

THE
CHILD'S FAVORITE.

A GIFT FOR THE YOUNG.

BY A LADY.



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BY A LADY.

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PREFACE.

To write for the entertainment and instruction of children, in such a style as to be both useful and agreeable to them, is one of those nice problems which it has taken some of the most distinguished authors of our times to solve in a satisfactory manner. Children are pretty good critics in their way. They are excellent judges of effect. Their moral perceptions are unsophisticated. Their sympathies are all alive. They enter into the spirit of a story, without reserve, provided always, that there is any spirit in it. They are wedded to no system. They belong neither to the romantic nor the classical school. They relish nature in her simplicity; and the common sense of mankind, which is pronounced by high authority to be the ultimate standard of taste, is precisely the standard to which children refer the books which they read. Their sense is common sense. Whoever really pleases them is capable of pleasing the public of grown up people—"the children of a larger growth."

It is with a full understanding of this doctrine that the editor of the "CHILD'S FAVORITE" has entered upon her duties. In the preparation of the volume she has aimed at sterling merit. She has chosen her stories with reference not only to their moral effect, but their artistical effect on the perceptions of children. How far she has succeeded in this design the public, that is to say, the juvenile public, will very promptly decide.

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THE PROUD GIRL.

Little Annie Marsden, was the only child of rich parents. Her mother was a pious lady, and sought to instil into the mind of her daughter those principles of Christian humility and self-denial, which are necessary to our being useful and contented in this world, and happy in the world to come. But her efforts were in a great measure rendered vain by the children with whom Annie was permitted to associate, and the servants into whose care she was frequently thrown, by the occasional illness of her mother. She was often told that she was rich, and destined to be a great heiress; that she must not take notice of this or that person, because they were her inferiors; and, in short, she was made to believe that she was a person of great consequence, and entitled to look down upon others with contempt. This was unfortunate; for her natural disposition was good, and only such influence could have turned her little head and made her see things in a wrong light. Things at last came to such a pass that she thought only rich people were fit to be spoken to, and a mean or coarse dress was, in her opinion, a mark of degradation.

One day, when the family was passing the summer at their beautiful country seat on the Delaware, not far from Philadelphia, an honest farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood, brought a supply of butter for the family, and seeing the little girl, who was very beautiful, sporting on the lawn in front of the house, resolved to gratify her by making her a little present. Accordingly, on his next visit to the house, he brought her a basket of fine cherries, and offered them to her himself as soon as he saw her playing on the green. The little lady, instead of evincing any gratification at this mark of good will, refused to accept the offered gift, telling the farmer that it was not for her to accept of presents from such as he—that her father was able to buy her all the cherries she wanted, and that he had better give them to some poor person.

The good farmer was more amused than affronted, at the petulance of the spoiled child, and merely said that she would probably live long enough to learn the value of a poor man's good will.

The very next day Annie was playing in the garden, at the foot of which ran a deep brook, crossed by a rustic bridge, and emptying into the Delaware. In the midst of her play she saw some beautiful pond lilies raising their modest head and diffusing their sweet fragrance over the waters of the brook. She knew the flowers well; for she had often been presented with similar ones; and she longed to obtain one of them. Indeed such was her impatience to possess one that, without waiting to call one of the servants, she seized a garden rake, which was lying in one of the gravelled walks, ran down to the steep banks of the brook, and reached out into the water to gather one. She was so far successful as to reach the flower and attach the rake to it; but in her eagerness to pull it towards her she lost her balance, and plunged headlong into the brook. When, after the first plunge, her head came up out of the water, she uttered a piercing shriek for help. But she speedily sunk again, and would, undoubtedly, have been drowned, if her first cry had not caught the ear of a farmer, who was crossing an adjoining field, and who ran to her assistance, caught her in his arms, and, by laying hold of a tree near the bank, soon succeeded in bringing her safely to land.

She was carried into the house quite insensible, and was ill for several days after from the effects of the cold water and the fright. Her pious mother, in the mean time, had sought to impress upon her mind the duty of humble thankfulness which she owed to her Creator, for having rescued her from a watery grave, and having thus, a second time, blessed her with the gift of life. Nor did she fail to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude which she owed to the worthy farmer, who had so promptly come to her assistance; and when Annie was sufficiently recovered to see him her mother invited Mr. Gray to come into the drawing-room, where she lay, still weak and feeble, upon the sofa, in order that he might see her and receive her thanks in person.

But Mr. Gray made light of the matter, said it was of no consequence; it was a matter of course; it was no more than he would have done for any child, or any human being in the same circumstances. So it was not till Annie was fully recovered that she saw the man who had saved her life; and then it was by accident. She was sitting with her mother in the parlour, when Mr. Gray came in to receive his pay for some butter, and then the poor girl had the mortification to learn that he who had been instrumental in preserving her, was no other than the very man whom she had so grossly insulted by refusing his little present.

She thanked him, however, very fervently, and with a really humbled spirit. Mr. Gray, worthy man, was somewhat embarrassed at her emotion; but still he retained self-possession enough to say,

"My dear little lady, the service which I was so fortunate as to render you, cost me but a very trifling exertion, and I really think it of no importance so far as I am concerned; but it may be further useful to you by causing you to remember

that what I said to you before is very true—that the *good will even of a poor man is worth something.*"

When he was gone, Annie's mother said to her: "My dear child, the Scripture commands us to 'honour all men.' In every one there is something worthy of respect and reverence. All are from God's creating hand. All should be treated with Christian courtesy. Politeness is due even to the humblest; and those who are too proud to be polite, should remember that pride will have a fall sooner or later."

It was fortunate for Annie that her pride had a fall so early in life; for she was at once and for ever cured of this fault.

THE PET LAMB.

My pretty one, my pretty one,
I would not part with thee
For all the beauties of the land
Or treasures of the sea.
Thine eye is brighter than a star,
Thy fleece like driven snow;
Thy voice, oh! sweeter than the sound
Of rivers as they flow.

My pretty one, my pretty one,
I've sought through field and wood,
For honey-flowers and tender grass,
And clover for thy food;
I've some, like gold and silver cups,
All filled with dews for wine;
Come, show thee thankful, and this feast,
My favorite, shall be thine.

No other little girl, I'm sure,
Would love thee half so dear,
Would strive to know what best thou lik'st,
And seek it far and near;
Would bring thee water from the fount,
Clear, beautiful, and deep;
Or make, at night, a bed so soft,
For thee, sweet lamb, to sleep.

Besides, thou knowest, 'twas I that saved
Thine innocent young life;
The butcher-boy had tied thee down—
Had raised his cruel knife!
I wept!—my dear, my good mamma,
Could not behold me cry;
So for her fond, her grateful girl,
Thee, beauteous lamb, did buy.

Then come and love me very well;
And when thy dinner's o'er,
We'll dance and play along the green,
Or by the bright sea shore;
Now kiss me—kiss me prettily,
For very kind I am;
And proud of thee, my beautiful,
My own dear little lamb.

SWAIN.

NOVEMBER.

"At length it comes, among the forest oaks,
 With sobbing ebbs, and uproar gathering high.
The scared hoarse raven in his cradle croaks,
 And slack dove flutters in its terrors by,
 While the blue hawk hangs o'er them in the sky.
The hedger hastens from the storm begun,
 To seek a shelter that may keep him dry,
And foresters low bent the wind to shun;
Scarce heard amid the strife the poacher's muttering gun."

Winter is coming! Boreas with his loud horn blows the leaves from the trees. Men and boys, wrap your cloaks or coats close around you. Now come gathering glooms and fogs. Now come cold rains, as if the earth required the cold water cure; the trees are dripping, the eaves are pouring, and the torn ragged-skirted clouds, seemingly dragged downwards, slantwise, by the threads of dusky rain that descend from them, are all mingled together in one blind confusion; while the few cattle that are left in the open pastures, forgetful of their feeding, turn their backs upon the besieging storm, and hanging down their heads till their noses touch the ground, stand out in the middle of the fields motionless, like images.

Now the felling of wood for the winter store—the measured strokes of the woodman's axe, heard far away in the thick forest, bring with their sound an associated feeling similar to that produced by a wreath of smoke rising from out the same scene. The busy flail, too, which is now in full employment, fills the air about the homestead with a pleasant sound, and invites little girls and boys to look in at the open doors of the barn, and see the wheat-stack reaching to the roof, on either hand, the little pyramid of bright grain behind the threshers, the scattered ears between them, leaping and rustling from their fast falling strokes, and the flail itself flying harmless round the labourer's head, though seeming to threaten danger at every turn; while outside, the flock of barn-door poultry ply their ceaseless search for food among the knee-deep straw; and the cattle, all their summer frolics forgotten, stand ruminating beside the half empty hay-rick, or lean with inquiring faces over the gate that looks down the village, or away towards the distant pastures.

Of the birds that have hitherto made merry, even at the approach of winter, now all are silent—all, save that one who now barns the title of the household bird, by haunting the thresholds and window-sills, and casting sidelong glances within doors, as if to reconnoitre the positions of all within, before the pinching frosts force him to lay aside his fears, and flit in and out silently, like a winged spirit—all are now silent except him; but he, as he sits on the pointed palings beside the doorway, or on the top-most twig of the apple tree, that has been left growing in the otherwise closely-clipped hedge, pipes plaintive ditties, with a low inward voice; while here and there a stray grasshopper is found chirping to the creaking boughs.

Now the farmer finishes all his out of door work, before the frosts set in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to his hard labour again.

Now the sheep, all their other more natural food failing, begin to be penned on patches of the turnip field, where they first devour the green tops joyfully, and then gradually hollow out the juicy root, holding it firm with their feet till nothing is left but the dry brown husk.

Now the herds stand all day long hanging their disconsolate heads beside the leafless hedges, and waiting as anxiously, though patiently, to be called home to the hay-fed stall, as they do in summer to be driven to the field.

Now the rain-storm breaks up all the pathways, and makes home no longer home to those who are not obliged to leave it, while it becomes doubly endeared to those that are.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Oh! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry gate;
And trembling at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born Mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

The scattering gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply:
But if thine unrelenting heart
That gentle boon deny;

The cheerful light, the vital air,—
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught, philosophic mind,
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

Or, since this transient gleam of day
Is all of life we share;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crowned
And every charm of heart-felt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

THE LAST OF THE GIANTS.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Bull was a very respectable elderly gentleman, well to do in the world, upright, honest, and hospitable, but rather too fond of money. To be sure, he had a large and increasing family, and was naturally anxious to provide a maintenance for them. But, to say the truth, he was very fond of making himself comfortable; and fell, like many others, into the error of thinking that the only way of doing so was by making himself rich.

It was Mr. Bull's custom, after dinner, when Mrs. Bull had withdrawn, to sit and ruminate on things in general—such as the price of funds, cattle, and corn—the state of commerce—the glory and wealth of England; then he would think how remarkable it was that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen—and he would snap his fingers, and cry "a fig for Bony!" and hum a verse of his favorite song:—

"While by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sirloin smoking hot on the table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
O, the roast beef of old England,
And O, the old English roast beef!"

One evening, having finished his bottle, Mr. Bull proceeded to the drawing-room rather earlier than usual.

Thomas, the man-servant, had just set out the tea-things, and placed the kettle on the fire—for they were old-fashioned times of which we are speaking—and Mrs. Bull had gone up stairs to see the children put to bed, where she was detained rather longer than usual, because little Dicky was naughty, and would not have his hair combed.

The old gentleman seated himself very comfortably in his arm-chair, and placed his feet on the fender, intending to await Mrs. Bull's return: when—how it happened was never exactly known—but as he was meditating on the great increase of his family, and the necessity of doing something for them, he witnessed, between sleeping and waking, the following extraordinary vision:

It appeared to him as though an unusual volume of steam began to issue from the spout of the tea-kettle, until it spread through the whole room; then collecting itself together, it gradually assumed the form of a gigantic human figure. The figure was that of a forge-man, or iron-founder; his shirt-sleeves were tucked up, so as to display a pair of muscular arms; on his head was stuck a striped cotton night-cap; and a rough leathern apron overspread the nether part of his person.

Resting with one arm on an enormous iron crow-bar, and sticking the other a-kimbo on his hip, the figure thus addressed him:—

"Mr. Bull, you see before you the Giant Atmodes."

"The giant what?" said Mr. Bull, not in the least alarmed; for he had pretty good nerves.

"The Giant Atmodes."

"That is a very odd name," said Mr. Bull.

"I am called by some the Giant of Steam," replied the figure.

"Oh! now you speak English, I understand you," said Mr. Bull; "and pray Mr. Giant, what may your business be with me?"

"I am come," said the giant, "to offer you my service."

"And what work are you able to do?" inquired Mr. Bull.

"Able!" said the giant, with a contemptuous smile, extending his brawny arm, "I am able to do any thing. I could move the world, if I had a place to stand on."

"You seem able-bodied enough," said Mr. Bull, "there is no denying that; and what wages do you ask?"

The giant paused a moment; and Mr. Bull awaited his reply.

"Well, sir," said he at last, "I will tell you what. Though I look so strong, I cannot live without a good fire. My constitution requires a good deal of heat; so if you will keep me well in fuel out of your coal-pits, I will engage to work for you."

