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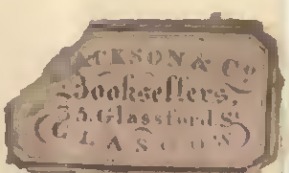

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THE

JUVENILE CLASS-BOOK,

BY

A. M. HARTLEY,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION, GLASGOW; AUTHOR OF THE "ORATORICAL CLASS-BOOK," &c.

GLASGOW:

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1829.

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MACLURE AND CO. PRINTERS.

TO

CHARLES HAY, Esq.

TEACHER OF LANGUAGES, MORPETH.

Sir,

Permit me to dedicate to you this Compilation as a sincere but inadequate testimony of the respect and affection which I cherish for you, as my indulgent and accomplished instructor, in the most critical period of my academic life—and to whose skill, sagacity, patient and circumspective attention, I am indebted for whatever success has attended my professional career.

I am, Sir,

With the utmost Respect,

Your most obliged, humble Servant,

A. M. HARTLEY.

PREFACE.

It was suggested to the Compiler, by several respectable Teachers, who honoured him by their attendance, that a Class-book was very much required to be put into the hands of Children, immediately after they are transferred from what is aptly termed, "The Bible and Testament Class." The book most commonly used at that stage is, Scott's Lessons, or similar works, between which and the former, there is manifestly too wide a gap, both with respect to the difficulty of individual words, and the elaborateness of the sentiment.

The following Lessons have, therefore, been carefully prepared with a view to fill up that gap, and to facilitate the progress of the Tyro, by leading him gradually, from what is plain and simple, to what is more difficult—more ideal and abstract.

The lessons are of a nature calculated to excite the interest, and to arrest the attention of the youthful mind, as well as to season it with honourable, moral, and pious feelings—indeed, in this respect, not a single exceptionable lesson, or even word, has been admitted. How far it may answer the end proposed, remains to be proved by the reception it will meet with from those for whom it is intended.

A small Vocabulary has been annexed, which, it is presumed, will be found very acceptable, because very useful, in assisting the learner to comprehend the meaning of his words and lessons, while he learns to repeat them.

1, *Ingram-street, January* 1*st*, 1829.

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THE

JUVENILE CLASS-BOOK.

Anecdote of Washington.

It is related of the late President Washington, when about six years of age, that some one made him the present of a hatchet; of which, being, like most children, immoderately fond, he went about chopping every thing that came in his way; and going into the garden, he unluckily tried its edge on an English cherry-tree, which he broke so terribly as to leave very little hope of its recovery. The next morning his father saw the tree, which was a great favorite, in that condition, and enquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for the tree, but nobody could inform him. Presently after, however, George came with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree, yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied, "I can't tell a lie pa;—you know I can't tell a lie, I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms my boy!" exclaimed his father, "run to my arms! glad am I George, that you have killed my tree, for you have paid me

for it a thousand fold! such an act of heroism in my son is of more worth than a thousand cherry-trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of gold!"

The honest Moravian.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of Cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door; out came an old Hernouten, (better known by the name of United Brethren) with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I may set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley: after a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league further, they arrived at another field of barley; the troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, hurried it up, and remounted. The officer upon this said to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."—This stroke goes directly to the heart. I defy an athiest to produce any thing to be compared to this, and surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principles of moral taste.

How a certain Hermit found a great Treasure, and what ensued.

A certain hermit one day proceeding on his way through a vast forest, chanced to discern a large cave, nearly hidden under ground. Being greatly

fatigued, he entered to repose himself a while, and observing something shine bright in the distance, he approached it, and found that it was a heap of gold. At the sight of the glittering bait, he turned away, and hastening through the forest as fast as possible, he had the further misfortune to fall into the hands of three fierce robbers, always on the watch to despoil the unwary travelers who might pass that way. But though inmates of the forest, they had never yet discovered the treasure from which the hermit now fled. The thieves, on first perceiving him thus strangely flying, without any one in pursuit, were seized with an unaccountable dread, though, at the same time, they ventured forward to ascertain the cause. On approaching to inquire, the hermit, without relaxing his pace, answered, "I flee from death, who is urging me fast behind." The robbers, unable to perceive any one, cried out, "Shew us where he is, or take us to the place instantly." The hermit therefore replied in a hurried voice, "Follow me, then," and proceeded towards the grotto. He then pointed out to them the fatal place, beseeching them at the same time to abstain from even looking at it, as they had far better do as he had done, and avoid it. But the thieves, resolving to know what strange thing it was whch had alarmed him, only bade him lead the way: which, being in terror of his life, the hermit quickly did, and shewing them the heap of gold, "Here," he said, "is the death which was in pursuit of me;" and the thieves suddenly seizing upon the treasure, began to rejoice exceedingly.

They afterwards permitted the good old man to proceed upon his way, amusing themselves when he was gone, with ridiculing his absurd conduct. The three robbers, finding the treasure in their possession, began to consider in what way they should employ it. One of them observed, "Since heaven has bestowed such good fortune upon us, we ought by no

means to leave the place for a moment without bearing the whole of it along with us." "No," replied another, "it appears to me we had better not do so; but let one of us take a small portion, and set out to buy wine and viands at the city, besides many other things he may think we are in want of;" and to this the other two consented.

Now the great demon, who is very ingenious and busy on these occasions, to effect as much mischief as possible, directly began to deal with the one fixed upon to furnish provisions from the city. "As soon," whispered the devil to him, "as I shall have reached the city, I will eat and drink of the best of every thing, as much as I please, and then purchase what I want. Afterwards I will mix with the food I intend for my companions, something which, I trust, will settle their account; thus becoming sole master of the whole of the treasure, which will make me one of the richest men in this part of the world:" and as he purposed to do, so he did.

He carried the poisoned food to his companions, who, on their part, while he had been away, had come to the conclusion of killing him, on his return, in order that they might divide the booty between themselves, saying, "Let us fall upon him the moment he comes, and afterwards eat what he has brought, and divide the money between us in much larger stores than before." The robber who had been at the city, now returned with the articles he had bought, when the other two instantly pierced his body with their lances, and despatched him with their knives. They then began to feast upon the provisions prepared for them, and satiating their appetites, they both soon after were seized with violent pangs, and fell dead upon the ground. In this manner all three fell victims to each other's avarice and cruelty, without obtaining their ill-gotten wealth; a striking proof of the judgment of heaven upon traitors; for attempting to compass the death of others,

they justly incurred their own. The poor hermit thus wisely fled from the gold, which remained without a single claimant. ROSCOE'S ITALIAN NOVELS.

I stood in the darkness of my strengh. Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream. The mingled sound of death arose. Man took man. Shield met shield. Steel mixed its beams with steel. Darts hiss through air. Spears rung on mails. Swords on broken bucklers bound. As the noise of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind, when a thousand ghosts break the trees by night; such was the din of arms! But Uthal fell beneath my sword. The sons of Berrathon fled. It was then I saw him in his beauty, and the tear hung in my eye! "Thou art fallen, young tree," I said, "with all thy beauty around thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert! There is no sound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, son of carborne Larthmore." OSSIAN.

The Way to find out Pride.

Pride, ugly pride, sometimes is seen
By haughty looks, and lofty mien;
But oftener it is found, that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide;
And, while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits and does its mischief there.
Now if you really wish to find
If pride is lurking in your mind,
Inquire if you can bear a slight,—
Or patiently give up your right,—
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry temper start,
In any corner of your heart?—

Can you at once confess a crime,
And promise for another time?—
Or say you have been in mistake;
Nor try some poor excuse to make,
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long?—
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are;
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons, one by one,
Nor think of triumph when you've done?—
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way?—
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?—
And never try to overbear,
Nor say a word that is not fair?—
Does laughing at you in a joke,
No anger nor revenge provoke,
But can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company?—
Or, when you find that you could do
The same to them they did to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?
Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part,
And when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have Pride:
Some one will suit you as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so:
But if they all should be denied,
Then—you're too proud to own your pride!

Rabbi Meir.

The Rabbi Meir was a Jewish philosopher of some repute in the city where he resided; public esteem

rewarded him for the severity of his morals, and he might be said to be in the full enjoyment of all that can render life happy. Though equally a stranger to poverty and wealth, he possessed treasures, of which the most powerful monarch might have envied him. A wife, who, "like a jewel had hung about his neck," for twenty years, and never lost her lustre, loved him with that fervency with which angels love good men. Their union had been blessed with two sons, who were twins.

The Rabbi and his wife, in gratitude for this double mark of heaven's favour, instilled into the minds of their children those principles which led to the formation of virtuous habits, and ultimately make the possessors of them ornaments of society. The parents met with their reward in the obedience and good conduct of their offspring. The young men were both intended for the priesthood; and such had been their application to learning, that their minds had reached maturity, before their persons had lost the appearance of boyhood.

The Rabbi had made it a part of his duty, every sabbath, to teach, gratuitously, those persons who were unable to pay for instruction. He was engaged in this benevolent office, when one of the greatest calamities that can befal a parent, visited his family. His sons both died suddenly within one hour.

The conduct of the mother, upon this melancholy occasion, deserves to be recorded as a signal instance of divine resignation. To enable herself to prepare the mind of her husband for the intelligence, she repressed her own grief, and welcomed his return home with her accustomed smile. After the usual salutations, the Rabbi inquired for his sons. His wife in answer, said, "They are not far off." She placed supper before him,—she ate. Wine being brought, he praised the Lord to the going out of the sabbath, (a custom among the Jews), and drank. He now repeated his inquiries respecting his children.

"Where are they?" said he, "that they may drink of the wine which I have blessed." "You shall see them presently," rejoined the mother; "meantime, will you answer me one question?" "Speak, my only love!" replied her husband. "Well then," said she, "some time ago I had two costly jewels given to me to TAKE CARE of;—those who entrusted me with them now want them again;—should I give them up?" "Thou should'st not ask such a question," replied the Rabbi, "would'st thou keep that which was only given thee in trust." "Oh, no!" she answered, "but I thought it best to inform thee before I returned them." She then communicated to him the event which had happened, and led him to the chamber where the remains of their children lay. "Oh! my sons," exclaimed the father, "and my teachers! for much have I learned from you." The mother now gave vent to the agony of her soul —she turned away her head and wept. At length, grasping the hand of her husband, she exclaimed, "Rabbi, hast thou not taught me that we should not be reluctant to return that which was only given to us in trust? See, the Lord has given, the Lord has taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" exclaimed the Rabbi, "well has it been observed," continued he, "that he who has found a virtuous and affectionate wife, possesses a treasure above all price.

The Ghost.

Within the town of Kensington
A merchant and his wife
Resided, with an only son
They lov'd as dear as life.

They reared him with as tender care
As ever parents could:
Yet sorry am I to declare
Tom was not always good.

Amongst the servants oft he went,
Against his father's will,
Who did not wish him to frequent
Society so ill:

For servants are not always best
Companions for young folks:
From them they learn some vulgar jests,
And many naughty jokes.

Tom in the kitchen often heard,
And listen'd in affright,
Of ghosts and goblins that appeared
To people in the night.

Although such things have ever been
Regarded as untrue,
Tom thought, though many were not seen,
There still might be a few.

He therefore was so filled with dread
At usual time of rest,
Tom said no pray'rs, but went to bed
Too often half undress'd.

One night, he heard a noise, he thought,
Approaching his bed-post,
And shudder'd lest, as he'd been taught,
He now might see a ghost.

O'ercome with terror and dismay,
He hid beneath the clothes,
Not daring as he trembling lay,
To move, or breathe, or dose.

But, ah! what terror filled his heart,
He thought he should have died,
When 'cross the room it seem'd to dart,
And stop by his bed-side.

Had he that night, his pray'rs have said,
As all good children must,
He needed not have been afraid,
But placed in God his trust.

At last the object of his dread,
Or whatsoe'er it was,
Btweeen the blankets, near Tom's head,
Thrust in two hairy PAWS!

Tom, horror-struck, began to shout,
And bellow like a cow;
When lo! the ghost himself cried out,
As loud as Tom, "Bow wow!"

Yes! after all, 'twas only Tray,
The watch-dog of the house,
Who, in the chamber unseen lay,
Waiting to catch a mouse.

The story spread—and even boys
Diversion drew therefrom,
Who long time ridicul'd the noise
That frighten'd foolish Tom.

The Dog and his Relations.

Keeper was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigilant. One day as he was ranging at some distance from home, he espied a wolf and a fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. Keeper not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay. "Surely, sir," says REYNARD, "you won't disown your relations: My Cousin Gaunt and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You must know that, from the best accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the forests of Armenia;

but the dogs taking to living with man, have since become inhabitants of towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family who settled farther north, where they became stinted in their growth, and adopted the custom of living in holes under ground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur, and bushy tails, to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeness which it is impossible to mistake; and I am sure it is our interest to be good friends to each other."

The Wolf was of the same opinion; and Keeper, looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationship. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friendship with them. They took a ramble together; but Keeper was rather surprised at observing the suspicious shyness with which the weaker sort of animals surveyed them, and wondered at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep as soon as they came within view. However, he gave his cousins a cordial invitation to come and see him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come next day about dusk. Keeper received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own supper. They staid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning word was brought to the farm, that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that a couple of lambs were found almost devoured in the home-field. Keeper was too honest himself to suspect others, so he never thought of his kinsmen on this occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit, and next day, another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now Keeper could not help mistrusting a little, and blamed himself for admitting strangers without his master's knowledge. However he did not love to think ill of his relations.

They came a third time, Keeper received them rather coldly, and hinted that he should like better to see them in the day time; but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leave, he resolved to follow them at some distance, and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a hay-stack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal; and Keeper running at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him, and made him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family, "Begone, scoundrels, both," cried Keeper, "I know you too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. Keeper holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

BARBAULD.

The Flying Fish.

The Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings, but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at always being confined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings: and immediately she perceived her fins to expand; they suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the same time so strong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions; but she soon per-

ceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the tropic bird, and the albatross; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was unable to escape from her old enemies the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she begged Jupiter to recal his present; but Jupiter said to her, "When I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now therefore what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment!" BARBAULD.

The Good Scholar.

A good scholar is known by his obedience to the rules of the school, and to the directions of his teacher. He does not give his teacher the trouble of telling him the same thing over and over again; but says or does immediately whatever he is desired. His attendance at the proper time of school is always punctual. Fearful of being too late, as soon as the hour of meeting approaches, he hastens to the school, takes his place quietly, and instantly attends to his lesson. He is remarkable for his diligence and attention, he reads no other book than that which he is desired to read by his master. He studies no lessons but those which are appointed for the day. He takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others; he has no fruit to eat—no sweetmeats to give away. If any of his companions attempt to take off his eye or his mind from his lesson, he does not give heed to them. If they still try to make him idle, he bids them let him alone, and do their own duties. And if, after this, they go on to disturb and vex him, he informs the teacher that, both for their sakes and his own, he may interfere, and by a wise reproof, prevent the continuance of such improper and hurtful conduct. When strangers enter the school, he does not stare rudely in their faces;

but is as attentive to his lesson, as if no one were present but the master. If they speak to him, he answers with modesty and respect. When the scholars in his class are reading, spelling, or repeating any thing, he is very attentive, and studies to learn by listening to them. His great desire is to improve, and therefore he is never idle, not even when he might be so, and yet escape detection and punishment. He minds his business as well when his teacher is out of sight, as when he is standing by him. If possible he is more diligent when his teacher happens to be for a little away from him, that he he may show "all good fidelity" in this as in every thing else. He is desirous of adding to the knowledge he has already gained—of learning something useful every day; and he is not satisfied if a day passes, without making him wiser than he was before, in those things which will be of real benefit to him.—When he has a difficult lesson to prepare, or a hard task to perform, he does not fret or murmur at it. He knows that his master would not have prescribed it to him, unless he had thought that he was able, and that it would do him good. He therefore sets about it readily; and he encourages himself with such thoughts as these: "My parents will be very glad when they hear that I have learned this hard task. My teacher also will be pleased with me for my diligence. And I myself will be comfortable and happy when the exercise is finished. The sooner and the more heartily I apply myself to it, the sooner and the better it will be done." When he reads, his words are pronounced so distinctly, that you can easily hear and understand him. His copy-book is finely written, and free from blots and scrawls. His letters are clear, and his strokes broad and fine. His figures are well made, accurately cast up, neatly put down in their regular order; and his accounts are in general free from mistakes. He not only improves himself, but rejoices in the improve-

ment of others. He loves to hear them commended and to see them rewarded. "If I do well," he says, "I shall be commended and rewarded too; and if all did well, what a happy school would ours be! We ourselves would be much more comfortable; and our master would have a great deal less trouble and distress than he has, on account of the idleness and inattention of which too many of us are guilty." His books he is careful to preserve from any thing that might injure them. Having finished his lesson he puts them in their proper place, and does not leave them to be tossed about, and by that means torn and dirtied. He never forgets to pray for the blessing of God on himself, his school-fellows, and his teacher; for he knows that the blessing of God is necessary to make his education truly useful to him, both in this life and that which is to come. And finally, it is his constant endeavour to behave well when he is out of school, as well as when he is in it. He remembers that the eye of God is ever upon him, and that he must at last give an account of himself to the Great Judge of all. And therefore he studies to practise at all times the religious and moral lessons he receives from his master, or that he reads in the Bible, or that he meets with in any other books that are given him to peruse; and to "walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

MAY.

A Prayer for Children.

O thou who sit'st enthron'd above,
Vouchsafe to hear my pray'r,
And in th' abundance of thy love,
Oh! guard me with thy care.

Behold, O Lord, my erring mind,
And deign to set me right:

Oh ! make me love my parents kind,
Who brought me into light;

And should distress or any ill
To their dear lives extend,
Let me my duty then fulfil,
And to their wants attend.

In virtue let my sisters live,
In peace my brothers dear;
And to us all thy blessing give,
And those whom we revere.

And when it is thy blest command
That we shall life resign,
Oh ! take us to that heav'nly land
Where all thy glories shine.

The Female Choice.

A young girl having fatigued herself one hot day with running about the garden, sat herself down in a pleasant arbour, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink, with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze, flounced to the ground. Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and her head-dress consisted of artificial flowers, interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy dress, all covered with spangles and knots of ribbands. She advanced, smiling, to the girl with a familiar air, and thus addressed her: "My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius, who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they rendered you a companion worthy of me,—see what I have brought you. This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements. Like

the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, or toils, no dull tasks are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life, and good humour. Come then, my dear! Let me put on you this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away, with me!"

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name.

"My name," said she, "is Dissipation."

The other female advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious, but satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung a work basket; and the girdle round her waist, was garnished with scissars, knives, knitting needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl:—

"Melissa, I am the genius who has ever been the friend and companion of your mother: and I now offer my protection to you. I have no allurements to tempt you with, like that of my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must rise early, and pass the long day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring some exertion of body or mind. You must dress plainly, live mostly at home, and aim at being useful rather than shining. But in return I will ensure you content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than

she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice, or Folly, to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disease. She appears to you under a disguise, and what you see, is not her real face. For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I now do, but on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will hear me sing at my work: and when work is over, I can dance too. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY."

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight: and though overawed by her manner, she could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to desist, when by a lucky accident, the mask, with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion. BARBAULD.

The Horse.

Of all quadrupeds, the horse appears to be the most beautiful. His fine size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions, and the exact symmetry of his shape, entitle him to this distinction.

To have an idea of this noble animal in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures or the stables, to which he has been consigned by man; but in those wild and extensive plains where he was originally produced, where he ranges without

control, and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature. In this state of happy independence, he disdains the assistance of man, which tends only to his servitude. In those boundless tracts, whether of Africa or New Spain, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The continued verdure of the fields supplies his wants; and the climate that never knows a winter, suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to heat. In these countries the horses are often seen feeding in droves of five or six hundred. As they do not carry on war against any other race of animals, they are satisfied to remain entirely upon the defensive. They have always one among their number that stands as centinel, to give notice of any approaching danger; and this office they take by turns. If a man approaches them while they are feeding by day, their centinel walks up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him from proceeding; but as the man approaches within pistol-shot, the centinel thinks it then high time to alarm his fellows. This he does by a loud kind of snorting; upon which they all take the signal, and fly off with the speed of the wind; their faithful centinel bringing up the rear.

But of all countries in the the world, where the horse runs wild, Arabia produces the most beautiful breed, the most generous, swift, and persevering. They are found, though not in great numbers, in the deserts of that country; and the natives use every stratagem to take them. The usual manner in which the Arabians try the swiftness of these animals, is by hunting the ostrich. The horse is the only animal whose speed is comparable to this creature, which is found in the sandy plains that abound in those countries. The instant the ostrich perceives itself aimed at, it makes to the mountains, while the horseman pursues it with all the swiftness

possible, and endeavours to cut off its retreat. The chase then continues along the plain, while the ostrich makes use of both legs and wings to assist its motion. A horse of the first speed is able to outrun it: so that the poor animal is then obliged to have recourse to art to elude the hunter, by frequently turning. At length finding all escape hopeless, it hides its head wherever it can, and tamely suffers itself to be taken. If the horse, in a trial of this kind, shews great speed, and is not readily tired, his character is fixed, and he is held in high reputation.

