

JONAS'S STORIES;

RELATED TO

ROLLO AND LUCY.

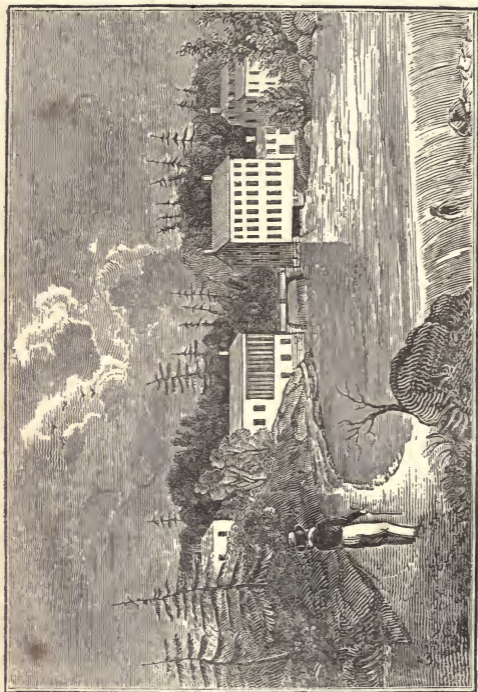
BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

1839.



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

THESE Stories of Jonas, having been related to Rollo and Lucy together, are intended both for boys and girls. It is hoped that, in all of them, the parent or teacher, who may run his eye over the book, will find a useful tendency. The aim of the writer has been to cultivate habits of clear discrimination, sound reasoning, and correct judgment on the common subjects of interest to childhood, and to develop the gentle and amiable feelings of the heart.

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JONAS'S STORIES.

THE JOURNEY.

ONE summer, when Rollo was about eight years old, his father and mother concluded to take a long journey through the interior of the country. A good deal of the road over which they were to travel lay in a wild, solitary region of forests and mountains, through which it would be necessary to travel very slowly. Rollo had learned the art, which children are generally very slow to learn, of not being troublesome when riding: and so his mother inquired if there was not some way of taking him with them. After some consultation and planning, they finally determined to enlarge their original design, and take the whole family, except little Nathan.

Rollo's father accordingly procured what,

in that part of the country, was called a *carryall*. It was a light, four-wheeled vehicle, with two seats. It had a large glass in the upper part of the door on each side, and leather curtains all around except in front, so that it could be shut in very securely, in case of bad weather. Jonas was to drive the wagon behind, with two or three trunks, and the other baggage. Rollo's father adopted this plan for three reasons. He wanted Jonas's help about the business for which he undertook the journey; he thought also that they should travel more conveniently by having the baggage go in a separate conveyance, and then it would often be of advantage to have Jonas's services on the way, in looking after the horses, the baggage, &c., and in waiting upon them all at the inns.

Rollo and his sister Mary were to ride in the *carryall* with their father and mother; and as Rollo was small, and did not take up more than half a seat, they concluded to invite his cousin Lucy to go too. She was very glad to accept the invitation.

The arrangements were all made accordingly, and one pleasant morning in June,

the carryall and the wagon came to the door ; the baggage was put in, and snugly stowed by Jonas in the wagon, all but a few light articles, which he put under the seats in the carryall. Presently all the party took their seats, Jonas locking the door last, and putting the key in his pocket, that he might leave it at one of the neighbors' until they should return. Rollo and Lucy were in high glee ; and in fact Rollo was rather noisy in his joy, until his mother spoke to him, and then he was more quiet.

They went on very prosperously ; and sometimes Rollo and Lucy used to go and ride in Jonas's wagon. They liked this better than riding in the carryall, because they could see out better ; for the wagon was not covered at all. In such cases, Jonas let them sit upon the seat, which had a buffalo skin spread over it in place of a cushion ; and he himself would sit upon the end of a leather trunk, which was placed under the seat, in such a manner that one end projected just far enough in front of it to make a good cricket for Jonas to sit upon and drive. So the children had good accommodations in the wagon, and they liked it very much,

and Rollo's father liked to have them ride there sometimes, for it divided the load better, as he said, between the horses.

Now it happened that Jonas was a capital hand to tell stories; and he had a little time before agreed to tell some stories to Rollo, at some drawing lessons which they were going to take together; but on trying it, they found they needed all their attention for their drawing; and now it was concluded that Jonas should tell stories on this journey instead. So, whenever it was convenient for Rollo and Lucy to ride in his wagon, he beguiled the way in this manner, as they slowly toiled up the hills and through the forests, or pursued their solitary way among the rough defiles of the mountains. Jonas's first story was **THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.**

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

“ONCE there was a fisherman. He lived in a little hut which was built against the rocks in a small bay near the sea-shore. There was a small, sandy beach right before his house, a very smooth and pretty beach, where the fisherman used to draw up his little boat when he came in from fishing.”

“Did he have more than one boat?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” replied Jonas, “he had two, one pretty large boat with a mast, and one smaller one. The large one he always anchored off in the bay, a little way from shore, and then came to the beach in his little boat, which he then drew up out of the way of the tide.”

“How high did the tide rise?” asked Rollo.

“O, so as almost to cover the beach. When it was high tide, as it was twice every day, there was only a narrow strip of sand between the water and the grass.

When the tide was down, the beach was very broad, and the lower edge of it was very wet, and rather stony; and then little Jock couldn't sail his boats very well."

"Little Jock?" said Rollo and Lucy both at once; "who was little Jock?"

"O, little Jock was the fisherman's boy. He was about seven years old, and he was a capital little fellow too. One pleasant morning, he asked his father to let him go out a-fishing with him.

"'Go out a-fishing?' said his father; 'what good could you do?'

"'O, father,' said Jock, 'I can catch fishes. I can pull 'em up.' And here he began to make signs as if he was pulling a fishing-line out of water, hand over hand. 'If you will just get 'em hooked on for me, I'll pull 'em up.'

"His father laughed a little at this, and finally he said he might go. So Jock ran capering down to the little boat, which was almost afloat, with its bows just resting a little upon the beach."

"But I thought you said he always pulled his little boat out of the water?" said Lucy.

"So he did; that is, he always pulled it

up so high that they could get into it at high tide. It was high tide now, and so the boat was almost afloat. But the painter was fastened to a stake farther still upon the shore ; so it was secure."

"What is the *painter* ?" said Lucy.

"A rope fastened to a ring in the bows of the boat. They always call it the *painter*."

"What a funny name!" said Rollo.

"Jock," continued Jonas, "got into the little boat, and took up the boat-hook. Do you know what a boat-hook is?" said he.

"No," said Lucy.

"It is a long pole, with a spike and a hook in one end of it, to push against the bottom, or to fend off from the rocks, when they come too near the shore ; or to hook up any thing which has fallen overboard, or which is found floating in the water. A boat-hook is a very handy thing on board a boat."

"Yes," said Rollo ; "well, what did Jock do with his boat-hook ?"

"O, he began pushing against the bottom, and that made the stern of the boat, that is, the after part, move in the water from side to side. Jock had often done this before, when the tide was up so as to float the boat. He

called it sailing ; but he could not sail so long, for the tide would soon ebb away, and leave him hard aground."

"What time in the day was it high tide?" said Lucy.

"O, different times, on different days. It was high tide an hour later every day. Well, as I was saying, Jock was pushing his boat about, waiting for his father ; and presently he called out,

"'Come, father, come ; I'm sailing. If you don't come quick, I shall be gone.'

"His father laughed, and came along with some lines in one hand, and a sort of a bag in the other."

"What was in the bag?" said Rollo.

"Some bread and cheese, and a little keg of water to drink. They always have to carry water on the sea, for the sea-water is salt, and not good to drink.

"So the fisherman came down, and put his lines and his bag into the boat, and then cast off the painter from the stake, and after giving the boat a slight shove off from the land, he stepped in himself, and Jock began to shove off with his boat-hook.

"'Now, father,' says Jock, 'you sit still,

and I will navigate you out to the Bluebird.' ”

“The Bluebird?” said Rollo.

“Yes,” said Jonas, “that was the name of the fisherman’s large boat, which was floating out in the little bay, a few fathoms from the shore. The little boat was only fit to paddle about in near the shore; but the Bluebird had a mast and sail, and was pretty large and strong, and could bear up against pretty heavy waves.

“So Jock tried to shove the little boat out to the Bluebird; but it only went round and round, this way and that, until his father took up an oar, and putting it out behind, began to scull.”

“Scull?” said Rollo; “what is that?”

“O, it is working the oar back and forth in a curious way, so as to send the boat ahead. When they got pretty near the Bluebird, the fisherman told Jock to take in his boat-hook; and then he brought the boat up handsomely alongside the Bluebird, to leeward.”

Jonas pronounced the word *leeward* as if it had been spelled *loo-ard*, which is the proper way to pronounce it.

"You have so many sea phrases in your story, Jonas, that I can't understand it very well," said Lucy.

"Can't you?" said Jonas. "But I don't see how I can tell this story very well without the sea phrases; though I can explain them as I go along; and it will be useful for you to understand them."

"Very well," said Lucy, "go on; but what do you mean by *leeward*?"

"Why, when a vessel or a boat is out upon the water, there is one side that the wind blows upon, and the waves, if there are any, dash up on that side; but round on the opposite side it is sheltered, and there the water is smoother. The side towards the wind is called *to windward*, and the other *to leeward*. Now, here in this wagon," continued Jonas, pointing out on one side, "the wind is blowing in upon us here, and this is *to windward*; and here, on the other side, it is *to leeward*. It makes no difference on which side you get into a wagon; but it is generally much easier to get into a vessel from the leeward.

"The Bluebird was moored to a buoy which the fisherman had fixed there in the

water. This buoy was a small, round beam of wood, with a rope fastened to one end. The other end of this rope was tied strong round a stone,—a large stone which was sunk to the bottom; and so the buoy could not get away; but there it floated, lifting its head high out of water.”

“Why, how could it do that?” said Rollo.

“Why, you see, the rope was made a little too short to reach to the top of the water, and that drew the lower end of the buoy under, and raised the other end. The fisherman painted the upper end of the buoy white, so that he could see it more easily in the dark; and he cut the shape of a dog’s head on the end, and called it his watch-dog Lookout, to watch the tides.”

“To watch the tides?” said Rollo.

“Yes,” said Jonas, “he would watch the tides, and tell when it was high or when it was low.”

“How could he?” asked Lucy.

“Why, you see the rope was short, and drew one end of the buoy under water; and so, when the tide rose high, it made the rope a good deal too short, and that drew the

lower end a good deal under the water, and made the other end lift up higher. Then, when the tide went down, old Lookout would gradually lie down again too. So that they could always tell, by looking at the old watch dog, how high the tide was. Besides that, he would tell them whether it was ebb or flood."

"Ebb or flood?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes; that is, whether the tide was coming in or going out. When the tide is flowing in, it is called *flood* tide, all the time from when it first begins to come in, until the bay is full: then it is high tide. Very soon it begins to ebb, that is, to run out again; and it is called *ebb* tide until it is all out, and then it is low tide again."

"But how could the buoy tell," said Rollo, "whether the tide was coming in or going out?"

"Why, it was confined, you see, only at one end, and so the tide, when it was coming in, or going out, carried off the upper end of the buoy, so as to make old Lookout's head point the way the tide was going. When the tide was coming in, old Lookout turned his head towards the head of the bay; and





then, when it ebbed, he would lean over towards the sea, and look off as if he wanted to go out too.

“There was a small iron ring fastened to Lookout, just under one of his ears. The Bluebird was fastened to this ring, by means of a rope. The fisherman helped Jock up into the large boat, and then cast off from the ring. Jock sat down upon one of the thwarts, near the mast.”

“Thwarts?” said Rollo.

“Yes; — seats, placed across the boat from side to side. Jock sat down upon one of these seats, and the fisherman began to make sail.”

“Make sails?” said Rollo; “were not his sails made yet?”

“I did not say *make his sails*,” said Jonas, “but *make sail*; that is, hoist his sails. They always call it *making* sail. The fisherman then went to the stern of the boat, and took the helm, and as soon as the sails filled, and she got a little way on her, he put her head round, and stood out to sea.”

“It was a fine summer’s day, and there were a pleasant breeze and a smooth sea. The Bluebird glided along beautifully over

the water, heeling a little to port, for the wind was on the starboard beam."

"O dear me!" said Lucy, with a long sigh; "I can't understand one word you say."

"Can't you?" said Jonas. "What, haven't you understood the story so far?"

"Why, yes," said she, "so far; but it grows harder and harder to understand."

"Well, perhaps I had better leave off this story, and try to tell another."

"O no," said Rollo, "I went to hear the rest of this very much. You can explain it to us as you go along."

"You will understand it better pretty soon," said Jonas, "for I was going to tell you how the fisherman explained about the boat to Jock. After they had sailed along a little way, 'Jock,' said he, 'while we are making our offing, I think I will give you a talk about boat-service. It will be worth a day's schooling, if you listen well.'

"'Well,' said Jock, 'I should like to hear.'

"Then the fisherman, after trimming his sails a little more exactly, and taking a good lookout ahead, began thus:—

"'The for'ard part of the boat is called the *bows*, and the hind part here, where I am

sitting, is called the *stern*. That you knew already.'

" 'Yes, father.'

" 'The sides of the boat are named, as well as the ends,' continued the fisherman. 'This side on the right is called the *starboard* side, and this one on the left is called the *larboard* side. Remember that, will you, boy?'

" 'Yes, father, I'll try. Starboard is right, and larboard is left.'

" 'Ay, ay, Jock, that is it exactly. The larboard side of the boat, near the bows, is called the larboard *bow*; near the stern, it is called the larboard *quarter*; and so on the other side, it is called the starboard *bow*, and starboard *quarter*. So, if you look out of a boat, or a vessel, nearly for'ard, but a little to the left, and should see any thing there, you would say it was on the larboard *bow*.'

" Here Jock looked out in the direction which his father had named, and said, 'I do see something on the larboard bow, father.'

" 'What is it?' said his father.

" 'A gull.'

" The fisherman looked, and saw it."

" Just at that moment, the gull was fright-

ened at seeing the boat coming on, and he flapped his wings, and rose slowly from the water. Jock watched him. He wheeled around in the air over their heads, and then finally went down again towards the water, and lighted in the bay away behind them, and yet not exactly behind them, but considerably to the left.

“ ‘There, where is he now?’ said the fisherman.

“ ‘He is on the larboard *quarter*,’ said Jock.

“ ‘Right,’ said the fisherman. ‘You’re a pretty good scholar. If he had lighted on one side of us here, to the left, about off opposite to us, we should call that on the larboard *beam*; because it is where the beams of a vessel point, which go across from side to side.’

“ ‘And off on the other side is on the starboard beam, I suppose,’ said Jock.

“ ‘Yes,’ said the fisherman; ‘and if any thing is right before us, it is *ahead*, and if it is right behind us, it is *astern*. Now, Jock, you stand up, and take a look all around, and tell me what you see, in all these directions.’

“ ‘Where shall I begin?’ said Jock.

“ ‘Begin right ahead,’ said his father.

“ So Jock stood up on the thwart, and began to look for’ard, and described what he saw, thus : —

“ ‘There is nothing right ahead but water.’ Then he turned a little to the left, and said, ‘On the larboard bow, I see some rocks and a point of land. On the larboard beam is the shore. Then next comes the larboard quarter, where I see our house and the beach.

“ ‘Directly behind us’—

“ ‘No, not *behind* us ; *astern*, you mean,’ said the fisherman.

“ ‘Yes, *astern*, I see the buoy, and our little boat fastened to it, and the land beyond. On the starboard quarter, there is water and land beyond ; on the starboard beam, the same ; on the starboard bow, there are rocks ; and that brings me round to right ahead again, where I began, and where there is nothing but water. — Yes, there is,’ he continued, after a moment’s pause ; ‘I see a sail-boat out in the offing, right ahead.’

“ ‘Let me see,’ said the fisherman ; and he leaned his head to one side, to see clear of the mast and sail.

“ It was a large ship, instead of a sail-boat ;

but it was so far off, that it looked very small, and so Jock thought it was a boat. The fisherman knew that it was a ship sailing along the coast, and he knew also that she was going in such a direction, that the wind was ahead to her, though to the Bluebird it was on the starboard beam."

"Now I remember you told us so some time before," said Lucy, "and I did not understand it then; but now I know from what the fisherman said."

"Yes, it means that the wind blew right across the boat, from the starboard side, and I told you that made her heel to port."

"Heel to port!" said Lucy, laughing, "what is that?"

"*Heel?* that is *lean over*; and *to port* is to *larboard*."

"Why don't they *say* to larboard then?" said Rollo.

"No, why don't they say to the *left*, and done with it?" said Lucy, "and then we should understand. If you would tell us plainly that the wind blew on the right side, and made the boat lean over to the left side, then we should understand; but instead of that you tell us the wind was on the star-

board beam, and that made her *heel to port!*”

Here Rollo and Lucy burst into a loud fit of laughter at the absurdity of sea language. Jonas smiled, and waited patiently until they had become still; and then he said,

“All I know about it is, that is the way the sailors do talk.”

