INTRODUCCION

Á LA

LENGUA INGLESA

EL TRADUCTOR INGLES

INTRODUCCION

1329

A LA

LENGUA INGLESA

COLECCION ESCOGIDA DE CUENTOS
FABULAS, HECHOS Y DICHOS NOTABLES, ETC., ETC.

CON

UN DICCIONARIO

DE TODAS LAS VOCES CONTENIDAS EN EL LIBRO
Y VERTIDAS AL CASTELLANO

He that requires the attention and application of youth, should endeavour to make whathe proposes as grateful and agreable as possible.
LOCKE.

El que quiera atraerse la aplicada atencion de la juventud debe revestir su relato con la forma mas grata y divertida que le sea posible.

PARIS
LIBRERIA DE CH. BOURET
23, Calle Visconti, 23

MEXICO
LIBRERIA DE CH. BOURET
18, Calle San José el Real, 18

1880.

Propiedad del Editor

CUATRO PALABRAS

Á LOS LECTORES

Las lineas que aparecen en la página precedente constituyen por sí el mejor prefacio que pudiera escribirse para el libro, puesto que ellas revelan en el contenido de este, su objeto, sus tendencias, y los eficaces resultados que puede dar en manos de la juventud que se dedique al estudio del idioma inglés tan indispensable hoy, no solo por su reconocida utilidad, si no porque se considera como complemento de toda perfecta educacion.

La experiencia ha demostrado que las gramáticas

por sí solas no bastan á iniciar á los alumnos en el conocimiento de una lengua estranjera, y que necesitan á la par de una obra en que se salga de la monotonia de las reglas y de los diálogos escritos *ad hoc* para progresar agradablemente sin fatigar el ánimo con la aridéz propia de todo primer rudimento. Tal es el fin del presente libro compuesto de trozos selectos de distinguidos autores á propósito para cautivar la atencion de los estudiantes y ocultarles las espinas de un sendero que tanto trabajo cuesta recorrer.

Al final verán los lectores un diccionario que comprende, traducidas al castellano, las palabras todas del volúmen con su correspondiente definicion gramatical en abreviaturas que se esplican por medio de una pequeñ nota.

En cuanto al modo de usar el libro son inútiles los consejos, puesto que depende del método particular de los profesores, quienes adoptarán el mas adecuado á la inteligencia de sus discípulos y á la claridad de la enseñanza. Sin embargo en seguida damos nuestro parecer sobre el mejor modo de usar este libro.

A los editores no corresponde mas que dar el precepto, y al maestro escogitar los medios de aplicarlos prácticamente con ventaja. Si esta se consigue, y si nuestros esfuerzos se ven coronados por un éxito feliz, en ello consistirá nuestra principal y mas grata recompensa.

C. Y. T.

ADVERTENCIAS A LOS MAESTROS

SOBRE EL MEJOR MODO DE USAR ESTE LIBRO

Cada maestrito tiene su librito, se dice vulgarmente; lo que equivale á decir que cada maestro tiene su método de enseñanza que, *mas mal ó mas bien*, le conduce al resultado que se propone. Sin embargo de esta persuasion en que estamos, nos atrevemos á invitar á los profesores de inglés que pongan en práctica el sencillo método que vamos á explicar, en la casi persuasion de que no se arrepentirán de ello si desean el adelanto pronto y positivo de sus discípulos. Hélo aquí con toda la sencillez que lo caracteriza :

1° Leerá el maestro á sus discípulos, en voz alta y muy clara, uno ó dos períodos ;

2° El discípulo leerá en seguida los mismos períodos, una, dos ó tres veces, procurando imitar la pronunciacion y acento del maestro;

3° El maestro traducirá al español esos mismos períodos, primero literal y despues libremente, explicándolos al discípulo palabra por palabra ;

4° El discípulo presentará para la siguiente leccion, los mismos períodos traducidos al español, buscando en el vocabulario las palabras que no recordare de las empleadas por el maestro en la traduccion oral.

5° El maestro leerá nuevamente los mismos períodos ó párrafos haciendo que el discípulo diga en español cada oracion sin el auxilio de la traduccion escrita que ha hecho ;

6° El discípulo analizará las partes de cada oracion, despues de haber leido los párrafos en inglés;

7° Los siguientes párrafos se estudiarán del mismo modo;

8° Cuando se hayan recorrido así 15 ó 20 páginas del libro, el maestro *dictará* en *español* la primera página ó una parte de ella, para que el discípulo la escriba en un cuaderno ó pizarra;

9° El discípulo leerá luego *en inglés*, en voz alta, la citada traduccion española;

10° Así se continuará el resto del libro, teniendo cuidado que siempre el discípulo lea ó traduzca mas del ESPAÑOL AL INGLÉS que del inglés al español;

11° Se recomienda muy especialmente que se practiquen *frecuentes repeticiones*, con preferencia á *aprender lecciones nuevas...*

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

THE SON OF METELLUS

While Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the universe, he held a council to examine the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest there was brought before him an old man named Metellus, oppressed with years and infirmities, disfigured by a long beard and a neglected head of hair but especially by his clothes, which by his misfortunes were become very ragged. The son of this Metellus was one of the judges, and he had great

difficulty in recognising his father in the deplorable condition in which he saw him. At last, however, having recollected his features, instead of being ashamed to own him, he ran to embrace him crying bitterly. Afterwards, turning towards the tribunal : « Cesar, » says he, « my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favour I desire of you is either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death in his stead. » All the judges were touched with compassion at this affecting scene; Octavius himself relented and granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

EPAMINONDAS

Epaminondas, without doubt, was one of the greatest generals, and one of the best men that Greece ever produced. Before him the city of Thebes was not distinguished by any memorable action, and after him it was not famous for its virtues, but its misfortunes, till it sunk into its original obscurity; so that it saw its glory take birth

and expire with this great man. The victory he obtained at Leuctre had drawn the eyes and admiration of all the neighbouring people upon Epaminondas, who looked upon him as the support of Thebes, as the conqueror of all Sparta, as the deliverer of all Greece; in a word, as the greatest man, and the best captain that ever was in the world. In the midst of this universal applause, so capable of making the general of an army forget the man in the victor, Epaminondas, little sensible of so affecting and so deserved a glory. « My joy, » said he, « arises, from the pleasure which the new of my victory will give my father and my mother. »

DEATH OF CORREGGIO

Correggio, a celebrated painter, sold at a very moderate price, some of those masterpieces which now adorn the galleries of amators. His greatest enjoyment consisted in relieving the infortunate, and the consequence was that he lived and died in a situation bordering on indigence.

The end of this great genius commands respect,

and claims our sincere regret. Having gone one day to Parma in order to receive the value of a picture, instead of being paid in gold or silver, he was presented with an enormous bag containing twelve hundred francs in copper. He dared not refuse it : his family was in extreme want, and his sick mother had been confined to her bed during several weeks. « O my good mother, cried he, « this is for you. » In order to afford her immediate assistance, he would carry the money himself; but the ardent zeal which animated him, and the burden with which he was laden, overcame him.

Arriving exhausted and covered with perspiration, he embraced his mother, took to his bed, and died a few days after of an inflammation on the chest.

MISS CAZOTTE

Some days previous to the second of september, miss Cazotte, who had been sent to the *Abbaye* with her father, was declared innocent; but unwilling to abandon him thus alone and without assistance, she obtained the favour of remaining with

him. Then came those days of terror which proved fatal to so many frenchmen. The day before, miss Cazotte had, by the expression of her beauty, the purity of her mind and the force of her entreaties, interested the Marseillais who entered the interior of the *Abbaye*. It was they who assisted her in saving the old man; condemned after thirty hours of carnage, he was about to perish under the blows of a group of assasins, when his daughter, pale, with disheveled hair, and looking still more lovely in her disorder and distress, then herself before them crying: « You shall not reach my father till you have pierced me through the heart » A shout for mercy was echoed by a hundred voices. The Marseillais opened a passage for miss Cazotte, who led off her father, and restored him to the bosom of his family. Her joy however was of short duration: on the twelfth of september she saw him a second time in irons. She attended him to the conciergerie. The door was opened to the father, but cruelly shut against the child. She hastened to the commune and to the minister of the Interior, and by dint of tears and supplications extorted permission to serve her father. She passed whole days and nigts by his side, and never quitted him but to engage the judges in his favour and contrive means for his defence. She had already secured those

Marseillais to whom she had been so much indebted in her former danger; she had collected some women who promised to back her endeavours; but at length, when she began to conceive some hopes, all further access was denied to her. Her perseverance had made her to much dreaded by the enemies of her father, that they found this the only means of preventing his eluding their grasp a second time. In fact, during the absence of his daughter, they murdered the man whom they should have respected on account of his great age, his talents and the fortitude he displayed during the awful scene of death which, for thirty hours, had been impending over him in the horrors of september.

