

TRAVELS

ABOUT HOME.

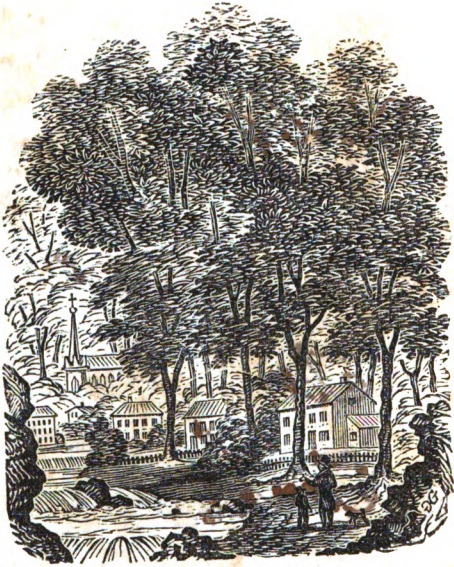
PART I.

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The Village of Medford.

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TRAVELS
ABOUT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST DAY.

Picture of Medford, and description of plan—Christopher desires to travel, and why—Travelling without coachman, horses, &c.—Journal.

CHRISTOPHER LEWIS was the only son of Mr. John Lewis, of Medford. Medford is a small village or hamlet in one of the middle States. In summer it is as beautiful a place as you could find in all the country round; for it lies at the foot of a row of hills, which are covered with green woods, and a brisk little stream runs through

the middle of the village. [*See frontispiece.*] The houses are almost all shaded by oaks and maples, which were left standing when the forests were cut down. There are beautiful meadows all along the edge of the brook, and several mills are turned by the stream, and add a lively appearance to the prospect. At one end of the street stands the village church, surrounded by noble old trees. The people of Medford are generally plain working people; and there is not a rich man in the place, except Mr. Strong, who owns the mills, and a large number of the houses.

Christopher came running in to his father one day, and said, "O, father, I wish you would take me

on a journey somewhere. I am tired of staying at home. There is Samuel Strong, who has been on a jaunt with his father and mother every summer. Will not you take me too?"

Mr. Lewis looked grave, and said, "My son, I wish to do what is right and proper. Now just tell me why it is that you wish to travel about. Do you not love home, and your father's house, and this pretty village?"

"O yes, father; but then I want to see other places, and to get acquainted with more people. And Mr. Strong says we can learn a great deal by travelling."

"My son," said Mr. Lewis, "Mr. Strong is rich, and can afford to go

where he pleases, and as often as he pleases. But I have not much money, and it is hard enough sometimes to pay for your clothes and schooling, as it is. When I was a rich man, I could do a great many things which I cannot do now."

Christopher looked very sober, and sat down to his book. He was sorry that he had said any thing to his father about it, because he knew that no one could have a kinder parent. But Mr. Lewis called him, and said, "Christopher, I have a plan in my head which I think you will like. You know I wish to do you good, and to make you happy. Now I think of a way in which you may get much entertainment, and learn

as much as if you went a thousand miles off."

"What is that, father?"

"I will tell you; it is for you and me to set out upon *Travels about Home.*"

"O, sir, you are joking. Travels about home! why, that would be no travel at all! I never heard of such a thing."

"Never mind," said Mr. Lewis, "there are a great many things to be learned about home. And every young man ought to be acquainted with his own neighbourhood, before he goes to travel far away."

Christopher. Well, sir, I suppose you know better than I do. But I

do not see what there is to be learned about Medford.

Mr. Lewis. There you are under a mistake, and you will find it out. There is scarcely a house in this whole county in which we may not learn something. And besides it will cost us nothing. We shall need no coachman, for we shall have no horses; and we need not pay any thing for lodgings and the like, for we shall lodge in our own quiet chamber every night. So we will set out on our travels to-morrow morning. And I wish you to have a little paper book, in which you shall write a journal of what we may see and hear every day.

Christopher was half disposed to think that his father was jesting with him; but he said nothing. When he went to bed that night, he could scarcely get to sleep, for thinking of what was going to be done on the next morning.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND DAY.

Travels on the river bank—An adventure—Aaron the fishing boy—The sick mother—A happy sufferer—The busy family—Fine supper at Mr. Riley's.

THE next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Lewis took his cane, and told Christopher to get ready and go with him. It was a beautiful day, and the air was fresh and sweet. The little dog Trim ran after them as they walked along. "My son," said Mr. Lewis, "I believe you have been very little in the country around this place."

"Very little, sir, except where you used to take me out riding, and

once when I went home with Tom Curry, the farmer's son."

"Well, now I am going to show you a little more of the neighbourhood. After we get over the stile into the meadow, we shall be on the bank of the brook, and we can walk along the water-side for several miles."

They set out, as Mr. Lewis had said, to walk along the brook. They soon passed the mills, and were out of sight of the village. The only trouble they had was in climbing over the fences, and this is good exercise, and what everybody has to do who chooses to walk in the fields in the country.

"Take notice," said Mr. Lewis,

“of every thing that you see. What are our eyes given us for, but that we may be constantly learning something. There is often a great deal more to be learned by looking sharply about us, than by poring over books.”

Then he would show his little son how the water-lilies floated on the stream, and how the musk-rats made their dwellings under ground. He also explained to him how the fish, instead of breathing, as we do, take ~~in air~~ and water together through their gills. He pointed out to him flocks of wild ducks, and showed him how to tell them by their way of flying. And when Christopher became tired, they sat

down under a spreading birch tree, and ate some bread and cheese, and drank pure water out of the brook.



