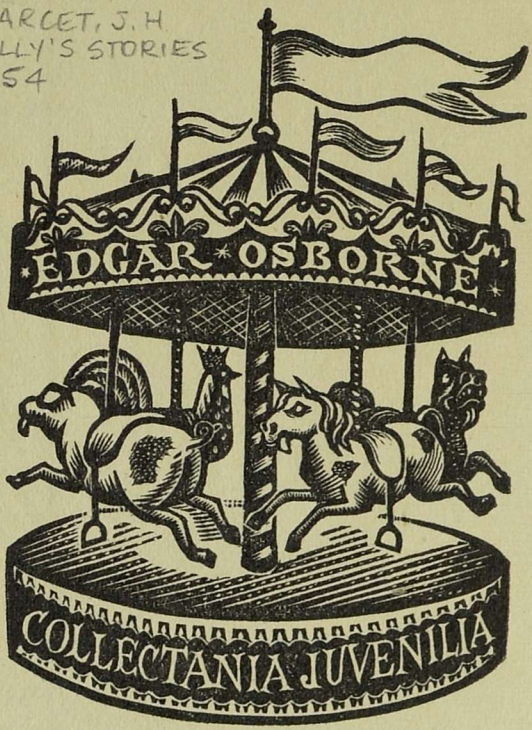

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WILLY'S STORIES

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.

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"CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY,"

ETC. ETC.

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WILLY'S RAMBLES.

THE HOUSE BUILDING.

There was once a little boy whose name was Willy. When he was six years old, his Papa bought him a Shetland pony. It was not much bigger than a very large dog, and so gentle that Willy was allowed to ride it about the common alone; for his Papa's house stood on a common. The pony was called Coco; it had a nice little saddle and bridle; and Willy had a whip, but he seldom struck his pony, for

it cantered along as soon as he called to him.

His Mamma told him, that when he heard the first dinner bell ring, he must return home in order to wash his hands and face, and comb his hair, before he sat down to table; and he took care never to go so far as to be out of hearing of the bell.

One day, that he was cantering along, he saw several men digging a great hole in the ground; he wondered what it could be for, and rode up to them to inquire.

"Why, my little master," said one of the workmen, "we are going to build a house."

"Build a house down in a hole under ground!" cried Willy; "I think that is very foolish; it will be

all dark and dismal. I am sure I should not like to live in it."

"Come again another day," replied the man, "and you will see."

The next day, Willy wished very much to go again and see the house building in the hole; but it rained so hard for several days, that he could not go out. As soon as the weather cleared up, he mounted his horse and rode to the place. He found the workmen very busy building the walls of the house; they began building the walls at the bottom of the hole, but when they reached the level of the ground they went on building them high up.

"Oh, oh!" says Willy, "I see, after all, you are going to build your house like other houses; but

why do you begin so low down in the ground?"

"Because the house would not stand firm else," said the man.

"Oh yes, I understand," replied Willy; "it is like a tree. When the gardener plants a tree, he digs a hole and puts the roots deep in the ground, that the tree may stand firm, and not be blown down by the wind; so the walls in the hole are the roots of the house. It seems to me very easy to build a wall, and I think I could do it very well if you will let me try."

Having got leave, he leapt off his horse, fastened the bridle to a tree, and began placing the bricks as he saw the workmen do. These workmen were called bricklayers, because they laid the bricks one upon

another to build walls. He found the bricks heavier to carry, and more difficult to place one upon the other, straight and even, than he had supposed; however, after a good deal of toil and trouble, he finished a bit of wall, of which he was very proud, and called to the bricklayer to look at it. The bricklayer walked up to it and smiled; and Willy was pleased, for he thought the man admired his work: all at once he lifted up his foot, gave a kick to poor Willy's wall, and down it went! The bricks rolled some one way, some another; one of them hit his foot and hurt him; but he was too proud to cry, and too angry. He said not a word, but ran up to the wall the bricklayer was building, and tried to kick that

down. The bricklayer then laughed outright.

"Not so easy to bring down my wall, master," said he.

Willy was much disappointed. "And why," said he, "cannot I build a wall that will stand firm like yours?"

"Because you have never learnt, my lad," replied the man. "When I was a boy I was taught to build walls; and now I am a man, I have built walls for a great many years; so it would be a wonder if I could not build them well." He then said he would show Willy how it was done. First he laid a brick upon the ground, then he placed another beside it; and he put some white plaster between the two, which made them stick together.

This white plaster was about as thick as butter, and it was called mortar. Then he placed another brick and some more mortar, and so on, till he had laid a whole row of bricks. After that he spread some mortar over this row of bricks, just as you would spread butter on a slice of bread. He used a very odd-shaped knife; it was neither long nor sharp, but the shape of a fish-trowel, and indeed it was called a trowel. Then he placed another row of bricks in the same manner as he had done the first; and the mortar made the two rows stick together; and after that he went on spreading the plaster, and laying the bricks so that there was a little mortar between every brick, till the piece of wall was finished.

"Now," said the man, "the wall is not very strong yet, for though you could not kick it down, perhaps I could; but when the plaster is dry no one could kick it down, neither man nor beast."

"And what is this mortar made of?" said Willy. "I see a man stirring it about yonder, and it looks something like the puddings I have seen the cook stir about, but I suppose it is not good to eat."

"No, no," said the man; "it would burn your mouth finely."

"So does pudding," replied Willy, "if you eat it too hot; but it is very good for all that."

"Ah! but this is not good to eat, hot or cold," said the man. "It is made of lime, mixed up with

water, and a little sand. But you don't ask me what the bricks are made of, master."

"Oh! I know that already," replied Willy; and he was very glad to be able to tell the bricklayer that he knew something, for he was afraid he would think him a silly little fellow, to have built the wall so badly. "I have been with Papa in the brick-field, and seen the clay dug out of the ground, and mixed up and stirred about while it is soft, and then put into moulds of the shape of a brick."

"And is that all?" said the man.

"No; then they are laid in rows to dry in the sun and air, and make them hard."

"And is that all?"

"I believe so," said Willy.

"No, no," said the bricklayer; "when they are dry they are put all in a heap in a place called a kiln, and a fire is made underneath to burn them."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Willy; "you are joking now, I know; for if they were all burnt to pieces, how could you build a house with them?"

"I did not say burnt to pieces; but burnt to harden them or more like baked."

"Oh, now I understand you, like the crust of a pie, which is soft paste when it is put into the oven, and hard when it comes out, and very nice," cried Willy; for he thought there would perhaps be a pie for dinner when he returned

home. Just then he heard the dinner bell go ding dong, ding dong, ding dong! So he ran to the tree, untied Coco, leapt up, and cantered home as fast as he could go. The great dinner bell rang a quarter of an hour before dinner, in order that the family should have time to come in and prepare themselves for dinner.

Willy was at home in a few minutes, and had just time to wash his hands, which they wanted very much after handling the bricks and mortar, and to comb his hair, when he heard the little bell go ting-a-ring, a-ring a-ring! and then he knew that dinner was on table. He was so eager to tell his Papa, Mamma, and Sisters all that had happened, that he could hardly eat

his dinner; and when the pie was served up, he cried out, "Oh! that is my nice-baked bricks!"

After dinner his Mamma observed that his clothes were all daubed with bricks and mortar. She told him that when he went about such dirty work, he should come home in time to have his clothes well brushed; and desired him to put on a pinafore when he went again among the workmen. She then said, "My dear Willy, mind and take warning by the brick which bruised your foot, and be careful not to get hurt another time; for we trust you alone, because we think that you will mind and not get into any mischief."

The following day it rained, and poor Willy was obliged to stay at

home. He watched the clouds, but in vain; they would not clear away. The next day it was still very showery, and a strong wind, so that he was not allowed to go out; but the third morning was bright and fine, and Willy, as soon as he had finished his lessons, jumped up on Coco, and cantered away to his house, as he called it. He was surprised to see how high the walls had been built whilst he was away. The bricklayers were at work at the top of the walls; but as there was no staircase made yet, he could not get up to them. He trotted Coco round the building, and at last saw a boy busy in putting some mortar into a sort of open box. This box, which is used to carry mortar, was called a hod;

and it had a large stick, like a broomstick, fastened to the bottom of it.

"Pray," said Willy to the boy, "how do the bricklayers get up to the top of the walls, without a staircase?"

"I will show you," replied the lad; and he put the hod of mortar on his shoulder, and held it fast by means of the stick. Then he mounted up a ladder, which was laid against the wall. "If you have a mind to come up," said the lad, "nothing is more easy."

Willy was indeed surprised to see how nimbly the boy ascended; it seemed to him quite as easy as to go up a staircase. So he tied his horse to the ladder that it might not run away, and in another in-

stant his foot was on the first step of the ladder; when all at once he thought of what his Mamma had said to him, to be careful not to get into any mischief. Then he said to himself, "I wonder whether Mamma would give me leave to go up the ladder if she were here."

