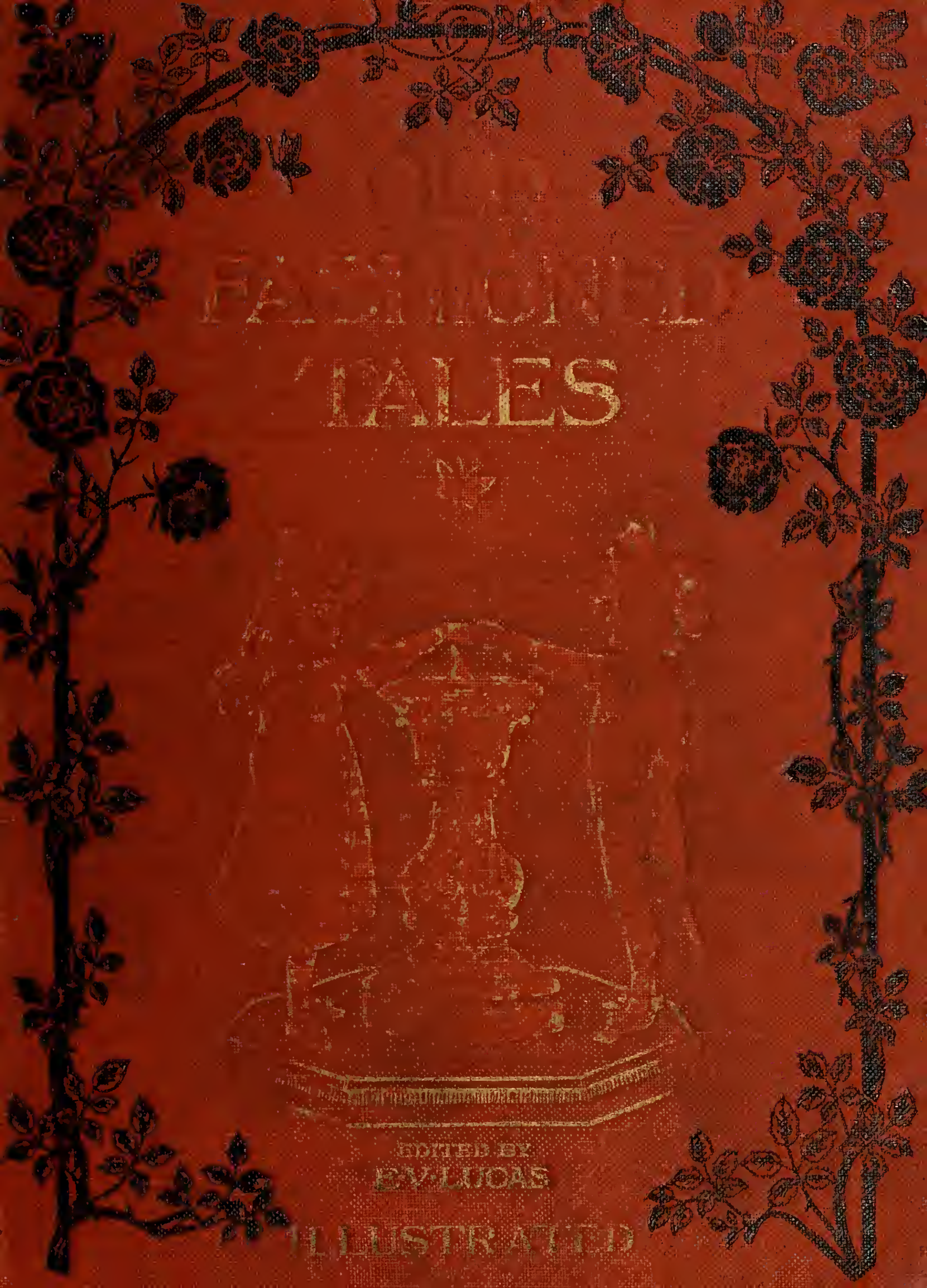
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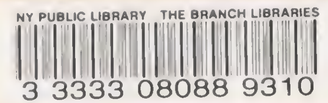
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Old-fashioned Tales

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The children come, the children go;
To day grows quickly yesterday;
And we, who quiz quaint fashions so
We soon shall seem as quaint as they

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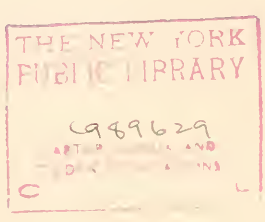

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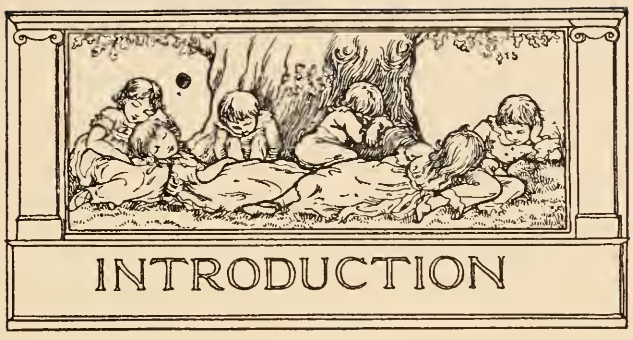


INTRODUCTION

I.

The nineteen stories in this volume were written before the days when authors of books for children added to their ambition to please the nursery the wish to be thought clever outside it too; and though it may of course be held that the desire to point a moral—to impart ethical instruction—was quite as pronounced as it ought to be among all these writers, and that they spent at least as much time in being didactic as we moderns in being clever, yet it seems to me that, taking the times into account, to be didactic was permissible; whereas to be consciously clever is still really against the rules.

The children of those days—our great-great-grandfathers—expected didacticism. It was part of the game. The first remark that a grown-up visitor to the nursery then made had a flavour of admonishment or of a superior standard of conduct; the last remark was its twin. The camaraderie, the good fellowship, the equality, that now subsists between children and so many of their elders, was then as unknown as electric light. Children were still the immature young of man; they had not been discovered as personalities, temperaments, individuals. Perhaps of late the exploitation following upon this discovery has been a little overdone.

The way towards a nicer appreciation of the child's own

peculiar characteristics was, however, being sought by at least two writers of the eighteenth century, each of whom was before his time: Henry Brooke, who in *The Fool of Quality* first drew a small boy with a sense of fun and William Blake, who was the first to see how exquisitely worth study a child's mind may be.

In the present collection there is, I think, no example either of condescension or showing-off—the two principal faults of books for children. All the authors seem to me to be simple and single-minded: they wished above all to be interesting. In children's books single-mindedness is perhaps of more importance than in any other branch of literature, for only single-mindedness (single-mindedness in the wish to give the nursery a good time) can carry one across the gulf fixed between the adultness of the writer and the youthfulness of the reader. Of no other planks can that bridge be built. Imagination, sympathy, patience, and other materials go also to the structure, but single-mindedness is first. Recently it has been from the fashion of children's books that too many writers seem to have been taking their impulse, rather than from the genuine wish to give the nursery a good time; whereas, of course, there should be no other ambition. To give the nursery a good time is the whole thing—the beginning, and the middle, and the end. Without it no children's book can live. Against the argument can be adduced such an objection as *Robinson Crusoe*, which certainly (one may urge) was not written to give the nursery a good time. And yet *Robinson* supports it too; for never was a book more single-mindedly conceived and written. In it, while aiming, as Defoe did, at the reader with a love of adventure and circumstantial minute description, he was aiming (if unconsciously) at the nursery too. It is in the nursery that love of adventure and circumstantial minute narrative begins, and the part of us where it is lodged is one of the parts that never grow up. We may thank heaven for some arrested developments. *Robinson*, then, is on our side. And, of course, Miss Edgeworth is, and Thomas Day, and Mrs. Trimmer, and Mrs. Sherwood, and Edward

Lear ('There was an old Derry down Derry who loved to see little folk merry, *so* he made them a book,' and so forth : proof positive), and Jacob Abbott, and the Lambs and the other writers in the following pages.

The scheme of the book precluding more than one or two stories from any one writer, and the quality of the stories of the period in which I was hunting being very poor, it was necessary, before the nineteen stories that form this one volume were collected, to look through, I suppose, as many as a hundred others. Even now I am only too well aware that not every story may be thought very interesting ; yet each, I think, has something in its favour even in this exacting age, while about all there is to me a very agreeable flavour of old-fashionedness.

The earliest in point of time is that which describes the wanderings of the good-natured and ill-natured little boys (perhaps an amusing rather than an admirable history), the latest is 'Bob and Dog Quiz.' This is indeed so late—1847—as to be almost in the new spirit, as is also the chapter from *Holiday House*. It is interesting to see the new spirit creeping in.

II.

I have made one or two slight alterations in 'Little Jack' (page 1), solely for the purpose of adding (in this critical day, when the nursery's sense of the ridiculous is so carefully fostered) to its merits as a story to be read aloud. Now and then it would be, in its original form, quite too comic, although when it was written by the odd but kindly Thomas Day, whose only thought was to do something useful for his fellows, it could probably have been read without an ill-placed smile in any company of children

Thomas Day (1748-1789) is best known as the author of *Sandford and Merton*, 1783-1789. The 'History of Little Jack' was first published in Stockdale's *Children's Miscellany*, and republished separately in 1788. It is one of the most human of the early stories for and about children.

The stories of the 'Good-natured Little Boy' and the 'Ill-natured Little Boy,' on page 41, are from *Sandford and Merton;* they are told to Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton by Mr. Barlow, and help in the perfecting of their characters; in the original they are separated by some pages of conversation. Here it seemed better to keep them together, and I have also made one trifling change of word. The knowledge that good people are not all good, nor bad people all bad, although possessed by the dramatists and novelists for many generations, was entertained by but few writers for the nursery in those days. We are wiser now, but the secret is still not shouted.

'The Purple Jar,' one of the most famous stories in the book, is by a great friend of Thomas Day—Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849). It was indeed for *Harry and Lucy*, by Maria Edgeworth's father, her step-mother and herself, that *Sandford and Merton* was originally written. 'The Purple Jar' is the first story in the 'Rosamund' part of *Early Lessons*, 1801; and I include it here, not because it is one of its author's best stories, or worthy to stand beside the other from her pen later in this book, but because it founded a school and probably gave the note to Miss (or Mrs.) Mant for her 'Little Blue Bag,' on page 130, which covers much of the same ground. Those familiar characters—the little bright wilful girl and the wise yet kindly mother—make, I think, their first appearance in nursery literature in 'The Purple Jar.' It is, however, possible to feel that Rosamund's mother might profitably have redistributed her wisdom and kindliness so as to have rather less of the one and rather more of the other. It is possible, also, to feel more sorry for Rosamund, whose only fault was inexperience, than her creator seems to have done. But those were stern, implacable times.

'Little Robert and the Owl,' on page 70, is the only contribution to this volume by Mrs. Sherwood (1775-1851), the famous author of *The Fairchild Family* and many another well-known work, including *Little Henry and his Bearer.* The study of Mrs. Sherwood which I undertook in the search for the present material was not, I am bound to confess, ex-

hilarating. Although gifted with considerable literary skill, Mrs. Sherwood's attitude to children and life seems to me to have been curiously wrong. No one in that busy day toiled harder, although I have no doubt unconsciously, to make very good children priggish and less good children unhappy. Through her immense volume of writings runs a strong streak of moral snobbishness utterly opposed to the federation of mankind. Children are called upon at every turn to assist in the separation of the sheep and the goats. This strikes me as mischievous and retrogressive, although, since in Mrs. Sherwood's day it was expected, she must not be too hardly treated. 'Little Robert,' however, is a simple narrative unmarred by the defect I have named.

Mrs. Sherwood's faults are not wholly summed up in the foregoing indictment. I regret to say that in the story of Emily's recovery, in *The Fairchild Family*, she makes honeysuckle, wild roses, primroses, violets, and anemones bloom simultaneously.

'The Trial,' on page 86, is from *Evenings at Home*, by John Aikin (1747-1822) and his sister, Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743-1825). It is a little book in three volumes which formed part of every child's library for many years, and might well be modernized for the children of our own time. For the most part the book is instructive; only rarely is there any fun. Mrs. Barbauld's share was only fifteen pieces, and it is, I think, probable that Dr. Aikin was the author of 'The Trial,' which was, he says, imitated from an old book called *Juvenile Trials*. This I have not seen, but in Mary Howitt's *Treasury of Tales*, 1860, a similar collection to the present volume, is an extract describing the trial of one Sally Delia.

We come now, on page 98, to one of the best stories for children that has been written—'The Basket Woman,' by Maria Edgeworth. In her previous story, 'The Purple Jar,' we saw Miss Edgeworth only as a moral narrator for the nursery; here she is something more--a novelist for the nursery. She was the first to bring the machinery of the novel to bear upon such events as children want to hear about;

she gave them the minutiæ they love, and she took care that virtue never went unrewarded. 'Virtue rewarded,' indeed, might have been, as in *Pamela*, the sub-title of her every tale. The description of the inn at Dunstable could hardly be excelled by any novelist for ordinary readers, and yet there is nothing in it unfitting younger comprehensions.

'The Basket Woman' comes from *The Parent's Assistant*, which, begun in 1796, was issued in six volumes in 1800, and is still a favourite book, and likely to remain so. I wish I could have included also 'Waste Not, Want Not,' from the same book.

The story on page 122 called 'Limby Lumpy; or, the Boy who was spoiled by his Mamma,' comes from *The Holiday Book*, and may perhaps be by the editor, William Martin (1801-1867), the principal Peter Parley in this country. I say principal, because the popularity of that pseudonym led to its adoption by at least six other writers for children. Martin, whose first *Peter Parley's Annual* was published in 1840, when the outbreak of Peter Parlishness began to be general among the juvenile publishing firms, took the name from Samuel Goodrich, the American, whose career as Peter dated from 1838.

To William Martin's pages I am indebted also for the story entitled 'A Plot of Gunpowder.' This he may himself have written, but I seem to detect in 'Limby Lumpy' a more gifted hand. The joke about the pavior's assistant was, I fear, not original; the epigram on the ponderous Dr. Tadloe came first:

> 'When Tadloe walks abroad, the paviors cry,
> "This way, good sir," and lay their rammers by'

'Limby Lumpy' is in one respect a new kind of story, for in it everyone is foolish—not only Limby Lumpy, as is proper, but also his father and mother. For the most part in stories for children one or other of the parents is kept sensible, as a foil; but the satirical and rather Thackerayan pen that gave us this little history had no conscience.

'Limby Lumpy' is also the first story on our list that deals

in a natural and human manner with naughtiness. Thomas Day's ill-natured little boy was wicked in grain, Rosamund was merely unformed and impulsive ; but Limby Lumpy was naughty. It was a kindly thought of his author (but perhaps confusing to the nursery) to set the origin of the evil in the boy's parents.

'The Little Blue Bag,' on page 130, comes from a three-volume collection of stories called *Tales for Ellen*, 1825. The author was Alicia Catherine Mant, a lady of whom I know no more than that she wrote also long stories for older children or grown-up people. 'The Little Blue Bag' is her prettiest tale. There is in it more of the pleasantest relations between a mother and a little girl in an English house of seven or eight decades ago than in any story in this book. More, perhaps, than any other of the stories, 'The Little Blue Bag' is Ann-and-Jane-Taylorism translated into prose. Mrs. Clavering's kind, quick, good sense does much to balance the foolishness of the mothers on either side of her : Limby Lumpy's mother, on the one hand, and, on the other, Alfred's mother in 'The Oyster Patties.'

Both the authorship and the source of 'The Oyster Patties,' on page 159, are unknown to me, but it is a good story. Like 'Limby Lumpy' and 'The Villager Metamorphosed,' it possesses another of the infrequent mothers who were at least as blameworthy as the child. Indeed, Alfred's mother, since she told a distinct falsehood, is as much worthy of being the protagonist of a moral story as her little son, with a very severe punishment to complete it.

In the old books, as I have said, the parents who can do no wrong are very numerous ; but they are, it should be pointed out, usually the parents of the central child. There are very often parents and relations of other and subsidiary children whose undesirable habits are exceedingly valuable by way of contrast. Comparisons were never odious to the old moralists. Thus, in Miss Edgeworth's 'Simple Susan' we have the rapacious family of Attorney Case ; and in the 'Story of the Ill-natured Little Boy,' on page 48, the badness of the father

is insisted upon. But the worst instances of central rectitude and outside deplorableness occur, perhaps, in *The F. irchild Family*, where the young Fairchilds are called upon by their father (to the author's perfect satisfaction) to notice the defects or 'besetting sins' of the Crosbies.

'The Changeling,' on page 169, is by Mary Lamb (1763-1847), and it comes from *Mrs. Leicester's School*, 1809. By the quaint scheme of that book, in order that the girls at the school might quickly become acquainted with each other at the beginning of the term, they sit round the fire, and, encouraged by their governess, tell in turn the story of their lives. 'The Changeling' is the story of Ann Withers. 'The Sea Voyage,' on page 188, which was contributed to the same volume by Charles Lamb (1775-1834) is the story of little Arabella Hardy.

'The Changeling,' which I have cut short some pages before the original ending, is not, I think, by any means the best story in *Mrs. Leicester's School*—indeed, it is least characteristic and charming ; but it is the most interesting, judged purely as a record of events, and therefore I have included it here. But for Mary Lamb's true gift of simple and sympathetic narrative one must go rather to 'The Sailor Uncle,' to 'The Father's Wedding Day,' or to 'The Young Mahometan.'

'The Sea Voyage' is an example of Charles Lamb's treatment of a totally unfamiliar theme. Whether he made it up, or whether the story embodies the experiences of some child of whom he had heard, we probably shall never know. My own impression is that he did not make it up. He rarely invented material ; he took that where he found it, and invented the embroidery.

The story to which the title 'Embellishment' has been given is a chapter from *Madeline*, one of the Franconia stories of Jacob Abbott (1803-1879). It here follows the text of *The Beechnut Book*, which I compiled for Messrs. Methuen's Little Blue Books a year or so ago. Jacob Abbott, as is said in the preface to that book, wrote altogether more than two hundred books. Many of these were books of information—histories and so forth—and many were stories, nearly all of which were

written in series. That in which Beechnut is found is in the Franconia series Franconia being a district in New York State. The centre of the stories is Mrs. Henry's farm, where Beechnut was what we should call a handy man, although rather a young one. In America a handy man is as good as anyone else ; and Beechnut was also a friend of the family. Phonny, or Alphonso, was Mrs. Henry's only child, and Madeline (called Malleville in some of the books) was his cousin. The Franconia stories have never had in this country the popularity which I think they deserve. Nor have, indeed, any of Abbott's writings.

His Rollo books are hardly less interesting ; but I have found it impossible, so matter-of-fact and ordinary is their texture, to extract one single story of sufficient interest from any of them. One gets the full effect of Jacob Abbott's pleasant, leisurely, and very wise pen only from the whole book. He appeals cumulatively, less than page by page, or even chapter by chapter.

'The Misses,' on page 213, from the *Juvenile Forget-me-not* for 1830, is by Mrs. Barbauld, and was published posthumously. It is included for its ingenuity and old-fashioned naiveté.

The *Stories of Old Daniel* (about 1809), from which I have taken the 'Robbers' Cave,' on page 220, was one of the publications of Mrs. William Godwin, second wife of the philosopher Its anonymity has led certain enterprising booksellers to catalogue it under the name of Charles Lamb (whose children's books were written for the Godwins), hoping thereby to catch the too confiding collector. It is hardly necessary to say that Lamb did not write it ; apart from the evidence of literary style, robbers' caves were not at all in his line. I have not discovered who Old Daniel was, but there are signs that his origin was French, or at least foreign, and the book may be one of those translations upon which we know Mrs. Godwin herself to have worked.

I do not greatly admire this story, which is too retrospective, too much 'emotion recollected in tranquillity '; but Old

Daniel was once a favourite, and his narrative is included here partly for that reason, and partly because a robbers' cave is an agreeable incident in a book too much concerned with good and naughty children in ordinary English homes.

To another of these children—this time a girl—we come in 'The Inquisitive Girl,' on page 230, a story of which I give only half. The remainder, which is not interesting, may be found by the curious in *The Amusements of Westenheath*, a book which I have not succeeded in seeing, or in Mary Howitt's *Treasury of Tales*. I do not know the author of 'The Inquisitive Girl.' The device of the torn letter, which is very neat, I have seen in ordinary novels more than once, especially in treasure-hunting tales, but not before or since in a morality for the nursery.

'Helen Holmes; or, The Villager Metamorphosed,' on page 242, is from *The Parents' Offering*, 1813, by Mrs. Caroline Barnard. It is not, I think, a very good story, but there are points of interest. The wholly inexcusable conduct of Miss Meadows towards the end is a sad blot, which, had it come earlier, would have disqualified the tale altogether; but the spirited description of the birthday-party which precedes it led me to retain it. I have already commented on the undesirableness of Caroline's mother, yet she is done with some realistic skill. Taken as a whole, however, the tale is without the illusion of reality, and perhaps when all is said won its place more by its absurdity than any other merit.

'Helen Holmes' paves the way, however, for the good sense and freshness of 'Bob and Dog Quiz,' on page 285, the longest story in the book, and I think the one which probably is least known. I found it in a little volume called *Simple Tales for the Young*, 1847, but the author's name I have not discovered, nor anything about her, except that she wrote also *The Gipsies and Fairy Birds from Fairy Islet; or, The Children of the Forest*, a book which sounds well, but which I have not seen.

'Bob and Dog Quiz' seems to me the work of a very charming mind, and a very unusual one, too, in children's

books, especially in 1847. To-day we expect a certain amount of sympathy with mischief and revolt, but sixty years ago things were different, and the creator of Bob was among the innovators. There are, I think, internal indications that the story is more or less a true one, and that a Bob really existed. Perhaps he lives still. I do not remember anywhere a fresher or more spirited description of a game than that which begins on page 309; it was quite a literary feat to get so much vigour and fun into it Nor even in quite modern books is there a truer nursery conversation than that on page 295. Just so are nurses criticised.

To 'A Plot of Gunpowder' I have already referred, and we come now to the last of the nineteen—to 'Uncle David's Nonsensical Story of Giants and Fairies,' which is from that still admirable and entertaining book *Holiday House*, 1839, by Catherine Sinclair (1800-1864). Miss Sinclair was associated with giants from earliest days, for she was one of so tall a family that when a new pavement was laid before her father's house in Edinburgh, it was called 'The Giants' Causeway.' In addition to *Holiday House*, she wrote a number of shrewd and amusing novels, and she also compiled a note-book of excellent sense and humour—*The Kaleidoscope*. Among her hobbies was the writing of picture-letters or hieroglyphics, several of which were published in Edinburgh some forty years ago. One of these I have borrowed to illustrate this rambling preface (see pages xvi-xix).

Miss Sinclair's *Holiday House* was the first children's book, so far as I know, in which the modern spirit manifests itself. Hitherto children had been meek and acceptive in the presence of their elders – naughty enough, of course, on occasion, but never daring to dream that mistakes could come from those in authority. The first example of modern nursery scepticism that I can recollect is in *Holiday House*; but there was a hint of encouraged disrespect many years before, in the *Fool of Quality*, in the joyous description of the engine devised for driving a needle through the seat of Mr. Vindex's chair. That book, however, if ever it reached children, did so by

A FIRST OF APRIL NONSENSE LETTER

As was going to St Ives

I met

Each wife had

Each cat had

Each rat had

How many were going to St Ives.

My dearest little Pet

Enclosed is my D visite Also one

of Dr, Dr, the of

Mr and Mrs Baby's picture

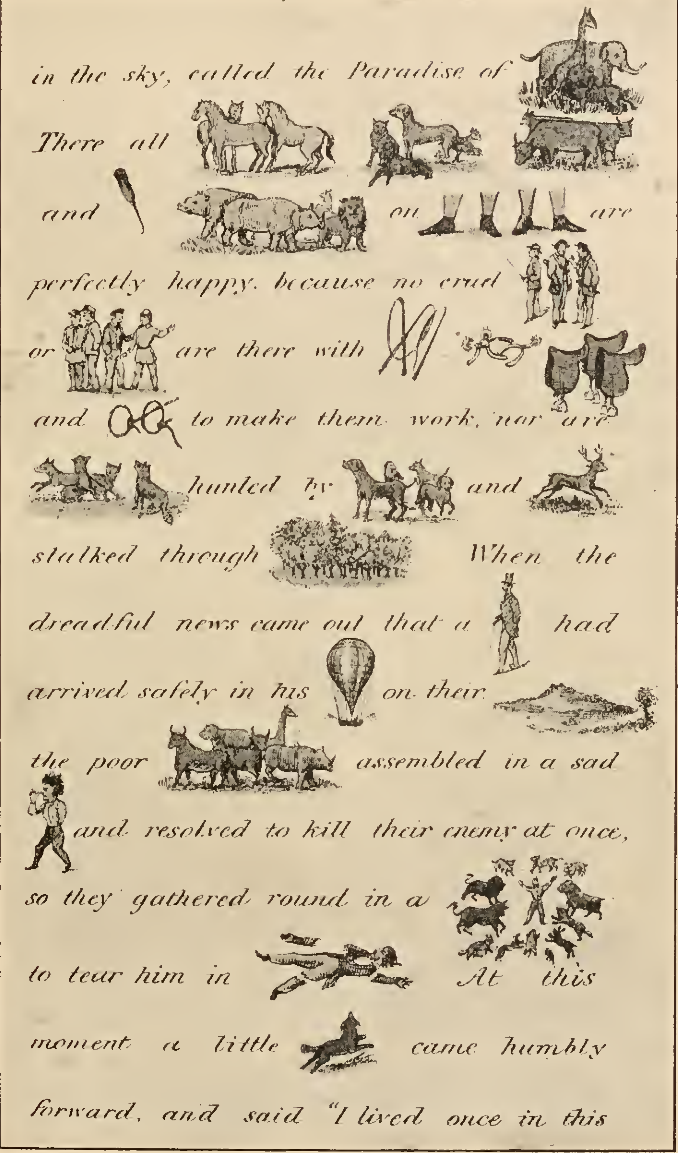
as ugly as an or a was taken

in spite of her but we got

to amuse her, and also a

A was blown by a very strong

yesterday, till it rose up to an


in the sky, called the Paradise of
There all
and on are
perfectly happy, because no cruel
or are there with
and to make them work, nor are
hunted by and
stalked through When the
dreadful news came out that a had
arrived safely in his on their
the poor assembled in a sad
and resolved to kill their enemy at once,
so they gathered round in a
to tear him in At this
moment a little came humbly
forward, and said "I lived once in this

He gave me a nice clean plenty of good and sometimes a large fine for dinner or a as a treat." Next came an old saying, "he had a warm with this good master, and as much and as He could devour. An came next and said This good allowed me to eat my in peace and sometimes left me a whole day without with a The now agreed that as this seemed so much better than other they would spare his life but pack him off instantly in his and so they let him escape for this once, saying, that if ever he showed his again in the paradise of

they would crush him to
little and take
this lesson and be very kind to your
your your
and your till if ever you are blown
to the paradise of you may
be invited to remain there a few days.

Good-bye

circuitous routes, whereas *Holiday House* was written for them, and for them only.

Whether or no nursery scepticism found its first observer in Miss Sinclair, it is certain that hers was the first comic giant in the modern manner. The fancy that he was so tall that he was 'obliged to climb up a ladder to comb his own hair' is the beginning of half the nursery wit of the present day. I wonder whether Professor Clifford remembered Miss Sinclair when he wrote his perfect nonsense story of 'The Giant's Shoes' for *The Little People* in 1874. I must quote a little:

'The Giant slept for three weeks at a time, and two days after he woke his breakfast was brought to him, consisting of bright brown horses sprinkled on his bread and butter. Besides his boots, the Giant had a pair of shoes, and in one of them his wife lived when she was at home; on other occasions she lived in the other shoe. She was a sensible, practical kind of woman, with two wooden legs and a clothes-horse, but in other respects not rich. The wooden legs were kept pointed at the ends, in order that if the Giant were dissatisfied with his breakfast, he might pick up any stray people that were within reach, using his wife as a fork; this annoyed the inhabitants of the district, so that they built their church in a south-westerly direction from the castle, behind the Giant's back, that he might not be able to pick them up as they went in. But those who stayed outside to play pitch-and-toss were exposed to great danger and sufferings.

'Now, in the village there were two brothers of altogether different tastes and dispositions, and talents and peculiarities and accomplishments, and in this way they were discovered not to be the same person. The elder of them was most marvellously good at singing, and could sing the Old Hundredth an old hundred times without stopping. Whenever he did this, he stood on one leg and tied the other round his neck to avoid catching cold and spoiling his voice; but the neighbours fled. And he was also a rare hand at making guava dumplings out of three cats and a shoe-horn, which is an accomplishment

seldom met with. But his brother was a more meagre magnanimous person, and his chief accomplishment was to eat a waggon-load of hay overnight, and wake up thatched in the morning.'

That passage, taken in conjunction with Miss Sinclair's story, illustrates the progress of nonsense since *Holiday House*. The tendency, perhaps, has always been to be a little too clever ; very often the cleverness crowds out the nonsense altogether Miss Sinclair was sufficiently near the old moral tradition to be careful to tell a good story all the time, which too many of our modern nursery fun-makers are not.

E. V. L.

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Old-Fashioned Tales

The History of Little Jack

HERE was once a poor lame old man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor in the North of England. He had formerly been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg by a wound he had received in battle when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man, when he found himself thus disabled, built a little hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground, which he made a shift to cultivate with his own hands, and which supplied him with potatoes and vegetables. Besides this, he sometimes gained a few halfpence by opening a gate for travellers, which stood near his house. He did not indeed get much, because few people passed that way. What he earned was, however, enough to purchase clothes and the few necessaries he wanted. But though poor, he was strictly honest, and never failed night and morning to address his prayers to God ; by which means he was respected by all who knew him, much more than many who were superior to him in rank and fortune.

This old man had one domestic. In his walks over the common, he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger; he took it home to his cottage, fed it with the produce of his garden, and nursed it till it grew strong and vigorous. Little Nan (for that was the name he gave it) returned his cares with gratitude, and became as much attached to him as a dog. All day she browsed upon the herbage that grew around his hut, and at night reposed upon the same bed of straw with her master. Frequently did she divert him with her innocent tricks and gambols. She would nestle her little head in his bosom, and eat out of his hand part of his scanty allowance of bread, which he never failed to divide with his favourite. The old man often beheld her with silent joy, and, in the innocent effusions of his heart, would lift his hands to heaven, and thank the Deity that, even in the midst of poverty and distress, had raised him up one faithful friend.

One night, in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard the feeble cries and lamentations of a child. As he was naturally charitable, he arose and struck a light, and, going out of his cottage, examined on every side. It was not long before he discerned an infant, which had probably been dropped by some strolling beggar or gipsy. The old man stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. 'Shall I,' said he, 'who find it so difficult to live at present, encumber myself with the care of an helpless infant, that will not for many years be capable of contributing to its own subsistence? And yet,' added he, softening with pity, 'can I deny assistance to a human being still more miserable than myself? Will not that Providence which feeds the birds of the wood and the beasts of the field, and which has promised to bless all those that are kind and charitable, assist my

feeble endeavours? At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night; for without I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned wretch must perish with cold before the morning.' Saying this, he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags; the little foundling, too, seemed to be sensible of his kindness, and, smiling in his face, stretched out his little arms as if to embrace his benefactor.

When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food; but, looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and therefore had milk to spare; so he called her to him, and, presenting the child to her, was overjoyed to find that it took her milk as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat submitted without opposition to discharge the duties of a nurse. Contented with this experiment, the old man wrapped the child up as warmly as he could, and stretched himself out to rest, with the consciousness of having done a humane action.

Early the next morning he was awakened by the cries of the child, who, with the assistance of his faithful Nan, he fed as he had done the night before. And now the old man began to feel an interest in the child, which made him defer some time longer the taking measures to be delivered from its care. 'Who knows,' said he, 'but Providence, which has preserved this child in so wonderful a manner, may have destined it to something equally wonderful in its future life, and may bless me as the humble agent of its decrees? At least, as he grows bigger, he will be a pleasure and comfort to me in this lonely cabin, and will assist in cutting turf for fuel and cultivating the garden.' From this time he became more and more attached to the little foundling, who, in a short time, learned to consider the old man as a parent, and delighted

him with its innocent caresses. Gentle Nanny, too, the goat, seemed to adopt him with equal tenderness as her offspring : she would stretch herself out upon the ground, while he crawled upon his hands and knees towards her ; and when he had satisfied his hunger, he would nestle by her side and go to sleep.

It was wonderful to see how this child, thus left to Nature, increased in strength and vigour. Unfettered by bandages or restraints, his limbs acquired their due proportions and form ; his countenance was full and florid, and gave indications of perfect health ; and, at an age when other children are scarcely able to support themselves with the assistance of a nurse, this little foundling could run alone. It was true that he sometimes failed in his attempts and fell to the ground ; but the ground was soft, and Little Jack—for so the old man called him—was not tender or delicate ; he never minded thumps or bruises, but boldly scrambled up again and pursued his way. In a short time Little Jack was completely master of his legs ; and as the summer came on, he attended his mother, the goat, upon the common, and used to play with her for hours together ; sometimes rolling under her, and frisking about as if he had been really a kid. As to his clothing, Jack was not much encumbered with it ; he had neither shoes nor stockings nor shirt ; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise.

In a short time after this Jack began to imitate the sounds of his father, the man, and his mother, the goat ; nor was it long before he learned to speak articulately. The old man, delighted with this first dawn of reason, used to place him upon his knee and converse with him for hours together, while his pottage was slowly boiling amid the embers of a turf fire. As he grew bigger, Jack became

of considerable use to his father; he could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence; and, as to the cookery of the family, it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself.

During the winter nights, the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen during his youth—the battles and sieges he had been witness to, and the hardships he had undergone; all this he related with so much vivacity that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure was to see daddy shoulder his crutch, instead of a musket, and give the word of command. *To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt*—all this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak; and before he was six years old he poised and presented a broomstick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any soldier of his age in Europe.

The old man, too, instructed him in such plain and simple morals and religion as he was able to explain. 'Never tell an untruth, Jack,' said he, 'even though you were to be flayed alive; a soldier never lies.' Jack held up his head, marched across the floor, and promised his daddy that he would always tell the truth like a soldier. But the old man, as he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his darling should learn to read and write; and this was a work of some difficulty, for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor paper, in his cabin. Industry, however, enables us to overcome difficulties. In the summer-time, as the old man sat before his cottage, he would draw letters in the sand, and teach Jack to name them singly, until he was acquainted with the whole alphabet. He then proceeded to syllables, and after that to words—all which his little pupil learned to pronounce

with great facility; and as he had a strong propensity to imitate what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words, but of tracing all the letters which composed them, on the sand.

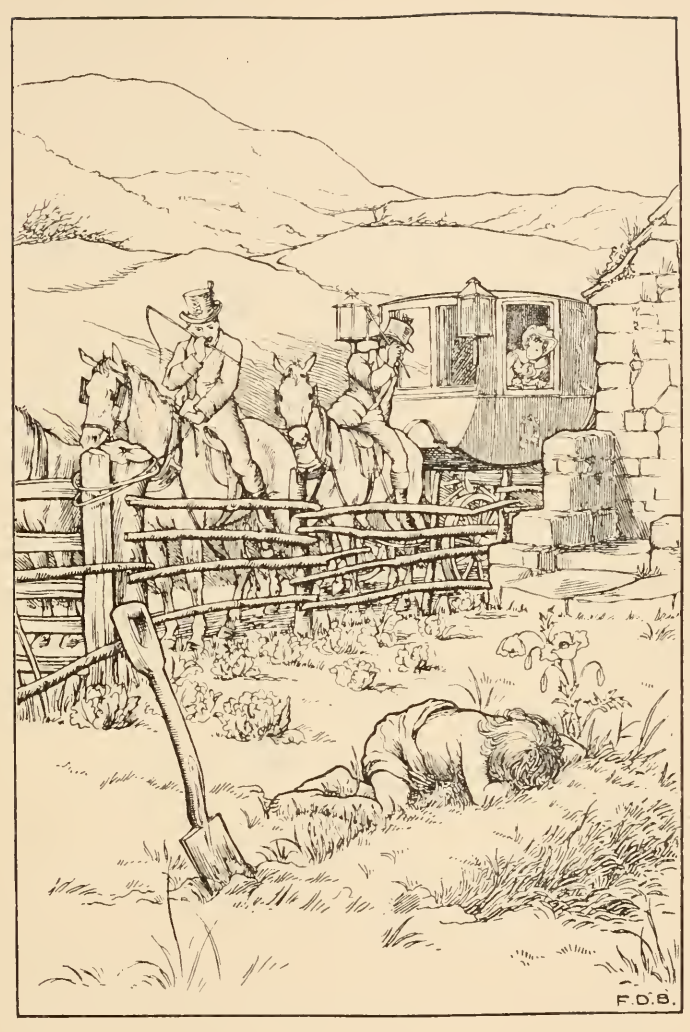
About this time the poor goat which had nursed Jack so faithfully grew ill and died. He tended her with the greatest affection and assiduity during her illness, brought her the freshest herbs for food, and would frequently support her head for hours together upon his knees. But it was all in vain; he lost his poor mammy, as he used to call her, and was for some time inconsolable; for Jack, though his knowledge was bounded, had an uncommon degree of gratitude and affection in his temper. He was not able to talk as finely about love, tenderness, and sensibility as many other little boys that have enjoyed greater advantages of education, but he felt the reality of them in his heart, and thought it so natural to love everything that loves us that he never even suspected it was possible to do otherwise. The poor goat was buried in the old man's garden, and thither little Jack would often come and call upon his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him.

One day, as he was thus employed, a lady happened to come by in a carriage, and overheard him before he was aware. Jack ran in an instant to open the gate; but the lady stopped, and asked him whom he was bemoaning so pitifully and calling upon. Jack answered that it was his poor mammy, that was buried in the garden. The lady thought it very odd to hear of such a burial-place, and therefore proceeded to question him.

'How did your mother get her living?' said she.

'She used to graze here upon the common all day long,' said Jack.

The lady was still more astonished; but the old man



As he was bemoaning the loss of his foster-parent, the goat, a lady came by in a carriage.

came out of his hut, and explained the whole affair to her, which surprised her very much ; for though this lady had seen a great deal of the world, and had read a variety of books, it had never once entered into her head that a child might grow strong and vigorous by drinking goat's milk, instead of eating pap. She therefore looked at Jack with amazement, admired his brown but animated face, and praised his shape and activity.

'Will you go home with me, little boy ?' said she, 'and I will take care of you, if you behave well.'

'No,' said Jack, 'I must stay with daddy ; he has taken care of me for many years, and now I must take care of him ; otherwise I should like very well to go with such a sweet, good-natured lady.'

The lady was not displeased with Jack's answer, and, putting her hand in her pocket, gave him half a crown to buy shoes and stockings, and pursued her journey.

Jack was acquainted with the use of money, as he had been often sent to the next village to purchase bread and necessaries ; but he was totally unacquainted with the use of shoes and stockings, which he had never worn in his life, or felt the want of. The next day, however, the old man bade him run to town and lay his money out as the lady had desired ; for he had too much honour to think of disobeying her commands, or suffering it to be expended for any other purpose. It was not long before Jack returned ; but the old man was much surprised to see him come back as bare as he went out.

'Heigh, Jack !' said he, 'where are the shoes and stockings which you were to purchase ?'

'Daddy,' answered Jack, 'I went to the shop, and tried a pair for sport, but found them so cumbersome that I could not walk. I would not wear such things, even if the lady would give me another half-crown for doing it ;

so I laid my money out in a warm jacket for you, because the winter is coming on, and you seem to be more afraid of the cold than formerly.'

Many such instances of conduct did the lad display, from which it was easy to perceive that he had an excellent soul and generous temper. One failing, indeed, Jack was liable to: though a very good-natured boy, he was a little too jealous of his honour. His daddy had taught him the use of his hands and legs, and Jack had such dispositions for the art of boxing that he could beat every boy in the neighbourhood of his age and size. Even if they were a head taller it made no difference to Jack, provided they said anything to wound his honour; for otherwise he was the most pacific, mild creature in the world. One day, that he had been sent to the village, he returned with his eyes black and his face swelled to a frightful size; it was even with difficulty that he was able to walk at all, so sore was he with the pommelling he had received.

'What have you been doing now, Jack?' said the old man.

'Only fighting with Dick the butcher.'

'You rogue!' said the old man; 'he is twice as big as you are, and the best fighter in all the country.'

'What does that signify?' said Jack. 'He called you an old beggar-man, and then I struck him; and I will strike him again whenever he calls you so, even if he should beat me to pieces; for you know, daddy, that you are not a beggar-man, but a soldier.'

In this manner lived Little Jack until he was twelve years old; at this time his poor old daddy fell sick, and became incapable of moving about. Jack did everything he could think of for the poor man: he made him broths; he fed him with his own hands; he watched whole nights by his bedside, supporting his head, and helping him when

he wanted to move. But it was all in vain ; his poor father grew daily worse, and perceived it to be impossible that he should recover. He one day, therefore, called Little Jack to his bedside, and, pressing his hand affectionately, told him that he was just going to die. Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information ; but his father desired him to compose himself, and attend to the last advice he should be able to give him.

'I have lived,' said the old man, 'a great many years in poverty, but I do not know that I have been worse off than if I had been rich. I have avoided perhaps many faults and many uneasinesses which I should have incurred had I been in another situation ; and though I have often wanted a meal and always fared hard, I have enjoyed as much health and life as usually falls to the lot of my betters. I am now going to die.'

At this Jack renewed his tears and sobbings, for he was unable to restrain them.

But the old man said : 'Have patience, my child ; though I should leave this world, as I have always been strictly honest, and endeavoured to do my duty, I do not doubt but God will pity me, and convey me to a better place, where I shall be happier than I have ever been here. This is what I have always taught you, and this belief gives me the greatest comfort in my last moments. The only regret I feel is for you, my dearest child, whom I leave unprovided for. But you are strong and vigorous, and almost able to get your living. As soon as I am dead, you must go to the next village and inform the people, that they may come and bury me. You must then endeavour to get into service, and work for your living ; and, if you are strictly honest and sober, I do not doubt that you will find a livelihood, and that God, who is the common Father of all, will protect and bless you. Adieu,

my child ; I grow fainter and fainter. Never forget your poor old daddy, nor the example he has set you ; but, in every situation of life, discharge your duty, and live like a soldier and a Christian.'

When the old man had with difficulty uttered these last instructions, his voice entirely failed him, his limbs grew cold and stiff, and in a few minutes he expired without a groan. Little Jack, who hung crying over his daddy, called upon him in vain—in vain endeavoured to revive him ; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he concluded that he was indeed dead ; and therefore, weeping bitterly, he dressed himself and went to the village, as he had been ordered.

The poor little boy was thus left entirely destitute, and knew not what to do ; but one of the farmers, who had been acquainted with him before, offered to take him into his house and give him his victuals for a few months till he could find a service. Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served his master faithfully for several months, during which time he learnt to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But by ill-luck this good-natured farmer contracted a fever by overheating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world, with only his clothes and a shilling in his pocket, which his kind mistress had made him a present of. He was very sorry for the loss of his master ; but he was now grown bigger and stronger, and thought he should easily find employment. He therefore set out upon his travels, walking all day, and inquiring at every farmhouse for work. But in this attempt he was unfortunate, for nobody chose to employ a stranger ; and though he lived with the

greatest economy, he found himself in a worse situation than ever, without a farthing in his pocket or a morsel of bread to eat.

Jack, however, was not of a temper to be easily cast down ; he walked resolutely on all day, but towards evening was overtaken by a violent storm of rain, which wetted him to the skin before he could find a bush for shelter. Now poor Jack began to think of his old father, and the comforts he had formerly enjoyed upon the common, where he had always a roof to shelter him and a slice of bread for supper. But tears and lamentations were vain ; and therefore, as soon as the storm was over, he pursued his journey, in hopes of finding some barn or outhouse to creep into for the rest of the night.

While he was thus wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what this could be ; but in his present situation he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore determined to approach it. When he came nearer, he saw a large building, which seemed to spout fire and smoke at several openings, and heard an incessant noise of blows and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened, but, summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and, looking through a chink, discovered several men and boys employed in blowing fires and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him in his present forlorn condition ; so, finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces.

It was not long before he was discovered by one of the workmen, who asked him roughly what business he had there. Jack answered, with great humility, that he was a poor boy looking out for work ; that he had had no food

all day, and was wet to the skin with the rain, which was evident enough from the appearance of his clothes. By great good luck, the man he spoke to was good-natured, and therefore not only permitted him to stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. After this Jack laid himself down in a corner, and slept without disturbance till morning.

He was scarcely awake the next day, when the master of the forge came in to overlook his men, and, finding Jack and hearing his story, began to reproach him as a lazy vagabond, and asked him why he did not work for his living. Jack assured him there was nothing he so earnestly desired, and that, if he would please to employ him, there was nothing that he would not do to earn a subsistence.

'Well, my boy,' said the master, 'if this is true, you shall soon be tried ; nobody need be idle here.'

So, calling his foreman, he ordered him to set that lad to work, and pay him in proportion to his deserts. Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood and acquired the esteem of his master.

But, unfortunately, he was a little too unreserved in his conversation, and communicated the story of his former life and education. This was great matter of diversion to all the other boys of the forge, who, whenever they were inclined to be merry, would call him Little Jack the beggar-boy, and imitate the baa-ing of a goat. This was too much for his irascible temper, and he never failed to resent it, by which means he was engaged in continual quarrels and combats, to the great disturbance of the house ; so that his master, though in other respects perfectly satisfied with his behaviour, began to fear that he should at last be obliged to discharge him.

It happened one day that a large company of gentlemen and ladies were introduced to see the works. The master attended them and explained with great politeness every part of his manufacture. They viewed with astonishment the different methods by which that useful and necessary ore of iron is rendered fit for human use. They examined the furnaces where it is melted down to disengage it from the dross with which it is mixed in the bowels of the earth, and whence it runs down in liquid torrents like fire. They beheld with equal pleasure the prodigious hammers which, moved by the force of water, mould it into massy bars for the service of man.

While they were busy in examining these different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise of discord, which broke out on the other side of the building ; and the master, inquiring into the cause, was told that it was only Little Jack who was fighting with Tom the collier. At this the master cried out in a passion :

'There is no peace to be expected in the furnace while that little rascal is employed. Send him to me, and I will instantly discharge him.'

At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt, and stood before his angry judge in a modest but resolute posture.

'Is this the reward,' said his master, 'you little audacious vagabond, for all my kindness ? Can you never refrain a single instant from broils and fighting ? But I am determined to bear it no longer, and therefore you shall never from this hour do a single stroke of work for me.'

'Sir,' replied Jack, with great humility, but yet with firmness, 'I am extremely sorry to have disobliged you, nor have I ever done it willingly since I have been here ; and if the other boys would only mind their business as

well as I do, and not molest me, you would not have been offended now ; for I defy them all to say that since I have been in the house I have ever given anyone the least provocation, or ever refused, to the utmost of my strength, to do whatever I have been ordered.'

'That's true, in good faith,' said the foreman ; 'I must do Little Jack the justice to say that there is not a more honest, sober, and industrious lad about the place. Set him to what you will, he never skulks, never grumbles, never slights his work ; and if it were not for a little passion and fighting, I don't believe there would be his fellow in England.'

'Well,' said his master, a little mollified, 'but what is the cause of all this sudden disturbance ?'

'Sir,' answered Jack, 'it is Tom that has been abusing me, and telling me that my father was a beggar-man and my mother a nanny-goat ; and when I desired him to be quiet, he went baaing all about the house ; and this I could not bear, for, as to my poor father, he was an honest soldier, and if I was brought up on goat's milk, she was the best creature in the world ; and I won't hear her abused while I have any strength in my body.'

At this harangue the whole audience were scarcely able to refrain from laughing ; and the master. with more composure, told Jack to mind his business and threatened the other boys with punishment if they disturbed him.

But a lady who was in the company seemed particularly interested about Little Jack, and when she had heard his story, said :

'This must certainly be the little boy who opened a gate several years past for me upon Norcot Moor. I remember being struck with his appearance and hearing him lament the loss of the goat that nursed him. I was very much affected then with his history ; and since he

deserves so good a character, if you will part with him, I will instantly take him into my service.'

The master replied that he should part with him with great satisfaction to such an excellent mistress ; that, indeed, the boy deserved all the commendations which had been given ; but since the other lads had such an habit of plaguing, and Jack was of so impatient a temper, he despaired of ever composing their animosities. Jack was then called, and informed of the lady's offer, which he instantly accepted with the greatest readiness, and received immediate directions to her house.

Jack was now in a new sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart, active lad. His business was to help in the stable, to water the horses, to clean shoes, to perform errands, and to do all the jobs of the family ; and in the discharge of these services he soon gave universal satisfaction. He was indefatigable in doing what he was ordered, never grumbled or appeared out of temper, and seemed so quiet and inoffensive in his manners that everybody wondered how he had acquired the character of being quarrelsome. In a short time he became both the favourite and the drudge of the whole family ; for speak but kindly to him and call him a little soldier, and Jack was at everyone's disposal. This was Jack's particular foible and vanity : at his leisure hours he would divert himself by the hour together in poising a pitch-fork, charging with a broom-stick, and standing sentry at the stable-door.

Another propensity of Jack's which now discovered itself was an immoderate love of horses. The instant he was introduced into the stable he attached himself so strongly to these animals that you would have taken him for one of the same species, or at least a near relation.

Jack was never tired with rubbing down and currying them; the coachman had scarcely any business but to sit upon his box; all the operations of the stable were entrusted to Little Jack, nor was it ever known that he had neglected a single particular. But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest was sometimes to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with infinite dexterity.

Jack, too, discovered a great disposition for all the useful and mechanical arts. He had served an apprenticeship already to the manufactory of iron, and of this he was almost as vain as being a soldier. As he began to extend his knowledge of the world, he saw that nothing could be done without iron.

'How would you plough the ground?' said Jack; 'how would you dig your garden? how would you even light a fire, dress a dinner, shoe a horse, or do the least thing in the world, if we workmen at the forge did not take the trouble of preparing it for you?'

Thus Jack would sometimes expatiate upon the dignity and importance of his own profession, to the great admiration of all the other servants.

These ideas naturally gave Jack a great esteem for the profession of a blacksmith, and in his occasional visits to the forge with the horses he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neatly as any artist in the country.

Nor were Jack's talents confined to the manufactory of iron. His love of horses and his interest in everything that related to them was so great, that it was not long before he acquired a very competent knowledge in the art of saddlery.

Jack would also sometimes observe the carpenters when they were at work, and sometimes by stealth attempt the management of their tools, in which he suc-

On his occasional visits to the forge he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neatly as any artist in the country.

ceeded as well as in everything else, so that he was looked upon by everybody as a very active, ingenious boy.

There was in the family where he now lived a young gentleman, the nephew of his mistress, who had lost his parents, and was therefore brought up by his aunt. As Master Willets was something younger than Jack, and a very good-natured boy, he soon began to take notice of him and be much diverted with his company. Jack, indeed, was not undeserving this attention; for although he could not boast any great advantages of education, his conduct was entirely free from all the vices to which some of the lower class of people are subject. Jack was never heard to swear, or express himself with any indecency. He was civil and respectful in his manners to all his superiors, and uniformly good-natured to his equals. In respect to the animals entrusted to his care, he not only refrained from using them ill, but was never tired with doing them good offices. Added to this, he was sober, temperate, hardy, active, and ingenious, and despised a lie as much as any of his betters.

Master Willets now began to be much pleased with playing at cricket and trap-ball with Jack, who excelled at both these games. Master Willets had a little horse, which Jack looked after, and, not contented with looking after him in the best manner, he used to ride him at his leisure hours with so much care and address that in a short time he made him the most gentle and docile little animal in the country. Jack had acquired this knowledge partly from his own experience and partly from paying particular attention to an itinerant riding-master that had lately exhibited various feats in that neighbourhood. Jack attended him so closely, and made so good a use of his time, that he learned to imitate almost everything he saw, and used to divert the servants and

his young master with acting the tailor's riding to Brentford.

The young gentleman had a master who used to come three times a week to teach him accounts, and writing, and geography. Jack used to be sometimes in the room while the lessons were given, and listened, according to his custom, with so much attention to all that passed that he received very considerable advantage for his own improvement. He had now a little money, and he laid some of it out to purchase pens and paper and a slate, with which at night he used to imitate everything he had heard and seen in the day ; and his little master, who began to love him sincerely, when he saw him so desirous of improvement, contrived, under one pretence or another, to have him generally in the room while he was receiving instruction himself.

