INCIDENTS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE TINNER'S SON.

"he seemed to be studying the title page"

THE TWO TEMPERS.

"tell them the Cart is in the ditch"

INCIDENTS

OF

CHILDHOOD.

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PREFACE.

FICTITIOUS narratives, designed for the perusal of children, should (in the opinion of the Writer) be familiar in their *subjects* as well as in their style; and slight in their construction: They should hardly aim to excite more than a very transient or superficial emotion. If they are highly wrought, or laboured with dramatic interest, they will rarely be read without injury by children whose imaginations are lively, or whose feelings are strong. In other cases, they will be harmless only in proportion as they are useless.

It is desirable that children should be tempted to seek a portion—but never a large portion, of their amusement in books, as well as in active sports. That this species of amusement should be *harmless* is, perhaps,

its best praise. While it avoids the hazards which must always attend any fictitious excitement of the imagination or the stronger feelings, it may safely aim to illustrate the minor virtues,—to exhibit the less important faults to which children are liable, or, to give a playful exercise to the understanding.

In what way religious principles may be advantageously presented to the minds of children through the medium of fiction, is a question upon which the Writer has no wish to give an opinion: he has only to say that he has not deemed himself qualified for a task of so much difficulty.

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I.

THE IRON BOX.

PETER SIMONS was the son of a poor fisherman who lived in a solitary cottage, built of rough stone, on the steep side of a rock which faced the sea. Behind the cottage the dark jagged cliff slanted up to a great height: before it you might look straight down upon the sea, two hundred feet below. Steps were cut in the solid stone, which led winding down to the shore. On one side of the house there was a stack of furze to serve for firing; on the other side was a small level space, with poles, on which the

fisherman hung his nets to dry. The front of the cottage was covered with rows of dried fish, of different sorts, cut open, and all shrivelled and yellow: at the door hung the fisherman's great sea boots, and his rough blue coat, lined with red stuff.

Peter was a lazy boy; and his father and mother used no means to correct his idle habits; but suffered him to spend his time as he pleased. Sometimes he would lie half the day on the ground before the door, just looking over the edge, to watch the curling foam of the waves among the broken rocks below; or throw down stones to see them jump from ledge to ledge as they fell. When the weather was perfectly calm, and the sun shone, so that, from the top of the hill, the sea appeared all in a blaze of light;

you might perceive a black speck at some distance, like a lark in the clear sky; this was the fisherman's small boat, in which Peter would spend all the hours from one tide till the next. Having anchored the boat on a sand bank, he would dose with his hat slouched over his face; or if he was awake, listen to the tapping of the waves against the side of the boat; and now and then halloo, to make the gulls that were swimming about, rise into the air. But most often, in fine weather, he would saunter along upon the beach, to a neck of sand about a mile from his home. Here there was the old hulk of a sloop, that had been wrecked at a spring tide; so that it lay high upon the beach; it was now half sunk in the sand, and the sea weed had ga-

thered round it, three or four feet deep. It was Peter's delight to sit upon the deck, lolling against the capstan, while his naked legs dangled down the gangway in the forecastle.

When the weather was too cold to sit still out of doors, and when his mother drove him from the chimney corner, Peter would take a large knife and an old hat; and gather muscles from the rocks: but almost the only thing of any use which he did in the whole course of the year, was to plait a straw hat for himself, and patch his jacket.

Peter seemed always dismal and discontented; he seldom more than half opened his eyes, except when he was searching the crannies of the rocks, and fumbling in the heaps of sea weed, after a storm, in hope of finding some-

thing that had been thrown up by the waves. Indeed, he lived in expectation that some great good luck would one day come to him in this way: and so in fact it happened.

One morning after a gale of wind, and a very high spring tide; the sea retired so far that Peter made his way to a reef of rocks which he had never before been able to reach. There were two hours before the tide would oblige him to return: he determined therefore to make the best use of the time in hunting over this new ground. He scrambled up and down, and jumped from rock to rock so nimbly, that, at a little distance, no one would have guessed that it was Peter Simons. He dived his arm deep into the weedy basins in the rocks; and groped, with his hands under water,

among the pebbles, shells, and oily weed with which they were filled. Nothing however was to be found; except, now and then, a whitened bone, a piece of green sheet-copper, or some rusty iron.

Peter staid till the sea had several times run over the sand bank which joined the reef of rocks to the shore. It was now necessary to make speed back; and he took such long strides in returning, that he sunk over his ankles in the loose sand. Just before he reached the solid ground, he set his bare foot upon a staple and ring, to which a small rope was tied: he pulled the rope pretty stoutly, supposing it to be fastened to a piece of timber from a wreck; but, in doing so, he dragged from under the sand an Iron Box, about six inches square. It was very rusty,

and he would have thought it a solid block of iron, if it had not been for the appearance of hinges on one side.

"Now," said Peter, "here's my fortune to be sure in this box: what should an Iron Box be for, but to keep gold and diamonds in. Nobody shall know a word of this till I see what's in it." He knocked and banged it about on the rocks for some time, to get it open; but finding his efforts vain, he determined, for the present, to carry it to the old sloop, where he spent so much of his time; and lodge it safely in the sand which filled the hold: by the time he had done this, it was nearly dark.

Although he had been kept awake some part of the night, in making various guesses of what might be in the box, and planning what he should do with

his treasure, Peter rose two hours before his usual time the next morning. The rising sun shone upon the highest peak of the rocky headland, just as he climbed upon the deck of the sloop. He had brought a large knife, and a hammer with him, to force the box open; but he found he could not get the point of the knife in any where; and all his blows with the hammer only made the rusty flakes of iron peel off from the sides of the box: no trace of a key-hole could be found; and when the top of the box was cleaned, it appeared that the lid was screwed down on three sides. Peter buried the box again in the same place; and set himself to think what was to be done. He knew that the blacksmith at the village could open the box easily enough;

but he would trust his secret to nobody. The only way therefore was to procure tools, and go to work upon it himself. Lazy folks, when they choose to exert themselves, are often very ingenious, and sometimes, even, very diligent. Peter had not a penny of his own. How was he to get money enough to buy a screw-driver?

Peter Simons, as we have said before, could plait a straw hat pretty neatly. It was a sort of employment that suited him; because he could do it while he sat lolling in the sunshine; thinking about nothing; with his eyes half shut, and his mouth half open. He thought that if he made two or three hats, he might be able to sell them at the town for as much money as would buy the screw-driver,

or what other tools he might want. He procured the straw therefore, and taking it to the cabin of the old sloop, went to work more heartily than ever he had done in his life before. Peter's father and mother concerned themselves very little with the manner in which he spent his time: and when he took his dinner with him, and was absent the whole day, his mother was glad to get rid of him, and asked him no questions when he came home in the evening.

The first thing that Peter did every morning before he sat down to his straw-hat making, was to take the box out of the sand, and make some violent efforts to force it open without further ado: but after spending some time in turning it about, looking at it, banging it against the rock, and try-

ing to wheedle in the point of the knife, he quietly buried it in its place; having convinced himself afresh that the only way was to go on steadily with the plan he had determined upon. He often wondered that he could not hear the diamonds or the guineas rattle, when he shook the box; but he concluded that it was stuffed so full, that there was no room for them to wag.

After Peter had been thus diligently employed several days, he began to feel a pleasure in work which was quite new to him; although he now rose two or three hours earlier than he used to do, the days seemed to him shorter instead of longer than they did when he spent all his time in idleness. He almost lost his habit of yawning; and when he went

home in the evening, instead of squatting down sulkily in the chimney corner, he would jump about the house, and do little jobs for his mother. "I don't know what's come to our Peter," said his mother, "he's not the same boy that he was."

At length he finished three straw hats; which he reckoned he might sell to the boys on the quay, at the neighbouring sea-port town, for a shilling at least. Off he set, therefore, early the next morning; going a roundabout way, to avoid being seen by any one who knew him: the distance was ten miles. He sold his hats in the course of the day—bought a screw-driver and an iron wedge; and got back time enough to go and deposit his tools along with the box before he returned home.

Although he was very tired with his walk, he rose the next morning before day-break; and he felt no doubt that by the time his mother had made the kettle boil for breakfast, he should be a rich man: but Peter reckoned rather too hastily. He soon found that he could do nothing with the screw-driver: all his efforts only made the heads of the screws smooth and bright: he perceived that he must cut off the heads of the screws, by filing deep notches in the edge of the lid; for this purpose he must get two files; to procure which he must sell at least, two more hats; this was a sad trial of Peter's patience. It was a whole week before he made his second journey to the town, and bought the two files. But he had now a long job before him. Not being used to hard

work, it was late in the evening before he had made a notch so deep as completely to cut away the head of the first screw, and there were nine screws in the lid.

His arms ached so much, when he went to bed, that he could hardly sleep; and his wrists were so stiff the next morning, that he made very little progress in his work during the whole day; but kept filing faintly,—a little at one screw, and then a little at another. The third and fourth day, however, he seemed to have gained strength by labour; and after a week's toil, he filed away the head of the last screw: but, even now, the screws were so completely rusted into their holes, that he began to think all the force he could use would never make the lid move: at length a lucky blow drove

the iron wedge a full inch under the lid: and, after a great deal of twisting and hammering, the box came open. And what was in it? Nothing at all!—empty—empty—quite empty!

With the hammer in one hand, and the wedge in the other, Peter stood staring into the box a long while, scarcely knowing where he was. At last he scrambled up out of the hold of the vessel; laid himself down upon the deck, and cried and sobbed for an hour or two. But he resolved that he would not be laughed at for his disappointment, so he dried up his tears; slunk home when it grew dark; went to bed without taking his supper; and fretted till he fell asleep.

But Peter Simons had now learned to exert himself,—his thoughts had been actively engaged for several

weeks; he had felt the satisfaction of earning money by his own labour; he had broke the habit of lying in bed till breakfast time; he had become really stronger by hard work; in short, he could not bear the thought of living for the future as he had done, in wretched idleness. "Father," said he, "I should like to earn my living like other folks: I wish you'd put me to the blacksmith's to work."

Peter's wish was accomplished before he had time to repent of it: he was put to work at the blacksmith's: in due time he learned the business well; and got the character of being a clever and industrious workman. When he was in business for himself, he used to say, "I found all my good fortune in an empty box."

II.

PHEBE'S VISIT.

"My love, I think I have something to say that will please you;" said Phebe's Mamma to her, one day.

"O dear, have you, Mamma,—pray tell me directly," said Phebe; "I cannot think what it is."

"Why, my love, Mrs. Mason has been here this morning, and she was so kind as to ask me to let you spend a few days with her; so I told her, that if you were a good girl you should go on Tuesday.—Shall you like it, Phebe?"

"O dear, yes, Mamma; how very

much delighted I am;—what a good girl I will be:—but what a while it is to wait,—Friday—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—Tuesday: I wish it had been sooner;—I shall be so happy.—I suppose Mrs. Mason's house is not at all like ours, is it, Mamma?"

"No, my dear; I believe that you will find many things at Mrs. Mason's quite different from what you see here."

"Dear, how glad I am of that," said Phebe; "and then, besides all the fine things I shall see there, I shall not have my lessons to learn, nor be called to do a great many tiresome jobs that hinder me so when I am at play; and I shall not have William to tease me; and that will be a great comfort."

"So you really think that you shall

be happier without poor William, do you Phebe? I am sorry for that;" said her Mother.

"O, I like to have him with me sometimes, Mamma; and so I should always if he would not tease me so much; but it was only the other day that he came into the nursery, when I had drest my doll in a clean white frock, and it was looking so pretty; and instead of praising it, as I expected, he held it up by one foot and laughed at it, and said he wondered what pleasure I could take in making clothes for a log of wood.—And he did what was worse still, last night, Mamma; for he took up my wax doll, and really held one of its hands to the candle, because he said he wanted to seal a letter to cousin Thomas; only Papa was in the room and reproved him for

it, (which I was very glad of,) and said he wondered how he could tease the poor child so; and then William said he did not *really* intend to do it, because it was not the right sort of wax; but I dare say he would if Papa had not been there. Now was not it very wrong of him, Mamma?"

"I know he often teases you, my love; for boys are very fond of teasing their little sisters; but yet I think you should not be very glad when he is reproved, because he is really good natured, and willing to do any thing for you that you want."

"So he is, poor fellow," said Phebe; "and I did not particularly wish him to be reproved, only I was afraid that he would spoil my doll. But let us say something more about going to Mrs. Mason's, Mamma.—I dare say I

shall sit up to supper every night; and I shall most likely sleep in a room all by myself, instead of in the nursery: and every thing will be a great deal more pleasant than it is here."

"Why, really Phebe," said her Mamma, "if a little girl who lives in a comfortable house, with a kind Papa and Mamma, and several good brothers and sisters, and a great many playthings, finds so much to be discontented with, I cannot promise that she will find every thing just as she would wish it, even at Mrs. Mason's."

"I am not *very* discontented, Mamma," said Phebe; "only I think there are a few things that I would alter if I were a woman and could do exactly as I liked."