“How do you know?” said Lucy.

“O, I have been to sea,” said Jonas.

“When was it?” asked Lucy.

“Never mind that now,” said Rollo; “I want to hear the rest of this story.”

“Well,” said Jonas, “they went on prosperously until they came to the fishing-ground and began to fish. They anchored the boat, and fished for some time, and the fisherman let Jock pull up some of the fishes. They were a good many miles from the land; but Jock was not afraid, for the water was very smooth and still. In fact the wind all died away; and in consequence of it the ship could not get along, but she lay still upon the water, about two miles from them, out to sea, the great sails hanging idly against the masts. Jock asked his father how they were going to get home without any wind; and his

father told him that he had no doubt there would be a breeze before night.

“The afternoon passed away, however, with scarcely a breath of air. The ship grew gradually smaller and smaller during the middle of the day, because she gradually worked off from the land; but in the afternoon the tide set in towards shore, and she slowly drifted back again, until at length she approached within half a mile of the boat. When the sun was about two hours high, the fisherman drew in his lines, and hoisted his sail again to go home,—the bottom of his boat being filled with fishes.

“As the boat came round, Jock had the ship in full view on the starboard beam. The ship had three masts, and a great many ropes and sails; and as the wind, what little there was, was blowing in now towards the shore, she was to windward of the boat. Jock had time to look at her leisurely, for the boat moved very slowly; and presently he heard a loud voice, calling out from the ship,

“‘*Boat ahoi!*’”

“The fisherman rose in the stern of the boat, and answered to the call. He found that they wanted him to go on board the

ship, and sell them some fish. The fisherman was very glad to sell some of his fish, because he wanted the money ; but the ship was some distance off, and as she lay dead to windward, he could not think of sailing there ; so he took in his sail, and put out a couple of oars, one on each side, and began to pull for the ship.

“ Jock and his father had now exchanged seats ; for the fisherman himself took his place upon one of the thwarts, to row, and so Jock went to the helm. He sat down and took hold of the tiller.”

“ What is the *tiller* ? ” asked Rollo.

“ It is the handle of the rudder, that you steer by. So Jock took hold of the handle of the rudder, and asked his father if he might steer.”

“ ‘ Yes, ’ said the fisherman. ‘ Look out well, and keep her head exactly towards the ship.’ ”

“ So Jock took the helm, and began to steer ; he found if he put the helm one way, the head of the boat immediately went the other ; and so he soon learned to put the helm the contrary way to that which he wished to turn the boat to. By and by he said,

“ ‘Father, we are coming up pretty near the ship; how shall I stop? or we shall run against her.’

“ The fisherman looked over his shoulder, — for you know, in rowing, a man sits backwards, — and then said,

“ ‘I’ll tell you when you get near enough, and then you must put the helm hard a-port, and that will carry the head of the boat round, and bring us up alongside.’

“ So they went on, the fisherman looking over his shoulder occasionally, and at last, just as they were coming up to the ship, he called out to Jock,

“ ‘Helm a-port; — hard a-port.’

“ So Jock crowded the tiller hard a-port, and his father, at the same moment, drew in his oars, and rose from his seat, and stepped to the bows. The boat came rapidly round, and swept finely up alongside of the ship.

“ ‘Well done, my little pilot,’ said the men in the ship. ‘You brought the boat up alongside like an old sailor.’

“ ‘My father told me how,’ said Jock.

“ ‘That’s right, my boy,’ said one of the men; ‘always obey your father; especially when he’s captain to boot.’

“‘He is not captain,’ said Jock.

“‘Isn’t he?’ said the sailor. ‘Who commands that craft you sail in, then? Do you?’

“The sailors laughed heartily at this, and Jock looked somewhat confused. The fisherman himself smiled. He was busy all this time fastening the painter to some part of the ship, and then he began to trade with the sailors for his fish. They bought a good many of them, and the fisherman put the money in his pocket: still he had an abundant store left besides. He was very glad of this sale, for he did not very often get so good an opportunity to sell his fish so well. Finally, when the sailors had bought all they wanted, the fisherman said he must put off, or he should be very late home, there was so little wind.

“‘There is more wind coming,’ said one of the sailors, in a red cap, who stood leaning over the bulwark towards the boat. ‘We are going to have a squall off from the land.’

“‘You know what a squall is,’ said Jonas, ‘I suppose.’”

“‘Not exactly,’ said Rollo.

“It is a gust of wind, that comes up suddenly, and blows very hard.”

“What made the sailor think there was going to be a squall?” asked Rollo.

“O, he saw some clouds over the land in the west, and thought a thunder gust was coming up. The fisherman looked that way, and thought so too. But there was now quite a pretty little breeze springing up, which blew *towards* the land, and so they made all sail for the shore.”

“If the wind was blowing *towards* the shore,” said Rollo, “it would blow the clouds all away from them.”

“One would think so,” said Jonas; “but squalls and thunder-clouds very often come up against the wind.”

“They moved along very slowly, and by the time they had gone on a mile, there was a broad, black cloud, rising in the west. The sun went behind it, and it began to look as if night was pretty near. Still they went on, for the breeze was fair, as it blew directly in towards shore, though the cloud kept rising higher, and coming out more and more over the water. Jock eyed the cloud for some time, and at last he saw a faint

flash of lightning behind it. Then he heard a sound of distant thunder ; and a minute after he said,

“ ‘ Father, isn't there going to be a storm ? ’ ”

“ ‘ A squall ; but that won't do any harm. It may make us a little later home. ’ ”

“ The cloud came swelling on, and it lightened and thundered more and more. Presently the wind all died away, and left the sail of the boat hanging idly at the mast. They were now not very far from the mouth of the bay, and the fisherman thought he could pull in with his oars. So he furled his sail, and got out his oars again, looking occasionally over his shoulder to see how he got along.

“ Presently he stopped rowing, and looked steadily a few minutes at the land, as if he saw something singular.”

“ What did he see ? ” said Rollo.

“ He saw the trees waving, and dust flying, which made him think there was going to be a heavy squall. So he said he must put the boat's head the other way ; and he just had time to get her round, and his oars

in, when the squall struck them with great fury.

“The boat begun to scud before it pretty rapidly, when Jock said, ‘Why, father, you are going right away from home.’”

“‘Yes,’ said his father; ‘but this will not last long.’”

“‘Why don’t you anchor, father,’ said Jock, ‘and so stop the boat till the squall blows over?’”

“‘It is too deep to anchor here,’ said he.

“‘How do you know it is too deep?’” said Jock; and he tried at the same time to look over the side.

“‘Take care,’ said his father, very quickly; ‘there goes your cap;’ and before Jock had time to put his hand to his head, away went his cap flying through the air; and at length it fell into the water, at some distance ahead of them. The wind was blowing almost a hurricane, roaring over the water, and howling and whistling among the ropes of the boat. The boat was scudding very rapidly on, and soon overtook the cap; and the fisherman hooked it up with the boat-hook, and took it in.

“The cap was of course completely

drenched with water ; but this was of no great consequence, for it soon began to rain in torrents, and as there was very little shelter, they were both soon pretty well wet through. But this was not the worst of it ; for it became so thick with the rain falling, and the mist and spray, that they began to be afraid they should lose sight of the shore, as they were going farther and farther away from it. But fortunately the wind soon lulled, so that the fisherman thought he might get up his sail again, and head towards the shore."

"Yes, but the wind was blowing off of the shore," said Rollo ; "and so he could not sail back home."

"Yes, he could," said Jonas. "They have a curious way of fixing the sail so as to go towards the land, even when the wind is blowing off from it. They can't go *exactly* against the wind, but *nearly* against it ; — they call it sailing *near the wind*."

"So the fisherman got his sail up, and brought the head of the boat up to the wind, and began to edge along towards the shore, in a slanting direction. But it now began to grow dark pretty fast, and very soon he

lost sight of the land entirely. Then he did not know what to do."

"Why, keep on straight," said Lucy, "and he would come to the land by and by."

"He could not tell whether he was going straight or not," said Jonas; "he could not see any thing but water all around him; so he had nothing to judge by but the wind, and he soon began to suspect the wind was shifting. The lightning and thunder gradually ceased, and so did the violence of the wind and rain. In fact, the thunder shower seemed to turn into a steady rain storm. The fisherman beat about for an hour or more, but could not find any signs of land. And now he began to feel pretty seriously alarmed about little Jock; for he was very wet and cold, and he feared that they must stay out all night; and though he knew that he could stand it, himself, very well, he was afraid that Jock would perish from cold and exposure.

"In the mean time, the winds and waves increased, and the water began to dash over the bows of the boat, and come aboard. After a while so much had come in, that the

fisherman began to bale it out, and he set Jock to baling too, thinking that the exercise might help to keep him warm. Jock baled industriously a long time, but at length he got almost exhausted ; and as the waves increased, the water came in rather faster than they both could bale it out. It was now very dark ; and all the hope the fisherman had of saving their lives was, that they might be pretty near the land, and might suddenly come to it."

"And were they pretty near?" asked Rollo.

"No," said Jonas, "they were more than ten miles from land, and going farther and farther away."

"O, dear me!" said Rollo ; "then poor little Jock was drowned."

"No," said Jonas, "for just as they were about giving up in despair, Jock, who was looking out for'ard, cried out suddenly,

"'Why, father, what is here?'"

"The fisherman looked out eagerly, and saw, just before them, on the larboard bow, a large, dark mass ; and a moment after, as they were rapidly approaching it, he perceived that it was the hull of a vessel. He

called out immediately, as loud as he could, " 'Ship, ahoy !' "

"Immediately a man in a red cap appeared at the bulwarks, and answered. The fisherman soon perceived that it was the same ship that he had visited some hours before. He brought his boat alongside, and secured it, and he and Jock went aboard.

"The ship was at anchor. They found that the wind had shifted soon after the squall, and blew so heavily that they thought it most prudent to come to anchor. They were very glad to receive the fisherman, and especially little Jock, safe on board. The sailors were very kind to the little pilot, as they called him. They rigged him up in their own trousers and jackets. They were a great deal too big, it is true ; but then they were warm and dry, and Jock was very glad to get them on, in exchange for his own wet and cold clothes. He cut a very comical figure down in the fore-castle, with a great shaggy pea-jacket over him, the long sleeves hanging down his sides. After the sailors had done laughing at him, they put him into a berth, and it was not long before he was sound asleep.

“The next morning, very early, he put on his own clothes, which his father had taken care to dry, and then went up on deck. On looking over the side of the ship, he found that his father had just finished baling out his boat and getting ready to set sail. The sky was clear, and the wind fair. The sailors wanted to buy some more of his fish, but the fisherman would not take any pay for them. When he had given them as much as they wanted, he thanked them for taking such good care of him and Jock ; and then, both getting into their boat, they put off from the ship, and made sail for the shore. They had a rapid run, and got into the bay just after sunrise. The tide was going in, and that helped them on the faster ; and just as the fisherman’s wife had got her breakfast ready, and came to the door to see if she could see any thing of them, she found them, to her great joy, just fastening the boat to old Lookout.”

Here Jonas paused, and, drawing up the reins, began to drive the horse a little faster.

“Is that all ?” said Rollo.

“Yes,” said Jonas, “that is all.”

THE QUESTION.

JONAS finished his story just as they reached the foot of a long, winding hill. The road was smooth, and not very steep; but there was a forest on both sides, and as it was now towards evening, the road was very shady and still. Now and then the children caught a glimpse of the carryall, which was far in advance of them, going slowly up the hill. Jonas said that as he had a pretty heavy load, he believed he would walk up; and so he put the reins into Rollo's hands, and then stepping down carefully upon the thill, he leaped off to the side of the road.

"It was a pretty good story, after all," said Lucy to Rollo, when they were alone.

"So it was," said Rollo.

"If there hadn't been so many sea phrases," continued Lucy.

"But then it is very useful for us to un-

derstand the sea phrases, because you know, Lucy, we may go to sea some day ourselves."

"*I* never shall, if I can help it," said Lucy.

"*I* mean to," said Rollo; "I should like to go to sea very much."

"Perhaps you will," said Lucy; "and it may be very well for a boy to learn about sea phrases; but I don't think it will be of any use to a girl."

In fact, Rollo and Lucy got quite into a discussion about the desirableness or undesirableness of going to sea, and understanding sea customs and phrases; and before they got to the top of the hill, they determined to refer the questions to Rollo's father. As it happened, they had an opportunity to do this pretty soon; for when they arrived near the summit of the hill, they saw that the carryall was waiting for them. Rollo's father had turned a little out of the road, so as to allow the wagon to come up alongside, as the fisherman would have said. When they came up, he called to Jonas, and pointed forward, and asked him if he saw a spire of a church away off there several miles.

Jonas looked a minute in the direction indicated, without answering, when Rollo suddenly exclaimed,

“I see it, Jonas, right on the larboard bow.”

Jonas smiled, and then said that he saw it.

“Close by that church,” said Rollo’s father, “is the tavern where we want to stop to-night. Rollo and Lucy may now get in with us, and you may drive on before us, and tell them we are coming, so that they may be getting ready for us.”

This change was accordingly made, and very soon Jonas was trotting briskly on, down the long slope before them; the rest following at a more moderate pace, in the carryall. They had come out of the forest at the top of the hill, and now were traveling through a pleasant country of fields, and orchards, and farm-houses.

“Jonas has been telling you about ships and the sea, I suppose,” said Rollo’s father.

“Yes, father; and Lucy and I had a question whether it is useful for girls to know any thing about such things.”

“You know girls don’t go to sea,” said Lucy.

“Yes, they do, sometimes,” said Rollo.

“Well, if they do,” said Lucy, “they have nothing to do with managing the ship.”

“I am afraid you don’t, either of you, want to know what my opinion is,” said Rollo’s father.

“Why, yes, we do,” said they both.

“It seems to me, on the other hand, that, instead of wishing to get my opinion, you are each endeavoring to make me adopt your own.”

The children were silent. They perceived that it was as Rollo’s father had represented: what each really wanted was the victory, not the truth.

“Now,” continued Rollo’s father, “I am rather in a delicate situation; for I should like very well to talk with you about this subject; but if I should say I thought such knowledge was useful for a girl, that would be giving you a triumph, Rollo, and it would hurt Lucy’s feelings; and on the other hand, if I say it is not useful, it will give her a triumph, and hurt yours.”

The children were silent. In fact they did not know what to say.

“It is not polite or kind for friends to get

into such a condition, in respect to each other, where one or the other must be made to suffer."

Here he paused, and the children were silent and thoughtful.

"Well, uncle," said Lucy, "I give up. Rollo is right, I know; for all knowledge is useful."

"There, that is a good girl," said her uncle; "that relieves me of all my difficulty. I think Rollo is right myself; for though ladies never have actually to manage a ship, and seldom take long voyages, yet they sail in boats and ships, and still more frequently they are on the sea coast, or in seaport towns, where they see or hear of them. Then there is another advantage more important still."

"What is that?" said Lucy.

"In your general reading, you will be very often meeting with the more common sea phrases, and allusions to the more important and striking evolutions of a ship; and sometimes the whole interest of a description will depend upon your understanding them. For instance, you are reading a book of voyages, and perhaps it gives an

account of a peculiar difficulty the ship got into upon a savage coast. Now, unless you know something about the movements of a ship, you cannot understand the difficulty at all."

Here Rollo's mother said she should like to understand about a ship very much; and she wished his father would get a little model of one, some time, all rigged complete, and explain all the parts to them.

"O, I wish you would, father," said Rollo. "Can you?"

"Perhaps I can," said his father. "Sailors make such models sometimes on long voyages, and then sell them, when they get ashore. Perhaps Jonas could rig one for us."

Rollo determined to ask him, and then, after riding on a little farther, he asked his father to tell them something more about ships.

"Very well," said his father, "I will.

"Jonas told you that the side that the wind blows from is called the *windward* side, and the other the *leeward*."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo.

"The windward side is also called the

weather side, because that is most exposed to the weather. The bow on the *weather* side is called the *weather* bow. And so they say the *weather* beam, and the *weather* quarter. So the parts on the other side are called the *lee* bow, the *lee* beam, and the *lee* quarter."

"Now, suppose you were sailing in a ship at sea, and were to come in sight of rocks, which would be the most dangerous place for them, on the *lee* bow, or the *weather* bow, do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Rollo.

"The *lee* bow would be the most dangerous place, because, as the ship was moving on, the wind would blow right towards them; but if the rocks were any where on the *weather* side, there would be scarcely any danger, because the wind would blow *from them*, towards the ship, and so she could easily go away from them."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, "I understand."

"You often hear of a *lee* shore, in books of voyages: it means a shore to leeward of the ship, and of course the wind tends to blow the ship towards it; and if the wind is heavy, a ship, in such a case, is in great

danger. It is a terrible thing to get upon a lee shore in a heavy gale of wind."