In this manner Jack went on for some years, leading a life very agreeable to himself, and discharging his duty very much to the satisfaction of his mistress. An unlucky accident at length happened to interrupt his tranquillity. A young gentleman came down to visit Master Willets, who, having been educated in France and among genteel people in London, had a very great taste for finery and a supreme contempt for all the vulgar. His dress, too, was a little particular as well as his manners, for he spent half his time in adjusting his head, wore a large black bag tied to his hair behind, and would sometimes strut about for half an hour together with his hat under his arm and a little sword by his side. This young gentleman's supreme contempt for all the vulgar, he did not attempt to conceal ; and when he had heard the story of Jack's birth and education, he could scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. Jack soon perceived the aversion which the stranger entertained for

him, and at first endeavoured to remove it by every civility in his power ; but when he found that he gained nothing by all his humility, his temper, naturally haughty, took fire, and, as far as he dared, he plainly showed all the resentment he felt.

It happened one day, after Jack had received some very mortifying usage from this young gentleman, that, as he was walking along the road, he met with a showman who was returning from a neighbouring fair with some wild beasts in a cart. Amongst the rest was a middle-sized monkey, who was not under cover like the rest, and played so many antic tricks and made so many grimaces as engaged all Jack's attention and delighted him very much, for he always had a propensity for every species of drollery. After a variety of questions and conversation, the showman, who probably wanted to be rid of his monkey, proposed to Jack to purchase him for half a crown. Jack could not resist the temptation of being master of such a droll, diverting animal, and therefore agreed to the bargain. But when he was left alone with his purchase, whom he led along by a chain, he soon began to repent his haste, and knew not how to dispose of him. As there was, however, no remedy, Jack brought him carefully home and confined him safe in an outhouse which was not applied to any use. In this situation he kept him several days without accident, and frequently visited him at his leisure hours with apples, nuts, and such other presents as he could procure. Among the other tricks which the monkey had been taught to perform, he could rise upon his hind legs at the word of command and bow with the greatest politeness to the company.

Jack, who had found out these accomplishments in his friend, could not resist the impulse of making them sub-

servient to his resentment. He therefore one day procured some flour, with which he powdered his monkey's head, fixed a large paper bag to his neck, put an old hat under his arm, and tied a large iron skewer to his side, instead of a sword; and thus accoutred, led him about with infinite satisfaction, calling him Monsieur, and jabbering such broken French as he had picked up from the conversation of the visitor. It happened very unluckily at this very instant that the young gentleman himself passed by, and instantly saw at one glance the intended copy of himself, and all the malice of Little Jack, who was leading him along, and calling to him to hold up his head and look like a person of fashion.

Rage instantly took possession of his mind, and, drawing his sword, which he happened to have on, he ran the poor monkey through with a sudden thrust, and laid him dead upon the ground. What more he might have done is uncertain, for Jack, who was not of a temper to see calmly such an outrage committed upon an animal whom he considered as his friend, flew upon him like a fury, and, wresting the sword out of his hand, broke it into twenty pieces. The young gentleman himself received a fall in the scuffle, which, though it did him no material damage, daubed all his clothes, and totally spoiled the whole arrangement of his dress. At this instant the lady herself, who had heard the noise, came down, and the violence of poor Jack was too apparent to be excused. Jack, indeed, was submissive to his mistress, whom he was very sorry to have offended; but when he was ordered to make concessions to the young gentleman, as the only conditions upon which he could be kept in the family, he absolutely refused.

He owned, indeed, that he was much to blame for resenting the provocations he had received, and endeavour-

Flew upon him like a fury, and broke the sword.

ing to make his mistress's company ridiculous ; but as to what he had done in defence of his friend the monkey, there were no possible arguments which could convince him he was in the least to blame ; nor would he have made submissions to the King himself. This unfortunate obstinacy of Jack's was the occasion of his being discharged, very much to the regret of the lady herself, and still more to that of Master Willets. Jack therefore packed up his clothes in a little bundle, shook all his fellow-servants by the hand, took an affectionate leave of his kind master, and once more sallied out upon his travels.

He had not walked far before he came to a town where a party of soldiers were beating up for volunteers. Jack mingled with the crowd that surrounded the recruiting sergeant, and listened with great pleasure to the sound of the fifes and drums ; nor could he help mechanically holding up his head and stepping forward with an air that showed the trade was not entirely new to him. The sergeant soon took notice of these gestures, and seeing him a strong, likely lad, came up to him, clapped him upon the back, and asked him if he would enlist.

'You are a brave boy,' said he ; 'I can see it in your looks. Come along with us, and I don't doubt in a few weeks you'll be as complete a soldier as those who have been in the army for years.'

Jack made no answer to this but by instantly poising his stick, cocking his hat fiercely, and going through the whole manual exercise.

'Prodigious, indeed!' cried the sergeant. 'I see you have been in the army already, and can eat fire as well as any of us. But come with us, my brave lad. You shall live well, have little to do, but now and then fight for your King and country, as every gentleman ought ; and

in a short time I don't doubt but I shall see you a captain or some great man, rolling in wealth which you have got out of the spoils of your enemies.'

'No,' said Jack. 'Captain! that will never do; no tricks upon travellers. I know better what I have to expect if I enlist—I must lie hard, live hard, expose my life and limbs every hour of the day, and be soundly cudgelled every now and then into the bargain.'

'Oons!' cried the sergeant; 'where did the young dog pick up all this? He is enough to make a whole company desert.'

'No,' said Jack; 'they shall never desert through me; for though I know this, as I am at present out of employment, and have a great respect for the character of a gentleman soldier, I will enlist directly in your regiment.'

'A brave fellow, indeed!' said the sergeant. 'Here, my boy, here is your money and your cockade,' both of which he directly presented for fear his recruit should change his mind; and thus in a moment little Jack became a soldier.

He had scarcely time to feel himself easy in his new accoutrements before he was embarked for India in the character of a marine. This kind of life was entirely new to Jack. However, his usual activity and spirit of observation did not desert him here, and he had not been embarked many weeks before he was perfectly acquainted with all the duty of a sailor, and in that respect equal to most on board. It happened that the ship in which he sailed touched at the Comoro Islands, in order to take in wood and water. These are some little islands near the coast of Africa inhabited by blacks. Jack often went on shore with the officers, attending them on their shooting parties to carry their powder and shot and the game they killed. All this country consists of very lofty

hills, covered with trees and shrubs of various kinds, which, from the perpetual warmth of the climate, never lose their leaves. Through these it is frequently difficult to force a way, and the hills themselves abound in precipices. It happened that one of the officers whom Jack was attending upon a shooting party took aim at some great bird and brought it down ; but as it fell into a deep valley, over some rocks which it was impossible to descend, they despaired of gaining their prey.

Jack immediately, with officious haste, set off and ran down the more level side of the hill, thinking to make a circuit and reach the valley into which the bird had fallen. He set off, therefore ; but as he was totally ignorant of the country, he in a short time buried himself so deep in the wood, which grew continually thicker, that he knew not which way to proceed. He then thought it most prudent to return ; but this he found as difficult to effect as the other. He therefore wandered about the woods with inconceivable difficulty all day, but could never find his company, nor even reach the shore or obtain the prospect of the sea. At length the night approached, and Jack, who perceived it to be impossible to do that in the dark which he had not been able to effect in the light, lay down under a rock, and composed himself to rest as well as he was able.

The next day he rose with the light, and once more attempted to regain the shore. But unfortunately he had totally lost all idea of the direction he ought to pursue, and saw nothing around him but the dismal prospect of woods and hills and precipices, without a guide or path. Jack now began to be very hungry ; but as he had a fowling-piece with him, and powder and shot, he soon procured himself a dinner, and kindling a fire with some dry leaves and sticks, he roasted his game upon the embers,

and dined as comfortably as he could be expected to do in so forlorn a situation. Finding himself much refreshed, he pursued his journey, but with as little success as ever. On the third day he, indeed, came in sight of the sea, but found that he was quite on a different side of the island from that where he had left the ship, and that neither ship nor boat was to be seen.

Jack now lost all hopes of rejoining his comrades, for he knew the ship was to sail at farthest upon the third day, and would not wait for him. He therefore sat down very pensively upon a rock and cast his eyes upon the vast extent of ocean which was stretched out before him. He found himself now abandoned upon a strange country, without a single friend, acquaintance, or even anyone who spoke the same language. He at first thought of seeking out the natives, and making known to them his deplorable state; but he began to fear the reception he might meet with among them. They might not be pleased, he thought, with his company, and might take the liberty of treating him as the white men generally treat the blacks when they get them into their possession—that is, make him work hard with very little victuals, and knock him on the head if he attempted to run away.

'And therefore,' says Jack, as he was meditating all alone, 'it may, perhaps, be better for me to stay quiet where I am. It is true, indeed, I shall not have much company to talk to, but then I shall have nobody to quarrel with me, or baa, or laugh at my poor daddy and mammy. Neither do I at present see how I shall get a livelihood when my powder and shot are all expended; but, however, I shall hardly be starved, for I saw several kinds of fruit in the woods, and some roots which look very much like carrots. As to clothes, when mine wear out

Jack buried himself so deep in the wood, that he knew not which way to proceed.

I shall not much want new ones, for the weather is charmingly warm ; and therefore, all things considered, I don't see why I should not be as happy here as in any other place.'

When Jack had finished his speech he set himself to finding a lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he thought would prove a very comfortable residence. He therefore went to work with an hatchet he had with him and cut some boughs of trees, which he spread upon the floor, and over those a long silky kind of grass, which he found in plenty near the place, to make himself a bed. His next care was how to secure himself in case of any attack ; for he did not know whether the island contained any wild beasts or not. He therefore cut down several branches of trees and wove them into a kind of wicker-work, as he had seen the men do hurdles when he lived with the farmer. With this contrivance he found he could very securely barricade the entrance of his cave. And now, as the evening was again approaching, he began to feel himself hungry, and seeking along the seashore, he found some shell-fish, which supplied him with a plentiful meal.

The next day Jack arose, a little melancholy, indeed, but with a resolution to struggle manfully with the difficulties of his situation. He walked into the woods and saw several kinds of fruit and berries, some of which he ventured to eat, as the birds had pecked them, and found the taste agreeable. He also dug up several species of roots, but feared to taste them, lest they should be poisonous. At length he selected one that very much resembled a potato, and determined to roast it in the embers and taste a very small bit.

'It can hardly,' thought Jack, 'do me much hurt in

so very small a quantity ; and if that agrees with me I will increase the dose.'

The root was, fortunately, extremely wholesome and nutritive, so that Jack was in a very short time tolerably secure against the danger of wanting food.

In this manner did Jack lead a kind of savage, but tolerably contented, life, for several months, during which time he enjoyed perfect health, and was never discovered by any of the natives. He used several times a day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This at length happened, by the boat of an English ship that was sailing to India happening to touch upon the coast. Jack instantly hailed the crew, and the officer, upon hearing the story, agreed to receive him ; the captain, too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage, and promised him a gratuity besides if he behaved well.

Jack arrived in India without any accident, and relating his story, was permitted to serve in another regiment, as his own was no longer there. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and good behaviour on several occasions, and before long was advanced to the rank of a sergeant.

In this capacity he was ordered out upon an expedition into the remote parts of the country. The little army in which he served now marched on for several weeks, through a burning climate, and in want of all the necessaries of life. At length they entered upon some extensive plains, which bordered upon the celebrated country of the Tartars. Jack was perfectly well acquainted with the history of this people and their method of fighting. He knew them to be some of the best horsemen in the world ; indefatigable in their attacks ; though often

repulsed, returning to the charge, and not to be invaded with impunity. He therefore took the liberty of observing to some of the officers that nothing could be more dangerous than their rashly engaging themselves in those extensive plains, where they were every moment exposed to the attacks of cavalry, without any successful method of defence or place of retreat in case of any misfortune. These remonstrances were not much attended to, and after a few hours' farther march, they were alarmed by the approach of a considerable body of Tartar horsemen. They, however, drew up with all the order they were able, and, firing several successive volleys, endeavoured to keep the enemy at a distance.

But the Tartars had no design of doing that with a considerable loss which they were sure of doing with ease and safety. Instead, therefore, of charging the Europeans, they contented themselves with giving continual alarms, and menacing them on every side, without exposing themselves to any considerable danger.

The army now attempted to retreat, hoping that they should be able to arrive at the neighbouring mountains, where they would be safe from the incursions of the horse. But in this attempt they were equally disappointed, for another considerable body of enemies appeared on that side and blocked their passage. The Europeans now found they were surrounded on all sides, and that resistance was vain. The commanding officer therefore judged it expedient to try what could be effected by negotiation, and sent one of his officers, who understood something of the Tartar language, to treat with the general of the enemies. The Tartar chief received the Europeans with great civility, and, after having gently reproached them with their ambition in coming so far to invade a people who had never injured them, he consented upon very

moderate conditions to their enlargement. But he insisted upon having their arms delivered up, except a very few, which he permitted them to keep for defence in their return, and upon retaining a certain number of Europeans as hostages for the performance of the stipulated articles. Among those who were thus left with the Tartars Jack happened to be included ; and while all the rest seemed inconsolable at being thus made prisoners by a barbarous nation, he alone, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of life, retained his cheerfulness, and prepared to meet every reverse of fortune with his usual firmness.

The Tartars, among whom Jack was now to reside, constitute several different tribes or nations which inhabit an immense extent of country both in Europe and Asia. Their country is in general open and uncultivated, without cities or towns such as we see in England. The inhabitants themselves are a bold and hardy race of men, that live in small tents, and change their place of abode with the different seasons of the year. All their property consists in herds of cattle, which they drive along with them from place to place, and upon whose milk and flesh they subsist. They are particularly fond of horses, of which they have a small but excellent breed, hardy and indefatigable for the purposes of war ; and they excel in the management of them, beyond what it is easy to conceive. Immense herds of these animals wander loose about the deserts, but marked with the particular mark of the person or tribe to which they belong. When they want any of these animals for use, a certain number of their young men jump upon their horses, with nothing but an halter to guide them, each carrying in his hand a pole with a noose of cord at the end. When they come in sight of the herd, they pursue the horse they wish to take at full speed, come up with him in spite of his swiftness,

and never fail to throw the noose about his neck as he runs. They are frequently known to jump upon young horses that have passed their whole life in the desert, and, with only a girth around the animal's body to hold by, maintain their seat, in spite of all his violent exertions, until they have wearied him out and reduced him to perfect obedience. Such was the nation with whom the lot of Jack was now to reside, nor was he long before he had an opportunity of showing his talents.

It happened that a favourite horse of the chief was taken with a violent fever, and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. The Kan—for so he is called among the Tartars—seeing his horse grow hourly worse, at length applied to the Europeans to know if they could suggest anything for his recovery. All the officers were profoundly ignorant of farriery ; but when the application was made to Jack, he desired to see the horse, and with great gravity began to feel his pulse by passing his hand within the animal's foreleg, which gave the Tartars a very high idea of his ingenuity. Finding the animal was in a high fever, he proposed to the Kan to let him bleed, which he had learned to do very dexterously in England. He obtained permission to do as he pleased, and having by great good luck a lancet with him, he let him bleed very dexterously in the neck. After this operation he covered him up, and gave him a warm potion made out of such ingredients as he could procure upon the spot, and left him quiet. In a few hours the horse began to mend, and, to the great joy of the Kan, perfectly recovered in a few days.

This cure, so opportunely performed, raised the reputation of Jack so high that everybody came to consult him about their horses, and in a short time he was the universal farrier of the tribe. The Kan himself conceived so great

an affection for him that he gave him an excellent horse to ride upon and attend him in his hunting parties; and Jack, who excelled in the art of horsemanship, managed him so well as to gain the esteem of the whole nation.

The Tartars, though they are excellent horsemen, have no idea of managing their horses, unless by violence; but Jack in a short time, by continual care and attention, made his horse so docile and obedient to every motion of his hand and leg that the Tartars themselves would gaze upon him with admiration, and allow themselves to be outdone. Not contented with this, he procured some iron, and made his horse-shoes in the European taste; this also was matter of astonishment to all the Tartars, who are accustomed to ride their horses unshod. He next observed that the Tartar saddles are all prodigiously large and cumbersome, raising the horseman up to a great distance from the back of his horse. Jack set himself to work, and was not long before he had completed something like an English hunting-saddle, on which he paraded before the Kan.

All mankind seem to have a passion for novelty, and the Kan was so delighted with this effort of Jack's ingenuity that, after paying him the highest compliments, he intimated a desire of having such a saddle for himself. Jack was the most obliging creature in the world, and spared no labour to serve his friends; he went to work again, and in a short time completed a saddle still more elegant for the Kan. These exertions gained him the favour and esteem both of the Kan and all the tribe, so that Jack was an universal favourite and loaded with presents, while all the rest of the officers, who had never learned to make a saddle or a horse-shoe, were treated with contempt and indifference. Jack, indeed, behaved with the greatest generosity to his countrymen, and divided

with them all the mutton and venison which were given him; but he could not help sometimes observing that it was a great pity they had not learned to make a horse-shoe instead of dancing and dressing hair.

And now an ambassador arrived from the English settlements, with an account that all the conditions of the treaty had been performed, and demanding the restitution of the prisoners. The Tartar chief was too much a man of honour to delay an instant, and they were all restored; but before they set out Jack laboured with indefatigable zeal to finish a couple of saddles and a dozen horse-shoes, which he presented to the Kan, with many expressions of gratitude. The Kan was charmed with this proof of his affection, and in return made him a present of a couple of fine horses and several valuable skins of beasts.

Jack arrived without any accident at the English settlements, and, selling his skins and horses, found himself in possession of a moderate sum of money. He now began to have a desire to return to England; and one of the officers, who had often been obliged to him during his captivity, procured him a discharge. He embarked, therefore, with all his property, on board a ship which was returning home, and in a few months was safely landed at Plymouth.

But Jack was too active and too prudent to give himself up to idleness. After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of forging, and for that purpose made a journey into the North, and found his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and being in want of a foreman, he engaged him, at a very handsome price for that place.

Jack was now indefatigable in the execution of his new office, inflexibly honest where the interests of his master were concerned, and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him. In a few years his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that, growing old himself, he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now which he had done before, by which means he improved the business so much as to gain a considerable fortune, and become one of the most respectable manufacturers in the country.

But with all this prosperity he never displayed the least pride or haughtiness ; on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he had formerly lived and built himself a small but convenient house upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. Hither he would sometimes retire from business, and cultivate his garden with his own hands, for he hated idleness. To all his poor neighbours he was kind and liberal, relieving them in their distress, and often entertaining them at his house, where he used to dine with them, with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story, in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well and discharges his duty when he is in it.

The Good-natured Little Boy and the Ill-natured Little Boy

I

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY

LITTLE boy went out one morning to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him in a basket the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him.

The little boy at first took no notice of him, but at length, remarking how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said : ‘ This animal is certainly in very great necessity. If I give him part of my provision I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself ; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me.’ Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in his basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight.

The little boy went on a little further, his dog still

following him and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill. He went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. 'I am very much afraid,' said the little boy, 'if I stay to assist this horse that it will be dark before I can return, and I have heard there are several thieves in the neighbourhood. However, I will try. It is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me.' He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed that after a few trials he got up and begun grazing.

He then went on a little further, and saw a man wading about in a pool of water without being able to get out, in spite of all his endeavours. 'What is the matter, good man?' said the little boy to him. 'Can't you find your way out of this pond?' 'No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss,' said the man, 'for such I take you to be by your voice. I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned.' 'Well,' said the little boy, 'though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it.'

The blind man then threw the stick on to that side on which he heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth. At length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the

The little boy went into the water.

hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope out his way home, and the little boy ran on as hard as he could to prevent being benighted.

But he had not proceeded far when he saw a poor sailor, that had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches.

'God bless you, my little master!' said the sailor. 'I have fought many a battle with the French to defend poor old England, but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished.' The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him, so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said: 'God help you, poor man! This is all I have, otherwise you should have more.'

He then ran along, and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home with all the expedition he was able.

But he had not gone much more than half-way before the night shut in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy did all he could to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out.

Tired out at last and hungry, he felt himself so feeble that he could go no further, but sat himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which someone had dropped and the dog had picked up; and upon opening it he found several

slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. ‘So,’ said the little boy, ‘I see that if I have given you a breakfast you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, not even to a dog.’

He then once more attempted to escape from the woods, but it was to no purpose ; he only scratched his legs with the briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all further attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and going up to him saw, by the light of the moon which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same horse he had fed in the morning. ‘Perhaps,’ said the little boy, ‘this creature that I have been so good to will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood.’

The little boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition, and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said : ‘If I hadn’t saved the creature’s life in the morning I should have been obliged to have stayed here all the night. I see by this that a good deed is never lost.’

But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo, for as he was going along a solitary lane two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but just as they were beginning to do it the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence that he left the little boy and pursued the dog, which ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard that cried out : ‘There are

the rascals! Let us knock them down!' which frightened the remaining man so much that he ran away, and his companion followed him.

The little boy then looked up, and saw that it was the sailor whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. 'There, my little dear!' said the sailor. 'God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy that from the description I concluded must be you; but I was so lame that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back, while I showed him the way.' The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him, and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and bed.

The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others if we wish them to do the same to us.

II

THE ILL-NATURED LITTLE BOY

THERE was once a little boy who was so unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who was always surly and ill-tempered, and never gave his children either good instruction or good example. In consequence of this, this little boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured and quarrelsome, and disagreeable to everyone. He very often was severely beaten for his impertinence by boys that were bigger than himself, and sometimes by boys that were less; for though he was very abusive and quarrelsome, he did not much like fighting, and generally trusted more to his heels than his courage when he had engaged himself in a quarrel. This little boy had a cur dog that was the exact image of himself; he was the most troublesome, surly creature imaginable, always barking at the heels of every horse he came near, and worrying every sheep he could meet with, for which reason both the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbourhood.

One morning his father got up early to go to the ale-

house, where he intended to stay the night, as it was a holiday; but before he went out he gave his son some bread and cold meat and sixpence, and told him he might go and divert himself as he would the whole day. The little boy was very much pleased with this liberty, and as it was a very fine morning he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk.

He had not proceeded far before he met a boy that was driving a flock of sheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. 'Pray, master,' said the little boy, 'stand still, and keep your dog close to you, for fear you frighten my sheep.' 'Oh yes, to be sure,' answered the ill-natured little boy. 'I am to wait here all the morning till you and your sheep have passed, I suppose! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy!' Tiger at this sprang forth into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side, and the sheep, in a general consternation, hurried each a separate way.

Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport equally with his master, but in the midst of his triumph he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock. He, instead of running away, faced about and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy with so much force and dexterity that he knocked Tiger over and over, butting him several times while he was down, and obliged him to limp howling away.

The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving anything, had been very much diverted with the trepidation of the flock of sheep, but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog, and he would have laughed much longer had not the other little boy, his patience provoked at this treatment, thrown a stone at him, which hit him full upon the temples, and almost knocked him down. He immediately begun to cry in concert with

his dog, when, perceiving a man coming towards them, whom he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily as possible.

But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned when his former mischievous disposition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmost. He had not gone far before he saw a little girl standing by a stile, with a large pot of milk at her feet. 'Pray,' said the little girl, 'help me with this pot of milk. My mother sent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it alone a mile on my head; but I am so tired that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest me, and if I don't return home presently we shall have no pudding to-day, and, besides, my mother will be very angry with me.'

'What,' said the boy, 'you are to have a pudding to-day, are you, miss?' 'Yes,' said the girl, 'and a fine piece of roast beef, for there's Uncle Will, and Uncle John, and grandfather, and all my cousins, to dine with us, and we shall all be very merry in the evening, I can assure you; so pray help me up as speedily as possible.' 'That I will, miss,' said the boy, taking up the jug, and pretending to fix it upon her head. Just as she had hold of it he gave it a little push, as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry violently, but the mischievous boy ran away, laughing heartily, and saying: 'Good-bye, little miss! Give my humble service to your Uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little cousins.'

This prank encouraged him very much indeed, for he then felt that now he had certainly escaped without any bad consequences; so he went on applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a farm where several little boys

The little girl began to cry violently, but the mischievous boy ran away laughing.

were at play. He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long without exerting his evil disposition, so taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, instead of flinging it the way he ought to have done, he threw it into a muddy ditch. The little boys ran in a great hurry to see what was become of it, and as they were standing all together upon the brink he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour ; he, not being able to resist the violence, tumbled against the next, that against the next, and that next against another, by which means they all soused into the ditch together.

They soon scrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to have punished him for his ill behaviour ; but he patted Tiger upon the back, who began snarling and growling in such a manner as made them desist. Thus this little mischievous boy escaped a second time with impunity.

The next thing he met with was a poor jackass feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, seeing that nobody was within sight, thought this was an opportunity of plaguing an animal that was not to be lost, so he went and cut a large branch of thorns, which he contrived to fix to the poor beast's tail, and then, setting Tiger at him, he was extremely diverted to see the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who while he was baying and biting the animal's heels received so severe a kick upon his head as laid him dead upon the spot.

The boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greatest unconcern when he saw what had happened, and, finding himself hungry, sat down by the wayside to eat his dinner. He had not long been there before a poor blind man came groping his way out with

a couple of sticks. 'Good-morning to you, gaffer,' said the boy. 'Pray did you see a little girl come this road with a basket of eggs upon her head, dressed in a green gown, with a straw hat upon her head?' 'God bless you, master!' said the beggar, 'I am so blind I can see nothing, either in heaven above or in the earth below. I have been blind these twenty years, and they call me "poor old blind Richard."'

Though the poor old man was such an object of charity and compassion, yet the little boy determined, as usual, to play him some trick, and as he was a great liar and deceiver he spoke to him thus: 'Poor old Richard, I am heartily sorry for you with all my heart. I am just eating my breakfast, and if you will sit down by me I will give you part, and feed you myself.' 'Thank you with all my heart!' said the poor man; 'and if you will give me your hand I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear good little master.'

The little boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet mud that lay by the roadside. 'There,' said he, 'now you are nicely seated I am going to feed you.' So, taking a little of the dirt in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth; but the man, who now perceived the trick that had been played him, made a sudden snap at his fingers, and getting them between his teeth bit them so severely that the wicked boy roared out for mercy, and promised never more to be guilty of such wickedness. At last the blind man, after he had put him to very severe pain, consented to let him go, saying as he went: 'Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to do hurt to those who have never injured you, and to want to add to the suffering of those who already are sufficiently miserable? Although you escape now,

be assured, sir, that if you do not repent and mend your manners, you will meet with a severe punishment for your bad behaviour.'

One would think that this punishment would have cured him entirely of this mischievous disposition, but, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far before he saw a lame beggar that had just made a shift to support himself by the means of a couple of sticks. The beggar asked him to give him something, and the mischievous little boy, pulling out his sixpence, threw it down before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, the wicked little boy knocked the stick away, by which means the beggar fell down upon his face; and then, snatching up the sixpence, the little boy ran away laughing very heartily at the accident.

This was the last trick this ungrateful boy had it in his power to play, for seeing two men come up to the beggar and enter into discourse with him, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran as fast as he was able over several fields. At last he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence a large dog seized him by the leg and held him fast. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who called the dog off, but seized the boy very roughly, saying: 'So, sir, you are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come day after day and steal my apples without detection; but it seems you are mistaken, and now you shall receive the punishment you have so long deserved.' The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand, and the boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked him

who he was and where he lived ; but when he heard his name, he cried out : 'What! are you the little rascal that frightened my sheep this morning, by which means several of them are lost? and do you think to escape?' Saying this he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turned him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten sheep again if he liked the consequences.

The little boy slunk away crying very bitterly, for he had been very severely beaten, and now began to find out that no one can long hurt others with impunity; so he determined to go away quietly home, and behave better for the future.

But his sufferings were not yet at an end, for as he jumped down from a stile he felt himself very roughly seized, and, looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged for pardon; the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thrashed him very severely with his stick before he would part with him.

He now again went on crying and roaring with pain, but at least expected to escape without any further damage. But here he was mistaken, for as he was walking slowly through a lane, just as he turned a corner he found himself in the middle of the very troop of boys that he had used so ill in the morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw him, their enemy, in their power, without his dog, and began persecuting him in a thousand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him, some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to escape ; they were still at his heels, and,

As he jumped down from a stile he felt himself very roughly seized.

surrounding him on every side, continued their persecutions.

At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to come up to the same jackass he had seen in the morning, and, making a sudden spring, jumped upon his back, hoping by this means to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts, and the ass, who was frightened at the noise, begun galloping with all his might, and presently bore him from the reach of his enemies.

But he had little reason to rejoice at this escape, for he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being thrown off and dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time the ass on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury that the little boy was presently thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall.

His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the very little girl he had used so ill in the morning. But she, with the greatest good nature, seeing him in such a pitiable situation, assisted in bringing him in and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leisure to recollect himself and reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had exposed him to such a variety of misfortunes ; and he determined with great sincerity that if ever he recovered from his present accident he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good as he had before been to commit every species of mischief.

The Purple Jar

OSAMOND, a little girl about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along she looked in at the windows of several shops, and saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them, but there was a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

'Oh, mother, how happy I should be,' she said, as she passed a toy-shop, 'if I had all these pretty things!'

'What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?'

'Yes, mother, all.'

As she spoke they came to a milliner's shop, the windows of which were decorated with ribands and lace and festoons of artificial flowers.

'Oh mother, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?'

'No, my dear.'

'Why?'

'Because I don't want them, my dear.'

They went a little further, and came to another shop which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop, and in it were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

'Mother, will you buy some of these ?'

'Which of them, Rosamond ?'

'Which ? I don't know which ; any of them will do, for they are all pretty.'

'Yes, they are all pretty ; but of what use would they be to me ?'

'Use ! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other for them if you would only buy them first.'

'But I would rather find out the use first.'

'Well, then, mother, there are buckles ; you know that buckles are useful things, very useful things.'

'I have a pair of buckles ; I don't want another pair,' said her mother, and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

'Oh, mother, oh !' cried she, pulling her mother's hand, 'look, look !—blue, green, red, yellow, and purple ! Oh, mother, what beautiful things ! Won't you buy some of these ?'

Still her mother answered as before : 'Of what use would they be to me, Rosamond ?'

'You might put flowers in them, mother, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I wish I had one of them.'

'You have a flower-pot,' said her mother, 'and that is not a flower-pot.'

'But I could use it for a flower-pot, mother, you know.'

'Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed.'

'No, indeed, I'm sure I should not; I should like it exceedingly.'

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

'Then, mother,' said she, after a pause, 'perhaps you have no money.'

'Yes, I have.'

'Dear me! if I had money I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and everything.' Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech. 'Oh, mother, would you stop a minute for me? I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much.'

'How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?'

'Because of this great hole, mother; it comes in there. My shoes are quite worn out. I wish you would be so very good as to give me another pair.'

'Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and everything.'

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterwards.

'There, there, mother, there are shoes; there are little shoes that would just fit me, and you know shoes would be really of use to me.'

'Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in.' She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

'Well, Rosamond,' said her mother, 'you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?'

'No, not nearly; it is black and dark, and there are nothing but shoes all round, and, besides, there's a very disagreeable smell.'

'That smell is the smell of new leather.'

'Is it? Oh,' said Rosamond, looking round, 'there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure.'

'Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure that you should like the purple vase *exceedingly* till you have examined it more attentively.'

'Why, I don't know about the shoes, certainly, till I have tried; but, mother, I am quite sure that I should like the flower-pot.'

'Well, which would you rather have—that jar or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you.'

'Dear mother, thank you! but if you could buy both?'

'No, not both.'

'Then the jar, if you please.'

'But I should tell you, that in that case I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month.'

'This month! that's a very long time indeed! You can't think how these hurt me. I believe I'd better have the new shoes. Yet, that purple flower-pot. Oh, indeed, mother, these shoes are not so very, very bad! I think I might wear them a little longer, and the month will soon be over. I can make them last till the end of the month, can't I? Don't you think so, mother?'

'Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself; you will have time enough to consider the matter whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs.'

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure, and whilst her mother was speaking to him Rosamond stood in profound

meditation, with one shoe on and the other in her hand.

'Well, my dear, have you decided ?'

'Mother! yes, I believe I have. If you please, I should like to have the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mother.'

'Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but, when you have to judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you happy, and then it would not signify who thought you silly.'

'Then, mother, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me happy,' said she, putting on her old shoe again; 'so I choose the flower-pot.'

'Very well, you shall have it. Clasp your shoe, and come home.'

Rosamond clasped her shoe and ran after her mother. It was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times she was obliged to stop to take the stones out of it, and she often limped with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window Rosamond felt much pleasure upon hearing her mother desire the servant who was with them to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond as soon as she got in ran to gather all her own flowers, which she kept in a corner of her mother's garden.

'I am afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond,' said her mother to her, as she came in with the flowers in her lap.

'No, indeed, mother; it will come home very soon, I dare say. I shall be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot.'

'The moment it was on the table Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy.'

'I hope so, my dear.'

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy. 'I may have it now, mother?'

'Yes, my dear; it is yours.'

Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

'Oh, dear mother,' cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, 'but there's something dark in it which smells very disagreeably. What is it? I didn't want this black stuff.'

'Nor I, my dear.'

'But what shall I do with it, mother?'

'That I cannot tell.'

'It will be of no use to me, mother.'

'That I cannot help.'

'But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water.'

'As you please, my dear.'

'Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mother?'

'That was more than I promised you, my dear, but I will lend you a bowl.'

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But she experienced much surprise and disappointment on finding, when it was entirely empty, that it was no longer a *purple* vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

'Why should you cry, my dear?' said her mother;

'it will be of as much use to you now as ever for a flower-pot.'

'But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much.'

'But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it, and that perhaps you would be disappointed ?'

'And so I am disappointed, indeed. I wish I had believed you at once. Now I had much rather have the shoes, for I shall not be able to walk all this month ; even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mother, I will give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes.'

'No, Rosamond ; you must abide by your own choice, and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good humour.'

'I will bear it as well as I can,' said Rosamond, wiping her eyes ; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here. Many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was detained pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes ; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her, with her brother, to a glasshouse which she had long wished to see. She was very happy ; but when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste downstairs

to her brother and father, who were waiting for her at the hall-door, the shoe dropped off. She put it on again in a great hurry, but as she was going across the hall her father turned round. 'Why are you walking slip-shod? no one must walk slip-shod with me. Why, Rosamond,' said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, 'I thought that you were always neat. Go; I cannot take you with me.'

Rosamond coloured and retired. 'Oh, mother,' said she, as she took off her hat, 'how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! They would have been of so much more use to me than that jar. However, I am sure— no, not quite sure, but I hope I shall be wiser another time.'

Little Robert and the Owl

ITTLE Robert's father lived in a village; but his grandmother dwelt in a lone house on the top of a hill about a mile and a half from this village.

One afternoon in the month of January, Robert overheard his father saying to his mother: 'Wife, I have been to see our old mother on the hill-top, and she has a bad tooth-ache I wish she had some of the stuff in the bottle which did me so much good when my face was so bad.'

'Indeed,' said Robert's mother, 'I heartily wish she had; but I know not who can be sent with it, as the boy is not come in from market, nor has Hannah yet milked the cows.'

'But what should hinder me, mother, from running over with it?' said little Robert. 'Late as it is, if I make haste I may be there before it is dark; and then, mother, I can stay all night, you know, at grandmother's.'

'Very well, Robert,' said his father; 'you have a mind for some of your grandmother's mince-pies for supper, I perceive.'

'No, father,' said Robert gravely, 'I was not thinking

of the mince-pies, but of poor grandmother's tooth-ache, and it would give me great pleasure to take her anything that might ease her pain.'

'There's my brave boy,' said the father; 'that is speaking without selfishness, and you shall have your desire. Look for the bottle and set out, for there is no time to be lost.'

Little Robert's mother, then looking out of the window, said: 'Robert, you must put on your greatcoat and thick shoes, for you will certainly find the snow lying deep on the hillside, and the air is very keen.' She then put on Robert's greatcoat, and tied his cap on with a handkerchief, because the wind blew strongly, and, putting the bottle in his hand, she kissed him, and said: 'Good-night, Robert! We shall look for you in the morning by nine o'clock at furthest; so speed away, my boy, and give our love to our good mother.'

As little Robert went out of his father's yard he felt the wind blow very keen and cold in his face. He looked towards the north, and the sky was dark and lowering. 'I must make haste,' said he, 'or I shall be caught in the snow.'

Robert's way lay for the space of a quarter of a mile along a turnpike road, where the snow that had fallen a few days before was so well beaten as to form a smooth path, while it still lay very thick upon the banks and under the hedges all along the roadside.

Little Robert hastened forward, and soon came to the place where he must leave the road and cross a stile into a meadow, which was as much as half a mile from one end to the other. This meadow was totally covered with snow; there was, however, a narrow path across it where the snow was somewhat trodden by a few foot-

passengers. Robert got nimbly over the stile, and entered upon the little footpath.

The wind blew very cold and cutting over this meadow. upon which little Robert stopped, and putting the phial which contained the medicine for his grandmother in his waistcoat pocket, he buttoned his greatcoat closer about him before he proceeded any further. From this place he had not gone far along the meadow before it began to snow fast, while the wind beat it violently in his face. Robert quickened his pace, but the snow fell thicker and thicker, till in a short time it was with great difficulty that he could distinguish the pathway from other parts of the meadow.

In the meantime Robert found himself much hindered by the snow beating in his face, the air also growing so dark that he began to fear being overtaken by the night long before he could reach his grandmother's house. However, he took heart, and said to himself: 'Never mind if I am in the night; grandmother will be so glad to see me, and then I hope this stuff will do her tooth good.'

By this time Robert had reached the other end of the long meadow, but a greater difficulty was now before him. He had a very steep hill to ascend, and the hill was by this time covered with snow, which made it very hard indeed for anyone to keep his footing upon it. Little Robert therefore stood still at the bottom of the hill, and began to consider his situation. 'I shall get many a tumble down the side of this hill,' said he, 'before I reach the top; and if I should break the bottle, what a pity it would be! What shall I do?' After considering a little while longer he took the bottle out of his pocket, and finding it was very safely corked, he wrapped it up well in his pocket-handkerchief, and put it into the crown of his cap. Then tying his cap on again fast

under his chin, as his mother had done before, 'There,' said he, 'the bottle is secure, and there it will remain safe enough, unless I come down the hill head foremost, or take a dance upon my head, which,' continued he, 'is not altogether impossible in such circumstances as these.'

Little Robert then set himself, in high spirits, to climb the hill, and many a sore tumble he got in accomplishing his purpose. For every step he took forward he slid nearly as far back again, thus gaining little or no ground on his journey, while he wearied and exerted himself to the utmost of his power.

In the meantime night came on apace, the sleet beating upon him, sometimes in his face, sometimes on his back, as the wind shifted from one quarter to another, and drifting the snow in some places high enough to bury such a little man as Robert. The poor boy had not much time for thought, you may be sure, while he was fighting and struggling with the snow and the wind on the side of the hill, but the few thoughts he had were not half so dismal as one might imagine.

Robert's parents were pious persons, and they had brought up their son with such a firm trust in the care of Providence that the little boy was well persuaded he had no cause to fear anything which might happen to him while engaged in doing what his parents thought right for him to do.

Had little Robert been engaged in doing any wicked thing when he was overtaken by the snow and the tempest and the darkness, he would indeed have had reason for alarm. But this little boy had been taught to read and study his Bible, and, young as he was, he could remember many beautiful verses from the Scripture, which were very suitable to his present case and extremely comfortable to him. And though

he had not much time to think of these verses as he was climbing up the hill, yet several of them presented themselves in such a way to his mind as to afford him sweet encouragement.

At the top of this hill was a wood, which was about half a mile long, at the other end of which stood the house of Robert's grandmother. In summer there could not be a more delightful path than that which lay through this wood to the old lady's neat dwelling. It was as straight as the course of an arrow, and was covered with a green turf, soft and fine as velvet, over which the boughs of the trees spread themselves in such a manner as to yield the traveller a most delightful shade from the burning rays of the summer sun. In that pleasant season also were many birds lodged in the trees, who filled the air with their delightful music, and there also were many of those flowers which love shady places, such as vetches, and bluebells, and the wood-anemone.

Nearly at the entrance of this path, which in the summer months abounded with so many delights, was a large hollow tree, which Robert always took notice of in his way to his grandmother's; and, indeed, he had often troubled the old lady to tell him how that tree looked when she was a little girl and used to play in the wood, as she sometimes informed him she had been accustomed to do. But this wood, which in the spring and summer was so pleasant, was now without leaves, dark and cold, and by the time that little Robert had reached the top of the hill and entered the wood, the path through it was so deeply covered with snow that every step he took plunged him almost up to his knees. He crossed the stile, however, and entered the wood; but as the snow still continued to fall in large flakes, he found his difficulties increase every minute.

In this distress he stood still and began to consider, instead of trying to get on to his grandmother's, which he now thought nearly impossible, whether it would not be best for him to look for some place of shelter near at hand, where he might remain either till the snow should cease or till the morning light should appear.

It was so dark by this time that Robert could not discern any object before him. The trees also, for the most part, were so covered with snow as hardly to be distinguishable from the ground itself.

At this moment Robert remembered the hollow tree, and tried to recollect the exact spot where it stood. After considering for an instant, he remembered that it was at the right hand of anyone coming in from the hill, and a little off the pathway. So, groping carefully about, he at length felt his way to this tree.

Little Robert was almost as glad when he found the hollow tree as if he had put his hand on the door of his grandmother's house. 'This tree,' he said, 'will afford me a comfortable dry bed till the morning;' and so saying he pushed himself into it. The hollow part of the tree was filled at the bottom with dry leaves, affording scarcely room sufficient for Robert to sit down with his knees up to his chin.

People who have always had a comfortable bed to sleep in do not know how glad a poor creature lost in a wood in a winter's night would be of such a place of rest as this. The open part of the hollow tree was happily turned from the wind and snow, and little Robert had scarcely fixed himself in it before he began to feel quite in a glow. He tucked his feet under his greatcoat, pulled his cuffs over his hands, and was surprised to find how warm and comfortable he was after all his fatigues. 'And now,' said he, 'blow away, wind, as much as you

please: for though you whistle and howl all the night long, you will not disturb me much in this comfortable hole. And if my grandmother had but the bottle which is in the crown of my hat, all would be just as it should be.'

As little Robert said these words he was surprised by a loud hooting noise, as he thought, near to his lodging. He started, and listened again. The noise was repeated still nearer. 'That is not a man's voice,' said Robert, 'neither can it be a wolf or a jackal—there are no such creatures in England. What can it be? I will not be frightened: I know I shall be taken care of.'

The little boy then looked out of his tree. It would have been quite dark but for the reflection of the snow, which was now ceasing to fall. Robert, however, could distinguish nothing moving on the ground near him. He then looked up to the branches of the nearest trees, among which he espied two small twinkling eyes that seemed to be staring at him. He was at first so frightened that he could not prevent himself from crying out, whereupon the two eyes disappeared, while he heard a fluttering sound like that of wings. Moreover, the branches of the opposite tree were shaken, which caused the snow to fall from them in large flakes. A minute afterwards Robert heard the same hooting which had startled him before, but at a greater distance. Little Robert considered for a moment, and then said: 'Surely it is an owl which has frightened me so, and perhaps I have got his bed in this hollow tree. No wonder, therefore, that he stares at me with his little twinkling eyes, and fills the wood with his hooting. But, by your leave, Mr. Owl, I shall keep possession of your bedchamber this one night, whether you are pleased or not.' So saying little Robert began to laugh.

The wind now whistled and blustered more violently

'By your leave, Mr. Owl, I shall keep possession of your bedchamber this one night.'

than ever, while little Robert heard the branches of the trees rustling and the flakes of snow falling from them all around him, but he felt quite safe and comfortable in his hollow tree. Then, wrapping his greatcoat closer round him and resting his head upon his knees, he began to repeat some little hymns and verses from the Bible. And while he was thinking of one passage in particular which he remembered, from the prophet Ezekiel, he fell into a deep sleep. The verse which little Robert remembered was the twenty-fifth of the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, referring to that happy time when all the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ.

I shall repeat this pretty verse for the benefit of such children as may read the story of little Robert. *And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land : and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.*

How pleasant it is for a little boy, or any other person, when left alone in the dark, to be able to bring to mind such sweet verses as these ! Little Robert had always been accustomed to repeat hymns and verses in his bed, and to think upon them afterwards, and what comfort did he now find in this pious and pleasant custom ! So, as I said, he fell into a deep sleep, in which we will leave him, in order to speak of his father and mother.

Little Robert's parents were rendered exceedingly uneasy by the tempestuous appearance of the night, and before sunrise in the morning Robert's father set out for his mother's house to inquire after the boy.

As he went on horseback, he did not take his way across the meadow, and up the hill, and through the wood, but round about by the high road. And he knocked at his

mother's door just as Thomas, the man-servant, was opening the kitchen window shutters.

'Thomas,' said Robert's father, without getting off his horse, 'what time did Robert arrive last night?'

'Master,' said Thomas, 'I don't know, by reason of my returning very late from market.'

'Did not you hear your mistress say anything about it?'

'No, master,' said Thomas, 'I heard never a word about it.'

Robert's father began now to be more alarmed. 'Do, Thomas, go in,' he said, 'and ask Betty and your mistress what time he arrived, and if he was very wet.'

Thomas accordingly ran in, and calling from the bottom of the stairs to Betty, who was just getting up, asked what time Master Robert had come the night before.

'What time, Thomas?' answered Betty; 'Why, no time; he never came at all.'

Robert's father had now dismounted and was stepping across the kitchen, so that he could distinctly hear what was passing between Betty and Thomas; the old lady, too, who was an old-fashioned person and always got up at sunrise, was also listening from her chamber-door. And now you may suppose what a fright they were all in, when they found that the little boy had left his father's house the night before, and was not yet arrived at his grandmother's. Upon understanding, therefore, how matters were, they began to confer with each other.

'Oh, my poor child! my dear boy!' said the grandmother. 'He must surely have lost his way, and by this time he is probably frozen to death! Oh, my unfortunate child!'

'And the snow so deep!' said Betty.

'And the wind so strong as it was last night!' said Thomas.

And thus they went on till Robert's father, calling Thomas and Betty after him, ran out into the wood, and the old dog Faithful followed after them.

Now, it happened that no one had passed through the wood since the falling of the snow, and consequently not a single track of a foot was to be seen. But the wind had ceased, the morning was fine, and the rising sun, just peeping above the distant horizon, now and then appeared through the openings in the trees.

'Mind, Thomas,' said Robert's father, 'there is not a footmark on the snow all along.'

'Aye, master,' said Thomas; 'how should there be when it has snowed all night?'

'No, Thomas,' said Robert's father, 'you are mistaken there, for I looked out of the window many times last night, and there was no snow fell after nine o'clock. But look now, I pray you, whether any the slightest trace of feet are to be found. Oh, my poor lad! I am dreadfully alarmed on his account.'

Robert's father, and Thomas, and Betty, hurried on through the wood, calling the child as loud as they could, but receiving no answer. They looked also to the path, but saw no footmark. And Faithful, who seemed to guess what they were about, ran snuffing from side to side, but nothing of little Robert could be found.

At length, on coming near the stile, which opened towards the hill, they distinguished the tracks of the child's foot slightly covered with snow. The father cried out when he saw these, partly in terror and partly in joy, saying: 'Follow these! follow these!' Faithful, too, pricked up his ears and ran before, very accurately picking out the footmarks.

Little Robert, it seems, had gone somewhat out of his way in looking for the hollow tree; but the anxious father followed the track, calling his son, and dreading every moment to find his poor boy frozen to death. The footmarks led them round several trees, while they continued calling louder and louder, without receiving any answer. At length they perceived Faithful to make a stand before the hollow tree, pricking up his ears and wagging his tail. At this they hastened on, when the poor father, who was foremost, rushing forward, fearing to see some dreadful sight, beheld his little boy wrapped round in his greatcoat, and still sleeping soundly with his head resting upon his knees.

Robert's father, with Thomas and Betty, who were now come up, stood before the hollow tree looking on in amazement, while they listened to the gentle breathing of the little boy, which marked him to be in a deep sleep.

At length Thomas, partly from joy and partly from wonder, broke out into a loud laugh, in which he was joined by Betty; while Robert's father, who was a very pious man, overcome with feelings of a very different kind, burst into an involuntary flood of tears, a thing, he said, that had not happened to him since the day of Robert's birth.

'Well, now,' said Betty, 'I would give forty shillings if mistress could but see this. I am sure she would never forget it if she were to live to be an hundred years old.'

By this time Faithful had awakened Robert with jumping upon him, when the little boy, looking up, showed a face as warm and fresh as if he had been sleeping all night on the best bed in his grandmother's house.

'Why, Robert, my boy,' said his father, 'you have chosen a comical kind of bedchamber!'

'Father,' said Robert, 'I had not many rooms to

'*They perceived Faithful make a stand before a hollow tree.*'

choose out of ; but, indeed, I was never better satisfied than when I found this, only the worst of it was that my company was not very agreeable to the master of the house.'

'Well, but, my boy,' said the father, 'how were you able to sleep cramped up in that way ?'

'I never slept better in all my life, father,' said Robert, 'and I know not when I should have waked if you had not come to call me. But now, Thomas and Betty, you must, if you please, help me to get up, for I have sat here till I doubt whether I can move a foot.'

Thomas and Betty very cheerfully lent their assistance to help little Robert out of his bedchamber where the night had passed so pleasantly, but he found it rather a trouble to rise ; however, they kindly helped him up.

Robert was much pleased to see his grandmother. The stuff in the bottle did her tooth but little good after all the trouble that poor little Robert had taken. He had a nice breakfast there, and told his grandmother and father his whole adventures the night before. Then they hastened home to tell Robert's mother their bad news at first and good news afterwards.

Trial

Of a Complaint made against Sundry Persons for Breaking in the Windows of Dorothy Careful, Widow and Dealer in Gingerbread

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

'Please, your lordship, I was sitting at work by my fireside between the hours of six and seven in the evening, just as it was growing dusk, and little Jack was spinning beside me, when all at once crack went the window, and down fell a little basket of cakes that was set up against it. I started up and cried to Jack : "Bless me, what's the matter ?" "So," says Jack, "somebody has thrown a stone and broke the window, and I dare say it is some of the schoolboys." With that I ran out of the house, and saw some boys making off as fast as they could go. So I

Being directed to tell her case to the court, Widow Dorothy Careful made a curtsey.

ran after them as quick as my old legs would carry me, but I should never have come near them if one had not happened to fall down. Him I caught and brought back to my house, when Jack knew him at once to be Master Henry Luckless. So I told him I would complain of him the next day, and I hope your worship will make him pay the damage, and I think he deserves a good whipping into the bargain for injuring a poor widow woman.'

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

'My lord, I am as innocent of this matter as any boy in the school, and I am sure I have suffered enough about it already. My lord, Billy Thompson and I were playing in the lane near Mrs. Careful's house when we heard the window crash, and directly after she came running out towards us. Upon this Billy ran away, and I ran too, thinking I might bear the blame. But after running a little way I stumbled over something that lay in the road, and before I could get up again she overtook me, and caught me by the hair, and began lugging and cuffing me. I told her it was not I that broke her window, but it did not signify; so she dragged me to the light, lugging and scratching me all the while, and then said she would inform against me. And that is all I know of the matter.'

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

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

'Well, where is Billy Thompson ?'

'Here, my lord.'

'You have heard what Henry Luckless says. Declare upon your honour whether he has spoken the truth.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

'I ask your lordship's pardon ; I did not mean to offend ; but it is a heavy loss for a poor woman, and

though I did not catch the boy in the act, he was the nearest when it was done.'

'As that is no more than a suspicion, and he has the positive evidence of his schoolfellow in his favour, it will be impossible to convict him consistently with the rules of justice. Have you discovered any other circumstance that may point out the offender?'

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

'Hand it up. Here, gentlemen of the jury, please to examine it, and see if you can discover anything of its owner.'

'Here is "P. R." cut upon it.'

'Yes,' said another boy, 'I am sure I remember Peter Riot having just such a one.'

'So do I,' still another remarked.

'Master Riot, is this your top?'

'I don't know, my lord,' said Riot; 'perhaps it may be mine. I have had a great many tops, and when I have done with them I throw them away, and anybody may pick them up that pleases. You see, it has lost its peg.'

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

'And must I have no amends, my lord?'