"Well, I will think of a job for you," said Mr. Bull, "if you will call again to-morrow; or perhaps, you had better favor me with your address."

"You have only to call me," said the giant, "and I shall be at your bidding. Whenever you want me, please to set a kettle or boiler on the fire, and pronounce the following words:—

"Fe fa, fum—come, giant, come,
With fire and smoke—with coal and coke,
Whizzing, fizzing—thumping, bumping,
Come, giant, come!"

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Bull. "And pray, Mr. Giant," he said, "how do I know that this is all true?—what token can you give me that it is a reality?"

"Oh, you want a token?" said the giant, with a cunning look; "let this be your token:" and with that he raised his massive crow-bar, which was red-hot, and gently touching Mr. Bull's toe, vanished with a loud laugh, amid a cloud of smoke and steam.

Mr. Bull started from his chair in an agony of pain, and the giant was no where to be seen; only the tea-kettle had boiled over, and was pouring from its spout a torrent of scalding water, a portion of which had fallen on Mr. Bull's foot.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Bull sat pondering in his chair all that evening, so that his wife complained she could not get a word out of him. All night he lay without a wink of sleep, first turning to this side, and next to that, in great perplexity of mind. The next day he passed partly in his study, and partly walking up and down the gravel walk, with his hands in his pockets, in deep meditation. When the evening was come, and they were again alone together at tea (a meal at which Mr. Bull was accustomed to be more than usually communicative), he thus abruptly addressed his wondering spouse:—

"My dear Mrs. Bull," said he, "have you ever seen a giant?"

"A giant!" answered Mrs. Bull; "no, indeed, never."

"*I have*," said Mr. Bull, with a very marked emphasis.

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Bull; "why I thought they had all been destroyed in the time of Jack the Giant Killer."

"*Not all*," said Mr. Bull in the same significant tone.

"And pray," said his wife, "when and where was it that you saw this giant?"

"Yesterday evening, in this very room," answered Mr. Bull; "and if you like, you shall see him too."

It was a hard struggle which took place in the good lady's breast, between her fears and her curiosity; however, the latter prevailed, and she signified her determination to be introduced to the gigantic visitor. Accordingly, when the servant had removed the tea-things from the table, Mr. Bull said:—

"Thomas, you may leave the tea-kettle."

"Sir?" said Thomas, looking astonished.

"You may leave the tea-kettle, Thomas," again said Mr. Bull, in rather a peremptory tone.

As soon as Thomas was gone, and the door fastened, Mr. Bull placed his wife in a convenient situation to witness the scene, and then proceeded with his incantation. The steam poured from the kettle—the awful words were spoken—and the giant again appeared. Mrs. Bull uttered a slight cry of terror at the suddenness of the apparition, but otherwise conducted herself with great propriety.

"Sir," said the giant, raising his hand respectfully to his night-cap, and drawing back one leg, "I have come at your bidding."

"'Tis well," said Mr. Bull; "I have thought of a job for you."

"Only name it, and it shall be done," said the giant.

"One of my coal-pits," continued the old gentleman, "is full of water; and if you are really as good a workman as you profess to be, I shall thank you to empty it."

"To hear is to obey," said Atmodes; "all I shall want will be a good large kettle and a few iron pipes."

Mr. Bull promised that they should be provided; and the giant vanished from the room, much to the relief of the good lady.

Atmodes was as good as his word: the apparatus was completed, and Mr. Bull soon had the satisfaction to see the water disappear from his coal-pit, and his men hard at work again at the bottom. Unfortunately, as the giant was working hard to finish his job, the boiler burst, and the hot water and fragments of the vessel were scattered far and wide, scalding several men, and maiming one for life. Mr. Bull was very angry, and blamed the giant; but Atmodes declared it was no fault of his, for Mr. Bull should have made the boiler stronger; and to this Mr. Bull had nothing to answer, but that the boiler should be stronger the next time.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Bull, "what do you think of our new servant?"

"Why, he is a useful sort of giant," said Mrs. Bull.

"We must find another job for him, now that he has cleared out the pit. What shall it be?"

Mrs. Bull, who, like her husband, had an eye to what was useful, said, "Don't you think, dear, that the giant might make us a good piece of broad-cloth for winter clothing?"

"I dare say he would," said Mr. Bull; "suppose we ask him." The giant was summoned, and had no objection, provided the proper materials were prepared: "And I shall want a few hands," he added, "to bring me coke and other refreshments."

"Well, suppose we send to the work-house—there are a good many idle fellows there; it will be a nice job for them."

So the giant set to work at weaving, and soon produced a fine large piece of broad-cloth, enough to clothe the whole family from top to toe.

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Bull, "that now Watty is at work (for they had got quite familiar with the giant, and used to call him Atty, or more commonly Watty), I have thought that he might make a few more pieces of cloth to sell to our neighbors. What say you, Watty?"

"Well," said the giant, "I must have a few more hands to feed me: no giant can work without victuals."

"That's rather awkward," said Mr. Bull, "for all our hands are pretty well employed. However, I suppose we must send for Joe Carter from the field, and Will Ditcher. That bit of draining may stand over for a while." So the laborers were sent for out of the field, and turned into stokers, and had to supply coke and water to the giant. They did not much like the job, for it made them as black and dirty as colliers; and they heartily wished that Watty and his engine had been at the bottom of the Red sea. However, master would have it so, and they were obliged to submit. So Watty worked away, and made pieces of cloth one after another; and his master set up a great shop in the town, and supplied all the neighbors round. And so Mr. Bull began to get very rich, though the farm was not so well looked after as it had been, and he was

obliged to borrow, now and then, a few bags of wheat from his neighbors for the consumption of the family, which he did not quite approve of.

CHAPTER IV.

One day Mrs. Bull said to her husband, "Our Watty is certainly an excellent servant, and can turn his hand to any thing. I wonder whether he could not make me a piece of silk for a gown?"

"Let us try him," said Mr. Bull. So Watty was sent for, and the question put to him.

"Why, as to that," said he, "I can do any thing where strength is required; but," he continued, extending a great horny hand, which would have crushed an ox, "you see these fingers of mine are not quite delicate enough to manage threads of silk or cotton; but," he added, as if a bright thought had struck him, "if you would just let some of the children stand by, and keep the threads right, I think it may be done."

"Oh, the little dears," said Mrs. Bull, "what a nice occupation for them! I will have them down from the nursery this minute." Accordingly, the children were sent for out of the nursery and school-room, and set by the loom, and taught to tie the silk threads. At first they liked it very much, and thought it a nice thing to play at being useful; but in about half an hour little Mary had had enough, and began playing with her brother Dickey at something else.

"Holloa!" roared out Watty, in a voice of thunder, "this will never do, Mr. Bull. What's the use of my working away in this manner, if those children don't keep the threads right?"

"Go on, go on!" said Mr. Bull, calling out from his counting-house; "I will send some one to look after them." So he desired Mr. Grumpy, the foreman, to step in and see what the children were about; and if they forgot to tie the threads, just to remind them what they had to do. So the foreman, who was a cross sort of fellow, walked up and down, and presently saw Miss Julia making faces at her brother Tom.

"Mind your work, you young jade," said Mr. Grumpy; and gave her a blow with a strap, that made a great black mark on her back.

This gentle hint had the desired effect, and the children kept very steadily to their work, so that in a few days a beautiful piece of silk was woven, out of which Mrs. Bull made a gown—"the best," she declared, "she ever had in her life; so cheap too, being all of home manufacture."

"We must have a few pieces of silk for our shop," said Mr. Bull.

"But," said Mrs. Bull, "I don't think it quite agrees with the children. Little Mary is getting as thin as a whipping-post; and they all come home so tired at night, really it is shocking to see them; beside, they lose all their schooling, and on Sunday they were too tired to go to church."

"Oh, fiddle-faddle," said Mr. Bull; "you don't think I can afford to let Watty be idle while the children go to school? such a flourishing business as we are getting up—supplying all the country round!"

Mrs. Bull did not quite see why her children should be made the slaves of all the country round, when they might have lived very comfortably by themselves: however, her husband was hot upon his schemes of making money, and would not have the children taken from their work on any account; so the children worked on from morning to night, and from one week's end to another; and Watty went on thumping, and bumping, and stunning them with his incessant noise; and there was the terrible man with the strap, or sometimes with a great heavy roller; and sometimes Watty himself would stretch out one of his great hands—not meaning any harm, but just to keep the children awake—and would twitch a handful of hair from their heads. It was a sad time for the poor children, and all the family were kept in a bustle. However, the shop thrived, and was the wonder of the whole neighborhood; and every body thought what a thriving family Mr. Bull's was, and how rich he must be getting!

CHAPTER V.

About this time Mr. Bull wanted to go to London on business, and thought he might indulge Mrs. Bull in a trip to the capital, which she had never yet seen. So, as they were talking over the plan, "I wonder," said Mrs. Bull, "how I shall

take all my trunks and boxes! Don't you think Watty would carry them? they will be so long going by the canal." So Watty was summoned, and asked if he could take the luggage.

"Ay," said he; "and you and master too, if you like to go with me."

"But I am afraid," said Mr. Bull, "you will be a long time about it."

"Trust me for that; you have not seen me with my seven-league boots on yet."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bull; "have you got a pair of seven-league boots? What a useful giant you are!"

"But how shall we manage," said Mrs. Bull, apart to her husband, "when we get to London, and want to go about shopping, and visiting our friends! I don't think it would be quite fashionable to drive about London with Watty. He is rather an awkward servant, and might do mischief."

"Don't trouble yourselves," said Watty, who had overheard these family difficulties; "I'll take Thomas and the coachman too, and the cook, and housekeeper, and all the rest of them; and what's more, I'll take the horses into the bargain."

Mr. and Mrs. Bull were quite delighted with this arrangement: so the old coach was brought out for them to ride in, then came a van with all the luggage, and the servants got into the tax-cart, and the horses were put inside of the break. As soon as they were all fastened in one long train, "Now for it, Watty," said Mr. Bull; "away with you as fast as you like;" and away went Watty with his seven-league boots, scampering over hill and dale like a whirlwind.

Mrs. Bull felt rather giddy, and almost lost her breath at first; but Mr. Bull, who had no fears, was quite elated at the rapidity of the motion.

"Well," said he, "this is something like travelling. I wonder how fast we are going?" So he took out his watch—"I declare," said he, "we went that last mile in less than a minute."

"Look what a beautiful new church!" said Mrs. Bull.

"Where?" said Mr. Bull, "I see no church."

"Oh, you should have turned your head sooner. It was gone while you were looking round."

"What silly noodles our fathers and grandfathers must have been," observed Mr. Bull, "creeping along at the rate of ten miles an hour! What would they have thought of travelling in this way? Well I do declare our Watty is——"

What Mr. Bull would have added is uncertain, for just at that moment there was a crash, and a bang, and a scream, and Mr. and Mrs. Bull's heads were violently knocked together. The only wonder was that both their skulls were not fractured.

CHAPTER VI.

When Mr. Bull came to himself, he was sensible of very intolerable pain. His limbs ached violently, his nose was flattened, one eye was bandaged up, and the other so bruised that he could not open it. He endeavored to recover his scattered senses, but could only call up a confused remembrance of a journey to London, and hedges, trees, houses, windmills, and churches, all passing by in rapid succession. As he lay thus ruminating, he heard a gentle sigh; and managing, with difficulty, to open his eye, he beheld Mrs. Bull lying beside him in much the same predicament as himself, and assembled round the bed were all the little Bulls, thin and pale as so many spectres.

The sight of this afflicted family brought to Mr. Bull's mind the circumstances under which he was placed; and he exclaimed, in a voice not loud but deep, "If ever I get up from this bed, I will call that rogue Watty to account."

"Oh, the villain Watty!" responded Mrs. Bull, in a plaintive tone.

"Oh, the cruel giant!" said all the little Bulls at once.

Mr. Bull was as good as his word. After a few weeks he was able to leave his bed; and, as soon as he found himself in his arm-chair by the fireside, with his wife opposite to him, and his family all around, he summoned Watty to his

presence.

"A pretty trick you have been playing us, Mr. Watty," said he, "to use your master and mistress in this way!"

"A pretty trick, indeed!" said Mrs. Bull and all the little Bulls.

"Why," said Watty, rather doggedly, "you ordered me to go as fast as I could—and how could I tell that there was a broad-wheeled wagon in the way?"

Mr. Bull could not deny that it was his own fault for ordering Watty to go so fast. "Well," said he, "we will take care not to go so fast in future."

"Very well," said Watty, "only mention at what pace you wish to go, sir, and I will keep to it."

"However, that's not all," said Mr. Bull, sternly. "Look at these poor children. Here's little Sally's back all black and blue, and Tommy's knees are growing crooked; and see how thin they all are! Are you not ashamed, sir, to treat your master's children in this way?"

"It was not I, sir, that beat the children. It was Master Grumpy that you set over them to watch them; and as to their getting thin, you know it was your own self that would not let the mill stop."

Mr. Bull groaned, and acknowledged to himself that it was his own love of money that had been the cause of all this evil.

"Ah, Watty, Watty!" said he, "you have plenty of excuses. I should not wonder if you deny next that it was you that burnt my toe, the first time I saw that precious face of yours."

