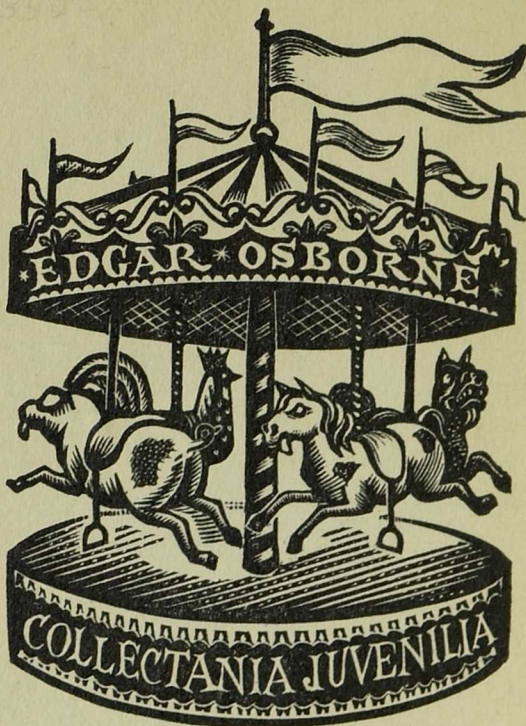




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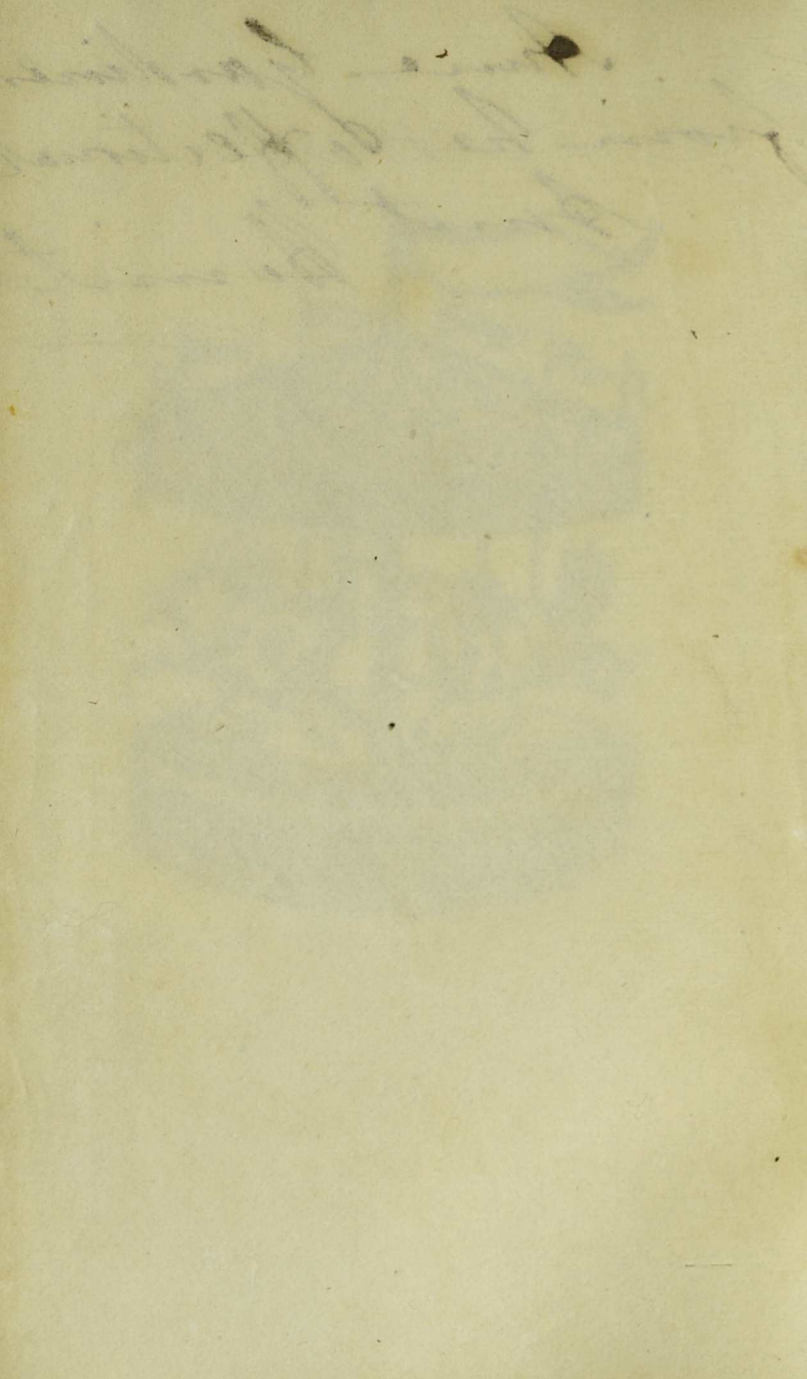


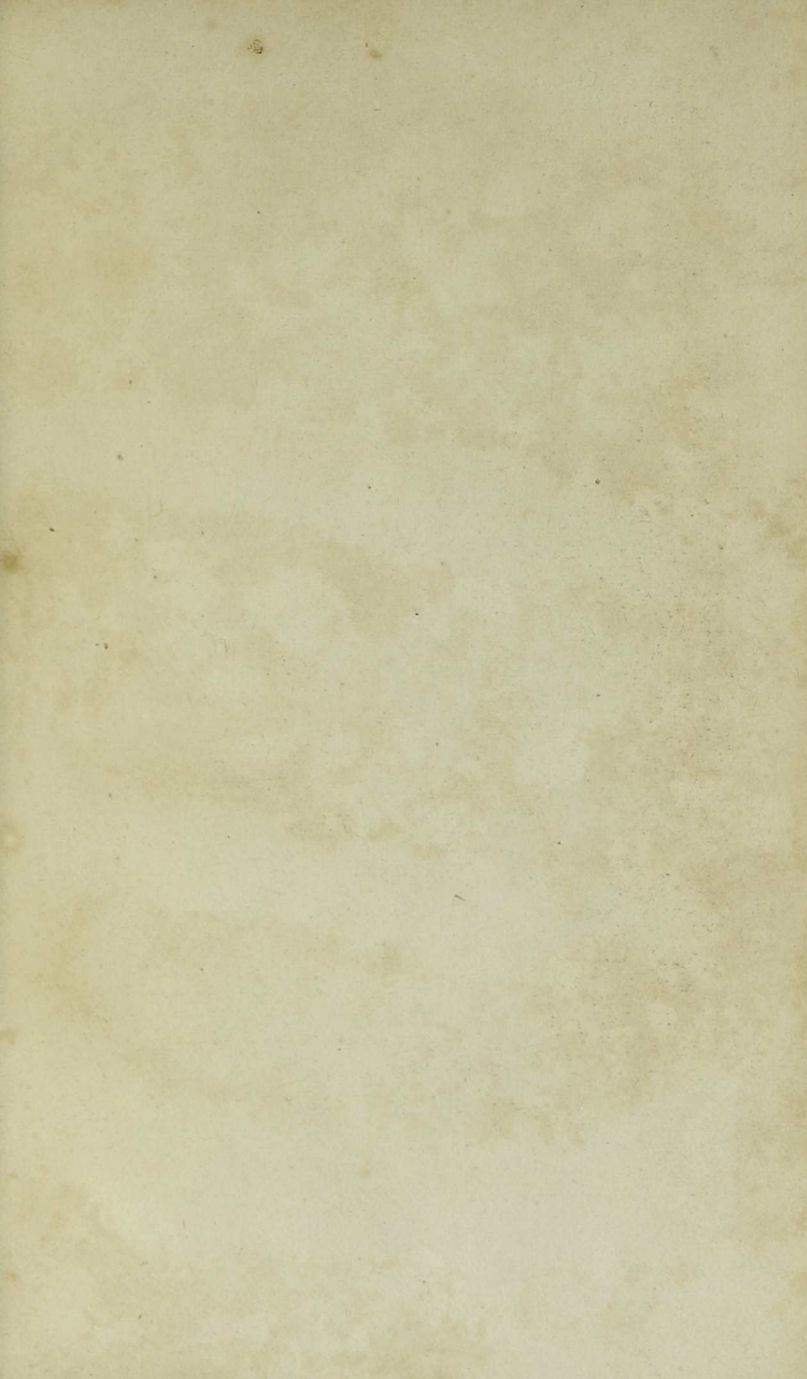
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Anne Gardner  
from her affectionate  
Aunt  
Barnet

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LITTLE CROPPY.