While he was thus doubting whether he ought to go up or not, the boy was already mounted half way. He thought Willy was afraid, and cried out, "Never fear, my little man, have a stout heart; if I can climb the ladder with this heavy hod of mortar on my shoulders, surely you may come up without any load to carry."

Willy did not like the boy to believe that he was a coward. "And it is true," thought he, "it

must be easier to climb without a heavy load than with one, and since it is not dangerous for him, why should it be for me?"

He was just going to ascend, when he heard the voice of his old friend the bricklayer, who came to the top of the ladder. "Stay where you are," cried he, "and never think of coming up. Why, my young master, are you grown no wiser for your tumble down wall? Don't you know that you cannot climb a ladder, any more than build a wall, without learning how to do it? and if you should tumble down, when you are half way up, it will be much worse than the tumbling down of your bricks, for you may break your bones."

"But you would not kick me

down as you did my wall?" cried Willy. "I am sure you are too good-natured for that."

"No, that I would not," said the man; "but most likely when you get up to some height, not being used to climb so high, your head would turn giddy, and you would fall. This lad with the hod has climbed a ladder above a hundred times; but if he is clever enough at that, he is very foolish to think you could do the same the first time you tried."

While the bricklayer was speaking, Coco, who did not much like being tied to the ladder, began prancing about, and happened to tread on the coat of one of the bricklayers which was lying on the ground. A little dog was stretched upon it

to guard it; and no sooner was the coat touched, than the dog started up and began barking at Coco. Coco then pranced and kicked at the dog, and pulled so hard to get free that the ladder shook violently, and if the boy with the hod had not held very fast, he would have fallen off; and, indeed, if the bricklayer had not held the top of the ladder, it might have fallen down with the boy upon it. The bricklayer then called out to Willy to untie his horse. "You had better be off, my boy," said he; "come back and see us when we have got a staircase for you to come up in safety."

Willy ran to untie Coco, jumped up, and rode off as he was desired. The dog ran after him some little

way, barking at the horse's heels; but the bricklayer called him back, and he returned, growling, to take care of the coat. Then Willy thought that he ought to have minded what his Mamma said to him; for when he saw how difficult it was for the boy to keep his hold, he well knew that he should have been thrown off; he then cantered about the common till he heard the great bell go ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, when he rode home; and not having soiled his clothes, he was dressed and ready for dinner before he heard the little bell go ting-a-ring, a-ring a-ring.

The next day all the family went to spend some time at the house of a friend. Willy was very much

amused there; but he often thought, "I wonder how the house goes on building;" and the day after his return he was impatient to go and see it; he was delighted, too, to ride his little pony, from whom he had been parted so long. When he got up to the house he heard a great noise, knock, knock, knock, saw, saw, saw, hammer, hammer, hammer, and he wondered what they were doing. He fastened his horse to a tree, and on going into the house he was quite pleased to see there was a staircase. He ran up to find his old friend the bricklayer, but he saw none but new faces; and on asking for him, he was answered, "Oh! the bricklayers have finished building the

walls: they have no more to do here, and are all gone."

"And what are you doing?" said Willy.

"We are the carpenters making the floors, and the doors, and the window frames, and all the woodwork."

Willy looked and saw some of them laying down large planks of wood to make the floors, and fastening them with great nails; others were shaving the wood smooth with a wooden tool called a plane; and every time the plane went over the wood, a thin piece of wood was shaved off, and curled up. Willy could not conceive how the plane took off this shaving. Then the carpenter lifted it up, and showed him the blade of a

small sharp knife which was fastened within it, and which cut or scraped off this shaving. Willy asked the man to let him try the plane. He found it was too heavy for him to move easily, and when he did, he could not push it straight, and the knife stuck in the plank; and though he tried over and over again, he could not get off a shaving.

"And yet it seemed so easy when you did it," said Willy to the carpenter. "Every time you pushed the plane over the plank, up came a nice curled shaving."

"Why, master," said the man, "I am a little stronger than you, I believe, and then I have learnt the business a long while. I recollect

the first time I tried, I was not much handier at it than you, though I was a good deal older."

"Well, but surely I could hammer some nails into the plank for the floor," said Willy.

"You had better try at yonder bench," said the carpenter, "where the men are about some lighter work." So he gave Willy two small pieces of wood, and a little hammer, and some nails.

Willy was highly pleased to have the use of all these things. He put the two pieces of wood together, and then held the nail between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and tried to strike it with the hammer into the wood, but the first blow he gave drove the nail all on one side. "How is

this?" said Willy; "I struck the nail on the head."

"But you did not hold the nail upright," said the carpenter; "try again."

This time Willy took great pains to keep it upright: so he held his finger and thumb close to the head of the nail; and when he struck it with the hammer, he gave his finger and thumb a good blow, as well as the nail. He smarted with pain; and letting go the nail, wrung his hand. Some of the men began to laugh, but Willy felt more ready to cry.

"Never mind, my lad," said the carpenter; "many a blow and a cut have I had on my fingers before I learnt my trade: the pain will soon be over."

Willy saw a jug of water standing on the bench, so he thrust his hand into it, having often been cured of the pain of a blow by cold water. While he held his hand in the jug, he amused himself seeing the carpenters work. He longed much to try to use a saw. He observed the teeth of the saw cut so nicely into the wood and saw it through; and the saw-dust fall down underneath so prettily; but he said, "If I was so awkward before, I shall be still worse now that I have hurt my hand." So he waited till the pain was quite gone, and then he thanked the carpenter, and went to unfasten his pony; but when he got to the tree to which he had tied him, he found that Coco had unfastened himself,

and had gone prancing away he knew not whither. After hunting about for some time, he saw him at a distance quietly feeding on the grass. He ran up to him, but just as he put out his hand to catch hold of the bridle, Coco, who wished to enjoy his freedom a little longer, turned suddenly round, kicked up his hind legs, and galloped away. Willy thought himself lucky not to have been within reach of his heels, when he kicked up; however he was quite at a loss what to do. At last he remembered that when the pony was at grass in the meadow, and the groom wished to catch him, he put a little corn into a sieve, and held it out to the pony. The pony came up to him to eat the corn,

and then the groom laid hold of his mane, threw a halter over his neck, and led him quietly to the stables. Now, it is true that Willy had neither sieve, corn, nor halter.

"But then," he said, "the horse will eat grass as well as corn; my hat will serve for a sieve; and as for a halter I shall not want one, for the pony has his bridle on, and I can catch hold of that much easier, indeed, than I could throw a halter over his neck; I who am so little!" So he gathered a few handfuls of grass, and put them into his hat. A man who was digging in the common asked him what he was going to do with the grass? Willy told him it was to catch his pony.

"Oh, then," cried the man,

" you need not take so mu. trouble; if you hold out your hat empty it will do just as well, for the pony cannot see that the hat is empty, till he comes close up to it; and then you may catch hold of the bridle, while he is looking into the hat."

" But that would be cheating him," cried Willy; " and I will not cheat anybody; no, not even a beast."

" Well said, my good boy," replied the man.

" Besides," added Willy, " if I cheated him once, he would not believe me another time." He then went up to his pony, held out his hat, the pony came quietly up to him, and Willy seized hold of his bridle: whilst he was eating

the grass, Willy heard the great bell go ding dong, ding dong, ding dong. But the bell instead of sounding loud as usual, was quite faint, so that Willy could hardly hear it. Willy wondered, and doubted whether it might not be some other bell. He looked round, and saw that the house was a great way off, for it looked very small, and he knew that the further off a house is the smaller it looks. He knew, too, that the further off a bell is, the less you hear the noise it makes in ringing. The truth is, the pony galloping away had led him much further from the house than usual. He began to fear he should not get home in time, so he patted Coco on the shoulder, shook the rest of the grass out of his hat,

and cantered home as fast as he could. But whilst he was putting his horse into the stable he heard ting-a-ring, a-ring a-ring. He went straight into the dining-room, for he knew his Papa and Mamma liked the children to come in to dinner as soon as the bell rang. But he forgot that they were not pleased either if they did not wash their hands, comb their hair, and come down neat and clean to table.

Willy was beginning to tell his story about the horse running away, when his little sister Sophy began to laugh. "What are you laughing at in my story, Sophy?" said he; "I think it no joke for Coco to run away, and I not know how to catch him."

"I am not laughing at your

story," said Sophy, "but at your head. I think you have a garden of flowers growing there amongst the hair. Then she went up to her brother, and pulled out a number of pieces of purple heath and of grass, which stuck amongst his hair.