As they were sitting there, they saw a little boy come along with a basket and a fishing-rod. Mr. Lewis took a tract out of his pocket and gave it to the boy, who seemed much pleased, and said, "My mother will be very glad to hear me read this to

her; for she is sick and cannot go out."

Mr. Lewis asked him how long his mother had been sick. The lad said, more than a year. He also said that he had been catching some fish for his mother's dinner, and that now he was going back.

"Will you let us go along with you?" said Mr. Lewis.

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "it is not half a mile from here. But mother is very poor, and we have not got any thing very nice."

"Never mind that, my little man. Perhaps we may be able to do something to make your mother comfortable."

The little boy, whose name was

Aaron, showed them the way. They had to turn off from the brook, and go over a little rising ground. After they did this, Aaron pointed with his finger, and said, "There is our house, among those button-wood trees. It is very small, to be sure, and very old, but it is the best we can get. And the landlord has been threatening to turn us out at the end of the year."

"That will be bad indeed," said Mr. Lewis. "But have you any way of making a little money, to help yourselves along?"

"Why, sir, as long as mother was able to work, she used to knit stockings, and sell them in town. But now she keeps her bed. I am afraid

she will never be able to work any more." And here the poor little fellow wiped his eyes with the cuff of his sleeve. "I sometimes," said he, "get a little money for some chickens, and ducks, and eggs; and I manage to pick up sticks and bind them into fagots, and this helps a little. But very often we have not a cent in the house."

As the boy said this, he stretched his hand out, and said, "There is our house—you can just see it among the trees." Mr. Lewis and his son looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw a very small house standing alone. What seemed to be the front was entirely closed, and **the window at the end was stuffed**

with old hats and bits of cloth. High weeds were growing up in the yard, and where the gate had once been, two or three bars were stuck across



from post to post. They all crept through this gate as well as they could. "You must go round to the back door," said the boy, "for mother's bed is pushed close up against the front door, and the window is

nailed up to keep the wind out." So round they went to the back of the house; but as soon as they turned the corner a large black dog jumped at them with an angry growl. "Down, Jowler! down!" said the boy, and the dog became quiet, and followed them into the house.

Before they were fairly within the door, they could hear the poor woman coughing dreadfully. There she lay, all alone, in a poor desolate looking bed. She raised her head, and seemed alarmed. "O, Aaron," said she, "who are these with you?"

"Why, mother, this gentleman wished to come and see you; and you know I could not refuse."

"We are friends," said Mr. Lewis,

“and hearing you were sick, we have come to see if there is any thing we can do for you.”

“O, sir, you are very good,” said Mrs. Roe, for that was her name; “pray sit down.”

“You appear to be very ill; is there any thing I can do for your relief?”

“O, I believe nobody in this world can do me any good. I know that I have the consumption, and that I must very soon die. But I hope my soul is safe, and I know in whom I have believed.”

“I am pleased to hear you say so,” said Mr. Lewis: “how long is it since you first enjoyed this hope in Christ?”

“Only since I have lain sick on this bed. I was before a very careless, irreligious woman.”

The sick woman then gave Mr. Lewis a particular account of the way in which her sickness had caused her to think of her past life, and how she had given herself away to God, to be dealt with according to his holy will. Christopher listened very attentively, and sometimes the tears came into his eyes. He looked about at the room, and felt sorry to see how poor every thing was. The walls and ceiling were black and smoky; there was an old pine table, and two or three broken chairs, and, in one corner, several chests. A stone was pushed up in another corner, and

this served for a shelf. Mr. Lewis asked the woman whether she could read.

“O no, sir,” said she, “I have never had any learning. I am a poor ignorant body. My father and mother bound me out when I was very small, and there were no Sunday-schools in those days to teach poor children to read. But Aaron is a dear good child: he has learned a great deal at Sunday-school, and he reads to me out of the blessed Bible.”

“Are you contented and happy in your affliction?”

“Yes, sir, thank God, I am. May be you will think it strange, but I never was so happy as I have been

on this sick bed. The Lord Jesus Christ has been good to me: I shall soon leave this world and go to be with him.”—Here she began to cough so much, that Mr. Lewis thought it would be wrong to talk any more. So he left a little money on the table, and bade her good-by, promising to send one of his boys with some medicine.

As they went out of the house, Mr. Lewis said to Christopher. “My son, you see now we may learn something, without travelling very far.”

Christopher. I did not know we had any such very poor distressed people about Medford.

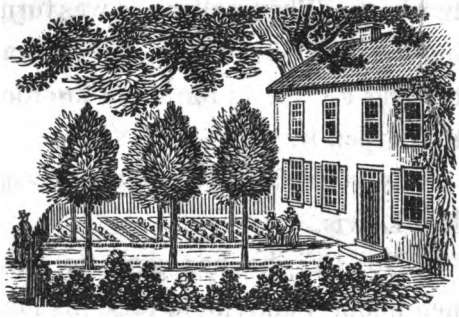
Mr. Lewis. Then it is time you

should learn it; in order that you may begin to relieve the afflicted. You have also learned that there are grown people who cannot read. You have learned the benefit of Sunday-schools. You have also learned how happy religion can make a poor, sick, suffering woman.