"I never yet heard of a woman who *could* do exactly as she liked, Phebe;

and I am afraid that, when you are a woman, you will always find somebody to tease you, even though William should live a great many miles away; and though you should then have no Papa and Mamma, "to make you do a great many tiresome jobs when you want to play"; or rather I mean, Phebe, that those who are apt to be fretful and discontented about very little things, will always have a great many little things to fret about."

Phebe could never think of the time when she should have no Papa and Mamma, without feeling the tears come into her eyes, for she loved her parents dearly, and if ever she felt unwilling to leave off playing when her Mother called her, she had only to think, how *very—very* sorry she should be when *that* time came, to recollect

that her Mamma had ever found her in the *least* disobedient or unkind; and then she left off and went cheerfully, even though she were at play ever so prettily."

"However, Mamma," said Phebe, who wished to continue the conversation; "I cannot think of any thing that is likely to make me at all uncomfortable while I am at Mrs. Mason's."

"Then I hope you will be quite happy all the time, my love; and remember, when you return, I shall ask you whether you have or not."

"O do, Mamma; pray do not forget it;" said Phebe, "who thought that, for once, her Mamma would certainly be mistaken."

Phebe's Mamma was quite right in telling her that she would find many

things at Mrs. Mason's different from what she had been used to at home; for Phebe's parents lived in a handsome red brick house, in the middle of a large town: there was a garden behind the house, but it was not very large, and there were high brick walls all round it; and then they had to walk through several smoky streets before they could get into the pretty green fields, and feel the sweet fresh air blowing on them.—But Mr. Mason's was a cheerful looking white house, standing in the midst of the fields; with a great many tall trees about it, and a farm yard in sight of one of the windows, where there were cows, and pigs, and ducks, and geese, and a number of things that were all quite new to Phebe.—Mr. and Mrs. Mason, too, were plain elderly people,

not at all like Phebe's Papa and Mamma; but they were very pleasant people, and Phebe had often heard her parents say that they had a great respect for them. They had no family of their own; but they were very fond of children; Mrs. Mason, particularly, was extremely good-natured to them, and was sure to laugh at every thing they said.

Phebe asked a great many questions every day about her visit, and thought that Tuesday was a long while coming; however it came at last, and when dinner was over the chaise was brought to the door, and as soon as she was comfortably seated between her Papa and Mamma they set off, and Phebe began to be very happy.

"Well, Phebe, are you quite hap-

py?" said her Papa, after they had gone a little way.

"Yes, thank you, Papa;—that is to say, I should be, if the sun did not shine exactly in my eyes;—and I am obliged to keep holding my bonnet too, or else I am afraid the wind would blow it off; and that makes my arm ache rather."

"So you see, my love, there is always something to keep us from being *quite* happy," said her Papa.

"Yes, till we get to Mrs. Mason's, Papa," replied Phebe.

"What a pretty house," exclaimed she, as the chaise stopped at Mr. Mason's gate; "and what a nice garden before it!"

They were shown into a very pretty cheerful parlour, with a window

almost down to the ground, overlooking the garden, which was filled with all sorts of flowers, and just beyond the garden was a large meadow, where there were a number of lambs skipping about, and looking as frolicsome as could be. Mr. and Mrs. Mason took a great deal of notice of Phebe, and promised that she should have whatever she liked, all the while she was there.

"O how I will run about in the fields to-morrow," thought Phebe; "and then when I come in, how delightful it will be to sit in this pretty parlour and look at the lambs!"

Soon after tea her Papa and Mamma left her, with many injunctions to be a good girl. She had never visited any where alone, before, and she could scarcely help crying

when she saw them drive out of sight, and leave her all alone, five miles from home. It soon grew dark, and Phebe began to feel very tired. Mr. Mason was reading the newspaper, and Mrs. Mason had got out her knitting; but Phebe had nothing at all to do, and very much wished it was bed-time.

"Perhaps, my dear, you'd like to go to bed before supper," said Mrs. Mason, seeing her look very sleepy.

"No, thank you, Ma'am, I had much rather sit up to supper," said Phebe, gaping.

"I'm sure I do not know what we can find to amuse you," said Mrs. Mason; "for I have no playthings, and I'm afraid you'll be sadly dull, poor thing:—let's see though," said she, "I think there's a box of dominoes somewhere, if I can but find them. O here

they are, I declare: you'll like them, won't you, dear.

Phebe was not very fond of dominoes, especially when she had no one to play with her: she contrived however, by the help of them, to keep her eyes open till supper-time; and directly after supper she went to bed, thinking that, the *evening* was not quite so pleasant at Mrs. Mason's as she had expected. Besides, she had never slept by herself before, and she felt so lonely when Susan had taken her candle away, that she was glad to go to sleep as fast as possible.

The next morning she awoke in very good spirits, and rose the moment that Susan called her. She found her way to the parlour; but was surprised to see that the window shutters were not open.

"No, this way, if you please, Miss;" said Susan, opening a door on the other side the passage.

"Dear," said Phebe, looking quite amazed as she entered a large old-fashioned kitchen, strewed with red sand, finding that they were really going to breakfast there. "Well, I did not know that people ever lived in kitchens: I thought they were only made for servants. We do not live in ours."

"No, I dare say not," said Mrs. Mason, "but you like this kitchen love, don't you?"

"Yes, I like it very well," replied Phebe; "but I think the parlour a great deal more pleasant:—besides the bricks are so cold to one's feet.—We have carpets in all our rooms except the kitchen; and I dare say we should

have one there, if we lived in it. Such nice warm thick ones; I think they call them turkey carpets—you cannot think how comfortable they are."

"Aye, I dare say they are for those that like them; but I am very happy without one, my little lady," said Mr. Mason, who knew that he had excellent reasons for not having a turkey carpet in his kitchen.

"But how I wonder you do not live in the parlour: I cannot think what you have it for," said Phebe; who was very fond of talking when her Mamma was out of the way.

"We have it to use sometimes, when we want it, my dear;" said Mrs. Mason: "but I like the kitchen best in common."

"O, I suppose you only use it when you have company; that's it, I dare

say," said Phebe; "and that is why we were there last night, when Papa and Mamma were here. Well, I shall tell them that, when I go home."

"I dare say your 'Ma don't want to hear about that, dear," said Mrs. Mason; "for my part I don't think it worth remembering; not I."

"O yes, I shall certainly tell her," replied Phebe: "I am sure she will think it very funny that you should live in the kitchen."

Phebe could not help thinking just now, that she would "do a great many tiresome jobs," as well as submit to some of William's teasing, rather than always live in a kitchen; especially in a kitchen without a carpet.

She employed herself during breakfast in looking at every thing in the

kitchen; and made many observations, some of which were very impertinent; and though Mr. and Mrs. Mason laughed at the droll things she said, they would have felt rather uncomfortable if any body else had been there to hear them.

"O dear, there is a gun," said she, having at last discovered the square hole in the ceiling, in which Mr. Mason kept his fire-arms.

"Aye, shall I take it down, and show it you, dear," said Mr. Mason.

"O, no, pray don't—pray don't," said Phebe; "I am so frightened at it." Phebe had often heard her Mamma tell William that guns were dangerous things for children, because they sometimes went off when people did not expect it; so, notwithstanding all that Mr. Mason could

say, she kept casting anxious glances at the ceiling, all breakfast time, as if she were every instant expecting to be shot.

When breakfast was over, Phebe felt very glad that she was not wished to go to her lessons, though she longed for somebody to play with. She wandered for sometime about the garden; and at last ventured into the field which joined it. "Dear," thought she, "how courageous Mamma would think me, if she could see me now,—walking all alone in the fields; and I am not at all afraid."

The meadow was covered with cowslips, daisies, and buttercups; and she gathered a lap full of them, together with some primroses and violets, with which the hedges were filled. She then sat down on the stump of a

tree close to the stile, at the further end of the field, and began making them into a large nosegay. She had nearly finished it, when she heard a noise like something breathing very loud, close to her; and lifting up her head, she saw a terrific bull, standing, close to the otherside of the stile, looking at her. Without waiting an instant to consider what harm it could do for a bull to look at her, she threw down all her flowers; and set off running home as fast as she could, not stopping even to look back at him, till she had got within the garden gate. "O dear, the bull!" exclaimed Phebe, scarcely able to speak.

"My patience, Miss!" whatever have you been a doing of;" said Susan, as soon as she saw her. "Why

I was sitting comfortably close to the stile, and I just happened to look up, and there was a great bull staring at me as hard as ever he could; and I was so very much frightened; and I am so hot and tired with running:— O dear! O dear!" said Phebe.

"What's the matter,—what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Mason, running to her; for having heard Phebe's exclamation, she feared that some misfortune had happened.

"Loy! loy! Ma'am," said Susan, laughing heartily, "if Miss ha'nt been a scampering all across the long mead as hard as ever she could tear, just because she saw the bull a looking at her; and she is in such a heat, poor thing.

"Bless the child," said Mrs. Mason, "why what did you think he

could do to you?" "O, Ma'am, he looked exactly as if he were just going to jump over the gate at me, and then what should I have done."

"Not he, indeed; he would soon have been tired of looking at you, and then he would have walked away again. But it is well he was not in the same field, for then, if he had seen you running, he would most likely have run after you."

"Well, I almost wish I had not minded it now," said Phebe; "and I have lost all my pretty flowers: dear how sorry I am."

"O, never mind the flowers," said Mrs. Mason, "there are plenty more to be found: but do sit down and cool yourself, child."

Phebe was so tired and heated with her run, that she sat still for a

very long time, thinking how wonderful it was that any body should not be frightened at a bull, and wishing too that she had not lost her flowers. She did not, however, feel inclined to gather any more that day, but thought she would wait till the next morning, and then summon up all her courage for another ramble. But what was her disappointment at finding, when she awoke in the morning, that it rained hard; she thought it very unfortunate, that, out of so few days, one of them should be rainy.

"Dear! dear! what shall I find to do all day long," said Phebe, as soon as she came down stairs. "What a very great pity it is that it should rain so fast."

"O, do not make troubles out of nothing, my little lass," said Mr.

Mason, "I dare say you will find something to do, though it is a wet day: beside don't you know, that we should not complain when things are not just as we wish them to be?"

It was no wonder if poor Phebe felt rather low spirited at the prospect of a rainy day, with neither playfellows nor playthings to amuse her. It was really not much better than being at home. She followed Mrs. Mason into the dairy; but the wind and rain, beating in through the open wire-work of the window, made it so damp and chilly, that she was soon tired of standing there. Phebe thought that of all Mrs. Mason's old-fashioned ways this was the oddest; to have a window without any glass in it! "How I wonder you do not have glass instead of wire in that window; it

would be so much warmer," said Phebe, holding her hand against her ear, that the wind might not blow into it.

"That's the very reason why we've wire instead of glass, my dear," said Mrs. Mason, laughing; "for, if we had not a great deal of air, the milk would not keep sweet."

"O would not it, I did not know that," said Phebe; who just now recollected what her Mamma had very often told her; that children should never attempt to teach grown people.

She returned to the kitchen again, and stood for sometime at the window, looking into the farm yard; but there was nothing to be seen but a few cows, standing as still as Phebe, and seeming not much happier.

"How I should like to have that to play with," said Phebe, pointing to

a large glass case which stood over the mantle-piece; "but I suppose I must not."

This glass case was indeed enough to tempt any little girl, especially one who like Phebe had not any thing to do. It contained, among other things, two smiling wax dolls, drest in stiff silk frocks, with some gold lace at the bottom,—a number of shells,—a white mouse,—a peach,—and a cucumber; some in wax and some in stone, all nicely arranged, among large bunches of artificial flowers. But Mrs. Mason could not consent to have this taken down and pulled to pieces, and the mantle-piece being very high, poor Phebe's neck ached long before she had looked at it as much as she wished.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Mason, lay-

ing down her work, "I've just thought of something that will be the very thing for you. I've got a doll up stairs, if I'm not mistaken, that I've had ever since I was such another as you—how glad I am I happened to think of it." So she went up stairs directly, in search of it; and Phebe followed close behind, wishing she would walk rather faster.

"O what a frightful looking thing!" exclaimed Phebe, as soon as she saw it; and perhaps most other little girls might have thought the same; though certainly Phebe should not have appeared so discontented, when Mrs. Mason was trying to please her. It was a large black doll, drest in a coarse white frock, which had grown very yellow and dusty with lying by. The waist was very long, with tight

sleeves coming just below the elbows; and the doll had a row of pink beads round its black neck.

"I do not like it at all," said Phebe: "I wonder you should have kept it so long; what ugly things old-fashioned people used to like!"

"Then I'll put it away again, shall I, dear," said Mrs. Mason; "'tis a pity I left off my work to fetch it."

"No, I think I'll take it, as there is nothing else," said Phebe; "but I don't know how I shall play with it." "O stay though," said she, "I know now what I'll do. I'll suppose that it is a Hottentot just come to England. It will do very well for that, will it not?" So she ran down stairs with it, feeling in rather better spirits than she had done all the morning.

Phebe amused herself the rest of the day with the Hottentot, the glass

case, and the box of dominoes, and went to bed hoping most earnestly that the next morning would be fine.