He could not imagine how they got there; but when he went on with his story, and told her how he had put the grass into his hat, and then shook it out to put it on his head, his sister began laughing again. "I suppose, Willy," said she, "some seeds were left in the hat, and they took root and grew into flowers whilst you were riding home."

Then Willy saw that his sister was joking, for he knew that seeds

cannot grow so fast. So he set up a laugh also; and all the family went "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" and when they could laugh no longer his Mamma said, "Without joking, this grass and these flowers, no doubt, remained within the lining of your hat when you shook the rest out. But my dear," added she, looking a little grave, "you did not brush your hair before dinner."

"No, Mamma," said Willy, "nor wash my hands either; for the bell rang just as I came in; but another time I will tie Mr. Coco up so well, that he shall not get loose; and then I shall be home in time to dress before dinner."

The next time Willy rode to the new house, he was quite surprised to hear no noise. "What has be-

come of the carpenters?" thought he, "I believe they are all asleep—or perhaps they are eating their dinner: however, I shall soon see;" and he hastened to get off his horse, tied him very carefully to a tree, that he might not run away again, and skipped up stairs. There, instead of the carpenters, Willy saw several men, who were strangers to him. They were busily employed with some large panes of glass, trying to fit them into the wooden window frames which the carpenters had made. They tried first one pane of glass, then another; but they were all too large.

"Oh!" cried Willy, "you must cut them smaller to make them fit. I will run and fetch you a

large pair of scissors I saw the carpenters had the other day."

"Oh no, my little master, that will not do," answered the men (who were called glaziers); "glass cannot be cut with scissors."

"Well, then," said Willy, "I have a good stout knife in my pocket, which I use to cut a stick, and I will lend it you."

"But glass is not made of wood like a stick, and a knife will not cut it any more than scissors."

"Well, then, will you have a saw, or a hatchet, or a chisel? I will run and see if the carpenters have left any of their tools."

"No, no; nothing of that sort will cut glass," replied the man, smiling

"Why, then, what will you do?" said Willy; "if nothing will cut the glass to fit the frames, you can never make the windows."

"Yes; but there is something that will cut glass," said the glazier, "as you shall see." Then he took up a tool that looked like the handle of a chisel, and a ruler, and placed it on a pane of glass, and with the wooden tool he drew a line on the glass, as you would do with a pencil. Willy heard the glass scratch, and, to his great surprise, he found that the tool had cut it almost through, so that when the glazier took it up, and bent it a little, it broke straight along the line in two pieces.

"How strange," said he, "that when neither knives nor scissors

will cut glass, a wooden handle like that will do it!"

"Ah!" cried the glazier, "but the handle is only to lay hold of: there is something at the bottom of it which cuts the glass." Then he showed Willy something that looked bright like glass, but it was so small that he could hardly see it. "This," said the glazier, "is a diamond: it is exceedingly hard, and is the only thing which will cut glass."

"It is like the diamond in Mamma's brooch," said Willy; "only not so large nor so bright. Pray let me try to cut some glass with it."

He was going to try upon a large pane: but the glazier said, "I do not think you will be able to cut

the glass, but you will scratch it, and I cannot let you spoil a large pane: here, take this small slip of glass I have just cut off the large pane, and try if you can cut that."

Willy placed the ruler as he had seen the glazier do, and then drew a line on the glass with the diamond. He leaned with all his might on the instrument, yet he could only scratch the glass, not cut it. He then thought that by bending it as he had seen the glazier do, he could break it in two; but taking up the glass and trying to do so, he scratched his hands sadly. Though his hands bled and smarted a good deal, Willy did not cry, for he knew that would do no good. He tried to laugh, and said, "I think the glass has a mind to be

revenged on me, and scratches me in return for my scratching it."

"No," said the man; "it was not you, but the diamond that scratched the glass. The diamond is harder than glass, so it can scratch it; the glass is harder than your hands, so the glass can scratch them."

Willy washed the blood from his hands, and thought no more of it, except to remember that when he handled a pane of glass the edges would scratch his hands if he did not take care. He looked on, and saw the glazier first take measure of the window frame, and afterwards of the pane. He then cut the pane to fit the window frame. "Well, now it fits exactly," cried Willy, admiring the glazier's clever-

ness in cutting it so well; "but how will you fasten it in the frame?"

"There is a ledge in the frame," said the glazier, "which holds the pane; but that would not hold it tight enough to prevent the wind from blowing it out, if I did not fasten it in with some putty." He then showed Willy some stuff that was a little thicker and tougher than butter, which was called putty. "When I put the pane into the window frame, you see I stick a little of this putty all round the edges, and it joins the glass and the frame together; and when the putty dries and hardens, the glass is as firm and tight in the frame as possible. You may more easily break the glass than separate it from the putty."

"Oh! I know that well," said Willy; "for I have broken a window before now; not on purpose, but by chance. One day playing with my ball, it struck right against the pane, and it went smash all to pieces. Mamma sent for a glazier to put in a new pane; and I remember he had a great deal of trouble to get the edges of the pane out of the frame, the putty stuck it in so hard. I think your putty is something like the mortar the bricklayers use; it is soft when they spread it between the bricks; and when it is dry, it is almost as hard as the bricks themselves."

While Willy was busy seeing the glaziers work, he heard ding dong, ding dong, ding dong; so he leaped up, thanked the glazier

for what he had shown him, and ran down stairs to find Coco, who was quietly eating the grass that grew beneath him ; for, this time, he was tied too well to loosen his bridle and scamper away. So Willy cantered off, and got home in time to wash and comb himself, and brush his coat too, before ting-a-ring, a-ring, a-ring, called him to dinner.

The next time Willy went to the house, he found the panes of glass put in every window. He could see this on the outside of the house, before he dismounted. "So the glaziers will be all gone, I suppose," thought he ; "but I dare say I shall find some other workmen : I wonder what they will be about." As he went into the house

he smelt a very disagreeable smell; and, going into one of the rooms, he found some men busy painting the doors and wainscot. "Is it your paint that smells so nasty?" said Willy to the painters.

"Yes, master," answered they.

When he saw the painter dip a large brush into the pot full of paint, and then spread it on one of the doors, he said, "I should like to paint very much, if it were not for the smell."

"Oh! you would soon get used to that," answered the painter. "I cannot smell it at all."

"Indeed!" said Willy; "I thought you looked pale, and that perhaps the paint made you sick."

"No," replied the painter; "but the smell of paint is not whole-

some, even when you are used to it; and though it does not make me sick, it makes me pale, and sometimes very ill."

Willy was so much amused seeing the painter work with his great brush, that he soon forgot the smell, and he asked whether he would lend him a brush and let him paint. Then the painter gave him a smaller brush, and another pot of paint, which did not smell so bad, and told him to go to work on another door of the room; "for," said he, "you would spoil the door I am painting."

"And shall I not spoil the other door?" said Willy.

"No," replied the man; "you may daub that about as much as you please; because it has only the

first coat on, and every door has three coats; so if you do any harm it will all be covered over."

"Doors wear coats!" cried Willy, laughing. "Oh now I am sure you are in fun; and so if I paint it badly, you will cover it with a coat? Pray," said he, carrying on the joke, "do doors wear great coats or common coats?"

"Why, they are coats of paint, my little man, and nothing else," said the painter. "When I cover the door all over with paint, that is called a coat."

"Oh! because it covers it over as a coat covers us," said Willy; "but why do you put on three coats, for the door does not want to be kept warm?"

"No," said the man; "but as

the coats of the doors are very thin, they easily wear out or get damaged. If the housemaid happens to strike it with her broom when she is sweeping the room, or the footman when he brings in the coal-scuttle or the tray, the coat will be worn. Then some children are very fond of throwing balls against doors; nay, some even amuse themselves with knocking against them with sticks, and little girls often scratch them with pins: all these things make rents or holes in the coat, and the naked wood is seen beneath; but when the door has a second and a third coat on, they must be very mischievous children who will contrive to make a hole through all three. And now set to work, my little master,

and mind you do not drop any of the paint on your clothes; for I can tell you, you would not get it out either by brushing or washing; so have a care."

Willy was quite delighted to have a brush and a paint-pot trusted to him. He dipped the brush into the pot, then he wiped it against the side, to shake out a little of the paint, as he had seen the painter do, and began painting his door. He did it all in stripes and blotches, it is true; "but then," said he, "there are to be two more coats over it, and they will hide all my faults." When he had covered one panel of the door, he called the painter to look at it.

"Not amiss," said the man;

"you have painted the door pretty well, and your clothes too."

"My clothes!" cried Willy; "why, I took great care not to let a single drop of paint fall on them."

"But they are covered almost all over with drops," said the painter; "you did not consider that when you wiped the brush against the side of the pot, if it was not done with care, and gently, the drops, instead of falling into the pot, would splash over your clothes."