"Can't they anchor?" said Rollo.

"Sometimes they can; but then there is great danger that the wind and sea will be so powerful as to drag the anchor along the bottom, or part, that is, break, the cable; and then the ship goes inevitably on to the rocks, and is dashed to pieces by the tremendous waves. I have seen pictures of ships upon a lee shore."

"So have I," said Lucy; "but I did not understand what it meant, only I saw there was a ship, and some waves and rocks."

"And I suppose you did not take much interest in it. But now, if you were to see one, you would examine it with great care. You would be interested to notice that the wind was actually blowing towards the shore, and that the ship was in great danger of going upon it. You would look to see if they had an anchor out, and if so, whether the cable was strained tight, so as to be in danger of breaking by the force of the winds and waves."

"I should like to see one again, very much," said Lucy.

“That is one great advantage of knowledge; it enables you to take a great deal more interest and pleasure in any thing you see. There is no object so dull and uninteresting that, if you knew all about it, you would not take a pleasure in seeing it.”

“O, father!” said Rollo.

“It is true,” said his father. “If you don’t think so, you may name any object you think entirely uninteresting, and let me tell you something about it, and then see if you don’t take an interest in looking at it.”

“Well,” said Rollo, looking around, — “a fence.”

“Very well, a fence. I will tell you about fences, and see if it does not awaken an interest in seeing fences, and examining them.”

“O, father,” said Rollo, “I don’t believe it will.”

“We will try to-morrow; but we shall not have time to-night; for we are now pretty near the tavern.”

In the mean time, Jonas had gone on, as he had been directed, and had reached the little church. Just beyond it, he saw a

small house, neatly painted, and with green blinds, and having a small tavern-sign hanging from a great elm in front of it. Across the road was a large stable, with a shed attached to it. He drove his wagon into the shed, and a man came out of the stable and took his horse.

Jonas told him that a gentleman and lady and two children were coming on, and wanted to stop there for the night, and asked him if they could have chambers. The tavern-keeper said he should be very glad to accommodate them.

“What is his name?” said he.

“Mr. Holiday,” said Jonas.

A great many children, who have read these books, have wanted very much to know the name of Rollo's father; but I do not know when or how they would have found out, if the tavern-keeper had not happened to ask Jonas.

The tavern-keeper said he should be very glad to entertain Mr. Holiday, and accordingly went in and gave directions for having some rooms opened and aired, and also asked his wife in the kitchen to begin to get tea.

That evening, after tea, the children amused themselves in drawing the shape of a ship upon a small piece of paper, and writing opposite the several parts the various names, according to the information which Jonas had given them.

SOBER JOHN.

“SOBER JOHN,” said Jonas, when they got all ready for a story the next day, “lived at his father’s house, which was about half a mile from the village. He had several brothers and sisters, some older, and some younger than himself. His father’s house was large and pleasant, with trees on each side of it, and a garden behind. Beyond the garden was a field, and in one part of the field was a long hill, descending to a small pond at the bottom. They used to sail boats upon this pond in summer, and skate upon it in winter.

John was not much of a hand at play. He preferred staying in the house, reading, or drawing, or working about something or other at his desk. He had a little room, which he had fixed for himself up stairs, where his father used to let him have a little fire Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when there was no school, because he pre-

ferred staying there to going but to play with his brothers and cousins. Did I tell you about his cousins ? ”

“ No,” said Rollo, “ not a word.”

“ He had some cousins, who lived in the next house, at a short distance through the trees. And his cousins and his brothers used to play together a great deal ; but it was very seldom that they could get John to play with them, and so they called him *Sober John*. But they liked him very much, notwithstanding.”

“ Why ? ” said Rollo.

“ Because he was always very kind to them ; and then he often contrived plays for the other boys, and helped them plan a great many things they never would have thought of without him. He was excellent in planning and calculating. He learnt it out of his books.

“ The boys often came to him, when they got tired of all their plays, for some new amusement, and he generally contrived something for them.”

“ What kind of plays did he contrive ? ” asked Lucy.

“ O, I don't know,” said Jonas, “ all kinds.

For instance, one night all his cousins were at his father's house, to spend the evening together in play. He staid with them a short time after tea, and then went off to his room. By and by they had played every thing they could think of, and so they sent two of his cousins up to his room, to ask him what they should do next. He told them to go and get all the lamps in the house, and light them, and give each boy and girl one, and then let them walk about the room, and each one try to blow the others' lamps out, and to see who could keep his lamp burning the longest ; — only every one must go and sit down as soon as his own lamp was blown out. They went and got the lamps, and tried it, and found it excellent fun. They afterwards asked John what made him think of that play, and he said he found an account of it in a book of travels in Italy. In fact, he had all sorts of ways of helping them in their plays. He made their kite frames, and told them how to rig their ships, and covered their balls, and drew little pictures for them, and did a thousand things ; and so they liked him very well, although they did call him Sober John.

“When he did any thing for them, however, he was very strict in his conditions.”

“Conditions?” said Rollo. “What conditions?”

“Why, he never allowed them to play in his room, or talk loud there. When they came in to see him, he always made them be still, and stand quietly, and talk one at a time. Then he was very particular about their obeying his directions exactly, whenever he gave them any thing to do.”

“Why, did he make them work?” said Rollo, with a tone of some surprise.

“No,” said Jonas; “I mean when he undertook to plan any amusement for them, he was very particular in having each do just what he said, in executing it. If they made any objections or complaints, or if any one did not like to do his part, he would stop at once, and leave them to find their own amusement.”

“But I must come to my story. One winter evening, the boys came in from their play about dark, and as it was a little before tea-time, they sat down in a corner by the fire. John was sitting on the other side telling a story to his little sister, about two

years old, who was sitting in his lap. After he had finished his story, the boys wanted him to tell them what to do the afternoon of the next day; because it was Wednesday, and there was to be no school. John told them they had better slide down hill, for it was now capital sliding, he said, on the hill side beyond the garden. The boys said they had not sleds enough. Their cousins were coming over to see them, and there were only two good sleds among them all. John then said he would think, and he took his pencil out of his pocket, and got a small piece of paper, and began to make calculations and drawings; but he would not let the boys see what he was doing. At last, when the supper was coming in, he told them he had contrived a plan, but it would cost some money, perhaps two dollars, though it would last a long time. 'Now,' said he, 'there are you four, and your four cousins make eight; that is a quarter of a dollar apiece. Now, if you have a mind to put in a quarter of a dollar apiece, and obey my instructions, I will see what I can do.'

"The boys were very eager to know what the plan could be; but John said he couldn't

tell them, but that they might go over the next morning, and see if their cousins were willing to furnish a quarter of a dollar apiece.

“They agreed to do so; and just before school they came over each with a quarter of a dollar in his hand. The way they got their money was this: The boys used to work sometimes, and their fathers paid them, and thus they had all laid up quite a sum of money; and they used to take from this whenever they wanted any money to carry into execution any of John’s plans. Their fathers allowed them to spend it in any way that John recommended, for they had confidence in him; but in other cases they were not allowed to expend any of it, without their father’s or mother’s leave.

“When they went to school that morning, they found that John had gone on before them; and, watching him, they observed that he went into a carpenter’s shop, with a paper in his hand. So they supposed that he was going to get the carpenter to make something, and that the paper was a drawing of it; for John had learned to draw, and always made a drawing of any curious thing he wanted to have made.

“At noon, after dinner, John went out in the shed, and took down a rope which he had prepared, about ten feet long, and with short cross-pieces of wood curiously spliced into it, at equal distances, about two feet apart, for handles to take hold of. He let the two smallest boys take hold of the one at the end, and the others came along in pairs, at the other handles. When he had done, he said, ‘There! there is a fine team of horses! Now trot off to the carpenter’s, and hook on to the jolly-boat he has got made for you.’

“The boys started off in high glee. When they got to the carpenter’s, they found there a very long sled, with thin plank runners, and a curious contrivance at the end behind.”

“What was it?” said Rollo, eagerly.

“A kind of a rudder,” said Jonas.

“A rudder!” said Rollo; “what, to steer by?”

“Yes,” said Jonas. “It was a single runner reaching out behind, in the middle. It was fastened to a round bar which came up through the end of a sled, and had a kind of a handle at the top, so that it could move

one way or the other, and so steer the sled like a rudder.

“The boys hooked on to their jolly-boat, as John had called it, and trotted home with it. It went smoothly and beautifully over the ice and snow.

“When they came home, John came down to look at the jolly-boat. He examined the rudder some time thoughtfully, and then said, ‘Yes, I think that will steer. Now, boys, who’ll be pilot?’

“‘I,’ ‘I,’ ‘I,’ said Arthur, and James, and Samuel; and ‘I,’ and ‘I,’ said Frank and Thomas. In fact, they all said ‘I,’ except little George, who found that there were so many candidates for the office, that he stood quietly by, keeping hold of one end of the rope, as if he thought it was useless to put in his claim.

“‘You must take turns being pilot,’ said John, ‘and we will begin with the youngest. George, you shall be pilot first.’

“‘I!’ said George; and he began to clap his hands in high glee.

“‘Now I suppose,’ said John, ‘I had better go out and show you how to steer.’ So he very deliberately took his seat upon

the sled, and told the boys to haul him along.

“The boys grasped the string again, and began to pull and prance like so many young ponies. They trotted through the garden gate, which was always open in the winter, and down through the great pear-tree alley, until at length, out through the back gate, they came to the top of the hill.

“The coast, as the boys called their sliding place, was well worn and smooth, and there had been, just before, a rain and a frost after it, which had made the road almost as hard and smooth as ice, and the pond was covered with ice from one end to the other. John stopped the jolly-boat at the top of the hill, and drew back the rope. He placed himself at the stern, and took hold of the tiller.

“‘Now,’ said John, ‘who takes passage with me to the Mediterranean?’

“Some of the boys were at first afraid to get on; but at length they all concluded to venture, and they arranged themselves one before the other, little George behind, so that he might learn how to steer. When all was ready, they tried to start it off, the boys all working their heels in the snow, to

get it a-going, like so many legs of a centipede. Presently the jolly-boat began to move of itself, though at first slowly. It, however, soon began to gather headway, and at length went bounding along over every swell and hollow, like a ship in a gale of wind. John kept her exactly in the track, until at length they reached the bottom of the hill, and then it came down upon the pond like an arrow. But now, as the ice was perfectly smooth, the rudder could not get any hold, and so the jolly-boat gradually broached to ——”

“O dear!” said Lucy; “there are all your old sea-phrases again.”

“O, I forgot,” said Jonas, smiling. “I did not mean to give you any more sea-phrases, but, somehow or other, telling about the fisherman has brought them all into my head. But, Lucy, I will try, in my next story, not to have a single sea-phrase from beginning to end.”

“O, no matter about it,” said Lucy.

“Well, the jolly-boat slewed round, and went sideways, the boys all hanging back, and expecting every minute that it would go over.

“ ‘Steer! steer, John!’ cried out Arthur; ‘why don’t you steer?’ ”

“ Just at that moment the jolly-boat had wheeled almost entirely around, and had arrived at the opposite side of the pond. The end of one of the runners struck the snow of the shore gently, and it stopped, and the boys all jumped off, laughing heartily, and all eager to go up and try it again. They accordingly hooked on the rope again, and pulled away, and were soon ready for another slide. John then said he would leave them to manage for themselves. ‘You won’t steer very well,’ said he, ‘at first, and, in fact, you may get some capsizings; but you must be all the merrier for it.’ ”

“ And now I must have some sea-phrases to tell the rest,” said Jonas.

“ Very well,” said Lucy.

“ The next time they tried it, George took the helm, and they went on very correctly half way down; but then they began to run off the track to the left.

“ ‘Take care! take care!’ said James.

“ ‘Hi — yi, hi — yi!’ said Thomas, half screaming, half laughing.

“ ‘Steer, George, steer!’ said Frank.

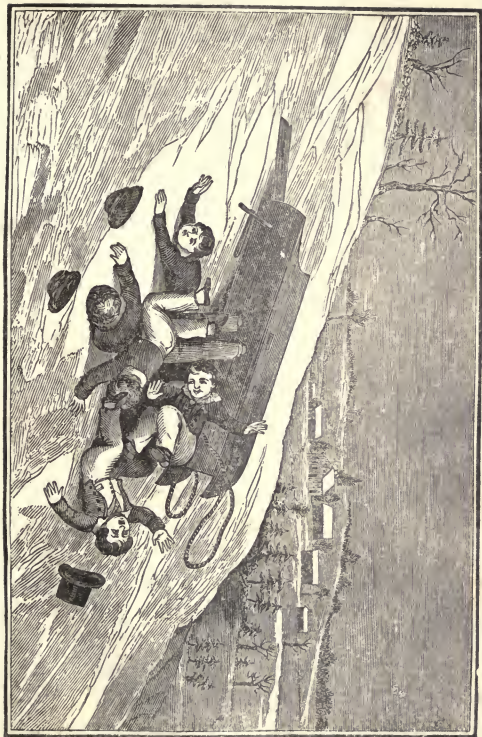
“ ‘Helm a-port! George, hard a-port!’ cried Arthur.

“ But George, in his confusion, instead of putting the helm a-port, only crowded it harder and harder a-starboard, and this carried the jolly-boat short about to the left. It balanced itself a moment upon the edge of a knoll, and then went over, tumbling the boys head over heels down the snow-bank.”

“ Did it hurt them ? ” said Rollo.

“ Not much ; they soon had the jolly-boat to the top of the hill again, and before night they got to have such skill in steering that they could keep her exactly in the track until they got to the bottom of the hill, and strike the ice upon the pond so exactly true, that they would shoot across from shore to shore, as straight as an arrow.”

Here Jonas stopped, as if the story was ended. Rollo then asked him what made Sober John think of such a plan as that. “ Why,” said he, “ he had been reading about an ice-boat that day, which sails about on the ice, with three runners, the hinder one movable like a rudder.”





“Why would not the jolly-boat steer, then, on the ice?”

“Because,” said Jonas, “her rudder was of wood. In an ice-boat the rudder is of iron, and so takes hold of the ice better, like a skate-iron.”

“Yes,” said Rollo; “I understand it now.”

THE PREVARICATION STORY.

ONE day, as Jonas and the children were riding along, they observed upon one side of the road, among some trees at a little distance, a small farm-house, with several sheds and small barns near it, and among the rest a large barn which rose above all the other buildings.

“What a great barn!” said Rollo.

“Yes,” said Jonas; “that barn makes me think of the Prevarication story.”

“O, tell it to us,” said Lucy; “come, we are all ready for another story.”

“Very well,” said Jonas, “I will.

“There was once a farmer who had two boys, and it gave him a great deal of trouble to make them come home in season, when he sent them away of errands. Like many other boys, they had a sad habit of loitering and playing by the way. Sometimes he would send them off a short distance, for

something which he wanted very much, and they would get to playing by the way, and keep their father waiting for it two hours. So, when their mother sent them to the store, in the afternoon, they would be gone till night, and sometimes not get home until it was so late and dark, that she began to be afraid that some accident had happened to them. Then, when they came home, and she asked them what made them so late, they would say that they went 'as soon as they could.' That was what they almost always said, that they went as soon as they could."

"And so they told a lie, as well as disobeyed," said Rollo.

"Why, not exactly; for they loitered in such a way that they hardly knew themselves how much time they wasted. They would go along very briskly a few steps, and then stop to talk about something which they picked up in the street, or to sit down by the side of the road, or to talk with boys; and then the time slipped away a great deal faster than they supposed. Sometimes they really stopped to play, and then they generally acknowledged it, if their father ques-

tioned them closely; for they would not tell an absolute lie.

“At last, their father had to punish them, and he did so once or twice, and determined to do it more and more severely until this bad habit was broken up. While things were in this state, their father told them, one day, he wanted them to go over to a neighbor’s house at some distance, and lead a heifer there. A heifer, you know, is a young cow. The farmer had fastened a halter around the heifer’s neck, and then put the end of the halter into the boys’ hands, for them to lead her by. He charged them not to stop to play, but to come directly home, and to bring the halter with them. So, one of the boys took hold of the halter and led the heifer along, and the other walked by his side.

“They did not stop to play by the way as they went, but led the heifer on directly. When they got to the house, they turned the heifer out, and took the halter to return home. But, unfortunately, there were some boys there, and they asked them to go out into the barn yard with them. The boys thought they would go a few minutes, and

so they laid down the halter, and went. They played in the barn yard some time, amusing themselves particularly with a ram which was there. The time passed away very fast, and though they had a secret feeling all the time that they were doing wrong, they kept staying a little longer, and a little longer. After some time, they caught the ram, and then they thought it would be capital fun to put the halter on him, and lead him about as they had done the heifer. So, one of the boys went and got the halter, and then came the task of putting it on. Some of them held the ram, grasping his woolly sides with their hands; others slipped the halter over his head, and contrived to buckle it up, though it was a great deal too big for him. The poor ram did not know what to make of this usage, and he pulled and struggled, and did his best to get free. First, he drew back; then, he sprang forward, the boys shouting around him, and holding on to his sides, and to the halter. Presently he shot ahead, the boys after him; but he succeeded in getting clear, and with a bound jerked away the halter from the boy's hand who held it, escaped from the

barn yard, and the next moment he was galloping off away into the field, the halter dangling by his side, and the boys after him in full cry.