To her great joy she saw the sun shining brightly into her room as soon as she opened her eyes; but Phebe could not run about in the meadow, because the grass was too wet; she therefore amused herself as well as she could in the garden, and watched the carriages that passed in the road.

In the afternoon she went with Susan to see the cows milked, and stood looking at them for a long time very comfortably, till she happened to turn round, and see the bull standing in the yard.

"O dear," said she, catching hold of Susan's apron, "I do think that's the very bull that looked at me on Wednesday."

"Aye, that it is, you may depend

upon it, Miss," said Susan; "and I shou'nt wonder but he is going to look at you again to-day, too; so be sure you keep fast hold of me."

Phebe did not once let go her hold of Susan's apron, and was very glad when she said that it was time to go in to tea.

Phebe staid two or three days longer at Mrs. Mason's, and was surprised to find, every day, that some little thing happened to make her rather uncomfortable; or else, (as was often the case with Phebe,) she was discontented when there was no *real* occasion. So that she sometimes thought there were as many things to tease her at Mrs. Mason's, as at home; only they were of a different sort.

At last the day came, on which Mrs. Mason had agreed to take her home.

Every thing looked so cheerful and pretty that morning, that Phebe thought she should have been quite happy if she could only have staid one more day; but this was out of the question, for very soon after breakfast Mrs. Mason was ready to set off, and after what Phebe thought a very short ride, they reached the bustling town.

"Well, Ma'am, I've brought her home safe and sound you see," said Mrs. Mason, when they went in. "She has been a very good girl, and we were delighted to hear her talk; but she is so timid, pretty dear, she's afraid of every thing."

To prove this, Mrs. Mason told the story of the bull, which Phebe had not intended to mention, because she knew that William would be sure to

laugh at her for it, and so he did very much.

Mrs. Mason did not stay long, but kissing Phebe, left her to tell all the particulars of her visit; and her Mamma did not forget to ask if any thing had happened, "*to make her in the least uncomfortable while she was there.*"

III.

CURIOSITY AND INQUIRY.

MARY and Fanny were both very fond of asking many questions: they were *inquisitive* little girls. Their Papa and Mamma, however, very seldom answered Fanny's questions; and yet they almost always answered the questions of Mary. We shall see why they made this difference.

Whenever any one was going out, Fanny used to run after them, saying, "Where are you going, tell me; pray tell me?—Are you going to Mrs. Smith's, or to Mr. Johnson's?—What are you going for?—When will you

be back again?" And when any one of the family returned home, she would hardly be satisfied till she had asked a hundred questions of this sort.

The moment any strangers left the house Fanny must know who they were; and what business they called to talk about. She was fond of being in the room when ladies called; because they often talked about the affairs of their neighbours; and this sort of conversation she listened to very eagerly.

There was a Grocer's shop opposite her Papa's house. Fanny would stand at the dining-room window for hours together, to watch who went in and who came out; and to see what they bought: and if any body would listen to her, she was sure to ask the

name of every person whom she did not know: but, in truth, she had learned the names of most of the people who usually came to the shop. So she would stand talking to herself thus, as she peeped between the window blinds:—

"There is Mary Wheeler. I wonder what she has been to buy, this afternoon; because she was at the shop just before dinner. I dare say it is tea; or else a piece of bacon for supper. Oh, no; I can just see the end of a candle under the lid of the basket. It is a pound of candles; or else three pounds; because, I think, they always buy three pounds of candles at a time, for then they save three half-pence.—That is old Mrs. West; la! how droll she looks. She is come herself to the shop: she hardly ever

comes herself to the shop; because she sends her maid. I dare say her maid is gone out for a holiday, this Michaelmas. I can see her through the shop window, talking to Mr. Hyson. Mr. Hyson is come out of the counting-house on purpose to wait on her: he is taking down something to show her: I wonder what it is? I wish the shop window was not so dirty; and then I could see what people buy a great deal better.—Ho! ho! there is the London Carrier stopping at Mr. Hanbury's; he has brought a parcel for them: dear! dear! what an odd parcel: such a long parcel: and there is something sticking out at the end: it looks like an iron shovel: oh, no; it is the tail of a fish. I suppose they have sent for a fish from London, because they are going to

have a dinner party: then we shall see, to-morrow, who it is.—There is the coach coming! I hear the horn: now let me be all ready to see who is on the top of the coach: if it is any body that I know: but they always gallop by so fast that I can hardly see the people's faces."

In the morning when the Postman came with his two loud raps at the door, wherever she might be, Fanny always ran to the door; and then she would follow the servant to her Papa's study, to read the directions on the letters, that she might guess who they came from.

Thus Fanny was very curious about many things that did not concern her; and things that it was of no consequence for her to be acquainted with: but as for her lessons, it was very dif-

ficult to make her attend to them at all.

Her sister Mary was very different: she not only learned her lessons willingly; but she was never satisfied till she understood every part of them. She always asked the meaning of every new word she met with: and she was eager to be acquainted with the nature and use of all she saw, or read about. Fanny could remember the names over most of the shop doors in the town: but Mary was acquainted with the nature of the principal trades and manufactures: she knew what countries the different articles of food, dress, or furniture come from, and how they are prepared for use.

Fanny not only knew the names of most of the neighbours; but also, how

many servants they kept; or what their business was; or who their relations were: but Mary knew the names of the most famous men who have lived in different ages of the world; and what they were famous for. Fanny could describe all the London coaches that regularly passed through the town: she knew also what hour they came in; and what inn they changed horses at: but Mary knew the names of the constellations in the heavens; and also of the planets;—in what times they revolve in their orbits;—what their distance from the sun is;—how many moons they have;—when they may be seen;—and when eclipses of the sun or moon will happen. She wished to understand the *reason* of every thing she observed; and her Papa always took the pains

to tell her as much as she was able to comprehend: and sometimes he told her in what book she would find an answer to her questions. Sometimes, also, when she asked a question, her Papa would say, "You cannot understand that at present, Mary; and then she would be contented, and not ask any more about it.

One morning, Fanny came bouncing into her Papa's study, with a letter in her hand, which she had just snatched from the servant; crying out,—"O, Papa! Papa! Here is a letter from Uncle Thomas; I *know* it is from Uncle Thomas; it is his hand; and his seal too, there are the birds on the fire-screen, and the crooked arm over it. I dare say it is to ask me and Mary to go and spend some time with cousins: I dare say it is,"

"Yes, Fanny," said her Papa, when he had read the letter, "it is from your Uncle Thomas; but he says nothing about asking you to come and see him; he sends his love to you, however, and he says he hopes to spend a few days with us, soon."

"Soon! Soon! but when, Papa?"

"He does not fix the day, Fanny."

"Then I will stand at the window, and watch all the coaches and chaises that drive by, till I see him."

Mary, too, was very much pleased to hear that her Uncle Thomas was coming. He was very fond of his little nieces. He had travelled in different parts of Europe; and he had always many interesting things to tell them.

Fanny actually spent a great part of every day before her Uncle arriv-

ed, in standing at the window, and looking eagerly into every carriage that passed. Mary found something better to do: she knew that her Uncle would examine into the progress which she had made in her studies, since his last visit. She therefore applied herself with more than ordinary diligence to her lessons: and she looked over what she had been learning for some months past. She also thought of many questions, relative to the countries her Uncle had seen, and about which she was now better able to ask questions, than at the time of his last visit.

All the time Fanny spent watching at the window to see her Uncle arrive, was quite thrown away; for, at last, he came late in the evening; after she and her sister were gone to bed.

When they came down stairs the next morning, they saw a pair of boots and a portmanteau, placed at the door of the room which had been prepared for their Uncle, and they would certainly have awoke him by their exclamations, if their Mamma, who happened to come by at the moment, had not beckoned to them to be silent. They hardly had patience to wait till he came down, which was not till some time after the usual breakfast hour.

It would quite fill a book to write all that these little girls said to their Uncle, during the first day of his visit. He staid a week with them: and in this time he had sufficient opportunity to observe their dispositions and tempers. When he went away, he promised that he would

write a letter to them as soon as his engagements would permit. Mary and Fanny were delighted with this promise; and waited eagerly, day after day, in expectation of the letter. It was nearly a month, however, before it arrived: and they had began to think that their Uncle had forgotten his promise. At length a parcel was brought, at the corner of which, under the direction, was written, "For M. and F."—"For M. and F." cried Fanny; "that is for us, Mary: that is the letter from Uncle Thomas; and something else, too."

The parcel was quickly untied; when there appeared a letter, and two separate parcels; one directed "For Mary;" the other, "For Fanny." Before they opened the separate parcels, their Mamma recommended

them to read their Uncle's letter: it was as follows:—

"I am afraid, my dear Mary and Fanny, you have thought I had forgotten my promise; but I assure you I have not forgotten it; though I have been prevented from writing as soon as I had intended: one reason was, that I could not immediately procure some of the books which accompany this letter.

"Perhaps my dear Fanny may think the books of which I beg her acceptance rather odd ones for a little girl. I must therefore explain to her why I made choice of them for her: and in order to do this, I must write rather a long letter, which, however, I hope may give her some useful hints.

"The minds of some children, I

must observe, are so dull and inactive, that they seem to have no curiosity: they seldom ask any questions: they take very little notice of what they see or hear; and never learn any more than what they are forced to learn by their Parents and Masters. When such young persons grow up, they generally care about nothing but eating and drinking; and become more and more stupid and selfish every year that they live.

"But this cannot be said of either of my nieces: my dear Mary and Fanny, have both of them very active minds: they are very inquisitive, and very observant of every thing they see or hear. I think I have sometimes passed many months, in which I have not had to reply to half the number of questions that were put to me, in one

week, by the two little girls to whom I am now writing.

"It is necessary for me to remark, however, that Mary's questions were always of a different kind from those of Fanny. Now, in order to explain exactly what I mean, I must observe, that there are two sorts of knowledge with which we may fill our minds; but one sort is much more valuable in itself, and much more beneficial in its effects upon our minds, than the other. The most valuable kind of knowledge is that which consists in being acquainted with all the different sorts of things, that exist in the earth or in the heavens. The other kind of knowledge, consists in being acquainted with those particular things, or persons, that are to be found in the place where we happen to live. Now, for

the sake of shewing, by an example, what I mean, I shall suppose there are two persons, whom I will not call Mary and Fanny; but John and George. I will suppose then that these two persons are equally inquisitive; and also, that they spend exactly the same time in gratifying their curiosity.

"We will imagine then, that John observes that there are many different kinds of trees, and shrubs, and plants, and flowers, growing in the fields, hedges, and gardens, in the neighbourhood where he lives. Now he wishes to know how many different kinds there are;—in what respects they resemble each other; and in what respects they differ:—what their uses are; and how they are cultivated. He therefore procures books

which treat of the science of botany; and in these books he learns that there are many thousand kinds of trees and plants, found in different countries: but though there are so many thousand sorts, he learns how to distribute them all into several classes, according to certain rules; so that he can think of them all regularly, one after another, as they are arranged in his mind. And if he meets with some new plant, which he has never seen before, by examining it, he soon finds out what class it belongs to; and so he does not forget it; because he has put it *in its right place* in his memory.

"Then he learns the various uses of all those trees, plants, and flowers which can be converted to the service of man, either for food, medicine, or building. He knows also the coun-

tries where they grow naturally; the method of cultivating them; and the manner of preparing them for use.

"Now we see that John has acquired a great stock of most delightful and important knowledge. His mind is like a large room that is filled with many hundred pictures of the most beautiful objects; so that he can never want entertainment for his thoughts. Wherever he may travel, he will find in every garden, and field, and wood, new objects, which are yet like old friends to him; because he has so often heard of them, and thought of them before. Besides all this pleasure, which he derives from his knowledge, he is instructed in many of those arts which are most important and necessary to human life.

"It is this sort of knowledge which

consists in being acquainted with all *the different sorts of things* in the world, that makes all the difference between men who live in woods and deserts, like wild beasts, and those who live as we do, in, what is called, a civilized state.

"I must also remark, that, while John has been employed in acquiring this knowledge, he has been kept from many mischievous or frivolous pursuits, which gradually make people worthless, or wicked; and at the same time, his mind has become so much strengthened by exercise, that he is much better able to think about any subject, than those persons are, who suffer their minds to remain idle and empty.

"But now what has George been doing all this time? Why, just for

the sake of making you understand what I mean, I will suppose, that George has been amusing himself with counting the number of all the trees and shrubs which he can see from the windows of the house where he lives; and that he has taken the pains to find out who they all belong to;—how long they have been growing;—how tall they are; and so forth. No doubt it must have cost him much trouble to acquire all this information; and to fix it in his memory; but then this labour is only a sort of idleness; because knowledge of this kind can be of no service to any one. And what will become of all the things George has learned, if he should go to live at some place only a few miles distant?—he must very soon forget the whole of it.

"But I dare say Fanny will ask, 'Who would ever be so stupid as to wish to know exactly how many trees, and shrubs, there are in the fields and gardens?' To this I must answer, that I do not really believe any one could be found, who would be quite so stupid as this; but I do really believe that some people are very desirous to know things that are quite as foolish and unprofitable; and things too that are much more hurtful in their consequences upon their own character.

