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THE
JUVENILE COMPANION
AND
FIRESIDE READER,

CONSISTING OF

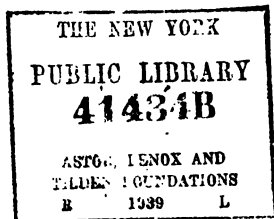


HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES, AND
SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

BY

THE REV. J. L. BLAKE, D.D.,
AUTHOR OF VARIOUS WORKS ON EDUCATION AND GENERAL
LITERATURE.

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
82 CLIFF STREET.
1846.



Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1840,
By REV. JOHN L. BLAKE, D. D.
In the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of New-York.

PREFACE.

"Is it true?—a child asks, when you tell him a wonderful story that strikes his imagination." This remark of Mrs. Barbauld is placed at the beginning of the *Juvenile Companion*, as having an immediate bearing upon an important fact in intellectual philosophy, which, to say the least, has not been sufficiently regarded in works designed for the young. The writer of fiction has the unlimited command of events and characters yet, the single circumstance of truth—that the events related really came to pass—counterbalances, with respect to interest, all the privileges of the former, and in a mind accustomed to exertion, will throw the advantage on the side of the historian. The author in all his labors for the advancement of education, has endeavored to keep this fact continually in view.

The object of this volume is to make the reader acquainted with particularly interesting and important events in history and biography, presuming, that an inclination will thereby be formed in the minds of young persons, for connected and extensive reading upon those subjects. Moreover, in the selection of materials, such have been taken as were of a decided character, in their moral tendency. Whether a good or bad quality were to be represented, unless it were so strongly marked, that a child would be led of his own accord, and instantaneously, to admire the one, and to abhor the other, it was deemed unfit for use. Thus a literary and a moral purpose is accomplished at the same time, and by the same labor. It is an undoubted truth, that there is no better way to inculcate the principles and the love of what is excellent than by the exhibition of real excellence; and, that there is no better way to guard one against the commission of what is of a contrary character, than by the display, from real life, of mean, vicious, and vile conduct.

It is also believed, that the plan of the *Juvenile Companion* is well calculated to facilitate the art of good reading. Our youth may be furnished with a thousand rules and illustrations of *rhetoric*, if there were so many, and it would be of no comparative value in learning to read, unless the books containing these rules and illustrations, are intelligible and interesting. For such a routine of exercises a natural elocution can never



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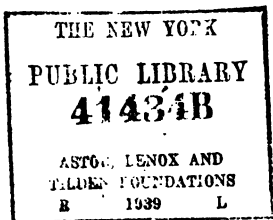
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wrung from the voice of young or old ; while on the other hand, books, like the present, will always be read with at least the prominent tones of an agreeable style. Let children and youth understand what they read—let them be interested in what they read, and they will be sure to read with a good degree of spirit and correctness.

It will be seen that a larger portion of the volume is in verse, than is usual with reading books of corresponding character. It is thought, that this will add to the value of the work. Young persons especially are fond of reading poetry ; and a moral sentiment, or a historical fact, expressed in verse, is much more likely to make an impression, than if it were in prose. While it is acknowledged, that much difficulty was experienced in finding a sufficient number of articles in this part of the work, of the high character desired, a belief is indulged by the author, that he has labored with some degree of success.

The plan of the *Juvenile Companion* required no other regard to classification or chronological arrangement of the different articles which compose it, than to make the work as interesting as possible. Hence, with a few exceptions the prose and poetry alternately succeed each other, throughout the volume. The author cheerfully relinquishes all claim to the honor of being thought very methodical, provided he can thereby render his labors more acceptable and useful to the youthful reader. His object has been to furnish young persons, both in families and in schools, with a compilation that will never fail to be interesting—that will always be found instructive—that will always leave on the mind of the reader an impression favorable to virtue and piety.

The author deems it unnecessary to make any comment upon the numerous reading books already before the public—or, to make any apology for adding to the number. He would indeed be cautious in presuming on an indulgence, with which his efforts to benefit the rising generation are liberally favored—not doubting, however, that such efforts, although comparatively unsuccessful, are justly entitled to respectful consideration. The spirit of the age, especially as it regards education, justifies the persuasion, that he is not mistaken in this opinion ; and, for the decision to be passed upon this, as well as upon every other literary undertaking in which he engages, he cheerfully yields to the intelligence of parents and teachers.

J. L. BLAKE.

Boston, January. 1833.

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THE
JUVENILE COMPANION.

LESSON FIRST.

The Walls of Babylon.

These walls were built of large bricks, cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime arising out of the earth of that country, which binds in buildings much stronger and firmer than lime, and soon grows much harder than the bricks or stones which it cements together. They were of a square form, each side of which was fifteen miles. Their breadth was eighty-seven feet, and their height three hundred and fifty.

The walls were surrounded on the outside with a vast ditch, full of water, and lined with bricks on both sides. The earth that was dug out of it, made the bricks wherewith the walls were built; and therefore, from the vast height and breadth of the walls, may be inferred the greatness of the ditch.

On every side of this great square were twenty-five gates, that is, a hundred in all. These gates were made of solid brass. Hence it is, that when the Supreme Being promised to Cyrus the conquest of Babylon, he tells him, "That he would break in pieces before him the gates of brass."

Between every two of the gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners of this great square, and three between each of these corners and the next gate on either side. Every one of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls. But this is to be u

from his Indian expedition, intended to have rebuilt it; and, with this view, employed ten thousand men, to clear the place of its rubbish; but the death of Alexander, about two months after, put an end to the undertaking.

LESSON THIRD.

The Retrospect of Life.

Riches, chance may take or give;
 Beauty lives a day, and dies;
 Honor lulls us while we live;
 Mirth 's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care?
 Time, and chance, and death our foes;
 If our joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only tied to woes?

Let bright virtue answer, no;
 Her eternal powers prevail,
 When honors, riches cease to flow,
 And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

LESSON FOURTH.

Alexander and his Horse.

From his earliest years, Alexander discovered an ardor of mind, an elevation of genius, and solidity of judgment, which few ever equaled. When he was yet very young, he used often to say, on hearing of *his father's victories*, that his father would win all the *victories*, and leave nothing for him to do, when he *should become a man*.

He seemed to be formed for equal vigor and activity, both of body and mind. Philonicus, a Thessalian, brought a horse, of remarkable strength and beauty, to Philip, which he offered for thirteen talents. When they took the horse into a field to try him, he was found so vicious and unmanageable, that Philip told his owner he would not purchase him, and Philonicus was leading him off, when Alexander, then quite a boy, who was present, was heard to say, with great vexation and anger, "What a horse they are losing for the want of address and boldness to manage him!"

His father, hearing what he said, asked him if he intended to reproach those who were older than himself? "Yes," said Alexander, "I can manage this horse better than any body else." His father ordered him to try the experiment; on which, Alexander, taking hold of the bridle, spake gently to the horse, and, as he was leading him along, laid his hand on the horse's mane, and dropping off his mantle, lightly bounded on his back, then gradually slackening the rein, he suffered the horse to accelerate his movement, and he was directly seen on full speed.

After a few moments, when the horse showed the disposition to abate his swiftness, Alexander applied the whip, and thus kept him on speed till his fury was thoroughly abated; then returned to the place where the company stood viewing with astonishment the intrepidity of the young prince. When he alighted, Philip exclaimed, with tears of joy, says Plutarch, "O my son, look thee out a kingdom equal to thy great soul, Macedonia is too little for thee." This was the famous horse Bucephalus, which Alexander rode in his conquest of Persia. He died in India, and the conqueror built a city on the spot where he died, called *Bucephalia*.

LESSON FIFTH.

The Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay here yet awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 'T was pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave—
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

LESSON SIXTH.

Codrus, and Grecian Patriotism.

With the Greeks, personal attachment had more influence, and private interest less, than with almost any other nation. Xerxes the Great was much surprised, when a Greek, who was admitted to his confidence, told him that the Greeks did not fight for money. "And pray," said he, "what then do they fight for?" "They fight," said the other, "for glory." *The brave men who fought and fell with Leonidas*

at the straits of Thermopylæ, were led by love to their country, to their leader, and to one another, and by the love of glory.

The Greeks gave an honorable evidence of love to their country, by resigning their lives for its welfare; and, perhaps, they did this in a manner more unequivocal, and more frequently, than any other nation. Every reader has heard the story of Codrus, king of Athens. An oracle had foretold, that a nation whose king should fall in battle, should be victorious.

The Athenians were then engaged in a dangerous war with the Heraclidæ. But, as the Heraclidæ had heard the same oracle, they determined not to kill the king of Athens, and to use the greatest care to preserve his life. For this a special order was given. The patriot king, perceiving how difficult it would be for him to be slain in the common course of events, dressed himself in disguise, and going out to the enemy's army, he drew a dagger and wounded a soldier.

At this, they fell upon him and killed him, not knowing who he was. According to the oracle, the Athenians were victorious; and, as a testimony of their gratitude to Codrus, whom they honored as the saviour of his country, they passed a law that no man should ever more reign in Athens, under the title of king. They gave the administration, therefore, to archons, or chief magistrates.

But this sentimental, magnanimous people, had an ardor of character, a warmth of attachment to their friends, of which we seem able to form no conception; and, whenever we read to what sublimity of soul it often carried them, we are compelled to confess we are strangers to such feelings; and we cannot but think meanly of that cold mediocrity, or lukewarm indifference, which characterizes the society and the age in which we live.

When the scenes of real life have once dispell

the fleeting illusions of youth, where are a man's friends? Some, perhaps, are dead; they were snatched away before the blossom of profession could ripen into fruit, or be blasted by interest; others, launched into divergent pursuits, look back after him, at times, with vacant gaze, as we behold a distant sail at sea lying on a different course, and are ready to despise his failure, or envy his success.

If he is rich, he may thank wealth for presenting his society in a mask, behind which it is impossible for him, at once, to distinguish the basilisk from the dove.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.”

If a man is rich, a large class court his favor, in hopes of deriving benefit from his influence; another class come near him, in hopes of attracting a particle of gold from the contact; many sharp eyes and nimble fingers watch him, for some advantage of his good nature, negligence, ignorance, or generosity, actuated by as noble a motive as the vulture which approaches a carcass. Alexander the Great, than whom few men possessed more penetration, said, very shrewdly, concerning two of his most intimate friends, “ Craterus loves the king, Hephæstion loves Alexander.”

And when Charles the Fifth had laid aside his crown and sceptre, and become a private man, his greatest grief and mortification was to perceive how suddenly an immense crowd of friends, admirers, and flatterers, vanished; that whilst as a monarch he had thousands to adore him, as a man he had not a friend to participate his pleasures, to soothe his sorrows, or to close his eyes.

LESSON SEVENTH.

The Happiest State.

Would we attain the happiest state
That is designed us here;
No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,
No honor tempt to pride;
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide.

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant, settled breast:
Who leaves a passage free to love,
Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound;
The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

LESSON EIGHTH.

Porus and Alexander.

Porus, after having performed all the duty both of a soldier and a general, and fought with incredible bravery, seeing all his horse defeated, and the greater part of his foot, did not behave like the great Darius, who, in a like disaster, was the first that fled; on the contrary, he continued in the field as long as one battalion or squadron stood their ground; but, at last, having received a wound in the shoulder, he retired upon his elephant, and was easily distinguished from the rest, by the greatness of his stature, and his unparalleled bravery.

Alexander, finding who he was, by those glorious marks, and being desirous of saving this king, sent Taxilus after him, because he was of the same nation. The latter advanced as near to him as he could, without running any danger of being wounded, called out to him to stop, in order to hear the message he had brought from Alexander. Porus turning back, and seeing it was Taxilus, his old enemy, "How!" says he, "is it Taxilus that calls; that traitor to his country and kingdom!" Immediately after which, he would have transfixed him with his dart, had he not instantly retired.

Notwithstanding this, Alexander was still desirous of saving so brave a prince; and despatched other officers, among whom was Meroë, one of his intimate friends; who besought him, in the strongest terms, to wait upon a conqueror altogether worthy of him. After much entreaty, Porus consented, and accordingly returned. Alexander, who had been told of his coming, advanced forward, in order to receive him, with some of his train. Having approached pretty near, Alexander stopped, purposely, to take a view of his stature and noble mien, he being about five cubits in height.

Porus did not seem dejected at his misfortune; but came up with a resolute countenance, like a valiant warrior, whose courage in defending his dominions, ought to acquire him the esteem of the brave prince who had taken him prisoner. Alexander spoke first; and, with an august and gracious air, asked him how he desired to be treated? "Like a king," replied Porus. "But," continued Alexander, "do you ask nothing more?" "No," replied Porus; "all things are included in that single word."

Struck with the greatness of his soul, the magnanimity of which seemed heightened by distress, Alexander not only restored him his kingdom, but annexed other provinces to it, and treated him with the highest

testimonies of honor, esteem, and friendship. Porus was faithful to him till his death.—It is hard to say whether the victor or the vanquished best deserved praise, on this occasion.

LESSON NINTH.

The Blind Boy.

O say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless wo;
But sure, with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

LESSON TENTH.

Damon and Pythias.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he begged per-

mission to retire previous to his execution to his own country, that he might set in order the affairs of his disconsolate family. This the tyrant intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it on what he conceived to be the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as security for his return, under equal forfeiture of his life.

Pythias, who was the friend of Damon, heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application on the part of the latter, but instantly offered to remain in his place; which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and therefore, when the day of execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement.

After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that self interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, patriotism, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe, and impose upon the weak:—

“My lord,” said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, “I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honor! He cannot fail therein, my lord; I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and the integrity of Damon together.

“Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honorable endeavors, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times more valuable than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his innocent children, to his friends, and to his country. O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in that of my friend!”

Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they

were uttered: he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a movable throne, drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner.

Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for a time the apparatus of death, he turned, with a placid countenance, and thus addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard; the gods are propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend.

"Oh! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honor of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death with as much joy as to a marriage feast. Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying forward, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and fortune; but I haste to prevent his speed.—Executioner! perform your duty."

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people; a distant voice was heard; the crowd caught the words, and, "Stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed; the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a courser that almost flew; in an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and in the arms of Pythias.

"You are safe," he cried, "my friend! my dearest friend! the gods be praised, you are safe! I have now nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered

from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor? But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept, and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried; "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy; live renowned; and, oh, form me by your precepts, as ye have instructed me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship."

LESSON ELEVENTH.

Pious Friendship.

How blessed the sacred tie that binds
 In union sweet according minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each, the soul of each how dear!
 What jealous love, what holy fear!
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow,
 For human guilt and mortal wo;
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face;
 How high, how strong their raptures swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When nature drops her flickering fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy—because of love.

LESSON TWELFTH.

Xerxes crosses the Hellespont.

Xerxes had given orders for building a bridge of boats across the Hellespont, for the transporting of his army into Europe. This narrow strait, which now goes by the name of the Dardanelles, is near an English mile over. However, soon after the completion of this work, a violent storm arising, the whole was broken and destroyed, and the labor was to be undertaken anew.

The fury of Xerxes, upon this disappointment, was attended with equal extravagance and cruelty. His vengeance knew no bounds, the workmen who had undertaken the task, had their heads struck off by his order; and, that the sea also might know its duty, he ordered it to be lashed, as a delinquent, and a pair of fetters thrown into it, to curb its future irregularities.

Having thus given vent to his absurd resentment, two bridges were ordered to be built in the place of the former, one for the army to pass over, and the other for the baggage and beasts of burden. The workmen, now warned by the fate of their predecessors, undertook to give their labors greater stability. They placed three hundred and sixty vessels across the strait, some of them having three banks of oars, and others fifty oars apiece. They then cast large

anchors, on both sides, into the water, in order to fix those vessels against the violence of the winds and current. They then drove large piles into the earth, with huge rings fastened to them, to which were tied six vast cables, which went over each of the two bridges.

Over all these, they laid trunks of trees, cut purposely for that use, and flat boats over them, fastened and joined together, so as to serve for a floor, or solid bottom. When the whole work was thus completed, a day was appointed for their passing over; and, as soon as the first rays of the sun began to appear, sweet odors of all kinds were abundantly scattered over the new work, and the way was strewed with myrtle. At the same time, Xerxes, turning his face towards the east, worshipped the sun, which is the god of the Persians. Then, throwing his libations into the sea, together with a golden cup and Persian scimitar, he went forward, and gave orders for the army to follow.

This immense train were no less than seven days and seven nights passing over, while those who were appointed to conduct the march, quickened the troops by lashing them along; for the soldiers of the East, at that time, and to this day, are treated like slaves. Thus, this immense army having landed in Europe, and being joined by the several European nations that acknowledged the Persian power, Xerxes prepared for marching directly forward into Greece.

LESSON THIRTEENTH.

Vanity of Human Pursuits.

*I see that all are wanderers, gone astray,
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed,
And never won. Dream after dream ensues*

And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
 And still are disappointed. Rings the world
 With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
 And add two thirds of the remaining half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit, as gay
 As if created only like the fly,
 That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
 To sport their season, and be seen no more.
 The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise
 And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.

LESSON FOURTEENTH.

The First Lesson of Cyrus.

It is reported of Cyrus, when young, that, being asked what was the first thing he learned, he answered, "To tell the truth;" which is indeed, "though no science, fairly worth the seven." When the wise men were commanded by the king, to declare what was the strongest power upon earth, such as exceeded even that of the monarch himself, they were all at a loss for an answer.

At last the prophet Daniel was consulted, who, being endowed with wisdom from on high, answered, that truth was the strongest; and supported his assertions by such weighty arguments, that nobody could controvert them. Thus his understanding was approved by the king, and all the sages were humbled in his presence.

Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind, truth is the most respectable. It is a rich, though a simple ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may, will be for ever despicable in the sight of the good and wise.

We are naturally led to dislike those who are

ways intent upon deceiving. Whereas, on the contrary, we make no scruple to confide in those who are sincere, because we know ourselves to be safe in their hands. They will be either constant friends, or open enemies; and, even if, through human frailty, they are sometimes led into errors, yet their generous acknowledgement of them makes amends, in a great degree, and is a good token of their avoiding them for the future.

“ Where truth is found, bright virtue still resides,
 And equal justice every action guides.
 In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
 And with mild power her happy sway maintains;
 The attribute of God himself confess,
 That stamps his image on the human breast.”

LESSON FIFTEENTH.

Pyrrhus and Fabricius.

A treaty being on foot between the Romans and Pyrrhus, king of Macedon, for the exchange of prisoners, the latter, after having given a general audience to the ambassadors, took Fabricius aside, and conversed with him to the following purport.

After telling him he was sensible of his merit, that he was convinced of his excellence as a general, and perfect qualifications for the command of an army; that justice and temperance were united in his character, and that he justly passed for a person of virtue; he lamented the certainty of poverty, and said that fortune, in this particular, had treated him with injustice, by misplacing him in the class of indigent senators.

“ In order, therefore, to supply that deficiency,” said Pyrrhus, “ provided thou wilt assist me to negotiate an honorable peace, I am ready to give as much gold and silver as will raise thee above the richest citizen

of Rome; being fully persuaded that no expense can be more honorable to a prince, than that which is employed in the relief of great men, who are compelled by their poverty to lead a life unworthy of their virtue, and that this is the noblest purpose to which a king can possibly devote his treasures.

The answer of Fabricius was as follows:

“As to my poverty, thou hast, indeed, been rightly informed. My whole estate consists in a house, of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labor, I draw my support

“But, if any have been persuaded to think, that this poverty makes me less considered in my country, or in any degree unhappy, they are extremely deceived. I have no reason to complain of Fortune; she supplies me with all that nature requires; and, if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them.

“With these, I confess, I should be more able to succor the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied. But, small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends. With regard to honors, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest; for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability.

“She intrusts me with the command of her armies, and confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate. The Roman people honor me for that very poverty which some consider as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had in war to enrich myself, without incurring censure.

“They are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and, if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I set on gold

and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent on me, I have a mind free from self-reproach, and I have an honest fame."

LESSON SIXTEENTH.

So is Life.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood—
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The winds blow out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot;
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

LESSON SEVENTEENTH.

The Ungrateful Guest.

A soldier in the Macedonian army, had, in many instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valor, and had received many marks of Philip's favor and approbation. On some occasion, he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself was cast on the shore, helpless and naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress; and, with all humane and charitable tenderness, flew

to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and, for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money, to pursue his journey.

Some time afterwards, he presented himself before the king: he recounted his misfortunes; magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands, where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained.

Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier, now returned to his preserver, repaid his goodness, by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry.

The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief, and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own, and the soldier's conduct, in a lively and affecting manner.

The king was fired with indignation. He ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid; and, having seized this soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead—'The Ungrateful Guest'

a character, infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality.

LESSON EIGHTEENTH.

Contentment.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
 That God or nature has assigned—
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice—
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with what my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more—
 They are but poor, though much they have;
 And I am rich, with little store—
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

LESSON NINETEENTH.

Beauty and Virtue.

*Where does beauty chiefly lie,
 In the heart, or in the eye?
 Which doth yield us greatest pleasure*

Outward charms or inward treasure?
Which with firmest links doth bind,
The lustre of the face or mind?

Beauty, at some future day,
Must surely dwindle and decay;
And all its energy and fire,
Ignobly perish and expire;
Low levelled with the humble slave,
Alike must moulder in the grave!

But inborn excellence, secure,
Shall brave the storm, and still endure,
Time's self subduing arm defy,
And live when Nature's self shall die:
Shall stand unhurt amidst the blast,
And longer than the world shall last.



LESSON TWENTIETH.

Noble behavior of Scipio.

Scipio the younger, at twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. Soon after the conquest of Carthage, the capital of the empire, his integrity and virtue were put to the following exemplary and ever memorable trial, related by historians, ancient and modern, with universal applause.

Being retired into his camp, some of his officers brought him a young virgin, of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise, and seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self possession, so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was very remarkable. In a few moments, having recovered

himself, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connexions; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive parents to be sent for.

When the Spanish prince appeared in his presence, Scipio took him aside; and, to remove the anxiety he might feel on account of the young lady, addressed him in these words: "You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with freedom. They who brought me your future spouse, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty and merit left me no room to doubt it. Upon which, I reflected, that, if I were in your situation, I should hope to meet with favor. I therefore think myself happy, in the present conjuncture, to do you a service.

"Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife; take her, and may you be happy! You may rest assured, that she has been amongst us, as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase any pleasure at the expense of virtue, honor, and the happiness of an honest man! No; I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you, and of me. The only gratitude I require of you, for this inestimable gift, is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people."

Allucius's heart was too full to make him any answer; but, throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell down in the same posture, and remained so, till the aged father, overwhelmed with transports of joy, burst into the following words: "Oh, excellent Scipio! Heaven has given thee more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! what pleasure can equal

it which must now fill thy heart, on hearing the
 prayers of this grateful virgin, for thy health and pros-
 perity!"

Such was Scipio; a soldier, a youth, a heathen!
 : was his virtue unrewarded. Allucius, charmed
 by such magnanimity, liberality, and politeness, re-
 turned to his own country, and published, on all occa-
 sions, the praises of his generous and humane victor;
 going out, "that there was come into Spain a young
 hero, who conquered all things less by the force of his
 arms, than by the charms of his virtue, and the great-
 ness of his beneficence.

LESSON TWENTY-FIRST.

The Happy Choice.

Beset with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Father Divine! diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this frail and wav'ring heart,
 Wisely to choose the better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies:
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Father! still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and peaceful die;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

LESSON TWENTY-SECOND.

Socrates and Lamprocles.

Lamprocles, the eldest son of Socrates, fell into a violent passion with his mother. Socrates was witness to his shameful behavior, and attempted the correction of it in the following gentle and rational manner. "Come hither, son," said he, "have you never heard of men who are called ungrateful?" "Yes, frequently," answered the youth.

"And what is ingratitude?" demanded Socrates. "It is to receive a kindness," said Lamprocles, "without making a proper return, when there is a favorable opportunity." "Ingratitude is therefore a species of injustice," said Socrates. "I should think so," answered Lamprocles.

"If then," pursued Socrates, "ingratitude be injustice, doth it not follow, that the degree of it must be proportionate to the magnitude of the favors which have been received?" Lamprocles admitted the inference; and Socrates thus pursued his interrogation.

"Can there subsist higher obligations than those which children owe to their parents; from whom life is derived and supported, and by whose good offices it is rendered honorable, useful, and happy?" "I acknowledge the truth of what you say," replied Lamprocles; "but who could suffer, without resentment, the ill humors of such a mother as I have?"

"What strange thing has she done to you?" said Socrates. "She has a tongue," replied Lamprocles, "that no mortal can bear." "How much more," said Socrates, "has she endured from your wrangling, fretfulness, and incessant cries, in the period of infancy! What anxieties has she suffered from the levities, capriciousness, and follies of your childhood and youth! *What affliction has she felt, what toil and watching has she sustained in your illness!*

“These and various other powerful motives as filial duty and gratitude, have been recognised by the legislators of our republic. For, if any one be disrespectful to his parents, he is not permitted to enjoy any post or trust of honor. It is believed, that a sacrifice offered by an impious hand, can neither be acceptable to Heaven, nor profitable to the state; and that an undutiful son cannot be capable of performing any great action, or executing justice with impartiality.

“Therefore, my son, if you are wise, you will pray to Heaven to pardon the offences committed against your mother. Let no one discover the contempt with which you have treated her, for the world will condemn and abandon you for such behavior. And if it even be suspected, that you repay with ingratitude the good offices of your parents, you will inevitably forego the kindnesses of others; because, no man will suppose, that you have a heart to requite either his favors or his friendship.”

LESSON TWENTY-THIRD.

The Happy End.

When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who lived averse to sin!
 Such peace on virtue's path attends,
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The good man's joys begin

See smiling patience smooth his brow!
 See the kind angels waiting now,
 To lift his soul on high!
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
Nor horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours sweetest comforts from above,
And soothes his heart to rest!

LESSON TWENTY-FOURTH.

Cincinnatus.

When Herodotus, taking advantage of the domestic troubles at Rome, possessed himself of the capital, the Consul Valerius Publicola repulsed him, but fell at the head of his troops. Another consul was now to be elected, and, after much deliberation, the choice fell on Cincinnatus; in consequence of which, the senate sent deputies to him, to invite him to come and take possession of the magistracy. He was then at work in his field, and, being his own ploughman, he was dressed in a manner suitable to that profession. When he saw the deputies coming towards him, he stopped his oxen, very much surprised at seeing such a number of persons, and not knowing what they could want with him.

One of the company approached him, and requested him to put on a more suitable dress. He went into his hut, and having put on other clothes, he presented himself to those who were waiting for him without doors. They immediately saluted him Consul, and invested him with the purple robe; the lictors ranged themselves before him, ready to obey his orders, and begged him to follow them to Rome. Troubled at this sight, he for some time shed tears, in silence. *At last, recovering himself, he said only these words. "My field will not be sown this year!" and then repaired to Rome.*

The conduct of Cincinnatus during his consulship, fully showed what patriotism and greatness of soul had inhabited a poor wretched cottage. By the vigor and prudence of his measures, he appeased the tumult, and reinstated judiciary proceedings, which had been interrupted during many years. So peaceful a government could not fail of applause; and the people, in consequence, expressed their entire satisfaction with it. But what charmed them was, that, upon the expiration of his term, he refused to be continued in office, with no less constancy than he had pain at first in accepting it. The senate, in particular, forgot nothing that might induce him to comply with being continued in the consulship; but all their entreaties and solicitations were to no purpose.

No sooner had this great man resigned his office, than domestic troubles again embroiled the state; and the Roman state were forced to declare, that the commonwealth required a dictator. Cincinnatus was immediately nominated to the office; and the deputies sent to announce it to him, again found him at his plough. He, however, accepted the office, and a second time saved his country.

Cincinnatus afterwards received the honor of the most splendid triumph that ever adorned any general's success, for having, in the space of sixteen days, during which he had been invested with the dictatorship, saved the Roman camp from the most imminent danger, defeated and cut to pieces the army of the enemy, taken and plundered one of their finest cities, and left a garrison in it, and, lastly, gratefully repaid the Tusculans, who had sent an army to their assistance. —Such were a few of the advantages which this great patriot rendered his country.