“They soon gave up the pursuit, and then the two boys who had been sent with the heifer began to be seriously alarmed. They had already staid a long time, and now they had lost the halter, and they did not dare to go home and face their father, without obtaining it again. They had got themselves into serious trouble, and they felt really anxious and unhappy about it. It is bad enough to get into trouble in doing right; but it is ten times worse when it comes by doing wrong.

“They now set themselves to catching the ram again; but it was hard work.”

“How did they do it?” said Rollo.

“I don’t know,” said Jonas.

“Don’t know?”

“No; I only know they tried to catch him some time, and finally they succeeded, and got the halter. Perhaps they drove him gradually up into a corner of the field, and there surrounded him; or they may have all gone out beyond him, and drove him





back into the barn yard, and so penned him up, and caught him there. At any rate, they caught him somehow or other, and got the halter; and then the two boys, feeling guilty and miserable, set out on their return home.

“ They began to consider what they must tell their father, and after some plotting and planning, they concluded that they could make out a tolerably good excuse, without absolutely telling a lie. The story which they concluded to tell was this, that they led the heifer to the place as they were directed, and that there some boys got the halter, and put it upon a ram, and then that the ram got away, and it took them a long time to catch him again.

“ This story, now, was all true; that is, every thing stated in it was according to fact; and yet the whole was meant to deceive, and that is what they call *prevarication*.”

“ But how could it deceive, if it was all true?” asked Lucy.

“ Why, you see,” said Jonas, in reply, “ that they said some boys got the halter, and that was true; but then they themselves proposed it, and helped put it on. And then they said it took them a good

while to catch the ram, and that was true too ; but then they meant their father to understand, that that was the reason why they did not come home sooner ; but the truth was, they had stopped to play a long time before the ram got away with their halter. The story was intended to make their father believe that they were not much to blame ; whereas they had been very much to blame indeed."

"Yes, I see," said Rollo.

"It is very easy for boys to give a false idea by telling what is, in itself, true ; and this is prevarication."

"Is prevarication as bad as to tell a lie, up and down ?" asked Rollo.

"I think it is very bad," replied Jonas.

"But is it as bad as lying ?" persisted Rollo.

"Some folks think it is," said Jonas.

"But I want to know what *you* think," said Rollo.

"I don't know," said Jonas ; "you had better ask your father."

"I think it is just as bad," said Lucy.

"I will ask my father," said Rollo.
"But go on, Jonas."

“In the mean time the boys’ father, after waiting and waiting, and finding that night was coming on, and they did not return, went out into the barn to do the work there, necessary to be done before night, and which the boys ought to have been at home to do. While he was there, and doing their work, they arrived, feeling very anxious and unhappy. They went first into the house; there they found their mother, and told her their story. She was not satisfied with it, but said they must go to their father in the barn. They went accordingly into the barn, and there repeated the excuse they had agreed upon.”

“And what did their father say?” asked Rollo, eagerly.

“He did not say any thing. The boys observed that he looked displeased when they first came in; but after they had told their story, he seemed satisfied, and said no more about it. He knew his boys would not tell a lie, and he thought they were honest in heart as well as in tongue, and did not think of such a thing as their artfully putting together a story, true in all its parts, and yet false in the whole. So he believed them, and by and by, when they went into

the house, their mother said, 'Well, it seems the boys have staid again, when sent on an errand;' and he answered, 'Yes; but this time they appear to have a good excuse.' So the boys saw that their plan succeeded."

"And so they did not get punished?" said Rollo.

"Yes, they did get punished."

"How?" said Rollo.

"By the wretched feelings they endured for a long time in thinking that they had not only disobeyed their father, but had abused the confidence he placed in their honesty, and ungratefully and wickedly deceived him. Suppose you had done so, don't you think you would suffer more from thinking of it, than from any punishment your father would have been likely to have inflicted?"

"Why, — yes," said Rollo.

"These boys did. They could not help thinking of it, and they felt very wretched about it for a long time. They determined that they would never be guilty of prevarication again, for it seemed to them just as bad as lying."

"I mean to ask my father if it was," said

Rollo, "now ; so whip up, Jonas, and let us overtake him."

The carryall was at this time a quarter of a mile ahead of the wagon, and Jonas, at Rollo's request, drove on to overtake it. The back curtain of the carryall was up, and Rollo's mother, who happened to hear the wagon wheels behind them, looked back, and saw Rollo waving his hat for them to stop. His father accordingly drew up by the side of the road, and Rollo asked him to let him and Lucy get into the carryall, for he wished to ask him a question.

After they were seated, Rollo related the story to his father, as Jonas had told it to him ; and then, in conclusion, he asked his father if he thought prevarication was just as bad as lying. "Lucy thinks it is," said he.

"What does Jonas say ?" said his father.

"He won't tell us what he thinks : he says we must ask you."

"Lucy," said Rollo's father, "do you mean that you think it is *fully* as bad as direct lying, or only *nearly* so ?"

"Why, I think it is fully as bad ; it seems to me it is just the same thing."

"It is much the same thing, in its nature,

I admit; but yet suppose those boys had come home, and had said directly that the other boys took away the halter from them forcibly, notwithstanding all they could do to prevent it, immediately after they had got to the house, — thus had told a deliberate and positive lie, would not that have been a little worse?”

“Why, yes, sir,” said Lucy; “it would have been, certainly.”

“I think it would have been a little worse, myself. But prevarication is a very great sin, and must make any one miserable who is guilty of it; and yet, wicked as it is, wilful and deliberate lying is one step beyond it, in the career of depravity.”

GOING TO COURT.

A SHORT time after that story was finished, the whole party arrived at a small village, and stopped at a pleasant-looking tavern, where they were going to have dinner. Rollo went out into the stable with Jonas to see them take care of the horses. The stable was on the other side of the street, and as Rollo walked across he looked up and down, and saw that it was a very pretty village, though it was very small. There was but one street; but that had pleasant houses on each side. There was one store at a little distance, with **POST-OFFICE**, in large letters over one of the windows. Opposite the store was a singular-looking building, in appearance between a meeting-house and a school-house. It had a small cupola on the top, with a bell in it. Rollo asked Jonas what it was; and Jonas said he thought it might be an academy.

When they got into the barn, the ostler took the horses out of their harness, and led

them to a great tub, nearly full of water, which stood there. He then took down a great sponge, almost as big as Rollo's head, and began washing down one of the horse's legs and breast.

"Is his breast tender?" said Jonas.

"No," said the man, feeling of the flesh on each side, where the collar pressed upon it; "no, it seems perfectly well. You must have taken good care of these horses, if you have travelled far."

"I've watched them pretty closely," said Jonas. "This is a pleasant village of yours here."

"Why, it is not much of a place," said the ostler, taking up another great sponge full of water out of the tub; — "but it is a shire town, and that brings us a little business in court time."

"O, then that building with the cupola is the court-house?"

"Yes," said the ostler; "did not you see the jail beyond it?"

"No," said Jonas, "I did not observe it. Is court sitting now?"

"No, it rose last week," said the ostler.

In a short time the horses were both

washed and put into their places, and well supplied with hay and oats. Jonas asked Rollo if he should like to walk over and see the court-house while they were getting dinner ready. Rollo said 'yes,' of course, and after obtaining his father's leave, they went along.

"What is a *shire* town, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"It is a county town; that is, the one that has the court-house of the county in it," said Jonas.

"I should not think this town was big enough to have a court-house," replied Rollo. "I have seen a good many bigger towns than this, that had no court-house."

"The court-house does not belong to the town," said Jonas; "it belongs to the county."

"County!" said Rollo; "what is a county?"

"It is a good many towns united together, and they have one court for all."

"Which town do they have the court in?" said Rollo.

"In some one near the middle, where they can all come conveniently; so that it

very often happens that there are other towns in the county larger than the one which has the court-house in it."

"What do they do in a court-house?" said Rollo.

"O, they try criminals, and they settle disputes about land and money, and debts, and all other disputes; and they keep a regular account of various things, such as all the land that is sold, and all the wills, and attend to making roads through the county, and all such things. They have a jail near to keep the prisoners safe in."

Just then they came pretty near to the court-house, and they saw a small stone building behind it, with grated windows. At one of the windows Rollo thought he saw something moving, behind the grating. It was rather dark in there, and they could not see very well at first; but, on looking more attentively, they saw it was the face of a man. He looked haggard and fierce, with bushy hair and rough beard; after looking out a minute or two, he disappeared.

"Perhaps he is a murderer," said Rollo, looking alarmed.

"No," said Jonas, "I don't think there

have been any murders committed here for a long time ; — but he may be a thief, waiting for his trial ; or perhaps he is tried and condemned, and is shut up there for punishment.”

The boys walked on, and entered the court-house, the front door being open. They found themselves, when they had entered, in a large entry, with several doors on each side, leading to the several rooms, and a large staircase in front. Over one of the doors was a sign in large letters, REGISTER OF DEEDS ; over another, PROBATE OFFICE ; and there was a third, with COUNTY COMMISSIONERS over it. Rollo asked Jonas what these all meant ; but Jonas said he did not understand very well.

“ I never was in a court-house but once before,” said Jonas, “ and I do not understand county business very well ; but let us go up stairs.”

“ Will they let us ? ” said Rollo, timidly, and hanging back.

“ Yes,” said Jonas, “ I guess so : at any rate we will try.”

Rollo, seeing that Jonas was going up, boldly concluded to follow. The flight of

stairs turned at right angles once or twice, and then conducted them to a landing where there was a large double door.

“This is the court-room, I suppose,” said Jonas, taking hold of the latch of the door.

But he could not open it ; it was locked.

The boys peeped through the key-hole, and saw a sort of low, long pulpit at the opposite end. In front of the pulpit was a desk, with a seat behind it.

“O, what a long pulpit !” said Rollo.

“Pulpit !” said Jonas ; “that is not the pulpit. That is the *bench*, where the judges sit.”

“Is it ?” said Rollo ; “and what is that desk before it ?”

“That is where the clerks sit, and write down every thing that is done in court.”

“Do they ?” said Rollo ; “what, every thing ?”

“Pretty much, I believe,” said Jonas.

Rollo could see some seats in the middle of the floor of the court-house, through the key-hole ; but he could not see at all, at the sides, the key-hole was so small. Presently, Jonas proposed that they should go up another flight of stairs still, for there was

one leading to the story above. They did so, and here they found a door which Jonas opened, and he and Rollo walked in, and found themselves in a little gallery of the court-room, from which they could look down upon the whole floor. They could see the bench, and the desks, and the seats for the lawyers in front. These lawyers' seats occupied almost the whole of the middle of the court-room, and all of them had little desks before them. Behind these lawyers' seats was a curious-looking sort of a pew, with iron pickets all around the top of it. Jonas said that was called the bar, where they put the criminals when they were tried, and that a man with a long pole stood at the door of the pew, whenever prisoners were there, to keep them from getting away.

Rollo found four more *pews*, as he called them, in looking around the room. Two were on each side, opposite to the lawyers' desks, back against the wall. There was an aisle between them and the lawyers' seats. They fronted in, towards the middle of the room, so that those who sat in them would face the lawyers, and almost face the judge.

Rollo asked what these were for, and Jonas told him for the jury.

“What do the jury do?” said Rollo.

“O, they hear the evidence, and decide whether the man is guilty or not.”

“But I thought the judge decided,” said Rollo.

“No, the judge decides about the law, and he sees that the poor criminal has a fair trial; but the jury decide whether he is guilty or innocent. There are twelve men in a jury. One jury sits in the seats on one side, and the other on the other.”

“What do they want two juries for?” said Rollo.

“Why, while one has gone out to consider one case, and decide it, the judge and the lawyers can be going on with another.”

“But the new jury might take the same seats.”

“No,” said Jonas, “it is more convenient to have other seats, and then they can be getting together before the others go out.”

Here the boys paused, and looked around for some time; and at length Rollo espied a little platform near the jury seats, one on each side, with a sort of railing in front of

it, as if for a person to lean upon. Jonas told him that was the stand where the witnesses stood while they were telling their stories.

“How curious it is!” said Rollo. “I should like to hear a court.”

“Hear a trial, you mean,” said Jonas. “I did, once.”

“Did you?” said Rollo. “Tell me about it.”

“Not now,” said Jonas; “it is time for us to go home; but perhaps I will this afternoon, in the wagon.”

“Well,” said Rollo, “that will be capital; and I will tell Lucy all about the court-room beforehand, and then she will understand the story better.”

When they got back to the tavern, Rollo, finding that dinner was not quite ready, took Lucy to the window, and showed her the court-house; and then he explained to her all about the arrangement of the interior of the court-room. He made a drawing upon a piece of paper, and marked down the judges' bench, the clerk's desk, the lawyers' seats, the jury seats, and the stand — all in their proper places. Lucy was very glad that Jonas was going to tell them a story of a trial that afternoon.

THE TRIAL.

“ONE day, as I was travelling through the country with a horse and wagon of your father’s, Rollo, — it was this very wagon, but another horse, — I found the horse went lame a little, about the middle of the forenoon. I drove on carefully, until I came to a blacksmith’s shop, by the side of the road. The blacksmith examined the horse’s foot, and said it was nothing but some gravel that had got under his shoe. So he took off the shoe, and put it on again, and I drove on. The horse went very well for an hour or two, but then began to go lame again, and his lameness increased very fast, until I arrived at a pretty large village, where I expected to stop to dinner.

“I drove directly to a blacksmith’s shop in the village. It was quite a large shop, and the master blacksmith seemed to be a very good workman. He looked at my horse’s foot, and said the shoe was not put on

properly, but that he could easily fix it. He told me, however, that the foot was quite tender in one place, and that I had better not drive him any farther that day, but let him rest until the next morning.

“I was in haste to get home; but still I knew it was wrong to run the risk of doing injury to the horse, and so I concluded to wait there until the next day. I accordingly drove to the tavern, put up the wagon, and then led the horse back to the blacksmith’s, and left him there. When I returned to the tavern, I asked them what time they should have dinner. They told me, ‘Immediately after the court rises.’ ‘What court?’ said I. ‘I don’t know,’ said the girl who was telling me; ‘it is the court that sits in this place, every now and then.’ I asked her where the court-house was, and she pointed out to me a building with a cupola upon it, in a little square among some trees across a little common, opposite to the tavern door.

“I sat down on a small bench under the piazza before the front door, watching the court-house. I saw people standing about the doors, and sometimes one going in or

coming out ; but before long a great crowd came pouring out together, and so I knew the court had risen. The people went away in different directions, though a considerable number of them came across the common, towards the tavern. At the same time I heard a bustle in the house behind me, and looking in at the entry, I saw them carrying in the dinner, and going busily to and fro.

“A minute or two after these people reached the house, a bell rang in the entry, and we all went in to dinner. The dinner-table was very long. I never saw such a long dinner-table. It reached through two rooms, with great double doors between them, which were opened so as to throw the two rooms into one. I went in with the rest, and took my seat. As I did not know anybody there, I did not talk much, but listened to hear what the rest said. I could not understand very well what they were talking about all the time ; but just before the dinner was ended, one man opposite to me asked another man, whom he called Mr. Sparr, whether there was not a criminal case coming on that afternoon. Mr. Sparr said

there was a man to be tried for stealing, he believed. They talked a little more about it, and I wanted very much to go and hear the trial; but I did not know whether they would let me in.

“After dinner, I saw the man who said there was going to be a trial, standing at the door, and I asked him if *any body* might go and hear the trial. ‘O, yes,’ said he, ‘you can go if you wish to.’ I then asked him what it was that the man stole. He laughed, and said that he did not know that he stole any thing, but he believed he was accused of stealing some spoons.”

“What did he laugh for?” said Rollo.

“Why, I suppose, because I spoke as if the man was certainly guilty, when he had not been tried. I asked him how soon the court would begin, and he said in about half an hour.

“I then went over to see how the blacksmith was getting along with my horse. I found him ready, and led him back to the stable. Just as I had seen him comfortably fixed there, with his oats and his hay before him, I heard a bell tolling in a very curious manner.”

“How?” interrupted Rollo.

“O, it went *ding-ding-ding-ding-ding*, almost as fast as it could go. I ran out to see what was the matter, and found all the people going to court. I followed on. We went across the common, and thence into the court-house. I went in with the rest, and stood near the door. After the judges, and the clerks, and the lawyers were all seated, and the room was pretty still, the judge ordered the prisoner to be brought in.