Then they turned aside from the road, and went over a stile into a very pleasant meadow. One side of this meadow lay along the edge of the brook. On each of the other sides there was a row of stunted trees, forming a natural hedge. Over many of these the fox-grapes spread their vines, which hung in boughs and festoons. The bushes were full of birds. There were the brown sober-

looking thrush, the light sportive red-bird, the cat-bird piping and mewing all day long, and the tufted cedar-bird cropping the red berries. The meadow itself was covered with a thick carpet of green herbage. Flowers of every colour were scattered over the earth. Beyond this sweet place, and near to the brook, they saw a house almost surrounded by thick trees. Mr. Lewis said, "Christopher, I want to show you the people who live in that house; I call them the *busy family*, and I might call them the happy family, for industry and religion have made them happy."

When they came to the gate, Christopher took notice that every thing



was very neat and tidy. A number of young cedar-trees were growing before the house. On one side was the garden, where he could see abundance of vegetables and flowers; on the other side was a very large orchard. Behind all were the barn, stables, and cow-houses, and pens for the sheep. Near the door were

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two boys. The smaller one was turning a grindstone, and the larger was holding an axe to the stone in order to sharpen it.

“Is your father at home?” said Mr. Lewis.

“No, sir; he has gone to help neighbour Vandyke to raise his new barn; but mother is in. Please to walk into the house.”

They walked in, and here was a pleasant sight indeed. A very large room seemed to be filled with young folks, and every one was busy. Mrs. Riley, the farmer's wife, was busy over the fire, preparing dinner. She blushed, and wiped her face when Mr. Lewis entered; but he said, “Do

not let us put you to trouble, Mrs. Riley : I know you are not ashamed of work."

"No, indeed," said she, "for I hope to be always busy at something; and we have too many mouths to fill, for any of us to be idle. But pray take a chair."

Mr. Lewis and his son sat down, and then Christopher had time to look round and see how all were employed. The eldest daughter was spinning at a large wheel, which filled their ears with its loud hum. Another was cutting up green apples for a pie. In the little back porch they could see a third daughter churning. One little girl was sewing carpet-rags, and the least of all

was rolling them into balls. Every one looked happy.

“But where are your boys?” said Mr. Lewis.

“John and Joseph are in the meadow, putting up a new fence; and William and Robert are grinding their axe, to be ready to help.”

“You all seem very happy, Mrs. Riley: hard work appears to agree with you.”

“It does, sir. We have good appetites, and God is good, and finds us plenty to eat. We sleep well at night, and all our large family are hearty and well. We have not had a doctor here since Polly had the measles. But you will not have time to get home to dinner; you

must stay and take what we can give you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Riley, we must be going; but we will take a bowl of your good milk before we walk."

"Mary, quick, get a pitcher of milk, and bring in some of the cherries which you have been preserving, with a loaf of Sally's best bread."

A white cloth was soon laid, and the travellers made a delightful meal, and then took their leave.

CHAPTER III.

THIRD DAY.

Logan, the Indian basket-maker—The Raccoon—
Bloody quarrel—Evils of ignorance—Blind Peter
Glenn—Comforts of the blind—Why such a differ-
ence.

I MIGHT tell of a number of other places which Mr. Lewis and his son visited on the second day ; but I wish to be short. Therefore we shall now prepare for the third day's travel. You may be sure Christopher was ready very soon after breakfast the next day. They walked nearly two miles along the high road, before they came to any house where Mr. Lewis chose to stop. At length he left the road-side, and descended into

a hollow, through which a stream runs. "I am going to show you a curiosity to-day, Christopher."

"What is that, father?"

"It is a man whom we call Logan, and who lives a life more like an Indian than any one I know. Indeed, his father was an Indian, and was the last of a tribe which used to reside hereabouts."

They walked into the low door of the dirty-looking house, without knocking. Three or four dogs growled on them as they went in, but were soon quieted again by the people of the house.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Lewis.

"O very well—is it you, Mr.

Lewis?" said a tall, dark looking woman, "take a chair, or a bench, or whatever you can find. Tom, Dick, get up! up! and hand a seat to the gentleman. Such a set of loons as I have here! If thrashing would better them, I warrant you they would be good enough, for Logan and I beat them turn about."

"Quiet means are often the best," said Mr. Lewis; "but what is this the boys are doing?"

"They are making baskets out of maple bark. Look there, sir, you see how they have dyed them of different colors. This is your real Indian basket; Logan is proud that nobody out of this house can make them. They sell for half a dollar a piece.

But perhaps you are dry. Dick, hand down that bottle."

"Not at all," said Mr. Lewis, "I never drink spirits. It is a poison I never suffer to come into my house."

"Ha! ha!" said the coarse and vulgar woman, as she took a swallow from the mouth of the bottle!

Just then an animal, such as Christopher had never seen, bounced upon him with a chattering noise. Christopher screamed with fright. "O do not be afraid of the 'coon,'" said the elder boy, "he is tame, and never bites unless you hurt him." The animal was a raccoon. It had been taken from a hole in a high hickory tree, when a few weeks old. Mr. Lewis took this opportunity to

explain all about the animal to his son. He showed him its fox-like nose, its bushy whiskers, and its brush tail, marked with broad rings. Then he asked for a pail of water, and let Christopher see how the creature dabbled in the water, and how he soaked his food before he would eat it. The boys also showed him a young opossum, and two gray squirrels, which they kept in boxes. While they were talking, Logan himself came in. He had a large basket full of fishes, principally pike, which he had caught that morning. He seemed pleased to see the strangers, and began a long story about his fishing expedition. From that he passed to his dexterity in

shooting, and took down his two rifles, which he praised very much.

Mr. Lewis asked one of the boys if he could read. "No," said Logan, "we don't read, nor write either. We don't hold to reading and writing, and as long as I can shoot squirrels and quails, and catch pike and trout, and make maple baskets, I don't care for your book-learning."

