

ADVENTURES
OF
THOMAS
TITMOUSE
BY
PETER PARLEY.

William George & Son
A. President from Mrs. Brewster.

Aug. 1856.



MIND YOUR P's AND Q's, POLLY!

See page 30.

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
THOMAS TITMOUSE,
And Other Stories.

BY
PETER PARLEY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERERS BY SEA AND LAND," ETC.



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THE

Life & Adventures of Thomas Titmouse.

CHAPTER I.

GENTLE READER, allow me to introduce to you one of my friends, named *Titmouse*! Let us suppose that he is present here before us. Mr. Titmouse, these are my friends—John and James, and Susan and Lucy! Now you may go, my pretty bird!

Well, as *Titmouse* is gone, we'll have a little talk about him. But remember, boys and girls, I never say anything bad of a neighbour who has just made me a call. Some people, as soon as any one has turned his back, fall to picking him to pieces. How they do make the feathers fly! But this is not my way. I tell you all, Black Eyes and Blue, if you come to see me, I shall say nothing but good of you when you are gone, and for this plain reason—

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I shall feel nothing but pleasure in thinking about you. Other people may do as they please. They may think it witty, and smart, and racy, and spicy, and clever, and everything else, to say sour things of other people. I think just the contrary. Why, what is so easy as to pick flaws and find fault with people who are absent? This is called *backbiting*; and to mean and vulgar minds, it is just as natural as it is for a rattlesnake to bite those who come in his way.

But we'll not trouble ourselves about backbiters and rattlesnakes; for, as I have said, I am going to tell you of my friend, Thomas Titmouse. Now, you must know that Tom had a father and mother; and, as to that matter, most people have fathers and mothers, at one time or another. I remember one fellow,—his name was Bob Berry,—a freckled, curly-headed, blue-eyed chap, who insisted upon it that he never had any father and mother, but that his aunt Biddikin was both to him. By the way, this Bob Berry—or, as we used to call him, Bobberry—was famous for always eating chestnuts, and for always having his pocket full, at the same time. He could run faster, throw a stone farther, fly a kite higher, shoot an arrow farther than any

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other boy at West Lane school, always excepting Bill Keeler. I cannot say much of his book learning; for, to tell the truth, he was no great student. The moment you put a book before him, he became cross-eyed: one eye turned up to the wall, and the other squinted down at the floor. The master, whose name was Peppery, tried to whip Bob Berry's eyes straight; but the more he whipped, the more crooked they grew. One thing was very curious. As soon as the master began to lay on the stick, Bob always began to eat chestnuts; and he went on till it was all over. Master Peppery grew tired at last, and gave it up.

Well, as I said, Bob was very clever in——

Really, I must beg your pardon, gentle reader. I had nearly forgotten my pretty friend Thomas Titmouse, whose portrait is hanging up before me, and whose history I am going to tell you. You will, perhaps, excuse an old man's rambling, especially as this has always been my way. When I was a boy, I often set out to do one thing, and actually did another. I remember that when I was about eight years old, I was directed to take two bags, and go on the old mare, to Burt's mill, four miles off; there get two bushels of rye, have it ground,

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and bring the flour home in one bag, and the bran in the other. That was the way in R—forty years ago.

Well, at Burt's mill, there was a famous fish pond, and so I calculated to fish while the grist was grinding. If you will believe it, I set out with a capital hook and line, and a box of worms for bait; I mounted the mare; I travelled the four miles; I reached the mill; but I had forgotten the bags! What a scarlet fever I had for about two minutes! However, it was too late to go back; but the sun was two hours high, and so I went to fishing; and—

But about this Tom Titmouse! I must go on with his story, particularly as it is a very good story. I am sorry to set such a bad example of waste of time—but we all have our failings. The fact is, that when I was a boy, nobody had watches or clocks, and so we took things easy. We had three great epochs in the day—sunrise, noon, and sunset. The first and the last were easily settled, in fair weather. When it was cloudy, we guessed at it. Noon was determined by a crease cut on the south door-sill. When the shadow got to that, it was twelve o'clock. This was a well-defined

point, for then we had dinner! Dear me, how nice it was—pork, and cabbage, and greens! Alas! we don't have any such now. And the water—clear as crystal, cool and refreshing as nectar. What would I not give for a drink out of the old iron-bound bucket! Never shall I hear such music again as that old thing made against the stones, as it went rattling up and down. But I was talking of the time of day. As I said, nobody had watches. We did not say, it is nine o'clock, or eleven o'clock, etc.; not at all. We went by the sun in those glorious old days. He was our timepiece! We did not regulate the day by a little French machine, no bigger than one of Kelt's crackers. No, indeed! We used to say, "The sun is an hour high;" or, "The sun is two hours high." Those were great times. Everything then was grand. Why, a ten foot pole seemed longer to me then than a magnetic telegraph does now. A raccoon, in the woods, was equal to a grisly bear; and a wild turkey was as tall as a giraffe.

"I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.

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It was a childish ignorance ;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

But really, this Tom Titmouse. What shall I do? I have used up my paper, and must beg you, good reader, to wait till another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

WELL, as I was saying, Thomas Titmouse, or Tom Tit, as he was generally called, —a circumstance by no means against him, surely, for many celebrated personages have had nicknames before his time. Cromwell was familiarly known as *Old Noll*; Napoleon was the *Little Corporal*; Andrew Jackson was *Old Hickory*; Wellington was the *Iron Duke*; General Taylor was *Old Zack*. The truth is, a nickname is a sure sign of celebrity, and therefore the short title of *Tom Tit* shows that our hero is an individual of note, and well known to all the world.

Well, I began to speak of Tom's father; and,

as to that, I might say a word of his grandfather, and grandmother too, and, indeed, of his ancestors farther back. It is not every one that can tell who or what his great grandfather was; but in this case we have the materials for a very precise biography. We can not only say who Tom's great grandfather was, but we can tell his favourite food, his hours of rest, labour, and recreation; the exact colour of his eyes; his weight to a quarter of an ounce; and his height to a quarter of an inch.

Tom's grandfather, then, or rather his great grandfather,—for I had got back to *him*,—bore the same name as his descendant, the subject of the present sketch. He was in many respects an example worthy of imitation. He went to bed early, and arose with the sun. He was a Washingtonian in drink, never tasting anything but water, and of this he took just enough, and no more. How much misery would be prevented if mankind would imitate the example of Tom Titmouse the elder! And then, as to cakes, and sweetmeats, and ice creams, and jellies, and trifles, and hot oysters, and all that,—Mr. Titmouse never in his life put one of these things into his mouth. And what was the consequence? Why, he was a happy, lively,

cheerful fellow from infancy to old age. He kept all the commandments, so far as they were made for him. Who is there can say more?

While I am about it, I may as well say a word of Tom's grandmother. The fact is, that the very word *grandmother* stirs up the most interesting recollections. How well I remember my grandmother, with her black silk dress, her tall laced cap, her high-heeled shoes, her long waist, and her majestic gait! She was like a moving statue of Minerva, grown old, to be sure, and with abundance of grey, frizzed hair. She was a sort of divinity to others—grave, stately, venerable—an object of reverence. To me she was kind, gentle, tender, motherly. Oh, what beautiful hymns she recited to me! Alas! shall I ever hear such again?