"Suppose, now, a person wishes to hear stories about the private affairs of all his neighbours; and endeavours to find out how many servants they keep; what company they see; or what fortune they have; or how their houses are furnished; or what hour they dine at; or what their quarrels

are about; or whether they are going to be married; or whether any legacies have been left them. I say that to know things of this sort, is of no more use than it would be to know that there are fifty elm trees on one side of an avenue, and forty-nine on the other: or, that there are twenty-seven currant bushes, and fourteen gooseberry bushes in somebody's garden.

"Besides, when persons want to know things of this sort, it makes them so frivolous and trifling, that they become unable to attend to any serious or important subject. It also makes them impertinent, and fond of the company of ignorant, vulgar, and worthless people; because it is only such people who will tell them the things they wish to know. When young persons indulge this sort of curiosity,

though it be only from idleness, they soon become tale-bearers, and mischief-makers, and in the end they are despised and hated by all who know them.

"When I thought of sending some little token of my affection to my two nieces, I endeavoured to think what would be most suitable to the taste and disposition of each. Perceiving, therefore, that Mary is very *inquiring*, and always anxious to gain *real knowledge*, and to learn the reasons of things, I have sent a small Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences, intended for the use of young persons; also a Biographical Dictionary; and a Geographical Dictionary; of all which I beg her acceptance. I have no doubt that she will know how to make a good use of them; and though such books

are already in her Papa's library, I hope she will be pleased to see them upon the shelves in her little closet.

"In thinking of a *suitable* present for Fanny, I confess I have been very much puzzled. There is no book, thought I, that I remember, in which Fanny can find answers to the sort of questions which she usually asks. It would be charming indeed, if there were a dictionary where one might find such things as the following, all arranged in alphabetical order;—

"'Bailey, Mr. John:—lives at No. 3, King Street: is a linen draper: has six children: keeps two servants, three shopmen, and an apprentice: his business brings him in about four hundred pounds a year: has lately had a dispute with Mr. Smith, his next door neighbour, about a party wall, &c. &c.

"'Ball, Mrs.—Is in her 70th year: keeps only one servant: often dines a whole week upon a leg of mutton: scolds her maid very often: has not bought a new gown for seven years: &c. &c.'

"But as I do not know of any such dictionary as this, I have sent the only book at all like it that I am acqainted with: it is called 'The London Directory.' Here Fanny may find the names of many thousand persons in London: also, where they live; and what their business or profession is; together with a variety of particulars of the same sort; and I hope she will find as much amusement in learning these names, as she seems to do in knowing the names and affairs of all her neighbours. Wishing, however, to send more than one volume, I was obliged to think again; and as I re-

membered that one day, when a waggon load of furniture was unpacked at the next door, Fanny passed many hours at the window, taking very particular notice of every article; I thought she would be wonderfully pleased to have a number of complete lists of all the furniture in several houses. I therefore was at some trouble to procure between thirty and forty old catalogues of auctions of furniture, which I have had bound in one volume. In the long winter evenings, when she cannot look out of the window, she may entertain herself with reading such particulars as the following: 'Lot 341. Four odd chairs and stool. Lot 342. Beer cooler, and mash-tubs. Lot 343. Wheelbarrow and pitch-forks. Lot 344. Sundry odd articles, &c.' Will not this be as good as if she

were permitted to look into every room and closet in all the neighbours' houses?

"But if, after all, my dear Fanny should not be pleased with the books I send her; and think that her Uncle has only been jesting with her, I hope she will not be angry with him; for I assure her, I could think of no others that seemed equally suitable to her *present* taste. But I shall be very happy to exchange them for books of a different kind, as soon as it shall appear that she has learned to repress her idle curiosity; and that she has began to cultivate the habit of intelligent inquiry.

My dear nieces will believe, that I am their very affectionate uncle

THOMAS.

IV.

THE TWO TEMPERS.

Little William Sawkins was sent by his mother, with a large basket of eggs, to Mrs. Dobson's shop at Langford: the distance was four miles. "It's too much for the boy, I declare," said his mother, as William took up the basket: but she had nobody else to send. William was very willing to do all that he was able; and seemed most happy when he could make himself useful to any body; especially to his father or his mother.

When he had walked a little way,

and had changed the basket from one arm to the other about three times, he came to a turning in the road, and saw Hugh Bludgell, the baker's boy, driving his master's cart slowly along; he was standing up in the cart, and thumping with one heel to the tune which he whistled. Just at the place, there was a short way across two or three fields into the road: William thought that if he made great speed by the field-path, he could come up with the cart; and that perhaps Hugh would let him ride the rest of the way to Langford. So off he set, sometimes walking, sometimes running, and sometimes hobbling; till he was very hot, and quite out of breath. While he was in the middle of the last meadow, he heard the rumbling wheels of the cart, and saw through

the gaps in the hedge, Hugh's head and shoulders shaking along: he set the basket down therefore, ran as hard as he could, and got to the style by the road side, just as the cart came up.

"Hugh! Hugh! Do stop one minute:—ar'nt you going to Langford?" Hugh just turned his head round, without stopping his horse, or his whistling: when he saw that it was only little William Sawkins, he smacked his whip, and drove on; and did not so much as give him an answer.

William, however, tumbled over the style, and ran after the cart a little way, calling out—"Just give me a ride, Hugh;—I've a great basket of eggs to carry to Langford: just give me a ride, Hugh—do—do." But

Hugh took no notice; he only kept whistling and cutting with his whip at the geese that were waddling along, one by one, on the raised path by the road side. William at length, finding Hugh Bludgell would not listen to him, returned into the field for his basket. When he got into the road again, he set himself down to rest on the green bank under the hedge: it had been a cloudy morning, but now the sun shone out. William began to pluck the primroses and daisies, which grew about, and stuck them in the band of his hat, and he very soon forgot ill-tempered Hugh Bludgell, the baker's boy. Perhaps he sat half an hour; and then walked slowly on, sometimes swinging the basket on his stick across his shoulder; sometimes putting it on his head; and sometimes

trailing it in the dust as he held it in one hand. He had not gone more than a mile, when, all at once, he saw, at some distance before him, the baker's cart, half overtuned against the hedge, and one wheel deep in the ditch. Hugh was jerking and pulling the horse's bridle, and striking the poor beast violently on the legs and face with the butt-end of the whip.

As soon as William came within hearing, Hugh called to him,—"Is that you, Billy Sawkins?—There's a good fellow, now; put your basket down here, and run on to the Duke's Head, and tell 'em the cart's in the ditch, and they must send somebody to hove 'em out:—run now—and I'll mind your eggs."

While Hugh was speaking, the old horse had backed some steps, and let

the cart deeper into the ditch, and had began to munch the long grass on the hedge, which was close to his head. The horse was quite blind, but when he heard Hugh coming towards him again, he flung back his head, and breathed out two long streams of steam from his nostrils. Hugh, however, let him alone for the present. William put his basket behind a tree in the hedge, and ran off to the Duke's Head: the distance was a full mile. When he got there, it was some time before any body would attend to him: at length they promised that the hostler should come when he had had his dinner. William therefore, having delivered his message, returned to take up his basket, but before he reached the place, he met Hugh, driving the cart, which he had, at length, con-

trived to get out of the ditch without help.

William thought that now certainly Hugh would let him ride the rest of the way. "Hugh," said he, "Have you brought my basket with you?"

"Basket!" said Hugh; no, to be sure; I dare say it stands safe enough where you left it:" and away he drove; but he presently stopped, and looking back, bawled out,—"I say, Billy Sawkins,—mind now, you don't go and talk to nobody about the cart being overturned; I say,—you promise me, you tell no tales; or I'll make you remember it." William promised that he would keep the secret; and then trudged back, very tired, out of heart, and hungry, for it was now three o'clock, and he had had no dinner. Happily, he found his basket where

he had left it: he made the best of his way to Mrs. Dobson's,—left his burden,—and felt it so pleasant to have nothing to carry back, that he would have been quite merry, if he had not been puzzled to think what he should say to his mother, to account for his returning so late. He dared not tell a lie; and he had promised Hugh Bludgell not to tell any one of the overturning of the cart. It happened, however, that William's mother had been out all the afternoon, and did not return till after he got home; so that he had to answer no questions.

When the hostler from the Duke's Head came to the spot to which he had been directed, and found no cart, he did not feel well pleased that he had had his walk for nothing. A

few days afterwards, the baker, Hugh Bludgell's master, called at the Duke's Head.

"So, Mr. Needham," said the hostler, "your lucky boy managed to overturn the cart, or near to it, a Friday."

"Did he though, Tom?" said the baker: "he di'nt tell me that."

"No, I'll warrant ye.—You don't hear half the tricks he plays."

"Did you see it, then?" said Mr. Needham.

"No," replied the hostler; "but he sent a little fellow here to fetch somebody to help him: and so I goes; but I fancy he'd contrived to help himself before I came: but I saw the place in the ditch where the wheel had been down: and so Mr. Needham, ye see, I'd my walk for my pains: but we sha'nt say nothing of that."

Mr. Needham understood the hint; and gave Tom some half-pence. "But," added he; "who was it that came to fetch you?" "Why," replied the hostler, "I don't rightly know; but I think it was one of Sawkins' boys."

"Very well," said Mr. Needham, as he rode off; "I'll know the bottom o' this."

The next morning, when William Sawkins went to the baker's shop for a loaf, Mr. Needham began to question him relative to what had happened to the cart. But he found William very reluctant to answer any questions on the subject.

"Well, well;" said he, at length, "I see how 'tis, Will: Hugh made you promise not to tell tales of him: That's it, is'nt it now?"

"Yes;"—muttered William.

"That's enough: that's enough:"

said Mr. Needham: "I won't make you break your word."

He then took a large square of gingerbread from the window, and gave it to William. William took it home, and divided it among his brothers and sisters; taking only an equal share for himself.

What Mr. Needham said to his boy, Hugh Bludgell, we do not know: but it is likely he was beaten for his ill conduct: or sent to bed without his supper.

V.

LITTLE FANNY'S PLAN.

LITTLE Fanny used to spend part of every afternoon in sitting at work with her Mamma, which she liked very much, especially when she was allowed to talk; but being apt to take very long stitches, her Mother was, at last, obliged to make it a rule that Fanny should not talk while she was at work; and Fanny, being upon the whole a good little girl, seldom gave her Mamma occasion to complain; though she sometimes found it very hard to wait till her work was put away, before she began talking.

One afternoon, her Mother had been amused to see how much interested Fanny looked while she was sitting at needle-work by her side;—a great deal more so than if she had only been thinking about her work.

"What have you been thinking about, that has pleased you so much, Fanny?" said her Mother, as she was folding it up.

"I have been thinking, Mamma," replied Fanny, "what a pleasant thing it is to be generous and to do good; and, if you please, I will tell you what I should very much like to do.—I should like to have some poor children come every day for me to teach them to read and work; and so I should like to have a nice snug little room, about as large as your dressing-room, Mamma, with two little

new forms in it, and a chair beside, for myself, and all sorts of books, and some needles, and thread, and every thing that I should want: and then I should like to have six little girls, nice, clean, good tempered, clever little girls, just the size of Susan Hervey, that would not be much trouble to teach; and for me to be their governess: and I should like them to learn to read and work very fast, (I dare say they would) and then for Papa to give me some money, and I would buy six pretty frocks, (pink ones, I think,) and sister Harriet, I dare say, would cut them out for me, and I would let the little girls make them, but I would not say who they were for; but one day they should all come, and I would pull off their old frocks and put on these nice new ones, and they

would be so surprised;—only think what a delightful plan it would be, Mamma, would it not?" said Fanny, almost out of breath.

"It would be delightful, indeed, my love," said her Mother, smiling: "but, Fanny, did you ever hear of a little governess of ten years old?"

"O, Mamma, I think I am old enough to teach some very little girls; for you know you often let me hear little Edward say his spelling."

"But suppose there were six little Edwards all saying their spelling together, then what would you do, Fanny?"

"O, Mamma, I think I could manage it," said Fanny, looking rather puzzled:—"I think I could."

"And pray where would you find six such very nice little girls as you

wish for, Fanny; all clean, and good tempered, and clever, and just the size of Susan Hervey?"

"Why, Mamma, only think how many poor little girls there are in the town: I am sure nothing would be easier than to get such as I should like."

"I am not quite so certain about that as you seem to be, my love; for really, Fanny, I do not know *one* little girl who never gives *any* trouble, and who always does *exactly* as she ought. However, as you seem so fond of teaching children to read, I think you will be very glad when you are old enough to teach at the Sunday School with sister Harriet."

"I do not think I shall like that very much," said Fanny.

"Why not, my love; I know of

nothing which is so much like your own plan?"

"Dear Mamma, I think it is very different, and not nearly so pleasant; for sister Harriet often comes home very tired, and says that some of the children behave very badly, and some will not learn at all; beside, you know, Mamma, it would be so nice to have it all to myself, and for me to be the governess."

"I hope, Fanny, you are not more anxious to please *one* little girl than you are to do good to half a dozen," said her Mother.—"But I do not wish to discourage you, my love, for I quite approve of your wish to be generous; and I dare say we shall find some way in which you may be able to do a little good before you are old enough to be a Sunday School Teacher."

