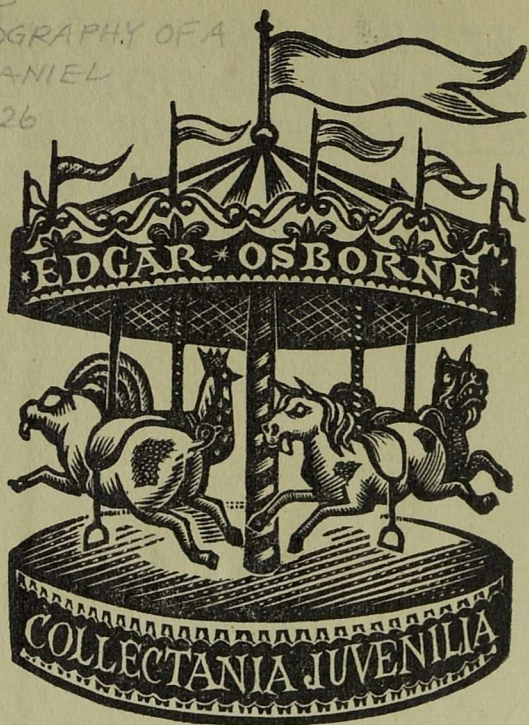




SB
BIOGRAPHY OF A
SPANIEL
1826



37131 009 562 554

I, 233

Presented

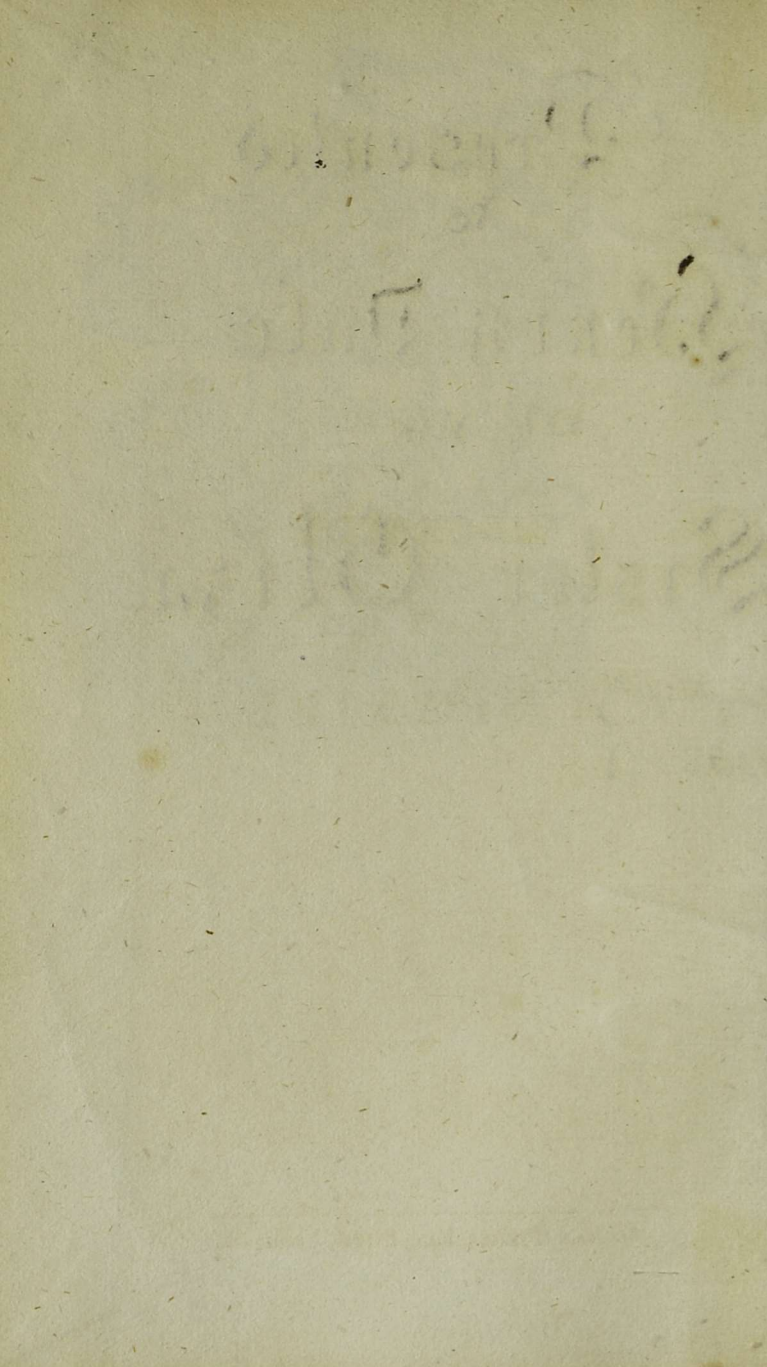
to

Henry Dale

by his

Sister Gliza.

August 1st
1832



BIOGRAPHY
OF
A SPANIEL.

8LOMAN, Printer, King-Street, Yarmouth.

THE HISTORY

OF

A. B. WILSON

Printed by J. B. ...






W. Hopwood. del

J. Hopwood sc

Biography of a Spaniel


BIOGRAPHY
OF
A SPANIEL.



To which is annexed,

THE IDIOT:

A TALE.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.,

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1826.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

A SPANIEL.



IN the midst of one of the large seas our astronomers have lately discovered in the moon, lies a large island, that, for ages innumerable, perhaps from the beginning of time, has been the appointed Elysium of dogs, those constant and faithful companions of man. There the serious Newfoundland dog, playful greyhound, choleric Pomeranian, and

fawning spaniel, are united in the most fraternal affection; nor is the stupid Bolognese and indolent lap-dog excluded from the society of their brethren; for they, as well as the alderman and fop, are deprived of the assumed dignity of their stations at the moment they lay aside their sublunary clothing.

Once, as a party of them were assembled on the flowery banks of their ocean, they perceived the shade of a new-comer, gently wafted by a silver wave to a coral beach at no great distance from them. They ran to receive and to introduce him to the motley circle of his new friends, who congratulated him on his safe arrival to their blissful abode, and shewed the satisfaction they felt by every

every demonstration of joy in the power of dogs to give. When they found he was entirely recovered from the fatigues of his passage, an old dog, who seemed to be the president of the society, addressed him in the following terms:—"Brother, the laws of our republic oblige you to give an account of your terrestrial pilgrimage; speak! we are impatient to hear the history of your life."