I think we must call it Croppy.

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LITTLE CROPPY;

AND

THE MAY QUEEN,

&c. &c.

BY MRS. HUGHS,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARY'S STORIES," &c. &c.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is but right to state, that the following Tales are from the **NEW YEAR'S TOKEN OF 1835**, a useful and instructive Annual; and should the young reader have that Book, any respectable Bookseller where this was purchased, will, on that account, willingly exchange it for any other publication of similar price.

58, *Holborn Hill.*



# LITTLE CROPPY:

BY MRS. HUGHS,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARY'S STORIES," &c. &c.

ONE cold bleak morning, in the latter end of March, before winter had quite determined to resign his tyrannical sway, though he had occasionally permitted a few soft breezes to woo the opening buds of the willow and the horse-chestnut, and scatter a few of the earliest spring flowers over the fields, farmer Early happened, on his way to the place where his labourers were at work, to pass a field in which he had a number of sheep. Two or three times, as he proceeded along, by the side of the fence, he thought he heard a feeble bleat, and stopped to see if there was any youngling in need of more aid than was in its mother's power to render. For some time, however, he looked in vain; but at

length the sound became more distinct, and soon guided him to a corner of the field, where he discovered a sheep lying stretched out on its side, and a lamb, evidently just born, lying near it. He hastened immediately to the aid of the little complainer, and found that the mother was stiff and cold, and that it was itself nearly dead ; for its feeble frame had been exposed to the cold bleak wind, and occasional falls of snow, without having any tender mother to protect it from the withering blast. He immediately took it in his arms and returned home ; though with but little hope that any thing that could now be done for it would be of any avail.

“ Here, Sally ! Sally ! ” cried he, as he entered the door of his own house ; and immediately his eldest daughter came forward on hearing the summons ; “ I have brought you something to be kind to. Here is a poor little lamb that has lost its mother ; and you must try to supply the place of one to it ; I am afraid it will be impossible to save it, but you must see what you can do.”

Sally, whose heart overflowed with tenderness

towards every living thing, took the little trembling creature in her arms, and summoning her little sister to partake of the pleasing task, and, indeed, to share the fatigue, which she was herself but ill able to bear, she immediately began to prepare a bed for it by the fire, and to warm some milk for it.

“ Do you think it will live, Sally ?” said Peggy, as she stood by her eldest sister’s side.

“ Do you think you can keep it from dying ?”

“ I hope so,” answered Sally, holding the warm milk to its mouth, as she spoke.

“ I won’t let it die,” said Kitty, with great earnestness. “ Will you, Sally ?”

“ Not if I can help it.”

“ And if it lives, won’t you let me feed it sometimes ?” added Peggy. “ And won’t you let it be part mine ?”

“ Yes, it shall be part yours, and you shall help me to take care of it.”

“ And when it can walk, won’t you let me take it out and teach it to run about the green ?”

“ I rather think it will be more likely to teach you to skip,” returned her eldest sister.

“ I can run about already,” said Kitty ; and as she spoke, she gave several bounds across the floor, to prove the truth of her assertion.

“ What will you call it, Sally ?” asked Peggy.

“ I think we must call it Croppy ; for you know how the little lambs crop the short grass. How glad I shall be if we can rear it ! I never had a pet in my life ; and a pet lamb, of all things in the world, is what I shall like the best.”

“ You always said I was your little pet,” said Kitty, looking up in her sister’s face with an expression of disappointment.

“ And so you are,” answered Sally, kissing her affectionately ; “ but Croppy, if it live, will be a pet to all of us.”

“ And it will live—I know it will,” said Peggy. “ Only see how much better it looks, now that it is warm, and has got some good milk.”

The fact was, that little Croppy very soon began to show signs of the good effects of the kind treatment it had received ; and before the day was over it could stand, and in a few days more it began to trot about ; and was very soon able to commence the business of giving the little

girls lessons in running. And here we shall leave him for a while, to give a short account of the family in which he was now an inmate.

Farmer Early's family consisted of Sally, whom we have just introduced to our readers, and who was fifteen years old; George, who was about one year; and Tom, who was rather more than two years younger than she. Besides these, there were two little girls; Peggy, who was seven; and Kitty, five years old. They were all rather pretty, and very pleasant looking children; but Sally and George were the most conspicuously interesting, both in appearance and manners. George was of a more serious and thoughtful cast than boys of his age generally are. He was active, and always willing to do any thing in his power to assist his father and those around him; but these duties fulfilled, his chief delight was in reading: he would sit for hours together on the top of a box in the garret, whither he was in the habit of going, that he might be out of the noise of the other children, and would devour with the greatest eagerness the contents of every book on which

he could lay his hands ; and a strange mixture, it must be confessed, it had been his fate to get hold of. He had read “ The Whole Duty of Man ;” “ Gulliver’s Travels ;” “ Cook’s Voyages ;” Pilgrim’s Progress ;” two or three odd volumes of some of the Waverley novels, which he had bought for a trifle ; but of all the treasures of which he had ever become possessed, and which seemed likely to have the most powerful influence over his future character, was “ The Life of Franklin,” which he had likewise purchased. Eagerly, nay, greedily, did he read this interesting little volume. And when he rose from the fascinating task, and recollected that he, who had become one of the most distinguished philosophers either of his own or any other country, who had been a negociator with kings, and had done more, perhaps, for his country than any other man, with the exception of Washington alone, had once been a poor, portionless, uneducated boy ; and that all the attainments, all the honours, of which he afterwards became possessed, were entirely the fruits of his industry and economy, he drew himself up



with a noble feeling of pride and emulation, and said, “ I too, perhaps, may some time or other be a great man ; for every body has the power of being industrious, economical, and good ; and I never can be much poorer than Franklin was when he first entered Philadelphia, with only a dollar in his pocket, and when he went and bought a two-penny loaf and made his dinner off it.”

George had not derived his love of reading from either his father or mother ; for though respectable, they were very ignorant people ; and were much more disposed to regret the disposition of their son to spend his time, as they conceived, so unprofitably, than to attempt to supply him with the means of indulging his prevailing propensity. He was not, however, without one affectionate and sympathising friend, who delighted in aiding him in every laudable undertaking, and joined with interest in all his praiseworthy pursuits. His sister Sally was, like himself, gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful. She was not so great a reader as George ; for indeed, the instruction that she had received had been so very limited, and she had always been

kept so constantly employed in assisting her mother in the household work, and in taking care of the younger children, that she had never learned to read with sufficient facility to make the employment agreeable ; but she delighted to listen to George's account of the books he had read ; and was always ready to add her mite to the small stock of money which he was able to save for the purchase of more. Fondly, too, would she encourage all his ardent aspirings after knowledge and virtue, and all his sanguine anticipations of future eminence ; for to her he could breathe out his thoughts almost before they were formed in his mind ; conscious as he did so, that they would meet no repulsive check, no chilling reception, to nip the embryo blossom, and prevent its ripening into fruit. There was yet another circumstance which served to unite this affectionate brother and sister in still closer bonds. Sally had all her life been exceedingly delicate ; and as she advanced in age, that delicacy evidently rather increased than diminished ; and there was no one of the whole family who shewed so much consideration, and so tender a

sympathy for her weakness, as her brother George; and the grateful girl never seemed to think she could make a sufficient return for such kindness.

We have spent so much time in dwelling on the characters of the two elder branches of farmer Early's family, that we can spare but little more for the others; nor, indeed, is there much required; for Tom was, like other boys, active, playful, and careless, fond of guns, and dogs, and horses; priding himself upon managing a horse better, and shooting a partridge with truer aim, than any boy in the neighbourhood: and as to the little girls, they were like most children of their age, sometimes troublesome, but more generally good and engaging; and always interesting to their parents and sister, who repeated their sayings, and watched their sports with pride and pleasure, and persuaded themselves that they were the smartest and prettiest children that were ever seen. Had the little Kitty, however, been at all less delighted with their new inmate, Croppy, than she really was, she might, perhaps, have been a little jea-

lous of the attention which he gained from the whole family, but more especially from Sally, who, as she said, had never before had any living thing that she could call her own ; and as it soon learned to know her voice, and would come bounding at her call from the farthest point of the common before the door, or would trot by her side to the dairy, anxiously looking for his usual allowance, she almost wondered at herself for the fondness which she felt for it. “ It is very silly of me, I know, to be so fond of this little creature,” she would sometimes say, as she mused over her little pet ; “ for though he likes me better than any body else at present, I know very well that any other person who took the same care of him would do just as well for him, and I should be forgotten directly ; but yet he seems as if he loved me, and it is so delightful to be loved, that the attachment of a little dumb animal makes me feel happy.” As Sally was thus musing, her hands were occupied with tying together a number of wild flowers, which the children had just brought from the woods, and forming them into a wreath.