"But these lads of yours," said Mr. Lewis, "will need a little learning to make them respectable."

"Not a bit of it," shouted Logan; "let them do as their daddy did before them. Either one of them can take off a squirrel's head with a rifle-ball, and at a speckled basket there is no matching them."

While this conversation was going on, there seemed to be trouble rising in the hut. When the basket of fish was set down, the rough boys began as usual to examine them; and Dick, out of pure mischief, threw a large cat-fish at Tom. One of the sharp horny prongs of the fish went into Tom's wrist, and made a deep wound. Upon this Tom flew at his brother and struck him such a blow, that the blood spouted out of his nose. Then they grappled, and rolled over and over on the floor, scratching, kicking, biting, and cursing each other in a horrible manner. On seeing this, up jumped the mother, in a great rage, and began to beat the boys, as they wallowed

and I am afraid he steals too, for I have several times seen him brought before the justice of the peace. It is not poverty, but wickedness. And you will see that poor people are not always bad, when we go to the next house !”

So they walked on about half a mile, until they came to a small white cottage, standing a little back from the road, between two very large oak trees. There was a seat on each side of the front-door, and over this a bushy honeysuckle. In the yard stood a well, and near it a milk-house ; a border of flowering shrubs ran all along the inside of the fence and under the windows, and around each of the oaks there was a

little mound of sodded earth, for a seat. "See here," said Mr. Lewis, "how neat and pretty every thing looks. And it costs very little money or trouble. I am very apt to judge of people's habits by the way in which they keep their houses and yards."

"Who lives here, father?"

"An old blind man, named Glenn; we commonly call him uncle Peter."

Just then the door opened, and a pretty looking young woman, dressed in plain but neat clothes, looked out, and said: "O, Mr. Lewis, I am so glad to see you! Grandfather has been longing to have a visit from you. Come in—he will be very glad to see you, I know."

So they went in and found the old man sitting in a high-backed arm-chair, which was placed in the back-door, that he might get the cool air.



His long white hair hung down over his shoulders. His face was wrinkled, but looked rosy and healthy. And his eyes were not disfigured, though they had a vacant stare, such as is common with blind people.

“Come in, Mr. Lewis,” said he,

“you are heartily welcome. Take a chair. And who is this young person with you? for my ear is quick, and I hear a light step, which I do not know.”

“It is my son Christopher, who is going about with me to learn as much as he can.”

“Very good, very good. Give me your hand, my little friend; and take an old man’s advice. Learn to love and serve God. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”

Christopher looked around, and saw how very neat and clean every thing was. The floor shone with frequent rubbing, and the curtains of the beds and windows were very white. “Mary,” said the old man,

“where are those fine harvest-apples which Richard brought in. Give our friends some of them. Or perhaps you will have a cool draught of milk from the milk-house? For you must know we keep a cow, and Richard takes care of her, and Mary milks her.”

“I am pleased to see every thing around you look so nice,” said Mr. Lewis.

“Yes, yes, the Lord is kind. Though I am poor, and have always been poor since I lost my sight, which was fifteen years ago last fall, yet I feel as if I had more than heart could wish. Having food and raiment, I would be therewith content. For I know who has said,—‘I will

never leave thee nor forsake thee.'”

Here Mary said that her grandfather loved to sit at the door and smell the flowers, though he could not see them.

“Yes,” said the old man, “I delight in the works of God. The new hay and the vines and flowers fill me with pleasure, and what if I am blind? Cannot I hear the birds rejoicing in the branches? And these affectionate grand-children read to me several hours every day from the Bible, and other good books. Through the grace of God, I am happier now than I ever was in my life. When the days are fair, I can walk to church with the help of Richard’s arm; and what more do I need?”

After sitting a little while longer, Mr. Lewis said it was time to go. He left a little parcel for Mr. Glenn, and took his leave. When they had got out of the house, Christopher looked up in his father's face and said, "O, father, what a difference between these two families."

"Yes, my son—and what makes the difference? Is it money?"

"O no."

"Is it outward circumstances?"

"No, for old Mr. Glenn is blind as well as poor."

"I will tell you Christopher, what it is. It is the grace of God. One family is under the blessed influence of religion; the other is given up to wickedness.—Learn from this, that

religion is that which makes a family happy ; yes, it can make one happy on a bed of sickness, in the depth of poverty, or under the loss of health or of sight.”

On their way home, Mr. Lewis stopped to show his son the way in which paper was made at a paper-mill, and also to look at a tree which had been struck with lightning : but I must pass this over. They returned home, somewhat tired, and they sat down to supper with good appetite, and slept soundly in consequence of their exercise.

CHAPTER IV.

FOURTH DAY.

Travels down stream—An adventure—The garter-snake—Idle Isaac Bennett—Enoch Gray, or the thief's house—The infidel—Beautiful scenery.

FOR several days after the occurrences I have mentioned, Mr. Lewis was so employed, that he could not take his son upon any excursions. But having accomplished his business, he called him one morning, to go out again upon their travels. Christopher was much pleased, and was all ready for his walk in a very few minutes.

“Hitherto,” said Mr. Lewis, “we have gone *up* the stream, and it has

therefore become narrower as we advanced ; but to-day we will go *down* the stream. You will then see it rapidly growing wider, until it falls into the river, at Rock Point."

They set out with much glee, and soon found themselves again upon the bank of the beautiful stream. They made their way through tangled thickets, where the alder, the wild plum, and the birch were mingled with many sorts of vines and creepers. As Christopher was going along before his father, he suddenly started back, and gave a loud cry of alarm. He had almost trodden on a snake. "I was so frightened!" said he, almost out of breath.