'Have patience; leave everything to the court. We shall do you all the justice in our power.'

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

'Gentlemen, this business, I confess, gives me much dissatisfaction. A poor woman has been insulted and injured in her property, apparently without provocation, and although she has not been able to convict the offender, it cannot be doubted that she, as well as the world in general, will impute the crime to some of our society.

Though I am in my own mind convinced that in her passion she charged an innocent person, yet the circumstance of the top is a strong suspicion—indeed, almost a proof—that the perpetrator of this unmanly mischief was one of our body.

'The owner of the top has justly observed that its having been his property is no certain proof against him.

'Since, therefore, in the present defect of evidence the whole school must remain burdened with both the discredit of this action and share in the guilt of it, I think fit in the first place to decree that restitution shall be made to the sufferer out of the public chest, and, next, that a Court of Inquiry be instituted for the express purpose of searching thoroughly into the affair, with the power to examine all persons upon honour who are thought likely to be able to throw light upon it. I hope, gentlemen, these measures meet with your concurrence.'

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

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

The court then adjourned.

On the meeting of the Court of Inquiry the first thing proposed by the President was that the persons who usually played with Master Riot should be sent for. Accordingly Tom Frisk and Bob Loiter were summoned, when the President asked them upon their honour if they knew the top to have been Riot's.

They said they did. They were then asked if they remembered when Riot had it in his possession.

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

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

'What did he do with it ?'

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

'Then he did not throw it away, or give it to anyone ?'

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

'How did he take the disappointment ?'

'He said he would be revenged on her.'

'Are you sure he used such words ?'

'Yes. Loiter heard him as well as myself.'

'I did, sir,' said Loiter.

'Do either of you know any more of this affair ?'

'No, sir,' replied both boys together.

'You may go,' said the President, adding 'that these witnesses had done a good deal in establishing proof against Riot ; for it was pretty certain that no one but himself could have been in possession of the top at the time the crime was committed, and it also appeared that he had declared a malicious intention against the woman, which it was highly probable he would put into execution. As the court were debating about the next step to be taken they were acquainted that Jack, the widow's son, was waiting at the school-door for admission ; and a person being sent out for him, Riot was found threatening the boy, and bidding him go home about his business. The boy, however, was conveyed safely into the room, when he thus addressed himself to the President :

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

'On which side of the hedge did you find it?'

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

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

'It is Riot's!' exclaimed all together.

'Has anybody observed Riot's shoes to-day?' the President asked.

'Yes; he has got them tied with strings,' a boy replied.

'Very well, then, gentlemen, we have nothing more to do than to draw up the evidence we have heard, and lay it before his lordship. Jack, you may go home.'

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

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

The minutes of the court were then drawn up, and the President took them to the Judge's chamber. After the Judge had perused them, he ordered an indictment to be drawn up against Peter Riot: 'For that he meanly and clandestinely and with malice aforethought had broken three panes in the window of Widow Careful with a certain instrument called a top, whereby he had committed an atrocious injury upon an innocent person, and had brought a disgrace upon the society to which he belonged.'

At the same time he sent an officer to inform Master Riot that his trial would come on the next morning.

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

The culprit, thinking it best to submit, was presently led in between the two officers, when, being placed at the bar, the Judge then addressed him: 'I am sorry, sir, that any member of this society can be so little sensible of the nature of a crime and so little acquainted with the principles of a court of justice as you have shown yourself to be by the proposal you took the improper liberty of sending us. If you mean it as a confession of your guilt, you certainly ought to have waited to receive from us the penalty we thought proper to inflict, and not to have imagined that an offer of the mere payment of damages would satisfy the claims of justice against you. If you had only broken the window by accident, and on your own accord offered restitution, nothing less than the full damages could have been accepted; but you now stand charged with having done this mischief meanly, secretly, and maliciously, and thereby have added a great deal of criminal intention to the act Can you, then, think that a court like this, designed to watch over the morals, as well as protect the property of our community, can so

slightly pass over such aggravated offences? You can claim no merit from confessing the crime now that you know so much evidence will appear against you. And if you choose still to plead not guilty, you are at liberty to do it, and we will proceed immediately to the trial without taking any advantage of the confession implied by your offer of payment.'

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

'You, Peter Riot, are hereby sentenced to pay to the public treasury the sum of half a crown as a satisfaction for this mischief you have done, and your attempt to conceal it.

'You are to repair to the house of Widow Careful, accompanied by such witnesses as we shall appoint, and then, having first paid her the sum you owe her, you shall ask her pardon for the insult you offered her. You shall likewise to-morrow after school stand up in your place and before all the scholars ask pardon for the disgrace you have been the means of bringing upon the society, and in particular you shall apologize to Master Luckless for the disagreeable circumstances you were the means of bringing him into. Till after this is complied with you shall not presume to come into the playground or join in any of the diversions of the school, and all persons are

hereby admonished not to keep you company till this is done.'

Riot was then dismissed to his room, and in the afternoon he was taken to the widow, who was pleased to receive his submission graciously, and at the same time to apologize for her own improper treatment of Master Luckless, to whom she sent a present of a nice ball by way of amends

Thus ended this important business.

The Basket-Woman

AT the foot of a steep, slippery, white hill, near Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, called Chalk Hill, there is a hut, or rather a hovel, which travellers could scarcely suppose could be inhabited, if they did not see the smoke rising from its peaked roof. An old woman lived in this hovel, many years ago, and with her a little boy and girl, the children of a beggar who died and left these orphans perishing with hunger. They thought themselves very happy when the good old woman first took them into her hut, and bid them warm themselves at her small fire, and gave them a crust of mouldy bread to eat. She had not much to give, but what she had she gave with goodwill. She was very kind to these poor children, and worked hard at her spinning-wheel and at her knitting to support herself and them. She earned money also in another way. She used to follow all the carriages as they went up Chalk Hill, and when the horses stopped to take breath or to rest themselves, she put stones behind the carriage-wheels to prevent them from rolling backwards down the steep, slippery hill.

The little boy and girl loved to stand beside the good-

natured old woman's spinning-wheel when she was spinning, and to talk to her. At these times she taught them something, which she said she hoped they would remember all their lives. She explained to them what is meant by telling the truth, and what it is to be honest. She taught them to dislike idleness, and to wish that they could be useful.

One evening, as they were standing beside her, the little boy said to her: 'Grandmother'—for that was the name by which she liked that these children should call her—'grandmother, how often you are forced to get up from your spinning-wheel, and to follow the chaises and coaches up that steep hill, to put stones underneath the wheels to hinder them from rolling back! The people who are in the carriages give you a halfpenny or a penny for doing so, don't they?'

'Yes, child.'

'But it is very hard work for you to go up and down that hill. You often say that you are tired. And then you know that you cannot spin all that time. Now, if we might go up the hill, and put the stones behind the wheels, you could sit still at your work; and would not the people give us the halfpence? and could not we bring them all to you? Do, pray, dear grandmother, try us for one day—to-morrow, will you?'

'Yes,' said the old woman, 'I will try what you can do; but I must go up the hill along with you for the first two or three times, for fear you should get yourselves hurt.'

So the next day the little boy and girl went with their grandmother, as they used to call her, up the steep hill, and she showed the boy how to prevent the wheels from rolling back by putting stones behind them, and she said: 'This is called scotching the wheels,' and she took off the

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boy's hat and gave it to the little girl to hold up to the carriage-windows ready for the halfpence.

When she thought that the children knew how to manage by themselves she left them and returned to her spinning-wheel. A great many carriages happened to go by this day, and the little girl received a great many halfpence. She carried them all in her brother's hat to her grandmother in the evening, and the old woman smiled and thanked the children. She said that they had been useful to her, and that her spinning had gone on finely, because she had been able to sit still at her wheel all day.

'But, Paul, my boy,' said she, 'what is the matter with your hand?'

'Only a pinch—only one pinch that I got as I was putting a stone behind a wheel of a chaise. It does not hurt me much, grandmother, and I've thought of a good thing for to-morrow. I shall never be hurt again if you will only be so good as to give me the old handle of the broken crutch, grandmother, and the block of wood that lies in the chimney-corner, and that is of no use. I'll make it of some use, if I may have it.'

'Take it, then, dear,' said the old woman, 'and you'll find the handle of the broken crutch under my bed.'

Paul went to work immediately, and fastened one end of the pole into the block of wood, so as to make something like a dry-rubbing brush.

'Look, grandmother—look at my *scotcher!* I call this thing my *scotcher*,' said Paul, 'because I shall always scotch the wheels with it. I shall never pinch my fingers again; my hands, you see, will be safe at the end of this long stick. And, Sister Anne, you need not be at the trouble of carrying any more stones after me up the hill; we shall never want stones any more. My scotcher

'Look, grandmother—look at my scotcher!'

will do without anything else, I hope. I wish it was morning, and that a carriage would come, that I might run up the hill and try my scotcher.'

'And I wish that as many chaises may go by to-morrow as there did to-day, and that we may bring you as many halfpence, too, grandmother,' said the little girl.

'So do I, my dear Anne,' said the old woman, 'for I mean that you and your brother shall have all the money that you get to-morrow. You may buy some gingerbread for yourselves, or some of those ripe plums that you saw at the fruit-stall the other day, which is just going into Dunstable. I told you then that I could not afford to buy such things for you, but now that you can earn halfpence for yourselves, children, it is fair you should taste a ripe plum and bit of gingerbread for once and a way in your lives.'

'We'll bring some of the gingerbread home to her, shan't we, brother?' whispered little Anne.

The morning came, but no carriages were heard, though Paul and his sister had risen at five o'clock that they might be sure to be ready for early travellers. Paul kept his scotcher poised upon his shoulder, and watched eagerly at his station at the bottom of the hill. He did not wait long before a carriage came. He followed it up the hill, and the instant the postillion called to him and bade him stop the wheels, he put his scotcher behind them, and found that it answered the purpose perfectly well.

Many carriages went by this day, and Paul and Anne received a great many halfpence from the travellers.

When it grew dusk in the evening Anne said to her brother: 'I don't think any more carriages will come by to-day. Let us count the halfpence, and carry them home now to grandmother.'

'No, not yet,' answered Paul; 'let them alone—let

them lie still in the hole where I have put them. I dare say more carriages will come by before it is quite dark, and then we shall have more halfpence.'

Paul had taken the halfpence out of his hat, and he had put them into a hole in the high bank by the roadside, and Anne said she would not meddle with them, and that she would wait till her brother liked to count them; and Paul said: 'If you will stay and watch here, I will go and gather some blackberries for you in the hedge in yonder field. Stand you hereabouts, half-way up the hill, and the moment you see any carriage coming along the road run as fast as you can and call me.'

Anne waited a long time, or what she thought a long time, and she saw no carriage, and she trailed her brother's scotcher up and down till she was tired. Then she stood still and looked again, and she saw no carriage, so she went sorrowfully into the field and to the hedge where her brother was gathering blackberries, and she said:

'Paul, I'm sadly tired—*sadly tired!*' said she, 'and my eyes are quite strained with looking for chaises. No more chaises will come to-night, and your scotcher is lying there, of no use, upon the ground. Have not I waited long enough for to-day, Paul?'

'Oh no,' said Paul. 'Here are some blackberries for you; you had better wait a little bit longer. Perhaps a carriage might go by whilst you are standing here talking to me.'

Anne, who was of a very obliging temper, and who liked to do what she was asked to do, went back to the place where the scotcher lay, and scarcely had she reached the spot when she heard the noise of a carriage. She ran to call her brother, and, to their great joy, they now saw four chaises coming towards them. Paul, as soon as they went up the hill, followed with his scotcher.

First he scotched the wheels of one carriage, then of another ; and Anne was so much delighted with observing how well the scotcher stopped the wheels, and how much better it was than stones, that she forgot to go and hold her brother's hat to the travellers for halfpence, till she was roused by the voice of a little rosy girl who was looking out of the window of one of the chaises. 'Come close to the chaise-door,' said the little girl ; 'here are some halfpence for you.'

Anne held the hat, and she afterwards went on to the other carriages. Money was thrown to her from each of them, and when they had all gotten safely to the top of the hill, she and her brother sat down upon a large stone by the roadside to count their treasure. First they began by counting what was in the hat—'One, two, three, four halfpence.'

'But, oh, brother, look at this!' exclaimed Anne ; 'this is not the same as the other halfpence.'

'No, indeed, it is not,' cried Paul ; 'it is no halfpenny. It is a guinea—a bright golden guinea!'

'Is it ?' said Anne, who had never seen a guinea in her life before, and who did not know its value, 'and will it do as well as a halfpenny to buy gingerbread ? I'll run to the fruit-stall and ask the woman, shall I ?'

'No, no,' said Paul, 'you need not ask any woman, or anybody but me. I can tell you all about it as well as anybody in the whole world.'

'The whole world! Oh, Paul, you forgot. Not so well as my grandmother.'

'Why, not so well as my grandmother, perhaps ; but, Anne, I can tell you that you must not talk yourself, Anne, but you must listen to me quietly, or else you won't understand what I am going to tell you ; for I can assure you that I don't think I quite understood it myself,

Anne, the first time my grandmother told it to me, though I stood stock-still listening my best.'

Prepared by this speech to hear something very difficult to be understood, Anne looked very grave, and her brother explained to her that with a guinea she might buy two hundred and fifty-two times as many plums as she could get for a penny.

'Why, Paul, you know the fruit-woman said she would give us a dozen plums for a penny. Now, for this little guinea would she give us two hundred and fifty-two dozen?'

'If she has so many, and if we like to have so many, to be sure she will,' said Paul; 'but I think we should not like to have two hundred and fifty-two dozen of plums; we could not eat such a number.'

'But we could give some of them to my grandmother,' said Anne.

'But still there would be too many for her, and for us, too,' said Paul, 'and when we had eaten the plums there would be an end to all the pleasure. But now I'll tell you what I am thinking of, Anne, that we might buy something for my grandmother that would be very useful to her indeed with the guinea—something that would last a great while.'

'What, brother? What sort of thing?'

'Something that she said she wanted very much last winter, when she was so ill with the rheumatism—something that she said yesterday, when you were making her bed, she wished she might be able to buy before next winter.'

'I know, I know what you mean!' said Anne—'a blanket. Oh, yes, Paul, that will be much better than plums; do let us buy a blanket for her. How glad she will be to see it! I will make her bed with the new

We might buy something very useful with the guinea

blanket, and then bring her to look at it. But, Paul, how shall we buy a blanket? Where are blankets to be got?'

'Leave that to me; I'll manage that. I know where blankets can be got; I saw one hanging out of a shop the day I went last to Dunstable.'

'You have seen a great many things at Dunstable, brother.'

'Yes, a great many; but I never saw anything there or anywhere else that I wished for half so much as I did for the blanket for my grandmother. Do you remember how she used to shiver with the cold last winter? I'll buy the blanket to-morrow. I'm going to Dunstable with her spinning.'

'And you'll bring the blanket to me, and I shall make the bed very neatly. That will be all right—all happy!' said Anne, clapping her hands.

'But stay! Hush! don't clap your hands so, Anne. It will not be all happy, I'm afraid,' said Paul, and his countenance changed, and he looked very grave. 'It will not be all right, I'm afraid, for there's one thing we have neither of us thought of, but that we ought to think about. We cannot buy the blanket, I'm afraid.'

'Why—Paul, why?'

'Because I don't think this guinea is honestly ours.'

'Nay, brother, but I'm sure it is honestly ours. It was given to us, and grandmother said all that was given to us to-day was to be our own.'

'But who gave it to you, Anne?'

'Some of the people in those chaises, Paul. I don't know which of them, but I dare say it was the little rosy girl.'

'No,' said Paul, 'for when she called you to the chaise

door she said, " Here's some halfpence for you." Now, if she gave you the guinea, she must have given it to you by mistake.'

'Well, but perhaps some of the people in the other chaises gave it to me, and did not give it to me by mistake, Paul. There was a gentleman reading in one of the chaises, and a lady, who looked very good-naturedly at me, and then the gentleman put down his book, and put his head out of the window and looked at your scotcher, brother, and he asked me if that was your own making ; and when I said yes, and that I was your sister, he smiled at me, and put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and threw a handful of halfpence into the hat, and I dare say he gave us the guinea along with them because he liked your scotcher so much.'

'Why,' said Paul, 'that might be, to be sure, but I wish I was quite certain of it.'

'Then, as we are not quite certain, had not we best go and ask my grandmother what she thinks about it ?'

Paul thought this was excellent advice, and he was not a silly boy who did not like to follow good advice. He went with his sister directly to his grandmother, showed her the guinea and told her how they came by it.

'My dear honest children,' said she, 'I am very glad you told me all this. I am very glad that you did not buy either the plums or the blanket with this guinea. I'm sure it is not honestly ours. Those who threw it you gave it you by mistake, I warrant, and what I would have you do is to go to Dunstable, and try if you can at either of the inns find out the person who gave it to you. It is now so late in the evening that perhaps the travellers will sleep at Dunstable instead of going on the next stage ; and it is likely that whosoever gave you a guinea instead of a halfpenny has found out their mistake by this time.

All you can do is to go and inquire for the gentleman who was reading in the chaise.'

'Oh !' interrupted Paul, 'I know a good way of finding him out. I remember it was a dark-green chaise with red wheels, and I remember I read the innkeeper's name upon the chaise, "John Nelson." (I am much obliged to you for teaching me to read, grandmother.) You told me yesterday, grandmother, that the names written upon chaises are the innkeepers to whom they belong. I read the name of the innkeeper upon that chaise. It was John Nelson. So Anne and I will go to both the inns in Dunstable, and try to find out this chaise—John Nelson's. Come, Anne, let us set out before it gets quite dark.'

Anne and her brother passed with great courage the tempting stall that was covered with gingerbread and ripe plums, and pursued their way steadily through the streets of Dunstable ; but Paul, when he came to the shop where he had seen the blanket, stopped for a moment, and said : 'It is a great pity, Anne, that the guinea is not ours. However, we are doing what is honest, and that is a comfort. Here, we must go through this gateway into the inn-yard ; we are come to the Dun Cow.'

'Cow !' said Anne, 'I see no cow.'

'Look up, and you'll see the cow over your head,' said Paul—'the sign, the picture. Come, never mind looking at it now ; I want to find out the green chaise that has John Nelson's name upon it.'

Paul pushed forward through a crowded passage till he got into the inn-yard. There was a great noise and bustle. The ostlers were carrying in luggage ; the postillions were rubbing down the horses, or rolling the chaises into the coach-house.

'What now ? What business have you here, pray ?'

said a waiter, who almost ran over Paul as he was crossing the yard in a great hurry to get some empty bottles from the bottle-rack. 'You've no business here, crowding up the yard. Walk off, young gentleman, if you please.'

'Pray give me leave, sir,' said Paul, 'to stay a few minutes to look amongst these chaises for one dark-green chaise with red wheels that has Mr. John Nelson's name written upon it.'

'What's that he says about a dark-green chaise?' said one of the postillions.

'What should such a one as he is know about chaises?' interrupted the hasty waiter, and he was going to turn Paul out of the yard; but the ostler caught hold of his arm, and said: 'Maybe the child *has* some business here; let's know what he has to say for himself.'

The waiter was at this instant luckily obliged to leave them to attend the bell, and Paul told his business to the ostler, who as soon as he saw the guinea and heard the story shook Paul by the hand, and said: 'Stand steady, my honest lad. I'll find the chaise for you, if it is to be found here; but John Nelson's chaises almost always drive to the Black Bull.'

After some difficulty the green chaise with John Nelson's name upon it, and the postillion who drove that chaise, were found, and the postillion told Paul that he was just going into the parlour to the gentleman he had driven to be paid, and that he would carry the guinea with him.

'No,' said Paul; 'we should like to give it back ourselves.'

'Yes,' said the ostler, 'that they have a right to do.'

The postillion made no reply, but looked vexed, and went on towards the house, desiring the children would wait in the passage till his return. In the passage there

was standing a decent, clean, good-natured looking woman with two huge straw baskets on each side of her. One of the baskets stood a little in the way of the entrance. A man who was pushing his way in, and carried in his hand a string of dead larks hung to a pole, impatient at being stopped, kicked down the straw basket, and all its contents were thrown out. Bright straw hats, and boxes, and slippers, were all thrown in disorder upon the dirty ground.

'Oh, they will be trampled upon! They will all be spoiled!' exclaimed the woman to whom they belonged.

'We'll help you to pick them up, if you will let us,' cried Paul and Anne, and they immediately ran to her assistance.

When the things were all safe in the basket again the children expressed a desire to know how such beautiful things could be made of straw, but the woman had not time to answer before the postillion came out of the parlour, and with him a gentleman's servant, who came to Paul, and clapping him upon the back, said:

'So, my little chap, I gave you a guinea for a halfpenny, I hear, and I understand you've brought it back again; that's right, give me hold of it.'

'No, brother,' said Anne, 'this is not the gentleman that was reading.'

'Pooh, child! I came in Mr. Nelson's green chaise. Here's the postillion can tell you so. I and my master came in that chaise. I and my master that was reading, as you say, and it was he that threw the money out to you. He is going to bed; he is tired, and can't see you himself. He desires that you'll give me the guinea.'

Paul was too honest himself to suspect that this man was telling him a falsehood, and he now readily produced his bright guinea, and delivered it into the servant's hands.

'Here's sixpence apiece for you, children,' said he, 'and good-night to you. He pushed them towards the door, but the basket-woman whispered to them as they went out: 'Wait in the street till I come to you.'

'Pray, Mrs. Landlady,' cried this gentleman's servant, addressing himself to the landlady, who just then came out of a room where some company were at supper—'pray, Mrs. Landlady, please to let me have roasted larks for my supper. You are famous for larks at Dunstable, and I make it a rule to taste the best of everything wherever I go; and, waiter, let me have a bottle of claret. Do you hear?'

'Larks and claret for his supper,' said the basket-woman to herself as she looked at him from head to foot. The postillion was still waiting, as if to speak to him, and she observed them afterwards whispering and laughing together. '*No bad hit,*' was a sentence which the servant pronounced several times.

Now, it occurred to the basket-woman that this man had cheated the children out of the guinea to pay for the larks and claret, and she thought that perhaps she could discover the truth. She waited quietly in the passage.

'Waiter! Joe! Joe!' cried the landlady, 'why don't you carry in the sweetmeat-puffs and the tarts here to the company in the best parlour?'

'Coming, ma'am, answered the waiter, and with a large dish of tarts and puffs he came from the bar. The landlady threw open the door of the best parlour to let him in, and the basket-woman had now a full view of a large cheerful company, and amongst them several children, sitting round a supper-table.

'Ay,' whispered the landlady, as the door closed after the waiter and the tarts, 'there are customers enough, I warrant, for you in that room, if you had but the luck to

be called in. Pray, what would you have the conscience, I wonder now, to charge me for these here half-dozen little mats to put under my dishes ?'

'A trifle, ma'am,' said the basket-woman. She let the landlady have the mats cheap, and the landlady then declared she would step in and see if the company in the best parlour had done supper. 'When they come to their wine,' added she, 'I'll speak a good word for you, and get you called in afore the children are sent to bed.'

The landlady, after the usual speech of '*I hope the supper and everything is to your liking, ladies and gentlemen,*' began with : 'If any of the young gentlemen or ladies would have a *cur'osity* to see any of our famous Dunstable straw-work there's a decent body without would, I dare say, be proud to show them her pincushion-boxes, and her baskets and slippers, and her other *cur'osities.*'

The eyes of the children all turned towards their mother ; their mother smiled, and immediately their father called in the basket-woman, and desired her to produce her *curiosities*. The children gathered round her large pannier as it opened, but they did not touch any of her things.

'Ah, papa,' cried a little rosy girl, 'here are a pair of straw slippers that would just fit you, I think ; but would not straw shoes wear out very soon, and would not they let in the wet ?'

'Yes, my dear,' said her father, 'but these slippers are meant——'

'For powdering-slippers, miss,' interrupted the basket-woman.

'To wear when people are powdering their hair,' continued the gentleman, 'that they may not spoil their other shoes.'

'And will you buy them, papa?'

'No, I cannot indulge myself,' said her father, 'in buying them now. I must make amends,' said he, laughing, 'for my carelessness, and as I threw away a guinea to-day I must endeavour to save sixpence at least.'

'Ah, the guinea that you threw by mistake into the little girl's hat as we were coming up Chalk Hill. Mamma, I wonder that the little girl did not take notice of its being a guinea, and that she did not run after the chaise to give it back again. I should think, if she had been an honest girl, she would have returned it.'

'Miss!—ma'am!—sir!' said the basket-woman, 'if it would not be impertinent, may I speak a word? A little boy and girl have just been here inquiring for a gentleman who gave them a guinea instead of a halfpenny by mistake, and not five minutes ago I saw the boy give the guinea to a gentleman's servant, who is there without, and who said his master desired it should be returned to him.'

'There must be some mistake or some trick in this,' said the gentleman. 'Are the children gone? I must see them; send after them.'

'I'll go for them myself,' said the good-natured basket-woman. 'I bid them wait in the street yonder, for my mind misgave me that the man who spoke so short to them was a cheat, with his larks and his claret.'

Paul and Anne were speedily summoned, and brought back by their friend the basket-woman; and Anne, the moment she saw the gentleman, knew that he was the very person who smiled upon her, who admired her brother's scotcher, and who threw a handful of halfpence into the hat; but she could not be certain, she said, that she received the guinea from him: she only thought it most likely that she did.

'But I can be certain whether the guinea you returned be mine or no,' said the gentleman. 'I marked the guinea; it was a light one, the only guinea I had, which I put into my waistcoat pocket this morning.' He rang the bell, and desired the waiter to let the gentleman who was in the room opposite to him know that he wished to see him.

'The gentleman in the white parlour, sir, do you mean?'

'I mean the master of the servant who received a guinea from this child.'

'He is a Mr. Pembroke, sir,' said the waiter.

Mr. Pembroke came, and as soon as he heard what had happened he desired the waiter to show him to the room where his servant was at supper. The dishonest servant, who was supping upon larks and claret, knew nothing of what was going on; but his knife and fork dropped from his hand, and he overturned a bumper of claret as he started up from the table in great surprise and terror, when his master came in with a face of indignation, and demanded, '*The guinea*—the *guinea, sir*, that you got from this child! that guinea which you said I ordered you to ask for from this child!'

The servant, confounded and half intoxicated, could only stammer out that he had more guineas than one about him, and that he really did not know which it was. He pulled his money out, and spread it upon the table with trembling hands. The marked guinea appeared. His master instantly turned him out of his service, with strong expressions of contempt.

'And now, my little honest girl,' said the gentleman who had admired her brother's scotcher, turning to Anne—'and now tell me who you are, and what you and your brother want or wish for most in the world.'

In the same moment Anne and Paul exclaimed: 'The

thing we wish for the most in the world is a blanket for our grandmother.'

'She is not our grandmother in reality, I believe, sir,' said Paul; 'but she is just as good to us, and taught me to read, and taught Anne to knit, and taught us both that we should be honest—so she has, and I wish she had a new blanket before next winter to keep her from the cold and the rheumatism. She had the rheumatism sadly last winter, sir, and there is a blanket in this street that would be just the thing for her.'

'She shall have it, then; and,' continued the gentleman, 'I will do something more for you. Do you like to be employed or to be idle best?'

'We like to have something to do always, if we could, sir,' said Paul; 'but we are forced to be idle sometimes, because grandmother has not always things for us to do that we *can* do well.'

'Should you like to learn how to make such baskets as these?' said the gentleman, pointing to one of the Dunstable straw baskets.

'Oh, very much!' said Paul.

'Very much!' said Anne.

'Then I should like to teach you how to make them,' said the basket-woman, 'for I'm sure of one thing, that you'd behave honestly to me.'

The gentleman put a guinea into the good-natured basket-woman's hand, and told her that he knew she could not afford to teach them her trade for nothing. 'I shall come through Dunstable again in a few months,' added he, 'and I hope to see that you and your scholars are going on well. If I find that they are I will do something more for you.'

'But,' said Anne, 'we must tell all this to grandmother, and ask her about it; and I'm afraid—though I'm very

The guinea,—the guinea, sir, that you got from this child!'

happy—that it is getting very late, and that we should not stay here any longer.'

'It is a fine moonlight night,' said the basket-woman, 'and is not far. I'll walk with you, and see you safe home myself.'

The gentleman detained them a few minutes longer, till a messenger whom he had despatched to purchase the much-wished-for blanket returned.

'Your grandmother will sleep well upon this good blanket, I hope,' said the gentleman, as he gave it into Paul's opened arms. 'It has been obtained for her by the honesty of her adopted children.'

Limby Lumpy

I

IMBY LUMPY was the only son of his mother. His father was called the 'Pavior's Assistant,' for he was so large and heavy that, when he used to walk through the streets, the men who were ramming the stones down with a large wooden rammer would say, 'Please to walk over these stones, sir,' and then the men would get a rest.

Limby was born on April 1—I do not know how long ago; but before he came into the world such preparations were made. There was a beautiful cradle, and a bunch of coral with bells on it, and lots of little caps, and a fine satin hat, and tops and bottoms for pap, and two nurses to take care of him. He was, too, to have a little chaise, when he grew big enough; after that, he was to have a donkey, and then a pony. In short, he was to have the moon for a plaything, if it could be got; and, as to the stars, he would have had them, if they had not been too high to reach.

Limby made a rare to-do when he was a little baby.

But he never was a *little* baby—he was always a big baby; nay, he was a big baby till the day of his death.

'Baby Big,' his mother used to call him; he was 'a noble baby,' said his aunt; he was 'a sweet baby,' said old Mrs. Tomkins, the nurse; he was 'a dear baby,' said his papa—and so he was, for he *cost* a good deal. He was 'a darling baby,' said his aunt, by the mother's side; 'there never was such a fine child,' said everybody, before the parents; when they were at another place they called him 'a great, ugly, fat child.'

Limby was almost as broad as he was long. He had what some people called an open countenance—that is, one as broad as a full moon. He had what his mother called beautiful auburn locks, but what other people said were carroty—not before the mother, of course.

Limby had a flattish nose and a widish mouth, and his eyes were a little out of the right line. Poor little dear, he could not help that, and therefore it was not right to laugh at him.

Everybody, however, laughed to see him eat his pap, for he would not be fed with the patent silver pap-spoon which his father bought him, but used to lay himself flat on his back, and seize the pap-boat with both hands, and never leave go of it till its contents were fairly in his dear little stomach.

So Limby grew bigger and bigger every day, till at last he could scarcely draw his breath, and was very ill; so his mother sent for three apothecaries and two physicians, who looked at him, and told his mother there were no hopes: the poor child was dying of overfeeding. The physicians, however, prescribed for him—a dose of castor oil.

His mother attempted to give him the castor oil, but Limby, although he liked tops and bottoms, and cordial, and pap, and sweetbread, and oysters, and other things

nicely dished up, had no fancy for castor oil, and struggled and kicked and fought every time his nurse or mother attempted to give it him.

'Limby, my darling boy,' said his mother, 'my sweet cherub, my only dearest, do take its oily-poily, there's a ducky, deary, and it shall ride in a coachy-poachy.'

'Oh, the dear baby!' said the nurse; 'take it for nursey. It will take it for nursey, that it will.'

The nurse had got the oil in a silver medicine-spoon, so contrived that, if you could get it into the child's mouth, the medicine must go down. Limby, however, took care that no spoon should go into his mouth, and when the nurse tried the experiment for the nineteenth time, gave a plunge and a kick, and sent the spoon up to the ceiling, knocked off nurse's spectacles, upset the table on which all the bottles and glasses were, and came down whack on the floor.

His mother picked him up, clasped him to her breast, and almost smothered him with kisses.

'Oh, my dear boy!' said she; 'it shan't take the nasty oil! it won't take it, the darling! Naughty nurse to hurt baby! It shall not take nasty physic!'

And then she kissed him again.

Poor Limby, although only two years old, knew what he was at—he was trying to get the master of his mother. He felt he had gained his point, and gave another kick and a squall, at the same time planting a blow on his mother's eye.

'Dear little creature!' said she; 'he is in a state of high convulsions and fever. He will never recover!'

But Limby did recover, and in a few days was running about the house, and the master of it. There was nobody to be considered, nobody to be consulted, nobody to be attended to, but Limby Lumpy.

II

Limby grew up big and strong; he had everything his own way. One day, when he was at dinner with his father and mother, perched upon a double chair, with his silver knife and fork, and silver mug to drink from, he amused himself by playing drums on his plate with the mug.

'Don't make that noise, Limby, my dear,' said his father.

'Dear little lamb!' said his mother; 'let him amuse himself. Limby, have some pudding?'

'No, Limby no pudding!'

Drum! drum! drum!

A piece of pudding was, however, put on Limby's plate, but he kept on drumming as before. At last he drummed the bottom of the mug into the soft pudding, to which it stuck, and by which means it was scattered all over the carpet.

'Limby, my darling!' said his mother; and the servant was called to wipe Limby's mug and pick the pudding up from the floor.

Limby would not have his mug wiped, and floundered about, and upset the cruet-stand and the mustard on the table-cloth.

'Oh, Limby Lumpy—naughty boy!' said his father.

'Don't speak so cross to the child: he is but a child,' said his mother. 'I don't like to hear you speak so cross to the child.'

'I tell you what it is,' said his father, 'I think the boy does as he likes. But I don't want to interfere.'

Limby now sat still, resolving what to do next. He was not hungry, having been stuffed with a large piece of pound cake about an hour before dinner; but he wanted something to do, and could not sit still.

Presently a saddle of mutton was brought on the table. When Limby saw this he set up a crow of delight.

'Limby ride,' said he—'Limby ride!' and rose up in his chair, as if to reach the dish.

'Yes, my ducky, it shall have some mutton,' said his mother, and immediately gave him a slice, cut up into small morsels.

That was not it. Limby pushed that on the floor, and cried out: 'Limby on meat! Limby on meat!'

His mother could not think what he meant. At last, however, his father recollected that he had been in the habit of giving him a ride occasionally, first on his foot, sometimes on the scroll end of the sofa, at other times on the top of the easy-chair. Once he put him on a dog, and more than once on the saddle; in short, he had been in the habit of perching him on various things, and now Limby, hearing this was a *saddle* of mutton, wanted to take a ride on it.

'Limby on! Limby ride on bone!' said the child in a whimper.

'Did you *ever hear?*' said the father.

'What an extraordinary child!' said the mother. 'How clever to know it was like a saddle, the little dear! No, no, Limby; grease frock, Limby.'

But Limby cared nothing about a greasy frock, not he —he was used enough to that—and therefore roared out more lustily for a ride on the mutton.

'Did you ever know such a child? What a dear, determined spirit!'

'He is a child of an uncommon mind,' said his mother. 'Limby, dear—Limby, dear, silence! silence!'

The truth was, Limby made such a roaring that neither father nor mother could get their dinners, and scarcely knew whether they were eating beef or mutton.

'The father rose and took Limby . . ., and, with the greatest caution, set him astride the saddle of mutton.'

'It is impossible to let him ride on the mutton,' said his father—'quite impossible!'

'Well, but you might just put him astride the dish, just to satisfy him. You can take care his legs or clothes do not go into the gravy.'

'Anything for a quiet life,' said the father. 'What does Limby want? Limby ride?'

'Limby on bone! Limby on meat!'

'Shall I put him across?' said Mr. Lumpy.

'Just for one moment,' said his mother; 'it won't hurt the mutton.'

The father rose, and took Limby from his chair, and, with the greatest caution, held his son's legs astride, so that they might hang on each side of the dish without touching it—'just to satisfy him,' as he said, 'that they might dine in quiet'—and was about to withdraw him from it immediately.

But Limby was not to be cheated in that way. He wished to feel the saddle *under* him, and accordingly forced himself down upon it; but feeling it rather warmer than was agreeable, started, and lost his balance, and fell down among the dishes, soused in melted butter, cauliflower, and gravy, floundering, and kicking, and screaming, to the detriment of glasses, jugs, dishes, and everything else on the table.

'My child! my child!' said his mother. 'Oh, save my child!'

She snatched him up, and pressed his begreased garments close to the bosom of her best silk gown.

Neither father nor mother wanted any more dinner after this. As to Limby, he was as frisky afterwards as if nothing had happened, and about half an hour from the time of this disaster *cried for his dinner.*

The Little Blue Bag

THINK,' said Agnes Clavering, a child of about eight years of age—'I think I should like to give that pretty blue bag I admired so much the other day at the Bazaar to my cousin Laura. She likes blue, and I know she wishes for a new bag.'

'You will do very well, Agnes, in thus spending a part of your allowance of pocket-money,' replied Mrs. Clavering. 'Laura is one of the kindest little girls I know, and, being one of a large family, cannot have so many indulgences as yourself; and I am always glad when I see you bear this in mind.'

'I shall give it her on New Year's Day,' continued Agnes, after a few minutes of thoughtfulness, 'for it was on that day of this year that she gave me that pretty purse of her own making; and I shall buy a gold thimble to put in it, and a pretty little pair of scissors with a gold sheath, and a tortoiseshell box for needles, and some ivory winders for cotton.'

'All these together,' replied Mrs. Clavering, 'will make a very handsome present, and I am sure that Laura will

be much pleased with it. But do you know how long it is to New Year's Day ?'

'No, mother ; I do not,' replied Agnes.

'Nearly six weeks,' said Mrs. Clavering ; 'but you may make your purchases the first time we walk through the Bazaar, and then you will have them ready against the time you require them.'

Nothing more passed at that time on the subject of the blue bag, and that and several following days being wet, there was no opportunity of visiting the Bazaar. During this time Mrs. Clavering and Agnes went to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and when Agnes, on going to play with her cousins after dinner, saw Laura's shabby work-basket, and heard her complain of having broken her needle and hurt her finger by a hole in her thimble, Agnes felt very glad that she had happened to recollect what Laura wanted. She could hardly help telling her what was in preparation for her. More than once it was on the very tip of her tongue, and the secret certainly would have been revealed had not little Augusta Parker suddenly fallen against a table, which stood in the corner of the play-room, and thrown its contents on the floor.

'Oh, Augusta !' said Laura, in a tone of vexation ; but she checked herself, and helping the little girl to rise, kindly asked her if she had hurt herself.

The child, however, was unhurt, and knowing that Laura would be vexed at the upset she had occasioned, she crept to the other end of the room, and began playing with her little brothers.

'Oh, what beautiful shells !' said Agnes. 'Where did you get them, and why did you not show them to me, Laura ? I am so fond of shells !' For it was a box of shells which the little Augusta had thrown off the table.

'I did not mean you to see them yet,' replied Laura—'not till the box was full; but it does not signify now,' added the placid little girl; and the two children sat down together to examine this little mine of treasures.

Agnes was not at all envious of Laura's box of shells, but Agnes would very much have liked to have had a box with shells placed in them exactly as Laura's were. It was one of her failings to wish to have the same toy or the same trinket which she saw in the possession of other little girls. It was not her desire to deprive them of theirs, but she wished to possess something exactly similar, and it had been her misfortune from the moment of her being able to form any wishes to have them immediately gratified. The consequence was that she was whimsical and capricious. The favourite wax doll of to-day would be discarded on the morrow for one of wood if she saw one of that sort in the hands of another. Her playthings never pleased her more than two or three days, and at the end of this time a string of new desires arose, which she knew would be immediately met, and which consequently led the way to others. She had only to ask and have, and this facility gradually produced a sort of selfishness which her mother was vexed at perceiving. Agnes was kind-hearted, and always willing that others should be gratified, but not at her expense; and Mrs. Clavering saw that, while any little present the child made to her friends, or charity bestowed on some poor object, occasioned no deprivation to herself, the motives for both could not be pure.

When she had reached her eighth year, therefore, early as it might seem, Mrs. Clavering had set aside a purse for the use of her little girl, which she told her was all that would be expended for her amusements during the year, and she was anxious to see how far this arrangement

might be a check on the boundless wishes of the little Agnes. Hitherto Agnes had gone on very well. Her father's presents, in spite of her mother's remonstrances, had kept the purse nearly full, and at the latter end of January it would be again replenished. But her father was now from home. It might so happen that he would be absent till that time, and Agnes knew that she must now use her means with caution.

As she was returning with her mother home in the carriage from her uncle's, Agnes said :

'I should so very much like a box of shells.'

'And have you not as much pleasure in looking at Laura's ?' replied Mrs. Clavering. 'And do you not think she has some pleasure in showing you what you have not of your own ? It is very seldom indeed that she can have this pleasure, for you have everything, and a great deal more than she has. It so happens in this case that her father's brother has given her what I think it would be hardly in the power of your father to buy, for he brought them from abroad. And I hope you will be satisfied to see them when you are with your cousin, and be very careful of expressing any wish for them before her. For you know that she has more than once offered you such little trifles as you have wished for when you have seen them in her possession.'

'Oh, mother,' said Agnes, with eagerness, 'I do not want Laura's shells, indeed ! I only wanted some like them. But I will try and not think of the shells.'

'You should not do this, Agnes,' said Mrs. Clavering ; 'you should try and think of them without wishing for them. But here we are at home.'

A few days after this a lady called on Mrs. Clavering to invite her to go with her to look at some old china, and Agnes received permission to be of the party. While

the two ladies were occupied with the master of the shop in looking through his assortment of china, the master's wife very good-naturedly busied herself with Agnes, and endeavoured to amuse her by showing her many curiosities contained on her numerous shelves. Amongst the rest she exhibited some drawers of shells, some of which were so like those which Agnes had seen in Laura's box that she began to long for them, and as the prices were marked, and they did not appear very expensive, she whispered to her mother and asked if she might purchase them.

'Can you afford it?' whispered Mrs. Clavering in reply, and stroking at the same time the blooming cheek that rested against hers.

'I think I can, mother,' again whispered Agnes, in a very coaxing manner.

'If you are *sure* you can,' once more whispered Mrs. Clavering, 'you may; but remember the blue bag.'

Agnes returned to the tempting shell-drawer. Mrs. Clavering advanced the money to pay for the new purchases, and on their return home Agnes begged her mother would directly pay herself from her own purse.

'And, mother,' continued Agnes, 'I think the thimble shall be of silver instead of gold, for a gold one will cost a great deal of money. And I never use a gold one, and why should I give Laura one?'

'I see no reason why, certainly,' answered Mrs. Clavering, 'excepting that it was your own proposal. I should have thought that a silver one was quite as well, if not rather better; but I did not like to check your wish of making a handsome present to your cousin. Let it be silver, if you please; but take care that you keep money enough to pay for that, and the other articles which you design putting into the New Year's present.'

'Oh, I shall have plenty now, mother,' returned Agnes; 'but I think I could not have afforded the gold thimble.'

And she went to her play-room to look at her shells, put them in order, and see how many were wanting to complete the number which her cousin possessed.

It now occurred to her that a box to contain them was indispensable, and the footman's brother being a carpenter, she desired him to get one made for her. It was soon completed, and when it came home, and was paid for, Agnes found that it had cost just the difference between a silver and a gold thimble. She proceeded to place her shells in order, but the box was not half full, and while thus occupied a visitor called, who was accompanied by her young son and a beautiful little white dog, and this little white dog and his master called off her attention for a while from her shells.

The little animal was very amusing and very playful. He could perform a number of little odd tricks, and, amongst others, would patiently wait while his young master counted ten, and then would spring forwards and receive the piece of bread or biscuit held out to him. Agnes thought she never could be tired of playing with such a 'dear little dog,' to use her own expression, and she expressed her wishes so strongly and so earnestly that the little dog's master, after whispering to his mother, told Agnes that if she liked she was very welcome to keep the dog, for that he was going to school, and nobody at home cared for her but himself. Mrs. Clavering felt vexed that Agnes had so warmly expressed her admiration of the dog, but she did not see how she could decline her acceptance, and by this arrangement Agnes for the remainder of the day had nothing to wish for, excepting, indeed, it might be that the chapter of the History of England she read to her mother in the evening

had not been quite so long, and that bedtime had not come before she had had another game of play with little Chloe.

In the morning the first thing to be thought of was Chloe, and Chloe occasioned in her mistress so many wandering thoughts when she ought to have been occupied with her book that Mrs. Clavering was obliged to threaten the loss of the new favourite before the morning task could be accomplished. At length Chloe was turned out of the room, but then Chloe would run downstairs, and into the hall, and back again upstairs, and scratch at the drawing-room door for admittance, and when once more admitted, on Agnes's promise to let her lie still quietly under the sofa, Chloe wished to go out of the room again; and out of the room once more, but only once, she was allowed to go. Then, on the hall-door being left open for a minute, Chloe was out in the street, and it was with considerable difficulty that James, the man-servant, could again catch her. This suggested the necessity of a collar for Chloe, and a collar, indeed, seemed indispensable if the dog was to be kept.

'But I am not sure that I shall have money enough to buy one,' said Agnes, as she begged her mother to examine her purse, and assist her in calculating how much the blue bag and its furniture were likely to cost.

Agnes thought, if father was at home she would have had the collar purchased for her directly, and as Mrs. Clavering had allowed the dog to be accepted, it seemed to her that it would not be an unreasonable indulgence to make Chloe's mistress a present of a collar. She told Agnes, therefore, that she would provide the little animal with a collar, and thinking that the sooner the blue bag was bought the less would be Agnes's temptation to encroach on the money set aside for its purchase, she

directed her little girl to get her hat and pelisse put on, and they would proceed immediately to the Bazaar.

As Mrs. Clavering and Agnes were crossing the hall, a carriage drove to the door. It was Mrs. Montague, a particular friend of Mrs. Clavering, and she had called to invite her and Agnes to take a drive to a bird-fancier's, who had a large collection of canary-birds; for Harriet and Eliza Montague had been promised by their uncle that they should each have one, and their mother thought that Agnes would like to go and help choose them. The little girls had a very pleasant ride together, and they all thought the birds very beautiful, and that they sung delightfully. But it was rather an unfortunate excursion for Agnes, for on her return home Chloe pleased her no longer, and she told her mother she thought 'a canary-bird would be a much prettier pet than a rude, troublesome little dog.'

'And yet you were very much pleased with your little dog yesterday,' remarked Mrs. Clavering, 'and to-day she looks much prettier with her smart collar on, and she frisks and gambols about, and is as anxious as ever to be taken notice of.'

At this moment Chloe ran up to her little mistress, and Agnes could not help acknowledging that her collar was very pretty. She kissed her mother for having so soon obliged her by buying one, and for an hour or two the canary-birds were forgotten. The next day, however, Agnes had been invited to spend with Harriet and Eliza Montague. The birds had been brought home. They looked even more beautiful in the play-room than at the bird-fancier's, and they and their cages together were so very ornamental that Agnes thought of them some minutes after she had laid her head on her pillow. In the morning she asked her mother 'if she might not buy

a canary-bird. They were not very expensive, and she should like one so very much.

'I wish, my dear little girl, you could learn to see what others have, and be amused and pleased, without always wishing to possess what has given you amusement and pleasure.'

'If I can but have a canary-bird,' replied Agnes, 'I shall not wish for anything else, and shall be quite satisfied. Do, mother, let me buy one. Father would, I know, if he were at home.'

'Your father is very indulgent, Agnes,' replied Mrs. Clavering. 'He sees you but seldom, and never likes to refuse you anything you wish for when he does see you; but I should not think you a good girl to impose upon his kindness by asking anything of him which I had thought it better to refuse you.'

'I cannot see why I should not have a canary-bird, mother,' said Agnes, not, I am sorry to say, very good-humouredly, 'and I do not wish you to buy it for me. I could buy it myself, for, you know, I have money of my own.'

'I do not mean to argue with you,' replied Mrs. Clavering, 'for little girls of your age are not always capable of understanding the reason why indulgences are refused them, though they are quite equal to knowing that it is their duty not to repine when they are withheld. However, do as you please about the canary-bird. If you have money sufficient to pay for one, let the bird be bought. The money was given you to spend exactly as you please.'

Agnes looked at her mother. No, mother did not look pleased—she looked grave; and when Agnes's countenance once more brightened at the prospect of possessing the canary-bird, Mrs Clavering neither smiled nor even looked

at Agnes. She continued looking at her work, and her needle went in and out very, very fast. Agnes walked up to her mother, and taking her purse from the box where it was always kept, took from it the money, and began to count it.

Presently Mrs. Clavering said :

'Well, Agnes, what is this beautiful bird to cost ?'

'Only five shillings,' replied Agnes.

'And have you five shillings to spare ?' said Mrs. Clavering.

'Oh yes, mother ; I think I have,' replied Agnes. 'Oh yes, I can do it very well. You know I talked of buying a gold scissor-sheath for Laura, but I think a leather one would do just as well. And then I shall have more than money enough for the canary-bird.'

'Poor Laura !' said Mrs. Clavering. 'I am afraid she does not stand a very good chance of having any New Year's gift. However, the money is your own, and you are to do what you please with it. But if you did think of others a little more, and less of yourself, Agnes, you would be a much more amiable little girl.'

Agnes for a minute looked grave, for she saw a tear in her mother's eye. But her mother did not look angry, and she went on with her calculations and schemes about canary-birds and cages. James was commissioned to purchase the bird so much desired, and as it was positively necessary that the bird, when bought, should have a habitation to live in, the tortoiseshell box designed for Laura was to be changed into a card needle-case, and the next morning Agnes's play-room was adorned with a very pretty canary-bird in a smart wire cage.

The next day Laura and Augusta Parker came to visit their cousin, but they did not seem to take so much pleasure in the new purchase as it was supposed they

would. They were very willing to assist Agnes in feeding her bird, and admired its plumage, which they thought very pretty and very soft, and they expressed no desire to be playing with anything else, for they saw Agnes was better pleased to be taking down and putting up her cage than in following any other amusement. But they would much rather have been playing with Agnes's new doll, or looking at some of her story-books, or puzzles, or play-things, of which she had such useless stores; and when she did lead them to some of these, neither Laura nor Augusta thought more of the canary-bird, except when it sang so loudly as to prevent the little girls from hearing each other speak. Indeed, it did sing so loudly that nothing else could be heard, and Agnes herself was at length so tired of it that she was sorry it had been purchased. Her dear cousin Laura, too, who was so gentle and good-natured, had lost part of her pretty present by the purchase of this useless bird, and she should be ashamed to tell her mother she was tired of it.

But she did not allow these thoughts to make her miserable, and the three little girls spent a very happy as well as a very busy day, for Laura set all Agnes's cupboards and drawers to rights for her, and looked over her maps and puzzles, and placed the right pieces in the right boxes; and she sewed in some leaves that were torn out of some of the prettiest story-books, for Agnes was very careless with her books, and she placed them all in nice even rows upon the shelves. Then she mended the doll's frock, and made a very pretty new doll's bonnet; and Augusta made a tippet, all herself, even the cutting out and fitting, though she was only six years old; and she set the doll's house in order, and wiped the dust from off the little chairs and tables; and, in short, nothing could be so happy and comfortable as

were the three little girls together. Then at last they came to the box with the shells, but this Agnes preferred not looking at, for she had very few shells, compared to her cousin's collection, and the box was not half so pretty, for Laura's box was inlaid with ivory ; and as Augusta was seizing upon the shells with her little dusting-cloth in her hand, Agnes said :

'Oh, leave those, Augusta ; they are not worth thinking about.'

'But I thought you were very fond of shells,' said Laura.

'Yes, so I am,' replied Agnes ; 'but not such a set as these. They are nothing to yours.' And she turned from them with contempt, and drew Augusta to the other end of the room. 'Come, Augusta, we will play at mother and children. I will be your mother, and Laura and you shall be my children.'

Laura and Augusta instantly agreed to what their cousin proposed, and for some time the play went on smoothly enough. But well inclined as was Augusta to do everything to make herself pleasant and agreeable, she did not like to 'pretend to be naughty' so often as her little mother required of her ; and Agnes, as little mothers, I believe, frequently are, was very fond of having her play-child to punish, and set in the corner, and to lecture and scold. Laura thought there was a little too much disgrace, and that she had much rather have been allowed to be good ; but Laura never consulted her own wishes in opposition to her playfellows. Besides, Laura was a great girl, and could not be supposed to care about these things. But poor Augusta was a very little child, and had been accustomed to a great deal of indulgence from Laura, and she began to feel very serious at being so frequently reproved and

disgraced. She really thought she must be naughty, or, at least, that Agnes thought her so ; and after her little heart had been some time swelling with emotion, she at length burst out into tears, saying at the same time, with great vehemence :

'Indeed, Cousin Agnes, I am not naughty!'

'No, you only pretend to be naughty,' said Agnes. 'There, be a good child, and go in the corner, and pretend to be naughty once more, and presently, when you have done crying, I shall come and ask you if you are good.'

