EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

AND

MRS. BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

ON MAN.

Charles. You gave me the definition of a horse some time ago—Pray, Sir, how is a man defined?

Father. That is worth inquiring. Let us consider then. He must either stand by himself, or be ranked among the quadrupeds; for there are no other two-legged animals but birds, which he certainly does not resemble.

C. But how can he be made a quadruped?

F. By setting him to crawl on the ground, in which case he will as much resemble a baboon, as a baboon set on his hind-legs does a man. In reality, there is little difference between the

arms of a man and the fore legs of a quadruped; and in all other circumstances of internal and external structure they are evidently formed upon the same model.

C. I suppose then we must call him a digitated quadruped, that generally goes upon its hind legs.

F. A naturalist could not reckon him otherwise; and accordingly Linnæus has placed him in the same division with apes, macocos, and bats.

C. Apes, macocos, and bats!

F. Yes—they have all four cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and teats on the breast. How do you like your relations?

C. Not at all!

F. Then we will get rid of them by applying to the other part of human nature—the *mind.* Man is an animal possessed of *reason*, and the only one. This, therefore, is enough to define him.

C. I have often heard that man is a rational creature, and I have a notion what that means; but I should like to have an exact definition of reason.

F. Reason is the faculty by which we compare ideas and draw conclusions. A man walking in the woods of an unknown country finds a bow. He compares it in his mind with other bows, and forms the conclusion that it must have been made by man, and that therefore the country is probably inhabited. He discovers a hut; sees in it half-burnt wood, and finds that the ashes are not quite cold. He concludes, therefore, with certainty, not only that there are inhabitants, but that they cannot be far distant. No other animal could do this.

C. But would not a dog who had been used to live with men, run into such a hut, and expect to find people in it?

F. He probably would—and this, I acknowledge, is very like reason; for he may be supposed to compare in his mind the hut he has lived in with that he sees, and to conclude, that as there were men in the first, there are in the last. But how little a way does this carry him? He finds no men there, and he is unable by any marks to form a judgment how long they have been absent, or what sort of people they were; still less does he form any plan of conduct in consequence of his discovery.

C. Then is not the difference only, that man has much reason, and brutes little?

F. If we adhere to the mere words of the definition of reason, I believe this must be admitted; but in the exercise of it, the superiority of the human faculties is so great, that man is in many points absolutely distinguished

from brutes. In the first place he has the *use of speech*, which no other animal has attained.

C. Cannot many animals make themselves understood by one another by their cries?

F. They can make known a few of their common wants and desires, but they cannot *discourse*, or communicate ideas stored up in the memory. It is this faculty which makes man an *improvable* being, the wisdom and experience acquired by one individual being thus transmitted to others, and so on in an endless series of progression.—There is no reason to suppose that the dogs of the present day are more knowing than those which lived a thousand years ago; but the men of this age are much better acquainted with numberless arts and sciences than their remote ancestors; since by the use of speech, and of writing (which is speech ad-

dressed to the eye), every age adds its own discoveries to all former ones. This knowledge of the past likewise gives man a great insight into the future. Shakespeare excellently defines man by saying that he is a creature "made with large discourse, looking before and after."

C. Animals must surely know something of the future, when they lay up a store of provision for the winter.

F. No—it is pretty certain that this is not the case, for they will do it as much the first year of their lives as any other. Young bees turned out of their hive, as soon as they have swarmed and got a habitation, begin laying up honey, though they cannot possibly foresee the use they shall have for it. There are a vast number of actions of this kind in animals, which are directed to an useful end, but an end which the animal knows nothing of. And this is

what we call *instinct*, and properly distinguish from reason. Man has less of it than almost any other animal, because he wants it less. Another point of essential difference is, that man is the only animal that makes use of *instruments* in any of his actions. He is a *tool-making* and *machine-making* animal. By means of this faculty alone he is every where lord of the creation, and has equally triumphed over the subtlety of the cunning, the swiftness of the fleet, and the force of the strong. He is the only animal that has found out the use of *fire*, a most important acquisition!

C. I have read of some large apes that will come and sit round a fire in the woods when men have left it, but have not the sense to keep it in, by throwing on sticks.

F. Still less then could they light a fire. In consequence of this discovery man cooks his food, which no other

animal does. He alone fences against the cold by clothing as well as by fire. He alone cultivates the earth, and keeps living animals for future uses.

C. But have not there been wild men bred in the woods that could do none of these things?

F. Some instances of this kind are recorded, and they are not to be wondered at; for man was meant to be a *gregarious* animal, or one living in society, in which alone his faculties have full scope, and especially his power of improving by the use of speech. These poor solitary creatures, brought up with the brutes, were in a state entirely unnatural to them. A solitary bee, ant, or beaver, would have none of the skill and sagacity of those animals in their proper social condition. Society sharpens all the faculties, and gives ideas and views which never could have been entertained by an individual.

C. But some men that live in society seem to be little above the brutes, at least when compared with other men. What is a Hottentot in comparison of one of us?

F. The difference, indeed, is great; but we agree in the most essential characters of *man*, and perhaps the advantage is not all on our side. The Hottentot cultivates the earth and rears cattle. He not only herds with his fellows, but he has instituted some sort of government for the protection of the weak against the strong; he has a notion of right and wrong, and is sensible of the necessity of controuling present appetites and passions for the sake of a future good. He has therefore *morals*. He is possessed of weapons, tools, clothing, and furniture, of his own making. In agility of body, and the knowledge of various circumstances

relative to the nature of animals, he surpasses us. His inferiority lies in those things in which many of the lowest class among us are almost equally inferior to the instructed.

C. But Hottentots have no notion of a God or a future state.

F. I am not certain how far that is fact: but alas! how many among us have no knowledge at all on these subjects, or only some vague notions, full of absurdity and superstition! People far advanced in civilization have entertained the grossest errors on these subjects, which are only to be corrected by the serious application of reason, or by a direct revelation from Heaven.

C. You said man was an *improvable* creature—but have not many nations been a long time in a savage state without improvement?

F. Man is always *capable of improve-*

ment; but he may exist a long time, in society, without *actually improving* beyond a certain point. There is little improvement among nations who have not the *art of writing*, for tradition is not capable of preserving very accurate or extensive knowledge; and many arts and sciences, after flourishing greatly, have been entirely lost, in countries which have been overrun by barbarous and illiterate nations. Then there is a principle which I might have mentioned as one of those that distinguish man from brutes, but it as much distinguishes some men from others. This is a *curiosity*, or the love of knowledge for its own sake. Most savages have little or nothing of this; but without it we should want one of the chief inducements to exert our faculties. It is curiosity that impels us to search into the properties of every part of nature,

to try all sorts of experiments, to visit distant regions, and even to examine the appearances and motions of the heavenly bodies. Every fact thus discovered, leads to other facts; and there is no limits to be set to this progress. The time may come, when what we now know may seem as much ignorance to future ages as the knowledge of early times does to us.

C. What nations know the most at present?

F. The Europeans have long been distinguished for superior ardour after knowledge, and they possess beyond all comparison the greatest share of it, whereby they have been enabled to command the rest of the world. The countries in which the arts and sciences most flourish at present, are the northern and middle parts of Europe, and also North America, which, you know,

is inhabited by descendants of Europeans. In these countries man may be said to be *most man;* and they may apply to themselves the poet's boast,

Man is the nobler growth these realms supply,
And *souls* are ripened in our northern sky.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT.

A DRAMA.

SCENE—*A room in a farm-house.* BETTY, *the farmer's wife;* FANNY, *a young woman grown up; Children of various ages differently employed.*

Enter Landlord.

Landl. Good morning to you, Betty.

Betty. Ah!—is it your honour? How do you do, Sir?—how is madam and all the good family?

Landl. Very well, thank you; and how are you, and all yours?

Betty. Thank your honour—all pretty well. Will you please to sit down?

Ours is but a little crowded place, but there is a clean corner. Set out the chair for his honour, Mary.

Landl. I think every thing is very clean. What, John's in the field, I suppose.

Betty. Yes, Sir, with his two eldest sons, sowing and harrowing.

Landl. Well—and here are two, three, four, six; all the rest of your stock, I suppose.—All as busy as bees!

Betty. Ay, your honour! These are not times to be idle in. John and I have always worked hard, and we bring up our children to work too. There's none of them, except the youngest, but can do something.

Landl. You do very rightly. With industry and sobriety there is no fear of their getting a living, come what may. I wish many gentlemen's children had as good a chance.

Betty. Lord! Sir, if they have fortunes ready got for them, what need they care?

Landl. But fortunes are easier to spend than to get; and when they are at the bottom of the purse, what must they do to fill it again?

Betty. Nay, that's true, Sir; and we have reason enough to be thankful, that we are able and willing to work, and have a good landlord to live under.

Landl. Good tenants deserve good landlords; and I have been long acquainted with your value. Come, little folks; I have brought something for you. [*Takes out cakes.*

Betty. Why don't you thank his honour?

Landl. I did not think you had a daughter so old as that young woman.

Betty. No more I have, Sir. She

is not my own daughter, though she is as good as one to me.

Landl. Some relation, then, I suppose?

Betty. No, Sir, none at all.

Landl. Who is she, then?

Betty. (Whispering). When she is gone out, I will tell your honour.—*(Loud).* Go, Fanny, and take some milk to the young calf in the stable.

[*Exit* Fanny.

Landl. A pretty modest-looking young woman, on my word!

Betty. Ay, Sir—and as good as she is pretty. You must know, Sir, that this young woman is a stranger from a great way off. She came here quite by accident, and has lived with us above a twelvemonth. I'll tell your honour all about it if you choose.

Landl. Pray do,—I am curious to hear it. But first favour me with a draught of your whey.

Betty. I beg your pardon, Sir, for not offering it. Run, Mary, and fetch his honour some fresh whey in a clean basin. [Mary *goes.*

Landl. Now, pray begin your story.

Betty. Well, Sir,—As our John was coming from work one evening, he saw at some distance on the road a carrier's waggon overturned. He ran up to help, and found a poor old gentlewoman lying on the bank much hurt, and this girl sitting beside her, crying. My good man, after he had helped in setting the waggon to rights, went to them, and with a good deal of difficulty got the gentlewoman into the waggon again, and walked by the side of it to our house. He called me out, and we got something comfortable for her; but she was so ill that she could not bear to be carried further. So after consulting a while, we took her into the house, and put her to bed. Her head was sadly

hurt, and she seemed to grow worse instead of better. We got a doctor to her, and did our best to nurse her, but all would not do, and we soon found she was likely to die. Poor Fanny, her granddaughter, never left her day or night; and it would have gone to your honour's heart, to have heard the pitiful moan she made over her. She was the only friend she had in the world, she said; and what would become of her if she were to lose her? Fanny's father and mother were both dead, and she was going with her grandmother into the north, where the old gentlewoman came from to live cheap, and try to find out some relations. Well —to make my story short, in a few days the poor woman died. There was little more money about her than would serve to pay her doctor and bury her. Fanny was in sad trouble indeed. I thought she would never have left her

grandmother's grave. She cried and wrung her hands most bitterly. But I tire your honour.