The horses of the Arabians form the principal riches of many of their tribes, who use them both in the chase, and in their expeditions for plunder. They never carry heavy burdens, and are seldom employed on long journeys. They are so tractable and familiar that they will run from the fields to the call of their masters. The Arab, his wife, and his children, often lie in the same tent with the mare and foal; which, instead of injuring them, suffer the children to rest on their bodies and necks, and seem to be afraid even to move, lest they should hurt them. They never beat or correct their horses, but treat them with kindness, and even affection. The following anecdote of the compassion and attachment shewn by a poor Arabian to one of these animals, will be interesting to every reader. The whole property of this Arab consisted of a very fine beautiful mare. This animal the French Consul at Saïd, offered to purchase, with the intention of sending her to the king of France, Louis the Fourteenth. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The Consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain; and having obtained it, sent the information to the Arab. The man, so poor as to possess only a few rags to cover his body, arrived with his

magnificent courser. He dismounted, but appeared to be greatly agitated by contending emotions. Looking first at the gold, and then at his mare, he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed: "To whom is it I am going to surrender thee? To Europeans! who will tie thee close; who will beat thee; who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back, and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

Do'nt gut your Fish till you get them.

Think yourself sure of nothing till you've got it:
This is the lesson of the day;
In metaphoric language I might say,
Count not your bird, before you've shot it.
Quote proverb, "'Twixt the cup and lip
There's many a slip."
Not every guest invited sits at table,
So says my fable.

A man once gave a dinner to his friend;
His friend!—his patron I should rather think,
By all the loads of meat and drink,
And fruits and jellies without end,
Sent home the morning of the feast.
JOWLER, his dog, a social beast,
Soon as he smelt the matter out, away
Scampers to old acquaintance TRAY,
And with expressions kind and hearty,
Invites him to the party.

TRAY wanted little pressing to a dinner;
He was, in truth, a gormandizing sinner;
He lick'd his chops and wagg'd his tail;
"Dear friend, (he cried) I will not fail:
But what's your hour?"
"We dine at four;
But if you come an hour too soon,
You'll find there's something to be done."

His friend withdrawn, TRAY full of glee,
As blythe as blythe could be,
Skipp'd, danc'd, and played full many an antic,
Like one half frantic,
Then sober in the sun lay winking,
But could not sleep for thinking;
He thought o'er every dainty dish,
Fried, boil'd, and roast;
Flesh, fowl, and fish,
With tripes and toast,
Fit for a dog to eat;
And in his fancy made a treat,
Might grace a bill of fare,
For my Lord May'r.

At length just on the stroke of three,
Forth sallied he,
And through a well-known hole
He slily stole,
Pop on the scene of action.
For he beheld, with wond'rous satisfaction,
All hands employ'd in drawing, stuffing,
Skewering, spitting, and tasting.
Tray skulk'd about, now here, now there,
Peep'd into this, and smelt at that,
And lick'd the gravy, and the fat,
And cried, "O, rare! how I shall fare!"

But Fortune, spiteful as Old Nick,
Resolved to pay our dog a trick;
She made the cook
Just cast a look
Where Tray, beneath the dresser lying,
His promised bliss was eyeing.

A cook, while cooking, is a sort of fury,
A maxim worth rememb'ring, I assure ye.
Tray found it true,
And so may you,
If e'er you choose to try.
"How now! (quoth she,) what's this I spy!

A nasty cur! who let him in?
Would he were hang'd with all his kin!
A pretty kitchen guest indeed!
But I shall pack him off with speed."

So saying, on poor Tray she flew,
And dragg'd the culprit forth to view;
Then, to his terror and amazement,
Whirl'd him like lightning through the casement.

BARBAULD.

I wish to know.

There was one part of the winter's evening which Frank liked particularly; it was the half hour after dinner, when the window shutters were shut, and the curtains let down, and the fire stirred, so as to make a cheerful blaze, which lighted the whole room. His father and mother did not ring the bell for candles, because they liked to sit a little while after dinner, by the light of the fire. Frank's father used often at this time, to play with him, or to talk to him.

One evening, after his father had been playing with Frank, and had made him jump and run, and wrestle, and laugh, till Frank was quite hot, and out of breath, he knelt down upon the carpet, at his father's feet, and rested his arms upon his father's knees. "Now, papa, whilst I am resting myself so happily here, will you tell me something entertaining?"

But just as Frank said the word entertaining, the door opened, and the servant came into the room with lighted candles.—"Oh, candles! I am sorry you are come!" cried Frank. "Oh, candles! I am glad you are come," said his father; "for now I can see to read an entertaining book, which I want to finish." "But, papa," said Frank, "cannot you sit still a LITTLE, LITTLE while longer, and tell me some short thing?"

"Well, what shall I tell you?"

"There are so many things that I want to know,

papa, I do not know which to ask for first—I want to know whether you have ever seen a camel—and I want to know where silk-worms are found, and how they make silk—and I want to know how people make linen in a loom, and how the wool of sheep is made into such coats as we have on. And, oh, father! I wish, very much, to know how the fat of animals is made into candles—you promised to tell me, or to show me, how that was done. And, oh! more than all the rest, I wish to know how plates, and jugs, and cups, and saucers, and flower-pots, are made of clay—and I want, very much, to know where tea comes from—and—

"Stop, stop! my dear Frank," said his father, "it would take up a great deal more of my time than I can bestow upon you, to answer all these questions. I cannot answer any of them to-night, for I have a great many other things to do. The first thing you asked me, I think, was, whether I had ever seen a camel. I have, and the print I am going to show you is very like the animal that I saw; and you may read his history, and then you will know all that I know of camels; and, when you have satisfied your curiosity about camels, I can lend you another book, in which you may read the history of silk-worms."

"Thank you, papa," said Frank: "I shall like to read these things, very much; only I cannot read quick yet, papa; and there are words, sometimes, which I cannot make out well."

"If you persevere," said his father, "you will soon be able to read without any difficulty—but nothing can be done well without perseverance—you have showed me that you have a great deal of perseverance, and"—"Have I, papa," interrupted Frank; "when did I show that to you?"

"The morning when you tried, for an hour and a half, to put the joining map together."

"And at last I did put it together." "Yes; you succeeded, because you persevered." "Then,"

said Frank, "I will persevere; and learn to read easily, that I may read all the entertaining things that are in books; and then I shall be glad when the candles come, as you were just now, papa."

EDGEWORTH.

Father William.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last,
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth, I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

The Bullies.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they

would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then stopped, and shook his stick at them; or stooped down to pick up a stone; upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farm-yard, through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible.

Presently they came upon a common, where going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which, stretching out their long necks, made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little further was a herd of cows, with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

"It is a lucky thing," said Francis to his tutor, "that mastiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese; but what can be the reason of it?"

"The reason," replied his tutor, "is, that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safest to act the part of bullies, and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas, animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure.

"Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters, are suspicious, snarling and petulant. They raise an outcry against their supe-

riors in talents and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence, through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves, whenever the occasion shall seem to require it.

BARBAULD.

Anecdote of Robert Bruce.

King Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitring the enemy, lay at night in a barn, belonging to a loyal cottager. In the morning, still reclining his head on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing the beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second essay to succeed. This attracted the notice of the hero, who, with regret, saw the spider fall a second time from the eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in his design; but its thirteenth essay was crowned with success; it gained the summit of the beam; when the king, starting from his couch, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example; have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country." In a few days, his anticipations were fully realized, by the glorious result to Scotland, of the battle of Bannockburn.—Let the Christian learn, both from the insect and the patriot, to persevere in his endeavours to overcome his spiritual enemies, and to gain the crown of glory. Constancy will issue in his reaching these objects of his holy ambition.

Affection to Parents rewarded.

Frederick, the late king of Russia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet, or letter, hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants. The king returned softly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment, the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. "What's the matter?" said the king. "What ails you?" "Oh! sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me—I know not how I came by this money in my pocket." "My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother; salute her in my name; and assure her that I will take care of HER and YOU." This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents. And, if the children of such parents shall follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

The Goldfinch and Linnet.

A GAUDY GOLDFINCH pert and gay,
Hopping blythe from spray to spray,
Full of frolic, full of spring,
With head well plum'd, and burnish'd wing,
Spied a sober LINNET hen,
  Sitting all alone,
And bow'd and chirp'd, and bow'd again,
  And with familiar tone,
He thus the dame address'd,
As to her side he closely press'd.
" I hope my dear, I don't intrude,
By breaking on your solitude:
But it has always been my passion
To forward pleasing conversation;
And I should be a stupid bird
To pass the fair without a word;
I who have been for ever noted
To be the sex's most devoted.
Besides, a damsel unattended,
Left unnoticed and unfriended,
Appears, (excuse me,) so forlorn,
  That I can scarce suppose,
By any she that e'er was born,
  'Twould be the thing she chose.
How happy, then, I'm now at leisure
To wait upon a lady's pleasure;
And all this morn have nought to do,
But pay my duty, love, to you.
What, silent!—ah! those looks demure,
And eyes of languour, make me sure
That, in my random, idle chatter,
I quite mistook the matter!
It is not spleen or contemplation
  That draws you to the cover,
But 'tis some tender assignation:
  Well! who's the favour'd lover?

I met hard by, in quaker suit,
A youth, sedately grave and mute;
And from the maxim, like to like,
Perhaps the SOBER YOUTH might strike:
Yes, yes, 'tis he, I'll lay my life,
Who hopes to get you for his wife.
But come, my dear, I know you're wise,
Compare and judge, and use your eyes,
No female yet could e'er behold
The lustre of my red and gold,
My ivory bill and jetty crest,
But it was done, and I was blest.
Come, brighten up and act with spirit,
And take the fortune that you merit."
He ceased—LINNETTA thus replied,
With cool contempt, and decent pride:
" 'Tis pity, sir, a youth so sweet,
In form and manners so complete,
Should do an humble maid the honour
To waste his precious time upon her,
A poor forsaken she, you know,
Can do no credit to a beau:
And worse would be the case,
If meeting one whose faith was plighted,
He would incur the sad disgrace
Of being slighted.
Now, sir, the SOBER-SUITED YOUTH
Whom you were pleas'd to mention,
To these small merits, sense and truth,
And generous love, has some pretensions;
And then, to give him all his due,
He sings, sir, full as well as you,
And sometimes can be silent too.
In short, my taste is so perverse,
And such my wayward fate,
That it would be my greatest curse,
To have a COXCOMB to my mate."
This said, away she scuds,
And leaves BEAU GOLDFINCH in the suds.

BARBAULD.

Mouse, Lap-Dog, and Monkey.

A poor little mouse, being half-starved, ventured one day to steal from behind the wainscot, while the family were at dinner, and, trembling all the while, picked up a few crumbs, which were scattered on the ground. She was soon observed, however; every body was immediately alarmed; some called for the cat; others took up whatever was at hand, and endeavoured to crush her to pieces: and the poor terrified animal was driven round the room, in an agony of terror. At length, however, she was fortunate enough to gain her hole, where she sat panting with fatigue. When the family were again seated, a lap-dog and a monkey came into the room. The former jumped into the lap of his mistress, fawned upon every one of the children, and made his court so effectually, that he was rewarded with some of the best morsels of the entertainment. The monkey, on the other hand, forced himself into notice by his grimaces. He played a thousand mischievous tricks, and was regaled, at the appearance of the dessert, with plenty of nuts and apples. The unfortunate little mouse, who saw from her hiding-place every thing that passed, sighed in anguish of heart, and said to herself, "Alas! how ignorant was I, to imagine that poverty and distress were sufficient recommendation to the charity of the opulent. I now find, that whoever is not master of fawning and buffoonery, is but ill qualified for a dependent, and will not be suffered even to pick up the crumbs that fall from the table!"

BARBAULD.

The Orphan Boy.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale!
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake!
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an ORPHAN Boy.

Poor foolish child, how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's vict'ry came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor ORPHAN Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her eyes;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
Mother answer'd with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?
She kiss'd me—and, with a deep sigh!
She called me her poor ORPHAN Boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I look'd and smiled:
My mother through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now the've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy:
O lady! I have known too well
What 'tis to be an ORPHAN Boy.

MRS. OPIE.

The Goose and Horse.

A GOOSE, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a HORSE who fed near her, and in hissing accents, thus addressed him: "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you; for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you: I have, besides, wings, with

which I can raise myself in the air; and, when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool water; I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

The horse, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied: "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly indeed; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle upon the ground, with your broad feet, and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground. But how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonishing my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a GOOSE in all."

BARBAULD.

Tit for Tat.

A law there is of ancient fame,
By nature's self in every land implanted,
LEX TALIONIS is its Latin name;
But if an English term be wanted,
Give your next neighbour but a pat,
He'll give you back as good, and tell you—TIT FOR TAT.

This TIT FOR TAT, it seems, not men alone,
But elephants, for legal justice own;
In proof of this, a story I will tell ye,
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty elephant that swell'd the state
Of Awrengzebe the Great,
One day was taken, by his driver,
To drink, and cool him in the river.

The driver on his neck was seated,
And as he rode along,
By some acquaintance in the throng,
With a ripe cocoa-nut was treated.

A cocoa-nut's a pretty fruit enough,
But guarded by a shell, both hard and tough:
The fellow tried, and tried,
Working and sweating,
Pshaing and fretting
To find out its inside,
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
"Who'll reach me up (he cries) a stone
To break this plaguey shell?
But stay, I've here a solid bone,
May do perhaps as well."
So half in earnest, half in jest,
He bang'd it on the forehead of his beast.

An elephant, they say, has human feelings,
And full as well as we he knows
The diff'rence between words and blows,
Between horse-play and civil dealing.
Use him but well, he'll do his best,
And serve you faithfully and truly;
But insults, unprovok'd, he can't digest,
He studies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil, (thought the creature)
Was never certainly the will of Nature;
So master, mind, you may repent:"
Then, shaking his broad ears, he went:
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter;
But elephant within his memory hid it;
He FELT the wrong—the other only DID it.

A week or two elapsed, one market day,
Again the beast and driver took their way;
Through rows of shops and booths they pass'd,
With eatables and trinkets stored,
Till to a gard'ner's stall they came at last,
Where cocoa-nuts lay pil'd upon the board:
" Ha !" thought the elephant, " tis now my turn,
To shew this method of nut-breaking ;
My friend above will like to learn,
Though at the cost of a head-aching."

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
And wav'd it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,
And on the hapless driver's sconce,
He laid a blow so hard and full,
That crack'd the nuts at once,
But with them crack'd his skull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclin'd
To rompish sports, and freedoms rough,
Bear TIT FOR TAT in mind,
Nor give an elephant a cuff,
To be repaid in kind. BARBAULD.

The Hog and the other Animals.

A debate once arose among the animals in a farm-yard, which of them was most valued by their common master. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse. " It is plain," said he, " that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of use and service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can ?

" As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you, and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labour. Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to

the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back again till noon; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again, till late in the evening. I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

"For you, Mrs. Cow, who is so dainty over your chopped straw, and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day, to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

"You poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows, with now and then a withered turnip, or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keeping, by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be starved to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

"As for the Dog, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master's table, and made his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domestic servant by day, and to keep watch during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

"In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm stye, and plenty of provisions, all at free cost. I have nothing to do but grow fat, and follow my own amusement, and my master is best pleased when he sees me lying at my ease in the sun, or filling my belly."

Thus argued the Hog, and put the rest to silence, by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds; so that the farmer began to consider how he was to maintain all his live stock till spring. "It will be impossible for me," thought he, "to keep them all; I must therefore part with

those I can best spare. As for my horses, or my working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them: they must be kept, cost what it will. My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy. The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves, as long as there is a bite upon the hills; and if deep snow comes, we must do with them as well as we can, by the help of a few turnips, and some hay; for I must have their wool at shearing time, to make out my rent with. But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good. They must go to pot, that's certain; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

So saying, he singled out the ORATOR as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day. BARBAULD.

Who made the Earth?

Who made the earth and all that it contains? who covered it with such stupendous mountains, majestic forests, and beautiful lakes and rivers? who made the rolling, unfathomable sea? Who filled it with innumerable fishes—some of them extremely small, others monstrously large? Who causes its billows to roll in sublime and fearful volumes, tossing the strong ships, and dashing them to pieces? Who calms them again when he pleases?—saying even to the mighty ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be staid?" Who made the shining firmament? Who bespangled it with so many myriads of beautiful and shining lamps?—darting their golden lights through the curtains of the night; seemingly so steady and placid—the most beauteous resemblance of a flock at rest—and the pale moon traveling so smoothly through the heavens, tending them like a faithful shepherd, anxious for the safety and peace of his

flock? Who made the sun? that resplendent being, who comes forth like a giant rejoicing to run his course —whose opening eye chases away the gloom and darkness of the night—at whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads—whose genial beams give health and vital warmth to every creature on earth? Who made man? that proud lord of the creation—that god-like being, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties; in form and moving, so express and admirable? Who made the human mind? Who endowed it with a capacity for infinite improvement; enabling it to start from one pitch of excellence, and from one degree of knowledge to another—discovering and inventing new improvements without limit, and almost changing the very face of nature? If you cannot comprehend the least of all these things; how much less can you comprehend that great and good Being, who, by the word of his power, made the heaven and the earth, and all that they contain?—that Being whose eye is abroad over all the universe, while at the same time he is present with you, to mark all your thoughts and actions, with as much certainty and precision, as if he had nothing else to do? "Who, by searching can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? Deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." What then ought every one to do, but to believe with humility, reverence, and confidence, whatever he has been pleased to reveal of his divine nature and perfections? What ought we to do, but to submit with cheerful resignation to his providential decrees—to "co-operate with his benevolent purposes, by forming the habit of our mind to a constant ambition of improvement, which, enlarging its appetite in proportion to the acquisitions already made, may correspond with the increase of our capacity in every period of an endless

existence? And for what purpose, but to excite this noble thirst of virtuous proficiency?—for what purpose, but to provide that the object of the appetite may never be exhausted by gradual attainment, has HE imparted to his creature's mind the idea of his own perfect, uncreated goodness?"

Sacred Song.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun: thou hast set all the borders of the earth. Thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, oh God! the life and light
Of all the wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are all reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Thro' golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

T. MOORE.

Respect and Affection due from Pupils to their Teachers.

Quintilian says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice, which he gives them: to love those who instruct them, as they love the sciences which they study: and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive, not the life of the body, but that instruction, which is, in a manner, the life of the soul. This sentiment of affection and respect disposes them to apply diligently during the time of their studies; and preserves on their minds, during the remainder of life, a tender gratitude towards their instructors. It seems to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in readily receiving instructions, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars; as that of masters, is to be excellent teachers. As it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, warms and moistens it; so the whole fruit of instruction depends on a good understanding between masters and scholars.

Gratitude towards those who have faithfully laboured in our education, is an essential virtue, and the mark of a good heart. "Of those who have been carefully instructed, who is there," says Cicero, "that is not delighted with the sight, and even the remembrance of his preceptors, and the very place where he was educated?" Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity sometimes displeases, at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our un-

derstanding and judgment, we discern that admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, far from justifying dislike, demand our esteem and love. Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked Heaven for two things especially; for having had excellent tutors himself, and for having found the like blessing for his children.

ROLLIN.

The Ruined Cottage.

None will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it: hence the vine
Trails its weight of leaves upon the ground,
Hence weeds are in that garden, hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead,
And hence the grey moss on the apple tree.
One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had past,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child,
A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's she had left
Buried in strangers' land: and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted on her first English birth day.
And he had trained it up against an ash
Till it became his pride—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness; their home
In truth a home of love; and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church, and Isabel,
With her bright colour, and her clear glad eyes,

Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:
Her father looked so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and
flowers;
And in the winter, there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home,
And left it for a prison: 'twas in June,
One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage,
And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun,
With iron grating; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's good night. But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on whom it closed, and her sweet voice,
And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers;
But every morning could he mark her cheek,
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sunshine through the gratings of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not; at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. But on one sad day

He marked the dull street, through the iron bars,
That shut him from the world ; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he grew desperate ; he forced the bars ;
And he stood on the street free and alone.
He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners : when they set it down,
Ere 'twas lowered into the new dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child !
He lay down by the coffin quietly,
His heart was broken !

MISS LANDON.

Why the Earth moves round the Sun.

PAPA—LUCY.

P. You remember, Lucy, that I explained to you some time ago what was the cause that things fell to the ground.

L. O yes—it was because the ground drew them to it.

P. True. That is a consequence of the universal law of nature, that bodies attract each in proportion to their bulk. So a very small thing in the neighbourhood of a very large one, always tends to go to it, if not prevented by some other power. Well—You know I told you that the sun was a ball a vast many times bigger than the ball we inhabit, called the earth ; upon which you properly asked, how then it happened that the earth did not fall into the sun.