Sometimes she would sing me little songs in a sweet voice. I remember one of them called the SNOW-FLAKES, and which was as follows:

Gently, gently falls the snow;
 Lightly, lightly, soft and slow;
 Pretty crystals, tell me why—
 Leave your home in yonder sky;

All above is pure and true,
 Pretty snow-flakes—just like you.

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Then why in heaven take your birth,
Yet seek a home on this dark earth ?

Thus I spoke and seemed to hear
A gentle spirit whisper near—
Though from heaven the snow-flakes fall,
And mix with earth—the fate of all,—

When their winter task is done,
They'll melt and mingle with the sun ;
And his beams, in dew-drops rise,
Pure as before, to yonder skies.

And there was a ballad which my grandmother used to sing which I shall never forget ; for although it was in a gay sort of measure, her tones were so melancholy that they sank deep into my heart. I must repeat the lines :—

WHISTLING TOM.

Did you never hear of poor whistling Tom,
A sailor who loved the sea ?
As brave as a lion was whistling Tom,
And blithe as a lark was he !

A gale was a frolic to poor old Tom—
He call'd it a cracking breeze—
And gaily he whistled whenever the blast
Drove the madden'd ship o'er the seas.

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His trill was soft as a nightingale's song,
Yet you heard it above the roar ;
Though the vessel dash'd and the billow flash'd,
Tom only whistled the more.

If reefing a topsail that shiver'd aloft—
While the yards dipp'd deep in the spray—
Like a careless bird in his stormy swing
He whistled and work'd away.

But the bravest must die, and poor old Tom
One night made the waves his pillow—
He sleeps there yet, though he whistles oft,
When the tempest lashes the billow.

I have heard his note in the midst of the blast :
It wail'd like a spirit's moan ;
He seem'd aloft on the staggering mast,
And whistled, " Poor Tom's alone !"

As the tempest rises, the strain grows wild,
And shrieks in the ocean's roar,
When the storm is past, it dies away,
And poor Tom is heard no more !

Now is not that a good song? I wish I could find somebody to sing it as my grandmother did. And then she told such stories about giants, and fairies, and all that! She had lived in the time of the revolutionary war, and had seen Washington, and Old Put, and that

blacksmith Quaker of Rhode Island, named Nathaniel Greene, who threw away his strait collar and broad brim, and went to fighting; and when he got at it, made the Redcoats trot hither and thither as they had never done before in all their lives.

Well, my grandmother knew all these people; and what stories she did tell about them! It really seemed to me that I could see them; and such was my awful reverence for these great men, that, up to the time I was seventeen, I had a sort of idea that Washington was about three times as tall as Goliath of Gath; Put as strong as Sampson; and Nat Greene more of a general than Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal, all put together.

But to return. Let me see—where was I? Oh, I have it; I was speaking of Thomas Titmouse, whose biography I had promised to the reader. For the sake of brevity, I shall call him Tom, or Tom Tit, or simple Tit, as the case may require. I beg to say that by this abbreviation I mean no disparagement to the subject of this memoir. Tom, or Tit, or Tom Tit, or Thomas Tit, or Tom Titmouse—I always mean the same thing. This matter of name is not material; the thing signified is the

essential point. "A rose," says the poet, "by any other name would smell as sweet." This reminds me of a good story.

When I was a boy, I went to school, as I said, to Master Philo Peppery. Now, in those days, there was no market in R——, and people did not kill an ox every day. We had no penny papers to tell everything that went on, and a good deal more. Squire Keeler, Colonel Bradley, and General King took the Connecticut Courant between them: thus we got the news. As to other matters, we heard the gospel at meetings on Sundays, and were satisfied. But when an ox was killed, the event was advertised at school. The way was this:—toward the close of the day, when all the reading, spelling, writing, and whipping were over, and just before that glorious word, "DISMISSED!" was announced, old Peppery used to say, "Let all be seated! Attention! If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak!" Now it chanced that, on one occasion, the master had seated the school, and in the midst of the awful silence, he said, as usual, "If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak!" In an instant, a lively little fellow, by the name of Richard Pease, jumped up, and

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said smartly, "I don't know anybody that's killed a beef, but uncle Seth has killed a hog." A terrible titter broke out on all sides. Peppery was amazed. "Down, Dicky!" said he, in a voice of thunder; and Richard Pease went by the name of *Down Dicky* till after he was one and twenty. But the name did not change him, for he was the same lively, pleasant fellow as before.

But, as I was saying, Thomas Titmouse—— Really, gentle reader, I beg your pardon; I cannot do justice to the memoir I have undertaken in this chapter; let us therefore adjourn to another.

CHAPTER III.

I FIND it will be necessary to pass over Tom's ancestors, grandfather, grandmother, and all. I must pass by his uncles and aunts, and even his brothers, sisters, and cousins; or else his biography would stretch out to an octavo. It will be easily understood that I make a great sacrifice in this hop-skip-and-jump over Tom's relatives. Think of his relations, the snow-birds: by the way, you remember the lines—

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When the leaves and flowers are dead,
When the other birds are fled,
When the winter wind is keen,
Then the snow-birds all are seen.

When the flakes are falling fast,
When the forest feels the blast,
When the drifts in circles play,
'Tis the snow-birds' holiday.

When the earth is cover'd deep,
When in ice the rivers sleep,
When all other things are sad,
Hark! the snow-birds' voice is glad!

When the frost is on the pane,
When the wailing winds complain,
When the boys come shivering in,
Hark, the snow-birds' cheerful din!

But when Spring, mid rosy light,
Bids stern Winter take his flight,
The snow-birds, in his stormy train,
Fly northward, where he holds his reign.

Well, then there are the chickadees, and the yellow-birds, and the sparrows, and the linnets, and lots of other large and ancient families, all very near acquaintances, if not blood relations, of the Titmouses. How many good stories I could tell about them!

However we are writing the history of Tom

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Titmouse ; and as the subject is a very fruitful one, we must overlook what is foreign to the subject, and go straight on with the matter in hand. This dilly-dallying, shilly-shallying will never do in biography, however it may answer in other things. I therefore proceed.

Tom Titmouse—the hero of our story—was what you may call a sharp fellow. Not sharp in the bad sense, you know: not like Ned Sharp, of whom there is a very good story, and which, by the way, I may as well tell you before I forget it.

Now Ned—or Edward, for that was his real name—was not ill-natured, nor ill-tempered, nor very wicked in any way; but he dearly loved to tease people, and many a saucy joke did he play upon his youthful companions. Even his sister Jane, who was a good, kind creature as ever lived, was often made the subject of Ned's mischievous practices.

In vain did the boy's father and mother advise caution, and threaten him for his faults and follies; a spirit of elvish fun seemed to be in his very nature. But at last he got cured in a way nobody expected.

The story is this: Ned had one day placed a pin in the bottom of a chair, with the point

sticking up, and he expected somebody would sit down upon it. From this he anticipated a deal of sport. He had not put the point up very high, so as to inflict a severe wound; but he chuckled a great deal at the idea of seeing some one bound out of the chair, as if stung by a bumble-bee.