"My life," replied the stranger, wagging his tail, "is marked by several occurrences which prevent its being quite a common-place one; and had I, whilst in the lower regions, possessed the power of speech as I do now, without doubt I should have found a biographer; nay, perhaps

haps I deserve one better than many whose lives are published by subscription on writing-paper, adorned with an elegant frontispiece and title-page. Who can tell but Fame might have immortalized my name, and that painters and poets might have vied with each other to prevent its sinking into oblivion. My resemblance might have been the admired ornament on ladies' fans, and my praise, set to music, have been sung at their harpsichords. However, not to be my own panegyrist, I must add that my heroic deeds were often of such a nature as to reflect but little honour on myself: but if my history is entertaining enough to amuse my new friends for half-an-hour,

hour,

hour, I shall not regret appearing in the character of the hero of a romance.”

All the company stretched themselves round the stranger, impatient to hear a narration that promised them so much pleasure; and he, placing himself by the side of his friend, the president, related what I shall repeat after him.

“I was born in Germany, in the residence of a crowned philosopher, whose passion for tall soldiers and small dogs was universally known. My mother was the favourite of an honest shoemaker, whose house she guarded. She belonged to the race of spaniels, whose blood was pure and uncontaminated; and as I was likewise a thorough-bred spaniel, I suppose

pose my father to have been of the same species. More is not in my power to say about him, for this part of my genealogy remains wrapped in eternal darkness; but I comfort myself with the reflection that many of Adam's descendant's fate is similar to mine in this respect, and that the space which contains their names in the parish-register would have been a blank, had it not been the fashion to fill it up with a name at random.

“My beautiful jetty coat attracted the attention of a grenadier, who was quartered in the house where I first drew breath; he taking a fancy to me, offered to take me in exchange for a brass tobacco-box; which proposal saved my life, for otherwise I
should

should have shared the fate of my three brothers or sisters, who were drowned immediately after their birth. The first object that presented itself to me when I opened my eyes was my mother; she was licking my face, and looking at me with the affectionate tenderness of a parent to her only child. Hitherto my existence had appeared to me like a confused dream, from which I was roused by the sight and caresses of my mother; and I may with truth say, that the first sensations I felt were those of gratitude and pleasure. As I was the only nursling my mother had, it is not surprising that I soon increased in size and strength, and that my sagacity and gratitude to my kind parent augmented daily.

When

When I was a month old I was weaned, and exchanged in a formal manner for the tobacco-box.

“ My new master’s name was Lafleur; he was a Frenchman, who, about twenty years before my birth, had quitted his regiment and native country, without either asking for a furlough or passport. He called me Jolli, a name that, without vanity, I became every day more deserving of. He was kind and good to me, and his attentions, brown bread, and potatoes, soon made me forget, or at least cease to regret, the fondness of my mother, and the nutriment I received from her; nor did my friend the shoemaker withdraw his hand entirely from me, for he would frequently throw me a gristle or small
bone

bone to exercise my teeth. Thus passed by infancy; but my youth was doomed to more serious occupations.

“I was disagreeably surprised one morning, by Monsieur Lafleur seizing me by the nape of my neck, and placed me erect against the wall. This posture, strange as well as troublesome, did not please me, and I endeavoured to remove from it and regain my equilibrium; but my Mentor knew how to pervert the laws of nature, for, with a stick he held ready for that purpose, he gave me a smart rap on my fore-paws on each attempt I made to set them on the ground. But his corrections, instructions, and my abilities, succeeded so well, that when I had taken

c

lessons

lessons about a week, I was able to sit up against the wall as straight as an arrow. A paper grenadier's cap was next placed on my head, and I was taught to hold a stick on my shoulder, in imitation of a gun. Difficult as I found these manœuvres, they were but the beginning of my academic studies; for no sooner had I acquired one art, than I was forced to begin another: so that, in about a year, I was able to sit up in a graceful manner, seek for any thing that was dropped, dive, and jump over a stick for King Frederic. But at the end of my noviciate, I found the solid advantages that learning gives; for at every cook-shop and public-house I followed Monsieur Lafleur to, my talents (which I never

ver failed exhibiting) were rewarded with such delicate morsels as made me entirely forget the pain acquiring them had cost me; nay, often when my master was in company with his comrades, would they good-naturedly divide their scanty portion of bread and cheese with me. In short, Jolli was caressed by every one; the whole neighbourhood knew him, and was loud in his praise.

“I retained my celebrity almost a year; then indeed I began to sink into oblivion, being no longer able to excite the curiosity of the multitude. To remedy this evil, my artful master had formed the dreadful project of learning me some new tricks, when a lucky chance prevented him the trouble of teaching, and

me the pain of learning them. There happened to be a fair kept in a village near our town, which was too favourable an opportunity of exhibiting my feats to let my master pass it unnoticed. Thither we therefore went, and the gaping country people gathered in crowds around us, delighted with my performance. But a more honourable conquest than mere admiration was reserved for me there; for my talents attracted the attention of a puppet-show man, who had erected his booth in the market-place. He, perceiving what a treasure I was, determined to add me to his *marionettes*, if he could prevail on my possessor to dispose of me. Monsieur Lafleur at first objected to do so; but the two ducats that were at
last

last offered him were too great a temptation; they conquered his reluctance, and I was resigned to my new master.

“That very afternoon I served for the Bucephalus of a wooden Alexander, and, preceded by a drum and fife, was led in triumph through the village; every now and then my patron stopped, and informed the noble company—In the evening he should have the honour of exhibiting an entire new tragi-comical and historical entertainment, which he did not doubt would meet with the approbation of all lovers of dramatic amusements, as it would far exceed every thing of the kind before attempted; and that, between the acts, the wonderful dog, just arrived,

would perform some surprising tricks of agility. After this pompous harangue, I was ordered to give a sample of what was to follow, which I did with so much dexterity, that the applause I met with was nearly as great as my rival rider's, in his scarlet jacket and high-crowned hat.

“After staying a few days in this village, our apparatus was packed up, and we proceeded, with slow marches, to a small town on the frontiers of Bohemia, where our pantheon was again erected. There a disgraceful catastrophe awaited me; for, on the evening of our arrival, I was introduced on the stage, and my master, determined to let none of my talents remain concealed, holding up a stick, said—‘Hey, Jolli!’