L. And why does it not ?

P. That I am going to explain to you. You have seen your brother whirl round an ivory ball tied to the end of a string, which he held in his hand.

L. Yes, and I have done it myself too.

P. Well, then, you felt that the ball was continually pulling, as if it tried to make its escape.

L. Yes; and one my brother was swinging DID make its escape, and flew through the sash.

P. It did so. That was a lesson in the CENTRIFUGAL motion, or, that power by which a body thus whirled continually endeavours to fly off from the centre round which it moves. This is owing to the force or impulse you give it at setting out, as if you were going to throw it away from you. The string by which you hold it, on the contrary, is the power which keeps the ball towards the centre, called the CEN-TRI-PETAL power. Thus, you see, there are two powers acting upon the ball at the same time, one to make it fly off, the other to hold it in; and the consequence is, that it moves directly according to neither, but between both; that is, round and round. This it continues to do while you swing it properly; but if the string breaks, or slips off, away flies the ball: on the other hand, if you cease to give it the whirling force, it falls towards your hand.

L. I understand all this.

P. I will give you another instance of this double force acting at the same time. Do not you remember seeing some curious feats of horsemanship?

L. Yes.

P. One of them was, that a man standing with one leg upon the saddle, and riding at full speed, threw up balls into the air, and catched them as they fell.

L. I remember it very well.

P. Perhaps you would have expected these balls to have fallen behind him, as he was going at such a rate.

L. So I did.

P. But you saw that they fell into his hand as directly as if he had been standing quite still. That was because at the instant he threw them up, they

received the motion of the horse straight forwards, as well as the upright motion that he gave them, so that they made a slanting line through the air, and came down in the same place they would have reached, if he had held them in his hand all the while.

L. That is very curious indeed.

P. In the same manner, you may have observed, in riding in a carriage, that if you throw any thing out of the window, it falls directly opposite, just as if the carriage were standing still, and is not left behind you.

L. I will try that the next time I ride in one.

P. You are then to imagine the sun to be a mighty mass of matter, many thousand times bigger than our earth, placed in the centre, quiet and unmoved. You are to conceive our earth, as soon as created, launched, with vast force, in a straight line, as if it were a bowl on the green. It would have flown in this line for ever, through the boundless regions of space, had it not at the same instant received a pull from the sun by its attraction. By the wonderful skill of the Creator, these two forces were made exactly to counterbalance each other; so that just as much as the earth, from the original motion given it, tends to fly forwards, just so much the sun draws it to the centre, and the consequence is, that it takes a course between the two, which is a circle round and round the sun.

L. But if the earth was set a rolling like a bowl upon a green, I should think it would stop of itself, as the bowl does.

P. The bowl stops because it is continually rubbing against the ground, which checks its motion; but the ball of the earth moves in empty space, where there is nothing to stop it.

L. But if I throw a ball through the air, it will not go on for ever, but it will come down to the ground.

P. That is because the force with which you can throw it, is much less than the force by which it is drawn to the earth. But there is another reason too, which is the resistance of the air. This space all round us and over us, is not empty space; it is quite full of a thin, transparent fluid called air.

L. Is it?

P. Yes. If you move your hand quickly through it, you will find something resisting you, though in a slight degree. And the wind, you well know, is capable of pressing against any thing with almost irresistible force; and yet wind is nothing but a quantity of air put into violent motion. Every thing, then, that moves through the air, is continually obliged to push some of this fluid out of the way, by which means it is constantly losing part of its motion.

L. Then the earth would do the same.

P. No; for it moves in EMPTY SPACE.

L. What! does not it move through the air?

P. The earth does not move THROUGH the air, but carries the air along with it. All the air is contained in what is called the ATMOSPHERE, which you may compare to a kind of mist or fog clinging all round to the ball of the earth, and reaching a certain distance above it, which has been calculated at above forty-five miles.

L. That is above the clouds, then.

P. Yes; all the clouds are within the atmosphere, for they are supported by the air. Well—this atmosphere rolls about along with the earth, as if it were a part of it, and moves with it through the sky, which is a vast field of empty space. In this immense space, are all the stars and planets, which have also their several motions. There is nothing to stop them, but they continually go on, by means of the force that the Creator has originally impressed upon them.

L. Do not some of the stars move round the sun, as well as our earth?

P. Yes; those that are called PLANETS. These are all subject to the same laws of motion with our earth. They are attracted by the sun as their centre, and form along with the earth, that assemblage of worlds which is called the SOLAR SYSTEM.

L. Is the moon one of them?

P. The moon is called a SECONDARY planet, because its immediate connection is with our earth, round which it rolls, as we do round the sun. It, however, accompanies our earth in its journey round the sun. But I will tell you more about its motion, and about the other planets and stars, another time. It is enough at present if you thoroughly understand what I have been describing.

L. I think I do. BARBAULD.

The Great Spirit.

There is a tongue in every leaf!
A voice in every rill!
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood, and fire, through earth and air;
A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the great Spirit wide diffus'd
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious--Life and Death,
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, every where,
In all things—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night

I feel Him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet, (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turned in sullen mood
From all the things whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the lovliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew—
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart—
Not always so—I woke again
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispelled that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

The Bible.

Holy Bible, book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine:
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to shew a Saviour's love;
Mine, art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the holy spirit bless;
Mine, to shew by living faith,
How to triumph over death!
Mine, to tell of love to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

A nation must be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it or taken from; it contains every thing needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king, and rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to a senate; authority and direction for a magistrate; it cautions a witness; requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence; it sets the husband as lord of his household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honour on parents, and enjoins obedience on children; it prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and authority of the master; commands the subjects to do honour, and the servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its Author to all who walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; it promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both; it points out a faithful and an eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust;† and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter. It

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* Deut. xvii. 18, † Jer. xlix. 11.

teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for the wife, and entails the right of the first-born; and it shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the rights of all; and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, over-reacher, aud oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choisest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws, and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings, and affords the best of comfort to the enquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, shews the way to him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the world, the most authentic and the most entertaining history that ever was published: it contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparralleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestial, and infernal worlds; and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and infernal legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmetician;* puzzle the wisest anatomist; and exer-

* Rev. xiii. 18

cise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and guides the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, and the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the school-boy's spelling-book, and the learned man's masterpiece; it contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound treatise for a sage; it is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the ingenious, and dark sayings for the grave; and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the racer, and the overcomer; and promises an eternal reward to the conquerer. And that which crowns all is, that the Author is without partiaility and without hypocrisy; for "IN HIM IS NO VARIABLENESS NOR SHADOW OF TURNING."

READER VALUE YOUR BIBLE!

On the Bible.

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may soar to heaven.

Lord make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

There would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell!
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my BIBLE more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

Nature and Education.

Nature and Education were one day walking together through a nursery of trees. "See," says Nature, "how straight and fine these firs grow—that is my doing! But as to those oaks, they are all crooked and stunted—that, my good sister, is your fault. You have planted them too close, and not pruned them properly. "Nay, sister," said Education, "I am sure I have taken all possible pains about them; but you gave me bad acorns, so how could they ever make fine trees?"

The dispute grew warm; and at length, instead of blaming one another for negligence, they began to boast of their own powers, and to challenge each other to a contest for the superiority. It was agreed that each should adopt a favourite, and rear it up in spite of the ill offices of her opponent. Nature fixed upon a vigorous young Weymouth Pine, the parent of which had grown to be the main-mast of a man of war. "Do what you will to this plant," said she to her sister, "I am resolved to push it up as straight as an arrow. Education took under her care a crab-tree. "This," said she, "I will rear to be at least as valuable as your pine."

Both went to work. While Nature was feeding

her pine with plenty of wholesome juices. Education passed a strong rope round its top, and pulling it downwards with all her force, fastened it to the trunk of a neighbour oak. The pine laboured to ascend, but not being able to surmount the obstacle, it pushed out to one side, and presently became bent like a bow. Still, such was its vigour, that its top, after descending as low as its branches, made a new shoot upwards; but its beauty and usefulness were quite destroyed. The crab-tree cost Education a world of pains. She pruned and pruned, and endeavoured to bring it into shape, but in vain. Nature thurst out a bough this way, and a knot that way, and would not push a single leading shoot upwards. The trunk was indeed kept tolerably straight by constant efforts; but the head grew awry, and ill-fashioned, and made a scrubby figure. At length, Education, despairing of making a sightly plant of it, ingrafted the stock with an apple, and brought it to bear tolerable fruit.

At the end of the experiment, the sisters met to compare their respective success. "Ah, sister!" said Nature, "I see it is in your power to spoil the best of my works." "Ah, sister!" said Education, "it is a hard matter to contend against you—however, something may be done by taking pains enough. BARBAULD.

To a Mother on her Birth-day.

When those eyes, from native night,
First unfolded to the light,
On what object fair and new
Did they fix their fondest view?
On my Mother's smiling mien;
All the Mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close,
And she sung me to repose,
Found I not the sweetest rest,
On my mother's peaceful breast?

When my tongue from her's had caught
Sounds to utter infant thought,
Readiest then what accents came?—
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet began,
Strangely pleased to stand or run,
'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try;
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.
Time since then hath deeper made
Lines where youthful dimples played,
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace;
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory!
Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my paradise of rest;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with her's, her's with mine.
Many a name, since her's I knew,
Have I lov'd with honour due,
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
Many a hand that Friendship plighted,
Have I clasp'd with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.
Thus by every tie endeared,
Thus with filial reverence feared,
Mother! on this day 'tis meet,
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth;
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last:
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now;

One that quickly shall combine
Your felicity with mine :—
One in which both soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice ;
Oh ! what shall that blessing be ?
Dearest Mother ! may you see
All your prayers fulfilled for me !

MONTGOMERY.

Wise Men.

" You may remember, ARTHUR," said Mr C. to his son, " that some time ago, I endeavoured to give you a notion what a GREAT MAN was. Suppose we now talk a little about WISE MEN ?"

" With all my heart, sir," replied Arthur.

Mr. C. A wise man, then, is HE WHO PURSUES THE BEST ENDS BY THE PROPEREST MEANS. But as this definition may be rather too abstract to give you a clear comprehension of the thing, I shall open it to you by examples. What is the best end a man can pursue in life ?

A. I suppose to make himself happy.

Mr. C. True. And as we are so constituted that we cannot be happy ourselves without making others happy, the best way of living is to produce as much general happiness as lies in our power.

A. But that is GOODNESS, is it not ?

Mr. C. It is ; and therefore wisdom includes goodness. The wise man always intends what is good, and employs skill or judgment in attaining it. If he were to pursue the best things, weakly, he could not be wise, any more than if he were to pursue bad or indifferent things judiciously. One of the wisest men I know is our neighbour Mr. Freeland.

A. What, the Justice ?

Mr. C. Yes. Few men have succeeded more perfectly in securing their own happiness and promoting that of those around them. Born to a competent estate, he early settled upon it, and be-

gan to improve it. He reduced all his expenses within his income, and indulged no tastes that could lead him into excesses of any kind. At the same time he did not refuse any proper and innocent pleasures that came in his way; and his house has always been distinguished for decent cheerfulness and hospitality. He applied himself with diligence to mending the morals and improving the condition of his dependents. He studied attentively the laws of his country, and qualified himself for administering justice with skill and fidelity. No one sooner discovers where the right lies, or takes surer means to enforce it. He is the person to whom the neighbours of all degrees apply for counsel in their difficulties. His conduct is always consistent and uniform—never violent, never rash, never in extremes, but always deliberating before he acts, and then acting with firmness and vigour. The peace and good order of the neighbourhood materially depend upon him; and upon every emergency his opinion is the first thing inquired after, He enjoys the respect of the rich, the confidence of the poor, and the good will of both.

A. But I have heard some people reckon old Harpy as wise a man as he.

Mr. C. It is a great abuse of words to call Harpy a wise man. He is of another species——a CUNNING MAN—who is to a wise man, what an ape is to a human creature; a bad and contemptible resemblance.

A. He is very clever, though; is he not?

Mr. C. Harpy has a good natural understanding, a clear head, and a cool temper; but his only end in life has been to raise a fortune by base and dishonest means. Being thoroughly acquainted with all the tricks and artifices of the law, he employed his knowledge to take undue advantages of all who entrusted him with the management of their affairs; and under colour of assisting them, he contrived to get possession of all their property. Thus he has be-

come extremely rich, lives in a great house, with a number of servants, is even visited by persons of rank, yet is universally detested and despised, and has not a friend in the world. He is conscious of this, and is wretched. Suspicion and remorse continually prey upon his mind. Of all whom he has cheated, he has deceived himself the most; and has proved himself as much a fool in the end he has pursued, as a knave in the means.

A. Are not men of great learning and knowledge wise men?

Mr. C. They are so, if that knowledge and learning are employed to make them happier and more useful. But it too often happens, that their speculations are of a kind neither beneficial to themselves nor to others; and they often neglect to regulate their tempers, while they improve their understandings. Some men of great learning have been the most arrogant and quarrelsome of mortals, and as foolish and absurd in their conduct, as the most untaught of their species.

A. But is not a philosopher and a wise man the same thing?

Mr. C. A philosopher is properly a LOVER OF WISDOM; and if he searches after it with a right disposition, he will probably find it oftener than other men. But he must practise as well as know, in order to be truly wise.

A. I have read of the seven wise men of Greece. What were they?

Mr. C. They were men distinguished for their knowledge and talents, and some of them for their virtue too. But a wiser than they all was Socrates, whose chief praise it was that he turned philosophy from vain and fruitless disputation, to the regulation of life and manners, and that he was himself a great example of the wisdom he taught.

A. Have we had any person lately very remarkable for wisdom?

Mr. C. In my opinion, few wiser men have ever existed than the late Dr. Franklin, the American. From the low station of a journeyman printer, to the elevated one of ambassador plenipotentiary from his country to the court of France, he always distinguished himself by sagacity in discovering, and good sense in practising, what was most beneficial to himself and others. He was a great natural philosopher, and made some very brilliant discoveries; but it was ever his favourite purpose to turn every thing to use, and to extract some practical advantage from his speculations. He thoroughly understood COMMON LIFE, and all that conduces to its comforts; and he has left behind him treasures of domestic wisdom, superior, perhaps, to any of the boasted maxims of antiquity. He never let slip any opportunity of improving his knowledge, whether of great things or of small; and was equally ready to converse with a day-labourer and a prime-minister, upon topics from which he might derive instruction. He rose to wealth, but obtained by honourable means. He prolonged his life by temperance, to a great age, and enjoyed it to the last. Few men knew more than he, and none employed knowledge to better purposes.

A. A man, then, I suppose, cannot be wise without knowing a great deal.

Mr. C. If he knows every thing belonging to his station, it is wisdom enough; and a peasant may be as truly wise in his place, as a statesman or legislator. You remember that fable of Gay, in which a shepherd gives lessons of wisdom to a philosopher.

A. O yes, it begins

"Remote from cities liv'd a swain."

Mr. C. True. He is represented as drawing all maxims of conduct from observation of brute animals. And they, indeed, have universally that character of wisdom, of pursuing the ends best suited to them by the properest means. But this is owing to

the impulse of unerring instinct. Man has reason for his guide, and his wisdom can only be the consequence of the right use of his reason. Thus the fable we have been mentioning rightly concludes with

> " Thy fame is just, the sage replies,
> Thy VIRTUE proves thee TRULY WISE."
>
> BARBAULD.

A Prayer for Children to learn by heart.

Father of good, to whom belong
My morning vow, my evening song;
Again, with trembling joy, to thee,
A wayward child, I bend my knee.
Myriads of angels guard thy throne,
And I am little, I am one;
Yet all thy works, thine eyes survey:
Then hear and help me while I pray.

Thy gifts my days with gladness crown;
Sin, only sin, hath bowed me down.
Lord, touch my heart, and make me know
My Saviour's worth, my Saviour's wo.
Then shall my angry will be tame;
Thed shall I learn and weep my shame;
The weight of wrath, and judgment due
Shall feel, and feel thy mercy too.

Yet not for pardoning grace alone,
I breathe a suppliant sinner's groan:
Pardon and love are both divine;
Then give me both, and make me thine.
Thy pardoning grace my fears shall quell;
But love shall pride and sin expel;
While faith, in every danger nigh,
Gives strength, and peace, and liberty.

So, as I walk my earthly way,
Thy mercy, Lord, my steps shall stay;
Brighten with hope my saddest hours,
And strew the pilgrim's path with flowers.

And so, while life and breath are mine,
Shall every power in concert join,
To praise the God, to whom belong
My morning vow and evening song.

The Banian Tree.

The Banian tree, or Burr tree, claims a particular attention. It is considered as one of the most curious and beautiful of Nature's productions in the genial climate of India. Each tree is in itself a grove, and some of them are of an amazing size, as they are continually increasing, and, contrary to most other animal and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay: for every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grow thicker, until, by a gradual descent, they reach its surface; where striking in, they increase to a large trunk, and become a parent tree, throwing out new branches from the top. These, in time, suspend their roots, and, receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression so long as the first Parent of them all supplies her substance. A Banian tree, with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks, vistas, and cool recesses that can be imagined. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green. The fruit is a small fig; when ripe, of a bright scarlet; affording sustenance to monkeys, squirrels, peacocks, and birds of various kinds, which dwell among the branches. The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of this tree: they consider its long duration, its outstretching arms, and overshadowing, beneficence, as emblems of the Deity, and almost pay it divine honours. The Brahmins, who thus "find a fane in every grove," spend much of their time in religious solitude, under the shade of the banian tree; they plant it near the dewals, or Hindoo tem-

ples, improperly called pagodas; and in those villages, where there is not any structure for public worship, they place an image under one of these trees, and there perform a morning and evening sacrifice. These are the trees under which a sect of naked philosophers, called Gymnosophists, assembled in Arian's days; and this historian of ancient Greece, it is observed by Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, affords a true picture of the modern Hindoos. "In winter, the Gymnosophists enjoy the benefit of the sun's ray, in the open air; and in summer, when the heat becomes excessive, they pass their time in cool and moist places, under large trees; which, according to the accounts of Nearchus, cover a circumference of five acres, and extend their branches so far that ten thousand men may easily find shelter under them." On the banks of the Narbaddo, in the province of Guzzerat, is a banian tree, supposed by some persons to be the one described by Nearchus, and certainly not inferior to it. It is distinguished by the name of the Cubbeer Burr, which was given to it in honour of a famous saint. High floods have, at various times, swept away a considerable part of this extraordinary tree; but what still remains, is nearly two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the overhanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space; and under it grow a number of custard-apple, and other fruit trees. The large trunks of this single tree amount to THREE HUNDRED and FIFTY, and the smaller ones exceed THREE THOUSAND: each of these is constantly sending forth branches, and hanging roots, to form other trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny.

The Cubbeer Burr is famed throughout Hindostan, not only on account of its great extent, but also for its surprising beauty. The Indian armies generally encamp around it; and, at stated seasons, solemn jatarras, or Hindoo festivals, to which thou-

sands of votaries repair from every part of the Mogul empire, are there celebrated. It is said that 7000 persons find ample room to repose under its shade. It has been long the practice of the British residents in India, on their hunting and shooting parties, to form extensive encampments, and spend weeks together, under this magnificent pavilion, which affords a shelter to all travellers, particularly to the religious tribes of the Hindoos.

CLARKE'S WONDERS.

Metaphysics.

The smithy is a favourite rendezvous,
  At leisure hours, for all the men of tillage;
There they resort to dry their hob-nail'd shoes,
  And talk about the lasses of the village;
Also at times, to read the weekly news,—
  Those manufactured tales of war and pillage.
The smith, from hence, becomes a kind of oracle,
  Resolver of all doubts,—sagacious to a miracle.
And such was George.—Once turning horses' shoes,
  Upon the anvel's hard and steely nozzle,
He heard some wights a-spelling o'er the news,
  Till they came to a word which did them puzzle.
"M-e-t-a"—"Go on lads, if you choose."
  They spell a while, and then they take a guzzle.
  The word was nice, no doubt, for rustic hands,
'Twas "Metaphysics," which few Doctors understand.

Still they with pertinency did spell,
  Smiting at times their brow, with horny hand,
And then another time to work they fell,
  But still the term they could not understand.
Some thought it an ill-omen'd witching spell,
  And some the name of an outlandish land.
George Gouk laid down his hammer on the stithy,
And for some little space, gazed on the roof of smithy.

Now, whether a direct inspiring ray,
Reveal'd the matter to him all at once,
I cannot take upon myself to say;
But this he answer'd them upon the nonce,
Without a single instant of delay—
"Lads, I have got the thing into my sconce,—
"This word, which puts your judgments in a swither,
"Has reference to two men when they converse together.

"And, when the one that's hearing does not know
The sense of what the speaking one would tell,
"And farther, when the speaking one also,
"Himself, does not see through it very well,
"I think that's metaphysics." George Gouk, so
From thy dry throat the definition fell;
And name a single Doctor of the schools,
Has come so near the truth with all his logic rules.