But it chanced that no one sat down in the chair for some time, and Ned's attention being directed to something else, he forgot all about the pin. After a little time, he was caught in his own trap, for he sat down bang in the chair, and the pin entered pretty deeply into his flesh! In his agony and surprise, he jumped into the air, and uttered a terrible cry.

At first everybody in the room looked about with wonder, but pretty soon Jane went to the chair, and there seeing the pin artfully arranged, she had no difficulty in guessing at the cause of the uproar. She directed the attention of every one in the room to the pin, and at once all eyes were turned on Master Ned. He very speedily ceased crying, and hung down his head in shame. It was needless to preach a sermon to him on the occasion. He saw very clearly the moral of his adventure—which was, that *he who sets traps for others, is sure some day or other*

to be caught. From that time he gave up his habit of teasing and mischief-making, and long before he was a man he had learned to practise kindness to all around him.

But to return. Let me see—where was I? Oh! I was speaking of Tom's being naturally a smart fellow; and when I say this, I beg to be clearly understood. To be smart, is not to be overbearing, and to injure, oppress, and tread upon those who are beneath you; it is not to wound the body or the feelings of those who are more sensitive than you are; it is not to be selfish and make your own plans and interests prosper by sacrificing the interests of others. There are many people who thrive by being hard and selfish, and therefore are called smart; but after all, this is a dangerous course. You remember my story of the TWO DOGS? No? Well, I may as well tell it.

Once upon a time, Two Dogs—the one a stout, athletic fellow—the other small, delicate, and feeble—were chained together. In this condition, they wandered from home, and set forth upon their adventures.

The large dog chanced to be entirely selfish, and cared for nothing but to gratify his own appetites, whims, and caprices. When he came

across a piece of meat or a bone, he took it all to himself. When he desired to go in any particular direction, thither he went. If his little friend and companion begged for a portion of the food, rough old Jowler snarled and snapped at him, and would not let him have a bit. If little Trip grew weary, and desired to take some rest, the big dog dragged him along, and wondered that such an insignificant creature should think of having any wishes of his own.

Thus affairs went on between the two dogs for several days. Jowler had his way in everything, and was constantly out of humour with Trip, because he sometimes interfered with his appetite or pleasure. In all this, Jowler thought he was consulting his own happiness; but selfishness blinded his judgment, just as it sometimes does the judgment of human beings. Jowler carried the joke too far. Poor Trip, getting nothing to eat, and being pulled and hauled about, grew very thin and faint. At last, he could bear his miseries no longer; so he lay down and died.

What a horrid situation was this for Jowler! He had lost his companion; but this was not all. The dead body clung to him, and he could not shake it off. He dragged it about for a

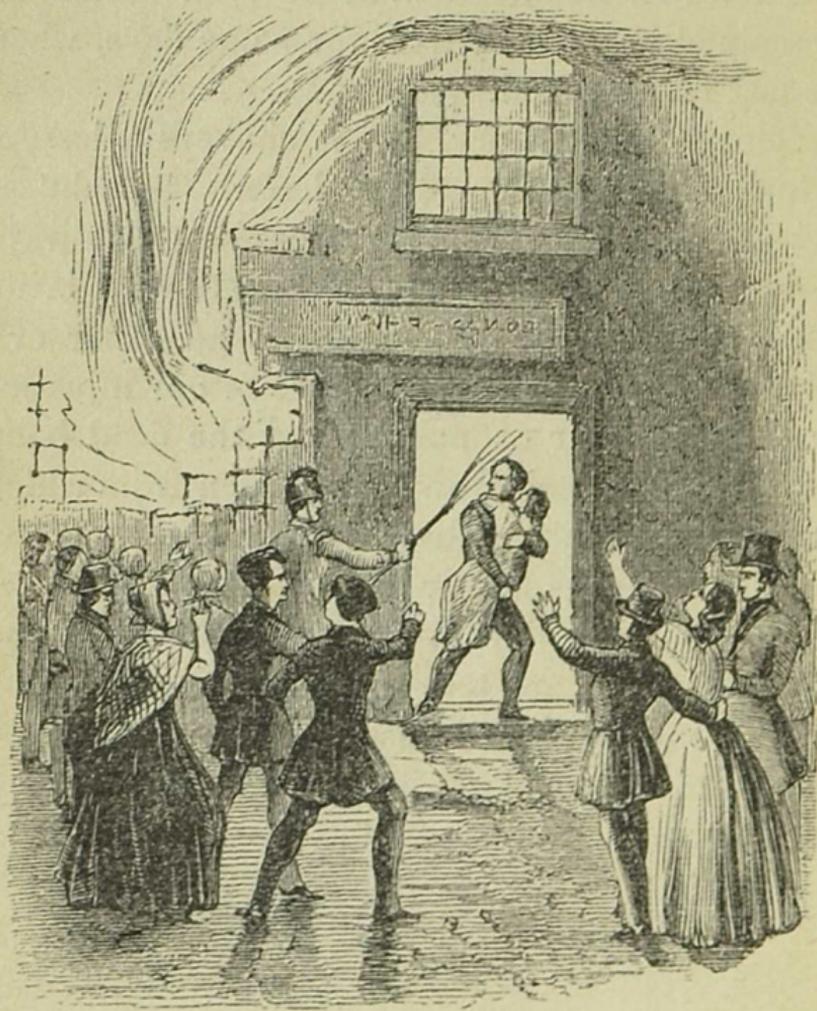
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time, but the effort was very painful. By degrees, Jowler grew weary, and at last, overcome with fatigue, he lay down upon the ground, from which he was unable to rise. Here he remained in great distress for some days, when at last he also died.

This is a sad story, but it conveys a lesson, which it is well for all to learn. Selfishness toward our friends and companions is always wrong, and, soon or late, it is likely to bring punishment upon us. Even if no other evil come from it, the remembrance of our injustice is sure to haunt us, and be like the dead body of Trip to poor old Jowler, a burden from which it is impossible to deliver ourselves.

But, really—I hardly know what is the matter with me. I believe I am getting sleepy, and no doubt you are too, my gentle reader. So, with your leave, I'll take a nap. When you want the rest of Tom Titmouse's biography, I beg you will wake me up!

A Warning.



THERE was once a little girl named Lizzy, who had a habit of disobeying her mother, and, as

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she was very careless, she did many mischievous things.

In consequence of all this, the mother had given her many serious lessons, and had warned her of the dangers of her misconduct. But Lizzy was very self-willed, and was resolved to have her own way. Alas! how severely was she punished for her folly and disobedience!

One day Lizzy was playing with some of her little friends, and in order to carry on the play, she lighted a candle. This had been positively forbidden by her mother, for several accidents had happened in consequence of Lizzy's playing with fire. However, the undutiful child would follow her own wishes. Soon after she had lighted the candle, she thought she heard her mother's step. She therefore set the candle behind the bed, to keep it out of sight.

After awhile she forgot the light, and went into the garden with her young companions. What was her horror, soon after, to hear the cry of "Fire!" and to feel sure that the candle was the cause of it! She rushed to the house, but all was a scene of terror and confusion. Her mother and little sister had scarce time to escape from the flames.