Jolli! now jump for the Emperor!’ I, who had only been taught to jump for King Frederic and Monsieur Lafleur, and not knowing what sort of a creature an Emperor was, did not think it necessary to move at his name.

“My master repeated his command three different times; I remained unmoved, which seeming obstinacy put him in a passion, and the audience into a commotion, which increased to an uproar, on a patriotic cobbler declaring my master an enemy to the state, and the whole affair meant as an insult to the Emperor. In consequence of this declaration he was dragged from the stage, kicked, and otherwise ill-treated; and I, in all probability, should

should have been the victim of this political mistake, if I had not wisely embraced the opportunity of slipping through the back-door during the confusion that reigned in the house. Had I liked my situation I should have returned to the inn where my new master lodged; but, as I was not attached to him, I rejoiced at the favourable opportunity of regaining my freedom. I therefore ran out of the town as fast as I could, and concealed myself in a field of wheat, where I knew I was in no danger of being discovered, had my master thought it worth while to pursue me.

“ I remained safe in this asylum the whole night, but hunger forced me to leave it early the next morning.

ing. I ran zigzag, not knowing which way to take, till the sight of a village, which lay at some distance from the road, fixed my wavering resolution. Without the least ceremony I entered the first house I came to, which happened to be a public one; and you may judge how great my surprise and joy were when I tell you that the first object I discovered in the room was my old preceptor Lafleur. He was sitting at the table, with a glass of beer in his hand, relating to the landlord how he had contrived to desert from the Prussians. As soon as he saw me, the glass fell from his hand, and I jumped into his arms, which were opened to receive me. Indeed our joy was reciprocal; for,
whilst

whilst I licked his sunburnt face, he fondly pressed me to his bosom, and called me his dear Jolli.

The landlord and his wife, not knowing what to make of the scene, looked at us with amazement, which Lafleur explained to them, whilst I was devouring a hard crust of bread that lay on the table; they perceiving, by the voracity with which I did it, that I had kept fast for some time, gave me an excellent breakfast, which I still thank them for.

“When we had finished our meal, Lafleur and I pursued our journey, and in two days arrived at Prague, where he again enlisted. His old instructions to me were repeated, and, as he now wore a white coat, one of his first lessons was to make
me

me jump over his stick for the Emperor. The name was too deeply imprinted on my memory to give me much trouble to retain it, and I learned this manœuvre with less difficulty than any of my former ones. My talents procured me plenty of food, and were a fund of profit to my master; and, as I was really attached to him, I should have been the happiest animal of my kind, if it had not been for the malice of his comrades, who envied him the possession of me, whom they, without reason, hated and ill-treated.

“Lafleur, moved by my unmerited sufferings, was determined, painful as the privation was to himself, to remove me to a distance from them, as soon as he could find an opportunity

opportunity of placing me comfortably. He soon found one; for a nobleman that lived in the country came to Prague to seek a governor for his children; and not being able to find one that would undertake the charge for the sixty florins a-year he offered, determined at least not to return without a companion for them; his choice fell on me, whom he bought of my friend and master for six florins.

“We arrived safely at his seat, and his right honourable consort and family were not a little surprised to see a dog jump out of the carriage, instead of the grave professor they expected; but I believe I may with truth assert, that at least the children were not displeased at the exchange, particularly

particularly when their right honourable papa had given them incontestible proofs of my skill and learning.

“Notwithstanding my plebeian extraction, I soon gained the affection of all the family, and they treated me in the same manner as if I had been the youngest child of it. I was crammed with the most costly food from the young gentlemen’s plates, and slept on a silk mattress in their room. The only thing that displeased me was being fettered with a brass collar, on which were engraven the following words: ‘I am Jolli, and have the honor of belonging to the Right Honourable Baron Rehbock.’

“But alas! I soon experienced

the truth of the old proverb, 'that idleness is the root of all evil;' for the ease and affluence I lived in created in my mind certain ideas improper and dangerous in my situation, and which for ever alienated my master's affections from me; for I aspired to no less than to form an acquaintance with his female terriers. He was immoderately fond of that species of dogs, and prided himself not a little on the immaculate purity of his breed.

“ One unfortunate day, when, at the hazard of being squeezed to death, I had forced my way through the pales into the kennel, he likewise took it into his head to pay it a visit; but to describe his rage on finding me there is impossible.—

‘ Ha!

‘Ha! carrion!’ said he, kicking me in the most furious manner, ‘do you want to pollute my Diana? Halloo! Nimrod,’ calling to his huntsman, ‘see what would have happened if I had not come as I did! Shoot him, or——’ (after a pause) ‘chain him up, and give him nothing but bread and water till he learns better manners.’

“This last command was obeyed, and Nimrod executed his master’s orders so literally, that, after a week’s confinement, I was but the skeleton of my former self. The two young gentlemen, moved to pity on seeing the lamentable condition I was in, on their knees begged their hard-hearted father to release me. He

at last reluctantly granted their request; but every endeavour to reinstate myself in his favour was vain; his affection was irrecoverably alienated, and I but too plainly perceived he hated me, and that the next fault I committed, the sentence of death or dismissal would be pronounced on me; I was therefore extremely cautious, being unwilling to leave a situation I liked so well.

“The children’s caresses compensated, in some measure, for the irascibility of their unforgiving father, and I began to accustom myself to his caprices, and bore his ill treatment with the most stoical apathy. This prudent behaviour would, in all probability, in time have subdued his

his

his stubborn heart, if I had not committed another blunder, which ended in my ruin.

“One fine autumn morning, as I was running about a neighbouring wood with the two boys, a secret instinct drew me towards the thickest part of it, where I discovered a living creature concealed in the underwood; the sight affected me, and I barked for assistance as loud as I could. In vain did the boys whistle and call to me; I stood unmoved, determined not to leave my post till I made them understand me. With angry impatience they at last came running towards the place where I stood, threatening to punish my disobedience; still I did not move. Their curiosity was at length excited,

cited, and they scrambled amongst the bushes, to discover, if they could, the reason of my unusual perverseness. There they found a new-born infant lying on some hay, whose piteous moans seemed to lament its unfortunate existence. The boys, although rude and uncultivated, possessed the feelings of humanity; the eldest therefore took the infant into his arms as gently as he could, and hurried in a triumphant manner, towards the house, followed by his brother, and preceded by me, barking and wagging my tail in the most exulting manner; for I was conscious of having done a good deed.