"Why, sir," said Watty, grinning, "you should not have gone to sleep with your feet on the fender."

"Oh, you are a rogue, you are a rogue," said Mr. Bull, shaking his head gravely, but laughing at the same time; for he was never known to be out of temper for any length of time.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "the long and short of it is this—that we must come to an understanding."

"You are not going to turn me off, I hope?" said Watty. "However, if you do, I daresay I can get another place."

"Why, no; I don't intend to turn you off; you are too useful for that; but we must get into more regular ways. Next time you travel with me, or your mistress, remember you are not to go more than twenty miles an hour."

"Very well, sir," said Watty.

"And I shall not allow my children to do any work," continued Mr. Bull, "until they are twelve years of age, and then only nine hours a day, with a whole holyday on Saturday; so that they may get some learning, and be ready for church on Sundays."

"Very well, sir," said Watty.

"And I won't have Ned Carter, or any of the laborers taken off their work at the farm. I don't think it's respectable to be borrowing corn from one's neighbors; beside, suppose they did not choose to let us have any—we should be in a pretty way then. So I am determined to have the farm kept in proper cultivation."

"You will not get so much money by your farm as by the factory."

"Perhaps not. But I have lived long enough in the world to learn that money is not the only thing to make a man happy. A wiser man than you or I, Watty, has said—'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing'—and 'riches profit not in the day of wrath.' I begin to think that I have been over-hasty to get rich, and have reaped more trouble than profit. Henceforth I intend to look more to the education and religious instruction of my family; and then, if God gives us riches into the bargain, we shall know how to make a good use of them. So now, Watty, you may go down stairs, and leave me to get a little rest."

"Thank you, thank you, papa; that is a capital story," said all the children at once, as soon as the tale of the Giant Atmodes was ended.

"Well, and do you understand what it all means?"

"Yes; I think we do—most of it," said Annie. "The giant is meant, of course, to represent the power of steam."

"And how was it first discovered?"

"I suppose by seeing the force with which it drove water out of the spout of a kettle."

"Exactly; and do you know what use it was first applied to? Perhaps not. It was first employed to pump water out of coal-pits; and after some time it came to be used in cotton and silk factories; and, at last, for impelling boats and carriages."

"But is it really true," said little Mary, "that the poor little children are made to work so hard, and beaten, and their hair pulled off?"

"I am afraid it is too true," said Mr. B——, sorrowfully. "The invention of the steam-engine, and the great increase of our manufactures, though it has added to our national wealth, has been very far from conducing to the comforts of the poor people employed in them. Sometimes, when there is a great demand for goods, they have to work night and day to provide them: then, when the demand ceases, they have no work at all, and no wages, and are almost starving."

"That is very sad."

"Another very bad feature in the factory system is, that the children are employed to do the work, instead of their parents; and, though the work may seem light, yet the length of time they are kept to it is most distressing. And then they lose the opportunity of education, and grow up, I am afraid, in very bad ways."

"But cannot any thing be done to prevent these evils?" said mamma. "It does seem very hard indeed that such a number of poor children should be made almost worse than slaves, in order that we may have fine clothes, and send goods to other parts of the world."

"It is indeed very hard, and unreasonable; and I sincerely hope that something may be done, before long, to lighten their labor, and secure to them the blessings of a religious education and a comfortable home. The worst of it is, that old John Bull is rather selfish and headstrong, and never thinks about other people when all seems going on prosperously. Perhaps one of these days something will happen that will make him think more seriously."

This was spoken more to mamma than to the young people, who did not quite understand it; though they were very sorry for the poor children, and hoped that something might be done for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

Sweet little mistress, let me go,
Your little arms, they squeeze me so,
That in my struggle to get free,
Your tender hands may wounded be.

Indeed you know not what you do,
I'll tell you all, and tell you true,
You're keeping me from catching mice,
To carry to my bed so nice;

Where in the sheltering straw are laid
My kittens; and I'm sore afraid
With hunger they are suffering. So,
My gentle mistress, let me go.

But my sad notes have touched your heart,
Your open hand bids me depart;
Blessings on thee, my mistress dear,
My darlings have no more to fear.

THE GOVERNESS;

OR, PRIDE WILL HAVE A FALL.

My dear girls, pride is one of the very worst propensities of the human heart, and I am very anxious that all who possess any portion of it should get rid of it as fast as they can; it is a very common fault, for we nearly all show some traces of it in early life, till as we grow older we gain sense enough, and virtue enough to dismiss it. Many, however, are the slaves of pride as they advance in age, and grow up into bad and unamiable people.

Why I call it one of the worst of vices is, because it leads to so many other sins and often great crimes; for pride is that entire selfishness, which thinks every thing must give way to its wishes, and therefore leads its votaries to do many wicked things. There are different degrees of pride; and many people are proud without being led into positive crime by it; but it is always a sinful feeling, and therefore hateful in the sight of God; and in the eyes of our companions, it certainly renders us more repulsive than any other quality whatever. For as pride leads a person to think herself better than other people, and as we are all inclined to pride in some degree, of course we naturally dislike those who try to set themselves above us, or seem to think themselves so. There is another consideration also, which shall lead us to repress this evil feeling; it is this: proud people never meet with any pity when adversity overtakes them, and sooner or later you will find the old proverb nearly always comes true that, "Pride will have a fall." The following story is one among the many instances of the kind.

Mr. Everett was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and resided in London, in one of the most fashionable streets at the west-end of the town. His father had been a merchant of eminence trading with India, and the greater part of his property was vested in a large commercial firm in Calcutta. Calcutta, you know, is the capital of the British possessions in India. His wife was a lady of great personal attractions and amiability of character; elegant, virtuous, and accomplished. They had a son, who died in infancy, and their family now consisted of but one daughter, whose name was Frances.

Frances Everett, like her mother, possessed considerable beauty; she was also a girl of a quick and intelligent mind, and had many other good qualities, but they were all obscured by an overweening pride, and great haughtiness of disposition. This evil propensity seemed to gain strength as she grew older, instead of giving way before the better sense of increasing years; to such an extent indeed did she carry it, that the servants hated doing any thing for her, and every one who visited the house took a dislike to her. She seemed to think no one worth any notice who did not live in a fine mansion, and keep a splendid equipage; and the only person she condescended to be at all upon terms of intimacy with, was the daughter of Sir George Selwyn, a wealthy baronet, who lived in the same street as her father. This Miss Selwyn was another foolish girl like herself, and the two together encouraged each other in their vain and foolish notions.

This evil disposition in their daughter gave Mr. and Mrs. Everett much pain, and they used every means to correct it; they continually represented to her the ignorance and folly of so much presumption, as well as the wickedness of it, and endeavored to impress her with the advantage of a more affable and gentle demeanor. But all their efforts were in vain, and they at length determined to send her from home; a few years of school discipline, they hoped, might work a reformation.

When the proud young lady first heard of this intention, she flew into a violent passion; she declared that it was behaving cruelly towards her, and that she would not stop at any boarding-school to her, as she called it, with all sorts of people's children. Then she burst into a violent flood of tears, and used every entreaty to induce her parents to alter their resolution; but her remonstrances and entreaties were equally in vain. Her father and mother were convinced it would be for her benefit that she should go, and they persisted in their determination. To school accordingly she was sent.

As I have said before, Frances was not destitute of good qualities, and she did not want for natural affection. The tears therefore that she shed on the day of her departure from home, were not all tears of passion, although some were, for she really loved her father and mother fondly, and was deeply grieved at parting from them for the first time in her life. This fondness, however, would have led a good child to follow their instructions, and submit patiently to their wishes, but I am sorry to say love for her parents, in the case of Frances Everett, did not have this effect. She was still obstinate in her pride; and she inwardly resolved to make herself as disagreeable as possible at school, by which means she also hoped she might be kept at home again.

The school in which Frances was placed was a highly respectable one; and Mrs. Thelwall, the principal, was an

excellent and worthy lady. She was the widow of a clergyman who left behind him but little property, and with the assistance of her friends she had established a seminary; she was in every way qualified for the important and respectable situation of an instructress of youth; and Grassmere House, the name of her establishment, was celebrated for the proficiency and good conduct of its pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett, in placing their daughter under the care of Mrs. Thelwall, had explained to that lady their motives for putting her to school. She listened with great attention to the instances recounted of her new pupil's pride, and promised to direct her efforts, mainly, to the correction of so bad a fault. She treated Frances with the same kindness as she did the rest of her scholars; but she never failed to correct her when she found it necessary.

This unfortunately was very often; Miss Everett was always getting into trouble with some of her young companions; and as it was nearly always on account of the airs and graces she gave herself, she met with frequent reprimands. Even the governesses she would constantly treat with the greatest scorn; and it was only for Mrs. Thelwall herself that she preserved the least appearance of respect. The frequency of the reprovals she thus subjected herself to, made her think that she was treated with harshness, and she began to hate school more than ever.

Mrs. Thelwall was very sorry to see how unsuccessful all her efforts were to correct the besetting sin of her new pupil. She was the more grieved because she found her talents to be really considerable, and that she wanted nothing but an amiable disposition to make her an ornament to society. Previous to leaving home she had made good progress in her learning; and now with industry she promised to be a clever and accomplished girl. But the task of curing her of her silly and offensive pride seemed a hopeless one.

Mrs. Everett had kept up a frequent correspondence with Mrs. Thelwall, and both herself and her husband had heard with deep regret that no improvement had taken place in their daughter's disposition. Indeed, Mrs. Thelwall, in her last letter, had told her that she feared nothing but some sudden and severe misfortune to Frances would bow her stubborn and haughty spirit. The anxious parents, therefore, began once more to discuss what the best method would be of proceeding with her, and it was resolved to have her home again, and see what her mother's earnest exhortations would do, joined to the instructions of a firm but amiable governess.

Accordingly, after spending a year and a half at Grassmere House, Frances returned to the parental roof. Her mother took an early opportunity to inform her that she did not intend to send her to school again, and to lecture her seriously upon her haughty disposition. She pointed out to her the sinful nature of pride, under all circumstances; but especially of that ridiculous feeling which she possessed—the pride of wealth.

"To be proud of superior mental endowments," she said, "was sinful and foolish enough, for we are not indebted to ourselves for them; but to be proud of mere worldly wealth, which a reverse of fortune may deprive you of in a moment, is absurd in the extreme, and is sure to bring down the contempt of all who know you. You, in common with all human beings, are subject to such reverses; think then what your feelings would be were you treated with the same contempt you now treat others. If you have any just reason to be proud, I, as your mother, and therefore your superior, must of course have a still better reason; but you do not find me behave towards people in the same way that you do, and do you see that I am the less loved, or the less respected for it? No, my child! but the contrary. Think then, Frances, of what I say to you; lay it to heart, and if you would not provoke the wrath of your Maker, and the contempt of your fellow-creatures, dismiss from your heart this blot upon your disposition."

This, and much more to the same effect, did the good and sensible Mrs. Everett endeavor to impress upon her daughter's mind. Frances, as I have said before, was not without some good points in her character, and she seemed for a time to feel her mother's earnest address; but pride had become so much a habit with her that it produced no permanent effect.

The first governess selected by Mrs. Everett to superintend the remainder of her daughter's education, was a young widow-lady named Martin. She was a woman of sense and spirit, and Mrs. Everett took care to explain to her the principal fault she would have to contend with in the character of her pupil. Frances learned what was set before her readily enough; but her demeanor towards Mrs. Martin was as offensive as it had been to others.

This lady put up with it for some time, and endeavored, by strong remonstrances, to correct it. She, however, found the task too disagreeable to continue it long, and one morning, after a speech of unpardonable insolence from Frances, she entered Mrs. Everett's room, and told her that really the treatment she met with from Miss Everett was so insufferable, that she must, for the future, decline the office of instructress to her. Mrs. Everett was very sorry for this, for she had a

great regard for Mrs. Martin; but she could not wonder at it, for she had herself seen instances of her daughter's disrespectful treatment of her teacher, and had had to reprove her for it.

About this time, an old acquaintance of Mr. Everett's, a naval officer, died, leaving nothing behind him but a spotless reputation and an orphan daughter. Miss Champion, for such was her name, who had been brought up in comfort, was thrown upon the world to get her own living. She was an amiable and well-educated girl, in her twentieth year; and Mrs. Everett, hearing of her situation, was anxious to offer her an asylum. She thought, too, that Frances might be induced to pay her more respect as a governess, from the knowledge that her own father, and the father of Miss Champion, had been on terms of friendship. This young lady was accordingly installed in the office vacated by Mrs. Martin.

The new governess was treated with the greatest kindness by both Mr. and Mrs. Everett, who did every thing they could to lighten her grief for her loss; this did not fail to inspire the poor girl with feelings of the deepest gratitude; and she looked forward to a more peaceful and happy home than she had at first any reason to expect. Her gentleness and amiability, too, won upon every one, and even the servants treated her with as much respect and kindness as if she had been one of the family.

Frances was the only person whom Miss Champion's pleasing qualities failed to soften and to win; she alone made her feel the bitterness of her change of circumstances. This proud and haughty girl possessed the greatest contempt for every one, who had to get their own living; and for governesses in particular, she seemed to feel more than usual scorn. Silly girl that she was! she did not then know, that in the eyes of the good and sensible, the most useful and respectable members of society are those who contribute towards the general stock of labor. She was also growing old enough now, as she thought, to do without a governess altogether; and she looked upon Miss Champion as a poor, dependent creature, whom her mother kept more out of charity than any thing else.