"Well," said Fanny to herself, as her Mother left the room, "I really believe that Mamma begins to think this a good plan, for she allowed that it would be very delightful; and she says, too, that she approves of my wish to be generous; and as to their being no nice little girls in the town, I really quite wonder at her thinking so:—very likely it would be rather troublesome sometimes if they were at all naughty; but I should soon learn to manage them; beside, if they were ever very naughty, I would ask Mamma to come and help me, and they must mind her."

So Fanny thought a great deal about it; and the longer she thought, the more sure she felt, not only that it was a good plan, but what is still more strange,—that her Mother approved of it. But several days pass-

ed without any thing more being said on the subject, at which Fanny wondered very much, and was many times going to say something about it, only she knew it was best not to teaze, and therefore she resolved, if possible, to wait patiently till her Mother mentioned it.

At last, her Mamma said to her, one morning at breakfast, "Fanny, my love, do you remember telling me a few days ago that you thought it was very pleasant to be generous?"

"O, yes, Mamma;" said Fanny, and her eyes sparkled with joy at the thought of the School.

"Well, my love, we shall see now whether you *really* wish to do good."

"O, I am sure I do, Mamma," interrupted Fanny.

"Then, my love, I think you will

cheerfully give some of your own money to the poor woman whom we called on yesterday;—you saw how very ill she was, and how ragged and hungry the poor children looked, because they had nobody to work for them, and take care of them.—Do you think you can afford two shillings, Fanny?"

"O, is that all," said Fanny, looking very much disappointed.

"You may give as much more as you please, my love; but I thought, perhaps, you could not spare more, as you have not much pocket money."

"O, no;" said Fanny, hastily, "I cannot afford any more, for I have very little money, very little indeed, just now; but"—

"But what, my love," said her Mother; "do you feel less generous now than you did a few days ago?"

"No, Mamma, not at all," said Fanny; "for I was hoping that you were going to say something about the School, and you know that is a much more generous thing."

"Indeed, Fanny! I must confess I do not think so;—but, on the contrary, I think you would show much more generosity by giving two shillings of your own money to this poor woman, (which you say is as much as you can afford,) than you would, by being governess over six little girls, in a nice snug room, who were to be so good tempered and clever that they would be no trouble to teach, and whose pretty new frocks were to be bought with Papa's money.—What do you really think, my love?"

Fanny's eyes filled with tears when she found that she had been totally

mistaken in her expectations about the School, and yet she could not help secretly thinking that there was much truth in what her Mother said.—She therefore, after pausing a moment, only said, "I do not know;" in a tone of voice which convinced her Mother that she did know.

"I am very sorry, my love," said her Mother, "if you imagined that I was going to let you keep a School, because it is what I never intended; and I should have supposed that if you had thought a moment about it, you would have seen how many objections there must be to it."

"I thought you seemed to think it a very nice plan, Mamma," said Fanny, almost crying.

"It was, indeed, a very nice plan

for spending *my* money," said her Papa, good naturedly; "but the way to be generous, Fanny, is to consider how much good we have it in our *own* power to do; and this, if done cheerfully, though ever so little, is better than a great deal more, done at another person's expense."

Fanny felt too much disappointed at first to be quite convinced by her Father and Mother's arguments; she, however, soon grew reconciled, and was very willing to give her two shillings towards the relief of the poor sick woman and her starving children.

VI.

THE VISIT TO LONDON.

A GENTLEMAN who lived in the country had three sons,—Henry, Samuel, and John. When Henry was about ten years old, he took them with him to London, which they had never seen before. They arrived late in the evening; and slept at an inn in Fleet Street. They felt very much bewildered by the rattling of the carriages in the street, and by the bustle at the inn; and, perhaps, if they had not been very much tired by their journey, they would not have been able to sleep. They rose, however, the

next morning, in high spirits; and were very happy in expectation of all the wonderful things which they supposed they should see during the day.

As soon as breakfast was over, their Father took them out to walk: he was obliged to take great care of them, or they would have been pushed down, while they were looking eagerly at every shop window: indeed, they were so much engaged by the variety of objects about them, that they had proceeded half way up Ludgate Street before they perceived St. Paul's: all at once Henry stopped, and staring up at the vast building before him, exclaimed, quite loud,—"Dear Papa! Papa! what a grand church!" This attracted the attention of his brothers, who immediately

turned away from the shop window at which they were gazing.

The three boys seemed for some time fixt in astonishment at the first sight of an object so different from any thing they had ever seen before. After they had made many exclamations, their Father led them on, and they walked within the enclosed space, where they might converse more freely: at length, John began a more regular conversation, by saying,—"I suppose, Papa, the men who built this great church, or cathedral as you call it, were very—very tall, strong men."

Father. Why do you think so, John.

John. Because it is so very high; and because the stones it is built with

are so large. I don't think the men that built our new stables last summer could build such a tall church as this. Besides, what would be the use of building it so high, if the men who built it were not taller than you are, Papa ?

Father. Before I answer you, John, let us hear what Samuel thinks.

Sam. Why, Papa, I think the men who built this cathedral must have had a great deal of patience and perseverance. I dare say, that if twenty or thirty men all tried together, they might lift the stones: but perhaps it would take them a whole day to put one stone in its proper place. So that it would take a very long time to build these great walls and pillars. I think that if the men were very industrious, and were determined not

to leave off till they had done it, they might finish it perhaps in twenty years.

Father. And now, Henry, what do you think?

Henry. I have been thinking, Papa, of a reason to prove that the men that built St. Paul's Cathedral were not so tall as John thinks they must have been.

Father. What is that reason, Henry?

Henry. Because these stone steps up to the door, are just the proper size for us to walk up: but if the men who lived when this church was built had been as tall as those houses, they would have made every step as high as your head, Papa.

Father. That is a good reason to prove that the people for whom the cathedral was built, were not taller than we are; but perhaps John may

imagine that the workmen employed to build it were giants; but do you think, Henry, that men not taller or stronger than the bricklayers who built the stables at home, could ever erect such a building as this?

Henry. Yes, Papa, if there was some very clever man to tell them how to do it,—how to lift the stones with pullies, and ropes, and levers; and what shape to make the walls, and the pillars, and so forth. I remember when the new stables were built, Mr. Bond, the architect, made a drawing of the whole, before the men began, and then the master told his men how to do every part, to make it like the drawing. So I suppose some architect, who had a great deal of knowledge, and was very ingenious and clever, made a drawing of all the walls, and windows, and

pillars, and contrived the best way to lift the stones up so high; and then, I dare say, any common bricklayer's men would be able to do it.

Father. You are right, Henry; a great and beautiful building like St. Paul's Cathedral is wonderful and admirable, chiefly on account of the knowledge and genius which we know those men must have had who could lay the plan, and direct others how to execute it. While we are in London we shall have many opportunities of observing the different effects produced by strength, industry, skill, knowledge, and genius. But now you have forgotten one chief thing requisite in raising such a building as this.

John. Oh, a great deal of mortar, Papa.

Father. That is not what I mean.

When I wanted the new stables built, what did I do?

Sam. You sent for Mr. Bond, Papa, and told him to do it.

Father. But what should make Mr. Bond willing to take the trouble of building stables for me?

Sam. You told him you would pay him for doing it.

Father. Very well: then you see, money is the first thing requisite when any great work is to be performed. If a man wants nothing but what he can procure for himself, he has no need of money: but then he must be content to live upon wild fruits, and to shelter himself in a cavern: this is what is called savage life. The use of money is to make men help each other: and when men help each other, they are able to do a hundred times

more than when every one only prepares what he wants for his own use.

The next day the three boys were taken by their Father to Guildhall. As soon as John perceived the two gigantic figures which stand at the end of the hall, he exclaimed,—"There now, Papa, I dare say the men who built St. Paul's were just such men as those figures; if they were real men, they would be able to handle the great stones as easily as the bricklayers handle the bricks."

Father. We shall presently see if men cannot contrive ways of doing every thing they want to be done, without waiting till they can find giants to help them.

They afterwards walked down to the river side. A vessel was lying at one of the wharfs, laden with very

large blocks of Portland Stone. The conversation was resumed.

Father. John, do you see what is in that vessel?

John. Yes, Papa; very large square stones: I wonder they don't make the vessel sink to the bottom.

Father. Do you suppose that men, twenty feet high, will come and lift these stones out of the vessel, and carry them where they are wanted to be used?

John. I don't think there are any such men *now.*

Father. What must be done, then?

John. I cannot tell.

Henry. I guess, Papa, what will be done:—I think this great thing with all these chains, and wheels, and winders, is on purpose to lift the stones out of the vessel.

Father. Yes: this is called a

crane: perhaps, on some of the wharfs we shall find them using a crane.

Walking a little further, they came to the front of a warehouse, where men were raising hogsheads of tallow by a crane, from a waggon, to an upper story of the building.

Father. There, John, you see is the *Giant* that can lift blocks of marble or heavy hogsheads: two or three men, who are not six feet high, keep him at work; and he does exactly what they wish to be done. Now, Henry, do you think that twenty of the savages of New Holland, whom you have read of, could raise one of these hogsheads into the warehouse?

Henry. No, Papa: they might roll it along the ground, or carry it a mile, on two long poles; but they could not raise it into the air without some machine or contrivance.

Father. But they could not make a machine without knowledge and ingenuity.

Sam. Then, Papa, if men can do what they wish by contrivances and machines, I do not see that patience is of much use.

Father. What you mean, is properly called industry: patience means, bearing pain quietly. But industry is of great use to execute what has been thought of and contrived by those who have knowledge and ingenuity: and, besides, there are many things that require very little skill, but are performed chiefly by industry. Let us return to the wharf where we saw the blocks of stone.

When they returned to the place, they observed a man who was sawing a thin slice from a block of stone: the

saw was fastened to a large wooden frame, which he moved continually backwards and forwards. A tub was set on the top of the stone, from which water ran gently into the gap, and kept the saw from getting hot.

John. How tiresome it must be, Papa, to have to move that great frame backwards and forwards all day long: and you can hardly see that it cuts the stone at all. I think I would chop it,—or something.—

Father. No; it would be impossible to chop the block into the flat pieces that are wanted. This block, you see, is lifted about, not by strength but by skill: it is cut into slices, not by skill but by industry.

Sam. But does the man like to sit sawing this stone all day?

Father. Perhaps not: but if he did

not do this he could not procure food and clothing for himself, and his wife and children.

While this conversation was passing, the watermen, who were waiting for a fare, had attracted the attention of the boys, by holding up their hands, saying, perpetually, "Want a boat, Sir,—want a boat?" The moment that the Father looked towards the stairs, leading down to the water, one of them darted forward, and offered to hand the young gentlemen into his boat. In one minute they were all seated; and the waterman, having pushed his boat out into clear water, took his seat, and with long steady pulls, soon brought them out of sight of the stairs.

After they had expressed their admiration of the fine appearance of the broad river, and the vessels upon it;

the bridges, and the buildings on both sides; the conversation, which had been interrupted, was thus resumed.

Father. You have seen that the stone-cutter procures his living, rather by his industry than his strength: now, can you name one who lives rather by his strength than his industry?

Henry. Yes, Papa; this waterman: we pay him for moving us along upon the water by the strength of his arms: I do not suppose that much skill is required to be a waterman.

Father. No; what is most needful to the waterman, in addition to his strength, is dexterity.

Sam. What is dexterity, Papa?

Father. Dexterity is the habit a man acquires, by use, of performing any particular action in the best way, with the least trouble or effort. Think

now, if you can, of a man whose business it is to exercise strength, without even having need of dexterity.

Henry considered for some time, and then replied,—"The man who turned the winder of the crane, to raise the hogshead into the warehouse: he had nothing to do but to move his arms round and round."

Sam. Or a porter, who carries parcels.

Father. Yes: and you may observe, even in their looks, the difference between those who have need of some dexterity in employing their strength, and those who have no need of it. The man who employs his strength with dexterity, looks briskly about him; often closes his lips firmly; holds his head erect; and appears as if he felt some satisfaction in his employment.

But the man who merely exerts strength, looks on the ground; breaths chiefly through his mouth; moves stifly; and appears either ferocious, sullen, or stupid; unless he follows also some other occupation which exercises his mind.

By this time the boat had reached the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge, where they left it. In Bridge Street they took a coach: when they were well seated, the conversation was continued.

Father. Now let us compare the coachman's occupation with that of the waterman: What has he need of?

John. The horses draw the coach; so he does not want strength; he only sits still on the box.

Father. What has he to do?

Sam. To guide the horses with the reins.

Father. This requires some dexterity; and it would require more, if the horses were spirited. He does not appear so active as the waterman, who exercises strength as well as dexterity.

Henry. I think, Papa, when we return home, and are out of all the bustle, it will be entertaining to talk of all the different trades and occupations in this way. Since we have been conversing, I have thought of a great many questions to ask. And we have not yet said any thing about the occupations that require skill, and knowledge, and genius, but ——

Here the conversation was interrupted; as the coach was stopped in a narrow street by a crowd of people: on looking out it appeared that a workman had fallen from the scaffolding of

a building, and had been much hurt. Several persons were carefully placing him on a shutter, in order to carry him to the hospital. A lady, who was passing, enquired of the poor man his name and place of abode, apparently with the design of affording relief to his family.