“Their right honourable parents were sitting at breakfast when we arrived. The boys related their adventure

venture, with an enthusiasm that made their words almost unintelligible, bestowing the greatest praise on me for being the cause of saving the child's life.

“But before they had finished their panegyric, their father dashed the pipe he was smoking on the floor, and roared, with a tremendous voice, ‘What have you done, you cursed imps? What business had you to meddle with it? Do you think I am to maintain all the bastards that are found on my estate? I have enough to do to keep you; you should have left it where it was, to have rotted. And as for you, infernal cur!’ continued he, foaming with rage, and drawing his sword, ‘I’ll reward your Samaritan service
in

in a manner that will prevent your repeating it.'

“His arm was lifted to strike the deadly blow, and I tremblingly awaited my fate. At that instant Nimrod entered the room to shew his honour a hare he had just shot; the instant the door was open, I seized the opportunity of darting through it, as swift as an arrow out of a bow. I ran as fast as I could, without looking back, till I was at a considerable distance from that barbarous man's dwelling. When I supposed myself out of danger of being overtaken, I slackened my pace, and continued my peregrination leisurely, undetermined which way to take, till I came to a little rivulet; there, after refreshing myself

self with a cooling draught, I lay down, and, fatigued as I was, soon fell fast asleep.

“I was awoke, about noon, by a traveller, who seated himself near me; and seeing him take a roll and a piece of cheese out of his pocket, I approached him; and sitting up in a very humble manner, invited myself to dine with him. He understood my meaning, and bestowed part of his frugal repast on me.

“Although I had never learned geography, I easily discovered the road my benefactor took was not that which led to the detested tyrant’s house I had just quitted. I therefore determined to accompany him; and during our journey I took every opportunity of being serviceable

serviceable to the good-natured, humane man, and of displaying my talents, which I knew might be profitable to him. If the wind blew his hat off, I ran to fetch it, and presented it to him with so much grace, that he concluded I must belong to the superior order of my kind, and that perhaps he might be able to dispose of me with some advantage to himself. His first business, after he had formed this project, was to release me from the aristocratical ornament that had so long been a plague to me; the collar was with difficulty twisted off, and thrown into a deep pit we passed, that it might never rise up in judgment against him. As soon as I had recovered my long wished-for freedom,

dom,

dom, I endeavoured to express my gratitude by a tumble, which succeeded so well, that had Monsieur Lafleur been present, I am sure even he would have applauded it. After having paid this tribute of gratitude, I shook myself for a considerable time, and suppose I felt exactly as a criminal does, whose neck is just released from the pillory.

“We pursued our pilgrimage about six days without meeting with any adventure worth relating, when we arrived at Dresden. It was about noon when we made our *entrée* into that famous town; and, as we passed a large inn, such a savoury smell issued through the kitchen windows, that we both felt an irresistible desire

sire to regale more senses than one with the good things it contained.

“ We went immediately into the kitchen, where, it being about dinner-time, all hands were busily employed; but a young man, about eighteen, who, we afterwards found, was the landlord’s eldest son, attracted my attention most, as he was taking a prodigious fine turkey off the spit. Without much previous ceremony, I was offered for sale, and, to enhance my value, my companion made me exhibit as many of my tricks as he had discovered. Before the bargain was concluded, the landlord entered the kitchen, which my possessor not immediately observing, kept his hat on; but as I had
had

had been taught, if any one did so when a stranger came into the room, to pull it off, I jumped on the table with the velocity of a bird, and snatched the covering from his head. This trait of good-breeding decided my fate. The landlord gave a crown for me, and regaled my seller with a slice of cold roast meat, and a pint of wine into the bargain, and to me he threw the delicious remains of a leg of mutton.

“The affluence I lived in soon made me forget my former sufferings, and my curled coat, which, during my journey, was become too wide for me, was speedily stuffed out again; and I succeeded so well in my endeavours to gain the favour

of my new master, that in a few days I became cock of the walk.

“ My every wish and want was now gratified, and most probably I should have remained in possession of my good fortune to the end of my life, if I had not again been blinded by my passions; for, not content with the emoluments of the kitchen, and the dainty morsels the guests at the *table d'hôte* left on their plates, I was tempted, one unfortunate day, when the cook's back was turned, to cast my wishful eyes on a beautiful capon that was just going to be sent to table. For a moment I combated my criminal appetite; but finding it too powerful, I greedily seized the forbidden fruit,

fruit, and was feasting on my prey, when my master came into the kitchen, and detected me in the fact. In the first transport of his rage, he drubbed me so unmercifully with a spit, that, in all probability, my death alone would have appeased his anger, if his son, on hearing my lamentations, had not come to my assistance. He saved my life; but I was ignominiously driven out of the house, to the great joy of a fox-dog that was chained up in the yard; and, as I ran across it, I heard the landlord give particular orders to his servants on no account to admit me into the house again.

“ With a heavy heart, downcast looks (such as denote a repentant or detected sinner), and my tail betwixt

my legs, I left a town where, for some time, I had been an object of envy to my brother dogs. I now felt the folly as well as the criminality of my proceedings, and determined to hide myself and my shame in some solitary corner of the world, where, through abstinence and repentance, I would endeavour to make some atonement for my former gluttony.

“Chance, or rather the invisible hand of Justice, facilitated my design; for it conducted my erring feet to a miserable cottage at the end of a small village, or rather hamlet. The owner of it, a blacksmith, was sitting on a bench with his wife, eating his supper, which I no sooner saw, than I approached, and begged he

he would bestow some part of it on me.—‘Look, Hannah,’ said the sooty Cyclop, ‘see what a handsome spaniel that is! I have a good mind to take him to replace our poor Spitz.’—‘Do so,’ replied she; ‘but this dog is so well fed, that I dare say he is not without a master.’—‘Who cares for him?’ was his answer; ‘I tell you, we will keep him;’ and he reached me a piece of barley-bread as he spoke, by way of earnest. Whilst he was feeding me, his wife fetched a rope, and before I was aware, I was tied up in the shed that served for his workshop.