THE MILLER, HIS SON AND THEIR ASS

A Miller and his son were driving their ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of women collected round a well, talking and laughing « look there, cried one of them, did you ever see such fellows, to be trudging along the road on foot when they

might ride? » The old man hearing this quickly made his son mount the ass, and contined to walk along merrily by his side. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate. « There, said one of them, it proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle lad riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young scapegrace, and let the old man rest his weary limbs. » Upon this the old man made his son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children : « Why, you lazy old fellow » cried several tongues at once, how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you? » The good natured Miller immediately took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

« Pray, honest friend, said a citizen, is that ass your own? » Yes, says the old man. » O, one would not have thought so, said the other, by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you. » « Anything to please you, said the old man, we can but try. » So, alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him on their shoulders over a

bridge near the entrance of the town. This entertaining sight brought the people in crowd to laugh at it; till the ass, not liking the noise, nor the strange handling that he was subject to, broke the cords that bound him, and tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this, the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that by endeavouring to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY

AN ALLEGORY

Prosperity and adversitey the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich phenician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the elder, was beautiful as the morning. and cheerful and the spring : but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured. Velasco had two sons Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated and had li-

ved together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the Ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separate, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lot; each previously engaging by a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio. Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties

of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood; he made rivers in his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful to his sight, and, in process of time, he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by mounds, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years, the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied for support to the nobles and great men, whom he had feasted and made presents to but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends, whom he had neglected, derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till

by her haste to abandon him her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed as before it had appeared youthful and engaging. What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and exile.

Let us now return to Uranio who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and, to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and, to complet all, that the banker, with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily.

Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bade *adios* to Tyre, and led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain: here they took up their abode some time; and Adversity, in re-

turn for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderated love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whore trust and happiness in their government and protection she humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow creatures and inclined him to relieve them.

« I am sent, said she, by the gods, to those only whom they love, for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web; to the mind which afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister too frequently delivers those, whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers Anguish and Despair, while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the

blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content. »

Uranio listened to her words wiht great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxims of the philosopher : « That those, who want the fewest things approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing. » She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour ; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of supplicating for riches and popularity, to pray only for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblamable life, and a death full of good hopes. Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner : « As gold is purged and refined from dross by he fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the

error of his choice, is at least released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom, if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy. »

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could not prevail on himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them. He afterwards betook himself again to commerce; and having in at short time acquired a competency sufficient for a real enjoyment of life he retreated to a little farm which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and husbandry: in quelling all disorderly passions and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell on hermitage in his garden which stood, under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining it was a cold bath formed by a spring issuing

from a rock and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription :

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell.
Truth, liberty. content, and virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

GRACCHUS AND CORNELIA

Gracchus, the husband of Cornelia, having found, on awaking two serpents, one of which was a male, the other a female consulted the oracle, who told him that if he killed the male, he himself would die, but if the female, Cornelia would not survive. Gracchus killed the male without hesitation.

SIBYLLE SACRIFICING HERSELF FOR HER HUSBAND

The physicians having declared to Robert, son of William the conqueror, who had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, that he could only be cured by causing the wound to be speedily sucked : « I will die then, said he, I will never be so cruel as to permit any one to expose himself to die for me. »

The princess Sibylle his wife, during his sleep, sucked the wound, and lost her life in saving that of her husband.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION AND PRESENCE OF MIND

A memorable, but not an unusual instance of affection, and a female presence of mind, occurred in the city of Haarlem, many years since, at a spot whereon an ancient castle stood, the lord of which was severely pressed by the burghers of the town, who besieged it on account of his tyrannical conduct towards them. Driven to the last extremity, and when his life was upon the point of paying the

forfeit of his crimes, his lady appeared on the ramparts, and offered to surrender, provided she might be permitted to carry with her most valuable goods : which being complied with, she brought her husband out upon her shoulders, preserved him from the fury of the troops, and gave up to them the possession of the castle.

—

YOUNG PRINCE OF ARMENIA

Cyrus had taken the young prince of Armenia, and his beautiful consort prisoners. When they were brought before that monarch surrounded by all his courtiers, he asked the prince « what he would give to be reinstated in his kingdom. » He answered with an air of indifference : « That as for his crown and his liberty he valued each at a very low rate, but that, if Cyrus would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity and hereditary possessions, he should be inexpressibly happy; and, continued with ardour, I would most willingly pay my life for the purchase. » When all the prisoners were liberated, it is impossible to express how much they

were charmed with their royal benefactor; some extolled his military achievements, some celebrated his social virtues, and all were lavish of his praise. «And you, said the prince, addressing himself to his bride, what do you think of Cyrus? « I did not observe him, answered the princess. — Not observe him! Upon what then was your attention fixed? — Upon that dear generous man who declared he would purchase my liberty at the expense of his own life. »

THE APES AND THE TWO TRAVELLERS

Two men, one of whom always spoke the truth and the other told nothing but lies, were travelling together, and by chance came to the land of Apes. One of the Apes, who had raised himself to be king commanded them to be laid hold of, and brought before him, that he might know what was said of him among men. He ordered at the same time that all the Apes should be arranged in a long row on his right hand and on his left, and that a throne should be placed for him, as was the custom among men. After these preparations he signified his will

that the two men should be brought before him and greeted them with this salutation : « What sort of a king do I seem to you to be, o strangers? » The lying traveller replied : « Thou seem to me a most mighty king. » — « And what is your estimate of those you see around me? » — « These, he made answer, are worthy companions of yourself, fit at least to be ambassadors and leaders of armies. » The Ape and all his court, gratified with the lie, commanded a handsome present to be given to the flatterer. On this the truthful traveller thought within himself, » If so great a reward be given for a lie, with what gift may not I be rewarded, if, according to my custom, I shall tell the truth? The Ape quickly turned to him. » And pray how do I and these my friends around me seem to you? » « Thou art, he said, a most excellent Ape, and all these thy companions after thy example are excellent Apes too. » The king of the Apes, enraged at hearing these truths, gave him over to the teeth and claws of his companions.

—

INGRATITUDE

He that's ingrateful has no fault but one
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
YOUNG.

THE PUNISHMENT OF ABDALLAH

AN EASTERN TALE

A Dervise, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of Bassora. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that on his departure he said to her : I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you have not subsistance enough to share it with your only son, the young Abdallah. If you will trust him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge, in his person, the obligations I have to you for your care of me.» The good woman received this proposal with joy; and the dervise departed with the young man, infor-

ming her that they must perform a journey which would last near two years. As they travelled he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked; in fine he took the same care of him, as if he had been his own son. Abdallah a hundred times testified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered: « My son it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we shall see in a proper time and place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend. »