An Account of the Alligators.

I had enjoyed a sound refreshing sleep for two or three hours, when I was started up by the most lamentable cries that ever assailed the human ear. The men and I instantly assembled on the roof of the boat, to distinguish whence the accents came, and to afford assistance, if in our power. But they issued from so many directions, and expressed such a variety and number of persons afflicted with the deepest grief, that our reason and judgment were dissipated in wild conjecture, and we remained ignorant of the wretched sufferers, and of the dreadful cause of their complaint. It could not be Indians affecting distress, to seduce us on shore, and there be put to death: it could not be a crew of wrecked boats, weeping and wailing their forlorn fate. Repeatedly we demanded of each other what then it could be. We hearkened. At times, the cries sunk into the feeble plaints of expiring infancy, and again gradually rose into the full and

melancholy swell of an adult, tortured by fiends destitute of mercy and humanity. The lamentations turn by turn, touched every string capable of vibrating excess of misery, and denoted the variety of sorrow incident to individuals from the loss of health, friends, fortune, and relations. Above all, they denoted the calamity in the act of supplicating relief, in the strong language of sobs, sighs, and moans of inexpressible anguish and length? How were we to act? No assistance could be afforded to distress so unknown and so diffuse. To fly the place was impossible, and to remain in it as tremendous as death. To attempt to sleep, still more absurd. We walked on the roof of the boat, till the cries multiplied and increased in a manner at once to shock the senses and deafen the ears. This violent outcry was followed by plunges in water, and a rustling among the trees, which at length explained the objects of our dismay and apprehension. They were a host of Alligators. We discovered them playing, swimming alongside the boat, and running along the shore, where they uttered the piercing cries, and heart-rending moans, which, originally excited my attention and terror. Having given up all thoughts of rest, I prepared arms, and watched for a favourable purpose of killing one of the creatures. It soon presented itself. A large animal, attracted by the scent of living objects in the boat, swam repeatedly round it, as if searching for means of access, and had the audacity to raise his head considerably above the water, in order to make his observations more true. At that propitious juncture, we all three fired in the direction of his under-jaw and throat. He made an immediate flounce in the water, roared as loud as thunder, and rushed ashore directly below my boat. He there expired in dreadful agony, as could be understood from hideous bellowings, and the violence with which he beat himself against the banks. After

this monster's death, the noise of the other animals ceased, and I heard none but very low and plaintive cries, issuing from several voices in deep distress; so low, that they, with difficulty, reached the ear, and so plaintive, that they could not but reach the heart. The dawn disclosed the cause of this lamentation, which never ceased throughout the night. On going on shore, I found the alligator I had killed, attended by sixteen or seventeen young ones, who were solicitously engaged about the dead body, running over and around it in great agitation, and whining and moaning because they discovered it without animation, and destitute of all symptoms of life. Though somewhat affected by such a spectacle, I ordered the men to assist, and to secure me, if possible, some of the young ones, and convey them into my boat. We succeeded in taking three. They are about two feet long each, and have beautiful blue eyes, with an expression extremely soft and sensible. The mother, for it seems it is a female we killed, is nineteen feet in length, counting the head, which is three feet long, and five feet in circumference. The jaws, which extend the whole length of the head, are furnished with two large conical tusks, as white as ivory. The scales are as hard as iron. The shape is that of a lizard. Speaking generally, and from the best authority, the alligators of the Mississippi are from twelve to twenty-four feet in length: their bodies are covered with horny plates or scales, which are impenetrable to a rifle ball, except about their heads, and just behind their fore legs, where they are vulnerable. The head of a full grown alligator is more than three feet long. The eyes are small, and the whole head in the water appears at a distance like a piece of rotten floating wood. The upper jaw only moves, and this they raise so as to form a right angle with the lower one. They open their mouth while they lie basking in the sun, on the

banks of rivers and creeks; and when filled with insects, they suddenly let fall their upper jaw with surprising noise, and thus secures their prey. The tusks, which are not covered by any skin or slips, give the animal a frightful appearance. In the spring, which is their season for breeding, they make a most hideous and terrifying roar, resembling the distant thunder. The alligator is an oviparous animal; their nests, which are commonly built on the margin of some lake, creek, or river, at the distance of from fifteen to twenty yards from the high water, are in the form of an obtuse cone, about four feet high, and from four to five in diameter, at their basis. They are constructed with a sort of mortar, blended with grass and herbage. First, they lay a floor of this composition, on which they deposit a layer of eggs; and upon this a stratum of their mortar, seven or eight inches thick; then another layer of eggs; and in this manner one stratum upon another, nearly to the top of the nest. They lay from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. These are hatched by the heat of the sun, assisted by the fermentation of the vegetable mortar, in which they are deposited. The female carefully watches her own nest of eggs till they are all hatched: she then takes her brood under her care, and leads them about the shores as a hen does her chickens, and is equally courageous in defending them in time of danger. When she lies basking on the warm banks, with her brood around her, the young ones may be heard whining and crying in the manner of young infants. The old feed on the young alligators, till they are so large that they cannot make a prey of them; so that fortunately few of the brood survive the age of a year. They are fond of the flesh of dogs and hogs, which they devour whenever they have an opportunity. Their principal food is fish. They retire into their dens, which they form by burrowing far into the ground, commencing under water and working up-

wards, and there remain in a torpid state during the winter. The carrion-vulture also destroys multitudes of young alligators, which would otherwise render the country uninhabitable. ASHE.

The Blackbird.

Sweet bard of the woods, on this still summer even,
How lovely, how soft, and how mellow thy lay!
It is calm as the earth, it is clear as the heaven,
It is soothing and sweet like the requiem of day.

O what art thou singing? It speaks to my soul;
Methinks I could tell thee the words of thy song;
Pure pleasure and gratitude beam thro' the whole,
And the summer eve's zephyr conveys it along.

Thou art singing to Him who spread fruit-trees and flowers;
And laid out the woods like a garden for thee;
And bade the warm sun light the midsummer hours,
And formed thee a bower in many a tree.

Sweet minstrel! sing on, all in joy as thou art,
My spirit grows calm and serene by thy lays;
And I think,—'tis a thought that enraptures my heart!—
JEHOVAH, all nature is full of thy praise!

EDMESTON.

The Starry Heavens.

You have often been out in the open air after the sun had set, and seen multitudes of stars glittering throughout the sky. These are very distant from us, more distant, perhaps, than you have ever imagined. A million of miles is a long way for you and me: nay, ourselves are so small that we can scarcely be seen at a little more than the distance of a mile in the clearest day; but a million of miles is a short line, compared with the distance of some of the stars from each other, or from us. It is this dis-

tance which makes these stars appear so small to us; though many of them are larger than the earth we live on, by many thousand times. The sun is reckoned, by some, to be at least, a million of times bigger than the earth, and to be above ninety millions of our miles distant from it. I fancy you are surprised; but let this vastness of things lead you to admire the greatness of God. These, though immensely great, have a bound, a certain compass, which may be measured; but he is unbounded, and of his being, in any, and every sense, there is no end.

The study of the heavenly bodies, is called Astronomy, a Greek word, signifying the law, or order, which God has given to the stars: and the people who study this law or science particularly, are therefore called Astronomers.

These people tell us, from long and repeated observations, that in this magnificent fabric of the heavens, there is a system, or order, of bright stars, which forms a vast circuit, one within another, like so many rings or circles; and that these are in a continual motion round the sun, which is in the centre, or middle of the whole. They have named them Planets, which word signifies moving, or wandering orbs or balls, because they are always moving in their several orbits or circles round their centre the sun, from which they receive all their light, as you know, we do upon this earth. They call them by the following names: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Georgium Sidus.

What a surprising account do astronomers give us of their size and distance! I will put down their calculations in a table, that you may consider the subject with more attention.

	Miles.
The Sun is in diameter, or thickness,	764,300
Mercury,	2,460
Venus,	7,900
The Earth, about	8,000

Mars,..... 4,500
Jupiter, ... 81,000
Saturn,..... 68,000
Georgium Sidus,..... 35,112

Their distance from the sun, their common centre, has been calculated as follows:

	Millions of Miles.
Mercury,.....above	36
Venus.....	68
Earth,.....	94
Mars,.....	144
Jupiter,.....	492
Saturn,.....	903
Georgium Sidus,.....	1,800

There are other stars of great size and distance, which the astronomers call Fixed Stars, because they change their situations very little, or not at all, in our view, and, from their twinkling, piercing light, (for the planets have a duller and more steady light,) are imagined to be suns, like our sun, sending forth their rays to some dark worlds around them. Their vast distance is almost inconceivable by man. The nearest of the fixed stars has been computed by the astronomers to be at least a hundred thousand times farther from us than we are from the sun; consequently this distance must be many hundred thousand millions of miles! If a cannon ball were to set out from the earth as speedily as from the mouth of a cannon, and to continue on at this pace in a straight line, it has been calculated that it would be above six hundred thousand years in its passage to one of the nearest of these stars. I say nothing of Comets, which are blazing stars, appearing and disappearing by an order much unknown to us; they seem to be large masses impregnated with fire, proceeding, under the hand of God, with amazing velocity.

What astonishing grandeur is here! what immensity! what glory! And yet all this is finite, all hath a

bound, and therefore it is not so much to the greatness and majesty of God, as a small grain of sand is to all the stars and all their distances put together. What tongue can utter, what thought can conceive rightly, of such objects as these? And how much less of the Maker of them; should not this teach us humility? Should not what he has done awe us into obedience concerning all that he has said? Who, by his own searching, can find out God? Who can know him, with any possible certainty, but by means of a revelation from himself?

The Common Lot.

Once in the flight of ages past,
  There lived a man: and WHO was HE?—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
  That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
  The land in which he died unknown,
His name has perished from the earth,
  This truth survives alone:—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
  Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear;
  Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
  The changing spirits rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
  For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
  Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more!
  And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
  Hath lost in its unconscious womb:

O she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth, and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sun-beams, o'er his eye,
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

The Captain's Whiskers.

A certain Swiss Captain of Grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife; and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, that it was quite right his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet of hectoring blade might readily be applied. He was near six feet high, and wore a long sword and fierce cocked hat, add to which, that he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, and comb, and twist them round his forefinger, and to

admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention, and artful inquiry, a young lady was found exactly such a one as we may well suppose, a person with his views, would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than twenty three, with a good fortune, and what was the best part of the story, the fortune was at her own disposal. Our Captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms, and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and windriff were burned up, transfixed and gnawn away. He who in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an overdone mutton chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero!

One day as he was ranting, kneeling and beseeching his goddess to send him on an errand, to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her Divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the Empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's Cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love! she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:— "The protestations which you daily make, Captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me that there is nothing you would not do to oblige me; I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you, I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you." "Tell me, im-

maculate angel," cried our son of gunpowder, "tell me what it is! though before you speak be sure it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon? To catch the Phœnix? Or draw your chariot to church with Unicorns? What is the impossible act that I will not undertake?" "No, Captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease; it will not cost you five minutes, and yet, if it were not for your so positive assurances, from what you have observed, I should almost doubt of your compliance." "Ah madam!" returned he, "wrong not your slave thus; deem it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life, from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second, to execute your omnipotent behests! Speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, it is a mere trifle! Only to cut off your whiskers, Captain, that's all—"

"Madam!" [Be so kind as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment.] "My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers!—Excuse me!—Cut off my whiskers!—Pardon me, madam!—Any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prêster John's beard a hair at a time, and it's done. But for my whiskers! you must grant me a salvo there!"

"And why so, good Captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifle." "A trifle, madam! my whiskers a trifle! no, madam! no! my whiskers are no trifle! Had I but a single regiment of fellows, whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman married or single—maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers!"

"May be so, sir, but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never!"

"Why, then, madam, farewell! I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine the Czarine, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the conceited and unprincipled coxcombs, by whom they are pestered: they all have their whiskers, and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

Ellen's Loveliness.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace,
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form, or lovlier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown?
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What tho' no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace?—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
Even the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What tho' upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue?
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.
A Chieftain's daughter seemed the maid:
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,

Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more glad and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride, the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;
O need I tell that passion's name!

SCOTT.

Early Rising conducive to Health.

Unwary belles,
Who, day by day, the fashionable round
Of dissipation tread, stealing from art
The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek
Pale and deserted; come, and learn of me
How to be ever blooming, young and fair.
Give to the mind improvement. Let the tongue
Be subject to the heart and head. Withdraw
From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,
Oft as the day begins, the steepy down
Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed:
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of ev'ry flow'r that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon
Her oriental veil puts off?
Nor let the sweetest blossom nature boasts
Be thus exposed to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning, steal
The sweet occasion. Oh there is a charm
Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the life of youth
Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging fev'rous sleep, a wakeful dream
Of happiness, no mortal heart has felt
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you, it must be woo'd, or never won:
And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses, and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
The faded feature to restore: no chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

HURDIS.

Reading and other Female Accomplishments.

"Let me give you a simple rule: observe it, and it will make you what otherwise you never will be, good readers. Always read as you would speak, (or rather TALK) to the same people, on the same subject, in the same place. A few, to avoid what we call a TONE, read poetry as if it were prose: others read prose with a regular singsong intona-

tion. Avoid both. Some people, seeing others laugh when they tell a story, by way of avoiding that, run off into a worse habit,—one more unnatural, and, therefore, worse. They tell you a story, no matter how droll it is, without moving a muscle. They are like the readers: it is a foolish piece of affectation, sir, in both. As for Mr. Archer, I have no patience with him. He uses big words, and reads the superb language of Job, with his little voice, very much as if he were sounding a charge with a tin whistle, or a twopenny trumpet." "I am sorry to hear you speak of a natural infirmity in this manner," said Mr. Harwood. "Pho, pho, you don't care a fig about it—you only think it proper to say so. I have nothing to do with his infirmity, the blockhead. You call him a good reader: I have only spoken of his voice, because THAT alone would prevent him from being a GOOD READER, if there were nothing else. But, besides that, he never changes it." "But how can he change his voice?" whispered Edith. "As you change yours, Edith, at every breath; as every body will, in conversation. Observe ME now. You'll not hear me pronounce a dozen of words without as many changes of the voice. Watch your uncle. He preaches in one voice; talks in another; reads in another; prays in another. This would be right, if while he was reading, for example, he changed his voice, not because he was READING, but because of the language, or the subject, or the sentiment, or the character of his audience. "Do you understand me, Edith?" "No." "Let me make it plain:—this very chapter, which your uncle has been reading, is partly dialogue, partly narrative, partly declamation. Yet he has read it; YOU have read it, all, sir, every word of it, in the same way. You have read it, without any consideration for us, or the language, or the sentiment, in your READING voice;

not, perhaps, with such an abominable whine, or with so much ridiculous pomp"—"Plain dealing, Mr. Peters." "Very, Mr. Harwood; not, perhaps, with so much ridiculous pomp as you would have read it in the pulpit, before a large congregation; but in a voice which is never heard while you are talking. I would not have you, like some fools that I know, ACT a dialogue in the pulpit; much less would I have you act a narrative, the common fault of ambitious readers. It is not a dramatic performance that I go to see, on the Sabbath—I do not go to see the characters of the Bible PLAYED. I would not have you mimic them, or counterfeit any thing else. I would have you read firmly; with simplicity and power; changing your voice, conformably and discreetly, in dialogue or narrative. I only require of you to DESCRIBE them—to tell a plain story, like a serious man; as if you believe it, in your own soul. It is one thing to SAY what you have seen, another thing TO BE what you have seen. I remember a man, a great man too, a great reader he was thought by his congregation, who put himself into the place of every speaker, while he was reading the Bible, not only changing his voice a little, as every body should, when repeating the language of another; as we all do in a parenthesis; but changing it altogether; ay, and what was harder to bear, actually PERFORMING the piece. If he read of the poor publican, for example, he would "go afar off;" as far as the PULPIT would allow, and smite his breast, and call out in a piteous voice, "Lord, have mercy on me, a miserable sinner!" thus playing the character. And if he spoke of the self-righteous Pharisee, he would come swaggering bravely up, to the front of his pulpit, and give out the words in a blustering loud voice. Remember what I say, Edith; I address myself to you: among the wonderful operations of our mind, I know of none so wonderful as two, which are con-

tinually overlooked. They are, indeed, miraculous; the chief among our miraculous properties. Talking is one; reading is another. My opinion is very decided on the subject. I would rather talk well, than do any thing else well,—any thing else under heaven. It is more difficult, I believe. Talk, therefore, talk, whatever you say; for, other things being equal, he who talks most, will talk best.

PART SECOND.

"But, sir, about reading; you have entirely forgotten that," said Edith, seeing him relapse into a brown study. "True; learn to read well, and you have the power of entertaining every body, in every situation; more persons, for a longer time, in a more delightful manner, if you read well, than if you were to sing ever so well, or to play ever so well, on a musical instrument. Out of a large company, there will be found hardly one who loves music; and out of a multitude who do love music, there will be hardly one real judge of it. Not so with fine reading, or conversation. They are understood and relished by every body. Besides, music soon grows tiresome. We cannot feed long on dainties. Nobody can bear to hear a favourite song, or a favourite piece, over and over again, the same night; so that a musician is easily exhausted. Not so with reading or conversation. Judge for yourself. Sometimes, too, one is not in a humour to sing or play. She is out of health, voice, or temper; the music is mislaid; or one is travelling a-foot, or on horseback; in a carriage, or ship. At any rate, we cannot play or sing always—for ever—all day long; but only for a little, now and then. How different with conversation! Try it when you please. Go into company, and you will be sure if your conversation be TRIFLING or COMMON-PLACE, to meet with repeated invitations to sing or play." "That shows that people do love music, doesn't it, sir?"

"No; it only shows that, little as they care for music, they like it better than poor conversation. Besides; if there be one of a large company able to sing or play, they must invite her to show off, or they pass an affront upon her, and her parents, never to be forgiven. You don't hear a sensible woman, or a clever man, thus invited, while in conversation, to leave off talking, and go to singing. I have no objection to music. I would have them learn it AFTER they have learned what is better, not before. I would have women able to manage their household, men, children, and other useful accomplishments. I would have them know how to cypher, spell, read, and put a stop, or a capital, in the right place. I would have them learn to talk well; read well; walk well; and even ride and manage their horse well; before they learn music, dancing, painting, or embroidery. They should be able to breed men, grown men, for the harness, or even the plough—the field of battle, or the field of grass." Edith leaned forward, her eyes flashed fire. "I would not have them suckle nasty animals for the ball-room, counter, and shop-board; creatures, things, made of bad materials, put badly together; built by the job. You are laughing, Edith." "I can't help it, sir." "Why do you hide your face?—Are you ashamed of it?" "Yes." These accomplishments, too, as you call them, learned as they are, at a most unreasonable cost of time and money, to say nothing of their interference with the only thing that can elevate a human being, man or woman, SUBSTANTIAL KNOWLEDGE; what are they after all? mere gewgaws, glittering, childish toys: nothing else. They are thrown aside after marriage. One half of the time which is wasted by women, by all of them, in frivolous accomplishments, if spent wisely, would enable them to pass their whole life in peace and safety. Whatever was necessary to the young, beautiful,

modest girls, must yet be MORE necessary to the women. That accomplishment which was of any value to the maiden while winning a husband, will be of much more value to the wife in keeping him. One word more," continued Peters: "just when these accomplishments are most wanted; just when every earthly aid is required; just when the woman, or the wife, cannot spare one jot or tittle of the sweet allurements, that made a wonder of her; just when she cannot wisely, nay, just when she cannot safely, forego a single one—the least of all the mysteries that were—even at such a time, are they all thrown aside for ever. What miserable infatuation! Just when the newly married are weary and faint with happiness—when both are ashamed and afraid of the alterations which they feel within their own hearts; just as if that languour and weariness were not a wise and benevolent provision of our nature, to keep ourselves and our loves, whatever we may be, alive,—just when both have begun to perceive the uncomfortable truth—made forty times more uncomfortable, by their mutual want of candour, courage, and common sense, that something more than the perpetual society of one another, after all, is necessary to their happiness; at such a time, while they are most wanted, away go all these accomplishments together, in a heap. That is the time of trial; wo to the husband, wo to the wife, then, whose colloquial powers have not been cultivated. A fine reader would be worth her weight in gold, at such a crisis; a fine talker, more. Confectionary won't do; music won't do. The jaded appetite is dropping asleep with sweetness; like an overfed infant, upon the bosom of its own mother. All the senses are weary and faint with luxury. No, no, music wont do. Something more homely, more substantial; food of a more household nature is wanted. Wo to the wife that cannot furnish it: wo to the hus-

band, who, when he requires it, as all men do soon after marriage, requires it in vain; wo to the lover, when he comes to watch the woman of his worship, narrowly, continually, in spite of himself; to tremble whenever she opens her mouth; to feel that his own heart, not only his head, but his heart, indulgent as it is, blind as it should be, has begun to number the transgressions of her lips, whom he has chosen out of all the world, for the mother of his little ones; wo to him if she is unprepared for it; if she cannot abide her trial time, after the tempestuous brightness of their joy is over!"