Sensible of their obligations, and desirous to convince him of their regard and gratitude, the senate made him an offer of as much of the land he had taken from the enemy, as he should think proper to accept

with as many slaves and cattle as were necessary to stock it. He returned them his thanks, but would accept of nothing but a crown of gold, of a pound weight, decreed him by the army. He had no passion or desire beyond the field he cultivated, and the laborious life he had embraced; more glorious and contented with his poverty, than others with the empire of the world.

LESSON TWENTY-FIFTH.

The Pleasures of Retirement.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound;
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blessed who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mixed; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie

LESSON TWENTY-SIXTH.

Anglo Saxon Courts.

The punishments inflicted by the Anglo Saxon courts of judicature, as well as the proofs employed, were different from those which prevail amongst all civilized nations, in the present age. Indemnity for all kinds of wounds received, and for death itself, was fixed by the Saxon laws at a regular price. A wound of an inch long, under the hair, was recompensed by one shilling; a scar, of equal size, upon the face, by two shillings; thirty shillings were received for the loss of an ear; and other scars were compensated in proportion.

Their mode of evidence was still further dissimilar to the modern practice. When any controversy about a fact became too intricate for their judges to unravel, they had recourse to (what they called) the judgment of God; that is, to fortune; and their methods of consulting this oracle were various.

The most remarkable custom was by the ordeal. It was practised generally by boiling water, or redhot iron. The water or iron being consecrated by many ceremonies, the person accused either took up a stone immersed in the former a certain depth, or carried the iron a certain distance: and his hand being then wrapped up, and the covering sealed for three days, if there appeared, on examination, no marks of burning, he was pronounced innocent; if otherwise, guilty.

The trial by cold water, was different. Into this, the culprit was thrown, his feet and his hands being tied. If he swam, he was guilty; if he sunk, he was considered innocent; though, to us, it appears extraordinary, that any innocent person could ever be acquitted by the one trial, or any criminal be convicted by the other.

This purgation by ordeal seems to have been very ancient, and universal in the times of superstitious

barbarity. It was known to the ancient Greeks; and there is also a very peculiar species of water ordeal, said to prevail amongst the Indians on the coast of Malabar; where, a person accused of any enormous crime, is obliged to swim over a broad river, abounding with crocodiles; and, if he escapes unhurt, he is reputed innocent.

In Siam too, besides the usual methods of fire and water ordeal, both parties are sometimes exposed to the fury of a tiger, let loose for that purpose: and, if the beast spares either, that person is accounted innocent; if neither, both are held to be guilty; but, if he spares both, the trial is incomplete.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVENTH.

The Trumpet.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
 Light up the beacon-pyre!
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—
 And hark! was that the sound of seas?—
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.
 The mother on her first-born son,
 Looks with a boding eye—
 They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high

*The bard has ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side;*

E'en, for the marriage altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By earthly clarion spread!—
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead?

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHTH.

King Richard and the Minstrel.

The singular manner of discovering the situation of King Richard the First, when a prisoner to Leopold, duke of Austria, which Fauchet relates from an ancient chronicle, is thus related in Mrs. Dobson's Literary History of the Troubadours.

A minstrel, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world till he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when, talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the innkeeper, in order to make this discovery, he learned that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner, who was guarded with great care.

A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard. He went immediately to the castle, the sight of which, made him tremble. He got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provisions; questioned, and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and quality of the prisoner.

He could only inform him, that he was watche

with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle, and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the staircase and the apartments were black with age, and so dark, that, at noon-day, it was necessary to have a lighted flambeau to find the way along them. Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prison, but all in vain.

At last, when he found that, from the height and narrowness of the window, he could not get a sight of his dear master, who, he firmly believed, was there, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung, with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, "continue, and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king, his master, who was confined in this dismal castle.

The chronicle adds, that, one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known to Richard; and, informing his nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their monarch, he was released from his confinement, on paying a large ransom.

LESSON TWENTY-NINTH.

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream, is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast,
On a blood red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

LESSON THIRTIETH.

Mourat Bey.

*A peasant, near Damascus, in a year that locusts
covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent ne-*

cessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell a part of his cattle. This resource was very soon exhausted; and the unhappy father, borne down by the present calamity, went to the town to sell his implements of labor.

Whilst he was cheapening some corn, newly arrived from Damietta, he heard tell of the successes of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, the character, the origin of this warrior. They related the manner in which he had arisen from a state of slavery to his present greatness.

The astonished countryman immediately knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounted what he had learned, and determined to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta, where he embarked, and landed at Damietta.

But, a son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometanism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, was it likely that he would acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy on his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey.

He entered the capital, and repaired to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presented himself to the prince's attendants, and desired permission to speak with him. He urged, he ardently solicited an audience. His dress, and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain him what he sought for; but his great age, that age so respected in the East, pleaded in his favor

One of the officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak with him. "Let him enter," said he. The peasant advanced, with trembling steps, on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approached the Bey, who was reposing on a sofa, embroidered with silk and gold. The various feelings which oppressed his mind, deprived him of utterance.

Recollecting, at length, the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cried out, "You are my child." The Bey raised him up, endeavored to recollect him, and, on a further explanation, finding him to be his father, he seated him by his side, and loaded him with caresses.

After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt, and to make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometanism.

The generous Christian had foreseen this proposal, and, fearing lest the young people might have been dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He steadfastly rejected, therefore, this offer of his son, and had even the courage to remonstrate with him on his change of religion.

Mourat Bey, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in demanded immediate succor, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back into Syria, with a small vessel laden with corn. The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort, and happiness.

LESSON THIRTY-FIRST.

The Sound of the Sea.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
 For ever and the same!
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
 Whose thunders naught can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone,
 From the rich bowers of earth,
 And hushed is many a lovely one
 Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
 Along thy wave, is still;
 The harp of Judah peals no more
 On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
 That breathed the mystic tone,
 And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured,
 Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
 O'er stream and mountain free,
 And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang,
 Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
 Through many an olden clime,
 Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
 Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
 To every wind and sky,
 And all our earth's green shores rejoice
 In that one harmony

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
 The sunset's heaven of gold;
 And the still midnight hears the sound,
 E'en as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
 Where sceptred cities rose!
 Thou speak'st of one who doth not change—
 So may our hearts repose.

LESSON THIRTY-SECOND.

*The Dutiful Son; or, Frederick the Great and
 his Hussar.*

In a regiment of hussars, in garrison in Silesia, there was a brave soldier, who was extremely exact in all the duties of his station; but, being turned of seventy years of age, he, on account of his gray hairs and wrinkles, had become, in his general's eyes, a blemish to the company in which he served. The general had long endeavored to persuade him to put himself upon the invalid establishment.

It must be observed, that to be dismissed as an invalid in Prussia, is nearly the same thing as to be condemned to starve, since its pensioners are allowed only three half pence per day for their support. It should also be remembered, that, in that country, soldiers are enlisted for their whole lives; consequently, none are dismissed the service, but such as labor under incurable disorders, or are extremely old. This is sufficient of itself to justify the extreme horror felt by the Prussian soldiery at the idea of being dismissed, however wretched their situation.

The old hussar constantly refused to leave the company; and the more strenuously, as he was a married

man, and his wife was but little younger than himself; and by that means they would have lost the advantage of receiving towards their support a portion of the pay of their son, an honest stripling, who, according to the regulations of the army, served in the same corps, and messed with his parents.

The general, unable to impute the smallest fault to the father, and not daring to dismiss him on his own authority, determined to deprive him of his son, hoping, by this means, either through his grief or poverty, to get rid of him. To this effect, he wrote to the king, that he had in his regiment an excellent young soldier, who was too tall for an hussar, and offered him to his majesty for his regiment of guards, which he said would be a more proper situation for him.

The king accepted the offer, and the young man set out for Potsdam, leaving his parents in an affliction that was the more poignant, as they knew that though the regiment of guards was one of the finest in the kingdom, yet it was that of which every soldier had the greatest dread, since, being always under the eye of the king, it is subject to a stricter discipline, and greater exertions, than any other regiment. When the soldier arrived, the king wished to see him.

Frederick, having slightly examined him, ordered him to put on a suit of the uniform of the guards. When the hussar reentered, in a dress so new, and so much handsomer than that he had before been used to, the king asked him how he liked it. The young man replied, that he should always be pleased with any sort of uniform, if he had but the happiness to please his sovereign, by doing his duty well.

“Very well,” said Frederick, “keep these clothes, remain here, do your duty, and I will take care of the rest. Four comrades will tell you what you have to do; but, my good fellow, you must be exact to a minute in your department: to this effect, you must be

furnished with a good watch. Go, therefore, to such a watchmaker, tell him you are in my service, and he will give you a good silver watch, for which he will ask you forty crowns.

“You will want, besides,” said the king, “half a dozen of shirts, some stockings, cravats, and pocket handkerchiefs, which will come to about so much. Go and purchase the articles, and be always exact, faithful, and discreet in my service. As for means for your subsistence and sundry expenses, I will allow you ten crowns per month, which will be sufficient to procure all you will want.”

The first thought of the young soldier, in the midst of his joy, was directed to his parents. “I have such abundance of money,” said he, “and my father and mother are in the greatest necessity! Is there no means of sending them the forty crowns given me for the watch, and of borrowing that sum of some of my fellow-soldiers, on the condition of repaying them at the rate of five crowns per month? What remains will be quite enough for necessaries.”

He could not resist this idea, and, accordingly, he borrowed the forty crowns among several of his fellow-soldiers. He procured the watch, and relieved his parents. But he was yet ignorant that kings know every thing, and that the first law imposed by Frederick on those who served him, was to disclose to him whatever facts they became acquainted with.

The next day, he sent for his new dependant, and said to him, “I gave you money to buy a watch, and you sent it to your parents. You supposed you were doing a noble action, without being conscious that it was a breach of your fidelity to me. It is right and meritorious, to assist one’s relations when they are indigent, and particularly when they are infirm or old; *to do so, is a most sacred duty. But, at the same time, we should appropriate to such a purpose, only what is our own.*

“In sending the money I gave you, you disposed of what did not belong to you. This money was not yours, since I gave it you only on condition that you should use it as I directed. It was no more than a deposit in your hands, and you have violated the law imposed on persons who receive a trust. For this time, however, I pardon you, because your fault has arisen out of a sentiment both respectable and pure; out of a kind feeling, and without once reflecting on the nature of the case, as I have now explained it to you.

“The borrowing of the forty crowns was an aggravation of your first fault; for we should never borrow, but under circumstances of great necessity, what we are not sure we shall be able to repay. For example, how would this debt be paid to your comrades, if you were to die, or if I were to dismiss you? On this occasion, I will enable you to discharge your debt, but recollect, I absolutely forbid your contracting any other.”

LESSON THIRTY-THIRD.

Frederick and the Hussar; or, The faithful and affectionate Servant.

It was not long before Frederick felt the beneficial consequences of the kindness he had bestowed on this man. He was attacked by a violent fit of the gout. His physician was sent for, who found him in a raging fever, with his skin extremely dry. The physician's first object, was to bring on a perspiration, and, accordingly he ordered him a potion for that purpose; but Frederick was possessed of the weakness of so many great commanders, who, like Mithridates, imagine themselves excellent physicians. He insisted on

knowing the ingredients of the potion, and immediately after declared he would not take it

He next dismissed the physician, telling him he was a fool. The physician informed the attendants in the antichamber, that the king's malady was of the most serious nature; that it was of the highest importance to bring on a perspiration, but that he would take no medicine which would be likely to produce that effect; that he had even said the most affronting things to him; that, as a physician, anxious to do his duty, and preserve, if possible, the life of so great a king, he would leave the necessary prescription, and it would afterwards be their part to prevail on the king to take it.

He assured them, that this was of the last importance, as nothing less than the life of the sovereign was at stake. He added, that, should he swallow the potion, the greatest care should be taken to keep every part of his body well covered, and that some addition should be made to his bedclothes, till he should have perspired plentifully.

The attendants, after much deliberation, decided that the young hussar was the fittest person to be employed on this occasion, and he was accordingly appointed to watch by the king the same night; a charge he accepted, not without apprehension, but without repugnance, and even with considerable zeal. The potion was brought about ten o'clock; the hussar entered the king's apartment, with it in his hand. "What have you there?" said the king. "I have a potion, sire, which the physician declares to be absolutely necessary for your recovery."

"I will not take it; throw it into the fire;"—"but, sire, it is so necessary" —"I will not take it."—"Sire, the physician ordered us to present it to you."—"The physician is a fool. I tell you I will not take it."—"Alas! sire, he assured us that the necessary perspiration could not be produced without it."—"H

knows not what he says; throw it into the fire, and let me be quiet."

"Ah! sire, what shall we do? It is of the greatest importance that you should take this potion; was it not ordered by a physician who feels a personal attachment towards your majesty?"—"You tire my patience; pray leave me."—"Sire, he assured us your preservation depended on your compliance."—"He is a fool; I command you to withdraw, and let me be tranquil."—"Is it not our duty to supplicate your majesty to take a potion which can effect your recovery?"

The king was at length quite angry; he swore, threatened, commanded, and sent every one to the devil. The young man, still with the potion in his hand, begged, conjured, entreated, threw himself on his knees, wept; in short, he was not prevailed upon to desist. The contest lasted till midnight; when the king, absolutely exhausted, determined to take the potion, that he might get rid of his importunities, and obtain some sleep.

A short time after, a new struggle arose; the medicine, as it began to operate, threw the king into so violent a heat, as to render him absolutely restless and refractory. The king wanted to uncover himself. The hussar would not allow of it. The king threw off a counterpane; the hussar put it on again. If the king put but an arm outside the bedclothes, the hussar instantly covered it as well as he could; constantly entreating, soliciting pardon, and bending over the patient, who threatened, swore, and disputed in vain.

This new struggle lasted till near three in the morning, when the perspiration made its appearance. Feeling his uneasiness diminish, the king, by degrees became calmer, and no less sensible that both the *physician and hussar* were in the right. He said to *the latter*, "*My good fellow, I do not want you any longer; the perspiration is come, and I am no longer*

oppressed by the violent burning I complained of. I promise you not to uncover myself any more; you may take my word; go, therefore, and take some repose, which you must stand in need of."

The hussar made as if he obeyed, but retired to a corner of the room, where, without being perceived, he continued to watch the king till he fell fast asleep. By daylight, his majesty found himself much better; when he dressed himself, and, sending for the hussar, he said to him, "You are an excellent lad; you do your duty faithfully. You have served me, on this occasion, with the greatest zeal, and I am much satisfied with you. Here are fifty ducats. You may send them to your parents, if you like it."

LESSON THIRTY-FOURTH.

Love is Eternal.

They sin who tell us love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth;
 But love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame forever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.
*Oh! when her mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,*

Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight!

LESSON THIRTY-FIFTH.

Magnanimous Conduct.

At the time the Russian troops were in Holstein, says Captain Bruce, General Baur, who commanded the cavalry, and was himself a soldier of fortune, his family or country being a secret to every body, took an opportunity to discover himself, which surprised and pleased those who were about him. Being encamped near Husum, in Holstein, he invited all his field officers, and some others, to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife, who lived in the neighborhood, to the entertainment.

The poor couple came, very much afraid of the Muscovite general, and were quite confused when they appeared before him, which perceiving, he bade them make themselves quite easy, for he only meant to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day, and talked with them familiarly about the country. The dinner being set, he placed the miller and his wife next to himself, one on each hand, at the head of the table, and paid great attention to them, inviting them to make free and eat hearty.

In the course of the entertainment, he asked the miller a great many questions about his family and his relations; the miller told him that he was the eldest *son of his father*, who had been also a miller, at the *same mill he then possessed*; that he had two brothers, *tradesmen*, and one sister, married to a tradesman;

that his own family consisted of one son and three daughters.

The general asked him, if he never had any other brother than those he had mentioned; he replied, he had once another, but he was dead many years ago, for they had never heard of him since he enlisted, and went away with soldiers, when he was very young, and he must certainly have been killed in the wars. The general observing the company much surprised at his behavior to these people, thinking he did it by way of diversion, said to them, "Gentlemen, you have always been very curious to know who and whence I am; I now inform you, this is the place of my nativity, and you have now heard, from this my elder brother, what my family is."

And then, turning towards the miller and his wife, he embraced them very affectionately, telling them, he was their supposed dead brother; and, to confirm it, he related every thing that had happened in the family before he left it. The general invited them all to dine with him next day at the miller's, where a plentiful entertainment was provided, and told them that was the house where he was born. General Baur then made a generous provision for all his relations, and sent to Berlin, for his education, the miller's only son, who turned out an accomplished young man.

LESSON THIRTY-SIXTH.

Smiles and Tears.

Speechless interpreters of thought,
And feeling's hidden dower;
With eloquence resistless fraught,
How touching is your power!

In joy's ecstatic mood, what tone
To gladness can beguile,
With fascination of its own,
Like rapture's silent smile?

In anguish, what can more reveal
Than all that meets the ear?
What but the eloquent appeal
Of sorrow's silent tear!

In love, to those who truly know
What smiles and tears can say,
More of the hidden heart they show
Than language can convey.

And in that purer element,
Ethereal and divine,
Which thought and feeling represent
As worship's purest shrine;

Far, far beyond the influence
That rhetoric most reveres,
The spirit's holier eloquence,
Of silent smiles and tears.

The patient sufferer's smile, when born
Of faith, to God is dear;
Nor will his mercy ever scorn
Contrition's voiceless tear!

LESSON THIRTY-SEVENTH.

German Nobleman.

The Germans of rank and fortune, were formerly remarkable for the custom of having their sons instructed in some mechanical business, by which the might be habituated to a spirit of industry, secur

from the miseries of idleness, and qualified, in case of necessity, to support themselves and their families. A striking proof of the utility of this custom, occurs in the following narrative.

A young German nobleman of great merit and talents, paid his addresses to an accomplished young lady of the Palatinate, and applied to her father for his consent to marry her. The old nobleman, amongst other observations, asked him, how he expected to maintain his daughter. The young man, surprised at such a question, observed, that his possessions were known to be ample, and as secure as the honors of his family.

“All this is very true,” replied the father; “but you well know, that our country has suffered much from wars and devastation, and that new events of this nature may sweep away all your estate, and render you destitute. To keep you no longer in suspense,” continued the father, with great politeness and affection, “I have seriously resolved never to marry my daughter to any person, who, whatever may be his honors or property, does not possess some mechanical art, by which he may be able to support her, in case of unforeseen events.”

The young nobleman, deeply affected with his determination, was silent for a few moments; when, recovering himself, he declared, that he believed his happiness so much depended on the proposed union, that no difficulty or submissions, consistent with his honor, should prevent him from endeavoring to accomplish it. He begged to know whether he might be allowed six months to acquire the knowledge of some manual art. The father, pleased with the young man’s resolution, and affection for his daughter, consented to the proposal; and pledged his honor that the marriage should take place, if, at the expiration of the time limited, he should succeed in his undertaking.

Animated by the tenderest regard, and by a high sense of the happiness he hoped to enjoy, he went

immediately into Flanders, engaged himself to a white twig basket-maker, and applied every power of ingenuity and industry, to become skilled in the business. He soon obtained a complete knowledge of the art; and, before the expiration of the time proposed, returned, and brought with him, as specimens of his skill, several baskets, adapted to fruit, flowers, and needlework.

These were presented to the young lady; and universally admired for the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. Nothing now remained to prevent the accomplishment of the noble youth's wishes, and the marriage was solemnized to the satisfaction of all parties.

The young couple lived several years in affluence, and seemed, by their virtues and moderation, to have secured the favors of fortune. But the ravages of war, at length, extended themselves to the Palatinate. Both the families were driven from the country, and their estates forfeited. And now opens a most interesting scene.

The young nobleman commenced his trade of basket-making; and, by his superior skill in the art, soon commanded extensive business. For many years, he liberally supported, not only his own family, but also that of the good old nobleman, his father-in-law; and enjoyed the high satisfaction of contributing, by his own industry, to the happiness of connexions doubly endeared to him by their misfortunes, and who otherwise would have sunk into the miseries of neglect and indigence, sharpened by the remembrance of better days.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHTH.

The Dying Christian.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hopping, lingering, flying,

O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

LESSON THIRTY-NINTH.

Christian Martyrs.

Mary possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable. Her person was as little engaging as her manner. And, amidst the complication of vices which entered into her composition, obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, we scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; unless we add vigor of mind, a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family. During this queen's reign, persecution for religion was carried to the most terrible height. The mild counsels of Cardinal Pole, who was inclined to toleration, were overruled by Gardner and Bonner, and multitudes of all conditions, ages, and sexes, were committed to the flames.

The persecutors began with Rogers, prebendary of St. Paul's, a man equally distinguished by his piety

and learning, but whose domestic situation, it was hoped, would bring him to compliance. He had a wife, whom he tenderly loved, and ten children; yet did he continue firm in his principles. And such was his serenity after condemnation, that the jailers, it is said, awaked him from a sound sleep, when the hour of his execution approached. He suffered at Smithfield.

Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, was condemned at the same time with Rogers, but was sent to his own diocess to be punished, in order to strike the greater terror into his flock. His constancy at his death, however, had a very contrary effect. It was a scene of consolation to Hooper, to die in their sight, bearing testimony to that doctrine which he had formerly taught among them. And he continued to exhort them, till his tongue, swollen by the violence of his agony, denied him utterance.

Ferrar, bishop of St. David's, also suffered this terrible punishment in his own diocess; and Ridley, bishop of London, and Latimer, formerly bishop of Worcester, two prelates, venerable by their years, their learning and their piety, perished together in the same fire at Oxford, supporting each other's constancy by their mutual exhortations. Latimer, when tied to the stake, called to his companion, "Be of good cheer, my brother; we shall this day kindle such a flame in England, as, I trust in God, will never be extinguished."

Sanders, a respectable clergyman, was committed to the flames at Coventry. A pardon was offered him, if he would recant; but he rejected it with disdain, and embraced the stake, saying, "Welcome, cross of Christ! welcome, everlasting life!"

Cranmer had less courage at first. Terrned by the prospect of those tortures which awaited him, or overcome by the fond love of life, and by the flattery of artful men, who pompously represented the digni-

ties to which his character still entitled him, if he would merit them by a recantation, he agreed, in an unguarded hour, to subscribe to the doctrines of the papal supremacy, and the real presence.

But the court, no less perfidious than cruel, determined that this recantation should avail him nothing; that he should acknowledge his errors in the church, before the people, and afterwards be led to execution. Whether Cranmer received secret intelligence of their design, or repented of his weakness, or both, is uncertain; but he surprised the audience by a declaration, very different from what was expected.

After explaining his sense of what he owed to God and his sovereign, "There is one miscarriage in my life," said he, "of which, above all others, I severely repent; and that is, the insincere declaration of faith, to which I had the weakness to subscribe. But I take this opportunity of atoning for my error, by a sincere and open recantation; and am willing to seal with my blood that doctrine, which I firmly believe to be communicated from heaven."

As his hand, he added, had erred, by betraying his heart, it should first be punished, by a severe, but just doom. He accordingly stretched it out, as soon as he came to the stake; and, without discovering, either by his looks or motions, the least sign of weakness, or even feeling, he held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed.

His thoughts, to use the words of an elegant and learned historian, appeared to be totally occupied in reflecting on his former faults; and he called aloud several times, "This hand has offended! this wicked hand has offended!" When it dropped off, he discovered a serenity in his countenance, as if satisfied with sacrificing to divine justice the instrument of his crime. *And when the fire attacked his body, his soul, totally collected within itself, seemed superior to every external accident, and altogether inaccessible to pain.*

LESSON FORTIETH.

The Orphan.

Where shall the child of sorrow find
 A place for calm repose?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes.

What friend have I in heaven or earth,
 What friend to trust, but thee?
 My father's dead, my mother's dead,
 My God, remember me!

Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
 And bid my troubles cease;
 In thee the fatherless shall find
 Both mercy, grace, and peace.

I've not a secret care or pain,
 But he that secret knows—
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes!

LESSON FORTY-FIRST.

Lion and Dog.

It was customary for those who were unable to pay sixpence for the sight of the wild beasts in the Tower, to bring a dog or a cat, as a gift to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a man had brought a pretty black spaniel, which was thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, crouched, and threw *itself on its back*, put forth its tongue, and held up its *paws, as if praying for mercy*.
In the meantime, the lion, instead of devouring it,

turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other. He smelled of it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner. But the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster.

At length, the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very quietly together.

From this day, a strict friendship commenced between them, consisting of great affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

In about twelve months, the little spaniel sickened and died. For a time, the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paws.

But, finding that all his efforts to wake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace. He would then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard; and again lift up his head, and roar for several minutes, as the sound of distant thunder.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him. He watched it continually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered, with loathing.

They then put several living dogs in his cage, which he tore in picces, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would

grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing those around him to pieces.

Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, lay his paws upon him, and take him to his bosom; and then utter his grief in deep and melancholy roaring, for the loss of his little playfellow, his late friend, the only companion of his den.

For five days, he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort, till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head reclined on the carcass of his little friend. They were both interred together.

LESSON FORTY-SECOND.

The Mouse's Petition.

Found in the trap, where he had been confined all night by Dr. Priestly for the sake of making experiments with different kinds of air!

O hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
 For liberty that sighs;
 And never, let thine heart be shut
 Against the wretch's cries!

For here, forlorn and sad, I sit,
 Within the wiry grate;
 And tremble at th' approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
 And spurned a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force
 A freeborn mouse detain!

O do not stain with guiltless blood
 Thy hospitable hearth;
 Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
 A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
 My frugal meals supply;
 But if thine unrelenting heart
 That slender boon deny,—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
 Are blessings widely given;
 Let nature's commoners enjoy
 The common gifts of heaven.

The well taught philosophic mind
 To all compassion gives;
 Casts round the world an equal eye,
 And feels for all that lives.

If mind,—as ancient sages taught,—
 A never dying flame,
 Still shifts through matter's varying forms
 In every form the same;

Beware, lest, in the worm you crush,
 A brother's soul you find;
 And tremble lest thy luckless hand
 Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
 Be all of life we share,
 Let pity plead within thy breast
 That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
 With health and peace be crowned,
 And every charm of heartfelt ease
 Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
 Which men, like mice, may share,
 May some kind angel clear thy path,
 And break the hidden snare.

LESSON FORTY-THIRD.

Lewis XII. of France.

When Lewis XII. had, by employing every engine of violence and policy, accomplished his designs, he fell into a lingering disorder, which warned him of his approaching dissolution. But, although he seemed to expect the stroke of death, with those horrors of mind that result from a consciousness of guilt and apprehensions of punishment, he resolved to support to the last moment his absolute power, and provided, by every possible means, against any attempts which the languid state of his health might encourage his nobles to make against his authority.

Concealing as much as possible his sickness, and causing reports of his convalescence to be daily circulated, he shut himself up in a castle, which he caused to be encompassed with massive bars of iron, of an extraordinary thickness, and at every corner were watchtowers, strongly guarded with soldiers.

The gate was shut, and the bridge drawn up every night; and, throughout the whole day, the captains guarded their posts with the same vigilance as in a place closely besieged. Within this impregnable fortress, Lewis bade defiance to every mode of attack, while all the powers of medicine, every allurement of the sense, and all the inventions of superstition, were employed to promote his recovery.

Sacred relics were brought from various parts, that their effects on his health might be tried; and St. Francis, of Paul, was invited from Calabria, in order to restore by his prayers the shattered frame of the monarch. The powers of music were employed to *revive his spirits*, and the most beautiful girls were *procured to dance* in his presence, to the sound of *various instruments*, for his amusement.

In spite, however, of all his precautions and endeavors, death, that irresistible assailant, whose entrance, all his iron bars, strong walls, and wide ditches could not prevent, made Lewis his prey, on the 30th of August, A. D. 1483, in the sixty-first year of his age, and when the twenty-second of his reign wanted only fifteen days of its expiration.

LESSON FORTY-FOURTH.

What is Life?

A cloudy day, lit up by transient gleams;
 The fearful brightness of a shooting star;
 The dazzling loveliness of fleeting dreams,
 Which frowning phantoms in succession mar,
 Such, such is life!

A bowl which sparkles brightly at its brim,
 But soon upon the sated palate palls;
 A sunbright view, which shadows quickly dim;
 A strain, whose music on no echo falls;
 Such, such is life!