'But, indeed, I am good now!' exclaimed Augusta, resisting Agnes as she tried to lead her back to the corner. 'And I don't like to be naughty! I like to be good!'

'Let me be naughty ; it is my turn to be naughty now, Agnes,' said Laura, stepping forwards and taking Augusta's other hand.

'Oh, but it is not half so much fun for you to be naughty,' said Agnes ; 'you are such a great girl. Besides, Augusta pretends to cry so well.'

'I don't pretend to cry, and I will not be naughty any more!' said Augusta, who was now irritated into a violent pet ; and as she struggled against her cousin, who attempted to draw her to the corner, the poor child was thrown down, and her head hit against the sharp corner of the shell-box.

She gave a loud scream, and Mrs. Clavering and Mrs. Parker hastened to the room. Laura picked up her little sister, on whose forehead there was a severe bruise. Agnes looked pale and ashamed, but no one explained how the accident had happened.

Mrs. Clavering caught up the sobbing Augusta, and rang the bell for cold water. The child ran to her mother, who drew aside the curls which almost hid the bruise, and kissing her cheek and forehead, good-humouredly assured

Mrs. Clavering that it was only a trifling hurt, and in a few minutes tranquillity was restored. But Augusta, whose temper had been more hurt than her forehead, begged that she might accompany her mother to the drawing-room; and as the tea was now nearly ready, Mrs. Clavering told Agnes she might as well bring both of her cousins with her. This arrangement was not very pleasing to Agnes, for she had gained a half-promise from her mother in the morning that she should herself make tea for her cousins in a set of beautiful china which she had lately received from Nottinghamshire; but Mrs. Clavering saw from Augusta's manner of clinging to her mother that something of disagreement had taken place amongst the children, and as she was aware of Agnes's inclination to be the mistress of the party, she judged that it would be better for this evening that the elder and younger parts of the family should make but one party. Agnes was disappointed—very much disappointed; but she fortunately recollected that the disappointment was owing to her own exertion of authority over the poor little Augusta, and she was wise enough to submit in silence. Mrs. Parker, who was always lively and agreeable, brought forward a great many laughable stories for the amusement of the young party; and the mortification of the young tea-maker, and the pain of Augusta's forehead, and, more than this, her anger against her cousin, had all subsided before the urn had done hissing and a pile of plum cakes had been consumed.

This and a great many more days had passed before Agnes paid another visit to her purse, which lay snugly in her mother's drawer. Neither had her mother's drawer been opened, for Mrs. Clavering had caught a severe cold, and for several days she kept her bed.

During this time Agnes was very dull, for although she spent one whole day with her cousins, and another with the little Montagues, there was a great deal of time she was by herself, and being a very sociable little girl, she never preferred being without a companion. Her aunt Parker invited her to come and stay with her entirely during her mother's illness, but Mrs. Clavering preferred her remaining at home. It was fortunate that she did so, for Laura and Augusta Parker a few days after fell severely ill with an infectious fever, and, of course, it was no longer right that they should be visited by their cousin. They were for some days dangerously ill, and when they did begin to get better, it was very slowly, and some weeks passed before it was thought fit that the cousins should meet. It was also some time before Mrs. Clavering was sufficiently recovered to leave the house again, either on foot or in the carriage; but Mrs. Montague frequently called for Agnes, and gave her a ride in her carriage, and after her own way was very kind to her. But her way was that of indulging her, as she did her own children, in every wish they expressed. Whatever toys or trinkets they wished for were purchased for them, and so unreasonable had they been in their wishes that Mrs. Montague had at length been driven to refuse their going to the Bazaar altogether; for when there she had not the resolution, as she ought to have had, to deny them any particular thing they had set their minds on. For this reason, they had not been for some time to this tempting repository of pretty things; but, finding that their young friend Agnes was wishing to go thither to purchase a blue bag, they engaged their mother to take them once more, and a day was fixed on for the proposed treat.

Mrs. Clavering was sufficiently recovered to be sitting

on the sofa in the drawing-room when Agnes came to petition for her purse.

'And you have settled everything that you are to buy, have you not, my little girl ?' said Mrs. Clavering, as she took from the drawer the silken purse and placed it in the hand of the eager Agnes.

'Oh yes, mother,' replied Agnes, scarcely allowing herself time to draw on her gloves, so anxious was she to be going, and she ran towards the door.

'But Mrs. Montague is not come yet, Agnes,' said Mrs Clavering.

'Oh, I forgot,' replied Agnes, returning towards her mother. Then, telling upon her fingers, she went on : 'Blue bag, thimble, needle-book, scissors, winders.'

'And pincushion,' said Mrs. Clavering.

'Oh yes, pincushion ; I had forgotten pincushion. Yes, there must be a pincushion.'

'Now, could not you make the pincushion yourself, Agnes ?' asked Mrs. Clavering. 'And the needle-case, I should think, too ; and Laura would like them the better for your making them.'

'I do not think I should be able to make them well enough, mother,' replied Agnes ; 'and I should not like to give anything clumsy to Laura. No, I think I shall buy them.'

'Well, do as you please about this,' replied Mrs. Clavering ; and Mrs. Montague's carriage being now heard to rattle down to the door, she gave her little girl a hasty kiss, and Agnes ran downstairs and was very soon on her road to the Bazaar.

As they drove through the streets the little Montagues were very eager in describing a beautiful new stall which had been opened since they had been to the Bazaar. It was one of French toys and trinkets, and there were

a great many very pretty and very ingenious things exhibiting there. There were dolls, and workboxes, and wire-dancers, and puzzles of every description. And so very anxious were all three of the little girls to see and admire what all the little, and great girls, too, of their acquaintance thought so very well worth seeing and admiring that, when they had left the carriage and entered the room, Mrs. Montague could scarcely keep pace with the nimble-footed little party. They paced round and round the lower room, and were just ascending into the upper, when the first thought of the blue bag crossed the recollection of Agnes.

'Oh, my little blue bag!' she said to her young companions; and slipping behind them, stopped at the stall where she had before seen it displayed.

It was sold. This was not the fault of Agnes.

Should they make another for the young lady? It would be ready by to-morrow, and it should be sent home to any place she should appoint.

'Yes—no.'

Agnes was in a great hurry to go upstairs to the French stall, and Harriet and Eliza were both urging her to make haste.

'There will be prettier bags at the French stall, love, most likely,' whispered Mrs. Montague; 'and, if not, you could give this order as you returned downstairs.'

Agnes wanted very little persuasion to despatch her business below, and the three little girls again quickened their pace towards the upstair room.

'How pretty!' 'How beautiful!' 'How curious!' 'Agnes, look here,' and 'Harriet, see this'; and 'Eliza, pray look at that'; and 'Mother, may I buy this?' and 'Mother, may I buy that?' were the hasty and rapid exclamations of the first few minutes after the young party had arrived

at the famed French stall; and so very much inclined were all of them to touch as well as look at everything that the chattering lady behind the counter was at length obliged in the most civil and polite manner to beg that they would be careful, and not touch what they did not want to buy.

But they wanted to buy everything, and found it very difficult to determine what they wanted to buy most; and whatever Harriet and Eliza fixed upon for themselves, Agnes thought that she should like the same for herself. There was no blue bag at this stall, or, if there was, Agnes saw none, nor any other bag. Her attention was first drawn to a droll little fellow upon wires, who tumbled over and over again as fast as the eye could follow him. Harriet bought one of these, and Agnes longed for one. By the side of the famous little tumbler there was a glittering row of bright shining scissors, and a thought of Laura glanced across our little Agnes. But the bag was not yet bought. Besides, the bag might be given without the scissors, and the woman said there were but two of these little tumblers ever made. Harriet had purchased the other, and while Laura and the scissors made Agnes for a moment hesitate, a gentleman put his hand upon the remaining tumbler. Agnes looked up eagerly in his face, and then at the woman; and the woman said she believed the young lady was going to buy that. The chance of losing it determined the young lady's wavering resolution, and the tumbler was paid for, and the scissors forgotten. Then came other things equally charming and equally attractive. Laura was again thought of in conjunction with a box of splendid thimbles, a tray of ivory winders, and pincushions, and needle-cases without number. But she could make the pincushion and needle-case, as her mother had advised

her, and her mother, no doubt, would give her silk for the purpose ; and she could make a thread-case on to the pincushion, and then she should not want any winders. And the thimble, and the scissors? Agnes found it rather difficult to reason away these, but the sudden recollection that her father would be home before New Year's Day, and he would assist her in purchasing what she herself could not afford to buy, turned the scale against poor Laura ; and at length all the whole list of useful articles designed for the New Year's gift were by degrees abandoned for a collection of showy but childish toys, which were to amuse their possessor a day, but not longer, and perhaps not so long.

On returning downstairs the party again passed the stall where the blue bag had first attracted Agnes's admiration on a former visit. The woman who was keeping the stall curtseyed civilly, and asked if she might be allowed to make another bag. Agnes felt ashamed, and hastened on, for her purse was empty. But the feeling did not continue painful very long, for the little party were all in high spirits, and when they were reseated in the carriage, their tongues went fast, and their merriment continued till they arrived at Mrs. Clavering's. The carriage stopped, the step was let down, and Agnes, scarcely allowing herself time to say good-bye to her companions or thank Mrs. Montague for her morning's pleasure, ran upstairs and into the drawing-room to show her treasures to her mother.

'Oh, mother!' said the eager child, as she flew across the room, and began to exhibit the contents of all her little packets, 'did you ever see anything so droll as this pretty fellow?' And the tumbler was placed upon the table. 'And I am sure I never saw anything half so curious as this!' And another paper packet was unrolled.

'Agnes felt ashamed, and hastened on, for her purse was empty.'

'And how hot you are, my poor child!' said Mrs. Clavering, thinking of nothing for the first few moments but the heated countenance of her child, and her tippet, which was hanging half off, and her bonnet, which was crushed into any shape but its own. 'Why, what have you been doing with yourself?'

'Only playing with Harriet and Eliza in the carriage,' replied the breathless child, at the same time shrugging her shoulders, for now that the game of romps was over she was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. 'And look at this very small wee-wee humming-top!' And another paper was unrolled. 'And did you ever see such beautiful sweetmeats?' as the fourth and last packet was displayed.

'Well, and where did you get all these things?' said Mrs. Clavering, as she turned from the heated child to the treasures displayed before her.

'Oh, at the Bazaar! There is such a beautiful new stall there, and it is covered with such pretty things!'

'And do you think that Laura will like these things so well as the blue bag, and the rest of the things you talked of buying for her? And do you think they will be as useful to her?'

'Oh, mother,' began stammering Agnes, 'these things—mother—are not—these are not for Laura, mother. These are—these are for myself.'

'Oh, Agnes,' said Mrs. Clavering very gravely, 'you have not been spending all your money upon yourself and these foolish trifles, and forgetting your kind, good-natured cousin Laura?'

Agnes's fingers were now engaged in twisting round and round them the cotton from the reel lying on her mother's lap, and she felt and looked very foolish.

For a few moments nothing more was said, but presently Agnes approached closer to her mother and leaned against her.

Mrs. Clavering took no notice of her little girl, and did not, as usual, encourage her endearing advances. Presently Agnes ventured to say:

'It was my own money, mother, and you said I might do as I pleased with it.'

However, Agnes knew a great deal better than to think for a moment that this was any excuse for her selfishness.

'Yes, it *was* your own money,' replied Mrs. Clavering, 'and it certainly was given you to spend as you liked. But I am sorry, very sorry, that I have a little girl who never considers anybody's pleasure and amusement but her own.'

'The blue bag was sold,' said Agnes, after a pause of a few minutes, during which she had been picking the pins out of her mother's pincushion and dropping them one by one on the floor.

Mrs. Clavering took the pincushion gently from the hand of her little girl, and desired her to pick up the pins which she had been so carelessly scattering.

'And were all the scissors and pincushions and thimbles sold, too?' continued Mrs. Clavering. 'And would it not have been possible to have had another bag made, like the one you saw the other day?'

'Yes, mother,' replied Agnes, as she replaced the last pin in the pincushion; 'the woman *did* offer to make another, but I had no money left then.'

'This will never do, Agnes, indeed,' said Mrs. Clavering. 'If you are allowed to indulge all your wishes in this way while you continue a child, you will grow up to be a disagreeable and overbearing woman. Did you

never read, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"? Come, tell me; try and recollect.' And as Mrs. Clavering spoke her voice softened, and she laid her cheek on the head of her little girl, who had seated herself on a stool at her feet. 'Did you ever read of this?'

'Yes, mother, I have read it in the Bible,' replied Agnes, as she turned round towards her mother, and laid her head coaxingly on her lap.

'It was one of the directions of our blessed Saviour,' continued Mrs. Clavering, 'and His directions we ought always to obey. Now, supposing that your Cousin Laura had determined to give you anything she knew you were very desirous of having, should you like her to change her mind, because she fancied something for herself which she could not purchase without doing so? Should you not think she was unkind in doing so?'

'Yes, mother,' replied Agnes; 'but Laura did not know I was going to give it her, and therefore she will not think me unkind.'

'No, but you will know that you have been so,' replied Mrs. Clavering; 'and I know that you have been so, and I am very much hurt that you are so, for, as I have frequently told you, I do not like such little selfish ways as you too frequently indulge.'

Agnes did not feel comfortable, and she had not half the enjoyment of her new purchases which she expected to have; and she had very little pleasure in showing them to her cousins, who were allowed on the next day, for the first time since their illness, to come and play with her. The tumbler was not half so droll as he seemed to be before she bought him. Augusta, however, was delighted with him. She laughed aloud at all his whimsical changes, and Agnes told her that she might

have it if she liked, for she was tired of it—not a very disinterested reason, but Augusta was pleased with her present, and also with the sweetmeats of which she partook, and some of which she carried home to her brothers, who were never forgotten.

New Year's Day was now approaching very fast, and as it did approach Agnes thought a great deal of the little blue bag, and she longed for her father's return, for she thought that he would give her money if she asked for it, and still the present might be made. But New Year's Day arrived, and no father. Mr. Clavering had been detained by business, and might not be at home yet for some weeks. Poor Agnes! her last hope gone. An invitation to dinner arrived from Uncle and Aunt Parker. It was Laura's birthday, and the two families generally on that day had dined together.

On the day before Agnes felt very serious for some minutes together, and when the thoughts of the blue bag crossed her, none of her playthings amused her, and she was grave, and very near shedding tears several times. Mrs. Clavering watched these emotions in her little girl, but took no notice of them till the following morning, when, calling her to her side, she said:

'Agnes, I think you feel very sorry that you have been so selfish, and I am sure that you have not enjoyed yourself half so much with the variety of different things you have bought for your own gratification as you would have done if you had persevered in spending your money, according to your first intentions, on your cousin Laura. Now, I do not like that Laura should lose her present, nor do I wish that you should suffer any more mortification than you have done for the fault you have committed, so that I have been endeavouring to make an arrangement for you that shall enable you still to oblige

'Agnes threw her arms round the neck of her dear Laura' (*p.* 158).

your cousin. You remember asking me a day or two since why I did not purchase new chimney ornaments, for that mine looked very shabby? It was my intention to have done so yesterday, for you know that I have pleasure in seeing the mantelpiece prettily ornamented, particularly as your father is always kind enough to admire it when it is so. But I have given up this intention at present that I might use the money which would have been required for the purpose in a different way; and if, my dearest child,' continued the affectionate mother, as a tear started into her eye, 'I can teach you by this, or by any other means, to learn to sacrifice your own desires to those of others, I shall never regret that the money has been employed in the purchase of a little blue bag.'

Thus saying, Mrs. Clavering opened the drawer of her work-table, and exhibited a bag, the exact copy of the one which Agnes had first fixed on as a New Year's gift for her cousin. It was as completely furnished within as it was elegant on the outside. There was the gold thimble, the gold sheath to the scissors, the tortoiseshell needle-case, the ivory winders, and the pincushion edged with blue, and stuck in minikin pins, with the words, 'Affection—from Agnes to Laura.' Agnes's little heart swelled with emotion. She threw her arms round the neck of her mother, and sobbed aloud, as she promised never again to be a selfish little girl.

'Your feelings now, my sweet girl, are strongly excited,' said Mrs. Clavering, as she pressed the lovely child in her arms, 'and at this moment I know you mean to perform all that you promise. You will find it difficult, perhaps, to keep your promise; but you must strive hard to do so, and in time no doubt you will succeed. Now go and get your pelisse and bonnet put on, for the carriage will soon be at the door.'

Agnes tripped away with light steps and a merrier heart than she expected would be her companion to her uncle's. The carriage was shortly after ready, and the cousins in half an hour were together. Oh, how grateful did Agnes feel to her mother when Laura met her! In Laura's arms was the box of shells which she had received from her uncle abroad, and which was now quite full; for Laura had denied herself everything that she might complete the collection, and she now presented it, with a feeling of calm and quiet pleasure, to her beloved cousin. Agnes felt ashamed and pleased, humbled and gratified, as she threw her arms round the neck of her dear Laura to thank her, and as she presented to the delighted girl, in return for her beautiful box of shells, the thimble, the scissors, the needle-case, the winders, the pincushion, and the little blue bag.

The Oyster Patties

THERE was once a little boy who perhaps might have been a good little fellow if his friends had taken pains to make him so; but—I do not know how it was—instead of teaching him to be good, they gave him everything he cried for; so, whenever he wished to have anything, he had only to cry, and if he did not get it directly, he cried louder and louder till at last he got it. By this means Alfred was not only very naughty, but very unhappy. He was crying from morning till night. He had no pleasure in anything; he was in everybody's way, and nobody liked to be with him.

Well, one day his mother thought she would give him a day of pleasure, and make him very happy indeed, so she told him he should have a feast, and dine under the great cedar-tree that stood upon the lawn, and that his cousins should be invited to dine with him, and that he should have whatever he chose for his dinner. So she rang the bell, and she told the servants to take out tables and chairs and to lay the cloth upon the table under the tree, and she ordered her two footmen to be ready to wait upon him.

She desired the butler to tell the cook to prepare the dinner, and to get all sorts of nice dishes for the feast; but she said to Alfred:

'What shall you like best of all, my dear boy?'

So Alfred tried to think of something that he had never had before, and he recollected that one day he had heard a lady, who was dining with his father and mother, say that the oyster patties were the best she had ever eaten. Now Alfred had never tasted oyster patties, so he said he would have oyster patties for dinner.

'Oyster patties, my dear boy? You cannot have oyster patties at this time of the year; there are no oysters to be had,' his mother said to him. 'Try, love, to think of something else.'

But naughty Alfred said:

'No, I can think of nothing else.'

So the cook was sent for, and desired to think of something that he might like as well. The cook proposed first a currant pie, then a barberry pie, or a codlin pie with custard.

'No, no, no!' said Alfred, shaking his head.

'Or a strawberry tart, my sweet boy? or apricot jam?' said his mother, in a soothing tone of voice.

But Alfred said:

'No, mother, no. I don't like strawberries. I don't like apricot jam. I want oysters.'

'But you cannot have oysteis, my little master,' said the cook.

'But I will have oysters,' said the little boy, 'and you shan't say that I can't have them — shall she, mother?'

And he began to scream and to cry.

'Do not cry, my sweet soul,' said his mother, 'and

we will see what we can do. Dry up your tears, my little man, and come with me, and the cook, I dare say, will be able to get some oysters before dinner. It is a long time to dinner, you know, and I have some pretty toys for you upstairs, if you will come with me till dinner is ready.'

So she took the little crying boy by the hand and led him up to her room, and she whispered to the cook as she passed not to say anything more about it now, and that she hoped he would forget the oyster patties by the time dinner was ready. In the meantime she took all the pains she could to amuse and please him, and as fast as he grew tired of one toy she brought out another.

At last, after some hours, she gave him a beautiful toy for which she had paid fifteen shillings. It was a sand toy of a woman sitting at a spinning-wheel, and when it was turned up the little figure began spinning away, and the wheel turned round and round as fast as if the woman who turned it had been alive. Alfred wanted to see how it was done, but, instead of going to his mother to ask her if she would be so good as to explain it to him, he began pulling it to pieces to look behind it. For some time he was very busy, and he had just succeeded in opening the large box at the back of the figure when all the sand that was in it came pouring out upon the floor, and when he tried to make the little woman spin again, he found she would not do it any more. She could not, for it was the sand dropping down that had made her move before.

Now, do you know that Alfred was so very silly that he began to be angry even with the toy, and he said, 'Spin, I say! spin directly!' and then he shook it very hard, but in vain. The little hands did not move, and the

wheel stood still. So then he was very angry indeed, and, setting up a loud cry, he threw the toy to the other end of the room. Just at this very moment the servant opened the door and said that dinner was ready, and that Alfred's cousins were arrived.

'Come, my dear child; you are tired of your toys, I see,' said his mother, 'so come to dinner, darling. It is all ready under the tree.'

So away they went, leaving the room all strewed with toys, with broken pieces, and the sand all spilt in a heap upon the floor. When they went under the dark spreading branches of the fine old cedar-tree, there they saw the table covered with dishes and garnished with flowers. There were chickens, and ham, and tongue, and lobsters, besides tarts, and custards, and jellies, and cakes, and cream, and I do not know how many nice things besides. There was Alfred's high chair at the head of the table, and he was soon seated in it, as master of the feast, with his mother sitting by him, his cousins opposite to him, his nurse standing on the other side, and the two footmen waiting besides.

As soon as his cousins were helped to what they liked best, his mother said:

'What will you eat first, Alfred, my love? A wing of a chicken?'

'No,' said Alfred, pushing it away.

'A slice of ham, darling?' said nurse.

'No,' said Alfred, in a louder tone.

'A little bit of lobster, my dear?'

'No, no,' replied the naughty boy.

'Well, what *will* you have, then?' said his mother, who was almost tired of him.

'I will have oyster patties,' said he.

'That is the only thing you cannot have, my love, you

know, so do not think of it any more, but taste a bit of this pie. I am sure you will like it.'

'You *said* I should have oyster patties by dinner-time,' said Alfred, 'and so I will have nothing else.'

'I am sorry you are such a sad, naughty child,' said his mother. 'I thought you would have been so pleased with all these nice things to eat.'

'They are *not* nice,' said the child, who was not at all grateful for all that his mother had done, but was now in such a passion that he took the piece of currant tart which his nurse again offered to him, and, squeezing up as much as his two little hands could hold, he threw it at his nurse, and stained her nice white handkerchief and apron with the red juice.

Just at this moment his father came into the garden, and walked up to the table.

'What is all this?' said he. 'Alfred, you seem to be a very naughty boy indeed; and I must tell you, sir, I shall allow this no longer. Get down from your chair, sir, and beg your nurse's pardon.'

Alfred had hardly ever heard his father speak so before, and he felt so frightened that he left off crying and did as he was bid. Then his father took him by the hand and led him away.

His mother said she was sure he would now be good and eat the currant tart; but his father said:

'No, no, it is now too late; he must come with me.'

So he led him away, without saying another word.

He took him into the village, and he stopped at the door of a poor cottage.

'May we come in?' said his father.

'Oh yes, and welcome,' said a poor woman, who was standing at a table with a saucepan in her hand.

'What are you doing, my good woman?'

'Only putting out the children's supper, your honour.'

'And what have you got for their supper?'

'Only some potatoes, please you, sir; but they be nicely boiled, and here come the hungry boys! They are coming in from their work, and they will soon make an end of them, I warrant.'

As she said these words in came John, and William, and Thomas, all with rosy cheeks and smiling faces. They sat down—one on a wooden stool, one on a broken chair, and one on the corner of the table—and they all began to eat the potatoes very heartily.

But Alfred's father said:

'Stop, my good boys; do not eat any more, but come with me.'

The boys stared, but their mother told them to do as they were bid, so they left off eating and followed the gentleman.

Alfred and his father walked on till they arrived once more under the cedar-tree in the garden, and there was the fine feast all standing just as they had left it, for Alfred's cousins were gone away, and his mother would not have the dinner taken away, because she hoped that Alfred would come back to it.

'Now, boys,' said the gentleman, 'you may all sit down to this table and eat whatever you like.'

John, William, and Thomas sat down as quickly as they could, and began to devour the chickens and tarts, and all the good things, at a great rate; and Alfred, who now began to be very hungry, would gladly have been one of the party; but when he was going to sit down, his father said:

'No, sir; this feast is not for *you*. There is nothing here that you like to eat, you know; so you will wait

'He took the currant tart, and squeezing up as much as his hands could hold, threw it at his nurse.'

upon these boys, if you please, who seem as if they would find plenty that they will like.'

Alfred at this began to cry again, and said he wanted to go to his mother; but his father did not mind his crying, and said he should not go to his mother again till he was quite a good boy.

'So now, sir, hand this bread to John, and now take a clean plate to Thomas, and now stand ready to carry this custard to William. There now, wait till they have all done.'

It was of no use now to cry or scream; he was obliged to do it all.

When the boys had quite finished their supper they went home, and Alfred was led by his father into the house. Before he went to bed, a cup of milk and water and a piece of brown bread were put before him, and his father said:

'That is your supper, Alfred.'

Alfred began to cry again, and said he did not want such a supper as that.

'Very well,' said his father, 'then go to bed without, and it shall be saved for your breakfast.'

Alfred cried and screamed louder than ever, so his father ordered the maid to put him to bed. When he was in bed, he thought his mother would come and see him and bring him something nice, and he lay awake a long while; but she did not come, and he cried and cried till at last he fell asleep.

In the morning, when he awoke, he was so hungry he could hardly wait to be dressed, but asked for his breakfast every minute. When he saw the maid bring in the brown bread again without any butter, and some milk and water, he was very near crying again; but he thought if he did he should perhaps lose his breakfast as he had

lost his supper, so he checked his tears, and ate a hearty meal.

'Well,' said his father, who came into the room just as he was eating the last bit of bread, 'I am glad to see the little boy who could not yesterday find anything good enough for him at a feast eating such simple fare as this so heartily. Come, Alfred, now you may come to your dear mother.'

The Changeling

Y name, you know, is Withers; but as I once thought I was the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Harriet Lesley, I shall speak of myself as Miss Lesley, and call Sir Edward and Lady Harriet my father and mother during the period I supposed them entitled to those beloved names. When I was a little girl, it was the perpetual subject of my contemplation that I was an heiress, and the daughter of a baronet; that my mother was the Honourable Lady Harriet; that we had a nobler mansion, infinitely finer pleasure-grounds, and equipages more splendid than any of the neighbouring families. I am ashamed to confess what a proud child I once was. How it happened I cannot tell, for my father was esteemed the best-bred man in the country, and the condescension and affability of my mother were universally spoken of.

Alas! I am a changeling, substituted by my mother for the heiress of the Lesley family. It was for my sake she did this naughty deed; yet, since the truth has been known, it seems to me as if I had been the only sufferer by it; remembering no time when I was not Harriet

Lesley, it seems as if the change had taken from me my birthright.

Lady Harriet had intended to nurse her child herself, but being seized with a violent fever soon after its birth, she was not only unable to nurse it, but even to see it, for several weeks. I was not quite a month old at this time when my mother was hired to be Miss Lesley's nurse. She had once been a servant in the family ; her husband was then at sea.

She had been nursing Miss Lesley a few days, when a girl who had the care of me brought me into the nursery to see my mother. It happened that she wanted something from her own home, which she despatched the girl to fetch, and desired her to leave me till her return. In her absence she changed our clothes ; then, keeping me to personate the child she was nursing, she sent away the daughter of Sir Edward to be brought up in her own poor cottage.

When my mother sent away the girl, she affirmed she had not the least intention of committing this bad action ; but after she was left alone with us, she looked on me, and then on the little lady baby, and she wept over me, to think she was obliged to leave me to the charge of a careless girl, debarred from my own natural food, while she was nursing another person's child.

The laced cap and the fine cambric robe of the little Harriet were lying on the table ready to be put on. In these she dressed me, only just to see how pretty her own dear baby would look in missy's fine clothes. When she saw me thus adorned, she said to me :

'Oh, my dear Ann, you look as like missy as anything can be ! I am sure my lady herself, if she were well enough to see you, would not know the difference !'

She said these words aloud, and while she was speaking

a wicked thought came into her head—how easy it would be to change these children! On which she hastily dressed Harriet in my coarse raiment. She had no sooner finished the transformation of Miss Lesley into the poor Ann Withers than the girl returned, and carried her away, without the least suspicion that it was not the same infant that she had brought thither.

It was wonderful that no one discovered that I was not the same child. Every fresh face that came into the room filled the nurse with terror. The servants still continued to pay their compliments to the baby in the same form as usual, crying :

'How like it is to its father!'

Nor did Sir Edward himself perceive the difference, his lady's illness probably engrossing all his attention at the time, though, indeed, gentlemen seldom take much notice of very young children.

When Lady Harriet began to recover, and the nurse saw me in her arms caressed as her own child, all fears of detection were over ; but the pangs of remorse then seized her. As the dear sick lady hung with tears of fondness over me, she thought she should have died with sorrow for having so cruelly deceived her.

When I was a year old, Mrs. Withers was discharged, and because she had been observed to nurse me with uncommon care and affection, and was seen to shed many tears at parting from me, to reward her fidelity Sir Edward settled a small pension on her, and she was allowed to come every Sunday to dine in the housekeeper's room, and see her little lady.

When she went home, it might have been expected she would have neglected the child she had so wickedly stolen, instead of which she nursed it with the greatest tenderness, being very sorry for what she had done. All the

ease she could ever find for her troubled conscience was in her extreme care of this injured child, and in the weekly visits to its father's house she constantly brought it with her. At the time I have the earliest recollection of her she was become a widow, and with the pension Sir Edward allowed her, and some plain work she did for our family, she maintained herself and her supposed daughter. The doting fondness she showed for her child was much talked of. It was said she waited upon it more like a servant than a mother, and it was observed its clothes were always made, as far as her slender means would permit, in the same fashion, and her hair cut and curled in the same form, as mine. To this person, as having been my faithful nurse, and to her child, I was always taught to show particular civility, and the little girl was always brought into the nursery to play with me. Ann was a little delicate thing, and remarkably well behaved, for, though so much indulged in every other respect, my mother was very attentive to her manners.

As the child grew older, my mother became very uneasy about her education. She was so very desirous of having her well behaved that she feared to send her to school, lest she should learn ill manners among the village children, with whom she never suffered her to play, and she was such a poor scholar herself that she could teach her little or nothing. I heard her relate this her distress to my own maid, with tears in her eyes, and I formed a resolution to beg of my parents that I might have Ann for a companion, and that she might be allowed to take lessons with me of my governess.

My birthday was then approaching, and on that day I was always indulged in the privilege of asking some peculiar favour.

'The girl carried her away without the least suspicion that it was not the same infant.'

'And what boon has my annual petitioner to beg to-day ?' said my father, as he entered the breakfast-room on the morning of my birthday.

Then I told him of the great anxiety expressed by Nurse Withers concerning her daughter ; how much she wished it was in her power to give her an education that would enable her to get her living without hard labour. I set the good qualities of Ann Withers in the best light I could, and in conclusion I begged she might be permitted to partake with me in education, and become my companion.

'This is a very serious request indeed, Harriet,' said Sir Edward. 'Your mother and I must consult together on the subject'

The result of this conversation was favourable to my wishes. In a few weeks my foster-sister was taken into the house, and placed under the tuition of my governess.

To me, who had hitherto lived without any companions of my own age, except occasional visitors, the idea of a play-fellow constantly to associate with was very pleasant, and, after the first shyness of feeling her altered situation was over, Ann seemed as much at her ease as if she had always been brought up in our house. I became very fond of her, and took pleasure in showing her all manner of attentions, which so far won on her affections that she told me she had a secret entrusted to her by her mother, which she had promised never to reveal as long as her mother lived, but that she almost wished to confide it to me, because I was such a kind friend to her ; yet, having promised never to tell it till the death of her mother, she was afraid to tell it to me. At first I assured her that I would never press her to the disclosure, for that promises of secrecy were to be held sacred ; but whenever we fell into any confidential kind

of conversation, this secret seemed always ready to come out. Whether she or I were most to blame, I know not, though I own I could not help giving frequent hints how well I could keep a secret. At length she told me what I have before related—namely, that she was in truth the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Lesley, and I the child of her supposed mother.

When I was first in possession of this wonderful secret, my heart burned to reveal it. I thought how praiseworthy it would be in me to restore to my friend the rights of her birth ; yet I thought only of becoming her patroness, and raising her to her proper rank. It never occurred to me that my own degradation must necessarily follow. I endeavoured to persuade her to let me tell this important affair to my parents. This she positively refused. I expressed wonder that she should so faithfully keep this secret for an unworthy woman, who in her infancy had done her such an injury.

'Oh,' said she, 'you do not know how much she loves me, or you would not wonder that I never resent that. I have seen her grieve and be so very sorry on my account that I would not bring her into more trouble for any good that could happen to myself. She has often told me that, since the day she changed us, she has never known what it is to have a happy moment, and when she returned home from nursing you, finding me very thin and sickly, how her heart smote her for what she had done ; and then she nursed and fed me with such anxious care that she grew much fonder of me than if I had been her own, and that on the Sundays when she used to bring me here it was more pleasure to her to see me in my father's own house than it was to her to see you, her real child. The shyness you showed towards her while you were very young, and the forced civility you seemed to affect

as you grew older, always appeared like ingratitude towards her who had done so much for you. My mother has desired me to disclose this after her death, but I do not believe I shall ever mention it then, for I should be sorry to bring any reproach even on her memory.'

In a short time after this important discovery, Ann was sent home to pass a few weeks with her mother, on the occasion of the unexpected arrival of some visitors to our house. They were to bring children with them, and these I was to consider as my own guests.

In the expected arrival of my young visitants, and in making preparations to entertain them, I had little leisure to deliberate on what conduct I should pursue with regard to my friend's secret. Something must be done, I thought, to make her amends for the injury she had sustained, and I resolved to consider the matter attentively on her return. Still my mind ran on conferring favours. I never considered myself as transformed into the dependent person. Indeed, Sir Edward at this time set me about a task which occupied the whole of my attention. He proposed that I should write a little interlude, after the manner of the French 'Petites Pièces,' and to try my ingenuity, no one was to see it before the representation, except the performers, myself, and my little friends, who, as they were all younger than I, could not be expected to lend me much assistance. I have already told you what a proud girl I was. During the writing of this piece, the receiving of my young friends, and the instructing them in their several parts, I never felt myself of so much importance. With Ann my pride had somewhat slumbered. The difference of our rank left no room for competition; all was complacency and good-humour on my part, and affectionate gratitude, tempered with respect, on hers. But here I had full

room to show courtesy, to affect those graces, to imitate that elegance of manners, practised by Lady Harriet to their mothers. I was to be their instructress in action and in attitudes, and to receive their praises and their admiration of my theatrical genius. It was a new scene of triumph for me, and I might then be said to be in the very height of my glory.

If the plot of my piece, for the invention of which they so highly praised me, had been indeed my own, all would have been well ; but unhappily I borrowed from a source which made my drama end far differently from what I intended it should. In the catastrophe I lost not only the name I personated in the piece, but with it my own name also, and all my rank and consequence in the world fled from me for ever. My father presented me with a beautiful writing-desk for the use of my new authorship. My silver standish was placed upon it ; a quire of gilt paper was before me. I took out a parcel of my best crow quills, and down I sate in the greatest form imaginable.

I conjecture I have no talent for invention. Certain it is that, when I sat down to compose my piece, no story would come into my head but the story which Ann had so lately related to me. Many sheets were scrawled over in vain ; I could think of nothing else. Still the babies and the nurse were before me in all the minutiæ of description Ann had given them. The costly attire of the lady baby, the homely garb of the cottage infant, the affecting address of the fond mother to her own offspring, then the charming *équivoque* in the change of the children —it all looked so dramatic. It was a play ready-made to my hands. The invalid mother would form the pathetic, the silly exclamations of the servants the ludicrous, and the nurse was nature itself. It is true I

‘*Many sheets were scrawled over in vain. I could think of nothing else*’

had a few scruples that it might, should it come to the knowledge of Ann, be construed into something very like a breach of confidence. But she was at home, and might never happen to hear of the subject of my piece, and if she did, why, it was only making some handsome apology. To a dependent companion, to whom I had been so very great a friend, it was not necessary to be so very particular about such a trifle.

Thus I reasoned as I wrote my drama, beginning with the title, which I called 'The Changeling,' and ending with these words: 'The curtain drops, while the lady clasps the baby in her arms, and the nurse sighs audibly.' I invented no new incident; I simply wrote the story as Ann had told it to me, in the best blank verse I was able to compose.

By the time it was finished the company had arrived. The casting the different parts was my next care. The Honourable Augustus M——, a young gentleman of five years of age, undertook to play the father. He was only to come in and say: 'How does my little darling do to-day?' The three Miss ——s were to be the servants; they, too, had only single lines to speak.

As these four were all very young performers, we made them rehearse many times over, that they might walk in and out with proper decorum; but the performance was stopped before their entrances and their exits arrived. I complimented Lady Elizabeth, the sister of Augustus, who was the eldest of the young ladies, with the choice of the lady mother, or the nurse. She fixed on the former. She was to recline on a sofa, and, affecting ill-health, speak some eight or ten lines, which began with, 'Oh, that I could my precious baby see!' To her cousin, Miss Emily ——, was given the girl who had the care of the nurse's child. Two dolls were to personate the two

children, and the principal character of the nurse I had the pleasure to perform myself. It consisted of several speeches, and a very long soliloquy during the changing of the children's clothes.

The elder brother of Augustus, a gentleman of fifteen years of age, refused to mix in our childish drama, yet condescended to paint the scenes, and our dresses were got up by my own maid.

When we thought ourselves quite perfect in our several parts, we announced it for representation. Sir Edward and Lady Harriet, with their visitors, the parents of my young troop of comedians, honoured us with their presence. The servants were also permitted to go into a music-gallery, which was at the end of a ball-room we had chosen for our theatre.

As author and principal performer, standing before a noble audience, my mind was too much engaged with the arduous task I had undertaken to glance my eyes towards the music-gallery, or I might have seen two more spectators there than I expected. Nurse Withers and her daughter Ann were there; they had been invited by the housekeeper to be present at the representation of Miss Lesley's play.

In the midst of the performance, as I, in character of the nurse, was delivering the wrong child to the girl, there was an exclamation from the music-gallery of:

'Oh, it's all true! it's all true!'

This was followed by a bustle among the servants, and screams as of a person in an hysteric fit. Sir Edward came forward to inquire what was the matter. He saw it was Mrs. Withers who had fallen into a fit. Ann was weeping over her, and crying out:

'Oh, Miss Lesley, you have told all in the play!'

Mrs. Withers was brought out into the ball-room.

There, with tears and in broken accents, with every sign of terror and remorse, she soon made a full confession of her so long-concealed guilt.

The strangers assembled to see our childish mimicry of passion were witnesses to a highly-wrought dramatic scene in real life. I had intended they should see the curtain drop without any discovery of the deceit. Unable to invent any new incident, I left the conclusion imperfect as I found it. But they saw a more strict poetical justice done ; they saw the rightful child restored to its parents, and the nurse overwhelmed with shame, and threatened with the severest punishment.

'Take this woman,' said Sir Edward, 'and lock her up till she be delivered into the hands of justice.'

Ann, on her knees, implored mercy for her mother. Addressing the children, who were gathered round her, 'Dear ladies,' said she, 'help me—on your knees help me—to beg forgiveness for my mother!' Down the young ones all dropped ; even Lady Elizabeth bent on her knee. 'Sir Edward, pity her distress! Sir Edward, pardon her!'

All joined in the petition except one, whose voice ought to have been loudest in the appeal. No word, no accent came from me. I hung over Lady Harriet's chair, weeping as if my heart would break. But I wept for my own fallen fortunes, not for my mother's sorrow.

I thought within myself : 'If in the integrity of my heart, refusing to participate in this unjust secret, I had boldly ventured to publish the truth, I might have had some consolation in the praises which so generous an action would have merited ; but it is through the vanity of being supposed to have written a pretty story that I have meanly broken my faith with my friend, and

unintentionally proclaimed the disgrace of my mother and myself.'

While thoughts like these were passing through my mind, Ann had obtained my mother's pardon. Instead of being sent away to confinement and the horrors of a prison, she was given by Sir Edward into the care of the housekeeper, who had orders from Lady Harriet to see her put to bed and properly attended to, for again this wretched woman had fallen into a fit.

Ann would have followed my mother, but Sir Edward brought her back, telling her that she should see her when she was better. He then led her towards Lady Harriet, desiring her to embrace her child. She did so, and I saw her, as I had phrased it in the play, 'clasped in her mother's arms.'

This scene had greatly affected the spirits of Lady Harriet. Through the whole of it, it was with difficulty she had been kept from fainting, and she was now led into the drawing-room by the ladies. The gentlemen followed, talking with Sir Edward of the astonishing instance of filial affection they had just seen in the earnest pleadings of the child for her supposed mother.

Ann, too, went with them, and was conducted by her whom I had always considered as my own particular friend. Lady Elizabeth took hold of her hand, and said:

'Miss Lesley, will you permit me to conduct you to the drawing-room?'

I was left weeping behind the chair where Lady Harriet had sate, and, as I thought, quite alone. A something had before twitched my frock two or three times, so slightly I had scarcely noticed it. A little head now peeped round, and looking up in my face, said:

'She is not Miss Lesley!'

It was the young Augustus. He had been sitting at

my feet, but I had not observed him. He then started up, and taking hold of my hand with one of his, with the other holding fast by my clothes, he led, or rather dragged, me into the midst of the company assembled in the drawing-room. The vehemence of his manner, his little face as red as fire, caught every eye. The ladies smiled, and one gentleman laughed in a most unfeeling manner. His elder brother patted him on the head, and said :

‘ You are a humane little fellow. Elizabeth, we might have thought of this.’

Very kind words were now spoken to me by Sir Edward, and he called me Harriet, precious name now grown to me. Lady Harriet kissed me, and said she would never forget how long she had loved me as her child. These were comfortable words, but I heard echoed round the room :

‘ Poor thing ! *she* cannot help it ! I am sure *she* is to be pitied ! Dear Lady Harriet, how kind, how considerate you are !’

Ah ! what a deep sense of my altered condition did I then feel !

‘ Let the young ladies divert themselves in another room,’ said Sir Edward ; ‘ and Harriet, take your new sister with you, and help her to entertain your friends.’

Yes, he called me Harriet again, and afterwards invented new names for his daughter and me, and always called us by them, apparently in jest ; yet I knew it was only because he would not hurt me with hearing our names reversed. When Sir Edward desired us to show the children into another room, Ann and I walked towards the door. A new sense of humiliation arose. How could I go out at the door before Miss Lesley ? I stood irresolute. She drew back. The elder brother of my friend

Augustus assisted me in this perplexity. Pushing us all forward, as if in a playful mood, he drove us indiscriminately before him, saying :

'I will make one among you to-day.'

He had never joined in our sports before.

My luckless play, that sad instance of my duplicity, was never once mentioned to me afterwards, not even by any one of the children who had acted in it, and I must also tell you how considerate an old lady was at the time about our dresses. As soon as she perceived things growing very serious, she hastily stripped off the upper garments we wore to represent our different characters. I think I should have died with shame if the child had led me into the drawing-room in the mummery I had worn to represent a nurse. This good lady was of another essential service to me, for, perceiving an irresolution in everyone how they should behave to us, which distressed me very much, she contrived to place Miss Lesley above me at table, and called her Miss Lesley, and me Miss Withers, saying at the same time in a low voice, but as if she meant I should hear her :

'It is better these things should be done at once, then they are over.'

My heart thanked her, for I felt the truth of what she said.

My poor mother continued very ill for many weeks. No medicine could remove the extreme dejection of spirits she laboured under. Sir Edward sent for Dr. Wheelding, the clergyman of the parish, to give her religious consolation. Every day he came to visit her, and he would always take Miss Lesley and me into the room with him.

My heart was softened by my own misfortunes, and the sight of my penitent, suffering mother. I felt that

she was now my only parent. I strove, earnestly strove, to love her; yet ever when I looked in her face, she would seem to me to be the very identical person whom I should have once thought sufficiently honoured by a slight inclination of the head, and a civil, 'How do you do, Mrs. Withers?' One day, as Miss Lesley was hanging over her with her accustomed fondness, Dr. Wheelding reading in a Prayer-Book, and, as I thought, not at that moment regarding us, I threw myself on my knees, and silently prayed that I, too, might be able to love my mother.

Dr. Wheelding had been observing me. He took me into the garden, and drew from me the subject of my petition.

'Your prayers, my good young lady,' said he, 'I hope, are heard. Sure I am they have caused me to adopt a resolution which, as it will enable you to see your mother frequently, will, I hope, greatly assist your pious wishes. I will take your mother home with me to superintend my family. Under my roof doubtless Sir Edward will often permit you to see her. Perform your duty towards her as well as you possibly can. Affection is the growth of time. With such good wishes in your young heart, do not despair that in due time it will assuredly spring up.'

With the approbation of Sir Edward and Lady Harriet, my mother was removed in a few days to Dr. Wheelding's house. There she soon recovered; there she at present resides. She tells me she loves me almost as well as she did when I was a baby, and we both wept at parting when I went to school.

The Sea Voyage

WAS born in the East Indies. I lost my father and mother young. At the age of five my relations thought it proper that I should be sent to England for my education. I was to be entrusted to the care of a young woman who had a character for great humanity and discretion ; but just as I had taken leave of my friends, and we were about to take our passage, the young woman suddenly fell sick, and could not go on board. In this unpleasant emergency, no one knew how to act. The ship was at the very point of sailing, and it was the last which was to sail for the season. At length the captain, who was known to my friends, prevailed upon my relation who had come with us to see us embark to leave the young woman on shore, and to let me embark separately. There was no possibility of getting any other female attendant for me in the short time allotted for our preparation, and the opportunity of going by that ship was thought too valuable to be lost. No other ladies happened to be going, and so I was consigned to the care of the captain and his crew—rough and unaccustomed attendants for a young creature,

delicately brought up as I had been ; but, indeed, they did their best to make me not feel the difference. The unpolished sailors were my nursery-maids and my waiting-women. Everything was done by the captain and the men to accommodate me and make me easy. I had a little room made out of the cabin, which was to be considered as my room, and nobody might enter into it. The first mate had a great character for bravery, and all sailor-like accomplishments ; but with all this he had a gentleness of manners, and a pale, feminine cast of face, from ill-health and a weakly constitution, which subjected him to some ridicule from the officers, and caused him to be named Betsy. He did not much like the appellation, but he submitted to it the better, saying that those who gave him a woman's name well knew that he had a man's heart, and that in the face of danger he would go as far as any man. To this young man, whose real name was Charles Atkinson, by a lucky thought of the captain the care of me was especially entrusted. Betsy was proud of his charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted himself with great diligence and adroitness through the whole of the voyage. From the beginning I had somehow looked upon Betsy as a woman, hearing him so spoken of, and this reconciled me in some measure to the want of a maid, which I had been used to. But I was a manageable girl at all times, and gave nobody much trouble.

I have not knowledge enough to give an account of my voyage, or to remember the names of the seas we passed through or the lands which we touched upon in our course. The chief thing I can remember (for I do not recollect the events of the voyage in any order) was Atkinson taking me upon deck to see the great whales playing about in the sea. There was one great whale

came bounding up out of the sea, and then he would dive into it again, and then he would come up at a distance where nobody expected him, and another whale was following after him. Atkinson said they were at play, and that the lesser whale loved that bigger whale, and kept it company all through the wide seas ; but I thought it strange play and a frightful kind of love, for I every minute expected they would come up to our ship and toss it. But Atkinson said a whale was a gentle creature, and it was a sort of sea-elephant, and that the most powerful creatures in Nature are always the least hurtful. And he told me how men went out to take these whales, and stuck long pointed darts into them ; and how the sea was discoloured with the blood of these poor whales for many miles' distance ; and I admired the courage of the men, but I was sorry for the inoffensive whale. Many other pretty sights he used to show me, when he was not on watch or doing some duty for the ship. No one was more attentive to his duty than he, but at such times as he had leisure he would show me all pretty sea-sights : the dolphins and porpoises that came before a storm, and all the colours which the sea changed to—how sometimes it was a deep blue, and then a deep green, and sometimes it would seem all on fire. All these various appearances he would show me, and attempt to explain the reason of them to me, as well as my young capacity would admit of. There were a lion and a tiger on board, going to England as a present to the King, and it was a great diversion to Atkinson and me, after I had got rid of my first terrors, to see the ways of these beasts in their dens, and how venturous the sailors were in putting their hands through the grates, and patting their rough coats. Some of the men had monkeys, which ran loose about, and the sport was for the men to lose them, and

'He would show me all pretty sea-sights.

find them again. The monkeys would run up the shrouds and pass from rope to rope, with ten times greater alacrity than the most experienced sailor could follow them, and sometimes they would hide themselves in the most unthought-of places, and when they were found, they would grin and make mouths, as if they had sense. Atkinson described to me the ways of these little animals in their native woods, for he had seen them. Oh, how many ways he thought of to amuse me in that long voyage!

Sometimes he would describe to me the odd shapes and varieties of fishes that were in the sea, and tell me tales of the sea-monsters that lay hid at the bottom, and were seldom seen by men, and what a glorious sight it would be if our eyes could be sharpened to behold all the inhabitants of the sea at once, swimming in the great deeps, as plain as we see the gold and silver fish in a bowl of glass. With such notions he enlarged my infant capacity to take in many things.

When in foul weather I have been terrified at the motion of the vessel, as it rocked backwards and forwards, he would still my fears, and tell me that I used to be rocked so once in a cradle, and that the sea was God's bed and the ship our cradle, and we were as safe in that greater motion as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping-places. When the wind was up, and sang through the sails, and disturbed me with its violent clamours, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea-organ, and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions. When I have looked around with a mournful face at seeing all *men* about me, he would enter into my thoughts, and tell me pretty stories of his mother and his sisters, and a female cousin that he loved better than his sisters, whom he called Jenny, and say that when we got to England I should

go and see them, and how fond Jenny would be of his little daughter, as he called me; and with these images of women and females which he raised in my fancy he quieted me for a while. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife if ever he came to England, but that he had his doubts whether he should live to get home, for he was very sickly. This made me cry bitterly.

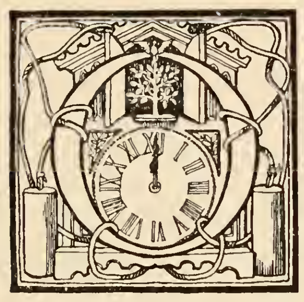
That I dwell so long upon the attention of this Atkinson is only because his death, which happened just before we got to England, affected me so much, that he alone of all the ship's crew has engrossed my mind ever since, though, indeed, the captain and all were singularly kind to me, and strove to make up for my uneasy and unnatural situation. The boatswain would pipe for my diversion, and the sailor-boy would climb the dangerous mast for my sport. The rough foremast-man would never willingly appear before me till he had combed his long black hair smooth and sleek, not to terrify me. The officers got up a sort of play for my amusement, and Atkinson, or, as they called him, Betsy, acted the heroine of the piece. All ways that could be contrived were thought upon to reconcile me to my lot. I was the universal favourite. I do not know how deservedly, but I suppose it was because I was alone, and there was no female in the ship besides me. Had I come over with female relations or attendants, I should have excited no particular curiosity, I should have required no uncommon attentions. I was one little woman among a crew of men, and I believe the homage which I have read that men universally pay to women was in this case directed to me, in the absence of all other womankind. I do not know how that might be, but I was a little princess among them, and I was not six years old.

I remember the first drawback which happened to my comfort was Atkinson's not appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me to it by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin, that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken in to see him, but this was not granted. A day, and then another came, and another, and no Atkinson was visible, and I saw apparent solicitude in the faces of all the officers, who nevertheless strove to put on their best countenances before me, and to be more than usually kind to me. At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion ; but his face lighted up when he saw me, and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage, far longer than that which we had passed together, and he should never come back ; and though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death, and I cried sadly ; but he comforted me, and told me that I must be his little executrix, and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and his sisters, and to his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time, and he gave me his blessing, as a father would bless his child, and he sent a last kiss by me to all his female relations, and he made me promise that I would go and see them when I got to England, and soon after this he died. But I was in another part of the ship when he died, and I was not told it till we got to shore, which was a few days after. But they kept telling me that he was better and better, and that I should soon see him, but that it disturbed him to talk with anyone. Oh, what a grief it was when I learned that I had lost an old shipmate, that had made an irksome situation so bearable by his kind

assiduities, and to think that he was gone, and I could never repay him for his kindness!