One day, as they continued their travels they found themselves in a solitary place and the dervise said to Abdallah. « My son, we are now at the end of our journey; I shall employ my prayers to obtain from Heaven, that the earth may open and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to descend into a place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest treasures, that the earth encloses in her bowels. Art thou so courageous as to descend into this subterraneous vault? » Continued he. Abdallah swore to him that he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the dervise lighted a small fire, into which he cast a perfume; he read and prayed for some moments, after which the earth opened and the dervise said to him: « Thou mayest now enter, my dear Abdallah, remember that it is

in thy power to do me a great service; and that this is perhaps the only opportunity thou caust ever have of testifying to me that thou art not ungrateful; Do not let thyself be dazzled by all the riches thou wilt find there; think only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve branches, which thou wilt find close to a door that is absolutely necessary to me; come up immediately and bring it to me. » Abdallah promised every thing, and descended boldly into the vault. But forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his vest and his bosom with gold and jewels , which this subterraneous vault enclosed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he entered closed of itself. He had, however, presence of mind enough to seize upon the iron candlestick, which the dervise had so strongly recommanded to him; and though the situation, in which he was was very but terrible, he did not abandon himself to despair, thought only in what manner he should get out of a place which might become his grave. He apprehended that the vault had closed only because he had not followed the order of the dervise, he recalled to his memory the care and goodness with which he had treated him, reproached himself with his ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after

much pains and inquietude, he was fortunated enough to find a narrow passage, which led him out of this obscure cave; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way that he perceveid a small opening covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides to see if he could perceive the dervise, but in vain; he intented to deliver him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not perceiving the dervise, nor remembering any of the places through which he had passed, he went on as fortune had directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, from which he imagined he was at a great distance, She immediately enquired after the holy dervise. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable desires; he afterwards showed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded upon the sight of them, that the dervise only designed to make trial of his courage and obedience, and that they ought to make use of the happiness which fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the inten-

tion of the holy dervise. Whilst they were contemplating these treasures with avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre of them and forming a thousand projects in consequence of them, they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah sincerely reproached himself with his ingratitude and disobedience, and perceiving that the iron candlestick had resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which they deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself: « What has happened to me is just I have lost what I had no design to restore, and the candlestick which I intented to deliver to the dervise remains with me: it is a proof that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired. » As he finished these words, he placed the candlestick in the midst of their little room. When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed a light in the candlestick, Immediately they saw a dervise appear, who turned round for an hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an asper. The candlestick had twelve branches. Abdallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light into each of them; he did so, and twelve dervises appeared that instant; they turned round also

for an hour, and each of them threw an asper, as they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success, but he could never make it succeed more than once in twenty-four hours. This triffling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist very comfortably: there was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune. It is always dangerous for the imagination to fix upon the idea of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess, the projects he had formed for the employment of it, all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the dervise, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treasure he had seen, or at least find again the riches which had vanished from his sight, by restoring to him a thing for which he testified so earnest a desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for Magreby, carrying with him his candlestick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assis-

tance and compassion of the faithful, When he arrived at Magreby his first care was to enquire in what house, or in what convent Abounadar lodged; he was to well known that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly and found fifty porters, who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in his hand : the court of his palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a prince could not show greater magnificence. Abdallah struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. « certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those to whom I addressed myself designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this is not the habitation of a dervise; it is that of a king. » He was thus perplexed, when a man approached him, and said to him : « Abdallah thou art welcome, my master, Abounadar, has long expected thee. » He then conducted him to a pleasant and magnificent pavilion where the dervise was seated. Abdallah struck with the riches which he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet, but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him. » Thou art but an ungrateful wretched, said he to him; dost thou imagine thou canst impose upon me? I

am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts; and if then hadst known the value of this candlestick thou wouldst never have brought it to me, I will make thee sensible of its true use. »

Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches, and when the twelve dervises had turned round for same time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins, diamonds, and other precious stones. « This, said he, is the proper use to be made of this marvellous candlestick. As to me, I never desired it, but to place it in my cabinet, as a talisman composed by a sage whom I revere; and am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me. And, to prove to thee, added he, that curiosity was the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my magazines: open them, and thou shalt judge of my riches: thou shalt tell me whether the most insatiable miser would not be satisfied with them. »

Abdallah obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, so full of all kinds of riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his admiration most; they all deserved it, and produced new desires. The regret of having restored the candlestick, and that of not having found out the use of it pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar

seemed not to perceive it, on the contrary, he loaded him with caresses kept him some days in his house and commanded him to be treated as himself.

When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, he said to him: « Abdallah, my son, I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; however, I owe thee a mark of my affection for having undertaken to long a journey, with a view of bringing me the thing I had desired; thou mayest depart I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find to-morrow at the gate of my palace one of my horses to carry thee : I make thee a present of it, as well as of a slave who shall conduct thee to thy house, and two camels loaded with gold and jewels, which thou shalt chose thyself out of my treasures. Abdallah said to him all that a heart sensible to avarice could express, when its passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any thyng but the candlestick, and what it had produced. « I had it said he, so long in my power; Abounadar, without me had never been the possessor of it : what risks did I not run in the subterraneous vault? Why does he now

possess this treasure of treasures? Because I had the probity, or rather the folly, to bring it back to him: he profits by my labour, and the danger I have incurred in so long a journey. And what does he give me in return? Two camels loaded with gold and jewels; in one moment the candlestick will furnish him with ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is ungrateful. What wrong shall I do him in taking this candlestick? None, certainly; for he is rich. And what do I possess? These ideas determined him, at length, to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candlestick. The thing was not difficult, Abounadar having trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed; he seized upon it, hidit in the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his camels. He had no other eagerness now than for his departure, and after having hastily bid adieu to the generous Abounadar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse and slave.

When he was some day's journey from Bassora, he sold his slave, resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's house, and he would

scarce look upon her, so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of his camels and the candlestick in the most private room of the house, and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick; the twelve dervises appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane, with all his strength lest he should be failing in the law of the talisman; but he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he struck them, had the cane in his left hand. Abdallah, by a natural motion, made use of his right, and the dervises, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him, so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, and the candlestick. Thus was Abdallah punished with poverty, and almost with death, for his unreasonable ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious. He was not capable of concealing his perfidy from the penetration of his benefactor.

THE INGRATITUDE OF A MACEDONIAN SOLDIER

A macedonian soldier had in many instances distinguished himself by extraordinary acts o valour, and had received many marks of Philip's favour and approbation. On same occasion, he embarked on board a vessel which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on shore, helpless, naked, and scarcely with tbe appearence of life. One of the same country, whose lands lay contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress, and, with the utmost humanity and concern, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniencies which his languishing condition could require. The soldier thus happily rescued from death, incessantly praised with the warmest expressions his gratitude to his benefactor; assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him from the royal bounty, the noble return which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money to

pursue his journey. Some time after, he presented himself before the king; he recounted his misfortunes and magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so kindly and tenderly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request, and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrong, to seek relief, and, in a letter addressed to Philip represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was fired with indignation, and ordered justice should be instantly done; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices have been thus horridly repaid; and having seized his soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead: « The ungrateful guest » a character infamous in every age and among all na-

tions; but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most jealously observant of the laws of hospitality.

LIBERTY

O liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright!
Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight.
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty heads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty loock cheerful at thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day,
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies.
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies:
Bis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

ADDISON.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY

Disguise thyself as thou wilt still slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account! It is thou, liberty, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile on him, as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than the monarch, from whose court thou art exiled! Gracious heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and, so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance

but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish, in thirty years the western breeze had not, once fanned his blood, he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time, nor had the voice of a friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children, But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed, a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head notched all over with the dismal days and nigths he had passed there, he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast it downs, — shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon

his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul, I burst into tears, I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PHYSICIAN

An old woman having lost the use of her eyes, called in a physician to heal them, and made this bargain with him in the presence of witnesses: that if he should cure her blindness, he should receive from her a sum of money; but if her infirmity remained, she should give him nothing. This agreement being entered into the physician, time after time, applied his salve to her eyes, and on every visit taking something away, stole by little and little all her property; and when he had got all she had, he healed her, and demanded the promised payment. The old woman, when she recovered her sight and saw none of her goods in her house, would give him nothing. The physician insisted on his claim, and, as she still refused, summoned her before the Archont. The old woman standing up in

the court thus spoke : « This man here speaks the truth in what he says; for I did promise to give him a sum of money, if I should recover my sight : but if I continued blind, I was to give him nothing, Now he declares *that I am healed*, I on the contrary affirm that I am still blind, for when I lost the use, of my eyes, I saw in my house various chattels, and valuable goods ; but now, though he swears I am cured of my blindness, I am not able to see a single thing in it. »

VIRTUE

If happiness be your pursuit
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

GAY.