Landl. O no! I am much interested in your story.

Betty. We comforted her as well as we could; but all her cry was, What will become of me? Where must I go? Who will take care of me? So after a while, said I to John, Poor creature! my heart grieves for her. Perhaps she would like to stay with us—though she seems to have been brought up in a way of living different from ours, too;—but what can she do, left to herself in the wide world! So my husband agreed that I should ask her. When I mentioned it to her, poor thing! how her countenance altered. O, said she, I wish for nothing so much as to stay and live with you! I am afraid I can do but little to serve you, but indeed I will learn to do my best. Said

I, Do no more than you like; you are welcome to stay and partake with us as long as you please. Well, Sir! she staid with us; and set about learning to do all kind of our work with such good-will, and so handily, that she soon became my best helper. And she is so sweet tempered, and so fond of us and the children, that I love her as well as if she was my own child. She has been well brought up, I am sure. She can read and write, and work with her needle, a great deal better than we can, and when work is over she teaches the children. Then she is extraordinarily well behaved, so as to be admired by all that see her.— So your honour has now the story of our Fanny.

Landl. I thank you heartily for it, my good Betty! It does much credit both to you and Fanny. But pray what is her surname?

Betty. It is—let me see— I think it is Welford.

Landl. Welford! that is a name I am acquainted with. I should be glad to talk with her a little.

Betty. I will call her in then.

Enter Fanny.

Landl. Come hither, young woman; I have heard your story, and been much interested by it. You are an orphan, I find.

Fanny. Yes, Sir! a poor orphan.

Landl. Your name is Welford?

Fan. It is, Sir.

Landl. Where did your parents live?

Fan. In London, Sir; but they died when I was very young, and I went to my grandmother's in Surrey.

Landl. Was she your father's mother? You will excuse my questions. I do not ask from idle curiosity.

Fan. She was, Sir: and had been long a widow.

Landl. Do you know what her maiden name was?

Fan. It was Borrowdale, Sir.

Landl. Borrowdale!——And pray whither were you going when the unfortunate accident happened?

Fan. To Kendal in Westmoreland, Sir, near which my grandmother was born.

Landl. Ah! 'tis the very same—every circumstance corresponds! My dear Fanny, *(taking her hand)*, you have found a relation when you little thought of it. I am your kinsman. My mother was a Borrowdale, of Westmoreland, and half-sister to your grandmother. I have heard of all your parentage; and I remember the death of your poor father, who was a very honest ingenious artist: and of your mother soon after, of a broken heart. I could never discover what family they left, nor what was become of my kinswoman.

But I heartily rejoice I have found you out in this extraordinary manner. You must come and live with me. My wife and daughters will be very glad to receive one whose conduct has done her so much credit.

Fan. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kindness: but I am too mean a person to live as a relation in a family like yours.

Landl. O no! You will not find us of that sort, who despise worthy people for being low in the world; and your language and actions show that you have been well brought up.

Fan. My poor grandmother, Sir, was so kind as to give me all the education in her power; and if I have not somewhat benefited by her example and instructions, it must have been my own fault.

Landl. You speak very well, and I feel more attached to you, the more I

hear you. Well—you must prepare to come home with me. I will take care to make proper acknowledgments to the good people here who have been so kind to you.

Betty. My dear Fanny, I am heartily glad of your good fortune, but we shall all be sorry to part with you.

Fanny. I am sure, my dear friend and mistress, I shall be sorry too. You received me when I had no other friend in the world, and have treated me like your own child. I can never forget what I owe you.

Enter John, *and his eldest son* Thomas.

John. Is your honour here?

Landl. Yes, John; and I have found somewhat worth coming for.

John. What is that, Sir?

Landl. A relation, John. This young woman, whom you have so kindly entertained, is my kinswoman.

John. What—our Fanny?

Thomas. Fanny!

Landl. Yes, indeed. And after thanking you for your kindness to her and her poor grandmother, I mean to take her home for a companion to my wife and daughters.

John. This is wonderful news indeed! Well, Fanny, I am very glad you have got such a home to go to—you are worthy of it—but we shall miss you much here.

Betty. So I have been telling her.

Thomas (aside to Fanny.) What will you leave us, Fanny? Must we part?

Fanny (aside to him.) What can I do, Thomas?

Landl. There seems some unwillingness to part, I see, on more sides than one.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, I believe there is. We have lived very happily together.

Thomas (aside to Fanny.) I see we

must part with you, but I hope—Surely you won't quite forget us.

Fanny (to him.) You distress me, Thomas. Forget you! O no!

Landl. Come—I see there is something between the young folks that ought to be spoken about plainly. Do you explain it, Betty.

Betty. Why, your honour knows, we could not tell that Fanny was your relation. So, as my son Thomas and she seemed to take a liking to one another, and she was such a good clever girl, we did not object to their thinking about making a match of it, as soon as he should be settled in a farm.

John. But that must be over now.

Thomas. Why so, father?

John. Why you can't think of his honour's kinswoman.

Landl. Come, Fanny, do you decide this affair.

Fanny. Sir, Thomas, offered me his

service when he thought me a poor friendless girl, and I might think myself favoured by his notice. He gained my good-will, which no change of circumstances can make me withdraw. It is my determination to join my lot with his, be it what it may.

Thomas. My dearest Fanny!

[*Taking her hand.*

Landl. You act nobly, my dear girl, and make me proud of my relation. You shall have my free consent and something handsome into the bargain.

Betty. Heaven bless your honour! I know it would have been a heart-breaking to my poor boy to have parted with her. Dear Fanny! [*Kisses her.*

Landl. I have a farm just now vacant. Thomas shall take it, and Fanny's portion shall stock it for him.

Thomas. I humbly thank your honour.

John. I thank you too, Sir, for us all.

Fanny. Sir, since you have been so indulgent in this matter, give me leave to request you to be satisfied with my paying my duty to the ladies, without going to live in a way so different from what I have been used to, and must live in hereafter. I think I can be no where better than with my friends and future parents here.

Landl. Your request, Fanny, has so much propriety and good sense in it, that I cannot refuse it. However, you must suffer us to improve our acquaintance. I assure you it will give me particular pleasure.

Fanny. Sir, you will always command my most grateful obedience.

Landl. Well – let Thomas bring you to my house this afternoon, and I will introduce you to your relations, and we

will talk over matters. Farewell, my dear! Nay, I must have a kiss.

Fanny. I will wait on you, Sir.

[*Exit Landlord.*

Betty. My dear Fanny—daughter I may now call you—you cannot think how much I feel obliged to you.

Thomas. But who is so much obliged as I am?

Fanny. Do you not all deserve every thing from me?

John. Well, who could have thought when I went to help up the waggon that it would have brought so much good luck to us?

Betty. A good deed is never lost, they say.

Fanny. It shall be the business of my life to prove that this has not been lost.

TIT FOR TAT.

A TALE.

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 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 shall tell ye,
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty Elephant that swell'd the state
Of Aurengzebe 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, and tried,
Working and sweating,
Pishing 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 plaguy 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 feeling,
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 mine! you may repent:"
Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went:
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter;
But Elephant within his mem'ry hid it;
He *felt* the wrong,—the other only *did* it.

A week or two elaps'd, one market day
Again the beast and driver took their way;
Thro' rows of shops and booths they pass'd,
With eatables and trinkets stor'd,
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.

TWELFTH EVENING.

ON WINE AND SPIRITS.

GEORGE and Harry, accompanied by their tutor, went one day to pay a visit to a neighbouring gentleman, their father's friend. They were very kindly received, and shown all about the gardens and pleasure grounds; but nothing took their fancy so much as an extensive grapery, hung round with bunches of various kinds fully ripe, and almost too big for the vines to support. They were liberally treated with the fruit, and carried away some bunches to eat as they walked. During their return, as they were picking their grapes, said George to the Tutor, A thought is just come into my head, Sir. Wine, you

know, is called the juice of the grape; but wine is hot, and intoxicates people that drink much of it. Now we have had a good deal of grape-juice this morning, and yet I do not feel heated, nor does it seem at all to have got into our heads. What is the reason of this?

Tut. The reason is, that grape-juice is not wine, though wine is made from it.

G. Pray how is it made then?

G. I will tell you; for it is a matter worth knowing. The juice pressed from grapes, called *must*, is at first a sweet watery liquor, with a little tartness, but with no strength or spirit. After it has stood awhile, it begins to grow thick and muddy, it moves up and down, and throws scum and bubbles of air to the surface. This is called *working* or *fermenting*. It continues in this state for some time, more or less, according to the quantity of the juice

and the temperature of the weather, and then gradually settles again, becoming clearer than at first. It has now lost its sweet flat taste, and acquired a briskness and pungency, with a heating and intoxicating property; that is, it has become *wine*. This natural process is called the *vinous fermentation*, and many liquors beside grape-juice are capable of undergoing it.

G. I have heard of the working of beer and ale. Is that of the same kind?

T. It is; and beer and ale may properly be called barley-wine; for you know they are clear, brisk, and intoxicating. In the same manner, cyder is apple-wine, and mead is honey-wine; and you have heard of raisin and currant wine, and a great many others.

Har. Yes, there is elder-wine, and cowslip-wine, and orange-wine.

G. Will every thing of that sort make wine?

T. All vegetable juices that are sweet are capable of fermenting, and of producing a liquor of a vinous nature; but if they have little sweetness, the liquor is proportionally weak and poor, and is apt to become sour or vapid.

H. But barley is not sweet.

T. Barley as it comes from the ear is not; but before it is used for brewing, it is made into *malt*, and then it is sensibly sweet. You know what malt is?

H. I have seen heaps of it in the malt-house, but I do not know how it is made.

T. Barley is made malt by putting it in heaps and wetting it, when it becomes hot, and swells, and would sprout out, just as if it were sown, unless it were then dried in a kiln. By this operation it acquires a sweet taste. You have drunk sweet wort?

H. Yes.

T. Well, this is made by steeping

malt in hot water. The water extracts and dissolves all the sweet or sugary part of the malt. It then becomes like a naturally sweet juice.

G. Would not sugar and water then make wine?

T. It would; and the wines made in England of our common fruits and flowers have all a good deal of sugar in them. Cowslip flowers for example, give little more than the flavour to the wine named from them, and it is the sugar added to them which properly makes the wine.

G. But none of these wines are so good as grape wine.

T. No. The grape, from the richness and abundance of its juice, is the fruit universally preferred for making wine, where it comes to perfection, which it seldom does, in our climate, except by means of artificial heat.

G. I suppose then grapes are finest in the hottest countries.

T. Not so, neither; they are properly a fruit of the temperate zone, and do not grow well between the tropics. And in very hot countries it is scarcely possible to make wines of any kind to keep, for they ferment so strongly as to turn sour almost immediately.

G. I think I have read of palm-wine on the coast of Guinea.

T. Yes. A sweet juice flows abundantly from incisions in certain species of the palm, which ferments immediately, and makes a very pleasant sort of weak wine. But it must be drunk the same day it is made, for on the next it is as sour as vinegar.