“What is that for?” asked Kitty, who had sat looking on so earnestly, that she had been insensible to the many challenges which Croppy had given her to race over the common. “Who are you making that for, Sally?”

“You shall see,” answered her sister, and immediately she called “Croppy! Croppy!” and in an instant, Croppy, though he had been almost out of sight at the moment of her calling, was again at her side. Sally hung the wreath round his neck, but was obliged to tie it so tight that he could not reach it with his mouth, or the display of Sally’s taste would soon have been in vain. “Now keep quiet, Croppy, and do not spoil your garland before George comes home from the field, because I have dressed you up in honour of his birth-day. Now be quiet, good Croppy,” continued she, as the little creature, less gratified by being so ornamented, than worried by the unusual incumbrance, tried, by rolling himself on the grass, to disengage himself from it.

“Oh! here comes George,” cried Peggy;

“ I’ll run and meet him, and bring him to see Croppy before his birth-day dress is spoiled.”

But at the same moment a voice was heard, calling in an angry tone, “ Sally ! Sally ! how can you think of sitting there on the damp grass, when you have been so sick all day. I know well enough how it will be—you will get cold, and will be laid up, instead of helping me to-morrow with the washing.”

Poor Sally rose in an instant, with a feeling of self-condemnation at her own carelessness ; but her heart and eyes, at the same time, filling at the manner in which her mother had upbraided her. As she returned to the house she met George, hastening to admire Croppy’s finery ; but he had heard his mother’s rebuke, and seeing the large tears standing in his sister’s eyes, Croppy was immediately forgotten, and turning round with Sally, he devoted himself the rest of the evening to cheering and amusing her.

“ It only wants a few days now, Sally,” said he, seeking, in the subject the most interesting to himself, the most probable means of amusing

his sister ; “ it only wants a few days now to the time of my going to school. Father has promised me a month’s schooling before the harvest begins, and another when it is over ; and if I am diligent, I can learn a great deal in that time. Oh, how I long to begin ! I dream about being at school every night ; and I always think that I am learning something that compels me to study very hard, and I am always so glad ; because I think then I am learning the way to be a wise and good man. Franklin had very little more schooling than I shall have had by that time ; and as to money, he was as poor as I am every bit ; for when he first went to Philadelphia, he had not more than a shilling in his pocket, and yet you see he got to be a very great man.”

“ Yes,” said Sally, “ but he had to study and work very hard for a great many years first.”

“ To be sure he had,” returned the brother with animation ; “ but then so can I work, and so can I study : I am not afraid of either. Did not I walk ten miles yesterday, when I went that errand for the ’squire, because he said he would

give me a shilling ? And here it is," he added, taking the money out of his pocket, and looking at it with great complacency ; " and I mean to get up by day-break in the morning, and go to buy with it a book that I saw the other day ; I can get it, I think, for a shilling. And I'll tell you another thing, Sally ; I expect by the time I have finished my first month of schooling, you will be a great deal stronger than you are now ; and then I can teach you every thing that I have learnt, and we shall be so happy—shan't we Sally ?"

Sally smiled assent, but it was a languid smile ; for the ardour of her youthful mind was checked by the enfeebling influence of disease.

The next morning Sally felt very forcibly the ill effects of her imprudence in sitting on the damp grass the night before ; and though she still recollected the severe manner in which her mother had reprov'd her, she could not but be conscious that the reproof was deserved. This made her very unwilling to complain ; though she rose with a severe pain in her side, a burning fever in her veins, and a cough which was al-



ways troublesome, but was now more than usually distressing. Determined, however, not to complain, and anxious, if possible, to conceal her indisposition, she prepared to assist her mother in every way in her power; and though she felt it would be impossible for her to stand at the washing tub, she washed and dressed her little sisters, prepared the breakfast, and did a variety of offices equally useful, and was in hopes it would escape the observation of every one, that what she did was performed under the pressure of more pain and debility than usual. She was assisted in this concealment by the absence of George, who had not, at breakfast time, returned from the town to which he had gone for the purchase of the book of which he had spoken the evening before; for had he been present, his watchful eye, she well knew, would soon have discovered the oppression under which she laboured. Breakfast, however, was entirely over before he returned; and when he did come, he only stayed to eat a piece of dry bread and take a drink of water, a kind of fare which would at any time have been sufficient to satisfy

him, but which he had now become extremely fond of, since he found that Franklin ascribed so much of his alacrity in business and his facility in study to his adherence to that simple diet; and then hastened to assist his father in the field. Sally sometimes almost persuaded herself that her little pet Croppy saw and understood that all was not right with his young mistress; for instead of frisking about the common as usual with the little girls, he kept almost constantly trotting by her side, every now and then rubbing his little head tenderly against her, and appearing quite happy when she stooped down to pat his head and speak to him in a tone of kindness. Yet even this slight indulgence seemed almost more than she had either time or spirits to bestow; and the continual repetition of "Sally, do this," and "Sally do that," kept her incessantly occupied till late in the afternoon, when the chief of the business being over, and she too much exhausted to support herself any longer on her feet, had just sunk upon a seat, and was patting the head which Croppy had come and laid on her lap, when her father and brothers returned from the field.

“Sally,” said the farmer, in a tone of reproach, “you sit patting that lamb as if there was nothing else to be done. Come, girl,” he continued, taking up a milking bucket as he spoke, “get your bucket, and let us go and milk the cow.”

George, who, at the moment his father spoke, had taken up his newly purchased treasure, and had got half across the room, on the way to his private retreat, cast a glance at his sister, and perceiving in an instant that she was ill, he threw down his book, and saying, “Sit still, Sally, for I am going to milk this evening;” he took the bucket and hastened after his father.

Sally’s heart glowed with affection and gratitude. She had always loved her brother, but never had he been half so dear to her as at this moment. “Croppy, you must love George for being so kind to your mistress,” said she, addressing herself to the lamb, for want of a more sympathising auditor, “you must love George for my sake;” and she watched for his return, impatient to let him know that she understood and felt his kindness.

At length, the business of milking over, George again appeared ; but no longer with the glow of animation on his countenance with which he had returned from his day's labour, nor yet with the spirit and alacrity with which he had left the house on his office of kindness.

“ Is he sorry now that he went ?” thought Sally, as she examined his countenance. Has he begun to think what a great deal he might have read in the time that he has been milking ? “ Why don't you go to your book now, George ?”, asked she, as she saw that, after disposing of the milk bucket, her brother placed himself at the end of the large table, on which he put up his arm, and rested his head upon it with a look of great distress. “ Why don't you go and read now ?” again she inquired ; “ there is nothing to do now.”

“ Because I don't wish now,” answered George, in a tone very different from his usual cheerful, good tempered voice.

“ George, come here beside me,” said Sally, tenderly, for she began to feel alarmed at the expression of her brother's countenance.

“ Oh ! I cannot,” returned the boy ; “ do let me alone ; I don’t want to speak.”

“ Sally’s eyes filled with tears. “ He is vexed with me,” thought she, “ for he thinks I am always in the way of his improving himself.” George got up, and moved towards the stairs. “ You are leaving your book behind you, George,” said Sally, glad to think that he was going at last to his favourite employment.

“ I don’t want it,” he replied ; “ I am going to bed.”

“ George, do tell me what is the matter before you go ; are you sick ?”

“ No, I am not sick, but I don’t want to talk ; so do let me alone.”

So saying, he went to bed ; and Sally soon after retired also, but not to sleep. Uneasiness at the sudden and unaccountable change in her brother’s manner, added double violence to the disease which was throbbing in her veins ; and, after a restless and sleepless night, she attempted to rise in the morning ; but finding herself entirely unable to do so, she was obliged to lay her head again upon her pillow.

“ Ay, that is just what I thought would be the case,” said her mother; who, coming up to see why Sally had not made her appearance, found her too ill to sit up; “ I told you what you would bring upon yourself by playing and idling your time away with that little useless pet lamb of yours.”

Mrs. Early did not mean to be an unkind mother; but she, like many other people, had an unfortunate manner of showing her affection, and generally vented the uneasiness which the sight of her daughter's indisposition occasioned, in a tone of reproach, for which she had not always so much cause as on the present occasion.