The house was indeed reduced to ashes, and

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Lizzy's father and mother, for some years, had many cares and sufferings in consequence of the loss of their home. This was a terrible lesson to Lizzy, and indeed it ought to be a warning to all thoughtless and undutiful children. Fathers and mothers are made the guardians of their offspring by God himself, and these are told, by the solemn commandment, to honour and obey their parents.

Indeed, obedience to parents ought not to be felt as a duty only: no child's heart is right till it loves obedience, and finds a true pleasure and enjoyment in fulfilling the injunctions and wishes of those who have brought it into life!



A Dialogue on Parrots.

Anne. I HAVE a question to ask you, Mr. Merry ; do parrots think ?

Merry. Tell me in the first place why you ask.

Anne. They can speak ; and speech seems to imply thought.

Merry. I am afraid a great many people talk without thinking.

Anne. Mamma says that those talk most who think least ; but both Jane and myself have been trying to teach my parrot her *a, b, c,* and pretty work she makes of it. She can repeat sentences, and even sing a song ; but when it comes to reading, she is quite ridiculous. She pretends to look at the book, and try very hard to learn ; she rolls up her eyes, and even scratches her head, just as Jane does when I hear her say her lessons, but I have never been able to teach her a single letter from the book. Look there — Jane is trying to teach her !

DIALOGUE ON PARROTS.

Jane (*putting the book before the parrot*).

What is that?

Parrot. What is that?

Jane. Mind your P's and Q's, Polly.

Parrot. Mind your P's and Q's, Polly.

Jane. What a dunce you are!

Parrot. What a dunce you are!

Jane. I'll give you the switch, if you don't mind.

Parrot. I'll give you the switch if you don't mind.

Anne. You see, Mr. Merry, how it is: poor Poll only repeats what is said to her.

Merry. Yes, she is a sort of echo; do you remember that spicy dialogue which some one has made on the disposition of the parrot to imitate the last word she has heard from the lips of others?

Anne. I have never heard it.

Merry. Well, here it is in this little book. Read it to me.

Anne (*reads*).

In this dialogue, Mary and Ellen, and their brother James, are talking together, and Poll Parrot keeps putting in her word, and makes mischief.

Mary. There is James, coming from school, with his bag of books slung over his shoulder.

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I will run and tell him what Uncle Thomas has brought home for us.

Ellen. I know he will wish it had been a monkey. He is always talking about monkeys.

Mary. Monkeys are dirty, mischievous creatures. I like pretty Poll as well again as a monkey. James! James! make haste, and come here. Uncle Thomas has brought something for us.

James. Is it a monkey?

Ellen. There, now! I knew he would ask whether it was a monkey.

Mary. Oh brother, it is a great deal prettier than a monkey! It is a beautiful parrot, all green and gold, except a little tip of red on the tail. Come and see!

(James follows his sister into the house. She offers the parrot a piece of apple. Poll takes it in her claw, and eats it very genteelly.)

Mary. Is she not a handsome creature, James? Pretty Poll!

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Ellen. How plain she speaks!

James. I should like a monkey better. What a vain thing she is, to keep saying "Pretty Poll!"

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

DIALOGUE ON PARROTS.

(James laughs; the parrot laughs like him, and that makes James angry.)

James. What do you mean by mocking me?

Parrot. What do you mean by mocking me?

Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

James. You saucy thing!

Parrot. You saucy thing!

(James takes up an apple core, and throws it at her cage.)

Ellen. Now, James; don't be angry with pretty Poll, though you are a little pepper-box.

Parrot. Little pepper-box!

James. What made you say that word? That ugly parrot has learned it. You know I hate to be called a pepper-box.

Parrot. Pepper-box!

James. Hold your tongue, Poll.

(Parrot laughs.)

Mary. Never mind, brother. Ellen did not mean to teach it to Poll; and Poll will soon forget it. Poll don't know the meaning of what she says; so what's the use of minding her?

James. That is true, Mary dear. You are a kind little soul, and always try to make peace. But I don't like Miss Poll Parrot half as well as I should like a monkey, for all her bright feathers.

DIALOGUE ON PARROTS.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Ellen. A monkey is so ugly looking, and so full of mischief.

James. Some of the small ones have glossy green coats, as handsome as Miss Poll's; and as for mischief, I guess you will find pretty Poll mischievous enough. But now I will tell you a secret, girls. You know to-morrow is mother's birthday. I have been saving all my money on purpose to buy a present for her. But don't you say a word. I don't want mother to know anything about it, till she sees it on her table.

Mary and Ellen. What is it? What is it?

James. A work-box.

(The girls jump and clap their hands.) A work-box! What a pretty present!

Parrot. A work-box! What a pretty present!

James. I declare, Poll knows the secret; and now she will blab. But there, you may just peep at the box!

(He opens his bag, and the girls call out,)
Oh, how pretty!

(Their mother enters.)

Mother. What is so pretty? What have you there, my son?

DIALOGUE ON PARROTS.

Parrot. A work-box ! What a pretty present !

James. There ! I knew the mischievous thing would blab.

(He throws a stick at her cage.)

Parrot. Pepper-box !

(James tries to run out, and falls over a foot-stool. The parrot laughs.)

Mother. What is the matter ? Why is James so vexed ?

Parrot. Pepper-box !

(Mary goes out, and soon returns, leading her brother by the hand.)

James. The fact is, dear mother, I bought a present for your birthday, and wanted to keep it a secret till to-morrow. But that ugly old parrot told it all.

Mary. She is not ugly, or old, James.

Parrot. Pretty Poll ! Pretty Poll !

Mother. It is a beautiful present, my son ; and it makes me very happy that you should be so thoughtful about my birthday.

James. Dear mother, you always think of something to make us happy. It would be strange if we did not sometimes think of you. I am sorry I was angry ; for I resolved, a good while ago, not to be a pepper-box any more. Oh, you saucy Poll !

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(*He laughs, and shakes his fist at the cage.*)

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Mary. I am sorry you found out about the present sooner than James wanted you to, mother. But the parrot was not to blame. She does not know the meaning of what she says.

James. That is true, dear sis; and I did wrong to call her a vain thing for saying Pretty Poll.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

James. Oh yes! I dare say you will have the last word.

Parrot. Oh yes; oh yes. Pretty Poll!

Anne (*having closed the book*). It is exactly so with my parrot; she just repeats the last words she has heard.

Merry. And you see that in the dialogue Mary thinks the bird does not know the meaning of what she says.

Anne. Yes, that is plain enough, but sometimes parrots do seem to understand what they say: and I should like to know whether they have sense and thought.

Merry. Again I ask, why do you wish to know?

Anne. Because I intend to punish Poll, if she

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really does understand the meaning of my words, and don't obey me.

Merry. What right have you to require her to obey you, and to punish her if she disobeys you?

Anne. Don't she belong to me? Don't I feed her and take care of her? Have'nt I bought a cage for her, and put a nice glass cup in it for her to drink out of, and a little trough for her to out eat of? And for all this ought she not to obey me?