"There is no great cause of alarm,"

said his father ; “ that little snake is quite harmless. It is called the garter-snake, from its looking like a striped worsted garter. If they bite at all, they are not venomous. Indeed, very few of the snakes in this part of the country are poisonous. I have spent many years of my life here, and I never heard of any one’s being killed by a snake. The black-snake sometimes bites, so as to cause a very painful swelling ; but no fatal consequences have ensued.”

“ Are there not some poisonous snakes in America ? ” asked Christopher.

“ O, yes. The rattle-snake, the pilot, the copper-head, and others, are venomous animals. But you

would have to travel many miles, before you would come to any of these."

"Father, I have heard that there are no snakes in Ireland."

"That is true. I am inclined to think that there were never any there. Neither are there any toads or moles in Ireland. And it is pretended that there were no frogs until they were introduced by the English."

They now began to get through the woody height, into a plain, open piece of ground, and found themselves near a poor, mean-looking house, not far from the water. It seemed to be going to ruin. There were scarcely two panes of glass to-

gether in any window. The chimney was half broken down. The place where the garden had once been, could still be discovered by the traces of the old walks, and by a few fruit trees and currant bushes left standing. A bed of onions and two or three cabbages were the only signs of cultivation which were left. A crop of high weeds covered all the rest of the ground.

“ See here, my son, here is a lesson which you must not forget. The man who lives here is commonly called idle Isaac Bennett. This desolation which you see is the fruit of idleness. I have never come by this place without thinking of the words of Solomon : “ I went by the field

of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth; and thy want as an armed man."

Along the side of the house there were rows of fish hanging to dry, and a few squirrel and hare-skins nailed against the boards. Two or three lazy hounds were basking in the sun, and as they came near, they



saw idle Isaac himself, lazily leaning against the door-post. He seemed to be cleaning the lock of an old gun. His clothes were ragged, and his shoes full of holes. Mr. Lewis spoke to him, but did not stop.

“That fellow (said he) might have been the richest man in this neighborhood. His father left him all the land which you can see from this spot. Yonder beautiful house upon

the hill was the mansion of the Ben netts. Now, all that is left him is this hovel, with a small lot, which is of no use to him."

Christopher. How did he come to be so poor?

Mr. L. Idleness, idleness, is the cause. Isaac was never taught to work. He was brought up in indolence. As long as his money lasted he did well enough, but he soon ran through his estate. The farm went to ruin. He was in debt, and had to sell one piece of land after another. All this time he was too lazy to make any exertion. At last the house was sold, and in a few years he came to what you now see.

Christopher. How does he pass his time?

Mr. L. Much of it in bed. He shoots a little, and fishes a little. I have always observed that fishing is a favourite amusement of idlers. Sometimes he saunters about the neighbouring farms, or lolls upon the tavern benches.

Christopher thought much of what his father told him, and determined that he would endeavour to avoid habits of idleness. They walked along, and soon came to another house on the bank. "See there!" said Mr. Lewis, "there is the dwelling of another wretched man."

"Who lives there, father?"

"That is called by the boys the

thief's house. I do not call it so, for the man who lives there has never been convicted of theft. But you will usually observe, that where a man has no trade, and no visible means of support, he falls under a suspicion of dishonesty. This is the house of Enoch Gray. I have known him these ten years, and in all that time I never knew him to do a single job of regular work. It is the same with his wife and children. They live well, and dress expensively, but no one knows where they get their money."

Christopher. Has he ever been taken up for stealing?

Mr. L. Often. But he is a crafty man, and it never could be proved

on him. That small house which looks like a stable, is always kept locked up. Some have said that Enoch keeps his stolen goods there. He is one of the sort whom we call infidels.

C. What is an infidel, father?

Mr. L. *Infidel* means an *unbeliever*. There are various kinds of infidels. Some deny that the Bible is true. Some deny that there is any future state. And some deny that there is any God.

C. O, dreadful! And is Enoch Gray one of these? —

Mr. L. He is, indeed. He says that the world has existed for ever—and that the soul dies with the body. He laughs at those who say that

there is a God. When the minister called to see his sick daughter, he ordered him to leave the house.

C. And does the wicked man teach his children to think as he does?

Mr. L. Whether he teaches them or not, they are much like him. They never seem happy. They curse and swear and fight; and not long ago one of them was drowned on a Sunday, when he was out on a pleasure party.

C. Father, let us go by this dreadful place. I do not wish to go into such a house.

So they passed on, and continued their walk upon the beautiful bank. Sometimes they sat under the tall

buttonwood trees, and gazed upon the deep, clear water, where thousands of fishes turned up their sparkling sides to the sun. As the day became warmer, they began to need the shade of the high branches, and therefore they spent an hour at noon on one of the grassy banks. They could look up and down the stream for a great distance. Both sides were thickly covered with trees and shrubs. During the very hot parts of the day, the birds are generally quiet; but they could hear the scream of the jay, and the tapping of the woodpecker. And now and then the deep voice of the bull-frog would echo among the banks; or the smaller frogs would plunge from the rock

into deep water. If they kept perfectly still for a little while, they would hear the squirrels barking, or see them skipping among the high branches. And then the breeze would arise and sweep gently through the foliage, carrying the sweet odour of many flowers. The ripple of the water around the bank made a gurgling noise. Mr. Lewis opened a tin box, which he carried with him, and took out some bread and meat which he had provided for their refreshment, and after this he drew a book from his pocket and read aloud to his son as they lay stretched on the grass.