NEAL'S BROTHER JONATHAN.

A Mother's Love.

Love! love! There are soft smiles and gentle words,
And there are faces, skilful to put on
The look we trust in; and 'tis mockery all!
A faithless mist, a desert-vapour, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thirst that semblance kindled! There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young,
And stately tree, whose rising strength, ere long,
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is MAN's love! What marvel! YOU ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! YOU ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not YOURS the face
Which early faded thro' fond care for him,

Hung o'er his sleep, and duly, as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening. You nee'r smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from your's
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lips to his,
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are WOMAN's tasks! For these her youth
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!

MRS. HEMANS.

The Canary.

The Canary bird, or Canary Finch, was originally peculiar to those islands, whence the name is derived. They appear to have been first brought into Europe about the middle of the fourteenth century, but they are now so commonly bred in our own country, that they may be easily procured. It is also found in the woods of Italy and Greece. It is about five inches and a half in length; the bill is of a pale flesh colour; the plumage is in general yellow, more or less mixed with grey, and in some with brown, on the upper parts; the tail is somewhat forked; the legs are a pale flesh colour. In the Canary Islands, the plumage is a dusky grey. The song is composed of the nightingale's or the titlark's notes; the bird, in its wild state, having no song of its own.

There are twenty nine varieties, and many more might be added to the list. In the places fitted up for the rearing and breeding of these charming birds, we are delighted to see the workings of Nature exemplified in the choice of their mates, building their nests, hatching and rearing their young, and in the passionate ardour exhibited by the male, in assisting his faithful mate in collecting materials for her nest, in arranging them for her accommodation, in provid-

ing food for her offspring ; or in chaunting his lively and amorous songs during every part of the important business. The Canary Finch is a social and familiar bird, and is capable of contracting an attachment for the person to whom it belongs. It will perch on the shoulder of its mistress, and peck its food from her hand or her mouth. It is also capable of being taught still more extraordinary feats. In 1820, a Frenchman exhibited four and twenty Canary birds, in London, many of which, he said, were from eighteen to twenty five years of age. Some of these balanced themselves, head downward, on their shoulders, having their legs, and tail in the air. One of them, taking a slender stick in its claws, passed its head between its legs, and suffered itself to be turned round, as if in the act of being roasted. Another balanced itself, and was slung backward and forward on a kind of slack-rope. A third was dressed in military uniform, having a cap on its head, wearing a sword, and pouch, and carrying a firelock in one claw : after some time sitting upright, this bird, at the word of command, freed itself from its dress, and flew away to the cage. A fourth suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down as if dead, to be put into a little wheelbarrow, and wheeled away by one of its comrades ; and several of the birds, were, at the same time, placed upon a little fire work, and continued there quietly, and without alarm, till it was discharged. TRIMMER.

Poverty.

The cottage of poverty, lowly and mean,
Where the poor, and the humble in spirit are seen,
Was the place the Redeemer most honoured on earth,
While he sought not the towers of splendour and mirth.

'Twas the poor and the simple who follow'd him still,
Thro' sadness and sorrow, thro' malice and ill,

Whose hands earn'd his need, and whose eyes wept
his doom,
Who were last at the cross, and the first at the tomb.

And in all that was dark, and in all that was drear,
In every trouble, and every fear,
By every thorn that was found in their way,
Himself was more pierced, more afflicted than they.

Then away with the pride and disdain that would glow
Over all the Redeemer thus hallowed below;
And when the high heart, and proud spirit rebel,
Its scenes let the COTTAGE OF BETHANY tell!

EDMESTON.

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,
Blighted when like us he fell,)
Hear the lecture we are reading:
'Tis, 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.

"Griping misers! nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

"Sons of honour! fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth:
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

"Youths! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay, in health, and manly grace,

Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable sires! grown hoary,
Hither turn the observing eye;
Think amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

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

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

MERRICK.

The Beaver.

At the present period, Beavers inhabit only the northern parts of Europe and Asia, and North America, in which latter country they are principally to be found; but there is the best reason to believe that, in former times, they were natives of Great Britain, in which a high value was set upon them. There are no animals which possess a greater share of natural sagacity than they do; a fact which is abundantly proved by a variety of circumstances.

The Beaver is the only quadruped that has a flat broad tail, covered with scales, which serves as a rudder to direct its motions in the water; and that has membranes between the toes in the hind feet only, and none on the forefeet, which supply the place of hands, as in the squirrel. It is about two feet long, and nearly a foot high. Its colour is a light brown, the hair is of two sorts; the exterior being long and coarse, the interior soft, short, and silky. The teeth resemble those of a rat or a squirrel, but are longer, and admirably adapted for cutting timber,

or stripping bark; to which purposes they are constantly applied.

These animals begin to assemble about the months of June and July, to form a society that is to continue for the greatest part of the year. They arrive in numbers from every side, and generally form a company of about two hundred.

Their rendezvous is commonly the place where they fix their abode, and this, which is made with astonishing ingenuity, is always by the side of some lake or river. Each of them is said to have his task assigned to him, which he strictly performs. Persons who are accustomed to hunt these animals, know perfectly well, that green wood is more acceptable to them than that which is old and dry. Hence they plant a considerable quantity of it round ther lodgments; and as they come out to partake of it, they either catch them in snares, or take them by surprise. In winter, when the frosts are very severe, they sometimes break a large hole in the ice; and when the Beavers resort thither for the benefit of fresh air, they either kill them with hatchets, or cover the aperture with a substantial net. After this they undermine and subvert the whole fabric. Upon which the Beavers flee with the utmost precipitation to the water, and, plunging into the opening, fall directly into the net.

The Beaver is a mild, inoffensive animal, and instances are on record of its having been domesticated. Its skin forms so considerable an article of traffic, that, at length, it seems not improbable that the species will be exterminated. The Hudson's Bay Company have sold about fifty four thousand at one sale; and in 1798, no fewer than one hundred and six thousand were collected in Canada, and exported to Europe or China. The medicinal substance which is called castor, is a product of the inguinal glands of the Beaver, and each individual produces about two ounces of it.

MRS. TRIMMER.

Tommy Dalmahoy.

There lived within the Isle of Man,
In comfort, and content, and joy,
Where all live happy if they can,
Master and Mistress Delmahoy.

One little son, four years ago,
Blessed this fond pair, (as we are told);
So Tommy Dalmahoy, you know,
We may imagine four years old:—

When from his maid he chanced to stray,
Who cried, "Come back, you naughty boy;"
But ah! the soot-king stole away
Poor little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Now Dolly did not dare go home;
So having run about all day,
Still vainly seeking little Tom,
At NIGHT she wisely ran away.

That night, poor Mistress Dalmahoy
All restless lay, no sleep had she,
For thinking of her little boy,
And of her servant Dolly Dee.

Next day, (as vain was every plan
These anxious parents could employ,)
Resolved to quit the Isle of Man,
Master and Mistress Dalmahoy,

"You know," said she "my cousin Brown,
A widow lives at Pentonville;
Let us go live at Sommers-Town."
Said Dalmahoy, "My love, we will."

They gained the land with easy sail:
Of time they would not risk the loss;
So took two places in the mail,
Which brought them safe to Charing-Cross.

Now be it known that Dolly Dee,
The very night she came to town,
As lucky as a girl could be,
Engaged herself to Mistress Brown.

This lady seldom was provoked,
(And thus her health and temper kept,)
But when her parlour chimney smoked,
And then she vowed it would be swept.

This was the case one winter day:
The little freezing sweep appears;
His hands for mercy seem to pray,
His eyes distilling JETTY tears.

The maid exclaimed—"Ah! can it be!"
He clasped her neck with eager joy;
And many kisses Dolly Dee
Gave little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Quite angry entered Mistress Brown,
Who vowed the maid should lose her place;
She, from her chamber coming down,
Saw Dolly and the sweep embrace.

Of virtue, prudence, moral laws,
She prated till her tongue was weak:
The maid did not reply, because
Her heart was full—she could not speak.

At length she ceased, and in a chair
Exhausted sunk in silent grief:
The maid then told the whole affair,
And gave her careful mind relief.

She cried (still trembling from her fright,)
"I see, dear Dolly, I've been wrong;
But as you knew that you were right,
Why did you let me scold so long?"

A thoughtful head had Mistress Brown,
And formed her plans with prudent skill;

So sent a note to Summers-Town,
(Five minutes' walk from Pentonville).

"To-night, to take a cup of tea,
And then at cards an hour employ,
Will Mistress Brown be glad to see
Master and Mistress Dalmahoy."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Now tarts and sandwiches appeared;
But what they were I must conceal,
Because I have not truly heard
If they were ham, or beef, or veal.

A dish was placed at either end,
And in the middle stood between,
(Nor guessed they what it might portend)
A wide and monstrous soup-tureen.

The guests in wild amazement gazed,
But soon their wonder turned to joy;
When Mistress Brown the cover raised,
Upstarted—Tommy Dalmahoy!

His father stared—his mother shrieked,
And, from her seat, she, tumbling down,
In strong hysterics, laughed and squeaked,
Which quite alarmed poor Mistress Brown.

The fit was o'er—she wiped her eyes;
Tom, jumping out, soon found a chair;
Cried Mistress Brown, "To supper rise,
And I'll relate the whole affair."

The guests now each, with face serene,
The sandwiches began to munch;
And Dolly moved the soup-tureen,
And brought instead, a bowl of punch.

They ate and drank, with much delight,
Till twelve o'clock, so great their joy;
And then, said Mistress Brown, "Good night,
Master and Mistress Dalmahoy."

The Parrot.

The natural voice of the Parrot is very disagreeable; but it more exactly resembles the human than that of any other bird does, and is capable of numerous modulations, which the tones of men cannot reach. It can whistle, and it can be taught to speak. At first, it obstinately resists all instruction, but it seems to be won by perseverance; makes a few attempts to imitate the first sounds; and when it has acquired the articulation of one word distinctly, the rest of its lesson is generally learned with great ease. The following anecdote is related of a bird of this species:—"A parrot belonging to King Henry the Seventh, who then resided at his palace of Westminster, by the river Thames, had learned to talk many words from the passengers who happened to take the water. One day, sporting on his perch, the poor bird fell into the water, and immediately exclaimed as loud as possible, 'A boat! a boat!—twenty pounds for a boat!' A waterman who happened to be near, hearing the cry, made for the place where the parrot was floating, and taking him up, restored him to the king. As the bird happened to be a favourite, the man insisted that he ought to have a reward more equal to his services than to his trouble; and, as the parrot had proposed twenty pounds, he said that his majesty was bound in honour to grant it. The king agreed to leave it to the parrot's determination; which the bird hearing, cried out, 'Give the knave a groat.'"

The qualities of docility and sagacity seem natural to parrots in their residence among the woods. They live together in flocks, and assist one another against their enemies, either by their courage, or by their notes of warning. They generally breed in hollow trees; the largest birds laying from two to three eggs, and the smaller ones laying more. The natives are very assiduous in seeking the place where

they nestle, for the purpose of procuring the young, because those prove the most teachable and lively which are reared in confinement. By the Indians they are used for food; for though some of them are ill-tasted, others, particularly those of the paroquet kind, are said to be very delicate.

Last Man.

All wordly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
Adown the gulph of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam did her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by:
Saying, "We are twins in death proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand, thousand years,
Has seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

" What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Though dim, discrowned king of day;
For all those trophied arts,
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

" Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pains anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

" Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath,
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

" This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,

By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory—
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste.
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy,
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

Virtue.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew 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 ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But tho' the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

On Æolus' Harp.

Etherial race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;

Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he, the sacred bard,* who sat alone,
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint:
And to such sadly, solemn notes are strung,
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear, and they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For, till you cease, my muse forgets to sing.

The Birth Day of Christ announced.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill;
When Bethel's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild mourning o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,

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* Jeremiah.

Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, or wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven, with songs of triumph ring,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

"O Zion! lift thy raptured eyes,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of Nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

"See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

"He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart:
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

"O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of Nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

The Little Dog Trusty.

Frank and Robert were two little boys, about eight years old. Whenever Frank did any thing wrong, he always told his father and mother of it; and when any body asked him about any thing, which he had done or said, he always told the truth; so that every body, who knew him, believed him: but nobody, who knew his brother Robert, believed a word which he said, because he used to tell lies.

Whenever he did any thing wrong, he never ran to his father and mother to tell them of it; but when they asked him about it, he denied it, and said he had not done the thing which he had done.

The reason that Robert told lies, was because he was afraid of being punished for his faults, if he confessed them. He was a coward, and could not bear the least pain; but Frank was a brave boy, and could bear to be punished for little faults; his mother never punished him so much for such little faults, as she did Robert for the lies which he told, and which she found out afterwards. One evening, these two little boys were playing together, in a room by themselves; their mother was ironing in a room next to them, and their father was out at work in the fields, so there was nobody in the room with Robert and Frank; but there was a little dog, Trusty, lying by the fireside.

Trusty was a pretty, playful, little dog, and the children were very fond of him.

'Come,' said Robert to Frank, 'there is Trusty lying beside the fire, asleep; let us go and waken him, and he will play with us.'

'O yes, do let us,' said Frank. So they both ran together, towards the hearth, to waken the dog.

Now there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth; and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood; for it was behind them; as they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out of it over the hearth and about the floor: and, when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened; but they did not know what to do; they stood, for some time, looking at the broken basin, and the milk, without speaking.

Robert spoke first.

'So we shall have no milk for supper to-night,' said he, and sighed.

'No milk for supper!—why not?' said Frank, 'is there no more milk in the house?'

'Yes, but we shall have none of it: for do not you remember, last Monday, when we threw down

the milk, my mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so, we should have no more; and this is the next time; so we shall have no milk for supper to-night.'

'Well, then,' said Frank, 'we must do without it, that's all; we will take more care another time; there's no great harm done; come, let us run and tell my mother. You know she bid us always tell her directly, when we broke any thing; so come,' said he, taking hold of his brother's hand.

'I will come, just now,' said Robert; 'don't be in such a hurry, Frank—can't you stay a minute?' So Frank staid; and then he said, 'Come now, Robert.' But Robert answered, 'Stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet. I am afraid.'

Little boys, I advise you never be afraid to tell the truth; never say, 'STAY A MINUTE,' and 'STAY A LITTLE LONGER:' but run directly, and tell of what you have done that is wrong. The longer you stay, the more afraid you will grow; till, at last, perhaps, you will not dare to tell the truth at all.

Hear what happened to Robert.

The longer he staid, the more unwilling he was to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down: and at last he pulled his hand away from his brother, and cried, 'I won't go at all: Frank, can't you go by yourself?'

'Yes,' said Frank, 'so I will; I am not afraid to go by myself; I only waited for you out of good-nature, because I thought you would like to tell the truth too.'

'Yes, so I will; I mean to tell the truth, when I am asked; but I need not go now, when I do not choose it; and why need you go either? Can't you wait here. Surely my mother can see the milk when she comes in.' Frank said no more; but, as his brother would not come, he went without him. He opened the door of the next room, where he thought his mother was ironing; but when he went

in, he saw that she was gone; and he thought that she was gone to fetch some more clothes to iron. The clothes, he knew, were hanging on the bushes in the garden; so he thought his mother was gone there; and he ran after her, to tell her what had happened.

Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone, he was thinking of some excuses to make to his mother; and he was sorry that Frank was gone to tell her the truth.

He said to himself, 'If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper! I am very sorry Frank would go to tell her about it."

Just as he said this to himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs. 'O ho!' said he to himself, and so Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so now I may say what I please.' Then this naughty, cowardly boy, determined to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin, and the milk spilled, she stopped short, and cried, 'So, so, what a piece of work is here—who did this, Robert?'

'I don't know, ma'am,' said Robert, in a very low voice.

'You don't know, Robert!—tell me the truth—I shall not be angry with you, child—you will only lose the milk at supper; and as for the basin, I would rather have you break all the basins I have, than to tell one lie. So don't tell me a lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?'

'No, ma'am, I did not,' said Robert, and he coloured as red as fire.

'Then, where's Frank?—did he do it?'

'No, mother, he did not,' said Robert; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it.

'How do you know,' said his mother, 'that Frank did not do it?' 'Because—because—because, ma'am,' said Robert, hesitating, as liars do for an excuse—because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it.' 'Then how was the basin thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time, you can tell'. Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, 'I suppose the dog must have done it.'

'Did you see him do it?' said his mother.

'Yes,' said this wicked boy.

'Trusty, Trusty,' said his mother, turning round; and Trusty, who was lying before the fire, drying his legs, which were wet with milk, jumped up and came to her. Then she said, 'Fie! fie! Trusty!' pointing to the milk, 'Get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this.' Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother: he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same that he had done.

'No, I will not tell a lie,' said Frank. 'What! and is Trusty to be beat! He did not throw down the milk, and he shan't be beat for it. Let me go to my mother.'

They both run towards the house. Robert got first home, and he locked the house door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother. Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but HE could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window.

'Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!' cried he, as loud as ever he could call; 'Trusty did not do it—let me in—I and Robert did it—but do not beat Robert.'

'Let us in, let us in,' cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's voice; for his father

always whipped him when he told a lie. His mother went to the door, and unlocked it.

'What's all this?' cried his father, as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened.

'Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?' said their father.

Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy, saying, 'Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again.'

But his father caught hold of him by the arm; 'I will whip you now,' said he, 'and then I hope you will not.' So Robert was whipped, till he cried so loud with the pain that the whole neigbourhood could hear him.

'There,' said his father, when he had done, 'now go without supper: you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served.' Then turning to Frank, 'Come here and shake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for supper; but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and every body is pleased with you. And now I'll tell you what I will do for you—I will give you the little dog Trusty, to be your own dog. You shall feed him, and take care of him, and he shall be your dog: you have saved him a beating, and I'll answer for it you'll be a good master to him. Trusty, Trusty, come here."

Trusty came. Then Frank's father took off Trusty's collar. 'To-morrow, I'll go to the brazier's,' added he, 'and get a new collar made for your dog; from this day forward he shall be called after you, FRANK! And, wife, whenever any of the neighbours' children ask you why the dog TRUSTY is to be called FRANK, tell them this story of our two boys: let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth!

EDGEWORTH.

The Better Land.

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows?
And the fire-flies dance thro' the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under many skies?
Or 'midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old;
Where the rivers wander on sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair:
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb.
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Dignified Conduct in Humble Life.

In the humbler conditions of life, we seldom look, perhaps, for the honourable or becoming. The cold eye of prosperity seldom bends to examine the scenes of poverty and sorrow; and our delicacy,

as we have sometimes the impiety to call it, is hurt at the accompaniments which ever follow misery; yet, in these low and neglected scenes, who is there that has not seen instances of "the love of things that are excellent?" Who is there that has not had the blessing of witnessing, in some, the most dignified submission to the hand of chastening Heaven! in others, the most heroic struggle with wretchedness, ere the sufferers would reveal the sufferings under which they laboured!—in some, the most magnanimous adherence to truth and honesty, although every thing else that was dear to them should perish! and in others, that silent but eloquent gratitude, which is told by actions, and not by words, and which, though it never reaches the ear of man, yet nightly returns in the midnight prayer to God! It is the same with every other condition or occupation of life; and whatever are the scenes upon which we look, we find always some who confer honour, and others who confer dishonour upon them; some who have attained every esteem and respect which their station could admit of or bestow—others who, insensible to every generous ambition, have suffered themselves to go on with the crowd around them, and are now content to wear out an ignoble life, without dignity, without usefulness, and without peace. ALISON.

The Sunset of Battle.

The shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance; but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over! And those who rode foremost in its field at morning—where are they now? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight—his life blood is ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier—why faintest thou? The blood

that swells from that deep wound will answer. It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes—it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that in their long row levelled when they had crossed the foe's dark line—then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His breastplate is dinted. His helmet has the trace of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast—she would shrink but to touch it now who placed it there. Soldier, what will thy mistress say? She will say that the knight died worthily.

Aye, rouse thee—for the fight yet charges in the distance! Thy friends are shouting—thy pennon floats on high. Look on yon crimsoned field, that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying! The veteran, with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes, linked in their long embrace; their first and last; the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion; sabre and ataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corslet; we came to the fight, as we had come to a feasting; glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

His last glance still seeks that Christian banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well. Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet another waits for his who holds it.

Knight, hast thou yet a thought; bend it on heaven! The past is gone; the future lies before thee. Gaze on yon gorgeous sky; thy home should be be-

yond it! Life, honour, love, they pass to him that gave them. Pride, that came on like ocean's billows, see, round thee how it lies mute and passive. The wealthy here are poor. The high-born have no precedence. The strong are powerless. The mean content. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, her blue eyes shall seek thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow, but it shall seek thee in vain! Well! thus it is thou should'st have died! worth all to live for. Would'st thou be base to have thy death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live envy thee. Death! glory takes out thy sting.