These feelings led her to behave towards her new instructress even more contemptuously than towards her late one. She took every opportunity of showing how superior she considered herself in rank; and poor Miss Champion soon found her situation any thing but a pleasant one. She continued, however, to bear with it for a long while, out of gratitude to her pupil's parents; but Mrs. Everett observing that she was not happy, at last procured her another situation, where she found herself much happier.

Frances was now considered to be sufficiently advanced in her studies, as to require no longer the care of a governess; she was nearly sixteen years of age, and from her good natural abilities was well versed in the leading branches of female education. She still took lessons in music, singing, and drawing, but for these she had masters. No new preceptress was therefore provided for her.

Accordingly, she had plenty of time to devote to the fashionable amusements of the day; dress, the opera, the parks, balls, and routs, occupied all her thoughts. At these Miss Selwyn was her constant companion, and the two haughty girls scarcely deigned to notice any acquaintance whose father could not write Sir or Lord before his name.

Things went on in this way for about three years; and the pride of Frances Everett was at its height, when a sudden stop was put to her dashing career. The property of Mr. Everett, I have already told you, was in the hands of a mercantile house in Calcutta; and one morning he received the dreadful news, that the firm had failed, and that he was a ruined man.

This was a terrible blow to Frances; directly she was informed of it by her father, she fixed her eyes upon him, and looked as if scarcely able to comprehend his meaning. A moment afterwards it seemed as though a consciousness of all she would have to sacrifice broke in upon her mind, and she became the image of utter despair. Tears soon came to her relief, and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of sorrow; her father tried to reason her into calmness, although scarcely equal to the task, for he himself felt his loss most keenly. Frances, however, was inconsolable, for she now felt in all its bitterness, the truth of the proverb that "Pride will have a fall."

But this was not all, severer trials were yet in store for her. Mr. Everett was, at the time, laboring under a complaint which, although not immediately serious in itself, was liable to be increased by any extraordinary excitement; grief for his reverse of fortune was more than sufficient to cause this excitement, and in a few weeks from the date of his misfortune, he died: his wife, who was devotedly attached to him, was broken-hearted by her double loss. In less than a year she joined her husband in the grave, and Frances was reduced to the same desolate condition as the orphan girl, who had been introduced into her father's house as her governess, and whom she had looked down upon with so much contempt. A thought of this kind sometimes struck Frances, and she had more than once felt repentance for having treated

poor Miss Champion with so much unkindness.

The condition of the once proud and dashing Miss Everett was now wretched in the extreme; many were the mortifications she had had to endure since the change in her father's circumstances. She had met Miss Selwyn three or four times in the street while walking; but that young lady, once so friendly with her, had passed her on each occasion with a cold stare; some of the young companions of her prosperous days, whom she had then hardly condescended to notice, even went farther, and turned up their noses as they passed her, with scorn. This was very wrong and cruel; but it is what such people as Frances Everett subject themselves to, and they have no right to complain; indeed, although every one who knew them pitied Mr. and Mrs. Everett, all alike regarded the fall of the daughter as a just retribution for her excessive pride.

Frances had felt most acutely the loss of her father; but now that her mother was also taken from her, her grief knew no bounds. She was indeed effectually humbled, and broken spirited; for days she did nothing but weep and sigh continually; and even those who had been most wounded by her scorn in former times, would have pitied her if they could have seen her misery on the day her mother's remains were committed to the tomb, and shut for ever from her sight.

Two or three friends had still clung to Mrs. Everett in spite of her misfortunes; and when the last sad duties were paid to her, they began to think of what would become of the daughter. The poor girl was now almost in a state of destitution; and it was absolutely necessary that something should be done for her. Accordingly it was thought that the situation of a governess would be the best thing for her, as she had received a good education; and as one of the parties knew a lady who then wanted one, it was resolved to propose it to Frances.

It seemed a terrible humiliation that the once scornful Miss Everett should be reduced to the necessity of filling the situation of a governess, an office she had formerly regarded with so much contempt; but poor Frances was much changed. Severe and bitter as her misfortunes had been, they at least produced one good result. The blow which Mrs. Thelwall had spoken of, as necessary to cure her of her pride, had fallen upon her, and it had cured her. She had often, during the latter days of her mother, confessed to her her former errors, and expressed her regret for them; and then she would go down upon her knees before her Maker, and with tears of repentance in her eyes, ask of him pardon for the past, and an improved disposition for the future.

Accordingly, when her friends made their proposal to her, she acceded to it willingly and gratefully, and in about a fortnight's time she was introduced to her new scene of action. Her pupils were two little girls, the one six and the other five years of age. They were pretty, interesting, and affectionate children, and soon became much attached to her; for having subdued her pride, the good qualities of her disposition were no longer obscured, and she was now as gentle, as she had once been haughty.

But poor Frances had yet to endure many mortifications. Mrs. Hamlin, the lady into whose family she had entered, was the wife of a rich banker, and was purse-proud, imperious, and passionate. She had not the good sense and the good feeling to know, that the instructress of her children ought to be treated with every respect; and the little indignities she would put upon Frances often cut her to the heart. It led her to think, too, of what the feelings of those must have been she used once to treat in the same manner; and fresh tears of penitence would flow at the reflection. She bore every thing, however, with great patience and resignation, and the endearing ways of her little pupils would often soothe her amidst her trouble.

There was one thing among others that Mrs. Hamlin very much disliked, and that was to see any particular attention paid to her governess; the misfortunes of Frances had impaired none of her beauty; on the contrary, they had imparted a mournful interest to her features which rather increased it. She was still, therefore, a handsome, elegant, and accomplished girl, and the gentlemen who visited the house would frequently pay her such little attentions as are common in society; this Mrs. Hamlin took every opportunity to repress.

Upon one occasion she was sitting at the dinner-table, silent and reserved, when a gentleman present observing her, and thinking she seemed neglected, politely asked her to take wine. He had scarcely finished speaking when Mrs. Hamlin interposed; and before Frances could answer for herself she rudely and vulgarly said,

"Oh! Miss Everett does not take wine."

The blood rose to the cheeks of the poor girl at the insult, but she was obliged to bear it in silence.

At another time a small party of friends were assembled at the house; on such occasions the musical talents of Frances were greatly in request; but Mrs. Hamlin generally took care to make her feel the difference between her situation and that of the visitors; and that it was not as one of the party, but as a person paid for it, that she was called upon to entertain the company. Frances had been asked to play one of the beautiful pieces with which she had so often delighted her listeners. A gentlemanly young man, a nephew of Mrs. Hamlin, was one of the party, and he immediately rose to conduct her to the instrument; he did so, but upon resuming his seat, his aunt said to him, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present:

"Miss Everett can in future find her way to the piano without your assistance, sir."

These, and many similar mortifications, at last made poor Frances so unhappy, that she began to think of changing her situation; but she did not like to throw up what the kindness of her friends had procured her, and she was undecided as to what to do; she was in this state of mind, and had been with Mrs. Hamlin for nearly a year and a half, when one morning she received a letter from the country. She gazed upon it with surprise, wondering who it could come from, and then opening it read as follows:

"My dear Miss Everett,

"Do not mistake the motives which prompt me to write to you; I am influenced, I assure you, only by the most affectionate solicitude. I always entertained the greatest respect and regard for your dear mother and your father also. I shall never cease to remember with gratitude all their kindness towards me; and any little pang which my volatile and high-spirited pupil, their daughter, may have caused me to feel, has long since been forgotten. It is only within the last few days that I have heard of the severe afflictions which have befallen you, and most deeply and sincerely do I sympathize with you in the irreparable loss you have sustained.

"I know not, my dear girl, what your present engagements may be, but I long to make some return to the daughter for the benefits I have received at the hands of the parents. Indeed it is to them I owe all my present happiness. Will you come then and share it with me, and enjoy with me the delights of a country life? I am no longer Miss Champion; but my husband will be as glad to welcome you as I shall. Come then, and be to me that which I have so often ardently wished to possess—a sister.

"Ever your's affectionately,

"EMILY LANGTON."

"P. S. I have two sweet little children, a boy and a girl, whom I shall teach to love you—so do not refuse me. Mr. Langton will have occasion to go to London soon upon business, and I shall accompany him. When we arrive, which will be in about a week, I will write to you again that we may meet.

"E. L."

Upon reading this letter, Frances was overwhelmed with mingled feelings of delight, admiration, and gratitude. It was so noble and generous, she thought, of her former instructress to forgive all the contemptuous treatment she had met with from her haughty pupil. The manner in which she had written too, was so delicate, so beautiful, so touching—especially at the conclusion of her letter; and Frances, once so proud, now felt that it would be a pleasure to lie under an obligation to so good and excellent a woman, as the formerly despised governess.

She wrote to her in the overflow of a grateful and purified heart, giving her an account of the latter years of her life, and of her penitent and altered character. Mrs. Langton was affected, even to tears, by the letter of Frances, for there were in it many expressions of bitter self-reproach in reference to her past conduct; but she was over-joyed at this proof of her reformation, for she now felt that the daughter of her benefactress was indeed worthy of being loved for herself alone.

She arrived in town soon afterwards with her husband, and an interview of the most affecting nature took place between the friends. Frances was then introduced to Mr. Langton, whom she found to be a most agreeable, polished, and amiable man. He possessed an independent fortune, and had been a visitor at the house where Miss Champion had last filled the situation of governess. Struck with the superiority of her manners, her talents, and her amiable disposition, he had fallen in love with her, and married her. They had then retired to Langton Hall, his seat in the north of England, where they had since lived in comparative seclusion, happy in each other's society.

It was through a friend of Mr. Langton's on a visit from London, that Mrs. Langton first heard of the misfortunes of the Everetts; she then immediately spoke to her husband upon the subject, and wrote to Frances the letter which has been given.

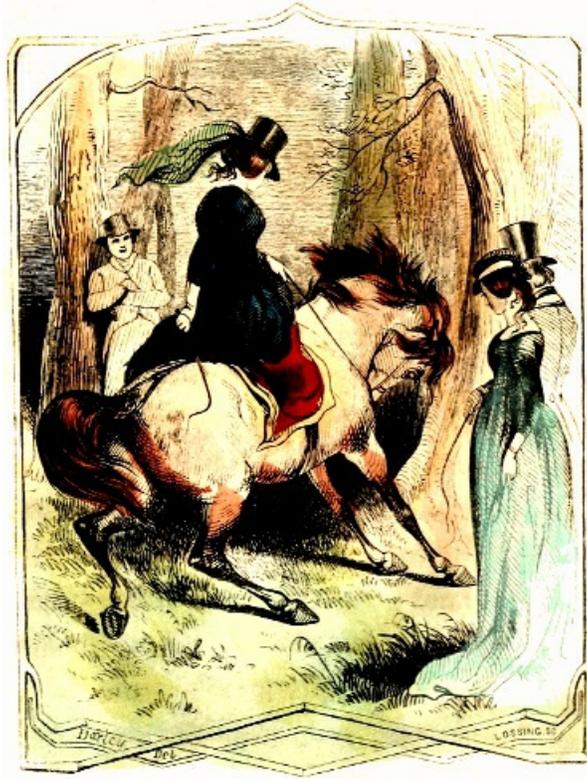
Few words were necessary between the friends, and it was soon arranged that Frances should take up her abode at Langton Hall. Here amidst the sylvan beauties and quiet seclusion of the place, and in the affectionate friendship of Mrs. Langton, she found a balm for all her sorrows, and she felt within herself that she was in every respect a wiser, better, and happier girl than she had been in the height of her prosperity. She only wished her dear parents were alive to witness the full extent of her reformation; her poor father especially, for her mother had lived to see a great improvement in her character.

The children, as Mrs. Langton had promised, became very much attached to Frances in a very short time, and she insisted upon taking their education more particularly under her charge. It was one of the happiest households in the kingdom; the two friends lived like sisters, and were frequently taken for such by strangers. At last they became as nearly sisters as it was possible for them to become. Mr. Henry Langton, a younger brother of Mr. Langton's, who often visited the house, was so much impressed with the beauty, the amiability, and the history of Frances, that he offered her his hand and heart, and in about a year from her taking up her residence at Langton Hall, they were united together by the sacred rites of the church.

The union was a most happy one, and Frances never ceased to feel grateful to her Heavenly Father for the afflictions with which he had visited her; for it was to them that she owed her present amiability of character, her peace of mind, and her happiness.

MADAME ROLAND.

A revolution is a great change in the government of a country. There was a very great one in England in the time of Charles I., nearly two hundred years ago, when that unfortunate king was beheaded; and a system of government called the Commonwealth, was established. The famous Oliver Cromwell, you will remember, was the chief person in it.



MADAME ROLAND

Well, something very like this occurred in France about fifty years ago. The cause was this. The country had been very badly governed for a long while, and the kings and nobles had oppressed the poor people in the most cruel manner. At last they could bear it no longer, and so they beheaded their king, as the English had done before. This king, however, who was Louis XVI., was not a bad man; but the people were furious, and they wanted to have a commonwealth also, or a Republic as it was called.