"Oh dear! what shall I do? luckily I have put on my pinafore, as Mamma told me, and the paint has fallen more on that than on my coat; but can it never be got out?"

"Oh yes, it may," said the man; "if you grease your pinafore with butter, it will all come out by washing."

"But I cannot put butter on my coat," said Willy, "for that does not wash, and grease makes as ugly a stain as paint."

"True," replied the man: "when you get home you must ask them to put some turpentine on the coat, and that will take out the stain. But then you must hang the coat in the air a long time to take out the smell, for turpentine smells very disagreeably; then he showed him a bottle full of turpentine, and Willy said,

"It smells just like the paint."

"Well it may," said the man, "for it is the turpentine mixed up

with the paint that makes it smell; look, here is some white paint in powder."

Willy put his nose to it, and found it had no smell. "It looks like the fine flower that cakes are made with," said he; "may I taste it?"

"Oh no," said the man; "it is rank poison."

"Poison!" said Willy, shrinking back; "and would it kill me?"

"If you took only a little on the tip of your finger to taste, it might perhaps only make you sick; but if you swallowed a tea-spoonful, it would be sure to kill you."

"Who would ever have thought that?" said Willy. "I might have guessed that the paint had been poison, when mixed up with tur-

pentine; but I never should have thought that it could have hurt any body, when it looks so white and so nice as it does here."

"We don't always mix up the paint with turpentine," said the painter, "because it costs too much. In common we mix it up with oil, as it is in the pot I gave you; and that does not smell so strong as turpentine."

"No," said Willy; "but still it smells very bad. Why do you not mix the paint up with water? that is cheap enough; besides it has no smell."

"We do sometimes," said the painter; "but it does not look so well; nor does it last so long. Besides it comes pretty near as dear in the end; for what water will

lay on, water will wash off; and when the door gets dirty, if you try to wash it, all the paint will come off."

"And is the paint a poison when mixed up with oil?" said Willy.

"Yes," replied the painter; "and so it is if mixed up with water; because the poison lies in the paint, not in the liquid with which it is mixed up."

"What is a liquid?" asked Willy.

"Any thing that will pour," answered the painter.

"Oh, then, water, and oil, and turpentine, are liquids to be sure," said Willy; "but there are other liquids besides, for wine and milk

and vinegar will pour too; so they are all liquids."

"Ay, sure," said the painter; "but, my lad, pray cease your prattling, and let me mind my work, or I shall not finish my door much better than you have begun yours." Luckily at that moment the dinner bell rang ding dong, ding dong, ding dong; then Willy wished the painter good-by, and cantered home: he ran up stairs, took off his pinafore, washed his hands, and was in the dining-room before the little bell went ting-a-ring, a-ring, a-ring; but when he sat down to dinner, and was going to give the history of his ride, his sister said,

"Oh, Willy, you need not tell us what you have been doing, for I know it already; you have seen

painters at work, and you have been painting."

"How could you be so clever as to guess that, Sophy?" cried Willy, wondering at her.

"It was the cleverness of my nose, Willy, which smelt you out."

"And the cleverness of my eyes confirms it," said his Mamma; "for, my dear Willy, you have spoiled your clothes by daubing them with paint."

"No, not quite spoilt, Mamma," replied Willy; "for the man — I mean the painter — told me you could get out the paint with turpentine; and he ought to know."

"That is true," said his Mamma; "but the coat will never look so well as it did before, so you must

not go any more to the painters, Willy."

A few days afterwards, Willy said he would ride to the house, but not go in, unless he found the painters had finished their work. When he approached the house, he was quite astonished to hear a great noise of ringing of bells, such as he had never in his life heard before; one bell went ting-a-ring, a-ring; another, tang-a-rang, a-rang; a third, tong-a-rong, a-rong, and a great one went ding dong, ding dong:—"Oh! that great bell is the dinner bell; but I never heard a bell ring to call the workmen to dinner before — besides they do not dine at two o'clock, and it is but just two o'clock: — then all the bells are ringing to-

gether: what can be the matter?" So he hurried off his horse, ran into the house, and was going to skip up stairs, when he was stopped at the foot of the staircase, by the sight of a man mounted on a ladder, who was fixing a number of bells which hung near the ceiling, and it was these bells that made all the noise Willy had heard.

"But who rings these bells?" cried Willy, to the bell-hanger, "for you are only hanging them up."

"There is another man whom I have sent round to all the rooms to ring them, and see if the wires are all rightly fixed, and if the bells ring easily: go up, you will see." Then Willy went up the staircase and found the other man in one of

the rooms, and he saw him pulling the handle of one of the bells, and he heard the bell go ting-a-ring, a-ring: and the man showed Willy how the bell handle was fastened to a wire, which went through a hole in the floor, and then he took him down stairs into the room underneath that floor, and showed Willy the wire coming out through a hole at one corner of the wall by the ceiling; and it went along the ceiling to another corner of the room, and then he saw it no more.

"Where is it gone to now?" said Willy.

"Come and see," replied the bell-hanger. So he opened the door of the room which led into the passage, where the man on the ladder was hanging up the

bells. "Look, the wire comes out at that hole, master, and is fastened to that bell. Now I will run back up stairs, and pull the bell handle, and that will pull the wire and make the bell ring." And he did so. And Willy saw the bell move, and heard it go ting-a-ring, a-ring; and he was so pleased that he jumped for joy. "Why, my little man," said the bell-hanger who was on the ladder, "what is it surprises you so much? one would think you had never heard a bell ring before."

"Oh yes, but I have," said Willy. "There are a great many bells in our house. There is the drawing-room bell, and the dining-room bell, and the nursery bell, and the study bell, and I don't

know how many others. And then the dinner bells; and I canter home to dinner, as soon as I hear the great one. But I never before knew what it was made the bells ring; for I never thought about it, or if I thought anything, it was who it was that rang the bell, whether it was Mamma for me to come down from the nursery, or whether it was any company coming. But I never thought how the bell was made to ring; and now I know, that when I pull the handle of a bell, the handle pulls the wire, and the wire pulls the bell, and the bell shakes and moves the little sort of hammer which is fastened inside the bell; it strikes first against one side and then against the other, and that makes the ting-a-ring, a-ring.

But what makes the tong-a-rong, a-rong, which some bells ring, and the tang-a-rang, a-rang, which others ring?"

"It is when the bells are larger and heavier, they move slower, and make a deeper, louder sound. The great dinner bell moves so slowly, that you hear every stroke the tongue makes against the sides of the bell, and it goes ding dong, ding dong, very distinctly."

"What is the tongue of the bell?" asked Willy.

"The little hammer inside is called the tongue of the bell."

Willy looked thoughtfully, and then said, "I suppose it is because it makes a noise like our tongues, when we talk; and, indeed, when the dinner bell goes ding dong, ding

dong, ding dong, I think," added he, laughing, "it really speaks, and calls me to come in to dinner." At that moment Willy heard the distant sound of his own dinner bell, and gladly answered to its call, saying, "I am coming as fast as I can;" and jumping on Coco, cantered home.

The next time Willy went to the house, it was as quiet as if there had not been a bell in it; and Willy began to think that the bell-hangers had carried them all away. However, when he went in, he saw them hanging up; and they made no noise, because nobody rung them. "I suppose there are workmen of some sort or other in the house," said Willy to himself, "though they make no noise. Let

me see ; " and he opened a door, and went into a room, where he saw some men unrolling large rolls of coloured paper. They were covered all over with red, blue, and yellow flowers with green leaves ; and Willy thought it the most beautiful paper he had ever seen. This paper was white on the other side ; and the men, who were paper-hangers, covered over the white side with paste, and then hung it up against the walls ; and the paste made it stick to the wall. When one piece was pasted, they took another piece, and pasted that, and stuck it on the wall ; and the pattern fitted so well, that Willy could not find out the joining, for it looked like one piece ; and then they joined on another piece, and

so on till the whole room was covered with this pretty flowered paper. Willy liked the sight of the paper, as much as he disliked the smell of the paint; and he could have stayed all day looking at the paper-hangers. He asked leave to paste and hang up one of the pieces; but they would not let him, because, they said, he could never make the pattern join, so as to look like one piece. But they gave him two small pieces of the paper, and a little paste and a brush, and told him he might paste and stick them on a board; and Willy did so; and he found it easier to paste and hang up paper than to build walls, or to carpenter; but still he could not do it well; the paste stuck in lumps on the paper, so that when it was

placed on the board, it was not smooth, but stuck out in bumps; and when he put on the second piece of paper, it was impossible to make the pattern meet and look as if it was all one piece of paper. He tried over and over again, and every time he did it better; but still it was far from being so well done as the paper-hanger's own work.

"No wonder," said the paper-hanger; "I have done nothing but hang paper every day; and, you see, every time you try, you do it better; so I, who have done it a great many times more than you have, must do it much better than you."