Merry. I will answer all your questions by and by; but you must first tell me for whose benefit you keep this parrot shut up in prison?

Anne. In prison, indeed! I should think the creature but too happy to live in such a beautiful cage!

Merry. Perhaps you do not reflect upon the nature of this bird. She was born in a country of perpetual summer. Her home was amid forests, always covered with fragrant flowers and rich fruit. Here she was at liberty to fly about at her pleasure. She could take a nap in the shade of the trees, or flutter from place to place in search of food and enjoyment. God gave her a sociable, loving disposition, and placed her amid flocks of other parrots, all sociable and loving like herself. Now do you

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think she is happier here—a prisoner, separated from her country, from her native clime, from her native forests, from her parents, brothers, sisters, and companions !

Anne. I suppose not.

Merry. Well, then, you do not keep her here for her benefit, but for your pleasure ?

Anne. I suppose it is so.

Merry. And of course she owes you no obedience merely because you possess her, because you feed her, because you have bought a cage for her. In all this you are entirely selfish; you do it to pleasè yourself, not to please her; you make her the mere instrument of your pleasure.

Anne. Is this wrong ?

Merry. No; it is not wrong, because God has given man power over the brute creation, and permitted him to make them the instruments of his pleasure. We may not indeed do this cruelly, for it would be an abuse of our privilege. A merciful man—that is, a good man—is merciful even to a beast.

Anne. Then you do not think Poll is under any obligation to me for taking care of her ?

Merry. No; you are under obligation to her for the pleasure she gives you; and more than that, you are under the obligation of the

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law of God to treat her kindly, and try to make her happy; for it is only on this condition that he permits us to take away the liberty of animals.

Anne. It seems to me you almost make a human being of poor Poll.

Merry. No. *Do to another as you would have another do to you*: that is the law which God has given to regulate our conduct with human beings. As to animals, he gave man dominion over the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the beasts of the field.

Anne. And why is there such a difference in the laws of God, for all are his creatures?

Merry. Certainly all are his creatures; but they differ in their nature, capacity, and destiny, You have asked me if parrots think. Doubtless they have something which approaches to thought. A great many anecdotes are told which seem to show, on their part, a degree of reasoning and reflection; but not greater, nor indeed so great, as is evinced by many other animals. Their speech is mere imitation. It is their nature, their instinct, to repeat the sounds they hear, and having a tongue like that of man placed in the roof of a hollow bill, like the roof of the human mouth, they readily catch and imitate certain short sentences which are

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frequently repeated to them. This is the extent of those capacities which have so much excited the curiosity of mankind.

Anne. But I thought parrots the most knowing of all animals.

Merry. No; the magpie is much superior to them. We have not this bird in America, or at least not in this part of it. I have, however, seen it in Europe, and read a great deal about it. Its character is not a very pleasant one, for it is at once a thief and a glutton; it often steals a stray chicken from the hen, plunders a nest of its eggs, or snaps up a young bird that falls in its way. It is a sort of cannibal, for it will feast on a young magpie if it gets a chance. No food comes amiss; it will feed on carrion with the raven, or pick up grain with the rooks; if it falls in with food beyond its present want, it will hide it as a provision for the future. It often lights on the backs of sheep and cattle, and picks up the insects that it finds there. It torments these beasts, and if they turn back their heads to threaten it, it will stretch out its neck all ready for combat. It evidently knows it is safe, or at least that it has nothing to fear but a whisk of the tail.

Anne. All this shows great cunning.

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Merry. Yes, but the jay displays even superior sagacity. If he sees a sportsman in the woods, he will cry out with a loud noise, and thus warn all the game within hearing. He has also great powers of imitating sounds. One of them has been known to imitate the noise of a saw, so as to make people suppose a carpenter was at work in the house. Another learned, when cattle approached, to call the dog, so that he came and drove them away. Our American blue-jay is a fellow of great humour and ability. He seems to be to the feathered tribes of the forest what a drummer or trumpeter is in the village. He has a great variety of modulations, and appears to suit his voice to circumstances—sometimes imitating the mewling of a cat, sometimes the creaking of a wheel-barrow, sometimes the scolding of a shrew. He takes great pleasure in tormenting the owl, and often sets all the birds of the wood against him. He has great powers of mimicry, and is an everlasting teaze, especially of the sparrow-hawk. When he sees one of these birds, he squeaks out as if caught, and then the blue-jays of the neighbourhood come round the hawk, flying at him, and making noises, as if they were calling him all the hard names in the dictionary.

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Anne. That is very curious; and now I recollect that crows can count as far as one, two, three. A man who had been troubled with crows in his grounds often attempted to kill them; but they knew what a gun was as well as he did, and therefore got out of his reach. He then concluded to put a small booth in the field, and place some carrion—a dead horse—within gun-shot. From this place, he supposed he could fire when they alighted to eat. Whenever he would enter the booth, the crows would all stay upon the distant trees, and not one would come down until he was gone; then all would alight except the sentinel, who remained to give warning if danger approached. The gentleman finding his plan fail, thought he would deceive them. So he took his son with him to the booth, concluding that, when they had seen one go away, they perhaps would think the coast clear, and descend to the bait. But when his son left the booth, a crow sang out, “caw, caw, caw!” which meant, there goes one—but not a crow would leave his place. The next day the gentleman took two sons with him to the booth, and then let them depart one at a time. The crows on the trees saw the two, and cried out, “There goes one!” in their own

peculiar dialect : then when the other went, "There goes two!" but they would not alight, for they had counted three when they entered. The day following, the gentleman took three others with him. When they went out one by one, the crows cried, "There goes one,"—"There goes two,"—"There goes three!" and when these men were out of sight, they all alighted, and the gun of the fourth man did its work. This gentleman stated that the experiment had been tried repeatedly, and it was evident that crows could count as far as three, but their arithmetic ended there.

Merry. It is a very good anecdote, and well illustrates the degree of intelligence which belongs to certain birds. There are quadrupeds, too, which display similar sense and reflection. To a certain extent all animals may be said to think, although what we call instinct is their chief guide. Yet they are capable of some teaching; they all profit in some degree by experience; they all, in some instances, display powers of reasoning. Yet none of them rise to a knowledge of God. None of them know his laws. Their existence is limited to this life. How different is it with man! He knows God and his law; he has a soul to appreciate right

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and wrong, and that soul survives the grave, and enters upon an immortal existence.

Anne. I see there is a great difference between the animal creation and mankind; the former seems made only for this world; the latter are made also for another, and a higher state of being.

Merry. Yes, and hence you see the reason of this difference in the laws which regulate our conduct toward God's creatures. Animals are made for this earth, and man has dominion over them; but God alone has dominion over man, because man is made for that eternity of which God only is the master.

Anne. Yet children are to obey their parents?

Merry. God has given a law to that effect; he has given to parents the right to require the obedience of their children: he has commanded children to render this obedience. But you must understand that this is for the benefit of children: parents who use their authority for any other object are guilty of wrong and violence.

Anne. But are we not authorized, in some cases, to exercise dominion over man?