O for a state more glorious far than this!
 Where mutability no more is known;
 But souls redeemed, partaking heavenly bliss,
 With humble gratitude and praise may own;
 This, this is life!

LESSON FORTY-FIFTH.

Charles XII. and his Soldier.

It is well known under what severe discipline the troops of Charles XII. were kept; that they never pillaged towns taken by assault, before they received

permission; that they even then plundered in a regular manner, and left off at the first signal.

The Swedes boast to this day of the discipline which they observed in Saxony, while the Saxons complain of the terrible outrages they committed; contradictions, which it would be impossible to reconcile, were it not known how differently different men beho'd the same object. It was scarcely possible but that the conquerors would sometimes abuse their rights, as the conquered would take the slightest injuries for the most enormous outrages.

One day, as the king was riding near Leipsic, a Saxon peasant came and threw himself at his feet, beseeching him to grant him justice on a grenadier, who had just taken from him what was designed for his family's dinner. The king immediately caused the soldier to be brought to him. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"

"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injury as you have done his master; you have taken from him a kingdom, I have taken from this fellow nothing but a turkey." The king gave the peasant ten ducats with his own hand, and pardoned the soldier for the wit and boldness of his reply; saying to him, "Remember, friend, that, if I have taken a kingdom from Augustus, I have kept nothing to ~~me~~ self."

LESSON FORTY-SIXTH.

The Human Paradox.

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures, marvellously mixed,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
 Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own: how reason reels!
 O what a miracle to man is man!
 Triumphantly distressed, what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported and alarmed!
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there

LESSON FORTY-SEVENTH.

Charles XII. and his Secretary.

One day, as the king was dictating some letters to his secretary, to be sent to Sweden, a bomb fell on the house, pierced the roof, and burst near the apartment in which he was. One half of the floor was shattered to pieces; the closet where the king was employed, being partly formed out of a thick wall, did not suffer by the explosion; and, by an astonishing piece of fortune, none of the splinters that flew about in the air, entered at the closet door, which happened to be open.

The report of the bomb, and the noise it occasioned in the house, which seemed ready to tumble, made the secretary drop his pen. "What is the matter?" said the king, with a placid air, "why do you w

write?" The secretary could only say, "Ah, sire, the bomb!" "Well," replied the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on."

LESSON FORTY-EIGHTH.

The Timepiece.

The clock strikes one: we take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours;
 Where are they? with the years beyond the flood;
 It is the signal that demands despatch;
 How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
 A dread eternity! how surely mine!
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

LESSON FORTY-NINTH.

Heroism of a Peasant.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the bridge near Verona was carried off by the flood, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll gatherer, who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction.

They were discovered from the banks, stretching to the sea-wards, screaming, and imploring succor,

while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver the unhappy family.

But the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proffered reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he; "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to the shore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the nobleman, handing him the purse, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant; "my labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all."

LESSON FIFTIETH.

Fall of the Leaf.

See the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered, to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:

*"Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
 When, like us he blighted fell,)"*

Hear the lecture we are reading,
'T is, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

"Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

"On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stayed;
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

LESSON FIFTY-FIRST.

Courage and Generosity.

Forgiveness of injuries, and a merciful disposition towards those who have injured us, is an infallible mark of a great and noble mind, and is our indispensable duty as reasonable creatures, but more so as Christians. There is no instance more applicable to this point, than that in the life of the Marquis de Renty.

This illustrious nobleman was a soldier and a Christian, and had a peculiar felicity in reconciling the seeming opposition between the two different char-

acters. While he commanded in the French army, he had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service.

The marquis returned answer, by the person that brought the challenge, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong, and, if he could not satisfy him, he was willing to ask his pardon. The other, not satisfied with this answer, insisted upon his meeting him with the sword.

To this, he answered, that he was resolved not to do it, for God and the king had forbidden it; otherwise, he would have him know, that all the endeavors he had used to pacify him, did not proceed from any fear of him, but of the Almighty, and his displeasure; that he should go every day about his usual business, and, if he were assaulted, he should make him repent of it.

The angry man, not being able to provoke the marquis to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword and attacked him, who immediately wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant by whom he was attended.

But then did this worthy nobleman show the difference between a brutish and a true Christian courage: for he led them to his tent, refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and their swords to be restored to them, and dismissed them with Christian and friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards to his nearest friends.

It was a usual saying of his, that there was more true courage and generosity in bearing and forgiving an injury for the love of God, than in requiting it with another; in suffering rather than revenging; because the thing was much more difficult: that wolves and bears had courage enough, but it was a brutish courage; whereas ours should be such as becomes reasonable creatures, and disciples of the benevolent Redeemer.

LESSON FIFTY-SECOND.

The Golden Mean.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's power:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the *golden mean*,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky;
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes, sometimes, the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display;
 And let thy strength be seen:
 But oh! if fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvass in.

LESSON FIFTY-THIRD.

The Reformed Robber.

It was a custom with Archbishop Sharpe, in his journeys, generally to have a saddle horse attending his carriage, that, in case of feeling fatigued with sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, and a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two in advance of his carriage, a decently dressed, good looking young man, on horse-back, came up to him, and, with a trembling hand, and faltering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his grace's breast, demanding his money.

The archbishop, with great composure, turned round, and, looking steadfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dangerous weapon and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir," cried the youth, with great agitation, "no words; 't is not a time for words now; your money instantly." "Hear me, young man," said the venerable prelate; "come on with me. I, you see, am a very old man, and my life is of little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am Sharpe, the archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind; but conceal your perturbations, and tell me who you are and what money you want, and, on the word of my character, I will not injure you, but prove a friend.

"Here, take this," giving him a purse of money
 "and now tell me how much you want, to make y

independent of so dangerous and destructive a course as you are now engaged in." "Oh, sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you do; I am—but—but—at home, there are creditors who will not wait; fifty pounds, my lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel or express."

"Well, sir, I take it at your word; and, upon my honor, if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at ——, what I have now given you shall be made up to that sum; trust me, I will not deceive you."

The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and, at the time appointed, actually waited on the archbishop, received the money, and assured his lordship that he hoped his words had left impressions which no inducement could ever efface. Nothing more transpired of him for a year and a half; when, one morning, a person knocked at his grace's gate, and, with a peculiar earnestness of voice and countenance, desired to see him.

The archbishop ordered the stranger to be introduced. He had scarcely entered the room, when his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private. This being granted, he said, "My lord, you cannot have forgotten the circumstance of relieving a highwayman. God and gratitude will never suffer it to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior to millions. Oh, my lord, 't is you, 't is you that have saved me, body and soul; 't is you that have saved a *much loved wife*, and a little brood of children, whom *I love dearer than my own life.*

"*Here, my lord, is the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to express what I feel; God is*

your witness, your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven be your present and everlasting reward." The archbishop was refusing the money, when the gentleman added, "My lord, I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your grace knew him, I am sure, my name is ———; my marriage alienated the affections of my father, who left me to sorrow and penury.

"My distresses—but your grace already knows to what they drove me. A month since, my brother died, a bachelor, and intestate; his fortune has become mine; and I, spared and preserved by your goodness from an ignominious death, am now the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of human beings."

LESSON FIFTY-FOURTH.

The Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
 Attendant on the spring!
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 When heaven is filled with music sweet
 Of birds among the bow'rs.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood,
 To pull the flowers so gay,
 Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fly'st the vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
 We'd make, with social wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.



LESSON FIFTY-FIFTH.

The Duke of Saxony.

Henry, duke of Saxony, was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his pursuits, impatient of disappointment or control. The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every thing was sacrificed to his lust, cruelty, and ambition; and, at his court, beauty, riches, honors became the greatest misfortunes.

His horrid enormities filled him with suspicion. At enmity with every one, and least of all at peace with himself, feeling the agonies of a reproving conscience, which haunted him when waking, and left him not when asleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impression of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed that the *tutelar angel* of the country stood before him, with *anger in his looks*, mixed with some degree of pity. "Ill fated wretch!" said the apparition, "listen to the awful command I bear." Upon this, the ange

reached a scroll of paper, and vanished. The scroll contained the following words, *After six.*

Here the dream ended; for the impression it made broke his rest. The prince awaked in the greatest consternation, deeply struck with the vision. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death, which he concluded was to happen in six months, perhaps in six days; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Maker, by an unfeigned repentance of all his crimes.

Thus, in the utmost torments of mind, six days, six weeks, and six months passed away; but death did not follow. Now he concluded that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. Hitherto, the supposed shortness of his warning had not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the greatest load upon his mind. Now he resolved to make the most ample reparation.

In this state of mind, when hope prevailed, and some beams of sunshine appeared breaking through the cloud, he addressed his Maker, in a solemn and fervent prayer. His first endeavors were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unremitting application, he attended to their good; and soon felt that satisfaction in considering himself as their *father*, which he never knew while he considered them as his *slaves*.

After tasting such misery, how did he bless the happy change! Now, always calm and serene, diffusive benevolence gilded every thought of his heart, and action of his life. It was his delight to be seen, and to lay open his whole soul, for in it dwelt harmony and peace.

Fame blazed his virtues all around; in distant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached. In all disputes, he was the constant *mediator between sovereigns, and between them and their subjects, and he gained more authority over*

neighboring princes by esteem and reverence, than they had over their subjects.

In this manner elapsed the *six years*, till the fatal period came. The vision was fulfilled; but very differently from what was expected. For, at this precise period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimously elected *Emperor of Germany!*

LESSON FIFTY-SIXTH.

Fatal Presumption.

[An Account of two English Lords, who were swallowed up in the Falls of the Rhine.]

When, the following day, I passed through Lauffenburg, I left my carriage, and walked over the bridge, in company with a man of the place, who, seeing me look with great attention at the Rhine, foaming through the arches, over a bed of rocks, said to me, pointing with his hand to a sharp angle, "There the two English lords were swallowed up." This was in fact the place where, a few months ago, Lord M—— and Mr. B—— made so deplorable an end.

When one sees the rapid and deep course of the Rhine at this place, dashing its water through a narrow bed of rocks, which present, for three hundred yards, acute and sharp winding angles, it is not easy to believe that so desperate an attempt would have been hazarded, as that which cost those unfortunate young men their lives. They were travellers. The beauty of the country tempted them to stop for a few days at Lauffenburg. The novelty and danger of this unattempted navigation, excited in them the wish to *do what other people deemed impossible.*

The moment their idea was known, it was strongly opposed; and the opposition only served to confirm them in their purpose. They proceeded, however,

with some caution. They first pushed an empty boat into the stream, and, unfortunately for them, and incredible as it appeared to the spectators, who had crowded both sides of the Rhine to see this experiment, the boat went through undamaged. This success, achieved in the presence of five hundred people, was a spur to the foolish pride of the two young Englishmen, who thought that they could not now relinquish their scheme without being laughed at. A second boat was prepared, and the next morning appointed for the experiment.

Deputations were sent to them from the magistrates, who strongly remonstrated against the guilty madness of the enterprise, but without effect. Next came some of the clergy, to warn against perdition, and to prophesy certain death. Their efforts were equally unsuccessful; and, on the appointed morning, they sallied forth, both dressed in white waistcoats, without coats, and slippers. They gave their money and watches to their servants: they knew, therefore, that there was a great chance of death.

Mr. B—— went to the boat with a heavy heart, and even said he would not go, and remonstrated with Lord M——; but his lordship jumped into the boat, and said he would go alone; upon which, poor Mr. B——, unwilling to leave his friend, went in after him. They pushed off. They had each a long pole, with which they hoped to keep the boat clear of the rocks. On both shores stood an overawed multitude, some crying, all vociferating entreaties to desist, and not to rush into eternity.

It was now too late; no human strength could have stopped the boat, when once it had got into the rapid current. To the amazement of the trembling spectators, they went unhurt over the first breakers, and, rushing into the foaming torrent, evaded the first threatening angle. Life was then, for a few seconds, *once more in their power.* They might have jumped

on the rocks, from which they were not more than three or four feet distant. The people on the shore screamed out to them to do it; instead of which, elated with this momentary success, they huzzaed, and waved their hats.

Alas! blind, unfortunate youths! that salute was a last farewell to this world; they were just plunging into eternity. With the swiftness of an arrow, they were carried to a tremendous vortex; their boat was instantly overset; they struggled for a short time against the roaring billows, swam even the space of two hundred yards on their backs, calling out for help and mercy. No help could be given. The distressed multitude gazed on them, as they passed, and saw them swallowed up—never to appear again.

I did not hear this affecting narrative with a dry eye. The man who gave me the particulars of it, had been himself a witness of the whole, and was much agitated on recounting it. He told me, that not so much as a button of their waistcoat had been seen afterwards; and that two English gentlemen, who had come on purpose from England, had stayed at Laufenburg some weeks, endeavoring, by every possible contrivance, to find their remains; but they had no success.

LESSON FIFTY-SEVENTH.

Virtue is the best Treasure

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
 That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
 Exalts great nature's favorites; a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
 Can be transferred. It is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned.

But for one end, one much neglected use,
 Are riches worth our care; (for nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supplied;)
 This noble end is to produce the soul;
 To show the virtues in their fairest light;
 And make humanity the minister
 Of bounteous Providence.

LESSON FIFTY-EIGHTH.

Boerhaave.

Herman Boerhaave, one of the greatest physicians, and best of men, was born in Holland, in the year 1668. This illustrious person, whose name has spread throughout the world, and who left, at his death, above two hundred thousand pounds sterling, was, at his first setting out in life, obliged to teach the mathematics to obtain a necessary support. His abilities, industry, and great merit, soon gained him friends, placed him in easy circumstances, and enabled him to be bountiful to others.

The knowledge and learning of this great man, however uncommon, hold, in his character, but the second place; his virtue was yet more uncommon than his literary attainments. He was an admirable example of temperance, fortitude, humility, and devotion. His piety, and a religious sense of his dependence on God, formed the basis of all his virtues, and the principle of his whole conduct.

He was too sensible of his weakness, to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation by his own natural power; he attributed every good thought, and every *laudable action*, to the Father of Goodness.

Being once asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocations, whether

he had ever been under the influence of anger, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion; he answered, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

As soon as he rose in the morning, it was, through life, his daily practice to retire for an hour to private prayer and meditation; this, he often told his friends, gave him spirit and vigor in the business of the day, and this he therefore recommended as the best rule of life; for nothing, he knew, can support the soul, in all its distresses, but confidence in the Supreme Being; nor can a steady and rational magnanimity flow from any other source than a consciousness of the divine favor.

He asserted, on all occasions, the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. The excellency of the Christian religion was the frequent subject of his conversation. A strict obedience to the doctrine, and a diligent imitation of the example of our blessed Saviour, he often declared to be the foundation of true tranquillity. He was liberal to the distressed, but without ostentation. He often obliged his friends, in such a manner, that they knew not, unless by accident, to whom they were indebted.

He was condescending to all, and particularly attentive in his profession. He used to say, that the life of a patient, if trifled with or neglected, would one day be required at the hand of the physician. He called the poor his best patients; "for God," said he, "is their paymaster."

He never regarded calumny and detraction, (for *Boerhaave* himself had enemies,) nor ever thought it necessary to confute them. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out themselves. The surest remedy against scandal, is,

to live it down by perseverance in well doing; and by praying to God, that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the first approaches of that fatal disorder which brought him to the grave. During his afflicting and lingering illness, his constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary cares of life, nor forgot the proper preparations for death.

He related to a friend, with great concern, that once his patience so far gave way to extremity of pain, that, after having lain fifteen hours in exquisite tortures, he prayed to God that he might be set free by death. His friend, by way of consolation, answered, that he thought such wishes, when forced by continued and excessive torments, unavoidable, in the present state of human nature; that the best men, even Job himself, were not able to refrain from such starts of impatience. This he did not deny, but said, "He that loves God, ought to think nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness."

Such were his sentiments, and such his conduct, in this state of weakness and pain. As death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed even less sensible of pain, and more cheerful under his torments. He died, much honored and lamented, in the seventieth year of his age.

LESSON FIFTY-NINTH.

Human Frailty.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan;
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain;
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

'T is here the folly of the wise,
 Through all his art, we view;
 And while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

LESSON SIXTIETH.

Empress Catharine.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented.

Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labor of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some

book of devotion. When the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy their frugal meal.

Though Catharina's face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her, not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, but a right understanding.

Her virtues and accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage, from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In this house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling, in her character, unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in the elegant parts of female education, by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve, till he died; by which accident, she was reduced to her former poverty.

The country of Livonia was at that time wasted by war, and lay in a miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore, Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved, at last, to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet she set out on her journey, on foot. She was to we

through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance.

Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected, in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend. This was a happy interview for Catharina.

The little stock of money she had brought from home, was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses. Her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes; furnished her with a horse; and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of his father's, the superintendent of Marienburgh.

LESSON SIXTY-FIRST.

The Guardian of Youth.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn: bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,

Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

LESSON SIXTY-SECOND.

The Pargunotes.

The small town of Parga, on the coast of Epirus, which maintained its independence for ages, under the protection of the Venetian republic, and which boldly contested for liberty for six months against the Turks, was, by a treaty, in which the British nation was a party, ceded to their most inveterate and deadly enemies. This event took place in 1814. Stipulations of a favorable kind were made in behalf of the Pargunotes; and it was agreed, that every one, who would rather withdraw from his country, than trust to the faithless promises of Ali Pacha,—for to him, they were then ceded,—was to have the privilege of retiring, and to have the value of his property paid to him by the Albanian tyrant.

When the commissioners of Great Britain and the Porte first met to ascertain what portion of the natives chose to relinquish their country, or share in its disgrace, they were called one by one, with the greatest formality, before the two commissioners; and all, without exception, declared, that, rather than submit to the Ottoman authority, they would forever abandon their country, were they even to lose all they possessed. They added, that, in quitting the land of their birth, they would disinter, and carry away the bones of their forefathers, that they might not have to reproach themselves with having left those sacred relics to the most cruel enemies of their race.

One of the Pargunotes, (named Glanachi Zulla,) who was deaf and dumb, being interrogated, in his turn, as to the course which he proposed to take, ar

Having ascertained what was signified to him, indignantly turned to the Turkish commissioner, and, by the most energetic and unequivocal gestures, gave him to understand, that he would never remain under the dominion of the Pacha!

Three years afterwards, the Parguinotes were again assembled, and again expressed their determination not to live under the yoke of the Turks. At length, in June, 1819, it was determined to enforce the cession; and the British commissioner informed the Parguinotes, that, in conformity with the arrangements with Ali Pacha, a Turkish force was to enter their territory without delay.

The Parguinotes having held a consultation, sent to inform the commandant, that, as such was the determination of the British commissioner, they had unanimously resolved, that, should one single Turk enter their territory, before all of them should have had a fair opportunity of leaving it, they would put to death their wives and children, and then defend themselves against any force, Christian or Turkish, that should violate the pledge made to them, and that they would fight until one only should survive to tell the story.

The English commandant, perceiving by their preparations, that their resolution was irrevocable, despatched General Sir Frederick Adam to expostulate with them. The officer, on his arrival at Parga, observed a large fire in the public square, where the inhabitants had heaped together the bones of their ancestors, collected from the churches and cemeteries.

All the male population stood armed at the doors of their respective dwellings; the women and children were within awaiting their fate; a gloomy and awful silence prevailed. A few of the primates, with the *protopata* at their head, received General Adam on his landing, and assured him, that the meditated sacri-

vice would be immediately made, unless he could stop the entrance of the Turks, who had already arrived near their frontier, and effectually protect their embarkation and departure.

Fortunately, Sir Frederick Adam found means to prevail on the Turkish commandant to halt with his force. The embarkation then commenced, and all the Parguinotes proceeded to Corfu. The Turks, on their entrance, found Parga a desert; and the only signal that marked their reception, was the smoke of the funeral pile, in which its late inhabitants had consumed the bones of their forefathers. The unfortunate emigrants waited at Corfu, as houseless wanderers, the distribution of the miserable pittance of £48 per head, which had been awarded to them, as a compensation for the loss of their property, their social endearments, and their country.

LESSON SIXTY-THIRD.

The just Judge.

A gentleman, who possessed an estate, worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had also two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him *that he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it.* The poor fellow, havin

neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

"But, however, I will undertake your cause on this condition; you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The Judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought out for a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

Accordingly, the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, away

he marches to Chelmsford, and procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked, like an ignorant country fellow, backwards and forwards along the county hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one jurymen through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"My lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden Caroluses into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed, that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "how much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation;—"and now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

They waited but a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?"—"We are all agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what 's the matter with you? what reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse,

which discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, that astonished the judge and the whole court.

As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in a surprise of soul, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale, I am lord chief justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

LESSON SIXTY-FOURTH.

The lapse of Time.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart;

Streams never flow in vain—where streams abound,
How laughs the land with various plenty crowned!
But time that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

LESSON SIXTY-FIFTH.

Rural Charms.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease!
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm!
The sheltered cot; the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topped the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place,

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below.
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all, in soft confusion, sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

LESSON SIXTY-SIXTH.

Inquisition in Spain.

The late Admiral Pye, having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided having observed an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral informed him they were not related, but, their intimacy arose from a singular circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate.

The admiral said, when he was captain, he was cruising in the Mediterranean. While on that station, he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy author of the letter was an Englishman; that, having been a voyage to Spain, he was enticed, while there, to become a papist, and, in process of time, was made a member of the inquisition; that there he witnessed the abominable wickedness and barbarity of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embrac

a religion so horribly cruel, and so repugnant to the nature of God; and he was stung with remorse to think, if his parents knew what and where he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape, if he (the captain) would send a boat in such a time and place; but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he would be immediately assassinated.

The captain returned for answer, that he could not, with propriety, send a boat; but, if he could devise any means to come on board, he would receive him as a British subject, and protect him. He did so; but, being missed, there was raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of "his holiness the Pope," claimed him; but the captain did not know him, or any other master, but his sovereign, King George.

At length, a third holy brother approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and, in terror, ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived by him, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in all the inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present; and, to obtain his object, began with the bitterest accusations against him; then he turned to the most fulsome flatteries of the captain; and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain treated him with apparent attention, and said his offers were very handsome, and, if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name, or of his protection. The holy brother was elated. He thought his errand was accomplished.

While drawing his purse strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted on him. *He replied, that was uncertain; but, as his offences were atrocious, it was likely his punishment would be exemplary.* The captain asked, if he thought he

would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied, that must be determined by the holy inquisition; but it was not improbable. The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in.

All this while, the young man stood trembling; his cheeks resembled death; he looked to become an unhappy victim to avarice and superstition. The cook soon announced that the order was executed. "Then, I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the *inquisitor*, and fry him alive in the copper!" This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "O good captain, good captain." "I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a British commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman, to gratify a herd of bloody men."

Down the holy inquisitor fell upon his knees, offering him all his money, and promising never to return, if he would let him be gone. When the captain had sufficiently affrighted him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. What must be the reverse of feelings in the Englishman to find himself thus happily delivered! He fell upon his knees, in a flood of tears, before the captain, and poured out a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer.

"This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I then took him to be my servant; he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued, and it has invariably subsisted and increased to this day."

LESSON SIXTY-SEVENTH.

The unclouded Sun.

The unclouded sun! While I survey
 The appointed ruler of the day,
 My spirit ardent cries,
 Enlighten, Lord, my darkened mind;
 By Truth's bright beams I fain would find
 Salvation's blessed prize.

The unclouded sun; an emblem bright
 Of the approaching world of light,
 Without a dark'ning veil!
 Knowledge shall shine resplendent there,
 Nor clouds nor tempests interfere,
 But light and truth prevail.

Their sun shall never more decline,
 But with unfading lustre shine
 Throughout eternal days!
 God is their "light and glory" too;
 His presence evermore they view
 And sing his worthy praise.

LESSON SIXTY-EIGHTH.

Power of Conscience.

Dr. Fordyce in his Dialogues on education relates the following striking incident, which he says occurred in a neighboring state. A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion to leave home on business at some distance, took with *him a servant*. He had with him some of his best *jewels and a large sum of money*. This was known *to the servant*, who, urged by cupidity murdered his *master on the road*, rifled him of his jewels and money.

and suspending a large stone round his neck, threw him into the nearest canal.

With the booty he had thus gained, the servant set off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade; at first in a very humble way, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and in the course of many years, seemed, by the natural progress of business, to rise into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and was admitted into a share of the government of the town. He rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate.

In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and judge; until one day as he presided on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out fully; the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court with great suspense.

The president appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his color changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and descending from the bench, placed himself close to the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which, this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." He then made a full confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience

but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow judges. However, they proceeded upon his confession to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

LESSON SIXTY-NINTH.

Shepherd and Philosopher.

Remote from cities lived a swain,
 Unvexed with all the cares of gain.
 His head was silvered o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock and penned the fold;
 His hours in cheerful labor flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;
 His wisdom and his honest fame,
 Through all the country raised his name.

A deep philosopher, (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought;
 And thus explored his reach of thought.
 Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
 And the vast sense of Plato weighed?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refined?
 And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown,
 By various fates, on realms unknown:
*Hast thou through many cities strayed,
 Their customs, laws, and manners, weighed?*
 The shepherd modestly replied,

I ne'er the paths of learning tried:
 Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
 To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
 For man is practised in disguise;
 He cheats the most discerning eyes;
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know;
 The little knowledge I have gained,
 Was all from simple nature drained;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labors of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog, (the truest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind;
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing protects her care,
 And every fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature, too, I take my rule
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never with important air,
 In conversation overbear;
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein,
 For who talks much must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly;
 Who listens to the chattering pie?
 Nor would I with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbor's right;
Rapacious animals we hate;

Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their *due*.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite;
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints for contemplation.
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.
 Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen;
 Books as affected are as men;
 But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

LESSON SEVENTIETH.

Pizarro and the Inca of Peru.

It happened that just at the time of the arrival of Pizarro and Almagro in Peru, the inhabitants of the country were at war with each other. Two brothers were contesting the right of succession to the government of the country; and one of the two, whose name was Atahualpa, solicited the Spaniards to assist him in gaining his end.

Pizarro saw what advantage this would give him. He pretended to be sent from a distance, on purpose to assist Atahualpa in overcoming his enemies, and marched directly to join him.

Every thing the Spaniards saw, contributed to give *them a high idea* of the riches of the country, and to *inflame their avarice*; and Pizarro, who recollected *how much Cortes had gained by seizing Montezuma,*

formed a plan of the same kind, for getting the person of Atanualpa into his possession. He resolved that the next day, when he had invited this prince to visit him, he would put his scheme, if possible, into execution.

The monarch, or Inca, (as he was called,) made great preparations for his visit to the Spaniards. Pizarro grew so impatient, that he sent him several messages, to assure him of his friendly intentions; at the same time, arranging his soldiers in such a manner as seemed most likely to secure his success.

At length the Inca came. Four hundred men, in a uniform dress, walked first, in procession, to clear the way before him. He himself appeared, sitting on a throne, or couch, almost covered with plates of gold and silver, and precious stones. He was followed by his officers and troops, in all amounting, it was supposed, to 60,000 men.

As he drew nigh, a Spanish priest advanced, and read to the poor prince a long account of the doctrines of religion, and informed him that the pope had given the kingdom of Peru to the Spaniards, who were come to take possession of it; promising, that if he submitted to them, and embraced the Christian faith, he should be treated with kindness, and enjoy their favor and protection; but if not, he denounced war against him, and threatened him with the most dreadful vengeance.

The Inca, very much surprised at all this, which was imperfectly interpreted to him, at last answered, that he did not understand what right the pope, of whom he knew nothing, had to give away his kingdom; that he had been brought up in the religion of Peru, and as yet had seen no reason for changing it; but he begged to know where the priest had learned all he told him.

"From this book," said the priest, holding out his prayer book to him. The Inca eagerly took the book,

opened it, and turned over the leaves. "This," said he, "is silent; it tells me nothing." And he threw it down on the ground. The priest, angry at this, exclaimed, "To arms! Christians, to arms! the word of God is profaned."

Pizarro instantly gave the signal for attack. His soldiers fell upon the poor, defenceless, astonished people; the muskets and cannon were fired; the cavalry rode in among them. Pizarro himself advanced to seize the Inca. The Peruvians gathered round offering themselves willing to die for him; but Pizarro seizing him by the arm, dragged him away a prisoner to the Spanish quarters; still the bloody work went on; and the Spaniards are said to have killed on that day, four thousand of the natives of Peru!