He then went into another room, where a man was pasting and hang-

ing up a plain paper. It was of a pretty green colour; but Willy did not like it, because it had no flowers on it. "Stop a little," said the man, "and I shall paste up some pretty flowers;" and he saw a girl cutting out some paper in one corner of the room; and he went up to her and saw her cut out some beautiful garlands of flowers; and when they were cut out, he thought they looked more like real flowers than those painted on the paper; and the paper-hanger pasted them up for a border all round the top of the walls next the ceiling, and another row of flowers he pasted round the bottom of the room, and the green paper covered all the wall between the two borders; and Willy knew not which

room to like best, they were both so pretty.

Then he went into another room, and that had a striped paper, white and blue; and another room had a yellow paper spotted over with green stars. Just then Willy heard the dinner bell go, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong; so he threw down the paper, and bid the paper-hanger good-by. The man said, "If you like to take those small pieces of coloured paper with you, master, pray do."

Willy was quite delighted: "I shall give them to Sophy," thought he; "and how pleased she will be to paste them on the walls of her baby-house!" He thanked the man for his kindness, and rolling up the pieces of paper, he put

them in his pocket; then leaping on the back of the pony, cantered home as fast as he could go. The first thing he said when he got home was, "Oh, Sophy! you do not know what I have got for you in my pocket! — such a good-natured man!"

"A good-natured man in your pocket, Willy! he must be a very little tiny one, then."

"No," replied Willy; "the good-natured man gave it to me — such beautiful flowers of all colours."

"Why, I am afraid they will be crushed in your pocket; come, let us have them out before they are spoiled. I hope they smell sweet."

"They are not real flowers, you silly girl," cried Willy.

"Oh, they are artificial flowers,

are they ?" said Sophy ; "then I shall put them in my bonnet, like Mamma."

"No, they are not artificial flowers either ; you are always in such a hurry to guess, Sophy. They are flowers painted on paper ; and I shall paste them up in your baby-house."

"Well, let us see them, then," said Sophy ; and she ran up to him, and began to feel in his pockets. First she pulled out a pocket handkerchief, all sticky with paste ; then a pair of gloves ; then followed a great knife ; and last of all a top and string ;—but the roll of beautiful paper was no where to be found ! Willy turned his pockets inside out, but all in vain ! At length he concluded, that in can-

tering home, the roll of beautiful paper had slipped out of his pocket, and was lost. Sophy was sadly disappointed, as well as himself. However, he promised he would return the following day, and ask the man for some more paper.

The next day the weather would not admit of his going out; and it rained for several days. At length the sun appeared, and Willy hastened to the house. He saw a great cart standing before the door, full of tables, and chairs, and beds, and carpets, and all sorts of furniture. There were several men busy lifting them out of the cart, and carrying them into the house. He went in and looked about for the paper-hangers, but they had finished papering their rooms, and were

gone. "Then I shall get no paper for Sophy," said he; "how sorry I am!" The men were busy putting down carpets, and putting up beds, and hanging window-curtains, and glasses, and it made the house look very pretty and comfortable. Willy stayed till he heard the bell go ding dong, ding dong, ding dong. As he rode home, he thought how disappointed Sophy would be; and how sorry he should be to tell her he had got no more paper. When he reached the house, he saw her running out to meet him. "Ah that is because she is impatient to see the paper," thought Willy. As she came near him, he saw she looked pleased and laughing. "Ah! that

is because she expects to see the pretty paper," thought he.

"Well, Willy," said she, "have you got the paper?"

"No," said Willy, making a long face; but Sophy, instead of looking disappointed, only laughed the more, and said,

"Well, if you have not got it, *I have.*" Then she stretched out her arm, which she had held behind her back to conceal the roll of paper she held in her hand; and she unrolled it, and Willy, to his great surprise, saw all the pretty pieces of paper he had lost.

"And where in the world did you find them, Sophy?" said he.

"A poor boy brought them just after you were gone: he said he believed you had let them drop

out of your pocket, so he brought them to the house; he would have brought them sooner, but it rained so hard for two days, that he thought they would get wet, and be spoiled, if he brought them through the rain, for he lives a good way off."

"He was a good boy to bring them at all," said Willy; "did you not give him something?"

"Oh, yes! I gave him a nice piece of bread and cheese, and a pair of your old shoes, which just fitted him. He would not keep them on, but put on his old tattered shoes, and carried yours back in his hand, to wear on Sundays, because he said, 'They look so nice and pretty.'"

"Why, I thought they looked so old and shabby."

"Old and shabby to you," said Sophy, "because you have others newer and better; but they looked whole and good to the poor boy, who had none but tattered shoes to his feet."

"Well, but now, Sophy, only look how pretty these papers are."

Sophy had already examined them, and settled which she would paste up in the different rooms of her baby-house.

The next day, when Willy rode as usual to the house, he found the door shut, and he could not get in. At last he rang a bell, and a servant came to the door, and inquired what he wanted.

"I want to go in, and see the house building," said Willy.

"The building is all finished, my lad," said the man," "and the workmen are all gone; and the gentleman and his family, for whom the house was built, are come to live in it."

"So then," said Willy, "I cannot come and see it any more."

The master of the house, who was in an adjoining room, and had overheard Willy, came out and said, "Yes, my dear, you may come and see the house as often as you like; but now there are no more workmen busy in it, I am afraid it will not amuse you." However, he took Willy all over the house, and showed him that the furniture and every thing was finished. Then Willy thanked the gentleman,

mounted Coco, and reached home for the first time before the bell went ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

THE THREE PITS.

As Willy was riding one day, upon the common, he saw a man digging a large hole in the ground. "Oh, oh!" cried he, "you are going to build a house, are you?"

"Not I, master," answered the man: "this large hole is a gravel pit, and I am digging gravel."

"To make gravel walks with in our garden?" asked Willy.

"In your garden, or any body's garden who wants gravel, if they will pay me for it; for I cannot dig for nothing."

"Why not?" said Willy; "*I* often do: I have a little spade;

and I dig in the garden for nothing, but to amuse myself."

"Ah! Sir," replied the man, "you have a Papa and Mamma, who give you dinner, and breakfast, and clothes, and all you want. I have no money to buy food and clothes for myself or my little ones, but what I get by my work; so you see I cannot afford to dig for nothing."

"No, indeed, you cannot," said Willy. "And can you sell all this great quantity of gravel you have dug up?"

"Yes," said the man, "and much more too; some for gardens, and some to mend the roads." Then he showed Willy some coarse gravel made of large pebbles, which was to lay on the roads, and some

fine gravel made of very small pebbles, mixed with yellow earth, which was to make gravel walks.

Willy said, "When you dig the gravel out of the ground, the large and the small pebbles are all mixed together: how do you separate them?"

The man then showed him a large wire screen, which stood almost upright on the ground; and he dug up a spade full of gravel, and threw it against the screen, and the small pebbles and the earth passed between the wires, through the screen, and fell on the ground on the other side of it; but the large pebbles were too big to pass through the wire, and fell on the ground on the side next the man; so there was a heap of coarse gravel

on one side the screen, and a heap of fine gravel on the other. And by the side of each heap there was a man with a cart and horse, to carry away the gravel; and the cart of coarse gravel went to mend the roads; and the cart of fine gravel to make gravel walks in gardens.

Another day that Willy was riding out, he saw some men at work in a great hole, much larger than the gravel pit, and he called out and asked them whether they were digging gravel?

"Did you ever see white gravel?" answered the man: "gravel is yellow, and this is all white; it is a chalk pit."

"Oh, I remember," cried Willy: "I had a piece of white chalk once

to draw with ; and it draws just like a pencil, only it makes white lines instead of black. But what is the use of digging such a quantity of chalk ? Why, there is enough to draw with for a hundred years, if all the boys did nothing but draw."

"Chalk is good for many other things besides drawing," said the man : "it makes mortar to build walls with."

"Oh, yes, I remember seeing the bricklayers spreading the mortar between the bricks, when they were building the house : and what else is chalk good for ?"

"It makes plaster for the walls of rooms," replied the man, "to make them smooth before the paper is pasted on."

"And the ceilings too?" said Willy.

"Yes; and then it makes white-wash to wash over the ceilings when they are plastered; for they are not papered, you know; so they must be more nicely finished than the walls. Besides all that," said the man, "it makes whiting to clean silver spoons and candlesticks with."

"I suppose that is what John calls plate powder?" said Willy.

"Yes," said the man; "it is much the same thing; and he calls it plate powder because he cleans the plate with it."

"Oh no," said Willy: "the cook washes the plates with water, and John cleans all the silver things

with the white stuff he calls plate powder."

"Because," said the man, "silver things are called *plate*, not *plates;* and that is the reason it is called plate powder."