NUMA POMPILIUS

Virtue forces her way, and shines through the obscurity of a retired life; and sooner or later, is

always rewarded. In the little town of Cures not far from Rome, lived Numa Pompilius, a man greatly esteemed for his probity and justice, and who led a retired life, enjoying the sweets of repose, in a country solitude. It was unanimously agreed to choose him king, and ambassadors were dispatched to notify his election to him. Instead of being dazzled at to extraordinary and unexpected an elevation, he refused it, and could hardly be prevailed on to accept it by repeated entreaties; proving himself the more worthy of that exalted dignity, by endeavouring to avoid it.

Lord Shaftesbury says, that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

CHOICE OF HERCULES

When Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude

of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed about the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary coming towards him. One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted; her eyes were cast toward the ground with an agreable reserve, her emotion and behaviour full of modesty, and her vaiment was as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than usual in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks and all the variety of colour in her dress which she thought the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her and opfen looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. On her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage; and running up to him, she accosted him in the following manner:

"My dear Hercules, I find you are very much

divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you to the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of rose, clouds of perfums, concerts of music, crowds of beauties are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business."

Hercules hearing the lady talk in this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered: "My friends, and they who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and they who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.»

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner:

"Hercules, says she, I offer myself to you because I know you are descended from the gods and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for

your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him: if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms upon which I can propose happiness." The goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse. "You see, said she, Hercules by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas! said the other lady, whose face glowed with passion made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose? to eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most

delightful music, which is the praise of one's self nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendship! The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their sleep is sound, and their waking cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years, and they who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and after the close, of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart, and I believe every one, who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

—

THE GOATHERD AND THE WILD GOATS

A goatherd, driving his flock from their pasture at eventide, found some wild goats mingled among them and shut them up together with his own for the night. On the morrow it snowed very hard, to that he could not take the herd to their usual feeding-places, but was obliged to keep them in the fold. He gave his own goats just sufficient food to keep them alive, but fed the strangers more abundantly, in the hope of enticing them to stay with him, and of making them his own. When the thaw set it he led them all out to feed, and the wild goats scampered away as fast as they could to the mountains. The Goatherd taxed them with their ingratitude in leaving him when during the storm he had taken more care of them than of his own herd. One of them turning about said to him : "That is the very reason why we are so cautious, for if you yesterday treated us better than the goats you have had so long, it is plain also that if others came after us, you would, in the same manner, prefer them to ourselves."

Old friend cannot with impunity be sacrificed for new ones.

HUMANITY

The soul that feels for other's woe,
From heaven its origine does show.
MILTON.

THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES

When the archduke Charles was on his way from Bohemia to take the command of the army in Germany, as he approached the scene of action he fell in with a number of wounded, abandoned by their companions on the road, for want of horses to draw the carriages in their retreat. The prince immediately ordered the horses to be unyoked from several pieces of cannon, that were already retreating, saying, that these brave men were better worth saving than a few pieces of cannon. When general Moreau heard of this benevolent act, he ordered the cannon to be restored, observing "that he would take no cannon that were abandoned from motives to humane."

THE DUKE OF GUISE

A friend to the duke of Guise frequently represented to him the necessity there was for putting his affairs into better order, and gave him a list of useless people that he entertained about him. After the prince had examined it. "It is true, said he, that I can live very well without these people, but pray how will they live without me?"

NOBILITY OF AN ARAB

A french officer had been several months the prisoner of an arab chief. One night being surprised by our cavalry in his camp, the latter had barely time to escape: tent, floks, provisions, all were taken. The next day wandering from his party, and without ressource, he took from his pocket a loaf, and giving the half of it to his prisoner: "I know not, said he, when we shall eat another; but I will never be accused of not having divide my last with the friend whom I have made."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

As Alexander drew near the city of Persepolis, he perceived a large body of men, who exhibited a memorable example of the greatest misery. These were about four thousand Greeks very far advanced in years, who having been made prisoners of war, had suffered all the torments which persian tyranny could inflict. The hands of some and the feet of others had been cut off, and others again had lost their noses and ears; after which the Persians having impressed by fire barbarous characters on their faces, had the inhumanity to keep them as so many laughing-stock with which they sported perpetually. They appeared like so many spectres rather than men, speech being almost the only thing by which they were known to be such. Alexander could not refrain from tears at this sight; and as they unanimously besought him to commiserate their condition, he bade them, with the utmost tenderness, not to despond; and assured them that they should again see their wives and native country. This proposal, which, as might be supposed, should naturally have filled them with joy, seemed to heighten their misery; and, with

tears in their eyes : "Now will it be possible, said some of them, for us to appear publicly before all Greece, in the dreadful condition to which we are reduced, a condition still more humiliating than painful? The best way to bear misfortune is to conceal it; and no country is so sweet to the wretched as solitude, an oblivion of their past misfortunes." They therefore, besought the king to permit them to continue in a country where they had spent so many years; and to end their days among those who were already accustomed to their misfortunes. Alexander granted their request, and presented to each of them three thousand drachmas, five men's suits of clothes, the same number of women's, two couple of oxen to plough their lands, and corn to sow them; he commanded the governor of the province not to suffer them to be molested in any manner, and ordered that they should be free from taxes and tributes of every kind. Such behaviour as this was truly royal. Thrice happy those princes who are susceptible of the pleasure which arises from the doing of good actions and who melt with pity for the infortunate!

THE THIEF AND THE INNKEEPER

A thief hired a room in a tavern, and stayed some days, in the hope of stealing something which should enable him to pay his reckoning. When he had waited some days in vain, he saw the innkeeper dressed in a new and handsome coat, and sitting before his door. The thief sat down beside him, and talked with him. As the conversation began to flag, the thief yawned terribly, and at the same time howled like a wolf. The innkeeper said : « Why do you howl so fearfully? » — « I will tell you, said the thief, but first let me ask you to hold my clothes, for I wish to leave them in your hands. I know not, sir, when I got this habit of yawning, nor whether these attacks of howling were inflicted on me as a judgment for my crimes, or for any other cause : but this I do know, that when I yawn for the third time, I actually turn into a wolf, and attack men. » With this speech he commenced a second fit of yawning, and again howled as a wolf, as he did at first. The innkeeper hearing his tale and, believing what he said, became greatly alarmed, and rising from his seat, attempted to run away. The thief laid hold of his coat, and entreated

him to stop, saying : « Pray, wait, sir, and hold my clothes, or I shall tear them to pieces in my fury, whem I turn into a wolf. » At the same moment he yawned the third time, and set up a howl like a wolf. The innkeeper, frightened lest he should be attacked, left his new coat in his hand, and ran as fast as he could into the inn for safety. The thief made off with his new coat, and did not return again to the inn.

Every tale is not to be believed.

A POOR WOMAN AND THE CALIPH HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

The caliph Haroun-al-Raschid was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had plundered her house and laid waste her grounds. The caliph desired her to remember the words of the Koran. « That when princes go forth to battle, the people through whose fields they pass must suffer. » — « Yes, says the woman, but it is also written in the same book, that the habitations of those princes who authorise injustice shall be made desolate. »

This bold and just reply had a powerful effect on the caliph, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.

RETORT OF A ROMAN SOLDIER

An old roman soldier being involved in a lawsuit, implored the protection of Augustus, who refered him to one of his courtiers for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave soldier, piqued at the emperor's coldness, discovered the wounds he had received on a memorable occasion, and exclaimed : « I did not use your highness thus at the battle of Actium, but fought for you myself. »

This retort to much affected the emperor, that he personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

A PIRATE TO ALEXANDER

Alexander the Great asking Dionides, a famous pirate, who was brought before him as prisoner,

why he was so bold as to rob and plunder on his seas, he answered that he did it for his own profit, as Alexander did himself: *but because I rob*, added he, *with a simple galley, I am called a pirate: and you, sire, who plunder with a great army, are called a king.*

His bold answer so much pleased Alexander, that he set him at liberty.