“ I know I was wrong, mother, for sitting upon the grass,” said Sally, mildly; “ but say no more about it, for it cannot be helped: and ask George to come up and see me.”

“ George has been out at his work these two hours,” replied her mother, “ and here am I, with all the ironing to do, and every thing else to attend to, and to nurse you into the bargain.”

“ No, indeed, mother, I don't need any nursing,” returned the poor girl; who, though con-

vinced her mother did not mean any unkindness by this manner of speaking; was yet unable to repress the tears which filled her eyes, and forced themselves down her cheek as she spoke. "Only tell Peggy to bring me up some water to drink, and I want nothing else."

"Ay, it's fine talking. But do you think I can have you lying sick in bed without coming to look after you? And I'm sure I don't know how I'm to find time to do it, and to do all the work besides. But I will send Peggy up with a drink for you, and will come up myself as often as I can," added the mother, as she closed the door after her.

When left to herself, Sally's mind dwelt continually on the thought of George's melancholy the night before, which she was sure was still unremoved, or he would never have thought of going to work without first coming to inquire after her. Anxiety to know the cause only increased the longer she dwelt upon the subject. In vain did her little sisters try their utmost efforts to amuse her; for which purpose, even little Croppy was brought up stairs, and intro-

duced into the bed-room ; she looked at it with pleasure, and gave the little girls strict injunctions to be kind and attentive to it whilst she was unable to be so herself ; but again her mind recurred to the recollection that something was amiss with her favourite brother ; and this idea, much more than the bodily pain that she suffered, made every hour appear like two, till he came home to his dinner. At length she heard her father's voice below, and knowing that George was, in all probability, there also, she knocked on the floor for her little attendant, Peggy, and desired her to ask George to come up and see her. He came immediately ; and the moment Sally saw him, she perceived that the same expression of melancholy remained on his countenance.

“ George,” said she, in a gentle, affectionate voice, as he came towards her bed-side, “ I wanted to see you, to know if you have forgiven me.”

“ Forgiven you, Sally ! what had I to forgive ?” asked he, in a tone of surprise.

“ For being the means of keeping you from going up stairs to read last night.”



“ Oh! Sally, you surely do not think that I was angry at you for being sick?”

“ No, not angry at me for being sick, but angry at me for having made myself sick by my own imprudence, and so keeping you from the only enjoyment you have.”

“ And do’nt you think, Sally, that I would rather help you than read any book whatever?”

“ I know you have always been very kind in helping me; but still, what made you so sorrowful when you came in from milking, if it was not that?”

“ It was not that, at any rate,” answered George.

“ Then what was it? Do tell me, George, for I know there is something amiss, and I cannot tell what it is.”

“ It is nothing that you can help, Sally, so keep yourself easy, and get well again; for that will sooner bring back my spirits than any thing else.”

“ George, do tell me what is the matter. I am very sick, and it only makes me worse to think of your being so sorrowful, and I not know the cause.”

“Oh! I am not sorrowful,” returned George, endeavouring to speak cheerfully, “I am only disappointed, but I shall soon get over it; for my father told me last night whilst we were milking, that he has had so many losses this season, both in sheep, and cows, and horses, that he shall not be able to send me to school as he had promised to do.”

But though George began his speech with an assumed cheerfulness, he was unable to keep it up; and as he pronounced the last words, the tears, in spite of his utmost efforts, filled his eyes, and were about to force themselves down his cheeks; when the voice of his mother calling him from below, checked their course, and he hastened down stairs to obey the summons.

“Tom, Sally wants you to go upstairs to her,” said Peggy, in the evening, when the family were all assembled to supper.

“Wants me!” said Tom, in surprise. “What does she want me for? She surely does not expect that I can read to her, or talk to her about books, as George does.”

“I don’t know, but she said I must tell you to go up and speak to her.”

Tom went up stairs ; but when he came down again, though questioned by all round about the business for which he had been sent, he refused to gratify their curiosity ; but after eating his supper in silence, a very uncommon circumstance for him, for he generally had some exploit to recount that he had achieved with his gun, his horse, or his dog ; he took his hat and went out, without making any remark about whither he was going, or what he was going to do ; nor on his return was he any more communicative, though the curiosity of all was considerably excited about the nature of the business he had been upon.

In the mean time, Sally's illness increased in so alarming a manner, that even her mother ceased to talk about herself, and was anxious only for the health of her child.

The poor girl, as if conscious that her sufferings were only a just penance for the imprudence of which she had been guilty, uttered no complaints, though she tossed about the whole night in all the restlessness of a burning fever, and was, by the time that day-light arrived, so ill,

that George was despatched in haste for the physician from the neighbouring town, whose arrival was waited for with an impatience that only those can understand who have known what it is to watch by the side of a beloved one, and count the minutes till the sufferer is relieved, and strength is given to their sinking hopes.

“What can George be about?” said the mother, looking out of the window, and straining her anxious eyes in hopes of catching a glimpse of him as he came across the common; “he never was so long on an errand before. He surely might have managed to come back himself before this time, whether the doctor could come with him or not.”

“Keep yourself easy, mother,” said Sally, gently, who was the only one that was not impatient; “I am sure he will come back as soon as he possibly can.”

“Peggy, run along as far as the stable yonder, and try if you can see any thing of him,” added her mother; “and come back directly and tell me if you do.”

Away went Peggy, followed by the little Kitty, and having caught a sight of her elder brother, was about to do as she had been ordered, and hastened to the house to announce the intelligence; when her curiosity was excited, and her steps arrested, by the sight of another object, for whose presence she was unable to account. "Why, who can that be that is coming along the road with Tom? I declare it is Ben, the butcher's boy. What can he want here, I wonder?" At that moment Tom was heard calling Croppy! Croppy! and in an instant Croppy came bounding across the common to meet him. George, too, had arrived at the same time from an opposite direction, and eagerly inquired what he wanted with Croppy; but the next moment like a stroke of lightning, the truth flashed across his mind; and, throwing himself down by the side of the lamb, he clasped his arms around its neck. "I know what is the matter—I know it all!" he exclaimed. "Sally is going to sell Croppy, for the sake of paying for my schooling; but its innocent life shall not be taken away for any such thing. I can read and teach myself, and Croppy shall not be killed."

“ Hush, George, give over making that noise, man. Don't you hear mother calling you? Get up, I tell you, and don't make such a rout about a lamb; it's not the first lamb that has been killed, I am sure.”

Peggy now caught the alarm, and bursting into tears, she ran to the butcher's boy. “ You must not take Croppy away. Oh! you shall not kill our dear little Croppy,” she exclaimed, pushing the boy back with her little hands as she spoke; while Kitty, scarcely able to understand the meaning of what was going forward, and anxious only to show kindness to their little favourite, had got some water from a bucket that stood near by her, and was trying to coax the little creature to drink. But Croppy, as if conscious of the fate that awaited him, was insensible to all her solicitations. At this moment, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and the next the doctor rode up to them, and struck with the expression of grief on George's countenance, and with Peggy's distress, inquired what was the matter. The story was soon told. “ Oh, cheer up my good boy,” said he, addressing himself to George, whose sensibility and anxiety for improvement

struck him with equal admiration, "keep yourself easy, for the lamb shall live, and you shall go to school into the bargain." So saying, he gave the butcher's boy a piece of money to reconcile him to going back without the lamb; then turning to George, he assured him that he would take the expense of his schooling upon himself, and that instead of a month, he should stay a year, or more, if he found that he continued to set as high a value as he at present did upon being furnished with the means of improvement. "And now," added he, "I must go and see after this kind sister of yours, whose health I shall be doubly anxious to restore after this proof of her amiable and affectionate disposition." But though he was on horseback, George was at the house before him, and was making his way immediately to Sally's room, when he was stopped by his mother, who met him, and, in an agony of tears, told him that Sally was too ill to be spoken to. Disappointed at not being able either to express his gratitude for the proof of affection which she had given, or to make her a sharer of his own happiness, he sunk down on a seat, and waited the return of the doctor, whom

his mother now conducted to the sick chamber. After waiting a long time, he at length heard the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, and his voice, as he spoke in a soft tone to his mother. George fixed his eyes on the face of the physician as he entered the room where he was, and endeavoured to read in it what he thought of his patient, but felt afraid to inquire.

“ May I go up now ?” asked he, in a timid voice.

“ Yes, go up ; she is anxious to have you with her, and I am sure I need not tell you to pay her all the attention in your power.”