Mr. Lewis took this occasion to speak to his little boy about the wonders and beauties of creation. He

directed him to observe how all nature was full of God's goodness. He explained to him the uses of many things which they observed, and taught him to look for the traces of God's wisdom and power in all his works.

And then they sang these verses :

Join every tongue to praise the Lord ;
All nature rests upon his word :
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and dress'd with flowers.

'Tis from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply.
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching dews dispense.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine,
In all the earth thy glories shine ;
Through every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

CHAPTER V.

FIFTH DAY.

The falls—Rock Point factory—Visit to a country school—Scenes at a village tavern.—Evils of intemperance—Visit to the house of death—Blessings of piety.

WHEN our travellers had rested sufficiently, they rose and continued their ramble. The brook, along which they pursued their way, became wider and wider. Mr. Lewis told his son, that they would soon arrive at the place where it falls into the river; and indeed it was not long before Christopher began to see a number of tall stone buildings on the other side of the stream.

“That,” said Mr. Lewis, “is the Rock Point factory. Some of those buildings are as much as six stories high. They are cotton-factories, and five or six hundred persons are employed in them.

Christopher. What do they make there?

Mr. Lewis. Various sorts of cotton cloth, domestic muslins, ticking, and the like. Formerly, the carding, and spinning, and weaving were all done by hand. But now there have been such improvements in machinery, that all these things are done by water-power. A few large wheels are turned by the stream of this brook, and these wheels put all the other machinery in motion.

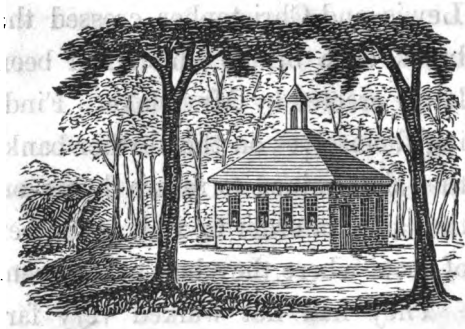
When they came to the factories, Mr. Lewis inquired for the owner, and then took his son through the whole of them. Mr. Blake, the owner, seemed to take great pleasure in explaining every thing which they saw.

After this, they went to the bank of the river, and looked at some large rafts of timber, which had been floated down from the great forests a hundred miles higher up. These rafts are made of many hundreds of large logs, or trunks of trees, fastened together. A number of men get upon them, and they are carried down by the force of the stream to the place of their destination.

I ought to have related, that Mr.

Lewis and Christopher crossed the brook on a bridge which had been lately erected by Mr. Blake. Finding themselves on the further bank, they determined to return home on that side, in order to visit a number of spots where they had never been.

They had not walked very far, before they came in sight of a country school-house. It was on the side of the stream, where a little rivulet ran down over a ledge of rocks. The house was in the midst of a green plot of grass, and near it was a little grove of oaks. The windows were up, and long before they reached the door they could hear the busy hum of the boys at their lessons. Mr. Lewis knocked at the door, and very



respectfully asked the teacher if they might come in and look at his school. He gave them leave to do so, and they entered and took their seats near the schoolmaster. It was a large school, but the boys all appeared very orderly and diligent. Though they walked about and whispered a little when the strangers entered, yet they soon became still again, and the lessons went on as before.

They remained here until the boys were dismissed. The children made a cheerful shouting when they were let out, and immediately began their accustomed sports upon the green, and in the woods. Mr. Lewis had a bundle of small books in his pocket, which he distributed among the little fellows. He then talked with the teacher about setting up a Sunday-school in this school-house; for Mr. Lewis used to say that wherever there was a school-house, there ought to be a Sunday-school. He told the teacher that he thought he could find a number of pious young people in Medford who would be willing to engage in the instruction of this school.

When they left the school-house, they continued along the side of the brook until they found the land becoming moist and marshy. This made them turn aside to a road on their left hand. After they had walked a few hundred yards on this road, they came to a small tavern, around which a crowd of people was gathered. Some of them were intoxicated, and several were bloody, as if they had been engaged in fighting. On inquiry, Mr. Lewis found that a number of men who brought rafts down the river, had stopped here to drink. They became drunk, and soon got to fighting. One had his eye nearly put out, and there were several with broken noses.

The confusion was such, that Christopher was almost afraid to go by, but his father took him by the hand, and led him safely through the noisy people. When they had passed, Mr. Lewis said, "My son, you see here the evil effects of ardent spirits. Taverns were originally intended for places where weary travellers might get food and lodging for themselves and their beasts. But now they have become, in too many instances, mere drinking houses, tippling shops, places where wicked people meet to squander away their time, and to become intoxicated."

"I am glad," said Christopher, "that we did not stop at that wicked place."

“At the next house,” replied his father, “we shall find a pleasant resting place. It is the home of two good old ladies, named Russell. They are the widows of two brothers who were lost at sea many years ago; and these old ladies have lived together ever since.”

They accordingly stopped at the cottage; but before they knocked at the door, a servant opened it very softly, and said that Mrs. Phebe Russell, the elder of the two old ladies, was very ill. Mr. Lewis walked gently into the little front parlour, and throwing open the window shutters, took a seat. “I will wait,” said he, “and see whether I can be of any use.” After a few mi-

minutes, Mrs. Jane Russell came in, and said with a trembling voice, that she believed her sister-in-law was dying. She had been seized in the night with some violent disease of the heart. "I think it providential," said she, "that you should have called, for sister desired to see you. Walk into the room, sir, and bring your son too—perhaps it will do him good."