The captive Inca, as soon as he had recovered a little from the deep distress into which he was plunged at finding himself a prisoner, began to think how he could regain his liberty; and soon observing the Spaniard's thirst for gold, he offered an immense ransom for his freedom. He undertook to fill the apartment in which he was confined, which was twenty-two feet in length, and sixteen in breadth, with vessels of gold as high as he could reach.

Pizarro, delighted, eagerly accepted the offer; and the prince sent orders to his subjects, in all parts of the kingdom, to collect these vessels of gold. The Spaniards were astonished at the expedition with which his orders were executed. Every day, parties of the natives arrived, bringing in their contributions; and when all were collected, and the gold melted, it amounted to an immense sum of money.

After this you will expect to hear that Pizarro set at liberty the poor monarch, according to his agreement. Alas, no! that was far from his thoughts. *Almagro*, who was not so hardened, begged earnestly, that so wicked and base a part might not be acted towards this prince. But Pizarro was determined on

the death of Atahualpa; and regardless of what could be said, he brought him to a formal trial, and then caused him to be put to death.

This cruel action greatly disgusted Almagro and many of his friends; and, at length, struck with abhorrence at this and other instances of Pizarro's cruelty, they revolted from him. Thus a civil war began between the conquerors of Peru. Almagro after a time, was taken prisoner by Pizarro and strangled; but his death was revenged by his son, who assassinated Pizarro in the year 1541.

LESSON SEVENTY-FIRST.

Ode on Solitude.

Thou gentle nurse of pleasing wo!
 To thee, from crowds, and noise, and show,
 With eager haste I fly.
 Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude!
 O let no busy foot intrude,
 Nor list'ning ear be nigh.

Soft, silent, melancholy maid!
 With thee to yon sequestered shade
 My pensive steps I bend;
 Still, at the mild approach of night,
 When Cynthia lends her sober light,
 Do thou my walk attend!

To thee alone my conscious heart
 Its tender sorrow dares impart,
 And ease my lab'ring breast;
 To thee I trust the rising sigh,
 And bid the tear that swells mine eye
 No longer be suppressed.

Oh, guide me to the humble cell
 Where Resignation loves to dwell,
 Contentment's bower in view.
 Nor pining Grief with Absence drear,
 Nor sick Suspense nor anxious Fear,
 Shall there my steps pursue.

Then let my soul to Him aspire
 Whom none e'er sought with vain desire,
 Nor loved in sad despair!
 There, to his gracious will divine,
 My dearest, fondest hope resign,
 And all my tend'rest care!

Then peace shall heal this wounded breast,
 That pants to see another blest,
 From selfish passion pure;
 Peace, which when human wishes rise
 Intense, for aught beneath the skies,
 Can never be secure.

LESSON SEVENTY-SECOND.

North American Indians.

Dr Franklin says we call the North American Indians savages, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs. Perhaps, if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness; nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counsellors; for all their government is by the counsel or advice of the sages; there is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obe-

dience, or inflict punishment. Hence they generally study oratory; the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions.

These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honorable. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, A. D. 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations.

After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg, a college, with a fund, for educating Indian youth; and that if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people.

It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it, as of a matter important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following; when their speaker began, by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government, in making them that offer.

“For we know,” says he, “that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are *ev*

vinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal; and we thank you heartily. But you who are wise must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours.

“We have had some experience of it: several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger; knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, or counsellors; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it: and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them.”

Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories, for they have no writing, and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve tradition of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back; which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact.

He that would speak rises. The rest observe a *profound silence*. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, *that if he has omitted any thing he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again and deliver it*

To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of many deliberative assemblies among people called civilized and polite, where scarce a day passes without some confusion, that makes the speaker hoarse in calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies with which we are acquainted, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it!

The politeness of these savages in conversation, is indeed, carried to excess; since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling strangers, to enter a village abruptly without giving notice of their approach. Therefore as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the *stranger's house*. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitant

that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on.

It is remarkable, that in all ages and countries, hospitality has been allowed as the virtue of those, whom the civilized were pleased to call barbarians. The Greeks celebrated the Scythians for it; the Sarcens possessed it eminently; and it is to this day the reigning virtue of the wild Arabs. St. Paul, too, in the relation of his voyage and shipwreck, on the island of Melita, says, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire and received us every one, because of the present rain and because of the cold."

LESSON SEVENTY-THIRD.

Picture of Life.

Life hath its sunshine—but the ray,
Which flashes on its stormy wave,
Is but the beacon of decay—
A meteor, gleaming o'er the grave.
And though its dawning hour is bright
With fancy's gayest coloring,
Yet o'er its cloud-encumbered night
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.

Life hath its flowers—and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day,
The germs of warm, confiding youth;—
Alas! those buds decay and die
Ere ripened and matured in bloom—
*Even in an hour, behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb.*

Life hath its pang—of deepest thrill—
 Thy sting, relentless memory!
 Which wakes not, pierces not, until
 The hour of joy hath ceased to be.
 Then, when the heart is in its pall,
 And cold afflictions gather o'er,
 Thy mournful anthem doth recall
 Bliss, which hath died to bloom no more

Life hath its blessings—but the storm
 Sweeps like the desert wind in wrath,
 To sear and blight the loveliest form
 Which sports on earth's deceitful path.
 Oh! soon the wild heart-broken wail
 So changed from youth's delightful ton-
 Floats mournfully upon the gale
 When all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hopes—a matin dream—
 A cankered flower—a setting sun,
 Which casts a transitory gleam
 Upon the even's cloud of dun.
 Pass but an hour, the dream hath fled,
 The flowers on earth forsaken lie—
 The sun hath set, whose lustre shed
 A light upon the shaded sky.

LESSON SEVENTY-FOURTH.

Shenandoah the Oneida Chief.

Shenandoah, the celebrated Oneida chief, was well known in the wars which occurred while we were British colonies, and in the contest which ensued in our independence, as the undeviating friend of the people of the United States. He was very savage and addicted to drunkenness in his youth; but he lived a r

formed man for more than sixty years, and died in Christian hope.

Shenandoah's person was tall and brawny but well made; his countenance was intelligent, and beamed with all the indigenous dignity of an Indian chief. In his youth he was a brave and intrepid warrior, and in his riper years one of the ablest counsellors among the North American tribes. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind, and though terrible as the tornado in war, he was bland and mild as the zephyr in peace.

With the cunning of the fox, the hungry perseverance of the wolf, and the agility of the mountain cat, he watched and repelled Canadian invasions. His vigilance once preserved from massacre the inhabitants of the infant settlement of German Flats. His influence brought his tribe to our assistance in the war of the revolution. How many have been saved from the tomahawk and scalping knife, by his friendly aid is not known; but individuals and villages have expressed gratitude for his benevolent interpositions; and among the Indian tribes he was distinguished by the appellation of "White man's friend."

Although he could speak but little English, and in his extreme old age was blind, yet his company was sought. In conversation he was highly decorous, evincing that he had profited by seeing civilized and polished society, and by mingling with good company in his better days.

To a friend who called on him a short time since, he thus expressed himself by an interpreter; "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches, I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged has run away and left me. Why I live the great good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Honored chief! His prayer was answered — he was cheerful and resigned to the last. For several years he kept his dress for the grave prepared. Once and again, he came to Clinton to die; longing that his soul might be with Christ, and his body in the narrow house, near his beloved Christian teacher.

While the ambitious, but vulgar great, look principally to sculptured monuments and niches in the temple of earthly fame, Shenandoah, in the spirit of the only real nobility, stood with his loins girded, waiting the coming of his Lord.

His Lord has come! And the day approaches when the green hillock that covers his dust will be more respected than the Pyramids, the Mausolea, and the Pantheon of the proud and imperious. His simple 'turf and stone' will be viewed with affection and veneration when the tawdry ornaments of human apotheosis shall awaken only pity and disgust.

LESSON SEVENTY-FIFTH.

Early Spring.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sat reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
 The human soul that through me ran;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

The birds around me hopped and played;
 Their thoughts I cannot measure—
*But the least motion that they made,
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.*

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven is sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

LESSON SEVENTY-SIXTH

The converted Atheist.

The famous astronomer, Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error, upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which, being placed in a corner of the room, at which it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask from whence it came, and to whom it belonged.

"Not to me," said Kircher; "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by mere chance!" "That," replied his skeptical friend, "is impossible. You surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend, those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design!"

Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and at

timately joined in a cordial acknowledgement of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God!

LESSON SEVENTY-SEVENTH.

The Hour of Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours, to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

LESSON SEVENTY-EIGHTH.

Dr. Beattie and his Son.

It is much to be desired, that, in lessons to children, matters of fact, and examples taken from visible objects, should be made use of. This wise method of instruction was, perhaps, never more forcibly and more usefully employed, than in the following instance of Dr. Beattie's son.

The doctor, speaking of his son, thus observes: "He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of *his being*. [Surely, this was most culpable neglect in the parent.] In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote,

the mould, with my finger, the three initials of his name, and, sowing garden-cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground.

“Ten days after, he came running to me, and, with astonishment in his countenance, told me his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted upon my going to see what had happened. ‘Yes,’ said I carelessly, on coming to the spot, ‘I see it is so. But what is there in this worth notice? is it not mere chance?’ and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said, with some degree of earnestness, ‘It could not be mere chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it.’

“‘So, you think,’ said I, ‘that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, cannot be by chance?’ ‘Yes,’ said he, with firmness, ‘I think so.’ ‘Look at yourself,’ I replied; ‘consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?’ He said they were. ‘Came you then hither,’ said I, ‘by chance?’ ‘No,’ he answered, ‘that cannot be; something must have made me.’ ‘And who is that something?’ I asked. He said, ‘I don’t know.’

“I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, (though he could not express it,) that what begins to be, must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot it, nor the circumstance that introduced it.”

LESSON SEVENTY-NINTH.

The Evergreens.

When summer's sunny hues adorn
Sky, forest, hill, and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows,
Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth,
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day,
May be bright hopes to-morrow.

LESSON EIGHTIETH.

Robert Bruce.

In 1306, Bruce, having taken shelter in the isle of Arran, sent a person in his confidence into Carrick, to learn how his vassals in that territory stood affected to the cause of their ancient lord. He enjoined the messenger, if he saw that the dispositions of the people were favorable, to make a signal, at a day appointed, by lighting a fire on an eminence above the castle of Turnberry. The messenger found the English in possession of Carrick, Percy, with a numerous garrison, at Turnberry, the country dispirited and in thralldom; none to espouse the party of Bruce, and many whose inclinations were hostile.

From the first dawn of the day appointed for the

signal, Bruce stood with his eyes fixed on the coast of Carrick; noon had already past, when he perceived a fire on the eminence above Turnberry; he flew to the boat and hastened over; night surprised him and his associates, while they were yet on the sea. Conducting themselves by the fire, they reached the shore. The messenger met them, and reported, that there was no hope of aid. "Traitor!" cried Bruce, "why did you make the signal?" "I made no signal," cried he; "but observing a fire on the eminence, I feared that it might deceive you, and I hastened hither to warn you from the coast."

Bruce hesitated amidst the dangers that encompassed him, what to avoid, or what to encounter. At length, obeying the dictates of valor and despair, he resolved to persevere in his enterprise. He attacked the English, carelessly cantoned in the neighborhood of Turnberry, put them to the sword, and pillaged their quarters. Percy from the castle heard the uproar yet durst not issue forth against an unknown enemy. Bruce with his followers, not exceeding three hundred in number, remained for some days near Turnberry; but succors having arrived from the neighboring garrisons, he was obliged to seek shelter in the mountainous parts of Carrick.

Some years after this, however, Bruce stormed the castle, though at the expense of the destruction of the building. It was a favorite policy with Bruce, to destroy the castles which he took. He saw that the English, by means of forts judiciously placed, had maintained themselves in Scotland, with little aid from their sovereign. He wished to prevent such a misfortune from occurring for the future; and, perhaps, he apprehended, that when the country came to be settled in peace, the possession of fortified castles might render his own barons no less formidable to the crown than the English garrisons had been to the nation.

LESSON EIGHTY-FIRST.

The Tempest Stilled.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous fall asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still."

LESSON EIGHTY-SECOND.

Severity of Discipline.

Frederick the Great was one of the most rigid disciplinarians that ever commanded an army; and, although he was not deficient in humanity, yet, in order to preserve strict subordination in his army, he sometimes acted with a degree of severity that would appear to others cruel. When he was once persuaded of what he conceived to be the necessity of any measure, and he had formed his plan, he stifled in his soul every emotion of tenderness which might interfere in its execution. Of this severity, the following are two striking instances.

A common soldier, of the battalion of guards, was so familiar with the king, that he had the liberty of entering his chamber without being announced. He often used this liberty in asking money of Frederick, which he generally spent in the alehouse. Whenever the king refused what he asked for, saying he had no money, the soldier would reply, "Fritz, look into thy leather purse, and you will there find some few ducats remaining."

This soldier being one day on guard, had a dispute with his officer, and presented his bayonet, as if he intended to stab him. The officer caused him to be arrested, and the matter was reported to the king, who ordered him to be tried for the offence. The council of war condemned him to die, and the sentence being brought to the king, he signed it without saying a word. Every one supposed he would receive the king's mercy; and the criminal was himself so much convinced of it, that he made no preparations for death, and, even to the very moment of his execution, he supposed that they meant only to punish him by fear. However, he was deceived, and executed.

In the first war of Silesia, the king being desirous of making, in the night time, some alterations in

camp, ordered that, under pain of death, neither fire nor candle should be burning in the tents after a certain hour. He went round the camp himself, to see that his orders were obeyed; and, as he passed by Capt. Zietern's camp, he perceived a light. He entered, and found the captain sealing a letter, which he had just finished writing to his wife, whom he tenderly loved.

"What are you doing there?" said the king; "do you not know the orders?" Zietern threw himself at his feet, and begged mercy; but he neither could, nor attempted to deny his fault. "Sit down," said the king to him, "and add a few words I shall dictate." The officer obeyed, and the king dictated, "To-morrow I shall perish on a scaffold." Zietern wrote it, and he was executed the next day.

LESSON EIGHTY-THIRD.

The Temple.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

*Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.*

LESSON EIGHTY-FOURTH

The Humane Indian.

An Indian who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia; and seeing a planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The planter bid him begone, for he would give him none.

Will you give me a cup of your beer? said the Indian. No, you shall have none here, replied the planter. But I am very faint, said the savage. Will you give me only a draught of cold water? Get you gone, you Indian dog; you shall have nothing here, said the planter.

It happened some months after, that the planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company, and lost his way; and night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam.

He approached the savage's habitation, and asked him to show him the way to a plantation on that side the country. It is too late for you to go there this evening, sir, said the Indian; but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome.

He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his store afforded, and having laid some bearskins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way.

Accordingly in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him into the road which he was to pursue; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the planter, and turning round, staring full in his face, asked him whether he recollected his features. The planter was now struck with shame and confusion, when he recognised, in b

kind protector, the Indian whom he had so harshly treated.

He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behavior; to which the Indian only replied; When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, "Get you gone, you Indian dog." The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

LESSON EIGHTY-FIFTH.

Running for Life.

On the arrival of the exploratory party of Lewis and Clarke at the head waters of the Missouri, one of their number, of the name of Colter, observing the appearance of abundance of beaver, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did, in company with a hunter named Potts. Aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.

They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek, about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view.

Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat; but was *accused of cowardice* by Potts, who insisted that the *noise was caused by buffaloes*, and they proceeded on. *In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were re-*

moved, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come on shore.

As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore, and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on recovering it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded."

Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound enough reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to the Indian custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use the language of Colter, "he was made a riddle of."

They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time among the Kee Catsa, or Crow Indians, had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was *considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.*

The chief now commanded the party to remain sta

tionary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could*. At that instant, the war whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with a hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised.

He proceeded towards the Jefferson's Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain, before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was in the bounds of possibility, but that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer.

Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and, perhaps, at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell, whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood trees, on the border of the Fork, to which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had lodged; he dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water, amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling in a most frightful manner. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, till the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night; when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam instantly down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him, and was at a great distance from the nearest settlement.

Almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired under such circumstances. The fortitude of Colter continued unshaken. After seven days sore travel, during which he had no other subsistence than the root known by naturalists under the name of *psoralea esculenta*, he at length arrived in safety at Lisa's fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river

LESSON EIGHTY-SIXTH.

Tenderness of Heart.

There is a little fragile flower
That, low bending on its stem,
Is scarcely known beyond the bower,
Where, all unconscious of its power,
It ever glows in dewy gem.

It once arose in tow'ring pride,
And courted every passing gale,
Exulting threw its odors wide,
Alluring to its gaudy side
The dwellers of its native vale.

But while it showed its tinsel glare,
At early dawn, or pensive even,
Not thinking that the world could bear
Another flower so sweet and fair—
'T was withered by the "breath of Heaven."

Now, from its root this flow'ret grows,
But, trembling at the gentlest breeze,
It scarce around a fragrance throws,
Unlike the lily or the rose,
With not a tint to charm or please.

Yet when by tempests, gath'ring gloom,
Its leaflets from its stalk are riven,
Oh! then it shows a varied bloom,
And breathes abroad a rich perfume—
'T is nourished by the "breath of Heaven."

For then it feels, with grateful glow,
The same Almighty Power,
That sunk its earlier beauties low,—
But suffered from its root to grow
An humbler, sweeter flower.

And oft it droops its lowly head,
 And breathes a fragrance to the sky,
 When those its former beauties led
 To gaze upon its tints of red,
 Pass now neglectful by.

But what's this renovated flower,
 That heavenward can its sweets impart?
 And yet, confined in lonely bower,
 Is sweetest in the darkest hour?
 Oh! it is *Tenderness of Heart*.

LESSON EIGHTY-SEVENTH.

Columbus in Jamaica.

Columbus having attempted, in the year 1503, to plant a colony in America, but having failed in the enterprise, in consequence of the hostility of the Indians, he left that region and sailed for Hispaniola. But, by the violence of a storm, he was obliged to run his ships ashore at Jamaica. In his distress at this island, he sent some of the hardiest of his men to Hispaniola, to represent his calamitous situation to the governor, and to solicit vessels to carry him and his people away.

He remained, however, at Jamaica eight months, without the least intelligence from his messengers, or assistance from the governor. The natives becoming exasperated at the delay of the Spaniards, the burden of whose support was intolerable, the inventive genius of Columbus had recourse to an admirable device to regain his authority.

Assembling the principal Indians around him, he caused them to understand, that the God whom he served, provoked at their refusal to support the objects of his favorite regard, intended to inflict on them

speedy and severe judgment, of which they would soon see manifest tokens in the heavens; for, on that night, the moon would withhold her light, and appear of a bloody hue, as an omen of their approaching destructior.

His menacing prediction was ridiculed; but its actual accomplishment, at the precise time foretold, struck the barbarians with terror. This eclipse of the moon, which he had happily foreseen by his skill in astronomy, established his character as a prophet. The affrighted Indians brought him instantly a plenty of provisions; they fell at his feet, and besought him, in the most suppliant manner, to intercede with the Great Spirit, to avert the threatened calamity.

Apparently moved by their entreaties, he consoled them; but charged them to atone for their past transgressions by their future generosity. The eclipse went off; and from that day the natives were superstitiously cautious of giving offence to the Spaniards.

LESSON EIGHTY-EIGHTH.

Spirit of Man

Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward? *Ecc. iii. 21.*

Say'st thou, that, when this light has fled,
The spring of mental life is dead?
Say'st thou, that, when this cheek is pale,
The spirit's ardent glow shall fail?
Say'st thou, the soul returns to clay,
When these poor pulses cease to play?

Then let us mourn, if hope expires
When this frail lamp resigns its fires;
If man, so fashioned like a god,
Must never burst the prisoning sod,
With maniac sorrow let us rave,
And, shrinking, rend his marble grave

Dash then away the fruitless tear,
 And rush in pleasure's mad career;
 To mirth devote this niggard span,
 This little dateless life of man;
 Mock self-control, grave wisdom spurn,
 And, heedless, seek the destined urn.

Ah, skeptic! why wilt thou essay
 To rend the balm of life away?
 To plant with goads the path of toi,
 To strew with thorns a barren soil,
 To shroud with cold and rayless gloom,
 Our weary journey to the tomb?

Think'st thou the power that spread the skies,
 So just, beneficent, and wise,
 Hath man's unbounded powers bestowed,
 Merely for earth's fallacious good?
 Oh, pause! a spirit answers, No,
 For boundless joy, or boundless wo.

Look up, and let thy doubtful eye
 Sparkle at immortality;
 Rend from thy soul its abject chain,
 Thy "Maker in thy mind retain,"
 And bid it love that hope sublime,
 Which soars o'er mists and wrecks of time.

LESSON EIGHTY-NINTH.

Settlement of Virginia.

While the foundation of a new settlement was laid in the north, the Virginian colony was making rapid progress in the south. Eleven ships, which had sailed the preceding year from England, arrived at Virginia, with twelve hundred and sixteen persons'

settlement. Nearly one thousand colonists were settled there, previous to this accession.

One of the methods adopted for the increase of their number, if not the most delicate, was perhaps the most politic. The enterprising colonists being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandays, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginian company to send over a freight of young women, to become wives for the planters.

The proposal was applauded; and ninety girls, "young and uncorrupt," were sent over in the ships that arrived this year; and, the year following, sixty more, handsome, and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor.

The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred pounds of tobacco; but, as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which in money, was three shillings per pound. This debt for wives, it was ordered, should have the precedency of all other debts, and be first recoverable.

Besides the transportation of reputable people, the king commanded the treasurer and council of the Virginian company, to send to Virginia a hundred dissolute persons, to be delivered to them by the knight marshal; and they were accordingly sent over, as servants. The early custom of transporting vicious and profligate people to that colony, as a place of punishment and disgrace, though designed for its benefit, yet became, ultimately, prejudicial to its growth and prosperity.

This part of America was visited by the English in the year 1584, and derived its name from the following circumstance. On the return of the visiters, they *gave such splendid descriptions of the beauty and fertility of the country, and of the mildness of the climate, that Elizabeth, delighted with the idea of occupying so fine a territory,* bestowed on it the name of *Vir*

ginia, as a memorial that this happy discovery was made under a virgin queen. Here the first English colony in America was planted in the year 1585.

Twenty years after this first attempt to settle a colony in Virginia, not an Englishman was to be found in all the territory. The first permanent colony on the Virginian coast arrived in the year 1607, under a patent from King James.

LESSON NINETIETH.

The Happy Man.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
 Their equipage and state;
 Give me but innocence and health,
 I ask not to be great.

I, in this sweet retirement, find
 A joy unknown to kings,
 For sceptres, to a virtuous mind,
 Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus, at his plough,
 With brighter lustre shone,
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
 Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights,
 Ambition ever knows,
 A stranger to the calm delights
 Of study and repose.

Then, free from envy, care, and strife,
 Keep me, ye powers divine!
 And pleased, when ye demand my life,
 May I that life resign!

LESSON NINETY-FIRST

Matrimonial Auction.

The Babylonians had a law, which was also followed by the Heneti, an Illyrian people, and by Herodotus thought to be one of their best, which ordained, that when girls were of a marriageable age, they were to repair at a time to a place where the young men likewise assembled. They were then sold by the public crier, who first disposed of the most beautiful one. When he had sold her, he put up others to sale, according to their degrees of beauty.

The rich Babylonians were emulous to carry off the finest women, who were sold to the highest bidders. But as the young men who were poor, could not aspire to have fine women, they were content to take the ugliest, with the money which was given with them; for when the crier had sold the handsomest, he ordered the ugliest of all the women to be brought, and inquired if any one was willing to take her with a small sum of money. Thus she became the wife of him who was most easily satisfied; and thus the finest women were sold, and from the money which they brought, small fortunes were given to the ugliest, and to those who had any bodily deformity.

A father could not marry his daughter as he pleased; nor was he who bought her allowed to take her home without giving security that he would marry her. But after the sale, if the parties were not agreeable to each other, the law enjoined that the purchase money should be restored. The inhabitants of any of their towns were permitted to buy wives at these auctions.

LESSON NINETY-SECOND.

Man and Woman.

Man is the rugged lofty pine,
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore,
Woman 's the slender graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose towering crest
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side,
Woman 's the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreaths its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume;
Save where the sunbeam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul, and woman's form,
Gleams brightly o'er the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex, to you 't is given,
To rule our hearts with angel sway,
Blend with each wo a blissful leaven,
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And sweetly smile our cares away.

LESSON NINETY-THIRD.

Filial Piety.

The great law of nature has implanted in every human breast, a disposition to love and revere those to whom we have been taught from our earliest infancy to look up for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life. While we remain in a state of depend-

ence on them, this impression continues in its full force; but certain it is, that it has a tendency to wear off, as we become masters of ourselves; and hence the propriety of those laws by which, in the institution of different nations, it has been attempted to guard against a degeneracy into filial ingratitude and disobedience.

“Honor thy father and thy mother,” was the command of the divine author of the Jewish dispensation. “That thy days may be long in the land,” is the peculiar reward which he promises to those who obey the solemn injunction. And as he has been pleased to express his approbation of a steady adherence to this law, by singular marks of favor, so also did he punish the breach of it, by exemplary displeasure; death was the only expiation for this offence. Nor have the Jews been the only nation who have looked upon disobedience to parents as worthy of capital punishment.

In China, let a son become ever so rich, and a father ever so poor, there is no submission, no point of obedience, that the latter cannot command, or that the former can refuse. The father is not only absolute master of his son's estate, but also of his children; whom, whenever they displease him, he may sell to strangers. When a father accuses his son before a mandarin, there needs no proof of his guilt; for they cannot believe that any father can be so unnatural as to bring a false accusation against his own son.

But, should a son be so insolent as to mock his father, or arrive at such a pitch of wickedness as to strike him, all the province, where this shameful act of violence is committed, is alarmed; it even becomes the concern of the whole empire; the emperor himself judges the criminal. All the mandarins near the place, *are turned out of their posts, especially those in the town where he lived, for having been so negligent in their instructions; and all the neighbors are reprimanded, for neglecting, by former punishments, to*

put a stop to the wickedness of the criminal, before it arrived at such flagitiousness.

With respect to the unhappy wretch himself, they cut him into a thousand pieces, burn his bones, rase the house in which he lived, as well as those houses which stand near it, and sow the ground with salt, as supposing that there must be some hopeless depravity of manners in a community to which such a monster belonged.

The filial duty is the same with the prince and the peasant in China; and the emperor, every new year's day, pays a particular homage to his mother, in the palace; at which ceremony, all the great officers of the state assist.

The Persians, according to Herodotus, held the crime of domestic rebellion in nearly as much detestation as the Chinese, but they treated it after a more refined manner. They looked on the striking, or slaying of a father, as an impossible offence; and, when an action of the kind happened, adjudged that the offender could not be the son of the party injured or slain, but must have been surreptitiously imposed on him as such.

Cicero observes, that Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, had provided no law against parricide; and that, being asked why he had not, he answered, "that to make laws against, and ordain punishments for, a crime that had been never known or heard of, was the way to introduce it, rather than prevent it."

In Rome, no less than six hundred years from the building of the city had elapsed, before so much as a name for the crime of parricide was known amongst them. The punishment ordained for the first who stained his hands with the blood of the author of his being, was, that he should be scourged till he was *slayed, then sown up in a sack, together with a dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and so thrown headlong to the bottom of the sea.*

It is a great stain on the character of the more re-
ages of the world, that the crime should ever be-
come of less rare occurrence; yet in nothing,
haps, have the ways of God to man been more sig-
nificantly justified, than in the punishment which has soone
later followed all deviations from filial love and d
So proverbial, indeed, has this become, as to r
any particular illustration of the fact wholly un-
cessary.

LESSON NINETY-FOURTH.

The rising Moon.

The moon is up! how calm and slow
She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.

The wayworn travellers with delight
The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains,
And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
Its little rippling heaves;
It falls upon the forest shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once on Judah's evening hills,
The heavenly lustre spread;
The gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherd's gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendor throws;
Bright in the opening hours of life,
And brighter at the close.