“As soon as it was light the next morning, I was placed in a wheel, in which I was always forced to run forwards. This wheel was constructed

in such a manner as to blow the bellows of his forge. At first I objected to this new employment, and made several violent efforts to regain my liberty; but Master Casper knew how to teach me obedience to his will, by the frequent application of the handle of his hammer to my back. I was therefore, although sorely against my inclination, forced to acquiesce; and, thanks to my natural abilities, I soon comprehended my new employment, which, although hard and tiresome, was not very complicated; and the only comfort I now enjoyed was the pleasure of hearing myself praised; for my master frequently declared to his wife, that Moor (my new name) was more useful to him than Spitz had ever been.

“ I now

“ I now, in the most literal sense of the word, led the life of a galley-slave; for I was forced to run in the wheel from morning to night; my food consisted of nothing but the coarsest barley-bread soaked in slop, that was miscalled soup; and instead of being allowed the repose I wanted to recruit my strength, on Sundays and holidays, I was then forced to let my master's son ride on my back. When my patience was quite exhausted, I used to express my discontent by growling and snapping, but was soon taught subordination by kicks and blows.

“ Six tedious weeks did I remain in this Tartarus, and with each day did the hope of freeing myself remove to a greater distance, when,
one

one Sunday afternoon, my master and his wife went to church together, and I was left in the room with my little tormentor, who teased me for some time in a manner I was unable to bear, till at last, overcome by rage and despair, I determined to make a violent effort to regain my liberty. In consequence of this resolution, I jumped on the table, and pushing my head through a pane of glass, I did not rest till I had forced enough of the casement to give way to admit of my escape from my detested jail.

“ I succeeded in my wish; but had the blacksmith pursued me as soon as he returned from church, he might, without much difficulty, have overtaken me; for I was almost crippled

pled by continually running in the cursed wheel, and it was near an hour before I recovered the use of my legs. I therefore avoided the high-road, and crawled, as well as I was able, along the most unfrequented paths, till I came to a neat farm-house. The humane owner was in the yard when I entered it, and seeing the emaciated state I was in, gave me some food, and allowed me to rest my weary limbs on some new-mown hay.

“ With recruited strength I left this hospitable dwelling early the next morning; for I by no means thought myself safe from the pursuit of my enemies. I continued to avoid the road, and ran across a field that led to a pleasant little village, through which

which a river flowed. At the entrance of it, a pretty young woman was washing some children's clothes; a lovely girl, about four years old, was sitting on the grass at some distance from her. She had two boiled potatoes lying on her lap, and one in her hand, which she was just conveying to her mouth.

“I approached the child with the cringing servility of an unbidden guest; but the surprise my unexpected appearance occasioned, and the fear of losing her breakfast, made her give a loud scream. Her mother turned round, and seeing, by my humble posture, that my intentions were pacific, said—‘He will not hurt you, Betsey; give him one of your potatoes

potatoes—I suppose the poor beast is hungry; I'll give you another when we go home.'

“The child obeyed her mother; she reached me a potato, which I took from her hand in the gentlest manner, and ate by her side.

“Her mother soon finished washing, and went to a little distance to hang up the linen on a line she had fastened between two apple-trees. Whilst she was thus employed, Betsey, wishing to imitate her mother, got up, and running close to the edge of the river, amused herself with dabbling her pocket-handkerchief in the water. The poor child's head soon grew giddy, her feet slipped, and she fell into the stream without uttering a word. I saw her

her fall, and, darting after her, caught hold of her petticoat, which I held till her mother, hearing the strange noise I made, turned to see what was the matter. As soon as she did, she hastened to relieve me of the precious burden, which she folded with inimitable tenderness to her maternal bosom, where her darling soon recovered. After wrapping her apron round the child, she was going to return home, when, suddenly recollecting me, she turned back, and snapping her fingers at me, said, with a gentle voice—
'Come along, poor dog; as long as I live, thou shalt never want a bit of bread.'

“The language of humanity is adapted to the comprehension of
other

other animals, as well as to that of human beings, and such was the language Mary spoke. I understood it, and joyfully followed her to the abode of peace and content. Whilst she was undressing the child, she related to her husband what had happened, and how meritorious a part I had acted, with a warmth that penetrated his heart.—‘Poor fellow!’ said he, patting my head, and my adoption into his family was willingly consented to.

“I lived a whole year with these worthy people—if not in affluence, yet in a comfortable mediocrity; and if I sometimes regretted the flesh-pots of Dresden, the recollection of my sufferings at Vulcan’s forge made me thankfully acknowledge

ledge the happiness of my present situation. The grateful Mary often deprived herself of a piece of meat or bacon to give it me privately; and as for Betsey, I was her idol. I thought I was now settled for life, but my wayward destiny had ordained it otherwise; for poor Mary died in childbed, and her husband, who was left with three small children, was forced to look out for another helpmate. His choice fell on a tall, hollow-eyed figure, whose manners were so repugnant, that they seemed to declare war against the whole world; and the love of money was the only sensation her cankered heart was capable of feeling. I had sagacity enough to foresee, the moment she entered the house, my
reign

reign in it would be over. I judged right; for before she had been mistress of it a week, she began to grumble at such an idle, useless beast (as she was pleased to term me) being kept. She declared it to be a sin and a shame, and that, for her part, she regarded every morsel of bread that was given me as a theft, as it would be infinitely better bestowed on the chickens, pigeons, or more useful cats.

“With such sentiments it will not be doubted that my allowance was lessened every day. I lamented my hard fate, and nothing but my affection for dear Betsey induced me to remain the inmate of a family I now detested. Many were the tears that amiable child shed at the unmerited

F 2

sufferings

sufferings she and I were forced to endure; and often, to relieve her aching heart, would she run to the churchyard, and moisten with her tears the grave of the best of mothers, which she strewed almost every morning with fresh-gathered flowers. I always attended her in these melancholy visits, which were even pleasing to me, for I sincerely regretted my departed friend.