When I had been a year and a half in England, the captain, who had made another voyage to India and back, thinking that time had alleviated a little the sorrow of Atkinson's relations, prevailed upon my friends who had the care of me in England to let him introduce me to Atkinson's mother and sisters. Jenny was no more; she had died in the interval, and I never saw her. Grief for his death had brought on a consumption, of which she lingered about a twelvemonth, and then expired. But in the mother and the sisters of this excellent young man I have found the most valuable friends I possess on this side the great ocean. They received me from the captain as the little protégée of Atkinson, and from them I have learned passages of his former life, and this in particular—that the illness of which he died was brought on by a wound of which he never quite recovered which he got in the desperate attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force of the enemy which had boarded him, and which, by his premature valour, inspiriting the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing. This was that Atkinson who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy. This was he whose womanly care of me got him the name of a woman, who, with more than female attention, condescended to play the handmaid to a little unaccompanied orphan that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea-captain and his rougher crew.

Embellishment



NE day Beechnut, who had been ill, was taken by Phonny and Madeline for a drive. When Phonny and Madeline found themselves riding quietly along in the waggon in Beechnut's company, the first thought which occurred to them, after the interest and excitement awakened by the setting out had passed in some measure away, was that they would ask him to tell them a story. This was a request which they almost always made in similar circumstances. In all their rides and rambles Beechnut's stories were an unfailing resource, furnishing them with an inexhaustible fund of amusement sometimes, and sometimes of instruction.

'Well,' said Beechnut, in answer to their request, 'I will tell you now about my voyage across the Atlantic Ocean.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Madeline, 'I should like to hear about that very much indeed.'

'Shall I tell the story to you just as it was,' asked Beechnut, 'as a sober matter of fact, or shall I embellish it a little ?'

'I don't know what you mean by embellishing it,' said Madeline.

'Why, not telling exactly what is true,' said Beechnut, 'but inventing something to add to it, to make it interesting.'

'I want to have it true,' said Madeline, 'and interesting, too.'

'But sometimes,' replied Beechnut, 'interesting things don't happen, and in such cases, if we should only relate what actually does happen, the story would be likely to be dull.'

'I think you had better embellish the story a little,' said Phonny—'just a *little*, you know.'

'I don't think I can do that very well,' replied Beechnut. 'If I attempt to relate the actual facts, I depend simply on my memory, and I can confine myself to what my memory teaches; but if I undertake to follow my invention, I must go wherever it leads me.'

'Well,' said Phonny, 'I think you had better embellish the story, at any rate, for I want it to be interesting.'

'So do I,' said Madeline.

'Then,' said Beechnut, 'I will give you an embellished account of my voyage across the Atlantic. But, in the first place, I must tell you how it happened that my father decided to leave Paris and come to America. It was mainly on my account. My father was well enough contented with his situation so far as he himself was concerned, and he was able to save a large part of his salary, so as to lay up a considerable sum of money every year; but he was anxious about me.

'There seemed to be nothing,' continued Beechnut, 'for me to do, and nothing desirable for me to look forward to, when I should become a man. My father

'In all their rides Beechnut's stories were an unfailing resource.'

thought, therefore, that, though it would perhaps be better for *him* to remain in France, it would probably be better for *me* if he should come to America, where he said people might rise in the world, according to their talents, thrift, and industry. He was sure, he said, that I should rise, for, you must understand, he considered me an extraordinary boy.'

'Well,' said Phonny, '*I* think you were an extraordinary boy.'

'Yes, but my father thought,' rejoined Beechnut, 'that I was something very extraordinary indeed. He thought I was a genius.'

'So do I,' said Phonny.

'He said,' continued Beechnut, 'he thought it would in the end be a great deal better for him to come to America, where I might become a man of some consequence in the world, and he said that he should enjoy his own old age a great deal better, even in a strange land, if he could see me going on prosperously in life, than to remain all his days in that porter's lodge.

'All the money that my father had saved,' Beechnut continued, 'he got changed into gold at an office in the Boulevards; but then he was very much perplexed to decide how it was best to carry it.'

'Why did he not pack it up in his chest?' asked Phonny.

'He was afraid,' replied Beechnut, 'that his chest might be broken open, or unlocked by false keys, on the voyage, and that the money might be thus stolen away; so he thought that he would try to hide it somewhere in some small thing that he could keep with him all the voyage.'

'Could not he keep his chest with him all the voyage?' asked Phonny.

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'No,' said Beechnut; 'the chests, and all large parcels of baggage belonging to the passengers, must be sent down into the hold of the ship out of the way. It is only a very little baggage that the people are allowed to keep with them between the decks. My father wished very much to keep his gold with him, and yet he was afraid to keep it in a bag, or in any other similar package, in his little trunk, for then whoever saw it would know that it was gold, and so perhaps form some plan to rob him of it.

'While we were considering what plan it would be best to adopt for the gold, Arielle, who was the daughter of a friend of ours, proposed to hide it in my *top*. I had a very large top which my father had made for me. It was painted yellow outside, with four stripes of bright blue passing down over it from the stem to the point. When the top was in motion, both the yellow ground and the blue stripes entirely disappeared, and the top appeared to be of a uniform green colour. Then, when it came to its rest again, the original colours would reappear.'

'How curious!' said Madeline. 'Why would it do so?'

'Why, when it was revolving,' said Beechnut, 'the yellow and the blue were blended together in the eye, and that made green. Yellow and blue always make green. Arielle coloured my top, after my father had made it, and then my father varnished it over the colours, and that fixed them.

'This top of mine was a monstrous large one, and being hollow, Arielle thought that the gold could all be put inside. She said she thought that that would be a very safe hiding-place, too, since nobody would think of looking into a top for gold. But my father said that he thought that the space would not be quite large enough,

and then if anybody should happen to see the top, and should touch it, the weight of it would immediately reveal the secret.

‘ At last my father thought of a plan which he believed would answer the purpose very perfectly. We had a very curious old clock. It was made by my grandfather, who was a clockmaker in Geneva. There was a little door in the face of the clock, and whenever the time came for striking the hours, this door would open, and a little platform would come out with a tree upon it. There was a beautiful little bird upon the tree, and when the clock had done striking, the bird would flap its wings and sing. Then the platform would slide back into its place, the door would shut, and the clock go on ticking quietly for another hour.

‘ This clock was made to go,’ continued Beechnut, ‘ as many other clocks are, by two heavy weights, which were hung to the wheel-work by strong cords. The cords were wound round some of the wheels, and as they slowly descended by their weight, they made the wheels go round. There was a contrivance inside the clock to make the wheels go slowly and regularly, and not spin round too fast, as they would have done if the weights had been left to themselves. This is the way that clocks are often made.

‘ Now, my father,’ continued Beechnut, ‘ had intended to take this old family clock with him to America, and he now conceived the idea of hiding his treasure in the weights. The weights were formed of two round tin canisters filled with something very heavy. My father said he did not know whether it was shot or sand. He unsoldered the bottom from these canisters, and found that the filling was shot. He poured out the shot, put his gold pieces in in place of it, and then filled up all

the interstices between and around the gold pieces with sand, to prevent the money from jingling. Then he soldered the bottom of the canisters on again, and no one would have known that the weights were anything more than ordinary clock-weights. He then packed the clock in a box, and put the box in his trunk. It did not take up a great deal of room, for he did not take the case of the clock, but only the face and the works and the two weights, which last he packed carefully and securely in the box, one on each side of the clock itself.

'When we got to Havre, all our baggage was examined at the Custom House, and the officers allowed it all to pass. When they came to the clock, my father showed them the little door and the bird inside, and they said it was very curious. They did not pay any attention to the weights at all.

'When we went on board of the vessel our chests were put by the side of an immense heap of baggage upon the deck, where some seamen were at work lowering it down into the hold through a square opening in the deck of the ship. As for the trunk, my father took that with him to the place where he was going to be himself during the voyage. This place was called the steerage. It was crowded full of men, women, and children, all going to America. Some talked French, some German, some Dutch, and there were ever so many babies that were too little to talk at all. Pretty soon the vessel sailed.

'We did not meet with anything remarkable on the voyage, except that once we saw an iceberg.'

'What is that?' asked Madeline.

'It is a great mountain of ice,' replied Beechnut, 'floating about in the sea on the top of the water. I don't know how it comes to be there.'

'I should not think it would float upon the top of the

water,' said Phonny. 'All the ice that I ever saw in the water sinks into it.'

'It does not sink to the bottom,' said Madeline.

'No,' replied Phonny, 'but it sinks down until the top of the ice is just level with the water. But Beechnut says that his iceberg rose up like a mountain.'

'Yes,' said Beechnut, 'it was several hundred feet high above the water, all glittering in the sun. And I think that if you look at any small piece of ice floating in the water, you will see that a small part of it rises above the surface.'

'Yes,' said Phonny, 'a very little.'

'It is a certain proportion of the whole mass,' rejoined Beechnut. 'They told us on board our vessel that about one-tenth part of the iceberg was above the water; the rest—that is, nine-tenths—was under it; so you see what an enormous big piece of ice it must have been to have only one-tenth part of it tower up so high.

'There was one thing very curious and beautiful about our iceberg,' said Beechnut. 'We came in sight of it one day about sunset, just after a shower. The cloud, which was very large and black, had passed off into the west, and there was a splendid rainbow upon it. It happened, too, that when we were nearest to the iceberg it lay toward the west, and, of course, toward the cloud, and it appeared directly under the rainbow, and the iceberg and the rainbow made a most magnificent spectacle. The iceberg, which was very bright and dazzling in the evening sun, looked like an enormous diamond, with the rainbow for the setting.'

'How curious!' said Phonny.

'Yes,' said Beechnut, 'and to make it more remarkable still, a whale just then came along directly before the iceberg, and spouted there two or three times; and

as the sun shone very brilliantly upon the jet of water which the whale threw into the air, it made a sort of silver rainbow below in the centre of the picture.'

'How beautiful it must have been!' said Phonny.

'Yes,' rejoined Beechnut, 'very beautiful indeed. We saw a great many beautiful spectacles on the sea; but then, on the other hand, we saw some that were dreadful.

'Did you?' asked Phonny. 'What?'

'Why, we had a terrible storm and shipwreck at the end,' said Beechnut. 'For three days and three nights the wind blew almost a hurricane. They took in all the sails, and let the ship drive before the gale under bare poles. She went on over the seas for five hundred miles, howling all the way like a frightened dog.'

'Were you frightened?' asked Phonny.

'Yes,' said Beechnut. 'When the storm first came on, several of the passengers came up the hatchways and got up on the deck to see it; and then we could not get down again, for the ship gave a sudden pitch just after we came up, and knocked away the step-ladder. We were terribly frightened. The seas were breaking over the forecastle and sweeping along the decks, and the shouts and outcries of the captain and the sailors made a dreadful din. At last they put the step-ladder in its place again, and we got down. Then they put the hatches on, and we could not come out any more.'

'The hatches?' said Phonny. 'What are they?'

'The hatches,' replied Beechnut, 'are a sort of scuttle-doors that cover over the square openings in the deck of a ship. They always have to put them on and fasten them down in a great storm.'

Just at this time the party happened to arrive at a place where two roads met, and as there was a broad

and level space of ground at the junction, where it would be easy to turn the waggon, Beechnut said that he thought it would be better to make that the end of their ride, and so turn round and go home. Phonny and Madeline were quite desirous of going a little farther, but Beechnut thought that he should be tired by the time he reached the house again.

'But you will not have time to finish the story,' said Phonny.

'Yes,' replied Beechnut; 'there is very little more to tell. It is only to give an account of our shipwreck.'

'Why, did you have a shipwreck?' exclaimed Phonny.

'Yes,' said Beechnut. 'When you have turned the waggon, I will tell you about it.'

So Phonny, taking a great sweep, turned the waggon round, and the party set their faces toward home. The Marshal was immediately going to set out upon a trot, but Phonny held him back by pulling upon the reins and saying:

'Steady, Marshal! steady! You have got to walk all the way home.'

'The storm drove us upon the Nova Scotia coast,' said Beechnut, resuming his story. 'We did not know anything about the great danger that we were in until just before the ship went ashore. When we got near the shore the sailors put down all the anchors; but they would not hold, and at length the ship struck. Then there followed a dreadful scene of consternation and confusion. Some jumped into the sea in their terror, and were drowned. Some cried and screamed, and acted as if they were insane. Some were calm, and behaved rationally. The sailors opened the hatches and let the passengers come up, and we got into the most sheltered places that we could find about the decks and rigging,

and tied ourselves to whatever was nearest at hand. My father opened his trunk and took out his two clock-weights, and gave me one of them ; the other he kept himself. He told me that we might as well try to save them, though he did not suppose that we should be able to do so.

'Pretty soon after we struck the storm seemed to abate a little. The people of the country came down to the shore and stood upon the rocks to see if they could do anything to save us. We were very near the shore, but the breakers and the boiling surf were so violent between us and the land that whoever took to the water was sure to be dashed in pieces. So everybody clung to the ship, waiting for the captain to contrive some way to get us to the shore.'

'And what did he do ?' asked Phonny.

'He first got a long line and a cask, and he fastened the end of the long line to the cask, and then threw the cask overboard. The other end of the line was kept on board the ship. The cask was tossed about upon the waves, every successive surge driving it in nearer and nearer to the shore, until at last it was thrown up high upon the rocks. The men upon the shore ran to seize it, but before they could get hold of it the receding wave carried it back again among the breakers, where it was tossed about as if it had been a feather, and overwhelmed with the spray. Presently away it went again up upon the shore, and the men again attempted to seize it. This was repeated two or three times. At last they succeeded in grasping hold of it, and they ran up with it upon the rocks, out of the reach of the seas.

'The captain then made signs to the men to pull the line in toward the shore. He was obliged to use signs, because the roaring and thundering of the seas made such

a noise that nothing could be heard. The sailors had before this, under the captain's direction, fastened a much stronger line—a small cable, in fact—to the end of the line which had been attached to the barrel. Thus, by pulling upon the smaller line, the men drew one end of the cable to the shore. The other end remained on board the ship, while the middle of it lay tossing among the breakers between the ship and the shore.

'The seamen then carried that part of the cable which was on shipboard up to the masthead, while the men on shore made their end fast to a very strong post which they set in the ground. The seamen drew the cable as tight as they could, and fastened their end very strongly to the masthead. Thus the line of the cable passed in a gentle slope from the top of the mast to the land, high above all the surges and spray. The captain then rigged what he called a sling, which was a sort of loop of ropes that a person could be put into and made to slide down in it on the cable to the shore. A great many of the passengers were afraid to go in this way, but they were still more afraid to remain on board the ship.'

'What were they afraid of ?' asked Phonny.

'They were afraid,' replied Beechnut, 'that the shocks of the seas would soon break the ship to pieces, and then they would all be thrown into the sea together. In this case they would certainly be destroyed, for if they were not drowned, they would be dashed to pieces on the rocks which lined the shore.

'Sliding down the line seemed thus a very dangerous attempt, but they consented one after another to make the trial, and thus we all escaped safe to land.'

'And did you get the clock-weights safe to the shore ?' asked Phonny.

'Yes,' replied Beechnut, 'and as soon as we landed

we hid them in the sand. My father took me to a little cove close by, where there was not much surf, as the place was protected by a rocky point of land which bounded it on one side. Behind this point of land the waves rolled up quietly upon a sandy beach. My father went down upon the slope of this beach, to a place a little below where the highest waves came, and began to dig a hole in the sand. He called me to come and help him. The waves impeded our work a little, but we persevered until we had dug a hole about a foot deep. We put our clock-weights into this hole and covered them over. We then ran back up upon the beach. The waves that came up every moment over the place soon smoothed the surface of the sand again, and made it look as if nothing had been done there. My father measured the distance from the place where he had deposited his treasure up to a certain great white rock upon the shore exactly opposite to it, so as to be able to find the place again, and then we went back to our company. They were collected on the rocks in little groups, wet and tired, and in great confusion, but rejoiced at having escaped with their lives. Some of the last of the sailors were then coming over in the sling. The captain himself came last of all.

'There were some huts near the place on the shore, where the men made good fires, and we warmed and dried ourselves. The storm abated a great deal in a few hours, and the tide went down, so that we could go off to the ship before night to get some provisions. The next morning the men could work at the ship very easily, and they brought all the passengers' baggage on shore. My father got his trunk with the clock in it. A day or two afterward some sloops came to the place, and took us all away to carry us to Quebec. Just before we

embarked on board the sloops, my father and I, watching a good opportunity, dug up our weights out of the sand, and put them back safely in their places in the clock-box.'

'Is that the end?' asked Phonny, when Beechnut paused.

'Yes,' replied Beechnut, 'I believe I had better make that the end.'

'I think it is a very interesting and well-told story,' said Madeline. 'And do you feel very tired?'

'No,' said Beechnut. 'On the contrary, I feel all the better for my ride. I believe I will sit up a little while.'

So saying, he raised himself in the waggon and sat up, and began to look about him.

'What a wonderful voyage you had, Beechnut!' said Phonny. 'But I never knew before that you were shipwrecked.'

'Well, in point of fact,' replied Beechnut, 'I never was shipwrecked.'

'Never was!' exclaimed Phonny. 'Why, what is all this story that you have been telling us, then?'

'Embellishment,' said Beechnut quietly.

'Embellishment!' repeated Phonny, more and more amazed.

'Yes,' said Beechnut.

'Then you were not wrecked at all?' said Phonny.

'No,' replied Beechnut.

'And how did you get to the land?' asked Phonny.

'Why, we sailed quietly up the St. Lawrence,' replied Beechnut, 'and landed safely at Quebec, as other vessels do.'

'And the clock-weights?' asked Phonny.

'All embellishment,' said Beechnut. 'My father had no such clock, in point of fact. He put his money in a

bag, his bag in his chest, and his chest in the hold, and it came as safe as the captain's sextant.'

'And the iceberg and the rainbow?' said Madeline.

'Embellishment, all embellishment,' said Beechnut.

'Dear me!' said Phonny, 'I thought it was all true.'

'Did you?' said Beechnut. 'I am sorry that you were so deceived, and I am sure it was not my fault, for I gave you your choice of a true story or an invention, and you chose the invention.'

'Yes,' said Phonny, 'so we did.'

The Misses

Addressed to a Careless Girl

E were talking last night, my dear Anne, of a family of Misses, whose acquaintance is generally avoided by people of sense. They are most of them old maids, which is not very surprising, considering that the qualities they possess are not the most desirable for a helpmate. They are a pretty numerous clan, and I shall endeavour to give you such a description of them as may enable you to decline their visits, especially as, though many of them are extremely unlike in feature and temper, and, indeed, very distantly related, yet they have a wonderful knack at introducing each other ; so that, if you open your doors to one of them, you are very likely, in process of time, to be troubled with the whole tribe.

The first I shall mention—and, indeed, she deserves to be mentioned first, for she was always fond of being a ringleader of her company—is *Miss Chief*. This young lady was brought up, until she was fourteen, in a large rambling mansion in the country, where she was allowed

to romp all day with the servants and idle boys of the neighbourhood. There she employed herself in the summer in milking into her bonnet, tying the grass together across the path to throw people down, and in winter, making slides before the door for the same purpose, and the accidents these gave rise to always procured her the enjoyment of a hearty laugh. She was a great lover of fun, and at Christmas-time distinguished herself by various tricks, such as putting furze-balls into the beds, drawing off the clothes in the middle of the night, and pulling people's seats from under them.

At length, as a lady who was coming to visit the family, mounted on rather a startish horse, rode up to the door, Miss Chief ran up and unfurled an umbrella full in the horse's face, which occasioned him to throw his rider, who broke her arm. After this exploit miss was sent off to a boarding-school. Here she was no small favourite with the girls, whom she led into all manner of scrapes ; and no small plague to the poor governess, whose tables were hacked, and beds cut, and curtains set on fire continually.

It is true miss soon laid aside her romping airs, and assumed a very demure appearance ; but she was always playing one sly trick or another, and had learned to tell lies, in order to lay it upon the innocent. At length she was discovered in writing anonymous letters, by which whole families in the town had been set at variance, and she was then dismissed the school with ignominy.

She has since lived a very busy life in the world ; seldom is there a great crowd of which she does not make one, and she has even frequently been taken up for riots, and other disorderly proceedings very unbecoming in one of her sex.

The next I shall introduce to your acquaintance is a city lady, *Miss Management*, a very stirring, notable

'If you open your doors to one of them, you are very likely to be troubled with the whole tribe.'

woman, always in a bustle, and always behindhand. In the parlour she saves candle-ends, in the kitchen everything is waste and extravagance; she hires her servants at half wages, and changes them at every quarter; she is a great buyer of cheap bargains, but as she cannot always use them, they grow worm-and-moth-eaten on her hands. When she pays a long score to her butcher, she wrangles for the odd pence, and forgets to add up the pounds. Though it is her great study to save, she is continually outrunning her income, which is partly owing to her trusting a cousin of hers, *Miss Calculation*, with the settling of her accounts, who, it is very well known, could never be persuaded to learn perfectly her multiplication table, or state rightly a sum in the Rule of Three.

Miss Lay and *Miss Place* are sisters—great slatterns. When Miss Place gets up in the morning she cannot find her combs, because she has put them in her writing-box. Miss Lay would willingly go to work, but her housewife is in the drawer of the kitchen dresser, her bag hanging on a tree in the garden, and her thimble anywhere but in her pocket. If Miss Lay is going a journey the keys of her trunk are sure to be lost. If Miss Place wants a volume out of her bookcase, she is certain not to find it along with the rest of the set. If you peep into Miss Place's dressing-room you find her drawers filled with foul linen, and her best cap hanging upon the carpet-broom. If you call Miss Lay to take a lesson in drawing, she is so long in gathering together her pencils, her chalk, her indiarubber, and her drawing-paper, that her master's hour is expired before she has well got her materials together.

Miss Understanding.—This lady comes of a respectable family, and has a half-sister distinguished for her good sense and solidity; but she herself, though not a little fond

of reasoning, always takes the perverse side of any question. She is often seen with another of her intimates, *Miss Representation*, who is a great tale-bearer, and goes about from house to house telling people what such a one and such a one said of them behind their backs.

Miss Representation is a notable story-teller, and can so change, enlarge, and dress up an anecdote that the person to whom it happened shall not know it again. How many friendships have been broken up by these two, or turned into bitter enmities! The latter lady does a great deal of varnish work, which wonderfully sets off her paintings, for she pretends to use the pencil, but her productions are such miserable daubings that it is the varnish alone which makes them pass to the most common eye. Though she has of all sorts, black varnish is what she uses most. As I wish you very much to be on your guard against this lady whenever you meet her in company, I must tell you she is to be distinguished by a very ugly leer. It is quite out of her power to look straight at any object.

Miss Trust is a sour old creature, wrinkled and shaking with the palsy. She is continually peeping and prying about, in the expectation of finding something wrong. She watches her servants through the keyhole, and has lost all her friends by little shynesses that have arisen no one knows how. She is worn away to skin and bone, and her voice never rises above a whisper.

Miss Rule.—This lady is of a very lofty spirit, and had she been married would certainly have governed her husband; as it is, she interferes very much in the management of families, and, as she is very highly connected, she has as much influence in the fashionable world as amongst the lower orders. She even interferes in political concerns, and I have heard it whispered that

there is scarcely a Cabinet in Europe where she has not some share in the direction of affairs.

Miss Hap and *Miss Chance*.—These are twin sisters, so like as scarcely to be distinguished from each other. Their whole conversation turns upon little disasters. One tells you how her lapdog spoiled a new Wilton carpet ; the other how her new muslin petticoat was torn by a gentleman setting his foot upon it. They are both left-handed, and so exceedingly awkward and ungainly that if you trust either of them with but a cup and saucer you are sure to have them broken. These ladies used frequently to keep days for visiting, and as people were not very fond of meeting them, many used to shut themselves up and see no company on those days, for fear of stumbling upon either of them ; some people even now will hardly open their doors on Friday for fear of letting them in.

Miss Take.—This lady is an old doting woman, who is purblind and has lost her memory. She invites her acquaintance on wrong days, calls them by wrong names, and always intends to do just the contrary thing to what she does.

Miss Fortune.—This lady has the most forbidding look of any of the clan, and people are sufficiently disposed to avoid her as much as it is in their power to do, yet some pretend that, notwithstanding the sternness of her countenance on the first address, her physiognomy softens as you grow more familiar with her, and though she has it not in her power to be an agreeable acquaintance, she has sometimes proved a valuable friend. There are lessons which none can teach so well as herself, and the wisest philosophers have not scrupled to acknowledge themselves the better for her company.

The Robbers' Cave

WHEN I was a very young lad and first went into the army, I was sent with the regiment into a part of the country that was infested by a terrible gang of robbers, who laid waste the whole neighbourhood. In the daytime they concealed themselves n the near mountains, where there were several caves and ruined buildings well adapted to their purpose ; but at night they used to issue from their hiding-places, and plunder the farm-houses, the little villages, and even the gentlemen's houses that were not very well guarded. Frequently they would take away three or four sheep at a time, sometimes as many cows and bullocks, and pigs and poultry without number ; in fact, it was principally in this way that they procured food. They used often to borrow the horses of their neighbours—that is to say, they took them out of the fields by night, and brought them back again a few days after in a very bad condition. No traveller could pass in the dark without being attacked by them, and the riches they had gathered by robbing on the highway, as well as by plundering houses, were said to be immense.

Several times the inhabitants of the villages had joined

the constables in large parties to go in search of these disturbers ; but though they frequently saw one at a distance, who seemed placed to watch, and who fled away the moment they appeared, they never met with any number, until one fine summer's morning that a large party went very early to the mouth of a cave, where they had reason to suspect some of these men were concealed. One of the constables and a farmer, who were more courageous than the others, advanced first, and were instantly shot dead, which caused the rest to make their escape in great haste. This was the first time they had ever been known to murder anyone ; but there is little difference between condemning a man to starvation by taking all he has in the world and killing him outright.

However, to come to my own part of the story, it was the death of these two men that caused our regiment to be sent into that part of the country. Some of the old soldiers, who had served in war-time and fought against the French, considered it rather a disgraceful thing to be sent against common robbers ; but I thought it was good fun, and was very glad to go to a new place. I did not then know how glorious it was to fight for one's king and country. We were welcome visitors on this occasion, and there was no trouble in procuring us lodgings, as I have often seen since. Two or three of us were placed in each house, and everybody was delighted to have our company. I thought it a fine thing to be so caressed, and was better pleased than ever at having insisted on going into a profession which seemed to make friends so easily. I knew little of the world at that time.

The first order we received was to search through the mountains, and examine all the caves and ruined castles in the neighbourhood, and this I assure you was to me a

very entertaining service, especially as I did not know half the danger of it. We went into several caves where we were obliged to carry torches, and I never saw anything more beautiful than the glittering of the spar and icicles that were in some of these. In one, which appeared less damp and was more spacious than the rest, we found some chairs and a table, also the remains of a dinner, which seemed to have been a very good one and to have been eaten very lately, but none of the eaters showed themselves. One great prize which I found behind a large rock I must not forget: it was a little bottle of excellent rum, a most welcome treasure in a hot day to thirteen tired soldiers, who had no liquor with them but some of the common bad spirits of the country. This cave we examined with particular attention, and went into many different rooms (if I may so call them), but without discovering any further traces of inhabitants.

We continued this occupation for a fortnight, and some of us patrolled the country all night, without making any discovery; but we did not mind the fatigue, for it was shared amongst so many, and, besides, we were eating and drinking well. We were in a plentiful country, and no one thought anything too good for us; in truth, since our arrival the robbers had ceased to appear, and the inhabitants were very well satisfied with the exchange.

I chanced to lodge in the same house with a soldier of my own age, who had not been taught to hate a lie as much as I did, and often used to laugh at me for my strictness on that subject. It happened one day that he and I had got permission to go to a town at some little distance to provide ourselves with necessaries which were not to be had in the village, and meeting some of our acquaintance (for part of the regiment was quartered there), we were tempted to stay rather too long, which

'The first order received was to examine all caves and ruined castles.'

obliged us to make great haste in returning. My companion, who was young and giddy like myself, proposed our taking a short cut by the mountain, which would bring us near one of the ruined castles, formerly supposed to be the haunt of robbers, but which we had searched a few days before without discovering any sign of them.

It was growing dark as we drew near the place, but we had no fears, so we laughed and sang, and told comical stories by way of passing the time, until we came just under the castle wall, when a loud whistle suddenly drew our attention, and we saw a man close to us, who immediately ran away, and at the same time we heard the sound of a great many footsteps and voices under the arch which we were approaching. We had not on our uniforms, and my companion said to me softly: 'Say you are not a soldier.' 'No, Tom,' said I, 'I will never tell a lie.'

I had scarcely spoken these words when we were seized by six men, who tied our hands behind us, and hurried us into the castle, where one man held a dim lanthorn, while the others examined us, and I assure you we were in a sad fright. 'Are you a soldier?' was the first question. I said 'Yes'; my comrade said 'No.' After taking our bundles containing all our morning's purchases, and searching our pockets, where they found scarcely anything, for which they gave us some hearty curses, they blindfolded and led us forward for a few minutes without speaking; then a voice said 'Stairs,' and we immediately descended. I counted fifty steps before I found myself on level ground again, and we had not walked many minutes before the same voice cried 'Upstairs,' and we mounted about twenty steps. I then heard a door open, and was dragged forward for a moment. The same voice said again, 'Stay there,' and the door closed.

As soon as I thought our conductor was gone I called out : 'Are you there, Tom ?'

'Ay, that I am,' said he, 'but for God's sake do not speak to me.'

'Why not ?' said I.

'Ask me to-morrow, if we are alive,' replied Tom, 'and I will answer you, but now I will not speak another word.'

I attempted two or three times to make him talk, but all to no purpose, and he afterwards told me it was because he feared some of them might be listening, and hear me say something which should prove him to be a soldier.

Thus we remained about half an hour, as well as I could guess the time in such an uncomfortable situation, scarcely expecting to escape with our lives, for the men we had seen were most wicked-looking fellows. At length the door opened, and the same voice which we had heard before said the captain had sent for us. This person then led us out, through several passages, down several flights of stairs, up others, and then down again, till at length we came into a place where I judged by the sounds that a number of people were carousing. A different voice from any I had yet heard asked me who I was, why I had passed that way, what regiment I belonged to, and many other questions of that sort, to all of which I answered with perfect truth, for I well remembered my good father's instructions, and it was lucky for me on this occasion.

After they had finished examining me, they put the same questions to my comrade, who began by telling a falsehood very boldly, but soon betrayed himself, and at length got so puzzled that he knew not what to answer. I was then asked whether he was my companion, whether

he had gone out for the same purposes, and whether he had been with me all day, to which I replied with the same truth as before. We were next led to a distant part of the room, and ordered to sit down. I heard a number of people speaking in a low voice, and seeming to dispute, but I could not distinguish what they said, and I own I was very much frightened. However, in a few minutes a person led me forward, and the voice I had last heard said again : 'In two hours you shall be set at liberty, and if you will promise never to betray any person you see here you may get a good supper before you go.' I made the promise very cheerfully, for I supposed people who talked in this way could have no thoughts of murdering, and in a moment the bandage was taken from my eyes and my hands set at liberty.

Then indeed I was astonished at what I saw. In the middle of a vaulted room, from the top of which hung a large lamp with a great many lights, was a long table, covered with all sorts of good things, and round it sat no fewer than thirty men, with the wives of five of them, and I afterwards discovered that it was to these women I owed my good supper. They helped me plentifully to their best food, filled me with a large glass of wine, and invited me to join in their merriment ; but I looked round for poor Tom in vain, and I could not enjoy anything until I knew what was become of him.

At last they perceived how uneasy I was, and guessing the cause, the captain (who sat at the head of the table, and had questioned us the last time) said : 'Your friend is safe, and shall go away with you in two hours ; but we are afraid to trust him, because he tells lies. We are not, to be sure, very particular about that matter ourselves, but we have confidence in people who tell truth, and we think you will be likely to keep a promise, so we

are willing to humour the women, who wished you to sup with us.'

When I heard my comrade was safe I ate my supper very heartily, and was treated with great civility by all, though the greater number, and even the females, had a savage appearance. They were very merry, talked a vast deal of their exploits and the escapes they had had, and I found they were much too cunning for us, and had often been near us when we least imagined. One man recollected me as being the person who had discovered the bottle of rum in the large cave, where it appeared that three or four of them had been hid during our search.

I also learned that they immediately knew us to be soldiers by means of this man who recognised me, that their idea was that we belonged to a large party who were coming to attack them, and had been sent forward as spies, and that if I had not told who we were and where we had been in the honest manner I did, they would have put us both to death immediately; but they discovered by my answers that our passing that way was a mere accident, and knew we could do them no harm. I found by their talk that many of them were smugglers, and that a small number had inhabited those mountains many years before they became a terror to the neighbourhood.

They did exactly as they had engaged. In two hours they brought my companion to me, still blindfolded and tied; they put a handkerchief over my eyes, and after leading us upstairs and downstairs, and through several long passages, where we heard iron bars and bolts in abundance, they set us at liberty just outside the arch through which we had entered, giving us a password in case of meeting with any of their comrades.

When I told my adventures to poor Tom, who had sat in the dark with his hands tied all the time, he swore he would never tell a lie again while he lived, and certainly he never after laughed at me for telling truth.

Next day some troops were sent to search the old castle, and we were of the party, but no one was to be found, and it appeared to me that the vaults, staircases, and passages were much smaller and fewer than the night before; indeed, I had since an opportunity of hearing that they led us round and round, and up and down, on purpose to make it more difficult for us to find our way another time, and as to the large room where I had supped, we were not able to make it out.

In a very short time the robbers found that this was no country for them to live in, and one of the smugglers betraying them, some were taken, and the rest dispersed.

The Inquisitive Girl

R. HAMMOND was a physician in great practice in the West of England. He resided in a small market-town, and his family consisted of one son, named Charles, and two daughters, Louisa and Sophy.

Sophy possessed many amiable qualities, and did not want for sense, but every better feeling was lost in her extreme inquisitiveness. Her faculties were all occupied in peeping and prying about, and, provided she could gratify her own curiosity, she never cared how much vexation she caused to others.

This propensity began when she was so very young that it had become a habit before her parents perceived it. She was a very little creature when she was once nearly squeezed to death between two double doors as she was peeping through the keyhole of one of them to see who was in the drawing-room ; and another time she was locked up for several hours in a closet in which she had hid herself for the purpose of overhearing what her mother was saying to one of the servants.

When Sophy was eleven and her sister about sixteen

years old their mother died. Lousia was placed at the head of her father's house, and the superintendence of Sophy's education necessarily devolved on her. The care of such a family was a great charge for a young person of Miss Hammond's age, and more especially as her father was obliged to be so much from home that she could not always have his counsel and advice even when she most needed it. By this means she fell into an injudicious mode of treating her sister.

If Louisa received a note she carefully locked it up, and never spoke of its contents before Sophy. If a message was brought to her she always went out of the room to receive it, and never suffered the servant to speak in her sister's hearing. When any visitors came Louisa commonly sent Sophy out of the room, or if they were intimate friends she would converse with them in whispers; in short, it was her chief study that everything which passed in the family should be a secret from Sophy. Alas! this procedure, instead of repressing Sophy's curiosity, only made it the more keen; her eyes and ears were always on the alert, and what she could not see, hear, or thoroughly comprehend she made out by guesses.

The worst consequence of Louisa's conduct was that as Sophy had no friend and companion in her sister, who treated her with such constant suspicion and reserve, she necessarily was induced to find a friend and companion amongst the servants, and she selected the housemaid Sally, a good-natured, well-intentioned girl, but silly and ignorant and inquisitive like herself, and it may be easily supposed how much mischief these two foolish creatures occasioned, not only in the family, but also amongst their neighbours.

It happened soon after that, for an offence which was

the cause of very great vexation to her brother, and was the occasion of his being for a time deprived of the friendship of Sir Henry and Lady Askham, two of Dr. Hammond's nearest and most intimate neighbours, her father ordered Sophy, as a still further punishment, to be locked up in her own room till the Sunday following. This was on Friday, and Sophy had two days of solitude and imprisonment before her. The first day she passed very dismally, but yet not unprofitably, for she felt truly ashamed and sorry for her fault, and made many good resolutions of endeavouring to cure herself of her mischievous propensity. The second day she began to be somewhat more composed, and by degrees she was able to amuse herself with watching the people in the street, which was overlooked by the windows of her apartment, and she began, almost unconsciously to herself, to indulge in her old habit of trying to find out what everybody was doing, and in guessing where they were going.

She had not long been engaged in watching her neighbours before her curiosity was excited by the appearance of a servant on horseback, who rode up to the door, and, after giving a little three-cornered note to Dr. Hammond's footman, rode off. The servant she knew to be Mrs. Arden's, an intimate friend of her father, and the note she conjectured was an invitation to dinner, and the guessing what day the invitation was for, and who were to be the company, and whether she was included in the invitation, was occupying her busy fancy, when she saw her sister going out of the house with the three-cornered note in her hand, and cross the street to Mr. McNeal's stocking shop, which was opposite. Almost immediately afterwards Mr. McNeal's shopman came out of the shop, and, running down the street, was presently out of sight, but soon returned with Mr. McNeal

If Louisa received a note, she carefully locked it up

himself. She saw Louisa reading the note to Mr. McNeal, and in a few minutes afterwards return home. Here was matter of wonder and conjecture. Sophy forgot all her good resolutions, and absolutely wearied herself with her useless curiosity.

At length the term of her imprisonment was over, and Sophy was restored to the society of her family. At first she kept a tolerable guard over herself. Once she saw her father and sister whispering, and did not, though she longed much to do it, hold her breath that she might hear what they were saying. Another time she passed Charles's door when it was ajar and the little study open, and she had so much self-command that she passed by without peeping in, and she began to think she was cured of her faults. But in reality this was far from being the case, and whenever she recollected Mrs. Arden's mysterious note she felt her inquisitive propensities as strong as ever. Her eyes and ears were always on the alert, in hopes of obtaining some clue to the knowledge she coveted, and if Mrs. Arden's or Mr. McNeal's names were mentioned she listened with trembling anxiety in the hope of hearing some allusion to the note.

At last, when she had almost given up the matter in despair, an unlooked-for chance put her in possession of a fragment of this very note to which she attached so much importance.

One day Louisa wanted to wind a skein of silk, and in looking for a piece of paper to wind it upon she opened her writing-box, and took out Mrs. Arden's note. Sophy knew it again in an instant from its three-cornered shape. She saw her sister tear the note in two, throw one-half under the grate, and fold the other part up to wind her silk upon. Sophy kept her eye upon the paper that lay under the grate in the greatest anxiety, lest a

coal should drop upon it and destroy it, when it seemed almost within her grasp. Louisa was called out of the room, and Sophy, overpowered by the greatness of the temptation, forgot all the good resolutions she had so lately made, and at the risk of setting fire to her sleeve, snatched the paper from amongst the ashes, and concealed it in her pocket. She then flew to her own room to examine it at her ease. The note had been torn the lengthway of the paper, and that part of it of which Sophy had possessed herself contained the first half of each line of the note. Bolting her door for fear of interruption, she read, with trembling impatience, as follows :

'Will you
be kind enough to go to
Mr. McNeal, and tell him
he has made a great mistake
the last stockings he sent ;
charging them as silk) he has cheated
of several pounds.—I am sorry to say
that he has behaved very ill
And Mr. Arden tells me that
it must end in his being hanged
I am exceedingly grieved
but fear this will be the end.'

When Sophy had read these broken sentences she fancied that she fully comprehended the purport of the whole note, and she now saw the reason of her sister's hastening to Mr. McNeal's immediately on the receipt of the note, and of the hurry in which he had been summoned back to his shop. It appeared very clear to her that he had defrauded Mrs. Arden of a considerable sum of money, and that he was no longer that honest

She read it with trembling impatience.

tradesman he had been supposed. The weight of this important discovery quite overburdened her, and, forgetful of her past punishment, and regardless of future consequences, she imparted the surprising secret to Sally. Sally was not one who could keep such a piece of news to herself; it was therefore soon circulated through half the town that Mr. McNeal had defrauded Mrs. Arden, and that Mr. Arden declared he would have him hanged for it. Several persons in consequence avoided Mr. McNeal's shop, who saw his customers forsaking him without being able to know why they did so. Thus the conduct of this inconsiderate girl took away the good name of an honest tradesman, on no better foundation than her own idle conjectures, drawn from the torn fragments of a letter.

Mr. McNeal at length became informed of the injurious report that was circulated about him. He immediately went to Mrs. Arden to tell her of the report, and to ask her if any inadvertency of his own in regard to her dealings at his shop had occasioned her speaking so disadvantageously of him. Mrs. Arden was much astonished at what he told her, as she might well be, and assured him that she had never either spoken of him or thought of him but as thoroughly an honourable and honest tradesman. Mrs. Arden was exceedingly hurt that her name should be attached to such a cruel calumny, and, on consulting with Sir Henry Askham, it was agreed that he and Mrs. Arden should make it their business to trace it back to its authors. They found no great difficulty in tracing it back to Sally, Dr. Hammond's servant. She was accordingly sent for to Mr. McNeal's, where Sir Henry Askham and Mr. Arden, with some other gentlemen, were assembled on this charitable investigation. Sally, on being questioned who had told her of

the report, replied, without hesitation, that she had been told by Miss Sophy, who had seen all the particulars in Mrs. Arden's handwriting.

Mr. Arden was greatly astonished at hearing this assertion, and felt confident that the whole must have originated from some strange blunder. He and the other gentlemen immediately proceeded to Dr. Hammond's, a d having explained their business to him, desired to see Sophy. She, on being asked, confirmed what Sally had said, adding that to satisfy them she could show them Mrs. Arden's own words, and she accordingly produced the fragment of the note. Miss Hammond, the instant she saw the paper recollected it again, and winding off the silk from the other half of Mrs. Arden's note, presented it to Mr. Arden, who, laying the two pieces of paper together, read as follows :

'My dear Miss Hammond,—Will you as soon as you receive this be kind enough to go to your opposite neighbour, Mr. McNeal, and tell him I find by looking at his bill he has made a great mistake as to the price of the last stockings he sent ; and it seems to me (by not charging them as silk) he has cheated himself, as he'll see, of several pounds.—I am sorry to say of our new dog, that he has behaved very ill and worried two sheep, and Mr. Arden tells me that he very much fears it must end in his being hanged or he'll kill all the flock. I am exceedingly grieved, for he is a noble animal, but fear this will be the end of my poor dog.

'I am, dear Louisa, yours truly,

'Mary Arden.'

Thus by the fortunate preservation of the last half of the note the whole affair was cleared up, Mrs. Arden's

character vindicated from the charge of being a defamer, and Mr. McNeal from all suspicion of dishonesty. And all their friends were pleased and satisfied. But how did Sophy feel ? She did feel at last both remorse and humiliation. She had no one to blame but herself ; she had no one to take her part, for even her father and her brother considered it due to public justice that she should make a public acknowledgment of her fault to Mr. McNeal, and to ask his pardon.

Helen Holmes;

or,

The Villager Metamorphosed

I

OUISA VILLARS had hitherto reigned in the midst of her family like a queen amongst her subjects, for the house wherein she dwelt was wholly governed by her. Love gave her authority over her too indulgent parents, and fear prompted the domestics to obey her implicitly. Happy are they who by their virtues acquire an ascendancy over the hearts of those with whom they dwell; but this was not the case with Louisa. Scarcely anyone really loved her, for she was vain, ill-tempered, and self-sufficient. We are, however, more inclined to pity than to blame her, while we attribute her errors to the faults in her education.

It was a laughable sight to see this little girl dressed out at her early age in the very extreme of the fashion, and loaded with every piece of finery her diminutive

figure would allow room for. To say the truth, Nature seemed to have designed her for an artless, pretty girl. But Nature is too often cruelly used ; her intentions are nipped in the bud, and her gifts too frequently misapplied. Louisa's slender waist was screwed into the size of deformity ; her golden locks, which were meant to flow in ringlets round her face, were strained back from her forehead, and fastened in frightful directions with a variety of fine combs. Her dresses were all of the finest texture and most expensive sort, and she was equally vain of her person and her attire. Such was Louisa Villars at the age of twelve, when Miss Meadows was taken into the family as her governess. Unhappy Miss Meadows ! what a pitiable situation, what an arduous task was yours !

Miss Meadows was a well-informed, sensible young woman. She was aware of the character of her pupil, yet she did not undertake the difficult task of her improvement entirely without hope of success. She found in Louisa the grand essential to work upon—a feeling heart—and therefore she despaired not of being able to 'sow the good seed' in a soil which would in time repay her labours.

In one of the neat and pretty cottages upon Mrs. Villars's estate dwelt Jonathan Holmes and his wife. They, like their richer neighbour, were possessed of an only daughter. Helen Holmes was a good, simple, and industrious girl. She led a useful, happy life, the comfort of her parents and the pride of the village. She was neat, active, and cheerful. She rose with the lark, and employed the whole of her long day in assisting her poor mother and cheering her honest and good father. No wonder, then, that she lay down at night happy and thankful to the enjoyment of sweet and sound repose.

It was to this cottage that, either by design or accident, Miss Meadows one fine summer evening conducted her pupil.

'I am going in here,' said she, with a smile; 'will you come with me, Louisa?'

'Oh dear no, ma'am! Mother never allows me to visit poor people.'

'Your mother will not object to it. I had her permission before I came here.'

'Oh, but I do not like myself to go into dirty cottages.'

'Do as you will. You must, then, amuse yourself here till I return to you. But remember, I forbid your going from the door.'

Miss Meadows went into the cottage; and Louisa, very sulky, determined to disobey the injunctions of her governess, and strolled on from the door through the adjoining field. She had not gone far before she met Helen, who was returning home with a basket of wood strawberries on her head. She sat down for a minute to rest her weary limbs, and Louisa went up to her and accosted her in the following manner:

'Little girl, give me those strawberries. I am very thirsty; give them to me.'

'I would give them to you with all my heart, young lady, but they are for my mother. She's poorly to-day, and this fruit, I hope, will be a treat to her, for I have been a long way, and have taken great pains to gather it.'

'Oh, only for your mother! What business has a beggar-woman with strawberries? I am a lady, and I desire you to give them to me.'

'I will give you some of them,' said Helen, 'but indeed I cannot give you all.' And as she spoke she stooped to gather a large leaf to put some of them into.

In the meantime Louisa, very angry at being refused

anything by a beggar-girl, as she called her, snatched up the basket, and ran away with it as hard as she could. If Helen had chosen it, she could easily have outrun her, and taken her basket back again; but this she did not attempt, but stood looking after Louisa with surprise and sorrow.

'Is that a lady,' said she, 'who has taken away the whole of my little treasure, which I was carrying home as a present to my mother?'

Scarcely had she said this when Louisa in her haste, and turning back her head to see if she was pursued, caught her foot in the lace of her frock, and fell headlong into a ditch. Helen immediately ran to her assistance. With great presence of mind she caught hold of Louisa, and dragged her out. She then endeavoured to appease her loud shrieks and comfort her by telling her that her cottage was near at hand, where she might dry her wet clothes, and send for anything she wanted. She then offered her arm, and led Louisa towards her home.

Miss Meadows upon entering the cottage had been disappointed at not finding Helen at home, but she sat down to rest herself, and she was engaged in conversation with the mother when Helen entered with Louisa, half dead with fright and fatigue, hanging on her arm.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Miss Meadows, 'what is the matter?'

Helen related the occurrence in a few words, though she forbore to mention anything about the strawberries.

Louisa, however, exclaimed, 'It was all my own fault. I am punished as I deserve. I was running away with her strawberries. I am rightly punished.'

Every necessary precaution was now taken to prevent any ill consequence arising to Louisa from this accident. Miss Meadows, perceiving she felt so justly upon the

subject, forbore to reproach her ; but she bestowed the highest praises upon the conduct of Helen.

'Well,' said Louisa, as she and Miss Meadows were walking home together, 'though she did save my life, and though I did use her so ill, I am rich and can make her amends. I will reward her much more than she deserves, for I will ask mother to make her a lady, and to let her live with me. Will not that be very kind of me ?'

'It is kind of you if you think it will make her happy.'

'Think ! Why, there can be no doubt that it will, can there, ma'am ? Can there be any doubt that a poor beggar would be happy to be made a lady of ?'

'I think there can.'

'Dear me, how odd ! How very strange you are, Miss Meadows ! I am sure mother would not think so.'

'If your mother consents, I would not wish to prevent you from making the experiment ; you can but try, and then you need not mind what anyone thinks—you will know.'

Here the conversation ended, and Louisa went with an air of self-approbation to propose her scheme to her indulgent mother. And here we must take our leave of her for the present.

II

'Come, Helen, my girl,' said Jonathan Holmes, as he returned to his cottage after his day's work—'come, Helen, hang up my coat to dry, and set my chair by the fire, and throw on another faggot. What a blessing it is to have a good daughter ! hey, wife ? When I am absent all day, and you are so sickly and so weak, what would you do without Helen ? And when I come home tired and cross after a hard day's work, what should *I* do without Helen ?'

'Ah, lack-a-day, we must learn to do without her, Jonathan.'

'What! hey!' said Jonathan, letting the poker fall from his hand. 'What d'ye mean? Do without her! What d'ye mean, woman?'

The wife was preparing to answer when Helen returned with the faggot, so she made a sign with her finger to her husband to silence him.

'Go, child,' said Jonathan, 'go to bed; go and get supper ready—go anywhere. Your mother and I want a bit of private chat.'

'Now, wife,' continued he, as Helen shut the door, 'what did you mean by saying we must do without her?'

'Why, don't hurry me, dear, don't fluster me, and I'll tell you all how and about it. But now do you warm yourself and be comfortable, and have your mug and pipe, and don't hurry me.'

'Well, I don't want to hurry you, wife, only make haste; for your life, be quick, woman! I don't want to hurry you.'

'Bless the man, how he talks! Well, the long and short of the matter is this: You know I told you the other day how our girl saved a young lady's life that had fallen into a ditch.'

'Yes, yes, wife, I know that there long story. Don't let's hear all that over again; you've talked of nothing else since, night or day.'

'Bless you! I'm not going to tell you that again, my dear. I should have gone on if you wouldn't have interrupted me.'

'Well, well, I won't interrupt you any more; go on.'

'Why, then, this morning as I and Helen were sitting at our spinning, not thinking at all about the matter, what should we see but a fine gilt coach drive up to our

poor door, and out of it stepped this very same young lady, and her mamma, and her governess.'

'No! and did they come in here? You don't say so. And was you all to rights and tidy, and was Helen looking her best?'

'Helen was, as she always is, neat and clean, and though I says it as shouldn't, we are always pretty well to rights and as we should be, so we were in no ways put out after the first panic was over. Well, and so I began how and about that the room was not fit for such fine folk; but I hoped they'd sit down in the chairs, such as they be, and I got one of the oaten cakes as was first out of the oven, and begged on 'em to taste it, and some new milk, and so——'

'Ay, ay, very right—all very right; but what did the ladies say? What did they come here for, in the name of wonder?'

'Why, you'd never guess what they came for if you was to try from now till next Candlemas. Why, only think, these great ladies came to ask our child Helen to come and live with them at the great house!'

'You don't say so, wife!'

'Ay, marry, it's as true as I stand here. And, moreover, the lady herself says to me she hoped as how we wouldn't be against parting with her, for she would take care of her as if she was her own child. And then Miss comes up to Helen, and takes hold of her hand, and asks her if she would go and live with her and be her little companion; and then she shows her her fine frock, and her lace and her jewels, and tells our poor Helen that she shall have just the same, and better too, if she will go and be a lady and live with her.'

'And what did Helen say to all this? I hope she behaved and spoke pretty on the occasion?'

'And then Miss comes up to Helen and takes hold of her hand.'

'Bless the poor simpleton! Why, she coloured and hung her head, and said, "As my mother pleases," "If my father likes," and so on.'

'Well, then, wife, it must indeed be as you say, and we must learn to do without her; for, to be sure, we wouldn't wish to stand in the way of our child's happiness.'

Such was the conversation that passed between Jonathan and his wife, and the result of all was this—that Helen the following day took leave of her parents, and was whirled off in Mrs. Villars's carriage to the great house. Her brown stuff gown was changed for a muslin frock, her cap and ribbon were taken off, and her hair was dressed in a fashionable style. Poor Helen! I cannot say she did any justice to her new dress; her rustic movements and country manners seemed very ill suited to her elegant apparel. Besides, she naturally felt upon her first arrival so much abashed that she was more than usually awkward.