After the people had cut off the king's head, they served a great many of the nobles in the same way. But even this did not content them. They grew more fierce and cruel, the more blood they shed; and they began to kill every one whom they thought at all favorable to the former mode of government. By degrees, a more brutal and oppressive tyranny was established than had ever been exercised before, even by the worst of tyrants. The foremost actors in these wicked scenes, were three bad and blood-thirsty men, whose names were Robespierre, Danton, and Marat; and all of whom were killed in their turn.

Among the victims of this dreadful time was Madame Roland. Her name before she was married to Monsieur Roland, was Manon Jeanne Phlipon. She was born at Paris in the year 1754, and was the daughter of an engraver and jeweller. Her mother, who was a most excellent woman, brought her up in the most admirable manner; and such was the good behaviour of Madame Roland as a child, that Madame Phlipon would often say that Manon was the only one of her children that had never caused her a moment's sorrow or regret. She was very clever too, and neat and elegant in her

appearance; and these qualities, although nothing without virtue, being united to a good disposition in Manon, gave her parents increased pleasure.

Her eagerness to learn was so great, that nothing came amiss to her. She learned Latin; and masters for geography, writing, music, and drawing, were also provided for her. Riding also was one of her accomplishments. Amidst all this she still found time for her other lessons, and for reading. She would rise at five o'clock, when everybody else in the house was asleep, and creep softly into her mother's room, in a corner of which stood a table with her books. Here she would sit, and either read or repeat and copy her lessons, with the greatest industry. This diligence, and her rapid progress, made her a great favorite with her masters, and they felt a double pleasure in teaching her.

When she was about sixteen years of age she lost her mother. This was a great grief to her. It threw her into a serious fit of illness, and for some time her life was despaired of. Youth, and a good constitution, however, enabled her to recover. To add to her misfortune, her father became dissipated in his habits, and squandered a great deal of his own, and his daughter's property. But she contrived to save a portion of it; and with this she retired into a convent. Here she remained in retirement till her marriage with Monsieur Roland.

Monsieur Roland was an honest and upright man; he was also a clever man, and devotedly attached to his wife. At the beginning of the Revolution, before the people became so violent, the King chose him for one of his Ministers of State; but in the changes of those unsettled times his situation, in a few months, was given to some one else. Soon after this, the poor king's head was struck off. The moderate party, to which Monsieur Roland belonged, had done what they could to prevent it, but it was of no use. The republican party had appointed him minister again; but he was a great deal too mild and honest for the cruel people then in power, and many threats were uttered, and plots formed, to take away his life.

Monsieur and Madame Roland were, accordingly, in a good deal of fear, and their friends persuaded them to leave their home every night, lest they should be surprised during sleep. Two or three times they did this, but they soon got tired of removing every day, so they resolved to brave all risks and stop at home. Madame Roland always remained with her husband, that she might share his danger; and she kept a pistol under her pillow, to save herself from the attacks of assassins. In this situation they passed three weeks, during which their residence was twice beset.

At length, about half-past five o'clock one evening, six armed men appeared at their house, and one of them read an order from some of the Revolutionists to arrest Monsieur Roland. The warrant, however, was an illegal one, and he refused to obey it. So the man went away to get further orders, leaving the others as a guard.

Madame Roland, with the courage of an ancient Roman heroine, thought it would be best to denounce this unlawful attempt upon her husband, in the most public manner. So she went directly to the Convention, which was an assembly of men something like a House of Commons, that at this time governed France. She jumped into a hackney coach, and ordered it to drive as fast as possible to the Carousel, the place where they were sitting. Having arrived at the doors of the outer halls, she found them all closed, and sentinels placed at the entrance, who allowed no one to pass, and who sent her by turns from door to door.

At length she gained admittance, and asked for one of the members whom she knew, named Vergniaux. After some time he came, and spoke to her for seven or eight minutes. He then went back again to the hall, but in a little while returned.

"In the present state of the Assembly," said he, "I dare not flatter you: you have no great room to hope. You may obtain, if you get admission to the bar, a little more favor as a woman; but the Convention is no longer able to do any good."

"It is able to do any thing it pleases," replied Madame Roland, quickly. "The majority of the people only want to know how they ought to act. If I am admitted to the Assembly, I will venture to say what you cannot utter without danger to yourself. As to me, I fear nothing; and if I cannot save my husband, I will speak some home truths, which maybe of some use to the people."

"But you cannot be heard for some hours," continued Vergniaux; "think what a tedious time you will have to wait."

"I will go home, then," rejoined Madame Roland, "and see what is passing there, but I will return immediately. Tell our friends of my intention."

With these words, the courageous wife quitted the member of Convention, and springing into a coach, ordered it to drive home. But, the horses going too slowly to keep pace with her feelings, she jumped out of the coach and hurried home on

foot. Having reached her house, the porter whispered to her that her husband was at the landlord's, at the bottom of the court. She hastened to the spot in a moment, and found her husband at liberty, for the men who were guarding him had withdrawn themselves, after demanding in writing his protest against being arrested. She was delighted to see him, and she informed him of the measures she had taken to provide for his safety. She then hastened back to the Convention.

From the solitude of the streets, she perceived it was late. Still she proceeded; but on approaching the Carousel, she found the sitting was at an end. So she went thence to call upon a friend named Pasquier, and arrange with him some means of saving her husband. He had retired to bed; he rose, however, and Madame Roland submitted her plan to him. He listened attentively to what she said, and it was agreed that they should meet again the next day. She once more stepped into her coach, and was proceeding home, when she was stopped by the sentinel, who stood at his post.

"Have a little patience," said the coachman in a whisper, turning round upon his seat, "it is the custom at this time of night."

The sentry advanced and opened the door.

"Who have we here?" said he.

"A woman," was the reply.

"Whence come you?" he rejoined.

"From the Convention," answered Madame Roland again.

"It is very true," added the coachman, as if he was afraid the sentry might not believe her.

"Whither are you going?" again demanded the sentinel.

"Home."

"Have you any bundles?"

"None, as you may see."

"But the Assembly is broken up."

"Yes; to my sorrow, for I had a petition to present."

The sentinel still seemed dissatisfied, and continued to question her.

"A woman at this hour! It is very strange, very imprudent."

"It certainly is not a very common occurrence, nor is it, with me, a matter of choice: I must have had strong reasons for it."

"But, Madame, alone?"

"How, Sir, alone? do you not see that I have Innocence and Truth for my companions?" replied the high-spirited lady.

"Well, I must be content with your reasons."

"You are quite right," once more answered Madame Roland in a gentler tone, "for they are good ones;" and the dialogue concluded.

Having at length reached her home, she had ascended eight or ten steps, when she was suddenly addressed by a man who was close behind her, and who had slipped in, unperceived by the porter. He begged her to conduct him to Monsieur Roland.

"To his apartment with pleasure," she replied, "if you have anything favorable to say; but to *him* it is impossible."

"I came to let him know," said the man, "that they have absolutely determined on confining him this very evening."

"They must be wise if they accomplish their purpose," replied his heroic wife.

"I am happy to hear it," added the stranger, "for it is an honest citizen to whom you are speaking."

"Well and good," said Madame Roland in reply once more, and she proceeded up stairs, hardly knowing what opinion to form.

You may perhaps wonder why Madame Roland returned to the house when there was so much danger, and why she did not also try to escape as her husband had gone. The reason was this; Madame Roland, as you have already partly seen, was a noble-minded and courageous woman; her disposition also was so open and generous, that she could not bear the idea of hiding herself anywhere, even from injustice; and I dare say she could hardly believe her husband's enemies would be so wicked and cruel as to take her life away, if she was quite innocent of all wrong; we shall see.

Having, on her return home, quieted the fears of her family, she took up a pen for the purpose of writing a note to her husband. Scarcely had she seated herself at her desk, when she was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door; it was about midnight, a number of people appeared, and inquired for Monsieur Roland.

"He is not at home," said his wife.

"But where can he be?" said a person having the appearance of an officer, "when will he return, you are acquainted with his habits and can doubtless tell about what time he will be back?"

"I know not whether you have any authority to ask such questions; but this I know, nothing can compel me to answer them: as my husband left the house while I was at the Convention, he had it not in his power to make me his *confidante*; this is all I have to say."

The party then withdrew, much dissatisfied, leaving a sentry at the door of Madame Roland's apartment, and a guard at that of the house. Overcome with fatigue, and determined to brave the worst, she ordered supper; she then finished her letter, and having entrusted it to the care of a faithful servant she retired to rest. She slept soundly for about an hour, when she was awakened by a servant and told that some gentlemen requested her to step into an adjoining room.

"I understand what it means," replied she calmly; "go, child, I will not make them wait."

Having sprung from the bed, she was dressing when her maid came in and expressed surprise that she should be at the pains of putting on more than a morning robe.

"When people are going abroad," she replied, "they should at least be decent."

The poor woman, looking in the face of her mistress, seemed to guess her meaning; and burst into tears. Madame Roland being ready, walked into the next apartment.

"We come," said one of the party to her directly, "to take you into custody, and to put seals upon your property."

A warrant was then produced from the Revolutionary Committee, ordering the arrest of both Monsieur and Madame Roland; but it did not say what they were to be arrested for; it was consequently not lawful. Madame Roland therefore replied that she had a right, like her husband, to resist their order for taking her; but thinking the brutal people might treat her with violence and indignity, she calmly submitted to her fate.

She then sat down, and while the officers were sealing up her property, she wrote a letter to a friend, telling of her situation, and recommending her daughter to his care; she was folding up the letter, when the officer informed her he must see what she had written, and know to whom the letter was addressed.

"I have no objection to read it to you," she said, "if that will satisfy you."

"No," replied the officer, "it will be better to let us know to whom you are writing."

"I shall do no such thing," Madame Roland rejoined, "the title of my friend is too dangerous a one at present, to induce me to name the person on whom I bestow it."

With these words she tore the letter in pieces. As she turned from them, the officers gathered up the fragments in order to seal them up, and afterwards discover, if possible, to whom they had been written. But the letter had no address, and she smiled at their useless caution. At seven in the morning, she left her daughter and her domestics, after exhorting them to

calmness and patience.

"You have people here who love you," said one of the party with her, observing the tears of her family.

"I never had any about me who did not," replied Madame Roland, as she walked down the stairs.

From the bottom of the stairs to the coach, which was drawn up on the opposite side of the street, stood two ranks of armed citizens. She proceeded gravely, and with measured steps, while her eyes were fixed on those deluded men, who seemed not to know that the tyranny of those who now oppressed the country was worse than that of any of their kings. The armed force followed the coach in two files, or ranks, while a mob of people, attracted by the sight, stopped to gaze as it passed.

"Away with her to the guillotine!" exclaimed several ferocious women; for the women at this dreadful time were as bad and cruel as the men. The guillotine is the instrument of death by which criminals are executed in France. By it the victim's head is chopped off, and a dreadful thing it is.

"Shall we draw down the blinds?" said one of the men civilly to Madame Roland, upon hearing the fierce cry of these women.

"No, gentlemen," she replied, "innocence, however oppressed, should never put on the guise of criminality. I fear not the eye of any one, nor will I conceal myself from any person's view."

"You have more strength of mind than many men," again remarked the officer. "You wait patiently for justice."

"Justice!" she rejoined. "Were justice done, I should not now be in your hands. But even if I should be sent to the scaffold, I shall walk to it with the same tranquillity and firmness as I now go to prison. I never feared any thing but guilt: injustice and death I despise."

At length she reached her prison, where she was obliged to put up with the most wretched accommodation. But her fortitude did not desert her. Indeed, she says herself, she would not have exchanged the moments that followed, for those which might have been thought by others, the happiest of her life. Her situation made her deeply sensible of the value of integrity, virtue, and an approving conscience. These were the reflections that engaged her mind. She thought indeed more of other people's miseries than her own; and although she could have had better food if she had chosen, she actually contented herself with bread and water that she might relieve her wretched fellow-prisoners.

While in prison, Madame Roland had written a letter to the Convention, complaining of the ill-treatment she had met with, and demanding justice. Her cruel enemies seemed to think she was in the right, and ordered her to be set at liberty; but, as you will see presently, it was only a cruel mockery. Upon being set free, she immediately drove home to leave a few things there, and then went to the house of the kind friends who had taken care of her daughter. She jumped lightly from the coach, and then flew, as on wings, under the gateway.

"Good morrow, Lamarre," said she to the porter cheerfully, as she passed.

But she had scarcely proceeded up four or five stairs, when she heard herself called by two men, who had kept close behind her.

"What do you want?" said she, turning round and addressing them.

"We arrest you in the name of the law."

Her feelings, at this moment, it is impossible to describe. You must imagine them. You may think how bitter a shock it must have been to find herself a prisoner again just as she was congratulating herself upon her recovered liberty. Still she behaved with her accustomed fortitude. She desired the order for her arrest to be read to her; and taking an immediate resolution, stepped down stairs, and walked hastily across the yard.

"Whither are you going?" said one of the men.

"To my landlord's, where I have business; follow me thither," she replied.

The mistress of the house opened the door with a smile of pleasure and of welcome.