“One day, the diabolical stepmother took it into her head to follow us, and to disturb the offering of duty and affection. With the malicious grin of a fiend, she tore the trembling child from the tufted hillock that contained her parent’s dust. I flew at her, determined, at the hazard of my life, to rescue Betsey from
from

from her clutches ; but, with a large rod she had concealed under her apron, she gave me two such smart strokes across my eyes, that they almost blinded me. I was therefore obliged to loose my hold, and conceal myself behind a tombstone. Her blows now fell on the poor child, whom she dragged along with her ; and I heard the abominable woman say, as she passed the spot where I lay, ‘ If it had not been for that cursed hound, I should not have been plagued with you ; I wish he had let you remain in the water.’

“ It was long before I could determine to return to a house I abhorred ; but my affection for the innocent and much-injured Betsey, conquered my repugnance, and I de-
F 3 terminated

terminated to share her fate. As soon, therefore, as my pain was a little abated, and I was able to open my eyes, I followed her; but immediately I entered the gate, the harpy, who stood at a window watching my arrival, gave a signal, which, as soon as her husband and the ploughman saw, they came running towards me, armed with flails and dung-forks. Betsey, with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, ran after her father, but he was deaf to her prayers. I wagged my tail at the little angel, and my looks were meant to express a sorrowful and eternal farewell. I then ran as fast as I could, and saved my life by swimming through that river from which I had once rescued her.

“ I ran

“ I ran into a wood that lay on the other side of it, and hid myself in a hollow oak; not from fear of being overtaken, for I knew I should not be pursued, but I was disgusted with the world, and determined to renounce it, and to spend the remainder of my life in this wood, unconnected and unobserved—in short, to turn hermit. But when I formed the plan, I entirely forgot the article of food, which, however, the croaking of my bowels soon reminded me of, and obliged me, before it was quite dark, to leave my cell, and go in quest of. I penetrated deeper into the wood, and at last, with infinite pleasure, saw a glimmering of light peep through the trees. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me
towards

towards the spot from whence it proceeded, and found myself in an open place, where a very extraordinary spectacle presented itself to my view; for between thirty and forty persons, men, women, and children, with sun-burnt faces and tattered garments, of various forms and colours, were assembled round a large fire; some were eating, others playing, and others roasting and frying. I looked at them some time in silent astonishment, undetermined to which of the company I should first pay my compliments; but at last I fixed on an old Hecuba, who was turning the meagre carcase of a goose on a wooden spit; her, therefore, I approached with all due humility and respect.

‘ Why

‘Why, what the devil!’ said a hollow voice at some distance from me, ‘is that my dog?—Yes, on my soul, it is! Hey, Jolli! Jolli! how happens it that we meet here?’

“I immediately knew (although four years had elapsed since I had seen him) the orator to be my former owner, the puppet-show man; and not being fashionable enough to affect forgetting an old acquaintance, I laid aside the incognito, and paid my respects to him in the best manner I was able, hoping thereby to procure his present protection, and to induce him to forgive the vexatious affair I had formerly involved him in.

“But my precautions were superfluous, for he returned my caresses with

with interest, and assured the company I should prove an acquisition superior to any gold could purchase. —‘Look!’ said he, throwing a hat that lay near him to a considerable distance. With the velocity of a falcon I darted after it, and laid it at my commander’s feet. A shout of universal applause expressed their approbation of this heroic deed, and the company vied with each other to give me substantial proofs of their welcome and hospitality.

“ During our supper an expedition was planned for the next day, in which I was to act a capital part, and I determined to exert myself as much as possible, when I found Baron Rehbock (who still continued to be an object of hatred to me) was
to

to be laid under contribution; and I pleased myself with thinking I should enjoy the (till now to me unknown) luxury of revenge.

“ Our intention was fortunately executed; for whilst our old Medusa was telling the boy’s fortune who had the care of the poultry, and promising him a rich wife, I ran away with three geese; my master, who stood waiting for me behind a tree, gave them a twist of the neck, and put them into his wallet.

“ A few days after, a rich farmer’s yard was robbed, and our society had reason to thank me for two capons and a fat turkey. In short, not a week passed that I did not return to our head-quarters crowned with fresh laurels; and the praise continually

continually bestowed on me was such as would make you think me vain, were I to repeat it.

“ The name of Cartouch was given me, and I was become a person of such consequence as not to be fed with remains; no, the most dainty morsels were selected for me, and my merits even reflected and conferred honour on my master; for the captain of the band died whilst I was in the service, and my protector was unanimously chosen commander in his stead. In short, never did spaniel attain higher honours, or feast better than I did, during the time I was *aid-de-camp* to the general of an army of gipseys. In my prosperity I forgot both friends and foes. Betsey was the
only

only one I recollected; for often in my dreams did I fancy myself near the dear child, attempting to lick her hand, but was always prevented by her withdrawing herself, and casting a sorrowful, but affectionate look at me.

“ Our frequent depredations at last armed justice against us, and all the neighbouring nobility and farmers united privately to destroy our whole community. The wood we inhabited was surrounded, and such were the precautions taken, that it was supposed none of us could escape. How great therefore was our surprise, one morning, to see the rigid ministers of justice, accompanied with numbers of armed peasants, pouring into our citadel from all sides.

sides. The stoutest and most courageous of our band armed themselves, determined to offer the most vigorous resistance; the rest sought safety in flight. Those who did so, as well as the women and children were almost all taken prisoners. Thus much I saw with a transient glance; for I must own that, at the beginning of the fray, I thought it best to absent myself till the battle was over.

“ I had nearly gained the wood, and began to think myself out of danger, when a fellow, who, I suppose, knew me to be our general's right-hand, levelled his piece at me, loaded with small shot, which left several bloody marks in my hide. Fortunately my legs were not injured,

jured, and they did me a very material piece of service; for they conducted me, in a few minutes, far from the hostile field, into a small cavern by the side of a rock, which, most probably, had been the hiding-place of some beasts of prey, and now seemed destined to be my cell of repentance—perhaps my grave.

“ I had now plenty of leisure to ruminate on the horrors of my situation; for I was confined in this dismal recess a whole week, my wounds not permitting me to leave it sooner; and the only food I had during that time was some mushrooms, that sprung up in my grot, and the snails that crawled near the entrance of it.