Merry. Yes, for their benefit, but not otherwise. You must keep in mind two broad distinctions: we may use animals for our own good, exclusively, provided we do not do it

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cruelly. But when we come to human beings, we can use them only for their good. God has given man dominion over animals, because they are of this earth; but man is born for eternity, and God has reserved to himself exclusively the government of that eternity and all who belong to it. Man, then, has rights above his fellow-man, and which belong only to God.

Anne. I am not sure that I fully understand you.

Merry. Let us take the instance of this parrot. According to the rule I have laid down you may deprive it of liberty or life, merely for your own pleasure, if you do not do it cruelly, for such is the law of God. But when you come to human beings, then you can only interfere with their liberty or their life for their good. If you do this selfishly, you have audaciously interfered with God's privilege. To take away a man's liberty for your own good, is robbery: to take man's life for your own good, is murder. Such is the law that God announced at Sinai, and it has never been repealed.

Anne. I have somewhere read that in India the people believe that animals have souls, and hence they will not take animal food.

Merry. The Brahmins hold to the doctrine

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of metempsychosis; that is, they believe that the soul of man passes into animals, and after a time returns into the human form again. It is a point of religion with some of them, therefore, to refuse animal food, for they fear they may thus eat a bit of their uncle, or aunt, or grandmother. There are sects who even go farther, and devote themselves to taking care of poor oldrats, respectable cows, and unfortunate goats. They have hospitals, convents, monasteries for these brutes, and there are priests and nuns who think they are doing God service by attending to these pious duties.

Anne. Do you suppose they really think so?

Merry. No doubt of it. In Hindostan the people seem a race that has become old, worn out, and sunk into a sort of second childhood. They were once very learned; but learning sometimes dwindles into folly. Even in Christian countries there are thousands of people thus passed into the dotage of their religion, and who act quite as absurdly as these Hindoo monks and nuns, inasmuch as they shut themselves up in convents, and spend their lives in useless and idle ceremonies, believing that God looks with approbation upon such perversion of their faculties!

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Anne. It is very strange.

Merry. Yes, and very mournful, too. I have sometimes thought that the animal creation fulfil their destiny more completely than man. You rarely see a brute act as he ought not to act ; while you seldom see a human being, in all things, do precisely as he should. The one, it is true, acts, for the most part, by instinct, which impels him by a sort of necessity : the other has the power of choice, and too often he chooses amiss. Nevertheless, the distinction between man and the animal is immense, as well in their faculties as in their destiny. A beaver is an ingenious brute ; but what is the house of a beaver to a human habitation ? What is a village of beavers to a human city—to New York, London, or Paris ? What is the passing life, here on earth, of birds and beasts to the immortality which opens to the soul of man ? What is the mere feeding of their bodies and the gratifying of their appetites, to the pure and solemn worship rendered by glorified spirits to the Everlasting and Omnipotent Deity, which is offered in prospect to human beings !

Lucy and her Lamb.

ONCE upon a time, there was a girl who bore the name of Lucy Lane, and who had a pet lamb to which she had given the title of Skip. She was the only child of a farmer who lived in a snug house among the hills which skirt the western shores of Lake Champlain, and which lie within the verge of the state of New York.

The house in which Lucy lived was a small, low brown building of wood; but it was charmingly situated on the bank of a little bright stream which had its source in the mountains, and which, after a short and rapid race, tumbled into the lake. The hills around sloped sharply down to a narrow valley which lay in full view before the front of the farm-house. The valley was a blooming meadow, and the hill sides were divided between pastures and crops of wheat and Indian corn.

Such was the estate of farmer Lane, and such was Lucy's home. The farmer himself was a

LUCY AND HER LAMB.

sober, honest man, proud of his little hilly farm, content with his plain homespun wife, and very much devoted to his handsome daughter Lucy. She was, in fact, a very nice girl, some dozen years of age, and, in the eyes of both father and mother, a prodigy of comeliness, wit, and wisdom. It is true, the farmer made few displays of his feelings either in looks or words, and as to the mother, she was nearly half the time occupied in scolding her daughter. Nevertheless, the father seldom went to one of the neighbouring towns and villages without bringing Lucy some token of kindness; and the mother could hardly do enough for her.

Among farmer Lane's presents to his daughter was a lamb, which, being born early in the spring, while yet the hills were covered with snow, was nigh perishing. Lucy took it to the house, fed it with milk, kept it warm, and thus brought it up. When the spring was fairly opened, Skip became her companion, and followed her like a dog. They went together far over the hills, and through the woods; Lucy never seeming to feel lonely if the lamb was at her side, and he never seeming happy if she was out of sight. The friendship had even something of the intimacy which belongs to

the intercourse of two children. Lucy often spoke to him as if he could understand her: she praised, or chided, or entreated him, as if he had been a child. He replied by looks and the speech nature had given him. They seemed to understand each other perfectly.

Now farmer Lane's house was about two miles from any other dwelling, and therefore neither he nor his family had much society. Lucy had in fact no companion but Skip, and few amusements except rambles with him. Sometimes she would occupy herself, during her walks, with collecting an apron full of flowers; sometimes she would saunter along the banks of the rivulet, or beneath the arches of the forest, wrapt in reverie; sometimes she would sit down and make wreaths of oak leaves, pinned together with thorns; sometimes she would gather honeysuckle-apples, thimble-berries, or some other wild mountain fruit.

So passed away the spring, the summer, and at last the autumn. The leaves of the trees which had glowed in glaring red, yellow, and purple, were now strewed upon the ground. The nuts had been opened by the frost, and shaken down by the November gales. The

winds were chill, and the aspect of nature was bleak and sombre. Yet Lucy and Skip took their accustomed walks, often for miles, over the ridges and valleys, and penetrating even to the top of a neighbouring mountain, whose blue peaks seemed to overlook the hills and peer into the hollows around.

But one morning, as Lucy was about to set forth on an excursion, her father somewhat abruptly told her not to go.

“And why not?” said the child, half in surprise, half in anger, for she was not accustomed to being crossed in her wishes.

“It is going to snow,” said he.

“Well, I shall like it all the better.”

“But you may get lost in the mountains.”

“I am too much used to the mountains to get lost in them: I know them all by heart.”

“That may be; but you must not go to-day.”

“Really, papa, you are so absurd!” said Lucy; and paying no more attention to his commands, she took her way to the woods.

Skip followed, and for some hours they rambled along the hills. It was a mild autumn morning, and not even thinking of her disobedience, Lucy proceeded in her walk. Involved in some interesting train of thought, she

took no heed to her steps for some time. At last, finding herself in a thick, tangled wood, she began to look about, and soon discovered that the place was new to her. Somewhat alarmed, she quickened her pace; but the faster she went, the more strange and wild was the scene. "Dear me," said she, pausing and growing pale with a sort of fright—"I believe I am lost!" At the same moment Skip came to her side, looked around, and bleated piteously. Lucy's heart sank within her; but she was a brave girl, and not easily discouraged, so she ascended a hill near by, and took a view of the scene around. It was all new to her, and what was still more startling, the clouds had thickened in the sky, and the snow had begun to fall in a fine, feathery mist, the sure sign of an impending storm.