G. What is vinegar—is it not sour wine?

T. Every thing that makes wine will make vinegar also; and the stronger the

wine the stronger the vinegar. The vinous fermentation must be first brought on, but it need not produce perfect wine; for when the intention is to make vinegar the liquor is kept still warm, and it goes on without stopping to another kind of fermentation, called the *acetous*, the product of which is vinegar.

G. I have heard of alegar. I suppose that is vinegar made of ale.

T. It is—but as ale is not so strong as wine, the vinegar made from it is not so sharp or perfect. But housewives make good vinegar with sugar and water.

H. Will vinegar make people drunk if they take too much of it?

T. No, the wine loses its intoxicating quality as well as its taste on turning to vinegar.

G. What are spirituous liquors—have they not something to do with wine?

T. Yes, they consist of the spirituous or intoxicating part of wine sepa-

rated from the rest. You may remember that on talking of distillation, I told you that it was the raising of a liquor in steam or vapour, and condensing it again; and that some liquors were more easily turned to vapour than others, and were therefore called more volatile or evaporable. Now, wine is a mixed or compound liquor, of which the greater part is water; but what heats and intoxicates is *vinous spirit*. This spirit, being much more volatile than water, on the application of a gentle heat, flies off in vapour, and may be collected by itself in distilling vessels:—and thus are made spirituous liquors.

G. Will every thing that you called wine, yield spirits?

T. Yes; every thing that has undergone the vinous fermentation. Thus in England, a great deal of malt spirit is made from a kind of wort brought into fermentation, and then set directly

to distil, without first making ale or beer of it. Gin is a spirituous liquor also got from corn, and flavoured with juniper berries. Even potatoes, carrots, and turnips, may be made to afford spirits, by first fermenting their juices. In the West Indies rum is distilled from the dregs of the sugar canes washed out by water and fermented. But Brandy is distilled from the fermented juice of the grape, and is made in the wine countries.

G. Is spirit of wine different from spirituous liquors?

T. It is the strongest part of them got by distilling over again; for all these still contain a good deal of water, along with a pure spirit, which may be separated by a gentler heat than was used at first. But in order to procure this as strong and pure as possible, it must be distilled several times over, always leaving some of the watery part behind.

When perfectly pure, it is the same, whatever spirituous liquor it is got from.

H. My mamma has little bottles of lavender water. What is that?

T. It is a spirit of wine flavoured with lavender flowers; and it may in like manner be flavoured with many other fragrant things, since their odoriferous part is volatile, and will rise in vapour along with the spirit.

H. Will not spirit of wine burn violently?

G. That it will, I can tell you: and so will rum and brandy; for you know it was set on fire when we made snap-dragon.

T. All spirituous liquors are highly inflammable, and the more so the purer they are. One way of trying the purity of spirit is to see if it will burn all away without leaving any moisture behind. Then it is much lighter than water, and

that affords another way of judging of its strength. A hollow ivory ball is set to swim in it; and the deeper it sinks down, the lighter, and therefore the more spirituous is the liquor.

G. I have heard much of the mischief done by spirituous liquors—pray what good do they do?

T. The use and abuse of wine and spirits is a very copious subject; and there is scarcely any gift of human art, the general effects of which are more dubious. You know what wine is said to be given for in the Bible.

G. To make glad the heart of man.

T. Right. And nothing has such an immediate effect in inspiring vigour of body and mind as wine. It banishes sorrow and care, recruits from fatigue, enlivens the fancy, inflames the courage, and performs a hundred fine things, of which I could bring you abundant proof from the poets. The physicians, too,

speaks almost as much in its favour, both in diet and medicine. But its really good effects are only when used in moderation; and it unfortunately is one of those things which man can hardly be brought to use moderately. Excess in wine brings on effects the very contrary to its benefits. It stupefies and enfeebles the mind, and fills the body with incurable diseases. And this it does even when used without intoxication. But a drunken man loses for the time every distinction of a reasonable creature, and becomes worse than a brute beast. On this account, Mahomet entirely forbade its use to his followers, and to this day it is not publicly drunk in any of the countries that receive the Mahometan religion.

H. Was not that right?

T. I think not. If we were entirely to renounce every thing that may be misused, we should have scarce any en-

joyments left; and it is a proper exercise of our strength of mind to use good things with moderation, when we have it in our power to do otherwise.

G. But spirituous liquors are not good at all, are they?

T. They have so little good and so much bad in them, that I confess I wish their common use could be abolished altogether. They are generally taken by the lowest class of people for the express purpose of intoxication; and they are much sooner prejudicial to the health than wine, and indeed, when drunk unmixed, are no better than slow poison.

G. Spirit of wine is useful, though, for several things—is it not?

T. Yes; and I would have all spirits kept in the hands of chemists and artists who know how to employ them usefully. Spirits of wine will dissolve many things that water will not. Apotheca-

ries use them in drawing tinctures, and artists in preparing colours and making varnishes. They are likewise very powerful preservatives from corruption. You may have seen serpents and insects brought from abroad in phials full of spirits.

G. I have.

H. And I know of another use of spirits.

T. What is that?

H. To burn in lamps. My grandmamma has a tea-kettle with a lamp under it to keep the water hot, and she burns spirits in it.

T. So she does. Well—so much for the uses of these liquors.

G. But you have said nothing about ale and beer. Are they wholesome?

T. Yes, in moderation. But they are sadly abused, too, and rob many men of their health as well as their money and senses.

G. Small beer does no harm, however.

T. No—and we will indulge in a good draught of it when we get home.

H. I like water better.

T. Then drink it by all means. He that is satisfied with water has one want the less, and may defy thirst, in this country, at least.

THE BOY WITHOUT A GENIUS.

Mr. Wiseman, the Schoolmaster, at the end of the summer vacation, received a new scholar with the following letter.

SIR,

THIS will be delivered to you by my son Samuel, whom I beg leave to commit to your care, hoping that by your well known skill and attention you will be able to make something of him; which I am sorry to say

none of his masters has hitherto done. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read his mother tongue, and that but indifferently. We sent him at seven to a grammar school in our neighbourhood; but his master soon found that his genius was not turned to learning languages. He was then put to writing, but he set about it so awkwardly that he made nothing of it. He was tried at accounts, but it appeared that he had no genius for that neither. He could do nothing in geography for want of memory. In short, if he has any genius at all, it does not yet show itself. But I trust to your experience in cases of this nature to discover what he is fit for, and to instruct him accordingly. I beg to be favoured shortly with your opinion about him, and remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HUMPHREY ACRES.

When Mr. Wiseman had read this letter, he shook his head, and said to his assistant, A pretty subject they have sent us here! a lad that has a great genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres expects that a boy should show a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it—no uncommon error! Let us see, however, what the youth looks like. I suppose, he is a human creature, at least.

Master Samuel Acres was now called in. He came hanging down his head, and looking as if he was going to be flogged.

Come hither, my dear! said Mr. Wiseman—Stand by me, and do not be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. How old are you?

Eleven last May, Sir.

A well grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play I dare say.

Yes, Sir.

What, are you a good hand at marbles?

Pretty good, Sir.

And can spin a top, and drive a hoop, I suppose?

Yes, Sir.

Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?

Yes, Sir.

Can you write, Samuel?

I learned a little, Sir, but I left it off again.

And why so?

Because I could not make the letters.

No! Why how do you think other boys do?—have they more fingers than you?

No, Sir.

Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

Samuel was silent.

Let me look at your hand.

Samuel held out both his paws like a dancing bear.

I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the school. You can read, I suppose.

Yes, Sir.

Tell me then what is written over the school-room door.

Samuel with some hesitation read,

WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO.

Pray how did you learn to read?—Was it not by taking pains?

Yes, Sir.

Well—taking more pains will enable you to read better. Do you know any thing of the Latin grammar?

No, Sir.

Have you never learned it?

I tried, Sir, but I could not get it by heart.

Why, you can say some things by heart. I dare say you can tell me the

names of the days of the week in their order.

Yes, Sir, I know them.

And the months in the year, perhaps.

Yes, Sir.

And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your father's servants, and half the people in the village besides.

I believe I could, Sir.

Well—and is *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, more difficult to remember than these?

Samuel was silent.

Have you learned any thing of accounts?

I went into addition, Sir, but I did not go on with it.

Why so?

I could not do it, Sir.

How many marbles can you buy for a penny?

Twelve new ones, Sir.

And how many for two-pence?

Twenty-four.

And how many for a halfpenny?

Six.

If you were to have a penny a day, what would that make in a week?

Seven-pence.

But if you paid two-pence out of that, what would you have left?

Samuel studied a while, and then said, five-pence.

Right. Why here you have been practising the four great rules of arithmetic, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Learning accounts is no more than this. Well, Samuel, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your schoolfellows.

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, and with more

confidence in his powers than he had felt before.

The next day he began business. A boy less than himself was called out to set him a copy of letters, and another was appointed to hear him grammar. He read a few sentences in English that he could perfectly understand, to the master himself. Thus by going on steadily and slowly, he made a sensible progress. He had already joined his letters, got all the declensions perfectly, and half the multiplication table, when Mr. Wiseman thought it time to answer his father's letter; which he did as follows:

SIR,

I now think it right to give you some information concerning your son. You perhaps expected it sooner, but I always wish to avoid hasty judgements. You mentioned in your letter that it had not yet been discovered

which way his genius pointed. If by *genius* you meant such a decided bent of mind to any one pursuit as will lead to excel with little or no labour or instruction, I must say that I have not met with such a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your son is certainly not among the number. But if you mean only the *ability* to do some of those things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency. And whether you choose to bring him up to trade or to some practical profession, I see no reason to doubt that he may in time become sufficiently qualified for it. It is my favourite maxim, Sir, that every thing most valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains for it. Your son has already lost much time in the fruitless expectation of finding out what he would take up of his

own accord. Believe me, Sir, few boys will take up any thing of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care, while he is with me, that he loses no more time this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we shall find him fit for them.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

SOLON WISEMAN.

Though the doctrine of this letter did not perfectly agree with Mr. Acres's notions, yet being convinced that Mr. Wiseman was more likely to make something of his son than any of his former preceptors, he continued him at this school for some years, and had the satisfaction to find him going on in a steady course of gradual improvement. In due time a profession was chosen for him, which seemed to suit his temper and talents, but for which he had no *particular turn*, having never thought

at all about it. He made a respectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and usefulness, though *without a genius.*

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH.

VALENTINE was in his thirteenth year, and a scholar in one of our great schools. He was a well-disposed boy, but could not help envying a little some of his companions who had a larger allowance of money than himself. He ventured in a letter to sound his father on the subject, not directly asking for a particular sum, but mentioning that many of the boys in his class had half-a-crown a week for pocket-money.

His father, who did not choose to comply with his wishes for various reasons, nor yet to refuse him in a mortifying manner, wrote an answer, the chief purpose of which was to make him sen-

sible what sort of a sum half-a-crown a week was, and to how many more important uses it might be put, than to provide a school-boy with things absolutely superfluous to him.

It is calculated (said he) that a grown man may be kept in health and fit for labour upon a pound and a half of good bread a day. Suppose the value of this to be two-pence half-penny, and add a penny for a quart of milk, which will greatly improve his diet, half-a-crown will keep him eight or nine days in this manner.