The waning moon in time shall fail
 To walk the midnight skies;
 But God hath kindled this bright light
 With fire that never dies.

LESSON NINETY-FIFTH.

Captain Church and Anawon.

Anawon, his son, and several chiefs, had cut down ree, under the rocks, and against it set up a row bushes, to form a shelter. Great fires were burning without, pots and kettles were boiling, and spits roasting, loaded with meat. Their arms stood near, covered with a mat.

Returning to his company, Capt. Church ordered his pilot and daughter, as they would be received without notice, to descend first, with their baskets on their backs. He and his friends followed in their shadow, letting themselves down by the bushes in the cracks of the rocks. Church, with his hatchet in his hand, first reached the arms at the feet of Anawon.

The old chieftain, starting up on end, cried out, "Wah," and, in despair, fell back silent. Church sent

Indians to the other companies, to inform them their chief was a prisoner, and warn them to submit if they obeyed. "What have you for supper?" said Church to Anawon; "I am come to sup with you." Anawon ordered his women to provide supper, and asked Church whether he would have cow beef or horse beef. He replied, that cow beef would be the most pleasant. Supper was soon ready. After which, he had not slept for two days and a night, Church ordered his men, if they would let him sleep two hours they should rest the whole night after.

But Church's situation was too interesting for sleep; his men, however, he soon perceived were all

in a sound slumber. He and Anawon were the only persons awake in all the camps. So does elevation of character, and a sense of responsibility, fill the heart with anxious care.

While the Indian chief recollected the deeds of his valor in the service of three kings, and exulted in the destruction of villages, the sighs of his prisoners, and the blood of a thousand battles, the chains of his own captivity sunk deep into his soul; the fall of his prince, the ruin of his country, the utter extinction of his tribe, filled his heart with the agony of horror and desperation.

For an hour, the two captains lay looking at each other; when Anawon rose, and walked off, as Church supposed, for some necessary purpose; but, soon finding him out of sight and hearing, he began to be alarmed, took all the arms to him, crowded himself under young Anawon, so that the father must have endangered his son in attempting to kill him.

But the old man soon returned, and, falling on his knees, said, "Great captain, you have killed King Philip, and conquered his country. I believe that I and my company are the last who war against the English; so I suppose the war is ended by your means. These things, therefore, are yours. They are the royalties of King Philip, with which he adorned himself when he sat in state. I think myself happy in presenting them to Captain Church, who has so fairly won them."

Then, opening the pack, he pulled out a belt, nine inches broad, curiously wrought with black and white wampum, in various figures of flowers, birds, and beasts; also another, wrought in the same manner, worn on the head of the warrior, hanging down his back, from which two flags waved behind him. A third, with a star on the end, hung round his neck down to his breast. These, and two horns of glazed powder, and a red cloth blanket, constituted the royal dress of

King Philip. They spent the night in free conversation. Anawon gave a narrative of his mighty successes in former wars. In the morning, they marched to Taunton. Church and Anawon, with half a dozen friendly Indians, went to Rhode-Island, while the troops and other prisoners were sent to Plymouth, where Church soon followed them.

LESSON NINETY-SIXTH.

Birth of an Eldest Son.

Welcome, little helpless stranger,
 Welcome to the light of day;
 Smile upon thy happy mother,
 Smile, and chase her pains away.

Lift thine eyes, and look around thee;
 Various nature courts thy sight,
 Spreads for thee her flowery carpet;
 Earth was made for thy delight.

Welcome to a mother's bosom,
 Welcome to a father's arms;
 Heir to all thy father's virtues,
 Heir to all thy mother's charms.

Joy thou bring'st, but mixed with trouble,
 Anxious joys and tender fears,
 Pleasing hopes, and mingled sorrows,
 Smiles of transport dashed with tears.

Who can say what lies before thee,
 Calm or tempest, peace or strife;
 With what turns of various fortune
 Fate shall mark thy checkered life.

Who can tell what eager passions
In this little heart shall beat,
When ambition, love, or glory,
Shall invade this peaceful seat.

Who can tell how wide the branches
Of this tender plant may spread,
While beneath its ample shadow
Swains may rest, and flocks be fed.

Angels guard thee, lovely blossom,
And avert each hovering ill!
Crown thy parents' largest wishes,
And their fondest hopes fulfil.

LESSON NINETY-SEVENTH

Christian Indian.

In the year 1742, a veteran warrior of the Lenape nation and Monsey tribe, renowned among his own people for his bravery and prowess, and equally dreaded by their enemies, joined the Christian Indians who then resided at this place, (Bethlehem.) This man, who was then at an advanced age, had a most striking appearance, and could not be viewed without astonishment.

Besides that his body was full of scars, where he had been struck and pierced by the arrows of the enemy, there was not a spot to be seen, on that part of it which was exposed to view, but what was tattooed over with some drawing relative to his achievements, so that the whole together struck the beholder with amazement and terror.

On his whole face, neck, shoulders, arms, thighs, and legs, as well as on his breast and back, were represented scenes of the various actions and engage-

ments he had been in; in short, the whole of his history was there deposited, which was well known to those of his nation, and was such that all who heard it thought it could never be surpassed by man.

Far from murdering those who were defenceless or unarmed, his generosity, as well as his courage and skill in the art of war, was acknowledged by all. When, after his conversion, he was questioned about his warlike feats, he frankly and modestly answered;—

“That, being now taken captive by Jesus Christ, it did not become him to relate the deeds he had done while in the service of the evil spirit; but that he was willing to give an account of the manner in which he had been *conquered*.”

At his baptism, on the 23d of December, 1742, he received the name of Michael, which he preserved until his death, which happened on the 24th July, 1756. He led the life of a true Christian, and was always ready and willing to relate the history of his conversion, which I heard myself from his own mouth. His age, when he died, was supposed to be about eighty years.

LESSON NINETY-EIGHTH.

Power of Beauty.

Liberal nature did dispense
 To all things arms for their defence;
 And some she arms with sinewy force,
 And some with swiftness in the course;
 Some with hard hoofs, or forked claws,
 And some with horns, or tusked jaws;
 And some with scales, and some with wings,
 And some with teeth, and some with stings:
 Wisdom to man she did afford,

Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
 What to beauteous woman kind,
 What arms, what armor, has she assigned?
 Beauty is both; for with the fair
 What arms, what armor, can compare?
 What steel, what gold, or diamond,
 More impassable is found?
 And yet what flame, what lightning e'er
 So great an active force did bear?
 They are all weapon, and they dart,
 Like porcupine, from ev'ry part.

LESSON NINETY-NINTH.

The hospitable African.

The enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, was employed by a society in England, to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties. His wants were often supplied, and his distresses alleviated, by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman.

Having passed a whole day without victuals in the shade of a tree, I had no prospect but that of passing a very uncomfortable night; for the wind rose, and there was a great appearance of a heavy rain; the wild beasts, too, were so numerous, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches.

About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me; and, perceiving that I was weary and de-

jected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her.

Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat; and returned, in a short time, with a very fine fish; which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper.

The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat and telling me that I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to renew their task of spinning cotton, with which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night.

They lightened their labor by songs; one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, and the rest joined in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—

“The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn. Let us pity the white man; no mother has he to give him milk, no wife to grind him corn.”

Trifling as these events may appear to the reader, they were to me affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented to my compassionate landlady, two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense that was in my power to make her

LESSON ONE HUNDREDTH

The Orphan's Retrospect.

My father and mother are dead,
No friend or relation I have:
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies grow over the grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry;
I said, and is this the dark room
Where my father and mother must lie!

I cast my eyes round me again,
In hopes some protector to see:
Alas! but the search was in vain,
For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,
I groaned, though I said not a word;
Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
The friend of the fatherless heard.

O yes—and he graciously smiled,
And bid me on him to depend;
He whispered—fear not, little child,
For I am thy father and friend.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST.

Two African Chiefs.

The king of Foota Torra, inflamed with a zeal propagating his religion, had sent an embassy to uel, king of the Jaloffs. The ambassador, o

present occasion, was accompanied by two of the principal Bushreens, who carried each a large knife fixed on the top of a long pole. As soon as he had procured admission into the presence of Damel, and announced the pleasure of his sovereign, he ordered the Bushreens to present the emblems of his mission.

The two knives were accordingly laid before Damel, and the ambassador explained himself as follows: "With this knife," said he, "Abdulkader will condescend to shave the head of Damel, if Damel will embrace the Mahomedan faith; and with this other knife, Abdulkader will cut the throat of Damel, if Damel refuses to embrace it;— take your choice."

Damel coolly told the ambassador that he had no choice to make; he neither chose to have his head shaved, nor his throat cut; and, with this answer, the ambassador was civilly dismissed. Abdulkader took his measures accordingly, and, with a powerful army, invaded Damel's country. The inhabitants of the towns and villages filled up their wells, destroyed their provisions, carried off their effects, and abandoned their dwellings, as he approached.

By this means, he was led on from place to place, until he had advanced three days' journey into the country of the Jaloffs. He had indeed met with no opposition, but his army had suffered so much from the scarcity of water, that several of his men had died by the way. This induced him to direct his march towards a watering place in the woods, where his men, having quenched their thirst, and being overcome with fatigue, lay down carelessly to sleep among the bushes.

In this situation, they were attacked by Damel, before daybreak, and completely routed. Many of them were trampled to death, as they lay asleep, by the Jaloff horses; others were killed in attempting to *make their escape*; and a still greater number were *taken prisoners*. Among the latter, was Abdulkad

himself. This ambitious, or rather frantic prince, who but a month before had sent the threatening message to Damel, was now himself led into his presence as a miserable captive.

The behavior of Damel on this occasion, is never mentioned but in terms of the highest approbation; and it was, indeed, so extraordinary in an African prince, that the reader may find it difficult to give credit to the recital. When his royal prisoner was brought before him in irons, and thrown upon the ground, the magnanimous Damel, instead of setting his foot upon his neck, and stabbing him with his spear, according to the custom in such cases, addressed him as follows: "Abdulkader, answer me this question; if the chance of war had placed me in your situation, and you in mine, how would you have treated me?"

"I would have thrust my spear into your heart," returned Abdulkader, with great firmness, "and I know that a similar fate awaits me."—"Not so," said Damel; "my spear is indeed red with the blood of your subjects killed in battle, and I could now give it a deeper stain, by dipping it in your own; but this would not build up my towns, nor bring to life the thousands who fell in the woods. I will not, therefore, kill you in cold blood, but I will retain you as my slave, until I perceive that your presence in your own kingdom will be no longer dangerous to your neighbors, and then I will consider of the proper way of disposing of you."

Abdulkader was accordingly retained, and worked as a slave for three months; at the end of which period, Damel listened to the solicitations of the inhabitants of Foota Torra, and restored to them their king. *Strange as this story may appear, I have no doubt of the truth of it. It was told me at Malacotta, by the Negroes; it was afterwards related to me by the Europeans on the Gambia; by some of the French at*

Goree; and confirmed by nine slaves, who were taken prisoners along with Abdulkader, by the watering place in the woods, and carried in the same ship with me to the West Indies.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND.

The African Mother.

The distress which the inhabitants of Guinea experience at the loss of their children, which are stolen from them by the persons employed in the slave trade, is, perhaps, more thoroughly felt than described. But, as it is a subject to which every person has not attended, the following is an attempt to represent the anguish of a mother, whose son and daughter were taken from her by a ship's crew, belonging to a country where the *God of justice and mercy*, is owned and worshipped.

“ Help! O help! thou God of Christians!

Save a mother from despair;

Cruel white men steal my children,

God of Christians! hear my prayer.

“ From my arms by force they 're rended,

Sailors drag them to the sea—

Yonder ship at anchor riding,

Swift will carry them away.

“ There my son lies, pale and bleeding,

Fast, with thongs, his hands are bound;

See the tyrants, how they scourge him!

See his sides, a reeking wound!

“ See his little sister by him,

Quaking, trembling, how she lies!

Drops of blood her face besprinkle,
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

“ Now they tear her brother from her!
Down below the deck he ’s thrown;
Stiff with beating—through fear, silent,
Save a single death-like groan.”

Hear the little daughter begging:
“ Take me, white men, for your own;
Spare! oh, spare my darling brother!
He ’s my mother’s only son.

“ See, upon the shore she ’s raving;
Down she falls upon the sands—
Now she tears her flesh with madness,
Now she prays with lifted hands.

“ I am young, and strong, and hardy;
He ’s a sick and feeble boy—
Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,
All my life I ’ll toil with joy.

“ Christians, who ’s the God you worsh^t y
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?
Does he take delight in mercy,
Or in spilling human blood?

“ Ah! my poor distracted mother,
Hear her scream upon the shore”—
Down the savage captain struck her,
Lifeless on the vessel’s floor.

Up his sails he quickly hoisted,
To the ocean bent his way—
Headlong plunged the raving mother,
From a rock into the sea.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD.

Faithful French Servant.

A lady of Marseilles, in the earlier period of the revolution, about to emigrate, wished, before her departure, to place a considerable property, in plate, linen, trinkets, wearing apparel, and other articles, in a place of safety. To bury in cellars was become so common, that they were now among the first places searched, on any suspicion of concealed treasures; and to convey the things out of the house, even by small portions at a time, without being discovered, was a thing out of all hope. What then was to be done?

She consulted with an old and faithful servant, who, during a great number of years that he had been in the family, had given such repeated proofs of his fidelity and attachment to it, that she placed unbounded confidence in him. He advised her to pack the things in trunks; and deposit them in a garret, at one end of the house; then to wall up the door into it, and new plaster over the whole room adjoining, so as to leave no traces by which it could be discovered that it had any communication with another apartment.

This advice was followed, and the plan executed without the privacy of any other person than the man who suggested it. He himself walled up the doorway, and plastered over the outer room; and, when all was finished, the lady departed, leaving the care of her house entirely to him.

Shortly after her departure, the servant received a visit from the municipal officer, who came, with a party of his myrmidons, to search the house, as belonging to an emigrant, and suspected of containing a considerable property. They examined every room, every closet, every place in the house, but nothing of any value was to be discovered;—some large articles of

furniture, which could not conveniently be disposed of, and which it was judged better to leave, in order to save appearances, were the only things to be found.

The officer said that it was impossible the other things could be conveyed away, and threatened the servant with the utmost severity of justice, if he would not confess where they were concealed. He, however, constantly denied any knowledge of the matter, and said, that, if any thing had been concealed, the secret was unknown to him. This did not satisfy the officer; but, finding he could make no impression on the man, he carried him before the commune.

Here he was again interrogated, and menaced even with the guillotine, if he did not confess where his mistress's property was concealed; but his resolution still remained unshaken; he steadily adhered to his first assertion, that, if any thing was concealed, it was without his knowledge; till, at length, the officers, believing it impossible that, if he really were in possession of the secret, he could retain it with the fear of death before his eyes, were persuaded that he was not in his mistress's confidence, and dismissed him.

They obliged him, however, to quit the house, and a creature of their own was placed in it. Again and again it was searched, but to no purpose; nor was the real truth ever suspected. But when the career of the terrorists was closed by the fall of their leaders, the faithful servant, who beheld their downfall with exultation, as his own triumph, on a representation of his case to the new magistracy, was replaced in his trust in the house of his mistress.

Some little time after, a person came to him one day, who said that he was sent on the part of his mistress; that, as she was unable at present to return, *she wished some trunks, which she had left concealed, to be sent to her, as they could now be moved with safety; and she had described to him, he said, the place and manner in which they were concealed, to*

the end that, if any misfortune had happened to the servant, he might know where to find them.

He then detailed all the particulars relative to their concealment, with so much accuracy, that the servant, seeing him in full possession of the secret, could not doubt of his being really charged with the mission he assumed. He therefore opened the room, and assisted in conveying away the trunks; after which, he was informed by the emissary, that his mistress had given orders, as there was now nothing of consequence left in the house, that it should be shut up, and he must maintain himself as well as he could. This was almost a heart-breaking stroke to the faithful servant; but no appeal could be made against the will of his mistress, and he took to the trade of a cobbler, which he had learned in his youth, to gain himself a livelihood.

A long time elapsed without any thing more being heard of the lady; when, at length, she appeared, and was in the utmost consternation at learning what had passed. She declared that she had never given a commission to any one to demand her property; nor could she conceive how the impostor had arrived at the knowledge necessary for carrying on the fraud he had practised.

The only way in which she could account for the misfortune was, that, thinking there was no necessity in a foreign country to guard her secret inviolably, she might, perhaps, have talked of it indiscreetly before some one who had thought it worth his while to take a journey to Marseilles to possess himself fraudulently of her property. She acknowledged, at the same time, that the fraud was so artfully contrived, that the servant was fully absolved for having been the dupe of it; and the poverty in which he had lived *ever since*, perfectly exonerated him from the *suspicion of having been any thing else than a dupe in the affair.*

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH.

The Babe.

'T was on a cliff, whose rocky base
Baffled the briny wave;
Whose cultured heights their verdant store
To many tenants gave.

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wandered with her child;
Unweaned the babe—yet on the grass
He frolicked and he smiled.

With what delight the mother glowed
To mark the infant's joy:
How oft would pause, amidst her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon, by other cares estranged,
Her thoughts the child forsook;
Careless he wantoned on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropped was each flower that caught his eye,
Till, scrambling o'er the green,
He gained the cliff's unsheltered edge,
And, pleased, surveyed the scene.

'T was now the mother from her toil
Turned to survey the child—
The urchin gone, her cheeks were flushed;
Her wand'ring eye was wild!

*She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—
Now careless peeping o'er—
He turned, and to his mother smiled,
Then sported as before.*

Sunk was her voice, 't was vain to fly,
 'T was vain the brink to brave;
 Oh, nature! it was thine alone
 To prompt the means to save!

She tore the kerchief from her breast,
 And laid her bosom bare;
 He saw delighted—left the brink,
 And sought to banquet there.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH.

The Young Tradesman.

[The following Advice to a Young Tradesman was given by the celebrated Dr. Franklin.]

Remember that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and yet goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that *credit* is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum, where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned, is six; turned again, it is seven and threepence; and so on, till it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning; so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding animal, destroys all her offspring to the *thousandth* generation. He that murders a crown, *destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.*

Remember that six pounds a year, is but a groat a day. For this little sum, (which may be daily wasted, either in time or expense, unperceived,) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings: therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit, are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer: but, if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump. It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful, as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at *first to mention particulars*, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what *might have been*, and may for the future be saved, *without occasioning any great inconvenience.*

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, every thing. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, (necessary expenses excepted,) will certainly become *rich*—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

Dr. Franklin says, in his own life, in order to insure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care, not only to be *really* industrious and frugal, but also to avoid every appearance of the contrary. I was plainly dressed, and never seen in any place of public amusement. I never went a fishing or hunting: a book, indeed, enticed me sometimes from my work, but it was seldom, by stealth, and occasioned no scandal; and, to show that I did not think myself above my profession, I conveyed home, sometimes in a wheelbarrow, the paper I purchased at the warehouses. I thus obtained the reputation of being an industrious young man, and very punctual in my payments. The merchants who imported articles of stationary, solicited my custom; others offered to furnish me with books; and my little trade went on prosperously.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH.

The Seasons moralized.

Behold the changes of the skies,
And see the circling seasons rise;
Hence, let the moral truth refined,
Improve the beauty of the mind.

Winter, late, with dreary reign,
Ruled the wide, unjoyous plain;
Gloomy storms, with solemn roar,
Shook the hoarse, resounding shore.

Sorrow cast her sadness round,
Life and joy forsook the ground,
Death, with wild, imperious sway,
Bade the expiring world decay.

Now cast around thy raptured eyes,
And see the beauteous spring arise;
See, flowers invest the hills again,
And streams remurmur o'er the plain.

Hark, hark, the joy inspiring grove
Echoes to the voice of love;
Balmy gales the sound prolong,
Wafting round the woodland song.

Such the scenes our life displays,
Swiftly fleet our rapid days;
The hour that rolls for ever on,
Tells us our years must soon be gone

Sullen death, with mournful gloom,
Sweeps us downwards to the tomb;
Life, and health, and joy decay,
Nature sinks and dies away.

But the soul, in gayest bloom,
Disdains the bondage of the tomb;
Ascends above the clouds of even,
And, raptured, hails her native heaven.

Youth, and peace, and beauty there
For ever dance around the year;
An endless joy invests the pole,
And streams of ceaseless pleasure roll.

Light, and joy, and grace divine
With bright and lasting glory shine:
Jehovah's smiles, with heavenly ray,
Diffuse a clear, unbounded day.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH.

The Faithful Minister.

Bishop Latimer having one day preached, before King Henry the Eighth, a sermon which displeased his majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sunday, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After naming his text, the good bishop thus began his sermon.

“ Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life, if thou offendest: therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease. But, when, consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest, upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, who is always all-present, and who beholdeth all thy ways, and who is able to cast both body and soul into hell together: therefore, take care and deliver thy message faithfully!”

The bishop then proceeded with the same sermon, and confirmed it with more energy. The sermon being finished, the court was full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain dealing bishop. After dinner, the king called for Latimer, and, with a stern countenance, asked him, how he durst be so bold as to preach in this manner

He, falling on his knees, replied, that his duty to his God and to his prince had enforced him thereunto

and that he had merely discharged his duty and his conscience in what he had spoken, and that his life was in his majesty's hands. Upon this, the king rose from his seat, and, taking the good man off his knees, embraced him in his arms, saying, "Blessed be God, I have so honest a servant."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH.

The Miseries of War.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH.

De Salo and the Poor Shoemaker.

As this counsellor of the parliament of Paris was returning from the courts of justice, one summer evening, in the year 1662, (a year rendered memorable in the annals of France by a severe famine, by which it was distinguished,) followed only by his servant, a man came up, and, putting a pistol to his breast, whilst his hand trembled exceedingly, demanded his money.

"My friend," said he, "you have stopped an improper person; I have not much money about me, but it is all at your service;" and gave him two louis'd'or

The man took them, and made off as fast as he could, without saying any thing more. "Follow that man," said the counsellor to his servant, "without his observing you; see where he stops, and return and let me know."

The servant did as he was ordered, followed the robber through three or four narrow streets, and saw him go into a baker's shop, where he bought a large loaf of bread, and changed one of his louis d'or. He then went into an alley, at the distance of a few paces, ran up a pair of stairs that led to a garret, and, on entering it, (where there was no light but that of the moon,) he threw his loaf into the middle of the room, and exclaimed, with sobs, to his wife and children, "Eat, eat! this loaf has cost very dear; satisfy your hunger, and do not torment me, as you have done, to procure you another. I shall be hanged, one of these days, and you will be the cause of it."

The wife, who was in tears, appeased him as well as she could; picked up the loaf, and divided it amongst her four children, who were nearly starved to death. The servant, who had taken exact notice of all that passed, returned to his master, who went the next morning, according to his directions, to visit the poor man's habitation.

In his way up stairs, he inquired of the lodgers, what character he bore; and was told, that he was a shoemaker, an honest and a worthy man, ever ready to assist his neighbors, but burdened with a large family, and so poor that they wondered how he was able to live. The counsellor knocked at his door, and was immediately let in by the poor man in rags, who, instantly recollecting him as the person that he had robbed the preceding day, fell down at his feet, requesting him not to ruin him.

"Do not make yourself uneasy, my good friend," said the counsellor, "I am not come to do you any harm, I promise you. You follow a very wretch

profession, I assure you; and one that will, in a short time, bring you to the gallows, if you do not leave it off. Take these ten guineas; they will buy you some leather; so work as hard as you can, and support your children by your honest industry."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH.

Reason like the Evening Star.

The evening star of reason's thine;
 The bright and morning star be mine!
 Reason may lead to that cold clay,
 Where ends the wanderer's earthly way;
 But o'er the grave this star shall rise,
 And point the pilgrim to the skies.
 Be thou my guide, where'er I roam,
 And lead me to my heavenly home!
 O light me to that blissful shore,
 Where friends shall meet to part no more!
 Gather all nations from afar,
 And be to them a ruling star!

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH.

Anecdotes of honorable Conduct.

The Spanish historians relate a memorable instance of honor and regard to truth. A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had, unperceived, thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, giving him half a

peach, "You now know that you may confide in my protection."

The Moor then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. But he had no sooner gone into his house, and seated himself, than a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had been killed by a Spaniard.

When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learned, from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken."

When he had uttered these words, he led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are, indeed, guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved."

In the year 1746, when the English were at war with Spain, the ship *Elizabeth* of London, coming through the gulf from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a most violent storm, in which the ship sprung a leak, that obliged them, for the saving of their lives, to run into the Havana, a Spanish port. The captain went on shore, and directly waited on the governor; told the occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered the ship as a prize, and himself and his men as prisoners of war, only requesting good quarter.

"No, sir," replied the Spanish governor, "if we had taken you in fair war, at sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would have been a prize, and your people prisoners; but when, distressed by a tempest, you come into our ports for the safety of your lives, we, the enemies, being men, are bound, as such, by the laws of humanity, to afford relief to distressed men who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our enemies, take advantage of an act of God.

"You have leave, therefore," added the governor, "to unload your ship, if that be necessary to stop the leak; you may refit her here, and traffic so far as may be necessary to pay the charges; you may then depart, and I will give you a pass to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda—if, after that, you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize; but now, you are only a stranger, and have a stranger's right to safety and protection." The ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.

A remarkable instance of the like honorable conduct, is recorded of a poor, unenlightened African negro. In the year 1752, a New England sloop, trading to the coast of Guinea, left the second mate, William Murray, sick on shore, and sailed without him. Murray was at the house of a black named Cudjoe, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance during their trade. He recovered; and, the sloop being gone, he continued with his black friend till some other opportunity should offer for his getting home.

In the meantime, a Dutch ship came into the road, and some of the blacks coming on board her, were *treacherously* seized, and carried off as slaves. The *relations* and friends, transported with sudden rage, *ran to the house* of Cudjoe, to take revenge, by *killin*g Murray. Cudjoe stopped them at the door, and d

manded what they wanted. "The white men," said they, "have carried away our brothers and sons, and we will kill all white men. Give us the white man you have in your house, for we will kill him."

"Nay," said Cudjoe, "the white men that carried off your relations, are bad men; kill them, when you can take them; but this white man is a good man, and you must not kill him."—"But he is a white man," they cried; "and the white men are all bad men, we will kill them all." "Nay," says he, "you must not kill a man, that has done no harm, only for being white. This man is my friend, my house is his post, I am his soldier, and must fight for him; you must kill me, before you can kill him. What good man will ever come again under my roof, if I let my floor be stained with a good man's blood?"

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH.

The Path of Life.

Oh! I have thought, and thinking sighed—
 How like to thee, thou restless tide!
 May be the lot, the life of him,
 Who roams along thy water's brim!
 Through what alternate shades of wo,
 And flowers of joy, my path may go!
 How many an humble, still retreat
 May rise to court my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest!
 But, urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destined falls,
 I see the world's bewildering force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the lost current cease to run!

Oh may my falls be bright as thine!
May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH.

Patron of the Poor.

A certain cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him, The Patron of the Poor. This ecclesiastical prince had a constant custom, once a week to give public audience to all indigent people, in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one, according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own bounty.

One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely.

She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My lord, I owe, for the rent of my house, five crowns; and, such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, save what would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it,) that is, to disgrace this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto, with great care, educated in the paths of virtue.

What I beg of your eminence is, that you would *be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by honest industry, we can procure the money for him.*" The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue

and modest request, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent."

The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and not knowing what the cardinal had wrote, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake.

On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him.

When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the business, "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much candor and virtue deserves a recompense. Here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up, as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH.

Mental Discipline.

The riches that the mind bestows,
Outshine the purple's proudest dye;
And pale the brightest gold that glows
Beneath the Indian's burning sky.

The mind can dull the deepest smart,
 And smooth the bed of suffering,
 And midst the winter of the heart,
 Can renovate a second spring.

Shall fields be tilled with annual care,
 And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
 Oh, since the crop depends on you,
 Give them the culture which is due:
 Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,—
 So harvest shall repay your toil.
 If human minds resemble trees,
 (As ev'ry moralist agrees,)
 Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
 Then shall the purple clusters shine.
 The gard'ner knows that fruitful life
 Demands his salutary knife;
 For ev'ry wild, luxuriant shoot
 Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH.

The Gambler reformed.

