he saw it before his eyes; but Mr. Barlow, who was present, took up the bar of iron, and put down several needles upon the table. Tommy was infinitely surprised to see the needles all jump up, one after another, at the approach of the bar, and shoot towards it, as if they had been possessed of life and sense. They then hung all about the bar so firmly, that though it was lifted into the air, they all remained suspended, nor ever quitted their hold. Mr. Barlow then placed a key upon the table, and putting the iron near it, the key attached itself as firmly to the bar as the needles had done before. All this appeared so surprising to Tommy, that he begged an explanation of it. Mr. Barlow told him, "There is a stone called the loadstone, often found in iron mines. This stone is naturally possessed of the surprising power of drawing to itself all pieces of iron that are not too large, or placed at too great a distance. But what is equally extraordinary is, that iron itself, after having been rubbed upon the loadstone, acquires the same power as the stone itself, of attracting other iron. For this purpose people take small bars of iron, and rub them carefully upon the loadstone, and when the bars have acquired this very extraordinary power, they call them magnets. When Harry had seen the exhibition of the swan, upon revolving it in his mind, he began to suspect that it was performed entirely by the power of magnetism. On his talking to me about the affair, I confirmed him in his opinion, and furnished him with a small magnet to put

into the bread, and a large needle to conceal in the body of the bird. So this is the explanation of the feat which so much puzzled you a few days past."

Mr. Barlow had scarcely done speaking, when Tommy observed another curious property of the swan, which he had not found out before. This bird, when left to itself, constantly rested in one particular direction, and that direction was full north and south.

Tommy inquired the reason of this, and Mr. Barlow gave him this additional explanation: "The persons who first discovered the wonderful powers of the loadstone in communicating its virtues to iron, amused themselves, as we do now, in touching needles and small pieces of iron which they made to float upon water, and attracted them with other pieces of iron. But it was not long before they found out, as you do now, another surprising property of this wonderful stone. They observed, that when a needle had once been touched by the loadstone, if it was left to float upon the water without restraint, it would invariably turn itself towards the north. In a short time they improved the discovery farther, and contrived to suspend the middle of the needle upon a point, so loosely that it could move about in every direction; this they covered with a glass case, and thus they always had it in their power to find out all the quarters of the heavens and earth."

TOMMY. Was this discovery of any great use?

MR. BARLOW. Before this time they had no other method of finding their way along the sea, but by observing the stars. They knew, by experience, in what part of the sky certain stars appeared at every season of the year, and this enabled them to discover east, west, north, and south. But when they set out from their own country by sea, they knew in which direction the place was situated which they were going to. If it lay to the east, they had only to keep the head of the ship turned full to that quarter of the heavens, and they would arrive at the place they were going to; and this they were enabled to do by observing the stars. But frequently the weather was thick, and the stars no longer appeared, and then they were left to wander about

the pathless ocean without the smallest track to guide them in their course.

For this reason they seldom dared to venture out of sight of shore, for fear of losing their way. Thus all their voyages were long and tedious; for they were obliged to make them several times as long as they would have done, could they have taken the straight and nearest way. But soon after the discovery of this admirable property of the loadstone, they found that the needle, which had been thus prepared, was capable of showing the different points of the heavens, even in the darkest night. This enabled them to sail with greater security, and to venture boldly upon the immense ocean, which they had always feared before.

T. How extraordinary that a little stone should enable people to cross the sea, and to find their way from one country to another! But I wonder why they take all these pains.

Mr. B. That you need not wonder at, when you consider that one country frequently produces what another does not; and therefore, by exchanging their different commodities, the inhabitants of both may live more conveniently than they did before.

H. I have heard you say, that even in Greenland, the coldest and most uncomfortable country in the world, the inhabitants procure themselves necessaries, and live contented.

T. What, is there a part of the world still colder than Lapland?

Mr. B. Greenland is still farther north, and therefore colder and more barren. The ground is there covered with snow, which never melts, even in the summer. There are scarcely any animals to be found, excepting bears, that live by preying upon fish. There are no trees growing upon any part of the country, so that the inhabitants have nothing to build their houses with, excepting the planks and trees which the sea washes away from other countries, and leaves upon their coast. With these they erect large cabins, where several families live together. The sides of these huts are composed of earth and stones, and the top

secured with turf; in a short time the whole is so cemented with frost, that it is impenetrable to the weather during the whole winter. Along the sides of the building are made several partitions, in each of which a Greenlander lives with his family. Each of these families has a small lamp continually burning, by means of which they cook their food and obtain light, and what is equally necessary in so cold a country, keep up an agreeable warmth throughout their apartment. They have a few deer, which sometimes visit them in the summer, and which the Greenlanders kill whenever they can catch them; but they are almost entirely destitute of all the vegetables which serve as nourishment to man, so that they are obliged to be continually upon the sea, in order to catch fish for their maintenance.

T. What a dreadful life that must be in a country which is so cold!

Mr. B. In consequence of that extreme cold, those northern seas are full of such immense quantities of ice, that they are sometimes almost covered with them. Huge pieces come floating down, not only as big as the largest houses, but even resembling small mountains. These are sometimes dashed against each other by the winds, with a noise that exceeds the report of a cannon, and with such immense force that they would crush the strongest ship to pieces. Upon these pieces of ice are frequently seen white bears of enormous size, which have either fallen asleep upon them, and so been carried away, or have straggled over those icy hills in search of fish.

T. You said that these people had neither flesh nor corn; do they then clothe themselves with the skins of fish, as well as live upon them?

Mr. B. There is in those seas a peculiar species of animal called a seal. He is nine or ten feet long, and has two small fore feet, on which he is able to walk a little upon the shore; for he frequently comes out of the sea, and sleeps, or amuses himself upon the land or ice. His body is very large, and full of oil, and behind he has two legs, which resemble fins, with which he swims in the water. This animal is the constant prey of the Greenlander, and furnishes

him with all he wants. The flesh he eats, the fat serves him to feed his lamp, which is almost as necessary as food itself in that cold climate; with the skin he makes clothes that are impenetrable to the water, or lines the inside of his hut to keep out the weather. As this animal is so necessary to the existence of a Greenlander, it is his greatest glory to chase and take him. For this purpose he places himself in a small narrow boat, the top of which is covered over with the skins of seals, and closes round the middle of the fisher so tight as entirely to exclude the water. He has a long oar or paddle, broad at both ends, which he dips first on one side, then on the other, and rows along with incredible swiftness over the roughest seas. He carries with him a harpoon, a kind of lance or javelin, tied to a long thong, at the end of which is fixed a bladder, or some other light thing that sinks with difficulty. When the fisherman is thus prepared he skims lightly along the waters, till he perceives at a distance one of these animals floating upon the surface. The Greenlander then approaches him as softly as he is able, and, if possible, contrives that the animal shall have the wind and sun in his eyes. When he is sufficiently near he throws his harpoon, and generally wounds the seal, in which case he instantly hurries away, and carries with him the thong and bladder. But it is not long before the seal is compelled to rise again to the surface of the water to breathe; and then the Greenlander, who has been pursuing him all the time, attacks him anew, and dispatches him with a shorter lance, which he has brought with him for that purpose. He then ties his prey to his boat, and tows it after him to his family, who receive it with joy, and dress it for their supper. Although these poor people live a life of such continual fatigue, and are obliged to earn their food with so much hardship, they are generous and hospitable in the management of it; for there is not a person present but is invited to partake of the feast; and a Greenlander would think himself dishonoured for life, if he should be thought capable of wishing to keep it all to himself.

In these seas is found the whale, which is sometimes seventy, eighty, or a hundred feet in length, and from ten to twenty





feet in height, and every way large in proportion. When he swims along the seas, he appears rather like a large vessel floating upon the waters than a fish. He has immense fins, and a tail with which he lashes the sea into foam. Would you not believe that such an animal was the most dreadful of the whole brute creation?

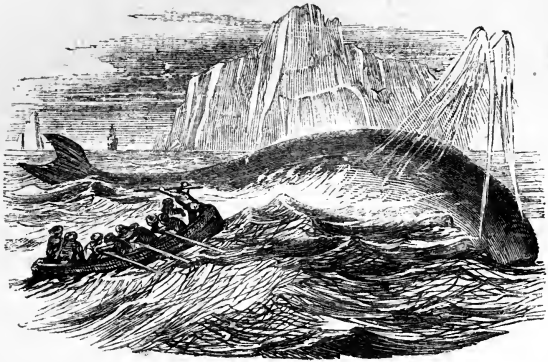
T. Inded, sir, I should! I should think that such a fish would upset whole ships, and devour the sailors.

Mr. B. Far from it. Except when angered, the whale is one of the most harmless creatures in respect to man that the ocean produces. The food he lives upon is chiefly small fish, which are found in such prodigious shoals that the sea is absolutely covered with them for miles together. The hungry whale pursues them, and thins their numbers, by swallowing thousands of them in their course.

H. What numbers of small animals must such a prodigious fish devour.

Mr. B. The whale, in his turn, falls a prey to man. Some indeed are caught by the Greenlander; but by far the greater number fall a prey to Europeans, who send out great numbers of ships every year, to destroy the poor whale, for the sake of the oil which his body contains, and the elastic bones which are known by the name of whale-

bone, and applied to several purposes. When the men who go upon this dangerous expedition discern a whale floating at a distance, they instantly send out several boats to pursue him. Some of the men row along as gently as possible, while the person appointed to attack the fish stands up in the fore part of the boat, holding in his hands a sharp harpoon, with which he is prepared to wound his prey. This harpoon is fastened to a long cord which lies ready coiled up in the boat, so that it may be let out in an instant when the fish is struck; for such is the whale's prodigious force, that, should the least impediment occur to stop the rope in its passage, he would instantly draw the boat after him down to the bottom of the sea. In order to prevent these dangerous accidents, a man stands constantly ready to divide the rope with a hatchet in case it should happen to become entangled; and another is continually pouring water over it for fear the swiftness of the motion should make it take fire. The poor whale, being thus wounded, darts away with great rapidity, and plunges deep into the sea. The men have a large supply of cord ready to let out, and, when their store is exhausted, other boats are ready to help with more. Thus is the poor whale overpowered and killed, in spite of his immense bulk and strength; for, gradually wearied with his own efforts, and the loss of blood, he relaxes in his speed, and rises again to the top of the water to breathe. Then the whalers, who have been waiting for his rising, approach him anew, and attack him with fresh harpoons, till in the end his strength is entirely exhausted. Then the conflict is soon at an end; in a short time he breathes his last, and floats like some large vessel upon the surface of the sea. The fishers then approach, and cut off the fins, and other valuable parts, which they stow on board their ships; the fat or blubber, as it is often called, is received into large hog-heads, and, when boiled, to purify it, composes the common oil, which is applied to so many useful purposes. The whale's carcass is left a prey to other fish, and to the Greenlanders, who carefully collect every fragment they can find, and apply it to their own use.



T. But pray, sir, how do the little boys amuse themselves in such a dismal country as Greenland? Do their fathers take them out fishing with them?

Mr. B. When the men come home all covered with wet and icicles, and sit down comfortably in their huts to feast upon the prey, their usual conversation is about the dangers and accidents they have met with in their expedition. A Greenlander relates how he bounded over the waves to surprise the monstrous seal; how he pierced the animal with his harpoon, and the seal nearly dragged the boat with him under the water; how he attacked him again in closer combat; how the creature, enraged by wounds, rushed upon him in order to destroy him with its teeth; and how, in the end, by courage and perseverance, he triumphed over his adversary, and brought him safe to land. All this will the Greenlander relate with the vehemence and interest which people naturally feel for things which concern them nearly. He stands in the midst of his countrymen, and describes every minute circumstance of his adventures. The little children gather round, and greedily catch the relation. They feel themselves interested in every circumstance; they hear, and wish to share in the toils and glory of their fathers. When they are a little

bigger, they exercise themselves in small skiffs, with which they learn to overcome the waves. Nothing can be more dangerous, or require greater dexterity than the management of a Greenlander's boat. The least thing will overset it, and then the man, who cannot disengage himself from the boat, which is fastened to his middle, sinks down below the waves, and is inevitably drowned, if he cannot regain his balance. The only hope of doing this, is in the proper application of his oar; and, therefore, the dexterous management of this implement forms the early study of the young Greenlanders. In their sportive parties, they row about in a thousand different ways. They dive under their boats, and then set them to rights with their paddle; they learn to glide over the roughest billows, and face the greatest dangers with intrepidity; till, in the end, they acquire sufficient strength and address to fish for themselves, and to be admitted into the class of men.

H. Pray, sir, is this the country where men travel about upon sledges drawn by dogs?

T. Upon sledges drawn by dogs? That must be droll indeed. I had no idea that dogs could ever draw carriages.

Mr. B. The country you are speaking of is called Kamtschatka; it is indeed a cold and dreary country, but very distant from Greenland. The inhabitants train up dogs, which they harness to a sledge, upon which the master sits, and so performs his journey along the snow and ice. All the summer, the Kamtschatkans turn their dogs loose to shift for themselves, and prey upon the remains of fish, which they find upon the shore or the banks of the rivers (for fish is the common food of all the inhabitants); in the winter they assemble their dogs and use them for the purposes I have mentioned. They have no reins to govern the dogs, or stop them in their course, but the driver sits upon his sledge, and keeps himself as steady as he is able, holding in his hand a short stick, which he throws at the dogs if they displease him, and catches again with great dexterity as he passes. This way of travelling is not without danger, for the temper of the dogs is such, that when they descend hills and slippery places, and pass



through woods, where the driver is exposed to wound himself with the branches and stumps, they always quicken their pace. The same is observed in case their master should fall off, which they instantly discover by the sudden lightness of the carriage; then they set off at such a rate, that it is difficult to overtake them. The only way which the Kamtschatkan finds, is to throw himself at his length upon the ground, and lay hold on the empty sledge, suffering himself to be thus dragged along the snow, till the dogs, through weariness, abate their speed. Frequently in their journeys these travellers are surprised by unexpected storms of wind and snow, which render it impracticable to proceed. But the hardy native of these cold climates, inured from his infancy to support difficulties, and almost superior to the elements, seeks the shelter of the first forest he can find; then, wrapping himself round in

his warm fur garment, he sits with his legs under him, and, thus bundled up, suffers himself to be covered round with snow, except a small hole which he leaves for the purpose of breathing. In this manner he lies, with his dogs around him (who assist in keeping him warm), sometimes for several days, till the storm is past, and the roads once more become passable, so that he is able to pursue his journey again.

A few evenings after this conversation, when the night was remarkably clear, Mr. Barlow called his two pupils into the garden; where there was a long hollow tube suspended upon a frame. Mr. Barlow then placed Tommy upon a chair, and bade him look through the tube; which Tommy had scarcely done, when he cried out, "What an extraordinary sight is this!" "What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow. "I see," replied Tommy, "what I should take for the moon, were it not a great many times bigger, and so near to me that I can almost touch it." "What you see," answered Mr. Barlow, smiling, "is the moon itself. This glass has indeed the power of making it appear to your eye, as it would do could you approach a great deal nearer; but still it is nothing but the moon; and from this single experiment you may judge of the different size which the sun and all the other heavenly bodies would appear to have, if you could advance a great deal nearer to them."

Tommy was delighted with this new spectacle; the moon, he said, viewed in this manner, was the most glorious sight he had ever seen in his life. "And I declare," added he, "it seems to be shaded in such a manner, that it almost resembles land and water." "What you say," answered Mr. Barlow, "is by no means unreasonable; the moon is a very large body, and may be, for aught we know, inhabited like the earth."

Tommy was more and more astonished at the introduction of all these new ideas; but what he was particularly inquisitive about was, to know the reason of this extraordinary change in the appearance of objects, only by looking through a hollow tube with a bit of glass fixed into it. "All this" replied Mr. Barlow, "I will, if you desire



it, one day explain to you ; but it is rather too long and difficult to be undertaken at the present moment. When you are a little farther advanced in some of the things which you are now studying, you will understand me better. However, before we retire to-night, I will show you something more, which will perhaps equally surprise you."

They then returned to the house ; and Mr. Barlow, who had prepared everything for his intended exhibition, led Tommy into a room, where he observed nothing but a lantern upon the floor, and a white sheet hung up against the wall. Tommy laughed, and said he did not see any thing very curious in all that. "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "perhaps I may surprise you yet, before I have done ; let us at least light up the lantern, that you may see a little clearer."

Mr. Barlow then lighted a lamp which was within the lantern, and extinguished all the other candles ; and Tommy was instantly struck with astonishment to see a gigantic figure of a man leading along a large bear, appear upon the wall, and glide slowly along the sheet. As he was admiring this wonderful sight, a large monkey, dressed up in the

habit of a man, appeared and followed the bear; after him came an old woman trundling a barrow of fruit; and then two boys, who, however, were as big as men, and seemed to be fighting as they passed.

Tommy could hardly find words to express his pleasure and admiration; and he entreated Mr. Barlow, in the most earnest manner, to explain to him the reason of all these wonderful sights. "At present," said Mr. Barlow, "you are not sufficiently advanced to understand the explanation. However, thus much I will tell you, that both the wonderful tube which showed you the moon so much larger than you ever saw it before, and this curious exhibition of to-night, and a variety of others, depend entirely upon such a little bit of glass as this." Mr. Barlow then put into his hand a small round piece of glass, which resembled the figure of a globe on both sides: "It is by looking through such pieces of glass as this," said he, "and by arranging them in a particular manner, that we are enabled to perform all these wonders." "Well," said Tommy, "I never could have believed, that simply looking through a bit of glass could have made such a difference in the appearance of things." "And yet," said Mr. Barlow, "looking at a thing through water alone, is capable of producing the greatest change, as I will immediately prove to you." Mr. Barlow then took a small earthen basin, and, putting a half-crown at the bottom, desired Tommy gradually to go back, still looking at the basin, till he could distinguish the piece of money no longer. Tommy accordingly retired, and presently cried out, that "he had totally lost sight of the money." "Then," said Mr. Barlow, "I will enable you to see it, merely by putting water into the basin." So he gradually poured water, till, to the new astonishment of Tommy, he found that he could plainly see the half-crown, which was before invisible.

Tommy was greatly delighted with all these experiments, and declared that from this day forward he would never rest till he had made himself acquainted with everything curious in every branch of knowledge.

"A superiority of knowledge," said Mr. Barlow, "will



always be valuable to those who possess it. A famous instance is that of Archimedes, one of the most celebrated mathematicians of his time. When the city of Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, he defended it for a long time by the surprising machines he invented, in such a manner that they began to despair of taking it." "Do pray," said Tommy, "tell me that story." "No," answered Mr. Barlow, "it is now time to retire; but you may at any time read the particulars of this extraordinary siege in Plutarch's Life of Marcellus."

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## CHAPTER XII.

MR. BARLOW AND HIS POOR PARISHIONERS—THE ANNUAL DINNER—TOMMY'S ATTEMPT AT SLEDGE-DRIVING—HIS MISHAP—HIS WRATH—CUSTOMS OF THE GREENLANDERS.

AND now the time approached when Mr. Barlow was accustomed to invite the greater part of the poor of his parish to an annual dinner. He had a large hall, which was almost filled with men, women, and children; a cheerful fire blazed in the chimney, and a long table was placed in the middle for the company to dine upon. Mr. Barlow himself received his guests, and conversed with them about the state of their families and their affairs. Those who were industrious and brought their children up to labour, instructing them in the knowledge of their duty, and preserving them from bad impressions, were sure to meet with his encouragement and commendation; and those who had been ill, he assisted with such little necessaries as tended to alleviate their pains, and diffuse a gleam of cheerfulness over their sufferings.

When he was told of the stubbornness and ingratitude of the poor, he used to say, "that he could easily believe it, for they were men in common with their superiors, and therefore must share in some of their vices; but," added he, "if the interests of humanity were half so dear to us as the

smallest article that pleases our palate or flatters our vanity, we should not so easily abandon them in disgust."

Tommy was very much diverted with the ceremonies of the festal day. He had lost a great part of his West Indian pride during his residence with Mr. Barlow, and had made many acquaintances among the families of the poor. After the example of Mr. Barlow, he condescended to go about from one to the other, and make inquiries about their families, and he was not a little gratified with the extreme respect with which he found himself treated, both on the account of Mr. Barlow, and of the reputation of his own liberality.

The morning passed away in the most agreeable and auspicious manner; but after dinner an unexpected incident occurred, which clouded all the merriment of the unfortunate Tommy Merton.

Mr. Barlow happened to have a large Newfoundland dog, equally famous for his good nature and his love of the water. With this dog Tommy had been long forming an acquaintance, and he used to amuse himself with throwing sticks into the water, which Cæsar would instantly bring out in his mouth, however great might be the distance. Tommy had been fired with the description of the Kamtschatkan dogs, and their method of drawing sledges, and meditated an enterprise of this nature upon Cæsar. This very day, finding himself unusually at leisure, he determined to execute his project. He therefore furnished himself with some rope and a kitchen chair, which he destined for his vehicle, instead of a sledge. He then inveigled Cæsar into a large yard behind the house, and, extending the chair flat upon the ground, fastened the dog to it with great care and ingenuity. Cæsar, who did not understand the new purpose to which he was going to be applied, suffered himself to be harnessed without opposition, and Tommy mounted his seat triumphantly, with a whip in his hand, and began his operations. A crowd of little boys, the sons of the labourers within, now gathered round the young gentleman, and by their admiration very much increased his ardour to distinguish himself. Tommy began to use the common expressions with which



he had heard coachmen urge on their horses, and smacked his whip with all the confidence of an experienced charioteer. Cæsar, meanwhile, who did not understand this language, began to be a little impatient, and expressed his uneasiness by making several bounds, and rearing up like a restive horse. This added very much to the amusement of the spectators; while Tommy, who considered his honour as materially concerned in achieving the adventure, began to grow a little more warm; and, proceeding from one experiment to another, at length applied a pretty severe lash to the hinder part of his steed. This Cæsar resented so much, that he instantly set off at three-quarters speed, and dragged the chair, with the driver upon it, at a great rate. Tommy now looked round with an air of supreme

triumph, and kept his seat with surprising address and firmness.

Unfortunately there happened to be at no great distance, a large horse-pond, which went shelving down to the depth of three or four feet. Thither, by a kind of natural instinct, the affrighted Cæsar ran, when he found he could not disengage himself from his tormentor; while Tommy, who now began to repent of his success, endeavoured to pacify and restrain him. But all his expostulations were vain, for Cæsar precipitately rushed into the pond, and in an instant plunged into the middle, with his charioteer behind him. The crowd of spectators had now a fresh subject of amusement, and all their respect for Master Tommy could not hinder them from bursting into shouts of laughter. The unfortunate hero was equally discomposed at the unmannerly exultation of the multitude, and at his own ticklish situation. But he did not long wait for the termination of his adventure; for, after a little floundering about in the pond, Cæsar, by a vigorous exertion overturned the chair, and Tommy came roughly into the water. To add to his misfortune, the pond was at that time neither ice nor water; for a sudden thaw had commenced the day before, accompanied with a copious fall of snow. Tommy, therefore, as soon as he had recovered his footing, floundered ashore through mud and water, and pieces of floating ice, like some amphibious animal. Sometimes his feet slipped, and down he tumbled; then he struggled up again, shaking the water from his hair and clothes. Now his feet stuck fast in the mud, and now, by a desperate effort, he disengaged himself, with the loss of both his shoes; thus labouring on, with much pain and difficulty he reached the land. The whole troop of spectators were now incapable of stifling their laughter, which broke forth in such redoubled peals, that the unfortunate hero was irritated beyond all endurance. Forgetting his own sufferings and necessities, as soon as he had struggled to the shore, he fell upon them in a fury, and dealt his blows so liberally on every side, that he put the whole company to flight. Tommy was now in the situation of a warrior pursuing a routed army. Dismay and terror scattered all his little associates a



hundred different ways, while passion and revenge animated him to the pursuit, and made him forgetful of the wetness of his clothes, and the discomforts of his situation. Whatever unfortunate boy came within his reach was sure to be unmercifully cuffed and pummelled; for, in the fury with which he felt himself inspired, he did not wait to consider the exact rules of justice.

While Tommy was thus revenging the affronts he imagined he had received, and chasing the vanquished about the court, the unusual uproar reached the ears of Mr. Barlow, and brought him to the door. He could hardly help laughing at the rueful figure of his friend, with the water dropping from every part of his body in copious streams, and at the rage which seemed to animate him in spite of his disaster. It was with some difficulty that Tommy could compose himself enough to give Mr. Barlow an account of his misfortune, whereupon Mr. Barlow immediately led him into the house, and advised him to undress and go to bed. He then brought him some warm drink, and thus saved poor Tommy from

the bad effects which might otherwise have arisen from so complete a drenching.

The next day, Mr. Barlow laughed at Tommy in his usual good-natured manner, and asked him, "if he intended to ride out in the Kamtschatkan manner?" adding, however, that he should be afraid to attend a charioteer who had the habit of beating his companions. Tommy was a little confused at this insinuation, but replied, "that he should not have been so provoked, if they had not laughed at his misfortunes; and he thought it very hard to be both wetted and ridiculed." "But," replied Mr. Barlow, "did their noise or laughter do you any great damage, that you endeavoured to return it so roughly?" Tommy answered, "that he must own it did not do him any harm or give him any pain." "Why, then," said Mr. Barlow, "I do not see the justice of your returning it in that manner." "But," said Tommy, "it is so provoking to be laughed at!" "There are two ways of remedying that," replied Mr. Barlow, "either by not doing such things as will expose you to ridicule, or by learning to be ridiculed with a little more patience." "But," said Tommy, "I do not think that anybody can bear it with patience." "All the world," said Mr. Barlow, "are not quite so passionate as you are. It is not long ago that you were speaking of the poor Greenlanders with great contempt, and fancying them much inferior to yourself; yet those poor barbarians, as you called them, who live upon fish, and are not brought up like gentlemen's sons, are capable of giving you a lesson that would be of the greatest service if you would observe it." "What is that, sir?" enquired Tommy. "They are brought up to so much moderation and self-command," said Mr. Barlow, "that they never give way to sudden impulses of passion; and when they observe Europeans with their violent gestures, their angry words, and their countenances inflamed with wrath, they feel for them the greatest contempt, and say they must have been very badly educated. As to themselves, if any person thinks himself ill-used by another, without putting himself into any passion upon the occasion, he defies his foe to meet him at a particular time before all their mutual acquaintances."

TOMMY. But then, I suppose, they fight; and that is being as passionate as I was.

Mr. BARLOW. I am sorry that you, who pretend to have been so well brought up, should have recourse to the example of the Greenlanders, in order to justify your own conduct; but in this case you are mistaken, for the barbarians are a great deal wiser than many young gentlemen. The person who thinks himself injured does indeed challenge his antagonist; but it is to a very different sort of combat from the one you imagine. Both parties appear at the appointed time, and each is surrounded with a company of his particular friends. The place where they assemble is generally the middle of one of their large huts, where all the persons of their society may be impartial spectators of their contest. When they are thus convened, the champion, who by agreement is to begin, steps forward into the middle of the circle, and entertains the company with a song or speech, which he has before meditated. In this performance he contrives to throw all possible ridicule upon his antagonist, and his satire is applauded by his own party, and excites universal merriment among the audience. When he has sung or declaimed himself out of breath, it is the turn of his rival to begin, who goes on in the same manner, answering all the satire that has been thrown upon him, and endeavouring to win the laughers over to his own side. In this manner do the combatants continue, alternately reciting their compositions against each other, till the memory or invention of one of them fails, and he is obliged to yield the victory to his rival. After this public spectacle of their ingenuity, the two champions generally forget all their animosities, and are cordially reconciled. This," concluded Mr. Barlow, "appears to me to be a much better method of answering ridicule than by giving way to passion and resentment, and beating those who displease us; and one of these honest Greenlanders would be as much ashamed of a sudden transport of anger, as a Kamtschatkan traveller would be of managing his dogs as badly as you drove yesterday "



## CHAPTER XIII.

TOMMY AND HARRY RETURN TO MR. MERTON'S—THE FASHIONABLE GUESTS  
—MISS SIMMONS—HARRY'S MORTIFICATIONS—MASTER COMPTON AND  
MASTER MASH—THE THEATRE—CARD-PLAYING.

THE time had now arrived when Tommy was by appointment to go home and spend some time with his parents. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this visit, as he knew his pupil would meet a great deal of company there, who would give him impressions of a very different nature from those he had with so much assiduity been labouring to excite. However, the visit was unavoidable; and Mr. Merton sent so pressing an invitation for Harry to accompany his friend, after having obtained the consent of



his father, that Mr. Barlow, with much regret, took leave of both his pupils. Harry, from the experience he had formerly acquired of polite life, had no great inclination for the expedition; however, his temper was too easy and obliging to allow of his raising any objections; and the real affection he now entertained for Master Merton, rendered him less averse than he would otherwise have been.

When the boys arrived at Mr. Merton's, they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room, full of the most elegant company which that part of the country afforded, among whom were several young gentlemen and ladies of different ages, who had been purposely invited to spend their holidays with Master Merton. As soon as Master Merton entered, every tongue was let loose in his praise; "he had grown, he was improved, he was such a charming boy;" his eyes, his hair, his teeth, his every feature became the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle, in order to receive the congratulations of the company, and to be introduced to the young ladies.

As to Harry, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality. A lady, however, who sat by Mrs. Merton, asked her in a whisper, loud enough to be heard all over the room, whether that was the little *plough-boy* whom she had heard Mr. Barlow was attempting to bring up like a gentleman? Mrs. Merton answered "yes." "Indeed," said the lady, "I should have thought so by his plebeian look, and vulgar air. But I wonder, my dear madam, that you will suffer your son, who, without flattery, is one of the most accomplished children I ever saw in my life, with quite the air of fashion, to keep such company. Are you not afraid that Master Merton should insensibly contract bad habits, and a grovelling way of thinking? For my own part, as I think a good education is a thing of the utmost consequence in life, I have spared no pains to give my dear Matilda every possible advantage." "Certainly," replied Mrs. Merton, "one may see the excellence of her education in every thing Miss Matilda does. She plays most divinely upon the piano, talks French even better

than she does English, and draws in the style of a master. indeed, I think that last figure she drew the finest thing I ever saw in my life!"

While this conversation was going on in one part of the room, a young lady, observing that nobody seemed to take the least notice of Harry, advanced towards him with the greatest affability, and began to enter into conversation with him. This young lady's name was Simmons. Her father and mother had been two of the most respectable people in the country, according to the old style of English gentry, but her father having died while she was young, the care of her had devolved upon an uncle, who was a man of sense and benevolence, but a very great humourist. This gentleman had such peculiar ideas of female character, that he waged war with most of the polite and modern accomplishments. As one of the first blessings of life, according to his notions, was health, he endeavoured, by a robust and hardy education, to prevent that sickly delicacy which is considered so great an ornament in fashionable life. His niece was accustomed, from her earliest youth, to plunge into the cold bath at every season of the year, to rise by candle-light in winter, to ride a dozen miles upon a trotting horse, or to walk as many, even with the hazard of being splashed, or soiling her clothes. By this mode of education, Miss Sukey (for so she had the misfortune to be named) acquired an excellent character, accompanied, however, with some dispositions which disqualified her almost as much as Harry for fashionable life. She was acquainted with all the best authors in our language, nor was she ignorant of those in French. Her uncle, who was a man of sense and information, had besides instructed her in several parts of knowledge, which rarely fell to the lot of ladies; such as the established Laws of Nature, and the rudiments of Geometry. She was, besides, brought up to understand every species of household employment, and taught to believe that domestic economy is a point of the utmost consequence to every woman who intends to be a wife and a mother. As to music, though Miss Simmons had a very agreeable voice, and could sing several simple songs in a

very pleasing manner, she was entirely ignorant of it; her uncle used to say, in his humorous way, that human life is not long enough to throw away so much time upon the science of *making a noise*. He would scarcely permit her to learn French, although he understood it himself. Women, he thought, are not birds of passage, who are to be eternally changing their places of abode. "As to various languages," he would say, "I do not see the necessity of them for a woman. My niece is to marry an Englishman, and to live in England. As to the French nation, I respect and esteem it on many accounts; but I am very doubtful whether the English will ever gain much by adopting either their manners or their government; and when respectable foreigners choose to visit us, I see no reason why they should not take the trouble of learning the language of the country."

Such had been the education of Miss Simmons, the only person among all the genteel company at Mr. Merton's who thought Harry deserving the least attention. This young lady, who possessed an uncommon degree of natural benevolence of character, came up to him, and addressed him in a manner that set him perfectly at his ease. Harry was destitute of the artificial graces of society; but he possessed that natural politeness and good nature, without which all artificial acquirements are unsatisfactory. Harry had an understanding naturally strong; and Mr. Barlow, while he had with the greatest care preserved him from all false impressions, had taken great pains in cultivating the faculties of his mind. Harry, indeed, never said any of those brilliant things that render a boy the darling of the ladies; he had not that vivacity, or rather impertinence, which frequently passes for wit with superficial people; but he paid the greatest attention to what was said to him, and made the most judicious observations upon subjects he understood. For this reason, Miss Simmons, although much older and better informed, received great satisfaction from conversing with him, and thought little Harry infinitely more agreeable and sensible than any of the smart young gentlemen she had hitherto seen at Mr. Merton's.