A common labourer's wages in our country are seven shillings per week, and if you add somewhat extraordinary for harvest work, this will not make it amount to three half-crowns on an average the year round. Suppose his wife and children to earn another half-crown. For this ten shillings per week he will maintain himself, his wife, and

half a dozen children, in food, lodging, clothes, and fuel. A half-crown then may be reckoned the full weekly maintenance of two human creatures in every thing necessary.

Where potatoes are much cultivated, two bushels, weighing eighty pounds a-piece, may be purchased for half-a-crown. Here are one hundred and sixty pounds of solid food, of which allowing for the waste in dressing, you may reckon two pounds and a half sufficient for the sole daily nourishment of one person. At this rate, nine people might be fed a week for half-a-crown; poorly indeed, but so as many thousands are fed, with the addition of a little salt or buttermilk.

If the father of a numerous family were out of work, or the mother lying-in, a parish would think half-a-crown a week a very ample assistance to them.

Many of the cottagers round us would

receive with great thankfulness a six-penny loaf per week, and reckon it a verymaterial addition to their children's bread. For half-a-crown, therefore, you might purchase—the weekly blessings of five poor families.

Porter is a sort of luxury to a poor man, but not a useless one, since it will stand in the place of some solid food, and enable him to work with better heart. You could treat a hard-working man with a pint a day of this liquor for twelve days, with half-a-crown.

Many a cottage in the country inhabited by a large family is let for forty shillings a year. Half-a-crown a week would pay the full rent of three such cottages, and allow somewhat over for repairs.

The usual price for schooling at a dame-school in a village is two-pence a week. You might therefore get fifteen children instructed in reading and the

girls in sewing, for half-a-crown weekly. But even in a town you might get them taught reading, writing, and accounts, and so fitted for any common trade, for five shillings a quarter; and therefore half-a-crown a week would keep six children at such a school, and provide them with books besides.

All these are ways in which half-a-crown a week might be made to do a great deal of good to *others*. I shall now just mention one or two ways of laying it out with advantage to yourself.

I know you are very fond of coloured plates of plants, and other objects of natural history. There are now several works of this sort publishing in monthly numbers, as the Botanical Magazine, the English Botany, the Flora Rustica, and the Naturalist's Magazine. Now half-a-crown a week would reach the purchase of the best of these.

The same sum laid out in the old

book shops in London would buy you more classics, and pretty editions too, in one year, than you could read in five.

Now I do not grudge laying out half-a-crown a week upon you; but when so many good things for yourself and others may be done with it, I am unwilling you should squander it away like your schoolfellows in tarts and trinkets.

THE RAT WITH A BELL.

A FABLE.

A LARGE old house in the country was so extremely infested with rats, that nothing could be secured from their depredations. They scaled the walls to attack flitches of bacon, though hung as high as the ceiling. Hanging shelves afforded no protection to the cheese and pastry. They penetrated by sap into

the store-room, and plundered it of preserves and sweetmeats. They gnawed through cupboard doors, undermined floors, and ran races behind the wainscots. The cats could not get at them: they were too cunning and too well fed to meddle with poison; and traps only now and then caught a heedless straggler. One of these, however, on being taken, was the occasion of practising a new device. This was, to fasten a collar with a small bell about the prisoner's neck, and then turn him loose again.

Overjoyed at the recovery of his liberty, the rat ran into the nearest hole, and went in search of his companions. They heard at a distance the bell tinkle tinkle, through the dark passages, and suspecting some enemy had got among them, away they scoured, some one way and some another. The bell-bearer pursued; and soon guessing the cause

of their flight, he was greatly amused by it. Wherever he approached, it was all hurry-scurry, and not a tail of one of them was to be seen. He chased his old friends from hole to hole, and room to room, laughing all the while at their fears, and increasing them by all the means in his power. Presently he had the whole house to himself. "That's right (quoth he)—the fewer, the better cheer." So he rioted alone among the good things, and stuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days this course of life went on very pleasantly. He ate, and ate, and played the bugbear to perfection. At length he grew tired of this lonely condition, and longed to mix with his companions again upon the former footing. But the difficulty was, how to get rid of his bell. He pulled and tugged with his fore feet, and almost wore the skin off his neck

in the attempt, but all in vain. The bell was now his plague and torment. He wandered from room to room, earnestly desiring to make himself known to one of his companions, but they all kept out of his reach. At last, as he was moping about disconsolate, he fell in puss's way, and was devoured in an instant.

He who is raised so much above his fellow creatures as to be the object of their terror, must suffer for it in losing all the comforts of society. He is a solitary being in the midst of crowds. He keeps them at a distance, and they equally shun him. Dread and affection cannot subsist together.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

TRIAL *.

Of a complaint made against sundry persons for breaking the windows of DOROTHY CAREFUL, *Widow, and dealer in Gingerbread.*

THE Court being sat, there appeared in person the widow *Dorothy Careful*, to make a complaint against *Henry Luckless*, and other person or persons unknown, for breaking three panes of glass, value nine-pence, in the house of the said widow. Being directed to tell her case to the court, she made a courtsey, and began as follows:

* This was meant as a sequel of that very pleasing and ingenious little work, entitled *Juvenile Trials*, in which a Court of Justice is supposed to be instituted in a boarding-school, composed of the scholars themselves, for the purpose of trying offences committed at school.

"Please your lordship, I was sitting at work by my fireside, between the hours of six and seven in the evening, just as it was growing dusk, and little Jack was spinning beside me, when all at once crack went the window, and down fell a little basket of cakes that was set up against it. I started up, and cried to Jack, Bless me, what's the matter? So, says Jack, somebody has thrown a stone and broke the window, and I dare say it is some of the school-boys. With that I ran out of the house, and saw some boys making off as fast as they could go. So I ran after them as quick as my old legs would carry me: but I should never have come near them, if one had not happened to fall down. Him I caught, and brought back to my house, when Jack knew him at once to be master Harry Luckless. So I told him I would complain of him the next day; and I hope your

worship will make him pay the damage, and I think he deserves a good whipping into the bargain, for injuring a poor widow woman."

The Judge having heard Mrs. Careful's story, desired her to sit down; and then calling up master Luckless, asked him what he had to say for himself. Luckless appeared with his face a good deal scratched, and looking very ruefully. After making his bow, and sobbing two or three times, he said:

"My lord, I am as innocent of this matter as any boy in the school, and I am sure I have suffered enough about it already. My lord, Billy Thompson and I were playing in the lane near Mrs. Careful's house, when we heard the window crash; and directly after she came running out towards us. Upon this, Billy ran away, and I ran too, thinking I might bear the blame. But after running a little way, I stumbled

over something that lay in the road, and before I could get up again, she overtook me, and caught me by the hair, and began lugging and cuffing me. I told her it was not I that broke her window, but it did not signify; so she dragged me to the light, lugging and scratching me all the while, and then said she would inform against me; and that is all I know of the matter."

Judge. I find, good woman, you were willing to revenge yourself, without waiting for the justice of this court.

Widow Careful. My lord, I confess I was put into a passion, and did not properly consider what I was doing.

Judge. Well, where is Billy Thompson?

Billy. Here, my lord.

Judge. You have heard what Harry Luckless says. Declare, upon your honour, whether he has spoken the truth.

Billy. My lord, I am sure neither he nor I had any concern in breaking the windows. We were standing together at the time, and I ran on hearing the door open, for fear of being charged with it, and he followed. But what became of him I did not stay to see.

Judge. So you let your friend shift for himself, and only thought of saving yourself. But did you see any other person about the house or in the lane?

Billy. My lord, I thought I heard somebody on the other side of the hedge, creeping along, a little before the window was broken, but I saw nobody.

Judge. You hear, good woman, what is alleged in behalf of the person you have accused. Have you any other evidence against him?

Widow Careful. One might be sure that they would deny it, and tell lies for one another; but I hope I am not to be put off in that manner.

Judge. I must tell you, mistress, that you give too much liberty to your tongue, and are guilty of as much injustice as that of which you complain. I should be sorry, indeed, if the young gentlemen of this school deserved the general character of liars. You will find among us, I hope, as just a sense of what is right and honourable, as among those who are older; and our worthy master certainly would not permit us to try offences in this manner, if he thought us capable of bearing false witness in each other's favour.

Widow Careful. I ask your lordship's pardon, I did not mean to offend: but it is a heavy loss for a poor woman, and though I did not catch the boy in the fact, he was the nearest when it was done.

Judge. As that is no more than a suspicion, and he has the positive evidence of his school-fellow in his favour.

will be impossible to convict him, consistently with the rules of justice. Have you discovered any other circumstance that may point out the offender?

Widow Careful. My lord, next morning Jack found on the floor this top, which I suppose the window was broke with.

Judge. Hand it up—Here, gentlemen of the Jury, please to examine it, and see if you can discover any thing of its owner.

Juryman. Here is P. R. cut upon it.

Another. Yes, and I am sure I remember Peter Riot's having just such a one.

Another. So do I.

Judge. Master Riot, is this your top?

Riot. I don't know, my lord, perhaps it may be mine; I have had a great many tops, and when I have done with them, I throw them away, and

any body may pick them up that pleases. You see it has lost its peg.

Judge. Very well, sir. Mrs. Careful, you may retire.

Widow Careful. And must I have no amends, my lord?

Judge. Have patience. Leave every thing to the court. We shall do you all the justice in our power.

As soon as the widow was gone, the Judge rose from his seat, and with much solemnity thus addressed the assembly.

Gentlemen—this business, I confess, gives me much dissatisfaction. A poor woman has been insulted and injured in her property, apparently without provocation; and though she has not been able to convict the offender, it cannot be doubted that she, as well as the world in general, will impute the crime to some of our society. Though I am in my own mind convinced that in her passion she charged an innocent person,

yet the circumstance of the top is a strong suspicion, indeed almost a proof, that the perpetrator of this unmanly mischief was one of our body. The owner of the top has justly observed, that its having been his property is no certain proof against him. Since therefore, in the present defect of evidence, the whole school must remain burdened with the discredit of this action, and share in the guilt of it, I think fit, in the first place, to decree, that restitution shall be made to the sufferer out of the public chest; and next, that a court of inquiry be instituted for the express purpose of searching thoroughly into this affair, with power to examine all persons upon honour, who are thought likely to be able to throw light upon it. I hope, gentlemen, these measures meet with your concurrence!

The whole court bowed to the Judge, and expressed their entire satisfaction with his determination.

It was then ordered, that the public treasurer should go to the Widow Careful's house, and pay her the sum of one shilling, making at the same time a handsome apology in the name of the school. And six persons were taken by lot out of the jury to compose the court of inquiry, which was to sit in the evening.

The court then adjourned.

On the meeting of the court of inquiry, the first thing proposed by the President was, that the persons who usually played with master Riot should be sent for. Accordingly Tom Frisk and Bob Loiter were summoned, when the President asked them upon their honour if they knew the top to have been Riot's. They said they did. They were then asked whether they remembered when Riot had it in his possession?

Frisk. He had it the day before yesterday, and split a top of mine with it.