"What a number of things chalk is good for!" said Willy: "and can you get enough out of this pit to make mortar, and plaster, and whitewash, for all the houses that are building; and whiting enough to clean all the silver things—the *plate* I mean; and chalk enough for all the boys to draw with?"

"Oh dear, no!" answered the man: but there are many other chalk pits besides this; and if more were wanted, they need only dig in the ground where it looks white, and they will find chalk."

"And how is chalk made into mortar, and plaster, and white-wash, and whiting?" said Willy.

"What a number of questions at once!" replied the man; and more perhaps than I know how to answer. Let me see: first, it is burnt in the kiln:" and he showed Willy a kiln: it was something like a great oven, with a fire underneath.

"But," said Willy, "when I put a piece of stick in the fire it is all burnt to pieces, and there is nothing left; so if you burn the chalk there will be nothing left, and you cannot make mortar with it."

"But chalk does not burn to ashes like wood," said the man; "there's as much of it when it comes out of the fire as when it

goes in; and it looks whiter after it has been burnt than it did before; then it is called *lime*, and the masons make it into mortar, and the plasterers into plaster and whitewash, by mixing it up with water and some other things."

"Well, I think a chalk pit much more useful than a gravel pit," said Willy; "the chalk is good to make such a number of things."

When he went home he told his Papa what he had seen; and his Papa said he would take him one day to see another sort of pit, much larger than either the gravel pit or the chalk pit.

"May not I go with you?" asked his little sister Mary.

"If you like it, my dear."

So one fine morning they set

out: they went in a carriage, because the pit was a great way off. Willy looked anxiously out of the carriage window, first on one side, then on the other, to see this very large pit; but he saw nothing but fields and green trees. By and by he observed that the road looked very black and dirty; "yet it does not rain, and there is no mud," said Willy; "what can make the road so black?"

"You will see presently," said his Papa; and soon after the carriage stopped, for they were come to the pit.

"I see no pit," cried Willy; "and you said, Papa, it was so very large!"

Both he and Mary were quite disappointed when they got out of

the carriage, and their Papa showed them a round hole about the size of a well. "And is this all?" cried Mary. "I thought a pit was such a large place!"

"We will go down this hole, into the pit," said her Papa; "and then you will see how large it is."

As they went near they saw a man with a very large basket slung to a rope, and Papa got into the basket, and called the children to get in with him, and told them the man would let the basket down by the rope, just as a bucket is let down into a well.

"Is there water in that hole, as in the well?" said Willy.

"No," replied his Father; "if there were, I should not go down myself, nor let you go, because it

would be dangerous; and you know I never ask you to do any thing that might hurt you."

Then Willy leaped into the basket, but Mary hung back, and said, "It is all dark in that hole, and we can see nothing."

"Oh, we shall have lights and plenty," said the man; and he struck a light with a tinder-box, and lighted a long thing, which looked like a thick stick; it burnt at the end which was lighted like a great candle, and he called it a torch.

Mary still seemed afraid of the dark black hole. "If you dislike to come with us, my dear, stay and amuse yourself in the field; you may gather a nosegay of pretty flowers for Mamma, and this man

will be so good as to take care of you till we return."

Mary hesitated a little; she both wished and feared to go with her Papa and Willy; but her father said, "Come, Mary, make up your mind, we cannot wait."

Then she coloured up, and said, "I will stay here."

The man then brought two long black cloaks, and put one on Papa and the other, which was smaller, on Willy, who began laughing, and said, "Mary, don't we look like two chimney-sweepers?" but Mary was vexed, and could not laugh. "Is it cold in that hole," said Willy to the man, "that you make us put on these cloaks?"

"No," answered he; "it is because the coals would dirty your

clothes; and here are two black caps to put on instead of your hats, that they may not be spoilt."

"Coals!" exclaimed Willy; "what coals?"

"This is a coal-pit," said his Papa; "and when we get down into it, you will see how they dig up the coals to make fires with."

"But will not the man come with us to dig?" said Willy; "for you and I cannot dig much, Papa."

"You will find men enough below digging," said the man.

"There can't be many," thought Willy, "at the bottom of this small hole." Then the man let the basket down by the rope; and when they came to the bottom, Willy was quite astonished to see that they were in a large place,

larger than either the gravel pit, or the chalk pit; and the walls of it were all of bright shining black coal, and the ground was of coal, and the ceiling also. And there were a great many people digging coal with pickaxes, and others taking it up with shovels and putting it into baskets, and the baskets were fastened to ropes and drawn up to the top of the hole, just as Willy and his Papa had been let down.

"What a quantity of coal!" exclaimed Willy; "I am sure there is more than ever we shall burn!"

"We do not dig it for you only," said one of the men; "but for a great many other people besides."

"Well, but," said Willy, "you need not work so hard now, for it

is summer, and there are no fires in our house nor in any other houses; it is too hot to have fires."

"Think again, Willy," said his Father; "is there no fire in our house?"

"No, Papa, there is none in the drawing-room, and none in your study, and none in the nursery." Willy was going on with his *nones*, when suddenly he thought of the kitchen fire, and exclaimed, "Oh, yes, there is one, and a very large one too, in the kitchen. I had quite forgotten that; and cook, I am sure, could not do without a fire to roast the meat, and boil the vegetables, and bake the pudding, if the weather were ever so hot!"

"Besides," said his Father, "these coals will be put into the

coal cellar : and if they are not all burnt in the summer in the kitchen, they will be burnt in the winter in the parlours as well as in the kitchen. These men, remember, dig coals for a great many houses besides our own, and if they did not dig in summer as well as winter, there would not be coals enough to burn throughout the year." Then he took Willy by the hand and led him through a long gallery, into another large place.

"'This room is all built of coal, too," said Willy.

"It is not built, but dug out," said his Father. "The ground here is all made of coal, and when they dig out the coal it makes a large hole, and it looks like a room, with walls, and a ceiling,

and floor; but it is really nothing but a very large hole in the ground."

"That is the reason why there are no windows, I suppose," said Willy; "for if they made windows in these rooms you could see no light through them, you would see only ground—black ground made of coal."

Then they went into another place, and there they saw men, and women, and children. "Look, Papa," said Willy, "there are little girls, not so old as Mary, and they were not afraid to come down here. I am very sorry Mary did not come; she would have liked to have seen all these black rooms without windows, that shine so bright!" In this room there was

a large fire, which cast a blaze of light upon the walls and made them shine more than in the other parts. The women were cooking dinner for the workmen who were digging coals. "Oh," said Willy, "I thought they all went home to dinner?"

"No," said one of the men, "it would take too much time to go up in the basket and home to dinner; we only go home to sleep; and some of us stay and sleep here all night to take care of the things." Then he showed Willy some beds where those who remained slept.

"But you might work all night as well as all day," said Willy, "for you never see daylight, and must always work by candle light, so it

seems to me that night and day are all the same here."

"It is true, master," replied the man, "that it matters not to us whether we work by night or by day; for indeed, here we cannot tell the difference; but we can't work both night and day too; no, we must get some rest. You would not like to do without sleep, I am sure, and how should we like it who work so hard?"

"Oh, no, certainly," said Willy, "you would be sadly tired." Then, turning to his Papa, he said, "They do not work only to amuse themselves, I suppose, they are paid money for it?"

"Yes," replied his Father; "it is the only way they have to buy

food and clothes for themselves and their families."

Willy warmed himself at the fire. "What a large fire!" cried he.

"Oh!" said the cook, "we need not spare coals, we have plenty here."

"And where does the smoke go to?" said Willy; "for the chimney is under ground and it cannot get out."

"The chimney goes up to the top," said the cook; "it is like the hole you came down; and the smoke gets out at the top. You might be drawn in a basket up this chimney, and get out at top in the field, if there was no fire; but you would not like to go up along with the smoke, I believe; it might suffocate you."

"Besides," said Willy, "the fire might burn us, basket and all! so we had better go back to the hole where we were let down."

"You need not do that," said one of the men; "if you will come a little further on with me, I will show you another opening where there is a clean basket, in which you may be drawn up."

"Indeed," said Willy, "if we went in the baskets the coals are drawn up in, we should be covered with coal-dust."

They then followed the man; and when they were gone some distance further, he bade Willy look up. And he saw a spot of light, which looked about the size of the moon. "That is the

top of the hole," said the man, "where you see daylight."

"But the top of the hole is so small," said Willy, "that I am sure I could not get through it; and how could Papa, who is so much bigger, and basket and all?"

"Basket and all will pass through," answered the man.

Willy wondered how that could be; however, they got into the basket, and it was pulled up from the top by a rope; and as they went up the spot of light seemed to grow larger and larger, and Willy saw that the hole was much larger than he had thought it had been; and the basket went through all the way without touching the sides; and at last they got up to the top. It dazzled Willy's eyes

to see the daylight after he had been so long in the coal pit, where there was no light but lamps.