When her toilet was over, and she was ushered into the drawing-room, Louisa began tittering and laughing at her.

'What a figure! what a fright!' she began. 'Mother, only do look at her!'

'Miss Villars,' said Miss Meadows very seriously, 'I will not allow this girl to be laughed at. You have taken her under your protection, and while she remains with you it is your duty to lessen her painful feelings by kindness and good nature.'

'What you say is very right,' said Mrs. Villars, with her usual misplaced indulgence, 'but it is really scarcely possible for the child to keep her countenance: the poor thing does look so very queer.'

Helen indeed scarcely knew which way to look, but she

wished herself at this moment anywhere but where she was, and she felt that she had never been half so uncomfortable before. Miss Meadows kindly strove to relieve her embarrassment, and to amuse her in various ways. Helen curtsied and thanked her; at the same time, turning to Louisa, in a low voice she asked if she might have some needlework to do.

'Work!' replied Louisa. 'Oh dear no. We are going out in the carriage; we never work at this time of day.'

'Perhaps, ma'am,' said Helen, 'I could go for you?'

'Go for me!' said Louisa, laughing, 'go for me! What in the world does she mean, mamma?'

'I thought,' said Helen, colouring, 'I could perhaps get what you want, and it would save you and all the servants and horses the trouble, ma'am.'

At this Mrs. Villars and Louisa were almost convulsed with laughter, and even Miss Meadows herself could not refrain from a smile.

'La! want anything!' repeated Louisa. 'Do you think I am like yourself, and never go out except I want to get a bundle of sticks, or——'

'Do not add a basket of strawberries,' said Miss Meadows, 'or it will bring to our recollection what perhaps you would wish us to forget.'

Louisa now felt confounded in her turn, and she was checked in her raillery against Helen. She went out of the room to prepare for her drive. In a little while they all set out to take an airing. Poor Helen stared about her, but she could not make out what was the pleasure of a drive for no use or purpose, as the carriage returned to the door from whence it set out without their having once alighted or any incident having occurred.

It was a matter of debate between Mrs. Villars and her daughter whether Helen should receive instructions from

the different masters attendant on the latter. The point was at last settled by Louisa declaring she would not learn a thing of any sort or kind unless her mother made Helen learn the same. Consequently the next day, when the dancing-master arrived, Helen was summoned to attend him, and Mrs. Villars felt delighted to contrast her daughter's elegant dancing with the clumsy and ungraceful movements of Helen.

'*Ma foi!*' exclaimed the dancing-master, shrugging up his shoulders as he vainly endeavoured to place Helen's feet in the right position. '*Ma foi!*' he repeated, apparently quite out of patience.

'She is no relation at all,' whispered Mrs. Villars in his ear, 'not the least connected with my daughter; only a poor country girl we have adopted in charity, and Louisa is anxious she should have every advantage.'

'*Eh oui! la charité. Ah très bien, ah oui.* I knew she could be no relation to mademoiselle. *Ah, quelle différence! Demoiselle Louise est toute charmante.*'

Mrs. Villars smiled and looked much pleased with this compliment to her daughter, and Louisa simpered, bit her fan, and gave herself a thousand conceited airs upon the occasion.

Helen was reckoned the best dancer on the green by her rural companions, and in truth at rustic dancing no one excelled her; but the Scotch steps and French minuets of Monsieur Gavot she knew nothing at all about. She did not understand all he said, but she saw by his manner he was angry with her, and this increased her dismay. Monsieur Gavot stamped his foot, screwed out her toes till she was near falling down, held his fiddle-bow under her chin to keep her head up, and pulled her arms together behind her. Louisa laughed, and poor Helen, at last quite overcome, burst into tears,

and the dancing-master, with a shrug, made his bow and departed.

'A tragical ending to our first lesson indeed!' said Mrs. Villars. 'Poor thing, don't cry! It cannot be expected that poor people can be graceful and dance like fine ladies.'

'Don't cry,' said Louisa, who possessed a share of feeling that sometimes shone through the mist of her errors. 'Do not cry, and you shall not be plagued with masters any more, if you don't like it. I know I often find them great plagues myself. Now smile again, and I will give you this half-guinea which my mother gave me this morning.'

Helen's heart was too full to speak, but her countenance was expressive of gratitude for this present. She had not paid a visit to her parents since she had parted from them.

In the evening of this day they were sitting together over the fire watching their faggot burn, neither speaking a word, till the wife at last broke silence.

'My dear husband, what be you thinking of?' she began.

'Of Helen. What else should I be thinking of?'

'But, then, why do you look so serious? You should look happy whenever you think of our happy child.'

'I was thinking too that she has not been once to see us yet since she parted from us, and I was thinking that maybe our dear girl, that we both love so much, may be apt to forget us now. She'll be surrounded with fine folk, and maybe she'll be ashamed of her poor father and mother, who love her better, after all, than anyone in the wide world.'

'Oh, I'll be bound for her she'll not forget us, Jonathan,' said the wife, wiping her tears with her apron.

'Held his fiddle-bow under her chin to keep her head up.

At this instant the door opened, and Helen ran in and threw her arms round her mother's neck.

'Dear mother, dear father, how do you both ?' said she, kissing them as she spoke.

'Joy ! joy !' cried her father, 'here's my own fondling on my knees again.'

'Why, we were just talking on ye, dear.'

'Just talking on her, wife ! Why, we have talked of nothing else since she has been gone, night or day. Just talking on her indeed !'

'But now, child,' said the mother, 'tell us all how and about it : how you like your new dress—in short, how you like being a fine lady.'

Helen gave an account of all she had done and seen, and ended with saying : 'To be sure, I've not been very happy yet ; but then Mrs. Villars says it is because I'm not grown into a lady, and when I am a real fine lady I shall be very happy.'

'And how long will it be, my dear, before you are a lady ?'

'That's what I don't know,' said Helen, 'but I will be sure to let you know when the time comes. And now the sun is setting, and I must go back to the great house, or they will wonder what is become of me. Dear father, here is half a guinea Miss Villars gave me this morning. It is all the money I have, and it is all yours. Good-bye !' said she, 'good-bye !' and she looked very melancholy, as much as to say, 'I wish I was going to sleep under your humble roof, as formerly.' Her parents wept and gave her their blessing, and watched her climb the hill till she was out of sight.

'You tiresome, provoking girl !' exclaimed Louisa Villars upon Helen's entering the room ; 'you are a good-

for-nothing beggar-girl, you are!' cried she, sobbing violently.

'Why?' said Helen, much surprised, 'what have I done, Miss Villars?'

'What have you done! You have left me all the evening, when I was so busy making things for my birthday, and wished for you so much. Here I wanted you for a hundred things, and now the evening is over,' said she, and she sobbed again.

'I have been to see my father and mother,' said Helen. 'I am sorry you are displeased.'

'You are an ungrateful girl!' said Mrs. Villars, extremely agitated at her daughter's crying. 'Is this the return you make Louisa for her kindness to you, to run away from her just at the time she wants you? Your father and mother, indeed! Pray did your father and mother give you that fine frock? Did they give you those pink shoes? Did they give you a soft bed to sleep upon, and servants to wait upon you?'

'They gave me all they had to give,' said Helen timidly.

'Yes, vastly fine,' said Mrs. Villars; 'but know, Miss, you cannot be a fine lady and a cottage girl too; you cannot live with me and your parents at the same time; so while you are here you must stay here. You understand me? A pretty thing!' she continued, lowering her voice. 'Who knows that the girl is honest? or that she might not convey half my furniture and valuables to her parents if she was allowed to pop backwards and forwards whenever she pleased?'

Helen had nothing to do but to obey in silence; she dared not complain, though she felt it very hard to be deprived of the pleasure of visiting her dear parents, and she did not quite know whether even the happiness of being a fine lady would compensate for such a privation.

III

And now the day arrived in which Louisa was to be her own mistress, for her mother had promised her that her birthday should be spent in any way she best liked, and that neither expense nor trouble should be spared in gratifying her wishes. Louisa chose to give an entertainment to all her young acquaintance, and the rooms and supper were prepared with the same ceremony and magnificence as if her mother herself had been preparing for a party.

'Well, thanks be praised!' said Louisa Villars when she first opened her blue eyes the next morning; 'this day is come at last! This is to be my happy day.'

'I wish you many happy returns of it,' said Miss Meadows; 'but, in my opinion, all the days of Miss Villars's life ought to be happy.'

Louisa arose and dressed herself with unusual splendour. She had a new cap sent from the milliner's, of which she was extremely proud. It was made of lilac satin, trimmed with flowers and lace—a very ridiculous thing for a little girl.

She was just going to put it on when someone gave a gentle tap at the door.

'Who's there?' said Louisa.

'It is me, ma'am.'

'And who is me, ma'am?'

'It is Helen.'

'Oh, come in, child. What do you want?'

Helen entered, colouring and smiling.

'I have made bold,' said she, 'to come to wish you joy of your birthday, and to bring you this chaplet of roses, which I have made myself on purpose for you, and hope you will be pleased to wear it for my sake.'

'I am sorry I cannot oblige you, then,' said Louisa. 'It is really very pretty, and would do very well for you; but it is not a fit thing for me to wear to-day,' said she, twisting the beautiful roses round and round as she spoke.

'I meant no offence, ma'am; I only made it in case you would like it,' said Helen in a broken voice.

'Oh, it is very kind of you; you meant it well, no doubt. But I will show you, Helen, what I am going to wear. Look here! What do you think of this?' said she, holding up the lace cap as she spoke.

'I do not think it so pretty as the white one you wore yesterday.'

'No, I dare say you don't. That's because you are in a passion; you are angry because I won't wear your silly roses.'

'Indeed, I am not angry.'

'Oh, but you are—you are, though you try to hide it. I see by your face you are bursting with anger, or else it is impossible you would not admire my beautiful cap. You know you would give anything for such a one, you provoking girl! you know you would!'

'Indeed, I do not think it half so beautiful as one of these roses.'

Louisa was out of all patience at the coolness of this reply.

'You are a story-teller!' said she; and as she spoke she snatched the pretty chaplet from Helen's hand, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

Helen, much grieved at her friend's behaviour, left the room.

'What!' said Miss Meadows, going in a minute afterwards, 'is the ground on which you tread already "strewn with roses"? Ah, my love, they are not without thorns, I fear, or why those tears, Louisa?'

Louisa refused to explain the cause of her sorrow to

'She snatched the pretty chaplet from Helen's hands, and tore it in a thousand pieces.'

her governess, because she would take Helen's part, as she called it : but as she was in the midst of roaring out an untrue account of it to her mother the maid entered the room to tell her that the little Miss Fidgetts were arrived.

Upon hearing this Louisa dried her eyes and went to the looking-glass ; but seeing that her face was quite red with crying, she burst into another flood of tears, declaring she could not go down, she looked such a fright. The band now struck up beneath her windows.

'Lord Gosling and Master Middleton,' said the maid, again opening the door.

'My goodness!' exclaimed Mrs. Villars; 'indeed, Louisa, all your young friends will be arrived before you are down.'

Louisa was impatient to see her company, and therefore she suffered her cap to be put on, though, to say the truth, she had, as she said, made herself a perfect fright, and what with her showy matronly cap and her red crying face, she looked quite like an old woman.

By the time she got downstairs Master Sharp and the tall Miss Portly, Master Piper, and Miss Manners, were all arrived. Louisa's sorrows were soon dissipated amongst this gay set of young people ; she could not, however, forget Helen's behaviour about the lilac cap, and whenever their eyes met she cast on her a terrific frown.

But she had smiles for everyone else, particularly as Miss Stare exclaimed upon her first entrance, 'La! gracious me, what a smart cap!' Besides, she had the satisfaction of feeling herself more gaily dressed than almost any of her companions; for the Miss Fidgetts were all in green, Miss Manners was in a plain white muslin, and even Miss Portly herself did not exceed her.

To be sure, Master Sharp ventured to say he thought hers was the ugliest cap he ever saw ; but, then, Lord

Gosling made answer: 'Ah, Tom, that's because you are no judge.' So with all manner of airs and conceit Louisa did the honours to her company.

'Where is Miss Meadows?' inquired Georgiana Manners. 'I have not seen her yet.'

'Oh dear, do not mention the name of my governess to-day,' said Louisa. 'Mother has promised that I shall not set eyes on her; it is to be quite a holiday.'

'A holiday too for Miss Meadows, I should think,' said Master Sharp.

'Oh yes,' said Louisa, not understanding the satire conveyed in his words, 'it is a holiday for her, for my mother has given her leave to go where she likes. And a fine holiday she will make of it! Ten to one she'll go visiting all the poor cottages within twenty miles: it's what she seems most fond of.'

'I wish I was with her,' thought Helen, with a sigh, 'for I long to see my dear parents once more.'

'Miss Meadows is a charming woman,' resumed Georgiana; 'I know her very well.'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, no more of Miss Meadows!' said Louisa affectedly. 'Don't let us spend my birthday in talking of Miss Meadows.'

Lord Gosling laughed heartily at this.

'Come, let's away to the meadows,' said Master Sharp—'that will be better fun—and see what we can do there to amuse ourselves.'

'Are we all agreed?' said Louisa with an affected smile.

'All, all!' said they.

'Come on, then,' said Louisa; and she led the way with great impatience to the adjoining fields, which were covered with wild flowers and in full beauty.

Here they began many different games and amusements, but unhappily they could not for some time

contrive to be of one mind about any. Some were too fatiguing for Louisa, others were too childish, others too dangerous. At last Miss Manners proposed that they should fancy themselves village rustics, and imitate the sports of May Day.

'Oh yes,' they all exclaimed, 'that will be a nice play; and Louisa must be our queen, of course.'

'Oh certainly; she must be Queen of the May, because it is her birthday.'

Louisa was extremely elated at this; her vanity was much gratified at being chosen queen by general consent.

'Come,' said they all. 'Come,' said Master Sharp, 'this will do, and that little amphibious animal, half lady and half beggar, will be in her element.'

'Ah!' said Miss Manners, 'Helen can show us anything; she knows all about it, and will feel quite at home.'

With great good nature Helen showed them all she knew and assisted them as much as possible. They all set about gathering flowers, and under Helen's direction formed a maypole. Louisa hung it with ribands, and the boys threw off coats and waistcoats, stuck flowers in their hats, and could not forbear hopping round it, singing 'All around the maypole! see how we trot, &c.' 'Is that right, Miss Helen? will that do?' said they, swinging their arms about. 'Come, now for it. Where is our queen? Let us seat her on her throne, and pay homage to her.'

'Oh, but stay, Miss Louisa,' said the Miss Fidgetts; 'the queen must have a chaplet of flowers.'

'Whoever saw a queen in a lilac fandango like that?' said Tom Sharp, pointing to her cap.

'Come, off with it, off with it! and we will have a crown of roses on your head in a minute,' said he, attempting playfully to take off her cap.

'Oh, my new cap! my beautiful cap!' exclaimed Louisa. 'You'll spoil it, Master Sharp; you shall not pull off my cap.'

'Nay, but she must wear a garland of roses. Now must not she, Helen?'

Helen coloured, and, looking round, made no answer.

'Cannot you speak, child? What are you afraid of?' continued Sharp. 'Speak! Must she wear that cap?'

'It will not signify, I think,' said Helen timidly.

'Oh, signify! it will signify,' said they all. 'We'll not let the little conceited minx off in that way. If she's so vain that she will not part with that fine cap, why, let us choose another queen.'

Louisa was all this time swelling with rage. At last she could contain herself no longer, but gave vent to her passion in a flood of tears.

'Pray, Master Sharp,' said Miss Manners, 'pray let poor Louisa alone, and let us begin our play.'

'No, no; I will have my own way,' said he. 'I am not a loyal subject till my queen pulls off her cap.'

Ah! what would Louisa have given at this moment if she had in the morning put on Helen's chaplet of flowers instead of her lace cap? She would then have been spared these mortifying speeches.

'You may choose another queen if you like it,' she began, sobbing violently as she spoke. 'You are very ill-natured, all of you, and I won't play with you; I won't speak to any of you any more.'

Saying this, she walked away quickly, and got out of sight of her companions. We must leave them to laugh at her or to weep for her, as suits them best, and follow her in her solitary walk.

'Is this my birthday,' she said to herself, 'that I expected would prove the happiest day of my life? and

is this already the second time I have shed tears, and felt quite miserable? I am not half so happy as poor Helen; she never cries. And yet I think Miss Meadows would say it is all my own fault. Why was I so proud and conceited as not to accept Helen's pretty present? She made it on purpose to please me, and I ought to have worn it, if it had been ever so ugly; and then I should not have been in a passion this morning. I should have been ready dressed as Queen of the May, and I should have been spared all their cruel mockery.

'Oh, you ugly, tiresome cap!' said she, snatching it from her head. 'It is you that has caused me all this misery.'

And regardless of the sum of money it had cost her mother, she threw it hastily into a pool of water that was near her. What a pity that she should spoil the just reflections she had been making by this act of senseless extravagance! As she looked round she saw Helen coming towards her.

'Ah,' said she, 'Helen, whom I have so lately injured, are you the only one that comes to pity me?'

'Dear Miss Villars,' said the good-natured Helen, running up to her, 'do not leave your friends in this way. They are very sorry they have displeased you; they cannot play without you. Do come back, and be their queen.'

'How can I?' said Louisa. 'You know I have got no crown, and they will not let me be queen without.'

'Oh, but if you like it I will make you another garland. I have got some beautiful roses, and I can make it in a minute.'

'Oh, you dear, good girl!' said Louisa, kissing her. 'How kind it is of you to forget my unworthy behaviour this morning!'

Helen made the garland very speedily, and placed it on Louisa's head, who was then proposing to return to her companions, when Helen exclaimed:

'Goodness, Miss Villars, here is your fine cap fallen into the water!'

'I know it,' said Louisa; 'I threw it there myself. I cannot bear the sight of it.'

'Dear Miss Louisa, you cannot be in earnest! You cannot surely be going to leave that, which cost so much money, to be wasted and spoiled!'

'Come,' said Louisa, 'do not let us stand here any longer. If you can make any use of the cap you are quite welcome to it, only never let me see it again. For pity's sake,' said she, 'never let me have anything more to do with it.'

Helen thanked her a thousand times, took the cap, dried it, and put it in her pocket. 'I shall find some use for it still,' thought she.

When Louisa rejoined her companions they all seemed disposed to applaud her change of dress, as well as her change of temper, and they flattered her again into high and elated spirits. Master Sharp in particular appeared willing to make up for his former rudeness by paying particular attention to Louisa, and by taking her part on every occasion. In short, they were for the rest of the day sworn friends.

'How can it have happened,' said Tom, 'that your mother can have chosen such an awkward little rustic for your companion, dear Louisa?'

'Oh, mother did not choose her; I took her in charity,' said Louisa.

'Then in charity I wish you would send her home again, for I'm sure she's not a fit companion for you. Only see how awkward she looks, and how she colours up to her

ears at every word that is said to her! What a ridiculous figure she will cut at our ball to-night!

'Oh, Louisa, do let's quiz her. What glorious fun it will be! Do look at her. If she is not seated at her work again on your birthday!

'Pray, noble Miss,' said Master Sharp, going up to her, 'what may you be doing?'

'I am making an apron for my mother,' said she, blushing.

'*An apron for my mother!*' repeated Sharp, drawling, and pretending to mimic Helen's voice, at the same moment snatching it out of her hand and trying it on himself. '*An apron for my mother!* A fig for my mother, I say!' said he, dancing and kicking about in the apron. It was a muslin apron, and Helen was afraid it would be torn.

'Oh pray, sir, do not tear it,' said she. 'It will give my mother great pleasure, because it is my own making. Pray, sir, do not tear it,' said she persuasively.

The cruel boy cared not for Helen's entreaties, but, encouraged by the laughter of his companions, he continued his foolish pranks, twisting the muslin apron about him in all directions in imitation of the celebrated shawl-dance at the opera, while Louisa, laughing violently, exclaimed, 'What a droll figure! how clever he is!'

Poor Helen, whose fears for the apron inspired her with more than usual courage, at length said, with her eyes swimming in tears: 'Indeed, Master Sharp, you have no right to spoil my work.'

'No right!' exclaimed Sharp.

'*No right!*' echoed Louisa. 'Have not I a perfect right to do what I please with you, or your muslin either? You have nothing but what I give you.'

'Miss Meadows gave me that muslin,' said Helen.

'I will tell you what,' said Sharp: 'you are an impudent girl, and deserve to have your work spoiled, and that would teach you not to be impertinent to Miss Villars, who could send you back to your little cottage again this instant if she chose it.'

'I should be happy to go back to my cottage again,' said Helen, bursting into tears—'too happy to go back to my dear parents once more.'

'Take her at her word! take her at her word!' said Sharp. 'Turn her out, turn her out, Louisa!' said he, going behind Helen and almost pushing her. 'Come, dear Louisa,' said he, 'help me to drive her out of the place.'

Helen looked up piteously in Louisa's face, as much as to say, 'Will you do this?' But Louisa—giddy, thoughtless Louisa—afraid of offending her new friend, forgot all about the chaplet of roses, forgot all Helen's sweetness and good nature, and joined with her rude companion in driving her completely away.

'Cruel Louisa!' said Helen, hiding her face with both her hands, 'I have not deserved this from you. But you have shut your door upon me, and—I hope for ever.'

As she was going upstairs she met Miss Meadows, who, surprised at seeing Helen in tears, tenderly inquired the cause.

'Come in here,' said she, opening the door of her room—'come and explain to me the cause of your affliction. I am sure you never weep without a reason.'

As soon as Helen had recovered herself sufficiently to speak, she replied, 'I wish to go home, ma'am; I want to see my poor father and mother once more.'

'But this is not all; you would not shed tears on that account. You know I promised you that if ever the time came that you should wish to return home you

should be permitted to do so. But you desire to conceal from me the cause of your grief. I will not therefore——'

'No, indeed, indeed, ma'am,' interrupted Helen, 'I do not wish to conceal anything from you. You have been a kind friend to me, but——'

'But what, Helen? why do you hesitate? Perhaps Miss Villars has been forgetting herself, and has treated you unworthily? If this is the case, do not be afraid to tell me. She has hurt you by ill-treatment; am not I right?'

'She has got new friends, who are fitter to live with her than I am,' said Helen, 'and she does not like me any longer.'

'She takes more notice of her visitors to-day than of you, Helen, because they are new to her, and perhaps she likes them better; but I hope you are not jealous on that account?'

'Oh, dear no, ma'am; indeed I am not jealous. I am very grateful to Miss Villars for all her kindness and generosity, which has been much more than I could have deserved, but——'

'And are you sure, Helen, that you wish to return home for ever?'

'Quite sure, ma'am.'

'Well, I must tell you something before you go that may perhaps induce you to change your mind. I have been this morning to visit your parents.'

'How very good you are, ma'am!' said Helen, curtseying.

'Alas, Helen, I found them in a sad condition! Your father has lately received a hurt in his back, which has prevented him from going to work as usual—your poor mother, you know, is always sickly—so that the day for their rent is come round, and they have not the money to pay it. Their landlord threatens to turn them out of

doors, and they must then go to the almshouse. You need not share their misery, Helen; you can stay here.'

'Is this indeed true?' said Helen. 'Are my poor parents in such distress? Then indeed will I go home this instant! I am sure I can comfort them.'

'Your mother told me, Helen, that it was her chief comfort to think that her child was out of the way of it all, and was enjoying herself, and being a lady; and they both said they could bear anything while you were happy.'

'Oh, Miss Meadows, could I ever enjoy myself while my parents were in want and wretchedness? Oh no! Give me my poor stuff gown,' said she, taking off her muslin frock and pink slip; 'give me my old coarse stockings, and my straw bonnet. Oh, these things are too good for me, who have been living like a lady while my parents were in want!'

Louisa was not at all aware of what was passing between Helen and her governess. As soon as the door was shut upon her humble friend she would have felt ashamed of her behaviour. But her head was filled with other things, The ball was soon to commence, and she had to dress for the second time. She had no idea but that Helen would forget the quarrel, as she called it, quite as soon as she did. When the dance began, however, she looked round in vain for Helen.

It was now to no purpose that Master Sharp admired her dress or her dancing. She began to feel that she had behaved unpardonably to her rustic companion, the saviour of her life, and the reproaches of her conscience entirely prevented her taking any pleasure in the amusement of the evening.

But when she learned that Helen was actually gone,

not to return, her rage and grief knew no bounds. She wept and scolded, and loudly accused Master Sharp of being the cause of it all. Her *dear* friend blamed her with equal violence, and a loud dispute ensued, which put an end to the dancing and caused dismay to all the company.

'We had better be off, I believe,' said the Miss Fidgetts. 'I detest quarrels of all sorts. Come, my dears,' said the eldest, 'get your cloaks, and let us leave them to themselves.'

Miss Portly raised her eyes in silence; her servant came, and she withdrew. Miss Manners sincerely lamented the cruel affront that had been put upon Helen, and retired with a heavy heart. Lord Gosling and Master Middleton then went up to Master Sharp, and declaring it was their duty to take the lady's part, took him by the arm and dragged him home. The young party having thus made their exit, Louisa ended the day, as she had begun it, in passionate tears.

IV

'Helen! my child!' exclaimed Jonathan Holmes and his wife, as they saw her enter her father's cottage. 'Helen in her poor clothes again! How is this? What, is all our comfort taken from us at once?'

'No!' said Helen, embracing them, 'not *all* your comfort; you have got your *child* still.'

'Right,' said the father. 'For this we bless God, and ought not to complain, though she is turned out of the great house, and stript of her fine clothes.'

'No such thing, dear father. No, dear mother, this is not so. I heard of your distress, that you were both ill

and in want, and I came of my own accord to comfort you.'

'My own daughter!' said the father, springing forward, in spite of the pain in his back, to clasp her in his arms. 'How can we think ourselves poor while we have such a treasure in our child?'

'Ah, poor dear soul!' said the mother, 'but she does not know what she's come back to; she little thinks the home we have got for her now.'

'I do know it, mother,' said Helen, 'I know it all. For my own part, I shall be happier anywhere with *you* than —— But why do I talk of myself? Any home is good enough for me. Do not cry, dear mother. You are so good, you will soon find comfort wherever you are.'

And here the conversation of these good people was interrupted.

The goodness of Helen had deeply interested Miss Meadows in the distresses of her family, and she was sitting in her own room planning what she could do to be of most use to them, when Mrs. Gruntum, the lady's maid, came into the room with an air of importance.

'I beg pardon, ma'am,' she began, 'for any abruptness, Miss Meadows, but I'm come to let you know, though to be sure for the matter of that I could have told you long ago, for I've had my suspicions long enough——'

Miss Meadows was used to Mrs. Gruntum's long speeches and marvellous stories; she therefore sat quietly, with her head upon her hand, waiting the solution of her enigma.

'Only I kept them to myself, because when folks are favourites everything they do, to be sure, must be right, and one person may steal a '*orse*, while another looks over a '*edge*, as the saying is. So I thought I'd e'en let matters speak for themselves, as they'd be sure to do

in time, and you and my young lady be set right, ma'am.'

'Of whom are you speaking ?' said Miss Meadows.

'To be sure, if my young lady had set her '*eart* upon an humble companion, she need not have gone quite so low as the cottage for one. Who could think that anything at all *genteel* could be made of such people ?'—glancing at her own figure with a look of complacency. 'But if people are set up above their betters, and the scum of the *hearth* are to '*old* up their '*eads*, it's no wonder they forgets themselves, and comes to no good at last.'

'Is it poor Helen, then, to whom all this alludes?' said Miss Meadows, roused to a greater degree of curiosity than she was before disposed to feel.

'Yes, ma'am, that little '*ussy*, as my young lady was so taken with, forsooth, that nothing she did was wrong—*she* who was so meek that you'd '*ave* thought *butter wouldn't melt in her mouth*, as the saying is. But she's no better than an arrant thief, ma'am.'

'A thief !' echoed Miss Meadows with a look of dismay.

'Ay, you stare, Miss, and well you may. The ungrateful wretch ! The *genteel* dresses that my lady threw away upon her, to be sure !'

The smile that Miss Meadows could not suppress was mingled in her countenance with an expression of concern and curiosity.

'To what does all this lead ? With your lady's conduct it is improper in you to interfere ; but let me know of what you have to accuse Helen, that I may discover the truth.'

'To be sure, ma'am, that is but fair. Well, ma'am, without further preamble, for I '*ates* keeping people in suspense, and never was counted a great talker, only when I'm *hagitated* I '*ardly* knows what I says first, and some-

times the longest way about is the shortest way '*ome*, as the saying is.'

'Pray go on.'

'Yes, ma'am. Where was I? The '*ats* and caps as that girl 'ad of her *hown*, and yet——'

'Pray, no more reflections. Proceed.'

'Well, ma'am, no sooner had I seen the girl safe *hoff*, and glad enough I was to see her, like Cinderella, as I used to read of in my youth, drest in all her dirty rags as before, and not made to *hape* the lady any longer; and so I bethought me I'd go into her room, and see what I could see, for my mind misgived me, ma'am, that all was not right, and there the thoughtless little thing had left her pockets behind her. And sure enough, at the corner of one of 'em, under a '*eap* of rubbish, there I finds Miss Villars's beautiful new lace cap, twisted and screwed up, and all sure enough that we mightn't know it again—the little 'ypocritical wretch!'

'Leave the pocket and its contents with me,' said Miss Meadows calmly; 'and I desire you will not mention a word of this to your young lady. I shall inquire into the truth. I wish to inform her of it myself at the most proper time.'

'Oh, la me! certainly, ma'am. Oh, dear me, no; I'm sure I don't want to tell it to no one,' said Mrs. Gruntum, banging the door, and hurrying off to tell it to every servant in the house.

Miss Meadows sat silent and absorbed in painful reflection. Grieved as she was to discover that Helen could be thought guilty of so wicked an action, yet the fact seemed evident. When she recollected Louisa's extreme fondness for the cap in question, and that during all the time she had possessed it she had been at variance with Helen, she thought with Mrs. Gruntum

that it was quite impossible it could have been honestly come by.

'Poor unhappy girl!' said Miss Meadows to herself. 'You are not, then, the guiltless, the uncorrupted, the virtuous being I supposed you! Till now I have thought you the most amiable of all I knew, and amidst poverty and distress I should have loved and envied you still. How you have deceived me!'

Miss Meadows considered for some time what was the best step to take in this affair. She wished, at least for the present, that Mrs. Villars and her daughter should be unacquainted with Helen's guilt. She wisely judged it best that Helen should be made to feel the deepest remorse for her conduct, without ruining her character by a public disclosure of her crime.

She thought the best thing to be done was to write to Helen's mother, which she accordingly did, telling her that Helen was discovered to be a dishonest girl, and recommending to her to take all possible pains to 'instruct her in the wickedness of theft.' She told her that she had been won by Helen's apparent goodness, and had determined to do all in her power to relieve the distress of the family; but upon the discovery of her guilt, she should reserve her charity for those who were more deserving.

This letter was taken to the cottage by a messenger, who was desired at the same time to forbid Helen returning to the great house on any pretence whatever.

When the poor father and mother received the letter, Helen was from home; she was gone to take some spinning of her mother's to be sold. It is vain to describe the anguish of this fond and worthy couple as they read over and over again the line 'your child is a thief.'

'A thief!' cried the poor man. 'Helen, oh, who would have thought it would ever come to this? Wife! Poor creature! how she sobs! And well she may. Why, it was but the other day we thought it hard to be turned out of doors to live in an almshouse. Oh! how could we think anything hard while our child was good? We ought not to have complained; we are punished for it. *Our child is a thief!*'

'She is *not,*' said the wife, sobbing violently. 'I'll lay my life the child is innocent, and so it will come out sooner or later.'

Helen came in at this moment, smiling and rosy, holding in her hand the money she had got for her spinning.

'There!' said the mother; 'read that, dear. Tell us what it means, and don't frighten yourself, for we don't suspect you.'

Helen, after she had read the letter, endeavoured to assure her afflicted parents of her innocence; but as Miss Meadows had not mentioned the circumstances of her accusation, she was at a loss to conceive what it meant, and could give her parents no satisfactory explanation. She saw that her friend Miss Meadows had been in some way deceived, but as she was forbidden to visit the house, she could have no opportunity of justifying herself; and in the meantime her parents were deprived of the succour of which they were so much in need. She repeated often and often, 'I am innocent!' but her parents, seeing her grief and inability to explain the history, knew not what to think, and the little cottage was a scene of gloom and sorrow.

The day on which payment of the rent would be required now approached, and the inhabitants prepared to take leave of their little cottage.

The day before they were to quit it, however, the thought occurred to Helen of writing to Miss Meadows.

'She is very good,' thought she; 'she has been deceived; but she will not, I think, refuse to read my letter.'

Accordingly she sat down with an aching heart and wrote the following note:

'HONOURED MADAM,

'I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. It is for the sake of my dear father and mother that I am eager to tell you I am innocent of what you accuse me of. Indeed, dear madam, I would not tell you an untruth. Someone has deceived you. But if you would be so very good as to see and speak to me for a minute, it might all be explained. Your letter has made us miserable. My parents, I fear, suspect me. Oh, madam, they *have* taught me the "*wickedness of theft!*" Do not—pray, do not let them suffer on my account; let me explain to you, and all will be well.

'I am, madam, with great respect,

'Your obedient, humble servant,

'HELEN HOLMES.

'P.S.—Am I taking too great a liberty to beg you will be so very good as to return me a pocket which I left at your house? It contains nothing except a cap, which I value as Miss Villars's present, and which I mean to dispose of (in case it would procure a trifle) for the relief of my parents.'

Nothing could have given greater pleasure to the heart of Miss Meadows than did the postscript of Helen's letter. She went directly to Louisa, and explained to her the whole affair. She now redoubled her exertions to repair the wrong she had done.

She concluded that Helen did not in the least understand the value of the lace cap, which she talked of selling for a trifle. She therefore determined to dispose of it for her, and to surprise her with the profit, which resolution prevented her from answering the note till the next day.

Helen in the meantime waited in great anxiety.

'She does not believe me,' said she. 'My parents are deserted, and I must see them leave their cottage, where they have so long dwelt in peace and comfort.'

She looked sorrowfully as she spoke at the woodbine which covered the door ; she gathered a bit with tears in her eyes, and then stood thinking for some time, till a well-known voice disturbed her reverie.

'Well, Helen,' said her old friend Miss Meadows smiling on her as she spoke, 'when you have quite pulled that flower to pieces you will listen to what I am going to tell you.'

Helen burst into tears of joy, for she saw by her manner that Miss Meadows was undeceived.

'Forgive me, Helen,' said that lady tenderly—'forgive my unjust suspicion.'

She then related to her Mrs. Gruntum's story.

'I have attended to your request,' she added, 'and have ventured to dispose of the cap to the best of my ability, and hope the sum produced will not disappoint you.'

She then put into her hands a purse containing four guineas, the exact sum wanting to pay the rent. Helen's joy was indescribable. She ran into the cottage, and, giving the purse to her father, she exclaimed :

'Here is the money that will save you from beggary ! and here is one who will tell you I am innocent !'

Miss Meadows kindly explained the affair again to the

'Helen sprang forward to meet her.'

father and mother, bestowing the highest praises on Helen, which were a greater balm to their minds than anything she could have given.

'Oh, ma'am! one favour more,' said Helen, as Miss Meadows was leaving the cottage: 'allow me to express my gratitude to Miss Villars. It was she who gave me the cap, the cause of all this happiness. I am sure it will give her pleasure to know the good she has done.'

'I will ask her to visit you to-morrow,' said Miss Meadows.

The next day, as Helen was standing out at her door, she saw Miss Villars coming towards the cottage. Helen sprang forward to meet her; in the eagerness of her joy and gratitude she called her her benefactress.

'Come,' said she—'come and see how happy you have made us.'

Louisa was deeply affected. She had never before considered the value of money; she had never before experienced the heartfelt satisfaction of doing good, and an impression was made on her mind which time could not efface. Fortunately for her, she possessed in Miss Meadows a friend eager to seize every favourable opportunity and improve every moment for the future advantage of her pupil's character.

In the wild scheme of adopting Helen and suddenly transplanting a rustic villager into the refined scenes of polished life Miss Meadows had foreseen little stability and less prospect of happiness; but she had forborne to discourage it, in the hope that its very failure might produce to each party benefit. Upon the ill-regulated temper of Louisa she trusted the gentle virtues of Helen would operate as a charm, and that the selfishness and vanity she had vainly hoped by precept to subdue would

gradually yield to the influence which the example of disinterested, modest worth would silently acquire over the heart; while to the humble Helen, when at last restored to her former mode of life, little reparation would be necessary, if in the daily contemplation of Louisa's fretfulness she found a proof of the insufficiency of wealth to bestow happiness, and was taught to set a just value upon the blessings to be obtained in her own station.

The event justified her predictions. From this time Louisa felt it her chief pleasure to visit Helen and to make her happy, and her temper and manners underwent a gradual change. A sincere friendship, founded on a mutual knowledge of each other's qualities, grew up between these young persons, who, though widely separated by station, became daily more like to each other in virtue and goodness of heart.

When, some time after, Mrs. Villars prepared to remove to her town residence, the parting between our heroines was painful to each; yet Louisa no longer endeavoured to prevail upon Helen to accompany them, while Helen, attached as she was to her young benefactress, resolved never again to be tempted to leave her humble dwelling to become a fine lady, convinced of the truth of Miss Meadows's observation, *that everyone will be most happy while they are contented to fulfil their part in the station in which Providence has placed them.*

Bob and Dog Quiz

‘BOYS will be boys,’ said Nurse Webb.

‘I don’t know which are the worst to live with, children or puppies,’ answered Nurse Lake, arranging her black velvet cap.

‘Call him Robert! No, no! when I love him less; till then Bob, and only Bob.’

One day a little boy called Robert Howard, but generally called Bob.—(Who ever loved a little boy very much of the name of Robert and did not call him Bob?) This little boy was as brave and generous a little fellow as ever lived.

One day he was walking in the fields, when he saw three boys, all bigger than himself, standing in a circle, with sticks in their hands, and he fancied he heard the whine of a puppy. ‘Something cruel is going on here,’ said Robert. ‘I will see what it is,’ and up he walked, strutting, as very little fellows will, to the boys.

‘Fair play!’ said one of the boys. ‘One to prepare, two to make ready, and three and——’

‘What are you going to do?’ said Robert.

‘Going to do? Why, going to knock this puppy’s brains out.’

'For what ?' asked Robert.

'For being so ugly.'

'You shan't do any such thing,' said Robert. 'Do you think it shall have its brains knocked out for being so ugly ?' And he caught up the puppy.

'Let it go !' said another of the boys, 'or I'll teach you to interfere with other people's affairs.'

'I won't,' said Robert. 'And you may have your brains knocked out instead, for you are ugly enough—only I don't think you have any ; I am sure you haven't.'

The boy so spoken to answered by giving Robert a blow with his doubled fist in the face, and the blood ran in torrents from his nose.

'I wish I were older and stronger,' said Robert. 'I would give you such a licking that you should never forget.'

'Give us the puppy, and hold your jaw !' said the boy, collaring him, 'or I will beat you black and blue.'

'So you may,' said Robert, sobbing, 'but you shall not have the puppy.'

The boy was going to repeat the blows, when one of the other boys cried :

'Shame ! shame ! If you touch him, I'll fight you. He is a fine little fellow ; and if he should wish for the puppy, he shall have it : it is mine.'

The hard-hearted boy did not care for what his companion said, but gave Robert a blow which almost knocked him down.

'Will you give me the puppy now ?'

'No, I won't ; I have said I won't, and I won't.'

Again the boy raised his stick, but the other two rushed upon him and said he was a coward, and they told him if he dared to touch the fine little fellow they would cudgel him well.

'The cruel lad sneaked off, while the two other boys attended to Robert.'

Robert might have now walked off with his poor little puppy, but he would not.

'I have five shillings,' he said, 'in my pocket, and I will give it to you for the puppy.'

'No, no ; we don't want your money,' said one boy.

'Keep it, my brave fellow,' said another.

'Will you have it ?' said Robert to the very cruel boy who had given him such hard blows. The boy took it.

'Upon my life, you are a shabby, dirty fellow as ever lived,' said one of the boys.

'So he is, Sam,' said the other with disgust.

The shabby and cruel lad sneaked off with his money, and the two others wiped the blood from Robert's swollen face and clothes, and asked him what they could do to make amends for his sufferings.

'Nothing,' said Robert ; 'only promise me you will never be so cruel again.'

'Never, never !' said both of the boys. One kissed the little dog and said, 'Poor ugly thing ! I am glad we did not kill you.'

Robert's Return Home.

'Dear me ! what is the matter ? What is it ?' said Mary, turning very pale.

'What have you been doing ?' cried another of his sisters.

Bob did all he could to prevent crying, but he was in such pain he could scarcely help it, and he threw himself down on a chair and said nothing, but twirled about his mouth making faces, and all to prevent crying.

Caroline, who was skipping in the passage, hearing these exclamations, threw down her rope and ran into

the nursery to see and hear all about it, and when she saw her brother's (her pet brother's) swelled and bleeding face, she ran to him and kissed him, crying with fear.

Bob, at this tenderness, could hold out no longer; all the twirlings of the mouth and bitings of the cheek would not do; cry he must, and the tears ran down his face.

'Never mind; cry, Master Bob,' said Nurse Lake going to him; 'it will do you good.'

Little Owen caught hold of her apron and said:

'Is this Bob?'

'Yes, it is Bob,' said Robert, trying to laugh. 'Carry, you have made me cry like a girl by your kindness. I wish you would not be so affectionate, Carry.'

'Bob, are you not dreadfully hurt?' said Kate.

'No, not much—only a broken nose;' and he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, but very gently, for his face was uncommonly sore.

'Who have you been fighting with, dear Bob?' said Mary.

'With three boys, cruel creatures!' said Bob.

'What have you under your coat?' asked Owen. 'Bobby, it is moving!'

'A puppy,' said Bob; 'and I will tell you about the poor little half-starved thing and those horrid boys if you will get it a little milk and bread.'

'But, Bob, for goodness' sake, think of yourself,' said Caroline.

'Miss Caroline, you forget what your mother said the other day about "goodness' sake"—never to use it, for it is so vulgar.'

Caroline did not answer her nurse. Her head and her heart were too full of her brother.

'I will think of myself,' said Bob, 'when you have got some bread and milk for the puppy, and not before.'

Away Kate and Mary ran for milk, and Carry said she would find a basket and put some straw into it. She was hunting about for this basket when she accidentally cast her eyes upon a basketful of paper which had been torn up for pillows. Caroline never thought before she acted: she took up the basket and turned its contents out upon the floor. This brought the anger of Nurse Lake down upon her, as well it might.

'There you are, Miss Caroline! just like you, throwing all the paper upon the floor. Now, could you not have asked me for a basket, and I would have given you one? What plagues children are! goodness me!'

'There,' said Carry, laughing, 'is "goodness me." Nurse, you must not use it: it is so vulgar.'

'Master Owen, come away directly from the paper, or I'll put you in the corner.'

'Not while I am in the room,' said Bob, 'for so small a fault.'

Carry did not listen to nurse; she had the basket, so she cared not for nurse's wrath, and she ran off for some nice clean straw. Kate and Mary returned with a basinful of the nicest bread and milk, and the little puppy lapped it up very greedily.

Caroline returned singing, with her arms full of straw.

'There, now!' said Nurse Lake from her low chair. 'Miss Caroline, I won't have a bit on the floor—such a bear-garden as this is, to be sure!'

'Hist, good nurse!' said Caroline, kneeling down by the basket. 'I will not let one straw fall.'

'No, and take care you don't,' said nurse, with a smile.

'You are very good-natured, I must say, nurse,' said Carry, busily arranging the straw in the basket.

After the straw was deposited, some flannel was put upon it. (I believe little Owen's flannel petticoat, but nurse did not know it. Certainly Caroline snatched something very like a petticoat from the fender, and looked at nurse all the while with a certain look which said, 'She does not see me.') Now that the basket was ready, the puppy (that had been hushed up and down the room like a baby in Kate's arms) was put into it, and the children looked at it till it was fast asleep.

'Where is he ? where is he ?' cried William, running into the room, followed by his father. 'Bob, father and I have heard all. You are quite a *haro*, as old Shambery the sailor would say.'

'My boy,' said his father, tapping him on the shoulder, 'what a face you have ! But you are a fine little fellow for saving the puppy.'

'Show it to father,' said Bob.

'I will go and tell your mother, for fear she should be frightened, and then we will see it,' said his father.

'Come, Master Robert,' said Nurse Lake, 'make haste and let us make the best of your face before your mother comes ;' and she tucked up her sleeves, and holding the top of his head with her left hand, she washed off the blood with a sponge, Bob telling his story all the while, the brothers and sisters thinking him the bravest of all boys, and the boys the cruellest of all boys alive.

Little fat Owen, with his hands behind him, stooped forward to look at Bob's black eye. By the time his father and mother came Robert's face was quite clean, and though his face was as ugly as the puppy's at that moment, yet his mother was glad to see it was no worse ; and she kissed him, and called him her kind, brave boy.

THE PUPPY NAMED.

Come here to me,' said Bob to his puppy, sitting down by the nursery fender.

'Tell me one of your fairy tales,' said Owen, sitting down by him.

'What shall I tell you, Owen ?' said Bob. 'Shall I tell you of the spider turned into a lovely dancing-girl, or of the cream-jug turned into a white soft dew, or of the grasshopper turned into a fine black horse, with a tail of fire and yellow eyes ?'

'The horse, the horse !' said Owen.

'Well, Owen, some time or other ; but now I must think of my beauteous puppy. Come here,' he said, dragging the puppy by the legs to him, the little thing all the time in great anger snarling and biting. 'You are certainly the ugliest beast I ever saw,' said Bob, addressing his dog. 'Look what short legs it has, and what a long back !'

'I think it is very pretty,' said Owen. 'I like a long back and short legs.'

'Should you like to have short legs and a long back ?' asked William.

'Yes, Willy,' said Owen, 'because nurse has such very short legs and——'

'Don't talk such nonsense, child,' said nurse, biting her thread, 'but get off from the floor directly !' and she stamped her foot.

Owen happened to be sitting by Bob, so he was not afraid of this stamp of the foot.

'Do you hear me ?' said nurse.

'We all hear you,' said Willy, smiling.

'Get up directly !' said nurse, dragging up Owen by the arm.

'I won't let a bit of its tail be cut off,' said Bob; 'it will curl so beautifully over its back.'

'Nasty thing! I wish it had never come into the house,' said nurse.

'I am sure it has never hurt you,' said Owen gruffly.

'Hold your tongue, sir!'

'I shall not if you abuse Bob's dog,' said Owen, bobbing his head at her.

'I think its countenance quite beautiful,' said Kate. 'Its quick, clear eye, deep-set in this bush of hair, makes it look so knowing.'

'I had rather have it than a thousand silky-looking spaniels,' said Mary.

'I am sure if it could talk it would be very pleasant; it would talk French very well, and say funny, droll things,' said Carry.

'So it would; it would keep the whole table in a roar,' said Bob.

'I am sure, then,' said nurse, 'I am glad it cannot speak; for we want nothing to keep you all in a roar. Such roar-rumstrous children I never met with.'

'That's a word of your own,' said Bob.

'Is it?' said nurse drily.

'Its short hairy legs,' said Bob, 'look so full of talent. Come, Billy boy, give us a name.'

'Call him *Foundling*,' said Kate.

'Katy dear, what a stupid name!' said Bob.

'Call him *Sappho*,' said Mary.

'No, no; that name will not do for a terrier. I am glad I have not had his ears cut. Look how knowing it makes him look, erecting them, as he first looks at one, then at the other!'

'Call him *Sprightly*,' said Caroline; 'I am sure he is sprightly enough.'

'I do not like that name either,' said Bob; 'it is too insipid for so clever a dog.'

'Call it Lake, after nurse,' said little Owen; 'for it is so like her.'

'It does not signify,' said Nurse Lake very angrily; 'but if you go on this way I will turn you out of the room.'

'Why, nurse,' said Owen, 'don't you like to be thought like the puppy? I am sure I should.'

'Should you?' asked nurse.

'Very much,' said Owen, 'for they say it looks so clever. Should you not like to look clever?'

'She is clever,' said Bob. 'She has just now, you know, coined a most beautiful word — roar something. What was it, nurse?'

'Roar-rostun,' said Caroline.

'No, that was not it,' said Kate.

'Roar-rumstrous—that was the word,' said Bob. 'Nurse, you are a most superior woman.'

Nurse Lake could not help laughing.

'Nurse,' said Willy, 'cannot help laughing: she would if she could.'

'Sally,' said nurse, turning to the nursery-maid, 'set the tea-things.'

Owen went up to nurse, and, putting his hands in her lap, said:

'Nurse, I think you are very pretty; you are very fat, and you have a fat chin. I wish mother had one, but she is so thin.'

'Well, go,' said nurse, 'and pick up my ball of cotton.'

Owen did so.

'Do you know what Charles Stanley called you the other day?' he said, as he gave the ball to her.

'Something foolish, I dare say.'

'No,' said Owen ; 'something very pretty.'

'What was it ?' said Carry, biting her lips to prevent laughing.

'*Doddy Dow.*'

'He is the foolishest boy that ever lived,' said nurse.

'No,' said Owen,' 'he is not ; he is a very nice boy, and carries me on his back, as well as Bobby or Willy. Oh, he is a capital horse !'

'He is the foolishest boy that ever lived,' said nurse.

'No,' said Owen. 'He called you Doddy Dow because you walk so like his fat duck, which he calls Doddy Dow.'

'Coming, ma'am,' said nurse, hearing Mrs. Howard's voice, and she pushed aside Owen, saying low down, 'What worriting things children are !' and left the room.

'Call it *Quiz*,' said Carry, 'for it is certainly very ugly.'

'We will call it Quiz. Yet are you so very ugly, my poor dog ?' said Bob, throwing himself upon the ground at full length, and letting the little thing lick his face.

'Nasty boy that you are !' said Mary.

'Am I, madam ?' said Robert, laughing and jumping up. 'Then, for that piece of impertinence, you shall have a kiss from it.'

'Please don't,' said Mary, tearing over chairs and tables, which she overturned in her haste to get away from Bob.

'Come, Quiz, my man, here is a lady longing for a kiss.'

'Oh, pray, pray,' said Mary, 'do not let him lick me ! Call him away, Carry ! Indeed, I do beg you a thousand pardons. I will never do so again.'

'I have a great mind to forgive you. No, I won't, though ; you shall have one kiss. Quiz, Quiz—I like the name.'

'Carry, Willy, Kate, call it away ; oh, don't let it come to me !'

'No ; here, Quiz,' cried one.

'This way, Quiz,' cried another.

'Here,' cried a third.

'Quiz, Quiz, man, come here,' said Bob.

The puppy jumped upon him, and licked Mary's face all over.

'There, now, will you ever be so impertinent again?'

'Oh no, never!'

'Then I will kiss you, too,' said the laughing Bob.

'I will kiss you, dear Quiz,' said Owen, catching up the puppy.

'That's right, Noney,' said Bob.

When Bob kissed Mary, she thought, 'It is more than I would do to you, after the puppy's.' She only thought this; she did not dare to say it.

'Now, Polly, you may get up,' said Bob. 'And come along, Quiz, my beautiful Quiz,' said he, jumping out of the window, with his hands in his pockets. And whistling, and followed by all his sisters and Willy, they hastened through the furze-brake up to the heath, where sitting down under what they called the Oak of the Gipsy of the Glen, Willy read Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' and Bob took out his sketch of the church to finish.

'Those children are the ruination of one's peace of mind,' said Nurse Lake. 'Where is Master Owen?'

'Gone,' said Sally, 'with Master Bob; and let him go, and we will have our tea in peace.'

'Quiet is needed,' said nurse, cutting from the loaf a round of bread to toast.

Should you like to Know what Quiz was Like?

Quiz was certainly the ugliest dog that ever was seen. Scotch terriers are very apt to be ugly, but Quiz was even frightful for a Scotch terrier. Yet was he at the same time one of the cleverest of dogs. He knew a

thousand tricks, taught him by his master, the young Robert. He would play at go-seek ; he would jump upon nurse's shoulder and begin to howl, which Bob called Butcher Smith's Serenade, Bob declaring that Smith much admired Nurse Lake, and often sent her sweetbreads and other tokens of tenderness.

If Quiz were out on a shooting party, and Bob happened to be one, Quiz was sure to be ready, and if a bird should drop to the ground he would bring it to his young master, and no power on earth—no calling, whistling—could make him give up the bird to any but Robert—unless, indeed, Robert desired him to do so.