“ However, at last I recovered my strength; my wounds healed,

and I was able to leave this bed of sickness, and again seek my fortune in the wide world; but misfortune still pursued me, and my infamy seemed branded on my forehead. Six weeks did I range about forlorn, and in the most vagrant state. In vain did I endeavour to bind myself to an itinerant fiddler, tinker, and knife-grinder; they refused my offers of service, and all I could procure from them, and others to whom I applied, was the momentary means of subsistence; nay, so low was I fallen, and so great was my present misery, that I frequently wished myself in the blacksmith's wheel again, and should certainly have returned to it, if my perambulations had not led me from the banks of the Danube

nube to those of the Rhine; to do so was therefore impossible, and I was forced to continue buffetting on against my wayward fate, when chance conducted my weary feet to the gates of a cloister, where a lay-brother was distributing food to a number of beggars. A swarm of ragged guests presented themselves, nor was I the last to do so; for I forced my way through the crowd, and placed myself close to the hospitable brother; and judge how agreeably I was surprised at seeing, foremost in the throng, my former protectress and friend, the old gentlewoman with the Medusa's head! She, from the beginning of our acquaintance, had ever been particularly partial to me, and I had really

regretted her loss ; for she left our society privately a few days before our unfortunate defeat. It was she who introduced my dear Leda (a female of my own kind she met on the road, and enticed to follow her) to me, that I might have a companion to amuse my leisure-hours ; and it was she that had the gallant thought to teach me to jump over a stick at the mention of Leda's name. I perceived, by her large rosary and penitential looks, that she had exchanged the character of a Sibyl for that of a devotee—a part she was very capable of acting, having, in her youth, been cook to a priest. As soon as I saw her I wagged my tail, and fawningly implored her protection.

‘ Good

‘ Good lack!’ said she, ‘ is it you, my dear Jolli?’

“ She patted my head as she spoke, and reached me a morsel of the bread she had just received. The company that surrounded us murmured at the profanation she had been guilty of, and clamourously complained to the distributor of her criminal conduct in wasting the gifts of the cloister on a dog.

‘ But you cannot think, holy father,’ said she, in a whining voice, ‘ what a sensible animal this is; for my part, I believe he is inspired, and I desire you will introduce me to your superior; depend on it, you will have no cause to repent doing so.’

“ She pronounced the last words in
such

such a positive manner, that he, without making any objections, went in, and informed the abbot of her desire.

“ He soon returned with an answer favourable to her wishes, and we were introduced to this most reverend priest, who was a fat old Bronze, rather heard of hearing. The old witch kissed the hem of his garment, and presented me to him, as an offering of her respect, and a tribute due to his worth.

“ I was then ordered to display my talents, and give a sample of my abilities, which often made the holy father’s heavy sides wag. To conclude the farce, she held up her staff, and ordered me to jump for the Emperor, and afterwards (I am uncertain

certain if it was a joke, or if she did it from custom) for Leda.

“The prelate, who was called father Beda, misunderstood the old woman, and thought my caper was for him. This made my fortune; he honoured me with a nod of his head, as a token of approbation, and giving the old lady a florin and some amulets, dismissed her with many thanks. I was immediately recommended to the particular care of the brother-cook, who gave me so large a portion of food, that I, who was the day before in danger of being starved to death, narrowly escaped falling a victim to my voraciousness, and dying of an indigestion.

“The fortunate turn of my affairs likewise proved beneficial to my old duenna;

duenna; for the reverend abbot, as a token of his esteem, ordered her to be placed on the list of his private pensioners, and a few peas and a loaf of barley-bread to be given her weekly. Nor did I omit taking every opportunity of shewing my gratitude; for as often as she came to the cloister, I bestowed the most servile and fawning caresses on her. I hardly ever left the abbot's side. French rolls and roast beef were my most ordinary food, and the good-natured old man often lamented that I could not partake of his Champagne and Burgundy. Whenever we had company to dinner, and that was almost every day, it was my business to amuse them during the dessert; and the conclusion of the
pantomime

pantomime was always a vault for Father Beda.

“ Thus in ease and affluence, passed another year of my life, and as I always attended his reverence to the choir, I acquired the reputation of holiness, which seemed to promise my good fortune would only end with my life; but, alas! I was doomed to be the ball of Fate.

“ The pious abbot's birthday was celebrated with a magnificent banquet, to which a number of the superior orders of the neighbouring clergy was invited; amongst the rest, an old abbess honoured it with her presence, and accompanied her congratulations with the present of a beautiful little greyhound, which the great Frederick himself would
thankfully

thankfully have accepted of. It was impossible that such a piece of gallantry, from so respectable a person, should be otherwise than pleasing to the prelate; but as Prince Zephyr, my rival, had learned nothing but to cringe and fawn, I, for some time, remained the favourite; and the only mortification I endured, was being forced to divide with him the dainty morsels that till then had entirely fallen to my share.

“But, through various servile arts, did the mean parasite seek to undermine me in my master’s affection; and when he found he had succeeded, the liberties he took were insupportable; for often would he have the audacity to approach my plate, and endeavour to defraud me of my allowance.

allowance. This occasioned continual skirmishes between us, in which I was always conqueror, and always blamed.

“One day our litigations about the remains of a pheasant produced a formal battle, in which I asserted my superiority in so energetic a manner, as to tear one of my antagonist’s ears almost off, who, with dreadful howls, crept for safety under his protector’s hairy garment. This proved my destruction; for Beda, trembling with rage, and forgetting his gouty twinges, gave me two or three violent kicks, and ordered me to be hanged that minute, which sentence would have been executed, if a half-starved poet, who had asked alms of the abbot in hexa-
H meter,

meter, and because he had entitled him 'His Holiness,' had been invited to dine with him, had not desired to have me.

“The revengeful prelate thought he could not inflict a severer punishment on me, than by giving me to this minstrel, whose hollow cheeks and voracious appetite assured him starving would be my fate. He therefore consented to the suppliant's wish, and, as soon as the meal had ended with a glass of Tokay, which he called nectar, I was for ever banished from an asylum where I had spent the most indolent and peaceful days of my life.

“The most dismal presentiment filled my mind, and I crept by the side of my new master, as if the sentence

tence

tence so lately pronounced was going to be put into execution, and vain were his endeavours, by whistling and snapping his fingers at me, to put me into better spirits.

“Towards evening we arrived at a large town in the Palatinate, where my present patron occupied a garret at a bookseller’s.