"Let me sit down and breathe," exclaimed Madame Roland; "but do not rejoice at my being set at liberty; it is only a cruel artifice. I am no sooner released from one prison than I am ordered to another. However, I am determined to put myself under the protection of the section to which I belong, and I will beg you to send thither for me."

Paris was at this time divided into sections, or parts, and the part to which Madame Roland belonged, had lately objected strongly to the cruel and unjust acts of the Government. She thought, therefore, her section might assist her. The landlord's son, with all the honest and generous feeling of youth, accordingly offered to go. For no other crime than this, the poor young man was afterwards dragged to the scaffold and murdered, and his father died of grief. Such were the savage deeds of the Revolutionary Government.

Madame Roland's attempt to procure protection was of no avail. The people of her section had not power enough to save her, and she once more resigned herself to her fate. The prison she was conveyed to was even worse than the other; but she did not allow her courage to sink. She divided her days with as much order as she could in a dungeon, and employed her time in various Ways. Reading and drawing were her principal amusements.

At length her enemies began to long for her death. She was accordingly brought before the Revolutionary tribunal, and, after the mockery of a trial, sentenced to be guillotined. On the day of her condemnation, she was neatly dressed in white, her long black hair flowing loosely to her waist. She would have melted the most savage nature; but her cruel enemies seemed to have no hearts. After sentence had been passed upon her, she walked away with a light, cheerful step, and made a sign for her friends to signify that she was condemned to die.

Upon preparing for execution, this noble-minded woman behaved still with the greatest calmness and fortitude. She suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be bound without a murmur or a complaint. There was a man named Lamarche also left for execution, and who was to die with her. She saw that he was dejected, and tried to cheer him by her own example. She even insisted upon being the first to suffer, that she might show him how easy it was to die; and finally met her fate with the most heroic firmness.

Such was the end of the celebrated Madame Roland. Her husband, when he heard of her death, was overwhelmed with grief and despair; and he resolved not to survive her. Accordingly, he retired from the friend's house, at which he lay concealed, and put an end to his existence with a sword he had provided for the purpose. He plunged it into his breast, and was found the next day sitting and leaning against a tree, quite dead, but as calm and composed as if in slumber. Their daughter, whom I have mentioned, afterwards became the wife of a gentleman named Champagneux, one of the most faithful friends of her parents.

THE GENEROUS BROTHER.

My dear young readers, there is no lesson more important for you to learn and practise, than the necessity of forgiving injuries, and returning good for evil. Without doing so, you must not expect to be looked upon as a Christian, for the practice of this virtue is one of the chief foundations of the Christian character. Our blessed Saviour has made particular reference to it in that beautiful prayer, known by the name of the Lord's Prayer. This prayer you are in the constant habit of offering up to your Maker, night and morning;—at least I should be very sorry to think you are not so. In it you say, "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." So you see that you actually pray to God to forgive you your own sins and offences only, if you have already forgiven every one who may at any time have injured you. Now this is a very awful thing to think of, and it is quite plain, that whenever you kneel down to say this prayer, you ought to ask yourself whether you have any ill-feelings towards any one. If you have, you should pause and refrain from saying it until, upon reflection, you have dismissed such feelings from your heart; otherwise, you will only be uttering your own condemnation.

It must often happen, I know, in the course of your daily doings, that little quarrels and disagreements will take place between you and some of your young companions. And very often you may be altogether in the right; some one may hurt you and annoy you, without any cause whatever; but this is no reason why you should be sullen and obstinate, and refuse to forgive whoever it may be. Sometimes, if you look fairly into your own conduct, the fault will be with yourself; and you would think it very bad in others, who from some ill-tempered word or act of yours, that you might afterwards be sorry for, should begin to hate you, and do all they could to show it.

I fear that this resentment is sometimes thought to show spirit, but this is a very sad mistake, and a very sinful one too. As you grow older you will find that nothing is thought so really high-spirited, and so noble-minded as to forgive injuries. Such a disposition is universally beloved and admired, even by those who have not virtue enough to practise it; and the example of it has often been known to convert the wicked, where punishment and all other means would have failed. I will now tell you a little story I once heard, which is quite true, to prove what I say.

George and Frederick Stanley were the sons of a gentleman of good fortune, in the North of England. Mr. Stanley had formerly been engaged in trade; but by strict attention and integrity he had amassed sufficient wealth to retire from its cares. He therefore bought a pretty little estate, and withdrew to it to spend the rest of his days in peace, and to superintend the education of his two sons. He had married rather late in life, and his children were still young when he left business. He had, however, been married twice; but his first wife had died about a year after their union, leaving a little boy to the care of her sorrowful husband. Afterwards, he married again, when he had the second son; the two boys were consequently half-brothers.

George, the elder of the two, was a boy of small stature, and sickly in appearance. His features were also very plain, and having had the misfortune in infancy, to be severely attacked by the small-pox, his face was deeply pitted. Altogether, therefore, his person was not such as to prepossess people in his favor, at first sight. But all these defects were amply compensated by the goodness of his disposition, and the superior excellence of his mind. He was mild, amiable, affectionate, studious and learned. He was also charitable to the poor, bestowing his pocket money on the blind beggar at the door, while Frederick expended all his in toys and sweet meats.

Frederick, the younger brother, was the opposite of George, in every respect. Nature had bestowed upon him every advantage of form and face; and his disposition was very lively, which is too often mistaken in children for sense. But he was vain, proud, idle, ignorant, and obstinate. In spite of these bad qualities, however, he was, while a child, a general favorite, on account of the beauty of his person. Even his father, till he discovered his evil disposition, looked upon him with more affection than upon his brother; although he was too sensible a man to make any difference in his treatment of them. But his mother, who was a vain and foolish woman, lavished all her tenderness upon him, while she regarded poor George, with all the harshness of a step-mother. Whatever the latter did was sure to be wrong with her; and he was loaded with reproaches, and even cruelly upbraided for his personal defects. On the contrary, whatever Frederick did was sure to be right in the eyes of his mother, who could see nothing wrong in her beautiful boy as she called him; and if any difference ever arose between the brothers, she always took the part of the youngest, without inquiring into the cause; no matter how unjust it might be.

This treatment produced the effect, which such treatment always must produce. Frederick became quite a spoiled child. He grew more vain, obstinate, passionate, and capricious, every day; and by degrees began to tyrannize over his elder

brother. He would torment him and annoy him in every way possible, and sometimes go and tell tales of him to his mother, who believed every thing he said. Poor George bore it all with the greatest meekness and patience; but it made him very unhappy. For although his father behaved much more kindly to him, and would often reprove his brother, he felt there was not that warmth in his manner which his heart yearned for; and he often bitterly lamented the want of a mother's love. He often remonstrated calmly with his brother, upon his unkindness towards him; but the only return Frederick ever made, was to laugh at him and ridicule him.

All this time George was making rapid progress in learning, under the tuition of his father. Indeed, his love of study was so great, that nothing came amiss to him; and the delight he found in books was one of his chief sources of consolation, under his trials. Frederick, on the contrary, got on very slowly; and when his brother could read and write well, and was beginning to learn Latin, he could scarcely spell a word of two syllables. There was, however, as I said before, a liveliness of disposition about him, and sometimes a degree of fun and drollery in what he said, that his parents still thought he was clever, and that some day he would start forward in his learning all at once.

At length their father thought it better to send them both to school, that Frederick, removed from his mother's over fondness, and treated like the rest of the boys, might pay more attention to his lessons. This news, when he first heard of it, filled him with great grief. He cried bitterly, and begged and entreated of his father not to send him away; but George's love of learning, and wish to improve himself, added to his uncomfortable situation at home, made the idea of going to school, very agreeable to him. Mrs. Stanley was very loth to part with her darling boy; but although she behaved so ill to poor George, and quite spoilt the other by her foolish partiality, she was not so foolish as not to know that it was for his good that he should be sent to school; so she consented to the arrangement, although not without many tears, and tried to persuade Frederick to submit quietly to his father's decision. He was, however, so obstinate and passionate, and made such an outcry about it, that it was not till his father had threatened to flog him, and even began to put his threat into execution, that he became pacified.

When, at length, the time of their departure arrived, George received a single kiss, and a cold good-bye from his step-mother, and hastened to take his place in the carriage. Frederick then came forward, although very much against his will, and his mother seized him, and clasped him in her arms, almost devouring him with kisses, and shedding torrents of tears. At last she was obliged to take her last look of him, and Mr. Stanley then stepped into the carriage, and the party drove off.

The journey was passed on the part of the younger boy, in tears, and sullen silence; while his brother, with great amiability, tried all he could to cheer him. Mr. Stanley also endeavoured to soothe his sorrow; but in spite of his affection for him, he could not help being struck with the great superiority of George's heart and mind; and every day his attachment towards his elder son was growing stronger and stronger. After a ride of about fourteen miles, they arrived at the school. It was a fine large house, and apparently surrounded by extensive grounds. The name of it was Eskdale Hall. The Rev. Mr. Chambers, the master, who was a very excellent and clever man, attended, and Mr. Stanley and his two sons were ushered into a large and handsome parlor, where they were treated with the greatest politeness. Mr. Chambers, seeing Frederick's spirits so depressed, spoke in a kind and soothing tone to him, and introduced some of his pupils, in the hope of dispelling his gloom; and in a little while the sulky boy was induced to join their amusements.

Mr. Stanley took this opportunity to depart unobserved, for he wished to spare both Frederick and himself the pain of a parting; George, he knew, could bear it better. He first of all, however, made Mr. Chambers acquainted with the different dispositions of his two new pupils, and gave him a few general directions to guide him as to his treatment of them, and then taking an affectionate farewell of George, he set off for home.

Frederick, by his prepossessing appearance, his lively disposition, and fondness of play, soon made his way among his school-fellows. The masters also regarded him with favor at first sight, while poor George seemed still doomed to be neglected; but this did not last long. Frederick, before many days, disgusted several of his young companions by his overbearing, quarrelsome disposition, and his masters by his idleness and ignorance. The evil effects of his mother's indulgence were now very plain, for as he had never been accustomed to learn, he found it the most disagreeable thing possible. He was often confined during play-hours and compelled to be at his tasks, after all the other boys had done their's; and even then he could do very little without his brother's assistance.

George, on the contrary, grew more and more in favour every day, especially with the masters, who were delighted with his quick parts, his desire to learn, and his amiability. With Mr. Chambers he was a particular favorite, who looked upon him as one of the most promising boys in his school, and one who hereafter would confer credit upon it. His behaviour

towards his brother was of the same kind and generous nature as it had always been, although Frederick often taunted him with being a mere book-worm, and jeered him for not joining in the usual sports of the boys; sometimes he even joined with some of the worst of his young companions in calling him a spy and other nicknames, merely because he was so great a favorite with the masters. Still George bore it all with the greatest good-nature, caring for nothing so that he did his duty, and hoping that as his brother grew older he would come to know better.

Month after month passed away quickly enough as it seemed to George, for being always occupied and happy in the good graces of his master, he had no reason to quarrel with the course of time. With Frederick, it was quite different; each week seemed to him wretchedly slow and dreary, as he took note of them, one by one, in his anxious longing for the approach of the holydays. At last, however, the much wished for period did arrive, and while preparing to go home, he determined to do all he could to persuade his parents not to send him back to school again. On the day of breaking up, their father sent the carriage and a servant to bring them home. Upon its driving up to the door, the boys quickly took their seats in it, although with different feelings; and before two hours they once more found themselves under their paternal roof.

Mr. Stanley had from time to time received from Mr. Chambers accounts of the progress of his two sons; in these accounts their conduct had been fairly set forth by their master, who dwelt with great praise upon the numerous excellencies of George, and seemed to regret that he could not speak in the same way of his brother. Mr. Stanley had accordingly been much grieved by the bad behaviour of his younger son, although he was greatly soothed by the pleasure he felt in the good behaviour of George. Upon their return home, however, he received them both in the most affectionate manner, while his wife flew to Frederick, and almost overwhelmed him with kisses and questions.

George, although he longed very much to see his father, had not anticipated much happiness from the holydays. He did not expect to find his step-mother's feelings towards him changed, and he now found that he had farther mortifications to endure from her disregard of him; but the kindness and affection of his father very much delighted him; indeed his good qualities had long been working their effect in his father's heart; and it was apparent from many little things that he was now his favorite.

Nor is there anything wrong in the feeling in such a case; for although it is not right for parents to show any difference of feeling towards their children, on account of personal appearance, it is quite different with regard to their dispositions. It is very right and very necessary to make a distinction between the bad and the good, and to let the virtuous child know that his virtues will render him more beloved than the vicious one.

Mrs. Stanley, however, was very much vexed to see the increasing affection of her husband towards his eldest son, and it made her treat him with still more harshness and severity. When the time came round, therefore, for the boys to go back to school, George was quite glad. Frederick, however, was as sullen and silent as before, for all his tears and entreaties to be permitted to remain at home were in vain; they accordingly returned to Eskdale House.

Things went on in this manner for some few years, when at length, in consequence of a fall from his horse while riding, Mr. Stanley died. Upon opening his will it was discovered that, after making an ample provision for his widow, he had divided the rest of his property equally between his two sons; he also left his dying injunctions to Frederick to live upon more harmonious terms with his brother.