Loiter. Yes, and then, as he was making a stroke at mine, the peg flew out.

Presid. What did he then do with it?

Frisk. He put it into his pocket, and said, as it was a strong top, he would have it mended.

Presid. Then he did not throw it away, or give it to any body?

Loiter. No; he pocketed it up, and we saw no more of it.

Presid. Do you know of any quarrel he had with Widow Careful?

Frisk. Yes; a day or two before, he went to her shop for some gingerbread; but as he already owed her sixpence, she would not let him have any till he had paid his debts.

Presid. How did he take the disappointment?

Frisk. He said he would be revenged on her.

Presid. Are you sure he used such words?

Frisk. Yes, Loiter heard him as well as myself.

Loiter. I did, Sir.

Presid. Do either of you know any more of this affair?

Both. No, Sir.

Presid. You may go.

The President now observed, that these witnesses had done a great deal in establishing proofs against Riot: for it was now pretty certain that no one but himself could have been in possession of the top at the time the crime was committed; and also it appeared, that he had declared a malicious intention against the woman, which it was highly probable he would put into execution.—As the court were debating about the next step to be taken, they were acquainted that Jack, the widow's son, was waiting at the school door for admission;

and a person being sent out for him, Riot was found threatening the boy, and bidding him go home about his business. The boy however was conveyed safely into the room, when he thus addressed himself to the President.

Jack. Sir, and please your worship, as I was looking about this morning for sticks in the hedge over against our house, I found this buckle. So I thought to myself, sure this must belong to the rascal that broke our windows. So I have brought it to see if any body in the school would own it.

Presid. On which side of the hedge did you find it?

Jack. On the other side from our house, in the close.

Presid. Let us see it. Gentlemen, this is so smart a buckle, that I am sure I remember it at once, and so I dare say you all do?

All. It is Riot's.

Presid. Has any body observed Riot's shoes to-day?

One Boy. Yes, he has got them tied with strings.

Presid. Very well, gentlemen; we have nothing more to do than to draw up an account of all the evidence we have heard, and lay it before his lordship. Jack, you may go home.

Jack. Pray, Sir, let somebody go with me, for I am afraid of Riot, who has just been threatening me at the door.

Presid. Master Bold will please to go along with the boy.

The minutes of the court were then drawn up, and the President took them to the Judge's chamber. After the Judge had perused them, he ordered an indictment to be drawn up against Peter Riot, "for that he meanly, clandestinely, and with malice aforethought, had broken three panes in the window of widow Careful, with a certain instru-

ment called a top, whereby he had committed an atrocious injury on an innocent person, and had brought a disgrace upon the society to which he belonged." At the same time he sent an officer to inform master Riot that his trial would come on the next morning.

Riot, who was with some of his gay companions, affected to treat the matter with great indifference, and even to make a jest of it. However, in the morning he thought it best to endeavour to make it up; and accordingly, when the court was assembled, he sent one of his friends with a shilling, saying that he would not trouble them with any further inquiries, but would pay the sum that had been issued out of the public stock. On the receipt of this message, the Judge rose with much severity in his countenance; and observing, that by such a contemptuous behaviour towards the court, the criminal had greatly added

to his offence, he ordered tw oofficers with their staves immediately to go and bring in Riot, and to use force if he should resist them. The culprit thinking it best to submit, was presently led in between the two officers; when being placed at the bar, the Judge thus addressed him.

"I am sorry, Sir, that any member of this society can be so little sensible of the nature of a crime, and so little acquainted with the principles of a court of justice, as you have shown yourself to be, by the proposal you took the improper liberty of sending to us. If you meant it as a confession of your guilt, you certainly ought to have waited to receive from us the penalty we thought proper to inflict, and not to have imagined that an offer of the mere payment of damages would satisfy the claims of justice against you. If you had only broken the window by accident, and

on your own accord offered restitution, nothing less than the full damages could have been accepted. But you now stand charged with having done this mischief meanly, secretly, and maliciously, and thereby have added a great deal of criminal intention to the act. Can you then think that a court like this, designed to watch over the morals, as well as protect the properties, of our community, can so slightly pass over such aggravated offences? You can claim no merit from confessing the crime, now that you know so much evidence will appear against you. And if you choose still to plead not guilty, you are at liberty to do it, and we will proceed immediately to the trial, without taking any advantage of the confession implied by your offer of payment."

Riot stood silent for some time, and then begged to be allowed to consult with his friends, what was best for him

to do. This was agreed to, and he was permitted to retire, though under guard of an officer. After a short absence, he returned with more humility in his looks, and said that he pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the court. The Judge then made a speech of some length, for the purpose of convincing the prisoner, as well as the bystanders, of the enormity of the crime. He then pronounced the following sentence:

"You, Peter Riot, are hereby sentenced to pay the sum of half-a-crown to the public treasury, as a satisfactio for the mischief you have done, your attempt to conceal it. You to repair to the house of Widow C ful, accompanied by such witnesses we shall appoint, and there, havin first paid her the sum you owe her, you shall ask her pardon for the insult you offered her. You shall likewise, to-

morrow, after school, stand up in your place, and before all the scholars ask pardon for the disgrace you have been the means of bringing upon the society; and in particular you shall apologize to master Luckless, for the disagreeable circumstance you were the means of bringing him into. Till all this is complied with, you shall not presume to come into the play ground, or join in any of the diversions of the school; and all persons are hereby admonished not to keep you company till this is done."

Riot was then dismissed to his room; d in the afternoon he was taken to widow's, who was pleased to receive submission graciously, and at the e time to apologize for her own im- per treatment of master Luckless, whom she sent a present of a nice ball by way of amends.

Thus ended this important business.

THE LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

G. What a delightful smell!

H. Charming! It is sweeter than Mr. Essence's shop.

T. Do you know whence it comes?

G. O—it is from the bean-field on the other side of the hedge, I suppose.

T. It is. This is the month in which beans are in blossom. See the stalks are full of their black and white flowers.

H. I see peas in blossom, too, on the other side of the field.

G. You told us some time ago of grass and corn flowers, but they make a poor figure compared to these.

T. They do. The glory of a corn-field is when it is ripe; but peas and

beans look very shabbily at that time. But suppose we take a closer view of these blossoms. Go you, George, and bring me a bean plant; and you, Harry, a pea. [*They go and bring them.*

T. Now let us sit down and compare them. Do you think these flowers much alike?

H. O no—very little.

G. Yes—a good deal!

T. A little and a good deal! How can that be? come let us see. In the first place, they do not much resemble each other in size or colour.

G. No—but I think they do in shape.

T. True. They are both irregular flowers, and have the same distribution of parts. They are of the kind called *papilionaceous*, from *papilia*, the Latin word for a butterfly, which insect they are thought to resemble.

G. The pea does a little, but not much.

T. Some do much more than these. Well—you see first a broad leaf standing upright, but somewhat bent back; this is named the *standard.* On each side are two narrower, called the *wings.* The under side of the flower is formed of a hollow part resembling a boat: this is called a *keel.*

G. It is very like a boat indeed!

T. In some kinds, however, it is divided in the middle, and so is like a boat split in two. All these parts have claws, which unite to form a tube, set in a *calyx*, or flower cup. This tube, you observe, is longer in the bean than in the pea, and the proportions of the other parts are somewhat different; but the parts themselves are found in both.

H. So they are. I think them alike now.

T. That is the consequence of examining closely. Now let us strip off

all the leaves of this bean flower but the keel. What do you think this boat contains?

G. It must be those little things you told us are in all flowers.

H. The chives and pistil.

T. Right. I will draw down the keel gently, and you shall see them.

H. How curious!

T. Here are a number of chives joining in their bodies so as to make a round tube, or cylinder, through which comes out a crooked thread, which is the pistil. I will now with a pin slit this cylinder. What do you see within it?

G. Somewhat like a little pod.

T. True—and to show you that it is a pod, I will open it, and you shall see the seeds within it.

H. What tiny things! Is this then what makes the bean pod afterwards?

T. It is. When the blossom drops,

this seed-vessel grows bigger and bigger, and at length hardens as the seeds grow ripe, becomes black and shrivelled, and would burst and shed the seeds, if they were not gathered.

G. I have seen several burst pods of our sweet peas under the wall, with nothing left in them.

T. And it is common for the field peas and beans to lose a great part of the seeds while they are getting in.

H. At the bottom of this pea-stalk there are some pods set already.

T. Open one. You see that the pod is composed of two shells, and that all the seeds are fastened to one side of the pod, but alternately to each shell.

G. Is it the same in beans?

T. Yes, and in all other pods of the papilionaceous flowers. Well—this is the general structure of a very numerous and useful class of plants, called the *leguminous* or *podded*. Of these, in

this country, the greater part are herbaceous, with some shrubs. In the warm climates there are also tall trees. Many of the leguminous plants afford excellent nourishment for man and beast; and their pods have the name of *pulse*.

G. I have read of persons living on pulse, but I did not know what it meant before.

T. It is frequently mentioned as part of the diet of abstemious persons. Of this kind, we eat peas, beans, and kidney or French beans, of all which there are a variety of sorts cultivated. Other nations eat lentils and lupines, which are of this class; with several others.

H. I remember our lupines in the garden have flowers of this kind, with pods growing in clusters. But we only cultivate them for the colour and smell.

T. But other nations eat them.

Then all the kinds of clover, or trefoil, which are so useful in feeding cattle, belong to this tribe; as do likewise vetches, sainfoin, and lucerne, which are used for the same purpose. These principally compose what are usually, though, improperly, called, in agriculture, *artificial grasses*.

G. Clover flowers are as sweet as beans; but do they bear pods?

T. Yes; very short ones, with one or two seeds in each. But there is a kind called nonsuch, with a very small yellow flower, that has a curious twisted pod like a snail-shell. Many of the leguminous plants are weak, and cannot support themselves; hence they are furnished with tendrils, by means of which they clasp neighbouring plants, and run up them. You know the garden peas do so to the sticks which are set in the rows with them. Some kind of vetches run in this man-

ner up the hedges which they decorate with their long bunches of blue or purple flowers. Tares, which are some of the slenderest of the family, do much mischief among corn by twining round it and choking it.

H. What are they good for then?

T. They are weeds or noxious plants with respect to us; but doubtless they have their uses in the creation. Some of our papilionaceous plants, however, are able enough to shift for themselves; for gorse or furze is of the number.

G. What, that prickly bush all covered over with yellow flowers, that overruns our common?

T. Yes. Then there is broom, a plant as big, but without thorns, and with larger flowers. This is as frequent as furze in some places.

H. I know it grows in abundance in the broom-field.

T. It does; but the naming of fields and places from it, is a proof that it is not so common as the other.

G. We have some bushes of white broom in the shrubbery, and some trees of Spanish broom.

T. True. You have also a small tree which flowers early, and bears a great many pendant branches of yellow blossoms, that look peculiarly beautiful when intermixed with the purple lilacs.

H. I know it—Laburnum.

T. Right. That is one of our class of plants too. Then there is a large tree, with delicate little leaves, protected by long thorns, and bearing bunches of white papilionaceous flowers.