Warrior! ay, the stream of that rill flows cool; but thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers its white foam, shall glitter on thy corslet, when thy eye is closed and dim. Lo! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry; and the grey owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness. Oh, soldier! how sweetly sounds thy lady's lute! how fragrant are the dews! sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans! that lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee, no more.

One other charge! Soldier, it may not be. To thy saint and thy lady commend thee! Hark to the low trumpet that sounds the recall! Hark to its long note; sweet is that sound in the ears of the spent and routed foe!

The victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived; its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed. Heath! thou should'st be the soldier's pillow. Moon! let thy cold light this night fall upon him. But morning! thy soft dews shall tempt him not; the soldier must wake no more. He sleeps in the sleep of honour. His cause was his country's freedom, and her faith. He is dead!

The cross of a Christian knight is on his breast; his lips are pressed to his lady's token! Soldier, farewell!

Thomas Darnley and his Dog.

Thomas Darnley was a passionate little boy, though good natured enough when not in one of his humours. His father saw him kick his spaniel dog one day, for leaping up to play with him; and the poor dog cried, and hid himself under the table. "What did you kick the dog for?" said his father. "Because," said Thomas, "I have my best clothes on." "And how was the dog to know that, pray?" answered his father. "But he would have dirtied me, if he did not know it," cries Thomas. "And which was the worst?" replied his father, "to have had a spot of dirt upon your clothes, or to be guilty of a cruel action?" "It was not cruel," says Thomas. His father immediately gave him a box on the ear, and Thomas roared out. "Now," added his father, "you think it hard for me to give you a blow, though you have answered me saucily; and was it not more so of you to hurt a poor dog, who came to you in love? Children who have no feeling for animals, should be taught by suffering themselves. I did not strike you because you answered me so disrespectfully, though this deserved punishment; but it would have been a different punishment, and I should have reasoned with you upon it. But to inflict pain upon a faithful dog, who fawned upon you, deserves corporal pain; and you may depend upon it, I will never pass such a mark of bad disposition. Perhaps you will tell me, you did not think a kick would have hurt Rover so much; but I struck you that you may think of it next time you are going to kick him." Here Mr. Darnley left the room, and Thomas, in the first moment of resentment, resolved to kick the dog again. He called the poor beast, which came out immediately, and licked his hand. Thomas was

affected at this instance of affection in an unoffending creature, whom he was going to hurt in mean revenge, and his heart reproached him for his design. He patted Rover's head, instead of kicking him; and when he saw the poor dog hold up his foot, which was bruised before, he felt himself ashamed and sorry. When his father returned, he found him sitting on the ground, with Rover in his lap. "I hope you are sensible of your fault," said Mr. Darnley. As one good action always leads to another, Thomas was inclined to tell his father, his intention of beating Rover, in revenge for his box on the ear; but he struggled some time with false shame. "Why don't you answer me?" said his father. Thomas sobbed, and continued silent, still caressing Rover. "Well, I think I can see that you are sorry," cried Mr. Darnley, "and I love you now." "Oh, you never will," says Thomas, "for I was going to beat Rover, because you beat me." "And why did you not?" returned his father. "Because he came and licked my hand, as I held it up." Now you convince me," said Mr. Darnley, "that you are truly sorry, and this confession really makes me love you more. Had you struck Rover, I might not have known it, but your conscience would have made you unhappy; and you must have known you had displeased God, who sees every thing, and who has placed a monitor in your own heart, which always will upbraid or applaud your conduct, even towards brutes.

"You read in the holy Scriptures, that, 'the merciful man is merciful to his beast;' and there are some striking passages left upon record, to teach us humanity to the animal creation. When Esau met his brother Jacob, and wanted him to take the journey together, after their reconciliation, Jacob told him, that besides the children being tender, the flocks and herds were with him, and were with young;

and if the men should over-drive them one day, all the flock would die. (Gen. xxxiii.—13.)

"Among the reasons which Almighty God vouchsafes to give to Jonah, for not destroying a great city, it is written, that besides six score thousand people who could not discern between their right hand and their left, [meaning children] there was also much cattle.

"A miracle was once wrought to rebuke inhumanity, as well as disobedience; God opened the mouth of an ass, to rebuke Balaam, whilst his angel stood by, and asked him, why he had smitten his ass three times? Cruelty is a great crime in the sight of our Heavenly Father, whose 'tender mercies are over all his works;' we are sent into this world to make every thing as happy as we can about us, and God has ordained, that this shall be one source of our own happiness. If you behave ill to your playfellows, if you are disobedient to me, if you torment harmless dumb animals, you cannot fail to be unhappy yourself.

"There is but one way of correcting what is wrong in our tempers, and that is to pray to God for grace. Whenever you are going to do what is wrong, lift up your heart to your Father who is in heaven, and beg of him to preserve you from doing it, and you will find immediately good thoughts arise in your mind, and the inclination to commit any fault will be taken away; and you will be the care of good angels, though you cannot see them, who will protect you by night and by day, and screen you from the storms of passion and the evils of life."

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sun-set were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

Transformation of Caterpillars.

The moths and butterflies which are seen in such numbers fluttering about in summer months, are originally caterpillars. The changes which these little animals undergo, form a very interesting sub-

ject in natural history, and have been carefully traced by the lovers of that science.

The first stage of the caterpillar's existence, is the egg. The eggs are deposited by the moth or butterfly, in those places where the caterpillar, when it comes out, is most likely to find nourishment; such as the buds and leaves on which the insect is to feed. They are hatched by the warmth of the season, and when the weather has become sufficiently mild, the caterpillars make their appearance, often in innumerable swarms; and are seen hanging on the leaves of gooseberry bushes, or cabbages, or turnips, and other plants. They are exceedingly voracious. It has been calculated, that a caterpillar eats nearly three times its own weight of food in a day. This, together with their great numbers, makes them often very destructive to vegetables: and they would be still more so, were it not for the crows, sea-mews, ducks, and other birds, by which they are devoured. The caterpillar continues to live for some time in its reptile state, not, however, without undergoing some changes, for it more than once casts its skin, and assumes a new one. But it prepares at length for quitting entirely its caterpillar form. Before this change, it usually leaves the plant on which it fed, grows languid, and refuses to eat. In a little, it is seen to writhe its body, drawing it into the shape of a bow, and strengthening it alternately. These are the effects which it makes to throw off, for the last time, its caterpillar skin. When this is accomplished, the animal becomes what is called an AURELIA or CHRYSALIS. In this state, it is covered with a thin crust, or shell, within which it remains, as it were in a tomb, without motion, and, apparently, without life. These aurelias differ, in shape and colour, according to the kind of caterpillar to which they belong. Sometimes they are of a light greenish hue, and in shape not much unlike the original caterpillar, only, that

the wings of the future moth, a butterfly, may be traced under the shell, closely folded together. Sometimes they are of a beautiful golden colour, and sometimes, besides the shell, they are surrounded with a clue or web, which, in the case of the silk-worm, is of silk.

Some caterpillars remain in this helpless and death-like state for a few days only, others for several months; and the strength and situation of their little sepulchres seem in general to agree with the time they are to remain in them. Some that are to continue for a few days only in this state of existence, make choice of a tender leaf, over which they diffuse a kind of glue. The leaf gradually curls up and withers, and the insect is wrapt in it as in a mantle. Others bury themselves in the ground, as in the hollow of a tree, or fasten themselves in the corner of an old wall, where they may be secured against the inclemency of the weather. Others again, which are to lie several months in the aurelia state, mix sand, or fibres of wood, with the gummy silken webs; and thus provide for themselves a secure incrustation.

The caterpillar, after remaining its allotted time in this torpid condition, begins gradually to acquire new life and motion. It is seen at first gently to stir within its shell. It soon gains increased vigour, and, at length, by repeated efforts, breaks its imprisonment. It then comes forth a moth or butterfly, tinged with the most beautiful colours. When its little wings are fully expanded, and all its new powers have acquired their perfection, it mounts into the air, and ranges from flower to flower, and rejoices in its more splendid existence.

Such are the changes of the caterpillar. It is at first a loathsome crawling worm. Then it languishes and ceases to move, and is shut up in its tomb. It is restored to a new life, and bursts from its confinement in a form entirely changed. It is now fur-

nished with wings, is adorned with colours of the most brilliant hues, and often sparkling like gold, and enlivens our gardens and fields by its sprightly flutterings.

Lines on Byron.

Take one example to our purpose quite.
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life.
Yet, not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on his height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the Mount of Song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards, and thitherward,
By Nature taught, and inward Melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read:
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Brittannia's mournful walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops, pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp.
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days, and mused on ruins, grey
With years, and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,
And mused on famous tombs, and on the waves
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste.
The heavens and earth of every country saw.

Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart;
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh, as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, tho' great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought, and proudly stooped, as tho'
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moon, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves;
Then smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.

With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he, thro' learning, and thro' fancy, took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised,
Critics before him fell in humble plight,
Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
To catch his eye, and stretched, and swelled themselves
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast: and many, too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness,
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus, full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
He died. He died of what? of wretchedness.

Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched; then
died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passion died,
Died all but dreary solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from Pleasure's boist'rous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul.
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land, his numbers filled:
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man!
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help!

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth,
Was God delighted, or his peace secured;
That not in natural or mental wealth,
Was human happiness or grandeur found.
Attempt how monstrous, and how surely vain!
With things of earthly sought, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love,
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!
Attempt vain inconceivably! attempt
To satisfy the ocean with a drop,
To marry immortality to death,
And with the unsubstantial shade of time,
To fill the embrace of all eternity!

POLLOK.

Deathbed of a Christian.

O my friends, what a change—what an affecting change, a single day, a single hour, a single moment, may produce in the state of an individual and of a family circle! How suddenly may "the light be darkened in our tabernacle! and "our organ be tuned to the voice of them that weep!" Friends who have assembled in the morning, all animation and social vivacity, ere the day be far advanced, may be gathered around the dying or the dead: "the desire of their eyes taken away with a stroke," their "faces foul with weeping, and on their eyelids the shadow of death."

I stood by the bed of the venerable man of God, the moment after the last breath had been drawn. The stillness of death was upon the couch, and the stillness of grief was around it. It was a time of silent, and deep, and pensive sorrow, sweetly mingled with "the full assurance of hope." The close of such a life, and indeed the close of the life of any dear and Christian friend, is, of all the scenes of wo that meet us in this valley of tears, the most full of solemn and soul-subduing tenderness. When all are waiting around in breathless anxiety of expectation, and the physician, sympathizing with the anguish of affectionate relatives, and reluctant to utter the fatal word, gives the silent signal of death, by gently dropping the arm, of which the pulse has ceased to beat; and still, slow to believe the sign, all remain fixed in mute observation, watching with eye and ear the return of the suspended breath: but in vain; the last has been drawn, and all is over—the living soul is gone.

And oh! my brethren, when, with the eye of faith and hope, we follow their departed spirits to that heaven whither they have winged their flight, when the first pangs of agony leave us sufficient leisure and collectedness of mind to do so, can we, let

me ask you, ye weeping mourners, can we FIND in our hearts to wish them back, back from heaven to earth, back from the presence of God and of the Lamb, of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect, to OUR society—back from the sweets of eternity, to the bitterness of time—back from the "pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal," to the mingled and turbid streams of enjoyment in the wilderness of this world? No, my friends, with regard to THEM, let us rather be "filled with joy in all our tribulation:"

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
OUR loss is HIS infinite gain."

And as we cannot and would not bring back the dead, let us be anxious, by compliance with the admonition of the text, suitably to improve their departure. Let us consider the blessed God as having designed good both to the dead and to the living: to the dead, for he has taken them to himself; and to the living, for to them the stroke is from a father's hand,—from his hand,

"Who sends no needless pain,
Who always smites in love;
Who looks in tend'rest pity down,
Even when he seems to wear a frown."

"Hear ye then the rod, and who hath appointed it."

DR. WARDLAW.

The Farmer's Blunder.

A TALE.

A Farmer once to London went,
To pay the worthy squire his rent:
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains;
Who at the door such guest detains?
Forth struts the squire exceeding smart—
"Farmer, you're welcome to my heart!

You've brought your rent then?"—" To a hair!"
" The best of tenants, I declare!"
The steward's call'd, th' accounts made even,
The money paid, receipt is given.
" Well," quoth the squire, " now you shall stay,
And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
I've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
And pleasant sparks, I'll warr'nt will fit ye."
Hodge scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said—" No, Zur, two words to that:
For look! d'ye see! when Ize do dine
With gentlevolks zo cruel fine,
Ize use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
In deed or word, some plag'y blunder:
Zo, if your honour will permit,
I'll with your zervants pick a bit."
" Pho!" said the squire, " It shan't be done;"
And to the parlour push'd him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not serving-maid or butler 'scapes;
With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great:
Though often asked to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near,
By Madam served with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reached as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table;
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage much he drops.
To shew where most his heart inclined.
He talked and drank to John behind.
When drank to in the modish way,
" Your love's sufficient, Zur!" he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honours.
" Psha!" says the squire, " pray keep your sitting."
" No, no," he cries; " Zur, 'tis not fitting;
Though I'm no scolard, vars'd in letters,

I knaws my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next—ah, what befell!
The dishes now were timely plac'd,
And table with fresh luxury grac'd.
When drank to by a neighbouring charmer,
Up, as was usual, stands the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke—
" Come hither Dick: step gently there,
And pull away the farmer's chair."
'Tis done; his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But by posteriors over-weigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betray'd,
As men at twigs in river sprawling,
He seiz'd the cloth to save his falling:
In vain—sad fortune! down he wallow'd,
And, rattling, all the dishes follow'd.
The foplings lost their little wits;
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits,
Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minc'd pies, and geese, and pigeons.
A pear-pye on his belly drops,
A custard-pudding met his chops.
La! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes;
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps, and wails her spatter'd gown.
One spark bemoans bespatter'd waistcoat;
One, " Rot him!" cries, " he's spoil'd my lac'd coat."
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue;
At length, he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speech;
First scrapes eyes, mouth and nostril twangs,

Then smacks his fingers, and harangues.
" Plague tak't! Ize told you how 'twould be!
Look! here's a pickle, Zurs, d'ye see!
And some, I'll warr'nt, that make this chatter,
Have cloathers daub'd with grease and batter,
That cost—" He had gone on, but here
Was stopp'd at once in his career.
" Peace, brute! begone!" the ladies cry:
The beaux exclaim—" Fly, rascal! fly!"
" I'll tear his eyes out!" sqeaks Miss Dolly:
" I'll pink his soul out!" roars a bully.
At this the farmer shrinks for fear:
And, thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries—" Ay, kill me then,
Whene'er you catch me here again!"
So home he jogs, and leaves the squire
To cool the sparks and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale; and now I'll try,
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation
Ne'er to place men above their station;
And this may shew the wanton wit,
That, whilst he bites, he may be bit.

The two Robbers.

ALEX. What! art thou the Thracian Robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

ROBBER. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

A. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. what have I done, of which YOU can complain?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

R. Alexander! I am your captive—I must hear

what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

R. I must then answer your question by another. How have YOU passed your life?

A. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

R. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

A. Still, what are you but a ROBBER, a base dishonest ROBBER?

R. And what is a CONQUEROR? Have not you too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry—plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have stripped kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater; I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

R. I too have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and

discipline among the most ferocious of mankind! and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosohpy you talk of. But I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischief we have done it.

A. Leave me—Take off his chains and use him well. [EXIT ROBBER]—Are we then so much alike? —Alexander to a robber—Let me reflect.

BARBAULD.

Field of Marathon.

The day was now far spent; and, as the evening drew on, we returned towards the village of MARATHON, having completed our survey of the plain. The climate in GREECE, during winter, is delightful; and the winter months are the most proper for traveling in the country. The morning had been cloudy, but before noon the sky became clear, and at sunset, it exhibited that mild serenity which our own poets consider to be peculiarly characteristic of an ENGLISH Autumn.

"No spring or summer's beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one autumnal face."

It reminded us of that "even-tide" of the year, which a late writer has forcibly described as the season when "we regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still, but steady advances of time:" and if there is a spot upon earth pre-eminently calculated to awaken the solemn impressions which such a view of nature is fitted to make upon all men, it may surely be found in the PLAIN OF MARATHON; where, amidst the wreck of generations, and the graves of ancient heroes, we elevate our thoughts towards HIM "in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday;" where the stillness of nature, harmonizing with the calm solitude of that illustrious region, which was once the scene of the most agitated passions, enables us, by the past, to deter-

mine of the future. In those moments, indeed, we may be said to live for ages; a single instant, by the multiplied impressions it conveys, seems to anticipate for us a sense of that eternity, "when time shall be no more;" when the fitful dream of human existence, with all its turbulent illusions, shall be dispelled; and the last sun having set in the last night of the world, a brighter dawn than ever gladdened the universe, shall renovate the dominions of darkness and of death.

DR. CLARKE.

Lines on Sir John Moore.

Illustrious Moore, by foe and famine press'd,
Yet by each soldier's proud affection bless'd;
Unawed by numbers, saw the impending host,
With front extending, lengthen down the coast.
"Charge, Britons! charge!" the exulting chief exclaims:
Swift moves the field, the tide of armour flames;
On, on they rush! the solid column flies;
And shouts tremendous, as the foe defies.
While all the battle, rung from side to side,
In death to conquer, was the warrior's pride;
Where'er the unequal war its tempest pour'd,
The leading meteor was his glittering sword;
Thrice met the fight, and thrice the vanquish'd Gaul
Found the firm line, an adamantine wall!
Again repuls'd, again the legions drew,
And fate's dark shafts, in vollied shadows flew,
Now closed the scene,—where soul could soul attest,
Squadron to squadron join'd, and breast to breast!
Loud broke the war-cloud, as his charger sped,
Pale the curv'd lightening quiver'd o'er his head,
Again it burst, peal echoing peal succeeds;
The bolt is launch'd! the peerless soldier bleeds!

Hark! as he falls, fame's swelling clarion cries,
"Britannia triumphs, tho' her hero dies!"

PAYNE.

Story of the Miller.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man, in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine. But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man: he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was, in reality, poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain: while it stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence. One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Thanks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! how slyly would I carry it home! not even my wife should see me! and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!" Such

reflections only served to make the miller unhappy: he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt: so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond man's strength to remove it. "There," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined: she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, speedily

together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed, the expected treasure—but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen!

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

The Alderman's Funeral.

STRANGER. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?
TOWNSMAN. A long parade indeed, sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.
S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.
T. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
The chairing of the members at election,
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Ay, what was worth, last week a good half million,—
Screwed down in yonder hearse.
S. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.
T. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath wakened wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.
S. The camel and the needle,—
Is that then in your mind?
T. Even so. The text

Is gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.
S. Your pardon, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.
T. Your pardon too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.
S. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?
T. All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.
S. Why judge ye then
So hardly of the dead?
T. For what he left
Undone:—for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed:
Bowed to no idols—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house:
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father: did no murder:
Was too old-fashion'd for adultery:
Never picked pockets: never bore false-witness:
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.
S. You knew him, then, it seems!
T. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders:
They never hide their light beneath a bushel.

S. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.
T. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives:—but as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk,
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.
S. Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.
T. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise,
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity-account with Heaven:—
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch-lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.
S. I must needs
Believe you, sir:—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping croud. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief!
T. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart

Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication-table was his creed,
His pater-noster, and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
So from the way in which he was trained up
His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
Poor muck-worm! through his three-score years and ten,
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.
S. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth,
A bright example.
T. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve-months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

SOUTHEY.

The Masque of Nature.

Who is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow, which covered

the fields, and the ice, which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name. Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade, she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree—let me walk with her in the early morning, where the dew is yet upon the grass—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of the evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge, and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat sheaf? Youths and

maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name.

Who is he that cometh from the north, in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches, turns to ice. If he were to strike you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name.

BARBAULD.

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen·
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said,—"The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR W. SCOTT—IVANHOE.

The worth of the Soul.