The death of his father was a sad blow to poor George, for it was only from him that he received any return to the affections he felt glowing within his own breast. He had also always stood by him in the quarrels which took place between him and his brother and step-mother, and he felt that his home would be miserable enough now. It is true the treatment he met with was not of the same kind as that which he had received in childhood, for the boys had now grown to be young men; but it was as unjust, and to his warm heart, as bitter. His anticipations were true enough, for being no longer controlled by the presence of Mr. Stanley, their bad conduct knew no check. For some time he bore it with his usual patience, till, indeed, he could bear it no longer, and was compelled to leave his home. Accordingly, each took their respective shares of their father's property, and the brothers separated.

Mrs. Stanley soon began to suffer the penalty of her foolish fondness for one brother and her bad conduct towards the other. The fortune that fell to Frederick's share was sufficient, with prudence, to have maintained him comfortably through life; but he was a spoilt child from his birth, and he had no sooner got so much money into his power, than he plunged into every kind of excess. He drank to intoxication, attended horse-races and the gaming-table, and indulged in many other vices, so that in a few years he found himself nearly destitute. This conduct occasioned his mother a great

deal of trouble; but what grieved her most was, that with his losses his disposition seemed to grow worse, and he now began to treat even her with harshness and passion.

This was, perhaps, no more than she deserved; but she felt it very hard that her punishment should come from Frederick, as all her misconduct had grown out of her over-fondness for him. He would often come home after remaining away for some days, and demand money of her. She, to pacify him, was obliged to give it him. This she had done so often as seriously to injure her own property; but the reckless Frederick consoled her and himself with the expectation of a large increase of fortune upon the death of a rich uncle. This uncle was his godfather, and he expected to inherit a great portion of his property, and as he was far advanced in years, and in a bad state of health, he thought he could not have to wait long.

All this time George had been conducting himself in the same sensible and amiable manner as he had always done. He had removed to no great distance from his home, in case anything should happen to require his presence, for he still retained an attachment for his cruel relatives, in spite of all their ill-treatment. Every one in the neighborhood loved and admired him for his general good character and his benevolence. Even Mrs. Stanley, as she thought of Frederick's unkindness, began to repent of having treated her step-son so unworthily. George was also a great favorite with the rich uncle before mentioned, who liked him the best on account of his good qualities, notwithstanding his brother was his god-son.

At last the old gentleman died, and Frederick, as soon as he heard of it, hastened to the house to learn the disposition of his property. He found George there, who had attended his uncle in his last moments, and who received his brother with his usual kindness. He, however, was thinking of nothing but the riches which he hoped to find left him, and he demanded of his brother to be made acquainted with his uncle's will. George told him he could not do so at present, but that he should see the will in a few days.

The truth is, that the good old man had been so much offended by the vicious career of his younger nephew, that he had left him nothing; to George he had bequeathed the great bulk of his wealth, as a tribute of his admiration and respect for his virtues; this the generous young man knew, and he was anxious to put his brother off till he could arrange a plan for transferring a portion of the property to him. His excuses, however, only irritated Frederick and made him insist more eagerly upon knowing the contents of his uncle's will; such was his passion that he even accused his brother of dishonesty, and taunted him with wishing to rob him of a portion of his share. George was accordingly obliged to give way to him, and it was agreed that the will should be read at the lawyer's on the following day.

When the appointed time arrived, Frederick, full of impatience, with his mother and George repaired to the lawyer's; the will was then brought out and read in the presence of all of them. It had evidently been made a good many years; after various bequests of small amount to different friends and dependents; the first part of the will went on to divide his property between his two nephews; this was done pretty equally, with the exception of a particular bequest to Frederick, on account of his being the testator's god-son. Frederick seemed full of glee; but this was not all; the lawyer went on to read a codicil which had afterwards been added, and what was the astonishment and mortification of the younger brother when he heard the following words:

"My nephew Frederick having by his misconduct rendered himself utterly unworthy of me and of the benefits I had intended to confer upon him, I hereby formally disinherit him; virtue, on the contrary, deserves every reward, and I hereby constitute my dear nephew George sole heir of the property above, bequeathed to his unworthy brother Frederick, in addition to what I have previously left him."

This was a dreadful blow to Frederick, who now saw nothing but ruin and the gaol before him; for besides having spent all his own money he was considerably in debt. He turned deadly pale, and despair seemed imprinted on every feature of his face; he sat quite silent, for he seemed too much overcome to be passionate; in a few minutes he rose from his seat as if to depart, and it seemed as though he was now for the first time made sensible of the folly and guilt of his past conduct; for he murmured in a low tone, "I have deserved it—I have deserved it."

The noble-hearted George was cut to the heart at beholding his brother's emotion; at the same time he could not help feeling pleased at what he said, since it seemed to bespeak a repentant spirit. He hastened up to him and endeavored to soothe him.

"Dear brother," said he, "do not be so depressed; I have already told you that you shall have your full share of our

uncle's property. If he could see you now, I am sure he would allow his first will to stand; you appear to feel you have done wrong. Oh, Frederick! there is no shame in owning it—there is no want of spirit in repentance. Your misfortunes have chiefly sprung from our disagreements; be yourself, then; you have allowed the better qualities of your disposition to be obscured, for I am sure you possess them. Let us, Frederick, be brothers in spirit as we are by nature; let us live united, and happiness must be ours."

Frederick could bear it no longer; thoroughly penetrated with a sense of his brother's nobility of character, he burst into a flood of tears, and threw himself into his arms; he could say nothing, but he sobbed as though his spirit would pass away. And in part it was so; for all that was evil in his spirit did pass away. From that moment he was a changed and reformed man; he took his brother for an example in everything, looking up to him as to something superior, and ever afterwards the most perfect union and cordiality existed between them.

Mrs. Stanley also was equally struck with the virtue and generosity of her step-son. Her ill-treatment of him had arisen, not so much from real cruelty of disposition, as from her jealousy and over-fondness for her own son. She had also been led by the latter to think a great deal of George's goodness being only sly pretence to secure his father's principal regards; but now like Frederick she became convinced of his truly noble disposition. She therefore ran to him and embraced him fondly; and during the rest of her life she endeavored, by the greatest kindness, to drive from George's memory, all recollection of the harshness with which she had treated him in childhood and in youth.

SELF-CONQUEST.

In the opposite picture you behold the opposite effects of virtue and vice. The artist has exhibited the slave of sin, chained to a rock, unsheltered from the storm, but seemingly defying his fate with an air of passion and sullenness. The virtuous and religious person, on the other hand, is raised to heaven by the hands of angels. Her countenance is full of hope and rapturous joy, and her eyes are raised in thankfulness towards heaven, the dwelling of her Redeemer.

The contrast thus presented is no exaggeration—no fiction—but a true representation of the consequences which result from the opposite courses pursued by those who cultivate, and those who neglect to cultivate the better part of their being—the immortal soul. In the preceding parts of this volume we have endeavored to mingle serious instruction with entertainment. We have endeavored to enforce various precepts of virtue. There are many more things of the same kind conducive to your moral training which should claim your attention while young. One of the chief of these is, the manner in which you should conduct yourselves towards those with whom you associate; and as I am desirous of compressing within this little volume as much as possible of useful and interesting information to suit different dispositions, I will devote a few pages to the subject, leaving it to your own good sense to read what I say, and if you feel it to be right, to practise it.

Indeed in everything you read you should have a better object in view than merely being able to say that you know such and such a thing, and to pass for a clever person. You should seek to improve your own character by comparing it with that of those whom you read about; for we all have some evil qualities to repress, and some good ones to cultivate. By doing this you will gain the esteem and affection of every one who is acquainted with you, and this, after all, is the main object with a great majority of us. We all wish to be loved by those we mingle with, although passion and ill-temper often prevent our taking the right method to obtain our wish.

Next to these virtues, without which no character can be called good, there are no qualities which gain us so much the affections of our fellow creatures as an amiable deportment and an even temper. Even the most admirable virtues unaccompanied by these qualities fail of effect, for they are obscured by rude or ill-mannered behaviour.

Politeness, therefore, should always be observed in your conduct towards others, both in your own families and with strangers. Nothing is so strong a recommendation on a slight acquaintance, nor does it lose its value by time or intimacy, for it would prevent many breaches of friendship if always acted upon. Politeness it is true cannot be taught by rules. It springs from the union of good sense and kind feeling; but she who is desirous to please, will take care to cultivate good dispositions.

To be perfectly polite, one must have presence of mind, and be able to understand what is most proper to do or say upon all occasions. This of course you can only arrive at by degrees, through observation and a wish to improve; and you should not be disheartened because you do not all at once attain to it. If you have good sense and a kind heart, you are sure to succeed, for the principles of politeness are always the same. Wherever there are human beings, it must be rude and wrong to hurt the temper or wound the feelings of those you are mixed up with.

At your age, too, people are generally ready to make allowance for any want of good manners, if they see that it does not spring from bad feeling, and that you are willing and obliging. Sensible persons will not condemn you for want of knowledge, because that may be remedied as you grow older and learn more; but ill-temper and passion will always make you enemies. The indulgence of such a disposition makes you also your own worst enemy, for it is impossible for a bad-tempered person to be happy. In such a state of mind you are even a greater burthen to yourself than to others. A fit of ill-humour will spoil the finest entertainment, and is as real a torment as a painful disease.

You must not suppose either, in indulging such a fit, that as soon as the thing is over it passes away. No; each succeeding fit leaves its traces upon the mind, until at last the disposition becomes one of confirmed ill-temper, and whatever the other merits of the person may be, she is universally disliked.

The good-natured person, on the contrary, is almost sure to find a friend in every one. Whatever faults she may have, they will be treated with more kindness than in another: she will find an advocate in every heart; her errors will be lamented rather than hated, and her virtues will be viewed in the most favorable light. Good-humour, even if you possess no great talents and accomplishments, will make your company more liked than that of the most clever people, who have not the same amiable quality. Indeed, it is almost impossible that you can gain the love and esteem of any one without this

engaging property, whatever other excellencies you may possess; but with it you will scarcely fail of finding some friends and favorers, even though you should want almost every other advantage.

Perhaps some may say, "all this is very true, but our tempers are not in our own power; we are made with different dispositions, and if mine is not amiable it is rather my misfortune than my fault." This is very often said by those who will not take the trouble to correct themselves. But all who say so, deceive themselves very much, and the excuse will be of no good to them when summoned before Him who searcheth and knoweth all hearts. It is true we are not all equally happy in our disposition; but as I told you before, every one has some evil qualities to keep under, and some good ones to bring forward, and it is in doing this that virtue consists.

It is also quite plain, from experience, that the most ill-tempered people can command themselves when they have a motive strong enough to make them do so. For instance, if you are in the presence of any one you are particularly desirous to please, whatever your temper may be, you will, I dare say, take care not to show it, so as to make yourself disagreeable. It is, therefore, no excuse to persons whom you have injured by unkind words or vulgar speeches, to tell them you were in a passion; because allowing yourself to treat them with passion is a proof of your want of respect towards them; and this, even the humblest have a right to resent.

If your temper is unfortunately of so violent a nature, the best way is, when you feel it rising, to leave the room. Resist the inclination you may feel to say something ill-natured and wounding to the feelings of the person who may have offended you, because you may be sure that it is unjust. And it will be unjust for this reason; that your mind will not be in a fit state to reason calmly, or to hear reason from others. Retire, then, I say, altogether, until you grow cool. By thus accustoming yourself to conquer and control your anger, you will find by degrees how easy it is to keep it within proper bounds. Such a sphere of conquest is open to all; to girls and women as well as to boys and men; and it is a nobler one than any in which heroes and warriors shine conspicuous.

But more than this, to restrain our passion and ill-temper is a positive Christian duty. Young people do not seem to be sufficiently aware of this, or of the great sin they are guilty of in not practising it. But hear what our blessed Saviour says upon the subject. In the Sermon on the Mount you will find these words: "I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause (which means without sufficient cause) shall be in danger of the judgment; and whomsoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire."

Now you know that when the Bible mentions the word brother, as it is here put, it has the same sense as neighbor, and means that all mankind are brothers. You see, therefore, what a terrible sentence is pronounced against those who put themselves into a passion with their companions without just cause, and call them names.

Lay these things, then, well to heart: and to show you that such faults may easily be corrected, and are therefore without excuse, I will tell you a little tale. It is an anecdote of a very sensible lady, who received a well-deserved rebuke for her ill-temper in good part, and did not fail to profit by it.

This lady, along with a gentleman and some other ladies, went one day to visit the British Museum. You have all heard of the British Museum, I suppose; and some of you, I dare say, have been there. It is a very large building in London, where there are a great many curiosities, and other things, to be seen. The well-known Dr. Ayscough was one of the gentlemen whose duty it was to attend upon the visitors to this place, and show them about the rooms; and he happened to accompany this lady and her party for the purpose of explaining to them what they saw. Every one of the party but herself seemed disposed to be highly delighted with all they beheld; but she was continually teasing them to come away, and making light of what appeared to please them.

"Oh, trumpery!" every now and then she said; "come along. Lor' I see nothing worth looking at!"