But now the company was summoned to the important business of dinner. Harry could not help sighing when he reflected on what he had to undergo; however, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude, for the sake of his friend Tommy. The dinner indeed seemed to him more dreadful than anything he had before endured; so many fine gentlemen and fine ladies; so many powdered servants to stand behind their chairs; so many removes; such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world; that Harry could not help envying the condition of his father's labourers, who, when they were hungry, could sit at their ease under a hedge, and make a dinner without plates, table-cloths, or compliments!

In the mean time, Tommy was received into the circle of the ladies, and looked upon as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity. Harry could not help being surprised at this. His affection for his friend was totally unmixed with the meanness of jealousy, and he received the sincerest pleasure from every improvement which Tommy had made; yet, he had never discovered in him any of those surprising talents; and, when he could catch anything that Tommy said, it appeared to him rather inferior to his usual method of conversation. However, as so many fine ladies were of a different opinion, he took it for granted that he must be mistaken.

But if Harry's opinion of his friend's abilities was not much improved by this exhibition, it was not so with Tommy. The repeated assurance which he received that he was indeed a little *prodigy*, began to convince him that he really was so. When he considered the company he had lived among, he found that great injustice had been done to his merit; for at Mr. Barlow's he was frequently contradicted, and obliged to give a reason for what he said; but here, in order to be admired, he had nothing to do but talk; whether his speeches had any meaning or not, his auditors always found either wit or sense, or a most entertaining sprightliness in all he uttered. Nor was Mrs. Merton herself deficient in bestowing marks of admiration upon her son. To see him before improve in health, in understanding,



in virtue, had given her a pleasurable sensation ; but to see him shine with such transcendant brightness, before such excellent judges, and in so polite a company, inspired her with raptures she had never felt before. Indeed, in consequence of this success, the young gentleman's volubility improved so much, that, before dinner was over, he seemed disposed to engross the whole conversation to himself ; and Mr. Merton, who did not relish the sallies of his son equally with his wife, was once or twice obliged to interpose and check him in his career. This Mrs. Merton thought very hard ; and all the ladies, after they had retired into the drawing-room, agreed, that Tommy's father would certainly spoil his temper by such improper contradiction.

As to little Harry, he had not the good fortune to please the greater number of the ladies. They observed that he was awkward and ungentle, and had a heavy clownish look. He was also silent and reserved, and had not said a single agreeable thing. If Mr. Barlow chose to keep a school for carters and thrashers, nobody would hinder him ; but it was not proper to introduce such vulgar persons to the sons of

people of fashion. It was therefore agreed, that Mr. Barlow ought either to send little Harry home to his friends, or to be no more honoured with the company of Master Merton. Indeed, one of the ladies hinted, that Mr. Barlow himself was but "an odd man, who seldom went to parties, and played upon no kind of instrument."

"Why," answered Mrs. Merton, "to tell the truth, I was not over fond of the scheme. Mr. Barlow, to be sure, though a very good, is a very strange man. However, as he is so disinterested, and would never receive the least present from us, I doubt whether we could, with propriety, insist upon his turning little Sandford out of the house." "If that is the case," answered Mrs. Compton, for that was the name of the dissatisfied lady, "I think it would be infinitely better to remove Master Merton, and place him in some polite seminary, where he might acquire a knowledge of the world, and make genteel connexions. This will always be of the greatest advantage to a young gentleman, and will prove of the most essential service to him in life. This is the plan which I have always pursued with Augustus and Matilda, I think I may say, not entirely without success; for they have both the good fortune to have formed the most brilliant acquaintances. As to Augustus, he is so intimate with young Lord Squander, who you know is possessed of the greatest Parliamentary interest, that I think his fortune is as good as made."

Miss Simmons, who was present at this conversation, could not help looking with so much significance at the mention of Lord Squander, that Mrs. Compton coloured a little, and asked, with some eagerness, whether she knew anything of that young nobleman?

"What I know," answered the young lady, "is very little; but if you desire me to inform you, it is my duty to speak the truth." "Oh! to be sure, Miss Simmons," replied Mrs. Compton, a little angrily, "we all know your *judgment* and *knowledge* of the world; and therefore I shall be infinitely obliged to you for any *information* you may be pleased to give." "Indeed, madam," answered the young lady, "I have very little of either to boast, nor am I

personally acquainted with the nobleman you are talking of; but I have a cousin, a very good boy, who is at the same public school with his lordship, and he has given me a character of him which does not much prepossess me in his favour." "And what may this wise cousin of yours have said of his lordship?" "Only, that he is one of the worst boys in the whole school; that he has neither genius nor application for anything that becomes his rank and situation; that he has no taste for anything but gaming, horse-racing, and the most contemptible amusements; that, though his allowance is large, he is eternally running in debt with everybody that will trust him; and that he has broken his word so often, that nobody has the least confidence in what he says."

Here Miss Matilda could not help interposing with warmth; she said, that "his lordship had nothing in his character or manners that did not perfectly become a nobleman of the most elevated soul. Little grovelling minds, indeed, which are always envious of their superiors, might give a disagreeable turn to the generous openness of this young nobleman's temper. That, as to running in debt, it was so essential to a man of fashion, that nobody who was not born in the city, and oppressed by city prejudices, would think of making a fuss about such a trifle." She then made a panegyric upon his lordship's person, his elegant taste in dress, his new phaeton, and his entertaining conversation; and concluded that, with such abilities and accomplishments as those he possessed, she did not doubt of one day seeing him at the head of the nation.

Miss Simmons had no desire to push the conversation any farther; and, the rest of the company coming in to tea, the disquisition about Lord Squander finished.

After tea, several of the young ladies were desired to amuse the company with music and singing; among the rest, Miss Simmons sang a little Scotch song, called Lochaber, in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little Harry listened almost with tears in his eyes; though several of the young ladies, by their significant looks and gestures, treated the simple ballad with ineffable contempt.

After this, Miss Matilda, who was allowed to be a perfect mistress of music, played and sang several celebrated Italian airs; but, as these were in a language totally unintelligible to Harry, he received very little pleasure, though all the rest of the company were in raptures. She then proceeded to play several pieces of music, which were allowed by all connoisseurs to require infinite skill in the performer. The audience seemed all delighted, and either felt, or pretended to feel, inexpressible pleasure; even Tommy himself, who did not know one note from another, had caught so much of the general enthusiasm, that he applauded as loudly as the rest of the company; but Harry, whose temper was not quite so pliable, could not conceal the intolerable weariness that overpowered his senses during this long exhibition. He gaped, he yawned, he stretched, he even pinched himself, in order to keep his attention alive—but all in vain; the more Miss Matilda exercised her skill in playing difficult pieces, the more did Harry's propensity to drowsiness increase. At length, the lateness of the hour, which much exceeded Harry's time of going to bed, conspiring with the soothing charms of music, he could resist no longer, but insensibly fell back upon his chair, fast asleep. This unfortunate accident was soon remarked by the rest of the company, and confirmed them very much in the opinion they had conceived of Harry's vulgarity; while he, in the meantime, enjoyed the most placid slumber, which was not dissipated till Miss Matilda had desisted from playing.

Thus was the first day passed at Mr. Merton's, very little to the satisfaction of Harry; the next, and the next after, were only repetitions of the same scene. The little gentlemen, whose tastes and manners were totally different from his, had now imbibed a perfect contempt for Harry; and it was with great difficulty that they could be induced to treat him with common civility. In this laudable behaviour, they were very much confirmed by two of Tommy's friends, Master Compton and Master Mash. Master Compton was reckoned a very gentlemanly boy, though his gentility consisted chiefly in a pair of buckles, so big that they almost crippled him, a slender, emaciated figure, and a





look of consummate impudence. He had almost finished his education at a public school, where he had learned every vice and folly he could possibly acquire, without in the least improving either his character or his understanding. Master Mash was the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who had considerably impaired his fortune by an inordinate love of horse-racing. He, too, was now improving his talents by a public education, and longed impatiently for the time when he should be set free from all restraint, and allowed to display the superiority of his genius at Ascot and Newmarket.

These two young gentlemen had conceived the most violent dislike to Harry, and lost no occasion of saying or doing everything that could mortify him. To Tommy their behaviour was very different; they omitted no opportunity of rendering themselves agreeable to him. Nor was it long before their forward, vivacious manners, accompanied with a knowledge of many gay scenes, which acted forcibly upon Tommy's imagination, began to render their conversation highly agreeable. They talked to him about public places of amusement, about celebrated actresses, about parties of pleasure, and parties of mischief. Tommy began to feel himself introduced to a new train of ideas,

and a wider range of conduct; he began to long for the time when he should share in the glories of robbing orchards, or insulting passengers with impunity; but when he heard that little boys, scarcely bigger than himself, had often joined in the glorious project of forming open rebellions against their masters, or of disturbing a whole audience at a play-house, he panted for the time when he might have a chance of sharing in the fame of such achievements. By degrees, he lost all regard for Mr. Barlow, and all affection for his friend Harry. At first, indeed, he was shocked at hearing Mr. Barlow mentioned with disrespect; but, becoming by degrees more callous to every good impression, he at last laughed most heartily at seeing Master Mash (who, though destitute of either wit or genius, had a great taste for mimicry) take off the parson in the middle of his sermon.

Harry perceived and lamented this change in the manners of his friend. He sometimes took the liberty of remonstrating with him upon the subject, but was only answered with a contemptuous sneer; and Master Mash, who happened once to be present, told him that he was a *monstrous bore*.

It happened, that while Harry was at Mr. Merton's, a troop of strolling players came to a neighbouring town. In order to amuse the young gentlemen, Mr. Merton contrived that they should make a party to see a play. They went accordingly, and Harry with the rest. Tommy, who now no longer condescended to take any notice of his friend Harry, was seated between his two new acquaintances, who had become his inseparable companions. These young gentlemen first began to give specimens of their politeness by throwing nuts and orange-peel upon the stage; and Tommy, who resolved to profit by such an excellent example, threw nuts and orange-peel with infinite satisfaction.

As soon as the curtain drew up, and the actors appeared, all the rest of the audience observed a decent silence; but Mash and Compton, who were now determined to prove the superiority of their manners, began to talk so loud, and

make so much noise, that it was impossible for any one near them to hear a word of the play. This also seemed amazingly *fine* to Tommy; and he, too, talked and laughed as loud as the rest.

The subject of their conversation was the audience and the performers; neither of whom these polite young gentlemen found bearable. The audience was chiefly composed of the tradesmen of the town, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country; this was a sufficient reason for these refined young gentlemen to speak of them with the most utter contempt. Every circumstance of their dress and appearance was criticised with such a minuteness of attention, that Harry, who sat near, and, very much against his inclination, was witness to all that passed, began to imagine that his companions, instead of being brought up like the sons of gentlemen, had only studied under barbers and tailors; such amazing knowledge did they display in matters of buckles, buttons, and dressing of hair. As to the poor performers, they found them totally undeserving of mercy; they were so shockingly awkward, so ill-dressed, so low-lived, and such detestable creatures, that it was impossible to bear them with any patience.

Master Mash, who prided himself upon being a young gentleman of great spirit, was of opinion that they should kick up a riot, and demolish all the scenery. Tommy, indeed, did not very well understand what the expression meant; but he was so fully persuaded of the merit and genius of his companions, that he agreed that it would be the most proper thing in the world; and the proposal was accordingly made to the rest of the young gentlemen.

It is uncertain how far the boys might have proceeded, had not a decent, plain-looking man, who had been long disturbed with the noise of these young gentlemen, at length taken the liberty of expostulating with them upon the subject. This freedom, or *impertinence*, as it was termed by Master Mash, was answered by him with so much rudeness, that the man, who was a neighbouring farmer, was obliged to reply in a higher strain. Thus did

the altercation wax louder every minute, till Master Mash, who thought it an unpardonable affront that any one in an inferior station should presume to think or feel for himself, so far lost all command of his temper, as to call the man a *blackguard*, and strike him upon the face. But the farmer, who possessed great strength, and equal resolution, very deliberately laid hold of the young gentleman who had offered him the insult, and, without the smallest exertion, laid him sprawling upon the ground at his full length, under the benches; then setting his feet upon his adversary's body, told him, that "since he did not know how to *sit* quiet at a play, he would have the honour of teaching him to *lie*; and that if he offered to stir, he would trample him to pieces;" a threat which it was very evident he could execute without difficulty.

This unexpected incident struck a universal damp over the spirits of the little party; and even Master Mash himself so far forgot his dignity, as to supplicate in a very submissive manner for release; in this he was joined by all his companions, and Harry among the rest.

"Well," said the farmer, "I should never have thought that a parcel of young gentlemen, as you call yourselves, would come into public to behave with so much rudeness; I am sure that there is ne'er a ploughboy at my house, but what would have shown more sense and manners; but, since you are sorry for what has happened, I am very willing to make an end of the affair; more especially for the sake of this little master here, who has behaved with so much propriety, that I am sure he is a better gentleman than any of you, though he is not dressed so much like a monkey or a barber. With these words he suffered the crest-fallen Mash to rise; who crept from his place of confinement, with looks infinitely more expressive of mildness than he had brought with him; nor was the lesson lost upon the others, for they behaved with the greatest decency during all the rest of the exhibition.

However, Master Mash's courage began to rise as he went home, and found himself farther from his formidable farmer; for he assured his companions, that "if the clown



had not been so vulgar a fellow, he would certainly call him out and pistol him."

The next day at dinner, Mr. Merton and the ladies, who had not accompanied the young gentlemen to the play, nor had yet heard of the misfortune which had ensued, were very inquisitive about the preceding night's entertainment. The young people agreed that the performers were detestable, but that the play was a charming piece, full of wit and sentiment, and extremely improving. This play was called *The Marriage of Figaro*, and Master Compton had informed them that it was amazingly admired by all the people of fashion in London.

But Mr. Merton, who had observed that Harry was totally silent, at length insisted upon knowing his opinion upon the subject. "Why, sir," answered Harry, "I am not a judge of these matters; for I never saw a play before in my life, and therefore I cannot tell whether it was acted well or ill; but, as to the play itself, it seemed to me to be full of nothing but cheating and dissimulation; and the

people who went in and out did nothing but impose upon each other, and lie, and trick, and deceive. Were you or any gentleman to have such a parcel of servants, you would think them fit for nothing in the world; and therefore I could not help wondering, while the play was acting, that people would throw away so much of their time upon sights that can do them no good; and send their children and their relations to learn fraud and insincerity." Mr. Merton smiled at the honest bluntness of Harry; but several of the ladies, who had just been expressing an extravagant admiration of this piece, seemed not a little mortified; however, as they could not contradict the charges which Harry had brought against the play, they thought it most prudent to be silent.

In the evening, it was proposed that all the young people should amuse themselves with cards; and they accordingly sat down to a game called Commerce. But Harry, who was totally ignorant of this accomplishment, desired to be excused; however, his friend Miss Simmons offered to teach him the game, which, she assured him, was so easy, that in three minutes he would be able to play as well as the rest. Harry, however, still continued to refuse; and at length confessed to Miss Simmons, that he had spent all his money the day before, and therefore was unable to furnish the stake which the rest deposited. "Don't let that disturb you," said she; "I will put down for you with a great deal of pleasure." "Madam," answered Harry, "I am very much obliged to you, I am sure; but Mr Barlow has always forbidden me either to receive or borrow money of anybody, for fear, as he says, I should become mercenary or dishonest; and therefore I am obliged to refuse your offer." "Well," replied Miss Simmons, "that need not disturb you, for you shall play upon my account; and that you may do without any violation of your principles."

Thus was Harry, though with some reluctance, induced to sit down to cards with the rest. The game, indeed, he found no difficulty in learning; but he could not help remarking, with wonder, the extreme solicitude which appeared in the face of all the players at every change of

fortune. Even the young ladies, all but Miss Simmons, seemed to be equally sensible with the rest of the passion of gaining money; and some of them behaved with a degree of asperity which quite astonished him. After several changes of fortune, it happened that Miss Simmons and Harry were the only remaining players; all the rest, by the laws of the game, had forfeited all pretensions to the stake, the property of which was clearly vested in these two; and one more deal was wanting to decide it. But Harry, with great politeness, rose from the table, and told Miss Simmons, that, as he only played upon her account, he was no longer wanted, and that the whole undoubtedly belonged to her. Miss Simmons refused to take it; and when she found that Harry was not to be induced to play any more, she at last proposed to him to divide what was left. This, also, Harry declined; alleging, that he had not the least title to any part. But Miss Simmons, who began to be uneasy at the remarks which this extraordinary contest occasioned, told Harry, that he would very much oblige her by taking his share of the money, and laying it out for her in any manner that he judged best. "On this condition," answered Harry, "I will take it; and I think I know a method of laying it out, which you will not entirely disapprove."

The next day, as soon as breakfast was over, Harry disappeared; nor had he returned when the company were assembled at dinner. At length he came in, with a glow of health and exercise upon his face, and that disorder of dress which is produced by a long journey. The young ladies eyed him with great contempt, which seemed a little to disconcert him; but Mr. Merton speaking to him with great good-humour, and making room for him to sit down, Harry soon recovered from his confusion.

In the evening, after a long conversation among the young people, about public diversions and plays, actors and dancers, they happened to mention the name of a celebrated performer, who at this time engaged the whole attention of the town. Master Compton, after expatiating with great enthusiasm upon the subject, added, that "nothing was so

fashionable as to make great presents to this person, in order to show the taste and elegance of the giver." He then proposed that, as so many young gentlemen and ladies were here assembled, they should set an example, which would do them infinite honour, and probably be followed throughout the kingdom, of making a little collection among themselves, to buy a piece of plate, or a gold snuff-box, or some other trifle, to be presented in their name. He added, that "though he could ill spare the money, having just laid out six guineas upon a new pair of buckles, he would contribute a guinea to so excellent a purpose, and that Masters Mash and Merton would do the same."

This proposal was universally approved of by all the company, and all but Harry promised to contribute in proportion to their finances. Master Mash, observing Harry's silence, said, "Well, farmer, and what will you subscribe?" Harry answered, that "on this occasion he must beg to be excused, for he had nothing to give." "Here is a pretty fellow!" answered Mash; "last night we saw him pocket thirty shillings of our money, which he cheated us out of at Commerce, and now the little stingy wretch will not contribute half-a-crown, while we are giving away whole guineas." Upon this, Miss Matilda said, in an ironical manner, that "Master Harry had always an excellent reason to give for his conduct; and she did not doubt but he could prove, to the satisfaction of them all, that it was more liberal to keep his money in his pocket, than to give it away."

A little nettled at these reflections, Harry answered, that "though he was not bound to give any reason, he thought he had a very good one to give; namely, that he saw no generosity in thus bestowing money. According to your own account," added he, "the person you have been talking of gains more than fifty poor families in the country have to maintain themselves; and therefore, if I had any money to give away, I should certainly give it to those that want it most."

With these words Harry went out of the room, and the



rest of the gentry, after abusing him very liberally, sat down to cards. But Miss Simmons, who imagined that there was more in Harry's conduct than he had explained, excused herself from cards, and took an opportunity of talking to him upon the subject. After speaking to him with great good-nature, she asked him, "whether it might not have been better to have contributed something along with the rest, rather than offend them by so free an exposition of his sentiments, even though he did not entirely approve of the scheme?" "Indeed," said Harry, "this is what I would gladly have done, but it was totally out of my power." "How can that be, Harry? did you not the other night win nearly thirty shillings?" "But that all belonged to you; and I have already disposed of it, in your name, in a manner that I hope you will not disapprove." "How is that?" inquired the young lady, with some surprise. "There was a young woman," said Harry, "who lived with my father as a servant, and always behaved with the greatest honesty and carefulness. This young woman had an old father and mother, who for a great while were able to maintain themselves by their own labour; but at last the poor man became too weak to do a day's work, and his wife was afflicted with a disease they call the palsy. Now, when this good young woman saw that her parents were in such great distress, she left her place and went to live with them, on purpose to take care of them, and she works very hard, whenever she can get work, and fares very hard in order to maintain her parents; and though we assist them all we can, I know that sometimes they can hardly get food and clothes. Therefore, madam, as you were so kind as to say that I should dispose of this money for you, I ran over this morning to these poor people, and gave them all the money in your name; and I hope you will not be displeased at the use I have put it to." "Indeed," answered the young lady, "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you have of me, and the application of the money does you a great deal of honour; I am only sorry you did not give it in your own name." "That," replied Harry, "I had not any right to

do ; it would have been attributing to myself what did **not** belong to me."

In this manner did the time pass away at Mr. Merton's ; and Harry received very little satisfaction from his visit, except in conversing with Miss Simmons. The affability and good sense of this young lady had entirely gained his confidence. While all the other young ladies were continually intent upon displaying their talents and importance, she alone was simple and unaffected. But what disgusted Harry more than ever was, that his refined companions seemed to consider themselves, and a few of their acquaintances, as the only beings of any consequence in the world. The most trifling inconvenience, the being a little too hot, or a little too cold, the walking a few hundred yards, the waiting a few minutes for their dinner, the having a trifling cold, or a little headache, were misfortunes so feelingly lamented, that he would have imagined these people were the most tender of the human species, had he not observed that they considered the sufferings of all below them with a profound indifference. If the misfortunes of the poor were mentioned, he heard of nothing but the insolence and ingratitude of that class of people, which seemed to be a sufficient excuse for the want of common humanity. "Surely," said Harry to himself, "there cannot be so much difference between one human being and another ; or, if there is, I should think that those men were most valuable, who cultivate the ground, and provide necessaries for all the rest ; not those who understand nothing but dress, walking with their toes out, staring modest people out of countenance, and jabbering a few words of a foreign language."

But now the attention of all the younger part of the company was fixed upon making preparations for a ball, which Mrs. Merton had determined to give in honour of Master Tommy's return. The whole house was now full of milliners, dressmakers, and dancing masters ; and all the young ladies were employed in giving directions about their clothes, or in practising the steps of different dances. Harry now, for the first time, began to understand the **infinite** importance of dress. Even the elderly ladies



seemed to be as much interested about the affair as their daughters; and, instead of the lessons of conduct and wisdom which he expected to hear, nothing seemed to employ their attention for a moment, but French trimmings, gauzes, and flowers. Miss Simmons alone appeared to look upon the approaching solemnity with perfect indifference. Harry had never heard a single word drop from her that expressed either interest or impatience; but he had for some days observed her employed in her room with more than common assiduity. At length, on the very day that was destined for this important exhibition, she came to him with a benevolent smile, and said: "I was so much pleased with the account you gave me the other day of that poor young woman's duty and affection towards her parents, that I have for some time employed myself in preparing for them a little present, which I shall beg you, Master Harry, to convey to them. I have unfortunately never learned either to embroider, or to paint artificial flowers, but my good uncle has taught me, that the best employment I can

make of my hands is to assist those who cannot assist themselves." Saying this, she put into his hands a parcel that contained some linen and other necessaries for the poor old people, and bade him tell them not to forget to call upon her uncle, when she should have returned home, as he was always happy to assist the deserving and industrious poor. Harry received her present with gratitude, and almost with tears of joy; and, looking up in her face, imagined that he saw the features of one of those angels which he had read of in the Scriptures; so much does real disinterested benevolence improve the expression of the human countenance.

But all the rest of the young people were employed in cares of a very different nature; namely, in dressing their hair, and adorning their persons. Tommy himself had now completely resumed his former character, and thrown aside all that he had learned during his residence with Mr. Barlow. He had contracted an inordinate fondness for all those scenes of dissipation which his new friends daily described to him; and began to be convinced that one of the most important things in life, is a fashionable dress. In this sentiment he had been confirmed by almost all the young ladies, with whom he had conversed since his return home. The distinctions of character, relative to virtue and understanding, which had been with so much pains enforced upon him, seemed here to be entirely unheeded. Mr. Barlow, he found, had been utterly mistaken in all the principles which he had ever inculcated. "The human species," Mr. Barlow used to say, "can only be supplied with food and necessaries by constant industry. It is by labour that everything is produced; without labour, these fertile fields, which are now adorned with all the luxuriance of plenty, would be converted into barren heaths, or impenetrable thickets; these meadows, now the support of a thousand herds of cattle, would be covered with stagnant waters, that would not only render them uninhabitable by beasts, but corrupt the air with pestilential vapours; and even these innumerable flocks of sheep, that feed along the hills, would disappear immediately on the cessation of that

cultivation which can alone support them, and secure their existence.

Once, indeed, Harry had thrown him into a disagreeable train of thinking, by asking him, with great simplicity, what sort of a figure these young gentlemen would have made in the army of Leonidas, or these young ladies upon a desert island, where they would be obliged to support themselves? But Tommy had lately learned that nothing spoils the face more than intense reflection; and therefore, as he could not easily resolve the question, he wisely determined to forget it.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

THE GRAND BALL—HARRY'S MORTIFICATIONS—MASTER MASH'S UNWORTHY CONDUCT—THE QUARREL—THE BULL-BAITING—TOMMY'S INGRATITUDE AND HARRY'S BRAVERY—MR. BARLOW'S ARRIVAL.

THE important evening of the ball approached. The largest room in the house was lighted up for the dancers, and all the little company assembled. Tommy was that day dressed in an unusual style of elegance, and had submitted, without murmuring, to be under the hands of a hair-dresser for two hours. But what gave him the greatest satisfaction of all, was an immense pair of new buckles, which Mrs. Merton had sent for on purpose to grace the person of her son.

Several minuets were first danced, to the great admiration of the company; and among the rest, Tommy, who had been practising ever since he had been at home, had the honour of exhibiting with Miss Matilda. He indeed began with a certain degree of diffidence, but was soon inspired with proper confidence by the plaudits which resounded on every side. "What an elegant little creature!" cried one lady. "What a shape is there!" said a second; "He puts me in mind of Vestris himself." "Indeed," said a third, "Mrs. Merton is a most happy mother, to be possessed of such a son, who wants nothing but an introduction to the

world, to be one of the most elegant creatures in England, and the most accomplished."

As soon as Tommy had finished his dance, he led his partner to her seat with a grace that surprised all the company; and then, with the sweetest condescension imaginable, he went from one lady to another, to receive the praises which they liberally bestowed.

Harry, in the meantime, had shrouded himself in the most obscure part of the room, and was silently gazing upon the scene. He knew that his company would give no pleasure among the elegant figures who engrossed the foremost seats, and he felt not the least inclination for such an honour. In this situation he was observed by Master Compton, who, at the same instant, formed a scheme of mortifying Miss Simmons, whom he did not like, and of exposing Harry to the general ridicule. He therefore went and spoke to Mash, who had partly officiated as master of the ceremonies, and who, with all the readiness of officious malice, agreed to assist him. Master Mash, therefore, went up to Miss Simmons, and, with all the solemnity of respect, invited her out to dance; a proposal which she, although indifferent about the matter, accepted without hesitation. In the meantime, Master Compton went up to Harry with the same hypocritical civility, and, in Miss Simmons's name, invited him to dance a minuet. It was in vain that Harry assured him he knew nothing about the matter. His perfidious friend told him that it was an indispensable duty for him to stand up; that Miss Simmons would never forgive him if he should refuse; that it would be sufficient if he could just describe the figure, without embarrassing himself about the steps. He moreover pointed out Miss Simmons, who was advancing towards the upper end of the room; and, taking advantage of poor Harry's confusion and embarrassment, led him forward, and placed him by the young lady's side. Harry was not yet acquainted with the sublime science of imposing upon unwary simplicity, and therefore never doubted that the message had come from his friend; and, as nothing could be more repugnant to his character than the want of compliance,



he thought it necessary at least to go and expostulate with her upon the subject. This was his intention when he suffered himself to be led up the room; but his tormentors did not give him time, for they placed him by the side of the young lady, and instantly called to the music to begin.

Miss Simmons, for her part, was surprised at the partner provided for her. She had never imagined minuet-dancing to be one of Harry's accomplishments, and therefore instantly suspected that it was a concerted scheme to mortify her. However, in this she was determined the schemers should be disappointed, as she was destitute of all pride, and had the sincerest regard for Harry. As soon, therefore, as the music struck up, the young lady began her reverence, which Harry, who found he was completely caught, and had no time for explanation, imitated as well as he was able, but still in a manner which set the whole room in a titter. Harry, however, arming himself with all the fortitude he possessed, performed his part as well as could be expected from a person who had never learned a single step of dancing. By keeping his eye fixed upon his partner,

he made a shift at least to preserve something of the figure, although he was terribly deficient in the steps and graces of the dance. But his partner, who was scarcely less embarrassed than himself, and wished to shorten the exhibition, after crossing once, presented him with her hand. Harry had unfortunately not remarked the nature of this manœuvre with perfect accuracy; and therefore, imagining that one hand was just as good as the other, he offered the young lady his left hand instead of his right. At this incident a universal peal of merriment burst from the company, and Miss Simmons, wishing at any rate to close the scene, gave her partner both her hands, and abruptly finished the dance. The unfortunate couple then retreated to the lower end of the room, amidst the jests and sneers of their companions, particularly of Mash and Compton, who assumed unusual importance upon the strength of their brilliant jest.

When they were seated, Miss Simmons could not help asking Harry, with some displeasure, "why he had thus exposed himself and her, by attempting what he was totally unable to perform?" adding, that, "though there was no disgrace in not being able to dance, it was very great folly to attempt it without having learned a single step." "Indeed," answered Harry, "I never should have thought of trying to do anything of the kind; but Master Compton came to me, and told me that you particularly desired me to dance with you, and led me to the other end of the room, and I only came to speak to you, and to inform you that I knew nothing about the matter, for fear you should think me uncivil. Then the music began to play, and you to dance, so that I had no opportunity of speaking; and I thought it better to do the best I could, than to stand still, or to leave you there." Miss Simmons instantly recovered her former good-humour, and said, "Well, Harry, we are not the first, nor shall we be the last by hundreds, who have made a ridiculous figure in a ball-room. But I am sorry to see so malicious a disposition in these young gentlemen; and that all their knowledge of polite life has not taught them a little better manners."

"Why, Madam," answered Harry, "since you are so good



as to talk to me upon the subject, I must confess that I have been very much surprised at many things I have seen at Mr. Merton's. All these young gentlemen and ladies are continually talking about genteel life and manners; and yet they frequently do things which surprise me. Mr. Barlow has always told me that politeness consisted in a disposition to oblige everybody around us, and to say or do nothing which can give them disagreeable impressions. Yet I continually see these young gentlemen striving to do and say things, for no other reason than to give pain. For, not to go any farther than the present instance, what motive can Masters Compton and Mash have had, but to mortify you by giving you such a partner; you, too, who are so kind and good to everybody, that I should think it impossible not to love you."

"Harry," answered the young lady, "what you say about politeness is perfectly just. I have heard my uncle and many sensible people say the same; but, in order to acquire this species of it, both goodness of heart and a just way of thinking are required, and therefore many people content themselves with aping what they can pick up in the dress, or gestures, or language of the higher classes; just like the poor ass, which, drest in the skin of a lion, was taken for the lion himself, till his unfortunate braying exposed the cheat.

"This story," continued Miss Simmons, "is continually coming into my mind, when I see anybody imagine himself of great importance, because he has adopted some particular mode of dress, or the grimaces of fashionable people. Nor do I ever see Masters Mash and Compton, without thinking of the lion's skin, and expecting every moment to hear them bray."

Harry laughed very heartily at this; but soon their attention was attracted towards the company, who had ranged themselves by pairs for country-dancing. Miss Simmons, who was very fond of this exercise, then asked Harry, if he had never practised any of these dances? Harry said, "He had joined in them three or four times at home, and he believed he should not be puzzled about any

of the figures." "Well then," said the young lady, "to show how little I regard their intended mortification, I will stand up, and you shall be my partner." So they rose, and placed themselves at the bottom of the whole company, according to the laws of dancing, which appoint that place for those who come last.

The music began to strike up in a more joyous strain. The little dancers exerted themselves with all their activity, and the exercise diffused a glow of health and cheerfulness over the faces of the most pale and languid. Harry exerted himself here with much better success than he had lately met with in the minuet. He found no difficulty in the varied figures of the dance; and the less so, from the assistance of Miss Simmons, who explained to him everything that appeared embarrassing.

By the continuance of the dance, all who were at first at the upper end had descended to the bottom; where they ought to have waited quietly, till their companions, becoming in their turn uppermost, had danced down to their former places. But when Miss Simmons and Harry expected to have had their just share of the exercise, they found that almost all their companions had deserted them and retired to their places. Harry could not help wondering at this behaviour; but Miss Simmons told him, with a smile, that it was only in keeping with the rest. "This is frequently the way," added she, "that those who think themselves superior to the rest of the world, choose to show their importance." "It is a very bad way, indeed," replied Harry; "people may choose whether they will dance or not, but, if they do, they ought to submit to the laws of the dance;—and I have always observed among the little boys whom I am acquainted with, that wherever this disposition prevails, it is the greatest proof of a bad and contemptible temper." "I am afraid," replied Miss Simmons, "that your observations will hold universally true; and that those who expect so much for themselves, without being willing to consider their fellow-creatures in turn, in whatever station they are found, are always mean, ignorant, and despicable."