“Then the sheriff went out for him. The sheriff had a stout, painted pole in his hands, and he had a little box or pew, where he sat near the prisoner, when he had brought him in, and put him at the bar.”

“Is that the sheriff’s business?” said Rollo.

“Yes,” replied Jonas. “He has the care of the prisoners, and brings them in, and takes them out; and he keeps order in the court, and does other things which the judge wants to have done. The sheriff went out, and presently came in at a side door with the prisoner. He put him to the bar, and then took his own place.

“The prisoner was a poor-looking man; his name was Eben Daniell, and I thought

he looked guilty before they began to try him. However, they began soon; for presently a man, who sat pretty near the judge, rose and read the indictment."

"The indictment!" said Lucy; "what is that?"

"That is the accusation. It was quite a long paper, accusing the man of breaking into a house, and stealing six silver spoons."

"Did he?—break into a house!" said Rollo, in a tone of surprise.

"That was what he was accused of doing, in the indictment."

"How did you know they called it an indictment?" asked Lucy.

"O, I didn't know then. I asked a man in the evening, at the tavern, and he told me all about it, and so a good many things which I shall explain to you, as I go along, I did not understand exactly, when I was in the court, but learned about them afterwards."

"Very well," said Rollo, "go on."

"After the indictment was read, a lawyer, who was sitting at one of the desks before the judge, got up, and began to tell what the criminal had done. He said he stole the spoons, and carried them into another town

to sell, and that he was going to prove it all by witnesses."

"Who was he?" asked Lucy; "and what had he to do with it?"

"He was the state's attorney. You see the government of the state choose a lawyer to accuse criminals, and have them tried in the courts, and then they find the witnesses, and have them brought into court, and ask them questions, so as to show the jury what the man has done; and this man is called the state's attorney. So, you see, he first got up and told the jury what his witnesses were going to prove.

"After he had done, the judge told him to bring his witnesses on, and he said his first witness was Richard Stone. So a certain officer of the court called Richard Stone, and a man came forward and took his place on the witness's stand. Before he began, the judge asked who was counsel for the prisoner, and as the prisoner had none, the judge appointed one for him."

"What was that for?" asked Rollo.

"Why, common men don't understand courts, and would not know how to defend themselves if they were accused there

unjustly. So they generally get a lawyer, who knows all about it, to manage their cause for them. The lawyer they employ is called their counsel. And when they are poor, and cannot employ a lawyer, or are so ignorant that they don't know any thing about it, the judge appoints some one there to be their counsel. So the judge appointed a counsel for the prisoner this time."

"What was his name?"

"Mr. Sparr," said Jonas.

"What, the same man that you saw at the tavern?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "the very same man. I forgot to tell you that I saw him sitting among the lawyers. When he came in, he found me standing near the door, and he showed me where I might sit. It was a little behind the prisoner, a very good place, where I could see and hear very well. But it seems to me, now, that the judge appointed him before, when the trial first began. And then Mr. Sparr came to the prisoner, and talked with him a little while in a low voice, and then sent somebody out. I did not know what for till afterwards.

"Now, you see, it was the duty of the

state's attorney to bring forward every thing that went to prove the prisoner guilty, and it was Mr. Sparr's duty to show all the evidence there was that he was innocent, and then the jury were to judge between them.

“ Well, as I was saying, Mr. Richard Stone was the first man that was called. The state's attorney asked him to tell the jury about his house being broken open. So he told his story, and it was this:— He said that Eben Daniell, the prisoner, lived in his neighborhood, and had been at his house one day the last winter to saw wood. ‘The next day,’ said he, ‘I was going out of town with my whole family, to take a sleigh-ride, and so I shut up the house, fastening all the windows, and locking all the doors. When we came home in the evening of the next day, and had built a fire, my wife went into the parlor-closet, and called out to me to say that the window was broken. I went in, and saw that a pane of glass was broken, and very near the place where the window was fastened. I saw also that the fastening was taken out, and so I suspected that somebody had been breaking in. I told her to look around, and see if she

missed any thing. She immediately looked for her spoons, and cried out that they were all gone, — every one of them. I immediately suspected Daniell, and, in fact, the next morning Captain James told me' —

“Here Mr. Sparr suddenly called upon Mr. Stone, the witness, to stop. He said he must not tell what he heard other people say.”

“Why not?” said Lucy.

“Because they don't allow a witness to tell what he heard other people say, in court.”

“I don't see why,” said Lucy.

“Why, there are so many false stories told, that they could not tell what to believe; so they make each man come into court, and tell what he himself saw, and then he can be cross-examined.”

“What does that mean?” said Rollo.

“Why, have questions asked him by the other side, to find out whether he is honest and fair. When the lawyer that brings a witness forward has done asking him questions, they always let the lawyer on the other side ask him questions too, to see whether he will not contradict himself, or else to get more information.”

“ Did they cross-examine Mr. Richard Stone ? ”

“ Yes,” said Jonas. “ After he had done telling his story, the judge said that Mr. Sparr might ask him any questions he wished to ask ; and he asked him how his window was fastened, and he said, by a nail put into a hole over the top of it. Then he asked him if he was positively sure that he put the nail into that window the morning before he went away, and he said he was ; he was particular to fasten that closet window, for all his wife’s silver spoons were in that closet.

“ Then Mr. Richard Stone stepped down from the stand, and walked away.”

“ I wish they had let him tell what Captain James said,” said Rollo.

“ You will hear presently,” said Jonas, “ for Captain James was the next witness called. You see it is a great deal better to have him come himself upon the stand, and tell his own story there, for then they get it more direct, and they also can question him very closely about it, if it is necessary. So Captain James took his place upon the stand,

and the state's attorney asked him to tell the jury all he knew about the case.

“ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘the night that Mr. Stone went away, I was going home about ten o'clock by his house, and I saw a man stand right in front of it, just before I came along. I stopped a minute to see what he was doing, and then I walked on towards him. As soon as he saw me, he began to walk away. I followed him, taking very long and quick steps, and yet walking softly, so as not to appear to be walking fast; and so I gained upon him. But presently, when he saw I was coming up to him, he began to walk faster, and so he got away. But I knew him well enough.’

“ ‘Who was it?’ asked the state's attorney.

“ ‘It was Eben Daniell, there.’

“ ‘Here the judge asked Mr. Sparr if he had any questions to ask.

“ ‘How could you possibly know who it was, at ten o'clock at night?’

“ ‘O, I can tell Eben as far as I can see him,’ said Captain James. ‘Besides, it was a bright moonlight night, and I got pretty near to him at one time.’

“‘Are you perfectly sure it was he?’

“‘Yes, perfectly sure,’ said he.

“‘Is that all you know about it?’ said Mr. Sparr.

“‘Yes; I knew nothing more till I heard the next day —’

“‘No matter what you heard the next day; we only want you to tell us what you saw yourself.’

“‘The state’s attorney then said that the next witness’s name was John Case. So Mr. John Case was called.

“‘Where do you live, Mr. Case?’ said the state’s attorney.

“‘In the town of Yarmouth,’ said Mr. Case.

“‘How far is Yarmouth from the town that Mr. Stone lives in?’

“‘About twenty miles.’

“‘And what is your business, Mr. Case?’

“‘I am a watchmaker and silversmith.’

“‘Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?’

“‘Yes, sir; he called at my store last winter to sell me some spoons.’

“‘Will you have the goodness to tell

the jury about that call, and what took place between you?’

“ ‘ He brought some spoons, which he said he wanted to sell me. There were half a dozen of them. They were bruised, and broken, and battered, and they looked as if the marks had been scraped off. I asked him how they came in that condition, and he said that they were some that had got spoiled in his house ; that he had two dozen in all, and that this half-dozen had got broken and spoiled by his children, and now he wanted to sell them.

“ ‘ I thought that story was not very probable, and in fact, I concluded that such a man as he, would not be very likely to have any silver spoons at all, unless he came by them dishonestly. So I told him I would take one of them into my back shop, and see how good silver it was ; and there I sent off one of my workmen for an officer. The officer came and arrested the man, and then when we questioned him, he contradicted himself so much, that we took him before a magistrate, and had him committed to prison.’

“ ‘ And what became of the spoons?’

“‘We sent them back to Mr. Stone.’

“Then came the cross-examination. Mr. Sparr wanted to know what it was that made him suspect this man did not come honestly by his spoons,—the looks of the spoons, or the looks of the man, or his story, or what. He said it was all three taken together. Mr. Sparr next asked whether it did not often happen that people brought him old spoons to sell. He said it did. ‘And don’t they sometimes look as bad as these which this man brought?’ continued Mr. Sparr. ‘Why, yes, sir,’ said Mr. Case, ‘they sometimes do.’

“The state’s attorney now said he had got through with all his witnesses against the prisoner, but that by and by he should have some remarks to make about their testimony, and about the case generally.

“The judge then asked Mr. Sparr if he had any evidence to bring forward in favor of the prisoner. He said they had sent for a witness, and expected her every moment; and, as he was speaking, he looked round towards the door, and, seeing a bonnet there coming in, he said, ‘She is coming now, I presume.’

“The woman came in, and was called to the stand.”

“Do women go to court?” asked Lucy.

“Yes, sometimes,” said Jonas, “when they want them to be witnesses. This woman’s name was Mrs. Hannah Lane. When she came upon the stand, the first question that Mr. Sparr asked her was, where she lived, and what her business was. She said she lived in that town, and that she kept boarders; and she went on to say, in answer to the other questions, that Eben Daniell boarded at her house, and that he was at home all the night of the robbery. ‘He came home to supper,’ she said, ‘at the regular time, and staid there, sawing wood for her all the evening.’

“‘How late did he stay?’ asked Mr. Sparr.

“‘Till he went to bed.’

“‘Did you see him next morning?’

“‘Yes; he came out of his room just before breakfast, as he commonly did.’

“Then the judge asked the state’s attorney if he wanted to ask any questions, and he said he did. So he turned round towards the woman, and said,

“ ‘Mrs. Lane, what time was it that Mr. Daniell went to bed that night?’

“ ‘About nine o’clock,’ said she.

“ ‘How was his room situated?’

“ ‘He slept in a long chamber over a shed, with some other men. There were two beds there.’

“ ‘And where were the stairs that led up into that chamber?’

“ ‘They were out in the shed.’

“ ‘Then how could you know when he went to bed?’

“ ‘Why, he went out, and told my husband and me that he was going to bed. So I suppose he did.’

“ ‘Ah, that is it, then!’ said the state’s attorney; ‘very well.’ So Mrs. Lane went away, and Mr. Sparr said he had no more witnesses to bring forward.”

“ ‘And was that the end of the trial?’” said Rollo.

“ ‘No, then came the arguments.’”

“ ‘The arguments! what are they?’”

“ ‘Why, each lawyer makes a speech to the jury, about the case, — the state’s attorney trying to make them believe that the prisoner is guilty, and his counsel for the pris-

oner tries to prove that he is innocent. The state's attorney made his speech first."

"And what did he say?" said Rollo.

"I can't remember it all," said Jonas; "but it was like this:—

"Gentlemen of the jury,

"You have heard the evidence against the prisoner. The evidence against him is not direct,—it is circumstantial; i. e. it is the evidence of circumstances, and that is all the evidence we can generally get against criminals, for they take good care to commit their crimes when there are no persons to see them; so that all we have to judge from, is the circumstances of the case. In this instance they are strong enough to prove very certainly that this man committed the robbery.

"In the first place, gentlemen, Mr. Stone testifies that he locked up his house, and fastened all his windows carefully, intending to be gone away from home one night. He says also that the prisoner at the bar knew that he was going. When he came home, he found his window broken open, and his spoons were missing. You cannot doubt that all this is true, for Mr. Stone is well

known to be an honest and trust-worthy man, and he could not be mistaken about these facts.

“ ‘ Then, gentlemen, Captain James is perfectly sure that he saw the prisoner prowling about Mr. Stone’s house, the very night when the robbery must have been committed. It was very late, and the hour, the place, and the man’s guilty looks and movements all seem to show that he was there for no good purpose.

“ ‘ Finally, gentlemen, Mr. Case, a very respectable watchmaker from a neighboring town, tells you that this very man came and offered these very spoons to him for sale, all broken and battered, and with the mark scraped off. It seems he did not dare to offer them for sale so near, and so he carried them twenty miles away, thinking that that would be so far that there would be no danger of his detection.

“ ‘ But Mr. Case was not to be deceived so easily. He saw through his story at once, and had him immediately arrested. And now, the only evidence which his counsel can offer in his favor is Mrs. Lane’s ; and all she knows is, that he went out, as if he was

going to bed, about nine o'clock. He may have gone up into his room, or he may not. Or, if he had gone up, he might easily have come down again, without her knowing any thing about it. I think, gentlemen, you must be clearly convinced that the prisoner is guilty, notwithstanding all that his counsel may say in his defence.'

"Here the attorney sat down, and Mr. Sparr arose to make his speech in favor of the prisoner."

"I should not think he could have a word to say," said Rollo.

"O, yes," said Jonas, "they always have something to say, I believe; and Mr. Sparr made quite a speech. It was something like this:—

"I must confess, gentlemen of the jury, that appearances are somewhat against the prisoner. But we cannot always judge from first appearances. And yet all that they have brought forward are only appearances, which may, after all, be false. They have failed altogether in proving positively that my client stole the spoons.'"

"What did he call him his client for?" interrupted Rollo.

“O, the lawyers always call the men they are speaking for in court, their clients.”

“Do they?” said Rollo. “Well, go on.”

“‘They have not *proved* it,’ said Mr. Sparr. ‘Captain James may have been mistaken in the man that he saw before Mr. Stone’s house; and besides, if my client was actually there, it does not prove, by any means, that he broke into the house and stole the spoons. He had as good a right to be in the street at that hour, as Captain James himself.’”

“‘Then, as to the spoons which he tried to sell Mr. Case, it is not certain at all that they were the same spoons that Mr. Stone lost. He admits that there were no marks upon them, and he also admits that it was very common for people to bring him old spoons to sell. There were a thousand ways by which my client might have come by old spoons honestly. Even the thief who stole these, might have sold them to him, and he not know they were stolen.’”

“Yes; but he said he got them from his own house, and he had not any house,” interrupted Rollo.

“Yes; but I am only telling you what

Mr. Sparr's speech was," resumed Jonas. "But, by the way, he said something about that. 'It is true,' he went on, 'that my client unfortunately did not make correct statements at Mr. Case's, and I am sorry for it. It would have been better for him to have told the truth. But if we admit that he prevaricated there —"

"He did not *prevaricate*," interrupted Rollo, again; "he told a downright lie."

"'Admitting that he prevaricated,'" continued Jonas, without regarding what Rollo said, "'that does not prove that he stole the spoons. He may have been confused or frightened at being charged with theft, and so been betrayed into falsehood: and although falsehood is very wrong, you must remember, gentlemen, that he is not on his trial now for telling a lie, but for stealing some spoons, and you must not declare him guilty unless it is clearly proved that he did actually commit that very act.'"

"And what did the jury decide?" asked Rollo.

"O, you will hear presently. The charge comes before that."

"The charge?" repeated Rollo.

“Yes ; after the two lawyers get through all they have to say, the judge makes a speech to the jury, explaining the case more fully, and if there is any dispute about the law, he decides it.”

“Well, what did the judge say now?”

“He began,” said Jonas, “by saying —

“‘Gentlemen of the jury,’ —

“Then all the gentlemen of the jury stood up, and looked at him, listening to hear what he had to say.

“‘Gentlemen of the jury,’ said he, ‘you have heard the evidence in this case, and the arguments of the counsel, both against the prisoner, and in his favor. Before you decide this question, it becomes my duty to say a few words to you about the principles which are to govern you in making your decision.

“‘The evidence against the prisoner is only circumstantial, it is true, but it may be enough to condemn him, notwithstanding, if it is such as fully to satisfy your minds that he committed this theft. If, on full consideration of the subject, you think there is a reasonable doubt whether he stole this property, you must decide he is not guilty ; for

a man is not to be condemned simply because *it is probable* that he may have committed a crime. Unless, therefore, you are *well satisfied* that he was the man who stole this property, you must acquit him. If you are, you must convict him, even though the evidence be merely circumstantial.'

"When the judge had finished his charge, the sheriff came with his long pole, and led the jury out. He walked along, and they came after him one by one, and went out by a side door, and all disappeared. They went into a small room to deliberate by themselves. When they were gone, the people moved about a good deal; some went out, and some of the lawyers seemed to be talking to the judge; but I could not hear very well what they said.

"Besides, it was now getting near night, and I thought it was time for me to go home. I waited a few minutes longer, and then I concluded that I would go out too. So I got up, and was walking along, and had just reached the door, when I saw the sheriff coming in again with his pole, and the jury after him. So I stepped back to my place to listen.

“The jury took their places again, and all the court became very still. Then the judge rose and looked towards them, and said,

“‘Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?’