In Queen Anne's war, Colonel Daniel was an ensign in the English army then in Spain; but he was so absolutely possessed by this evil, that all duty, and every thing else that prevented his gratifying his darling passion, was to him most grievous. He scarcely allowed himself time for rest; or, if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears. His meals were neglected; or, if he attended them, he looked upon *that as so much lost time*; swallowed his meat with *precipitance*, and hurried to the dear gaming table *again*.

For some time, fortune was his friend; and he was

so successful, that he has often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, in order that it might be said of him, "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life for a considerable time; but, as he has often said, and I dare say every considerate man will join with him, "it was the most miserable part of it."

After some time, he was ordered on the recruiting duty, and, at Barcelona, he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment, though this was left entirely to his sergeant, that he might be more at leisure to attend to his darling passion. After some changes of good and ill luck, fortune declared so openly against him, that, in one unlucky run, he was totally stripped of his last farthing.

In this distress, he applied to a captain of the same regiment with himself for a loan of ten guineas; which was refused, with this speech: "What! lend my money to a professed gamester! No, sir, I must be excused: for, of necessity, I must lose either my money or my friend; I therefore choose to keep my money." With this taunting refusal, he retired to his lodgings; where he threw himself on the bed, to lay himself and his sorrows to a momentary rest, during the heat of the day.

A bug, gnat, or some such vermin, happening to bite him, he awoke; when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself to him. Without money! and no prospect how to get any to subsist himself and his recruits to the regiment, then at a great distance from him; and should they desert for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering, for disappointing the queen's service.

He had no friends; for he whom he had esteemed *so*, had not only refused to lend him money, but had added taunts to his refusal. He had no acquaintance there; and strangers, he knew, would not let him be

so large a sum as was answerable to his real necessity. This naturally led him to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gamester; and this, he presently perceived, was idleness. He had now found the cause, but the cure was still wanting: how was that to be effected so as to prevent a relapse? Something must be done; some method must be pursued, so effectually to employ his time as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming.

It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of; and this he determined to purchase, as a post the most likely to find him a sufficient and laudable way of passing his time. He had letters of credit, to draw for what sum he pleased, for his promotion in the army, but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagance.

This was well: but the main difficulty remained; and he must get to the regiment before he could take any steps towards the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it with. While he was endeavoring to fall upon some expedient to extricate himself out of this dilemma, his friend, who had refused him in the morning, came to pay him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the anxiety he plainly saw he was in.

The colonel then told him all he had thought upon that head, and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutancy, as soon as he could join the regiment. His friend, then getting up and embracing him, said, "My dear Daniel, I refused you in the morning in that abrupt manner, in order to bring you to a sense of the dangerous situation you were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of the way of *life you had got into*. I heartily rejoice that it has *had the desired effect*. Pursue the laudable resolution you have made; for be assured, that idleness and *gaming are the ruin of youth*.

“My interest, advice, and purse, are now at your command; there, take it, and please yourself with what is necessary to subsist yourself, and your recruits to the regiment.” This presently brought the colonel off the bed; and this afternoon’s behavior entirely obliterated the harshness of his friend’s morning refusal. He now viewed him in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed and found him such.

In short, the colonel set out with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applause for his success, which, as well as his commission, he had well nigh lost by one morning’s folly. He immediately solicited, and purchased the adjutancy; and, from that day forward, never touched cards or dice, but as they ought to be used, merely for diversion, or to unbend the mind, after too close an attention to serious affairs.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH.

What is Hope like?

Like a foam on the billow,
 When it swells o’er the deep;
 Like a tear on the pillow,
 When we sigh, while we sleep;
 Like the siren that sings
 We ne’er can tell where,
 Is the fond hope that brings
 The night of despair.

Like the starlight of gladness
 When it gleams in death’s eye;
 Like the meteor of madness
 In the spirit’s dark sky;

Like the zephyrs that perish
With the breath of their birth,
Are the hopes that we cherish
While poisoned on earth.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH.

A King among Boys.

Before the birth of Cyrus, his grandfather, **Astyages**, king of the Medes, dreamed that he was raised to the throne in his own lifetime; and this so troubled him with fears for the safety of his crown, that he caused the infant, as soon as born, to be delivered to **Harpagus**, with strict orders to have it destroyed. **Harpagus**, willing to avoid the sin of so cruel a deed, entrusted the execution of it to the herdsman of **Astyages**; but the herdsman's wife, happening at the very time to lose her own infant child, prevailed on her husband to adopt the living child in its place.

When **Cyrus** (for such was the boy's name) grew up, he was particularly distinguished among his playmates, for his boldness and intelligence; and, as an honor justly due to superior merit, they conferred on him the title of king. **Cyrus** put the rush crown on his head with all the confidence of one who was entitled to a real one. He proceeded to appoint one playmate to be his prime minister; another to be his chamberlain; a third to be his sword bearer; so many to be his privy council; and so many to be his guards.

One of these boy-subjects, the son of a nobleman, happening to disobey some of the royal commands, **Cyrus** ordered him to be seized by his guards, and severely flogged. The lad, as soon as at liberty, ran home to his father, and complained bitterly of the treatment he had received. The father repaired to **Astyages**, and, showing him the bruised shoulders of

his son, "Is it thus, O king!" said he, "that we are treated by the son of thy bondsman and slave?"

Astyages sent for the herdsman and his supposed son; and, addressing the latter sternly, said, "How darest thou, being the son of such a father as this, treat in so vile a manner the son of one of my court?"

"Sire," answered Cyrus, with firmness, "I have done nothing unto him but what was fit. The country lads, of which he was one, chose me for their king, in play, because I seemed the most worthy of that dignity; but, when all the rest obeyed my commands, this boy alone regarded not what I said. For this he was punished; and if, on this account, I have merited to suffer any punishment, I am here ready to suffer it."

While Cyrus spoke, Astyages was so struck with the family resemblance of the boy's features, that he was tempted to make some particular inquiries of the herdsman; and pressed him so hard, that he at last extorted from him a confession of the truth. Dismissing them for the present, Astyages went and consulted the magi on the discovery he had made, revealing to them, at the same time, the purport of the dream which had given such trouble to his mind.

The magi, ingenious in behalf of humanity, declared that, in their opinion, all that the dream imported had been already realized, by the circumstance of Cyrus having played the king in sport. This interpretation lulled the fears of Astyages; he became reconciled to the boy's existence; and, after acknowledging him as his grandson, sent him into Persia, to his father.—But, ere many years had elapsed, Cyrus stimulated the Persians to revolt, overcame Astyages, his grandfather, and united the empire of the Medes to that of the Persians.

In a visit which Cyrus made to his grandfather, shortly after his royal descent was recognised, Astyages was much charmed with his sprightliness and wit, and gave a sumptuous entertainment on his ac-

count, at which there was a profusion of every that was nice and delicate. All this exquisite and magnificent preparation, Cyrus looked upon with great indifference. "The Persians," said the king, "have a much shorter way to appease hunger; with them, a little bread and a few answer the purpose."

Sacras, the king's cupbearer, displeased Cyrus by praising him on account of the wondrous dexterity with which he served him, "Is that all?" replied Cyrus; "if that be sufficient to merit favor, you shall see I will quickly obtain it; for take upon me to serve you better than he."

Immediately Cyrus was equipped as cupbearer, and very gracefully presented the cup to the king, who embraced him with great fondness, saying, "I am mightily well pleased, my son; nobody can serve a better grace; but you have forgotten one essential ceremony, which is that of tasting." "No," replied Cyrus, "it was not through forgetfulness that I omitted that ceremony." "Why, then," said Astyages, "for what reason did you omit it?" "Because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor," replied Cyrus.

"Poison, child!" continued the king; "how do you think so?" "Yea, poison, sir; for, not long ago, at an entertainment you gave to the lords of the court, after the guests had drunk a little of that wine, I perceived all their heads were turned; they began to make a noise, and talked they knew not what; and yourself seemed to have forgot that you were a king, and they, that they were your subjects; and who would have danced, you were unable to stand." "Why," says Astyages, "have you never seen the same thing happen to your father?" "No," replies Cyrus. "What then? how is it with him when he drinks?" "Why, when he has drunk, his head is quenched; and that is all."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH.

Affliction.

Yes, sorrow can visit the bowers
 Of any fair palace on earth;
 And wither the delicate flowers,
 And drain its sweet sources of mirth.

This life is a wilderness way,
 Where roses with brambles entwine;
 The path is not evermore gay;
 The day does not constantly shine.

The delicate music within
 The least disappointment may stop;
 Remove but a spring or a pin,
 The wheels of our happiness drop.

Our hope is a delicate flower,
 Which yields to each furious blast,
 And often we lose in an hour,
 What promised for ages to last.

When the heavens are calm and serene,
 We fancy 't will always be day,
 Till the whirlwind and storm intervene,
 And sweep the bright prospect away.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH

Filial Devotion.

A woman of Japan was left a widow with three
 sons, and with no other wealth than what could be
 cured by their joint labor. Work became scarce;
 the sons saw their mother ready to perish. With
 most ardent attachment to their mother, and un-
 to relieve her, they formed a desperate resolu-
 An edict had a short time before been issued,

promising a large recompense for whoever apprehended a thief, and brought him to justice. The three brothers determined to draw lots, which of them should personate the thief, and be brought before a magistrate, in order that the others might obtain the reward.

The lot fell upon the youngest, who confessed to a crime of which he was not guilty, and his brothers received the money. The anxiety visible in their countenances, and the tears which involuntarily forced themselves into their eyes, struck the magistrate, who ordered his servant to follow and watch them. They returned to their mother, and threw the money into her lap; but, when she learned how it had been obtained, she refused to touch this 'price of blood.'

This being told the judge, he sent for the prisoner, and again interrogated him concerning the supposed robbery; but he still persisted that he was guilty. Struck with the filial affection and fortitude of the youth, the magistrate laid the case before the sovereign, who sent for the three brothers and their mother, loaded them with favors, and gave an annuity of five hundred crowns to the two eldest, and fifteen hundred to the youngest.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH.

Sunday.

O day most calm, most bright!
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud!
 The endorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood!
 The couch of time; care's balm and bay:—
 The week were dark, but for thy light;
 Thy torch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are
 On which heaven's palace arched lies.

The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful bed and borders,
 In God's rich garden; that is bare,
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King.
 On sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife;
 More plentiful than hope.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST

Major Andre.

John Andre, aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, and adjutant general of the British army in America, during the revolution, was born in England, in 1741. He was, in early life, a merchant's clerk, but obtained a commission in the army, at the age of seventeen. Possessing an active and enterprising disposition, and the most amiable and accomplished manners, he soon conciliated the esteem and friendship of his superior officers, and rose to the rank of major.

After Arnold had intimated to the British, in 1780, his intention of delivering up West Point to them, Major Andre was elected as the person to whom the maturing of Arnold's treason, and the arrangement for its execution, should be committed. A correspondence was for some time carried on between them, under a mercantile disguise, and the feigned names of Gustavus and Anderson; and, at length, to facilitate their communications, the Vulture sloop of war moved up the North river, and took a station convenient for the purpose, but so near as to excite suspicion.

An interview was agreed on; and, in the night of Sept. 21, 1780, he was taken in a boat, which was despatched for the purpose, and carried to the beach without the posts of both armies, under a pass for John Anderson. He met General Arnold at the house of a Mr. Smith. While the conference was yet unfinished, daylight approached; and, to avoid the danger of discovery, it was proposed, that he should remain concealed till the succeeding night.

He desired that he might not be carried within the American posts, but the promise made to him by Arnold to respect this objection was not observed. He was carried within them, contrary to his wishes, and against his knowledge. He continued with Arnold the succeeding day, and when, on the following night, he proposed to return to the Vulture, the boatmen refused to carry him, because she had, during the day, shifted her station, in consequence of a gun having been moved to the shore and brought to bear upon her.

This embarrassing circumstance reduced him to the necessity of endeavoring to reach New York by land. Yielding with reluctance to the urgent representations of Arnold, he laid aside his regimentals, which he had hitherto worn under his surtout, and put on a plain suit of clothes; and, receiving a pass from the American general, authorizing him, under the feigned name of John Anderson, to proceed on the public service to the White Plains, or lower, if he thought proper, he set out on his return.

He had passed all the guards and posts on the road without suspicion, and was proceeding to New York in perfect security, when, on the twenty-third of September, one of the three militia men, who were employed, with others, in scouting parties between the *lines of the two armies*, springing suddenly from his *covert in the road*, seized the reins of his bridle, and *stopped his horse*.

Instead of producing his pass, Andre, with a want of self-possession which can be attributed only to a kind of providence, asked the man hastily where he belonged; and, being answered, "to below," replied immediately, "and so do I." He then declared himself to be a British officer, on urgent business, and begged that he might not be detained. The other two militia men coming up at this moment, he discovered his mistake; but it was too late to repair it.

He offered a purse of gold, and a valuable watch, to which he added the most tempting promises of ample reward, and permanent provision from the government, if they would permit him to escape; but his offers were rejected without hesitation. The names of the militia men who apprehended Andre, were John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Vanevert; who, immediately after searching, carried him before their commander, Colonel Jamison.

On the 29th of September, 1780, General Washington appointed a board of fourteen general officers, part of whom were General Greene, the Marquis de la Fayette, and Baron de Steuben, with the assistance of the judge advocate, John Lawrence. After the most mature deliberation, they pronounced Major Andre a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the laws of nations, he ought to suffer death.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that, since it was his lot to die, as there was a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings, he would be happy, if it were possible to be indulged with a professional death: but the indulgence of being shot, rather than hanged, was not granted, because it was considered contrary to the custom of war.

When he was led out to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted during his confinement; a smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind.

Upon seeing the preparations at the spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I die in this manner?" He was told it was unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon after, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last office to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration, and melted the hearts of all the spectators.

Being told that the fatal moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, "Nothing but to request that you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Thus died Major Andre, universally esteemed and regretted.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND.

Paternal Affection.

How mildly beams a father's face!
 How true and tender his embrace!
 Heaven blends the hearts of sire and son;
 Their kindred souls are joined in one;
 No stay is like a father's arm;
 No eye so quick to guard from harm;
 And more the heart his counsels move,
 Than pleasure's voice or woman's love.

Hath fickle passion wronged thy youth?
 Cling to his side whose love is truth;
 Have friends thy innocence beguiled?
 Guileless a father guides his child;
 Or hast thou vainly wandered far,
 To search for truth's directing star?
 Return, and claim thy sire's embrace;
 His bosom be thy resting place.

Or hast thou aimed to soar in skies,
 Where mightier spirits fearless rise,
 And, feeble as the bird that springs
 Toward heaven, ere time had nerved his wings,
 With flagging plumes too soon returnest,
 All drooping, to the ground thou spurnest?
 Fly to thy father's tranquil breast,
 Thou weáry bird, make there thy nest.

Alas, for orphan hearts! that mourn
 The dearest ties of nature torn;
 They gaze not on a father's eye;
 No more upon his bosom lie;
 For them, life's surest friend is gone;
 In grief, in hope, their heart's are lone;
 And e'en should love still light its fires,
 What earthly love is like a sire's?

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD.

Serjeant Jasper.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Serjeant Jasper enlisted in the second South Carolina regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moultrie. He distinguished himself in a particular manner, at the attack which was made upon Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, on the 25th of June, 1776.

In the warmest part of the contest, the flag staff was severed by a cannon ball, and the flag fell to the bottom of the ditch, on the outside of the works. This accident was considered, by the anxious inhabitants of Charleston, as putting an end to the contest, by striking the American flag to the enemy.

The moment that Jasper made the discovery that the flag had fallen, he jumped from one of the embrasures, and mounted the colours, which he tied to

sponge staff, on the parapet, where he supported them until another flag was procured. The subsequent enterprise and activity of this patriot induced Colonel Moultrie to give him a sort of a roving commission, to go and come at pleasure, confident that he was always usefully employed.

He was privileged to select such men from the regiment as he should choose, to accompany him in his enterprises. His parties consisted generally of five or six, and he often returned with prisoners before Moultrie was apprised of his absence. Jasper was distinguished for his humane treatment, when an enemy fell into his power. His ambition appears to have been limited to the characteristics of bravery, humanity, and usefulness to the cause in which he was engaged.

When it was in his power to kill, but not to capture, it was his practice not to permit a single prisoner to escape. By his sagacity and enterprise, he often succeeded in the capture of those who were lying in ambush for him. In one of his excursions, an instance of bravery and humanity occurred, as recorded by the biographer of Gen. Marion, which would stagger credulity, if it were not well attested.

While he was examining the British camp at Ebenezer, all the sympathy of his breast was awakened by the distresses of Mrs. Jones, whose husband, an American by birth, had taken the king's protection, and had been confined in irons, for deserting the royal cause after he had taken the oath of allegiance. The well founded belief was, that nothing short of the life of her husband would atone for the offence with which he was charged.

The anticipation of the awful scene of a beloved *husband* expiring upon a gibbet, had excited the *severest* emotions of grief and distraction. Jasper *secretly* consulted with his companion, Serjeant *Newton*, whose feelings for the distressed female and

child were equally excited with his own, upon the practicability of releasing Jones from his impending fate.

Though they were unable to suggest a plan of operation, they were determined to watch for the most favorable opportunity, and make the effort. The departure of Jones and several others, (all in irons,) to Savannah, for a trial, under a guard, consisting of a serjeant, corporal, and eight men, was ordered upon the succeeding morning.

Within two miles of Savannah, about thirty yards from the main road, is a spring of fine water, surrounded by a deep and thick underwood, where travellers often halt, to refresh themselves with a cool draught from the pure fountain. Jasper and his companion considered this spot the most favorable for their enterprise. They accordingly passed the guard, and concealed themselves near the spring.

When the enemy came up, the corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the serjeant, with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens.

The two last approached the spring where our heroes lay concealed, and, resting their muskets against a tree, dipped up water; and, having drunk themselves, turned away, with replenished canteens, to give to the prisoners also. "*Now, Newton, is our time!*" said Jasper. Then, bursting from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were rested against the tree, and instantly shot down the two soldiers that kept guard.

By this time, the serjeant and corporal, a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their panic, had

sprung and seized up the two muskets which had fallen from the slain: but, before they could use them, the Americans, with clubbed guns, levelled, each at the head of his antagonist, the final blow. Then, securing their weapons, they flew between the surviving enemy and their arms, grounded near the road, and compelled them to surrender.

The irons were taken off, and arms put in the hands of those who had been prisoners, and the whole party arrived at Parisburgh, the next morning, and joined the American camp. There are but few instances upon record, where personal exertions, even for self-preservation from certain prospect of death, would have induced a resort to an act so desperate of execution; how much more laudable was this, where the spring to action was roused by the lamentations of a female *unknown* to the adventurers.

After the gallant defence at Sullivan's Island, Colonel Moultrie's regiment was presented with a stand of colors, by Mrs. Elliot, which she had richly embroidered with her own hands, and, as a reward for Jasper's particular merit, Governor Rutledge presented him with a very handsome sword. During the assault against Savannah, two officers had been killed, and one wounded, endeavoring to plant these colors upon the enemy's parapet of the spring hill redoubt.

Just before the retreat was ordered, Jasper endeavored to replace them upon the works, and, while he was in the act, received a mortal wound, and fell into the ditch. When a retreat was ordered, he recollected the honorable conditions upon which the donor presented the colors to his regiment, and, among the last acts of his life, succeeded in bringing them off.

Major Horry called to see him, soon after the retreat, to whom, it is said, he made the following communication: "I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge

for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie;— give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it in honor. If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life.

“ Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, his wife, and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of that battle, which he fought for them, brought a secret joy into his heart, when it was about to stop its motion forever.” He expired a few moments after closing this sentence.



LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH

Dejection.

When sickness clouds the languid eye,
 And seeds of sharp diseases fly
 Swift through the vital frame;
 Rich drugs are torn from earth and sea,
 And balsam drops from every tree,
 To quench the parching flame.

But oh! what opiate can assuage
 The throbbing breast's tumultuous rage,
 Which mingling passions tear!
 What art the wounds of grief can bind,
 Or soothe the sick, impatient mind,
 Beneath corroding care!

Not all the potent herbs that grow
 On purple heath, or mountain's brow,
 Can banished peace restore:
 In vain, the spring of tears to dry,
 For purer air or softer sky,
 We quit our native shore.

Friendship, the richest balm that flows,
 Was meant to heal our sharpest woes,
 But runs not always pure;
 And Love—has sorrows of his own,
 Which not an herb beneath the moon
 Is found of power to cure.

Soft Pity, mild, dejected maid,
 With tenderest hand applies her aid
 To dry the frequent tear;
 But her own griefs, of finer kind,
 Too deeply wound the feeling mind
 With anguish more severe.



LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIF

The Dying Warrior.

On the 7th of October, says the Baroness of desel, I expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips Fraser to dine with us. I saw a great move among the troops: my husband told me, it was a reconnoissance; which gave me no concern, often happened. I walked out of the house, and several Indians in their war dresses, with guns in hands. When I asked them where they were going they cried out, "War! war!" (meaning that they were going to battle.) This filled me with apprehension, and I had scarcely got home, before I heard ports of cannon and musketry, which grew loud degrees, till, at last, the noise became excessive.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of a guest whom I expected, General Fraser was brought on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which already set, was instantly removed, and a bed was put in its stead, for the wounded general. I sat there in a corner. The noise grew louder, and the

increased: the thought that my husband might perhaps be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly.

General Fraser said to the surgeon, "Tell me if my wound is mortal, do not flatter me." The ball had passed through his body; and, unhappily for the general, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim, with a sigh, "O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! O my poor wife!"

He was asked, if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that, "If General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried, at 6 o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt which had been built there." I did not know which way to turn; all the other rooms were full of sick. Towards evening, my husband coming, then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me. He ate in great haste, with me and his aid-de-camp, behind the house.

We had been told that we had the advantage of the enemy, but the sorrowful faces I beheld, told a different tale; and, before my husband went away, he took me on one side, and said every thing was going very bad; that I must keep myself in readiness to leave the place, but not mention it to any one. I made the pretence that I would move the next morning into my new house, and had every thing packed up ready.

I spent much of the night in comforting the wife of the wounded general, and then went again to my children, whom I had put to bed. I could not go to sleep, as I had General Fraser, and all the other wounded gentlemen, in my room; and I was sadly afraid my children would awake, and, by their crying, disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed me, and apologized "for the trouble he gave me."

About 3 o'clock in the morning, I was told he could not hold out much longer; I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About 8 o'clock in the morning, he died.

After he was laid out, and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and had this sorrowful sight before us the whole day; and, to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded. The cannonade commenced again; a retreat was spoken of, but not the smallest motion was made towards it. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the house, which had just been built for me, in flames, and the enemy was now not far off. We knew that General Burgoyne would not refuse the last request of General Fraser, though, by his acceding to it, an unnecessary delay was occasioned, by which the inconvenience of the army was much increased.

At six o'clock, the corpse was brought out, and we saw all the generals attend it to the mountain; the chaplain performed the funeral service, rendered unusually solemn and awful from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery. Many cannon balls flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed towards the mountain, where my husband was standing, amidst the fire of the enemy, and, of course, I could not think of my own danger.



LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH.

The Horrors of War.

As soon as the funeral service was finished, and the grave of General Fraser was closed, an order was issued, that the army should retreat. My cala

says the Baroness of Reidesel, was prepared, but I would not consent to go before the troops. Major Harnage, although suffering from his wounds, crept from his bed, as he did not wish to remain in the hospital, which was left with a flag of truce. When General Reidesel saw me in the midst of danger, he ordered my woman and children to be brought into the calash, and intimated to me to depart without delay.

I still prayed to remain, but my husband, knowing my weak side, said, "Well, then, your children must go, that at least they may be safe from danger." I then agreed to enter the calash with them, and we set off at 8 o'clock. The retreat was ordered to be conducted with the greatest silence; many fires were lighted, and several tents left standing. We travelled continually during the night, and the day following.

About evening, we arrived at Saratoga; my dress was wet through and through with rain, and in that state I had to remain the whole night, having no place to change it; I, however, got close to a large fire, and, at last, lay down on some straw. At this moment, General Phillips came up to me, and I asked him why we had not continued our retreat, as my husband had promised to cover it, and bring the army through? "Poor, dear woman," said he, "I wonder how, drenched as you are, you have the courage still to persevere, and venture further in this kind of weather. I wish," continued he, "you was our commanding general; General Burgoyne is tired, and means to halt here to-night, and give us our supper."

On the morning of the 7th, at 10 o'clock, General Burgoyne ordered the retreat to be continued, and caused the handsome houses and mills of General Schuyler to be burnt; we marched, however, but a short distance, and then halted. The greatest misery, at this time, prevailed in the army; and more than thirty officers came to me, for whom tea and coffee was prepared, and I shared with them all my provi-

sions, with which my calash was in general well supplied.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, we again heard a firing of cannon and small arms; instantly, all was alarm, and every thing in motion. My husband told me to go to a house not far off. I immediately seated myself in my calash, with my children, and drove off; but scarcely had we reached it, before I discovered five or six armed men on the other side of the Hudson. Instinctively, I threw my children down in the calash, and then concealed myself with them. At that moment, the fellows fired, and wounded an already wounded English soldier, who was behind me; poor fellow, I pitied him exceedingly, but, at that moment, had no means or power to relieve him.

A terrible cannonading was commenced by the enemy, which was directed against the house in which I sought to obtain shelter for myself and children, under the mistaken idea that all the generals were in it; alas! it contained nothing but the wounded, and women. We were, at last, obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge; and in one corner of this, I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth, with their heads on my lap: and in the same situation I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away.

One poor soldier, who was lying on a table, for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot, which carried away his other. His comrades had left him; and, when we went to his assistance, we found him in a corner of the room, into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the danger to which my husband was *exposed*, now agonized me exceedingly; and the *thoughts* of my children, and the necessity of *struggling* for their preservation, alone supported me.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH.

American Magnanimity.

On the 17th of October, the convention was completed. General Burgoyne, and the other generals, waited on the American general (Gates;) the troops laid down their arms, and gave themselves up prisoners of war. My husband, says the baroness, sent a message to me, to come over to him with my children. I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp.

As I passed, I observed (and this was a great consolation to me) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but that they all greeted us, and even showed compassion in their countenances, at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me; took my children from the calash, and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. "You tremble," said he, addressing himself to me; "be not afraid." "No," I answered, "you seem so kind and tender to my children, it inspires me with courage."

He now led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on a friendly footing with the former. Burgoyne said to me, "Never mind, your sorrows have now an end." I answered him, that I should be reprehensible to have any cares, as he had none; and I was pleased to see him on such a friendly footing with General Gates. All the generals remained to dine with General Gates.

The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, "You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come, with your children, to my tent, where I will prepar

for you a frugal meal, and give it with a free will.' I said, "You are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness." I now found that he was General Schuyler. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef steaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter! Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner. I was content. I saw all around me were so likewise; and, what was better than all, my husband was out of danger.

When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honor him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act; he told me to accept the invitation. As it was two days' journey there, he advised me to go to a place which was about three hours' ride distant. General Schuyler had the politeness to send with me a French officer, a very agreeable man, who commanded the reconnoitring party of which I have before spoken; and when he had escorted me to the house where I was to remain, he turned back again.

Some days after this, we arrived at Albany, where we so often wished ourselves; but we did not enter it as we expected we should—victors! We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness; as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully finished house to be burnt: in fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, "You show me much kindness, although I have done you much injury." "That was the fate of war," replied the brave man, "let us say no more about it."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Christian Hope.

The stars that silent burn on high,
 Bright gems in yonder boundless sky,
 Must rise, pass o'er, and seek their rest,
 Soon sinking in the distant west.

But there is one, whose gentle ray,
 Fair, changeless, passeth not away;
 But, fixed forever o'er yon pole,
 Unfolds a lesson to the soul.

For so earth's transient hopes arise
 And set before our gazing eyes;
 But Christian hope can never die,
 Immortal, beaming from yon sky.



LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH.

Isaac Haynes.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony, that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person. This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Colonel Haynes, who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune.

But it was not long before Cornwallis put a

construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominated it a bond of allegiance to the king, and called upon all who had signed it to take up arms against the rebels! threatening to treat as deserters, those who refused! This fraudulent proceeding in Lord Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honorable and honest man.