In the evening, after the three boys had talked over the occurrences of the day; their father said, "Now tell me how it is that men in civilized countries are able to execute great works, and to provide all those things that make life comfortable and agreeable?"

Henry. It is by joining together to help each other, in executing the things they contrive.

Father. In what way do they help each other? Do all do the same sort of thing?

Henry. No: one man does one

sort of thing: and another man another sort of thing: every one does the particular thing he has been used to do, and what he understands best.

Father. Hence it follows, that the same degree of knowledge, and the same sort of ability are not necessary for all men alike. Great strength is necessary only for those who, ——?

Henry. Those who have to bear burdens, or to move machines.

Father. Dexterity and skill are necessary, ——?

Henry. For those who have to execute things that are difficult to do; and that cannot be done by machines.

Father. Industry is necessary, ——?

Henry. For those who have to do the same sort of thing, on and on, all day long; like a clock that must never stand still.

Father. Knowledge and genius are necessary, ——?

Henry. For those who have to contrive how things are to be done.

Father. And for those who have to instruct other men, or to persuade them to do what is right; or to govern them. But what was it that interrupted our conversation in the morning?

Sam. We saw the poor bricklayer, who had fallen from the scaffolding where a house was building.

John. Yes, Papa; and they took him up very gently, and carried him ——

Sam. To the hospital.

John. What is that, Papa?

Father. An hospital is a house where there are surgeons and nurses, to take care of poor people that are ill; or, who have been hurt by accident.

John. And do you remember, Papa, how very sorry the lady looked, who asked the poor man where he lived?

Father. Yes: the lady was compassionate; and so, I think, were the men who carried the man away. They appeared to take great care not to hurt him more than they could help. What would you have said, if the people who were standing about had taken no notice of him; but left him to lie where he fell, or help himself if he could?

John. Oh, Papa, that would have been very cruel.

Father. It would, indeed: such persons, we should have said, had no kindness or humanity.

Sam. They would have been very wicked people.

Father. Yes.

Henry. Because, Papa, we ought always to be willing to help those who are in distress; even though it should cost us a great deal of trouble and money.

Father. Then you see, that though it is not necessary for all men to exercise strength, or industry, or to have knowledge, or genius, it is necessary for *all* men to be, ——?

Henry. Ready to help each other in distress.

Father. If I want a house to be built, I must find out a man that is used to build houses:—If I want clothes, I must go to the draper:—If I want to be taught any thing, I must apply to those who have acquired knowledge; but if I am in distress, I may expect *any one* to help me, who

is able to do so, because it is *every body's* business to be humane and compassionate.

Henry. Yes, Papa: every body is not obliged to be clever; but every body ought to be good.

Father. What is the best reason you can think of, why we should be compassionate?

Henry. Because, perhaps, some day, we ourselves may be in need of help in distress.

Father. Cannot you think of a better reason than that?

Henry. Because God is compassionate.

Father. Yes.

VII.

THE BELFRY.

One day Harold came running home, quite out of breath; and reported that his brother Archibald, having mounted the poney in the home-mead, it had run away with him, and at last thrown him; and that he was lying in the field unable to move. His Father, accompanied by one of the servants, immediately went to the spot; they found poor Archibald, perhaps rather more frightened than hurt; though he had sprained his ankle so as to prevent his walking: fortunately, he had fallen in a soft dirty place:

this had saved him from receiving more serious injury: but he was completely covered with mud. The servant carried him home; his wet clothes were taken off; his sprained ankle was properly attended to; and he was put to bed.

The next morning his Father reproved him for his folly in mounting the poney; and also for his disobedience, as he had been strictly forbidden to go into the home-mead, where the horses were at grass.

Archibald's punishment, on this occasion, seemed sufficient: for, besides the pain he suffered, he was obliged to lie on the sofa several days; which he very much disliked; as he was an active boy, and happy only when he was running about the fields. Archibald's thoughtlessness had frequently

nearly cost him broken bones, or even his life: several times he had fallen from trees: once he went to slide upon a pond after a slight frost; the ice broke under him, he fell in; and, if a man had not happened to see him at the moment, he would most likely have been drowned.

But what was worse, Archibald was too fond of playing foolish and mischievous tricks, by which other people were injured, or put in danger. And, if we must tell the whole truth, he had gained a bad name in the neighbourhood, as a troublesome and ill-disposed boy; though, in fact, he was more idle than ill-tempered.

When the poor women in the village saw him coming along, they were used to call quickly to the little children that were playing in the road,

—"Betsey, Betsey; Willy, Willy; Jem; come in, come in: here's Master Archibald a coming."

The widow Webb would often totter across the road, as fast as if she had been running out of a heavy shower of rain, in order to take her favourite cat out of Master Archibald's way. Even the donkies had learned to flinch and prick their ears while he passed by them. Some people thought Archibald a much more spirited boy than his brother Harold: but I am of opinion that Harold was really the most courageous.

One morning, Harold and Archibald, in returning from a walk, passed through a meadow in which cattle were grazing: there was a bull among them. Archibald pulled off his hat, and waved it at the bull; at the same

time making a bellowing noise. The animal looked up and breathed heavily. Archibald then repeated his threatening gestures. The bull then began to strike the ground with his fore foot; and he advanced several steps towards the two boys.

Seeing this, Archibald instantly ran towards the gate as fast as he could. Harold continued to walk along steadily, because he had heard that bulls often pursue persons who run away from them; but seldom attack those who do not appear to be frightened.

When they had got out of the meadow into the adjoining lane, Harold would have proceeded home; but Archibald, who had recovered from his fright, said he was determined to have a little fun with the old churl. So he

filled his pockets with pebbles, and clambered into a tree in the hedge, where he knew that he should be perfectly safe, and then began hallooing and throwing stones at the bull. Harold tried to dissuade him from his sport; but Archibald never heeded what he called his brother's *preaching*; he only replied by saying, "Ah now, if the bull begins to roar, you'll be frightened out of your wits, I know."

For some time the unoffending animal continued to graze; only now and then looking round, and moving a few steps further from the tree in which Archibald was seated. But at length, after the stones had hit him two or three times rather smartly, he began to toss his head, bellow, and scrape the ground with his foot; throwing up the earth several yards

behind him. By this time, however, Archibald had spent all the pebbles which he had collected; and perceiving that Harold, who had been gathering flowers from the hedge, was now proceeding homeward, he descended from the tree, and ran after his brother.

The two boys had proceeded a very little way, when they heard loud screams in the meadow which they had just left.

"There now, Archibald!" said Harold; "I guess what is the matter; you have made the bull so angry, that he is running at somebody."

He immediately ran back towards the gate: Archibald stood still a moment; and then walked, not very quickly, after his brother.

When Harold came to the gate, he

saw a little girl running towards it, and the bull trotting after her at an ambling pace: he jumped over the gate, and snatching up a bush of furze that had been cut from the hedge, ran towards the bull; as soon as the creature saw him, and perceived that he did not appear at all frightened, he stood still, and bellowed. Harold had come up with the little girl,—it was Betsey Webb,—widow Webb's grand-daughter.

"Run along to the gate, Betsey;" said he. As soon as he saw that the little girl was safely over the gate, he retreated some steps; still holding up the furze bush, and looking hard at the bull, which stopped when Harold stopped; and advanced as he retreated; in this way he got to the gate;

and jumping over, was not sorry to find himself safely out of the meadow.

Betsey Webb was crying from the fright she had suffered; and partly, perhaps, with the feeling of gratitude to her courageous defender. As soon as she was a little more composed, Harold asked her how it had happened that the bull had run at her.

"I don't know, Master Harold," said she, "because I go through the meadow almost every day; and it never did me no harm before; and Farmer Holt tells grandmother that it is always a gentle beast: else he would not let it be there. But I think some of the bad boys must have been teasing of it, and making it angry: and now I shall be

afraid to go through the mead any more; I must go all round by the road."

"You must tell Farmer Holt," replied Harold; "that the bull run at you; and perhaps he will put it into another field."

Here Betsey courtesied, saying, "Thank ye, Master Harold, I'm sure; thank'ee:" and then turned across the common, towards her grandmother's cottage.

Archibald had been loitering a little way behind; and whistled, as though he felt quite unconcerned. But when Betsey Webb was gone, he begged his brother not to tell at home, what had happened. "*Tell*," said Harold, "no to be sure, I don't know what there is particular to tell."

Archibald was not really a mali-

cious boy; but his love of mischief often occasioned quarrels between him and the boys of the village: more than once he received a very severe beating from some who would not take his pranks in good part. On such occasions he had to suffer twice; because, whenever his father discovered that he had been fighting, he punished him severely.

One morning, not long after the occurrence that has just been mentioned, Harold and his Father were walking in the garden, on a raised path which overlooked the surrounding country: they had been conversing some time, when the Father, pointing towards the common which adjoined the garden, said, "What is the matter there, Harold? there is a great number of boys together; and they are moving about

from side to side, as though some of them were fighting."

Harold. I think they are, Papa; and hark, don't you hear them quarrelling?

Father. Yes, I think I do.—Where is your brother?

Harold. He went out upon the common, about an hour ago.

Father. Perhaps then it is he who is fighting. Go and see. If Archibald is there, bring him away: tell him I have sent you to fetch him home: and if he is fighting, let the boy he has been fighting with come also. If you are not able to put an end to the fray, wave your hat; and I will come; I shall stand here and watch. I do not mean that you should call me, only to prevent your receiving a few blows; remember,—a man must

have courage as well as good temper, to be a peace maker. Do not run; that would put you out of breath, and you would not be able to behave properly.

Harold walked steadily across the common: before he came up to the boys, he heard one, who was on the outside of the circle, call out, "Dick, Dick; here's his brother coming." This seemed to put a stop to the fight for a moment. As he approached he distinguished his brother's voice, in a half crying tone, repeating some expressions of contempt and defiance, and adding—"and I'll say so again,—so I will."

Harold made his way through the crowd without violence or blustering: he found Archibald standing in a cringing posture, with his back against

the stump of a tree; and holding his left arm over his forehead: his face and shirt were bloody. Harold placed himself close before his brother, without clenching his fists. At the same instant, a boy who was standing on one side, aimed a blow at Archibald, saying, "and that's for ye, Master Archey." Harold caught the blow on his arm; and, darting towards him, thrust him away: he struck his head pretty smartly against the tree; and then sneaked away to the outside of the circle.

"Jem Mason," said Harold, speaking to one of the biggest boys,—"tell me what's the matter; and let us have no more fighting. Here are all of you against one: that's not fair: you shall not use my brother so, I assure you."

"No, Master Harold," said James

Mason; "It's only Dick Hobb has been fighting with him: but you know, your brother should let we alone; and then we would let he alone: we di'nt meddle with he."

"How was it then, Jem?" said Harold. Half a dozen of the boys began vociferating at once; and all charging Archibald with being the author of the quarrel.

"Let us hear what Jem Mason says," cried Harold.

"Why, Master Harold," said James, "ye see, we was all playing at nine pins, out yonder, by the three elms; and so up comes your brother, and begins laughing at us, and calling us a parcel of blockheads, and sitch: and at last Dick Hobb here, says to him, we be'nt no more blockheads than you, Master Archey: and then he comes

in a fury and kicks down all the pins, what we had just set up; and as quick as we sets 'em up again, he kicks 'em down again: and then, Dick gives him a sort of a hit, I fancy, 'o th' head; and then he flies, ye see, in a passion, and calls us names; and begins hitting about: and so it comes to a fight with he and Dick; and he gets one or two bloody noses: and that's all, Master Harold."

"Archibald," said Harold, turning round towards his brother, "Papa sent me to bid you go home directly: he is waiting to speak to you in the garden."

Archibald knew very well that he dare not disobey this summons: and though he had great reason to dread his Father's displeasure, yet perhaps, if the whole truth were known, he was

not sorry to be thus dismissed, without more fighting; as it is probable that, if his brother had not come up, he would have been still more severely beaten.

When Archibald had got to some distance, Harold said, "Have any of you any thing to say to me?" There were some murmurs; but James Mason replied, "Master Harold, you know we don't want to have any words with you; because you are always good-tempered, and never meddles with us."

"I am very sorry," said Harold, "that my brother has spoiled your play: but it is a wicked thing to fight. —Richard Hobb, come with me."

Richard Hobb was not at all willing to accompany Harold; but after a little consideration he seemed to

think it best to comply: he and Harold, therefore, followed Archibald to the garden gate: and the other boys dispersed.

When Harold and Richard Hobb came into the garden, they found Archibald standing by his Father, on the gravel walk: he hung down his head,—pouted,—drew long sobs; and kept twisting the buttons of his coat. Richard Hobb appeared more frightened than ashamed.

"Harold," said his Father, "have you been able to learn how this quarrel began?"

Harold then related what James Mason had told him. His Father, turning to Archibald, asked if this account was true. "Yes," said Archibald, between two sobs. "Then, Archibald, tell Richard Hobb that

you acknowledge that you have acted very wrong."