Quiz would hunt all over the room, if told, for money, and if Bob said, ' Now, Quiz, bring me a sixpence and not a shilling,' Quiz would hunt for it till he had found it ; and if anyone offered him a shilling, he would sit down, shake his head, and look very wise from under his shaggy eyebrows.

Bob was three weeks in teaching him a most tiresome trick, and, as Nurse Lake said, it was time worse than thrown away. It was to take a piece of sugar and drop it into a cup of tea. One evening, when nurse and Sarah were just going to sit down to a hot cup of tea, with plenty of well-buttered toast, Bob, who was watching them, gave Quiz a piece of sugar, who jumped upon the table and put it into Sarah's cup. Nurse bounced up, and saying, ' The like was never seen ; these things shall not go on,' went to tell her mistress.

' Come back, nurse,' said good-natured Sally ; ' no call to tell missus. I can pour myself out another cup of tea.' But nurse was gone.

' Never mind, let her go, Sarah ; mother won't be very angry. Has not Quiz played his new trick capitally ?'

' Quiz, you rogue !' said Sarah, laughing.

‘Here, Sarah,’ said Bob, taking a pound of green tea from his pocket, ‘here is something that will make up for the cup of tea, for I never meant to tease you, and to give you nothing for the tease, my good-natured Sally.’

‘Oh, thank you, Master Bob,’ said Sally; ‘but I in no wise require that.’

‘I know you do not, but you shall have it. And here I will place myself behind the door till you have begged for me. I hear them coming, and nurse's step, which seems to say, “Master Bob, you'll have a box on the ear,” I take it.’

The door opened, and Mrs. Howard, followed by nurse, came in.

‘Robert, Robert!’ said his mother. ‘Where is he, Sarah?’

‘Don't be angry with him, ma'am,’ said Sarah, dropping a curtsy; ‘he has given me all this for the one cup,’ and she pointed to the tea and sugar.

‘Well, nurse,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘can we be angry with him?’

‘No, indeed you cannot,’ said Bob, coming dancing out from behind the door. ‘There, good nurse, sit down and make yourself a cup of green tea.’

‘Robert,’ said Mrs. Howard, laughing and holding out her hand, ‘come with me.’

When they were gone, nurse sat down again, saying:

‘What a boy it is! Sally girl, put a sprinkling of green into the pot.’

In a minute or two Bob's merry face peeped in at the door.

‘Do you like the green tea, nurse?’

‘Very much, Master Bob,’ said nurse.

‘Very much,’ echoed little Owen, who was drinking some in a saucer on Sally's lap.

Away ran Bob.

'He is unaccountably merry,' said nurse.

'Nobody can be dull with him in the house,' said Sally.

More of Quiz.

'Quiz,' said Bob, 'I do think you can all but speak. I am sure you understand every word I say.' Quiz did, and every word that any of them in the house said; and he gave a bow-wow, which said, 'I do,'—'I' being 'bow,' 'do,' 'wow.'

'Quiz,' said Bob, laughing, 'you are an uncommonly pleasant fellow.' Again another bow-wow, which this time meant, 'I am thought so, certainly.'

Quiz was of a dirty tan, with long and wiry hair; his back was very long, his bandy legs very short, his head very large and long; but then he had the deep-set eye, so sparkling and so full of fun, at the same time so poetic and deep coloured. He was a poet, but only dogs could understand his doggerel. His mouth was large and disproportioned, but filled with the whitest teeth, and such expression in that mouth! Every dog of any feeling who saw him open it would either cry or laugh, according to what he was going to say, for it was so full of expression that they knew what words the mouth would utter before it uttered them.

Every morning from nine to half-past Bob shut himself up with Quiz, and filled the keyhole with paper that none of his family or friends might be able to see what was going on, and teach him some new trick.

Quiz required three weeks to be perfect in any trick, and Nurse said it was a mercy he took so long in learning. All knew when a trick was perfect, for he looked so important, and he curled his tail so decidedly over his

back, and he would receive no caresses, but walk from his master's room to the mat on the outside of the schoolroom door without turning his head to the right or left, and there lie down with the dignity of Cæsarium, the king of the dogs.

In the village where he lived were many dogs. There was Prince, the greyhound, so elegant in all his movements and refined in appearance ; but speak to him, and he had not a word to say for himself ; and ask any of the ladies of the dog tribe if after a time they had rather not look upon Quiz's broad forehead than Prince's nipped-up skull. There was Charley, the beautiful long-eared spaniel, with a degree of little wit, but snarling and ready to take offence at every slight word. There was Don, the courtly pointer ; and Tiger, the majestic mastiff ; and Cæsar, the high-born Newfoundland, of the purest polished black. He was Quiz's constant and true friend, and well might he be, for he was agreeable, highly informed, and possessing the very highest dressed manners ; then, it was flattering to be loved by one so first rate, and Cæsar loved Quiz as a brother.

It happened that a Colonel Jackson came to the village, and he brought with him a poodle, who had learnt all sorts of tricks and ways of talking in France and Italy, and Cæsar thought he should give a dinner at his kennel, and invite every dog far and near to meet this travelled stranger. The dinner was given, and the ladies present declared he was not to be compared to Quiz. And when Quiz went after dinner to sit by the side of a lake to talk. as is the way of dogs so to do, Carlo the poodle was left by all the girls for Quiz, who, they declared, was more agreeable than ever.

A Little More of Quiz and a Great Deal of Bob.

Bob had had Quiz now a year and a half, so that the little puppy, which was only six weeks old when he saved him—how old is he now ?—and Bob, who when he so kindly and bravely saved ugly Quiz was just seven. How old is Bob ?—find out and go on.

Robert was a fine creature, and noble beyond most of his day. He never could keep a sixpence in his pocket, for he was sure to meet with some poor old man or woman, or some little ragged boy or girl, who must and should have it. If an old man or woman stood in the road, leaning on a stick and coughing, away ran Bob to give them all he had.

One day his brothers and sisters laid a bet together, that if they put half a guinea in silver into his hands to keep for them, before Bob returned home after a village walk he would have parted with every sixpence.

'Bobby, where are you going ?' said Caroline.

'To Trivet's, the blacksmith. Can I do anything for you ?'

'Yes, you can,' said Carry. 'Will you take care of this money till I return ?'

'Then, Car, put it into my waistcoat pocket ; it will be safe enough there.'

Caroline smiled.

On his return by the church he again fell in with Caroline.

'Carry, my girl,' he said.

'Bob, give me the money.'

'What money ? Oh, the half-guinea. Wait till I get home.'

'No, Bob, I cannot ; I must have it now.'

'But I cannot give it to you till I get into my room.'

'Why cannot you take it out of your waistcoat pocket?'

'For the best reason in the world; it is not there.'

'Bob, confess you have given it all away.'

'Carry, you have it. I met so many poor creatures, and they all wanted "something."'

'Bob, dear Bob, your heart is too kind; nobody's heart is like yours.'

'Thank you, Carry, and here is a flower for that pretty speech,' and he gave her a nettle. Caroline laughed, and they walked on together.

Caroline and her sisters were one day going into a pastrycook's to buy some almond sugar-plums, when Bob called out, 'Shame, shame! Don't go and spend your money there; look at so many poor around you.'

'Don't prose so, good Master Bob,' said Caroline, opening her hand. 'This sixpence I am determined to spend in almond sugar-plums, or on a slice of pound cake.'

'And I am determined you shall not,' said Bob, chucking it out of her hand.

Caroline ran to pick it up, but before she could do so Quiz snapped it up, and ran to a poor little ragged boy, and dropped it at his feet. He then returned to Caroline, and wagging his tail and looking up into her face, asked her, in dog language, if she were very angry with him for so doing.

'Quiz, my dear dog, you deserve a good beating,' said Caroline, patting him.

'Quiz, dear dog! and there you are spoiling your things sure*lie*,' said nurse.

'And there you are, and there you are!' sang Bob, dancing round Nurse Lake. 'And there you are, and there you are! Good-bye, nurse. There you are,' and off set Bob, full chase with Quiz; and the next chapter will tell us where he went.

The Desk and Rock Battle.

After running some little way, Bob walked quietly, and putting his hands in his pockets, and throwing himself back, with his head up in the air, thus thought : ‘ Carry, Polly, and Kate are all three the best sisters in the world, and the dearest too. Do I love Carry better than any ? I hope not, for all are so kind ; yet, Carry, I do love you—yes, better than anything in the world. Willy boy—who is like my good and gentle Willy, so true, so good, so spirited ? Willy, Willy, I love thee, and my own little Noney too’—thus he thought as he entered the bookseller's shop.

‘ Mr. Westcott,’ he said, ‘ I want to see some writing-desks.’

‘ What kind of desk, sir ?’

‘ Some pretty ones.’

Westcott showed him many but none pleased him.

‘ There,’ he said, looking up, ‘ there, I think, is one that will do.’

Westcott took it down.

‘ A very nice one,’ said Bob. ‘ How much is it ?’

‘ One pound,’ said the man.

‘ Put it up, if you please, and give it to me,’ said Bob.

‘ Let me send it,’ said Westcott.

‘ No, thank you.’

‘ You are rich to-day, Master Robert.’

‘ Yes ; grandfather put a sovereign into my cup of tea this morning. Here it is.’

Westcott gave him the desk, and Bob ran off with it home, Quiz running after him, barking all the way.

Bob, when he reached home, ran up three or four steps at once, and locking himself up in his room, sat down and wrote this note :

'Here, dear Carry, is a desk instead of the sugar-plums (though I dare say, most greedy lady, you had rather have the sugar-plums). Keep it for the sake of your affectionate Bob.'

Then he sealed the note, and carried it with the desk into her room, and put it upon her table, after which he and Quiz again set out in quest of his brothers and sisters.

He overtook them going to the Rocks.

'Come,' he said, 'let us have another rock battle here. I am ready to fight all;' and he sprang on a rock. 'Quiz and I will defend this castle. Quiz lad, come here.'

Quiz had often played at the game with his young master, and he understood it well. He leapt upon the rock which Bob called the castle, and sat down with the most august looks, opened his mouth, and gave a yawn and a howl, meaning to say, 'It will be a well-maintained siege.' He erected his ears and curled his tail in a most warlike manner.

'The castle is small and the outposts weak, yet will I defend it Quiz, do your duty.'

Another howl and yawn, which said, 'No need to tell me that.'

'On! on to the charge!' said William; and he and his sisters rushed up to the rock.

They were repulsed, Quiz running round the castle, snapping at their noses, and licking their eyes to blind them. Willy's mouth happening to be wide open with laughing at Quiz's efforts, Quiz put his tongue into it.

'*Faugh!*' said William. 'You beast of a dog!'

Caroline was rolled over into a pool of water, Mary was thrown on her back on the seaweed, and Willy was disabled from the lick.

'You are caught, brave Sir Knight,' said Kate, catching up Quiz.

The dog struggled and growled, and flung his head from side to side.

William, seeing Quiz would soon release himself from Kate, caught hold of him by the neck, and Sir Knight Quiz howled with anger.

'On, on, girls! Bring the Lord Robert down!' cried the triumphant William.

'Quiz, bite, man! struggle, man!' cried Bob.

Quiz renewed his efforts, and William, in trying to keep him, slipped down, and was drenched to the skin. Quiz made his escape, and Robert, standing by his brave dog on the rock, cried:

'Victory!'

'The day is yours, Bob,' said William.

'Here is my flag,' said Bob, tying his pocket-handkerchief to the top of his stick, and brandishing it over his head; 'and from this day let the rock be called Lord Robert's Castle, and there is Quiz Point.'

After many games the brothers and sisters left the rocks, talking over the battle and fighting it again.

Caroline finds the Desk.

'Where are you going?' asked Kate, seeing Bob was about to leave them.

'To ask Edds the fisherman a question. He has something for me.'

'Remember, it is almost time to read history with father,' said Caroline.

'I know. I shall be back in time,' said Robert. 'Come, Willy, with me.'

Away went the boys, followed by Quiz. Caroline,

Mary and Kate returned home. They went upstairs to take off their things.

'Carry,' said Kate, 'what is that on your table?'

Caroline looked and saw the desk and the note upon it.

'A desk,' said she. 'What a pretty one! It cannot be for me. It is, though,' said she. 'That dear, dear Bob has bought me this desk and written this note;' and tears of delight and affection stood in her eyes.

'Read it,' said Kate.

Caroline read it with trembling voice:

'Here, dear Carry, is a desk instead of the sugar-plums (though I dare say, most greedy lady, you had rather have the sugar-plums). Keep it for the sake of your affectionate Bob.'

'I will, dear Bob, you may depend upon it; and this note shall never be out of the desk. Keep it! I will keep it as long as I live.'

'Do you not wish, Carry,' said Kate, 'that you had not played against Bob on the rocks?'

'Indeed, I do.'

'There is no use in being sorry for that,' said Mary, 'for you know he never will let anyone be on his side but Quiz, for he likes glory too well.'

The sisters now heard the brothers come in, and Carry ran off to thank Bob; and was she the only one who kissed him? No; they all did, for both Kate and Mary were as much delighted with him for his kindness as if he had given it to them. Could any of them be jealous of the other? Oh no; that nasty little fault was not known amongst them. They would all tell you they could not be such mean, foolish creatures as to be jealous.

Quiz, who saw and understood all, barked and whined with delight, and the tears ran down his cheeks at the

affecting scene, and he wiped them away by thrusting his head against Kate's pinafore. She knew not what he was doing.

Mr. Howard now cried to them at the bottom of the stairs :

' Boys and girls, come, come ! It is getting late.'

Caroline would have carried off the desk with her to show her father, but Bob took it gently from her, saying :

' Carry, do not say anything about the desk before me ; I cannot bear it, for father and mother say kind things to me, and the tears stupidly come into my eyes, and I look like a fool.'

The Hunt.

' Robert, is that you ?' said Mr. Howard, coming out of his room.

' Yes, father ; I am blowing a blast with my cow-horn. We are going to have a hunt.'

' I must beg,' said his father, ' that you will blow through no cow-horns in this house.'

' May I in the garden ?'

' As much as you please, provided I am not near to hear it ; but now go along, and do not make a noise ;' and he again shut the door of his study.

Bob's blasts brought his brothers and sisters, and many cousins into the bargain, round him, for the house was full of cousins : there was Anna Clifford, and Mary Clifford, and Jane Clifford, and Emma Clifford, and then Augustus Clifford, and Philip Clifford, and Reginald Clifford. All the cousins Clifford were come for three whole days, and these days were to be holy days.

' Let us see how many there are of us,' said Bob.

' Count,' said Willy.

'Anna, Mary, Philip, Jane, Kate, Reginald, Carry, Bob, Augustus, Emma, and Polly,' said Bob. 'I must call you Polly to distinguish you from Cousin Mary.'

'You have not,' said Philip, 'counted Willy.'

'Yes, I forgot William,' said Bob. 'There are twelve of us; Quiz,' said Bob, 'makes the thirteenth.'

Quiz was all the time whining and barking, and jumping up and running to and fro in expectation of the hunt, and desire to be off. Augustus Clifford proposed that six should be hounds and six hunters. All wished to be hounds, so Bob proposed that they should draw lots.

'Where is a pencil?' said William.

'Here, Willy,' said his sister Mary.

'I will tear this letter in strips,' said William, 'and write our names upon them. Kate, 1; Robert, 2; Anna, 3; Mary, 4; Jane, 5; Emma, 6; Augustus, 7; Philip, 8; Reginald, 9; William, 10; Carry, 11; Polly, 12. The name that is drawn this time is to be a hunter.'

It was Jane's. 'I am glad of it,' said Jane; 'and I hope to catch you, Reggy.'

'Catch me!' said Reggy, with a toss of the head.

'Whoever is drawn this time is to be a hound.'

Bob drew Philip. 'Well, I like to be hunted as well as to hunt,' said Philip.

'That's lucky,' said William.

'The next name is to hunt. Whose is it?'

'Reginald's.'

'I am very sorry,' said Jane, 'for I did hope to have had the pleasure of catching you.'

'Catch me, indeed!' said the boy, laughing. 'Catch sound!'

'Now, then, who is the next?'

'Let me draw,' said Carry. 'Emma—Miss Emma, as I declare.'

'Come, make haste,' said William, 'or we shall be drawing all day. The next is to hunt.'

'Draw, Carry,' said Bob.

'Robert and Quiz,' said Caroline. 'Let me see this time: Carry—I myself! I am determined I will not be caught. Bob, I will give you sixpence if you catch me.'

'Done,' said Bob.

Bob drew this time.

'Who do you think is drawn this time?' he said, looking at the paper. 'Augustus.'

'To hunt or to be hunted?' asked Augustus.

'To hunt.'

'I will lay a shilling I catch you, Carry,' said Augustus.

'Very well,' said Caroline.

Kate was drawn; she was to be hunted, Mary to hunt. Emma was to be a deer, so was Polly; Anna and William were to be hounds.'

'You must give us,' said Reginald, 'a start of a quarter of an hour.'

'By all means,' said William.

Bob, who was always for giving more than was asked, said:

'You shall have twenty minutes.'

'That will do famously,' said Carry.

'Has anyone a watch amongst us?' said Bob.

'Yes, I have,' said Philip. 'Take it,' he said, flinging it to Robert.

The herd of deer stepped off at full speed till they came to five lanes; here each deer separated and took a lane. Some scrambled up banks and made their way across the country, and Philip took the direction to Lidwell. He knew he should have a good chance of reaching home by Haldon, a heath of great extent.

The cow-horn sounds three several times : the twenty minutes are expired. Bob and his crew are in hot pursuit. How many a deer will be slaughtered to-day !

'Oh me, I hear the horn !' said Caroline, leaning over a gate, 'and I feel as though I shall be caught. Augustus will think of nothing but me.'

'And I,' answered Emma — 'oh, where shall I go ? I know very well I shall be caught.'

'Emma, are you there in the lane ?' said Caroline. 'Come with me. Pray do let us share our fates together.'

'Oh yes, let us,' said Emma. 'I had rather run with you, for I am so frightened. If I am caught I know I shall give a horrid scream.'

'I shall yell outright,' said Carry, climbing over the gate and joining her cousin in the lane.

'Did you hear some voices below ?' said Emma. 'I am quite sure I heard Augustus and Bob.'

'Yes, and Quiz,' said Caroline. 'Follow, follow me. If we can but gain the cowshed, we can hide there.'

The two girls ran away through a spinney, up three or four fields, and arrived panting at the shed. An old woodman stood before it.

'Hide us !' said Carry.

'Hide you, miss ? What are you afraid of ?'

'Oh, hide us, hide us, or we shall be caught !'

'Creep,' said the good-natured man, 'through that hole close to the rabbits, and I will cover it with faggots. They shan't find you out.'

They both crept panting into the hole.

'Don't tell of us.'

'Not I,' said the man, laughing at the girls. He had only just time to cover them with the faggots when Bob and Augustus made their appearance.

'Here, here!' said Bob to the man, who was standing with a few faggots in his hand.

'Hard of hearing,' said the man, pretending to be deaf.

'Have you seen two little wicked girls?' screamed Bob into the old man's ear.

Carry chuckled.

'Hard of hearing,' again answered the man.

'Very, indeed,' said Bob. 'Gussy, speak to him.'

'Have you seen two——'

'Dogs?' interrupted the man.

Carry and Emma trembled as they sat on the potato heap behind the faggots.

'He will tell them all,' said Caroline in a whisper to Emma.

Quiz, whilst this conversation was going on, jumped up and tore at the faggots, barking most furiously.

'That horrid Quiz will betray us,' whispered Emma.

'I am afraid so,' said Caroline.

'Don't think,' said the old man in a gruff voice, addressing himself to Quiz, 'that you will have my young rabbits.'

'Dear old man!' said Carry. 'I could hug him!'

'He means us by his young rabbits,' said Emma.

'Have you only just found that out?' said Carry, stifling a laugh.

'Don't, don't laugh, pray,' said Emma, nudging Carry.

'If I get home,' whispered Caroline, 'he shall have the shilling that Gussie laid me.'

'I will add sixpence,' said Emma.

'Now, young masters, if your dog kills my rabbits I'll knock him on the head.'

'And I'll knock you,' said Augustus, in great wrath.

'Have you seen two little wicked girls?'

'Hush!' said Bob. 'How can you speak so to an old man?'

'Well, but I do not think he heard me,' said Augustus; 'he is so deaf.'

'He did, though, Master Gussy,' whispered Caroline, stuffing her hand into her mouth to prevent laughing.

'I am sure I saw them go this way,' said Bob.

'So did I,' said Augustus; 'they are here hard by, depend upon it.'

Carry gave a start, and down fell a piece of wood.

'I would give something to have a hunt for those white rabbits,' said Augustus.

'Make up your mind to be killed,' said Emma.

'Have you?' said Carry.

'Now, I think I know where they are,' said Bob: 'in the log-house in the wood yonder. Carry dearly loves to hide there, because it is so difficult to climb.'

The two girls, trembling with hope, put both their hands into their mouths to prevent laughing.

'Come along,' said Bob, 'and look for them there.'

Quiz was not to be made a fool of. He did not choose to follow his young master down the hill, as he knew the deer were in the hut; so there he stood, tearing at the faggots, and howling and barking.

The man lifted his stick, as if to strike the dog, and Bob, laughing, said:

'Catch him, and I will give you leave to strike him.'

'Well, then,' said the old man, 'carry him away with you, for I am afraid for my young rabbits.'

'Really, he is a dear old man,' thought Carry.

Robert and Augustus heard not what he said, for they were on their way to the log-house. The old man opening the door of a tool-house belonging to the shed, Quiz had the folly to run into it, upon which the man

popped to the door, and left Quiz to howl and almost choke with rage.

When Bob and Gussy were at some distance, the old man removed the faggots and said :

'Make haste, my little rabbits, and away home with you.'

'Thank you! thank you a thousand times!' said they both.

'Away, away with you, my little ladies!' said he. 'When shall I let out the dog ? It's a nice dog, sure.'

'In about two minutes,' said Carry, 'or, rather, now. We have caught him; he has not caught us. I will open the door.'

She did so, and Quiz, jumping up, licked Carry's face for this kindness, and thought, 'I won't catch Emma and you.' Then he danced round them and ran off in pursuit of his master.

Caroline and Emma stood upon a hillock at a little distance from the shed and shouted out :

'Bobby! Gussy! Gussy! Bobby!'

The boys, who heard the sounds, turned round and beheld them. 'Look, look!' said Bob; 'there they are above us, defying us.'

'They were behind the faggots all the while, I will answer for it,' said Augustus.

Caroline and Emma threw down their gloves as a challenge to hunt them. Augustus set off after them, saying : 'I will have a try at you, Miss Carry, and win the shilling.'

'After them, Quiz!' said Bob. 'Hie away, after them!'

But Quiz had too much honour to pursue his deliverers from captivity, so he turned round, trotted toward the spinney, mumbling as Bob called a peculiar kind of

important noise which he made when he meant to say, ‘I shall do no such thing. She opened the door of the log-house for me.’

‘Well, you know best,’ said Bob, laughing at Quiz's important ruffle of his hair and twirl of his tail ; ‘but we will away to the log-house together. There may be some sport there. Gussie won't be able to catch them, they are so far before him.’

He reached the log-house just in time to catch Mary by the foot as she was hiding herself in a large hole.

‘Hoo ! hoo ! hoo !’ she called out. ‘It is my foot—Mary's ! Don't pull so hard.’

‘Come out, then,’ said Bob, giving another pull, and laughing at her impatience. ‘Come out, then, can't you ?’

‘Well, I am coming, I tell you.’

Bob screamed with laughter again, and out rolled Polly upon a bed of straw that lay beneath the hole. Still Quiz barked and growled, and would not leave the hole.

‘There is another deer in there,’ said Bob.

‘No, no !’ said Mary. ‘Don't waste your time by going into the hole, but run after Philip, who has taken the way to Lidwell.’

‘I will try the hole first,’ said Bob, ‘and then to Lidwell ;’ and in he crept, and discovered—who ? Why, gentle Kate, all crouched together in a corner.

‘There, my Kate, you are — no more — dead as a plucked goose,’ said Robert.

‘Is Philip gone towards Lidwell ?’

‘Yes,’ said Mary ; ‘and do catch him if you can, for he pushed me into a bog up to my very knees.’

‘What do you think he did,’ said Kate, ‘when he met us by the bog in Duck Alla ? Mary said to him, “I

wish, Philip, there was a bridge over this stream." "I will have one directly," said Philip, and he gave Polly a push.'

'Yes,' said the ill-used Polly, 'such a push that I was obliged to jump into the middle of the bog.'

'Come along,' said Bob to Quiz, 'let us catch the rascal. Which way did he go?'

'By Holcombe Wood; and I heard him talk of Culpepper's Bowl.'

Off flew Bob with his dog. When on the stones in the rivulet of Duck Alla the Lord Robert blew his horn, to warn Philip that he was in the neighbourhood. He blew it once, he blew it twice, he blew it thrice.

Philip started, for he was in the turnip-field, standing by the granite stones, close by the chapel, not far from Robert. Hastily he took off his coat and hung it so that it should look as if he was in it. 'Quiz,' he thought, 'will scent it, and both he and Bob will fancy I am hid here, and I shall gain time.' Then he jumped over a gate, ran up upon Haldon, keeping the chalk line which ran round the hill, and which would conceal him from Bob when he should arrive at the ruin.

Robert flew to the ruins, tracking Philip's footsteps. Quiz, as Philip expected, plunged into the thicket. Robert blew again three blasts, and with a loud voice said: 'I have stricken the noblest deer of all the herd. Hurrah! hurrah!' Philip moved not. This surprised Robert not a little. Quiz barked long and loud. 'Surrender!' said Sir Robert. No answer. 'I shall not plunge in after you,' said Robert, 'for you will off on the other side.' No answer. 'Here I sit, nor will I stir till you do.' Still no answer. Bob fixed his eyes upon the coat, fully thinking to see it stir every minute. Here he sat for some time, when he heard far off three

'Robert blew again three blasts.'

blasts of a voice imitating a cow-horn; and looking over the heath, he saw, near Culpepper's Bowl, Philip, without his coat.

Bob, throwing a stone impatiently at the coat, darted away like lightning after his cousin, who was at home and in safety long before him.

Were I to tell you all the adventures of this hunt, my story would never come to an end. It is enough to know they all returned in safety, and no foxhunters on the finest horses ever enjoyed a hunt more.

Quiz Stolen.

Quiz often, during Bob's school-hours, when he was tired of sleeping on the mat by the schoolroom door, would lounge down to the door of the Veals' inn, called the 'New London Inn,' and there he would sit till two, talking to the dogs that came by, and there most mornings Cæsar, the Newfoundland dog, joined him. Quiz, as you very well know by this time, was remarkable for his conversational talents. He was a most agreeable companion.

One day, as he was engaged in a light and bright conversation with Cæsar and a few other chosen friends, a chariot and four drove up, and a man jumped down from the box behind and ordered horses for Exeter.

'Here, Lloyd, open the door,' said a gentleman in the chariot.

The man did so.

'What a magnificent dog!' said a lady in the carriage, looking at Cæsar. 'Is it yours?' she said, addressing Veal.

'No; it is my Lord Langley's.'

'What a splendid terrier!' said the gentleman.

'The best of terriers out of Scotland,' said the innkeeper.

'A thorough Scotch terrier,' said the gentleman.

'Such a dog for tricks! I do believe it has more sense than half the folks one meets with,' said Veal.

'I would willingly give ten guineas for it,' said the gentleman.

'Ten guineas to that would not buy it,' said the man. 'Mr. Robert Howard would not spare it for a hundred. It plays all manner of tricks. Come, Quiz, my boy, stand up and dance.'

'"Quiz, my boy," as you call him,' growled Quiz haughtily, 'dances not for strangers.'

'The best thing I ever heard,' observed Cæsar, in his quiet manner. 'Mr. Veal, methinks, is vastly free.'

'All innkeepers are,' answered Quiz.

'He'll not play any tricks for nobody but Master Bob,' said Freeman, the shoemaker, who passed by at that moment.

What folly it is to listen to flattery! much better to sit down and hear one's faults, though not often told in a kind, good-natured way; yet, still it is better than flattery, for it teaches us to know ourselves.

Fresh horses were put into the carriage; the gentleman jumped in, and who do you think jumped in after him? Quiz.

Quiz was so pleased with all the fine things he had heard of himself that he forgot his prudence, and said: 'I tell you what: I will go with you a mile or two, and return before school-hours are over.'

Veal did not see Quiz jump in. The door of the carriage was banged to, 'All right,' said, and Quiz was on the road to Salisbury.

Behind the lady was a snarling, spoilt, beautiful

spaniel of King Charles's breed. The rage of this pet is not to be described when it saw Quiz fondled by the gentleman. It came out from behind its mistress, where it lay dozing on a soft satin cloak, and jumping upon her lap, commenced a snapping warfare. Quiz deigned not to answer the beautiful favourite ; only, as it was whisking its tail in his face, he gave it a very gentle bite, which sent Paris (for such was its name) crying to its cloak.

'My dear Charles,' said the lady, 'do turn out that ugly, rough beast. It makes Paris wretched.'

'I will see Paris hanged first.'

'But surely you do not mean to keep the dog ?' said the lady. 'What will the poor boy do without it ?'

'Indeed, I do.'

Quiz started and gave a thrilling howl.

'Anything the matter, old fellow ?' said the gentleman.

Quiz answered not to the caresses of the stranger. He flew from side to side of the carriage, howling and whining and barking in the most furious manner.

'Pray, pray, turn him out,' said the lady ; 'he is mad !'

After in vain trying to pacify Quiz, who would not be pacified, he let down the front window.

'Have you a string ?' he said to the man on the box.

'Yes, sir—a cord.'

'Then tell the postilion to stop.'

'Stop, stop, stop !'

'Give me the cord. Here, tie it in this noose just here. Careful, careful ! It will strangle itself. Poor fellow ! we shall soon be better friends.'

'Never, never !' said Quiz, 'thou thief and robber !'

At Exeter the gentleman was detained some little time, and one of the postilions, when Lloyd was going to

mount the box, said, 'May I ask you to give this bit of a letter to Ostler Jack, of the Antelope of Dorchester ?'

'Yes,' said the man.

As the carriage drove through Honiton, the clock struck two, and the tears ran down Quiz's rough face, for he thought upon his dear, dear master. He even heard the bang of the box, as Bob shut his books up in the schoolroom, and the merry whistle, and the 'Quizzy, my boy, come along, come along!' He wept long and silently. Late in the evening he arrived at Dorchester, where, tired and hungry, he was put into a barn, where he lay thinking all night.

This Chapter contains a Great Deal.

Quiz had been gone a week and more. All inquiries had been made ; men had been sent in every direction, advertisements to several papers, and still no news of Quiz. Robert quite despaired of ever seeing him again, and everyone in the house had given him up—all but Carry ; she would not. She always said she was sure he would walk in some fine morning. 'Dogs, like men, Bob, like to take us by surprise.'

'Some accident has happened to him,' said Bob.

'I do not think so,' said Carry ; 'he is too wise and cunning for that.'

'Then he has been taken away, Carry.'

'Yes, I think he has,' answered his sister ; 'and the very first moment he can get free, be he in France or Italy, he will make his way back again.'

'He was a great poacher,' said Bob. 'I never could break him of poaching. Do you remember his returning with Fury one morning, after having been out all night in Mrs. Oldman's wood, with a wire snare about his legs ?'

‘Yes,’ said Caroline, ‘I do; but if any keeper had shot him or trap had caught him, we should have heard of it by this time. No; he has been snatched up—I will answer for it.’

‘Well, well,’ said Bob very mournfully, leaning his hand upon the table and his head upon his hand, ‘I fear I shall never see my Quiz again.’

‘Oh, Master Bob, when will you give over mourning for your dog?’ asked Nurse Lake.

‘When I like, and not before,’ said Bob, highly incensed.

‘Why, if a hundred Christians had been stolen away you could not make much more ado.’

‘A hundred nonsense!’ answered Bob. ‘How could a hundred Christians be stolen away, foolish woman?’

‘I’ll tell your mother!’

‘So you may.’

‘I certainly will.’

‘Do you call yourself a Christian?’ asked Robert.

‘To be sure I do,’ said nurse.

‘Well, then,’ said Bob, recovering his good humour and laughing, ‘Christian Lake, if all think as I do, is in no danger of being carried off.’

Nurse Lake did not think proper to answer him, but she bit her thread, and gave a certain twitch to it as she did so, which told of anger.

‘Carry, say again he will come back. I like to hear you say so, though I am afraid he will not,’ said Bob.

‘Oh, I am sure he will,’ said Carry. ‘Bobby, he will, he will; and if these two wills will not do, here is another will: he will;’ and she went behind him, and clasping him round the neck, she kissed his cheek and thought, ‘Bobby, how I love you, boy!’

‘My poor Quiz!’ sighed Bob.

'There! you are beginning again,' said nurse.

'What a positively disagreeable woman you are! I would not be little Fred, to be obliged to stay with you all day, for anything,' said Bob.

Freddy, who for some time past had been quietly putting his finger into his mouth, and then the same finger into a basin full of brown sugar, to take out as much as would cling at a time to his little wet finger, ran away from the table for fear of being discovered, and going to Caroline, said, 'Don't tell, I will go again soon.'

Carry whispered, 'You had better not; nurse will find you out.'

'She shall not,' whispered Owen.

Bob was as much tired of Nurse Lake's remarks as she was of his Quiz groans (they were heartily tired of one another), so he thought the best way would be to leave the room, lest he should say something that he would be sorry for afterwards, as he often did, for Robert's fault was great impatience and quickness of temper; so he took up his hat, and went down to Nurse Webb's, his own dear nurse, who had had the care of him when he was an infant.

Nurse Webb lived in a small cottage close by the fine trout stream that ran through Howard Park. It is a beautiful stream, so clear that you can see the smallest pebble at the bottom. Bob's greatest pleasure was to lie along the bank, with a book in his hand, by this stream, sometimes reading, sometimes watching the playful fish, which were there in great numbers. 'How much happiness is among them! I cannot understand the pleasure of destroying so much joy.'

'Did you see,' Mrs. Webb's son Johnny would say, 'that little bright fellow, how he jumped into the air? There is a large one!'

'Where ?' asked Bob.

'There, under that large stone—just there. If I point my finger closer to the spot he will be off. There, there he goes !'

'Oh, I see,' said Robert. 'What a glorious fellow—the chieftain of the trout !'

This evening Bob found Nurse Webb and Johnny at tea, so he sat down with them, and they talked of Quiz; and both Nurse Webb and Johnny were of opinion that he would come back. Nurse opened her china cupboard, and took from the shelf Bob's real china cup; then she went to the hen-roost and brought from thence a new-laid egg ; then she went to her store-room, and from the stores she brought forth a honeycomb, streaming with the purest honey.

'What butter !' said Robert (putting a large quantity upon his bread, then a good spoonful of honey upon that). 'What butter ! How yellow ! Is it from Silky Foot ?'

'Yes,' said nurse, 'from our Alderney, Master Bob. Do you remember your promise ?'

'What promise ?'

'That you would take its picture for me.'

'So I will,' said Bob, 'and it shall stand under the ash by the old gate.'

'Ay, do let it—just where we found those large mush-rooms,' said nurse.

Bob could draw very well, and he often went out sketching with his sisters, and Willy, who had no talent for drawing, read to them. Bob's sketches showed great talent, but, as nurse said, were not quite make-out-able—they were so wild. Then he offended her much by sticking some odd-looking animals in some part of his drawing, which he declared were to be found in the Star of Fun, if you could get there.

While the three were talking so comfortably round the tea-table, they heard the blast of a horn, upon which Robert jumped up in mock wrath, exclaiming: 'Who has taken my bugle? What knight has had the audacity so to do? It is my very bugle, and though blown so clumsily as to sound like a cow's-horn, I should know it from a thousand bugles.'

The mystery was soon explained. In rushed William, followed by his sisters and little Owen, who had escaped from Nurse Lake.

'Master Owen, I do declare!' said Nurse Webb, catching up the little fellow, and hugging and kissing him, and then placing him in her lap.

'I know very well,' said Willy, 'what makes you love Owen so much.'

'I do love him, sure enough,' said nurse, giving him another hug and squeeze down in her lap.

'Because,' said Willy, 'he is so like Bob.'

'I am sure, Master Willy, I should like him if he were like you.'

'I am not jealous,' said Willy, 'but Bob is your boy.'

'Certainly,' said Bob, 'he is like me in one thing—in making the best of his time. Look how he is cramming in the honey! If Nurse Lake could but see him!'

'Is Owen as tiresome as Robert was?' said Kate, determined to make Nurse Webb angry.

'Tiresome! Master Bob tiresome! I like that, Miss Katharine. He loved his bit of fun from the time he could walk alone, but he was never tiresome.'

'Not,' said Willy, 'when he put your new gown into the fire?'

'That was too bad,' said Mrs. Webb. 'I never can think of the loss of that silk without anger. It was the beautifullest silk eyes ever looked upon.'

'Tell me all about the story,' said Owen, looking up.

'Why, what do you think, Master Owen, dear? Miss Katharine, take a bit more cake. Miss Caroline, another cup of tea?'

'Never mind them, nurse,' said Owen, 'but tell me the story.'

'One day your grandmamma brought me in a beautiful purple silk; the sun shone at the moment, and it looked like a ——'

'Pig's back,' said Bob. This piece of wit pleased Owen uncommonly, and they all round the table laughed to see the boy laugh.

'Nonsense, Master Bob! Like a peacock's beautiful purple back! "Here, nurse," said your grandmamma, "is a gown for you"; and I said, "Ma'am, I can never be grateful enough"; and I made a low curtsey to the best of ladies. Master William, help yourself' (seeing he had taken a large knife to cut a huge piece of cake).

'Oh, don't mind them,' said Owen, bobbing about with impatience. 'Go on with your story.'

'Well,' continued nurse, 'I had made my curtsey, and was looking at my silk (for your grandmamma was gone out of the room), when up comes Master Robert, and says: "I will put you in such a rage, nurse."'

'"I will put you in such a rage, nurse,"' said Owen with a chuckle. 'Did Bob say that? I hope you were in a rage.'

'Says I, "Master Robert, it will be a hard matter to put me in a rage with this beautiful silk." "With this very silk I will do it," said Master Bob. Well, I thought no more about it, but I left my gown upon the table. Miss Mary, you eat nothing, I declare.'

'Oh, don't look at her,' said Owen, turning her face towards him with his little hands. 'Don't ask them any

more what they will eat and drink till you have finished the story.'

'Where was I ?' said nurse.

'Your gown,' said Owen, 'was left upon the table.'

'Yes, Master Owen, I left my gown upon the table, and went to call the servants to look at it.'

'Vain woman !' said Bob—'always so fond of dress !'

'Not vain at all,' said Nurse Webb. 'Now, I will ask you all if it were not quite natural.'

'Oh, quite !' they all said.

'Well,' continued nurse, 'in comes cook and Eliza Kay, that lived with us then, and Mrs. Larkins, mistress's maid, that married Mr. Sparkes the linen-draper. They all came in to see the silk. "Look," says Master Bob, pointing to the bars of the grate, "look at your gown !" I did look, and there, sure enough, was the gown all stuffed between the bars, with the poker in it.'

'Capital, capital !' said Owen, clapping his hands. 'If I can get a gown of nurse's I will do the same.'

'Bless me, Master Owen, don't do any such thing !' said Mrs. Webb.

'It was very foolish of us to tell him the story,' whispered Carry. 'He will burn something of Nurse Lake's, and get severely punished.'

'I will tell him,' said Bob, 'what happened to me, and that will frighten him from it. Owen,' he continued, 'I should be sorry if you were to do so naughty a thing ; and I don't like to hear the story told, for it was not kind-hearted, and a monkey without any sense but a load of mischief might have played just such a trick.'

'Were they very angry with you ?'

'Yes, indeed. Larkins went and told mother, who soon came in to see if it all could be true, and when she found it so, she said, "Robert, I could not have thought

you could have been so naughty !" Then she went out of the nursery again, and in a quarter of an hour sent for me, and—Owen boy, listen '—(Owen's black eyes were fastened on his brother's)—' I ran to mother's room, little thinking what I should see upon the table.'

' What was it ?' asked Owen.

' A rod,' said Bob. ' I would have run away if I could have done so.'

' And why could you not ?' said Owen. ' I would in a moment, and have made off for the shrubbery, and there have hid myself till mother was not angry.'

' Mother is never angry when she punishes,' said Kate, ' but only sorry to be obliged to do so.'

' Mother,' said Bob, ' took me by the hand, and led me gently to the sofa, and, sitting down, she said : " I was very angry with you when in the nursery, and determined to give myself time to think of your fault, and what punishment would be necessary for such a fault—for so cruel a trick played to nurse, who is so kind to you." " What will you do to me ?" I asked, looking at the rod, and in a great fright. " I intend," said mother with a very deep voice, " to give you a very severe whipping, and then to send you to bed for two hours." I cried and screamed, and promised never to do so again, but all to no purpose. Mother gave me a terrible whipping, and sent me to bed.'

' Do you think,' said Owen, after thinking for some time, ' that mother would whip me and send me to bed if I were only to put nurse's thread and tape into the fire ? Do you think she would ?'

' I am sure she would,' said Willy.

' Then,' said Owen, clapping his right fist in his left palm in time to his words, ' I shall not play nurse the trick. It would not be worth while.'

THE HONEYCOMB.

'May I have the rest of the honey for nurse and Sally?' said Owen, as they were tying on his hat. 'They are so fond of honey.'

'You shall have it all, my dear,' said Mrs. Webb; and she took from her cupboard a basin covered with blue dragons with their mouths open, as if to eat you up. 'Here, we will put the honey and the honeycomb all into this basin.'

'I will carry it,' said Bob.

'No, Master Bob; let Johnny.'

'No, thank you,' said Bob. 'I and Nurse Lake have been snapping away at each other all the afternoon, so I may as well take a little honey to smooth down her feathers.' The honey was given to him.

'Come back, Owen,' said Willy. 'Get upon my back, for you will be tired.'

'Let me get upon your shoulders,' said Owen.

'Well, then, up with you.' Owen was soon up.

'Here, take my hat, if you please,' said Willy, 'for Owen must hold fast by my head, and I shall not be able to see.'

Kate took it.

'Mary, will you take my horn,' said Bob, 'for I want to read?' and he took out a volume of Burns's Poems from his pocket. Johnny ran to unchain Lion the Newfoundland.

'Oh, I feel so happy!' said Bob, springing up with a bound from the ground.

'What makes you so happy just now?' said Carry, laughing.

'I cannot tell; I think it is because I am with this dear little body;' and he put his arms round Nurse

Webb's neck and gave her a kiss. 'There,' he said, 'little woman.'

'Don't go back, nurse,' said Kate, 'but come a little way with us.'

'Yes, come and tell us all about the bees this morning,' said Mary.

'All about my bees? So I will. I had forgotten them. I will just turn the key in the door and put it in my pocket, and then tell you.' Nurse did so, and they all set off on their return home, and nurse told them the story.

'Our bees from the largest hive swarmed unexpectedly this morning, and we were not ready with another hive. The poor things, finding they had no new home, returned to the old one which they had just left; but, behold! their companions within the hive came against them as if they were strangers, and killed every one of them; and they made holes in the turf round the hive and buried them.'

'How curious!' said Caroline.

'Did you see them digging the graves?' said William.

'Yes,' said Johnny; 'and there were four bees over one hole. Was it not so?'

'Yes,' said his mother.

'Did they bury them deep in the ground, and then cover them over?' asked Caroline.

'No; they just put them in. I pulled many out by their wings,' said Johnny.

'I never liked bees,' said Bob.

'Not like bees, Master Bob?' said nurse. 'How can you say so? They make that honey for us.'

'How often have I been told that!' said Bob, laughing. 'Prove, Madame Nurse, that they make honey for us, and I will try to like the heartless managing creatures.'

'Why, don't they ?' said nurse.

'Why, do they ?' said Bob.

'Why, what have you in that basin ?' said nurse.

'Honey.'

'And yet you will say in the next moment that they don't make honey for us.'

'They do not.'

'Now, Master Bob.'

'They make honey for themselves.' said Bob, 'and we take what they have made for ourselves !'

'I always said, Master Bob, you should have been a lawyer—you reason so well.'

'I like a wasp,' said Bob ; 'it is a fine, free insect, and comes into the room like a gallant fellow.'

'Yes,' said nurse, 'and takes everything from you.'

'He does,' said Bob, 'and his mild hum tells you that he is come for a little bit of everything that is good, and he will have it.'

'If I can help it he has not a taste of anything that is good,' said nurse. 'I kill them every one.'

'Well,' said Bob, 'I do not. I hate crushing anything, and particularly a wasp. I delight in a wasp. Whiz ! whiz ! they go—first to one thing, then to another, scarcely remaining on anything that is good for a moment. I like the daring freebooter, who dares all the terrors of the room—all hands raised against him, and he is flying about regardless of them all.'

'I had intended,' said William, smiling, 'to have made Fanny Martyn my wife, for she is such a pretty, delicate little girl, and looks as if she could do nothing unkind ; but I told her the other day I would never have her.'

'Why won't you have her, Willy ?' said Owen, peeping down over his head.

'Because, Owen boy,' said William, 'she took off

her shoe the other day and quietly went up to the window, and crushed a wasp that was running up and down the pane, and the noise it made was rather disagreeable.'

'Nasty girl!' said Bob.

'And she never sees a gnat,' said William, 'even on the finest, sunniest day, on the window, with its legs kicking out against you, but up she goes to crush it; and, poor animal! its little life of sun and light is over.'

'Then, say, Bobby, would you ever kill anything?' said Kate.

'I do not think he really would,' said William.

'Yes,' said Bob; 'I should like well enough to hunt lions and tigers in India, for there is some danger in the sport; but to hunt anything weaker than yourself, I cannot understand it. Can you, Willy?'

'No,' said Willy, 'I cannot certainly.'

'A chase,' said Bob to his sisters, 'from this elm to that chestnut. I will give you five yards' start.'

Caroline, Kate, and Mary placed themselves in a row at five yards' distance. One to prepare, two to make ready, and three away! Off they set, and Robert beat them hollow, though they ran very fast.

'Now, Johnny, let us have a race,' said Bob. The boys ran many races, and they found themselves pretty even in speed.

They came to the hill, upon the top of which is the gate which leads into the shrubbery close, when who did they see coming toward them? Why, nurse, in her black Manchester velvet cap, which she wore to keep down washing, as she said.

'Here she is,' said Bob, 'with anger in every feature.'

'Now, Mistress Lake, what has brought you hither?'

'None of your foolishness,' said nurse; and she gave

him something between a shove and a cuff. Bob only threw back his head and laughed gaily. Nurse Lake stalked up to Willy, and tearing Owen from his back, gave him two or three hard slaps upon his bare shoulders, so completely had she lost her control.

This was too much for Bob's temper. In a rage he ran to her, and gave her a sudden twirl, which sent her to the ground in a sitting posture, much harder than she liked, and he threw at her the honey, which streamed down all over her face and neck. 'There, you abominable woman,' he said, trembling with indignation, 'take that!' Nurse's lips were glued together with honey, and she could not speak for rage. William in the meantime petted poor sobbing Owen.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mr. Howard, advancing towards them through the shrubbery gate, followed by Mrs. Howard.

'I have knocked her down and thrown honey at her, and I am glad I did so,' said Robert in a passionate voice.

'Robert,' said his father, 'you are not in your senses at this moment; go home, therefore, and remain in your room for an hour to recover yourself.'

'I never was cooler in my life.'

'Obey, and answer not,' said his father sternly, pointing toward the house.

'How very disagreeable it is,' thought Bob, 'to be so commanded, and not dare to say one word!'

'Certainly, father,' Bob answered; and he turned off to obey his father, casting, however, a look behind him at Nurse Lake, to see how it fared with her.

Nurse Webb was trying to take off as much honey from Nurse Lake's cap and hair as she could, and chattering to herself. 'Oh, dearie me! who would have thought

it but an hour ago ? How unaccountable things are in this world surely !'

Bob's eye met Nurse Webb's. She could scarcely help laughing, for he looked so very comical.

'You will never,' said Bob in a sorrowful voice, but his eyes all the while full of laughter—'you will never be able to get that cap clean, I am afraid.'

'Now, Master Bob, go home, for I know you will laugh, and your father will be very angry,' thought Nurse Webb. Bob moved away, and was soon in his room, regretting that, like an angry animal, he had given way to such violence.

When Bob was gone his father asked for an explanation. The girls told him all, saving poor Nurse Lake as much as they could, for they were kind-hearted and good-tempered themselves, and therefore could make excuses for all.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard never reproached their servants before others, knowing how trying it is to the temper of grown-up people to be reproved in the presence of others.

'In an hour's time,' said Mr. Howard, addressing himself to Nurse Lake, 'I shall expect to see you and Master Robert in my room.'

'You are not very angry with Bob, I hope ?' said William.

'No, I cannot be,' said his father.

'May we go and tell him so ?' said Carry, skipping before her father.

'Come out of the way,' said her father, smiling.

'Only let us go and tell him.'

'You may.'

Off ran the children.

'May he leave the room before the hour ?' asked Carry, returning.

'Certainly not; he must suffer for his violence.'

'Not an hour from this time,' said Carry, 'but from the time he left us, which must be more than a quarter of an hour ago?'

'Yes, yes, Carry—an hour from the time he left us. Away, away with you!'

Away ran Carry.

Wild Bob.

The very instant the hour was expired Bob left his room to go to his father.

Unfortunately, as he passed Nurse Lake's bedroom the door was open. In peeped Bob slyly, and saw hanging on one side of the glass her curls, and on the other side the little black cap: not the black cap that had been honeyed all over—no, that cap was beyond all recovery—but a Sunday cap. On a chair near was a gown all folded up.

Bob hastily left the room, and, taking off his shoes, stepped to the banisters and called in a low voice to Caroline, who was below: 'Carry! Carry!'

'Yes,' said Carry from below.

'Don't say a word, but come up here—come gently.'

In an instant Carry was by Bob's side, having run upstairs on the lightest step. 'What is it, Bob?'

'I want,' said Bob, 'to dress up in her things.'

'You had better not.'

'Yes, yes,' said Bob, putting on nurse's little tight, stunted close curls, lying side by side on the forehead. 'Tie it behind, Carry—a little tighter than that even.'

'Will that do?' asked Carry.

'Yes. Now for the cap.'

Caroline gave him the cap, laughing as she did so.

'Don't, don't laugh so loud.'

'How shall we make you large enough around the waist?'

Bob went up to the bed, drew out the pillow, and in doing so he threw all the clothes along with them.

'There, Carry, tie all of them round me. Now am I large enough?'

'Bob, Bob, what a funny figure!'

'Give me the gown and neck-handkerchief; place it properly, Car.'

Carry did so, and pinned it down, just in nurse's prim old-maidish way.

'There, now! when nurse comes to put herself neat and clean herself, as she calls it, she will find that somebody has been before so to do.'

'You really look exactly like her, and you walk so exactly like her.'

'Stop! Do I speak like her? "He is coming, sir."'

'Exactly. How I wish Kate and Mary were here to see you!'

'Hush! don't make a noise,' said Bob, leaving the room and walking downstairs. And he went—where do you think? Into his father's room.

'Gracious me!' exclaimed Caroline, the tears coming into her eyes with fright. 'How very angry father will be! How wild he is, to be sure!'

When Robert entered the study as Nurse Lake it was dusk, and his father was busily employed in franking and sealing. He just looked up, and seeing what he thought to be nurse, said, 'In one moment,' and put the wax to the flame.

'I wish, sir, to speak to you about Master Robert. I can and will live no longer with him.'

'Well, wait till I have sealed these letters.'

'Yes, sir,' said Bob in nurse's voice.

Mr. Howard, having finished his last frank, threw it down, and said:

'Now, nurse, what have you to say about Master Robert?'

'Why, sir, that I can no longer live with him; he is growing so very unruly, and Master Owen is growing just like him.'

At this moment in came Owen, and thinking that his father was scolding nurse, ran to his father, taking his hand, said:

'Father, she is very sorry for giving me the slaps, and says she knows she behaved very ill, so pray forgive her. But, nurse, which way did you come in, for I left you in the nursery just this moment?'

'By the way of the door, my child,' said Bob in nurse's voice.

Owen, looking up in Bob's face, saw who it was, and cried out in glee, jumping about:

'Father, it is Bob, I declare, in nurse's clothes!'