“I remember,” said Harry, “reading a story of a great man, called Sir Philip Sydney. This gentleman was reckoned not only the bravest, but the most polite gentleman in all England. It happened that he was sent over the sea to assist some of our allies against their enemies. After having distinguished himself in a manner which gained him the love and esteem of all the army, this excellent man one day received a shot which broke his thigh, as he was bravely fighting at the head of his men. Sir Philip Sydney felt that he was mortally wounded, and was obliged to turn his horse’s head and retire to his tent, in order to have his wound examined. By the time he had reached his tent, he not only felt great agonies from his wound, but the heat of the weather, and the fever which the pain produced, had excited an intolerable thirst; so that he begged his attendants to fetch him a little water. With infinite difficulty some water was procured and brought to him; but, just as he was raising the cup to his lips, he chanced to see a poor English soldier, who had been mortally wounded in the same engagement, and lay upon the ground, faint and bleeding, and ready to expire. The poor man was suffering, like his general, from the pain of a consuming thirst, and therefore, though respect prevented him from asking for any, he turned his dying eyes upon the water, with an eagerness which sufficiently explained his sufferings. Upon this, the excellent and noble gentleman took the cup, which he had not yet tasted, from his lips, and gave it to his attendants; ordering them to carry it to the wounded soldier, and only saying, ‘This poor man wants it still more than I do.’

“This story,” added Harry, “was always a particular favourite with Mr. Barlow, and he has often pointed it out to me, as an example not only of the greatest virtue and humanity, but also of that elevated way of thinking, which constitutes the true gentleman. An ordinary man might have pitied the poor soldier, or even have assisted him, when he had first taken care of himself; but who, in such a dreadful extremity as that to which the brave Sydney was reduced, would be capable of even forgetting his own

sufferings to relieve another, unless he had acquired the generous habit of always slighting his own gratifications for the sake of his fellow-creatures?"

As Harry was conversing in this manner, the little company had left off dancing, and were refreshing themselves with a variety of cakes and agreeable beverages, which had been provided for the occasion. Tommy Merton and the other young gentlemen were now distinguishing themselves by their attendance upon the ladies, whom they were supplying with everything they chose to have; but no one thought it worth while to wait upon Miss Simmons. When Harry observed this, he ran to the table, and brought her a tray with cakes and lemonade; which he presented, if not with a better grace, with a more sincere desire to oblige than any of the rest. But, as he was stooping down to offer her the choice, Master Mash unluckily passed that way, and, elated by the success of his late piece of ill-nature, determined to play a second trick still more brutal than the first. Just as Miss Simmons was helping herself to some wine and water, Mash, pretending to stumble, pushed Harry in such a manner, that the greater part of the contents of the glasses was discharged upon her dress. The young lady coloured at the insult; and Harry, who instantly perceived that it had been done on purpose, being no longer able to contain his indignation, seized a glass that was only half emptied, and flung the contents full into the face of the aggressor. Mash, who was a boy of violent passions, exasperated at this retaliation, which he so well deserved, instantly caught up a drinking-glass, and flung it at Harry's head. Happy was it for Harry that it only grazed his head, without taking full effect; it however laid bare a considerable gash, and Harry was in an instant covered with his own blood. This provoked him the more, and made him forget both the place and the company where he was; and flying upon Mash with all the fury of just revenge, a dreadful fight ensued, which put the whole room in consternation.

Mr. Merton soon appeared, and with some difficulty separated the enraged combatants. He then inquired into



the subject of the contest, which Master Mash endeavoured to explain away as an accident. But Harry persisted with so much firmness in his account, in which he was corroborated by Miss Simmons, that Mr. Merton readily perceived the truth. Mash, however, apologised for himself in the best manner he could, by saying, that he only meant to play Master Harry an innocent trick, without the slightest intention of injuring Miss Simmons.

Whatever Mr. Merton felt, he did not say a great deal. He, however, endeavoured to pacify the enraged combatants, and ordered assistance for Harry, to bind up the wound, and clean him from the blood, which had now disfigured him from head to foot.

Mrs. Merton, who was sitting at the upper end of the room amidst the other ladies, had seen the fray, and been informed that it was owing to Harry's throwing a glass of lemonade in Master Mash's face. This gave Mrs. Compton an opportunity of indulging again in long invectives against Harry, his breeding, family, and manners. "She never," she said, "had liked the boy; and now he had justified all her forebodings to the full. Such a little vulgar wretch could never have witnessed anything but scenes of riot and ill manners; and now he was brawling and fighting

in a gentleman's house, just as he would do at one of the public-houses to which he was used to go with his father!"

While she was in the midst of this eloquent harangue, Mr. Merton came up, and gave a more unprejudiced narrative of the affair. He acquitted Harry of all blame, and said, that it was impossible, even for the mildest tempered boy in the world, to act otherwise than he had done upon such unmerited provocation. This account seemed wonderfully to turn the scale in Harry's favour. Though Miss Simmons was no great favourite with the young ladies, yet the spirit and gallantry which he had displayed in her cause, began to act very forcibly on their minds. One of the young ladies observed, that "if Master Harry were better drest, he would certainly be a very pretty boy." Another said, "she had always thought he had a look above his station;" and a third remarked, that, "considering he had never learned to dance, he had by no means a vulgar look."

This untoward accident having thus been amicably settled, the amusements of the evening went forward. But Harry, who had now lost all taste for genteel company, took the first opportunity of retiring to bed; where he soon fell asleep, and forgot his mortification and bruises. In the meantime the little company below found means to entertain themselves till past midnight, and then retired to their rooms.

The next morning, they rose later than usual; and, as several of the young gentlemen who had been invited to the preceding evening's diversion, were not to return till after dinner, they agreed to take a walk into the country. Harry went with them, as usual, though Master Mash, by his misrepresentations, had prejudiced Tommy and all the rest against him. But Harry, who was conscious of his own innocence, and began to feel the pride of injured friendship, disdained to give an explanation of his behaviour, since his friend was not sufficiently interested about the matter to demand one.

As they were walking slowly across a common, they descried at a distance a prodigious crowd of people, all moving forward in the same direction. This attracted the

curiosity of the little troop; and, on inquiry, they found there was going to be a bull-baiting. Instantly an eager desire to see the diversion seized upon all the little gentlemen. One obstacle alone presented itself, which was, that their parents, and particularly Mrs. Merton, had made them promise that they would avoid every kind of danger. This objection was, however, removed by Master Billy Lyddall; who remarked, that "there could be no danger in the sight, as the bull was to be tied fast, and could therefore do them no harm. Besides," added he, smiling, "what occasion have they to know that we have been at all? I hope we are not such simpletons as to accuse ourselves, or such tell-tales as to inform against one another." "No! no! no!" was the universal exclamation, from all but Harry, who remained profoundly silent. "Master Harry has not said a word," said one of the little folks; "surely he will not tell of us." "Indeed," said Harry, "I don't wish to tell of you; but if I am asked where we have been, how can I help telling?" "What!" answered Master Lyddall, "can't you say that we have been walking along the road, or across the common, without mentioning anything farther?" "No," said Harry, "that would not be speaking truth; besides, bull-baiting is a very cruel and dangerous diversion, and therefore none of us should go to see it; least of all Master Merton, whose mother loves him so much, and is so careful about him."

This speech was not received with much approbation by those to whom it was addressed. "A pretty fellow," said one, "to give himself these airs, and pretend to be wiser than every one else!" "What!" said Master Compton, "does this beggar's brat think that he is to govern gentlemen's sons, because Master Merton is so good as to associate with him?" "If I were Master Merton," said a third, "I'd soon send the little impertinent rascal home to his own blackguard family." And Master Mash, who was the biggest and strongest boy in the whole company, came up to Harry, and grinning in his face, said, "So, all the return that you make to Master Merton for his goodness to you, is to be a spy and an informer, is it, you little dirty blackguard?"

Harry, who had long perceived and lamented the coolness of Master Merton towards him, was now much more grieved to see that his friend was not only silent, but seemed to take an ill-natured pleasure in these insults, than at the insults themselves which were offered to him. However, as soon as the crowd of tormentors who surrounded him would give him leave to speak, he coolly answered, that he was as little a spy and informer as any of them; and as to begging, he thanked God, he wanted as little of them, as they did of him; "besides," added he, "were I even reduced so low as to have to beg, I should know better how to employ my time, than to ask charity of any one here."

This sarcastic answer, and the reflections it called forth, had such an effect upon the too irritable temper of Master Merton, that, in an instant, forgetting his former obligations and affection to Harry, he strutted up to him, and clenching his fist, asked him, "Whether he meant to insult him?" "Well done, Master Merton!" echoed through the whole company; "thrash him heartily for his impudence." "No, Master Tommy," answered Harry, "it is you and your friends here that insult me." "What!" answered Tommy, "are you a person of such consequence, that you must not be spoken to?—You are a prodigiously fine gentleman, indeed." "I always thought you one, till now," answered Harry. "How, you rascal!" said Tommy, "do you say that I am not a gentleman? Take that!" and he struck Harry upon the face with his fist. Harry's fortitude was not proof against this treatment; he turned his face away, and only said, in a low tone of voice, "Master Tommy, Master Tommy, I never should have thought you could have treated me in this unworthy manner!" Then, covering his face with both his hands, he burst into an agony of crying.

The little troop of gentlemen, who were vastly delighted with the mortification which Harry had undergone, and had formed a very indifferent opinion of his prowess, from the patience which he had hitherto exerted, began to gather round, and repeat their persecutions. "Coward," and "blackguard," and "tell-tale," echoed in a chorus through the circle; and some, more forward than the rest, seized him





by the hair, in order that he might "hold up his head and show his pretty face."

But Harry, who now began to recollect himself, wiped his tears with his hand, and, looking up, asked them in a firm voice, and with a steady countenance, why they meddled with him. Then, swinging round, he disengaged himself at once from all who had taken hold of him. The greater part of the company gave way at this question, and seemed disposed to leave him unmolested; but Master Mash, who was the most quarrelsome and impertinent boy present, advanced, and looking at Harry with a contemptuous sneer, said, "This is the way we always treat such little blackguards as you; and if you have not had enough to satisfy you, we'll willingly give you some more." "As to all your nicknames and nonsense," answered Harry, "I don't think it worth my while to resent them;

but, though I have allowed Master Merton to strike me, there's not another in the company shall do it; or, if he chooses to try, he shall soon find whether I am a coward or not."

Master Mash made no answer to this, but by a slap on the face, which Harry returned by a punch with his fist which had almost upset his antagonist, in spite of Mash's superiority of size and strength. This unexpected check, from a boy so much smaller than himself, might probably have cooled the courage of Mash, had he not been ashamed of yielding to one whom he had treated with so much unmerited contempt. Summoning, therefore, all his resolution, he flew furiously at Harry; and, as he had often been engaged in quarrels like this, he struck him with so much force, that, with the first blow he aimed, he felled him to the ground. Harry, foiled in this manner, but not dismayed, rose in an instant, and attacked his adversary with redoubled vigour, at the very moment when Mash thought himself sure of the victory. A second time did Mash, after a short but severe contest, close with his undaunted enemy, and, by dint of superior strength, roughly hurl him to the ground.

The little troop of spectators, who had mistaken Harry's patient fortitude for cowardice, began now to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage, and gathered round the combatants in silence. A second time Harry rose and attacked his stronger adversary with the cool intrepidity of a veteran combatant. The battle now began to grow more critical and more violent. Mash had superior strength and dexterity, and greater knowledge of fighting. His blows were aimed with equal skill and force, and each appeared sufficient to crush an enemy so much inferior in size, in strength, and in years. But Harry possessed a body inured to pain and hardship, a greater degree of activity, and a cool, unyielding courage, which nothing could disturb or daunt. Four times had he now been thrown down by the strength of his foe—four times had he risen, stronger from his fall, covered with dirt and blood, and panting with fatigue, but still unconquered. At length, from the

duration of the combat, and his own violent exertions, the strength of Mash began to fail. Enraged and disappointed at the obstinate resistance he had met with, he began to lose all command of his temper, and to strike at random. His breath grew short, his efforts were more laborious, and his knees seemed scarcely able to sustain his weight; but, actuated by rage and shame, he rushed with all his might upon Harry, as if determined to crush him with one last effort. Harry prudently stepped back, and contented himself with parrying the blows that were aimed at him; till, seeing that his antagonist was almost exhausted by his own impetuosity, he darted at him with all his force, and, by one successful blow, levelled him with the ground.

An involuntary shout of triumph now burst from the little assembly of spectators; for such is the temper of human beings, that they are more inclined to consider superiority of force than justice; and the very same boys who just before were loading Harry with taunts and outrages, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory. He, however, when he found his antagonist no longer capable of resistance, kindly assisted him to rise, and told him, "he was very sorry for what had happened." Mash, however, oppressed at once with the pain of his bruises, and the disgrace of his defeat, observed an obstinate silence.

Their attention was now engaged by a new and interesting spectacle. A bull of the largest size and greatest beauty was led across the plain, adorned with ribands of various colours. The majestic animal suffered himself to be led along, an unresisting prey, till he arrived at the spot destined for the theatre of his persecutions. Here he was fastened to an iron ring, which had been strongly let into the ground, and whose force they imagined would be sufficient to restrain him, even in the midst of his most violent exertions. A great crowd of men, women, and children then surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the inhuman sport which they expected. The little party who had accompanied Master Merton, were now no longer to be restrained. Their friends, their parents, admonition, duty, and promises, were all forgotten in an instant; and, solely

intent upon gratifying their curiosity, they mingled with the surrounding multitude.

Harry, although reluctantly, followed them at a distance. Neither the ill-usage he had received, nor the pain of his wounds, could make him unmindful of Master Merton, or careless of his safety. He knew too well the dreadful accidents which frequently attend these barbarous sports, to be able to quit his friend, till he had once more seen him in a place of safety. The noble animal that was to be wantonly tormented, was fastened to the ring by a strongly-twisted cord, which, though it confined and cramped his exertions, did not entirely restrain them. Although possessed of almost irresistible strength, he seemed unwilling to exert it, and looked round upon the multitude of his enemies with a gentleness which ought to have disarmed their ferocity.

Presently a dog of the largest size and most ferocious courage was let loose. As soon as he beheld the bull, he uttered a savage yell, and rushed upon him with all the rage of inveterate animosity. The bull suffered him to approach; but, just as the dog was springing up to seize him, he rushed forward to meet his foe, and putting his head to the ground, canted him several yards into the air; and had not the spectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been crushed to pieces in the fall. The same fate befell another, and another dog, which were let loose successively. One was killed upon the spot, while another, with a broken leg, crawled howling and limping away. The bull, in the meanwhile, behaved with all the calmness and intrepidity of an experienced warrior; without violence, without passion, he waited every attack of his enemies, and then severely punished them for their rashness.

While this was going on, to the diversion not only of the rude and illiterate populace, but of the little gentlemen and of Master Merton, a poor, half-naked Negro came up, and humbly implored their charity. He had served, he told them, on board an English vessel, and even showed them the scars of several wounds he had received; but now he



was discharged; and, without friends, and without assistance, he could scarcely find food to support his wretched life, or clothes to cover him from the wintry wind.

Some of the young gentlemen, who had been little taught to feel or pity the distress of others, were base enough to attempt to jest upon his dusky colour and foreign accent; but Master Merton, who, though lately much corrupted and changed from what he had been with Mr. Barlow, preserved a great degree of generosity, put his hand into his pocket in order to relieve him. Unfortunately he found nothing to give. The foolish profusion which he had lately learned from the young gentlemen at his father's house, had made him waste all his stock of money in cards, playthings, and trifles, and now he found himself unable to relieve the distress he pitied.

Thus repulsed on every side, and unassisted, the unfortunate Negro approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the tattered remains of his hat, and imploring charity. Harry had not much to give; but he took out of his pocket sixpence, which constituted all his wealth, and gave it with the kindest look of compassion, saying, "Here, poor man, this is all I have; if I had more, it should be at your service." He had no time to add more; for, at that

instant, three fierce dogs rushed upon the bull at once, and by their joint attacks, rendered him almost mad. The calm, deliberate courage which he had hitherto shown, was now changed into rage and desperation. He roared with pain and fury. Flashes of fire seemed to come from his angry eyes, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. He hurried round the stake with incessant toil and rage, first aiming at one, then at another, of the persecuting dogs, that harassed him on every side, growling and baying, and biting him. At length, with a furious effort, he trampled one of his foes beneath his feet, and gored a second most frightfully; and, at the same moment, the cord, which had hitherto confined him, snapped asunder, and let him loose upon the affrighted multitude.

It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which instantly seized the crowd of spectators. Those who before had been shouting with joy, and encouraging the fury of the dogs with cries and acclamations, were now scattered over the plain, all flying from the fury of the animal they had been so basely tormenting. The enraged bull, meanwhile, rushed like lightning over the field, trampling some, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had received. Presently, he ran with headlong fury towards the spot where Master Merton and his associates stood; all fled with wild affright, but with a speed unequal to that of the pursuer. Shrieks, and outcries, and lamentations were heard on every side; and those, who a few minutes before had despised the good advice of Harry, would now have given the world to be safe in the houses of their parents. Harry alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind. He neither cried out nor ran; but, when the dreadful animal approached, leaped nimbly aside, and the bull passed on, without troubling himself about his escape.

Not so fortunate was Master Merton. He happened to be the last of the little troop of fugitives, and full in the way which the bull had taken. And now his destruction appeared certain; for, as he ran, whether through fear, or the inequality of the ground, his foot slipped, and down he



tumbled, in the very path of the enraged pursuing animal. All who saw him imagined his fate inevitable; and it would certainly have proved so, had not Harry, with a courage and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong, which one of the fugitives had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was stooping to gore his defenceless friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The bull, in an instant, turned short, and with redoubled rage made at his new assailant; and it is probable that, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid the price of his assistance to his friend with his own life, had not an unexpected succour arrived—for, in that instant, the grateful Negro rushed on like lightning to assist him, and, assailing the bull with a weighty stick that he held in his hand, compelled him to turn his rage upon a new object. The bull indeed attacked him with all the impetuosity of revenge; but the Negro jumped nimbly aside, and eluded his fury. Not contented with this, he wheeled round his fierce antagonist, and, seizing him by the tail, began to batter his sides with an unexpected storm of blows. In vain did the enraged animal bellow and writhe in all the convulsions of madness. His intrepid foe, without ever quitting his hold, suffered himself to be dragged about the

field, still continuing his discipline, till the creature was almost spent with the fatigue of his own violent exertions. Then some of the boldest of the spectators, taking courage, approached to the Negro's assistance; and, throwing a well-twisted rope over his head, they at length, by dint of superior numbers, completely mastered the furious animal and bound him to a tree.

In the meanwhile, several of Mr. Merton's servants, who had been sent out after the young gentlemen, approached, and took up their young master, who, though without a wound, was almost dead with fear and agitation. Harry, after seeing that his friend was perfectly safe, and in the hands of his own family, invited the Negro to accompany him, and, instead of returning to Mr. Merton's, took the way which led to his father's house.

While these scenes were passing, Mrs. Merton, though ignorant of the danger of her son, was not undisturbed at home. Some accounts had been brought of Harry's combat, which served to make her uneasy, and to influence her more against him. Mrs. Compton, too, and Miss Matilda, who had conceived a violent dislike to Harry, were busy to inflame her by their malicious representations.

While Mrs. Merton was in this humour, her husband happened to enter, and was at once attacked by all the ladies upon the subject of this improper connexion. He endeavoured, for a long time, to remove their prejudices by reason; but when he found that to be impossible, he contented himself with telling his wife, that a little time would perhaps decide who were the most proper companions for their son; and that, till Harry had done something to render himself unworthy of their notice, he never could consent to their treating him with coldness or neglect.

At this moment a female servant burst into the room, with all the wildness of fear, and cried out with a voice that was scarcely articulate, "Oh! madam, madam! such an accident—poor, dear Master Tommy!"

"What of him, for God's sake?" cried out Mrs. Merton, with a vehemence that sufficiently marked her feelings.



"Nay, madam," answered the servant, "he is not much hurt, they say; but little Sandford has taken him to a bull-baiting, and the bull has gored him; and William and John are bringing him home in their arms."

These words were scarcely delivered when Mrs. Merton uttered a violent shriek, and was seized with an hysteric fit; and while the ladies were all employed in assisting her, and restoring her senses, Mr. Merton, who, though much alarmed, was more composed than his wife, walked hastily out, to learn the truth of this imperfect narration.

He had not proceeded far, before he met the crowd of children and servants, one of whom carried Tommy Merton in his arms. As soon as he was convinced that his son had received no other damage than a violent fright, he began to enquire into the circumstances of the affair; but before he had time to receive any information, Mrs. Merton, who had recovered from her fainting, came running wildly from the house. When she saw that her son was safe, she caught him in her arms, and began to utter all the incoherent expressions of a mother's fondness. It was with difficulty that her husband could prevail upon her to moderate her transports till they were within. Then she gave a loose to her feelings in all their violence; and for a considerable time was incapable of attending to anything through joy at his miraculous preservation.

At length, however, she became more composed, and observing that all the company were present, except Harry Sandford, she exclaimed, with sudden indignation, "So, I see that little abominable wretch has not had the impudence to follow you in; and I almost wish that the bull had gored him, as he deserved." "What little wretch do you mean, mamma?" said Tommy. "Whom can I mean," cried Mrs. Merton, "but that vile Harry Sandford, whom your father is so fond of, and who had nearly cost you your life, by leading you into this danger?" "He! mamma," said Tommy, "he lead me into danger! He did all he could to persuade me not to go, and I was a very naughty boy indeed not to take his advice."

Mrs. Merton stood amazed at this information; for her

prejudices had operated so powerfully upon her mind, that she had implicitly believed the guilt of Harry upon the imperfect evidence of the maid. "Who then," said Mr. Merton, "could have been so imprudent?" "Indeed, papa," answered Tommy, "we were all to blame; all but Harry, who advised and begged us not to go, and particularly me, because he said it would give you so much uneasiness when you knew it, and that bull-baiting was so dangerous a sport."

Mrs. Merton looked confused at her mistake, but Mrs. Compton observed, that she supposed "Harry was afraid of the danger, and therefore had wisely kept out of the way." "Oh, no! indeed, madam," answered one of the little boys, "Harry is no coward, though we thought him so at first, when he let master Tommy strike him; but he fought Master Mash in the bravest manner I ever saw; and though Master Mash fought very well, yet Harry had the advantage; and I saw him follow us at a little distance, and keep his eye upon Master Merton all the time, till the bull broke loose—and then I was so frightened that I do not know what became of him." "So, this is the little boy," said Mr. Merton, "whom you were for driving from the society of your children. But let us hear more of this story; for as yet I know neither the particulars of his danger, nor his escape." Upon this, one of the servants, who from a little distance had seen the whole affair, was called in and examined. He gave them an exact account of all; of Tommy's misfortune; of Harry's bravery; of the unexpected succour of the poor Negro; and filled the whole room with admiration, that such an action, so noble, so intrepid, so fortunate, should have been achieved by such a child.

Mrs. Merton was now silent with shame at reflecting upon her own unjust prejudices, and the frivolous grounds on which she had become the enemy of a boy who had saved the life of her darling son, and who appeared as much superior in character to all the young gentlemen at her house, as they exceeded him in rank and fortune. The young ladies now forgot their former objections to his



person and manners, and all the company conspired to extol the conduct of Harry to the skies.

Mr. Merton, who had appeared more delighted than all the rest with the relation of Harry's intrepidity, now cast his eyes round the room, and seemed to be looking for his little friend. When he could not find him, he said, with some concern, "Where can our little deliverer be? Surely he can have met with no accident, that he has not returned with the rest!" "No, sir," said one of the servants; "as to that, Harry Sandford is safe enough, for I saw him go towards his own home in company with the Negro." "Surely, then," answered Mr. Merton, "he must have received some unworthy treatment, to make him thus abruptly desert us all. And now I recollect, I heard one of the young

gentlemen mention a blow that Harry had received. Surely, Tommy, you could not have been so basely ungrateful as to strike the best and noblest of your friends!" Tommy, at this, hung down his head; his face was covered with a burning blush, and the tears began silently to trickle down his cheeks.

Mrs. Merton remarked the anguish and confusion of her child; and, catching him in her arms, was going to clasp him to her bosom with the most endearing expressions; but Mr. Merton, hastily interrupting her, said, "It is not now a time to give way to fondness for a child, who, I fear, has acted the basest and vilest part that can disgrace a human being, and who, if what I suspect is true, can be only a dishonour to his parents." At this, Tommy could no longer contain himself, but burst into such a violent transport of crying, that Mrs. Merton, who seemed to feel the severity of Mr. Merton's conduct with still more poignancy than her son, caught her darling up in her arms, and carried him abruptly out of the room, accompanied by most of the ladies, who pitied Tommy's abasement, and agreed, that there was no crime he could have been guilty of, which was not amply atoned for by such charming sensibility.

But Mr. Merton, who now felt all the painful interest of a tender father, and considered this as the critical moment, which was to give his son the impression of worth or baseness for life, was determined to examine this affair to the utmost. He therefore took the first opportunity of drawing aside the little boy who had mentioned Master Merton's striking Harry, and questioned him upon the subject. The boy, who had no particular interest in disguising the truth, related the circumstances nearly as they happened; and, though he a little softened the matter in Tommy's favour, yet, without intending it, he held up such a picture of his violence and injustice, as wounded his father to the soul.

While Mr. Merton was occupied by these uneasy feelings, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Barlow, who came accidentally to see him, perfectly ignorant of all the great events which had so recently happened.

Mr. Merton received this worthy man with the sincerest cordiality; but there was such a gloom in his manner, that Mr. Barlow began to suspect that all was not right with Tommy; and therefore purposely enquired after him, to give his father an opportunity of speaking. This Mr. Merton did not fail to do; and, taking Mr. Barlow affectionately by the hand, he said, "Oh! my dear sir, I begin to fear that all my hopes are at an end in that boy, and all your kind endeavours thrown away. He has just behaved in such a manner as shows him to be radically corrupted, and insensible to every principle but pride." He then related to Mr. Barlow every incident of Tommy's behaviour; making the severest reflections upon his insolence and ingratitude, and blaming his own supineness, that he had not earlier checked these boisterous passions, which now burst forth with a degree of fury that threatened ruin to his hopes.

"Indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "I am very sorry to hear this account of my little friend. Yet I do not see it in quite so serious a light as yourself; and though I cannot deny the dangers that may arise from a character so susceptible of false impressions, and so violent at the same time, yet I do not think the corruption either so great or so general as you seem to suspect. Do we not see, even in the most trifling habits of body or speech, that a long and continual attention is required, if we would wish to change them?—and yet our perseverance is, in the end, generally successful. Why, then, should we imagine that those of the mind are less obstinate, or subject to different laws? Or, why should we rashly abandon ourselves to despair, from the first experiments, that do not succeed according to our wishes?"

"Indeed," answered Mr. Merton, "what you say is perfectly consistent with the general benevolence of your character, and most consolatory to the tenderness of a father. Yet, I know too well the general weakness of parents in respect to the faults of their children, not to be upon my guard against the delusions of my own mind. And when I consider the abrupt transition of my son into

everything that is most inconsistent with goodness; how lightly, how instantaneously he seems to have forgotten everything he had learned with you; I cannot help forming the most painful and melancholy forebodings of the future."

"Alas," answered Mr. Barlow, "what is the general malady of human nature, but this very instability which now appears in your son? Do you imagine that half the vices of men arise from real depravity of heart? I am convinced that the greater part of all bad conduct springs rather from want of firmness, than from any settled propensity to evil."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Merton, "what you say is very reasonable; nor did I ever expect that a boy so long indulged and spoiled, should be exempt from failings. But what particularly hurts me is to see him proceed to such extremities without any adequate temptation; extremities that I fear imply a defect of gratitude and generosity, virtues which I always thought he had possessed in a very great degree."

"Neither," answered Mr. Barlow, "am I at all convinced that your son is deficient in either. But you are to consider the prevalence of example, and the circle to which you have lately introduced him. If it is so difficult even for persons of a more mature age and experience to resist the impressions of those with whom they constantly associate, how can you expect it from your son! To be armed against the prejudices of the world, and to distinguish real merit from the splendid vices which pass current in what is called society, is one of the most difficult of human sciences. Nor do I know a single character, however excellent, that would not candidly confess he has often made a wrong election, and paid that homage to a brilliant outside, which is only due to real merit."

"You comfort me very much," said Mr. Merton; "but such ungovernable passion! such violence and impetuosity—"

"Are indeed very formidable," replied Mr. Barlow; "yet, when they are properly directed, frequently produce the noblest effects. You have, I doubt not, read the story of

Polemo, who, from a debauched young man, became a celebrated philosopher, and a model of virtue, only by attending a single moral lecture."

"Indeed," said Mr. Merton, "I am ashamed to confess that the various employments and amusements in which I have passed the greater part of my life, have not afforded me as much leisure for reading as I could wish. You will therefore oblige me very much by repeating the story you allude to."

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## CHAPTER XV.

THE STORY OF POLEMO AND XENOCRATES—TOMMY'S HUMILITY—DEPARTURE OF THE GUESTS—COMMENCEMENT OF THE STORY OF SOPHRON AND TIGRANES.

"POLEMO," said Mr. Barlow, "was a young man of Athens, so distinguished by his excesses, that he was the aversion of all the discreet part of the city. He led a life of intemperance and dissipation, and was constantly surrounded by a set of loose young men who imitated and encouraged his vices; and when they had totally drowned the little reason they possessed, in copious draughts of wine, they were accustomed to sally out and practise every species of absurd and contemptible frolic.

"One morning, as they were thus wandering about, after having spent the night as usual, they beheld a great concourse of people listening to the discourse of Xenocrates, a celebrated philosopher. The greater part of the young men, who still retained some sense of shame, were so struck with this spectacle, that they turned out of the way; but Polemo, who was more daring and abandoned than the rest, pressed forward into the midst of the audience. His figure was too remarkable not to attract universal notice; for his head was crowned with flowers, his robe hung negligently about him, and his whole body was reeking with perfumes; besides, his look and manners were such as very little qualified him for such a company. Many of the audience

were so displeased at this interruption, that they were ready to treat the young man with great severity; but the venerable philosopher prevailed upon them not to molest the intruder, and calmly continued his discourse, which happened to be upon the dignity and advantages of temperance.

“As the sage proceeded in his oration, he descanted upon this subject with so much force and eloquence, that the young man became, as it were, in spite of himself, more composed and attentive. Presently the philosopher grew still more animated in his representation of the shameful slavery which results from giving way to our passions, and the happiness of self-conquest; and then the countenance of Polemo began to change, and to assume a softer expression. He cast his eyes in mournful silence upon the ground, as if in deep repentance for his own contemptible conduct. Still the aged speaker increased in vehemence. He seemed to be animated with the sacred genius of the art which he professed, and to exercise an irresistible power over the minds of his hearers. He drew the portrait of an ingenuous and modest young man, who had been bred up to virtuous toils and manly hardiness. He painted him triumphant over all his passions, and trampling upon human fears and weakness. ‘Should his country be invaded,’ said Xenocrates, ‘you see him fly to its defence, and ready to pour forth all his blood. Calm and composed he appears, with a terrible beauty, in the front of danger, the ornament and bulwark of his country. The thickest squadrons are penetrated by his resistless valour, and he points the paths of victory to his admiring followers. Should he fall in battle, how glorious is his lot. To be cut off in the honourable discharge of his duty, to be wept by all the brave and virtuous, and to survive in the eternal records of fame!’

“While Xenocrates was thus discoursing, Polemo seemed to be inspired with a sacred enthusiasm. His eyes flashed fire, his countenance glowed with martial zeal, and the whole expression of his person was changed. Presently, the philosopher, who had remarked the effects of his discourse, painted, in no less glowing colours, the life and manners of



an effeminate young man. 'Unhappy youth,' said he, 'what word shall I find to describe thy abasement? Thou art the reproach of thy parents, the disgrace of thy country, the scorn or pity of every generous mind. How is Nature dishonoured in thy person, and all her choicest gifts bestowed in vain! That strength, which would have rendered thee the glory of thy city, and the terror of her foes, is basely thrown away on luxury and intemperance; thy youth and beauty are wasted in riot, and prematurely-blasted by disease. Instead of the eye of fire, the port of intrepidity, the step of modest firmness, a squalid paleness sits upon thy face, a bloated corpulence enfeebles thy limbs, and makes thee a picture of human nature in its most abject state. But hark! the trumpet sounds; a savage band of unrelenting enemies have surrounded the city, and are preparing to scatter flames and ruin through the streets! The virtuous youths, educated to nobler cares, arm with generous emulation, and fly to its defence. How noble do they appear, drest in resplendent arms, and moving slowly on in close, impenetrable phalanx? They are animated by every motive which can give energy to a human breast, and lift it up to the sublimest achievements. Their hoary sires, their venerable magistrates, the beautiful forms of trembling maidens, attend them to the war, with prayers and acclamations. Go forth, ye generous bands, secure to meet the rewards of victory, or the repose of honourable death. Go forth, ye generous bands, but unaccompanied by the wretch I have described! His nerveless arm refuses to bear the ponderous shield; the pointed spear sinks feebly from his grasp; he trembles at the noise and tumult of the war, and flies like the hunted hart, to lurk in shades and darkness. Behold him roused from his midnight orgies; reeking with wine and odours, and crowned with flowers, the only trophies of his warfare, he hurries with trembling steps across the city; his voice, his gait, his whole deportment, proclaim the abject slave of intemperance, and stamp indelible infamy upon his name!'