G. I know which you mean, but I cannot tell the name.

T. It is the Bastard Acacia, or Locust tree, a native of America. Thus, you see, we have traced this class of plants through all sizes from the tre-

foil that covers the turfs, to a large tree. I should not, however, forget two others, the Liquorice and the Tamarind. The Liquorice, with the sweet root of which you are well acquainted, grows in the warmer countries, especially Spain, but is cultivated in England. The Tamarind is a large spreading tree, growing in the West Indies, and valued for its shade, as well as for the cooling acid pulp of its pods, which are preserved with sugar and sent over to us.

H. I know them very well.

T. Well—do you think now you shall both be able to discover a papilionaceous flower when you meet with it again?

G. I believe I shall, if they are all like these we have been examining.

T. They have all the same parts, though variously proportioned. What are these?

G. There is the standard and two wings.

H. And the keel.

T. Right—the keel sometimes cleft into two, and then it is an irregular five-leaved flower. The chives are generally ten, of which one stands apart from the rest. The pistil single, and ending in a pod. Another circumstance common to most of this tribe, is, that their leaves are *winged* or *pinnated*, that is, having leaflets set opposite each other upon a middle rib. You see this structure in these bean leaves. But in the clovers there are only two opposite leaflets, and one terminating; whence their name of trefoil, or three-leaf. What we call a club on cards is properly a clover leaf, and the French call it *trefle*, which means the same.

G. I think this tribe of plants almost as useful as the grasses.

T. They perhaps come the next in

utility: but their seeds, such as beans and peas, are not quite such good nourishment as corn, and bread cannot be made of them.

G. But clover is better than grass for cattle.

T. It is more fattening, and makes cows yield plenty of fine milk. Well —let us march.

WALKING THE STREETS.

A PARABLE.

Have you ever walked through the crowded streets of a great city?

What shoals of people pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through; yet all pass on their way without stop or molestation.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he

could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up the way for themselves and those after them, and throw the whole street into confusion.

All this is avoided by every man's *yielding a little.*

Instead of advancing square, stiff, with arms stuck out, every one who knows how to walk the streets, glides along, his arms close, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed without touching, in the smallest possible space.

He pushes no one into the kennel, nor goes into it himself. By *mutual accommodation* the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faster nor

much slower than those who go in the same direction. In the first case he would elbow, in the second he would be elbowed.

If any accidental stop arises, from a carriage crossing, a cask rolled, a pick-pocket detected, or the like, he does not increase the bustle by rushing into the midst of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.

Like this is the *march of life.*

In our progress through the world, a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now, we ought in the first place to consider, that *the road is as free for one as for another*; and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we

out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back, when the crowd gathers, and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards, steadily, but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's desires, and doing every thing in our power to make the *journey of life* easy to all our fellow-travellers as well as to ourselves.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND.

Mrs. F. one day having occasion to be blooded, sent for a surgeon. As soon as he entered the room, her young daughter, Eliza, started up, and was hastily going away, when her mother called her back.

Mrs. F. Eliza, do not go, I want you to stay by me.

Eliz. Dear mamma! I can never bear to see you blooded.

Mrs. F. Why not? what harm will it do you?

E. O dear! I cannot look at blood. Besides, I cannot bear to see you hurt, mamma!

Mrs. F. O, if I can bear to feel it, surely you may to see it. But come—you *must* stay, and we will talk about it afterwards.

Eliza then, pale and trembling, stood by her mother and saw the whole operation. She could not help, however, turning her head away when the incision was made, and the first flow of blood made her start and shudder. When all was over, and the surgeon gone, Mrs. F. began:

Well, Eliza, what do you think of this mighty matter now? Would it not have been very foolish to have run away from it?

E. O mamma! how frightened I was when he took out his lancet! Did it not hurt you a great deal?

Mrs. F. No, very little. And if it had, it was to do me good, you know.

E. But why should I stay to see it? I could do you no good.

Mrs. F. Perhaps not; but it will do you good to be accustomed to such sights.

E. Why, mamma?

Mrs. F. Because instances are every day happening in which it is our duty to assist fellow-creatures in circumstances of pain and distress; and if we were to indulge a reluctance to come near to them on those occasions, we should never acquire either the knowledge or the presence of mind necessary for the purpose.

E. But if I had been told how to help people in such cases, could not I do it without being used to see them?

Mrs. F. No. We have all naturally a horror at every thing which is the cause of pain and danger to ourselves or others; and nothing but habit can give most of us the presence of mind necessary to enable us in such oc-

currences to employ our knowledge to the best advantage.

E. What is *presence of mind*, mamma?

Mrs. F. It is that steady possession of ourselves in cases of alarm, that prevents us from being flurried and frightened. You have heard the expression of *having all our wits about us.* That is the effect of presence of mind, and a most inestimable quality it is, for without it, we are full as likely to run into danger, as to avoid it. Do you not remember hearing of your cousin Mary's cap taking fire in the candle?

E. O yes—very well.

Mrs. F. Well—the maid, as soon as she saw it, set up a great scream, and ran out of the room; and Mary might have been burnt to death for any assistance she could give her.

E. How foolish that was!

Mrs. F. Yes—the girl had not the least presence of mind, and the conse-

quence was, depriving her of all recollection, and making her entirely useless. But as soon as your aunt came up, she took the right method for preventing the mischief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off; so she whipped a quilt from the bed and flung it round Mary's head, and thus stifled the flame.

E. Mary was a good deal scorched, though.

Mrs. F. Yes—but it was very well that it was no worse. If the maid, however, had acted with any sense at first, no harm at all would have been done, except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of presence of mind. The mistress of a family was awakened by flames bursting through the wainscot into her chamber. She flew to the stair-case; and in her confusion, instead of going up stairs to call her children,

who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might all have escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made way through the fire, into the street. When she had got thither, the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind, but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E. What a sad thing!

Mrs. F. Sad indeed! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber door. Her husband would immediately have opened the door, but she prevented him, since the smoke and flame would then have burst in upon them.

The children with a maid slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and tying together

the sheets and blankets, she sent down the maid from the window first, and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

E. What a happy escape!

Mrs. F. Yes—and with what cool recollection of mind it was managed! For mothers to love their children, and be willing to run any hazards for them, is common; but in weak minds that very love is apt to prevent exertions in the time of danger. I knew a lady who had a fine little boy sitting in her lap. He put a whole plum into his mouth, which slipped into his throat, and choked him. The poor fellow turned black and struggled violently; and the mother was so frightened, that instead of putting her finger in his throat, and pulling out the plum, which might easily have been done, she laid

him on the floor, and ran to call for assistance. But the maids who came up were as much flurried as she; and the child died before any thing effectual was done to relieve him.

E. How unhappy she must have been about it!

Mrs. F. Yes. It threw her into an illness, which had like to have cost her her life.

Another lady, seeing her little boy climb up a high ladder, set up a violent scream that frightened the child, so that he fell down and was much hurt; whereas if she had possessed command enough over herself to speak to him gently, he might have got down safely.

E. Dear mamma! what is that running down your arm?—O, it is blood!

Mrs. F. Yes—my arm bleeds again. I have stirred it too soon.

E. Dear! What shall I do?

Mrs. F. Don't frighten yourself. I shall stop the blood by pressing on the orifice with my finger. In the mean time do you ring the bell.

[Eliza *rings—a servant comes.*

Mrs. F. Betty, my arm bleeds. Can you tie it up again?

Betty. I believe I can, madam.

[*She takes off the bandage and puts on another.*

E. I hope it is stopped now.

Mrs. F. It is. Betty has done it very well. You see she went about it with composure. This accident puts me in mind of another story which is very well worth hearing. A man once reaping in the field cut his arm dreadfully with his sickle, and divided an artery.

E. What is that, mamma?

Mrs. F. It is one of the canals or pipes through which the blood from the heart runs like water in a pipe

brought from a reservoir. When one of these is cut, it bleeds very violently, and the only way to stop it is to make a pressure between the wounded place and the heart, in order to intercept the course of the blood towards it. Well —this poor man bled profusely; and the people about him, both men and women, were so stupified with fright, that some ran one way, some another, and some stood stock still. In short, he would have soon bled to death, had not a brisk stout-hearted wench, who came up, slipped off her garter, and bound it tight above the wound, by which means the bleeding was stopped till proper help could be procured.

E. What a clever wench! But how did she know what to do?

Mrs. F. She had perhaps heard it, as you have done now; and so probably had some of the others, but they had not presence of mind enough to

put it into practice. It is a much greater trial of courage, however, when the danger presses upon ourselves as well as others. Suppose a furious bull was to come upon you in the midst of a field. You could not possibly escape him by running, and attempting it would destroy your only chance of safety.

E. What would that be?

Mrs. F. I have a story for that too. The mother of that Mr. Day, who *wrote Sandford and Merton*, was distinguished, as he also was, for courage and presence of mind. When a young woman, she was one day walking in the fields with a companion, when they perceived a bull coming to them roaring and tossing about his horns in the most tremendous manner.

E. O, how I should have screamed!

Mrs. F. I dare say you would; and so did her companion. But she bid her

walk away behind her as gently as she could, whilst she herself stopped short, and faced the bull, eyeing him with a determined countenance. The bull when he had come near, stopped also, pawing the ground and roaring. Few animals will attack a man who steadily waits for him. In a while, she drew back some steps, still facing the bull. The bull followed. She stopped, and then he stopped. In this manner, she made good her retreat to the stile over which her companion had before got. She then turned and sprung over it; and got clear out of danger.

E. That was bravely done, indeed! But I think very few women could have done as much.

Mrs. F. Such a degree of cool resolution to be sure is not common. But I have read of a lady in the East Indies, who showed at least as much. She was sitting out of doors with a party of plea-

sure, when they were aware of a huge tiger that had crept through a hedge near them, and was just ready to make his fatal spring. They were struck with the utmost consternation; but she, with an umbrella in her hand, turned to the tiger, and suddenly spread it full in his face. This unusual assault so terrified the beast, that taking a prodigious leap, he sprung over the fence, and plunged out of sight into the neighbouring thicket.

E. Well—that was the boldest thing I ever heard of. But is it possible, mamma, to make one's self courageous?

Mrs. F. Courage, my dear, is of two kinds; one the gift of nature, the other of reason and habit. Men have naturally more courage than women; that is they are less affected by danger; it makes a less impression upon them, and does not flutter their spirits so

much. This is owing to the difference of their bodily constitution; and from the same cause, some men and some women are more courageous than others. But the other kind of courage may in some measure be acquired by every one. Reason teaches us to face smaller dangers in order to avoid greater, and even to undergo the greatest when our duty requires it. Habit makes us less affected by particular dangers which have often come in our way. A sailor does not feel the danger of a storm so much as a landman, but if he was mounted upon a spirited horse in a fox-chase, he would probably be the most timorous man in company. The courage of women is chiefly tried in domestic dangers. They are attendants on the sick and dying; and they must qualify themselves to go through many scenes of terror in these situations, which would

alarm the stoutest-hearted man who was not accustomed to them.

E. I have heard that women generally bear pain and illness better than men.

Mrs. F. They do so, because they are more used to them, both in themselves and others.