When they got out of the basket, they saw the man who had taken care of their hats; and they pulled off their black cloaks and caps, and put on their hats. Then Willy saw the man wind the rope which was fastened to the basket round a thick piece of wood; and he did not wind it round with his hand, as you do a skein of silk on a bobbin, but he turned a wheel which had a handle fixed to it, and turning the wheel wound up the rope, and the rope pulled up the basket. "What is he doing with that wheel and handle?" said Willy to his Papa.

"It was he who pulled us up,"

said his Father; "and he could not have done it without that wheel and handle; which helps him."

"To be sure," said Willy, "it must have been a great weight to have pulled up; you and I, and the basket too. Let me try if I can lift the basket, now it is empty, it cannot be very heavy." So he tried to lift it from the ground, but could not do it.

"Try if you can turn the wheel," said his Father. Then Willy laid hold of the handle, and turned the wheel very easily; and he saw the rope which was fastened to the basket wind round the piece of wood; and the basket was lifted up from the ground.

"It is the rope that pulls it up, Papa; look; and it is I wind-

ing the rope round the piece of wood, which makes it pull up the basket." Willy was so much pleased at this, that he began laughing. Then he said, "Yes, indeed, this rope and this handle help me very much; for when I tried to lift the basket with my hands, I could not do it."

They then looked about to find Mary, but they could not see her. After seeking for her for some time, they saw her at a great distance. "What a long way she has walked!" said Willy.

"No," replied his father; "it is we who have walked away so far: do you not remember that we went a great way in the coal pit under ground, and we came up by another opening? Mary, who thought

we should come out where we went in, is sitting near that spot."

"She is so busy sorting her flowers to make a nosegay," said Willy, "that she does not see us."

Then he went up to her softly, and gave her a tap on the cheek. Mary looked up and smiled, she was so glad to see them again. "Oh! what a long time you have been down in that dirty black hole! I was quite tired of waiting, till I found these pretty flowers; and then I was so busy making a nosegay for Mamma, that I did not think of you any more. Is not this nosegay very pretty? and see, here is a smaller one for Sophy." Mary was wholly taken up with her flowers; and Willy was eager to tell her all he had seen in the coal

mine, but he could not get her to listen to him, till they got into the carriage to return home. He then gave Mary a full account of it. At first she was very much surprised, and then she began to be sorry she did not go with them; "for I can gather flowers any day," said she, "and I cannot go down into a coal pit unless Papa goes with me: will you go to-morrow, Papa?"

"No, my dear, I have a great deal to do, and shall not be able to go again for a long time; but when I do go, I will take you with me."

When they got home, Mary was so pleased to give her nosegays to her Mamma and sister that she forgot the coal mine, till Willy began telling the story; and then

poor Mary hung down her head, and looked ashamed to have been so silly as to have been afraid of going down into the pit. Her Mamma patted her on the head, and said, "Poor little foolish Mary! when you are older you will know that you need never be afraid of going where Papa goes with you; for he would not take you if it would hurt you."

THE LAND WITHOUT LAWS.

WILLY once went a long journey with his Papa and Mamma: they travelled in a carriage till they reached the sea-shore, and then got into a fine large ship. The sailors spread out the white sails, and the wind blew against them and pushed the ship on, just as a kite is blown along by the wind; only the ship, instead of flying in the air as a kite does, sailed along upon the waters; it is called sailing, because the wind blowing against the sails makes the ship move. There were rooms in this ship called cabins, like the rooms of a house, only smaller, and small beds in the rooms. So Willy lived in the ship, just as he did in

his Father's house; but when he wanted to go out walking there was no ground any where to walk upon: it was all water round the ship as far as he could see. But the floor of the ship above the cabins, which was called the deck, was very large, and Willy often ran about and played there, and was very much amused to see the sailors climbing nimbly up the ropes to spread out the sails, or to take them in; and he learnt to climb up these ropes with the sailors; but his Papa allowed him to mount only a little way, because he said he might be giddy when he got high up, and lose his hold, and fall into the sea, not being used to it like the sailor boys. Sometimes they saw large black fish swimming after

the ship; and when the sailors flung out any scraps of food or washings of dishes, these fish swallowed it up immediately, for they were very voracious animals. These fishes were called sharks. One day a poor sailor, named Jack, was bathing in the sea: he had a rope tied round his body, by means of which he could climb up into the ship; he swam about a long time, and when he began to feel tired, he saw one of these great sharks coming close up to him. He hallooed out to the sailors to pull the rope and help him back into the ship; but before they could do this, the shark reached him, opened his wide mouth, snapped off one of his legs, and swam away with it.

Poor Jack was so much frightened and so much hurt, that he could not climb up into the ship, and the shark was just coming back and going to bite off his head, when the sailors pulled him up; then the surgeon went to dress the stump that was left of his leg, and he was put to bed, and lay ill for a long time; but at last he got well, and the carpenter made him a wooden leg, and he stumped about the deck with it very well, but he could not climb the ropes any more; so, in order to be of use, poor Jack helped the cook to dress the dinners; but when he had any offals to throw into the sea, and he saw the sharks come to devour them, it made him shudder; for, though he knew he was safe out of their

reach, he did not like to think how much they had once made him suffer.

After sailing several weeks on the ocean, there arose a great storm, and the wind blew, and made great waves in the sea, and the ship was tossed about by the waves, and it went up so high that Willy thought it was going into the clouds, and then down so low that he thought it was going to the bottom of the sea. He grew very sick from the rolling of the ship, and his Papa and Mamma were sick also. This storm continued a great while, with rain, and thunder, and lightning; and they began to be afraid that the ship would be broken to pieces, and they should all be drowned. At length the storm ceased, and

the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone, and their fears were all over, and every body was happy again. The captain said that the vessel had been a good deal damaged by the storm, and that the first land they came to they must go into harbour to get it repaired. "But," said he, "before the storm I knew whereabouts I was, and what land I was sailing to; but the ship has been so driven about by the winds, that now I do not know where we are, or when we shall come to land." However, soon after, one of the sailors, who was at the top of the mast, cried out that he saw land a great way off.

Willy looked, but could see nothing but water; then his Papa told him that the man at the top of the

mast could see farther than they could below on the deck, because he was higher up, but that when they came nearer the land, they would see it also. The captain then looked through his telescope, and said he saw the land looking like a little cloud; and soon after they all saw it; for it seemed to grow bigger and bigger as the vessel drew nearer to it. "I can see no trees or houses on that land," said Willy; "it looks as if there was nothing upon it."

"You are too far off," said his Father, "to distinguish trees or houses, or any other objects; we shall see them by and by."

"I will show you them now," said the captain: "look through my glass."

This glass was not a drinking

glass, nor a looking glass, but a spy-glass, or telescope, through which Willy had often looked at other ships that were sailing along on the sea a great way off; and when he saw them through the telescope, it made them look quite large, and very near. It did so, too, with this distant land. Willy cried out, "Oh! we are quite near it now, and there are little houses and trees."

"When you come nearer, Willy," said his Father, "you will find that they are large houses and trees; they only look small from their great distance."

Willy then looked without the help of the telescope, and was surprised to see that the land was still so far off. However, the wind blew

towards it and filled all the sails, and in a few hours they reached it. They saw there was a harbour and a town, so they sailed into the harbour, and they landed on the shore, and walked into the town. They saw an inn in the street, and went in and asked for some dinner. The master of the inn said he would get them some and while it was preparing, they walked out to see the town; and as Willy's hat had been blown into the sea during the storm, and he had nothing but a leather cap to cover his head, his Papa said they would look out for a hatter's shop and buy him a hat. They soon found one, and Willy bought a nice new hat. The shopman said, "You had better have strings to it, master;" but Willy thought that would

be like a little child, and said, "Oh no, I shall not let it blow off, now I am on land."

"It will be safer on your head with strings, I assure you," said the shopman, "in this country." But Willy would not consent; and as they were walking back to the inn, a great tall boy came behind him, chucked his hat off his head, then picked it up and ran away with it. Willy ran after him as fast as he could; but the boy was bigger than him, had much the longest legs, and ran faster, so that he was soon out of sight. Poor Willy was sadly vexed; "and do you think this was the reason the man wanted me to have strings to my hat?" said he to his Father; "this is a very strange country!"

When they got to the inn they sat down to dinner very hungry ; there was some roast meat, not very good, and no vegetables. "What ! have you not even potatoes to eat with the meat ?" said Willy's Father.

"Sir," said the host, "I had some fine potatoes in my garden last year, and when I had dug them all up, and was going to put them into my cellar, there came a man stronger than I was, and took them all from me, and put them into a cart and carried them away. Then I said I would plant no more potatoes ; for why should I lose my time in planting, and hoeing, and digging up my potatoes, and not have them after all? so I have no potatoes, Sir, and can give you none."