“‘Agreed,’ said one man at the head of the jury.

“‘Guilty, or not guilty?’ said the judge.

“‘Guilty,’ said the jurymen.

“Then the clerk wrote the verdict down in his book, and the sheriff led off the prisoner to jail; the jurymen then went away, and pretty soon after I went away too.”

“And what was his punishment?” asked Rollo.

“I don’t know,” said Jonas. “That was for the judge to decide, and I believe he commonly takes some time to consider of it. At any rate, that was all I heard about it, for I went home to supper, and the next morning I found my horse was well, and so I rode home.”

TWO WAYS TO GO TO SEA:
JACK'S WAY.

"JONAS, I wish you would tell us some more sea stories. I like the story of Jock better than any you have told us. Besides, I want to learn about the sea. I should like to go to sea myself."

Who do you think said this, Lucy or Rollo? It was Rollo; and Jonas answered that he should like to go to sea himself very well, if he could go in the right way.

"Why, is there more than one way?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas, with a smile; "there is John's way and Jack's way."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Rollo, eagerly.

"Why, John went to sea one way, and Jack went another; and I should like to go very well if I could go in John's way."

"Who were John and Jack?"

"Two boys."

"Well, tell us about them, Jonas."

“Why, it is rather a long story,” said Jonas ; “and, besides, it is getting to be near night,” he said, looking up at the sun, which was going down towards the summits of the mountains.

It was a wild, mountainous road that they were now travelling. Rugged rocks and black forests were on each side, and a large stream tumbled along over the rocks by the side of the road. Just as Jonas had spoken those words, he saw that Mr. Holiday was stopping at a little distance before them, to talk with a man who was standing before an old log-house by the side of the road. He got through his talk just as Jonas came up in the wagon ; and the man went into the house. Jonas reined in his horse, as soon as his wagon was opposite the carryall, and the following dialogue took place :—

“I find, Jonas,” said Rollo’s father, “that it is five miles farther to the next public house ; and I expect it will be dark before we get there, we have to travel so slowly.”

“The children had better get in with us,” said Mrs. Holiday.

But Rollo told her that Jonas was just going to tell them a beautiful story ; and he

asked his mother to let them ride with him, at least until it was dark. She consented, and the carryall moved on.

“Come, Jonas,” said Rollo, “now begin.”

“Did you ever hear of Cape Cod?” said Jonas.

“Yes,” said Lucy; “I have seen it on the map.”

“Cape Cod on the map is very different from Cape Cod in reality.”

“How?” said Rollo.

“Why, Cape Cod in reality is a great tract of country, with fields, and villages, and towns, and forests all over the land, and bays, and harbors, and sandy beaches along the shore; but Cape Cod on the map is only a mark upon a piece of paper, shaped like a man's arm.”

“And painted red,” said Rollo.

“No, yellow,” said Lucy.

“It is red on my map,” said Rollo, decidedly.

“Never mind that,” said Jonas. “At the head of one of the little bays on Cape Cod, in a small village, there lived two boys, named John and Jack. They lived in small houses,

pretty near one another, and both went to the same school. John was diligent and faithful, but Jack was rather idle. Jack did not like school very well. In fact, idle boys never do.

“There were some fishing-boats belonging to that village, and these boys, as well as all the others, used often to go out upon the water. Some sea-captains lived in the place. They commanded vessels which sailed from New York to Boston, and sometimes, when they were going to Boston, and the wind was ahead, so that they could not get round the cape very well, they used to put in here, anchor their vessels, and wait until the wind came fair again.

“The boys of the village used sometimes to go on board these vessels in the little harbor, and sometimes they would sit on the high land which overlooked the water, and see them sail in and out.

“The school-house was built upon rather high ground, a little out of the village, and the boys could see the water from a field close by it, where they used to play ball. One day at recess, Jack called out to the other boys who were playing,

“ ‘Hallo, boys! there is a brig coming in.’

“ ‘The boys stopped their play, and looked: there was a brig coming in, under full sail, around a point of land which formed the entrance to the harbor.

“ ‘It is the Almira,’ said Jack, standing up upon a stone, so as to see better. He was rather a little fellow, short for his age; and he wore wide trousers, and no jacket, and a broad straw hat, so that he looked like a little sailor.

“ ‘It is the Almira,’ said he, ‘Capt. Barnes’s brig. I mean to go aboard of her this afternoon.’

“ ‘Will they let you go aboard?’ said John.

“ ‘Yes,’ Jack replied. ‘Ben Halyard sails in her, and he’ll let me go aboard. He always does.’

“ ‘Let me go with you,’ said John.

“ ‘Well,’ said Jack.

“ John thought his father would let him go, for there was no school that afternoon; and so, after he went into school, he studied very diligently, until school was dismissed. You see he had found out that, some how or other, he always had a better time in his

play, when he had just been particularly diligent in his studies; and so, whenever he was going off on any expedition in the afternoon, he always prepared himself to have a good time by studying very hard in the forenoon.

“About an hour after dinner, they went down to the wharf, and borrowed a little boat. Each took an oar, and they rowed off to the brig. As they passed along, John saw the word ‘ALMIRA’ painted upon her stern.

“The boys went aboard, and had a fine time looking over the brig and talking with the sailors. Ben Halyard was splicing a rope, and they sat down and saw him do it. They both thought it was very curious. Then they went up to the mast head, where they had a fine look-out from the ‘top.’ They could see away out to sea, where vessels were sailing to and fro.

“‘What a pleasant place this is!’ said Jack.

“‘Very pleasant now,’ said John; ‘but I think it would not be very pleasant working here, an hour, taking in sail, in a north-east snow storm.’

“‘I should like to go to sea,’ said Jack.

“ ‘So should I, if I could go in the right way,’ said John.

“ ‘No lessons to learn, and no errands to do, — nothing but sailing about all the time,’ continued Jack.

“ ‘I should like to see foreign countries,’ said John.

“ ‘Yes,’ said Jack. ‘London, and Liverpool, and Calcutta. There are elephants in Calcutta.’

“ ‘Are there?’ said John. ‘I should like to see an elephant.’

“ ‘So should I; — and a whale! Perhaps we should see a whale. I wish I *could* go to sea.’

“ ‘I mean to go, some time or other,’ said John.

“ ‘So do I,’ said Jack: ‘and I wish I could go now. Boys go very often as young as I am.’

“ Jack went home that night determined to ask his father to let him go to sea. His father laughed, and did not make much reply; but his mother said, very seriously, that she could not hear a word of it, and he must not ask again.

“ The next day, Jack wanted John to ask

his father. 'Perhaps he will let you go,' said he, 'and then my father will be more likely to let me.'

" 'No,' said John, 'I don't want to go.'

" 'But you said you meant to go to sea.'

" 'So I do, but not in this way.'

" 'How are you going?'

" 'O, I mean to go, one of these days, in my own way; you'll see;' and away he went into school with his slate under his arm.

" A few days after this, Jack brought up the subject again, with his father, but with no better success. He wanted to go in the *Almira*, but he could not get his father's consent; and at length she sailed without him. In the mean time, he neglected his studies more and more, and of course he disliked school more and more, and he kept constantly teasing his father and mother to let him go to sea. They were, however, firm and decided against it.

" He also tried again and again to get John to feel some interest in going. He told him how pleasant it would be to go up the Mediterranean, and see all those places that they had studied about so often in their

Geographies. John admitted that it would be very pleasant, and he meant to go some day, but not then.

“ ‘ Well,’ said Jack, ‘ I am determined to go alone, if you won’t go with me ; and it will be pretty soon too.’ ”

“ From this time, Jack said nothing about going, either to John or to his father and mother ; and they all thought he had given up the plan. But he was very far from having given it up. He had determined to run away. He knew very well that he could not get any captain to take him at that port without his father’s consent ; but he thought that, if he could get to New Bedford, which was a very large seaport about fifty miles off, along the coast, he could easily manage to get to sea.

“ But how to get to New Bedford was the difficulty. It was full fifty miles to New Bedford, and he knew that he could not walk there in less than three days. To be on the road three days would cost him as much as a dollar ; and then he knew that he must have as much as a dollar there, to pay for his food and lodging, in case there was no ship going to sail immediately. So he

determined to set to work and get the two dollars as soon as he could, in some way or other.

“ Though you may suppose that Jack was a very bad boy, by his thus forming a plan to run away from his father and mother, yet he was not *so very* bad a boy after all ; and he would not steal, or do any thing to get his money dishonestly. In fact, it was partly his father and mother’s fault that he determined to run away.”

“ His father and mother’s ! ” said Rollo, with great surprise.

“ Yes,” said Jonas, “ because they did not bring him up right. They did not make him study his lessons, and obey their commands, faithfully enough. In fact, they let him have his own way pretty much, and so he did not care but little for them.

“ The way he contrived to get his money was by selling old iron.”

“ Old iron ! ” said Rollo.

“ Yes ; the blacksmiths there used to buy the old iron which the boys picked up about the streets and wharves ; and so Jack went to work collecting all the old iron he could find or beg, and the blacksmiths would buy

it, giving him a little money for every piece he brought."

"How much?" said Rollo.

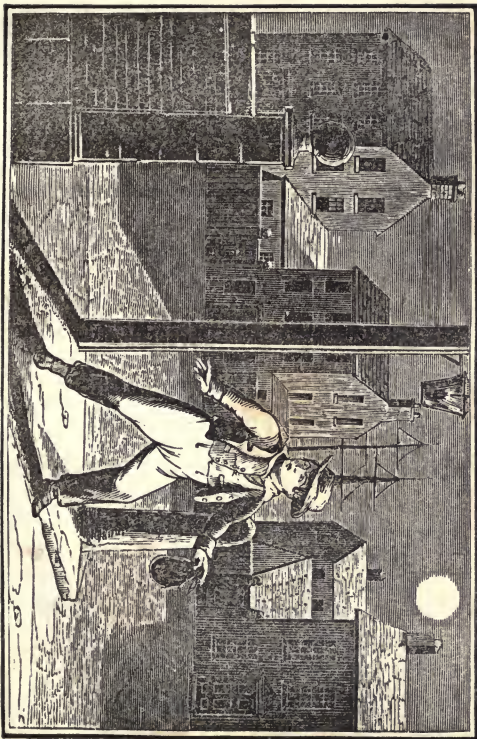
"O, sometimes only a cent, and sometimes two or three cents. Once he got a ten-cent piece for a bar which came out of an old chimney. The men gave it to him, because he helped them about their work. He got the boys at school, too, to bring him all the old iron they could find about their houses, and he paid them by making whistles and little boats. At length he got two dollars.

"Then he considered every thing ready, and determined to set off, without any farther delay. So, one moonlight night, after his father and mother had gone to bed, and he thought they had had time to go to sleep, he got up softly, and took his best clothes out of his drawer, and put them on. He put his money, which was all in small change, into his pocket. He crept out of his chamber window down upon the roof over the kitchen, and walked along that, till he came to the end of it; then he climbed down to a shed, and from the lower edge of the shed to a high fence, and thence safe to the ground.

“ Behind a log of wood, in the yard, he found a small parcel, which he had put there the day before, containing a large piece of bread and some cheese. He took this and stole away.

“ The streets of the town were silent and solitary ; and the moonlight made them look almost gloomy. Still he pressed on, anxious to get away from the town as far as he could before they should miss him in the morning. He passed by the school-house, rejoicing to think that he should have no more studying to do there.

“ In the morning, they observed that he did not come to breakfast ; and they thought he had got up early, and gone off a-fishing, or on some such expedition, and they did not think much of it. By and by, however, his mother went up to make his bed, and she found his common clothes were there in the room ; and looking into the drawer, she found his best suit was gone. Still she thought he must have only gone away on some pleasure party, with the boys, and that he would be home by noon. But he did not come ; and then, beginning to be uneasy about him, they sent around to the neigh-





bors' boys to inquire; but no one could tell any thing of him.

"His father then began to think he had run away; and he took a horse and wagon to go after him. He thought it most likely that he had gone across the cape; and so he took that road. He travelled in that direction nearly all the afternoon, inquiring of every one he saw, but nobody had seen any such boy; and so he came home, and concluded he must have gone the other road, towards New Bedford, and the next morning he set out in that direction.

"In the mean time, Jack had travelled all the first night, and pretty much all the next day; and the second night he slept in a tavern, supposing that now the danger was over. But after all, he was not yet quite twenty miles from home. He was so tired with his walk, that he did not get up till quite late the next morning; and his father rode up to the door of the tavern just as he was going out to begin his second day's journey. Of course he took him into his wagon, and carried him home again."

"Did he whip him?" said Rollo.

"No," replied Jonas. "He had been so

frightened about losing him, and was so glad to get him safe back again, that he did not want to whip him. And then, besides, he thought that if he should punish him severely, it would only make him more inclined to run away again.

“In fact, his father began to think that perhaps he had better let him go to sea, after all. Jack’s mother was still very unwilling; but he told her that perhaps it would be safest to let him go, since he was so set upon it. ‘We had better,’ said he, ‘look him out a vessel, with a good captain, and get him a good birth, than to have him run away to sea, and so get ruined.’

“At length, his mother reluctantly gave her consent; and so they got Jack a birth on board the very *Almira* that he had longed to go in. Ben Halyard came with a wheelbarrow to wheel his trunk to the wharf, and his friend John went down with him to see him safe aboard. On the way he said,

“‘There, John, I told you I meant to go to sea; and here I am going before you, and yet you are a year older than I am!’ For at this time Jack was twelve, and John was

thirteen. 'I don't believe you will ever see foreign countries as long as you live.'

"'Yes, I shall,' said John; 'that is, I mean to.'

"'Well, when?' said Jack:

"'I am going to set out to-morrow.'

"'To-morrow!' said Jack, stopping in the middle of the road in astonishment.

"'Yes,' said John, walking along quietly.

"'Where are you going?'

"'I am going into the country. Father has bound me out apprentice at a great blacksmith's.'

"'A blacksmith's!' exclaimed Jack, bursting into a fit of laughter; 'that is a good one. And so you are going to sea by way of a blacksmith's shop, back in the country. That is a *pretty* road to go in to see foreign lands.'

"'It is the *best* road,' said John.

"They arrived at the wharf, and John and Jack stepped on board of a boat, with Jack's father and Ben Halyard, who pulled them off to the brig. The captain ordered the sailors to man the capstan and heave in the cable."

“What does that mean?” said Lucy.

“O, the capstan is a kind of machine, with long handles reaching off on every side; and the sailors take hold of these handles, and heave round, and round, and round, and so heave up the anchor.”

“How does that heave up the anchor?”

“Why, the cable, that is fastened to the anchor, passes round the capstan; and so, when they heave it round, it winds the cable up, and draws it in.

“So Jack got hold of the capstan, and hove away with the other sailors. He was quite pleased with this. He told John that he had heard people say it was hard work to heave up the anchor, but it was no such thing; it was very easy work, he said.

“The sails were soon spread; and as soon as the brig began to make some way through the water, Jack’s father and John bade the little sailor good by, and got down the brig’s side, into their boat; and John sculled the boat ashore.

“The brig sailed majestically out of the bay, and Jack thought all his troubles were over, and that life with him was now just about to begin. And for a few days things

JACK'S WAY.

went on very pleasantly. He knew enough about a ship to feel somewhat at home, and he was not seasick; though his feelings revolted a little at the dirty and miserable hole he had to sleep in, in the fore-castle, and the intolerable smell of the place. In a few days, too, the novelty of the thing wore off. The weather was fair, and the wind favorable, and they went on very smoothly through the water; and Jack began to get tired of the sameness. He had to run about at every body's bidding; and if he did well, he had neither thanks nor pay, and often got cuffed and scolded if he did not do well. After he had been out a week, and reflected that he had got two or three weeks more to pass in the same dull way before he should see land, he was almost sorry he had come. He wished a thousand times that John had come with him, and then he should have had company.

“The brig went south, to Charleston, South Carolina, to take in a cargo of cotton. For about an hour, while they were sailing into the harbor, and coming up to the town, Jack enjoyed himself well; and he began to think that he was going to be repaid for all his

hard work and dull times on the passage. But he found, after all, when he got in, to the wharf, that he could not go ashore much ; for the crew were all to be hard at work on board the ship, all the time of their stay. The captain gave him leave to go ashore once or twice ; but all the part of the city where sailors went was mean, dirty, and poor. The captain took in his cargo, and set sail again as soon as possible ; so that Jack had soon another tedious voyage before him.

“ The days and weeks passed away very heavily. Jack thought he had rather be at school, for there was a recess there, and then they had a good play ; and they did go home at last every day, when school was done, and get a good warm supper, and a comfortable bed at night ; but at sea it was dull work, all day long, among ropes, junk, tar, and bilge-water, — nothing to eat but old salt beef and dry ship-bread, — and a hole to sleep in at night, that a dog would have run away from. Jack fairly wished he was at home.