E. I think I should not be afraid again to see any body blooded.

Mrs. F. I hope not. It was for that purpose I made you stand by me. And I would have you always force yourself to look on and give assistance in cases of this kind, however painful it may at first be to you, that you may as soon as possible gain that presence of mind which arises from habit.

E. But would that make me like to be blooded myself?

Mrs. F. Not to *like* it, but to lose all foolish fears about it, and submit calmly to it when good for you. But

I hope you have sense enough to do that already.

PHAETON JUNIOR;

OR, THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

Ye heroes of the upper form,
Who long for whip and reins,
Come listen to a dismal tale,
Set forth in dismal strains.

Young *Jehu* was a lad of fame,
As all the school could tell;
At cricket, taw, and prison-bars,
He bore away the bell.

Now welcome Whitsuntide was come,
And boys with merry hearts
Were gone to visit dear mamma,
And eat her pies and tarts.

As soon as Jehu saw his sire,
A boon! a boon! he cried;
O, if I am your darling boy,
Let me not be denied.

My darling boy indeed thou art,
The father wise replied;
So name the boon; I promise thee
It shall not be denied.

Then give me, Sir, your long-lash'd whip,
And give your gig and pair,
To drive alone to yonder town,
And flourish through the fair.

The father shook his head, My son,
You know not what you ask,
To drive a gig in crowded streets
Is no such easy task.

The horses, full of rest and corn,
Scarce I myself can guide;
And much I fear, if you attempt,
Some mischief will betide.

Then think, dear boy, of something else,
That's better worth your wishing;
A bow and quiver, bats and balls,
A rod and lines for fishing.

But nothing could young Jehu please
Except a touch at driving;
'Twas all in vain, his father found,
To spend his breath in striving.

At least attend, rash boy! he cried,
And follow good advice,
Or in a ditch both gig and you
Will tumble in a trice.

Spare, spare the whip, hold hard the reins,
The steeds go fast enough;
Keep in the middle beaten track,
Nor cross the ruts so rough:

And when within the town you come,
Be sure, with special care,
Drive clear of sign-posts, booths, and stalls,
And monsters of the fair.

The youth scarce heard his father out,
But roar'd—bring out the whisky!
With joy he view'd the rolling wheels,
And prancing ponies frisky.

He seiz'd the reins, and up he sprung,
And wav'd the whistling lash;
Take care! take care! his father cried:
But off he went slap-dash.

Who's this light spark? the horses thought,
We'll try your strength, young master;
So o'er the rugged turnpike road
Still faster ran and faster.

Young Jehu, tott'ring in his seat,
Now wish'd to pull them in;
But pulling from so young a hand
They valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before
Fill'd up half the way;
Dash through the midst the horses drove,
And made a rueful day:

For some were trampled under foot,
Some crush'd beneath the wheel;
Lord! how the drivers curs'd and swore,
And how the pigs did squeal!

A farmer's wife, on old blind Ball,
Went slowly on the road,
With butter, eggs, and cheese, and cream,
In two large panniers stow'd.

Ere Ball could stride the rut, amain
The gig came thund'ring on,
Crash went the panniers, and the dame
And Ball lay overthrown.

Now through the town the mettled pair
Ran ratt'ling o'er the stones;
They drove the crowd from side to side,
And shook poor Jehu's bones.

When lo! directly in their course,
A monstrous form appear'd;
A shaggy bear that stalk'd and roar'd,
On hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they started at the sight,
And whisk'd the gig half round,
Then cross the crowded market-place
They flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crock'ry ware
The rapid car they whirl'd;
And jugs, and mugs, and pots, and pans,
In fragments wide they hurl'd.

A booth stood near with tempting cakes
And groc'ry richly fraught;
All Birmingham on t'other side
The dazzled optics caught.

With active spring the nimble steeds
Rush'd through the pass between,
And scarcely touch'd; the car behind,
Got through not quite so clean:

For while one wheel one stall engag'd,
Its fellow took the other;
Dire was the clash; down fell the booths,
And made a dreadful pother.

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
And figs here rolled round;
And scissars, knives, and thimbles there
Bestrew'd the glitt'ring ground.

The fall of boards, the shouts and cries,
Urg'd on the horses faster;
And as they flew, at ev'ry step
They caus'd some new disaster.

Here lay o'erturn'd, in woful plight,
A pedlar and his pack;
There, in a showman's broken box,
All London went to wrack.

But now the fates decreed to stop
The ruin of the day,
And make the gig and driver too
A heavy reck'ning pay.

A ditch there lay both broad and deep,
Where streams as black as Styx
From every quarter of the town
Their muddy currents mix.

Down to its brink in heedless haste
The frantic horses flew,
And in the midst, with sudden jerk,
Their burden overthrew.

The prostrate gig with desp'rate force
They soon pull'd out again,
And at their heels, in ruin dire,
Dragg'd lumb'ring o'er the plain.

Here lay a wheel, the axle there,
The body there remain'd,
Till sever'd limb from limb, the car
Nor name nor shape retain'd.

But Jehu must not be forgot,
Left flound'ring in the flood,
With clothes all drench'd, and mouth and eyes
Beplaster'd o'er with mud.

In piteous case he waded through
And gain'd the slip'ry side,
Where grinning crowds were gather'd round
To mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighbouring pump
To clear his dismal face,
Whence cold and heartless home he slunk
Involv'd in sore disgrace.

And many a bill for damage done
His father had to pay.
Take warning, youthful drivers all!
From Jehu's first essay.

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

PAPA (said Lucy,) I have been reading to-day, that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that?

P. There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention, and set him a thinking.

L. And what did he think about?

P. He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

L. Why I could have told him that —because the stalk gave way and there was nothing to support it.

P. And what then?

L. Why then—it must fall, you know.

P. But why *must* it fall—that is the point.

L. Because it could not help it.

P. But why could it not help it?

L. I don't know—that is an odd question. Because there was nothing to keep it up.

P. Suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?

L. Yes, surely!

P. Is an apple animate or inanimate?

L. Inanimate, to be sure!

P. And can inanimate things move of themselves?

L. No—I think not—but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

P. Right! Some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain for ever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

L. Would it?

P. Undoubtedly! for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of somewhat else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must therefore be the second. And what that is, was the subject of the philosopher's inquiry.

L. But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

P. True—there must therefore be a universal cause of this tendency to fall.

L. And what is it?

P. Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together than that the earth pulls them.

L. But the earth is no more animate than they are: so how can it pull?

P. Well objected! This will bring

us to the point. Sir Isaac Newton, after deep meditation, discover[illegible] that there was a law in nature called *Attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, every thing of which the world is composed, draws towards it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and if there were nothing else in the world, they would come together, but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by every thing besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force, every thing within its reach, which is the cause of their falling; and this is called the *gra-*

vitation of bodies, or what gives them *weigh*[illegible] When I lift any thing, I act contrary to this force, for which reason it seems *heavy* to me, and the heavier, the more matter it contains, since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

L. I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

P. Yes—that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking place between the magnet and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon every thing alike.

L. Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

P. It is.

L. But why do not we stick to the ground then?

P. Because, as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can to a certain degree overcome the attraction

of the earth. But the reason you cannot jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

L. I think then I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side of the world. I believe they are called *Antipodes*, who have their feet turned towards ours, and their heads in the air. I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

P. Very true. And whither should they fall? What have they over their heads?

L. I don't know; sky, I suppose.

P. They have. This earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and

set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the Antipodes have the stars over theirs; and at midnight the stars are over our heads, and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to more than we?—to the stars or the sun?

L. But we are up, and they are down.

P. What is up, but *from* the earth and *toward* the sky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the sky as well as ours; and we are under their feet, as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

L. Sky, with the sun or the stars; and now I see the whole matter plainly. But pray what supports the earth in the air?

P. Why, whither should it go?

L. I don't know—I suppose where

there was most to draw it. I have heard that the sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

P. You have thought very justly on the matter, I perceive. But I shall take another opportunity of showing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Meanwhile think how far the falling of an apple has carried us!

L. To the Antipodes, and I know not where.

P. You may see thence what use may be made of the commonest fact by a thinking mind.

NATURE AND EDUCATION.

A FABLE.

Nature and *Education* were one day walking together through a nursery of trees. See, says *Nature*, how straight and fine those 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 should 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 neighbouring 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* thrust 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.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

AVERSION SUBDUED.

A DRAMA.

SCENE—*A Road in the Country.*

Arbury— *Belford*, walking.

Belford. PRAY who is the present possessor of the Brookby estate?

Arbury. A man of the name of Goodwin.

B. Is he a good neighbour to you?

A. Far from it! and I wish he had settled a hundred miles off, rather than come here to spoil our neighbourhood.

B. I am sorry to hear that: but what is your objection to him?

A. O, there is nothing in which we agree. In the first place he is quite of

the other side in politics; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.

B. I am not entirely of that opinion: but what else?

A. He is no sportsman, and refuses to join in our association for protecting the game. Neither does he choose to be a member of any of our clubs.

B. Has he been asked?

A. I don't know that he has directly; but he might easily propose himself, if he liked it. But he is of a close unsociable temper, and I believe very niggardly.

B. How has he shown it?

A. His stile of living is not equal to his fortune; and I have heard of several instances of his attention to petty economy.

B. Perhaps he spends his money in charity.

A. Not he, I dare say. It was but

last week that a poor fellow who had lost his all by a fire, went to him with a subscription-paper, in which were the names of all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and all the answer he got was, that he would consider of it!

B. And did he consider?

A. I don't know, but I suppose it was only an excuse. Then his predecessor had a park well stocked with deer, and used to make liberal presents of venison to all his neighbours. But this frugal gentleman has sold them all off, and got a flock of sheep instead.

B. I don't see much harm in that, now mutton is so dear.

A. To be sure he has a right to do as he pleases with his park, but that is not the way to be beloved, you know. As to myself, I have reason to think he bears me particular ill-will.

B. Then he is much in the wrong, for I believe you are as free from ill-

will to others as any man living. But how has he shown it pray?

A. In twenty instances. He had a horse upon sale the other day to which I took a liking, and bid money for it. As soon as he found I was about it, he sent it off to a fair on the other side of the county. My wife, you know, is passionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his grounds she observed something new, and took a great longing for a root or cutting of it. My gardener mentioned her wish to his (contrary, I own, to my inclination), and he told his master; but instead of obliging her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant. A little while ago, I turned off a man for saucy behaviour; but as he had lived many years with me, and was a very useful servant, I meant to take him again upon his submission, which, I did not doubt, would soon happen.

Instead of that, he goes and offers himself to my civil neighbour, who, without deigning to apply to me even for a character, entertains him immediately. In short, he has not the least of a gentleman about him, and I would give any thing to be well rid of him.

B. Nothing, to be sure, can be more unpleasant in the country, than a bad neighbour, and I am concerned it is your lot to have one. But there is a man who seems as if he wanted to speak with you. [*A countryman approaches.*

A. Ah! it is the poor fellow that was burnt out. Well, Richard, how go you on?—what has the subscription produced you?

Richard. Thank your honour, my losses are nearly all made up.