Lucy paused to collect her senses. "What shall I do?" was the pressing question she put to herself. It was difficult to give an answer. In her hesitation she looked in the face of Skip, now shivering in the chill air, and pressing to her side for warmth. He returned her gaze, but only answered with a prolonged, trembling cry. His vivacity was gone; he seemed conscious of some present danger and coming

disaster. Lucy took him in her arms, and though her heart was oppressed and her step heavy, she carried him along for a considerable distance. At last, worn out with fatigue, she put him down, continuing to walk, while the lamb trotted at her heels. The day now began to wane; the clouds, darkened by the shadows of coming night, had a lowering aspect like the frown of an angry giant. The snow had increased and now fell in a wide sheet, rippling upon the naked, frozen branches of the forest with that chilling whisper which foretells the tempest. Nor was this long in coming. After a short space, the tree tops began to bend, and writhe, and moan; and then the blast came, and the forest roared like the many-voiced waves of the ocean. At the same time, the night fell like a pall over the scene.

Lucy's mind wandered, and her steps became unsteady. She, however, scrambled on, for anything seemed better than to stand still. In this awful moment, the instinct of her little simple, shivering friend became her deliverance. Seeming to comprehend that Lucy's reason was gone, he placed himself before her, and trotted along through the wood. He could see as well in the night as in the day, and thus he selected

LUCY AND HER LAMB.

a clear path in the tangled forest. Lucy, nearly unconscious, followed behind him.

For a full half hour they proceeded steadily, except that every minute the lamb would stop and bleat as if his heart would break. But, alas! the woods roared all the same, taking no heed of the piteous wail of the little wanderer. Nevertheless, it seemed to ease his mind, for when he had uttered his cry, he wagged his tail, looked back to see that Lucy was coming, and then trotted more cheerily on.

Thus they proceeded, but the snow was now deep, and both Lucy and the lamb laboured heavily in the drifts. Several times Lucy paused, completely exhausted, and a drowsy feeling came over her, half inclining her to lie down and die. But she now began to recognise the objects around her. She knew that they were in the valley a short distance from home. She was nigh fainting, but she took courage and struggled on. At last, through the thick clouds of falling snow, she saw the house. At the same moment, her senses fled, and she fell helpless to the ground.

The little lamb came to her side, and seeming to comprehend the terrible emergency, he uttered a bleat so shrill, so despairing, that it

LUCY AND HER LAMB.

penetrated even through the roar of the storm. It met the ear of the farmer, who was abroad in search of his daughter; he soon found her, and carried her to the house where her mother's care speedily restored her. The lamb reached the house, and staggered to the bed-side of his little mistress. A faint moan escaped from his lips, and a shiver ran through his frame. Lucy, just awaked to consciousness, heard the voice of her pet. She looked, and saw that he was dead!



The Avalanche.

SWITZERLAND is a land of wonders. Its lofty mountains, some of them capped with everlasting snow, rise over deep tranquil valleys, intersected by rushing streams, and often presenting the most charming lakes. Mont Blanc, the loftiest peak, is a sort of Goliath among mountains—the best known and the most formidable of all. Lake Lemman is at once the fairest and the most celebrated of lakes.

It would seem that a country so broken into ridges and precipices, and so covered with glaciers, could hardly be inhabited. Yet Switzerland has a population of more than two millions of people, and they seem as much attached to their wild country as if it were the fairest and the most fruitful spot on the earth.

Among the wonderful phenomena of this region are the avalanches—huge masses of snow and ice, which rush from their foundations and

plunge into the valleys and gorges beneath. They are of several kinds—some being masses of drifting snow set in motion by the wind; some are heaps of snow rolling over, and increasing in size as they descend; some consist of large fields of snow sliding in one mass from their bed; some are enormous bodies of ice, either rolling or sliding from their foundations.

Travellers who have been in Switzerland, and have witnessed these amazing operations of nature, describe them as at once terrific and sublime. They often descend with a noise like the report of artillery, and not unfrequently bury whole villages beneath their stupendous masses. Sometimes a valley is buried thirty or forty feet deep in snow, which does not disappear till late in the following summer. Travellers are thus often overtaken and overwhelmed, herds of cattle are buried, houses and their inhabitants are overlaid and often destroyed.

A few years since, a single house, standing at the foot of a steep mountain, was suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow, and buried to the depth of thirty feet. The inhabitants heard the report of the mass loosed from its bed, and descending from cliff to cliff above. Startled by the ominous sound, they

THE AVALANCHE.

rushed from the house, leaving an infant in the cradle. They were all separated in their flight, and buried apart from one another. The snow, however, was light, and they were able to breathe. The man worked his way back to the house; but it had taken him fourteen hours, yet when he got there, he found the infant safe in the cradle!

He then began to seek for the other members of his family. Having found a shovel, he was able to work rapidly and to advantage. At a distance of seventy feet, he found his wife still alive, but faint from the want of food, she having been in the snow nearly two days.

All the other members of the family were found, except a boy of about four years old. After intense labour for ten days they gave up the search, concluding that he was dead; for even if he escaped perishing from the cold, he must have been famished from the want of food.

They excavated passages from the house to the stable, where they found their two cows, and they also discovered three goats after they had been buried for nearly a fortnight. These were found standing together, and, in order to subsist, they had eaten off all the hair from one another!

THE AVALANCHE.

Beneath the mass of snow the family lived till the spring; they had made galleries from one place to another, like the streets of a city; and it was not till the month of May that they were delivered from their prison. Even then the snow lay in masses of eight or ten feet in depth. It was, however, so solid as to permit them to walk upon it. They now went to find their neighbours who lived in the valley immediately below them. They found them still alive, and, to their unspeakable joy and surprise, they here discovered their missing child who had been borne away by the snow of the avalanche, and deposited near the door of a cottage in the valley. He was entirely unhurt, though benumbed with cold. After some care he was restored, and remained with his new friends till spring permitted his parents to go abroad and hold communion with their neighbours.



The Soldier and the Blind Fiddler.

ONCE upon a time, in a far-off country, two travellers met at an inn. One was a blind musician who wandered from place to place, amusing the people with his fiddle. He was attended by a little boy, who always walked at his side, and guided him on his way. The other was a stout, rough soldier, armed with two pistols, a cutlass, and other weapons.

The musician and the soldier fell into conversation, and finally the latter, feeling very big, began to poke fun at the poor fiddler. Now you must know that it was a chill winter night, and many persons had gathered at the inn, some being travellers, and some people of the place. The soldier finding that he had an audience, began to tell large stories about his exploits. He boasted very much of his courage, and at the same time kept making fun of the fiddler. He even went so far as to cast jeers

THE SOLDIER AND

and gibes at the fiddler's boy, and amused himself with whirling his sabre round his head.

Some of the people were amused at this ; but most of them felt that it was mean and cowardly thus to insult the unfortunate musician, and to trifle with the feelings of the boy. Still as the soldier was a big, blustering fellow, they looked on and said nothing, till a tall man, who sat back in the crowd, arose, came forward, and said that he looked upon such conduct as mean and cowardly. At these words the soldier flew into a rage, and declared that he would run his sword through the body of any one who called him a coward.