"Polemo listened with fixed attention. The former animation of his countenance gave way to a visible dejection;

presently his lips trembled, and his cheeks grew pale; he was lost in melancholy recollection, and a silent tear was observed to trickle down his cheek. But, when the philosopher described a character so like his own, shame seemed to take entire possession of his soul; and, rousing himself as from a long and painful lethargy, he softly raised his hand to his head, and tore away the chaplets of flowers, the monuments of his effeminacy and disgrace. He seemed intent to compose his dress into a more decent form, and wrapped his robe, which before hung loosely waving with an air of studied effeminacy, more closely about him. But when Xenocrates had finished his address, Polemo approached him with all the humility of conscious guilt, and begged to become his disciple; declaring that the philosopher had that day gained the most glorious conquest ever achieved by reason and philosophy, by inspiring with the love of virtue a mind hitherto plunged in folly and sensuality. Xenocrates embraced the young man, and admitted him among his disciples. Nor had he ever reason to repent his compliance; for Polemo, from that hour, abandoned all his former companions and vices, and by his uncommon ardour for improvement, very soon became as celebrated for virtue and wisdom, as he had before been for every contrary quality."

"I am extremely obliged to you for this story," said Mr. Merton; "and as my son will certainly find a Xenocrates in you, I wish that you may have reason to think him in some degree a Polemo. But, since you are so kind as to present me these agreeable hopes, do not leave the work unfinished, but tell me what you think the best method of treating him in his present critical situation." "That," said Mr. Barlow, "must depend, I think, upon the workings of his own mind. He has always appeared to me a generous and a feeling boy, and one who has a fund of natural goodness amid all the faults which spring up too luxuriantly in his character. It is impossible that he should not at present feel the keenest shame for his own behaviour. It will be your first part to take advantage of these sentiments, and, instead of a fleeting and transitory sensation, to change them



into fixed and active principles. Do not at present say much to him upon the subject. Let us watch his conduct, and regulate our behaviour accordingly."

Mr. Merton now introduced Mr. Barlow to the company in the other room. Mrs. Merton, who had begun to be a little staggered in some of the opinions she had most affected, received him with uncommon civility, and all the rest of the company treated him with the greatest respect. But Tommy, who had lately been the oracle and admiration of this brilliant circle, appeared to have lost all his vivacity.

He indeed advanced to meet Mr. Barlow with a look of affection and gratitude, and made the most respectful answers to all his inquiries; but his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and silent melancholy and dejection were visible in his face.

Mr. Barlow remarked, with much satisfaction, these signs of humility and contrition, and pointed them out to Mr. Merton the first time he had an opportunity of speaking to him without being overheard; adding, that, unless he was much deceived, Tommy would soon give ample proofs of true repentance, and reconcile himself to all his friends. Mr. Merton heard this observation with the greatest pleasure, and now began to entertain some hopes of seeing it accomplished.

After the dinner was over, most of the young gentlemen went away to their respective homes. Tommy seemed to have lost much of the enthusiasm which he had lately felt for his polite and accomplished friends. He even appeared to feel a secret joy at their departure, and answered with a visible coldness their professions of friendship and repeated invitations. Even Mrs. Compton herself, and Miss Matilda, who were also departing, found him as insensible as the rest, though they did not spare the most extravagant praises, and the warmest assurances of regard.

The ceremonies of leave-taking being over, and most of the visitors having departed, a sudden solitude seemed to have taken possession of the house, which was lately the seat of noise, and bustle, and festivity. Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Mr. Barlow were left alone with Miss Simmons and Tommy, and one or two others of the smaller gentry who had not yet returned to their friends.

As Mr. Barlow was not fond of cards, Mr. Merton proposed, in the evening, that Miss Simmons, who was famous for reading well, should entertain the company with some little tale or history adapted to the comprehension even of the youngest. Miss Simmons excused herself with the greatest modesty; but, on Mrs. Merton's joining in the request, she complied, and fetching down a book, read the following story of "Sophron and Tigranes."

## THE STORY OF SOPHRON AND TIGRANES.

Sophron and Tigranes were the children of two neighbouring shepherds, who fed their flocks in the part of Asia bordering on Mount Lebanon. They were accustomed to each other from their earliest infancy, and the continual habit of conversing at length produced a tender and intimate friendship.

Sophron was the larger and more robust of the two. His look was firm, but modest, his countenance placid, and his whole bearing inspired confidence and attachment. He excelled most of the youths of the neighbourhood in every species of violent exercise, such as wrestling, boxing, and whirling heavy weights; but he bore his triumphs with such modesty, that even those who found themselves vanquished could feel no envy towards their conqueror.

Tigranes, on the contrary, was of a character totally different. His body was less strong than that of Sophron, but excellently proportioned, and adapted to every species of fatigue. His countenance was full of fire, but displeased by an excess of confidence; and his eyes sparkled with sense and meaning, but bore too great an expression of uncontrolled fierceness.

Nor were these two youths less different in the application than in the nature of their faculties; for Tigranes seemed to be possessed by a restless spirit of commanding all his equals; while Sophron, contented with the enjoyment of tranquillity, desired nothing more than to avoid oppression.

Still, as they assisted their parents in leading every morning their flocks to pasture, they associated with each other in rural sports; or, reposing under the shade of arching rocks, during the heat of the day, conversed with all the ease of youthful friendship. Their observations were not many; they were chiefly drawn from the objects of nature which surrounded them, or from the simple mode of life to which they had been witness; but even here the diversity of their characters was sufficiently expressed.

“See,” said Tigranes, one day, as he cast his eyes upwards

to the cliffs of a neighbouring rock, "that eagle, which rises into the regions of air, till he absolutely soars beyond the reach of sight. Were I a bird, I should choose to resemble him, that I might traverse the clouds with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and dart like lightning upon my prey." "That eagle," answered Sophron, "is the emblem of violence and injustice. He is the enemy of every bird, and even of every beast that is weaker than himself. Were I to choose, I should prefer the life of yonder swan, that moves so smoothly and inoffensively along the river. He is strong enough to defend himself from injury, without opposing others; and, therefore, he is neither feared nor insulted by other animals."

While Sophron was yet speaking, the eagle, which had been hovering in the air, darted suddenly down at some distance, and, seizing a lamb, was bearing it away in his cruel talons; when, almost in the same instant, the shepherd, who had been watching all his motions from a neighbouring hill, let fly an arrow with so unerring an aim, that it pierced the body of the bird, and brought him headlong to the ground, writhing in the agonies of death.

"This," said Sophron, "I have often heard, is the fate of ambitious people. While they are endeavouring to mount beyond their fellows, they are stopped by some unforeseen misfortune." "For my part," said Tigranes, "I had rather perish in the sky, than enjoy an age of life, basely chained down and grovelling upon the surface of the earth." "What we may enjoy," answered Sophron, "is in the hand of Heaven; but may I rather creep through life, than mount to commit injustice and oppress the innocent!"

In this manner passed the early years of the two friends. As they grew up to manhood, the difference of their tempers became more visible, and gradually alienated them from each other. Tigranes began to despise the uniform labours of the shepherd, and the humble occupations of the country. His sheep were neglected, and frequently wandered over the plains without a leader to guard them in the day, or bring them back at night; and the greater part of his time was employed in climbing rocks, or in traversing

the forest, to seek for eagles' nests, or in piercing with his arrows the different wild animals which inhabit the woods. If he heard the horn of the hunter or the cry of a hound it was impossible to restrain his eagerness. He regarded neither the summer's sun nor the winter's frost, while he was pursuing his game. The thickest woods, the steepest mountains, the deepest rivers, were unable to stop him in his career; and he triumphed over every danger and difficulty with such invincible courage, as made him at once an object of terror and admiration to all the youths in the neighbourhood. His friend Sophron alone beheld his exploits without either terror or admiration. Of all his comrades, Sophron was the only one whom Tigranes still continued to respect; for he knew that, with a gentleness of temper which scarcely anything could exasperate, he possessed the firmest courage, and a degree of bodily strength which rendered that courage almost invincible. Tigranes affected, indeed, to despise the virtuous moderation of his friend, and ridiculed it with some of his looser comrades; but he felt himself humbled whenever he was in Sophron's company, as before a superior being, and therefore gradually estranged himself from his society.

Sophron, on the contrary, entertained the sincerest regard for his friend; but he knew the defects of Tigranes, and trembled for the consequences which the violence and ambition of his character might one day produce. Whenever Tigranes abandoned his flocks, or left his rustic tasks undone, Sophron had the goodness to supply whatever he had omitted. Such was the vigour of his constitution, that he was indefatigable in every labour; nor did he ever exert his force more willingly than in performing voluntary duties for his absent friend. Whenever he met with Tigranes, he accosted him in the gentlest manner, and endeavoured to win him back to his former habits and manners. He represented to him the injury he did his parents, and the inquietude he occasioned in their minds, by thus abandoning the duties of his profession. He sometimes, but with the greatest mildness, hinted at the coldness with which Tigranes treated him; and reminded his friend of the

pleasing intercourse of their childhood. But all his remonstrances were vain. Tigranes heard him at first with coolness, then with impatience or contempt, and, at last, avoided him altogether.

Sophron had a lamb which he had formerly saved from the devouring jaws of a wolf, that had already bitten the poor creature in several places, and destroyed its dam. The tenderness with which this benevolent young man had nursed and fed the lamb during its infancy, had so attached it to its master, that it seemed to prefer his society to that of its own species. Wherever Sophron went, the faithful lamb accompanied him like his dogs, lay down beside him when he reposed, and followed close behind when he drove the rest of the flock to pasture. Sophron was much attached to his dumb companion. He often amused himself with the little thing's innocent gambols, fed it with the choicest herbs out of his hands, and when he slept at night the lamb was sure to repose beside him.

It happened, about this time, that Tigranes, as he was one day exploring the woods, discovered the den of a she-wolf, in which she had left her young ones while she went out to search for prey. By a strange caprice he chose out the largest of the whelps, carried it home to his house, and brought it up as if it had been a useful and harmless animal. While the wolf was yet young, it was incapable of doing mischief; but, as it increased in age and strength, it began to show signs of a bloodthirsty and untameable disposition, and made all the neighbouring shepherds tremble for the safety of their flocks. But, as the courage and fierceness of Tigranes had now rendered him formidable to all his associates, and the violence of his temper made him impatient of all opposition, his friends did not speak to him on the subject; and as to his own parents, he had long learned to treat them with indifference and contempt. Sophron alone, who was not to be awed by fear, observing the just apprehensions of the neighbourhood, undertook the task of expostulating with his friend, and endeavoured to prevail upon him to part with a beast so justly odious, and which might in the end prove fatal whenever its natural



rage should break out into open acts of slaughter. Tigranes heard him with a sneer of derision, and only answered, that "if a parcel of miserable rustics amused themselves with keeping sheep, he, who had a more elevated soul, might surely entertain a nobler animal for his diversion," "But should that nobler animal prove a public mischief," coolly replied Sophron, "you must expect that he will be treated as a public enemy." "Woe be to the man," answered Tigranes, sternly, brandishing his javelin, "who shall dare to meddle with anything that belongs to me." Saying this, he turned his back upon Sophron, and left him with disdain.

It was not long before the very event so long foreseen took place. Tigranes' wolf, either impelled by the accidental taste of blood, or by the natural fierceness of his temper, fell one day upon the sheep with such an unexpected degree of fury that he slaughtered thirty of them before it was possible to prevent him. Sophron happened at that time to be within view. He ran with amazing swiftness to the place, and found the savage bathed in blood, tearing the carcase of a lamb he had just slain. At the approach of the daring youth, the wolf uttered a dismal howl, and, quitting his prey, seemed to prepare himself for slaughter of another kind. Sophron was entirely unarmed, and the size and fury of the beast which rushed forward to attack him, might well have excused him had he declined the combat. But he, consulting only his native courage, wrapped his shepherd's cloak around his left arm, to resist the first onset of his enemy, and advanced with a determined look and nimble pace. In an instant the wolf sprang upon him, with a horrid yell; but Sophron nimbly eluded his attack, and suddenly throwing his vigorous arms about the body of his adversary, compelled him to struggle for his own safety. The wolf then uttered cries more dreadful than before; and, as he writhed about in all the agitations of pain and madness, he gnashed his terrible teeth with impotent attempts to bite; while the blood and foam which issued from his jaws rendered his appearance more horrible than before. But Sophron, with undaunted courage, still maintained his hold, and, grasping him with irresistible strength,

prevented him from using either his teeth or claws in his own defence. The struggles and violence of the wolf soon grew perceptibly weaker from fatigue, and he seemed to wish to decline a farther combat with so formidable a foe, could he have found means to escape. Sophron then collected all his strength, and seizing his fainting adversary by the neck and throat, grasped him still tighter in his terrible hands, till the beast, incapable either of disengaging himself or breathing, yielded up the contest and his life together.

It was almost in this moment that Tigranes passed, and unexpectedly became witness of the triumph of Sophron, and the miserable end of his favourite. Inflamed with pride and indignation, Tigranes uttered dreadful imprecations against his friend, who in vain attempted to explain the transaction; and, rushing upon him with all the madness of inveterate hate, aimed a javelin at his breast. Sophron was calm as he was brave. He saw the necessity of defending his own life against the attacks of a perfidious friend; and, with a nimble spring, at once eluded the weapon, and closed with his antagonist. The combat was then more equal; for each was reduced to depend upon his own strength and activity. They struggled for some time with all the efforts which disappointed rage could inspire on the one side, and a virtuous anger on the other. At length the fortune, or rather the force and coolness of Sophron, prevailed over the blind impetuous fury of Tigranes. He at once exerted his whole remaining strength with such success that he hurled his antagonist to the ground, where he lay, bleeding, vanquished, and unable to rise. "Thou scarcely deservest thy life from my hands," said Sophron, "who couldest so wantonly and unjustly attempt to deprive me of mine; however, I will rather remember thy early merits than my recent injuries." "No," replied the enraged Tigranes, "load me not with thy odious benefits; but rather rid me of a life which I abhor, since thou hast robbed me of my honour." "I will never hurt thee," replied Sophron, "but in my own just defence; live to make a better use of life, and to have juster ideas of



honour." Saying this, he assisted Tigranes to rise; but, finding his temper full of implacable resentment, he turned away and left him to go home alone.

Long after this event, a company of soldiers marched across the plains where Sophron was feeding his flocks, and halted to refresh themselves under the shade of some spreading trees. The officer who commanded them was struck with the comely figure and expressive countenance of Sophron. He called the young man to him, and endeavoured to inflame him with military ardour, by setting before him the glory which might be acquired by arms, and ridiculing the obscurity of a country life. When he thought he had sufficiently excited his hearer's admiration, he proposed to him that he should enrol himself in his company; and promised to him every encouragement which he thought most likely to engage the passions of a young man. Sophron

thanked him with humility for his offers; but told him he had an aged father, who had now become incapable of maintaining himself; and, therefore, that he could accept of no offers, however advantageous they might appear, which would interfere with the discharge of this duty. The officer replied, and ridiculed the scruples of the young man; but, finding him inflexible in his resolution, he at last turned from him with an air of contempt, and called his men to follow, muttering as he went reflections upon the stupidity and cowardice of Sophron.

The party had not proceeded far, before, by ill-fortune, they came to the place where Sophron's favourite lamb was feeding; and, as the animal had not yet learned to dread the cruelty of men, it advanced towards them with all the confidence of unsuspecting innocence. "This is a lucky accident," cried one of the soldiers, with a brutal satisfaction; "fortune was not willing we should go without a supper, and has therefore sent us a present." "A good exchange," answered a second; "a fat sheep instead of a lubberly shepherd; and the coward will no doubt think himself happy to sleep in a whole skin at so small an expense." Saying this, he took the lamb, and bore it away in triumph; uttering a thousand threats against the master if he should dare to reclaim it.

Sophron was not so far off that he could not resent the indignity that was offered him. He followed the troop with so much swiftness, that it was not long before he overtook the soldier who was bearing away his friend, and who, from his load, marched rather behind the rest. When Sophron approached the robber, he accosted him in the gentlest manner, and besought him, in words that might have touched any one but a savage, to restore his favourite; he even offered, when he found that nothing else would avail, to purchase back his own property with something of greater value; but the barbarous soldier, inured to scenes of misery, and little accustomed to yield to human entreaties, only laughed at his complaints, and loaded him with additional insults. At length, he began to be tired with the shepherd's importunities, and drawing his sword, and waving

it before the eyes of Sophron, threatened that, if he did not depart immediately, he would use him as he intended to do the lamb. "And do you think," answered Sophron, "that, while I have an arm to lift, or a drop of blood in my veins, I will suffer you, or any man, to rob me of what I value more than life?" The soldier, exasperated at such an insolent reply, as he termed it, aimed a blow at Sophron with his sword, which Sophron turned aside with a stick he held in his hand, so that it glanced inoffensively down; and before the soldier could recover the use of his weapon, Sophron, who was infinitely stronger, closed with him, wrested it out of his hands, and hurled him roughly to the ground. Some of the comrades of the vanquished soldier came in an instant to his assistance, and without inquiring into the merits of the case, drew their swords, and began to assail the undaunted young man; but he, brandishing the weapon which he had just seized, appeared ready to defend himself with so much strength and courage, that they did not choose to come too near.

While they were thus engaged, the officer, who had turned back at the first noise of the fray, approached, and ordering his men to desist, inquired into the origin of the contest. Sophron then recounted, with so much modesty and respect, the indignities and insults he had received, and the unprovoked attack of the soldier, which had obliged him to defend his own life, that the officer, who had a real respect for courage, was charmed with the behaviour of the young man. He therefore reproved his men for their disorderly conduct, praised the intrepidity of Sophron, and ordered his lamb to be restored to him; with which he joyfully departed.

Sophron was scarcely out of sight when Tigranes, who was then by accident returning from the chase, met the same party upon their march. Their military attire and glittering arms instantly struck his mind with admiration. He stopped to gaze upon them as they passed; and the officer, who remarked the martial air and well-proportioned limbs of Tigranes, entered into conversation with him, and made him the same proposals he had before made to Sophron.

Such incentives were irresistible to a vain and ambitious mind. The young man in an instant forgot his friends, his country, and his parents; and marched away with all the pleasure that high spirits and aspiring hopes could raise. Nor was it long before he had an opportunity of signalling his intrepidity.

Asia was at that time overrun by numerous bands of savage warriors under different and independent chiefs. Several fierce and barbarous nations had broken in upon its territory; and, after covering its fertile plains with carnage and desolation, were contending with each other for the superiority.

Under the most enterprising of these rival chiefs was Tigranes now enrolled; and in the very first engagement at which he was present, he gave such uncommon proofs of valour, that he was distinguished by the general with marks of particular regard, and became the admiration of all his comrades. Under the banners of this adventurous warrior Tigranes toiled with various fortunes during many years; sometimes victorious in the fight, sometimes baffled; at one time crowned with conquest and glory, at another beset with dangers, covered with wounds, and hunted like a wild beast through rocks and forests. Still the native courage of his temper sustained his spirit, and kept him in the profession which he had chosen. At length, in a decisive battle, in which the chieftain, under whom Tigranes had enlisted, contended with the most powerful of his rivals, he had the honour of retrieving the victory when his own party seemed totally routed, and, after having penetrated the thickest squadrons of the enemy, killed their general with his own hand. From this moment he seemed to be in possession of all that his ambition could desire. He was appointed general of all the troops, under the chief himself, whose repeated victories had rendered him equal in power to the most celebrated monarchs. Nor did his fortune stop even here; for, after a number of successive battles, in which his party were generally victorious by his experience and intrepidity, he was, on the unexpected death of the chief, unanimously chosen by the whole nation to succeed him.



In the meantime, Sophron, free from envy, avarice, or ambition, pursued the natural impulse of his character, and contented himself with a life of virtuous obscurity. He passed his time in rural labours, in watching his flocks, and in attending with all the duty of an affectionate child upon his aged parents. Every morning he rose with the sun, and, raising his arms to Heaven, thanked that Being who created all nature, for the continuance of life and health, and all the blessings he enjoyed. His piety and virtue were rewarded with everything which a temperate and rational mind can ask. All his rural labours succeeded in the most ample manner; his flocks were the fairest, the most healthy, and numerous of the district; he was loved and esteemed by the youth of the neighbourhood, and equally respected

by the aged, who pointed him out as the example of every virtue to their families; but, what was more dear than all the rest to such a mind as Sophron's, was to see himself the joy, the comfort, and support of his parents, who frequently embraced him with tears, and prayed that Heaven would reward such duty and affection with its choicest blessings.

Here the interest and concern, which had been long visible in Tommy's face, could no longer be repressed, and tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "What is the matter, my darling?" said his mother; "What is there in the account of this young man, that so deeply interests and affects you?" "Oh, mamma," said Tommy, "it reminds me of poor Harry Sandford; just such another good young man will he be, when he is as old as Sophron; and I—and I," added he, sobbing, "am just such another worthless, ungrateful wretch, as Tigranes." "But Tigranes," said Mrs. Merton, "you see, became a great and powerful man; while Sophron remained only a poor ignorant shepherd." "What does that signify, mamma?" said Tommy; "For my part, I begin to find that it is not always the greatest people that are the best or happiest; and as to ignorance, I cannot think that Sophron, who understood his duty so well to his parents and to God, and to all the world, could be called ignorant; and very likely he could read and write better than Tigranes, in spite of all his pomp and grandeur, for I am sure not one of the young gentlemen who went home to-day can read better than Harry Sandford, or has half his understanding." Mr. Merton could hardly help smiling at Tommy's conjecture about Sophron's reading; but he felt the greatest pleasure at seeing such a change in his sentiments; and, looking at him with more cordiality than he had done before, he told him that he was very happy to find him so sensible of his faults, and hoped he would be equally ready to amend them.

Miss Simmons then continued her narrative.

It happened one day that Sophron had been chasing a wolf which had made some depredations upon the flocks, and



in the ardour of pursuit, was separated from all his companions. He was too well acquainted with the roughest parts of the neighbouring mountains, and too indifferent to danger, to be disturbed at this circumstance; he therefore followed his flying foe with so much impetuosity, that he completely lost every track and mark with which he was acquainted. As it is difficult, in a wild and uncultivated district, to find the path again when once it is lost, Sophron only wandered the farther from his home the more he endeavoured to return. He found himself bewildered and entangled in a dreary wilderness, where he was every instant stopped by torrents that tumbled from the neighbouring cliffs, or in danger of slipping down precipices of an immense height. He was alone in the midst of a gloomy forest, where human industry had never penetrated, nor the woodman's axe been heard, since the moment of its creation. To add to his distress, the setting sun disappeared in the west, the shades of night gathered gradually round, and the roar of savage beasts arose. Sophron found himself beset with terrors; but his soul was incapable of fear. He poised his javelin in his hand, and forced his way through every obstacle, till at length, with infinite difficulty, he disengaged himself from the forest, while the last glimmer of light was yet visible in the skies. He cast his eyes around, but could discern nothing but an immense track of country, rough with rocks and overhung with forests, but destitute of every mark of cultivation. Still he pursued his way along the side of the mountain till he came into a pleasant valley, free from trees, and watered by a winding stream. Here he was going to repose for the remainder of the night, under an impending crag, when a rising gleam of light darted suddenly into the skies from a considerable distance, and attracted his curiosity. Sophron looked towards the quarter whence it came, and plainly discerned that it was a fire, kindled either by some benighted traveller like himself, or by some less innocent wanderers of the dark. He determined to approach the light; but, knowing the unsettled state of all the neighbouring districts, he thought it prudent to advance with caution. He therefore made a considerable

circuit, and by clambering along the higher grounds, discovered a hanging wood, under whose thick covert he approached without being discovered, within a little distance of the fire. He then perceived that a party of soldiers were reposing round a flaming pile of wood, and carousing at their ease. All around was strewn the plunder which they had accumulated in their march, and in the midst was seated a venerable old man, accompanied by a beautiful young woman.

Sophon easily comprehended, by the dejection of their countenances, and the tears which trickled down the maiden's cheeks, as well as by the insolence with which they were treated, that they were prisoners. His sympathy was instantly excited, and he determined to attempt their deliverance; but this, in spite of all his intrepidity, he perceived was no easy matter to accomplish. He was alone and weakly armed; his enemies, though not numerous, were too many for him to flatter himself with any rational hope of success in open combat; and, should he make a fruitless effort, he might rashly throw his life away, and only aggravate the distresses he sought to cure. With this consideration, he restrained his natural impetuosity, and at length determined to attempt by stratagem, what he thought could scarcely be performed by force. He therefore silently withdrew, and skirted the side of the wood which had concealed him, carefully remarking every circumstance of the way, till he had ascended a mountain, which immediately fronted the camp of the soldiers, at no great distance. He happened to have by his side a kind of battle-axe, which hunters use in chasing bears. With this he set about lopping the branches of trees, collecting at the same time all the fallen boughs he could find; till in a short time he had reared several piles of wood upon the most conspicuous part of the mountain, and full in the view of the soldiers. He then kindled a blaze by rubbing two decayed branches together, and in a few moments all the piles were blazing with so many streams of light, that the neighbouring hills and forests were illuminated with the gleam. Sophron knew the nature of man to be always prone to sudden



impressions of fear and terror, more particularly amid the darkness of night, and promised himself great success from his stratagem.

In the mean time he hastened back with all speed, till he reached his former hiding place. He then raised his voice, which was naturally loud and clear, and shouted several times successively with all his might. A hundred echoes from the neighbouring cliffs and caverns returned the sound, with a reverberation that made it appear like the noise of a mighty squadron. The soldiers, who had been alarmed by the sudden blaze of so many fires, which they attributed to a numerous band of troops, were now seized with such a panic, that they fled in confusion. They imagined themselves surrounded by their enemies, who were bursting in on every side, and fled with the utmost speed, leaving the prisoners to themselves.

Sophon, who from a small distance watched all their motions, did not wait for them to be undeceived, but running to the spot they had abandoned, explained in a few words to the trembling and amazed captives the nature of his stratagem, and exhorted them instantly to fly. Few entreaties were necessary to induce them to comply. They arose and followed Sophron, who led them a considerable way up into

the mountains, and when he thought them out of the immediate danger of pursuit, they sheltered themselves in a rocky cavern, and determined there to wait for the light of the morning.

When they were thus in a place of safety, the venerable old man seized the hand of Sophron, and bedewing it with tears, gave way to the strong emotions of gratitude which overwhelmed his mind. "Generous youth," said he, "I know not by what extraordinary fortune you have thus been able to effect our deliverance, when we imagined ourselves out of the reach of human succour; but if the uniform gratitude and affection of two human beings, can be any recompense for such a distinguished act of valour, you may command our lives, and employ them in your service."

"Father," answered Sophron, "you infinitely overrate the service which chance has enabled me to perform. Any man who had been witness to your distress, would have attempted your rescue, and, as to all the rest, the darkness of the night rendered it a work of little difficulty or danger." Sophron then recounted to his new friends the accident which had brought him to that unfrequented spot, and made him an unperceived witness of their captivity; he also explained the nature of the stratagem by which, alone and unsupported, he had been enabled to disperse their enemies.

With mutual professions of esteem, they thought it prudent to terminate a conversation, which, however agreeable, was not entirely free from danger, as some of their late oppressors might happen to distinguish their voices, and, thus directed to their lurking-place, take revenge for the terrors they had undergone.

With the first ray of morning the three companions arose, and Sophron leading them along the skirts of the mountains where bushes and brushwood concealed them from observation, and still following the windings of the river as a guide, they at length came to a cultivated spot, though deserted by its inhabitants through fear of the party they had lately escaped. Here they made a slight and hasty repast upon some coarse provisions which they found, and immediately struck again into the woods, which they judged safer than

the plain. But Sophron fortunately recollected that he had formerly visited this village with his father, while yet a child, and before the country had suffered the rage of barbarous invasions. It was a long day's march from home, but, by exerting all their strength, they at length arrived, through rough and secret paths, at the hospitable cottage where Sophron and his parents dwelt. Here they were joyfully received, as the long absence of the young man had much alarmed his parents, and made all the hamlet anxious concerning his safety. That night they reposed in a place of safety; and the next morning, after a plentiful but coarse repast, the father of Sophron again congratulated his guests upon their fortunate escape, and entreated them to let him hear the history of their misfortunes.

"I can refuse nothing," said the venerable stranger, "to persons to whom I am under such extraordinary obligations, although the history of my life is short and simple, and contains little worthy to be recited.

"My name is Chares. I was born in one of the maritime cities of Asia, of opulent parents, who died while I was yet a youth. The loss of my parents, to whom I was most affectionately attached, made so strong an impression upon my mind, that I determined to seek relief in travel, and, for that purpose, sold my paternal estate, the price of which I converted into money and jewels, as being most portable. My father had been a man distinguished for his knowledge and abilities; and from him I imbibed an early desire of improvement, which has always been my greatest comfort and support.

"The first place, therefore, which I visited was Egypt, a country renowned in every age for its discoveries in the arts which contribute to support or adorn human life. There I resided several years, giving up my time to the study of philosophy, and to the conversation of the many eminent men who resorted thither from all parts of the world. This country is one immense plain, divided by the Nile, one of the noblest rivers in the world, that pours its tide along the midst of the land. Every year, at a particular season, the stream begins gradually to swell, with such an increase of

waters, that at length it rises over its banks, and the whole valley of the river becomes an immense lake, where buildings, temples, and cities, appear as if floating upon the water. The overflowing of their river is a day of public rejoicing to all the natives. They celebrate it with songs and dances, and every mark of joy. Nor is this to be wondered at, when you are informed, that this inundation abundantly fertilises the soil. Whatever land is covered by the waters receives such an increase of fertility as never to disappoint the hopes of the industrious husbandman. The instant the waters have retired, the farmer returns to his fields, and begins the operations of agriculture. These labours are not very difficult in a soft and yielding slime, such as the river leaves behind it. The seeds are sown, and germinate with inconceivable rapidity; and, in a few weeks, an abundant harvest of every kind of grain covers the land. For this reason all the necessaries of life are easily procured by the inhabitants of the country. But, alas! these blessings, great as they may appear, produce the effect of curses upon the inhabitants. No one is here inflamed with the sacred love of his country, or of public liberty; no one is inured to arms, or taught to prefer his honour to his life. The great business of existence is an inglorious indolence, a lethargy of mind, and a continual exemption from all exertion. Hence this celebrated country, which has been in every age the admiration of mankind, is destined to the most degrading servitude. A few thousand disciplined troops are sufficient to hold the entire country in bondage, under which it groans, unable to defend itself."

"Unhappy people," exclaimed Sophron, "how useless to them are all the blessings of their lot! How much rather would I inhabit the stormy top of Lebanon, than wallow in such a country, or breathe an air infected by its vices!"

"I was of the same opinion with yourself," continued Chares, "and therefore determined to leave a country which all its natural advantages could not render agreeable, when I became acquainted with the manners of its inhabitants. But, before I quitted that part of the globe, my curiosity led me to visit the neighbouring tribes of Arabia; a nation



bordering upon the Egyptians, but as different in spirit and manners as the hardy shepherds of these mountains, from the effeminate natives of the plains. Egypt is bounded on one side by the sea; on every other it is surrounded by immense plains or gentle eminences, which, being beyond the fertilising inundations of the Nile, have been, beyond all memory, converted into waste and barren sands by the excessive heat of the sun. I therefore made preparatious for my journey, and hired a guide, who was to furnish me with beasts of burden, and accompany me across those dreary deserts. We accordingly began our march, mounted each upon a camel, which are found much more useful than horses in such a burning climate.

“We soon reached the confines of the fertile plains of Egypt. The way, as we proceeded, grew more and more dreary and disagreeable, yet was sometimes varied with little tufts of trees and scanty patches of herbage; but these at length entirely disappeared, and nothing was seen on every side but an immense extent of barren sands, destitute of vegetation, and parched by the continual heat of the sun. No sound was heard to interrupt the dreary silence that reigned around, no traces of inhabitants could be found, and the gloomy uniformity of the prospect

inspired the soul with melancholy. In the meantime, the sun seemed to shoot down perpendicular rays upon our heads, without a cloud to mitigate its violence. I felt a burning fever take possession of my body, my tongue was scorched with intolerable heat, and it was in vain I endeavoured to moisten my mouth with repeated draughts of water. At night we came to a little rising ground, at the foot of which we perceived some aquatic herbs and a small quantity of muddy water, of which our camels took prodigious draughts. Here we spread our tents, and encamped for the night. With the morning we pursued our journey; but had not proceeded far, before we saw a cloud of dust that seemed to rise along the desert; and, as we approached nearer, we easily distinguished the glitter of arms that reflected the rising sun. A band of Arabs had discovered us, and came to know our intentions. As they advanced, they spurred their horses, which bounded along the desert with the lightness of antelopes; at the same time they brandished their lances, and seemed prepared alike for war or peace. But when they saw that we had neither the intention nor the power to commit hostilities, they stopped their coursers at the distance of a few paces from us; and he that appeared the chief advanced, and inquired into the reason of our coming. I addressed him in his own language, to which I had for some time applied myself before my journey. I explained to him the curiosity which led me to observe in person the manners of a people, who are celebrated over the whole world, for having preserved their native simplicity unaltered, amidst the revolutions which agitate all the neighbouring nations. I concluded by telling how I had come a painful journey, unarmed, and almost alone, to put myself into their power, and demand the sacred rights of hospitality.

“ While I was thus speaking, the chief looked at me with a penetration that seemed to read into my very soul; and when I had finished, he extended his arm with a smile of benevolence, and welcomed me, telling me at the same time, that the tribe admitted me as their guest, and received me with the arms of friendship; that their method of life, like





their manners, was coarse and simple, but that I might consider myself as safer in their tents, and more removed from violence or treachery, than in the crowded cities which I had left. The rest of the company then approached, and all saluted me as a friend and brother. We struck off across the desert, and, after a few hours' march, approached the encampment where the Arabs had left their wives and children.