George did not wait to make any reply, but was, in an instant, by Sally’s bed-side. But how great, how alarming, was the change that he saw in her from the time that he had last left her !

“ Sally, dear Sally ! I am come to thank you,” said he. Sally raised her eyes and smiled on him affectionately. “ How kind it was to give up your little pet to pay for my schooling. But, though I am going to school, you will still have Croppy to be kind to.”

“ Croppy will not be taken from me, but I



shall soon be taken away from him. George, I am going to leave you all very soon."

"Oh! Sally, don't talk that way," said George, in a tone of extreme agitation. "What has the doctor been doing to frighten you so?"

"The doctor has not frightened me. He told me that he hoped he should make me well again; but I know better; I know that I am dying; but I am not frightened, George; for I know that I am going to a kind Father. I am sorry to part with you all, especially you, George; but it must be, and we shall meet again soon."

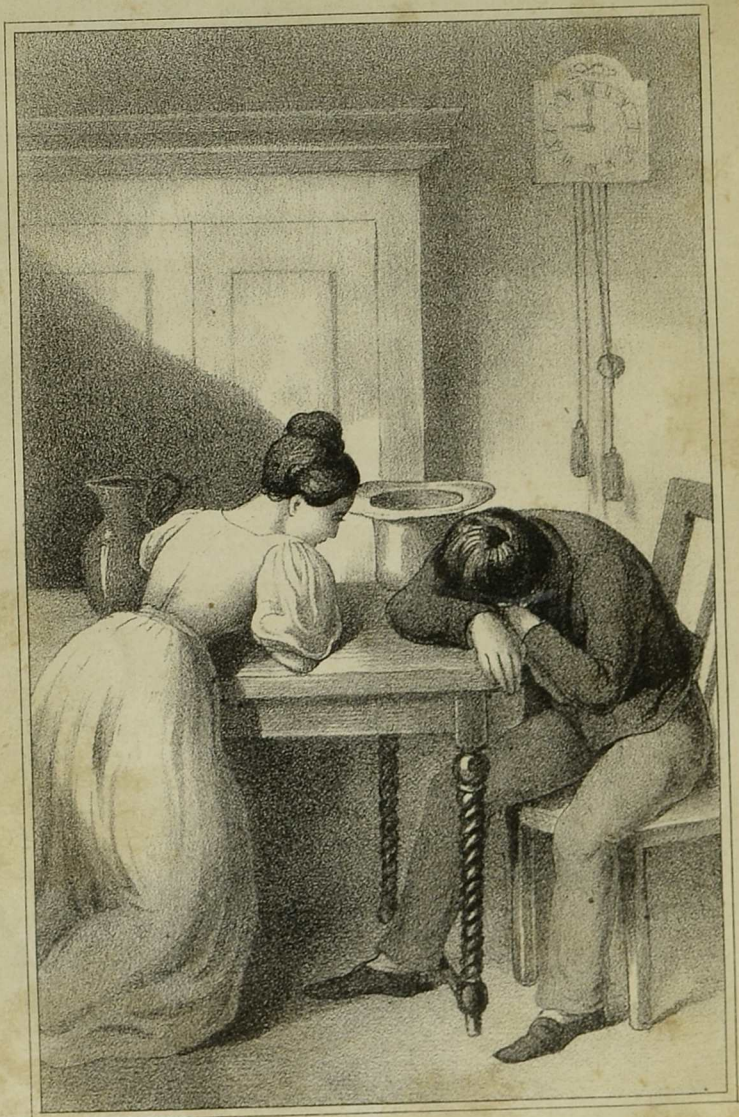
"Oh don't talk about dying, Sally," cried the afflicted boy, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke, "don't talk about leaving us. I cannot bear to think of parting with you."

"George," said Sally, and an almost heavenly expression brightened her countenance as she spoke, "you have read a great deal, but your reading will be of little use if you have not learnt to know that it is our duty to submit with patience to the will of our Heavenly Father. I like to be with you, and am sorry to think of leaving you, but I know we shall meet again;

and then there will be no more parting. But we will talk no more about it now. Mother is coming, and I don't want to distress her."

George looked at Sally, and tried to persuade himself that she was mistaken in imagining herself so ill. But the more he examined her countenance, on which the indelible stamp of death was already impressed, the more he was convinced that she was right. From that moment, he scarcely quitted her bed-side, but watched over her, read portions of the Scriptures to her whenever she was able to listen, and even prayed with her. Her composure and benignity were gradually communicated to his mind; so that though the one of all the family who was the most fondly attached to her, he was the only one who could view her approaching death with sufficient calmness to be able to listen to her when she talked about it. Short was the time, however, that he was called upon to exercise this self-command, for the vital torch was nearly extinguished, and her short but innocent life, was nearly drawn to a close. George, whose affectionate offices seemed to become more and more grateful to her as the





Why dont you go to your book now George?  
*Faint 22.*

time approached nearer when she must resign them altogether, had sat up with her all night; and her mother, towards morning, was prevailed upon to go and take a little rest, under the assurance from Sally, that she did not need anything that her brother could not do for her. Just as her mother left the room, the first beam of the morning sun glanced through the window. "Put out the lamp, George," said she, "and draw back the window curtain, that I may see the sun rise. It is the last time that I shall ever see it rise; and oh! it is a glorious sight. I should have been glad, if I had been permitted to live longer; for this world is beautiful, and I wanted to see you a wise and good man; but that I hope you will be, though I am not here to see it. And always remember me, George, and think how dearly I loved you. Raise me up a little, and put the pillows under my shoulders—there, that will do. Oh! George, I can't see! Take hold of my hand." George took her hand, she pressed his gently; and he watched, scarcely venturing to breathe, lest it should prevent him from hearing her words when she should next speak.

But gradually he felt her hand relax from the pressure of his; he looked at her lips, but they were still; he put his face to her mouth, but no breath escaped from it—all was motionless. He was conscious that she was dead, but so sweet, so placid, was the repose into which she was sunk, that he was unwilling to stir, lest he should destroy the heavenly feeling. How long he thus hung over her, he was himself unconscious; but when, at length, he was interrupted by the entrance of some of the family, he left the room, and hastened into the open air; as if unwilling to mingle the hallowed feelings which pervaded his mind with the more boisterous grief of the other members of the family.

Violent grief for such a death George felt to be impossible; and though he never ceased to think of her loss with the most affectionate regret, his sorrow was so blended with the conviction that the change was a happy one for her, that it soon softened down into a holy and tender remembrance, which served only to stimulate his mind to virtue and piety; and the sweet proof that she had given so short a time before her death of

her affection for him, made him cherish with grateful pleasure the recollection of Little Croppy.

It may gratify my young readers to learn, that though George did not actually become a second Franklin, or a Washington, still he became a very useful and much esteemed friend to all who knew him. By assiduity in his studies, and by his gentleness of disposition, he gained the patronage of a gentleman of wealth and influence, who gave him a classical education, and procured for him a valuable church living; and though but the son of a humble farmer, he was a "shining light."

# THE MAY QUEEN ;

OR,

WHO IS THE PRETTIEST ?

BY MRS. HUGHS.

“ OH ! how glad I am to see you, Maria,” said Meta, a little girl of about nine years old, as she ran across the street to one of her young companions. “ I have been wishing to see you all day ; for I want to tell you of something so delightful.”

“ Well, what is it ? Let me hear in a minute, for I am in a great hurry just now—I am going to my music.”

“ I will walk along the street with you, and tell you as we go ; for it needs a great deal of explanation. You must know, then,” continued Meta, putting her arm on the shoulder of her friend with an air of great self-importance, “ that we are going to form a society, and all the mem-



bers are to wear flowers in their bosoms as badges; and we are going to elect a May Queen, who is to be the prettiest of the whole society; and when she is elected, she is to be crowned with a wreath of flowers, and the place of our meeting is to be beside the large circle in the square, and"—

“And who, do you think, will be made our queen?” interrupted Maria.

“Oh! that I cannot tell; but I hope my dear beautiful Elizabeth will. I am sure she is the handsomest. Do not you?”

“Perhaps so; but I do not think she is so very pretty. You always call her so beautiful; but I cannot see any thing so very beautiful about her.”

“Oh! has she not beautiful red cheeks, and bright black eyes, and a sweet smile? Oh, I declare I think she is a splendid girl.”

“But only consider what a dark complexion she has, and how bad her teeth are, some of them long and some short.”