Upon this the tall man said : " Sir soldier, you pretend to have a great deal of courage ; but I believe you are a coward, because you insult this blind fiddler, and a brave man never offers insult to the unfortunate. Now, I have a proposal to make to you. Near by, at the foot of the mountain, is a wild rocky dell, called the Wolf's Den, because a great many wolves have been seen there, and at night they make a terrible noise in the woods. Now, you and the fiddler shall pass through this glen, and here is a purse of fifty dollars which shall be given to him who shall come off best in the adventure."

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

At this proposal the company shouted with approbation and applause. The soldier affected to despise the proposition, and scoffed at the idea of having his courage brought into comparison with that of the fiddler. But the more he seemed averse to the trial, the more the people insisted upon it. At last the fellow was really forced to accept the offer; and accordingly, looking well to his weapons, he set forth and marched toward the Wolf's Den. At his side went the fiddler and his boy.

It was a clear moonlight night; yet the pass was so narrow and sheltered by overhanging rocks that it was there quite dark. As they entered the place they began to hear strange noises. "What is that?" said the soldier, trembling from head to foot. "It is the wolves!" said the musician. "What do you intend to do?" said the soldier. "I shall wait till they have eaten you up," said the man, "and then I shall fiddle to them." "Do they like music?" said the soldier. "Very much," was the reply. "Then you will fiddle for both of us?" "Yes, if you will confess yourself a coward." "Not yet; let us see how it is likely to come out."

The cry of the wolves came nearer and nearer, and pretty soon it filled the valley. Then one

THE SOLDIER AND THE FIDDLER.

dusky shaggy brute was seen galloping along in the moonlight, while two or three others advanced in the shadows at his side. The soldier was a real coward, so he ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. The fiddler mounted upon a rock, put his boy behind him, and began to play. First he gave a lively tune, and the wolves looked at one another and at the fiddler, not seeming to have made up their minds whether to like it or not. Then he played a solemn tune, and they all sat upon their haunches like so many dogs. The musician plied his bow; but at last he got a little tired and stopped. In an instant the wolves advanced with their jaws wide open, and their white teeth glistening in the darkness. The poor man saw that his audience had not enough, so he fiddled away for at least two hours. By that time they began to yawn, and one by one they galloped off to their holes in the rocks, while he returned to the tavern. The soldier had got there before him, and declared that the fiddler was killed and eaten up. Therefore he claimed the wager. Just as the tall gentleman was about to present it to him, in came the fiddler! This gave a new turn to affairs. The musician received the purse, and the soldier was taken to a pump by the people,

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

and they pumped upon him till he begged for mercy. It was no doubt a good lesson to him ; and I hope and trust it cured him of the very bad habit of boasting of his own exploits, and insulting the unfortunate.

The Wolf and the Fox.

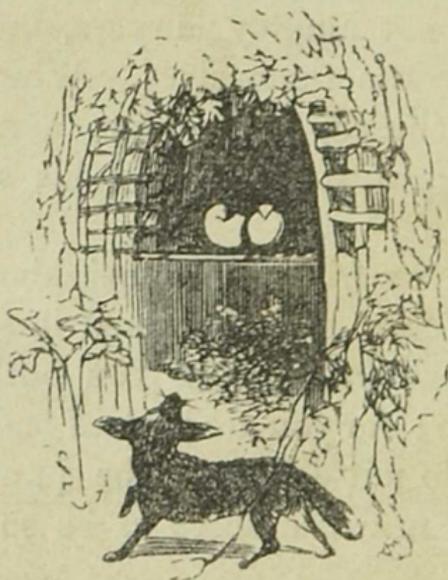
A WOLF once made complaint that he had been robbed, and charged the theft upon his neighbour the fox. The case came on for trial before a monkey, who was justice of the peace among the quadrupeds in those parts. The parties did not employ lawyers, but chose to plead their cause themselves. When they had been fully heard, the judge, assuming the air of a magistrate, delivered his sentence as follows :—

“ My worthy friends and neighbours, I have heard your case, and examined it attentively ; and my judgment is, that you both be made to pay a fine ; for you are both of bad character, and if you do not deserve to be punished now, it is likely you will deserve to be so very soon.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

That I have good grounds for this decree, is sufficiently evident by the fact that Mr. Wolf's jaws are even now stained with blood, and I can see a dead chicken sticking out of Mr. Fox's pocket, notwithstanding the air of injured innocence which he wears. And besides, one who gets an evil reputation can think it no hardship if he is occasionally made to suffer for a crime he did not commit."

This fable teaches us to beware of an evil reputation; for it may cause us to be punished for the misdemeanours of others. Thus, if a person gets the character of a liar, he will not be believed when he tells the truth; and when a theft is known, it is of course laid to some one who has been caught stealing before.



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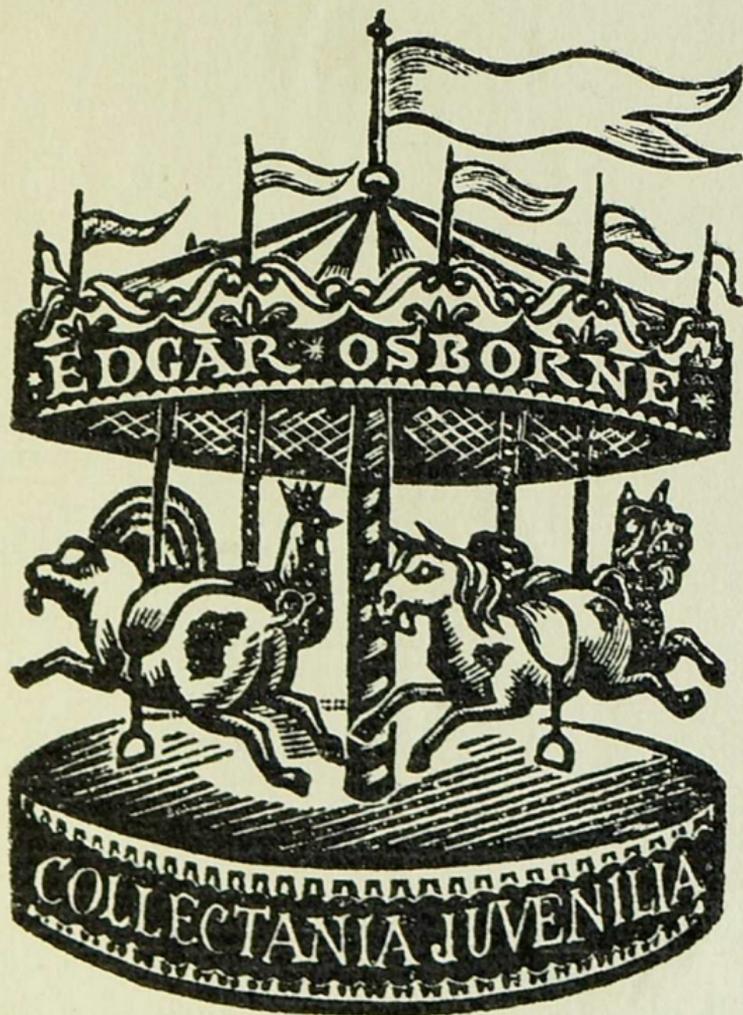
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