Christopher felt sad, and somewhat alarmed, for he had not been much used to sick rooms. But when his father made a sign to him, he followed. They went into a small chamber, which was made almost dark. On the bed lay the old lady,

leaning upon some pillows, and breathing very hard. Her face was pale, and her eyes very hollow. It was some time before she could speak a word. At last she reached out her trembling hand to Mr. Lewis, and said, in a kind of whisper,

“My dear Christian friend—you are welcome—the Lord has sent his messenger—His time is best—I bow to his holy will.”

Mr. Lewis saw at once that she was dying. He knelt down, and offered a short prayer by her bedside. At the close of it the dying woman said with a clear, loud voice, *Amen*. They then talked a little, as follows :

Mr. Lewis. Dear madam, is your

mind free from distress, in this trying hour ?'

Mrs. Russell. It is! it is! O, I used to dread this hour. I used to think the very apprehension of death would overwhelm me. But Christ is near. I trust in his merits and his death. I glory in his salvation.

Mr. L. Blessed be God for this grace. My friend you are going before us. I really think your sorrows are near their close. Let your soul rest upon the promises of God. Let your heart be filled with the hope of future glory. Soon you will see that blessed Redeemer whom you have loved. You are going to behold him face to face. You are

going to be for ever with the Lord."

Here he paused, for he saw that the breath of the dying woman was becoming shorter and shorter. They lowered her head, and bathed her forehead with camphor. After a few long sighs, she lay still—her eyes became fixed—they perceived that she was dead.

There was silence in the room for some minutes. At last Mr. Lewis said, very solemnly, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He then spoke a few words to Mrs. Russell, and left the house, because it was nearly sunset, and they were still a mile from home.

As they left the house, Mr. Lewis turned to his little son, and said, "Christopher, we have beheld a solemn sight. You never saw any one die, before. And I am glad that the first death-bed scene you have witnessed is that of a real Christian. I am sure that you will long remember this. You see what a blessed support the true Christian has in death. If you would die in peace, you must give your heart to God while you are in health."

When Christopher reached home, he was very much fatigued; but this did not keep him from going into a private room, and reading a long time in the Bible. He felt very

serious, and after he had spent some time in reading, he knelt down and committed his soul to God in prayer.

CHAPTER VI.

SIXTH DAY.

● Roger Harley's farm—The caravan of wild animals—
How menageries are collected—Daring adventure—
Duncan Campbell, the Scotch weaver—The worth
of the Bible.

FOR several days Mr. Lewis was employed in making the necessary arrangements for the funeral of old Mrs. Russell; and therefore could not take his son upon any new excursions. But as soon as he had finished this duty, they prepared for another trip into the country.

They chose a clear and beautiful

morning, when the heat was not too great, and went in a direction towards which they had not walked before. To the north of Medford there is a hill covered with forests, which extend for many miles to the east and west. In different parts of this hill there live a number of poor persons, who make a living, by little patches of ground, or by wood-cutting, or by hunting. Just on the edge of the woods they found themselves near a small but neat farm, which looked more beautiful than any thing they had seen of the kind. Mr. Lewis directed the attention of Christopher to this place.

“This little farm,” said he, “belongs to an Englishman, named Roger

Harley. I remember him when he was a servant of the inn-keeper, and when he had nothing in the world but his wages. But by industry, temperance, and good management, he has laid up enough, in the course of five-and-twenty years, to buy this piece of land, and to build that pretty farm-house."

"What beautiful rows of shrubbery he has," said Christopher.

"Those," said Mr. Lewis, "are *hedges*. They answer all the purpose of fences, and are much more beautiful. That is the way in which fields are enclosed in England. Roger has copied a great many of the improvements of his native country. Look at the stacks which they have

lately been putting up. You will see no such stacks in this neighborhood. They are thatched over at the top in a way that is really beautiful."

They then went into the gate, and walked towards the house. Roger, who was in the barn-yard attending to some cattle, soon saw them, and walked towards them very fast, to invite them into the house. Mr. Lewis, as usual, left some tracts for the children, and then took his leave. As they passed again into the high road, they were surprised to see, at a little distance, what seemed to be a great procession of wagons, and horses, and strange looking people. As they drew nearer, Christopher

was still more astonished to see, in front of the whole, an enormous animal walking very slowly. It was covered with a great cloth, and was larger than several horses put together. "Christopher," said his father, "do you know what that is?"

"I suppose, sir, it is an elephant. I never saw an elephant, but this is just like the pictures I have seen. Will it not hurt us?"

"O no—do not be afraid. It is indeed an elephant, and this is what they call a caravan of wild beasts. I suppose they are going to have a show in our village. But look at the elephant as he passes us. Unless he were so very gentle, he might tear every thing to pieces. That

immense trunk, or proboscis, can pick up a pin ; but it can also tear up a young tree by the roots."

Christopher. Where do they get these elephants ?

Mr. Lewis. I suppose this one was brought from the East Indies. They are also common in Africa.

The caravan then passed along. There were as many as fifteen wagons, which indeed were nothing but great cages set upon wheels. Some were drawn by four horses, and all the horses were gray. This was in order to make a finer appearance. They could hear the discontented animals snarling and growling as they passed. There were lions, tigers, kangaroos, monkeys.

leopards, hyenas, and last of all two poor, meek-looking camels followed the train.

Christopher. I think you said that they called this a *caravan*. Pray what does this word mean?

Mr. Lewis. It properly means a travelling company in Asia, where large numbers of persons join together, and travel with camels and other animals across the sandy deserts. But it is vulgarly applied to such collections of wild beasts as this.