Robert, on being discovered, went up to his father, who tried to be angry with him; but he looked up in his open beautiful countenance, which told how impossible it was for him to tell a story, and he could not be angry. He only said: 'Too absurd! Go, go take off the things;' then, kissing the delighted Owen, he went up to Mrs. Howard's room to tell her what had happened. Bob ran off, followed by Owen, to the nursery. The real Nurse Lake laughed at the sham Nurse Lake till the tears ran down her face, and all were friends again.

'There, Carry, tie all of them round me. Now am I large enough?'

Oh, our Old Friend, how Delightful!

When we last heard of Quiz, he was at Dorchester, tired and hungry, in a barn, where he slept ill, for his heart was uneasy, and he kept thinking, 'How shall I escape?'

Quiz was not a dog to give up in despair, as many dogs do. He thought and thought over every means of getting away. The sun rose and a long streak of light broke into the barn. He raised himself, stretched his hind-feet, then his fore-feet, then shook his ears, opened his mouth wide, and gave a yawn. Having done this, he burst into a laugh, for opposite to him was a dog doing the same thing.

'Good-morrow to you,' said the stranger in a cheerful voice.

'Good-morrow to you,' said Quiz, 'and many thanks for your good wishes, so pleasantly given.'

'I love all dog-kind,' said the stranger.

'Do you know many dogs?' asked Quiz.

'Some thousands,' replied the stranger.

'And you love them all?' asked Quiz.

'So far I love them: I feel goodwill towards them all. I live the happiest of lives, and when at home serve the best of masters.'

'So did I yesterday morning,' said Quiz, with deep feeling.

'You have left him, then? Did he touch you with the lash?'

'No, I was, alas! stolen.'

'Alas! why say alas? I suppose you mean to steal back again?'

'The very first instant I can.'

'Let me see,' said the stranger, 'how many times have I been stolen? Six times, I believe.'

'You have managed to escape?'

'Yes; the man must be clever who can keep me. I rather like being caught up, for the pleasure of escaping. I was stolen away when yet a blind puppy.'

'By whom?'

'By my mother.'

'Your mother! How do you mean? She had a right, surely, to you, without being obliged to steal you?'

'So we think, but man does not think so. He generally settles the matter his own way, and his way is to murder half the litter.'

'Now I begin to understand you, I think,' said Quiz. 'Your mother ran off with you to a safe hiding-place when you were a puppy, and before your eyes were open.'

'Just so,' said the stranger. 'Do you know whose son I am, and where I was born, and what country I call my own?'

'I know nothing about you,' said Quiz, catching the stranger's spirit.

'Shall I tell you?'

'Yes, do.'

'I am the son of Qunta, of pure Scotch breed, and I was born in the island of Skerries, in the North Sea, at the tiptop of Scotland.'

'Let us pat paws,' said Quiz, 'for I am of as pure Scotch blood.'

The two dogs sprang towards one another, and abused the cords that kept them asunder.

'If you only knew the wildness and freedom of the cold North hills, and its forests, and its lochs, you would never remain a prisoner chained in Devonshire.'

'I a prisoner!' said Quiz, his Scotch blood circulating to the tip of his nose with indignation. 'I never knew cord or chain till this hateful night.'

'You are every inch a genuine Scotch terrier, and should you meet with Sobba, my sister, who is somewhere in this part of the world, marry her. Old family among terriers is rare, and she shall never marry with one who is not of high lineage. The terrier with its smooth skin and mouse nose is no match for Qunta's daughter. Why, man, you would face the wild stag!'

'Our motto is "Do, and say not,"' said Quiz.

'And your crest?'

'A pig's ear in a dog's mouth,' answered Quiz.

'Then,' said the stranger, 'we are first cousins of the clan of Mac Wag-wag. Your family have from time out of mind supplied the kennel of MacDonald, and mine of Hamilton. On that we could but pat paws.'

'I wonder,' said Quiz, 'how my family could have got into Devonshire? But if I were to wonder till the Dog Star rained down puppies, I could never discover, so tell me of your puppy days.'

'You have not asked me my name,' said the stranger. 'Have you no curiosity to know it?'

'Yes,' said Quiz, laughing; 'what is your name?'

'Sing Dool.'

'Don't you put a Mac before it?' said Quiz. 'All Scotchmen do.'

'All Scotch men do, but Scotch dogs don't care for Mac. But to tell my story: My mother went with her master, John Hamilton, to the Skerries to hunt otters. While she was there, she presented my father, Sing Dool the Eighteenth, with five puppies. One was to die, and I was that one kindly fixed upon. My mother did not like the arrangement. She licked me all over, and taking me up in her mouth, carried me off to the wood. She ran far into the wood, and came at last to an old oak-tree, quite hollow. She laid me down, and nursed me,

and licked me over and over again with love and fondness, whining dismally all the time. Then she gently pushed me about with her nose, and all to show her great love for the puppy they wished to kill. When she had shown as much love as she could get in, she scratched with her feet, and rubbed together with her nose, a heap of dry leaves into a spot of sunshine. After this she took me up and placed me in the midst, making a kind of nest for me. Then she went to the oak-tree, and looked into the hollow. Qunta was an excellent climber, and with her claws could reach any height. She perceived above her a shelf. This she reached with great difficulty. She sat upon it some time to breathe; she then plunged down into a hole filled with moss and leaves, and she moved her body about to make it comfortable, soft, and warm. When she had finished the work, she jumped up to the shelf again, and then slid herself down, down to the bottom of the tree, and came to look for me.

'Judge of her surprise and horror when she perceived standing over me a large otter. Qunta was courageous above dogs, and bristling up, advanced towards the otter. "Why have you left the rocks and caves to dwell in the woods?" she said. "And what would you with my little one?" "Fear not, Qunta," replied the otter; "thy puppy is safe with me. I would not hurt a hair of any descended from Sing Dool the Seventeenth, its grandsire, for all the fish in the ocean. I owe him a debt of gratitude which I can never repay." "Are you, then, Bodo the otter?" replied Qunta. "The same," replied the otter. "I have heard Dool mention you," said Qunta. "Does the good old dog still live?" asked Bodo. "He does—at Caithness, at the Old Hall, near Knockglass; but he never leaves home, for he is too old to do so." "I shall never forget his kindness," said Bodo. "I with

my young otters were playing at the entrance of our hole, when Dool came up to us and said, 'It is a fine day, and you look so happy with all your young, that I cannot let you die, which you all will if you remain here till sunrise. So leave your hole, and go to the woods, and return not till the day after to-morrow. To-morrow is the last day of our hunt, and my master knows of your being here; so haste away to the woods, where none will look for an otter." I failed not to follow his advice, and that very night I removed to the woods.

'"This I constantly do, with many other otters, during the time that the Hamiltons are in the island, and thus escape year after year. My gray hairs tell my years." "You are as gray as a badger," said Qunta. "Few otters can number my years," said Bodo. "I have a request to make," said Qunta. "Will you, then, take my puppy to your care, and tend him and teach him all your ways of hunting and living? and will you let him wander freely, when of age sufficient, in the woods and over the hills, and teach him to swim, which we terriers can seldom do, for we hate the water?" "I will, I will," said Bodo. "But surely he will be wretched with otters only. Have you no others?" "Four," said Qunta. "Then steal away with another of your puppies, and bring it to the oak." "I ——"'

Here the door of the barn opened, and the two terriers ceased talking, and looked towards it. Who is the man who opened the door the next chapter will tell.

The Escape.

My readers may remember that at Exeter one of the postilions begged the gentleman's man Lloyd to give a note to the ostler of the Antelope at Dorchester. The

man who opened the door and interrupted Dool's pleasant narrative was the ostler Jack. He held in his hand the note, and it thus began :

'I say, Cousin Jack, just untie that terrier that came with this gentleman, who is not so much of a gentleman as a thief, for he has stolen Master Bob's dog. I have not a moment to write this in, so good-bye, Cousin Jack.'

'Thank you, Cousin Jack,' said Dool, 'for reading this note aloud. I shall now know how to act.'

'How shall I know which is Quiz ?' said Jack, puzzled.

'Why, you had better call me,' said Quiz, grinning.

'Let us both answer to the name ' said Dool.

'Why ?' asked Quiz.

'Why, he will find,' said Dool, 'after a time that he has nothing for it but to untie us both, if we both answer to the same name.'

'I think I cannot put myself under better guidance than under the terrier that has been stolen six times.'

'Quiz ! Quiz ! Quiz !' cried Cousin Jack. Both terriers jumped forward in seeming delight and whined. 'How in the world am I to know which is Quiz if both of you answer to the same name ?' said poor Jack.

'No, that's a puzzler,' said Quiz aside to Dool. 'See what the creature will do next.'

'It is a creature ' said Dool. 'When I think upon Hugo and the fishermen of the North, what a waddling, fat thing it is to call itself a man !'

'Why,' said Quiz 'have you never seen a Scotchman in England ?'

'Yes, no lack of Scotchmen, but never a fisherman or smuggler from the Shetlands.'

'No,' said Quiz, 'I suppose they are not quite so fond of the fat pastures of the South.'

'I know what I will do,' said Cousin Jack.

'Well, make haste, whatever you do,' said Dool.

'I will,' continued Jack, 'let both of them loose, and the one that is not Quiz will go and seek his master.'

'Will he ?' said Dool. 'You are wrong there, Master Jack.'

'You are two rare fellows,' said Jack, 'and look as if you had both come from the same outlandish country.'

'Cousin Jack—sleek, well-fed Cousin Jack—would think the Skerries an outlandish country,' said Quiz.

'The Skerries—the dear, dear Skerries! I see its wild, barren hills, and wild, rugged rocks. When, when shall I see them again with my Sobba ?' cried Dool.

Though Quiz had never seen the lady Sobba, yet he thought already of making the high-born Scotch dame his wife, so whenever his friend mentioned her he shook his ears and blushed brown.

Jack went up to Dool to untie the cord, saying as he did so :

'If you were my dog, I should cut off your ears and three inches of your bushy tail at least.'

Dool at this insulting speech forgot himself entirely, and growled a most savage growl.

Cousin Jack started, and in starting stumbled and rolled on the hay, and there lay like a turtle.

'Poor fat Jack!' said Dool, much amused, 'thou hast been frightened ; but talk not for the future so irreverently of my tail and ears.'

Again Jack stood on his feet, and Dool, perceiving his error in giving way to his impatient feelings, began whining in seeming fondness, and prancing and pawing towards Jack.

Jack drew nigh, and after a time unloosed the cord.

Dool started round and round the barn, and then sat by Quiz.

'You are not the dog—not the right one. I must have you again.'

'Do you think he will, mine own Quiz?' said Dool.

'He will be clever if he gets the cord round your neck again,' said Quiz. 'I will give him leave to hang me outright,' said Quiz.

'Don't make any fuss,' said Dool, 'but look sheepish and stupid, and sit down by me; and when the door opens—for open it will—look not to the right or the left, but make a dart and off to the country, right and end.'

Dool was right. Jack limped to the door and opened it wide.

'Bolt,' said Dool, springing forward like a fleet greyhound. Quiz followed, and in ten minutes they found themselves free on an open heath.

They rolled over and over again, and rubbed their faces first on one side, then the other, on the ground, delighting in the sensation of freshness and freedom.

'Are you not very hungry?' said Quiz to Dool.

'I am now that I am upon this heath; but when I was in that stuffy barn, I thought I should never be hungry again.'

'If I am not much mistaken,' said Dool, 'in yonder dell are many rabbits. Let us go and seek a breakfast.'

'Come,' said Quiz; and the two dogs ran to the dell, where they killed a large fat rabbit and feasted upon it.

Their breakfast over, they proceeded on their journey. They ran for two hours without stopping, and then entering a copse of underwood, they sat themselves down in the sun by the trunk of a tree. Here they remained for about half an hour; then they again set off, and stopped not till they reached a town called Axminster.

A Marriage in High Life.

Dool and Quiz were going down the principal street of Axminster, when Dool drew up to Quiz, and taking him gently by the ear, said, 'Quiz !'

'Well ?' said Quiz.

'Do you see that tail wagging in that corner ?'

'To be sure I do,' said Quiz.

'That tail,' said Dool slowly, 'belongs to my sister Sobba. There is not another tail so wagged in England : it is the Skerries otter wag.'

'I do see something particularly graceful in it,' said Quiz.

'She is full of grace and light movement,' said Dool.

Quiz, so near the high-born Sobba, who had been promised him in marriage, could not avoid trembling a little.

'I will give her,' said Dool, 'my wild howl of the Skerries.' He gave the howl, and in the place of the tail appeared the head of Sobba, who jumped round in delight at the well-known howl.

'Dool ! Dool !' 'Sobba ! Sobba !' were repeated by the brother and sister.

'Oh me,' said Quiz, 'my heart is no longer mine ; it is given to the dear Scotch girl. I will begin to make love directly.'

'Is that your friend ?' said Sobba. 'He looks somebody ; but what is the matter with him ?'

'Oh, me,' said Quiz, falling back, and sitting on his hind-legs and covering his eyes with his right paw.

'What is the matter with him ?' said Sobba.

'I think he is in love,' said Dool.

'With what ?' asked Sobba.

'Go and ask him,' said Dool.

Sobba, who was uncommonly frank, immediately went up to him and said, ' What are you doing ? What's his name ?' she continued, turning to Dool.

' Quiz !' said Dool.

' Quiz, what makes you cover your eyes,' she said, ' in that way ? There is no sun.'

' I know that, but you are so beautiful.'

' Well, never mind that. You needn't cover your eyes for that.'

' You are agreeable, too,' said Quiz, laughing at the girl's archness.

' Do you think so ? You seem to like me altogether.'

' Very much,' said Quiz.

' Suppose, Sobba, you marry him,' said Dool.

' I don't wish that a bit,' thought Sobba.

Quiz came forward, and sitting down opposite to Sobba, said, ' Lady, be my true love.' He then gave a flourish with his paw.

' Well, go on,' said Sobba.

' I love you so, I could die for you,' said Quiz.

' That is saying a great deal,' said Sobba.

' Not more than is true,' said Quiz.

' Do you wish me to marry him, Dool ?' said Sobba.

' Yes.'

' Then I will,' said Sobba.

' There is my own sister,' said Dool. ' Did I not tell you, Quiz, she would do anything for anyone she loved ?'

' I wish, Dool, she would marry me for love of me, and not for love of you.'

' She will love you in time,' said Dool.

' And perhaps I will,' said Sobba. ' Let us run off and hunt. I love hunting to my very heart.'

In an instant off ran Dool, Quiz, and Sobba to the North of Devon, to hunt the wild stag, and to fish.

In the course of a month Quiz could dive and swim as well as Dool; and Sobba confessed that she loved him as dearly as Dool. Dool accompanied them as far as Exeter on their return to Howard Hall, and then left them for Scotland, promising to see them again ere many months were passed.

The Last Chapter.

'Here, boys!' cried Mr. Howard; 'Bob and Willy, come here.'

'Coming, father—coming!'

'I have had a letter from Colonel Graham. He is going for four months' shooting and hunting and salmon-fishing into Scotland, with his boys and tutor, and wishes to take you with him. Should you like to go?'

Bob was too wild with delight to answer. Willy, more moderate, told his father how delightful the scheme would be.

'I will,' said Bob, 'write to you twice every week.'

'Well, I shall be satisfied with a letter from you after the first week, and then a letter a month.'

'We will write much oftener than that,' said Willy.

'I will write to mother every third day,' said Bob, 'and send her drawings, and give her an account of my fishing and shooting and deer-stalking. Oh, father, how nice it will be! how very nice!' and he jumped over three or four chairs and gave a cry of joy.

'Quiet yourself,' said his father, laughing, 'and, Bob, don't howl like a wild Indian.'

'Oh, it will be so exquisite!' said Bob, throwing himself back in a chair. 'Willy boy, why are you not more pleased?'

Willy smiled and said, 'How are we to go, father?'

'Yes, how ?' said Bob, jumping up again.

'By steam to Edinburgh. Charles Graham will be there to receive you, and you are to go together to Mealfourvouney. Colonel Graham has taken a shooting-box by Loch Ness.'

Kate, Mary and Carry came into the room, and the happy tale of the visit to Scotland was told them. Carry was very happy at her brothers' good fortune, but the idea of being without them brought the tears to her eyes. Bob saw the tears, and for a moment fancied he should not like to go. In a moment, however, this fancy was choked by the thoughts of hunting and fishing and shooting in Scotland.

'Carry,' he said, 'I shall see Hennessy, the old otter-killer, and shall go with him to set his traps by moonlight, instead of walking round that stupid black Grosvenor Square.'

'Charley Graham was quite right,' said Kate, 'when he said that London was an odious place.'

'I do quite hate London. What would I give to be going with you !' said Mary.

'Would you were all going with us !' said Bob.

'Should you like to have us, dear Bobby ?' said Caroline.

'Should I not ?'

'Let us get a map,' said Carry, 'and look for Meal-fourvonney.'

'Where is the map of Scotland ?' said Kate.

'There, under that table,' said Willy.

'Here,' said Bob, 'I have it. Mealfourvouney, not far from Loch Ness. Here is the very place—Meal-four-vou-ney.'

'Oh,' said Caroline, 'how beautifully black it looks, with its mountains, and all its rivers and lakes ! What

a snug little lake Affarie must be! Look at Caunick River!'

'Rare salmon in that river, of many pounds weight,' said Bob.

'What a wild, romantic place Ben Dee must be! Does it not sound romantic?' said Kate.

'Yes,' said Carry; 'and look at that nice little Lake Clunie, close to it. I dare say the boughs bend over it, so that we could creep along the whole way quite under the trees; and I dare say the waters are of a darker emerald green, and perhaps scarcely any have been there before. Oh, Bob and Willy, I could cry to think how I should like to go with you!'

As they were talking and exclaiming, there was a slight rustling among the trees and shrubs. Bob's eye was turned towards the spot, and he said, 'For a moment I thought I heard poor dear Quiz—and it is Quiz!' he cried. 'There—there he is!'

Quiz, followed by Sobba, darted in upon them. Both the dogs sprang upon the happy boy, and licked his face and hands. Then Quiz ran to the other children, but Sobba would not stir from Bob.

'Come and lick them all,' said Quiz to her.

'No, Quizzy, I shall do no such thing. I would not have licked the stranger Bob had he not saved you.'

'Stranger!' said Quiz.

'To me,' said Sobba.

'Ah, true,' answered Quiz.

'Who are you, madam?' said Bob to Sobba.

'My wife,' bow-wowed Quiz, putting his head aside and flourishing with his right paw.

Just conceive the noisy delight of all the children in the nursery, with little Owen's into the bargain. Sobba was so much pleased with the pretty curly-headed little

fellow, that she sprang upon him, and played round him, and licked him all over, to Quiz's heart's content.

The day before the boys left for Scotland Quiz and Sobba disappeared. Guided by his high-spirited wife, Quiz arrived at Mealfourvouney, footsore, a few hours before Master Bob. After remaining a week at Mealfourvouney, Quiz and Sobba ran off to the Skerries.

Here they found Dool and his bride, the celebrated terrier Mugg, the daughter of Brutus, a lineal descendant of Leith, the dog of the warrior. One fine October morning, as Quiz shook off the water from his shaggy sides on the point of the rock (Sobba, Mugg, and Dool were still in a cave below, feasting with the venerable Bodo on a salmon), Quiz exclaimed, 'How tame Devonshire will be after this!' And he plunged again below to his companions.

A Plot of Gunpowder;

or,

The History of an Old Lady who was seized for a Guy

UNPOWDER! Yes, it is a dreadful thing, and many a little boy has lost his eyesight by it. Next to playing with fire, I do not know anything so bad as playing with gunpowder.

Everyone knows of the fifth of November, the day set apart for commemorating the deliverance of King James and his Parliament from the horrible plot to blow them up with gunpowder, and how on that day Guido Fawkes, who was to have put the plan in execution, has his effigy paraded about.

Well, it was on the fifth of November, in the year 1789, when Peter Parley was a boy, that the circumstances took place of which I am going to give a relation. The boys of those days, I think, were more fond of Guy Fawkes, and bonfires, and squibs, and crackers than they are now.

I remember it was the first of November, early in the

morning, that a lad, who was on a visit to my father, and who was my second cousin, got out of bed and said to me (for we both slept in one room):

'Peter,' said he, 'do you have a guy in this town? I had a famous one last year, and such a bonfire as you never saw, for we burnt down a haystack. I should like to have a guy this year; do let us make one.'

I was only about twelve years old, and very fond of a bit of fun, and so I said:

'That is a good idea. I was thinking of the same thing last night, because the clerk gave out in the church that there would be prayers on the fifth of November, on account of the Gunpowder Plot; and, as I came out of the church porch I saw a very old woman sitting there. She looked just like an old witch, and I said to myself, "I should like to seize her for a guy."'

'Seize an old woman for a guy! Well, that would be the drollest thing that ever happened,' said he; 'and I should like to go you halves. Shall we go partners in it? We can easily get a chair and tie her down in it, and get a dark lantern and some matches and all that.'

'But she must be dressed like a man,' said I; 'there never was a female Guy Fawkes. The people would laugh at us.'

'So much the better,' said he; 'that is just what we want. I like something original, out of the common way. Now, a female Guy Fawkes is a thing that few persons ever saw, or even heard of.'

'But shall we not be taken up,' said I, 'perhaps put in prison, and get ourselves into a hobble?'

'Well, what if we do? But we shall not do that. I am sure it is all right enough. But, however, to be quite certain, if you like we will ask Ephraim Quidd. You

'I saw a very old woman.'

know, his father is a lawyer, and he will tell us in a minute. So when we go to school we will ask him, shall we ?'

'With all my heart,' said I. And so with that we began to dress ourselves, and went downstairs to breakfast. I was so full of the matter that I sat and thought of it all the time I was eating my food ; and at last my imagination painted the old woman sitting in a chair, calling out, 'I am no guy ! I am no guy !' the mob laughing, and the boys hurrahing so vividly that I burst into a fit of laughter myself.

'Why, Peter,' said my father, 'what is the matter now ?'

Instead of telling him I continued to laugh, till at last he grew very angry with me, and ordered me from the breakfast-table. I then took my hat and bag, and went off to school. Simon Sapskull—for that was my cousin's name—soon followed me.

When he came up with me he said :

'I thought what you were laughing at. It will be good fun. Let us make haste and see Quidd before he goes in. It will be good fun, won't it ?'

And here Master Simon jumped and capered about with delight.

When we came to the schoolyard there were several boys assembled, and Quidd among them. Simon immediately ran up to him.

'Quidd,' said he, 'I want to ask you a question. You know the law, do you not ? Your father is the town clerk, and you ought.'

'I do know the law,' said Quidd. 'Have I not been bred to it ? And is not my father to be made Recorder next year ?'

'Well, then, answer me this,' said Simon. 'Is there any law against seizing *an old woman for a guy ?*'

The next morning Sapskull and myself, with Thomas Hardy and half a dozen other boys, met with a view to talk about the intended exploit. We withdrew to the backyard of the schoolroom, and there, in a corner where we thought we could not be overheard, we began to plot against the liberty of Dame Clackett.

Hardy was one of the rarest boys for making fireworks I ever knew in my life. He had bought a book called *Every Boy his own Squib-Maker*, in which were directions for making squibs, crackers, rockets, Roman candles, serpents, slow fire, blue lights, and other descriptions of fireworks. This he nearly knew by heart. Sapskull said :

'Look in your book and see if there is not in it how to make a guy.'

So Hardy looked all over the book, but to no purpose ; there was no description of a guy manufactory. It was of no consequence ; we had a guy in our head, and we only now wished to know how we should get hold of the old lady, and what we should do on this joyful occasion.

Hardy said he had several pounds of gunpowder, and would sell us all squibs and crackers. But these we did not so much want. What we wanted was an old chair, an old jacket, hat, and other matters to dress up the old lady when we could catch her. But how to get her into the chair was the difficulty, and some proposed one thing and some another. Sapskull said, 'We must make her merry with some beer.' Hardy said, 'We must tie her down.' But I proposed to ask her to sit for her picture as a guy, and then to carry her off. Master Quidd was, however, more cunning than any of us, and said, 'I know how to nab her ; I have a plan, and a capital one it is, too.'

'What is it ? what is it ?' said all of us.

The fact was old Dame Clackett was a very staunch Churchwoman, and used always to go both on Wednesdays and Fidays. Rain or sunshine, hot or cold, nothing could keep her away from her church, and we silly boys laughed at her for it. Poor old creature ! she felt more real pleasure in this than we could imagine.

'I will tell you what we will do,' said Quidd. 'There is in our outhouse an old wheeled chair which my mother used to ride about in when she was so long ill, a year or two ago. Now, I know old Dame Clackett is very lame just now, from having let fall her fender on her foot. I will take this chair down, and offer to draw her to church in it, and then, when we have once got her in the chair, we can do as we like with her. Hurrah !'

'Won't that be fun ?' continued Quidd. 'Let us do it —let us do it. There is no law against it; the thing was never thought of. It is just like the law that was never made among the Romans that I read in my lessons yesterday : there was no law against a child killing his own father. I tell you,' said he, 'if there were twenty old women to be seized and burnt, nobody could be hurt for it. But you do not mean to burn her, I suppose, do you ?'

'Oh no,' said we ; 'we only want to have some fun. We should like to make a guy of her, that is all, and rare fun it will be.'

'Let me join you,' said one ; 'Let me join,' said another, till at last the whole school entered into the plot.

We all forgot what we should have remembered—namely, that, instead of despising or ridiculing people who are old and helpless and poor, we ought to treat them with kindness, respect, and consideration. We forgot that we, if suffered to live long enough, should also

become old, and that it would be hard for us to bear the coldness and neglect of the world, but much harder to endure the ridicule and ill-behaviour of wicked children. Ay, we were thoughtless lads, and so we suffered for it, as you will afterwards hear.

The old lady whom I had seen sitting in the church-porch, who was so ugly, as I thought, and so withered and old, was a very poor widow. Her husband had died in battle long ago, and she had from year to year supported herself by her spinning-wheel and the little relief she had from the parish. She lived in a little hut on a piece of waste ground, and kept a little poultry, and now and then a pig or two.

Among other animals, the old lady kept an enormous goat, or, rather, he kept himself. It was one her husband had brought her from abroad, of the Syrian breed. It was quite young when it came over, but at last grew and grew so, as to become a very formidable animal, so strong and fierce, that every dog was afraid of it, being, no doubt, terrified by the sight of its large horns and undaunted aspect. The name of this dread animal was Hannibal.

Poor old Goody Clackett—for that was her name—had little thoughts of ever being smugged, as it was termed, by our schoolfellows to make a guy on the fifth of November, and sat quietly enough spinning her wheel and drawing out her yarn. Sometimes the thrum of the old wheel would send her soundly to sleep, and then she never dreamed of such a thing as was to happen to her.

Every boy was delighted with this proposition, and it was arranged that on the following evening I and my cousin Simon should assist in the endeavour to get the chair from the outhouse to a convenient place, while

Hardy was to provide lantern, matches, cap, and feathers, with red and black paint to disfigure the features of the poor old creature.

'We will make her amends,' said Quizz: 'all the money we get shall be hers.'

'Oh yes; that is quite fair,' said I.

When the evening came and it was quite dark, Simon and I went to the back part of Quidd's father's house. After waiting some little time we heard a knock. Presently Quidd opened the gates and came out.

'There, get it,' said he. 'Look about to see if anybody is coming, and you can take it away.'

We did so. The coast was clear, and out rolled the chair.

Simon and I took hold of it, one behind and one before at the handle-stick. Away we went, as had been preconcerted between us in the stable-yard of another schoolfellow of ours in the plot, who placed it near the gate and covered it over with loose straw, so that no one could see it.

The next evening, which was the fourth of November, we met again by appointment at the dark hollow of the churchyard. This meeting was for the purpose of determining about the way in which Dame Clackett should be dressed in her triumphal entry to the Town Hill, the place where the bonfires were usually made. Hardy had brought what was of essential service—namely, an old coat which had formerly belonged to his father when in the yeomanry cavalry, an old helmet, a cartridge-box, and a pair of boots.

'We shall never get the boots on,' said I.

Another boy brought an old lantern with the horn burnt out, a third a bunch of matches; then there was a mask and a lath-sword and a drum, with sticks and

straw in abundance. They were all deposited in the same place with the chair. The conspirators (for conspirators we were) then made a promise to each other not to split, as they call it—that is, not to betray each other, and to go through with our work like *Britons ;* so we all shook hands and parted.

The next morning was a holiday, and we were up betimes. After a consultation it was determined that I and Quidd should go to the old dame and see how she was, and if she was determined to go to church, and if there would be any difficulty to get her to accept of the convenience of our vehicle ; so off we set. In less than half-an hour we reached the old dame's cottage, and found her at that very moment dressing her foot.

Quidd was the first who spoke.

'Good-morning, Goody,' said he. 'What, is not your foot well yet ? Why, I hear you have not been to church lately. The curate was at father's last night, and said if you were so lame that you could not walk, you might have our easy four-wheeled chair. But I suppose you won't go to church to-day—it is only the fifth of November?'

'Not go to church !' said the old woman—'not go to church ! I have always gone on the fifth of November for forty years. My poor husband was in a French prison, and he knew well enough what the Jacobites are. Was he not blown up, poor fellow, in the *Glorious ?* and were not King James and all his people to have been blown up so high by the horrid Papist plot that I suppose they would not have been down by this time ? No Popery, I say ! I would sooner crawl to church on my hands and knees than not go to-day, young gentlemen. And then Mr. Hassock, the kind, good curate, to ask for me !'

'Yes, and then there is the "coal money" given on the fifth, that all the widows in the parish may have a good fire through the winter, you know, Goody.'

'Yes, I must go to church,' said Mrs. Clackett.

'That you must,' said Quidd, 'and I will tell you what these young gentlemen and I will do. We will bring down the chair, and take you there ourselves. I am sure it would please Mr. Hassock. Would it not, Parley?'

'Yes, and the rector also,' said I. 'And I have no doubt but the churchwardens would like to see Goody at church, for the tickets for flannel petticoats are to be given away to-day.'

'What is that?' said Mrs. Clackett. 'Oh yes, I could not keep away from my church! Good young gentlemen, I shall never forget your kindness.'

We stopped to hear no more. We were overjoyed with the success of our plot. Away we ran to our companions, and, without stopping to explain, cried out:

'The chair! the chair! We shall have a guy, the best in the whole country!'

So away we ran with the chair, and all our other preparations for dressing and tying and securing.

The whole party surrounded the chair, some pushing, some pulling. When, however, we got within a convenient distance of the old lady's hut, Hardy and the others stepped on one side, and placed the helmet, coat, lantern, matches, etc., under a hedge, to be ready when required, while Quidd, Sapskull, and myself went with the chair to the old lady's cottage.

When we got there we found her spruce and prim with her best black silk bonnet, something in shape like a coal-scuttle, her stick in her hand, and her shoes on her feet. We drove up the chair in fine style. There were several cottages close by, and the neighbours came out

to see the old lady ride. At last someone who knew Quidd said:

'Why, that is the lawyer's son. Sure enough old Goody has got some money left her.'

So then there was a talking and surmising, and before Goody got to the church it was reported all over the town that she was made the possessor of several thousand pounds prize-money; that she was to be a lady, and ride in her carriage. Being sent for, as it was supposed, by the lawyer must be for something—a large legacy, no doubt.

The chair wheeled on with Goody in it. The boys looked as if they were up to something, and sure enough they were. When they came to that part of the lane at which the various habiliments had been left, the chair stopped, and out rushed the other conspirators.

'Do not be alarmed, Goody,' said Hardy. 'We are only going to make a guy of you for an hour or two. No one shall harm you, and you shall have all the money we get.'

'I want to go to church—I want to go to church!' said the old lady, and tried to get out of the chair.

Hardy, however, very dexterously threw some cord round the arms, and tied the poor old creature down.

'We won't hurt you, Goody,' said he. 'We only want you for a guy. You shall have all the money.'

'I won't be a guy! I won't be a guy!' said Goody. 'I do not want any money. Let me out! let me out!'

She then made a blow with her broomstick, and struck Master Hardy on the nose, from which the blood flowed freely. This, however, only made him the more determined, and in a few minutes the poor old woman's arms were secured, as well as her legs.

'Oh, help, neighbours! They are going to burn me!'

'The poor old woman's arms were secured, as well as her legs.

said the old lady, and then she fell coughing, for she had long suffered from asthma.

While convulsed with this fit, the boys took the opportunity to besmear her face with red and black paint, and to place the helmet on her head, and the coat round her, so that the arms hung on each side with nothing on them. The chair was then crammed with straw, and the lantern and the matches suspended from it. In this state the chair was wheeled rapidly along in the direction of the town.

Other boys soon joined, and surrounded the vehicle, shouting and laughing. The old lady made several ineffectual attempts to get out of the chair. She called out, 'A plot! a plot! a Popery plot! No Popery! Oh! I shall be killed!' and many such exclamations. The populace took this as a part of the character, and laughed most heartily. The greater number of persons thought the guy to be a boy dressed up, and cried out that he acted his part well. No one suspected it was old Dame Clackett.

Away they went in the midst of the hubbub, up one street and down another, over the market-place and by the church. Just as the clock struck twelve the boys of the Free School came from the latter place, and joined the procession. It was now a national affair, and, as it proceeded from the church doors, it was thought to be the church Guy Fawkes—and so it was.

'Hurrah! hurrah!' shouted a hundred voices; and while Hardy and his companions held on the chair, Quidd and I went about with our hats to collect as much money as we could.

The old lady was vociferous, and struggled to get out. She flung her arms about, and cried out, 'Deliver me from the flames! Save me from being burnt!' and

everybody thought that the part of guy was acted to perfection.

Quidd and I got a great deal of money—silver, and copper, and even gold. Seven-shilling pieces were in circulation at that time, and the squire and Mr. Hassock passing us, one threw sixpence and the other a seven-shilling piece to us, for which we gave a louder cheer than usual. In short, our hats were very nearly half full of money.

The old woman began to be more pacified as she saw the money coming in, particularly as we put it all into her lap, and told her it should be hers. But the sight of the squire and the curate, and the seven-shilling piece, which latter we put into her mouth, seemed quite to reconcile her to her fate. She became then as gentle as a lamb. She said :

'Do as you like—do as you like, only don't burn me for a guy ; and give me a drop of something to drink.'

'Oh yes,' said Quidd, 'here is something for you. Hold up your head.'

And half a pint of good strong ale soon found its way down the throat of the dame. After this the chair again moved on, till at last it came to the market-place, opposite the Town Hall, where an enormous bonfire was in preparation, over which stood a gallows.

The old lady, when she saw the gallows, screamed 'Murder ! fire ! brimstone !' and all sorts of horrid cries ; but nobody took any heed of it, except to laugh. They thought it was in keeping with her character.

'We will not hurt you, we will not hurt you,' said I.

But it was of no use; the old lady refused to be pacified.

Just at this moment Quidd felt a severe blow from behind, which sent him sprawling. I also received a

'The goat dashed in among them and the chair was upset.

push or a drive, and a loud laugh burst from those around.

When I turned to see what was the cause of the laughter, what should I observe but Hannibal, the goat, who had, it appeared, followed his mistress, and, being excited by her cries, dashed at my schoolfellow in the way described. Several of the spectators now tried to seize the goat, but he being of extraordinary strength, butted and pushed so vigorously that several measured their length upon the earth, to the no small merriment of the clownish persons who had collected together to the burning of the guy.

During all this time Dame Clackett cried out loudly, and in the confusion her chair was upset, and she became liberated from her duress. As soon as she was free, she laid about on all sides of her with her stick, pulled off the helmet and jacket in which she had been nearly smothered, and cried out at the top of her voice :

'I am no guy! I am Dame Clackett! For goodness' sake do not burn me for a witch!'

She, however, kept her apron close in which the money was, and took care not to let the seven-shilling piece fall out of her mouth.

The mob cheered. It would have been well if this had been all, but no: as soon as ever the old lady told her story that she had been seized for a guy, an effort was immediately made to secure the offenders. The constable, who happened to be present, laid hold of me and Cousin Simon; several others were seized by the bystanders; and the whole, with the exception of Quidd, were dragged off to what in the country is called the goose-house—that is, the cage. Quidd, lawyer-like, contrived to get out of the scrape, leaving others in it. So we were all put into the cage, and bolted and barred.

It was very dark, and as we were terribly frightened, we all began to howl most hideously.

As to Quidd, he went homewards as if nothing had happened, and soon made his reappearance, prepared for the usual squibbing and cracking, with his pockets full of squibs and crackers. He was so pleased with the success of the scheme in which he had been so forward an actor that he determined to have more fun before he went to bed; so he looked about, and it was not long before he saw a fit object, as he thought.

At the corner of the street leading to the market-place sat poor old Hannah Grimly, as she was called. She had sold roasted chestnuts on the fifth of November for a score of years, and many a pinch of gunpowder had been put under the lid of the saucepan upon which the chestnuts were laid. Quidd determined to have a good explosion, and took the opportunity, while the chestnuts were being put into his hand, to introduce a packet of gunpowder into the kettle. He thought to run away before it should ignite, but there being a small hole in the paper, the moment it touched the fire the whole went off with a loud explosion. Quidd's hand was shattered to pieces, and he fell stunned with the effects of the powder. He was taken home senseless, and put to bed.

The rest of the conspirators, including myself, were kept in the cage all night in bitter tears. The next morning we were taken before the magistrates. The chairman, who happened to be the very squire who had given us the seven-shilling piece, looked very severely at us, and said :

'This is the most horrible plot I ever heard of—seizing an old woman for a guy ! Gentlemen,' said he to those around him, ' if this be permitted none of us are safe.'

Some people used to call the magistrates old women, and so this raised a laugh.

He then called to the clerk to look over the Act of Parliament to see what could be the punishment for such an offence, but found none. Quidd was right—there was no law against seizing an old woman for a guy. The bench were puzzled what to do. At last Quidd's father said we should be indicted for stealing his chair, and be put on our trial for robbery and sacrilege—the first for the abduction of the chair, the second for keeping the old lady *from church*.

Our fathers and mothers, however, pleaded so eloquently that, after a severe admonition, we got off upon payment of the costs and a handsome compensation to Dame Clackett. When I reached home my father took me into the stable and gave me a sound whipping, and at the conclusion of the flagellation said :

'Now, Peter Parley, I think you will not again seize an old woman for a guy !'

And I never did.

Uncle David's Nonsensical Story about Giants and Fairies

N the days of yore children were not all such clever, good, sensible people as they are now. Lessons were then considered rather a plague, sugar-plums were still in demand, holidays continued yet in fashion, and toys were not then made to teach mathematics, nor story-books to give instruction in chemistry and navigation. These were very strange times, and there existed at that period a very idle, greedy, naughty boy, such as we never hear of in the present day. His father and mother were—no matter who, and he lived—no matter where. His name was Master No-book, and he seemed to think his eyes were made for nothing but to stare out of the windows, and his mouth for no other purpose but to eat. This young gentleman hated lessons like mustard, both of which brought tears into his eyes, and during school hours he sat gazing at his books, pretending to be busy, while his mind wandered away to wish impatiently for dinner, and to consider where he could get the nicest pies, pastry,

ices, and jellies, while he smacked his lips at the very thoughts of them.

Whenever Master No-book spoke it was always to ask for something, and you might continually hear him say in a whining tone of voice : 'Father, may I take this piece of cake ?' 'Aunt Sarah, will you give me an apple ?' 'Mother, do send me the whole of that plum-pudding.' Indeed, very frequently, when he did not get permission to gormandize, this naughty glutton helped himself without leave. Even his dreams were like his waking hours, for he had often a horrible nightmare about lessons, thinking he was smothered with Greek lexicons or pelted out of the school with a shower of English grammars, while one night he fancied himself sitting down to devour an enormous plum-cake, and all on a sudden it became transformed into a Latin dictionary.

One afternoon Master No-book, having played truant all day from school, was lolling on his mother's best sofa in the drawing-room, with his leather boots tucked up on the satin cushions, and nothing to do but to suck a few oranges, and nothing to think of but how much sugar to put upon them, when suddenly an event took place which filled him with astonishment.

A sound of soft music stole into the room, becoming louder and louder the longer he listened, till at length, in a few moments afterwards, a large hole burst open in the wall of his room, and there stepped into his presence two magnificent fairies, just arrived from their castles in the air, to pay him a visit. They had travelled all the way on purpose to have some conversation with Master No-book, and immediately introduced themselves in a very ceremonious manner.

The fairy Do-nothing was gorgeously dressed with a

wreath of flaming gas round her head, a robe of gold tissue, a necklace of rubies, and a bouquet in her hand of glittering diamonds. Her cheeks were rouged to the very eyes, her teeth were set in gold, and her hair was of a most brilliant purple ; in short, so fine and fashionable-looking a fairy never was seen in a drawing-room before. The fairy Teach-all, who followed next, was simply dressed in white muslin, with bunches of natural flowers in her light-brown hair, and she carried in her hand a few neat small volumes, which Master No-book looked at with a shudder of aversion.

The two fairies now informed him that they very often invited large parties of children to spend some time at their palaces, but as they lived in quite an opposite direction, it was necessary for their young guests to choose which it would be best to visit first ; therefore they had now come to inquire of Master No-book whom he thought it would be most agreeable to accompany on the present occasion.

'In my house,' said the fairy Teach-all, speaking with a very sweet smile and a soft, pleasing voice, 'you shall be taught to find pleasure in every sort of exertion, for I delight in activity and diligence. My young friends rise at seven every morning, and amuse themselves with working in a beautiful garden of flowers, rearing whatever fruit they wish to eat, visiting among the poor, associating pleasantly together, studying the arts and sciences, and learning to know the world in which they live, and to fulfil the purposes for which they have been brought into it. In short, all our amusements tend to some useful object, either for our own improvement or the good of others, and you will grow wiser, better, and happier every day you remain in the palace of Knowledge.'

'A large hole burst open in the wall.'

'But in Castle Needless, where I live,' interrupted the fairy Do-nothing, rudely pushing her companion aside with an angry, contemptuous look, 'we never think of exerting ourselves for anything. You may put your head in your pocket and your hands in your sides as long as you choose to stay. No one is ever even asked a question, that he may be spared the trouble of answering. We lead the most fashionable life imaginable, for nobody speaks to anybody. Each of my visitors is quite an exclusive, and sits with his back to as many of the company as possible, in the most comfortable arm-chair that can be contrived. There, if you are only so good as to take the trouble of wishing for anything, it is yours without even turning an eye round to look where it comes from. Dresses are provided of the most magnificent kind, which go on themselves, without your having the smallest annoyance with either buttons or strings; games which you can play without an effort of thought; and dishes dressed by a French cook, smoking hot under your nose, from morning till night; while any rain we have is either made of lemonade or lavender-water, and in winter it generally snows iced punch for an hour during the forenoon.'

Nobody need be told which fairy Master No-book preferred, and quite charmed at his own good fortune in receiving so agreeable an invitation, he eagerly gave his hand to the splendid new acquaintance who promised him so much pleasure and ease, and gladly proceeded in a carriage lined with velvet, stuffed with downy pillows, and drawn by milk-white swans, to that magnificent residence, Castle Needless, which was lighted by a thousand windows during the day, and by a million of lamps every night.

Here Master No-book enjoyed a constant holiday and

a constant feast, while a beautiful lady covered with jewels was ready to tell him stories from morning till night, and servants waited to pick up his playthings if they fell, or to draw out his purse or his pocket-handkerchief when he wished to use them.

Thus Master No-book lay dozing for hours and days on rich embroidered cushions, never stirring from his place, but admiring the view of trees covered with the richest burnt almonds, grottoes of sugar-candy, a *jet d'eau* of champagne, a wide sea which tasted of sugar instead of salt, and a bright, clear pond, filled with gold fish that let themselves be caught whenever he pleased. Nothing could be more complete, and yet, very strange to say, Master No-book did not seem particularly happy. This appears exceedingly unreasonable, when so much trouble was taken to please him ; but the truth is that every day he became more fretful and peevish. No sweetmeats were worth the trouble of eating, nothing was pleasant to play at, and in the end he wished it were possible to sleep all day, as well as all night.

Not a hundred miles from the fairy Do-nothing's palace there lived a most cruel monster called the giant Snap-'em-up, who looked, when he stood up, like the tall steeple of a great church, raising his head so high that he could peep over the loftiest mountains, and was obliged to climb up a ladder to comb his own hair.

Every morning regularly this prodigiously great giant walked round the world before breakfast for an appetite, after which he made tea in a large lake, used the sea as a slop-basin, and boiled his kettle on Mount Vesuvius. He lived in great style, and his dinners were most magnificent, consisting very often of an elephant roasted whole, ostrich patties, a tiger smothered in onions, stewed lions, and whale soup ; but for a side-dish his

greatest favourite consisted of little boys, as fat as possible, fried in crumbs of bread, with plenty of pepper and salt.

No children were so well fed or in such good condition for eating as those in the fairy Do-nothing's garden, who was a very particular friend of the giant Snap-'em-up's, and who sometimes laughingly said she would give him a license, and call her own garden his ' preserve,' because she always allowed him to help himself, whenever he pleased, to as many of her visitors as he chose, without taking the trouble even to count them; and in return for such extreme civility, the giant very frequently invited her to dinner.

Snap-'em-up's favourite sport was to see how many brace of little boys he could bag in a morning ; so, in passing along the streets, he peeped into all the drawing-rooms, without having occasion to get upon tiptoe, and picked up every young gentleman who was idly looking out of the windows, and even a few occasionally who were playing truant from school ; but busy children seemed always somehow quite out of his reach.

One day, when Master No-book felt even more lazy, more idle, and more miserable than ever, he lay beside a perfect mountain of toys and cakes, wondering what to wish for next, and hating the very sight of everything and everybody. At last he gave so loud a yawn of weariness and disgust that his jaw very nearly fell out of joint, and then he sighed so deeply that the giant Snap-'em-up heard the sound as he passed along the road after breakfast, and instantly stepped into the garden, with his glass at his eye, to see what was the matter. Immediately, on observing a large, fat, overgrown boy, as round as a dumpling, lying on a bed of roses, he gave a cry of delight, followed by a gigantic

peal of laughter, which was heard three miles off, and picking up Master No-book between his finger and thumb, with a pinch that very nearly broke his ribs, he carried him rapidly towards his own castle, while the fairy Do-nothing laughingly shook her head as he passed, saying :

'That little man does me great credit. He has only been fed for a week, and is as fat already as a prize ox. What a dainty morsel he will be ! When do you dine to-day, in case I should have time to look in upon you ?'

On reaching home the giant immediately hung up Master No-book by the hair of his head, on a prodigious hook in the larder, having first taken some large lumps of nasty suet, forcing them down his throat to make him become still fatter, and then stirring the fire, that he might be almost melted with heat, to make his liver grow larger. On a shelf quite near Master No-book perceived the bodies of six other boys, whom he remembered to have seen fattening in the fairy Do-nothing's garden, while he recollected how some of them had rejoiced at the thoughts of leading a long, useless, idle life, with no one to please but themselves.

The enormous cook now seized hold of Master No-book, brandishing her knife with an aspect of horrible determination, intending to kill him, while he took the trouble of screaming and kicking in the most desperate manner, when the giant turned gravely round, and said that, as pigs were considered a much greater dainty when whipped to death than killed in any other way, he meant to see whether children might not be improved by it also ; therefore she might leave that great hog of a boy till he had time to try the experiment, especially as his own appetite would be improved by the exercise. This was a dreadful prospect for the unhappy prisoner, but mean-

time it prolonged his life a few hours, as he was immediately hung up in the larder and left to himself. There, in torture of mind and body, like a fish upon a hook, the wretched boy began at last to reflect seriously upon his former ways, and to consider what a happy home he might have had, if he could only have been satisfied with business and pleasure succeeding each other, like day and night, while lessons might have come in as a pleasant sauce to his play-hours, and his play-hours as a sauce to his lessons.

In the midst of many reflections, which were all very sensible, though rather too late, Master No-book's attention became attracted by the sound of many voices laughing, talking, and singing, which caused him to turn his eyes in a new direction, when, for the first time, he observed that the fairy Teach-all's garden lay upon a beautiful sloping bank not far off. There a crowd of merry, noisy, rosy-cheeked boys were busily employed, and seemed happier than the day was long, while poor Master No-book watched them during his own miserable hours, envying the enjoyment with which they raked the flower-borders, gathered the fruit, carried baskets of vegetables to the poor, worked with carpenter's tools, drew pictures, shot with bows-and-arrows, played at cricket, and then sat in the sunny arbours learning their tasks, or talking agreeably together, till at length, a dinner-bell having been rung, the whole party sat merrily down with hearty appetites and cheerful good-humour, to an entertainment of plain roast meat and pudding, where the fairy Teach-all presided herself, and helped her guests moderately to as much as was good for each.

Large tears rolled down the cheeks of Master No-book while watching this scene, and remembering that if he had known what was best for him, he might have been

as happy as the happiest of these excellent boys, instead of suffering ennui and weariness, as he had done at the fairy Do-nothing's, ending in a miserable death. But his attention was soon after most alarmingly roused by hearing the giant Snap-'em-up again in conversation with his cook, who said that, if he wished for a good large dish of scolloped children at dinner, it would be necessary to catch a few more, as those he had already provided would scarcely be a mouthful.

As the giant kept very fashionable hours, and always waited dinner for himself till nine o'clock, there was still plenty of time ; so, with a loud grumble about the trouble, he seized a large basket in his hand, and set off at a rapid pace towards the fairy Teach-all's garden. It was very seldom that Snap-'em-up ventured to think of foraging in this direction, as he never once succeeded in carrying off a single captive from the enclosure, it was so well fortified and so bravely defended ; but on this occasion, being desperately hungry, he felt as bold as a lion, and walked, with outstretched hands, straight towards the fairy Teach-all's dinner-table, taking such prodigious strides that he seemed almost as if he would trample on himself.

A cry of consternation arose the instant this tremendous giant appeared, and, as usual on such occasions, when he had made the same attempt before, a dreadful battle took place. Fifty active little boys bravely flew upon the enemy, armed with their dinner-knives, and looked like a nest of hornets, stinging him in every direction, till he roared with pain, and would have run away ; but the fairy Teach-all, seeing his intention, rushed forward with the carving-knife, and brandishing it high over her head, she most courageously stabbed him to the heart.

If a great mountain had fallen to the earth it would

have seemed like nothing in comparison with the giant Snap-'em-up, who crushed two or three houses to powder beneath him, and upset several fine monuments that were to have made people remembered for ever. But all this would have seemed scarcely worth mentioning had it not been for a still greater event which occurred on the occasion, no less than the death of the fairy Do-nothing, who had been indolently looking on at this great battle without taking the trouble to interfere, or even to care who was victorious ; but being also lazy about running away, when the giant fell, his sword came with so violent a stroke on her head that she instantly expired.

Thus, luckily for the whole world, the fairy Teach-all got possession of immense property, which she proceeded without delay to make the best use of in her power.

In the first place, however, she lost no time in liberating Master No-book from his hook in the larder, and gave him a lecture on activity, moderation, and good conduct, which he never afterwards forgot ; and it was astonishing to see the change that took place immediately in his whole thoughts and actions. From this very hour Master No-book became the most diligent, active, happy boy in the fairy Teach-all's garden ; and on returning home a month afterwards, he astonished all the masters at school by his extraordinary reformation. The most difficult lessons were a pleasure to him, he scarcely ever stirred without a book in his hand, never lay on a sofa again, would scarcely even sit on a chair with a back to it, but preferred a three-legged stool, detested holidays, never thought any exertion a trouble, preferred climbing over the top of a hill to creeping round the bottom, always ate the plainest food in very small quantities, joined a

temperance society, and never tasted a morsel till he had worked very hard and got an appetite.

Not long after this an old uncle, who had formerly been ashamed of Master No-book's indolence and gluttony, became so pleased at the wonderful change that on his death he left him a magnificent estate, desiring that he should take his name ; therefore, instead of being any longer one of the No-book family, he is now called Sir Timothy Blue-stocking, a pattern to the whole country around for the good he does to everyone, and especially for his extraordinary activity, appearing as if he could do twenty things at once. Though generally very good-natured and agreeable, Sir Timothy is occasionally observed in a violent passion, laying about him with his walking-stick in the most terrific manner, and beating little boys within an inch of their lives ; but on inquiry it invariably appears that he has found them out to be lazy, idle, or greedy ; for all the industrious boys in the parish are sent to get employment from him, while he assures them that they are far happier breaking stones on the road than if they were sitting idly in a drawing-room with nothing to do.

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