The soul of man is of vast worth in respect of its capacity of UNDERSTANDING. For certainly to UNDERSTAND, is the greatest and noblest operation that a being is capable of; for it is this that gives beauty and excellence to all our other operations, whether they be natural or moral—it is this that proposes the ends, and directs the course, and prescribes the means of all our other actions; and though we had ever so much force or power, yet unless we had understanding to guide and manage it, it would be altogether insignificant. For blind power acts at random, and though we had the force of a whirlwind, yet without a MIND to steer and manage it, it would be an equal chance whether we did well or ill with it. So that unless there were some understanding either WITHIN or WITHOUT us, to conduct our active powers, and determine them to our good, we might as well be altogether without them; because, while they act by CHANCE, it is at least an equal lay, whether they will injure or advantage us. Since, then, UNDERSTANDING is the

rule and measure of all our other powers, it necessarily follows that ITSELF is the greatest and noblest of them all. What an excellent being, therefore, must a SOUL be, in which this great and sovereign power resides! a power that can collect into itself such prodigious numbers of simple apprehensions, and by comparing one with another, can connect them into true propositions, and upon each of these can run such long and curious descants of discourse, till it hath drawn out all their consequences into a chain of wise and coherent notions, and arranged these into such various systems of useful arts and sciences—that can discern the harmonious contextures of truths with truths, the secret links and junctures of coherent notions, trace up effects to their causes, and sift the remotest consequents to their natural principles—that can cast abroad its sharp-sighted thoughts over the whole extent of beings, and, like the sun, with its outstretched rays, reach the remotest objects; that can, in the twinkling of an eye, expatiate through all the universe, and keep correspondence with both worlds; can trace out the paths of the heavenly bodies, and measure the circles of their motions, span the whole surface of the earth, and dive into its capacious womb, and there discover the numerous offsprings with which it is continually teeming; that can sail into the world of spirits, by the never-varying compass of its reason, and discover those invisible regions of happiness and misery, which are altogether out of our sight, whilst we stand upon this hither-shore—in a word, that can ascend from cause to cause, to GOD, who is the cause of all, and with its eagle eyes, can gaze upon that glorious sun, and dive into the infinite abyss of its divine perfections! What an excellent being, then, is the soul, which is endowed with such a vast capacity of understanding, and with its piercing eye can reach such an immense compass of beings, and travel

through so vast an horizon of truth! Doubtless, though human souls had no other capacity to value themselves by, but only this, THIS were enough to give them pre-eminence over all inferior beings, and render them the most glorious part of all this sublunary world.

The soul of man is of vast worth in respect of its capacity of MORAL PERFECTION. For by the exercise of those human virtues which are proper to it in this state of conjunction with the body, it is capable of raising itself to the perfection of those angelic natures, which, of all creatures, do most nearly approach and resemble the great Creator and fountain of all perfection. For, by keeping a due restraint upon its bodily appetites, and thereby gradually weaning itself from the pleasures of the body, it may, by degrees, be educated and trained up to lead the life, and relish the joys of pure and immortal spirits; it may be contempered to an incorporeal state, so as to be able to enjoy itself without eating and drinking, and live most happily on the fare of angels, upon wisdom, and holiness, and love, and contemplation. And then by governing its own will and affections by the laws of reason and religion, it may, by degrees, improve itself so far in all these moral endowments, which are the proper graces of every reasonable nature, as to be at last as perfectly wise and reasonable in its own choice and refusals, in its love and hatred, in its desires and delights, as the angels themselves are. For though it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state, a soul should arrive at such a pitch as this, yet even now it may be growing up and aspiring to it; and, if it doth, when this is expired, it hath another life to live, which, being antecedently prepared for by those spiritual improvements it hath made here, will furnish it with opportunities of improving infinitely faster, than here it did, or possibly could. For in that life, it shall not only

be freed from those many incumbrances which retard it here in its spiritual progress, nor shall it only be associated with a world of pure and blessed spirits, whose holy example, and wise converse, will doubtless wonderfully edify and improve it; but be also admitted into a more intimate acquaintance with God, who is the Author and pattern of all perfection; the sight of whose ravishing beauty will inflame it with a most ardent love to him, and excite it to a most vigorous imitation of him. All which considered, it is not to be imagined how much the state of heaven will immediately improve those happy souls that are prepared and disposed for it. But, then, considering that moral perfection is as infinite as the nature of God, in which there is an infinity of holiness, and justice, and goodness, within this boundless subject, there will be room enough for souls to make farther and farther improvements in, even to eternity.

And then when they shall still be growing on so fast, and yet, be still for ever improving, to what a transcendent height of glory and perfection will they at last arrive! For though no finite soul can ever arrive at infinite perfection, yet still it may be growing on to it, because there will still be possible degrees beyond its present attainments; and when it shall have arrived at the farthest imaginable degree, still it will be capable of farther, and so on, farther and farther, to all eternity. And if so, oh blessed God! of what a capacious nature hast thou made these souls of ours, which, although they will doubtless improve in goodness as fast in the other life as is possible for them, with all the advantages of a heavenly state, yet will never attain to an utmost limit, but will continue growing more and more perfect for ever!

The soul of man is of vast worth in respect of its immense capacities of PLEASURE and DELIGHT. For its capacity of pleasure must necessarily be as ex-

tensive as its capacity of understanding, and of moral perfection; because the proper pleasure of a soul results from its own knowledge and goodness, from its farther discoveries of truth, and farther proficiency in inward rectitude and virtue, and consequently, as it improves farther and farther in understanding and in moral perfection, it must still gather more and more fuel to feed and increase its own joy and pleasure. For the pleasure of every being consists in the vigorous exercise of its faculties about convenient and agreeable objects; but the faculties of a soul are Understanding and Will, to which the only agreeable objects are truth and goodness; and therefore, the more truth there is in the mind, and the more goodness there is in the will, the more vigorous will they employ and exercise themselves about them, and consequently the more they will be pleased and ravished. Since, therefore, every new discovery of truth, and every new degree of goodness, gives new life to our Minds and Wills, and renders both more sprightly and vigorous, it hence necessarily follows that our souls are capable of as much pleasure as they are of truth and goodness; and how vastly capable they are of both these, has been already shown. So that it is not to be imagined by us, who have here so little experience, what heavens of joy a soul is capable of; only at present we find by experience that the more we improve in knowledge and goodness, the more pleasant and cheerful we find and feel ourselves, and that our faculties still grow more active and lightsome, the more we disburden them of that ignorance and sin which clog and encumber them. And upon great proficiencies in knowledge and virtue, we find a strange alacrity within ourselves;---we are, as it were, in heaven upon earth, and do feel a paradise springing up within us, the fragrance of whose joys grows many times so strong that our frail mortality can hardly bear it. When, therefore, such souls

cast off this mortality, which now does only fetter and entangle them, and have made their entrance into the invisible regions of blessedness; how sprightly and active, how lightsome and cheerful will they feel themselves! For in the first moment of their admission, all that mist of erroneous prejudice which now interrupts their prospect of Truth, and all those remains of irregular affections, that check and distract them in their choice of goodness, will be for ever chased from their minds and will, by the clear light of the heavenly state; and their faculties having disburdened themselves, and shaken off every clog, with what unspeakable vigour will they move and act, especially in the presence of such suitable objects as the heavenly state will present to them! When infinite truth, and infinite goodness, will be always present to their free minds and undistracted wills, and nothing shall interpose to hinder them either from seeing the one, or from choosing the other, here will be work enough for them to all eternity; and both being freed from all incumbrance, the one will be discovering every moment farther and farther into the infinite truth which it loves and admires, and the other will be improving every moment more and more in that infinite goodness which it chooses and adores. And then every new discovery and every new improvement, will spring new heavens of joy in the soul, and by reason of those new acquisitions of truth and goodness, which we shall every moment make, we shall every moment be entertained with new pleasures, and so, before we shall have spent one joy, another will succeed—and another that—and so on for ever. For when a God of infinite truth and goodness becomes the subject of happiness to a finite nature which cannot comprehend and enjoy him, but in an infinite succession, every new delight which the enjoyment of him creates in us, must necessarily raise a new desire, and every new desire will immediately find a new delight, and

so round again to all eternity. Of what a vast capacity, therefore, is this soul of ours, in which there is room enough successively to entertain all the ravishing joys and pleasures that make an everlasting heaven!—that can drink in these deep rivers of pleasure as fast as they spring up and flow from God's right hand for evermore! What tongue can express the innumerable joys that such a soul can hold, whose capacity is as large as heaven, and so near to infinite as to be able to contain all those joys and pleasures that infinite truth and goodness can create?

And lastly,—the soul of man is of vast worth in respect of its capacity of Immortality. For by its operations, it is evident that the soul is not composed of corruptible matter, but is a spiritual, and immaterial substance; for if it were matter, it would act and move only when other matter pressed upon it, and could not be able to determine the cause of its own motion, but would be forced to move backward or forward, according as it should be thrust on by that outward matter which continually moves and presses upon it, and all its motions would be as necessary as a stone in the air, when it is thurst up by an impressed force, and pressed down again by the weight of the air above it;—whereas, in this soul of ours, we sensibly feel and experience a natural liberty of acting: a power to move itself and to determine its own motions which way it pleases: though pressed forwards ever so vigorously by the strong impulses of outward objects, it is in its power to go on or retreat, and to divert the current of its thought into a quite contrary channel to that whereunto it is thrust and directed by all the impressions of its sense. Thus in the midst of the alarms and shoutings of a battle, while the noises of drums and trumpets are ringing in our ears, our soul can collect itself, and reduce its scattered thoughts into profound contemplations of a sweet and blessed peace; and when it

is pressed from without with ever so much importunity to this or that particular choice; it is in its power to reject the motion, and to choose the very contrary. By all which it is apparent, that the soul hath an innate liberty of acting, that she is not necessitated from without by the different concourses and motions of the several particles of matter, but that all the diversities of her wills and opinions are principally owing to her own freedom and power of self determination, and to make the least doubt of it is to question the common sense and experience of mankind. Since, therefore, the soul is not determined in its motions by the different pressures of material things, as all other matter is, but hath power to swim against the torrent, and move quite counter to all foreign impressions, it hence necessarily follows that it is immaterial. And indeed, considering how much its operations exceed the utmost power of dull and passive matter, we connot but wonder that any man should be so forsaken by his reason, as to rank it among material things;—for how is it possible that a piece of dull inactive matter, that a little grass, or dust, or mire, after all the refinings, macerations, and maturations, that can be performed by the help of motion, should ever be able to make a thinking being, or grow up into the soul of a Newton?—that a company of dead atoms, which cannot move unless they are moved, can ever be capable of framing syllogisms in mood and figure, and disputing pro and con whether they are atoms or not?--That such inert and sluggish bodies should, by their impetuous jostlings together, awaken one another out of their senseless passiveness, and make each other hear and feel their mutual knockings and jostlings; and then from this sense into which they have thus awakened one another, and (which they are as incapable of as a musical instrument is of hearing its own sounds, or taking pleasure in the harmonious airs that are played upon it,) should pro-

ceed and consult together to make wise laws, and contrive the best models for government;—to investigate the natures of things, and deduce from them the several systems of arts and sciences;—in a word, how is it possible that a company of fluid motes and particles of matter should ever be so artfully complicated and twisted one with another, as to form an understanding that can lift up its eyes, and look beyond all this sensible world into that of immaterial beings; and conceive abstracted notions of things which can never be objects to any material senses:—such as a pure point; equality and proportion, symmetry and dissymmetry of magnitudes; the rise and propagation of dimensions; infinite divisibility, and such notions as never were in matter, and consequently could never be extracted out of it: that can correct the errors of all our material perceptions, and demonstrate things to be greatly different from what they apprehend and report them; can prove the sun, for instance, to be one hundred and sixty times bigger than this earth, when to our eye and imagination, it appears no bigger than a bushel; that can lodge within itself all that mass of sensible things which take up so much without it, and when it hath piled them up on one another in vast and most prodigious numbers, is still as capacious of more, as when it was altogether empty;—in a word, that can grasp the whole universe at a thought, and comprehend the whole latitude of heaven and earth within its own indivisible centre;—how senseless is it to imagine that such noble operations as these can be performed by a mere complex of dead ATOMS and senseless particles of MATTER? And if they cannot, as we have shown to be the case, then it will necessarily follow that the soul of man is an immaterial thing. Moreover, we see that though the soul takes in objects of all sizes, yet when once they are in, they are not as bodies in a material place, in which the GREATER take up more room than the

LESS: for the THOUGHT of a mile, or of ten thousand miles, doth no more fill or stretch the soul, than that of a foot or an inch, or a mathematical point; —and, whereas all matter hath its parts, and those extending one beyond another into length, and breadth, and thickness, and so is measurable by inches, yards, or solid measure, there is no such thing as measureable extension in any thing belonging to the soul. For in cogitation, which is the essence of a soul, there is neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness, nor is it POSSIBLE to have any conception of a foot of THOUGHT, or a yard of REASON, a pound of WISDOM, or a quart of VIRTUE. And if what belongs to a soul be immaterial, it will necessarily follow that the soul itself is immaterial too, and as such capable of immortality. For immaterial natives, being pure and simple, having neither contrary qualities, nor divisible parts in them, as material things have, can have no principles of alteration or corruption in them, and being devoid of these, they must needs be capable of living and subsisting for ever. What noble beings, therefore, are the souls of men, which, together with those vast capacities of understanding, of moral perfection, of joy and pleasure, are naturally capable of immortality, and consequently, of improving in knowledge, in goodness, and in joy and pleasure to all eternity! Certainly, therefore, a soul must needs be a MOST PRECIOUS thing, that can thus outlive all sublunary beings, and subsist for ever in so sublime a state of glory and beatitude.

Paper.

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints shew'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind;
When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot,

The thought was happy, pertinent and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption), I—
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various, and if right I scan,
Each sort of PAPER represents some Man.

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling-place:
He's the GILT PAPER, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are COPY-PAPER, of inferior worth;
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse BROWN PAPER; such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true SINKING-PAPER, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems THIS side always right, and THAT stark nought;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as FOOLS-CAP has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure;
What's he? What? TOUCH-PAPER to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere WASTE-PAPER of mankind.

Observe the maiden innocently sweet,
She's fair WHITE-PAPER, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the GREAT man, who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd in the feelings of his heart alone;
The genuine ROYAL-PAPER is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

FRANKLIN.

The Power of Habit.

William was one day reading in a book of travels, to his father, when he came to the following relation.

"The Andes in South America are the highest ridge of mountains in the known world. There is a road over them, on which, about half way between the summit and the foot, is a house of entertainment, where it is common for travelers in their ascent and descent to meet. The difference in their feelings upon the same spot is remarkable. Those who are descending the mountain are melting with heat, so that they can scarcely bear any clothes upon them: while those who are ascending, shiver with cold, and wrap themselves up in the warmest garments they have."

"How strange it is!" cried William, "What can be the reason of it?"

"It is," replied his father, "a striking instance of the POWER OF HABIT over the body. The cold is so intense on the tops of these mountains, that it is as much as travelers can do to keep themselves from

being frozen to death. Their bodies, therefore, become so habituated to the sensation of cold, that every diminution of it, as they descend, seems to them a degree of actual heat; and when they are got half way down, they feel as if they were quite in a sultry climate. On the other hand, the valleys at the foot of the mountains are so excessively hot, that the body becomes relaxed, and sensible to the slightest degree of cold: so that when a traveler ascends from them towards the hills, the middle regions appear quite inclement from their coldness."

"And does the same thing," rejoined William, "always happen in crossing high mountains?"

"It does," returned his father, "in a degree proportioned to their height, and the time is sufficient to produce similar effects. Let one boy have been playing at rolling snowballs, and another have been roasting himself before a great fire, and let them meet in the porch of the house—if you ask them how they feel, I will answer for it you will find them as different in their accounts as the travelers on the Andes. But this is only one example of the operation of a universal principle belonging to human nature: for the power of habit is the same thing, whatever be the circumstance which calls it forth, whether relating to the mind or the body.

"You may consider the story you have been reading as a sort of simile or parable. The central station on the mountain may be resembled to MIDDLE LIFE. With what different feelings is this regarded by those who bask in the sunshine of opulence, and those who shrink under the cold blast of penury! Suppose the wealthy Duke, our neighbour, were suddenly obliged to descend to our level, and live as we do—to part with all his carriages, sell his coach-horses and hunters, quit his noble seat with its fine park and gardens, dismiss all his train of servants, except two or three, and take a house like

ours. What a dreadful fall would it seem to him! how wretched would it probably make him, and how much would he be pitied by the world!

"On the other hand, suppose the labourer who lives in the next cottage, were unexpectedly to fall heir to an estate of a few hundreds a-year, and in consequence to get around him all the comforts and conveniences that we possess—a commodious house to inhabit, good clothes to wear, plenty of wholesome food and firing, servants to do all the drudgery of the family, and the like—how all his acquaintance would congratulate him, and what a paradise would he seem to himself to be got into! Yet he, and the duke, and ourselves, are equally Man, made liable by nature to the same desires and necessities, and perhaps all equally strong in constitution, and capable of supporting hardships. Is not this fully as wonderful a difference in feeling as that on crossing the Andes?"

"Indeed it is," said William.

"And the cause of it must be exactly the same, —the influence of habit."

"I think so."

"Of what importance then must it be towards a happy life, to regulate our habits so, that in the possible changes of this world, we may be more likely to be gainers than losers?"

"But how can this be done? Would it be right for the duke to live like us, or us like the labourer?"

"Certainly not. But to apply the case to persons of our middle condition, I would have us use our advantages in such a frugal manner, as to make them as little as possible essential to our happiness, should fortune sink us to a lower station. For as to the chance of rising to a higher, there is no need to prepare our habits for that—we should readily enough accommodate our feelings to such a change. To be pleased and satisfied with simple food, to accustom ourselves not to shrink from the inclemen-

cies of the seasons, to avoid indolence, and take delight in some useful employment of the mind or body, to do as much as we can for ourselves, and not expect to be waited upon on every small occaion—these are the habits which will make us in some measure independent of fortune, and secure us a moderate degree of enjoyment under every change short of absolute want. I will tell you a story to this purpose.

A London merchant had two sons, James and Richard. James, from a boy, accustomed himself to every indulgence in his power, and when he grew up, was quite a fine gentleman. He dressed expensively, frequented public diversions, kept his hunter at a livery stable, and was a member of several convivial clubs. At home, it was almost a footman's sole business to wait on him. He would have thought it greatly beneath him to buckle his shoes; and if he wanted any thing at the other end of the room, he would ring the bell, and bring a servant up two stairs, rather than rise from his chair to fetch it. He did a little business in the counting-ho use on forenoons, but devoted all his time, after dinner, to indolence and amusement.

Richard was a very different character. He was plain in his appearance, and domestic in his way of life. He gave as little trouble as possible, and would have been ashamed to ask assistance in doing what he could easily do for himself. He was assiduous in business, and employed his leisure hours chiefly in reading and acquiring useful knowledge. Both were still young and unsettled when their father died, leaving behind him a very trifling property. As the young men had not a capital sufficient to follow the same line of mercantile business, in which he had been engaged, they were obliged to look out for a new plan of maintenance; and a great reduction of expense was the first thing requisite.

This was a severe stroke to James, who found

himself at once cut off from all the pleasures and indulgencies to which he was so habituated, that he thought life of no value without them. He grew melancholy and dejected, hazarded all his little property in lottery tickets. Still unable to think of retrieving himself by industry and frugality, he accepted a commission in a new raised regiment ordered for the West Indies, where soon after his arrival he caught a fever, and died.

Richard, in the mean time, whose comforts were little impaired by this change of situation, preserved his cheerfulness, and found no difficulty in accommodating himself as clerk in a house his father had been connected with, and lived as frugally as possible upon his salary. It furnished him with decent board, lodging, and clothing, which was all he required, and his hours of leisure were nearly as many as before. A book or a sober friend always sufficed to procure him an agreeable evening. He gradually rose in the confidence of his employers, who increased from time to time his salary and emoluments. Every increase was a source of gratification to him, because he was able to enjoy pleasures, which, however, habit had not made necessary to his comfort. In process of time he was enabled to settle for himself, and passed through life in the enjoyment of that modest competence, which best suited his disposition.

BARBAULD.

The Assault.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy;
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,

And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh, ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune!
As the tides obey the moon,
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!

Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.

Near—and nearer—nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling hollow motion,
Like a scarce awakened ocean,
Then with a stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder,—
Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with Hate and Hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity!
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,

Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal City!
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou World's Wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes;
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest-home;
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!—
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!

BYRON.

☞ The Compiler regrets that, in consequence of the Vocabulary's extending much beyond the space calculated on, he has been under the necessity of suppressing the two last pieces mentioned in the Index.

VOCABULARY.

Abstract, seperated from something else
Absurd, unreasonable
Abyss, a great depth
Access, the way of approach to any thing; addition
To Accost, to speak to one first
Acquiesce, to submit, to remain satisfied
Acquisition, a thing gained
Adamantine, not to be broken
Adapted, fitted
Adherence, fixedness, steadiness of mind
Administring, supplying, affording
Adult, grown up
Aerial, belonging to the air; inhabiting the air
Affecting, touching, moving
Affluence, riches, flowing
Agile, nimble, quick
To Agitate, to shake, to move
Agitation, moving any thing
To Aggregate, to heap particulars into one mass
Agony, excessive pain
Alacrity, cheerfulness, sprightliness
Albatross or Man-of-war bird, a fieree water fowl, native of Africa and America
Alderman, a magistrate
Allay, to quiet, to repress
Allurements, enticements, temptations
Allusion, a hint
Alternate, by turns
Amazement, great fear, admiration
Ambassador, a pnblic messenger from one sovereign to another
Ambition, strong desire of preferment
Amply, largely, capaciously
Anatomy, doctrine of the structure of the human body
Ancient, very old
Ancestorial, lineage, lineal, claimed from ancestors
Ancestors, one from whom a person descends
Anecdote, a short true story
Anguish, excessive pain
Annals, histories arranged in the exact order of time
Annoy, to vex, to incommode
Anthem, a holy song
Antic, buffoonery
Anticipation, a foretaste of any thing
Antiquities, old times, old things
Anvil, the iron block on which the smith lays his metal to be forged
Approve, to be pleased with any thing
Arbour, a bower,
Arrogant, haughty, proud
Articulation, joining words together
Artifice, trick, fraud, stratagem
Assassin, a murderer
To Assail, to attack, or fall upon one
Assault, violence, attack
Assiduity, diligence
Assignation, appointment; making over a thing to another
Assize, a court where criminals are tried by jury
Astronomy, doctrine of the stars, &c.