SAGACIOUS REPLIES

WILLIAM THE THIRD

The duke of Luxembourg, who had so often defeated king William the third, was a man of ungracious figure, having a protuberance on his back. King William, enraged at the loss of a great battle, exclaimed, in presence of his officers, when retreating; « What! shall that hunchback always beat us? » This expression being repeated to Luxembourg: « How is it possible, said he, smiling, that King William should know that I am hunchbacked? He never saw my back, but I have often seen his. »

LESSON OF A FOOTMAN TO DEAN SWIFT

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot, as a present, by a servant who had frequently been an similar errands, but who had never received the most trifling mark of the Dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried very rudely : « Master, has sent you a turbot. » « Hey day! young man, said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, is that the way you deliver your message? let me teach you better manners, sit down in my chair, we will change situations, and I will show you how to behave in future. » The boy sat down, and the Dean, going to the door, came up to the table, with a respectful pace ; and making a low bow, said « sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present. » — « Does he, replied the boy; return him my best thanks, and there's half a crown for yourself. »

The Dean thus drawn into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his wit.

—

HEGIAGE AND THE ARAB

The caliph Hegiage (the dread and detestation of his people) frequently travelled through parts of his dominions without any attendant or guard. In one of his excursions he met a poor arab, and, after some conversation : — « What sort of a man, said he, is this Hegiage, of whom so much has been said ? » « Hegiage, replied the arab, is not a man, he is a monster. » « What is he reproached with ? » « Millions of crimes ! ever shedding the blood of his subjects, to gratify his own brutal caprices. » « Did you ever see him ? » « Never. » « Raise your eyes ; it is to him you are now speaking. » The arab, without testifying the least surprise, steadfastly fixed his eyes on him, saying : « and do you know who I am ? » « No. » « I am a descendant of Zohair, one of whose family becomes mad on a certain day every year : it happens to be my turn to-day. »

CHARLES II AND BISHOP STILLINGFLEET

Charles II once asked the famous bishop Stillingfleet, how it came to pass, that although he was

informed he always preached *ex-tempore* elsewhere, yet he always read his sermons before the court? The bishop replied, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing but what was superior to himself, but chiefly, the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself. « But will your majesty, continued Stillingfleet, permit me to ask you a question in my turn? Why do you read your speeches when you can have no such reasons? » « Why, truly, said the king, doctor, your question is a very pertinent one, and so shall be my answer. I have asked Parliament so often, and for so much money, that I am now ashamed to look them in the face.

THE PRINCE AND HIS PRECEPTOR

A young prince being on a journey, and feeling himself cold, said to his preceptor « Give me my mantle» the gentleman answered : « Mylord, great princes, when speaking of their persons, express themselves in the plural number; therefore you should have said: Give us our mantle. » The prince

remembered his lesson exactly, and one day said to him : «Our teethache.» «Mine, I am sure, replied his governor, with a smile, do not ache in the least, my lord. » The prince was much chagrined at this answer, and said to him : « I see that the mantle must be ours, but the tooth-ache mine alone. »

—

OF ALL EVILS, WHICH IS THE GREATEST

Saadi, the persian author of a work called *Gulistan*, tells a story of three sages, a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian, who in the presence of a king of Persia, debated on this question : « Of all evils. which is the greatest? » The Grecian said : «Old age oppressed with poverty. » The Indian answered : « Pain with impatience, » the Persian pronounced it to be, « Death, without good works before it. »

—

DESERVED REPARTEE OF A YOUNG SPANIARD

In 1589, Philip II king of Spain, had sent the young Constable of Castille to Rome, to congratu-

late Sixtus V on his exaltation. This pope displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying : « Well, sir, did your master want men, by sending me an ambassador without a beard? » « If my sovereing had thought, replied the proud Spaniard, that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a he-goat and not a gentleman, as I am. »

SAGACIOUS OBSERVATION OF THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT

The prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, cardinal (then father) Gudil, explained to him the fable of Pandora's box. He told him that all the evils which afflict the human race were shut up in that fatal box which Pandora, tempted by curiosity, opened when they immediately flew out, and spread themselves over the surface of the earth. « What, father ! said the young prince, were all the evils shut up in that box? » « Yes, » answered the preceptor. « That cannot be » replied the prince, since curiosity tempted Pendora, and that evil, which could not have been in

it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all. »

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A Fox having fallen into a deep well, was detained a prisoner there, as he could find no means of escape. A goat, overcome with thirst, came to the same well and, seeing the fox, inquired if the water was good. The fox concealing his sad plight under a merry guise, indulged in a lavish praise of the water, saying it was beyond measure excellent, and encouraged him to descend. The goat mindful only of his thirst, thoughtlessly jumped down ; when just as he quenched his thirst, the fox informed him of the difficulty they were both in, and suggested a scheme for their common escape. « If, said he, you will place your fore-feet upon the wall, and bend your head, I will run up your back and escape, and will help you out afterwards. » On the goat readily assenting to this second proposal, the fox leapt upon his back, and steadying himself with the goat's horns, reached in safety the mouth of the well, when he immediately made off as fast as he

could. The goat upbraided him with the breach of his bargain, when he turned round and cried out : « You foolish old fellow ! If you had as many brains in your head as you have hairs in your beard, you would never have gone down before you had inspected the way up, nor have exposed yourself to dangers from which you had no means of escape. »

Look before you leap.

THE FATHER AND HIS SONS

A Father had a family of sons who were perpetually quarrelling among themselves. When he failed to heal their disputes by his exhortations, he determined to give them a practical illustration of the evils of disunion ; and for this purpose he one day told them to bring him a bundle of sticks. When they had done so, he placed the fagot into the hands of each of them in succession, and ordered them to break it in pieces. They each tried with all their strength, and were not able to do it. He next unclosed the fagot, and took the sticks separately, one by one, and again put them into their hands,

on which they broke them easily. He then addressed them in these words : « My sons, if you are of one mind, and unite to assist each other, you will be as this fagot, uninjured by all the attempts of your enemies, but if you are divided among yourselves you will be broken as easily as these sticks.»

LYING

LIES HIDE OUR SINS LIKE NETS...

Trajan the Emperor, after a long war with Decibalus, king of the Dacians, who had often been guilty of prevarication, took him prisoner and subdued his kingdom, and, after his death was educating his son, with an intention, according to the Roman custom of restoring him his father's kingdom, making him at the same time his tributary and vassal; but seeing him once break into a garden, at night, he asked where he had been all the afternoon; the boy answered in school; with which disingenuity the emperor was so offended, that all the intercession of the Dacians, and many Romans could never induce him to make good what

he had intended for him : saying always, that he who began so early to prevaricate, could never deserve a crown.

And indeed disingenuity is the pest of youth.

MAXIMS OF AGESILAUS

Agesilaus in his discourse was always magnifying justice, and giving her the first rank among virtues. » Unsupported by justice, said he, valour is good for nothing ; and, if all men were just, there would be no need of valour. » If any one, in the course of conversation, happened to say : « Such is the pleasure of the great king, he would answer; how is he greater than I, if he be not more just? » This implies a maxim indisputably right, that justice is the royal instrument by which we are to estimate the different proportions of human excellence.

THE BROTHER OF THE KING OF ARAGON

Henry, king of Aragon and Sicily, at his death, left John his son, an infant not two years of age, entrusted to the care and protection of Ferdinand, brother to the deceased king, and uncle to the infant. Ferdinand was a man of great virtue and merit ; the eyes of the nobles and people were upon him ; and not only in private discourses, but in the public assembly, he had the general voice and unanimous consent to be chosen king of Aragon. But he was deaf to all these offers ; alledging the right of his infant nephew, and the custom of the country. He could not, however prevail on the assembly to be of the same opinion, and they adjourned for that time. They met again, in hopes that Ferdinand, having had time to consider of their offer, would now accept the crown : but he, not ignorant of their intentions, had caused the little child to be clothed in royal robes, and having concealed him under his garment, went to the assembly. Paralus, master of the horse, by common consent, again asked him : « Who, Ferdinand is it your pleasure should be declared our king ! » To which, with a look and tone

of severity, he replied. « Who but John, the son of my brother; » and instantly taking the infant from under his robe, and lifting him upon his shoulders, he cried out : « God save king John » and commanding the banners to be displayed, he cast himself first to the ground before his infant nephew; and then all the rest moved by so glorious an example, did the like.