C. But, father, how do they contrive to get so many different animals?

Mr. L. Some from one part of

the world, and some from another. Ships which come to our sea-ports often have strange animals on board, and these are bought up by the showmen, at a very great price. But what will seem very strange to you, there is a company of persons in New England, who make a regular business of importing wild beasts from the Cape of Good Hope, which you know is the southern point of Africa. They have men constantly employed in catching the animals, and it is said they have made a great deal of money by it.

C. I should like to see these animals. Father, do you think it is right to go?

Mr. L. Some shows are very foolish, and therefore I have never allowed you to go and see them. But these animals are real curiosities. By seeing them one learns natural history, and they serve to show us the mighty power of God. Here you may see, in one hour, more animals than you could see by travelling for years. For, as I said, they are gathered together from many different countries. Thus the camel comes from Arabia; the lion from Africa; the kangaroo from New Holland; the lama from South America; the tiger from Bengal; and the white bear from the Polar Regions.

C. I wish to see the lion; he is a very famous beast.

Mr. L. Lions are very common in our shows in these days. In 1834 a lion was sent as a present to the President of the United States, by one of the princes of the Barbary states, in the north of Africa; and in 1835, it was given by the president to the Orphan Asylum of Washington.

C. How do they find a place to show so many animals?

Mr. L. The common way now is, to have a very large tent, made of strong canvass, and supported by poles. This can be taken down at pleasure, and carried in wagons. I suppose they have sent this on beforehand, to have all in readiness for

their arrival. They usually have a band of music to attract visitors.

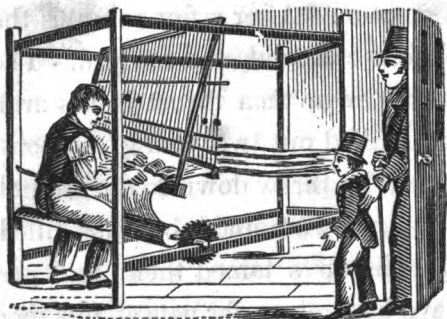
Thus they talked as they walked along. They soon began to ascend the hill, and found themselves among the refreshing shade of lofty trees. Mr. Lewis mentioned to his son the name of every principal tree, and told him that he hoped it would not be long before he would know the name and uses of every tree in the woods. "This," said he, "is a very useful kind of knowledge, but what a great many learned scholars are ignorant of; for it cannot be learned from books." He also showed him many rare plants and flowers, and taught him their names. Now and then they saw a flying-squirrel dart

from tree to tree, or alarmed the little striped ground-squirrel from his resting place in an old stump.

As they passed a very tall hickory tree, Mr. Lewis pointed up, and said, "Do you see a large knot near the upper branches of that hickory, where there are marks of an axe? I saw a daring exploit at that spot last summer. As I was riding by, I perceived a group of boys and men near the bottom of this tree, and heard the sound of an axe. When I came up, I saw a lad standing upon that large knot, away up the tree. He was holding by his left hand, and with his right was cutting into the tree, in order to enlarge a hole which he saw there; for it was the nest of

a raccoon. After a few minutes the old one came out, and escaped. The young man then thrust in his arm, and pulled out two young raccoons, which he threw down to the ground. They were stunned, but not killed, and the boys tamed them, and perhaps have them for pets at this day. The lad then threw down his axe, which he had previously drawn up by a cord, and came down by the trunk of the tree."

It was not long before Mr. Lewis pointed out to Christopher a small house among the trees, to which they directed their steps. It was a rough building, with very few windows. They heard the sound of the loom before they entered, for it was



the house of Duncan Campbell, a Scotch weaver. When they went in, Duncan stopped his work, and asked them to take a seat. Christopher saw that he had a book open before him at the loom.

“I am rejoiced to see you, sir,” said Duncan, “for it is long since I have had any one here with whom I could talk about the best of things.”

Mr. Lewis. You still look contented and happy, Duncan.

Duncan. And why should I not, sir? I have bread to eat and raiment to put on; and though I am alone in the world, yet this blessed book shows me the way to a better, where I shall have the best of company, and where I shall never be poor or ailing any more.

Mr. L. Then you do not think that poverty can make a man miserable, Duncan?

D. Surely not, if he has the grace of God in his heart. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"

Mr. L. But you have had other distresses besides poverty.

D. Yes, sir. Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom. Poverty is the least of my troubles, while I have only my own mouth to fill. I am a lonely man; my dear wife died many years ago, and one or two dear babes soon followed her. But they are in heaven, and I am soon to follow them; and the hope often fills me with joy while I sit at my work.

Mr. L. The Bible is a treasure to one in your situation.

D. A treasure! Yes, sir, it is more than all the world to me. It is better than a mine of gold. When I am sad, I find my Bible full of

precious promises to cheer me. When I am in darkness, it is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path. It shows me the Lord Jesus Christ, who is all my salvation, and all my desire. This Bible is the very one in which my dear wife used to read; and I love to read the texts which she loved, and which she marked with her own hand.

Thus they conversed for an hour and more, and Christopher was astonished to hear this poor old weaver quote the Scriptures, repeating long passages as readily and correctly as if he had been a preacher.

When they left his house, Mr. Lewis turned to Christopher, and said, "See here, my son, how happy

true religion can make a man, in the midst of solitude, poverty, and old age. And see also the blessed effects of a little good education. When Duncan was a child, in Scotland, his parents taught him to read, and early accustomed him to make use of the Bible. This has been his comfort ever since, in all his sorrows.'

1784

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