“Well, but that, you know, is only because her second teeth are not all grown yet; and as to

her complexion, though it is dark, it is so clear and bright, that every body says it is beautiful. But will you not join our society, Maria? Will you not come into the square between six and seven o'clock, and be made one of our members? Because we are going to vote for our queen to-morrow."

"If I come, I shall not vote for Elizabeth, that you may depend upon."

"Very well; you may vote for whom you please. Only come, for we shall have a grand time."

"Well, perhaps I may. But what flower must I have?"

"Whatever you choose; but roses are the prettiest, you know."

Maria had now arrived at the house of her music teacher, and Meta left her. But again and again had her teacher to call Maria's wandering attention to her lesson. A feeling of jealousy had taken possession of her mind, and it was out of the power of music to produce harmony within. Maria had been accustomed to hear herself called a beauty; and had, unfortunately, been in

the habit of hearing her handsome looks spoken of in such a manner, as to lead her not only to be very vain in her personal appearance, but also to feel jealous of any one whose pretensions could be put at all in competition with her own. On this account she had never been fond of Elizabeth; neither had she ever been partial to Meta; because, though by no means pretending to beauty herself, she at all times bestowed unreserved admiration on the beauty of her friend. And now to hear of Elizabeth's being chosen queen of the society, even at the time that she was herself invited to become one of the members, was a severe wound to her vanity; and she turned it over and over in her mind, her wandering thoughts resting upon any thing rather than the music, to which she ought to have been attending; till at length her teacher, out of patience with the repeated mistakes she made, chid her so severely, as to make her weep; and she returned home, when her lesson was over, with swollen eyes, and looks which would have disfigured the finest set of features. "I will not go to the square," thought she, as she returned home—"I will not go near

them ; and then I shall not know any thing about the queen they choose, unless I should happen to meet some of them ; for then there is no doubt they will all of them be in a great hurry to tell me, especially Meta. If *her* beautiful Elizabeth should happen to be chosen, she will be so crazy, that she will not be able to contain herself till she has told me all about it. But who knows whether Elizabeth will be chosen or not ? It was only Meta's own fancy that set her down as the prettiest ; perhaps there may not be another girl who is of the same opinion. Oh, how I should like to see some one else elected ; it would disappoint them both so much. I think I will go and just see how they get on." With this determination, and incited by the secret hope that she might, perhaps, not only witness the disappointment of Meta and Elizabeth, but might herself be the favoured candidate, she hastened to obtain her mamma's permission to dress, and go to walk in the square.

"Certainly," replied her mamma, in answer to her request. "But, bless me, child, how you look ! What can you possibly have been think-

ing of, to weep, cry and thus disfigure yourself?— I really wish, Maria, you would pay more attention to your appearance ; you know how it vexes me to see you looking so ill. I really believe you will not see one girl in the square that does not look better than you.”

“ I will bathe my face, and the marks will all be off before I get to the square,” said Maria, as she hastened up stairs. The business of dressing was always a serious one to Maria ; but never had she entered into it with greater earnestness than on this occasion ; but in vain did she bathe her face with *eau de Cologne*, and little did it avail her, that a slight moisture in the atmosphere caused her auburn hair to curl in the most beautiful ringlets ; nor yet did it signify that she put on a beautiful frock of the newest fashion, and a handsome Dunstable bonnet which her mamma had recently purchased—the evil feelings that were rankling in her mind threw an expression of discontent and ill humour over her countenance, and disfigured the beauty with which nature had favoured her. Again, and again, she looked at the glass ; it refused to tell the same flattering tale it had so often told : and this only increased

the evil, because it added additional strength to the cause, by putting her still more and more out of humour. At length, after doing all that art could accomplish to improve the external arrangements of her person, but forgetting that it was the internal frame that could alone give real beauty to her appearance, she placed a beautiful half blown tea rose in her bosom, the bloom of which, however, scarcely excelled the fine tinge of her cheek ; and hastened to the place of her appointment. On arriving, she found Elizabeth and Meta, and several other little girls of about the same age, and each looking the picture of good-nature and cheerfulness.

“ Oh, here is Maria,” cried Meta, the moment she saw her, and came running to meet her. “ I am glad you are come,” said the warm-hearted Meta ; “ Do come and look at Elizabeth, and see how sweet she is this evening ; and look,” added she, “ at these beautiful flowers that my aunt Margaret has given me to make a garland for our queen.”

Maria went forward, but she looked at Elizabeth with a jealous eye ; and could therefore see no beauty in her gay smiling face, her so beauti-

fully sparkling black eyes, or her cheeks glowing with the ruddy hue of health.

“ Who do you mean to vote for ? ” asked one little girl, within Maria’s hearing, of another who stood near her. “ I really think Maria is by far the prettiest girl here. ”

“ She does not look good tempered, ” replied the other ; “ she looks so peevish and discontented. ”

“ But what elegant hair she has, and what beautiful eyes ! She is—

‘—————fresh and fair  
With sky-blue eyes and curly hair—  
Rosy cheeks and dimpled chin.’

Oh ! she shall be my queen, that I am determined upon.”

Maria’s heart began to beat high with hope. “ Who are you going to vote for ? ” asked she, going up to Elizabeth.

“ I am going to vote for Meta, ” said Elizabeth. “ Will not you ? ”

“ For Meta ! ” exclaimed Maria, bursting out a laughing. “ Why you surely do not think

Meta pretty, with her little pug nose, and her short ugly hair?"

"Indeed I do think her pretty. She is so cheerful and happy, and good tempered; I think she is the very sweetest girl in the neighbourhood, and I hope she will be made our queen."

"Yes, she is a great beauty to be sure. Do you remember how she fell down when she was dancing that night at your ball, and got the chalk off the floor on her gloves, and then wiped her hand over her face? I suppose you think she looked very beautiful then."

Elizabeth, whose mind was always ready to receive a ludicrous idea, burst into a loud laugh at the recollection of Meta's strange appearance, with her face all daubed over with the coloured chalk.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Meta, coming up to them.

"We are laughing at the thought of the beautiful figure you cut the night you fell down when you were waltzing, and got your face all daubed over with chalk."

Meta, whose temper, though upon the whole





She tried to soothe it with tones of the tenderest sympathy.



exceedingly good, was rather quick, coloured up at the thought of being the subject of that laugh,

“ Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.”

But before she had time to make any reply, her attention was attracted by the cry of a child in distress; and looking round, she saw a very little girl, who in consequence of running too quickly, had tripped her foot and fallen upon the gravel walk, where she lay stretched at full length, and screaming in a most pitiable manner. In an instant Meta's sympathy for the child overcome all her own feelings of mortification, and running to the little sufferer, she raised it up, and wiping its eyes, and shaking the dust and gravel from its frock, she tried to soothe it with tones of the tenderest sympathy, and had nearly subdued all its little griefs, before its father, who had been engaged speaking to a friend at some distance, came up to it. After resigning the child into his hands, Meta turned round to pick up the bunch of flowers which she had laid on the ground when about to lift up the child; but in raising herself

again, she gave a sudden turn, which threw her off her balance, and the next moment she was herself prostrate on the ground. It was now the time for the father of the child to return the kindness which Meta had just shown, which he did by the gentlest attentions; but as he stood helping her to wipe her frock, Meta's eyes happened to glance towards the place where her young companions were, and the first objects that she saw were Maria and Elizabeth standing, looking and laughing at her. Again Meta's cheek was flushed with indignation; and when, the next moment she saw a little dog, which the gentleman had with him, tearing to pieces the flowers that had been again thrown to the ground, she lost all command over herself, and burst into tears. "Oh, my beautiful flowers are all destroyed, she exclaimed; "and my aunt Margaret has no more to give me!"

"Never mind your flowers, my little girl," said the gentleman kindly, "I have plenty of beautiful flowers, and you shall have as many as you please of the best of them; for I shall be very happy indeed to make some little return

for the kindness you showed to my little Lucy. Tell me where you live, and you shall very soon have your flowers replaced."

Meta gave him the information which he required, but added at the same time that she would rather not have the flowers before the next afternoon, and they then parted with mutual thanks and kind feelings. As she turned from her new friend, Meta's eye immediately wandered in search of her old one; but Elizabeth was no longer to be seen. "Where is Elizabeth?" asked she, going towards Maria, who had now composed her countenance into an expression of sympathy.

"She is gone home—she would not stay any longer."

"I think she might have waited for me," said Meta, hurt and offended at her friend's unkindness.

"I believe she did not like to walk home with you, after you had got your frock so soiled."