“ However, he was naturally a boy of good spirits, and he was not easily depressed. ‘ I

shall see foreign countries at any rate,' said he, 'and that will pay me for my pains.' 'I shall see Liverpool,' thought he, 'and the Tower of London, and Gibraltar, and the Cataract of Niagara.' "

Here Lucy laughed outright, and said that the Cataract of Niagara was not in England.

"No," said Jonas; "but Jack, you know, was not a very good scholar, and he did not know very well where the wonderful places were. He thought they were all beyond seas.

"When they got pretty near Liverpool, he asked Ben Halyard if he would go to London with him, when they landed.

"'London, man!' said Ben; 'we are not going to London.'

"'Why, we *can* go from Liverpool; for London is in England, I know.'

"'Yes, it is in England, but it is hundreds of miles from Liverpool.'

"'Is it?' said Jack; 'then I can't see London this voyage?'

"'No,' said Ben; 'it would cost fifty dollars, for aught I know.'

"'Well, what sort of a place is Liverpool.'

“ ‘O, it’s a great place,’ said Ben; ‘but we shan’t see much of it.’

“ ‘Why not?’ said Jack.

“ ‘O, we have a couple o’ hundred bales of cotton to get up out of our hold.’

“ ‘Well, after we have got the cotton out?’

“ ‘Then we have got a couple o’ hundred boxes, and bales, and casks, to get *into* our hold again.’

“ ‘Well, and then?’ said Jack.

“ ‘Why, and then we have got to make all sail for New York.’

“ ‘Is that it?’ said Jack.

“ ‘Yes, that is it, exactly; that is a sailor’s life, year in and year out.’

“ ‘FOR’ARD THERE!’ shouted out the captain, just at this instant, from the quarter-deck.

“ ‘AY, AY, sir!’ cried Ben, in reply; and he started up to listen to, and execute, the captain’s commands.

“ The *Almira* remained some time in Liverpool, and then set sail again for New York. Jack went ashore a few times at Liverpool; but he saw very little, except that mean part of the place which sailors gener-

ally frequented. He had no time to make excursions to any distance, and if he had, he could have seen but little, for he was but a poor sailor, and could not have got into the splendid buildings and great establishments of England. So he went back to America, having had very little more to do with England than having worked hard several days to load and unload a ship at a Liverpool dock."

Just here the boys were entering a dark pass in the mountains. The sun had gone down, and twilight had nearly disappeared, and Rollo's father and mother began to think it was time for the children to come back into the carryall. So they stopped and waited for the wagon to come up.

"O, father!" said Rollo, when they got pretty near, "do let us ride here a little longer, — till Jonas has finished this story."

"How much longer is the story?" said Mr. Holiday.

"Not much longer, sir," said Jonas.

"Very well, then. When you get through, drive up to us, and let us know."

"So the carryall started on, and Jonas resumed his story.

“One day, on the return voyage, when Ben Halyard and Jack were at work in the top, in a heavy rain storm, Jack’s fingers numb with wet and cold, and the chill wind driving the rain into his face, he asked Ben if this was a fair specimen of a sailor’s life, — dull times at sea, and hard work in port.

“‘Yes, pretty fair,’ said Ben; ‘it is a dog’s life.’

“‘Well,’ said Jack, ‘one thing I know; when I am captain, I’ll have things different. I shall have my liberty then, and can do as I’ve a mind to.’

“‘Captain!’ said Ben, ‘you’ll never be captain.’

“‘Yes, I shall,’ said Jack.

“‘You!’ said Ben; ‘you don’t understand navigation.’

“‘No, but I can learn.’

“‘Not unless you studied arithmetic pretty well in school.’

“‘Arithmetic!’ said Jack, ‘I hate arithmetic.’

“‘Then you’ll hate navigation, I can tell you. You never will be captain. It takes a good scholar to make a captain. You’ll

have to live in the fore-castle, my boy, and heave away at the capstan for *your* wages.'

"This was discouraging enough. Jack wished he had studied his arithmetic better at school; but it was too late to help it now. He went down to the deck, wet and cold, but there were two hours more of his watch before he could go below; and all that time he had to walk back and forth on the deck, in the rain, to keep any warmth in him at all.

" 'Well,' said he to himself, 'my prospect is rather gloomy. I don't know what John meant by his way of going to sea, but it must be bad indeed, if it is any worse than mine.' "

Here Jonas touched the horse with the whip, and said, "Now we will drive on, and speak to your father."

"Why, is that all?" said Rollo.

"Yes, that is all about Jack. I will tell you how John went to sea, through the blacksmith's shop, to morrow."

TWO WAYS TO GO TO SEA:
JOHN'S WAY.

JONAS did not begin to tell the children about John's way of going to sea until the next morning. Rollo and Lucy asked leave to get into the wagon early in the morning, and Mr. Holiday consented; and as they set out very early on their journey, Jonas resumed his narrative, just as the sun was gilding the summits of the mountains around.

"John had his clothes put up in a little wooden trunk, painted blue; and then he waited at home for the stage to come. Presently it drove up to the door, and John got in. They put his blue trunk in behind."

"*On* behind, you mean," said Rollo.

"No, *in* behind; and John, after he got in, sat down and began to talk with the driver."

“Why, Jonas,” said Rollo, “he could not talk with the driver if he was *in* the stage.”

“Why, yes,” said Jonas, “for this stage was not a great coach, with four horses and a great rack for trunks behind — it was only a one-horse wagon, with two seats, and a top over it, and curtains at the side. That is the kind of stage they have where there is not much travelling. So John sat down upon the front seat with the driver, and they put his blue trunk in under the back seat.

“He rode along very pleasantly in this way a long time. They stopped to change horses sometimes, and at last he got to a pretty large town, where the wagon stage stopped, and John got into a larger one, with four horses. He rode along in this way until he came at last to the town where he was to stay.”

“What was the name of the town?” asked Lucy.

“I don't know,” said Jonas; “I only know it was a large town, with a good many factories in it. There was a large stream of water running through it, which carried the factories. When the stage

stopped at the tavern, John inquired where Mr. Naylor's blacksmith's shop was, as his father had directed him to do. He was told he must walk down through the village, and then turn to the right, down the bank of the stream, and he would see it.

“So John walked along through the village, admiring the great factory buildings, with their long rows of windows, and little cupolas upon the top. At length, he reached the place where he was to turn off. The stream, which here widened into a pond, was upon one side, and a wood upon the other. Just before him, on the margin of the stream, was a large stone building, which looked something like a blacksmith's shop, though it was the largest and handsomest one that John had ever seen. John found, on inquiry, that Mr. Naylor was in his house, across the road. He looked over there, and saw a pleasant, one-storied house among the trees, and he went over to it. Mr. Naylor was glad to see him, asked him about his journey, read the letter which John had brought from his father, gave John some supper, and showed him his bed. It was in the corner of a little unfinished room over the kitchen,





the rafters and the roof being right over John's head. John liked his bed very much, and he slept soundly till morning.

"The next day he went into the shop, and was very much interested at seeing the forges, and great anvils, and trip-hammers, going by water."

"What are trip-hammers?" asked Rollo.

"O, they are great hammers which go by water," said Jonas, "heavier than a man can lift; and they strike, heavy and quick, on the great bars of hot iron, which a man holds under them. They make a terrible noise."

"I should like to see a trip-hammer," said Rollo.

"John thought they were very curious," said Jonas. "They sent him away to the village of an errand, early in the morning, and when he returned they had got in the fire, upon one of the forges, an enormous piece of iron, which John knew that a man could not lift, and he wondered how they were going to get it to the anvil under the trip-hammer. Mr. Naylor told him to wait there a minute or two, and so he had a fine chance to see. He observed that there was an iron chain round the middle of the iron,

and the chain reached up overhead. He looked up, and saw that it was fastened to a curious-looking machine, so that it could be hoisted up a little, and then swung over to the anvil. Presently, the men hove away upon the machine. The iron came slowly out of the fire, glowing and sparkling, so that you could hardly look at it. They swung it carefully over to the anvil, and then pulled a small pole hanging by the side of it, which set the trip-hammer a-going. It made a tremendous noise, and the sparks flew in every direction, while two men moved the iron back and forth, so as to make the trip-hammer strike it in the right places. John thought he should have a great deal to learn, before he could become a first-rate blacksmith.

“For some time, John had to run of errands around town, and wait upon the workmen in the shop. Presently, they put him at a great vice, and a man taught him to file.”

“O, I can file,” said Rollo. “I have.”

“Yes, you can file a little, I know ; but it is very difficult to learn to file square and true. John paid very close attention to all

that they said, and followed the directions exactly. He worked slowly, but steadily; and when Mr. Naylor came along at night, and saw how much he had done, he said,

“ ‘Well done, John! I don't see but that you will make a blacksmith.’

“ John spent his evenings in reading and studying, and one day Mr. Naylor told him that he had some books in his library, and John might read them. John was very glad. The books were about mechanics and engineering, and some about mathematics. There was one book on geometry, which he wanted to study very much; but he found he could not understand it very well, alone. He wanted to study these things, for he knew that if he could get knowledge from books, and practical skill in the shop, he might, one of these days, make a first-rate machinist, like Mr. Naylor, and undertake great works, instead of being a mere journeyman blacksmith, working all his life for a dollar and a half a day.

“ John was a beautiful writer. He used to take great pains with his writing at school, and the master thought he was one of the best writers of his age he ever had. So, after a

while, Mr. Naylor got him to copy some letters, and finding that he did it very neatly and well, he used often to take him off from his hard work in the shop, to make out bills or keep accounts in his little counting-room.

“Thus some years passed away, and John was becoming one of the most important men in Mr. Naylor’s shop.”

“And, I suppose, by this time he had forgotten all about his plan of going to sea,” said Rollo.

“Not at all,” said Jonas. “His desire to see foreign countries grew stronger and stronger. He used to read a good deal about England, and the great iron-works there; and one reason he had for acquiring so much knowledge was to be at the head of his business. ‘If I can only get my trade well learned, and get well established in business, I can earn money enough to go where I please.’”

“This was a very good calculation, and it turned out even better than John had expected, as you will see in the end. He soon learned geometry, and that helped him along a great deal in his studies.”

“How did he learn it?” asked Lucy.

“Why, one day he was up in the second story of the shop——”

“Were there two stories?” asked Rollo.

“Yes; and in the second story there were lathes, and various machines for finishing off nice work, all carried by water. Well, John was there seated before an emery-wheel, brightening some screws that were going to be tempered.”

“What does that mean?” asked Lucy.

“Why, you see when they want screws to be hard, they temper them. First, they heat them very hot, and put them in cold water, and that makes them very hard and brittle. Then, they heat them again a little, not quite red hot, and plunge them into cold water again, and that makes them not quite so hard and brittle, but more tough; and they have to brighten them a little before they heat them the second time, in order to know how hot to make them.”

“How do they know by that?” asked Rollo.

“Why, if steel is bright,” said Jonas, “and you heat it, it first turns straw-color, then blue, and at last deep purple, as it

grows hotter and hotter; so they can tell by the color how hot it is."

"That is curious," said Rollo.

"So John had a box of screws in a little stand before him, and was brightening them upon an emery-wheel. Do you know what an emery-wheel is?"

"No," said Rollo and Lucy, together.

"It is a small wheel cut out of a board, which goes round very fast by water. It has leather all around the edge, and emery on the leather, and they touch the screws on this, and the wheel, going round very fast, polishes the part of the screw which touches, and makes it very bright. John would take up a handful of screws in one hand, and then take them, one by one, in the other, and just touch them to the emery-wheel, and brighten a little spot upon each; and then drop them into another box. After he had got them all brightened, he took them to a bench, and began to temper them."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, he had a little pan of charcoal, and over it a shallow iron basin, half full of sand, which of course was hot. He would

put a few of his screws in the sand, and they would gradually heat there. He watched them, and as fast as they became blue on the little spot that he had brightened, he would take them out, and dip them in cold water.

“ While he was at the emery-wheel, brightening his screws, Mr. Naylor came to look at them ; and after examining the wheel, said he wanted to have a wheel to revolve faster, and he asked John if he could plan the machinery to make one revolve three hundred times in a second.

“ John said he did not think he could.

“ ‘ Why, you seem to be something of a scholar, John. Have you ever studied geometry ? ’ said Mr. Naylor.

“ ‘ No, sir, ’ said John ; ‘ but I want to study it very much. ’ ”

“ ‘ I thought it was likely, ’ said Mr. Naylor. ‘ Well, there is to be an evening school for teaching geometry in the village, — to begin next week, — and if you wish, you may go. ’

“ John liked this plan very much. He was very diligent and attentive to his geometry, and learned very fast, and the knowledge of it, that he acquired, helped

him very much in all his reading. He could understand the drawings of various machines, and descriptions of machines better, and he could make a great many calculations, which he could not have made before. In fact, John became at length so learned, that he had very little hard work to do. He was employed all the time in planning work, making drawings, and overseeing other workmen ; and at last, when he grew up, Mr. Naylor took him into partnership.

“He was very profitable to Mr. Naylor, for he had read so many books, that whenever any very difficult job came, he could turn to some account of the manner in which such a piece of work was done in other countries, and could make drawings for the workmen to work by. At length, one evening, as they were walking home from the shop, Mr. Naylor asked him if he should be willing to go to England.

“‘Certainly,’ said Mr. John ; ‘I should like to go to England very much.’”

“Mr. John !” said Rollo ; “what do you call him Mr. John for ?”

“Why, he was a man now, and as he had grown up in the shop from a boy, and was

always called John when a boy, the men gradually got into the habit of calling him 'Mr. John.' And now that was the name he always went by.

"Mr. Naylor then said that he had an application from a great rail-road company to superintend the construction of a rail-road, and it would be necessary for some one to go out to England, and purchase the iron rails, and chains, and iron for spikes, and also the locomotives, and to examine the foreign manufactories, so as to be able to manufacture cars and locomotives in their own machine shop, when he should get home again.

"Mr. John said he should like to go very much indeed; Mr. Naylor said his expenses would be paid out of the profits of the business. Mr. John had laid up a good deal of money of his own, and he fitted himself out with plenty of good, comfortable clothes and drawing instruments, and every thing else that he thought he should need.

"He travelled to New-York in the stage, and took passage in a Liverpool packet. He went down to the packet in a steamboat on the day of sailing, and when the steamboat

arrived alongside the packet, a couple of sailors carried his handsome black leather trunks into his state-room. He handed them a shilling a-piece, and they touched their hats, thanked him, and went away for'ard to hoist the sails.

“There were many ladies and gentlemen in the cabin, and Mr. John had a very pleasant passage. He studied French several hours every day, because he thought he should wish to travel in France before he came back, and it would be of great advantage to him to know that language.

“There was one of the sailors on board, that the captain called Jack.”

“Jack!” said Rollo; “what, was Jack in the same ship?”

“No,” said Jonas; “it was not his old friend Jack, though John thought at first it was. But it was another person. In fact, John found that Jack was a common name among sailors. He found a good many Jacks in the course of his voyages.

“Mr. John had a splendid time in his tour. About the time that he got tired of his ship, he reached port, and went ashore, and travelled, in elegant stage-coaches from

city to city, visiting great manufacturing establishments, and curious and wonderful public works. He was well supplied with money, and had the dress and manners of a gentleman, so that he was well received wherever he went.

“After spending some time in London, he went to France, and travelled through that country to Marseilles. There he set sail for home, in a large ship loaded with silks. There were a great many sailors on board this ship, and among the rest there was a Jack here too. He was at work coiling away ropes, when Mr. John came aboard. Mr. John looked at him as he always did when he saw a sailor named Jack; but he looked no more like his old playmate than the dozen other Jacks that he had seen.

“Mr. John came down to the ship, with his trunks and boxes in a cart behind.”

“With the locomotives in 'em?” said Rollo.

“O, no,” said Jonas, “they were too big to go so. He had shipped all his locomotives and iron rails from Liverpool. These boxes contained only some valuable books, and instruments of various kinds, which he

had purchased at Paris. The captain called out to Jack to take the gentleman's baggage on board. He then shook hands with Mr. John, and invited him down into the cabin.

"Mr. John had a beautiful sail along the shores of the Mediterranean."

"Why, was he in the Mediterranean?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "Marseilles is a port of the Mediterranean, and the ship sailed along the coasts of France and Spain towards Gibraltar. At last, the great Rock hove in sight."

"What great rock?" said Rollo.

"The Rock of Gibraltar. It is a great rock several miles long, and O, — very high, like a mountain. Around the bottom of it there are trees, and houses, and forts, and on one side a great town. Up above the town, there are long passages cut in the rock, with great cannon in them to fire out at the enemy. It is a famous place, — that Gibraltar.

"The captain sailed into the bay, and anchored off abreast of the Mole."

"What is the Mole?" asked Rollo.

"O, it is a long building reaching out,

into the sea, with great cannon upon it, and high walls. It is a curious place.