EQUITY OF A YOUNG CADI OF SMYRNA

A cause was tried before a young cadi at Smyrna, the merits of which were as follows. A poor man claimed a house, which a rich man had usurped. The former held his deeds and documents to prove his right, but the latter had provided a number of witnesses to invalidate them; and to support their evidence effectually, he presented the cadi with a bag containing five hundred ducats : the cadi received it. When it came to a hearing, the poor man told his story, produced his writings, but wanted that most essential and only valid proof, witnesses. The other, provided with witnesses, relied entirely

on them, and on his adversary's defect in law, who could produce none; he urged the cadi, therefore, to give sentence in his favour. After the most pressing sollicitations, the judge calmly drew out from under his sofa the bag of five hundred ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe, saying to him very gravely, you have been much mistaken in the suit; for if the poor man could bring no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce at least five hundred; he then threw down the bag with reproaches and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

JUSTICE

If but one virtue did adorn a king,
It would be justice; many great defects
Are veil'd thereby; whereas each virtuous thing
In one who is not just the world suspects.

CATO OF UTICA

Cato of Utica, while yet a child, being asked who was his best friend in the world answered: « My brother. » — « Who then occupied the second place in your affection? » — « My brother » — « And who possesses the third? » — « My brother also. » This was the only answer that could be obtained from him to the question.

A brother is a friend given by nature.

THE SONS OF THE KING OF CUCHO

The Chinese have been remarkable for the purity of their morals, the simplicity of their manners, and the cultivation of their social virtues. The examples of their rulers, and great men have very much contributed to confirm the people in the practice of moral duties; for, perhaps, few princes ever exhibited greater instance of an amiable and virtuous conduct. Cemcu, who was a disciple of,

and commentator upon, their celebrated philosopher Confucius, gives us the following instance of brotherly affection.

The king of Cucho had three sons, and, like many other parents, had most affection for the youngest. Some days before his death, he declared him his successor, to the exclusion of his brothers. This proceeding was the more extraordinary, as it was contrary to the laws of the kingdom. The people, therefore, thought that after the death of the king they might without any crime raise the eldest son to the throne. This desing was universally approved of; but the new king calling to mind his father's last words, rejected the offer, and taking the crown, placed it on the head of his youngest brother publicly declaring that he renounced it and thought himself unworthy of it, as he was excluded by his father's will, and his father could not now retract what he had done. His brother, being affected by such a generous action, instantly intreated him not to oppose the inclination of the people, who desired him for their ruler. The urged, that he alone was the lawful successor to the crown which he refused; and that their father could not infringe the laws of the kingdom; that he had been betrayed by an extravagant fondness, and that, in a word, the people had the power of

redressing any breach in the established law. Nothing, however, was capable of persuading his brother to accept the crown. There was a glorious contest between the two princes; and as they perceived that the dispute would be endless, they retired from court: their, each having conquered and been vanquished, they went to end their days together in a peaceful solitude and left the kingdom to their other brother.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY

O Thou, that with surpassing glory crowned,
Lookest from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call;
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah! wherefore? he deserved not such return
From me, whom he created what I was

In that bright eminence and with his good
Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! Yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I disdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yes, why not? Some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Had'st thou the same free will and power to Stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse
But Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay cursed be thou, since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission! and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts,
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little Know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What faint submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear

Short intermission bought with double smart.
This Knows my punisher! therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good: by thee I least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

MILTON.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE MAJOR

The Emperor Alexander on his way through the Black Russia, arrived at a small town, and while changing horses, felt a desire to walk a few steps on the road. therefore, being quite alone and dressed in a plain military riding coat and without any exterior mark of distinction, he vent through the town and reached its extremity, where the road divides in two different ways. Not knowing which he was to follow, Alexander approached a man dressed like himself in a plain coat and smoking

his pipe on the threshold of the very last house : « My friend, asked the Emperor, which of these two roads am I to take to go to Kalonga? »

The man with the pipe, surprised at hearing a plain traveller daring to speak to him in such a bold manner, answered in a rather contemptuous manner : « on the right hand — Excuse me, Sir, said the Emperor ; another question yet!—Which? — Let me ask you what rank you occupy in the army? — Guess if you can. — A lieutenant perhaps? — Go on. — A captain? said the Emperor. higher up. — A major. — You have it at last. » The Emperor bowed with respect. « And now, said the Major, fully persuaded that he was adressing an inferior, what are you, pray? — Guess, replied the Emperor.— Lieutenant?—go on.— Captain?—higher up.— Major?—Go on.— Colonel?—

— You have not guessed yet. » Then the Major, taking off his pipe from his mouth.

« Your Excellency must then be a Lieutenant General?

— You are very near to the point, replied the Emperor with a smile.

The interrogator pulls off his cap.

« But, in this case, your highness must be a field marshal?

— One effort more, my dear Major:

— Your Imperial Majesty! » exclaimed then the Major, dashing his pipe to the ground.

« Now, you are right » replied the Emperor, laughing. » Ah sire, said the Major, falling on his Knees, pardon me. — And what do you want my pardon for, said Alexander; I have asked you my way, and you have shown it to me. — I thank you, good bye. »

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR

When I was but eighteen years of age, I used to go every sunday to Versailles and spend the day there with my mother — I generally walked there and when out of the barriers, I was sure to find the same pauper who with a plaintive voice was continually crying out : *Charity if you please, my good sir !* And he was always sure to receive a couple of pennies into his hat.

— One day, while I was giving him my accustomed charity, I saw passing by him an old powdered gentleman to whom the pauper addressed his usual demand — The gentleman stopped, and after having looked at him for some moments with a particular sort of attention : « You appear, said

he, intelligent and able to work; why do you prefer such a vile occupation? I wish to draw you from your actual distressing state, and teach you how to gain five hundred pounds a year. » The pauper began laughing and I also. « Laugh as much as you please, said the old gentleman, but follow my advice, and you will acquire what I promise you. And I will tell you how to do it. I have been as poor as you are now; but instead of begging, I went with a basket on my shoulders through towns and villages, begging for old rags which were always given to me for nothing. There I used to sell for a good price to the dealers in that sort of articles — At the end of one year I left off begging for rags but I bought them, and I was able to purchase a small cart and a donkey.

« Five years after, I was master of twelve hundred pounds, and I married the daughter of a paper manufacturer who made me his partner. I was young and active, and now, I am the proprietor of two houses in Paris and I have given over my manufacture to my son to whom I have taught early to work with courage and perseverance. Do as I have done, and you will become rich like me. » Upon this, the old gentleman left the pauper, who was listening to him with such a serious attention that he let pass two ladies by him without thinking of

adressing them his usual prayer of « *Charity, if you please.* »

Some years after, while I was residing at Brussels, I went one day into a bookseller's shop to buy some books. A stout gentlemen of good appearance was walking about the shop and was giving orders to five or six clerks. — We looked at one another as if we had some recollection of a previous encounter — « Sir, said at last the bookseller, some twenty years ago, were you not in the habit of going to Versailles on every sunday? — What! Peter, is it you, said I. — As you see, sir; the old powdered gentleman was right, in promising to give me five hundred a year I have followed his advice, and now I am rich and thriving.

ANECDOTE ON DOCTOR YOUNG

This eminent writer was riding one day in a boat, in company with some ladies and was endeavouring to amuse them by playing on the flute. Some officers came up from behind in another boat, and as soon as they were near the doctor's

boat, the latter left off playing. One of the officers asked him the reason of this behaviour, and why he put his flute into his pocket. « For the same reason for which I have pulled it out of it, said the doctor, because it is my pleasure, to do so. » The military man told him in an imperious tone that if he did not recommence to play instantly, he would throw him into the river. The doctor, not wishing to frighten the ladies, pocketed the insult and began playing again on his flute. On the evening he met the officer who had insulted him, quite by himself and in a solitary place, he went up to him and with a moderate and resolute air addressed him thus! Sir, this morning, not wishing to frighten the party whom I accompanied, I have complied with your insolent demand; but in order to let you know that there is as much courage in a man dressed in a plain suit of black clothes as in one who wears a uniform, I hope that you will meet me to-morrow at such a place and at such an hour, the question lying entirely between you and me. » The doctor, moreover said that the quarrel would be settled sword in hand. The officer consented implicitely to all these conditions. Both adversaries met on the next morning at the appointed place, but just as they were preparing to fight, the doctor pulled out a pistol from his

pocket : « What ! said the officer, » are you going to assassinate me? — No, said the doctor, but you must instantly danse a jig, if not you are a dead man. » A short altercation ensued ; but the doctor appeared so furious and determined, that the officer was obliged to obey. « Well, said the doctor, you forced me yesterday to play on the flute against my will, and to-day, I have forced you to dance in spite of you : we are at even odds, and I am ready now to afford you all the satisfaction, you may require. » The officer shook the doctor by the hand, acknowledged his impertinence, begged of him to grant him in future his friendship, and they lived everafter in the bonds of the strictest amity.