“The Arabs of the desert inhabit a climate which would be intolerable to the rest of the human species, for its burning heat, and a soil which refuses to furnish any of the necessaries of life. Hence they neither plough the earth nor sow, nor depend upon corn for their sustenance, nor are acquainted with any of the mechanic arts. They live chiefly upon the milk of their herds and flocks, and sometimes eat their flesh. The burning deserts they inhabit are stretched out to an immense extent on every side, and these they consider as their common country, without having any fixed or permanent place of abode. Arid and barren

as are these wilds in general, there are various spots more productive than the rest; here are found supplies of water, and some appearances of vegetation; and here the Arabs encamp till they have exhausted the spontaneous products of the soil. The Arab is unacquainted with the appliances of civilised life, or, if he knows them, he despises their possession. He contents himself with a bare sufficiency of the coarsest and simplest food, and the small quantity of clothing which he requires in such a climate is fabricated by the women of the tribe, who milk the cattle and prepare the food of their husbands. They have a breed of horses remarkable for gentleness, patience, and swiftness; these horses form the particular pride of the Arabian tribes. They are necessary to them in their warlike expeditions, and in their journeys through the deserts. If they are attacked, they mount their steeds, which bear them with the rapidity of a tempest to avenge their injuries, or, should they be overmatched in fight, transport them beyond the possibility of pursuit. Troops accustomed to the plenty of a cultivated country are little able to pursue these winged warriors over the whole extent of their sandy wastes."

Here the impatience of Tommy, which had been increasing a considerable time, could no longer be restrained, and he could not help interrupting the story, by addressing Mr. Barlow thus:—"Sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

Mr. BARLOW. As many as you choose.

TOMMY. In all these stories I have heard, it seems as if those nations who possess little or nothing, are more good-natured, and better, and braver, than those who have a great deal.

Mr. B. This is indeed sometimes the case.

T. But then, why should it not be the case here as well as in other places? Are all the poor in this country better than the rich?

"It would seem," answered Mr. Barlow, smiling, "as if you were of that opinion."

T. Why so, sir?

Mr. B. Because, whatever you want to have done, I

observe, that you always address yourself to the poor, and not to the rich?

T. Yes, sir; but that is a different case. The poor are used to do many things which the rich never do.

Mr. B. Are these things useful or not useful?

T. Why, to be sure, many of them are extremely useful, for I find they cultivate the ground, to raise corn, and build houses, and hammer iron, which is so necessary to make everything we use; besides feeding cattle, and dressing our food, and washing our clothes, and, in short, doing everything which is necessary to be done.

Mr. B. What! do the poor do all these things?

T. Yes, indeed, or else they never would be done. For it would be a very ungentle thing to labour at a forge like a blacksmith, or hold the plough like a ploughman, or build a house like a bricklayer.

Mr. B. So according to your idea we come no farther than this; the rich do nothing and produce nothing, and the poor everything that is really useful. Were there a whole nation of rich people, they would all be starved like the Spaniard in the story, because no one would condescend to produce anything; and this would happen in spite of all their money, unless they had neighbours who were poorer to supply them. But a nation that was poor might be industrious, and gradually supply themselves with all they wanted; and then it would be of little consequence whether they had pieces of metal with heads upon them or not. You will find, however, that the rich have work to do as well as the poor, if they have only energy and industry to accomplish their duty. But this conversation has lasted long enough at present; and, as you are now going to bed, I dare say Miss Simmons will be so good as to defer the remainder of her story until to-morrow.



## CHAPTER XVI.

**TOMMY'S EXPLOITS ON HORSEBACK—HIS DISASTER—MEETING WITH THE HIGHLANDER—RESCUE OF HARRY'S PET LAMB—THE HIGHLANDER INVITED TO MR. MERTON'S HOUSE—HIS STORY—HE IS RECOGNISED BY MISS SIMMONS.**

THE next day Tommy rose before his father and mother; and, as his imagination had been forcibly acted on by the description he had heard of the Arab horsemen, he desired that his little horse might be saddled, and that William, his father's man, would attend him upon a ride. Unfortunately for Tommy, his vivacity was greater than his reason; and his taste for imitation was continually leading him into some mischief or misfortune. He had no sooner been introduced into the acquaintance of genteel life, than he threw aside all his former habits, and burned to distinguish himself as a most accomplished young gentleman. He was now, in turn, sickened and disgusted with fashionable affectation; and his mind, at leisure for fresh impressions, was ready to catch at the first new object which occurred. The idea, therefore, which presented itself to his mind, as soon as he opened his eyes, was that of being an Arabian horseman. Nothing, he imagined, could equal

the pleasure of guiding a fiery steed over those immense and desolate wastes which he had heard described. In the meantime, as the country where he wished to exhibit was rather at too great a distance, he thought he might win some fame even upon the common before his father's house.

Full of this idea, he rose, put on his boots, and summoned William to attend him. William had been too much accustomed to humour all his caprices, to make any difficulty in obeying him; and as he had often ridden out with his young master before, he did not foresee the least possible inconvenience. But the maternal care of Mrs. Merton had made it an indispensable condition with her son, that he should never presume to ride with spurs; and she had strictly enjoined all the servants never to supply him with those dangerous appurtenances. Tommy had long murmured in secret at this prohibition, which, seeming to imply a distrust of his abilities in horsemanship, sensibly wounded his pride. But, since he had taken it into his head to emulate the Arabs themselves, and perhaps excel them in their own art, he considered it as no longer possible to endure the disgrace. But, as he was no stranger to the strict injunction which had been given to all the servants, he did not dare to make the experiment of soliciting their assistance.

While he was in this embarrassment, a new and sudden expedient presented itself to his fertile genius, which he instantly resolved to adopt. Tommy went to his mamma's maid, and, without difficulty, obtained from her a couple of the largest sized pins, which he thrust through the leather of his boots; and, thus accoutred, he mounted his horse without suspicion or observation.

Tommy had not ridden far, before he began to give vent to his ruling passion, and asked William if he had ever seen an Arab on horseback? William's answer sufficiently proved his ignorance, which Tommy kindly undertook to remove by giving him a detail of all the particulars he had heard the preceding night. But, unfortunately, the eloquence of Tommy precipitated him into a dangerous

experiment; for, just as he was describing their rapid flight across the deserts, the interest of his subject so transported him, that he closed his legs upon his little horse, and pricked him so severely, that the pony, who was not deficient in spirit, resented the attack, and set off with him at a prodigious rate.

William, when he saw his master thus burst forth, was at a loss whether to consider it as an accident, or only an oratorical grace; but seeing the horse hurrying along the roughest part of the common, while Tommy tugged in vain to restrain his course, he thought it necessary to endeavour to overtake him, and therefore pursued him with all the speed he could use. But the pony, whose blood seemed to be more and more inflamed by the violence of his own exertions, ran the faster when he heard the trampling of another horse behind him.

In this manner did Tommy scamper over the common, while William pursued in vain; for, just as the servant thought he had reached his master, his horse would push forward with a rapidity that left his pursuer far behind. Tommy kept his seat with laudable address; but he now began seriously to repent of his own ungovernable ambition, and would, with the greatest pleasure, have exchanged his own spirited steed for the dullest ass in England.

The race had endured a considerable time, and seemed to be no nearer to a conclusion, when, on a sudden, the pony turned short, upon an attempt of his master to stop him, and rushed precipitately into a large bog, or quagmire, which lay in his way. Here he made a momentary halt, and Tommy wisely embraced the opportunity of letting himself slide off upon a soft and yielding bed of mire. The servant now came up to Tommy, and rescued him from his disagreeable situation; where, however, he had received no other damage than that of daubing himself all over.

William had been at first very much frightened at the danger of his master; but when he saw that he had so luckily escaped unhurt, he could not help asking him, with a smile, whether this too was a stroke of Arab horsemanship! Tommy was a little provoked at this reflection upon

his riding, but, as he had now lost something of his irritability by repeated mortification, he wisely repressed his passion, and desired William to catch his horse, while he returned homewards on foot to warm himself. The servant, therefore, endeavoured to approach the pony, which, as if contented with the triumph it had obtained over its rider, was quietly feeding at a little distance; but the instant William approached, he set off again at a violent rate, and seemed disposed to lead him a second chase, not inferior to the first.

In the meantime Tommy walked pensively along the common, reflecting on the various accidents which had befallen him, and the repeated disappointments he had met with in all his attempts to distinguish himself. While he was thus engaged, he overtook a poor and ragged figure, the singularity of whose appearance engaged his attention. It was a man of middle age, in a dress he had never seen before, with two poor children that seemed with difficulty to keep up with him, while he carried a third in his arms, whose pale, emaciated looks sufficiently indicated disease and pain. The man had upon his head a coarse blue bonnet instead of a hat; he was wrapped round by a tattered kind of garment, striped with various colours; and at his side hung down a long and formidable sword.

Tommy surveyed him with so much earnestness, that at length the man took notice of it; and, bowing to him with the greatest civility, ventured to ask him if he had met with any accident. Tommy was not a little pleased with the discernment of the man, who could distinguish his importance in spite of the dirtiness of his clothes, and therefore mildly answered, "No, friend, there is not much the matter. I have a little obstinate horse that ran away with me, and, after trying in vain to throw me down, he plunged into the middle of that great bog there; and so I jumped off for fear of being swallowed up, otherwise I should soon have made him submit; for I am used to such things, and don't mind them in the least."

Here the child that the man was carrying, began to cry bitterly, and the father endeavoured to pacify him, but in

vain. "Poor thing," said Tommy, "he seems to be unwell; I am heartily sorry for him!" "Alas, Master," answered the man, "he is not well, indeed; he has now a violent ague fit upon him, and I have not had a morsel of bread to give him, or any of the rest, since yesterday noon."

Tommy was naturally generous, and now his heart was unusually softened by the remembrance of his own recent distresses; he therefore pulled a shilling out of his pocket, and gave it to the man, saying, "Here my honest friend here is something to buy your child some food, and I sincerely wish he may soon recover." "God bless your sweet face!" said the man, "you are the best friend I have seen this many a day; but for this kind assistance, we might have been all lost." He then, with many bows and thanks, struck across the common into a different path, and Tommy went forward, feeling a greater pleasure at this little act of humanity, than he had experienced among all the fine acquaintance he had lately contracted.

He had walked a very little way before he met with a new adventure. A flock of sheep came running, with all the precipitation which fear could inspire, from the pursuit of a large dog, and just as Tommy approached, the dog had overtaken a lamb, and seemed disposed to devour it. Tommy was naturally an enemy to all cruelty; and therefore, running towards the dog, with more alacrity than prudence, he endeavoured to drive him from his prey; but the animal, probably despising the diminutive size of his adversary, after growling a little while and showing his teeth, when he found that this was not sufficient to deter Tommy from intermeddling, entirely quitted the sheep, and, making a sudden spring, seized upon the skirt of Tommy's coat, which he shook with every expression of rage. Tommy behaved with more intrepidity than could have been expected; for he neither cried out, nor attempted to run, but made strenuous efforts to disengage himself from his enemy. The contest was so unequal, however, that it is probable he would have been severely bitten, had not the honest stranger whom he had relieved, come running up to his assistance,





and, seeing the danger of his benefactor, laid the dog dead at his feet by a furious stroke of his broadsword.

Tommy, thus delivered from impending danger, expressed his gratitude to the stranger in the most affectionate manner, and invited him to accompany him to his father's house, where he and his wearied children should receive whatever refreshment they wished. He then turned his eyes to the lamb which had been the cause of the contest, and which lay panting upon the ground, bleeding and wounded, but not to death. He remarked, with astonishment, upon the little creature's fleece, the well-known characters, H. S., accompanied with a cross. "As I live," said Tommy, "I believe this is the very lamb which Harry used to be so fond of, and which would sometimes follow him to Mr. Barlow's. I am the luckiest fellow in the world, to have come in time to rescue it; and now, perhaps, Harry may forgive me all the ill-usage he has met with." Saying this, he took the lamb up and kissed it with the greatest tenderness; nay, he would have even borne it home in his arms,

had it not been rather too heavy for his strength; but the honest stranger, with a grateful officiousness, offered his services, and prevailed on Tommy to let him carry it, while he delivered his child to the biggest of his brothers.

At a little distance from his home, Tommy met his father and Mr. Barlow, who had left the house to enjoy the morning air before breakfast. They were surprised to see him in such a condition; for the dirt, which had bespattered him from head to foot, began to dry in various places, and gave him the appearance of a farmer's clay-built wall in the process of hardening. But Tommy, without giving them time to make inquiries, ran affectionately up to Mr. Barlow, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Oh, sir! here is the luckiest accident in the world! poor Harry Sandford's favourite lamb would have been killed by a great mischievous dog, if I had not happened to save his life!" "And who is this honest man," said Mr. Merton, "whom you have picked up on the common? He seems to be in distress, and his famished children are scarcely able to drag themselves along." "Poor man!" answered Tommy, "I am very much obliged to him; for, when I went to save Harry's lamb, the dog attacked me, and would have hurt me very much, if he had not come to my assistance, and killed him with his great sword. So I have brought him with me, that he might refresh himself, with his poor children, one of whom has a terrible ague; for I knew, papa, that though I had not behaved well of late, you would not object to my doing an act of charity." "I am, on the contrary, very glad," said Mr. Merton, "to see you have so much gratitude. But what is the reason that I see you thus disfigured with dirt? Surely you must have been riding, and your horse has thrown you? And here is William following, with both the horses in a foam."

William at that moment appeared, and, trotting up to his master, began to make excuses for his own share in the business. "Indeed, sir," said he, "I did not think there was the least harm in going out with Master Tommy, and we were riding along as quietly as possible, and Master was giving me a long account of the Arabs, who, he said, lived

in the finest country in the world, which does not produce anything to eat, or drink, or wear, and yet they never want to come upon the parish, but ride upon the most mettled horses in the world, fit to start for any plate in England. And just as he was giving me this account, Punch took it into his head to run away, and while I was endeavouring to catch him, he jumped into a quagmire, and shot Master Tommy off in the middle of it." "No," said Tommy, "there you mistake; I believe I could manage a much more spirited horse than Punch, but I thought it prudent to throw myself off, for fear of his plunging deeper into the mire." "But how is this?" said Mr. Merton, "the pony used to be very quiet; what can have given him this sudden impulse to run away? Surely, William, you were not so imprudent as to trust your young Master with spurs?" "No, sir," answered William, "not I; and I can take my oath he had no spurs on when we first set out."

Mr. Merton was convinced there was some mystery in this transaction—and, looking at his son to find it out, he at length discovered the ingenious contrivance of Tommy to supply the place of spurs, and could hardly preserve his gravity at the sight. He however mildly set before him his imprudence, which might have been attended with the most fatal consequences, the fracture of his limbs, or even the loss of his life, and desired him for the future to be more cautious. They then returned to the house, and Mr. Merton ordered the servants to supply his guests with plenty of the most nourishing food.

After breakfast they sent for the unhappy stranger into the parlour. His countenance now bespoke his satisfaction and gratitude, and Mr. Merton, who by his dress and accent discovered him to be a Scotchman, asked by what accident he had thus wandered so far from home with these poor helpless children, and had been reduced to so much misery?

"Alas! your honour," answered the man, "my tale is simple and uninteresting, and I fear there can be nothing in the story of my distress, the least deserving of your attention."

"Surely," said Mr. Merton, kindly, "there must be

something in the distress of every honest man which ought to interest his fellow-men; and if you will acquaint us with all the circumstances of your situation, it may perhaps be in our power, as it certainly is in our inclination, to do you farther service."

The man then bowed to the company with an air of dignity which surprised them all, and thus began:—"I was born in the North of Scotland. The country there, partly from the barrenness of the soil, and the inclemency of the climate, and partly from other causes which I will not now enumerate, is unfavourable to the existence of its inhabitants. More than half the year our mountains are covered with continual snows, which prevent us from cultivating the land, and spoil the expectations of a harvest. Yet the race of men who inhabit these dreary wilds are, perhaps, not more undeserving the smiles of fortune than many of their happier neighbours. The highlanders love their native mountains with a warmth of affection which is scarcely known in the midst of polished cities and cultivated countries. Every man there is more or less acquainted with the history of his clan, and the martial exploits which they have performed. In the winter season we sit around the blazing light of our fires, and commemorate the glorious actions of our ancestors; the children catch the sound, and consider themselves as interested in supporting the honour of a nation, which is yet unsullied in the annals of the world.

"I see, gentlemen," continued the Highlander, "that you appear surprised to hear a man, who has so little to recommend him, express himself in rather loftier language than you are accustomed to among your peasantry here. But you should remember, that a certain degree of education is more general in Scotland than where you live; and that, wanting almost all the gifts of fortune, we cannot afford to suffer those of nature to remain uncultivated. My father saw that the determined bent of my temper was towards a military life, and thought it vain to oppose my inclinations. For my part I was determined to become a soldier.

"One night in the autumn of the year, as we were seated round the embers of our fire, we heard a knocking



at the door. My father rose; and a man of a majestic presence came in, and requested permission to pass the night in our cottage. He told us he was an English officer who had long been stationed in the highlands; but now, upon the breaking out of war, he had been sent for in haste to London, whence he was to embark for America as soon as he could be joined by his regiment. 'This,' said he, 'has been the reason of my travelling later than prudence permits, in a mountainous country with which I am imperfectly acquainted. I have unfortunately lost my way, and, but for your kindness,' added he, smiling, 'I must here begin my campaign, and pass the night upon a bed of heath amid the mountains.' My father rose, and received the officer with all courtesy—for in Scotland every man thinks himself honoured by being permitted to exercise his hospitality. He told him his accommodations were mean and poor, but what he had was heartily at his visitor's service. He then sent me to look after the guest's horse, and set before him some milk and oaten bread, which were

all the dainties we possessed. The officer, however, seemed to eat with an appetite as keen as if he had been educated in the highlands; and, although his air and manners proved that he could be no stranger to a more delicate way of living, not a single word fell from him that intimated he had ever been used to better fare.

“During the evening, our guest entertained us with various accounts of the dangers he had already escaped, and the service he had seen. He particularly described the manners of the savage tribes he was going to encounter in America, and the nature of their warfare. All this, accompanied with the tone and look of a man who was familiar with great events, and had borne a considerable share in all he related, so inflamed my military ardour, that I was no longer able to repress it. The stranger perceived what was passing in my mind, and, looking at me with an air of compassion, asked ‘if that young man was intended for the service?’ My colour rose, and my heart swelled at the question. The look and manner of our guest had strangely interested me in his favour, and the natural grace and simplicity with which he related his own exploits, put me in mind of the great men of other times. Could I but march under the banners of such a leader, I thought nothing would be too arduous to be achieved. I saw before me a long perspective of combats, difficulties, and dangers; something, however, whispered to my mind that I should be successful in the end, and support the reputation of our name and clan. Full of these ideas, I sprang forward at the question, and told the officer, that the darling passion of my life would be to bear arms under a chief like him; and that, if he would allow me to enlist under his command, I should be ready to justify his kindness by patiently supporting every hardship, and facing every danger. ‘Young man,’ replied he, with a look of kind concern, ‘I should ill repay the hospitality I have received from your parents, if I suffered you to be deceived in your opinion of the military profession.’ He then set before me, in the strongest language, all the hardships which would fall to my lot; the dangers of the field, the pestilence of camps,

the slow consuming fever of hospitals, the insolence of command, the irksomeness of obedience, and the uncertainty that the exertions of even a long life would ever lead to the least promotion. 'All this,' replied I, trembling with fear that my father should take advantage of these just representations to refuse his consent, 'I knew before; but I feel an irresistible impulse within me which urges me to the field. The die is cast for life or death, and I will abide by the chance that now occurs. If you, sir, refuse me, I will enlist with the first officer that will accept me; for I will no longer wear out life in the solitude of these mountains, without even a chance of gaining applause, or distinguishing my name.'

"I will pass over the affecting scene I had to undergo in taking leave of my family and friends. It pierced me to the very heart; and then, for the first time, I almost repented of being so near the accomplishment of my wishes. I was, however, engaged, and determined to fulfil my engagement; I therefore tore myself from my family, having with difficulty prevailed upon my father to accept part of the money I had received for my enrolment. I reached London without any accident, whence I embarked, and arrived, without any other mishap than a horrible sickness, at the place of our destination in America. Here I joined my gallant officer, Colonel Simmons, who had performed the voyage in another ship."

Miss Simmons, who was present at this narration, seemed to be much interested at this mention of her own name; she, however, did not express her feelings, and the stranger proceeded with his story.

"The gentleman was, with justice, the most beloved in the British army. Inflexible in everything that concerned the honour of the service, he never pardoned wilful misbehaviour, because he knew that it was incompatible with military discipline; yet, when obliged to punish, he did it with such reluctance, that he seemed to suffer almost as much as the criminal himself. But his heart had taught him another lesson in respect to private distresses of his men. He visited them in sickness, relieved their miseries, and was a niggard of

nothing but human blood. But I ought to correct myself in that expression, for he was rashly lavish of his own; and to that we owe his untimely loss.

"I had not been long in America before the Colonel, who was perfectly acquainted with the language and manners of the savage tribes that border upon the British colonies, was sent on an embassy to one of their nations, for the purpose of soliciting their alliance with the British. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to you, gentlemen, and to my little Master, to hear some account of a people whose manners and customs are so much the reverse of what you see at home. As my worthy officer chose me to accompany him, I will describe some of the most curious facts which I was witness to.

"You have, doubtless, heard many accounts of the surprising increase of the English colonies in America; and, when we reflect that it is scarcely a hundred years since some of them were established, it must be confessed that they have made rapid improvements in clearing the ground, and bringing it to cultivation.\* Yet, much as they have already done, much of the country is still an immense forest. The woods extend on every side, to a distance that no human sagacity or observation has been able to determine; they abound in every species of tree which you see in England, besides a great variety unknown among us. Under their shade is generally found a rich luxurious herbage, which serves for pasture to a thousand herds of animals. Here are seen elks (a kind of deer of the largest size), and buffaloes (a species of wild ox), by thousands, and even horses, which, having been originally brought over by the Spaniards, have escaped from their settlements, and multiplied in the woods—"

"Dear me," said Tommy, "that must be a fine country where horses run wild; why, a man might have one for nothing." "And yet," said Mr. Merton, "it would be but of little use for a person to have a wild horse, who is not able to manage a tame one."

\* It must be remembered that the Highlander describes North America as it was nearly a century ago.



Tommy made no answer; and the Highlander proceeded: "But the greatest curiosity of all this country is, in my opinion, the various tribes or nations which inhabit it. These various tribes inhabit little villages, generally situated upon the banks of rivers; and, though they cultivate small portions of land around their towns, they derive the greater part of their subsistence from the chase. In their persons they are rather tall and slender, but admirably well proportioned and active, and their colour is a pale red, exactly resembling copper. Accustomed to roam about the woods, and brave the inclemencies of the weather, and continually exposed to the attacks of their enemies, they acquire a degree of courage and fortitude, which can scarcely be conceived. It is nothing to them to pass whole days without food, to lie whole nights upon the bare damp ground, and to swim the widest rivers in the depth of winter. They attach great value to superior courage, and bodily perfections; and therefore these alone are able to engage their esteem. I shall never forget the contempt which one of their chiefs expressed at seeing an officer who was rather corpulent, at the head of his men. 'What fools,' said he, 'are these Europeans, to be commanded by a man who is so unwieldy, that he can neither annoy his enemies, nor defend his friends, and who is fit only to be a scullion!' When they are at peace, they exercise the virtue of hospitality to a degree that might shame more polished nations. If a stranger arrive at any of their towns, he enters into the first habitation he pleases, and is sure to be entertained with all the family possess.

"But if their manners are gentle in peace, these people are more dreadful, when provoked, than all the wildest animals of the forest. Bred up from infancy to suffer no restraint, and to give an unbounded indulgence to their passions, they know not what it is to forgive those who have injured them. They love their tribe with an unparalleled degree of affection; for they are ready to suffer every hardship and danger in its defence. They scruple not in the least to defy wounds, and pain, and even death itself, as often as the interest of the country to which they are so much

attached is concerned; but the same attachment renders them implacable and unforgiving to all their enemies. They seem to have many of the virtues and the vices of the ancient Spartans.

“To one of these tribes, called the Ottigamies, was Colonel Simmons sent as an ambassador, accompanied by a few more officers, and some private soldiers, among whom I had the honour to be included. We pursued our march, for several days, through forests which seemed to be as old as the world itself. Sometimes we were shrouded in such obscurity from the thickness of the covert, that we could scarcely see the light of heaven; sometimes we emerged into spacious meadows, bare of trees, and covered with the most luxuriant herbage, on which were feeding immense herds of buffaloes. These, as soon as they snuffed the approach of men, hastily ran into the surrounding woods; many, however, fell beneath our attack, and served us for food during our journey. At length we came to a wide and rapid river, upon whose banks we found a party of friendly savages, with some of whom we embarked upon canoes made of the bark of trees, to proceed to the country of the Ottigamies.

“After three days’ incessant rowing, we entered a spacious lake, upon whose banks were encamped a considerable portion of the nation we sought. We landed, and were at once conducted to the assembly of the chiefs, who were sitting upon the ground, with their arms beside them; there was in their countenances and eyes an expression of ferocious grandeur which would have daunted the boldest European.

“As soon as our leader entered the circle, he produced the calumet, or pipe of peace. This is the universal mark of friendship and alliance among all the barbarous nations of America; and he that bears it is looked upon with so much respect, that his person is always safe. This calumet is a long and slender pipe, ornamented with beautiful feathers, ingeniously fixed along the tube; the bowl is composed of a peculiar kind of reddish marble, and filled with scented herbs and tobacco.



“ Colonel Simmons lighted his pipe with great solemnity, and turning the bowl first towards the heavens, then to the earth, then in a circle round him, he began to smoke. In the meantime the whole assembly sat with mute attention, waiting to hear his proposals. Though we call these people savages, yet in some respects they well deserve to be imitated by more refined nations. In all their meetings and assemblies the greatest order and regularity prevail. Whoever rises to speak, is sure of being patiently heard to the end without the least interruption.

“ Our leader then began to harangue them in their own language, with which he was well acquainted. I did not understand what passed, but it was afterwards explained to me that he set before their eyes the injuries they had mutually received from the French and the tribes in their alliance. He told them that their great father (for so these people call the king of England) had taken up the hatchet of war, and was sending an innumerable band of warriors to punish the insults of his enemies. He told them that he had ordered him to visit the Ottigamies, his dutiful children, and smoke with them the pipe of peace. He invited their young men to join the warriors from beyond the ocean, who were marching to bury the bones

of their brethren, slain by their mutual foes. When he had concluded, he flung upon the ground a curious string of shells, called the belt of Wampum. This is a necessary circumstance in all the treaties made with these tribes. Whoever comes as an ambassador brings one with him to present to the people whose friendship is solicited; and, if the belt is accepted, the proposed alliance is considered as entered into.

“As soon as our leader had finished, a chief of a stature superior to the common race of men, and of a most determined look, jumped into the middle of the assembly, and, taking up the belt, cried out in their language—‘Let us march, my brethren, with the young men of our great father! Let us dig up the hatchet of war, and revenge the bones of our countrymen; they lie unburied, and cry to us for vengeance! We will not be deaf to their cries—we will shake off all delays—we will approve ourselves worthy of our ancestors—we will drink the blood of our enemies, and spread a feast of carnage for the fowls of the air and the wild beasts of the forest!’ This resolution was approved by the whole nation, who consented to the war with a ferocious joy. The assembly was then dissolved, and the chiefs prepared for their intended march according to the customs of their country.

“All the savage tribes inhabiting America are accustomed to very little clothing in time of war. Inured to the inclemencies of the weather, and being in the constant exercise of all their limbs, they cannot bear the restraint and confinement of an European dress. They paint themselves in various fashions, to give additional terror to their looks.

“It was determined by those who governed,” continued the Highlander, “that we should march through the woods upon a distant expedition against the French. The conduct of this enterprise was given to a brave but rash commander,\* totally unacquainted with the people he had to oppose, and unskilled in the nature of a savage war. We there-

\* General Braddock.

fore began our march through the trackless wilds I have described; and proceeded for several days, without any other difficulties than the nature of the country itself produced, and without seeing the face of an enemy. It was in vain that officers of the greatest experience, and particularly my worthy Colonel, suggested to our commander the necessity of using every precaution against a dangerous and insidious foe.

“War is not managed, amid the forests of America, in the same manner as upon the plains of Europe. The temper of the people there conspires with the nature of the country to render it a continual scene of stratagems and surprises. Unencumbered with tents, or baggage, or numerous trains of artillery, the hostile warriors set out in small and chosen parties, with nothing but their arms, and are continually upon the watch to deceive their enemies. Long experience has taught them a great degree of sagacity in traversing the woods. Neither the widest rivers, nor the most extensive forests, can retard them for an instant. A march of a thousand miles is scarcely to them a greater difficulty than the passage of an European army between two neighbouring towns. The woods themselves afford them a continual supply of provisions, in the various animals they kill. When they are near their enemies, they frequently lurk all day in thickets, for fear of a discovery, and pursue their march by night. Hundreds of them sometimes pursue their course in the same line, treading only in each other's steps, and the last of the party carefully covers the impressions which his fellows have made. When they are thus upon the point of accomplishing their purpose, the very necessities of nature are unheeded. They cease to fire upon the beasts of the forest, lest it should alarm the foe. They feed upon the roots or the bark of trees, or pass successive days in a perfect abstinence from food. All this our Colonel represented to the General, and conjured him, with the strongest entreaties, not to hazard the safety of our army by an incautious progress. He advised him to send out numerous detachments to beat the bushes and examine the woods; and offered himself to

secure the march of the army. But presumption is always blind. Our General was unacquainted with any other than European warfare, and could not conceive that naked savages would dare to attack an army of two thousand disciplined troops.

“ One morning, the way before us appeared more intricate and obscure than usual. The forests did not consist of lofty trees, which afford a tolerably clear prospect between their trunks, but were composed of creeping bushes and impervious thickets. The army still marched with the vain ostentation of military discipline, but totally unprepared for the dreadful scene which followed. At length we entered a gloomy valley, surrounded on every side by the thickest shade, and rendered swampy by the overflowings of a little rivulet. It was impossible to continue our march without disordering our ranks; and part of the army extended itself beyond the rest, while another part of the line involuntarily fell behind.

The officers were employed in rectifying the disorder of their men, when a sudden noise of musketry was heard in front, and about twenty of our men were in an instant stretched upon the field. The soldiers instinctively fired in the direction whence they were attacked, and instantly fell back in disorder. But it was equally vain to retreat or go forward, for it now appeared that we were completely hemmed in. On every side resounded the fatal peals of scattering fire, that thinned our ranks and extended our bravest comrades on the earth. Figure to yourself a shoal of fishes, inclosed within the net—a herd of deer, surrounded on every side by a band of active and unpitiful hunters, who press and gall them continually, and exterminate them at leisure in their flight—just such was the situation of our unfortunate countrymen. After a few unavailing volleys, the ranks were broken, and all subordination lost. The ground was covered with gasping wretches, and stained with blood; the woods resounded with cries and groans, and fruitless attempts of our gallant officers to rally their men, and check the progress of the enemy. By intervals was heard, more shrill, more dreadful



than all the rest, the dismal yell of the victorious savages, who now, emboldened by their success, began to leave the covert, and hew down the fugitives with unrelenting cruelty. As to myself, the description which our Colonel had given me of their method of attack, and the precautions to be used against it, rendered me perhaps less disturbed than I should otherwise have been. I remarked that those who stood and those who fled were exposed to equal danger. Those who kept their rank, and endeavoured to repel the enemy, exposed their persons to their fire, and were successively shot down, as happened to most of our unfortunate officers; while those who fled frequently rushed headlong upon the very death they sought to avoid.

“Pierced to the heart at the sight of such a carnage of my gallant comrades, I grew indifferent to life, and abandoned myself to despair; but it was a despair that neither impaired my exertions, nor robbed me of the faculties of my mind. ‘Imitate me,’ I cried, “my gallant countrymen, and we shall yet be safe.’ I then directly ran to the

nearest tree, and sheltered myself behind its stem, convinced that this precaution alone could secure me from the incessant volleys which resounded on every side. A small number of Highlanders followed my example, and, thus secured, we began to fire with more success at the enemy, who now exposed themselves with less reserve. This check seemed to astonish and confound them, and had not the panic been so general, it is possible that this successful effort might have changed the fortune of the fight; for, in another quarter, the American troops that accompanied us behaved with the greatest bravery, and, though deserted by the European forces, effected their own retreat.

“But it was now too late to hope for victory, or even safety. The ranks were broken on every side, the greater part of our officers slain or wounded, and our unfortunate General himself had expiated with his life his fatal rashness. I cast my eyes around, and saw nothing but images of death and horror, and frantic rage. Yet even then the safety of my noble Colonel was dearer to me than my own. I sought him for some time in vain, amid the various scenes of carnage which surrounded me. At length I discovered him at a distance, almost deserted by his men, yet still attempting to renew the fight, and heedless of the wounds which covered him. Transported with grief and passion, I immediately darted forward to offer him my feeble support; but in the very instant of my arrival, he received a straggling ball in his breast, and, tottering to a tree, supported his fainting limbs against the trunk. Just at that moment, three of our savage enemies observed his situation, and marked him for their prey. They raised their hideous yell, and darted upon him with the speed and fierceness of wolves. Fury then took possession of my soul. Had I possessed a thousand lives, I should have held them cheap. I fired with so unerring an aim, that I stretched the foremost on the earth. The second received the point of my bayonet in his breast, and writhed in the pangs of death. The third, daunted by the fate of his companions, turned his steps another way.