Willy was vexed at this, for he

was very fond of potatoes. "This is something like the boy running off with my hat," said he; "a strange country, indeed!"

"Well, master, but there is a nice apple-pie coming from the baker's, and I hope that will make up for the want of potatoes." So they ate their meat and waited long for the pie; at length the baker's boy arrived, but, alas! with an empty tray. As he was coming along, a man had snatched the pie from off the tray; but it was so hot that he could not hold it, and he let it drop: the dish was broken, and the pie dashed to pieces on the ground; and the man scraped it up, and ate all he could.

"But why did you not stop the man,

and get him punished for taking the pie from you?"

"I could not punish him," answered the boy; "he was stronger than I am."

"But could you not get other people to help you to take him up, and have him put in prison?" said Willy.

"We have no prisons in this country," said the baker.

"This is a strange country, indeed!" exclaimed the Father.

"That it is, Sir," said the innkeeper: "the strong men take whatever they choose to take from the weak, and there is no safety for any one, or any thing. When I went to market to buy the meat for your dinner, I was obliged to take a sword with me, to prevent

other men from coming to force the meat from me; and whenever I go out to buy any thing, I am obliged to carry arms to defend myself from those who would take it from me. We have no laws here to punish thieves, and we must take the best care of our property we can ourselves."

"That is a sad thing, indeed!" said Willy's Father.

"I wish somebody would teach us how to make laws," said the inn-keeper, "that we might live in peace and comfort, and that I might cultivate my fields and my garden, without danger of the crops being taken from me."

"I am sure Papa will do that," said Willy, "and you will all be much happier; for he would make

a law, that if any one ran away with a hat, or an apple-pie, he should be punished, and the fear of that would prevent his taking them."

"But," said the Father, "you cannot make laws unless the people agree to it, so you must first get their consent."

"Oh, but the naughty men who steal from others will never consent, Papa, because they would not like to be punished."

"But," returned the inn-keeper, "the good men who do not like to steal, and the weak men who are not strong enough to take things from other men, will all consent to make laws, and will all be very glad of it, because it will prevent their being so often robbed. Now there are a great many more of the

good than there are of the bad men; and I think the greatest number should decide."

"That is but fair, and what we do at school," said Willy: "when some of the boys will play at one game and some at another, we count which are the greatest number, and play at the game the greatest number choose."

"Well," said his Father, "if you can get the people to meet together, we will see whether the greatest number wish to have laws."

The next day all the people met together in a great field, and Willy and his Papa went, and asked them if they wished to have laws; and almost all the people said they wished it, for there was no safety for any thing. One man said he

had a cart and a horse to carry in his hay from the field, and that one day, when his cart was loaded, a strong man came and knocked him down, and took the whip out of his hand, and drove the cart away to his own home.

Another said he had bought a nice warm great coat for his little boy to wear in wet weather, and the first time the child put it on, a stronger boy took it off and carried it away.

And there was a little boy who could hardly speak for crying, but he wanted to say something; and Willy asked him if he was the boy who had been robbed of his great coat.

"Oh, no," sobbed he, "much worse than that;" and as soon as

he could speak, he said, "I had such a beautiful toy bought me at the fair by my grandmother, and as I was bringing it home I hid it under my coat for fear any other boy should see it and take it from me; but I could not help opening my coat now and then to take a look at it, and once while I was doing this, a great boy came peeping over my shoulder, and cried out, 'Oh, Oh! you have got something pretty there, my little lad, let's see it;' so he thrust his hand under my coat, seized hold of the toy, and ran away with it: oh! it was such a pretty toy!—two men sawing a piece of wood, and they worked just as if they had been alive."

Willy was very sorry for the little

boy, but he did not know how to help him; for if he had got his Papa to buy him such another toy some other boy might take it from him. So, after thinking awhile, he said, "Wait a little, my lad, till the laws are made, and then I will buy you another toy, and nobody will dare to take it from you."

When his Papa found that a great many of the people wished to have laws, and very few were against it, and those few were only the thieves who stole the things from people who could not defend themselves, he said, "It is very fair that the greatest number should decide." So the people made laws, and punishments for those who broke these laws; and then they said to the thieves, "If you do not

like to obey these laws, you may go and live in another country; but if you stay here, and do not obey the laws, you will be punished as the law directs."

Then Willy's Papa told the people they should get a book, and write down all these laws, and the punishments for breaking them, that everybody might know them: and they wrote the laws down in a large book, and the people went away quite contented; and going home, Willy begged his Papa to buy a toy for the little boy who had been robbed of his.

The next day, as they were walking in the streets, Willy saw a man seize hold of a watch that a gentleman wore, and run away with it, and all the people who were by

ran after him, and they caught him, and made him give back the watch; then they looked into the book of laws to see how he was to be punished; and it was written, "If a man take anything by force from another man, he shall be put in prison for a month, and be fed on bread and water." Then the people said, "What shall we do, for we have no prison?" and they said they would lock him up in a house till a prison was built. So they locked him up in a small room of a house, instead of a prison, and gave him nothing but bread and water. And when the month was over they let him come out, and he looked so dismal, and so thin, being shut up all alone so long, and eating nothing but bread and

water; and he said to the other thieves, "Oh! it is a sad thing to be shut up so long: I shall not steal any more, but go to work, and earn a livelihood." And the other thieves did not dare to steal any more, for fear of being shut up in the prison that was building. But some of them thought they could steal in secret, and when nobody could see them. Yet when any thing was stolen, every body made inquiries who took it, till at last the thief was found out and put in the new-built prison.

In the mean time the ship was repaired, and Willy, with his Father and Mother, went on board, and sailed for the country which they at first intended to go to. His Papa had business there, and

they remained in it two or three years; but I will not tell you all that happened to them there, because I am sure you must be impatient to hear whether, on their way home they went to the island where laws had been made. They did so, and stopped at the town, and the inn-keeper ran out to meet them, and was so glad to see them; and took them to walk in his garden, and gathered Willy a nosegay of beautiful flowers.

"Oh!" said Willy, "I see you have plenty of potatoes growing in your garden now; ay, and peas, and beans, and currants, and gooseberries, and all sorts of good things."

"And all thanks to you, my good Sirs."

"How is that?" said Willy.

"Why, Sir, since the laws have been made, and no one takes what does not belong to him, I am not afraid of cultivating my garden, as I used to be, when other men came and carried away my fruits and vegetables; so now I dig and plant, and see how beautiful and fruitful my garden is grown."

"And your house, too," said the Father, "is, I think, much improved."

"To be sure, Sir, I have a great many more people come to my inn now, because I can give them good dinners, and nice vegetables, and plenty of fruit, and they pay me well, and so I get rich, and have money to buy new tables, and chairs, and beds, and curtains; it's

quite another thing, thanks to your honour and the laws."

Then Willy and his Father went to walk out before dinner; and all the people came out of their houses to see them, and thank them for teaching them to make laws, for now no one was afraid of being robbed, and knew that what he had was safe and sure. And the Father asked them if there never were robberies.

"There are, sometimes, but very seldom," said they: "there are now six men in prison for having robbed; and they say, when they come out they will never rob any more, so much do they dislike being in prison."

Willy begged his Papa to go to the hatter's shop.

"Why," said his Father, "you do not want a new hat now? that which you wear is quite good."

"No; but I want to ask something of the hatter, Papa." So they went to the shop, and when they came to the shop window, Willy cried out, "Look, Papa, there are no more strings to the hats, I declare!" And they went in, and asked the hatter why he no longer put strings to his hats? The hatter replied, "There is no longer need of strings; for, since we have laws and a prison, no man dares to toss a hat off a man's head and run away with it."

Willy was quite pleased to hear this. "They did not take me for a little child," said he, "who could not keep his hat on his head."

As they were going back to the inn, they saw a boy playing with a toy: Willy thought he remembered the toy which he had bought for the little boy who had been robbed; but he did not at first recollect the boy, he was grown so tall. "What, my lad," said he, "have you kept the toy I gave you all this long while?"

"Yes, indeed I have," answered the boy: "no one now ever offers to take it from me; it is very old, to be sure, and has been mended several times, but the sawyers go on working, you see, as well as ever."

When they got back to the inn they were both tired and hungry. "But we shall have potatoes to our meat now," said Willy, "and

the apple-pie will come safe home from the baker's." There he was mistaken, for apple-pie was out of season; but there was currant tart, and cherry tart, which is much better; and not only potatoes, but peas and beans, with bacon, and chickens, and roast beef,

"Oh! what a good dinner this is, and what a good thing laws are, Papa: I never should have thought that they would have done so much good, or that the want of them would have done so much harm."

THE END.

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