M. QUITE-AT-HOME

Come, my friends, let us drink! The more a traveller drinks on the road, the faster the horses run.

BETSY, aside.

Well, well, just look, Peter, how this good Mr Quite-at-home has put the house a topsy-turvy!

JOSEPH.

Ay? ay! One might imagine by his doings that his name is Mr Quite-at-home.

BETSY.

Upon my word I can't help laughing,— have you ever seen any thing more strange than this way of drinking?

JOSEPH.

Yes, I have — and that is his way of eating. Faith, they seem to enjoy it well enough.

BETSY.

And well they may, for what it costs them. — But I can't help wondering at this Mr Quite-at-home who introduces himself into our master's house during his absence and acts just as if he was the master of it.

JOSEPH.

Ay! and who commands us exactly as if you and I were his own servants.

BETSY.

Well, it's high time to put a stop to this proceeding. — I cannot endure it any longer. — I will go and tell him what I think of it.

JOSEPH.

Yours is the fault, Betsy. — You should not have received him into the house.

BETSY.

Dear me, what was I to do?

JOSEPH.

You ought to have told him that during our master, Mr Noodle's absence, you were not allowed to introduce any body.

BETSY.

So I did — But he expostulated with me, saying over and again that he was our master's oldest crony, his intimate school fellow, his second self, and that he would have us dismissed if we did not receive him. — So that I was afraid...

JOSEPH.

Well, well, as to his being our master's second self, there's no mistake about it, as our master would'nt do more than what he does.

BETSY.

And what do you think of his bringing with him all the inside and outside passengers of the stage coach?

JOSEPH.

Yes, and ordering up the best wines in the cellar — and bidding us to bring this, and carry that — Well, well, Betsy, I'll tell you what!

We must not wonder
At his behaviour,
For during a long while
It were the London style
To tell another man

Step aside if you can,
For my turn is come up,
So, pray, do sir, turn up.

BETSY.

You are right, Joseph. — But for all that, my poor parrot must not suffer. (She goes up to the cage.)

JOSEPH, aside..

She is a rum creature with her parrot. — She is full of eccentricities, but however, she is a good soul.

BETSY, seeing the cage empty.

O Lord! O Lord!

JOSEPH, aside.

And, as for her honour...

BETSY, crying.

Alas! it is flown away!

JOSEPH.

What do you say, your honour flown away?

BETSY.

My parrot, my poor parrot! But who the deuce has opened the cage?

QUITE-AT-HOME, entering.

Who should it be, but me!

BETSY.

And how did you dare do so?

JOSEPH, aside.

I guessed it was him.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Why! do you think I would'nt have done it? I had hardly alighted from the stage coach, weary and sleepy. — I sat myself down into this arm-chair, hoping to take a little rest, when on a sudden this confounded parrot began bothering me with. "(*Kiss me my dear. — have you had, your breakfast, lovy? pretty bird, look at the pretty bird!*)" and sundry other impertinences of the kind. — Faith, I got sick of so much talking, and out flew the bird! and good luck to it.

BETSY.

Well, to be sure, I never saw the like of it.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Come, come, girl let us have an end of your chattering.

BETSY, indignant.

Girl! girl! I'll tell you what, sir, I have been married, and I am a widow... and... and were I not so... I will not be called a girl. I am the housekeeper, sir, and my name is Betsy, sir, and I won't be called a girl. — Heigho! my poor parrot!

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Well, then, mistress Betsy, go and fetch me three bottles of champagne.

JOSEPH, aside.

There's no fear of that!

BETSY.

What do you say, sir?

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Three bottles of champagne.

BETSY.

I am very sorry, sir, but master has carried away with him the key of the cellar.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Why! what the deuce! Is there no locksmith in the place. — We cannot well finish our dinner

without a few bottles of champagne. — It would be like a fire work without a *bouquet*, as the French say. — Come, come, Betsy, my dear, give me the key. (He snatches at a bundle of keys by her side.) — A bundle of keys! I'll bet you any thing, Betsy, but the key of the cellar is amongst them.

BETSY.

Now, sir, for God's sake, give me the keys back.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Willingly, provided you give me the key of the cellar.

BETSY.

Here it is, sir, but pray, be discreet!

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Discretion is my striking virtue.

JOSEPH.

Yes, do, sir be discreet, for my master who knows my weak side, might well suppose that...

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Never fear, man. — Walk on before me.

JOSEPH.

Well, I'll go and fetch a candle.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Be quick, my good fellow, and come back in a twinkling to show me the way to the cellar. — I suspect, from the colour of your face, that you are quite familiar with it.

BETSY.

Shall I show you the way sir?

QUITE-AT-HOME.

No, no, Betsy, by no means. — You remain here.

BETSY, aside.

Alas! our poor champagne will vanish exactly like my parrot!

JOSEPH, with a candle.

Now, then, away to the cellar! (They both go out.)

BETSY, alone

What a man! what a man!... — But, now I think of it. — During the whole dinner time, he never took off his eyes from miss Sophia. — Perhaps he wants to make her his own also, in spite

of her lover, young master Lovel. — Take care, Betsy, take care, my dear, here you represent your master, and you must look out sharp. — Besides, miss Sophia and master Lovel are so fond of one another, that it were really a pity should this fellow come and spoil the intended match. — Heigho! I know what love is!... I was so much beloved by my poor late husband! and he was so jealous of me! Lord! how terribly jealous he was!...

BETSY, LOVEL.

LOVEL.

Good morning, dear Betsy, has M. Noodle come back?

BETSY.

Lord! sir, have a little patience. — It is only a week since he went to Portsmouth, and you know that the purpose of his going there was to take informations on your conduct, and to make acquaintance with your family previous to calling you his son in law.

LOVEL.

But he had promised to be back to day.

BETSY.

Are you afraid that the informations should not be favourable?

LOVEL.

Quite the contrary, dear Betsy, for with the exception of a few duels now and then...

BETSY.

A few duels! Good gracious!...

LOVEL.

And a few drunken nights spent with some friends in a gambling house...

BETSY.

A few drunken nights!. a gambling house!... Good gracious! what next?

LOVEL.

Oh! nothing very particular. — Some half dozen young girls that I fell in love with and who were kind to me. But I assure you; Betsy, that's positively all.

BETSY.

How dare you confess such abominations?

LOVEL.

Lord! I was so young at the time. — I am speaking of the year last. — But now I am so steady.

BETSY.

Yes, yes, but with all your steadiness, I am afraid that you will never marry Sophia.

LOVEL.

Never marry Sophia! tell me why.

BETSY.

Because you have a terrible rival.

LOVEL.

A rival? — I should like to see him.

BETSY.

You' ll soon have that pleasure.

LOVEL.

What! is he here then?

BETSY.

In this very place.

LOVEL.

And pray who may this terrible rival be?

BETSY.

An intimate friend of our master, Mr Noodle.

LOVEL.

Intimate friend, do you say?

BETSY.

So intimate indeed that he has been only two hours in the house and he commands in it just as if he were the master of it.

LOVEL.

By Jupiter! Betsy, you frighten me. — But, tell me, how old is my rival?

BETSY.

Ho! I should say he is bordering on sixty.

LOVEL laughing.

Sixty!... I an't afraid of him.

BETSY.

Don't you trust to that, young gentleman; but here he comes.

M. QUITE-AT-HOME.

BETSY.