Colonel Haynes now being compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy, and carried into Charleston.

Lord Rawdon, the commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung! This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition, headed by the British governor Bull, and signed by a number of royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded.

The ladies of Charleston, both Whigs and Tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Colonel Haynes might be spared; but this also was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Colonel Haynes's children (the mother had recently deceased) should, in their mourning habiliments, be presented, to plead for the life of their only surviving parent.

Being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees, and, with clasped hands and weeping eyes, they lisped their father's name, and plead most earnestly for his life, but in vain; the unfeeling man was still inexorable! His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who, beholding his only parent loaded with irons and con-

damped to die, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow.

“Why, my son,” said he, “will you thus break your father’s heart with unavailing sorrow? Have I not often told you that we came into this world to prepare for a better? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is *prepared*. Instead, then, of weeping, rejoice with me, my son, that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow, I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution; and, when I am dead, take and bury me by the side of your mother.”

The youth here fell on his father’s neck, crying, “O my father! my father! I will die with you! I will die with you!” Colonel Haynes would have returned the strong embrace of his son, but, alas! his hands were confined with irons. “Live, my son,” said he, “live to honor God by a good life, live to serve your country, and live to take care of your little sisters and brother!”

The next morning, Colonel Haynes was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. As soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said—“Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and of all my life’s sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don’t lay too much to heart our separation from you; it will be but short. It was but lately your dear mother died. To-day, I die; and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us.” “Yes, my father, replied the broken hearted youth, I shall shortly follow you; for, indeed, I feel that I cannot live long.”

On seeing, therefore, his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood *like one transfixed* and motionless with horror. *Till then, he had wept incessantly; but, as soon as he*

saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was started, and he never wept more. He died insane; in his last moments, often called on the name of father, in terms that wrung tears from the hearts.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH

Tears of Scotland.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valor long renowned,
 Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famished on the rocks
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
 Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
 Still shows with undiminished blaze—
 Thy towering spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancor fell.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST.

Massacre of Miss M'Creca.

It seems that this unfortunate young lady was betrothed to a Mr. Jones, an American refugee, who was with Burgoyne's army: and, being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, he despatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British army. Where were his affection and gallantry, that he did not go himself; or, at least, that he did not accompany his savage emissaries!

Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, she committed herself to the care of fiends;—strange infatuation in her lover, to solicit such a confidence!—stranger presumption in her, to yield to his wishes! what treatment had she not a right to expect!

The party set forward, and she on horseback; they had proceeded not more than half a mile from Fort Edward, when they arrived at a spring, and halted to drink. The impatient lover had, in the meantime, despatched a second party of Indians, on the same errand; they came, at the unfortunate moment, to the same spring, and a collision immediately ensued, as to the promised reward.

Both parties were now attacked by the whites; and, at the end of the conflict, the unhappy young woman was found tomahawked, scalped, and (as is said) tied fast to a pine-tree just by the spring. Tradition reports, that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover.

This beautiful spring still flows, limpid and cool, from a bank near the road side. The tree, which is a large and ancient pine, "fit for the mast of some tall admiral," is wounded, in many places, by the balls of the whites, fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remain in this ancient tree, which seems a striking

emblem of wounded innocence, and the trunk, twisted off at a considerable elevation by some violent wind, that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy, although painful memorial of the fate of Jenne M'Crea.

Her name is inscribed on the tree, with the date 1777; and no traveller passes this spot, without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and loveliness. Persons are still living who were acquainted with Miss M'Crea, and with her family.

The murder of this interesting young lady, occurring as it did, at the moment when General Burgoyne, whose army was then at Fort Anne, was bringing with him to the invasion of the American states, hordes of savages, whose known and established mode of warfare was that of promiscuous massacre, electrified the whole continent, and, indeed, the civilized world, producing a universal burst of horror and indignation. General Gates did not fail to profit by the circumstance; and, in a severe, but too personal remonstrance, which he addressed to General Burgoyne, charged him with the guilt of the murder, and with that of many other similar atrocities.

His real guilt, or that of his government, was, in employing the savages at all in the war; in other respects, he appears to have had no concern with the transaction. In his reply to General Gates, he thus vindicates himself: "In regard to Miss M'Crea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have labored to give it, to make it as sincerely lamented and abhorred by me, as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no premeditated barbarity.

"On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard; and, in a fit of savage passion in one from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim

Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands; and though, to have punished him by our laws on principles of justice, would have been, perhaps, unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced, by my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon, under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischiefs."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND.

Virtue and Happiness.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
 Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
 My fancy led me to explore
 A thousand scenes unknown before.
 I saw a plain extended wide,
 And crowds poured in from every side;
 All seemed to start a different game,
 Yet all declared their views the same:
 The chase was Happiness, I found;
 But all, alas! enchanted ground.

As Parnell says, my bosom wrought
 With travail of uncertain thought;
 And, as an angel helped the dean,
 My angel chose to intervene.
 The dress of each was much the same;
 And Virtue was my seraph's name.
 When thus the angel silence broke;
 Her voice was music as she spoke.

*"Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
 And where is happiness?"* you say.

“ ’Tis here—and may be yours—for know,
I’ m all that ’s happiness below.
To vice I leave tumultuous joys;
Mine is the still and softer voice,
That whispers peace when storms invade,
And music through the midnight shade.

“ Come, then, be mine in ev’ry part,
Nor give me less than all your heart;
When troubles discompose your breast,
I’ll enter there a cheerful guest:
My converse shall your cares beguile,
The little world within shall smile,
And then it scarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.

“ And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires:
At that important hour of need,
Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
My arm sustain thy drooping head:
And when the painful struggle ’s o’er,
And that vain thing, the world, no more,
I’ll bear my favorite son away
To rapture, and eternal day.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD

An upright Prisoner.

Among the prisoners taken by the Americans at the battle of Hoosac, commonly called the battle of Bennington, was an inhabitant of Hancock, in the county of Berkshire, a plain farmer, named Ric

Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the British side in the revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his sovereign. Hearing that Colonel Baum was advancing with a body of troops towards Bennington, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to the corps. Here he was taken, in such circumstances as proved his intention beyond every reasonable doubt. He was, besides, too honest to deny it.

Accordingly, he was transmitted to Great Barrington, then the shire town of Berkshire, and placed in the hands of General Fellows, high sheriff of the county, who immediately confined him in the county gaol. This building was, at that time, so infirm, that, without a guard, no prisoner could be kept in it who wished to escape. To escape, however, was in no degree consonant with Richard's idea of right; and he thought no more of seriously making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done, had he been in his own house.

After he had lain quietly in gaol a few days, he told the sheriff that he was losing his time, and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the daytime, promising to return regularly, at evening, to his quarters in the prison. The sheriff had become acquainted with his character, and readily acceded to his proposal. Accordingly, Richard went out regularly during the remaining part of the autumn, and the following spring, until the beginning of May, and every night returned at the proper hour to the gaol. In this manner, he performed a day's work every day, with scarcely any exception but the Sabbath, through the whole period.

In the month of May, he was to be tried for high treason. The sheriff accordingly made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where his trial was to

be held. But he told the sheriff that it was not worth his while to take this trouble, for he could just as well go alone; and it would save both the expense and trouble of the sheriff's journey.

The sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to the proposal, and Richard commenced his journey—the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken in the same manner, for the same object. In the woods of Tyringham, he was overtaken by the Honorable T. Edwards, from whom I had this story. "Whither are you going?" said Mr. Edwards. "To Springfield, sir," answered Richard, "to be tried for my life." Accordingly, he proceeded directly to Springfield, surrendered himself to the sheriff of Hampshire, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

The council of Massachusetts was, at this time, the supreme executive of the state. Application was made to this board for a pardon. The facts, the evidence by which they were supported, and the sentence grounded on them, were stated. The question was then put by the president, "Shall a pardon be granted to Richard Jackson?" The gentleman who first spoke, observed that the case was perfectly clear; the act alleged against Jackson was unquestionably high treason; and the proof was complete. If a pardon should be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. In the same manner answered those who followed him.

When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, he told this story, with those little circumstances of particularity, which, though they are easily lost from the memory, and have escaped mine, give light and shade a living reality, and a picturesque impressiveness to every tale which is fitted to enforce conviction, or to touch the heart. At the same time, he recited it without enhancement, without expatiation, without any attempt to be pathetic. As is always the case, this

simplicity gave the narrative its full force. The council began to hesitate. One of the members at length observed, "Certainly such a man as this ought not to be sent to the gallows!" To his opinion the members unanimously assented. A pardon was immediately made out and transmitted to Springfield, and Richard returned to his family.

Never was a stronger proof exhibited, that honesty is wisdom.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH.

Address to the Bible.

Be thou my star in reason's night!
 Be thou my rock in danger's fright!
 Be thou my joy mid passion's way!
 My moon by night! my sun by day!

Be thou my hope midst dark'ning care!
 When friends forsake, be thou my prayer!
 When prosp'rous, be my constant stay!
 My home through life's bewild'ring way!

Be thou my guide on error's sea!
 My compass, chart, directing me!
 When tossed on doubt's tumultuous tide,
 Thy promises, my anchor bide!

Be thou my friend in want or pain!
 In disappointment, be my gain!
 When weeping for the dear, loved dead,
 O wipe the tears these eyes may shed!

Be thou, when other lights shall fade,
 My torch to guide me through the grave!
 Be thou my passport to the sky!
 My song through all eternity!

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH.

Boston Liberty Tree.

At this period, there arose a practice, which was occasionally repeated, of signifying public sentiment in a very effectual way, though without any responsible, or even ostensible agent, unless an inanimate one, the Liberty Tree, can be so considered. This tree was one of those majestic elms, of the American species, that form one of the greatest ornaments in the landscape of this country. It stood in front of a house, opposite the Boylston market, on the edge of the street, which its spreading branches overshadowed.

On the 14th of August, 1765, an effigy, representing Mr. Oliver, who had been appointed to distribute the stamps, and a boot, (the emblem of Lord Bute,) with the devil peeping out of it, having the stamp act in his hand, and various other satirical emblems, were suspended from its branches. Chief Justice Hutchinson directed the sheriff to remove this pageantry; but his deputies, from the indications of popular feeling, declined the task; and the council of the province thought, if they did not interfere, that the affair would subside without disturbance.

In the evening, the figures were taken down, carried in procession through the streets, and through the town house, to a small building in State street, which Mr. Oliver had erected for a stamp office; this was entirely demolished, and the procession then moved to Fort Hill, where his house was situated, to make a bonfire of this pageantry. His family were alarmed; but some of his friends, who were very obnoxious to popular ill will, remained, with a show of resistance. This provoked an attack, in which the windows were broken, and some injury done to the house and furniture.

The next day, Mr. Oliver announced, through his friends, on the exchange, that he had declined the office of stamp distributor; but, it being intimated to him, that it would conduce to the quiet of the public, if he would come to this tree and resign it openly, he appeared there accordingly, and declared, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, that he would not accept the place. It was thenceforth called Liberty Tree.

In February of the preceding year, the tree was carefully pruned, and the following inscription placed upon it: "This tree was planted in the year 1614, and pruned, by order of the sons of liberty, Feb. 14th 1766." On future occasions, there was seldom any excitement on political subjects, without some token of it appearing on this tree: all popular processions paid a salute to it.

Whenever any obnoxious offices were to be resigned, or agreements for patriotic purposes entered into, the parties received notice clandestinely, that they would be expected at the Liberty Tree, at a particular time; where they always found pens and paper, and a numerous crowd of witnesses, though the genius of the tree was invisible. When the British army took possession of the town in 1774, it fell a victim to their vengeance, or to that of the individuals to whom its shade had been disagreeable.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH.

A True Friend.

Is he my friend who tells me so,
Perhaps some private end to gain?
Whose heart, just like a gem of snow,
But sparkles in its frosty reign!

'T is he who makes no loud pretence,
 But like the silent dews of heaven,
 Can blessings all unasked dispense,
 In noiseless acts of kindness given.

'T is he who, through life's checkered ways,
 When sun-bright scenes, or clouds appear,
 With warm affection, still displays
 A heart unchanged, a soul sincere.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH.

The Young Heroine.

During the invasion of Provost, while the British army kept possession of the seaboard, a Hessian battalion occupied the house and plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the banks of the Stono. To excite general alarm, and more particularly to annoy the post, two galleys from Charleston, ascending the river in the night time, unexpectedly opened a heavy fire of grape and round shot on the house and neighboring encampment.

The family, who had been allowed to remain in some of the upper apartments, were now ordered to quit the premises, and Mr. Gibbes, a martyr to infirmity, and his numerous family, set out, at midnight, for an adjoining plantation. When beyond the reach of the shot, which had incessantly passed over the heads of the party, an inquiry being made respecting the safety of the children, it was found, that, in the hurry and terror of the moment, a distant relation, a boy as yet in early infancy, had been left behind.

The servants were entreated to return for him, but *refused*; and he must have been left to his fate, had *not* the heroism and affection of Miss Mary Anna Gibbes, then but thirteen years old, inspired her with

courage to fly to his rescue. The darkness of the night was profound; yet she returned alone, the distance being fully a mile; and, after a long refusal, having, by tears and entreaties, obtained admission from the sentinel, ascended to the third story.

There she found the child, and carried him off in safety, though frequently covered with the dirt thrown up by the shot, and greatly terrified by their constant approach to her person. Public gratitude is due to this intrepid action, since the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick, so much distinguished by his services in the late war, was the person saved.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Address to Science.

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
 Let others spread the daring sail,
 On fortune's faithless sea;
 While, undeluded, happier, I
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with thee.

Hail, queen of manners! light of truth!
 Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
 Sweet refuge of distress:
 In business thou, exact, polite,
 Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause!
 Foundress of orders, cities, laws,
 Of arts inventress thou!
 Without thee, what were human kind!
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
 Their joys, how mean, how few!

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH

Mrs. Thomas Heyward.

An order having been issued for a general illumination, to celebrate the supposed victory at Guilford, the front of the house occupied by Mrs. Heyward and her sister, Mrs. George Abbot Hall, remained in darkness. Indignant at so decided a mark of disrespect, an officer (I hope, for the sake of humanity, and the honor of the military character, unauthorized) forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward, "How dare you disobey the order which has been issued? why, madam, is not your house illuminated?"

"Is it possible for me, sir," replied the lady, with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine?" "That," rejoined the officer, "is a matter of little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Greene: you shall illuminate." "Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window in the house."

"Then, madam, I will return with a party, and, before midnight, level it to the ground." "You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well disposed to use it; but over my opinions you possess no control. I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare, I will not illuminate." Would to God that I could name the man capable of thus insulting a helpless female, that I might hold him up to the scorn of the world! Mrs. Heyward was graceful and majestic in person, beautiful in countenance, angelic in disposition: none but a ruffian could have treated her with indignity.

On the anniversary of the surrender of Charleston, May 12th, 1781, an illumination was again demanded.

in testimony of joy for an event so propitious to the cause of Britain. Mrs. G. A. Hall, who labored under a wasting disease, lay at the point of death. Again Mrs. Heyward refused to obey. Violent anger was excited, and the house was assailed by a mob, with brickbats, and every species of nauseating trash that could offend or annoy. Her resolution remained unshaken; and, while the tumult continued, and shouts and clamor increased indignity, Mrs. Hall expired.

I would mention, to the honor of the town, Major Fraser,—that he waited on Mrs. Heyward, and, strongly expressing his regret for the indignities that had been offered her, requested permission to repair the damage done to the house; but she resolutely refused, assuring him that, though sensible of his attention, and thankful for it, the efforts of the ruling authorities to obliterate the recollection of insults which they ought to have prevented, could not avail: she could forgive, but never forget them.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH.

Mental Riches.

'T is a region half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own,
 More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru:
 Broader 't is, and brighter far
 Than the golden Indies are:
 Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye;
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store:
 If her inward worth were known,
 She might ever live alone

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST.

Mrs. Richard Shubrick.

Here was, indeed, a heroine to be proud of. Her eyes sparkled with feeling and vivacity, while her countenance so plainly bespoke her kindness and benevolence, that sorrow and misfortune instinctively sought shelter under her protection. There was an appearance of personal debility about her, that rendered her peculiarly interesting; it seemed to solicit the interest of every heart, and the man would have felt himself degraded, who would not have put his life at hazard to serve her. Yet, when firmness of character was requisite, when fortitude was called for, to repel the encroachments of aggression, there was not a more intrepid being in existence. I will present a noble instance of it.

An American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought her protection, and was promised it. The British, pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction, in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest, and were silent; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said, "To men of honor, the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary! I will defend the passage to it, though I perish. You may succeed, and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse." "If muskets were only placed in the hands of few such women," said the officer, "our only safety would be found in retreat. Your intrepidity, madam, gives you security; from me you shall meet no further annoyance."

Not is this the only instance of her unconquerable fortitude. At Brabant, the seat of the respectable and patriotic Bishop Smith, a sergeant of Tarleton's dragoons, eager for the acquisition of plunder, followed the overseer, a man advanced in years, into the apartment where the ladies of the family were assembled, and, on his refusal to discover the spot in which the plate was concealed, struck him with violence, inflicting a severe sabre wound across the shoulders. Aroused by the infamy of the act, Mrs. Shubrick, starting from her seat, and placing herself between the ruffian and his victim, resolutely said, "Place yourself behind me, Murdoch, the interposition of my body shall give you protection, or I will die;" then, addressing herself to the serjeant, exclaimed, "O what a degradation of manhood! what departure from that gallantry which was once the characteristic of British soldiers! Human nature is degraded by your barbarity;—but should you persist, then strike at me, for, till I die, no further injury shall be done to him."

The sergeant, unable to resist such commanding eloquence, retired. The hope, however, of attaining the object in view, very speedily subjected the unfortunate Murdoch to new persecution. He was tied up under the very tree where the plate was buried, and threatened with immediate execution, unless he would make the discovery required. But, although well acquainted with the unrelenting severity of his enemy, and earnestly solicited by his wife to save his life by a speedy confession of the place of deposit, he persisted, resolutely, that a sacred trust was not to be betrayed, and actually succeeded in preserving it. When complimented, at an after period, on his heroic firmness, he asserted, that he was strengthened in his resolution by the recollection that a part of the plate belonged to the church; and that he should have considered it as sacrilege, had he suffered it, through a weakness of disposition, to fall into the hands of robbers.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND.

Disinterested Poverty.

In the hard frost of 1740, the benevolent Duke of Montague went out one morning in disguise, as was his favorite practice, in order to distribute his bounty to his afflicted fellow creatures. He descended into one of those subterraneous dwellings, of which there are many in London, and, accosting an old woman, inquired, how she lived in these hard times, and if she needed charity.

"No," she replied; "I thank God I am not in want; but, if you have any thing to bestow, there is a poor creature in the next room almost starving. The duke visited this poor object, made her a donation, and then inquired of the old woman, if any more of her neighbors were in want.

She said her left hand neighbor was very poor and very honest. "Sure," replied the duke, "you are very generous, and disinterested; pray, if it is no offence, let me know your own circumstances." "I owe nothing," said the good woman, "and am worth thirty shillings." "Well, but I suppose a little addition would be acceptable?" "Yes, certainly, but I think it wrong to take what others want so much more than I do."

The duke took out five guineas, and desired her acceptance of them. The poor creature was quite overcome by this mark of generosity, and, when able to express herself, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, you are not a man, but an angel!"

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD.

The Aged Heathen.

My locks are white—yas, even now
 The snow of time is on my brow;
 Fair youth no more shall light or warm,
 With blooming glow, this wasted form.
 Short is the path that I shall tread,
 Ere life and joy to me are dead.
 Well may I weep at such a doom,
 And trample o'er the opening tomb—
 Yon dark descent shall lead me—where?
 To know might lessen my despair.
 Oh, that the grave could speak, and tell
 Its awful mysteries, which dwell
 Amid such darkness, that no light
 From Hope's fair lamp can break the night!
 All that I know, is what I mourn—
 That those who go, shall not return

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH.

Trial of Gratitude.

Ah-ibu-Abbas, a favorite of the Caliph Mamoun, relates a story that happened to himself. "I was," says he, "one evening with the caliph, when a man, bound hand and foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered me to keep a watchful eye over the prisoner, and to bring him the next day. The caliph seemed greatly irritated, and the fear of exposing myself to his resentment, induced me to confine the prisoner in my haram. I asked him of what country he was; he said *Damascus*, and that his habitation was in the quarter of the great mosque.

"May heaven," cried I, "shower blessings on the city of Damascus, and particularly on your quarter—I owe my life to a man that lived there." These words excited his curiosity, and I thus proceeded: "It is many years since the viceroy of Damascus was deposed. I accompanied his successor; and, when we were about to take possession, the deposed governor assaulted us with superior force. I escaped out of a window; and, observing a palace open, I supplicated the master to save my life. He conducted me into the apartment of his women, where I continued a month, in perfect security.

"One day, I was informed by my host, that a caravan was setting out for Bagdad; and that I could not wish a more favorable opportunity for returning home. I had no money, and I was ashamed to own it. He perceived my distress, but, in appearance, took no notice. How great was my surprise, when, on the day of my departure, a fine horse was brought me, a mule loaded with provisions, and a black slave to attend me.

"My generous host presented me, at the same time, a purse of gold, and conducted me himself to the caravan, recommending me to several of the travellers, who were his friends. These kindnesses I received in your city, which rendered it dear to me. All my concern is, that I have not been able to discover my generous benefactor. I should die content, could I find an opportunity to testify my gratitude

"Your wishes are accomplished," cried my prisoner in transport, "I am he who received you in my palace." I embraced him with tears, took off his chains, and inquired by what fatality he had incurred the caliph's displeasure. "Some contemptible enemies," he replied, "have found means to asperse me unjustly to Mamoun. I was hurried from Damascus, and cruelly denied the consolation of embracing my wife and children. As I have reason to apprehend

the worst, I request you to acquaint them with my misfortunes."

"No, no," said I, "you shall not die; be at liberty from this moment. Depart immediately, (presenting him with a thousand sequins in a purse;) hasten to rejoin the precious objects of your affection; let the caliph's indignation fall upon me; I dread it not, if I preserve your life!" "What a proposal do you make!" answered my prisoner; "can you think me capable of accepting it? Shall I sacrifice that life now which I formerly saved? Endeavor to convince the caliph of my innocence, the only proof I will admit of your gratitude. If you cannot undeceive him, I will go myself and offer my head; let him dispose of my life, provided yours be safe."

I presented myself, next morning, before Mamoun. He was dressed in a crimson-colored mantle, a symbol of his anger. He inquired where my prisoner was, and ordered the executioner to attend. "My lord," said I, throwing myself at his feet, "something very extraordinary has happened with regard to him. Will your majesty permit me to explain it?" These words threw him into a passion. "I aver," said he, "by the soul of my ancestors, that thy head shall pay for it, if thou hast suffered the prisoner to escape." "Both my life and his are at your majesty's disposal; but vouchsafe to hear me." "Speak," said he.

I then related in what manner the prisoner had saved my life at Damascus; that, in gratitude, I had offered him his liberty, but that he had refused it, from the fear of exposing me to death. "My lord," added I, "he is not guilty. A man of such generous sentiments is incapable of committing an odious crime. Some base detractors have calumniated him; and he has become the unfortunate victim of their envy."

The caliph was moved, and his great soul led him to admire the heroism of my friend. "I pardon him," said Mamoun, "on thy account. Go, carry the gov

news, and bring him to me." The monarch ordered him to be clothed with a robe of honor, presented him with ten horses, ten mules, and ten camels out of his own stables. He added a purse of sequins for the expense of his journey, and gave him a letter of commendation to the governor of Damascus.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIFTH.

The Snow Drop.

First born of youthful spring,
And nursed upon dark winter's chilly breast,
Where still thy drooping form delights to cling,
 Wrapped in its snowy vest,

Come quit thy lovely bed!
A voice breathes softly through the dewy air,
That bids thee lift thine unassuming head,
 And claim a parent's care.

Spring hovers o'er thee now;
Her fostering breath shall wake thee into life
No longer shall thy fragile bosom bow
 As in the wintry strife.

Chill was the wintry blast
That ushered into life thy pallid form;
But still a mother's robe was o'er thee cast,
 To shield thee from the storm.

She gave her vernal dye
To tinge thy bosom in its snowy pride,
And make thee lovely to the gazer's eye,
 With winter at thy side.

Like hope within the breast,
That blossoms even in affliction's hour;
Thou comest in thy vernal beauty dressed,
Ere storms have ceased to lower.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH.

Affection and Duty.

A grocer of the city of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy of the cadî, and, as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbors, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to remove his weights; but the old cheat, trusting to his relationship to the inspector, laughed at their advice.

The naib, on coming to his shop, coolly said to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer endeavored to evade the order with a laugh; but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by his ordering the officers to search his shop. The instruments of his fraud were soon discovered; and, after an impartial examination, openly condemned and broken to pieces. He was also sentenced to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

After this had been effected on the spot, the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at the feet of his father, and watering them with his tears, thus addressed him: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, and my country, as well as to the station I hold; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Jus

tice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to the ties of kindred. God and our neighbor's rights are above the ties of nature; you had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment, but I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future; and, instead of censuring me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

So extraordinary an act of justice gained him the acclamations and praise of the whole city; and, a report of it reaching the sublime porte, the sultan advanced the naib to the post of *cadi*, and he soon after rose to the dignity of *mufti*.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH.

The Infant.

Blessings attend thee, little one!
 Sweet pledge of mutual love!
 On this new coast a stranger thrown,
 Directed from above.

A father's fondness welcomes thee;
 A mother's tender care
 Bears on her breast thy infancy,
 On love's soft pillow there.

O pray the hand that hither led
 Forever be thy guide—
 Nor sorrows gather round thy head,
 Nor dangers press thy side.

Live to reward thy parent's heart
 For every kindness given;
 And, when earth's transient scenes depart,
 Rejoice with them in heaven.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH.

Royal Magnanimity.

Long after the subversion of the western empire, the monarch of the East, it is known, retained sufficient power, if not to hold their barbarous enemies in awe, yet, for a long time, to repel their invasions. These were more frequent and more formidable at each succeeding effort, till, at last, they resulted in the establishment of the Ottoman empire in Europe. In the reign of Melek Shah, king of Persia, a singular instance of generosity occurred, which proves that, at the period when the Christian and infidel powers were struggling for the yet undetermined ascendancy, the title by desert was not so clear as historians would have us imagine, nor the epithet "barbarian," in all things, justly bestowed upon the enemies of Christendom.

That prince, when young, having ascended the throne, resolved to secure the admiration of his subjects by some extraordinary act of military prowess. The usual resort, on such occasions, for the Mahomedan sovereigns, was ever the decaying power of Greece; and, accordingly, in the name of the mighty king, Melek Shah, of Persia, an exterminating war was denounced against the emperor of Constantinople, his tributaries, friends, and allies, which he was not slow in requiting with the preparations of a mighty force, that almost immediately appeared on the Persian frontiers. Several actions were fought, under the conduct of the most trusted commanders; and in these, though the issue was never decisive, the advantage remained always with the troops of the emperor.

But, at length, the day approached on which the two nations were to make trial of their strength; and the respective armies, headed by the sovereigns in

person, appeared on opposite sides of a broad river, which, rolling its mighty waters between, offered a secure barrier, to either army, from a sudden attack, and gave to both sufficient time for preparation against a regular assault,—in which, as neither party could cross so unexpectedly as to take his enemy by surprise, the defenders would have all the advantage of time and place, of retreat and pursuit.

Trusting to this natural defence, with the additional security of doubled guards, the young Shah resolved to indulge, perhaps from a boyish feeling of bravado, in his favorite exercise, the chase; and, confiding to his well tried vizier the charge of the army, accompanied by a few chosen attendants, he prepared, in simple huntsman's apparel, for his amusement. Engaged in the pursuit, he did not perceive that he had proceeded far beyond the limits enclosed by his army and guarded by his sentinels, till he found himself surrounded by a party of soldiers, whom he instantly discovered to be scouts of the enemy. Without revealing his rank, he enjoined secrecy to his followers, and prudently suffered himself to be conducted as a prisoner, since he had no force with which to resist a score of well armed opponents.