“Just then a horse, that had lost his rider was galloping



along the wood. I bounded across the path, and, seizing him by the bridle, induced my leader to mount him.

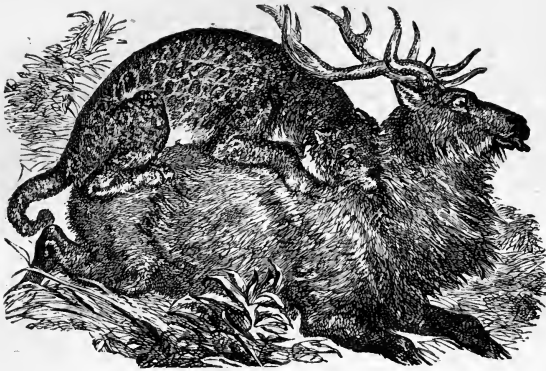
“Fortunately for me we were not observed by any of our savage enemies; so that, flying through the thickest part of the forest, we left the danger behind, and were soon removed beyond the sight or hearing of the battle. ‘Courage,’ said I, ‘my noble leader! you are now almost in safety, and I trust you will yet do well.’ He answered me with the kindest expressions, but with feeble voice; ‘I have consented to fly,’ he said, ‘more for the sake of preserving your life, than from any hopes of my own; but since we are now in safety, let me alight; I have consumed my small remaining forces in the way, and am faint from loss of blood.’ He sank down, and would have fallen, but I received him in my arms; I bore him to the next thicket, and, strewing grass and leaves upon the ground, endeavoured to prepare him a bed. He thanked me again with gratitude and tenderness, and grasped my hand as he lay in the very agonies of death; for death it was, although I believed he had only fainted, and long tried every ineffectual method to restore departed life. Thus was I deprived of the noblest officer and kindest friend that ever deserved the attachment of a soldier. Twenty years have now rolled over me since that inauspicious day; yet it lives for ever in my remembrance, and never shall I forget it.” The Highlander turned away to hide a tear. The company seemed all to share his grief, but Miss Simmons more than the rest. However, as the natural gentleness of her temper was sufficiently known, no one suspected that she had any particular interest in the story.

“I sat till night,” continued the stranger, “supporting the breathless body of my colonel, and vainly hoping he might return to life. At length I perceived that his noble soul was fled for ever; my own wounds grew stiff and painful, and exhausted nature required a supply of food. I therefore rose, and finding a spring that trickled down a hill at no great distance, I refreshed myself by a copious draught, and washed the clotted blood away from the hurts I had received. I then crushed some leaves, and bound them

on with bandages which I tore from my linen. I also found a few wild fruits, which past experience had taught me were harmless, and with them I allayed the pains of hunger. I then returned to the wood, and, creeping into the thickest part, endeavoured to compose myself to rest.

“Three nights and days did I remain in the wood, in continual dread of the savage parties who scoured the forest in pursuit of stragglers, and often passed so near my place of retreat, that I gave myself over for lost. At length, on the fourth evening, fancying myself a little restored, and that the activity of the enemy might be abated, I ventured out and pursued my march. I scarcely need describe the various difficulties and dangers to which I was exposed in such a journey; however, I still had my musket with me, and, as my ammunition was not quite exhausted, I depended upon the woods themselves to supply me with food. I travelled the greater part of the night, involving myself still deeper in these inextricable forests; for I was afraid to pursue the direction of our former march, as I imagined the savages were dispersed along the country in pursuit of the fugitives. I therefore took a direction as nearly as I could judge parallel to the English settlements, and inclining to the south. In this manner I forced my way along the woods all night, and with the morning had reason to think that I had advanced a considerable distance.

“I pursued my march through the thick, gloomy country, without meeting a human creature; and at night I cut, with a hatchet that I had about me, some boughs, with which I erected a temporary shelter. The next day, as I was pursuing my march, I saw a deer bound by me, upon whose shoulders was seated a panther, a fierce and destructive animal resembling a tiger. This creature, which is about the size of a moderate dog, ascends the trees, and hides himself among the branches till a deer, or any other animal that he can master, passes within his reach. He then darts with a sudden spring full upon the neck or shoulder of the unfortunate animal, which he continues tearing, with so much violence, that he soon kills him. This was actually the case with the poor deer that passed me; for he had not



run a hundred yards before he fell down in the agonies of death, and his destroyer began to regale himself upon the prey. I saw that this was a lucky opportunity of supplying myself with food for several days. I therefore ran towards the panther, and by a violent shout made him abandon his victim, and retire growling into the woods. I then kindled a fire with leaves and sticks, and cutting off a large slice of venison, I plentifully refreshed myself for my journey. I packed up as much of the most fleshy parts of the body as I could conveniently carry, and abandoned the rest to wild beasts.

“It was here that an accident befel me, which I will relate for its singularity, both in respect to the dangers I incurred, and my method of escape. As I was journeying on, I discovered a great light that streaked the skies with an angry kind of illumination. I looked round me to discover the cause of this strange appearance, and beheld, with equal horror and astonishment, that the whole country behind me was in flames. In order to explain this appearance, I must observe, that the plains or prairies in America produce a rank, luxuriant vegetation, the juices of which are exhausted by the heat of the summer’s sun. It is then as inflammable as straw or fodder, and when a casual spark

of fire communicates with it, the flame frequently drives before the wind for miles together, and consumes everything it meets. This was actually the case at present. As far as my eye could reach, the country was all in flames; a powerful wind added fresh fury to the fire, and drove it on with a degree of swiftness which precluded all possibility of flight. I must confess that I was struck with horror at the sudden approach of a death so new, so dreadful, so unexpected! I saw it was in vain to fly; the flaming line extended for several miles on every side, and advanced with such velocity, that I considered my fate as inevitable. I looked round me with a kind of mute despair, and began to envy the fate of my comrades who had fallen by honourable wounds in battle. Already did the conflagration scorch me in its approach, accompanied by clouds of smoke that almost suffocated me. In this extremity, Providence presented to my mind a thought, which, perhaps, was the only possible method of escape. I considered that nothing could stop the conflagration but an actual want of fuel; and therefore, by setting fire to the vegetables before me, I might follow my own path in safety. I struck a light, and presently kindled the driest grass before me. The conflagration spread along the country. The wind drove it on with inconceivable fury, and I saw the path of my deliverance open before my eyes. In a few seconds, a considerable space was burnt before me, which I traversed with the speed of a man flying from instant death. My feet were scorched with the glowing soil, and several times I had been nearly suffocated with the pursuing smoke; but every step I made convinced me of the certainty of my escape; and, in a little time, I stopped to look at the conflagration I had avoided, which, after proceeding to the point whence I set out, was extinguished, as I had foreseen.

"I pursued my way," continued the Highlander, "and lodged at night, as usual, under some boughs which I stuck up to shelter me. In the morning I set out again; and soon arrived at a spacious lake, upon whose banks I could plainly discern the signs of an Indian encampment. I hesitated some time, whether I should again conceal myself



in the woods, or deliver myself up to the mercy of the savages. But I considered that it was impossible long to continue this wandering life; and that, in the end, I must have recourse to some of these tribes for assistance. What, therefore, must be done at last, it was fruitless to delay; I had every reason to imagine, that the people before me must either be favourable to Great Britain, or at least indifferent to the war; and in either case, from the experience I possessed of the manners of the natives, I did not think I had much to fear. I therefore determined to hazard everything upon the probability of a favourable reception, and, collecting all my resolution, I marched boldly forward, and soon arrived at the encampment.

“As soon as I entered the village, the women and children gathered round me with the curiosity natural to mankind at the sight of an unaccustomed object. I formed a favourable conjecture from this apparent ignorance of Europeans, and walking on with a composed step and steady countenance, I at length entered one of the largest

cabins I could find. When I was within, I saw a venerable old man, whom I took to be a chief, from his appearance, sitting at his ease upon the ground, and smoking. I saluted him with respectful courtesy, and placed myself upon the ground, at some little distance, waiting with inward anxiety, but external composure, for him to begin the conversation. After he had eyed me for some time with fixed attention, but without either sternness or anger, he took the pipe from his mouth and presented it to me. I received it with infinite satisfaction; for, as I have before remarked, this is always with the American tribes the firmest pledge of peace and a friendly reception.

“When we had thus been seated for some time in mutual contemplation of each other, he asked me, in a dialect which I understood tolerably well, to eat. I did not think it prudent to refuse any offered civility, and therefore accepted the offer; and, in a little time, a young woman, who was in the back part of the hut, set before me some broiled fish and parched maize. After I had eaten, my friendly host inquired into my country and the reasons of my visit. I was just enough acquainted with the language he spoke, to be able to understand him, and to give an intelligible, though imperfect answer. I therefore explained to him, as well as I was able, that I had crossed the great water, with the warriors of the King of Britain; that we had been compelled to take up the hatchet against the French and their allies, and that we had actually set out upon an expedition against their colonies; but that we had been surprised by a lurking party in the woods; that, in the confusion of the fight, I had been separated from the rest, and had wandered several days through the woods in search of my comrades; and that now, seeing the tents of my brethren, the Red Men, I had come to visit them, and smoke the pipe of peace in their company. All this I with some difficulty explained to my entertainer, who listened to me with great attention, and then bade me welcome in the name of his nation, which he told me was called the Saukies; he added, ‘that their young men were dispersed through the woods, hunting the deer and buffalo,

but they would soon return loaded with provisions, and in the meantime I might share his cabin, and such provisions as he had.' I thanked him for his offer, and remained several days in his hut, always entertained with the same hospitality, until the return of the young men from hunting. They came at last, in several boats, along the lake, bringing with them a considerable quantity of wild beasts which they had killed. I was received by all the tribe with the same hospitality I had experienced from the old chief; and, as it was necessary to gain their friendship as much as possible, I joined them in all their hunting and fishing parties, and soon acquired a considerable degree of skill in both.

"The Saukies had been long at war with the Iroquese, a powerful tribe of Indians, in the interest of the French. The Iroquese had received intelligence of the situation of the Saukie encampment, and determined to surprise them. For this purpose, a thousand warriors set out by a secret march through the woods, and travelled with the silence and celerity peculiar to these nations. When they had nearly approached the hunting-grounds of their enemies, they happened to be discovered upon their march by four warriors of another nation, who instantly suspected their design, and, running with greater diligence than it was possible so large a body could make, arrived at the encampment of the Saukies, and informed them of the near approach of their enemies. A great council was instantly assembled to deliberate upon the choice of proper measures for their defence. As they were incumbered with their families, it was impracticable to retreat with safety; and it seemed equally difficult to resist so large a force with inferior numbers.

"While they were in this uncertainty, I had the good fortune to find out a resource, which, being adopted by the nation, was the means of their safety. I observed that the passage to the Saukie camp, for the Iroquese, lay along a narrow slip of land which extended for near a mile between two lakes. I therefore advised the Saukies to cast up a strong barrier at the end of the passage, which I showed

them how to strengthen with ditches, palisades, and some of the improvements of European fortification. Their number of warriors amounted to about four hundred; these I divided into equal bodies, and leaving one to defend the lines, I placed the other in ambuscade along the neighbouring woods. Scarcely were these dispositions finished, before the Iroquese appeared, and, imagining they were rushing upon an unguarded foe, entered the defile without hesitation. As soon as the whole body were thus imprudently engaged, the other-party of the Saukies started from their hiding-places, and, running to the entrance of the strait, threw up another fortification, and had the satisfaction to see the whole force of their enemies caught in a trap. The Iroquese soon perceived the difficulty and danger of escape. They, however, behaved with extraordinary composure. The lakes were at that time frozen over, yet not so hard as to permit them to effect a passage over the ice; and though a thaw succeeded in a short time, it was equally impracticable to pass by swimming, or on rafts. For three days, therefore, the Iroquese remained quiet in this disagreeable situation; and, as if they had nothing to apprehend, amused themselves all this time with fishing. On the fourth morning they judged the ice sufficiently dissolved to effect their escape; and therefore, cutting down some trees which grew upon the strait, they formed them into rafts, and embarked their whole force. But this could not be done without the knowledge of the Saukies, who despatched a considerable body of warriors to oppose their landing. It is unnecessary to relate all the horrid particulars of the engagement which ensued; I will only mention, that the Iroquese at length effected their landing with the loss of half their number, and retreated precipitately to their own country, leaving behind them all the furs and skins which they had taken in their hunting. The share I had had in this success, gained me the friendship of all the nation, and they took leave of me with every expression of esteem, and a considerable present of valuable furs.

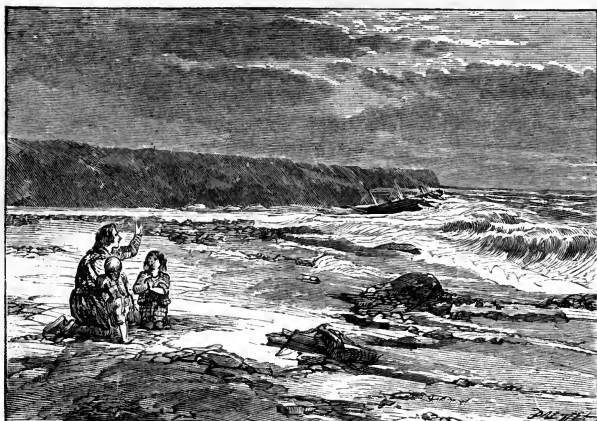
“These, gentlemen, are the most important and interesting events of my life; and, as I have already trespassed too





ong upon your patience, I shall now hasten to draw my story to a conclusion. After this, I was employed in various parts of America and the West Indies, during the rest of the war. I suffered hardships and difficulties innumerable, and acquired, as my father had foretold, a little wisdom at the price of a considerable quantity of blood. When the war was ended, I found myself nearly in the same situation as when it began, but for the present of my friendly Saukies, which I turned into money and remitted to England. I now began to feel my military enthusiasm abated, and, having permission to leave the service, I embraced that opportunity of returning to my country, fully determined to spend the remainder of my life amid my family and friends. I found my father and mother still living; they

received me in the fondest manner. I then employed the little fund I had acquired, to stock a farm, which I rented in the neighbourhood, and where I imagined my care and industry would be sufficient to ensure us all a comfortable subsistence. Some little time after, I married a virtuous and industrious young woman, the mother of the unfortunate children who are so much indebted to your bounty. For some time I made a shift to succeed tolerably well; but at length, the distresses of my country increasing, I found myself involved in the deepest poverty. Several years of uncommon severity destroyed my cattle, the chief support of the Highlanders, and the scanty crops, which were to supply us with food, rotted upon the ground. I cannot accuse myself of either voluntary unthriftiness, or neglect of my business; but there are some situations in which it seems impossible for human exertion to stem the torrent of misfortune. After having suffered, I think, every distress which human nature can support; after having seen my aged parents, and last, my dear, unfortunate wife, perish by the hardships of our situation, I took the resolution of abandoning, for ever, a country which seemed incapable of supporting its inhabitants. I thought that the milder climate and more fertile soil of America might, perhaps, enable a wretched wanderer, who asked no more than food for his starving children, to drag on, a little longer, a miserable life. With this idea I sold the remainder of my stock, and, after having paid my landlord, I found I had just enough to transport myself and family to a new home. I reached a sea-port town, and embarked with my children on board a ship bound for Philadelphia. But the same ill fortune seemed still to accompany my steps; for a dreadful storm arose, which, after having tossed our vessel during several days, wrecked us at length upon the coast. All the crew, indeed, escaped; and with infinite difficulty I saved these dear but miserable infants, who now accompany me; but when I reflect on my situation, in a distant country, without resources, friends, or hopes, I am almost inclined to think that we might all have been happier in the bosom of the ocean."



Here the Highlander finished his story, and all the company were affected by the recital of his distresses. They all endeavoured to comfort him with the kindest expressions and promises of assistance ; but Miss Simmons, after she had with some difficulty composed herself enough to speak, asked the man if his name was not Andrew Campbell? The Highlander answered, with some surprise, "It is." "Then," said she, "you will find that you have a friend, with whom, as yet, you are not acquainted, but who has both the ability and the will to serve you. That friend," added she, seeing all the company astonished, "is no other than my uncle. That Colonel Simmons, whom you have described with so much feeling and affection, was my father's brother, and consequently my uncle. It is no wonder that the memory of such a man should be venerated by his relations. I have often heard my uncle speak of his brother's untimely death as the greatest misfortune which ever happened to our family ; and I have often seen him read, with tears in his eyes, many of the Colonel's letters, in which he speaks with the greatest affection of his faithful Highlander, Andrew Campbell."

At these words the poor Highlander, unable to repress the strong emotions of his mind, sprang forward in a sudden

transport of joy, and without consideration of circumstances, caught Miss Simmons in his arms, exclaiming, at the same time, "Praised be God for this happy and unexpected meeting! Blessed be my shipwreck itself, that has given me an opportunity of seeing, before I die, some of the family of my dear and worthy Colonel!" and, perceiving Miss Simmons confused at this abrupt and unexpected salutation, he added, in the most respectful manner, "Pardon me, my honoured young lady, for the improper liberty I have taken; but I was not master of myself, to find, at a time when I thought myself the most forlorn and miserable of the human race, that I was in company with the nearest relation of the man whom, after my own father, I have always loved and revered most." Miss Simmons answered, with the greatest affability, that she freely excused the warmth of his affection, and that she would that very day acquaint her uncle with this extraordinary event; and she did not doubt but that her uncle would come over with the greatest expedition to see a person whom he knew so well by name, and who could inform him of so many particulars respecting Colonel Simmons.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

TOMMY'S CONVERSATION WITH MR. BARLOW—PRIDE AND REPENTANCE—  
MR. BARLOW'S MEDIATION WITH HARRY SANDFORD.

THE company having separated, Tommy, who had listened with silent attention to the story of the Highlander, took an opportunity of following Mr. Barlow, who was walking out; and when he perceived they were alone, he looked at him as if he had some weighty matter to disclose, but was unable to give it utterance. Mr. Barlow, therefore, turned towards him with the greatest kindness, and taking him tenderly by the hand, inquired what he wanted to say. "Indeed," answered Tommy, almost crying, "I am scarcely able to tell you. But I have been a very bad and ungrateful boy, and I am afraid you no longer have the same affection for me."

MR. BARLOW. If you are sensible of your faults, my little friend, that is a very great step towards amending them. Let me therefore know what it is, the recollection of which distresses you so much ; and if it is in my power to assist in making you easy, there is nothing, I am sure, which I shall refuse.

TOMMY. Oh, sir! your speaking to me with so much goodness, hurts me a great deal more than if you were to be very angry ; for, when people are angry and passionate, one does not so much mind what they say ; but when you speak with so much kindness, it seems to pierce me to the very heart, because I know I have not deserved it.

MR. B. But if you are sensible of having committed faults, you may resolve to behave so well for the future, as to deserve everybody's friendship and esteem. Few people are so perfect as not to err sometimes ; and if you are convinced of your errors, you will be more cautious how you fall into disgrace a second time.

T. Indeed, sir, I am very happy to hear you say so. I will, then, tell you everything which lies so heavily upon my mind. You must know then, sir, that although I have lived so long with you, and, during all that time, you have taken so much pains to improve me in everything, and teach me to act well to everybody, I had no sooner quitted your sight than I became, I think, a worse boy than ever I was before.

MR. B. But why do you judge so severely of yourself, as to think you were become worse than ever ? Perhaps you have been a little thoughtless and giddy ; and these are faults from which I cannot with truth say you were ever free.

T. No, sir ; what I have been guilty of is infinitely worse than that. I have always been very giddy and very thoughtless ; but I never imagined I could have been the most insolent and ungrateful boy in the world.

MR. B. You frighten me, my little friend. Is it possible you can have committed actions that deserve so harsh a name ?

T. You shall judge yourself, sir, for now I have begun, I

am determined to tell you all. You know, sir, that when I first came to you, I had a high opinion of myself for being born a gentleman, and a very great contempt for everybody in an inferior station.

Mr. B. I must confess you have always had some tendency to both these follies.

T. Yes, sir; but you have so often laughed at me upon the subject, and shown me the folly of people's imagining themselves better than others, without any merit of their own, that I had grown a little wiser. Besides, I have so often observed that those I despised could do a variety of things which I was ignorant of, while those who are vain of being gentlemen can do nothing useful or ingenious; so that I had begun to be ashamed of my folly. But since I came home, I have kept company with a great many fine young gentlemen and ladies, who thought themselves superior to all the rest of the world, and used to despise every one else; and they have made me forget everything I learned before. They persuaded me that it was necessary to be polite, and talked to me so often upon the subject, that I could no help believing them.

Mr. B. I am glad to hear that; it is necessary for everybody to be polite. They therefore, I suppose, instructed you to be more obliging and civil in your manners than ever you were before. Instead of doing you any harm, this will be the greatest improvement you can receive.

T. No, sir, quite the contrary. Instead of teaching me to be civil and obliging, they have made me ruder and worse behaved than ever I was before.

Mr. B. If that is the case, I fear these fine young gentlemen and ladies undertook to teach you more than they understood themselves.

T. Indeed, sir, I think so myself. But I did not think so then, and therefore I did whatever I observed them do, and talked in the same manner as I heard them talk. They used to be always laughing at Harry Sandford, and I grew so foolish, that I did not choose to keep company with him any longer.

Mr. B. That was a pity, because I am convinced he really

loves you. However, it is of no great consequence, for he has employment enough at home; and, however ingenious you may be, I do not think that he will learn how to manage his farm, or till his land, from your conversation.\* It will, therefore, be better for him to converse with farmers, and leave you to the society of gentlemen. Indeed, this, I know, has always been his taste; and, had not your father pressed him very much to accompany you home, he would have liked much better to have avoided the visit. However, I will inform him that you have made other friends, and advise him, for the future, to avoid your company.

T. Oh, sir! I did not think you could be so cruel. I love Harry Sandford better than any other boy in the world; and I shall never be happy till he forgives me all my bad behaviour, and converses with me again as he used to do.

Tommy then went on, and repeated, with great exactness, the story of his insolence and ingratitude, which had so great an effect upon him, that he burst into tears, and cried for a considerable time. He then concluded with asking Mr. Barlow if he thought Harry would be ever able to forgive him?

Mr. B. I cannot conceal from you, my little friend, that you have acted very ill indeed in this affair. However, if you are really ashamed of all your past conduct, and determined to act better, I do not doubt that so generous and good-natured a boy as Harry is, will forgive you all.

T. Oh, sir! I should be the happiest creature in the world. Will you be so kind as to bring him here to-day, and you shall see how I will behave.

Mr. B. Softly, Tommy, softly. What is Harry to come here for? Have you not insulted and abused him without reason; and at last proceeded so far as to strike him, only because he was giving you the best advice, and endeavouring to preserve you from danger? Can you imagine that any human being will come to you in return for such treatment, at least till you have convinced him that you are ashamed of your passion and injustice, and that he may expect better usage for the future?

T. What then must I do, sir ?

Mr. B. If you want any future connection with Harry Sandford, it is your business to go to him and tell him so.

T. What, sir ! go to a farmer's, to expose myself before all his family ?

Mr. B. Just now you told me you were ready to do everything ; and yet you cannot take the trouble of visiting your friend at his own house. You then imagine that a person does not expose himself by acting wrongly, but by acknowledging and amending his faults ?

T. But what would everybody say if a young gentleman like me was to go and beg pardon of a farmer's son ?

Mr. B. They would probably say, that you have more sense and gratitude than they expected. However, you are to act as you please ; with the sentiments you still seem to entertain, Harry will certainly be a very unfit companion for you ; and you will do much better to cultivate the new acquaintance you have made.

Mr. Barlow was then going away, but Tommy burst again into tears, and begged him not to go ; upon which, Mr. Barlow said, " I do not want to leave you, Tommy, but our conversation is now at an end. You have asked my advice, which I have given you freely. I have told you how you ought to act, if you would preserve the esteem of any good or sensible friend, or prevail upon Harry to excuse your past behaviour. But, as you do not approve of what I suggested, you must follow your own opinion."

" Pray, sir, pray, sir," said Tommy, sobbing, " do not go. I have used Harry Sandford in the most barbarous manner ; my father is angry with me ; and, if you desert me, I shall have no friend left in the world."

Mr. B. That will be your own fault ; and therefore you will not deserve to be pitied. Is it not in your own power to preserve all your friends, by an honest confession of your faults ? Your father will be pleased, Harry Sandford will heartily forgive you, and I shall retain the same good opinion of your character which I have long had.

T. And is it really possible, sir, that you should have a good opinion of me, after all I have told you about myself ?





Mr. B. I have always thought you a little vain and careless, I confess; but, at the same time, I imagined you had both good sense and generosity in your character; I depended upon the first quality to make you see your faults, and upon the second to correct them.

T. Dear Sir, I am very much obliged to you; but you have always been extremely kind and friendly to me.

Mr. B. And, therefore, I yesterday told your father, who is very much hurt at your quarrel with Harry, that though a sudden passion might have transported you too far, yet, when you came to consider the matter coolly, you would perceive your faults and acknowledge them; if you did not behave in this manner, I owned I could say nothing in your favour. And I was very much confirmed in this opinion, when I saw the courage you exerted in the rescue of Harry's lamb, and the compassion you felt for the poor Highlander. "A boy," said I, "who has so many good impulses, can never persist in bad behaviour. He may do wrong by accident, but he will be ashamed of his errors,

and endeavour to repair them by a frank and generous acknowledgment. This has always been the conduct of really great and elevated minds; while mean and grovelling ones alone imagine that it is necessary to persist in faults they have once committed."

T. Oh, Sir! I will go directly, and entreat Harry to forgive me; I am convinced that all you say is right. But will you not go with me? Do pray, sir, be so good.

Mr. B. Gently, gently, my young friend; you are always for doing everything in an instant. I am very glad you have taken a resolution which will do you so much credit, and give so much satisfaction to your own mind; but, before you execute it, I think it will be necessary to speak to your father and mother upon the subject; and, in the meantime, I will go and pay a visit to Farmer Sandford, and bring you an account of Harry.

T. Do, Sir, be so good; and tell Harry, if you please, that there is nothing I wish so much as to see him; and that nothing shall ever make me behave ill again. I have heard, too, Sir, that a poor Negro who came begging to us, saved Harry from the bull; if I could but find him out, I would be good to him as long as I live.

Mr. Barlow commended Tommy very much for his thoughtfulness; and taking leave of him, went to communicate the conversation he had just had to Mr. Merton. That gentleman felt the sincerest pleasure at the account, and entreated Mr. Barlow to go directly to prepare Harry to receive his son. "That little boy," observed he, "has the noblest heart that ever adorned a human being; nor shall I ever be happy till I see my son acknowledging all his faults, and entreating forgiveness; for, with the virtues that I have discovered in him, Harry Sandford appears to me a more eligible friend and companion, than noblemen or princes."

Mr. Barlow therefore set out on foot, though Mr. Merton would have sent his carriage and servants to attend him, and soon arrived at Mr. Sandford's farm. It was a pleasant spot, situated upon the gentle declivity of a hill, at the foot of which ran a swift and clear little stream. The house itself was small, but warm and convenient; furnished with



the greatest simplicity, but managed with perfect neatness. As Mr. Barlow approached, he saw the owner himself guiding a plough through one of his own fields, and Harry, who had now resumed the farmer, guiding the horses. But when he saw Mr. Barlow coming across the field, Harry stopped his team, and, letting fall his whip, sprang forward to meet him with all the unaffected eagerness of joy. As soon as Harry had saluted Mr. Barlow, and inquired after his health, he asked with the greatest kindness after Tommy. "For I fancy, Sir," said he, "by the direction in which I see you come, you have been at Mr. Merton's house." "Indeed I have," replied Mr. Barlow, "but I am very sorry to find that Tommy and you are not upon such good terms as formerly."

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, I am very sorry for it myself. But I do not know that I have given Master Merton any reason to change his sentiments about me; and though I do not think he has treated me as he ought to do, I have the greatest desire to hear that he is well.

Mr. B. That you might have known yourself, had you not left Mr. Merton's house so suddenly, without taking leave of any one, even of your friend Mr. Merton, who has always treated you with so much kindness.

H. Indeed, Sir, I should be very unhappy if you think I have done wrong; but be so good as to tell me how I could have acted otherwise. I am very sorry to appear to accuse Master Merton, neither do I bear any resentment against him for what he has done; but since you speak to me upon the subject, I shall be obliged to tell the truth.

Mr. B. Well, Harry, let me hear it; you know I shall be the last person to condemn you, if you do not deserve it.

H. You know, Sir, that I went to Mr. Merton's very unwillingly; for I thought there would be fine gentlemen and ladies there, who would ridicule my dress and manners; and, though Master Merton has been always very friendly in his behaviour towards me, I could not help thinking that he might grow ashamed of my company at his own house.

Mr. B. Do you wonder at that, Harry, considering the difference there is in your rank and fortune?

H. No, Sir, I cannot say I do. But, in this particular case, I did not see any reason for it. I never requested Master Merton to admit me to his company or invite me to his house, because I knew that I was born and brought up in a very inferior station. You were so good as to take me to your house; and if I was then much in his company, it was because he seemed to desire it himself—and I always endeavoured to treat him with the greatest respect.

Mr. B. Well, Harry, I do not much blame you, from what I have heard of your conduct; but why did you leave Mr. Merton's family so abruptly, without speaking to anybody, or thanking Mr. Merton himself for the civilities he had shown you? Was that right?

H. Oh, dear Sir, I have cried about it several times, for I think it must appear very rude and ungrateful to Mr. Merton. But as to Master Tommy, I did not leave him while I thought I could be of any use. But how could I go back to his house, after what had occurred? I did not choose to complain of him to Mr. Merton—and how could I behave to

him as I had done before, without being guilty of meanness and falsehood? And therefore I thought it better to go home, and ask you to speak to Mr. Merton, and entreat him to forgive my rudeness.

Mr. B. Well, Harry, I can inform you that Mr. Merton is perfectly satisfied on that account. But there is one circumstance you have not mentioned, my little friend, and that is your saving Tommy's life from the fury of the enraged bull.

H. As to that, Sir, I hope I should have done the same for any human creature. But I believe that neither of us would have escaped, if it had not been for the poor courageous Negro who came to our assistance.

Mr. B. I see, Harry, that you are a boy of a noble and generous spirit, and I highly approve of everything you have done. But are you determined to forsake Tommy Merton for ever, because he has once behaved ill?

H. I, Sir! no, I am sure. But, though I am poor, I do not desire the acquaintance of anybody that despises me. Let him keep company with his gentlemen and ladies; I am satisfied with companions in my own station. But surely, sir, it is not I that forsake him, but he that has cast me off.

Mr. B. But if he is sorry for what he has done, and only wishes to acknowledge his faults, and obtain your pardon?—

H. Oh, dear, Sir! I should forget everything in an instant. I knew Master Tommy was always a little passionate and headstrong, but he is at the same time generous and good-natured; nor would he, I am sure, have treated me so ill, if he had not been encouraged to it by the other young gentlemen.

Mr. B. Well, Harry, I believe your friend is thoroughly sensible of his faults, and that you will have little to fear for the future. He is impatient till he sees you and asks your forgiveness.

H. Oh, Sir, I should forgive him if he had beaten me a hundred times. But, though I cannot leave the horses now, if you will be so kind as to wait a little, I dare say my father will let me go when he leaves off ploughing.

Mr. B. No, Harry, there is no occasion for that. Tommy

has indeed used you ill, and ought to acknowledge it, otherwise he will not deserve to be trusted again. He will call upon you, and tell you all he feels. In the meantime I was desired, both by him and Mr. Merton, to enquire after the poor Negro who served you so materially, and saved you from the bull.

H. He is at our house, Sir, for I invited him home with me; and when my father heard how well he had behaved, he made him up a little bed over the stable, and gives him victuals every day; and the poor man seems very thankful and industrious, and says he would gladly do any kind of work to earn his subsistence.

Mr. Barlow then took his leave of Harry, and, after having spoken to his father, returned to Mr. Merton's.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HIGHLANDER'S GOOD FORTUNE—CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF SOPHRON AND TIGRANES—TOMMY RESOLVES TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO "REASON AND PHILOSOPHY."

DURING Mr. Barlow's absence, Mr. Simmons had arrived to fetch away his niece—but when he had heard the story of the Highlander, he perfectly recollected his name and character, and was touched with the sincerest compassion for his sufferings. On conversing with the poor man, he found that he was extremely well acquainted with agriculture, as well as truly industrious, and therefore instantly proposed to settle him in a small farm of his own, which happened to be vacant. The poor man received this unexpected change in his fortune with tears of joy, and every mark of unaffected gratitude; and Mr. Merton, who never wanted generosity, insisted upon having a share in his establishment. He was proposing to supply him with the necessary instruments of agriculture, and a couple of horses, to begin the culture of his land, just at the moment when Mr. Barlow entered; who, when he had heard with the



sincerest pleasure the improvement of the poor man's circumstances, begged permission to share in so benevolent an action. "I have an excellent milch cow," said he, "which I can very well spare. Her milk will speedily recruit the strength of these poor children, and I have half-a-dozen ewes and a ram, which, I hope, under Mr. Campbell's management, will soon increase to a numerous flock." The poor Highlander seemed almost frantic with such a profusion of unexpected blessings, and said, that "he wished nothing more than to pass the remainder of his days in such a generous nation, and to be enabled to show, at least, that he was grateful for such undeserved kindness."