Archibald, without raising his head, or turning towards Richard, repeated the words his Father dictated ;—

"Richard Hobb, I acknowledge that I have acted very wrong."

"Now, Richard Hobb," added the Father, "if I hear again that you fight with my son, I shall complain of you to your parents; and insist upon their punishing you. You may go."

The boy seemed greatly relieved to be let off so easily. He shuffled away down the long gravel-walk, as though he had not the use of his legs: but the instant he passed the garden gate he ran off at full speed, till he was out of sight.

Archibald was punished by being

kept a close prisoner to the house for three days, during which time his usual tasks were doubled.

There was an old church about two miles from the village, which stood in the fields, apart from any houses: the only cottage near it was inhabited by an old woman, who kept the keys and swept the church. The tower was more ornamented than is usual for country churches; and the lower part of it was beautifully covered with ivy. The church-yard was surrounded with lime trees, which made it very shady and pleasant in hot weather.

One fine afternoon, in the month of August, Harold and his brother walked to this church, as they often did: there were several children in the church-yard: one little boy, whose

shoes were very dusty, and who seemed tired with a long walk, was sitting under the shade to rest himself: he had laid a small parcel on the grass, beside him; while he looked at the others, who were playing at marbles, on a flat tombstone.

The church was open, because it was Saturday afternoon; and the old woman was sweeping the church. Harold went in to look at the monuments, and read the inscriptions; there was a painted window also, which he thought very pretty; he asked the old woman some questions, but she only said, "hey, master;" and when he repeated it louder, she shook her head; for she could not hear a word: she went hobbling along the aisle, blowing out her hollow cheeks, and dusting the tops of the pews.

When Harold came out of the church, he looked about for his brother; but could not see him any where: at length he asked the children if they had seen him leave the church-yard: a little girl replied that she thought she had seen him go up the belfry stairs. At the same moment, a piece of mortar fell close to Harold's feet, and broke to powder on the bricks with which the path was paved: looking up, he perceived his brother's head at a narrow window, near the top of the tower: he bawled out, "Harold, Harold! you don't look bigger than a mouse: here now, will you hold your hat for another bit of mortar." Harold called to him that he had better come down, lest he should be locked in. At this hint, Archibald

drew in his head instantly, and came clattering down the steps in great haste.

The two boys then left the church, and went into an adjoining wood, where they staid some time, to watch the white rabbits skipping in and out among the trees. It was nearly seven o'clock when they left the wood, and proceeded homewards. When they had nearly reached their Papa's house, they overtook the little boy whom they had seen in the church-yard: he was crying piteously. Harold asked him what was the matter: he answered, that he had lost a parcel that he had brought from the town, and which he was carrying to his master's—Farmer Rana. He had hardly finished saying this, when Archibald exclaimed, "Oh dear me! Oh dear

me! I did not mean to leave it there: I quite forgot it. I only meant to carry it up, just for a joke."

"What do you mean, Archibald?" inquired his brother. Archibald confessed, that, seeing the parcel lying on the grass in the church-yard, he had carried it up into the belfry; only just, as he said, to frighten the little boy, and make him think he had lost it; but intending to bring it down, or, at least, tell him where it was: but when his brother called him to come down lest he should be locked in, he was in such a hurry, that he quite forgot the parcel.

"What is to be done?" said Harold. "Do you know, little boy, what was in the parcel? Do you think your master can wait for it till to-morrow?"

"Oh, no;" said the little boy, "if I go home without it, I know he'll beat me; I know he'll beat me: besides, it is doctor's stuff: my mistress is very ill; and I have been to the doctor's for it: and she was to take it this evening."

As soon as he had ended speaking, the little boy began to cry again, saying, over and over again, that he had rather stay out all night, than go home without the parcel.

"Well, Archibald," said Harold, "I'll tell you what we must do: one of us must go back to the church, and find the parcel; and the other must go, first to Farmer Rand's, and say it is all our fault; and beg him not to be angry with the little boy; and that he shall have the parcel presently; and then go home, and tell Papa and

Mamma what has happened ; because they will be quite frightened that we do not come home in proper time."

Archibald did not like this proposal at all ; and he began to say that he thought it did not much signify to fetch the parcel ; and that he dared say they could do well enough without the physic ; and so forth : but his brother insisted upon his choosing whether he would go back for the parcel, or to the farmer's. Archibald proposed that the little boy should go back to the church ; and that they should both go together to the farmer's. But Harold said, that if the old woman had locked up the church, most likely she would not be willing to unlock it, merely at the request of the little boy ; especially as she was

so deaf that he could not make her understand what was the matter.

"Then we'll all go back together," said Archibald.

"No, Archibald," replied his brother, "we shall not be home again till it is quite dark, and you know how very uneasy Mamma will be."

To return alone to the church, and ascend the dark narrow stairs, and then grope about for the parcel in the dismal belfry, was what Archibald knew he had not courage for; especially as it would be dusk-light by the time he could get there. He therefore chose to call at Farmer Rand's, to make an apology for the little boy, and then to return home to acquaint his Papa and Mamma with what had occurred. He secretly re-

solved, however, to loiter about in the fields till his brother should return with the parcel: as he had not courage enough to go and confess his fault, either to Farmer Rand or to his Papa; he therefore walked on till his brother was out of sight, and then sat on a gate, telling the little boy to wait a bit.

Though Harold was rather tired with his afternoon's ramble, he retraced his steps towards the church at a brisk pace: indeed, as the sun was just set, the evening was cool and pleasant. When he arrived at the church, he found the door into the tower still open; and observing the old woman's pail and mop still standing at the vestry door, he concluded that she would not leave the church before he should have found the parcel; and

he did not go in to speak to her, because he knew he could not make her understand what his business was; and he thought, perhaps, she might not permit him to go into the belfry.

It was now quite dark within the narrow winding staircase that led to the belfry; and when he reached the chamber, there was too little light to find the parcel, except by feeling about for it: he therefore crawled about on his hands and knees; going from side to side of the chamber: he examined the whole floor in this way, but no parcel was to be found: he had unfortunately forgotten to ask his brother exactly where he had left it.

In one corner of the chamber there were some old hassocks and matting; and among these, at last, he found a parcel, which he had no doubt was

the one he was in search of; and smelling it, he was satisfied that it was medicine: this gave him more pleasure than little boys or girls usually feel at the smell of medicine.

As Harold was feeling his way to the staircase, he heard the old woman coughing below, and just as he set his foot upon the first step to descend, he heard her bang-to the door at the bottom of the staircase; and presently afterwards, the door of the tower also. Harold, at first called out with all his might: but he recollected that this could be of no service; as she was quite deaf: he hurried down to the foot of the staircase, but found the door fast locked: he then went up again into the belfry; and looked out of the open window, through which, as was mentioned be-

fore, he had seen his brother put his head: from this window he saw the old woman sitting on the horsing-block at the church-yard gate, resting herself, and he could hear her cough. Though he had no hope of making her hear, he continued to call to her as loud as possible; but there she sat, till her fit of coughing was over; and then she rose, locked the church-yard gate; and slowly walked away.

It must be confessed that Harold did not at all like his present situation; and when he thought of having to spend the whole night in this lonely belfry, he was very near bursting into tears. Indeed, we are not quite sure that he did not cry a little.

He soon, however, recollected that his brother had probably by this time

reached home, and told his Papa what had occurred: he felt little doubt, therefore, that his Papa would send a servant, or come himself to release him: and so he was comforted with the hope of being set at liberty in a short time: he resolved to continue watching at the Belfry window, that he might call to any one who might happen to pass by the church-yard. The moon was now risen, and shone bright upon the white tomb-stones.

"Though it is very uncomfortable and very dismal," said Harold to himself, "to be shut up here all alone; I need not be frightened; because there is nothing *really* to hurt me; and besides, God is here, as well as at home."

He was a little startled when the clock struck directly over his head:

the noise made his ears tingle; and when it had struck nine strokes, the sound continued to ring in the tower for a long while.

Harold began now to feel sleepy: he rested his head on his hands, as he leaned on the window-cill, and almost forgot where he was, when he was roused suddenly, by hearing a rustling noise in one corner of the belfry: presently afterwards he perceived something white moving round and round over his head, and gradually coming lower; at length it darted close by him out of the window at which he stood: on looking out after it, he saw that it was a white owl: it continued to hover about the tower for some time, and then flew off in a straight line towards a neighbouring wood.

But we must now leave Harold in the belfry; and say what Archibald has been doing all this time.

He sat on the gate till it began to grow dark, hoping every moment that he should see his brother return.

The little boy, who stood leaning against the gate-post, cried and sobbed at intervals; and looked towards his master's house, which was within sight, at the distance of about a mile.

Archibald was always afraid of being in the dark; and he now began to consider whether he should not return home at once: he wondered why his brother did not return: sometimes he imagined that, perhaps, he had gone round some other way; and that by this time he had told the whole story at home: again he feared that some harm had befallen Harold: this thought made him feel very un-

happy, especially when he remembered that his own misconduct had been the occasion of it; and that he ought, himself, to have gone back for the parcel: at last he resolved to go directly home, and give his Papa a full account of what had happened: he had scarcely made this resolution, when he perceived two or three persons coming across the field very quickly, carrying a lantern: he soon heard his Father's voice: he ran up to him, crying out, "Papa, Papa, I am a naughty boy; indeed I am."

"Is it you, my boy," said his Father, who seemed very glad to find him; "but where have you been; and where is your brother?"

Archibald then related all that had happened; and told where his brother was gone.

His father immediately sent one of

the servants home with him; charging him to tell his Mamma the whole story, and to say, that his Papa did not doubt he should soon find his brother; as he conjectured at once what had actually happened: he then dispatched the other servant to the cottage of the old woman to procure the keys; and proceeded himself to the church.

Poor Harold by this time had began to despair of being released from his confinement before the morning: he was now exhausted with fatigue and hunger; and he was very sleepy: he had just been roused again by the din of the clock striking ten, when he heard the joyful sound of his Father's voice from the churchyard below, calling, "Harold, Ha-

rold!" He instantly replied, "Yes, Papa; yes, yes; here am I in the belfry."

"A little more patience then, my dear boy, and we will let you out: the servant is gone to fetch the keys."

Harold, reaching as far as he could out of the window, continued to converse with his Papa.

It was more than half an hour before the servant, who had been sent for the keys, returned.

The old woman had been in bed some time; and all the noise the servant could make at the door was to no purpose: at last the light from the lantern, which he held at the hole of the window shutter, awoke her, and she screamed out in great terror, supposing it was a thief,—"Murder! murder! marcy! marcy! don't murder

me. I ha'rnt got but eighteen pence in the house: if you won't murder me, I'll let you in; and you shall have it all." In a few minutes, she unbarred the door. The servant held up the lantern to his face, that she might know him at once; she looked at him a moment, and exclaimed, "Marcy on's,—the Squire's sarvant: why what now !"

The servant, knowing that he could not make her understand his errand, looked about in search of the keys; which he presently found hanging behind the door; taking them away, therefore, he hurried off, leaving the poor woman in amazement at what might be the meaning of this strange visit.

At length the keys arrived: the doors were presently unlocked; and

Harold, grasping his Papa's hand, was very happy to find himself on his way home.

A servant was sent early the next morning with the little boy and the parcel to Farmer Rand's, to explain the reason of his detention, and to make an apology for what had happened.

When Archibald appeared in the breakfast room, he was too much ashamed of his own conduct to raise his head, or look at any one.

"Archibald," said his Papa to him, "I have often told you that the love of mischief and true courage are seldom found together: Do you feel, now, that this is true?"

"Yes, Papa, indeed I do."

VIII.

THE TINNER'S SON.

On the roads in Cornwall that lead from the copper mines to the sea-port towns, one often meets large droves of mules, driven by a man and one or two boys. Each mule has a wooden saddle, across which two sacks are placed, filled with copper ore. The ore is emptied into large bins, not far from the sea-side; whence it is afterwards taken in small vessels, by sea, to Swansea; and there it is melted ready for use. The copper ore, before it is sent in this way from the mine, is broken small, washed, and pounded;

it then looks like dark greenish fine mould, or earth.

Thomas Trewellan was employed, along with a man and another boy, in driving mules from a copper mine, in the western part of Cornwall, to a small sea-port town on the northern coast: he went and returned with the drove once every day.

Thomas had usually an hour or two of leisure in the evening: this time he employed in learning writing and arithmetic: his father was a tinner, that is to say, a miner, and like many others, he had acquired a good deal of knowledge. He gave his son all the instruction that he could; and Thomas, beside being able to read with propriety, and to write a fair hand, knew something of Geometry, Algebra, and Mechanics. Instead of

being, like some boys, who think themselves unhappy because they are obliged to learn, and who would be content to spend all their time in play; Thomas employed every opportunity for improving his mind. While the man who had the charge of the drove of mules was transacting business in the town, Thomas would take his book to a niche in the rock that hung over the sea; where he would spend half an hour, or sometimes an hour, in study: and perhaps he might learn as much in this short time as some boys do in a whole day; though they have masters to teach them every thing.