These and such like exclamations she kept continually addressing to her friends, urging them to make haste. It so happened that this lady was the handsomest of the party; and Dr. Ayscough, although an old bachelor, being a great admirer of beauty, had at first selected her to pay the most attention to. Seeing her so disagreeable, however, he soon transferred his attention to one of her companions, who, though less handsome, was much more amiable. At last he was so annoyed with her continuing to speak so contemptuously of every thing she came to, that he turned towards her and said:

"My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that pretty face of yours from killing half the beaux in

London."

He then directed his conversation again to the other members of the party, explaining to them the different objects that they saw.

So much influence, however, did this lady seem to possess over her friends that they hastened from one thing to another quicker than they otherwise would have done. At length they reached the last room, and having seen all they wished, Dr. Ayscough prepared to bid them adieu. Just before he made his parting bow, however, he turned to the lady who had made herself so disagreeable, and with an easy politeness of manner thus smilingly addressed her:

"Why, what a cross little puss you are; nothing seems to please you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think with these airs that that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor, for I see so many charming, good tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with their company. But I can't fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you, I shall pity the man that does, for I am sure that you'll plague him out of his life."

During this singular farewell address, the gentleman who was of the party looked first at the speaker and then at the lady, but it was delivered in such a pleasant manner that no one could take offence at it. The lady, however, you may be sure, did not altogether like it, and her fine dark eyes flashed rather fiercely at the good doctor as he spoke; but nothing was said, and the whole party then went away.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards the Doctor conducted a similar party upon the round again. He was particularly pleased with one lady of the party, and as she was the prettiest, he devoted himself, according to his usual custom, to her. She displayed the most anxious desire to be made acquainted with every thing she saw, and in the most amiable manner begged the Doctor to explain to her what she did not understand. She also drew the attention of her friends to many objects they would otherwise have passed by, and seemed anxious that they should be as much gratified as herself.

In short, this lady was disposed to be pleased, and therefore every thing did please her. Dr. Ayscough was equally delighted; and while he admired the beauty of her form, he was still more struck with the charms of her mind. At length, having shown them all that was to be seen, he was about to make his best bow, when his pretty and amiable companion, with an arch smile, asked him if he remembered her?

"No, madam," said he; "but I shall not easily forget you."

Then linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was one of the party, she asked, in the same engaging manner, whether he remembered him?

"Yes, I think I do," replied the Doctor; "but the gentleman looks better now than he did before."

"Now, sir," continued the lady, "don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing, and displeased with every thing, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill temper?"

"Yes, Madam, I do."

"Well, Sir, I am that lady; or I should rather say I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was, and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest, half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself, and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoilt temper. After we had left you I said to myself: 'If I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, Sir, if I expected ever to get a husband; I then had one, this gentleman, who was present at your just reproof; and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and successfully.'"

The husband then expressed his thanks to Dr. Ayscough in the most cordial manner for having added so much to the happiness of both himself and his wife. He then left his address with the good Doctor, and telling him that they should be most happy to see him at their house, they shook him by the hand and departed.

Now here, my dear young readers, was surely a noble triumph over ill-temper; and as the wise King Solomon says:

"greater" does this sensible and candid woman seem, "in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city."

THE FAVORITE DOG.

My little boy, I am very glad to see you making a pet of your dog. He tosses the biscuit from his nose, and catches it at the word of command, quite cleverly. Pray what are you sprinkling water on his nose for? Probably it is to try his patience. Well, you may take much greater liberties with the dog than with the cat, who would instantly resent such a proceeding as that.

The dog is the most reasonable, the most knowing, and the most noble animal that God has made; and all his services are given to man. In many things he is superior to man. Where shall we find a man always grateful, never ungrateful; always affectionate, never selfish; without gain; devoted till death; without ambition; rendering every service; in short, forgetful of injuries, and only mindful of benefits received? Seek him not, it will be a useless task; but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment that he adopts you for his master, you will find in him all these qualities.

If we trace the early history of the dog, it will, I fear, not be much to his advantage. The word Cynic, among the Greeks, is taken from the name of a dog; and the Romans were not more complimentary. And to come at once to our own time, we have the French *canaille* and *cagnard*, both derived from the Latin *canis* (a dog); the first signifying the lowest of the population, and the second an idle and slothful man, who only cumpers the earth. St. Chrysostom also speaks of the dog as fawning upon you, when you approach him, and biting your heels when your back is turned. But, with all due reverence to this saint, I think he has libelled the dog.

The dog was unclean to the Jews, because he was not cloven-footed; but the heathens made a religion of that which was impiety to Israel. The Romans sacrificed him to their gods; and whipped him annually for a criminal, and then impaled him, because his ancestors had slept on the night on which the Gauls attempted to seize the capitol.

The sacrifice of the dog, if legends are to be trusted, led to his being eaten. Porphyry states, that a part of his carcase having fallen from the altar, the priest picked it up; and burning his fingers with the smoking flesh, put them suddenly to his mouth. The taste was so savoury, that, the ceremony ended, he ate his fill of the dog, and he took the rest to his wife. However this may be, the dog found his way into the larder. Hippocrates says, he was eaten by the Greeks; and the Romans considered him so great a delicacy, that a puppy was prominent at some of their most sumptuous feasts. In China, it is well known that he is fattened upon vegetables, like an ox or a pig, and publicly sold in the butchers' shops. The sale of dogs' flesh for human food is carried on secretly in Paris, although forbidden by the government, who extend a formal sanction to the traffic in horse-flesh.

In England there is a tax upon dogs, which keeps them down; but in some other countries, nearly all the dogs that are born are suffered to grow up; and, running about the streets mangy and half-starved, they are a great nuisance. In France the chiffonniers are commissioned to knock the wanderers on the head. A few years ago, the government of Bombay was obliged to send out a cargo of dogs to be destroyed out at sea, in order to rid the city of their numbers, without giving offence to the Parsees, a religious sect, who regard them with reverence. But, in some eastern cities, a man armed with a heavy bludgeon drags a dead dog about the street, which bringing to him all the curs of the neighborhood, he mows them down, right and left, without pity.

The physicians of former days employed the dog in a most revolting manner, to the cure of disease. He was opened alive, and applied warm to assuage pain. They had sometimes the mercy to cut his throat, and wait the expiration of life, before he was applied as a plaister. He, however, entered largely into the preparations of the pharmacopœia: his bones were pounded for powder, his feet melted for ointments, and his carcase distilled for liquors of extraordinary virtue.

Black dogs were considered in early times to be the agents of magicians, and the earthly form of the Evil One himself. Even so late as 1702, the French soldiers who defended Landaic against the arms of the Imperialists, were firmly persuaded that the dog of their general was a familiar spirit, the real author of all their victories. It is said, also, that the dogs refused the bread that was thrown them by the assassins of Thomas à Becket.

The dog was at a very early period trained for the purposes of war, where, from his vigilance and bravery, he answered all the purposes of an armed sentinel; and this mode of defence is asserted to have continued till the introduction of regular armies. They were long used by the Turks to guard outposts. At the present moment the French videttes, in Algiers, are always preceded by a couple of dogs. Anciently they were conspicuous in the action itself. After Marcus had defeated the Cimbri, his legions had to renew a deadlier battle with the women and the dogs. The Celts deemed their

dogs of such importance in war, that they armed them with collars of pointed iron, and put a plate of steel over their backs. Some dogs accoutred with the latter piece of defensive armor, form the subject of a bronze discovered at Herculaneum. Certain Gauls not only made the dog discharge the duty of a soldier in their wars, but a squadron of 200 formed the body-guard of their king. This appears to have been imitated in Ireland; as Queen Elizabeth sent no less than 600 with the army of Essex. Columbus, also, in St. Domingo, with a force of 200 foot, twenty horse, and fifty dogs, routed a great number of the natives; and the terrible wounds inflicted upon the native savages by the bites of dogs, created such a panic, that henceforth they became generally used in American warfare.

In 1795, a hundred bloodhounds were landed at Jamaica, under English colours, to attack the Maroons. When a trial was made of them, by a sham fire, they rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity, dragging along their keepers, who held them back by ropes, and even running, in their ferocity, to bite their muskets, till they tore pieces from their stocks.

There are some strange stories upon record of dogs. The story told by Pliny of a dog, belonging to Alexander the Great, who conquered, one after the other, a lion and an elephant, is probably a fable; and particularly the addition, that his tail, his legs, and his head were severally cut off, without making him loose his hold. But there are better grounds for believing that a dog engaged the king of beasts, in the reign of Henry VII., who absurdly ordered him to be hanged for his presumption.

The dog is variously employed at St. John's, in Newfoundland. About two thousand of the fine dogs, who take their name from the place, transport heavy goods of wood and provisions; and, in return for their labour, are left, the half of the year in which they are not required, without a single morsel beyond what their own exertions can procure. On the Continent of Europe, also, the dog is slavishly employed in the smuggling trade; and in this arduous service, which is constantly fatal to him, he shows a wonderful sagacity. Loaded with goods, he sets out in the night, scents the custom-house officer, and attacks him, if he can take him at an advantage, and conceals himself, if escape is difficult, behind some bush or tree. On his arrival at his place of destination, he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear; and while he remains, gives warning of the approach of the common enemy.

The memory of the dog can also be attested by a number of stories. The first is told by Plutarch, who made his army defile before a dog, who for three days guarded a murdered corpse, without eating or drinking, and who seized the culprit as he passed along. The most notorious is the story of the dog of Montargis; who dragged his master's friend to the spot where he was buried, flew on the assassin whenever he met him, and finally overcame him in a single combat, which took place by order of Louis VIII.

Benvenuto Cellini gives an account of an incident which happened to himself. A thief one night broke into his shop. The dog contended with the culprit, although he was armed with a sword; and next running into the journeymen's chamber, awoke them by drawing off the bed-clothes. The men not comprehending the cause of his impetuosity, drove him from the room, and locked the door. Nothing daunted, he returned to the charge; and overtaking the thief, who had retreated from the street, he held him by the cloak. The fellow had the wit to cry out "Mad dog," which brought the loiterers to his assistance; and for this time he escaped. After a considerable interval, as Cellini was walking in one of the squares of Rome, his dog flew at a young man, and endeavored to tear him to pieces, in spite of the sticks that belabored him. The dog was got off; but as the man was retiring, he dropped a bundle of papers, from which fell a ring of the artist's. "This is the villain," said Cellini, "which broke into my shop, and my dog knows him again." And he once more let loose the animal; but the thief immediately fell on his knees, and confessed his crime.

One of the most extraordinary facts relating to the dog, is that wonderful instinct which enables him to find his way by a road which he has never yet traversed. Sir Walter Scott took a dog from Edinburgh to Inverness, by sea; and being lost there, he found his way back to Edinburgh in two days. A French writer also gives an account of a person who took a terrier from Rochefort to Paris, in a bag, which returned the next day to his old home.

Dogs are also very affectionate to animals brought up with them. A Newfoundland dog, at loose, has been known to take bones to a dog tied up. Perhaps, on some future occasion, I may tell you more about the dog; but for the present must refrain: in the hope, however, that my young friend will always treat dogs kindly.

CHRISTIANA OF HOLSTEIN.

In the little town of Oranienbaum lived a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Christiana, a native of Holstein. A little cottage was her sole possession, and the supplying of necessaries to a few ship-masters, coming over from Cronstadt to go to Petersburg by land, when the wind was unfavorable for sailing up, constituted her only livelihood.

Several Dutch ship-masters having one evening supped at her house, on their departure she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great. Some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and were perhaps at sea, the wind being fair; and, therefore, there was no hope of the guests returning. The good woman put the bag in her cupboard, to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full seventeen years did she carefully keep this deposit, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by severe want, to employ this treasure to her own use; but her honesty overcame every temptation, and every command of want.

Seventeen years had elapsed, when some ship-masters again stopped at her house, to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman if he had ever before been at Oranienbaum. "Yes, sure I have," returned he; "I know the place but too well; my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles."

"How so?"

"Why, in one or other of these wretched hovels I once got rather tipsy, and left behind me a large bag of rubles, which I never regained."

"Was the bag sealed?" asked old Christiana, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and had been roused to attention by what she had heard.

"Yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal at my watch-chain."

The woman looked at the seal, and knew it directly. "Well, then," said she, "by that I should think you may be able to recover what you lost."

"Recover it, mother! no; I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes to."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in conversation, the old woman had slipped out, and was now waddling in with the bag. "See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagined," said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were overcome with astonishment; and the reader may imagine to himself their several expressions of commendation and gratitude. The Dutchman seized the bag, tore open the seal, took—*one* ruble out! and laid it on the table, with a civil thanksgiving for the trouble his hostess had taken.

If the astonishment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a still greater. They stood looking at one another for a minute, as silent as statues. "By my faith," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table, "that bag, there, my lad, you shall not carry off so. May I never stir, but the old woman shall have a hundred rubles out of it, as a reward for her honesty." His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal.

After a long debate, the Dutchman agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Englishmen insisted on a hundred. This proposal seemed to him so unreasonable, that he declared he would never comply with it.

"Avast, my lads!" cried the captain, who had made the first attack upon the Dutchman's generosity, "I have somewhat to say. The bag does not belong to us, it is true; but a Briton will never stand by and not see justice done; and, in good truth, the woman here has acted nobly. Give me hold of the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles."

No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himself before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table, and handed to the honest old Christiana.

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