At night Mr. Merton, who was desirous, by every method, to support the good impressions which had now taken possession of Tommy's mind, proposed that Miss Simmons should favour them with the conclusion of the story which she had begun the night before. The young lady at once complied, and read—

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF SOPHRON AND  
TIGRANES.

The venerable Chares continued his narration thus: "I passed several months among the Arabs, delighted with the simplicity of their life and the innocence of their manners, and would to Heaven," added he, with a sigh, "that I had accepted their friendly invitations, and never quitted the silence of their hospitable deserts! How many scenes should I have avoided which fill these aged eyes with tears, and pierce my soul with horror, as often as I recollect them! I should not have been witness of the waste of human blood, nor traced the gradual ruin of my country. I should not have seen our towns involved in flames, nor our helpless children the captives of cruel barbarians. But it is in vain for human beings to repine at the just decrees of Providence, which have consigned every people to misery and servitude who abandon virtue, and attach themselves to the pursuit of pleasure.

"I left Arabia, with a heart penetrated with gratitude and admiration for its free and simple inhabitants. They dismissed me with every mark of kindness and hospitality, guided me over their dreary deserts, and at parting presented me with one of those beautiful horses which are the admiration of all the surrounding nations. At length I returned to my native city, determined to pass the rest of my life in obscurity and retirement; for the result of all my observations was, that he is happiest who passes his time in innocent employments and the observation of nature. I had seen the princes and nobles of the earth repining in the midst of their splendid enjoyments, disgusted with the empty pageantry of their situation, and wishing, in vain, for the humble tranquillity of private life. I had visited many of the principal cities in several countries where I had travelled; but I had uniformly observed, that the miseries and crimes of mankind increased with their numbers. I therefore determined to avoid the general contagion, by fixing my abode in some sequestered



spot, at a distance from the passions and pursuits of my fellow-creatures.

" Having, therefore, collected the remainder of my effects, and with them purchased a little farm and vineyard in a beautiful and solitary spot near the sea, I soon afterwards married a virtuous young woman, and in her society enjoyed, for several years, as great a degree of tranquillity as generally falls to the lot of man. I did not disdain to exercise, with my own hands, the different employments of agriculture; for I thought man was dishonoured by that indolence which renders him a burden to his fellow-creatures, not by that industry which is necessary to the support of his species. I therefore sometimes guided the plough with my own hands, sometimes laboured in a little garden, which supplied us with excellent fruits and herbs. I likewise tended the cattle, whose patient labour enabled us to subdue the soil, and considered myself as only repaying part of the obligations I had received. My wife, too, employed herself in domestic cares; she milked the sheep and goats, and chiefly prepared the food of the family.

" Amidst these tranquil and innocent employments, my life flowed gently away like a clear and even stream. I was a stranger to avarice, to ambition, and to all the cares which agitate the bulk of mortals. Alternate labour and study preserved the vigour both of body and mind. Our wants were few and easily gratified; we chiefly subsisted upon the liberal fruits of the earth, and the flesh of slaughtered animals seldom appeared on our table. One only child, the unfortunate girl who owes her preservation to the courage of this young man, was granted to our prayers; but in her we found enough to exercise all the affections of our minds.

" As soon as Selene, for that was her name, was sufficiently advanced in strength to be capable of the lighter labours of husbandry and gardening, I employed her as my constant companion; and she soon acquired great dexterity in all rustic employments. With the rising sun she left her bed, and accompanied me to the garden or the vineyard. Her little hands were employed in shortening the luxurious shoots of fruitful trees, that supplied our table with wholesome

and delicious fruits; or in supporting the branches of such as sunk beneath their load. Sometimes she collected water from a clear and constant rill that rolled along the valley, and recruited the force of plants that were exhausted by the sun. With what delight did I view her innocent cheerfulness and assiduity! With what pleasure did she receive the praises which I gave to her skill and industry, and hear the lessons of wisdom and the examples of virtuous women, which I used to read to her at evening, out of the writings of celebrated philosophers which I had collected in my travels.

“But such a life was too unchequered with misfortune to last. The first stroke which attacked and almost destroyed my hopes of good, was the untimely loss of my dear and virtuous wife. The pestilential heats of autumn overpowered her tender frame, and raised a consuming fever in her veins. For some time she struggled against the disease; but at length her pure and innocent spirit forsook this earth for ever, and left me, comfortless and forlorn, to mourn her loss!

“I will not attempt to describe the inexpressible distress which seized my soul, at seeing myself thus deserted. Even now, that time has mitigated the keenness of the smart, I feel the habitual anguish of an incurable wound. But let me rather hasten to relate the few remaining events of a uniform unvaried life, than detain you with a useless repetition of my sorrows.

“Scarcely had time afforded me a feeble comfort, when the recollection of past misfortunes was almost extinguished by the new ones which overwhelmed my country. The fertile plains of Syria abounded in all the necessaries and conveniences of life. The vine seemed to grow spontaneously in every valley, and offer its luxuriant produce to every hand. The industrious insect, which spins the wonderful substance called silk, though lately introduced into that part of Asia, seemed to receive new vigour from the mildness of the climate. Corn and oil, the noblest fruits, and the most salubrious herbs, were found in the garden of every peasant; and the herds of cattle and horses



which wandered over our luxuriant pastures, equalled or surpassed all I had observed in other countries. But this profusion of blessings, instead of being attended with any beneficial effects, produced nothing but a foolish taste for frivolous employment and waste of time. Feasts and dances, and music, the tricks of players, and exhibitions of buffoons, were more attended to than all the serious and important cares of life. Every young man was a critic in the science of adjusting the folds of his robe, or of giving a studied negligence to his hair. Every young woman was instructed in every art that serves to consume time or engender idleness.

“In such a state of things, it was not to be expected that my countrymen would long be permitted to hold the riches they abused, and wanted firmness to defend. A warlike tribe of barbarians burst forth from the northern mountains of Asia, and spread themselves over our fertile plains, which they laid waste like a consuming tempest. After a few ineffectual skirmishes, which only served to expose their

weakness to the contempt of their enemies, my countrymen yielded without opposition to the invader; indeed, they were wiser than to irritate him by a fruitless resistance; and thus, in a few weeks, the leader of an obscure tribe of barbarians saw himself become a powerful monarch, and possessor of one of the richest provinces of Asia.

“I was sitting one evening at the door of my cottage, gazing upon the fading glory of the setting sun, when a man of a majestic appearance, but with something ferocious in his look, passed by, attended by several others. As he approached my little garden, he seemed to view it with satisfaction, and to unbend the habitual sternness of his look. I asked him if he would enter, and taste the fruits with his companions? He accepted my offer; and, entering into a shady arbour, I brought him the most palatable fruits I could, with milk, and other rustic fare, such as my farm afforded. He seemed pleased with his entertainment, and, when he was departing, thanked me with great affability, and bade me ask a favour in return; ‘which,’ added he, with a certain degree of conscious pride, ‘you can scarcely make too great either for my gratitude or power.’ ‘If,’ answered I (for I began to suspect that it was Arsaces, the leader of these barbarians), ‘your power is indeed equal to every boon, give peace and liberty to my country!’ ‘The first,’ said he, ‘I have already given; and, as to the second, it is impossible; their vices and effeminacy render them incapable of enjoying it. Men who have neither virtue, temperance, nor valour, can never be without a master, even though Arsaces were to withdraw his conquering troops. But ask again,’ added he, ‘something for thyself, and let the favour be worthy me to bestow.’ ‘Heaven,’ answered I, with a smile, ‘has already given everything I can want, when it gave the earth fertility, and me the power to labour. All, therefore, that I request, O, mighty conqueror, is, that you will please to order your men to step aside from the newly-cultivated ground, and not destroy my vegetables.’ ‘By heaven!’ said Arsaces, turning to his companions, ‘there is something elevated in the tranquillity and composure of this man’s mind; and,

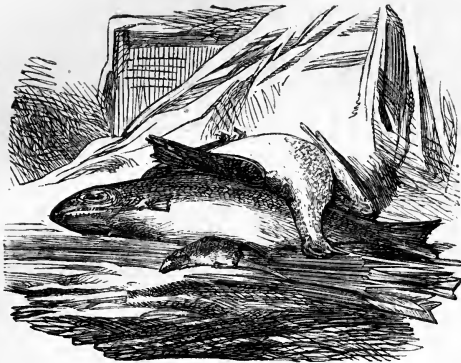
were I not Arsaces, I would gladly be Chares.' He then departed, but ordered me to attend him the next day at the camp, and gave strict orders that none of the soldiers should molest or injure my humble residence.

"I waited upon the great Arsaces at the time he had appointed, and traversed the encampment of his troop with admiration and regret. These people were a tribe of that mighty empire which is called Scythia, whose inhabitants have so often issued from their deserts for the conquest and destruction of their neighbours. This country extends to an unknown length behind the most fertile districts of Europe and Asia. The climate is cold in winter, and the earth for several months covered with snow; but in summer it feels the enlivening influence of the sun, and for that reason is possessed of an amazing degree of fertility. But, as the inhabitants live remote from the sea, and possess few navigable rivers, they are little acquainted with agriculture, or the arts of life. Instead of trusting to the increase of their fields for food, they raise prodigious herds of cattle and horses in the luxuriant pastures which everywhere abound. The Scythians, like the Arabs, wander over these immense tracts without a fixed or permanent residence. By lakes and rivers, where the verdure is more constant, and the vegetation stronger, they generally encamp, until the heats of the summer compel them to ascend the mountains, and seek a cooler residence. Their houses are composed of slender poles covered with skins or a coarse cloth, and therefore easily erected, or taken down and stowed in waggons, for the convenience of transporting them in their marches. Their diet corresponds to the poverty of their habitations. They milk their herds, and, above all, their mares; and preserve the produce in large bottles for months together. This sour and homely fare is to them the greatest dainty, and composes their chief nourishment; to this they add the flesh of their cattle and horses, which they kill, when afflicted with disease, but rarely while in health.

"This is the simple and uniform life of all the Scythians; but this simplicity renders them formidable to all their

neighbours, and irresistible in war. Unsoftened by ease or luxury, unacquainted with the artificial wants of life, these nations pass their lives in manly exercises and rustic employments; but horsemanship is the greatest pride and passion of their souls. There is not an individual who does not at least possess several of these noble animals, which, though small in size, are admirably adapted for the fatigues of war and the chase, and endowed with great swiftness. As to the Scythians themselves, they excel all other nations, unless it be the Arabs, in their courage and address in riding; without a saddle, and even a bridle, their young men will vault upon an untamed courser, and keep their seats in spite of all his violent efforts, till they have rendered him tame and obedient to their will. In their military expeditions they neither regard the obstacles of nature, nor the inclemency of the season; and their horses are accustomed to traverse rocks and mountains with a facility that is incredible. Such men are scarcely to be conquered by the efforts of the most powerful nations or sovereigns; and, therefore, the proudest conquerors of the world have failed in their attempts to subdue them.

“Darius, one of the greatest kings which the vast empire of Persia ever obeyed, once attempted the exploit, and had nearly perished in the attempt. He advanced with a powerful army, but ill prepared for such an expedition, into the Scythian wastes. The inhabitants, well acquainted with the most effectual methods of defence, transported their families and herds into the interior parts of the country, and, mounting their fleetest horses, seemed to fly before the monarch; who, infatuated with pride and confidence, pursued the chase for several days, until he found himself in the midst of solitary deserts, totally destitute of all that human wants require, where his army could neither advance nor retire, without equal danger of perishing by thirst and famine. When the Scythian horsemen had thus decoyed him forward, they began to check their speed; instead of flying, as usual, they hemmed him in on every side, and harassed the army with continual attacks. They then sent a present to the Persian king, the mysterious



meaning of which increased the terrors of his situation. A Scythian, mounted upon a fiery steed, entered the camp at full speed, and, regardless of danger or opposition, penetrated even to the royal tent, where Darius was holding a council with his nobles. While they were all amazed at this extraordinary boldness, the man leaped lightly from his horse, and, placing a little bundle upon the ground, vaulted up again with inconceivable agility, and retired with the same haste. The curiosity of the monarch made him instantly order the packet to be examined, which contained only a mouse, a bird, a fish, and a bundle of arrows. Silence and astonishment for some time seized the assembly, till at length the king observed, that he thought the present which the Scythians had sent could signify nothing but their submission to his arms. 'The mouse,' said he, 'must represent the earth, because he resides in holes which he digs in the soil; the fish inhabits the water, and the bird flies through the air. By sending me, therefore, all these various animals, they mean to signify that they resign their air, their waters, and their earth, to my dominion. Nor is the bundle of arrows more difficult to be explained; these constitute their principal defence, and by sending them to

an enemy, they can intimate nothing but terror and submission.' All who were present applauded this discourse of the monarch, excepting Gobrias, a man of singular wisdom and experience, who, when he was pressed to declare his opinions, spoke to him thus:—'It is with the greatest reluctance, O king, that I find myself compelled to explain these presents of our enemies in a very different manner. That the Scythians, who have hitherto shown no marks either of fear or submission, should, on a sudden, feel so great a terror of the Persian arms, I cannot easily believe; more especially when I consider that our army is very much reduced by the distress it has suffered, and environed on every side by the enemy, whose boldness visibly increases with our necessities. What, therefore, I should infer from this extraordinary present, is this: They intimate that unless, like the mouse, you can dig your passage through the earth, or skim the air like the bird, or glide through waters with the fish, you shall certainly perish by the Scythian arrows.' Such was the opinion of Gobrias, and all the assembly was struck with the evident truth of his interpretation; and the king himself began to perceive and repent his rashness. Instead, therefore, of advancing farther into deserts which afforded no subsistence, he resolved to attempt a retreat. This, however, he was not able to effect, without the loss of the greater part of his troops, who perished by thirst and famine, and the continued attacks of the enemy.

"Such was the nation which had invaded Syria, and easily triumphed over the efforts of an effeminate and unwarlike people. As I passed through the camp, I was astonished at the order and regularity which prevailed among these barbarians. Some were exercising their horses in the mimic representation of a battle; a part of them fled with incredible speed, while the rest pursued, and darted blunted javelins at their antagonists. Yet even those who fled, would frequently turn upon their pursuers, and make them repent their rashness. Some, while their horses were running in full speed, would vault from off their backs to others that accompanied them; some would gallop by a



mark erected for their arrows, and, when they had passed it a considerable way, turn round upon their horses, and transfix it with unerring aim. I saw many who vaulted upon their horses, and placed themselves between two naked swords, which would have given them certain death, had they swerved ever so little from the just direction. In another part of the camp, I observed the children, who imitated all the actions of their fathers, and bended little bows adapted to their strength, or guided horses of an inferior stature along the plain. I saw no gold, no jewels, no vain and costly apparel; but all seemed busy in domestic cares, preparing the food of their families, or tending upon their infants.

“At length I reached the royal tent, which scarcely differed from the rest in its structure or simplicity, and was immediately introduced to the great Arsaces. He received me with a courtesy which had nothing of the barbarian in it, seated me familiarly by his side, and entered into a long conversation with me, upon the laws, manners, and customs of the different nations I had seen. I was surprised at the vigour and penetration which I discovered in this untutored warrior’s mind. He seemed to possess a certain energy of soul which never missed the mark. Nature in him had produced the same effects that study and philosophy do in others. But what amazed me more than all, was to find this Scythian chief as well acquainted with the state and consequence of our manners, as if he had passed his life in Greece or Syria, instead of in the plains and forests of his own domain. He entertained a rooted contempt for all the arts which soften the body and mind, under the pretence of adding to the elegances of life; these, he said, were more efficacious agents to reduce men to slavery, than the swords and arrows of their enemies.

“After I had conversed some time with this barbarian chief, who heard me with the greatest attention, the hour of dinner for the army approached, and I was preparing to retire; but the general stopped me with a smile, and told me, I had already entertained him with the greatest hospitality, and that therefore it was but just I should stay

and taste the Scythian food. A bit of dried flesh, which I afterwards found was that of a horse, some sour, coagulated milk, with an infusion of certain herbs, thickened with a coarse kind of flour, were then brought in, and placed upon the ground.

“After we had eaten for some time, Arsaces asked me what I thought of the Scythian method of living. ‘To speak my sentiments,’ said I, ‘it is more formidable to your enemies, than agreeable to your friends.’ He smiled at my sincerity, and I departed; but from that hour he distinguished me with marks of peculiar favour, and admitted me to all his councils.

“This envied mark of distinction gave me no other pleasure than that it sometimes enabled me to be useful to my unhappy countrymen, and mitigate the rigour of their conquerors. Indeed, while the great Arsaces lived, his love of justice and order were so great, that even the conquered were safe from all oppression; the peasant pursued his useful labours, unterrified by the march of armies, or, unsolicited, brought the produce of his fields to a voluntary market; merchants from all the neighbouring nations crowded to our ports, attracted by the order and justice which were enforced in every part of Arsaces’ dominions; and even the vanquished themselves, defended from oppression and protected in their possessions, considered the success of the Scythians rather as a salutary revolution, than as a barbarian conquest.

“Such was the pleasing prospect of affairs, when an unexpected disease, the consequence of unremitting exertions, put an end to the glorious life of our conqueror; and with him perished all hopes of safety or happiness to the Syrians. His authority alone was capable of restraining so many victorious barbarians. The spirit of rapine and plunder, so long repressed, began now to spread through all the army. Every officer was an independent tyrant, who ruled with despotic authority, and punished, as rebellion, the least opposition to his will. The fields were now ravaged, the cities plundered, the industrious peasants driven away like herds of cattle, to labour for the caprice of unfeeling masters,



or sold in distant regions as slaves. Now it was that the miserable and harassed Syrians began to find, that the riches which they so much esteemed were but the causes of their ruin, instead of being instrumental to their safety. The poor, accustomed to hardship, have little to fear amid the vicissitudes of life. The brave can always find a refuge in their own valour. But all the bitterness of existence is reserved for those who have neither courage to defend what they most value, nor fortitude to bear its loss.

“To increase the weight of our misfortunes, new tribes of barbarians, attracted by the success of their countrymen, issued from their deserts, and hastened to share the spoil. But rapine admits not faith or partnership, and it was not long before the vanquished beheld their conquerors animated by implacable rage against each other, and suffering in turn the violence and cruelties they had inflicted.

“At length, one of the principal officers of Arsaces, who is said originally to have descended from the mountain you inhabit, was raised to empire by the successful efforts of his soldiers. He has already attacked and destroyed all his competitors, and assembled under his banners the remainder of their forces. Tigranes, for thus he is named, possesses all the courage and activity of Arsaces, but he is destitute of his generosity and clemency. His ambition is vast and boundless. He grasps at universal empire, and rejoices to scatter ruin and destruction in his way. He has already subjected all the maritime cities that derive their origin from Greece, together with the fertile plains of Syria. These mountains, inhabited by a bold and hardy race of men, now present a barrier to his enterprising spirit; and I am assured he already meditates their conquest. His soldiers are drawn together from every part. They swarm like ravening wolves along the fields, and nothing can escape their fury. In vain did I think myself safe in the humble obscurity of my cottage, and the reputed favour of the great Arsaces. Yesterday a lawless band, not content with destroying my harvest and plundering my little property, seized my daughter and me, and dragged us away in chains. What farther injuries, what farther insults we might have suffered, it is impossible to determine; since Heaven was pleased to effect our deliverance, when we had least reason to expect it.”

Such was the history of Chares, to which Sophron and his family listened with fixed attention. When he had finished the father of Sophron again embraced the venerable stranger, and assured him of all the safety which their mountains could bestow. “But,” added he, “if so imminent a danger is near, it behoves us to consult for the general

safety. Let us assemble all our friends and neighbours, that they may consider whether life is of more consequence than liberty; and, if they determine to retain that freedom which they have received from their ancestors, by what means it may be best defended." Sophron then immediately went out, and, ascending a neighbouring rock, thus shouted out, in a voice which echoed over the neighbouring valleys: "Arm, O ye inhabitants of Lebanon, and instantly meet in council; for a powerful invader is near, and threatens you with death or slavery!" This sound was instantly repeated by all who heard it; so that in a short time the intelligence was dispersed to the very confines of the country.

It was not long before a numerous assembly was convened. The aged appeared, with all the majestic dignity of wisdom and experience. They were attended by their sons, in all the pride of youth and vigour, who rushed along in arms, and seemed to breathe deliberate rage and unconquerable opposition. When they were all assembled on a spacious plain, Sophron rose, and, with becoming modesty, recited the adventures of the preceding night, and the alarming intelligence he had just received. He had scarcely finished before a general cry of indignation burst from the whole assembly. When it had a little subsided, a venerable old man, whose beard, white as the snow upon the summits of the mountains, reached down to his middle, slowly arose, and leaning upon his staff, spoke thus: "Ninety years have I tended my flocks amid these mountains, and during all that time I have never seen a human being who was bold enough to propose to the inhabitants of Lebanon that they should fear death more than infamy, or submit to be the vassals of a tyrant." At this a second cry, which seemed to rend the very heavens, was raised, and farther deliberation was judged unnecessary, except upon the most effectual means of defence. For this purpose the aged and more experienced retired to a little distance to consult. They were not long in their deliberations. It was unanimously agreed that all who were able to bear arms should be embodied, and wait for the approach of the enemy within the boundaries of their own mountains.

Chares then approached Sophron, and said :—"War, unfortunately, is a trade, where long experience frequently confers advantages which no intrepidity can balance. The troops who are now approaching, have been for years inured to the practice of slaughter; they join to a courage which defies every danger, a knowledge of every fraud and subtlety which can confound or baffle an adversary. In bodily strength, in numbers, your countrymen are superior; even in courage, and the contempt of danger, they are probably not inferior to their enemies; but such are the fatal effects of military skill and discipline, that I dread the event of a combat with such an army and such a leader."

"Alas!" answered Sophron, "how well do the mature reflections of your wisdom accord with my presaging fears! I know that my countrymen will perform everything that can be effected by men in their situation, and that thousands will generously sacrifice their lives rather than abandon the cause they have undertaken to defend; yet, when I consider the superior advantages of our enemies, my fears are no less active than your own. This consolation, however, remains, that I shall either see my country victorious, or avoid the miseries which will attend her ruin."

"Hear me, then," replied Chares. "The virtues of your friends, my own obligations to yourself, and the desire I feel to oppose the career of mad ambition, conspire to wrest from me a dreadful secret, which I have hitherto buried in my own bosom, and had determined to conceal from the knowledge of mankind. Know, then, that I have found out an easy and expeditious combination of common materials, the effect of which is equal or superior to the most potent and destructive agents in nature. Neither the proudest city can maintain its walls, nor the strongest castle its bulwarks, against the irresistible attacks of this extraordinary composition. Increase but the quantity, and the very rocks and mountains will be torn asunder with a violence that equals that of earthquakes. Whole armies, proud of their triumphs, may be in an instant scattered and destroyed, like the summer's dust before the whirlwind; and, what increases the wonder, a single man may securely give death

to thousands. This composition I have hitherto concealed, in pity to the miseries of mankind; but, since there appears no other method of preserving the virtuous inhabitants of these mountains from slavery and ruin, I am determined to employ it in their defence. Give orders, therefore, that a certain number of your countrymen provide me with the ingredients that I shall indicate, and expect the amplest success from your own valour, assisted by such powerful auxiliaries."

Sophron said everything to Chares which such an unexpected mark of confidence deserved, and instantly received his orders, and prepared to execute them with the greatest alacrity. Chares, meanwhile, was indefatigable in the execution of his project, and it was not long before he had prepared a sufficient quantity to provide for the common defence.

Tigranes now approached, with the rage and confidence of a lion that invades a flock of domestic animals. He had long forgotten all the ties which attach men to the place of their birth; and neither time nor distance had been able to extinguish the hatred he had conceived to Sophron. Scarcely did he deign to send an ambassador before his army. He however despatched one with an imperious message, requiring all the inhabitants of Lebanon to submit to his victorious arms, or threatening them with the worst extremities of war.

When the ambassador returned, and reported the fixed determination of Sophron and his countrymen, he was inflamed with rage, and ordered his army to advance to the attack. They marched without opposition till they entered the mountainous districts, where all the bravest inhabitants were ranged in arms to meet the invader. Then arose the noise of war and the clang of arms; then man encountered man, and wounds and death were seen on every side. The troops of Tigranes advanced in close array, with long spears. The inhabitants of Lebanon were more lightly armed, and, with invincible courage, endeavoured to break the formidable battalion of their enemies. They rushed with fury upon the dreadful range of weapons, and, even wounded and

dying, endeavoured to beat down their points, and open a way to their companions.

Sophron was seen conspicuous in every part of the field, encouraging his companions with his voice, and more by his actions. Wherever he turned his steps he was followed by the bravest youths of his party, and there the efforts and the slaughter were always greatest. Five times, covered with blood and dust, he made a desperate charge upon the troops of Tigranes, and five times did he force the invader's bravest soldiers to give ground. At length the superiority of discipline and experience began to prevail over the generous, but more unequal efforts of the defenders. The veterans of Tigranes perceived their advantage, and pressed the enemy with redoubled vigour.

This was the decisive moment which Chares had foreseen, and provided for; in an instant the bands of Lebanon retreated by the orders of Sophron, with a precipitation bordering upon flight. Tigranes, supposing himself certain of victory, ordered his troops to advance and decide the fortune of the battle; but, while they were rashly preparing to obey, a sudden noise was heard that equalled the loudest thunder; the earth itself trembled with a convulsive motion under their feet, then burst asunder with a violence that nothing could resist! Hundreds were in an instant swallowed up, or dashed against rocks, and miserably destroyed! Meanwhile, all nature seemed to be convulsed around; the rocks themselves, torn from their solid base, with their enormous fragments crushed whole bands of miserable wretches beneath! Clouds of smoke obscured the field of battle, and veiled the combatants in a dreadful shade, which was, from time to time, dispelled by flashes of destructive fire! Such a succession of horrors daunted even the most brave; scarcely could the troops of Lebanon, who had been prepared to expect some extraordinary interposition, maintain their post, or behold the spectacle of their enemy's ruin; but the bands of Tigranes were struck with the wildest consternation, and fled with trembling steps over the field. And now these wonders were succeeded by an awful interval of quiet. The peals of bursting thunder



were no longer heard, the lightnings ceased to flash, the mists that darkened the scene were rolled away, and discovered the various fortunes of the fight. Then the voice of Sophron was heard, exhorting his companions to pursue the fugitives and complete their victory. They rushed forward like angry lions to the chase, but all resistance was at an end; and Sophron, who now perceived that the enemy was irretrievably broken, checked the ardour of his men, and entreated them to spare the vanquished. They obeyed his voice; and, after having chased them beyond the utmost boundaries of Lebanon, returned in triumph amid the praises and acclamations of their joyful families, whom they had preserved from slavery by their valour. They then examined the field of battle, and collecting all who had any remains of life, they treated them with the greatest humanity, binding up their wounds, and administering to all their necessities.

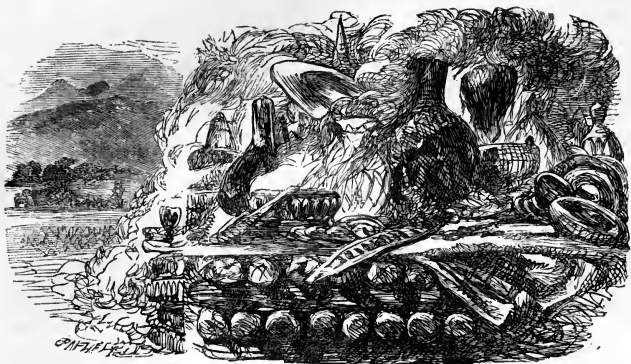
Among the thickest dead was found the breathless body of Tigranes, miserably shattered and disfigured, but still exhibiting evident marks of passion and ferocity. Sophron could not behold, without compassion, the friend of his early years, and the companion of his youthful sports. "Unhappy man," said he, "thou hast at length paid the price of thy ungovernable ambition! How much better would it have been to have tended thy flocks upon the mountains, than to have blazed like an angry meteor, and set for ever amid the curses of thy country." He then covered the body with a military vest, and ordered it to be burned upon a mighty funeral pile which was prepared for all the dead.

The next day an immense quantity of spoil was collected, that had been abandoned by the troops of Tigranes in their flight. The simple inhabitants of Lebanon, the greater part of whom had never been beyond the limits of their mountains, were astonished at such a display of luxury and magnificence. Already the secret poison of avarice began to inflame their hearts, as they gazed on costly hangings, enriched with gold and silver, on Persian carpets, and drinking vessels of the most exquisite workmanship; already

had they begun to differ about the division of these splendid trifles, when Sophron, who marked the growing mischief, and remembered the fatal effects which Chares had described in his travels, rose, and proposed to his countrymen, that the arms of their conquered enemies should be carefully preserved for the public defence, but that all the rest of the spoil should be consumed upon the funeral pile prepared for the dead, lest the simplicity of the inhabitants of Lebanon should be corrupted, and the happy equality and union which had hitherto prevailed among them, be destroyed. This proposal was instantly applauded by all the older and wiser part of the assembly, who rejoiced in seeing the evils averted which they had so much reason to apprehend; nor did those of a different character dare to express their sentiments, or attempt any open opposition.

From this time, Sophron was honoured by all, as the most virtuous and valiant of his nation. He passed the rest of his life in peace and tranquillity, contented with the exercise of the same rural employments which had engaged his childhood. Chares, whose virtues and knowledge were equally admirable, was presented, at the public expense, with a small but fertile tract of land, sufficient to supply him with all the comforts of life. This the grateful inhabitants of the mountains continually cultivated for him, as a memorial of the signal assistance he had afforded them; and here, contented with the enjoyment of security and freedom, he passed the remaining part of his life in the contemplation of nature, and the delightful intercourse of virtuous friendship.

When Miss Simmons had finished, Tommy expressed his astonishment at the latter part of the story. "Is it possible," said he, "there can be anything of so extraordinary a nature as to burst the very rocks asunder, and destroy an army at once?" "Have you, then, never heard the explosion of a gun, or are you ignorant of the destructive effects of the powder with which they charge it?" said Mr. Barlow.



T. Yes, sir; but that is nothing to what Chares did in the story.

Mr. B. That is only because it is used in very inconsiderable portions; but were you to increase the quantity, it would be capable of effecting everything which you heard Miss Simmons describe. When nations are at war with each other, it is now universally the agent of destruction. When we consider the irresistible effects of gunpowder, it is no wonder that even a victorious army should be stopped in their progress by such a dreadful and unexpected event.

T. That is true, indeed; and I declare Chares was a very good and sensible man. Had it not been for him, these brave inhabitants of Lebanon must have been enslaved. I now plainly perceive that a man may be of much more consequence by improving his mind in various kinds of knowledge, even though he is poor, than by all the finery and magnificence he can acquire. I wish, with all my heart, that Mr. Barlow had been so good as to read this story to the young gentlemen and ladies that were lately here; I think it would have made a great impression upon their minds, and would have prevented their feeling so much contempt for poor Harry, who is better and wiser than they

all, though he does not powder his hair, or dress so genteelly.

"Tommy," said Mr. Merton, with a kind of contemptuous smile, "why should you believe that the hearing of a single story would change the characters of all your late friends, when neither the good instructions you have been so long receiving from Mr. Barlow, nor the intimacy you have had with Harry, were sufficient to restrain your impetuous temper, or prevent you from treating him in the shameful manner you have done?"

Tommy appeared very much abashed with his father's rebuke. He hung down his head in silence a considerable time; at length, he faintly said: "Oh, sir, I have, indeed, acted very ill; I have rendered myself unworthy the affection of all my best friends; but do not, pray do not give me up entirely. You shall see how I will behave for the future; and if ever I am guilty of the same faults again, I consent that you shall abandon me for ever." Saying this, he silently stole out of the room, as if intent upon some extraordinary resolution. His father observed his motions, and, smiling, said to Mr. Barlow, "What can this portend? This boy is changeable as a weathercock; every blast whirls him round and round; nor will he ever fix, I fear, in any direction." "At least," replied Mr. Barlow, "you have the greatest reason to rejoice in his present impressions, which are good and estimable; and I fear it is the lot of most human beings to exhaust almost every species of error before they become fixed in truth and virtue."

Tommy now entered the room, but with a remarkable change in his dress and manner. He had combed the powder out of his hair, and demolished the elegance of his curls; he had divested his dress of every appearance of finery; and even his massy and ponderous buckles, so long the delight of his heart and the wonder of his female friends, were taken from his shoes, and replaced by a pair of the plainest form and appearance. In this habiliment, he appeared so totally changed from what he was, that even his mother, who had lately become a little sparing of her observations, could not help exclaiming, "What, in the

name of wonder, has the boy been doing now? Why, Tommy, you have made yourself a perfect fright, and you look more like a plough-boy than a young gentleman."

"Mamma," answered Tommy, gravely, "I am now only what I ought always to have been. Had I been contented with this dress before, I never should have imitated such a parcel of coxcombs as you have lately had at your house; nor pretended to admire Miss Matilda's music, which, I own, tired me as much as it did Harry, and had almost sent me to sleep; nor should I have exposed myself at the play and the ball; and, worse than all, I should have avoided all my shameful behaviour to Harry at the bull-baiting. But, from this time, I shall apply myself to the study of nothing but reason and philosophy; and therefore I have bid adieu to dress and finery for ever."