“When they had anchored, the captain informed Mr. John that he should not sail till next morning, and if he wished he could go ashore with him.

“Mr. John said he should like to go very much; so the captain called Jack, and told him to go and get three good oarsmen to pull him and Mr. John ashore.

“‘Yes, sir, I will,’ said Jack.

“‘That is one of the best sailors I have got aboard,’ said the captain.

“‘He looks like a fine fellow,’ said Mr. John; and he watched him as he lowered the boat and brought it alongside. Mr. John and the captain stepped on board, and the sailors rowed them ashore. They landed at a curious landing-place, which led under a great arch in the wall. The mouths of great cannon were pointing at them from all the walls around. The captain then told Jack to row back to the ship, and to come ashore for them the next morning at eight o’clock.

“‘Yes, sir,’ said Jack, touching his hat to the captain; ‘I will be here, sir.’

“As the captain was walking away, Mr. John took two half-dollars out of his pocket, and handed them to Jack, and asked him to divide them among the oarsmen who had rowed them ashore so handsomely.

“‘Thank you, sir,’ said Jack, taking them. But instead of turning round at once to his boat, he looked as if he wanted to say something, and Mr. John stopped a moment, thinking that perhaps the sailor thought it was not enough.

“In a moment, Jack said, ‘I believe I have seen you before, sir, though I suppose you do not remember me.’

“‘No,’ said Mr. John, looking him in the face, ‘I don’t remember you.’

“‘Don’t you recollect your old playmate Jack, who went to sea from Cape Cod in the *Almira*?’

“‘Why, Jack, is it possible — is this you?’ and Mr. John recognized at length, in his sunburnt and weather-beaten face, the features of his old school-fellow. He shook hands with him heartily, and talked a minute or two, and then Mr. John called back the captain.

“‘Captain,’ said he, ‘I have found that

Jack, here, was an old playmate of mine at school ; I have not seen him for many years. If it is convenient for you to spare him, I wish you would let him come ashore to-night, and look about Gibraltar a little for my sake.'

" 'Certainly,' said the captain. 'You may come, Jack. Go aboard and get ready, and you may take any one with you, you please, for company.'

" Jack thanked the gentlemen very much, and bidding Mr. John good bye, he was preparing to step into the boat. Before he went, however, he said,

" 'I recollect you said when I saw you last, Mr. John, that you meant to see foreign countries in your own way, and I must confess it is a much better way than mine.' "

AN EXPERIMENT.

WHILE Jonas had been telling the story of the two ways of going to sea, the whole party of travellers had gradually emerged from the mountain district, and descended into a spacious and beautiful plain, or rather valley beyond. They could see, many miles before them, a large river flowing through the plain, with villages, and richly cultivated fields, and green meadows, spotted with elm-trees, on either side. The children admired the beauty of the scene, and after riding about twenty miles in this open country, they arrived at a large town upon the banks of the river, which was the end of their journey. Mr. Holiday soon despatched his business. Jonas helped him, about some writing that he had to do, the whole of one day. He was copying papers almost all the time, and Rollo, and his mother, and Lucy, rambled about during that time, in the fields.

In the evening, while Mrs. Holiday, and Rollo, and Lucy, were seated at a work-table in a parlor, waiting for Mr. Holiday and Jonas to finish their writing, Rollo took up a pin which was lying upon the work-table, and said to Lucy,

“O, Lucy, I mean to see if this pin will turn straw-color, and blue, when I heat it ;” —and so saying he held the point of it in the lamp.

“*That* won’t turn straw-color, and blue,” said Lucy.

“Why? —it is bright,” said Rollo, holding it still in the flame ;—but he had just got the words spoken when he dropped the pin, with a sudden exclamation, and began rubbing and blowing his fingers.

His mother laughed aloud ; Rollo smiled, and looked rather foolish.

“Did it burn you, Rollo?” said she.

“Not much,” said he, carefully touching the pin upon the table to see if it had got cool. It was cool ; and Rollo, after examining it again, said there was not a bit of a straw-color upon it any where.

“You can’t temper a pin,” said Lucy ; “a pin is brass ; Jonas said *steel*.”

Rollo's mother looked up from her work, and seemed interested in what they were saying.

Rollo replied to Lucy that a pin was not brass, for brass was yellow, and a pin looked white; and so they appealed to Mrs. Holiday.

"Is a pin brass?" said Rollo.

"Isn't it?" said Lucy.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Holiday, looking attentively at the pin; "I have always understood that pins were made of brass, and yet it is not the color of brass; that is very plain. I will ask your father when he comes."

"Let us try it with a needle, Rollo," said Lucy; "a needle is of steel, I know."

"Well, if mother will give us one."

"Yes, I will," said she; "but first tell me what you want to do."

Then Rollo and Lucy told her what Jonas had said about tempering screws, and about the colors which bright steel would take when heated. While they were talking, she was selecting a needle from her needle-book, and at length she handed it to Rollo.

“Now, how shall I keep it from burning my fingers?” said he.

“Here, stick it into this pencil for a handle;—no, I will make a handle of a piece of paper,” said his mother.

So she took a small strip of paper, and folded it over closely, like a lamp-lighter. Then she stuck the needle into the end, in such a manner that it projected beyond the paper; and then handed the whole apparatus to Rollo.

Rollo held the end of the needle in the flame of the lamp. In a few moments the point was red hot, and when he took it out of the lamp, it cooled again suddenly; but there was a sort of a dark band between the part which had been hot, and the bright part of the needle which was inserted into the paper.

“I don’t see any straw-color, or blue,” said he.

“Let me look,” said his mother.

Mrs. Holiday examined the dark band more closely than Rollo had done.

“Yes,” said she, “I see it. This dark place has three colors. It is straw-color

outside, towards the paper; next, blue, and farther in, deep purple."

Rollo and Lucy looked, and said they saw it too; and they wanted to know what made all the colors so near together.

Mrs. Holiday said she did not know.

"There is some black, too," said Rollo, pointing to the end of the needle which had been in the flame.

"I think that is only smoke," said Mrs. Holiday; and she wiped the needle with a piece of paper, and all the smoke came off, but the colored band remained firm.

They then tried the experiment again with a large darning-needle, and they found that it succeeded still better; for the several colors were more distinct from each other, and each occupied a broader space.

After they had examined the needles as long as they wished, Rollo gave them back to his mother, and she brightened them up again, by rubbing them in her little emery-bag. The emery in the bag was the same kind with that used on emery-wheels, and it polished the needles again at once, and made them look as bright as before.

After a time Mr. Holiday came in; but, before he came, Rollo and Lucy had forgotten all about the needles, and were almost asleep upon a sofa. Mr. Holiday's coming in aroused them, and they wanted him to tell them now about fences as he had promised them. But he said he could not then, but that they must go to bed so as to be ready to set out to-morrow on their return, and perhaps he would tell them something on that subject then.

So they went to bed, and slept soundly until morning.

FENCES.

WHEN they set out the next day, Rollo observed that they were entering upon a different road from the one by which they had come. The fact was, his father was going to return another way, which was shorter, and led through a more cultivated country. When they were fairly under way, Rollo asked his father to begin telling them about fences.

“Very well,” said he. “Let me see, I was going to tell you about fences, by way of proving that knowledge on the most common subjects will increase the pleasure and interest you take in travelling.”

“Yes, sir,” said Lucy.

“I think you will find that there is some interesting knowledge to be acquired about fences. In the first place, what are fences for?”

“O, to separate one field from another,” said Rollo.

“Why is that necessary?” asked his father.

“O, so that each man may know how far his land goes.”

“No,” said Mr. Holiday, “that is not the reason. People could discern their boundaries very easily without making any fences. The chief use of fences is to keep animals, such as horses, oxen, cows, sheep, &c., off from *cultivated* land. Now, in order to do this, any sort of barricade, about five feet high, will answer, and it may be made of any materials which are most conveniently to be obtained. Now I will mention some of the most common kinds of fences, and describe each. They are:—

1. The brush fence.
2. The log fence.
3. The stake fence.
4. The zigzag fence.
5. The post and rail fence.
6. The board fence.
7. The stone fence.”

“O, how many fences!” said Rollo.

“The *brush* fence,” continued his father, “is the easiest to make, and the cheapest; but it can only be made in the woods, or

where there is a great plenty of trees and tall bushes. They have nothing to buy to make it with, and need no tools but an axe. A couple of men, with axes, go out into the woods, and cut down small, bushy trees, and lay them along upon the ground, the top of one over the butt of the other; and the branches make a kind of barricade five or six feet high, that the cattle cannot get over. If, in any place, the branches are not thick enough, or high enough, they put other smaller bushes on, and if necessary they keep them up by cross-stakes driven into the ground."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, they drive two stakes into the ground, so that the upper parts cross each other like the letter X, and then the butt end of the bush rests in the crotch. So you see they only need axes to sharpen the stakes, and to cut down the trees. They generally have a yoke of oxen to haul the trees to their places in the fence."

"I never saw such a fence as that," said Rollo.

"I should *like* to see one," said Lucy.

"They are very common in the woods,

but not in the open country. They cannot be made except where there is a great plenty of trees. And then, after a short time, the branches get dry and brittle; and then the fence is easily broken through, and it is very combustible, and burns furiously if a fire happens to get into it from fires in the woods. Still, it is very commonly the way that they make the first fences in the woods on new farms.

“The next kind of fence is a *log* fence. This is made of logs one over the other, and is very solid and durable.”

“How do they keep the logs up?” said Rollo.

“In a curious way,” said Mr. Holiday. “They first put one very large log down upon the ground, in the direction of the fence they are going to make. Then they put down another, beyond, reaching still farther on, where the fence is going to be. But these logs are not placed exactly end to end, but the ends lap by one another a little, so that a *short* log may be placed across from one to the other. So all the ground logs have a short log passing across the ends where they come together, and the second

course of logs rests on these short logs, and over these there are other short logs on which the upper course of logs rests."

"I should think they would roll off of the short logs," said Rollo's mother.

"They cut deep notches or hollows in the short logs, and thus form beds for the ends of the long logs to lie in securely.

"This makes a very good, substantial fence, and a pretty cheap one, where they have more tall trees for logs than they know what to do with."

"I never saw one," said Rollo.

"O, we passed them day before yesterday; but you did not notice them, I suppose. They are not common in the open country, for there the logs are worth a great deal more for lumber or for firewood. There is one great advantage which this fence possesses; that is, there is no part underground, and therefore, it does not rot easily.

"Next comes the *rail* fence. When trees and bushes grow scarce, the farmer has to economize his materials, and so he splits up his logs into *rails*, as they are called, and then they will go a great deal further. He generally gets cedar for this purpose, both

because it splits easily into long clefts, and also because it is very durable.

“Then there must be some contrivance for keeping the rails up, and there are several plans. One way is to lay them, like a log fence, with short pieces across the ends; but this is not a good way.”

“Why not?” said Rollo.

“The rails are not heavy enough to keep themselves firm in their places, as the logs are. So they have other modes. There,” continued Mr. Holiday, pointing over into a field, “there is one way.”

The children looked, and saw a fence made of rails laid in a zigzag form, in such a manner that the ends of the rails at the corners were laid across one another, so as to be supported without any post.

“That is a very common way of making a rail fence,” said Mr. Holiday, “and there are two advantages in it. One is, it saves the trouble of making posts, and the other is, no part of it is under ground to rot away.”

“Why don’t they always make rail fences so, then?” said Rollo.

“Because,” said his father, “in the first

place it requires more rails, on account of the crooked direction, than would be necessary for a straight fence ; and then, besides, it takes up a great deal of ground. For they can only plough and cultivate up to the outer angles of the fence on each side, which leaves a space of several feet between, useless.

“A better way, therefore, to make the rail fence is to put posts into the ground, and then cut holes through the posts, and put the ends of the rails into the holes.”

“Why don't they nail them to the posts ?” asked Rollo.

“Because the rails are so large, and irregular in shape, that it would be very difficult to nail them ; and the cost of the nails, too, would be considerable.

“*Board* fences come next. When the timber of a country becomes more scarce, so that it is not easy to get rails, they use boards.”

“Yes, sir,” said Rollo ; “and they can nail the boards.”

“Yes, they put posts down sometimes, and nail the boards to the posts ; and sometimes they drive stakes down and support

the boards by *withs*. Did you ever notice a board fence made with *withs*?"

"No, sir," said Rollo.

"They drive down two stakes where the ends of one length of the fence are to come; one stake is on one side of the fence, and the other upon the other. Then, after putting in the lower boards, they bind in a *with*, made of long, slender twigs, directly over the upper edge of the lower board, in a very curious way, so as to bind the two stakes together, and also to furnish a support for the second board. The third or upper board is supported in the same manner. Thus they save all expense for nails, and they do not have to dig post holes; for stakes that are sharpened and driven down with an axe will answer.

"A more substantial way is to set posts, and nail the boards to the posts; and then they generally nail a narrow piece up and down the posts so as to cover and conceal the ends of the boards."

By the time Mr. Holiday had got so far as this, in his descriptions, the children were on the watch for the different kinds of fences, as they passed along the road. They ob-

served rail fences, and board fences of various kinds, and were looking out very sharply for every peculiarity in the mode of fixing them. There were a good many stone walls, and presently Rollo said that his father had not told them about walls.

“No,” said he, “I was coming to that next. Walls are the best kind of fences, though they cost the most.”

“O father,” said Rollo, “I should not think such old stones would cost any thing at all.”

“The stones themselves do not cost any thing—it is the time and labor in hauling them, and laying them in the wall. When the stones are all ready on the land, it is an excellent plan to make stone wall. It will last a great many years.”

“I should think it would last forever,” said Rollo’s mother.

“The frost heaves it a little every year, until at length it gets out of shape at the top, and finally tumbles down. You sometimes see an old stone wall, by the side of the road, running in and out like a zigzag rail fence. It is the work of the frost heaving away upon the foundation, every year for

perhaps fifty years. They can prevent this, however, by making a foundation. To get a good foundation, they dig a long trench, as deep as the frost goes, and then fill it up with loose stones. The frost then cannot heave it, and it stands firm and solid, perhaps for a century."

Rollo and Lucy both acknowledged that they had been very much interested in this lecture on fences, and they took a great deal of interest and pleasure in observing the various kinds of fences, all the rest of the day. Mr. Holiday told them that that would be the effect of knowledge on all subjects whatever. "Learn, therefore, all you can, children, on all subjects. For even if you never have to turn your knowledge to practical account, the possession of it will often be the means of giving you pleasure."

Jonas had no time to tell the children any more stories during this journey, for the whole party soon reached home. The afternoon before they arrived, however, when they stopped at a tavern for the last time, Rollo and Lucy were standing at the door, impatient for the horses to finish their oats,

so that they might go on, for they were eager to get home again. They saw Jonas coming out of the barn.

“Are the horses ready?” said Rollo.

“Not quite yet,” said Jonas.

“What are they eating?” said Rollo.

“A peck of oats apiece,” Jonas replied.

“A peck! O, how many! They’ll get some grass when we get home, won’t they, Jonas?”

“Yes,” said Jonas; “we shall turn them out to pasture at once.”

“Why don’t you put them into a pasture, here, at the taverns, as we go along, and so let them have grass instead of oats?”

“O, because,” said Jonas.

“Because what?” asked Lucy.

“Why, it would take them longer to make a dinner of grass. And besides, they might jump over the fence; and then what should we do?”

“If it was a good rail fence of five bars, they couldn’t,” said Rollo.

“How came you to know about rail fences?” said Jonas.

“Father told us all about fences, the other day,” replied Rollo.

“ Did he ? ”

“ Yes ; and when I get home, I am going to make some little fences.”

“ So I would,” said Jonas. “ You might turn your little sand-garden, in the corner of the yard, into a farm, and have a pasture, and mowing field, and corn-field, and garden, and then enclose all the different fields with different kinds of fences.”

“ So we can,” said Rollo, clapping his hands.

“ No, we can't,” said Lucy ; “ we can't make the little fences.”

“ Yes,” said Jonas, “ I think you might. You might make very good ones with a knife and a gimlet.”

“ What should we do for boards,” said Lucy, “ to make a board fence ? ”

“ O, we could split up shingles,” said Rollo.

“ Yes,” said Jonas, “ and you could use twine for *withes*. I can show you how to put it on.”

“ And we can make a stone wall very easily,” said Lucy, “ for we can pick up the stones all about the yard.”

“ Yes,” said Jonas, “ though it is not very

easy to lay stone wall so that it will stand firm. But I must go and see if the horses are ready.”

So Jonas went back again to the barn, and the children determined that, the very next day after they got home, they would begin their farm, and put upon it models of as many different kinds of fences as they could make; and they thought that, with Jonas's help, it would be a good many. When they got into the carryall, Rollo asked his father what he thought of the plan; and he said he thought it was an excellent one; he even gave them some encouragement that perhaps he would help them a little himself.

Rollo and Lucy continued to talk about this plan, until they reached the end of the journey.

THE END.