"I would have walked home with her, however she might have been dressed."

"Meta," said Maria, putting her arm through

Meta's as she spoke, and availing herself of the impressions of the moment with a degree of policy that might have been learnt from much older politicians, "I think Elizabeth does not like you half so well as you do her."

"Perhaps not. I cannot help that," answered Meta, coldly.

"I do not believe you would have stood laughing at her, if she had happened to fall down."

"I do not think I should."

"And she said that she never saw such a stumbling thing as you are; that you scarcely ever go out without having a tumble before you come in again."

"I would not talk of her faults," said Meta, deeply wounded.

"No, I am sure you would not," returned the new candidate for honours; "I never saw any body so kind in my life as you always are to her. I am sure I think she is a very ungrateful girl; and I wonder how in the world you can think her so very pretty. Do come with me past our house, Meta," continued the young politician, "for I want to ask my mamma if I may not

have you to drink tea with me this evening." Meta did so ; the request was granted, and they proceeded together to obtain Meta's mamma's permission also ; and this being obtained, and Meta having changed her frock, they returned again to Maria's home, where they spent the evening together very happily.

Few little girls are insensible to the delights of paying a visit ; or can fail to recollect, if they examine their own bosoms, that they have often seen charms in a young companion at the moment of being invited to visit her, that they had never before discovered ; and have even, on such an occasion neglected an old friend for one that they knew little of, and cared very little about. When they recollect this, it is hoped they will forgive Meta her temporary forgetfulness of her friend, and not set her down as fickle and unstable in her attachments ; though it is confessed that she returned home that night determined to vote the following evening for Maria ; who was, she declared, the greatest beauty she had ever seen in all her life.

The next evening, so much wished for by some,

and dreaded by others, at length arrived, and the young associates flocked to the place of meeting with palpitating hearts. And let not those, who, in consequence of having passed over a few more years, think themselves their superiors, scorn the objects which thus excited their interests, as too trifling and insignificant; for could they look a little further into life, and view those who are much their own seniors, they would find that stronger emotions, and much more tumultuous feelings, are every day experienced for pleasures almost as childish, and honours little less evanescent.

When the group was assembled, Matilda, who was the oldest of the set, and had indeed been the founder of the society, began to gather in the votes, which each one had written on a slip of paper. When she had got them all, she proceeded to one of the benches, that she might examine them at her ease. Thither she was accompanied by the whole party, who stood round anxiously watching the result of the examination. When assorted, there were found to be, besides a few single votes for others, four for Maria, four for Elizabeth, and four for Meta.



What was to be done? They had each an equal number of votes, and yet they could not all be made queens. That was out of the question.

“ Oh, stop !” said Maria, as Matilda tried to hit upon some mode of settling the point in an impartial manner, “ it has not struck seven o’clock yet, and you know you said you would take any votes that might be brought in before it struck seven o’clock.”

“ I know I said so,” returned Matilda, “ but you are all here, and so there is no use in waiting.”

“ No, Meta is not here,” answered Maria.

Every one looked round with surprise, and each wondered how she could have forgotten Meta.

“ Oh ! then that will settle it at once,” said Matilda, “ for we all know whom she will vote for. We are very sure that she will give Elizabeth her vote.”

“ No ! indeed,” cried one. “ Oh ! Elizabeth behaved very ill to Meta yesterday,” said another. “ I am sure she will not vote for Elizabeth,” exclaimed a third.

Elizabeth hung her head, and Maria raised hers higher than usual.

“ Here she comes,” cried one, and at that moment Meta was seen advancing towards them, carrying a basket, the top of which was very closely covered over with a sheet of white paper. The state of the poll was very soon made known to her, and she was asked for her vote. “ You must let me give it in my own way,” said Meta, her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks showing the flutterings of her little bosom. “ You must all arrange yourselves in order, and take off your hats, that I may look at you well before I make up my mind.” They did so. Elizabeth stood with her eyes cast down, and her cheeks glowing with blushes. Maria, as she took off her bonnet threw back her beautiful tresses with an air of conscious exultation, whilst the soft breeze, as it passed by, made the ringlets that hung round her face, play over her forehead in the most graceful manner. Meta herself looked very animated. She had no ringlets, nor had she the diamond-like eyes of her friend ; but she had a clear skin, a pretty figure, and a countenance which beamed with affection, intelligence, and generosity ; and as she stood in the middle of the group with her little basket in her hand, looking

at each by turns with an air of pretended gravity, those who had given her their votes, exulted in the choice they had made, and those who had not, wished for the power of voting a second time. At length her eye rested upon Maria, and at the same moment Elizabeth directed a timid glance towards her. "How beautiful Maria looks! I know Meta will vote for her," thought she. At that moment Meta put down the basket, and raising the paper, took out a wreath of flowers, the richness and beauty of which called forth a general exclamation of admiration; and going to Elizabeth, she placed it on her head, and kissed her as their queen.

"Oh! Meta," said Elizabeth, "you cannot mean to give it me, when I behaved so ill to you yesterday!"

"Hush, you must not talk about behaving ill; Queens never acknowledge that they have behaved ill, and here is something good," added she, taking up her little basket in which was a variety of sweetmeats, and presenting it to her friend: "and you must give your subjects a treat after your coronation. They were sent to

me, with these beautiful flowers, by the gentleman I saw here yesterday, and I give them to you, Elizabeth, as a present on your coronation."

"And are you not offended at the manner I behaved yesterday?" asked Elizabeth, with surprise.

"I felt angry last night, but to-day it is all forgotten. I love you too well, Elizabeth, to keep such things in my mind. So now," continued Meta, taking hold of her friend's hand, and leading her forward, "you are our queen, and we will all dance round you."

"Do you all acknowledge me as your queen?" asked Elizabeth, addressing those who stood around; and her countenance brightened as she spoke, and her eyes shone with even more than their usual brilliancy,

"Yes! yes!" replied a number of voices; "we will accept you as our queen for Meta's sake." One dissenting voice alone was heard, and as each one turned to look at Maria, from whom it proceeded, they saw her pale with rage, while her lips, which had changed their ruby hue for a sort of blue white, quivered as she muttered,

“ It is not fair ! Meta has no right to crown Elizabeth.”

“ Oh, yes, it is quite fair !” returned all the voices at once. “ Elizabeth is our queen.”

“ Then if I am your queen,” said Elizabeth, “ remember you must obey me. So now I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to resign my honours, and make Meta queen in my stead ; for she deserves it much better than I do.” And as she spoke, she took the wreath from her own head, and placed it on that of her friend.

“ Oh ! I must not have it,” said Meta, as soon as the general burst of approbation which rung through the group was sufficiently subsided to permit her voice to be heard. “ I cannot wear this wreath ! It was to be for the prettiest, you know, and I am not pretty at all.”

“ Yes, yes, you are pretty to-day—we all think you pretty to-day,” cried all, as with one voice.

“ And pray, who gives Elizabeth a right to choose a queen for us ?” asked Maria, whose features were by this time so distorted with rage and envy, as to make her look almost frightful.

“ I thought a queen had a right to do any thing,” said Elizabeth ; “ but here is my uncle George coming, and as he is a lawyer, and knows what is right, I will ask him.” Elizabeth ran to ask the opinion of her legal friend, who, after hearing her little history, came forward towards her young companions, leading Elizabeth by the hand. “ I have listened attentively to Elizabeth’s statement of this business,” said he, as he came up to them, “ and I am of opinion that this sweet little girl—” and as he spoke, he put his hand on Meta’s head, which was still ornamented with the beautiful wreath, “ has a double right to the honour that has now been conferred upon her. She is your queen, both because she was given to you by one whom you had promised to obey ; and because you meant the honour for the one who possessed the highest kind of beauty ; for though red cheeks and bright eyes are very pretty things, affection, generosity, and a spirit of forgiveness, are beauties of a very superior nature, and will have power to charm long after the cheeks have lost their bloom, and the eyes have ceased to sparkle.”

Another burst of approbation succeeded this speech, and joining hands, they danced round the blushing Meta, and hailed her as their queen. It was noticed by some that Maria was not among them ; and looking round, they saw her hastening out of the square with the greatest speed, to indulge her mortification and disappointment alone.

After the ceremony of dancing round their queen was over, they all arranged themselves round her, when she distributed her sweetmeats ; after which, they returned home, highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening ; and with promises of meeting at the same place the following evening, again to pay their devotions to their queen.