When the disastrous tidings were brought to the vizier, he published through the camp that the Shah was seriously ill, commanded the guard to be strengthened round the royal pavilion, and, thus completing the delusion of his own soldiers, prepared to put in execution a deeper scheme for the delusion of the Greek sovereign. He demanded a parley, crossed the river, and, being admitted into the presence of the imperial soldier, proposed, in the name of his master and lord, the mighty Shah, the light of the earth, and first born of the sun, peace with the emperor of Greece. To this proposal he added such terms as the emperor could not decline; and, they being accepted, the vizier prepared to depart for the final rat-

fication of his prince. "Hold!" cried the emperor; "to our brother of Persia say, that, yesterday, our foragers returned and bore with them the persons of six officers, captured while distant from the camp. Say to him more: these we present our brother, as the first pledge of peace."

The vizier bowed and replied, "What comes from your most gracious majesty, is hallowed by the giver. I take them, and, from you, I know my lord will value them; yet hardly can I hold them of great rank, since, even till now, their loss was unknown to me." At these words, the captive monarch and his train were led in and delivered to the vizier; who, with a frowning aspect, turned and rebuked them for their temerity in wandering from the camp. "Return," said he, "and know the duty better which, at such cost, you have learned." Returned triumphant in his scheme, the grand vizier was commanded to annul the truce by his ingenuity first obtained, and the Greek was left as best he could to recover from the mortification of his slighted friendship.

Stung by this apparent contempt, the emperor, under all the disadvantages of crossing the river, resolved to venture a battle; and, accordingly, putting into motion his immense host, no sooner was the vanguard on the Persian side, than a most furious action commenced, in which the Greeks were partially routed, and the emperor, who had fought in the first rank, led captive into the tent of the victorious Shah. If the Persian started at beholding now in his possession, one who, but two days before, had been his arbiter of life and death, what was the Greek's astonishment to behold in his conqueror—to see surrounded by power, and splendor, and pomp, his slave, as it weré, of yesterday. But, resolving to be,

"Even in fate's despite, a king,"

and, feeling how much more his dignity required in his

fallen state than when in power, a despot, he raised his brow severely, and addressed the conqueror.

“King of Persia, I know not to disguise my rank and shame to hide my title; I am the emperor of Greece. Art thou indeed a monarch? I ask of thee deliverance from these bonds! Art thou a merchant then say the price you will, and sell a king. Art thou a butcher? lead me to the slaughter!” A slight frown once crossed the dark brow of Melek, but passed. “If,” said he, “the king of Persia has yet been a monarch in thine eyes, this day shall crown him one;—go, my brother king, thy soldiers wait thee enough, even yet, if fortune be with thee, to show thee this throne; go to thy camp—there will we treat of peace.”

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH

The Autumn Evening.

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in evening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
’Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!

'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And above the dews of night
The yellow star appears!
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH.

Public Duty and Private Friendship.

When Cleon came into the administration of public affairs at Athens, he assembled all his friends, and declared to them, that, from that moment, he renounced their friendship, lest it should prove an obstacle to him in the discharge of his duty, and induce him to act with partiality and injustice. As Plutarch, however, very fairly observes, it was not his friends, but his passions, which he ought to have renounced. An anecdote is told of a patriot of modern times, the great Washington, which exhibits, in a much finer light, the distinction between public duty and private friendship.

During his administration as president of the United States, a gentleman, the friend and companion of the general throughout the whole course of the revolutionary war, applied for a lucrative and very responsible office. The gentleman was at all times welcome to Washington's table; he had been to a certain degree, necessary to the domestic repose of a man who had for seven years fought the battles of his country, and who had now undertaken the task of wielding

her political energies. At all times, and in all places, Washington regarded his revolutionary associate with an eye of evident partiality and kindness. He was a jovial, pleasant, and unobtrusive companion.

In applying for the office, it was, accordingly, in the full confidence of success; and his friends already cheered him on the prospect of his arrival at competency and ease. The opponent of this gentleman was known to be decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington; he had even made himself conspicuous among the ranks of the opposition. He had, however, the temerity to stand as candidate for the office to which the friend and the favorite of Washington aspired. He had nothing to urge in favor of his pretensions, but strong integrity, promptitude and fidelity in business, and every quality which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state.

Every one considered the application of this man hopeless; no glittering testimonial of merit had he to present to the eye of Washington; he was known to be his political enemy; he was opposed by a favorite of the general's; and yet, with such fearful odds, he dared to stand candidate. What was the result? The enemy of Washington was appointed to the office, and his table companion was left destitute and dejected.

A mutual friend, who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the president on the injustice of his appointment. "My friend," said he, "I receive with cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but *president of the United States*; as George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but, as *president of the United States*, I can do *nothing*."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST.

The Fountain of Siloam.

By cool Siloam's shady fountain,
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath, on yonder mountain,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo! such the child whose young devotion
 The path of peace has trod;
 Whose secret soul's instinctive motion
 Tends upwards to his God.

By cool Siloam's shady fountain,
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms on yonder mountain
 Must shortly fade away.

A little while the bitter morrow
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with cankering sorrow,
 And passion's stormy rage.

O thou! whose every year, untainted,
 In changeless virtue shone,
 Preserve the flowers thy grace has planted,
 And keep them still thy own.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND.

Bankrupt Family made Happy.

A merchant of Bourdeaux, who had carried on trade, with equal honor and propriety, till he was turned of fifty years of age, was, by a series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, at length unable to

comply with his engagements; and his wife and children, in whom he placed his principal happiness, were reduced to a state of destitution, which doubled his distress. He comforted himself and them, however, with the reflection, that, upon the strictest review of his own conduct, no want, either of integrity or prudence, could be imputed to him.

He thought it best, therefore, to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true state of his affairs before his creditors, that, being convinced of his honesty, they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was kindly received by some, and very civilly by all; and wrote immediately to his family, congratulating them on the prospect of a speedy and favorable adjustment of his difficulties. But all his hopes were destroyed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be seized and sent to a gaol.

As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son, a youth about nineteen years of age, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of his father's obdurate creditor; to whom he painted the distress of the family, in most pathetic terms, but apparently without effect. At length, in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sir, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss but a victim, let your resentment fall upon me; let me suffer instead of my father, and the miseries of a prison will seem light in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distracted and dejected family that I have left behind me. Thus, sir, you will satisfy your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin." *And here his tears and sighs stopped his utterance.*

His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees, in this condition, for a full quarter of an hour. He then sternly desired him to rise and sit down; he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the

room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length, throwing his arms about the young man's neck, "I find," said he, "there is something more valuable than money. I have an only daughter, for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it. In marrying you, she must be happy. Go, carry your father's discharge, ask his consent, bring him instantly hither; let us bury in the joy of this alliance, the remembrance of all that has passed."

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD.

The Rising Sun.

Knowest thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody, here—
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH.

German Exiles.

Michael Roster was one of those unfortunate subjects of Hesse Cassel who were bought by the English government to fight their battles in America. He was taken prisoner at Trenton; and, after various

vicissitudes, took the first favorable opportunity that presented to make his escape into the interior, where he remained until the conclusion of the struggle which secured the independence of America. Like most of his countrymen, he was frugal and industrious. In the course of a few years, he took up a tract of land from the state, cleared a few acres, built a log hut, sowed his first crop, and began to think seriously of getting a wife. This last affair, he found to be most difficult, justly considering, with the immortal bard of Avon, that

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship."

"At length," said he, "I met with my Kate. We danced together, talked over farm affairs, and I accompanied her home. Every thing looked neat and clean about her mother's dwelling; and, as she was a good looking girl, I soon made up my mind. The next time we met, I took an opportunity to confess my attachment, found it was reciprocal, and we were finally married." Every thing conspired to render him happy; his wife proved herself worthy of his attachment, managed his dairy, made his butter and cheese, and presented him with several sturdy little children, as pledges of their affection. His land repaid their industry, and his wealth increased in proportion. One circumstance alone clouded his felicity; it was the fate of his parents.

Of their welfare he heard not a single word; of his fate they must of necessity be ignorant. The village in which they resided, had been demolished by the French; and the idea of their destruction, in some measure marred his felicity. The arrival of a vessel filled with German redemptioners, opened to his mind an avenue of hope. He repaired to Philadelphia, and went on board the vessel, in hopes of obtaining some information on the subject of his errand.

His endeavors, however, were fruitless; one old

man alone, appeared to possess the requisite information, but he was distant and repulsive in his manner; every question seemed to open some galling wound, and awaken some unpleasant sensation. Michael felt (to use his own words) "sore upon his heart," and determined to buy the poor man's time. He did so; and they proceeded to have the indentures made out in form. A similarity of name caused an inquiry on the part of the magistrate; and the honest farmer, to his inexpressible delight, discovered his long-lost father!

The old man lived to enjoy the happiness of ease and tranquillity but a few years; the recollection of a wife and children murdered before his eyes, could never be effaced; his joy at meeting with a son whom he had ceased to consider as living, combined with his own bodily sufferings, formed such an agitated complication of feelings, as eventually destroyed his health; it was one of his son's most pleasing reflections, that he had solaced his declining years, and smoothed his passage to the tomb.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH.

The Cottager and her Infant.

The days are cold, the nights are long,
 The north wind sings a doleful song;
 Then hush again upon my breast;
 All merry things are now at rest,
 Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
 The crickets long have ceased their mirth
 There 's nothing stirring in the house,
 Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
 Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'T is but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain—
Then, little darling, sleep again,
 And wake when it is day.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIXTH.

La Fayette and the Queen of France.

Between two and three o'clock, the queen and the royal family went to bed. La Fayette, too, slept after the fatigues of this fearful day. At half past four, a portion of the populace made their way into the palace, by an obscure, interior passage, which had been overlooked, and which was not in that part of the chateau entrusted to La Fayette. They were evidently led by persons who well knew the secret avenues.

The infamous Duke of Orleans, was repeatedly recognised on the great staircase, pointing the assassins the way to the queen's chamber. They easily found it. Two of her guards were cut down in an instant; and she made her escape almost naked. La Fayette immediately rushed in with the national troops, protected the guards from the brutal populace, and saved the lives of the royal family, which had so nearly been sacrificed to the etiquette of the monarchy.

The day dawned, as this fearful scene of guilt and bloodshed was passing in the magnificent palace, whose construction had exhausted the revenues of Louis XIV, and which, for a century, had been the most splendid residence in Europe. As soon as it was light, the same furious multitude filled the vast space which, from the rich materials of which it is formed, passes under the name of the court of marble

They called upon the king, in tones not to be mistaken, to go to Paris; and they called for the queen, who had but just escaped from their daggers, to come out upon the balcony.

The king, after a short consultation with his ministers, announced his intention to set out for the capital; but La Fayette was afraid to trust the queen in the midst of the bloodthirsty multitude. He went to her, therefore, with respectful hesitation, and asked her, if it were her purpose to accompany the king to Paris. "Yes," she replied, "although I am aware of the danger." "Are you positively determined?" "Yes, sir." "Condescend, then, to go out upon the balcony, and suffer me to attend you." "Without the king?"—she replied, hesitating—"have you observed the threats?" "Yes, madam, I have; but dare I trust me."

He led her out upon the balcony. It was a moment of great responsibility, and great delicacy; but nothing, he felt assured, could be so dangerous as to permit her to set out for Paris, surrounded by that multitude, unless its feelings could be changed. The agitation, the tumult, the cries of the crowd, rendered it impossible that his voice should be heard. It was necessary therefore, to address himself to the eye; and, turning towards the queen, with that admirable presence of mind which never yet forsook him, and with that mingled grace and dignity, which were the peculiar inheritance of the ancient court of France, he simply kissed her hand, before the vast multitude.

An instant of silent astonishment followed; but the whole was immediately interpreted, and the air was rent with cries of "long live the queen!" "long live the general!" from the same fickle and cruel populace that, only two hours before, had imbrued their hands *in the blood of the guards who defended the life of this same queen.*

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH.

The Grumbling Clown.

Beneath an oak, a rustic clown
Lay lounging in the shade;
Complaining loud of fortune's gifts;
And called her "partial jade."

The works of Providence were wrong,
And bad was all in sight;
He knew some things were wrong contrived,
And he could set them right.

"For instance," cried the grumbling churl,
"Observe this sturdy tree;
Remark the little things it bears,
And what disparity!"

"Again, observe yon pumpkins grow,
And yet their stalk so small;
Unable to support their fruit,
So bulky are they all.

"Now I, if I had power to do't
Would alter thus the case;
That this large tree should pumpkins bear,
And acorns take their place."

He spoke, and, rising on his feet,
Straight from the tree fell down
An acorn of the smallest size,
And pitched upon his crown.

"Now," says the traveller, who had heard
The whole the clown had said,
"Suppose this tree had pumpkins borne
What would have saved thy head?"

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHTH

The inexorable Creditor.

The following affecting narrative of the cruelty of a creditor towards an unfortunate debtor, is to be found among the notes to a volume of American poetry, lately published at Philadelphia, by Mr. Woodworth.

“Some years since, a young man, by the name of Brown, was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance. Companions in misery soon become attached to each other.

“Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge; that he had abused him very much, (as is usual in such cases), and made a solemn oath to keep him in jail “till he rotted!” I watched Brown’s countenance, when he received this information; and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him for ever.

“Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visit of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit; and every day, clear or stormy, she visited the prison, to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels.

“One day passed the hour of one o’clock, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived: Mrs. Brown was very *dangerously ill*, and supposed to be *dying in a convulsive fit*. As soon as Brown received this infor-

mation, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open; and the jailer, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailer knocked him down with a massy iron key which he held in his hand; and Brown was carried back, lifeless and covered with blood, to his cell.

“Mrs. Brown died; and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time; till, at last, he called me, one day, and, gazing on me, while a faint smile played upon his lips he said, ‘He believed death was more kind than his creditors.’ After a few convulsive struggles, he expired.

“Legislators and sages of America! permit me to ask you, how much benefit has that creditor derived from the imprisonment, and consequent death of an amiable man, in the bloom of youth, who, without this cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and a glory to the nation?”

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINTH.

Celestial Wisdom.

How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years.

And in her left, the prize of fame
With honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread:
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH.

Death of Washington.

The equanimity which attended him through life, did not forsake him on his death-bed. He submitted to the inevitable stroke, with the becoming firmness of a man, the calmness of a philosopher, the resignation and confidence of a Christian. When convinced that his dissolution was fast approaching, he requested leave to die without further interruption: then, undressing himself, went tranquilly to bed, and, having placed himself in a suitable attitude, soon afterwards closed his eyes with his own hands, and yielded up his spirit without a struggle.

As no pencil has been able correctly to delineate the impressive dignity of his countenance; nor any chisel, the majestic figure of his person; so no pen can fully concentrate the transcendent qualities of his mind, or the amiable dispositions of his heart. The history of his country is his best eulogium; his *most faithful monument*, the love and admiration of the world.

The same Providence which guided the affairs c

the revolution, and, in the agency of Washington, raised man almost above his accustomed rank in the creation withdrew his favorite production, when human talent or human virtue was no longer sufficient to preserve the tranquillity, or retain the veneration of his country. The pages of futurity, if then unfolded, would have reversed the deep sensations of regret, by changing into thankfulness the unequalled feelings caused by a departure, at an age that promised many years of happiness to himself and benefit to his country.

The mind of the great Washington was not more solicitous for the welfare of the nation, than for the comfort of the poor. His charities, whilst given with a discerning, were diffused with an unsparing, hand. On each of his plantations, a corn house was every year filled, solely for their use; on one of his best fishing shores he kept, in complete order for them, a boat and net; and men ready to help those who were themselves too weak to haul the seine: and, so feelingly attentive was he to any poor persons who wished to speak to him, that he had a room set apart for them; and, though in company with the most distinguished characters, he instantly begged a few moments' absence, and attended the distressed.

General Washington had never any offspring. In his twenty-seventh year he had married Mrs. Custis, a lady, who to a handsome person and large fortune, added every accomplishment that contributes to the felicity of the connubial state. To Mrs. Washington, his domestic partner for forty years, he bequeathed, during her life, Mount Vernon and a considerable share of his extensive lands, which, on her decease, were to become the property of his nephew, Bushrod Washington. To his brother Charles, he left only a memorial of his affection, in consideration of the ample provision made by him for his children. Mrs. Washington's grand-children were remembered as his own; every branch of his numerous relations, and many

charitable institutions, experienced the liberality of his heart. He directed that his negroes should be emancipated after Mrs. Washington's decease; lamenting that impediments insurmountable had prevented his liberating them before, he provided for the support and education of the young on his plantations and for the maintenance of the old and infirm.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIRST

Early Rising.

How foolish they who lengthen night,
 And slumber in the morning light!
 How sweet at early morning's rise,
 To view the glories of the skies,
 And mark with curious eye, the sun
 Prepare his radiant course to run!
 Its fairest form then nature wears,
 And clad in brightest green appears.
 The sprightly lark, with artless lay,
 Proclaims the entrance of the day.

How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
 And feast the eye with nature's bloom!
 Along the dewy lawn to rove,
 And hear the music of the grove!
 Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
 Neglect to taste the morning air;
 This will your nerves with vigor brace,
 Improve and heighten every grace;
 Add to your breath a rich perfume;
 And to your cheeks a fairer bloom:
 With lustre teach your eyes to glow,
 And health and cheerfulness bestow.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SECOND

Compassion and Forgiveness.

I hear the voice of wo;
 A brother mortal mourns:
 My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow;
 My heart his sighs return.

I hear the thirsty cry,
 The famished beg for bread:
 O let my spring its streams supply;
 My hand its bounty shed.—

And shall not wrath relent,
 Touched by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 Nor will offend again!"

How else, on sprightly wing,
 Can hope bear high my prayer,
 Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
 To plead for pardon there?

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD

The Bears of Missouri.

To render the purchase of Louisiana of the utmost benefit, as well as to extend the field of natural science, Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, both officers of the regular army, were sent by the president, Mr. Jefferson, with instructions drawn by himself, to explore the river Missouri and the contiguous countries, and discover the best communication with the Pacific ocean. Never was an arduous enterprise accomplished with more ability and prudence. Accompanied by thirty-five persons, mostly soldiers, they embarked at St

Louis, in suitable boats, in May, 1804, and ascended the Missouri to its stupendous falls, a distance of three thousand miles; thence crossed the Rocky Mountains, impeded by its everlasting snows, and descended various streams, until, after travelling four hundred miles, they reached the navigable waters of the Columbia; and, following its course six hundred and forty, were recompensed for all their toils and privations by a view of the Pacific. They reached St. Louis, on their return, in September, 1806, after an absence from all civilisation, of more than twenty-seven months. The journey from St. Louis was above four thousand miles; in returning, thirty-five hundred; making in the whole seven thousand five hundred miles. Only one of their party, of a sickly constitution, had died. Amongst all the Indian nations through which they passed, they were only once incommoded by a skirmish, in defending a rifle.

Their most dangerous enemies were the bears. These are described as most formidable animals, and frequently assailed them. One evening the men discovered a large brown bear lying on the open ground, about three hundred paces from the river. Six good hunters immediately went to attack him, and concealing themselves by a small eminence, approached within forty yards. Four of their number now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body—two of them directly through his lungs.

The furious beast sprang up, and ran at them with open mouth. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire, gave him two wounds; one of which, having broken his shoulder, retarded his motion for an instant: but, before they could reload, he was so close that the whole party were compelled to run towards the river, and before they reached it, he had almost overtaken them.

Two jumped into the canoe; the remaining four separated, and, hiding amongst the willows, fired.

fast as they could reload. They struck him several times, but instead of weakening the monster, or causing him to retreat, each shot seemed to invigorate him, and direct him towards the hunters: till at length, he pursued two of them so closely, that they threw aside their guns and pouches, and jumped down a perpendicular bank, twenty feet, into the river. The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot him through the head, and killed him. Captain Lewis, himself, was exposed to a similar peril. Having shot a buffalo, one of at least a thousand which formed a herd, before he could reload, he was chased by a huge bear for three hundred yards; when, plunging into the river, and presenting his spear, the animal was deterred; and, wheeling about, retreated in as much haste as he had pursued.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH.

Baron de Kalb.

Among the enthusiastic foreigners who generously espoused our cause, and at an early period of the revolution, resorted to the American army, I will name some whose meritorious services entitle them to the grateful recollection of the present and future generations. Baron de Kalb was by birth a German.

He had attained a high reputation in military service, and was a Knight of the order of Merit, and a Brigadier General in the armies of France. He accompanied the Marquis de la Fayette to this country, and having proffered his services to Congress, he was, in September, 1777, appointed to the office of Major General. In the summer of 1780, he was second in command in our southern army, under Major General Gates.

When arrangements were making for the battle of Camden, which proved so disastrous to our arms, in August, 1780, this heroic officer, it was said, cautioned General Gates against a general action under present circumstances. But that unfortunate commander was heard to say, that "Lord Cornwallis would not dare to look him in the face." And in the evening preceding the battle, an officer, in the presence of General Gates, said, "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow?" "Dine, sir," replied the confident general, "why at Camden to be sure, I would not give a pinch of snuff, sir, to be insured a beef-steak, to-morrow in Camden, and Lord Cornwallis at my table." Baron de Kalb was decidedly opposed to the proceedings of General Gates, and frequently foretold the ruin that would ensue, and expressed a presentiment that it would be his fate to fall in that battle. In a council of war, while the enemy was approaching, the baron advised that the army should fall back and take a good position, and wait to be attacked; but this was rejected by General Gates, who insinuated that it originated from fear.

De Kalb instantly leaping from his horse placed himself at the head of his command on foot, and with some warmth retorted, "Well sir, a few hours, perhaps, will prove who are brave." It was the intention of General Gates to surprise the enemy in their encampment, while at the same time Cornwallis had commenced his march to surprise his antagonist. The contending armies had scarcely engaged in the conflict when our militia broke, and leaving their guns and bayonets behind, fled with the greatest precipitation.

General Gates immediately applied spurs to his horse, and pursued, as he said, "to bring the rascals back," but he actually continued his flight till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle — In this measure he was in some degree y

tified, as his object was, if possible, to rally and collect the militia with the hope of making a stand

The Baron de Kalb, at the head of a few hundred of continental troops, was left to cope with the whole British army, and he sustained the dreadful shock for more than an hour; hundreds of the bravest men had fallen around this undaunted hero, he himself in personal conflict was seen to parry the furious blows and plunge his sword into many opposing breasts. But alas! the hero is overpowered, having received eleven bayonet wounds, he faints and falls to the ground.

Several individuals of both armies were killed over him as they furiously strove to destroy or to defend. His Aid de Camp, Chevalier de Buysson, rushed through the clashing bayonets, and stretching his arms over the body of the fallen hero, exclaimed, "save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!" The British officers interposed and prevented his immediate destruction, but he survived the action but a few hours.

To a British officer, who kindly consoled with him on his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." His last moments were spent in dictating a letter concerning the continental troops which supported him in the action, after the militia had fled, of whom he said, he had no words to express his love and admiration of their valor.

General Washington, many years after, on a visit to Camden, inquired for the grave of De Kalb. After looking on it awhile, with a countenance marked with *thought*, he breathed a deep sigh and exclaimed, "*so there lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of liberty. Would to God he had lived with us to share its fruits.*"

Congress ordered him a monument. But the friend of St. Tammany still sleeps "without his fame." I have seen the place of his rest. It was the lowest spot on the plain. No sculptured warrior mourned at his low laid head; no cypress decked his heel. But the tall corn stood in darkening ranks around him, and seemed to shake their green leaves with joy over his narrow dwelling.

But the roar of his battle is not yet quite passed away, nor his ghastly wounds forgotten. The citizens of Camden have lately enclosed his grave, and placed on it a handsome marble, with an epitaph greatly descriptive of his virtues and services, that the people of future days may, like Washington, heave the sigh when they read of "the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight their battles, and to water, with his blood, the tree of their liberties."

Fair Camden's plains his glorious dust inhume,
Where annual Ceres shades her hero's tomb.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH

Men mutually helpful.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born to sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned.
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift sliding shuttle throw:
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole, our commerce guide:
While some, with genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Thus, aiming at one common end,
Each proves to all a needful friend.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH.

Field of Waterloo.

It struck my imagination much, while standing on the last field fought by Bonaparte, that the battle of Waterloo should have been fought upon a Sunday. What a different scene for the Scotch Greys and English Infantry, from that, which at that very hour, was exhibited by their relatives; when over England and Scotland each church-bell had drawn together its worshippers! while many a mother's heart was sending upward a prayer for her son's preservation, perhaps that son was gasping in agony.

Yet, even at such a period, the lessons of his early days might give him consolation; and the maternal prayer might prepare the heart to support maternal anguish. It is religion alone, which is of universal application, both as stimulant and lenitive, as it is the varied heritage of man to labor or endure. But we know that many thousands rushed into this fight, even of those who had been instructed in our own religious principles, without leisure for one serious thought; and that some officers were killed in their ball dresses. They made the leap into the gulf, which divides two worlds, the present from the immutable state, without one parting prayer, or one note of preparation!

As I looked over this field, now green with growing corn, I could observe spots, where the most desperate carnage had been marked out by the verdure of the wheat. The bodies had been heaped together, and scarcely more than covered. And so enriched is the soil, that in these spots, the grain never ripens; it grows rank and green to the end of the harvest. *This touching memorial, which endures when the thousand groans have expired, and when the stain of human blood has faded from the ground, still seems to cry to heaven that there is awful guilt somewhere,*

and a terrific reckoning for those who have caused destruction, which the earth will not conceal. These hillocks of superabundant vegetation, as the wind rustled through the corn, seemed the most affecting monuments which nature could devise, and gave a melancholy animation to this plain of death.

When we attempt to measure the mass of suffering which was here inflicted, and to number the individuals that have fallen, considering that each, who suffered, was our fellow man, we are overwhelmed with the agonizing calculation, and retire from the field, which has been the scene of our reflections, with the simple concentrated feeling;—these armies once lived, breathed, and felt like us, and the time is at hand, when we shall be like them.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVENTH.

The Murdered Traveller.

When Spring to woods and wastes around,
 Brought bloom and joy again;
 The murdered traveller's bones were found,
 Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
 Her tassels in the sky;
 And many a vernal blossom sprung,
 And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'erhead,
 And fearless near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led

*But there was weeping far away,
 And gentle eyes, for him,*

With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset.

Nor how when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead.

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH.

Father and Son.

Among the cases of suffering by the wreck, in 1686, of the vessel in which the Siamese embassy to Portugal was embarked; few have stronger claims to pity than that of the captain. He was a man of rank,

sprung from one of the first families in Portugal; he was rich and honorable, and had long commanded a ship in which he rendered great service to the king his master, and had given many marks of his valor and fidelity.

The captain had carried his only son out to India along with him; he was a youth, possessed of every amiable quality; well instructed for his years; gentle, docile, and most fondly attached to his father. The captain watched with the most intense anxiety over his safety; on the wreck of the ship, and during the march to the Cape, he caused him to be carried by his slaves.

At length all the slaves having perished, or being so weak that they could not drag themselves along, this poor youth was obliged to trust to his own strength; but became so reduced and feeble, that having laid him down to rest on a rock, he was unable to rise again. His limbs were stiff and swollen, and he lay stretched at length, unable to bend a joint.

The sight struck like a dagger to his father's heart; he tried repeatedly to recover him, and by assisting him to advance a few steps, supposed that the numbness might be removed, but his limbs refused to serve him, he was only dragged along, and those whose aid his father implored, seeing they could do no more, frankly declared, that if they carried him they must themselves perish.

The unfortunate captain was driven to despair. Lifting his son on his shoulders, he tried to carry him; he could make but a single step, when he fell to the ground with his son, who seemed more distressed with his father's grief, than with his own sufferings. The heroic boy besought him to leave him to die; the sight, he said, of his father's tears and affliction were *infinitely more severe than the bodily pain he endured.* These words, far from inducing the captain to depart, melted him more and more, until he at last

resolved to die with his son. The youth, astonished at his father's determination, and satisfied that his persuasions were unavailing, entreated the Portuguese in the most impressive manner, to carry away his father.

Two priests who were of the party, endeavored to represent to the captain the sinfulness of persisting in his resolution; but the Portuguese were obliged finally to carry him away by force, after having removed his son a little apart. So cruel, however, was the separation, that the captain never recovered it. The violence of his grief was unabating; and he actually died of a broken heart, one or two days after reaching the Cape

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