Thomas was not often interrupted in the place he had chosen for his study, because it could only be approached by a very rugged, steep, and

difficult path. One day, however, he heard some one scrambling up the path, and uttering many exclamations which he could not at all understand. Presently afterwards, a lad about his own size came up. Thomas was quite startled by his odd appearance; for he wore a red cap with a blue tassel; he had gold rings in his ears, and on his fingers; he wore several waistcoats of different colours,—a striped green jacket, and full petticoats reaching to the knees; with large high boots. Thomas stared at this strange figure, and shut his book. The boy said something, as though he meant to ask a question. "Nan!" said Thomas. After muttering a word or two more, the boy turned round, and descended the way he came. As soon as he was gone, Thomas recollected

that he heard that, since the late peace with France, fishing boats from Normandy sometimes put into the harbour, when the weather was rough, or the wind contrary. He guessed, therefore, that the boy he had just seen must belong to one of these boats: and looking out to sea, he perceived two or three odd looking boats lying at anchor, about a league from the shore; and he learned from the sailors on the pier that they were French fishing boats.

As he rode home, Thomas began to consider the reason why he and the French boy could not understand each other. He did not know a word of any language except English; and he had never before thought on the subject. He remembered to have heard that the people in France speak

French; and he had heard too, the son of the captain of the mine talk about learning Latin; but he had no clear notion of what was meant by another language. "I suppose," said he to himself, "speaking French, or speaking Latin, means calling things by different names to what we do." But this seemed strange, and difficult to be imagined; for he had always believed that *Horse*, was *really* the name for a horse; and *House*, the name for a house: "and why," thought he, "should people call things by names that are not their *real* names. While he was puzzling himself in this way, it came into his mind, that his Father and Mother, and he himself, sometimes, used what were called old Cornish words, quite different from the common names of

things; and that it seemed almost as *natural* to him to use one sort of word as another; this seemed to clear up his difficulties; and he began to feel a strong desire to learn French, or some other language.

In the evening, when he went home, Thomas described to his Father the dress and appearance of the French boy whom he had seen; and he afterwards hinted at the subject of his meditations as he rode home. "Father," said he, "do you think one could any how learn French, the same as one learns Geometry; could'nt I get a book that would tell me all about it." "Ah, Thomas," said his Father, "what you are thinking about they call grammars and dictionaries, and so forth: but in such things I can't help you. You'll make no hand of it, I

can tell you; beside, I don't see it would be any sort of use to a tinner. Geometry and Mechanics, you know, are in our line; but French and Latin would do you no good in the world."

But Thomas was not entirely discouraged by what his father said. John Dawson, the son of the captain of the mine, was just then at home during the holidays: the next time Thomas met him, he accosted him, by saying, "Be so good, Master John, as just to tell me a little about Grammar, or French, or Latin, or something of that sort,—what you learn at school." John was never very willing to be put in mind of his learning in holiday time; it was bad enough, he thought, to be *obliged* to attend to it at school. But as he was a good tem-

pered boy, he would not refuse to give Thomas some sort of answer to his question.

"Well then, Thomas," said he, "listen:—*hic, hæc, hoc*:—that is Grammar and Latin too: will that content you?"

"That does not make me understand any thing about it," said Thomas.

"*As in præsenti, perfectum format in avi*," said John.

"Please to tell me what all those words mean, Master John," said Thomas.

"Very well: but you must pay attention, because I can't tell you more than once. *As*, *in*, in, *præsenti*, the present tense, *perfectum*, the perfect, *format*, forms, *in*, in avi:—will that do?"

"Thank you, Master John." Thomas found that he was not likely to gain any assistance from his young master, and therefore he asked him no more questions.

A few days after, as he was walking on the pier, Thomas perceived that two of the French fishing boats had put into the harbour, and were undergoing some repair. While he was waiting, therefore, he loitered about where these boats were lying, that he might listen to the conversation of the men: once or twice he spoke to them, to find out if any of them understood English; but they only shook their heads, or did not pay any attention to him.

"Now," said Thomas to himself, "suppose that one of these men would be willing to teach me the French

names of things:—let me consider how we should manage:—Why, I would point to something, and then he should tell me the name of it in French; and I would write it down just as he spoke it:—that would be easy enough: for instance, then, I would point to a ship, or to my hat, or to a tree; and so on. But suppose I wanted to know the French word for *wood;* then I must point to a post, or a tree, or a piece of timber: but then, most likely, he would tell me the French word that means a post, or a tree, or timber, and not the word that means *wood.* Or if I wanted to know the name for *iron,* in French; I must point to an anchor, or a nail, or a saw: but how would that make him understand that I wanted to know the French for *iron?*" Thomas was greatly

perplexed by these difficulties. He found out what he had never before attended to, that most things are called by several different names; and that very different things are called by the same name:—thus, for instance, a *wedge* is called—a *wedge,* and it is called a *tool,* and it is called *iron:* and so a dog is called *Cæsar,* or a *dog,* or an *animal,* or a *brute;* and so a mouse, and a cow, and a lion, are all called *animals,* though they are so very different from each other.

"I wonder whether there is any such thing as a book that has rows of words like the spelling-book, with the proper French word put against every English word;—this would make it very easy." It seemed to him probable that there might be some such book, and he determined

the next day to make inquiry on the subject at the old book-stall, where he had bought the few tattered volumes which formed his library. He had made acquaintance with the man who kept the stall. "Pray, Mr. Moth," said Thomas, "have you any French books here?"

"French books, Thomas; let me see," said Mr. Moth, as he took a parcel of torn and dusty books from a box under his stall. "I can't say that I have a French book of any sort, just now; but here is a Latin book, if that will do as well; and a very famous book it is too, writ by Cicero, —as great a man as lives—so they tell me, that are scholars."

Thomas had no particular reason for wishing to learn French rather than Latin, and therefore he desired to look

at the book. Mr. Moth had put on his spectacles, and seemed to be studying the title page. "It is called," said he, "M. Tullii Ciceronis de Officiis libri tres;—that is to say, Tully's Offices, in three books—and so forth; —and to make it easy, you see, here is the English on one page and the Latin on the other."

After a little further conversation with Mr. Moth, Thomas comprehended the nature and use of a *translation*, and it seemed to him that he had nothing to do but to compare the opposite pages, word by word, in order to find out the meaning of each.

As the volume had a leaf torn out, Mr. Moth asked no more than eighteen pence for it, and knowing Thomas Trewellan's good character, he consented to let him take it away and

pay for it a few pence at a time, as he should be able to spare the money. He put the book into his frock pocket and rode home more happy than if he had found a bag of guineas.

Thomas had no opportunity even to look at the book he had bought, till the evening of the following day. That he might be quite undisturbed, he took his book, with paper, pens, and ink, to the top of the hill, about a mile from his father's house: there was here, what is called a cromlech, that is, three huge stones standing upright, near each other: a flat stone, which was once placed on the top of the upright stones, had fallen from its place, and now laid on one side, and made a sort of table. Thomas often came to this place in the long summer evenings. The sides of the hill,

all round, were scattered over with large rough rocks; between which grew fine soft grass, interspersed with many delicate flowers. On all the hills in the distance were seen the engine houses, and round hillocks of earth thrown up from the mines. In the furthest distance, both to the north and to the south, might be seen a blue line of sea,—the English Channel on one side, and the Bristol Channel on the other.

But now, Thomas Trewellan has set himself down to make his first attempt at learning Latin: for want, however, of some one to give him needful directions, he seemed only likely to lose all his labour. He did not know that, in Latin, the words do not follow each other in the same order that they do in English: and,

therefore, he supposed he could not fall into mistakes if he compared the Latin and the English together, word by word, in order to learn the meaning of each Latin word. That he might be the more sure, he determined to write the words alternately, thus,—"*Quanquam*, Although; *te*, after; *Marce*, twelve; *fili*, months; *annum*, spent; *jam*, in; *audientem*, the; *Cratippum*, School:"—and so on. Before he had written out many lines in this manner, he observed that the word *te*, occurred again: and he immediately looked back to see if the same English word answered to it in both places. But how great was his perplexity when he found that in the one place it seemed to mean *after*; and in the other place *in*: and as he went on he found that none of the same words in English, answered to the same words in Latin.

Now, he knew not what to think, or what to do. He began to fear that he must give up the thought of learning Latin. He resolved, however, once more to ask a little assistance from John Dawson, who was not yet returned to school. Thomas thought it very likely that John would only laugh at him; but his desire to learn was so great, that he was willing even to have his mistakes exposed to ridicule, if he could, in any way, gain knowledge. The next time an opportunity occurred he showed what he had written to John Dawson; requesting him to tell him if it was done right: but this idle boy, after he had looked at the paper a minute, burst out into a great fit of laughing. Thomas then endeavoured to take the paper out of his hand; but he thrust it into his pocket; and ran off, saying,

it would make fine sport for the boys at school.

A few weeks after this occurrence, as Thomas was returning, in the evening, to the mine, he was overtaken on the road by a gentleman on horseback, who wore a white wig, and looked like a clergyman: he stopped his horse, and enquired the way to a farm house in the neighbourhood. Thomas pointed to the house in the distance, and described the road to it, saying, "After you pass the bridge, Sir, there is a horse-path across the heath, that runs at a right-angle with the road:—this leads directly up to the house."

"A right-angle!" said the gentleman; "and pray what do you know about right-angles?"

Thomas was a little confused by

the question; but modestly replied that his Father had taught him a little Geometry in spare hours.

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "and what is your Father's name:—he is a tinner, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir: my Father works here, at huel* Tolgoth: his name is Trewellan."

"Trewellan, hey:—and what is your name?"

"Thomas, Sir."

"Thomas Trewellan:—now, Thomas, can you tell me what is the meaning of the word *Quanquam?*"

"*Quanquam*, Sir; that's Latin, is'nt it: I don't understand Latin."

Thomas recollected that this was the first word in Tully's Offices; and

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* Pronounced *wheel.*

he wondered how the gentleman should happen to ask him the meaning of that word.

"No," said the gentleman, "I dare say you do not understand Latin. But," said he, "as you have learned something about Geometry, would'nt you be pleased to learn Latin also?"

"Aye, Sir, I should like to learn Latin well enough: but my Father can't teach me that: besides, he says, 'tis of no use to us tinners."

After a little more conversation, the gentleman asked Thomas if his Father did not live very near the farm house to which he had just inquired the way. Thomas replied, that his Father's cottage was only a stone's throw on this side the farm: the gentleman then spurred his horse, and rode off.

Thomas went on his way to the

mine, greatly wondering what business the gentleman could have with his Father: and especially how he should happen to ask him about the word *Quanquam*.

When his work was done, he ran home: "Well, Thomas;" said his Father and Mother, both speaking at once, when he opened the door;—"Well, who do you think the gentleman was that overtook you on the road?—Why, to be sure, Dr. Knowles, that keeps the school where the captain's son goes. He has been here, talking a long while about you. He says, that he overheard John Dawson, (ah, the little varment), making great fun among the boys, with reading something what you had written; and so he inquired all about it: and made Master John tell him all he

knew about you; and about what you have learned, and how you tried to learn Latin: and he says, too, he has known several poor lads, like you, Thomas, that were so fond of learning, get on and on; and go to college."

"College!" said Thomas, "who stood with his mouth and eyes wide open; "Where is college, Father: I don't remember that place in the map?"

"Never mind that now, Thomas," replied his Father: "I was going to say, Dr. Knowles says its a pity you should not have an education: and he says, that if we can any ways contrive to fit you out, and find you clothes, he will give you your board and learning for nothing."

Thomas was more pleased than we can easily describe, by this good news.

He continued, however, for several weeks to follow his employment at the mine, till the necessary preparations for his going to school could be made: during this time his good fortune was talked about: and one of the proprietors of the mine hearing of the affair, and having received a very good character of him from the captain, promised to allow him a small sum yearly, while he should be at school. All difficulties being thus removed, Thomas took leave of his companions at the mine, and left his Father's cottage to go to Dr. Knowles's academy. On his way, however, he did not forget to call on his old acquaintance, Mr. Moth; to whom he related what had occurred, and paid the last three-pence that was due for Tully's Offices.

After Thomas had been a short

time at school, he began to feel rather discouraged on several accounts. In the first place, he was abashed by being laughed at by many of the boys, for his awkward manners, and incorrect mode of speaking: he found that little things, which he had never thought of before; and which seemed to him of no importance, yet gave the greatest dunce in the school an opportunity of making him appear ridiculous. He was discouraged also by finding it more wearisome than he had expected, to be obliged to apply to his learning so many hours of the day: and he was a little vexed too, when he discovered some branches of knowledge which he had never even heard mentioned before, and of which he found it difficult to comprehend the nature, and which yet seemed to be quite familiar to many boys

in the school five years younger than himself. As his memory had been very little exercised, except in learning hymns and chapters from the Bible at home, he found his tasks in the Latin Grammar rather burdensome: these difficulties, however, diminished every month: and every day he felt a fresh pleasure in the acquirement of knowledge, and in the employment of his understanding.

"A year ago," said Thomas to himself, "I hardly knew enough to know that I was ignorant: now, I have just learned enough to make me understand that I am still ignorant."

THE END.

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