It was with great difficulty that the gentlemen could refrain from laughing at Tommy's harangue, delivered with great seriousness and solemnity. They, however, concealed their emotions, and encouraged him to persevere in such a laudable resolution. But, as the night was now pretty far advanced, the whole family retired to bed.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN TOMMY AND HARRY—TOMMY'S LIFE AT FARMER SANDFORD'S—THE NEGRO'S STORY—MR. MERTON'S VISIT—AN UNEXPECTED PRESENT—CONCLUSION.

THE next morning, early, Tommy rose, and dressed himself with his newly adopted simplicity; and, as soon as breakfast was over, prevailed on Mr. Barlow to accompany him to Harry Sandford's; but he did not forget to take with him the lamb, which he had caressed and fed with constant assiduity ever since he had so valiantly rescued him from his devouring enemy. As they approached the house, the first object which Tommy distinguished was his little friend at some distance, driving his father's sheep along the

common. At this sight his impetuosity could no longer be restrained, and, springing forward with all his speed, he arrived panting, and out of breath, and incapable of speaking. Harry, who knew his friend, and plainly perceived the disposition with which he approached, met him with open arms, so that the reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment; and Mr. Barlow, who now arrived with the lamb, had the pleasure of seeing his little pupils mutually giving and receiving every unaffected mark of the warmest affection.

"Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "I bring you a little friend, who is sincerely penitent for his offences, and comes to own the faults he has committed." "That I am, indeed," said Tommy, a little recovered, and able to speak; "but I have behaved so ill, and been such an ungrateful fellow, that I am afraid Harry will never be able to forgive me." "Indeed, indeed," said Harry, "there you do me the greatest injustice; for I have already forgotten everything but your former kindness and affection." "And I," answered Tommy, "will never forget how ill, how ungratefully I have used you, nor the goodness with which you now receive me." Tommy then recollected his lamb, and presented it to his friend; while Mr. Barlow told him the story of its rescue, and the heroism exerted in its defence. Harry seemed to receive equal pleasure from the restoration of his favourite, and the affection Tommy had shown in its preservation, and taking him by the hand, he led him into a small, but neat and convenient house, where he was most cordially welcomed by Harry's family.

In a corner of the chimney sat the honest Negro who had performed so signal a service at the bull-baiting. "Alas!" said Tommy, "there is another instance of my negligence and ingratitude; I now see that one fault always brings on another." Then, advancing to the Negro, he took him kindly by the hand, and thanked him for the preservation of his life. "Little Master," replied he, "you are extremely welcome to all I have done; I would at any time risk my own safety to preserve one of my fellow-creatures, and, if I have been of any use, I have been amply repaid by the



kindness of this little boy, your friend, and all his worthy family." "That is not enough," said Tommy, "and you shall soon find what it is to oblige a person like"—(here a stroke of presumption was just coming out of Tommy's mouth, but recollecting himself, he added) "a person like my father." And now he addressed himself to Harry's mother, a venerable, decent woman, of a middle age, and his two sisters, plain, modest, healthy-looking girls, a little older than their brother. All these he treated with so much cordiality and attention, that all the company were delighted with him; so easy is it for those who possess rank and fortune to gain the good-will of their fellow-creatures, and so inexcusable is that surly pride which renders many of them deservedly odious.

When dinner was ready, he sat down with the rest, and, as it was the custom here for everybody to wait upon himself, Tommy insisted upon their suffering him to conform to the established method. The food, indeed, was not very delicate, but it was wholesome, clean, and served up hot to table, an advantage which is not always found in elegant apartments. Tommy ate with considerable appetite, and seemed to enjoy his new situation as much as if he had

never lived in any other. After the dinner was removed, he thought he might with propriety gratify the curiosity he felt to converse with the Negro upon fighting bulls; for nothing had more astonished him than the account he had heard of his courage, and the ease with which he had subdued so terrible an animal. "My friend," said he, "I suppose in your own country you have been very much used to bull-baitings; otherwise, you never would have dared to encounter such a fierce creature; I must confess, though I can tame most animals, I never was more frightened in my life, than when I saw him break loose; and, without your assistance, I do not know what would have become of me."

"Master," replied the Negro, "it is not in my own country that I have learned to manage these animals. There I have been accustomed to several kinds of hunting much more dangerous than this; and, considering how much you white people despise us Negroes, I own I was very much surprised to see so many hundreds of you running away from such an insignificant enemy as a poor tame bull."

Tommy blushed a little at the remembrance of the prejudices he had formerly entertained concerning Negroes and his own superiority; but, not choosing now to enter upon the subject, he asked the man, where then he had acquired so much dexterity in taming them?

"I will tell you Master," replied the Negro. "When I lived a slave among the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, it used to be a common employment of the people to go into the woods and hunt cattle down for their subsistence. The hunter mounts his fleetest horse, and takes with him a strong cord of considerable length. When he sees one of the wild bulls, which he destines for his prey, he pursues it at full speed, and never fails to overtake it by the superior swiftness of his horse. While he is thus employed, he holds the cord ready, at the end of which a sliding noose is formed, and, when he is at a convenient distance, throws it from him with such a certain hand, that the beast is entangled by one of his legs, after which it is impossible for him to escape."

"That you may form a more clear idea of what a man is



capable of executing, with courage and address, I will tell you of something I saw during my residence in that part of the world. A native of the country had committed some offence, for which he was condemned to labour several years in the galleys. He found means to speak to the governor of the town, and besought him to change the nature of his punishment. 'I have been brought up,' said he, 'a warrior, and fear dishonour, but not death. Instead of consuming my strength and spirits in such an ignominious employment, let me have an opportunity of achieving something worthy to be beheld, or of perishing like a brave man in the attempt. In a few days a solemn feast is to be celebrated, at which you will be present, attended by all your people. I will there, in the presence of the whole city, encounter the fiercest bull you can procure. I want no assistance but my horse, no weapons but this cord; yet, thus prepared, I will meet his fury, and take him by the head, the horns, the feet, as you shall direct. I will then throw him down, bridle him, saddle him, and vault upon his back; in this situation, you shall turn out two more of the fiercest bulls you can find, and I will attack them both, and put them all to death with my dagger, the instant you shall command.' The governor consented to this brave man's request, more from curiosity to see so extraordinary a spectacle, than from the opinion it would be attended with success.

"When the appointed day arrived, the inhabitants of the city assembled, and took their seats in a vast building which surrounded a considerable open space, destined for this amazing combat. The brave American then appeared alone, on horseback, armed with nothing but his cord, and, after riding round the place, and saluting the company, he waited intrepidly for his enemy. Presently an enormous bull was let loose, who, as soon as he beheld the man, attacked him with all his fury. The American avoided his shock with great dexterity, and galloped round the bull; who, in his turn, betook himself to flight. The valiant horseman pursued his flying enemy, and while he was thus engaged, he desired the governor to direct where he would have him

seized. He replied, it was a matter of indifference to him, and the American instantly throwing his noose, which he held ready all the time, caught the bull in his flight by one of his hind legs; then, galloping two or three times round the animal, he so enveloped him in the snare, that, after a few violent efforts to disengage himself, the bull fell to the earth. The American then leaped lightly from his horse, and the animal, who had been perfectly trained up to this kind of combat, stood still and kept the cord extended; while his master advanced to the bull, and put him to death in an instant, by stabbing him with his dagger behind the horns.

"All the assembly uttered a shout of admiration; but the conqueror told them, that what they had seen was nothing; and disentangling his cord from the slaughtered beast, he composedly mounted his horse, and waited for a new and more formidable enemy. Presently, the gate of the torillo was opened, and a bull, much more furious than the last, rushed out, whom he was ordered to bridle and saddle, according to his engagement."—

"I declare," said Tommy, "this is the most wonderful story I ever heard. I do not believe all the fine gentlemen I have ever seen, put together, would dare to attack such a bull."

"When the champion perceived this second enemy approach, he waited for him," continued the Negro, "and avoided his shock, by making his horse wheel nimbly round the bull. When he had thus baffled his fury, and put his enemy to flight, he chased him some time, as he had done the former, till he drove him near to the middle of the enclosed space, where a strong post had been firmly fixed into the ground. As soon as he approached the spot, he threw the unerring noose, and, catching the bull by the horns, entangled him as he had done before, and dragged him with some difficulty to the stake. To this he bound him down so closely, that it became impossible for the creature either to resist or stir. Leaping then from his horse, which remained immovable as before, he took a saddle, which had been left there on purpose, and girded it



firmly on the back of the bull; through his nostrils he thrust an iron ring, to which was fixed a cord, which he brought over his neck as a bridle; and then, arming his hand with a short spike, he nimbly vaulted upon the back of this new and terrible courser.

“The creature, all this time, did not cease to bellow with every expression of rage; which had not the least effect upon the mind of this valiant man. On the contrary, coolly taking a knife, he cut the cord which bound him to the stake, and restored him to perfect liberty. The creature, thus disengaged, exerted every effort of strength and fury to throw his rider, who kept his seat undaunted in spite of all. The gates of the torillo were then thrown open, and two other furious bulls rushed out, and seemed ready to attack the man; but, the instant they perceived the manner in which he was mounted, their rage gave way to terror, and they fled precipitately. The other bull followed his companions, and bore his rider several times round the

amphitheatre in this extraordinary chase. This spectacle had already lasted some time, to the admiration of all present; when the governor ordered the man to complete the business, by putting all the bulls to death. He, instantly drawing his knife, plunged it behind the horns of the bull he rode, which immediately dropped down dead; while the conqueror, disengaging himself as he fell, stood upright by the slaughtered animal. He then mounted his horse again, and, pursuing the chase as before, with his fatal noose dispatched both the surviving animals without the least difficulty."

Tommy expressed the greatest admiration at this recital; and now, as the evening began to advance, Mr. Barlow invited him to return. But Tommy, instead of complying, took him by the hand, thanked him for all his kindness and attention, but declared his resolution of staying some time with his friend Harry. "The more I consider my own behaviour," said he, "the more I feel myself ashamed of my folly and ingratitude; but you have taught me, my dear Sir, that all I have in my power is to acknowledge them; which I most willingly do before all this good family, and entreat Harry to think that the impressions I now feel, are such as I shall never forget." Harry embraced his friend, and assured him once more of his being perfectly reconciled; and all the family stood mute with admiration at the condescension of the young gentleman, who was not ashamed of acknowledging his faults even to his inferiors.

Mr. Barlow approved of Tommy's design, and took upon him to answer for the consent of Mr. Merton to his staying some time with Harry; then, taking his leave of all the company, he departed.

Tommy began now to enter upon a course of life which was very little consistent with his former habits. He supped with great cheerfulness, and even found himself happy with the rustic fare which was set before him, accompanied, as it was, with unaffected civility, and a hearty welcome. He went to bed early, and slept very soundly all night; however, when Harry came to call him the next morning at five, as he had made him promise to

do, he found a considerable difficulty in rousing himself at the summons. Conscious pride, however, and the newly-acquired dignity of his character, supported him. He recollected that he should disgrace himself in the eyes of his father, of Mr. Barlow, and of all the family with whom he now was, if he appeared incapable of acting up to his own declarations; he therefore made a noble effort, leaped out of bed, dressed himself, and followed Harry. Not contented with this, he accompanied him in all his rustic employments; and, as no kind of country exercise was entirely new to him since his residence with Mr. Barlow, he acquitted himself with a degree of dexterity that gained him new commendations.

Thus did he pass the first day of his visit; with some little difficulty, indeed, but without deviating from his resolution. The second, he found his change of life infinitely more tolerable; and, in a very little time, he was almost reconciled to his new situation. The additional exercise he took, improved his health and strength, and added so considerably to his appetite, that he began to think the table of Farmer Sandford surpassed all that he had ever tried before.

By thus practising the common useful occupations of life, he began to feel a more tender interest in the common concerns of his fellow-creatures. He now found, from his own experience, that Mr. Barlow had not deceived him in the various representations he had made of the utility of the lower classes, and consequently of the humanity which is due to them when they discharge their duty. Nor did that gentleman abandon his little friend in this important trial. He visited him frequently, pointed out everything that was curious or interesting about the farm, and encouraged him to persevere by his praises.

"You are now," said Mr. Barlow, one day, "beginning to practise those virtues which have rendered the great men of other times so justly famous. It is not by sloth, or finery, or the mean indulgence of our appetites, that greatness of character, or even reputation, is to be acquired. He who would excel others in virtue or knowledge, must

first excel them in temperance and application. You cannot imagine that men fit to command an army, or to give laws to an estate, were ever formed by an idle and effeminate education. And tell me, my little friend, since chance, not merit, too frequently allots the situation in which men are to act, had you rather, in a high station, appear to all mankind unworthy of the advantages you enjoy, or, in a low one, seem equal to the most exalted employments by your virtues and abilities."

During the evening, Tommy frequently conversed with the honest Negro concerning the most remarkable circumstances of the country where he was born. One night that he seemed peculiarly inquisitive, the Negro gave him the following account of himself:—

"I was born," said he, "in the neighbourhood of the river Gambia, in Africa. In this country people are astonished at my colour, and start at the sight of a black man, as if he did not belong to their species; but there everybody resembles me, and when the first white men landed upon our coast, we were as much surprised with their appearance as you can be with ours. In some parts of the world I have seen men of a yellow hue; in others, of a copper colour; and all have the foolish vanity to despise their fellow-creatures, as infinitely inferior to themselves.

"In the country where I was born, it is not only man who differs from what we see here, but everything else. We have neither ice, nor frost, nor snow; the trees never lose their leaves, and we have fruits in every season of the year. During several months, indeed, we are scorched by unremitting heats, which parch the ground, dry up the rivers, and afflict both men and animals with intolerable thirst. In that season, you may behold lions, tigers, elephants, and a variety of other ferocious animals, driven from their dark abodes in the midst of impenetrable forests, down to the lower grounds and the sides of rivers; every night we hear their savage yells, their cries of rage, and think ourselves scarcely safe in our cottages. In this country you have reduced all other animals to subjection, and have nothing to fear, except from each other. You



even shelter yourselves in mansions that seem intended to last for ever; in houses of brick or stone; but, with us, a few reeds twisted together, and perhaps daubed over with slime or mud, compose the whole of our dwellings. Yet the innocent Negro would sleep as happy and contented as you do in your palaces, if white men did not drag him by fraud and violence away, and force him to endure all the excesses of your cruelty.

“It was in one of these cottages that I first remember anything of myself. A few stakes set in the ground, and interwoven with dry leaves, covered at top with the spreading leaves of the palm, composed our dwelling. Our furniture consisted of three or four earthen pipkins, in which our food was dressed; a few mats woven with a silky kind of grass to serve as beds; the instruments with which my mother turned the ground, and the javelin, arrows, and lines, which my father used in fishing or the chase. The first thing that I can remember of myself, was my running naked about such a cottage as I have described

with four of my little brothers and sisters. Sometimes I used to go with my mother to the field, where all the women of the village were assembled to plant rice for their subsistence. The joyful songs which they used to sing amid their toils, delighted my ear; and, when their daily task was done, they danced together under the shade of spreading palms. In this manner did they raise the simple food which was sufficient for themselves and their children; yams, a root resembling your potato, Indian corn, and, above all, rice; to this were added the fruits which nature produced in our woods, and the produce of the chase and fishing. Yet with this we are as much contented as you are with all your splendid tables; and enjoy a greater share of health and strength. As soon as the fiery heat of the sun declined, you might behold the master of every cottage reposing before his own door, and feasting upon his mess of roots or fruits, with all his family around him. If a traveller or stranger happened to come from a distant country, he was welcome to enter into every house, and share the provisions of the family. No door was barred against his entrance, no surly servant insulted him for his poverty. He entered wherever he pleased, set himself down with the family, and then pursued his journey, or reposed himself in quiet till the next morning. In each of our towns there is generally a large building, where the elder part of the society are accustomed to meet in the shade of the evening, and converse upon a variety of subjects; the young and vigorous divert themselves with dances and other pastimes, and the children of different ages amuse themselves with a thousand sports and gambols adapted to their age. Some aim their little arrows at marks, or dart their light and blunted javelins at each other, to form themselves for the exercises of war and the chase; others wrestle upon the sand, or run in sportive races, with a degree of activity which I have never seen among the Europeans, who pretend to be our masters.

“I have described to you the building of our houses; simple as they are, they answer every purpose of human life; and every man is his own architect. A hundred or



two of these edifices compose our towns, which are generally surrounded by lofty hedges of thorns to secure us from the midnight attacks of wild beasts, with only a single entrance, which is carefully closed at night"—

"You talk," said Tommy, "of wild beasts; pray, have you many in your country?"

"Yes, master," said the Negro, "we have them of many sorts, equally dreadful and ferocious. First, we have the lion. Sometimes, the most valiant of our youths assemble in bands, arm themselves with arrows and javelins, and go to hunt one of these destructive animals. When they have found his retreat, they generally make a circle round, uttering shouts and cries, and clashing their arms, to rouse him to resistance. The lion, meanwhile, looks round upon his assailants with indifference or contempt; neither their number, nor their horrid shouts, nor the glitter of their arms, can daunt him for an instant. At length he begins to lash his sides with his long tail, a certain sign of rising rage; his eyes sparkle with destructive fire; and if the number of the hunters is very great, he perhaps moves slowly on. But this he is not permitted to do; a javelin thrown at him from behind, wounds him in the flank, and compels him to turn. Then you behold him roused to fury and desperation; neither wounds, nor streaming blood, nor a triple row of barbed spears, can prevent him from springing upon the daring hunter who has wounded him. Should he reach him in the attack, it is certain death; but generally the hunter, who is at once contending for glory and his own life, and is inured to danger, avoids him by a nimble leap; and all his companions hasten to his assistance. Thus is the lion pressed and wounded on every side; his rage is ineffectual, and only exhausts his strength the faster; a hundred wounds are pouring out his blood at once; and at length he bites the ground in the agonies of death, and yields the victory, though unconquered. When he is dead, he is carried back in triumph by the hunters, as a trophy of their courage. All the village rushes out at once; the young, the old, women and children, uttering joyful shouts, and praising the valour of their champions.

The elders admire his prodigious size, his mighty limbs, his dreadful fangs, and perhaps repeat tales of their own exploits; the women seem to tremble at their fierce enemy, even in his death; while the men compel their children to approach the monster, and tinge their little weapons in his blood. All utter joyful exclamations, and feasts are made in every house, to which the victors are invited as the principal guests. These are intended at once to reward those who have performed so gallant an achievement, and to encourage a spirit of enterprise in the rest of the nation."

"What a dreadful kind of hunting must this be!" said Tommy; "but I suppose if any one meets a lion alone, it is impossible to resist him."

"Not always," answered the Negro; "I will tell you what I once was witness to myself. My father was reckoned not only the most skilful hunter, but one of the bravest of our tribe; innumerable are the wild beasts which have fallen beneath his arm. One evening, when the inhabitants of the whole village were assembled at their sports and dances, a monstrous lion, allured, I suppose, by the smell of human flesh, burst unexpectedly upon them, without warning them of his approach by roaring, as he commonly does. As they were unarmed, and unprepared for defence, all but my father instantly fled, trembling, to their huts; but he, who had never yet turned his back upon any beast of the forest, drew from his side a kind of knife or dagger, which he constantly wore, and, placing one knee and one hand upon the ground, waited the approach of his terrible foe. The lion instantly rushed upon him, with a fury not to be described; but my father received him upon the point of his weapon with so steady and so composed an aim, that he buried it several inches in his belly. The beast attacked him a second time, and a second time received a dreadful wound; not, however, without laying bare one of my father's sides with a sudden stroke of his claws. The rest of the village then rushed in, and soon dispatched the lion with innumerable wounds.

"This exploit appeared so extraordinary, that it spread my father's fame throughout the whole country, and gave



him the name of the *Undaunted Hunter*, as an honourable distinction from the neighbourhood. Under such a parent, it was not long before I was taught every art of the chase. At first, my father only suffered me to pursue stags and other feeble animals, or took me in his canoe to fish. Soon, however, I was entrusted with a bow and arrows, and placed with many other children and young men to defend our rice-fields from the depredations of the river-horse. Rice, it is necessary to observe, is a plant that requires great moisture in the soil; all our plantations, therefore, are made by the side of rivers, in the soft fertile soil which is overflowed in the rainy season. But when the grain is almost ripe, we are forced to defend it from a variety of hurtful animals, that would otherwise deprive us of the fruits of our labours; among these, one of the principal is the creature I have mentioned. His size and bulk are immense, being twice as big as the largest ox which I have seen in this country. He has four legs, which are short and thick; a head of a monstrous magnitude, and jaws that are armed with teeth of a prodigious size and strength; besides two prominent tusks, which threaten destruction to all assailants.

“But this animal, though so large and strong, is chiefly

an inhabitant of the river, where he lives upon fish and water-roots. It is sometimes a curious, but a dreadful sight, when a boat is gliding over a smooth part of the stream, of unusual depth and clearness, to look down and behold this monstrous creature travelling along the bottom, several yards below the surface. Whenever this happens, the boatman instantly paddles another way; for such is the strength of the creature, that he is able to upset a bark of moderate size, by rising under it, or to tear out a plank with his fangs, and expose those who are in it to the dangers of an unexpected shipwreck. All the day he chiefly hides himself in the water, and preys upon fish; but during the gloom of night he issues from the river, and invades the fields of standing corn, which he would soon lay desolate, were he not driven back by the shouts and cries of those who are stationed to defend them.

“At this work I had assisted several successive nights, till we were almost wearied with watching. At length, one of the most enterprising of our young men proposed, that we should no longer content ourselves with driving back the enemy, but boldly attack him, and punish him for his temerity. With this purpose, we concealed ourselves in a convenient spot, till we had seen one of the river-horses issue from the water, and advance a considerable way into our plantations; then we rushed from our hiding place with furious shouts and cries, and endeavoured to intercept his return; but the beast, confiding in his superior strength, advanced slowly on, snarling horribly, and gnashing his dreadful tusks; and in this manner he opened his way through the thickest of our battalions. In vain we poured upon him on every side our darts and arrows, and every weapon we had; so well defended was he in an impenetrable hide, that they all either rebounded as from a wall, or glanced aside without in the least hurting him. At length, one of the boldest of our youth advanced unguardedly upon him, and endeavoured to wound him from a shorter distance; but the furious beast rushed upon him with an unexpected degree of swiftness, ripped up his body with a single stroke of his enormous tusk, and then,

seizing him in his furious jaws, lifted up his mangled body as if in triumph, and crushed him into a bleeding and mangled mass.

“Fear instantly seized upon our company; all involuntarily retreated, and seemed inclined to quit the unequal combat; all but myself, who, inflamed with grief and rage, for the loss of my companion, determined either to revenge his death, or perish in the attempt. Seeing, therefore, that it was in vain to attack the animal in the usual manner, I chose the sharpest arrow, and fitted it to the bowstring; then, with a cool, unterrified aim, observing him moving nimbly on to the river, I discharged it full at his broad and glaring eye-ball with such success, that the barbed point penetrated even to his brain; and the monster fell expiring to the ground.

“This action, magnified beyond its deserts, gained me universal applause throughout the hamlet. I was from that time looked upon as one of the most valiant and fortunate of our youths. The immense body of the monster which I had slain was cut to pieces, and borne in triumph to the village. All the young women received me with songs of joy and congratulation; the young men adopted me as their leader in every hazardous expedition; and the elders applauded me with such expressions of esteem, as filled my ignorant heart with vanity and exultation.

“But what was more agreeable to me than all the rest, my father received me with transport, and, pressing me to his bosom with tears of joy, told me, that now he could die with pleasure, since I had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. ‘I,’ said he, ‘have not lived inactive, or inglorious; I have transfixed the tiger with my shafts; I have, though alone, attacked in his rage the lion, the terror of the woods, the fiercest of animals; even the elephant has been compelled to turn his back, and fly before my javelin; but never, in the pride of my youth and strength, did I achieve such an exploit as this.’ He then went into his cabin, and brought forth the bow and fatal arrows which he was accustomed to use in the chase. ‘Take them, take them,’ said he, ‘my son, and rescue my

weaker arm from a burthen which it is no longer destined to sustain. Age is now creeping on; my blood begins to cool, my sinews slacken, and I am no longer equal to the task of supporting the glories of our race. That care shall now be thine; and with a firmer hand shalt thou henceforth use these weapons against the beasts of the forest and the enemies of our country.'”

Such was the account which the Negro gave to Tommy, in different conversations, of his birth and education. His curiosity was gratified with the recital, and his heart expanded in the same proportion that his knowledge improved. He reflected, with shame and contempt, upon the ridiculous prejudices he had once entertained. He learned to consider all men as his brethren; and the foolish distinctions which pride had formerly suggested were gradually obliterated from his mind. Such a change in his sentiments rendered him more mild, more obliging, more engaging than ever; he became the delight of all the family; and Harry, although he had always loved him, now knew no limits to his affection.

One day Tommy was surprised by an unexpected visit from his father, who met him with open arms, and told him that he was now come to take him back to his own house. “I have heard,” said he, “such an account of your present behaviour, that the past is entirely forgotten; and I begin to glory in owning you for a son.” He then embraced him with the transports of an affectionate father, who indulges the strongest sentiments of his heart, but sentiments he had long been forced to restrain.

Tommy returned his father's caresses with genuine warmth, but with a degree of respect and humility he had once been little accustomed to use. “I will accompany you home, Sir,” said he, “with the greatest readiness; for I wish to see my mother, and hope to give her some satisfaction by my future behaviour. You have both had too much to complain of in the past; and I am unworthy of such affectionate parents.” He then turned his face aside, and shed a tear of real humility and gratitude, which he instantly wiped away as unworthy the composure and fortitude of his new character.

“But, Sir,” added he, “I hope you will not object to my detaining you a little longer, while I return my acknowledgments to all the family, and take my leave of Harry.” “Surely,” said Mr. Merton, “you can entertain no doubt on that subject; and, to give you every opportunity of discharging all your duties to a family to which you owe so much, I intend to take a dinner with Mr. Sandford, whom I now see coming home, and then to return with you in the evening.”

At this instant Farmer Sandford approached, and very respectfully saluting Mr. Merton, invited him to walk in. But Mr. Merton, after returning his civility, drew him aside, as if he had some private business to communicate. When they were alone, he made him every acknowledgment that gratitude could suggest; “But words,” added Mr. Merton, “are very insufficient to return the favours I have received; for it is to your excellent family, together with the virtuous Mr. Barlow, that I owe the preservation of my son. Let me, therefore, entreat you to accept of what this pocket-book contains, as a slight proof of my sentiments; and lay it out in whatever manner you please, for the advantage of your family.”

Mr. Sandford, who was a man both of sense and humour, took the book, and examining the inside, found that it contained bank notes to the amount of some hundred pounds. He then carefully shut it up again, and returning it to Mr. Merton, told him, that “he was infinitely obliged to him for the generosity which prompted him to such a princely act; but, as to the present itself, he must not be offended if it was declined.” Mr. Merton, still more astonished at such disinterestedness, pressed him with every argument he could think of; he desired him to consider the state of his family; his daughters unprovided for; his son himself, with dispositions that might adorn a throne, brought up to labour; and his own advancing age, which demanded ease and respite, and an increase of the conveniences of life.

“And what,” replied the honest farmer, “is it but these conveniences of life, that are the ruin of all the nation? When I was a young man, Master Merton (and that is near

forty years ago), people in my condition thought of nothing but doing their duty to God and man, and labouring hard; this brought down blessing upon their heads, and made them thrive in all their worldly concerns. When I was a boy, farmers did not lie droning in bed as they do now, till six or seven; my father, I believe, was as good a judge of business as any in the neighbourhood, and turned as straight a furrow as any ploughman in the county of Devon; that silver cup which I intend to have the honour of drinking your health out of to-day at dinner, that very cup was won by him at the great ploughing-match near Axminster. Well, my father used to say, that a farmer was not worth a farthing who was not in the field by four; and my poor dear mother, too, the best-tempered woman in the world, she always began milking exactly at five; and if a single soul was to be found in bed after four in the summer, you might have heard her from one end of the farm to the other. I would not disparage anybody, or anything, my good sir, but those were times indeed; the women, then, knew something about the management of a house; it really was quite a pleasure to hear my poor mother lecture the servants; and the men were indeed—pray, did you ever hear the story of father's being at Truro, and throwing the famous Cornish wrestler, Squinting Dick, the miner?"

Mr. Merton began to be convinced that, whatever other qualities good Mr. Sandford might have, he did not excel in brevity; and therefore, endeavoured in still stronger terms to overcome the delicacy of the farmer, and prevail upon him to accept his present.

But the good farmer pursued his point thus: "Thank you, thank you, my dear Sir, a thousand times, for your good-will; but, as to the money, I must beg your pardon if I persist in refusing it. Formerly, Sir, as I was saying, we were all happy and healthy, and our affairs prospered, because we never thought about the conveniences of life; now I hear of nothing else. One neighbour (for I will not mention names) brings his son up to go a shooting with gentlemen; another sends his to market upon a blood-horse, with a plated bridle; and then the girls, the girls!—there is



fine work indeed!—They must have their hats and feathers, and riding habits; but scarcely one of them can milk a cow, or churn, or bake, or do any one thing that is necessary in a family; so that, unless the government will send them all to this new settlement which I have heard so much of, and bring us a cargo of plain, honest housewives, who have never been at boarding-schools, I cannot conceive how we farmers are to get wives.”

Mr. Merton laughed very heartily at this sally, and told him, that he would venture to assert it was not so at his house. “Not quite so bad, indeed,” said the farmer; “my wife was bred up under a notable mother; and, though she must have her tea every afternoon, she is, in the main, a very good sort of woman. She has brought her daughters up a little better than usual; but I can assure you, she and I have had many a good argument upon the subject. Not but she approves their milking, spinning, and making themselves useful; but she would fain have them genteel, Master Merton; all women now are mad after gentility; and, when once gentility begins, there is an end of industry. Now, were they to hear of such a sum as you have generously offered, there would be no peace in the house. My wenches, instead of Deb and Kate, would be Miss Deborah and Miss Catherine; in a little time, they must be sent to boarding-school, to learn French and music, and wriggling about the room. And, when they come back, who will boil the pot, or make the pudding, or sweep the house, or serve the pigs? Did you ever hear of Miss Juliana, or Miss Harriet, or Miss Carolina, doing such vulgar things?”

Mr. Merton was very much struck with the honest farmer's method of expressing himself, and could not help internally allowing the truth of his representations; yet he still pressed him to accept his present, and reminded him of the improvement of his farm.

“Thank you, again and again,” replied the farmer; “but the whole generation of the Sandfords have been brought up to labour with their own hands for these hundred years; and during all that time there has not been a dishonest

person, a gentleman, or a madman amongst us. And I will not be the first to break the customs of the family, and perhaps bring down a curse on all our heads."

Mr. Merton, feeling the justice of his course, but strong morality, was obliged, however reluctantly, to desist; just then Mrs. Sandford came to invite them to dinner.

After the cloth was removed, and Mr. Sandford had twice or thrice replenished his silver mug, the only piece of finery in his house, little Harry came running in with so much alacrity and heedlessness that he tore Miss Deborah's best apron, and he had nearly precipitated Miss Catherine's new cap into the fire; for which the young ladies and his mother rebuked him with some acrimony. But Harry, after begging pardon with his usual good-humour, cried, "Father, father, here is the prettiest team of horses, all matched, and of a colour, with new harness, the most complete I ever saw in my life, and they have stopped at our back-door, and the man says they are brought for you!" Farmer Sandford was just then in the middle of his history of the ploughing-match at Axminster; but he started up, overset the table, and, making a hasty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to see these wonderful horses.

Presently he returned, in equal admiration with his son. "Master Merton," said he, "I did not think you had been so good a judge of a horse. They are the true Suffolk Sorrels, the first breed of working horses in the kingdom, and these are some of the best of their kind." "Such as they are," answered Mr. Merton, "they are yours; and I cannot think, after the obligations I am under to your family, that you will do me so great a displeasure as to refuse."

Mr. Sandford stood for some time in mute astonishment; but, at length, he was beginning the most civil speech he could think of, to refuse so great a present; when Tommy coming up, took him by the hand, and begged him not to deny to his father and himself the first favour they had ever asked. "Besides," said he, "this present is less to yourself than to Harry; and surely, after having lived so long in your family, you will not turn me out with disgrace, as if I had misbehaved." Here Harry himself interposed



and besought him to oblige Master Merton and his father. "Were it any one else, I would not say a word," added he; "but I know the generosity of Mr. Merton and the goodness of Master Tommy so well, that they will receive more pleasure from giving, than you from taking the horses; though I must confess, they are such as would do credit to anybody, and they beat farmer Knowles's all to nothing, which have long been reckoned the best team in all the country."

This last reflection, joined with all that had preceded,

overcame the delicacy of Mr. Sandford, and he at length consented to order the horses to be led into his stable.

And now Mr. Merton, having made the most affectionate acknowledgments to all this worthy and happy family, among whom he did not forget the honest Black, whom he he promised to provide for, summoned his son to depart with him. Tommy arose, and with the sincerest gratitude, bade adieu to Harry and all the rest. "I shall not be long without you," said he to Harry; "to your example I owe most of the little good that I can boast; you have taught me how much better it is to be useful than rich or fine; how much more amiable to be good than to be great. Should I ever be tempted to relapse, even for an instant, into any of my former habits, I will return hither for instruction, and I hope you will again receive me." Saying this, he shook his friend Harry affectionately by the hand, and, with watery eyes, accompanied his father home.



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