A. I am very glad of that; but when I saw the paper last, it did not reach above half way.

R. It did not, Sir; but you may

remember asking me what Mr. Goodwin had done for me, and I told you he took time to consider of it. Well, Sir—I found that the very next day he had been at our town, and had made very particular inquiry about me and my losses among my neighbours. When I called upon him in a few days after, he told me he was very glad to find that I bore such a good character, and that the gentlemen round had so kindly taken up my case; and he would prevent the necessity of my going any further for relief. Upon which he gave me, God bless him! a draught upon his banker for fifty pounds.

A. Fifty pounds!

R. Yes, Sir—it has made me quite my own man again; and I am now going to purchase a new cart and team of horses.

A. A noble gift indeed; I could never have thought it. Well, Richard,

I rejoice at your good fortune. I am sure you are much obliged to Mr. Goodwin.

R. Indeed I am, Sir, and to all my good friends. God bless you!

[*Goes on.*

B. Niggardliness, at least, is not this man's foible.

A. No—I was mistaken in that point, I wronged him, and I am sorry for it. But what a pity it is that men of real generosity should not be amiable in their manners, and as ready to oblige in trifles as in matters of consequence.

B. True—'tis a pity when that is really the case.

A. How much less an exertion it would have been, to have shown some civility about a horse or a flower-root!

B. A-propos of flowers!—there's your gardener carrying a large one in a pot.

Enter Gardener.

A. Now, James, what have you got there?

Gard. A flower, Sir, for Madam, from Mr. Goodwin's.

A. How did you come by it?

G. His gardener, Sir, sent me word to come for it. We should have had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it would not move safely.

A. I hope he has got more of them.

G. He has only a seedling plant or two, Sir; but hearing that madam took a liking to it, he was resolved to send it her, and a choice thing it is; I have a note for madam in my pocket.

A. Well, go on.

[*Exit Gardener.*

B. Methinks this does not look like deficiency in civility.

A. No—it is a very polite action—I can't deny it, and I am obliged to

him for it. Perhaps, indeed, he may feel he owes me a little amends.

B. Possibly--It shews he *can* feel, however.

A. It does. Ha! there's Yorkshire Tom coming with a string of horses from the fair. I'll step up and speak to him. Now, Tom! how have horses gone at Market-hill?

Tom. Dear enough, your honour!

A. How much more did you get for Mr. Goodwin's mare than I offered him?

T. Ah! Sir, that was not a thing for your riding, and that Mr. Goodwin well knew. You never saw such a vicious toad. She had like to have killed the groom two or three times. So I was ordered to offer her to the mail-coach people, and get what I could from them. I might have sold her better if Mr. Goodwin would have let me, for she was a fine creature to look at as need be, and quite sound.

A. And was that the true reason, Tom, why the mare was not sold to me?

T. It was, indeed, Sir.

A. Then I am highly obliged to Mr. Goodwin. *(Tom rides on.)* This was handsome behaviour indeed!

B. Yes, I think it was somewhat more than politeness—it was real goodness of heart.

A. It was. I find I must alter my opinion of him, and I do it with pleasure. But, after all, his conduct with respect to my servant is somewhat unaccountable.

B. I see reason to think so well of him in the main, that I am inclined to hope he will be acquitted in this matter, too.

A. There the fellow is, I wonder he has my old livery on yet.

[*Ned approaches, pulling off his hat.*

N. Sir, I was coming to your honour,

A. What can you have to say to me now, Ned?

N. To ask pardon, Sir, for my misbehaviour, and beg you to take me again.

A. What—have you so soon parted with your new master?

N. Mr. Goodwin never was my master, Sir. He only kept me in his house till I could make it up with you again; for he said he was sure you were too honourable a gentleman to turn off an old servant without good reason, and he hoped you would admit my excuses after your anger was over.

A. Did he say all that?

N. Yes, Sir; and he advised me not to delay any longer to ask your pardon.

A. Well—go to my house, and I will talk with you on my return.

B. Now, my friend, what think you of this?

A. I think more than I can well express. It will be a lesson to me never to make hasty judgments again.

B. Why, indeed, to have concluded that such a man had nothing of the gentleman about him, must have been rather hasty.

A. I acknowledge it. But it is the misfortune of these reserved characters that they are so long in making themselves known; though when they are known they often prove the most truly estimable. I am afraid even now, that I must be content with esteeming him at a distance.

B. Why so?

A. You know I am of an open sociable disposition.

B. Perhaps he is so too.

A. If he was, surely we should have been better acquainted before this time.

B. It may have been prejudice ra-

ther than temper, that's kept you asunder.

A. Possibly so. That vile spirit of party has such a sway in the country, that men of the most liberal dispositions can hardly free themselves from its influence. It poisons all the kindness of society; and yonder comes an instance of its pernicious effects.

B. Who is he?

A. A poor school-master with a large family in the next market-town, who has lost all his scholars by his activity on our side in the last election. I heartily wish it was in my power to do something for him; for he is a very honest man, though perhaps rather too warm. [*The schoolmaster comes up.*

Now Mr. Penman, how go things with you?

P. I thank you, Sir, they have gone poorly enough, but I hope they are in a way to mend.

A. I am glad to hear it—but how?

P. Why, Sir, the free school of Stoke is vacant, and I believe I am likely to get it.

A. Ay?—I wonder at that. I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

P. It is, Sir; but Mr. Goodwin has been so kind as to give me a recommendation, and his interest is sufficient to carry it.

A. Mr. Goodwin! you surprise me.

P. I was much surprised, too, Sir. He sent for me of his own accord, (for I should never have thought of asking *him* a favour) and told me he was sorry a man should be injured in his profession on account of party, and as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try to settle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and offered me letters to the trustees. I was never so affected in my life, Sir;

I could hardly speak to return him thanks. He kept me to dinner, and treated me with the greatest respect. Indeed I believe there is not a kinder man breathing than Mr. Goodwin.

A. You have the best reason in the world to say so, Mr. Penman. What—did he converse familiarly with you?

P. Quite so, Sir. We talked a great deal about party affairs in this neighbourhood, and he lamented much that differences of this kind should keep worthy men at a distance from each other. I took the liberty, Sir, of mentioning your name. He said he had not the honour of being acquainted with you, but he had a sincere esteem for your character, and should be glad of any occasion to cultivate a friendship with you. For my part, I confess to my shame, I did not think there could have been such a man on that side.

A. Well—good morning!

P. Your most obedient, Sir.

[*He goes.*

A. (*After some silence.*) Come, my friend, let us go.

B. Whither?

A. Can you doubt it?—to Mr. Goodwin's to be sure! After all I have heard, can I exist a moment without acknowledging the injustice I have done him, and begging his friendship?

B. I shall be happy, I am sure, to accompany you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

A. O, what are form and ceremony in a case like this! Come—come.

B. Most willingly. [*Exeunt.*

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose

and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his name, which stopped, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. Thank you, my good lad! (said he) you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble? (putting his hand into his pocket.)

I want nothing, Sir, said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My daddy, Sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, Sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field.

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

B. Yes—I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, nine-pins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, Sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.

B. O—I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pye now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes —don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. O, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn too.

B. I have a better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher.

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, Sir, no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! *(laughing.)* Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?

B. No, Sir, but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then?

B. Yes, the boys have all a Spelling-book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them—tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good contented little boy. So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, Sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good bye, Peter.

B. Good bye, Sir.

FLYING AND SWIMMING.

How I wish I could fly! (cried Robert, as he was gazing after his pigeons that were exercising themselves in a morning's flight.) How fine it must be to soar to such a height, and to dash through the air with so swift a motion.

I doubt not (said his father) that the pigeons have great pleasure in it; but we have our pleasures too; and it is idle to indulge longings for things quite out of our power.

R. But do you think it impossible for men to learn to fly?

F. I do—for I see they are not furnished by nature with organs requisite for the purpose.

R. Might not artificial wings be contrived, such as Dædalus is said to have used?

F. Possibly they might; but the difficulty would be to put them in motion.

R. Why could not a man move them, if they were fastened to his shoulders, as well as a bird?

F. Because he has got arms to move which the bird has not. The same organs which in quadrupeds are employed to move the fore legs, and in man, the arms, are spent by birds in the motion of the wings. Nay, the muscles or bundles of flesh, that move the wings, are proportionally much larger and stronger than those bestowed upon our arms; so that it is impossible, formed

as we are, that we should use wings, were they made and fastened on with ever so much art.

R. But angels, and cupids, and such things, are painted with wings; and I think they look very natural.

F. To you they may appear so; but an anatomist sees them at once to be monsters, which could not really exist.

R. God might have created winged men, however, if he had pleased.

F. No doubt; but they could not have had the same shape that men have now. They would have been different creatures, such as it was not in his plan to make. But you that long to fly—consider if you have made use of all the faculties already given you! You want to subdue the element of air—what can you do with that of water? Can you swim?

R. No, not yet.

F. Your companion, Johnson, I think, can swim very well.

R. Yes.

F. Reflect, then, on the difference betwixt him and you. A boat oversets with you both in a deep stream. You plump at once to the bottom, and infallibly lose your life. He rises like a cork, darts away with the greatest ease, and reaches the side in perfect safety. Both of you, pursued by a bull, come to the side of a river. He jumps in and crosses it. You are drowned if you attempt it, and tossed by the bull if you do not. What an advantage he has over you! Yet you are furnished with exactly the same bodily powers that he is. How is this?

R. Because he has been taught, and I have not.

F. True, but it is an easy thing to learn, and requires no other instruction than boys can give one another when they bathe together: so that I wonder any body should neglect to acquire an

art at once agreeable and useful. The Romans used to say, by way of proverb, of a blockhead, "He can neither read nor swim." You may remember how Cæsar was saved at Alexandria by throwing himself into the sea, and swimming with one hand, while he held up his Commentaries with the other.

R. I should like very well to swim, and I have often tried, but I always pop under water, and that daunts me.

F. And it is that fear which prevents you from succeeding.

R. But is it as natural for man to swim as for other creatures? I have heard that the young of all other animals swim the first time they are thrown into the water.

F. They do—they are without fear. In our climate the water is generally cold, and is early made an object of terror. But in the hot countries, where bathing is one of the greatest of plea

sures, young children swim so early and well, that I should suppose they take to it almost naturally.

R. I am resolved to learn, and I will ask Johnson to take me with him to the river.

F. Do; but let him find you a safe place to begin at. I don't want you, however, to proceed so cautiously as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack did.

R. How was that?

F. He spread himself out on a large table, and placing before him a basin of water with a frog in it, he struck with his arms and legs as he observed the animal do.

R. And did that teach him?

F. Yes—to swim on dry land; but he never ventured himself in the water.

R. Shall I get corks or bladders?

F. No; learn to depend on your own powers. It is a good lesson in other things, as well as in swimming.

Learning to swim with corks, is like learning to construe Latin with a translation on the other side. It saves some pains at first, but the business is not done half so effectually.

THE FEMALE CHOICE.

A TALE.

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 gause flowed 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 gay ribband. She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air 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 have 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, no 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 you on 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 then 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, 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 have 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 those 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 disgust. 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 be-

witching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist: 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.

THE END OF VOL. III.

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