So, you are come at last, sir? you have been a mortal long time in the cellar.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Not so long, dear Betsy, considering the immense run we have had into it.

LOVEL, surveying him, aside.

Without any vanity, I am a much better looking man than this fellow.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Do you know, Betsy, that in ten minutes time I have seen many different countries? When I left you, I bent my steps towards the Low-Countries.—Thence. I made a stop at Macon and Bordeaux. —Further on, I reached Alicant and Malaga.—on my way, I called at Madeira, and finally I landed in Champagne.

JOSEPH.

And I dare say, sir, you found the trip agreable and easy enough.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Now, Joseph, my good fellow, go and carry this basket to my friends in the dining-room — They must be longing for me, I dare say.

JOSEPH.

I will, sir. (He takes one of the bottles and puts it slily in his own pocket).

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Hallo! Joe! stop a moment, my good fellow.

JOSEPH.

What is the matter, sir?

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Here, take this bottle for your trouble.

JOSEPH.

Lord! sir, I never would be bold enough to....

QUITE-AT-HOME.

I tell you for the second time to take this bottle, I say.

JOSEPH.

For the second time, sir (taking a second bottle)? well, I obey you.

BETSY, aside.

This man is determined to ruin us all, I see; it is of no use arguing with him, I suppose.

JOSEPH, aside.

A mighty good fellow, at any rate, the more I know him, the more I like him.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

And you, Betsy, go and prepare coffee; that's a good girl.

BETSY.

Master never takes coffee, sir.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

What do I care for that — It's no reason why I shouldn't take some — Send for it at the next coffee house.

BETSY, aside.

He has a ready answer to all my objections.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

And let it be hot as the devil himself — do you hear, Betsy?

BETSY, aside.

So devilishly hot will I bring it that it will burn his very throat.

QUITE-AT-HOME, LOVEL.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Hallo! my young friend, what may be your commands with me?

LOVEL.

Ho! nothing, sir! I only came to see whether Mr Noodle had come back — I am one of his friends.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Indeed — Know then that the friends of our friends are our friends — Shake hands with me — But how is it that you did not come at dinner time? You would have dined with us.

LOVEL, with intention.

Lord! sir, during Mr Noodle's absence I would not have presumed to take such a liberty.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Liberty! liberty! what the devil do you mean, young man? Some people are fools enough to starve opposite a table full of dainties — Others are dull enough to cry for thirst when they have a bottle at their right hand — stupid! stupid indeed! as for me, youg man, wherever, I go, I eat when I feel hungry, and I drink when I am thirsty.

LOVEL.

Ho! it is quite different, sir! Your age allows you certain privileges that are refused to mine.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Pooh! Pooh! nonsense, what signifies age or youth — that has nothing to do with the question. — If indeed, you are so intimate with my friend Noodle; I don't see why...

LOVEL.

So intimate indeed that I am to marry his only daughter.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

You... are... to marry... his only daughter... you... young man, hey? well, I am sorry for you, my young friend, but you come rather late.

LOVEL.

How do you mean, rather late?

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Yes, I have had occasion to see Miss Sophia — She pleases me and I marry her myself.

LOVEL, laughing.

You marry her sir! well, you proceed rather quick in business.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

It is true, my friend — But life is so short, you know.

LOVEL.

But, allow me to tell you, sir, that I have been courting her these two years past.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

— And allow me to tell you also, youg man, that I have been these forty years past...

LOVEL.

What! courting her also, hey?

QUITE-AT-HOME.

No, no, master witty-head, no, but I have been intimate with her father these forty years past — It is true that I have not seen him since that time, but for all that, I have a right of priority over you.

LOVEL.

I am well aware that a friendship of 40 years standing is very respectable, but such a right is very little flattering for a young lady — Now, believe me, dear sir, if old age makes good friends. it makes but bad husbands.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

More over, why do you think of marrying while you are but a midshipman — for such I imagine you are by your uniform.

LOVEL.

— Indeed I am — but, pray, tell me why should not a sailor be married? Know then that marriage is like a stout vessel spreading all sails out to a favourable wind with love as steersman, confidence

as passenger, and pleasure which guides her to the happy shore.

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Very pretty — very pretty, indeed! but for all that, I assure you that Miss Sophia shall be my wife and not yours. — I am her father's oldest crony, and he wouldn't dare refuse her to me.

LOVEL, laughing.

Ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laughing at the old gentleman —

QUITE-AT-HOME.

Ho! ho! ho! can't help laughing at the young jackanapes! (Exit Quite-at-Home.)

THE TIMID MAN

I suffer a sort of disease which I am afraid will oblige me to abandon society in which I am desirous to appear; but let me give you an outline of my origin and actual circumstances, to enable you to appreciate better my distress. My father was a farmer in narrow circumstances and with no other learning but that which he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and he having no other child besides myself, he determined to procure me an advantage which, in his own opinion, would have made him happy, a liberal education. He sent me first to a country college, and thence to the university, with the intention of placing me into orders. Having but a scanty allowance, and being endowed with a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity to get rid of that natural awkwardness which is the fatal cause of my misfortunes, and of which, I begin to fear, I shall never free myself.

Let me tell you that I am tall and slender, with a fair complexion and flaxen hair, but so prompt

to blush, that on the least occasion, all my blood rushes to my face and I resemble a rose in full bloom, The feeling of this unlucky weakness made me shun all society, and I became enamoured of the college life, especially when I reflected that the rude manners of my father's family were not very proper to teach the exquisite *bon ton* of the world. I had, therefore resolved to live at the university, and to enter there into tutorship, when two unforeseen events brought a considerable change in the state of my affairs, I mean to say, the death of my father and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies. I had very seldom heard my father mention this uncle, and it was generally believed that he had died long ago, when he came to England a week too late to close my father's eyes.

I was most disconsolate at the loss of my father; but my uncle was not much affected by it, having been separated from his brother for more than thirty years, and having acquired, in that interval, a large fortune amounting to thirty thousand pounds sterling. While he was laying down schemes of happiness and of greatness, whether owing to the change of climate or to any other cause, he fell ill and died shortly after, appointing me sole heir to his large estate.

There you have me now, at the age of twenty

five, well stuffed with latin, greek and mathematics, possessor of an ample fortune, but so terribly awkward and so ignorant of all the practices of good society, that those people who knew me, used to call me *the rich and learned boor*. I have bought a short time since an estate in a country situation, and in a gentlemanly neighbourhood, and if you consider the humble family to which I belong and my own awkwardness, you will hardly understand how much I am courted by all the neighbouring families, especially by those who have daughters to marry. I have received numerous and pressing invitations; but though I am wishing to accept those kind offers, I have always declined them, pretexting my bad state of health. The truth is that when I get on horse back or when I go out a walking with the full intent to pay visits to my friendly neighbours, my heart fails within me when I come near to their houses, and more than once I have come back to my own residence, with the determined intention to attempt a new visit on the next day.

However, I at last resolved upon conquering my timidity, and therefore have accepted, three days ago, an invitation to dinner from a gentleman whose plain and genial manners left me no doubt about the kind reception I was sure to receive from himself and family. Sir Thomas Welcome, who lives at

two miles from me, is a baronet, possessor of an estate that produces him an income of two thousand a year. He has two sons and five daughters, every one of them tall and handsome. The whole family, including lady Welcome, and an old aunt, sister of sir Thomas and five or six servants live in good style at Welcome manor.

Convinced of my awkward air, I have taken private lessons from a professor who teaches to gentle people of fashion the art of dancing, and though I had much pains at first to profit by his lessons, I found however that the knowledge of mathematics was being of great use to me, as it taught me to keep my equilibrium and to adjust my centre of gravity in conformity to the five positions, Having therefore learnt to walk and to salute properly, I resolved to accept the baronet's invitation to dinner, having no doubt but my newly acquired talents would allow me to present myself before the ladies with a suitable intrepidity. But, alas! how vain are all theoritical principles when not supported by practice! As I came near the house, I became alarmed by the sound of a bell, and I got afraid of having delayed the dinner through want of exatness.

Harrassed by this idea, I became as red as a tulip while my name was being echoed by the servants in livery that introduced me into the library, whi-