Thus these little girls were taught, what we hope our young readers will never forget, that true beauty is in the mind and heart, and not in face or form ; and that the common proverb is as true as it is common, “ *Handsome is that handsome does.*”

# EDWARD THE SIXTH,

KING OF ENGLAND.

THIS excellent prince was the only son of Henry the Eighth, by Lady Jane Seymour, and was born at Hampton Court, October the 12th, 1537, the Queen, his mother, dying the day after. His tutors were Dr. Cox and Sir John Cheke, under whom he made rapid progress in the languages, and other parts of learning. He also displayed a remarkable sweetness of disposition, and a great regard for virtue and religion, even in his most tender years.

At the age of nine he succeeded his father, who, by his will, left him and the kingdom under the guardianship of sixteen persons of high distinction. The reformation which had been begun by Henry, was carried on with more consistency and sincerity under Edward, who was firmly settled in the doctrines of the Protestant religion.



In his reign the principles of civil and religious liberty were but little understood; yet Edward possessed more generous and enlarged sentiments with respect to the rights of conscience, than the most grave and learned men of his age; for when one Joan Bocher was condemned to be burnt, for maintaining some notions in religion contrary to the established faith, the young king repeatedly refused to sign the death warrant. Archbishop Cranmer, otherwise a mild and pious man, urged him by many arguments; and having at last prevailed over his resolution, Edward emphatically told him, with tears in his eyes, that "if he did wrong the guilt should lie on his head."

The virtues of his heart were equalled by the accomplishments of his mind. He was well acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages, and could converse fluently, and with considerable ingenuity, in the French, Italian, and Spanish. The principles of natural philosophy and mathematics, as far as they were then understood and explained, were familiar to him; so that, when the celebrated Cardan was introduced

to him, he entered into a long conversation with him on the subject of comets; concerning which he had much juster notions than that ingenious mathematician. Of this Cardan has given us an account in one of his books. "He was but fifteen years of age," says that famous man, "when I waited on him: yet he spoke Latin, both as to readiness and phraseology, as well as myself. He asked me what was the subject of my book, *De Rerum Varietate*, (Concerning the Variety of Things,) which I had dedicated to his Majesty. I told him, that in the first chapter I had explained the nature of comets. He asked me what the cause of them was. I told him, that when the light of the planets happened to meet and centre, they produced this appearance. The king objected, that these stars had different motions; and therefore it would follow that the comets must vary in their figure and motion, according to the revolution of the planets, and their different situations from each other."

He afterwards pushed some other objections against Cardan's visionary notion, and completely puzzled the philosopher, according to his own

account. Cardan, however, had the candour to acknowledge the high merits of this excellent prince, although he had no expectations from him; and he concludes a long penegyric, by saying, "his description rather fell short of matter of fact, than exceeded it; and that the young king had such parts, and was of such expectation, that he looked like the miracle of a man."

Edward employed his time to the best of purposes. He made the improvement of his mind his greatest pleasure; and being born to govern a powerful nation, he applied himself, with indefatigable care and attention, to such studies as might render him most useful in his high station.

He made himself acquainted with the state of his kingdom; and kept a book, in which he recorded the characters and public actions of the principal persons in the nation. He regarded chiefly such as were distinguished by their virtuous conduct, eminent talents, and religious principles. He had a competent knowledge of geography; and, knowing the value of trade and commerce to a kingdom so situated as England, he greatly encouraged mercantile men and navi-

gators, who, under his protection, made many voyages, and explored unknown seas and countries, which afterwards proved of considerable importance to this country.

His mental abilities were displayed in a discourse concerning Faith, in Latin, which he addressed to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset; and in a history or diary of his own times, which, with his letters, are still existing, and prove beyond all doubt the extraordinary qualifications and transcendent virtues of this excellent prince.

He possessed too exalted a mind to form low connexions, or to bestow his favours upon unworthy favourites. His pleasures were of the purest kind, and his only ambition was to be virtuous and to do good. Yet the piety of Edward was cheerful, and unmixed with bigotry. He was pleasant and affable in his deportment; and indulged himself in such amusements and exercises as were suited to his age and rank, particularly music, in which agreeable science he excelled.

His attendance on public worship was constant, and he paid particular attention to the ser-

mons which were preached before him. Of many of these he took notes for his private consideration and advantage. He knew that religion must be attended to as well when we are alone as when we are at church; and that if we would do our duty and please God, we must regard his service and his word in private as well as in public.

Good king Edward, though placed on a throne, and surrounded with pomp, and pleasure, and flattery, found more comfort and real pleasure in enlarging his mind with valuable knowledge, than in the treasures and splendours of a kingdom; and he experienced the truth of what the wisest of kings said in his Proverbs:—"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

He was also very assiduous and zealous to do good. Till his time, the condition of the poor in London was very deplorable; and it was much worse after the dissolution of the monasteries, in many of which the sick, infirm, and destitute, found comfort and relief.

Bishop Ridley, who was burnt in the succeed-

ing reign, happening to preach before the king, dwelt very pathetically in his sermon upon the duty of charity; and recommended to the consideration of the great, the miserable condition of the poor. After the service, his Majesty sent for the bishop, and, having giving him thanks for his excellent discourse, desired him to form a scheme for the permanent maintenance of the poor in London. The bishop accordingly consulted with the lord mayor and aldermen; the result of which was, that the king founded that noble institution of Christ's Hospital, for the support and education of orphans; St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals for the sick; and Bridewell, for the correction of the vicious and profligate.

This inestimable prince, whose rare qualifications and shining virtues promised him to be a blessing to this nation, died of a consumption at Greenwich, in 1553, aged sixteen years.

# FRANCIS BACON,

LORD VERULAM.

FRANCIS BACON, a great lawyer and statesman, but a much greater philosopher, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal, which is the same office as that of lord chancellor of England.

The son was born at York-house, in the Strand, in 1561, and in his infancy showed signs of a happy genius and strong judgment. When he was but a child, he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth, who asked him how old he was ; to which he answered, “ that he was two years younger than her majesty’s happy reign ;” for the queen was crowned in 1559. This fine compliment gave so much satisfaction to that discerning queen, that she bestowed many marks of her royal favour upon Mr. Bacon, whom she used to call her “ young lord-keeper.”

But the dazzling splendours of a court, and the smiles of his sovereign, did not entice him from his studies. His progress in learning was so great, that at the age of twelve years he was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Dr. Whitgift, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Under this learned and pious divine, he applied to his books with such uncommon diligence, that before he was sixteen years old he had gone through the whole circle of the liberal arts and sciences, as they were then taught, besides making a great proficiency in the learned languages and divinity.

His father, the lord-keeper, discovering in his son such a ripeness of judgment and virtue, as well as of knowledge, resolved to send him, young as he was, to France, that he might gain an acquaintance with affairs of state. He was accordingly committed to the care of Sir Amias Powlet, the English ambassador at Paris : and so well did he conduct himself in that situation, as to be sent to England with a commission of importance to the queen, which required both secrecy and despatch. He executed this honour-



able trust with such applause, as gained both him and the ambassador great credit. Our young statesman then returned to France, where he applied himself not only to his studies, but cultivated the friendship of men of learning, and made many useful observations upon public affairs, as appears from *A Succinct View of Europe*, which he wrote when he was only nineteen.

But while he was thus honourably improving himself abroad, in such pursuits as might best answer the expectations entertained of him, the sudden death of his father recalled him to England; where, finding that his portion, owing to the largeness of his family, was but small, he resolved to make the law his profession. He accordingly entered himself a student of Gray's Inn, where, in his twenty-eighth year, he became reader to the society: that is, read lectures upon profound questions in the law. About the same time, he was also appointed Queen's counsel; but did not receive any substantial preferment or distinction till the reign of King James the First, when he passed through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, and, finally, that of chan-

cellor, on which occasion he was made a viscount. He died at Highgate in 1626. His fame for universal learning was so extensive, that in his last illness a French nobleman, of very high distinction, went to pay him a visit, and finding him in bed, with the curtains drawn, "You resemble," said the marquis, "the angels; we hear those heavenly beings constantly talked of, and we believe them superior to mankind, but we never have the consolation of seeing them."—"If the charity of others," replied the dying philosopher, "compare me to an angel, my own infirmities tell me I am but a man!"

In the midst of his professional employments, and the fatiguing engagements of state affairs. this great man applied to his studies with unremitting ardour. He was the first who discarded a slavish adherence to theory and hypothesis in philosophy, and laid it down as a maxim, "that in the study of nature we should always proceed, not upon conjecture and theory, but upon experiment alone!"