Ataghan, a long dagger worn by the Turks with pistols in the belt, in a silver scabbard
Atheist, one who believes not in the existence of a God
Atom, any thing very small
Auburn, brown, of a tan colour
Avarice, covetousness, great desire of money
Awry, asquint, unevenly
Azure, faint blue,
To Bait, to set dogs upon; to put meat to animals; to stop at a place for refreshment
Banditti, a company of outlawed robbers
Base, wicked, mean, worthless; the bottom of any thing
Behests, commands
Belle, a young lady
Benevolent, kind, having goodwill
Billet, a small note or card
To Blaspheme, to speak impiously of God
Blasted, withered, struck with terror
Blazon, to embellish, to celebrate, to blaze about with show
Blythe, happy, cheerful
Brahmins, Indian priests
Bronze, brass; impudence
Buckler, a shield
Buffoonery, low jests, scurrile mirth
Buoyancy, the quality of floating
Burrowing, mining holes as rabbits do
Canonize, to declare any one a saint
Capacious, wide, large, able to hold much
Capital, a large letter, written at the beginning of periods and chapters, and proper names
Captive, one taken in war; one charmed with beauty
Carrion Vulture, an eagle that lives on dead carcasses
Caterpillar, a worm that lives on leaves and plants
Celestial, heavenly
Centinal, one who watches or keeps guard
Censure, blame
To Chasten, to correct, to punish
Chide, to quarrel, to scold
Circumference, the space enclosed in a circle
Chisel, an iron instrument with which wood or stone is pared away
Choir, *(pronounced Quire)* a band of singers, also the part of a church where the singers are placed
Choral, sung by a choir, singing in a choir
Clangour, a loud shrill sound
Clarion, a trumpet
Clement, mild, merciful
Climate, a region or tract of land differing from another by the temperature of the air
Cockatoo, a species of foreign bird that can be easily taught to utter words
Cocoa, a species of palm tree
Cogitation, the act of thinking
Cohorts, troops of warriors
To compact, to agree with
Compendious, short, comprehensive
Complicate, entangled, joined, compounded together
Competent, qualified, fit
Composition, a mixture
To Conduce, to tend to
Confiscation, transferring for-

feited goods of criminals to public use
Conical, like a sugar loaf
To consign, to give to another, to yield to
Consul, an officer commissioned in foreign parts to judge between merchants of his nation; the chief magistrate in the Roman republic
To Contemper, to moderate, to make of the same quality
Contending, striving
Contest, dispute, debate
Contexture, the mixture of parts with one another, also the system of any thing
Contrast, opposition, dissimilitude
Contrite, bruised with sorrow, worn with pain
To Control, to keep under check, to govern
Cooperate, to work with one another
Coral, a hard plant that grows in the water
Corps, *(pronounced kor)* a body of soldiers
Corsair, a sea robber, a pirate
Corslet, a light armour for the fore part of the body
Cosmetic, a thing for beautifying; beautifying
Crescent, any thing like the moon; increasing
Critic, a judge, a man apt to find faults
Culprit, a man accused before a judge
Czarine, *(pron. Zarine)* Empress of Russia
Dauntless, fearless
Debasing, sinking in meanness
Decalogue, the ten commandments given to Moses by God
Deceased, dead
Decrees, laws, established rules
Deference, respect, condescension
Defiance, a challenge to fight
Definition, a short description of a thing
Defrauder, one that robs by tricks
Deity, God
To Deliberate, to weigh in mind, to ponder upon
Demon, a spirit
To Demonstrate, to prove with certainty
To Denote, to mark, to point out
To Deposit, to lay up, to lodge a thing in a place
To Descant, to discourse largely
To Desist, to cease, to stop
To Despatch, to send away hastily
Despicable, mean, worthless
Despoil, to rob, to deprive
Destiny, fate, nescessity, future doom
Detection, discovery of guilt, discovery of any thing
Devoted, given up to good or ill
Dialogue, a conversation between two or more
Diameter, a line passing through a circle dividing it in equal parts
Dictates, rules, or maxims
To Digest, range methodically, to soften by heat, to consume food on the stomach
Dilated, enlarged
Dimension, shape, bulk, space in any thing
Discipline, education, rule of managing
To Disguise, to conceal by covering, to hide by appearance
Dismay, fear, terror

Dissipated, scattered; given up to vice
Dissymmetry. disagreement of one part with auother
Distaff, the stick from which the flax is drawn in spinning
Diversities, differences, varieties
Docility, readiness to be taught
Domains, possessions, estates
Donations, gifts
Dowry, something given to a husband with a wife
Dramatic, represented by action, as in the theatre
Draught, *(pron. draft)* the act of drinking; a thing drawn
Drifting, driven at random
Ducat, a foreign coin struck by Dukes
Echoing, sounding back again
Elephant, a large four-footed animal
Election, the act of choosing
Elude, to escape by artifice
Embark, to go on board a ship
Embarrassment, perplexity
Emblem, a likeness, a representation of
Embroidery, variegated needle-work, diversity of colours
Emergency, a sudden occasion, pressing necessity
Emotion, disturbance of mind
Empire, the region over which an emperor reigns; supreme dominion
Enchant, to subdue by charms or spells, to delight highly
To Encounter, to meet face to face, to rush against in conflict, to attack
To Entail, to bequeath at pleasure
Epithet, an adjective, or name denoting a good or bad quality
Espied, saw at a distance
Ethereal, formed of air, celestial, heavenly
To Excite, to rouse, to stir up, to give courage
Executive, having the power to put the laws in force
Exhausted, worn out
To Exhibit, to show, to display
To Exhort, to encourage to good actions
To Expand, to spread out
Expatiate, to enlarge upon by words
Expedition, speed, a hasty march with hostile intentions
Exploit, an achievement, a successful attempt
Exulting, rejoicing highly
Even-tide, time of evening
Fabulous, feigned, not true
Fabric, a building, an edifice
Faculty, power of doing any thing, ability
Fatal, deadly, destructive
Ferocious, savage, fierce
Fervency, ardour, zeal, flame of devotion
Festival, time of feast
Fetters, chains
Fidelity, honesty
Filial, belonging to a son
Fitful, changeful
Fodder, dry food for cattle
Foiled, defeated
Foraging, searching for provisions
Fragment, a broken piece
Frantic, mad
Fuel, stuff for fire
To Gape, to open the mouth wide, to stare with the mouth open
Garnish, to dress finely
Gaunt, thin, lean
Gauze, thin transparent silk

Genial, giving life, cheerful
Genii, attending spirits
Genuine, true
Gew-gaws, fineries, trinkets
Gives, yields
Ghastly, like a ghost, shocking
Gnawn, bitten in agony or rage
Goblin, a phantom, a walking spirit
Gormandizing, gluttoning
Gosling, a young goose
Gratuitously, freely
Grenadier, a tall foot soldier
Groat, fourpence
Grotto, a cavern, or cave
Grimace, distorting of the face, making faces
Guest, a stranger
Gurgling, gushing, as water from a bottle
Gymnosophists, *(pro. jim-nos-of-ists)* walking philosophers
Hamlet, a small village
To Harangue, to make a speech
Hazard, to risk, to try the chance
Hectoring, bullying
Helmet, a head-guard
Hereditary, descending from father to son
Hermit, a person who retires from the world to live in caves and solitude
High-treason, offence committed against the sovereign
Hither-shore, this side
Hireling, one who serves for wages, a mercenary
Hospitality, kindness to strangers
Hostility, opposition in war
Ill-omen, bad sign
Illusion, mockery, false show
Illustrious, noble, eminent
Immaculate, spotless, pure
Immaterial, incorporeal, without body
Immortal, never ending, living for ever
Impending, hanging
Impenetrable, not to be pierced
Implement, instrument, tool
Importunity, continually beseeching
Inactive, lazy, sluggish
Incessantly, continually
Inclement, unmerciful, harsh
Inevitable, unavoidable
Infatuation, madness
Infernal, hellish
Infinite, without end or limit
Ingenious, witty
Ingenuity, wit, acuteness, craft
Ingratiate, to put in favour with
Insatiable, not to be satisfied
Insensate, stupid, thoughtless
Instilled, to infuse into
Integrity, honesty
Intense, ardent, vehement
Intercession, mediation
To Intimidate, to frighten
Intonation, manner of sounding
Intrude, to come wthout welcome
Invention, fiction, discovery
Investigate, te search out
Ire, anger, rage, passion
Jetty, black
Jostling, rusling against
Juice, sap, liquor in any thing
Juncture, joining together
Kin, relationshp, affinity
Kinsman, a man of the same family
Knave, a rascal, a scoundrel
Knight, a man promoted to rank
Languid, faint, weak
Launched, thrown into the sea
Lapidary, ornamented with gems
Lay, chance

Latitude, breadth, width, extent
League, a measure, a combination
Legion, a body of Roman soldiers, a great number
Lenity, mildness, mercy
Lizard, an animal like a serpent, with legs added to it
Logic, the art of reasoning well
Lottery, a game of chance
Lustre, brightness, renown
Luxurious, voluptuous, fond of the pleasures of the table
Maceration, dissolving, wasting away
Magnanimous, great of mind
Main-mast, the chief, or middle mast
Man-of-war, a ship for fighting
Margin, brink, edge
Martial, warlike, brave
Masque, (or Mask) a cover to conceal
Maxim, general principle, a leading truth
Mayor, (lord) chief magistrate
Maturations, ripening
Mechanic, a worker in any trade
To Meditate, to think, to muse
Melancholy, gloomy, pensive
Mental, belonging to the mind
Mercantile, trading, commercial
Metaphor, a figure of speech
Meteor, a body of fire in the air
Mien, air, look, manner
Minstrel, a musician
Miracle, a wonder, an action above human power
Mirror, looking-glass
To Moil, to drudge
Monarch, a king, a president
Monument, a memorial, a tomb
Morals, instructions, or practices respecting virtue or vice
Mortality, death, liability to destruction
Mortar, a cement made of lime sand and water, also a strong vessel where materials are pounded with a pestle
Mortgage, *(pron. morgāge)* a dead pledge, a thing put into the hands of a creditor
Muscle, *(pron. musl)* the fibrous part of an animal body producing motion; also a kind of shell fish
Mute, silent, not vocal
Myriad, ten thousand, any great number
Narrative, a story, an account of
Nonce, purpose, intent, design
Novice, one commencing any thing
Nozle, the nose, the snout
Nymph, a goddess of the woods, meadows, or water; a country girl
Obeisance, a bow, a courtesy
Oblivion, forgetfulness
Obstacle, some hinderance, obstruction
Obtuse, without point, not acute, dull, stupid
Omnipotent, all powerful
Opponent, a person opposed, antagonist, adversary
Opulence, wealth, riches, affluence
Oracle, something delivered by supernatural wisdom, any person or place where certain decisions are obtained
Orbit, the space wherein a planet is contained and revolved
Ordinance, law, rule, precept, appointment

Origin, beginning
Orphan, a child whose father or mother is dead
Ostrich, the largest of birds
Over-reacher, a deceiver
Oviparous, bringing forth eggs
Page, a young boy attending on a great person
Pageant, *(pron. păjant)* a show, a spectacle
Pagodas, Indian idols, temple of the idols
To Palliate, to excuse, to soften by favourable representations
Palpable, plain, clear, easily understood
To Pant, to beat quickly at the heart in sudden fear, to long for
Paradise, the happy region in which the first pair was placed, any happy place
Paroquet, *(pron. par-o-ket)* a small species of parrot
Partiality, unequal favour
Particle, any small portion of a large substance
Passive, suffering without resistance, not acting, not opposing
Patron, one who supports another, a guardian, a protector
Pavilion, a tent, a moveable house
Peasant, *(pron. pes-ant)* a country man, a hind
Peculiarity, something found only in one
Pedlar, one who goes round the country selling small commodities, a petty dealer, a hawker
Pennon, a small flag
Penned (sheep) closed sheep up in a fold
To Perch, to sit or roost as a bird
Peerless, matchless, unequalled
To Persevere, not to give up
Pertinency, propriety, to the point
Perverse, obstinate, stubborn, petulant
Pheasant, *(pron fes-ant)* beautiful large bird of game
Philosophy, loving knowledge
Phœnix, a bird which is supposed to exist single, and to rise again out of its own ashes
Physician, one who professes to heal
Pilfer, little theft
Pilgrim, a wanderer, a traveller
Pillage, plunder, robbing
To Pine, to wear away, to languish
Pinion, wing
Placid, gentle, quiet, soft
Plaguey, vexatious, troublesome
Plaintive, complaining, lamenting
Plenipotentiary, a person to whom full power is given
To Plight, to pledge, to give as security
Plume, feather
Politic, civil, prudent
Popular, in favour with the people
Portend, to show before
Portent, ill-omen
Preceptor, a teacher, a tutor
Precision, exactness
Prediction, a prophecy, something told before it happens
Prejudice, judgment formed before examination
President, one at the head of others, a governor
Prester, (*pron. prāter*) a priest
Prey, something to be devoured or plundered

Prime-minister, chief minister of state
Prodigious, amazing, astonishing, monstrous
Profane, not sacred, not pure
Proficiency, profit, improvement in any thing
Progeny, offspring, race, generation
Progression, regular and gradual advance
To Propagate, to increase, to promote, to have offspring
Propitious, favourable, kind
Proposition, a sentence in which any thing is affirmed
Prostrate, lying at length, lying at mercy
Protestations, a solemn declaration or resolution, fact or opinion
Providence, foresight in providing, divine care, providing before hand
Prowling, wandering for plunder
To Puzzle, to perplex, to bewilder
Quadruped, having four feet
Qualified fitted for any employment
Quarry, game hunted, or flown at by a hawk, a mine of stones
Quell, to crush, to subdue
To Quench, to extinguish a fire, to allay thirst
To Quiver, to quake, to shiver
Rabbi, a learned man among the Jews
Radiant, shining, sparkling
Random, by chance
Ransom, price paid for something
Rapt, exceedingly delighted
Ravishing, delighting, transporting
To Recline, to lean, to repose
Rectitude, uprightness
Reflect, to throw back, to consider attentively
Regale, to refresh, to gratify, to entertain
Region, space, space of land
Relinquish, to forsake, to quit
Reluctant, unwilling
Rendezvous, *(pron. rong-de-voo)* place of meeting
Renovate, to renew
To Repine, to vex one's self
Repressed, crushed, put down
Reprimand, reproof, scold
Reptile, a little animal creeping upon many feet
Republic, a state, in which there is no king, but the power lodged in more than one
Repulsed, beaten back
Repute, character
Requiem, a hymn in which requiem, or rest for the dead, is implored
Reservoir, *(pron. rez-er-vwoar)* place where any thing is kept in store
Resignation, submission, unresisting acquiesence
To Resolve, to clear up, to inform, to settle an opinion
Respective, belonging to each, relating to particular persons
Respite, *(pron. res-pit)* a reprieve, a pause, a suspension
Resplendent, bright, beautiful
Restraint, a hinderance, a limitation
Revolution, course of any thing which returns to the point, at which it began to move; a change in the state or government of a country
Reynard, a fox
Rheum, thin watery humour
Rhetoric, the art of speaking with elegance

Rifle, a species of gun
Rigour, stiffness, severity, strictness
Rival, a person pursuing the same thing, a competitor in love
Rivulet, a small streamlet
Rumour, a flying report
Rustic, belonging to the country, inelegant, plain
Sabre, a short sword, a falchion
Sacred, holy, inviolable
Sagacity, quickness of scent acuteness of discovery
Salute, to greet, to hail, to kiss
Salvo, an excuse, an exception
Satiating, (*pron. sā-shē-āting*) filling, satisfying, glutting
Science, knowledge, art, attained by precepts
Sconce, a bulwark; the head.
Scrutoire, (*pron. skru-tōar*) a case of drawers for writing
Sedately, calmly
To Seduce, to tempt, to corrupt, to mislead, to deceive
Semisecond, half-a second
Sepulchre, a grave, a tomb
Severe, sharp, strict, cruel
Shaft, a narrow spoke of a cart, any thing straight
Shearing, taking the fleece from the sheep; cutting corn
Sheen, bright, glittering
Sheriff, a chief justice in a shire
Shrivelled, contracted into wrinkles
Simile, (*pron. sim-ē-lē*) a comparison
Skeleton, the mere bones of the body kept in their natural situation
Soiling, dirtying, staining
Solicitously, carefully, anxiously
Solitary, living alone, retired, gloomy, single
Soot-king, a master chimney-sweeper
Sophist, a professor of philosophy
Sovereign, a monarch, having no superior
Spectacle, a show
Spectator, a looker-on
Sped, moved with haste
Spiteful, malicious, malignant
Spray, foam of the sea
Squadron, a part of an army, a troop
Squire, a country gentleman, next in rank to a knight
Stagnated, lying motionless, having no stream
Statesman, a politician, one employed in public affairs
Stinted, limited, restrained
Stithy, the piece of iron on which the smith forges his work, the anvil
Stratagem, an artifice in war; a trick
Stratum, a bed, a layer
Stripling, a young man
Stupendous, amazing, wonderful
Sublime, high, lofty, grand
Sublunary, earthly, beneath the moon
Subservient, made useful, subordinate
Subvert, to overthrow, to turn upside down
Successively, in order, by turns
Suit, clothes made to fit the body
To Suit, to agree, to answer, to fit
Sullen, gloomy, sour, discontented
Summit, top, the utmost height
Superfluity, more than enough
Superlative, the highest degree

Suppliant, an humble petitioner
Supreme, highest, most excellent
Surf, the swell of the sea that beats against the shore, on a rock
To Surrender, to yield, to deliver up
To Survive, to remain alive
To Suspend, to hang up for a time
Swither, uncertainty
Syllogism, a certain kind of argument
Symmetry, proportion, harmony
Sympathize, to feel with another
Symptoms, signs, marks
System, a plan, a scheme
Tabernacle, a temporary dwelling-place, house of worship
Teeming, producing plentifully
Telescope, a long glass, by which distant objects are viewed
Temperance, moderation
Tending, attending, waiting on
Terrestrial, earthly
Theme, subject on which one speaks or writes
Timbrel, a kind of musical instrument
Tincture, extract of some drug made in spirits, an infusion
To Toil, to labour, to over-labour
Torpid, motionless, inactive
Tractable, manageable, easily taught
Transcendent, passing excellent
Transparent, clear like glass
Tribulation, distress, vexation
Trigger, the catch which is pulled to fire off a gun
Troopers, horse-soldiers
Trophy, something taken from an enemy, and shown in proof of victory
Turbid, muddy, not pure
Tusk, a long tooth
Tyrant, a cruel, severe master
Tythe or tithe, the tenth part
Ultimately, at the last
Unicorn, a beast having but one horn
Universal, general, whole, opposed to particular
Unparalleled, unequalled
Unsubstantial, not solid; not real
Unsullied, not fouled, not disgraced
Valiant, stout, brave
Vanquished, conquered, overcome
Variableness, changeableness
Variety, change, intermixture
Varying, changing, altering
Velocity, swiftness, speed
Vent, a small hole, a passage
Venerable, to be regarded with awe
Veracity, truth, honesty
Verdict, decision, judgment
Verdure, green
Vernal, belonging to the spring
Veteran, an old soldier
Viands, food
Vibrating, quivering, shaking
Vice, wickedness, opposed to virtue
Victim, something slain, or destroyed
Victory, conquest, success, triumph
Vigilant, watchful, diligent, attentive
Vigour, force, strength

Vine, the plant that bears the grape
Village, a small town
Violated, injured, hurt
Violence, force, outrage, unseasonably vehement
Virtue, goodness, excellence, that which gives happiness, opposed to vice
Vista, a view, a prospect through an avenue, or walk
Vital, containing life, the seat of life
Vivacity, sprightliness, loveliness
Vollied, discharged, like a shot from a gun, disploded
Votaries, those devoted, as by a vow, to any service
Vouchsafe, to permit, to condescend
Vulnerable, liable to be wounded, or injured
Vulture, a large bird of prey remarkably voracious
Waddle, to shake from side to side, in walking
Wainscot, the inner wooden covering of a wall
Wanton, licentious, unrestrained
Wayward, peevish, vexatious, froward
Whiles, at times
Widgeon, a water-fowl somewhat like a duck.
Wreaked, revenged
Zephyr, the west wind, any calm soft wind

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