“Thedulf, the name of my bard, was an enemy to French names; mine was therefore exchanged for that of Hector; and I was, with all due formality, appointed the guard of his castle, and protector of his property. He threw down a couple of old wigs, which were to be my bed; and as his supper consisted of nothing but a pipe of tobacco and a

glass of water, I began to fear I should be forced to go supperless to bed; but at last, feeling in his coat-pocket, he found a hard crust of bread, strongly infused with the plant he was so fond of, which he threw to me. This scanty meal formed a dreadful contrast to the luxury I had lately been accustomed to, and gave me a sad sample of the want I should experience in this priest of Apollo's service, which I soon found to be much worse than my Cyclop's; for, if he had not taken me with him two or three times a-week to a public-house, where he was the president of a club of some journeymen printers, who used to bestow a bone or a piece of cheese
on

on me now and then, the abbot's prediction would certainly have been verified.

“Once, as he had written a pompous epithalamium on the occasion, he was invited to a wedding in the country, and the fear of being thought troublesome induced him to leave me at home. Twelve tedious hours did I impatiently wait for his return, without tasting a morsel of food; but at last hunger prompted me to an act of desperation that I afterwards severely repented; for I jumped on the table, and seizing the first manuscript I found, tore and eagerly devoured it. I had destroyed several sheets when Thedulf entered the room. His blood was heated by the frequent
H 3 libations

libations of the Hymeneal cup, and the sight of the mischief I had done set it in a blaze.

“He flew at me with the fury of a lioness that is robbed of her young, and, seizing me by the neck, whirled me to some distance from the table, and, in a tone of voice that I believe no human organ capable of imitating, exclaimed—‘Ah! d—d hound! what hast thou done, cursed beast! My tragedy!’ wringing his hands, ‘the masterpiece that would have immortalized my name! Die, monster!’ snatching up a penknife, and directing a stab at me as he spoke. ‘But no,’ continued he, after a pause, ‘your impious blood shall not pollute my hand—thine’s a public crime, and the public hand
of

of justice shall rid the world of thee!’

“He then turned over the leaves, that he might be able to ascertain the full extent of his loss, which as soon as he had done, he broke out in the following heart-moving ejaculation:—‘Oh, Melpomene! Melpomene! how couldst thou suffer the darling of my heart, the offspring of *thy* worshipper, to fall a victim to the insatiate jaws of that senseless beast? But why do I blame thee? The fault of admitting dogs into thy temple, which ought to have been sacred, was mine.’

After he had ended this apostrophe, he undressed himself and went to bed, and I crept into my corner, determined patiently to await

my impending fate; indeed I was very indifferent about it; for, since I had been confined in this poetical prison, my life was become a burden to me, and I cared not how soon I was released from it.

“ It was late the next morning before my Sophocles awoke; his first glance was directed towards the melancholy remains of his immortality. The sight renewed his grief; he sighed as if his heart would break, and could hardly restrain his tears; but the sight of me, the author of all his woe, soon chased every tender feeling from his heart. He arose in the agony of despair, and, after hurrying on his clothes, tied a rope round my neck, and dragged me down the stairs after him.

“ He

“He inquired of the first person he met in the street where the hangman lived; and, as his abode was at no great distance, we soon arrived at it; and I must own that, notwithstanding my resignation the night before, I, fancying this would be the last walk I should ever take, lamented the shortness of it.

‘Here’s a mad dog, Master Martin,’ said Thedulf to him; ‘be so good as to dispatch him for me.’—‘It is not my business to do so,’ replied he; ‘however, if it will oblige you, I have no objection.’

“The man looked earnestly at me; the manner of his doing so inspired me with hope; I therefore laid myself at his feet, and wagged my tail at him.—‘But,’ continued he,

he, 'you are mistaken, sir; this dog is not mad.'

'Not mad!' said Thedulf, foaming with rage; 'if he had not been mad, do you think he would have devoured my invaluable manuscript?'—'I warrant he would have let your paper alone,' was Martin's reply, 'if you had given him other food enough to satisfy his hunger; but there's nothing so easy as to convince you of your mistake.'

"He then offered me a piece of bread, which I took from his hand in a very gentle manner, and immediately ate; he set a basin of water on the ground, and, when he saw that I lapped it, he exclaimed—'Do you see that I am in the right?—A mad dog neither eats nor drinks.'

'But

‘But he is mad for all that,’ replied Thedulf, trembling with passion as he spoke, ‘and I say he shall die!’

“The man, provoked at his obstinacy, said with a sneer—‘You appear to be by far the maddest of the two; it is a shame to kill a poor beast for such a trifling fault. However,’ continued he, smiling, ‘if you are determined on his death, you must give me half-a-florin for my trouble.’

Thedulf, who, at that time, was not worth so much money, grumblingly replied—‘Not I; you may keep him, and die of the hydrophobia, if you like it; he has cost me enough already.’ So saying, he snatched

snatched open the door, and left the room.

“ I was far from feeling any desire to accompany him; but endeavoured to express my gratitude to my deliverer by sitting up, and licking his hand. He in return freed me from the rope, and gave me the remains of his breakfast, which were very welcome to me, having tasted nothing since my paper meal.

“ Before I had finished eating, a grey-headed old invalid entered the room.—‘ I have been told, sir,’ said he, ‘ that you are a charitable man, and that you are possessed of an excellent eye-water; if you are, pray bestow a little of it on a poor old cripple, who was deprived of the use of

of his right-arm, and one of his eyes, in the last war, and now the sight of the other begins to fail me.'

“ I was too much taken up with my feast to pay much attention to the suppliant; but, as soon as I had finished, I listened attentively to the voice which seemed familiar to me, and yet I could not recollect the person it proceeded from. I approached, and attentively surveyed him for some time; and, at last, to my inexpressible joy, discovered him to be no other than my old Mentor, Monsieur Lafleur. Age, infirmity, and distress, had so altered him, that none but the penetrating eye of gratitude and friendship could have discovered his features; but no sooner had I done so, than I jumped, I barked,

basked, and sprawled on the floor, and did not cease my acclamations of joy till, with his half eye, he recollected his faithful Jolli.

“Martin, who had been a silent spectator of this scene, was really affected. He gave the old warrior an alms and a phial of eye-water, for which he thanked him, but did not leave the room; and I, not knowing how to make myself understood, encircled his emaciated legs with my fore-paws.

‘I understand you,’ said the humane man; ‘you wish to have your old friend again; take him—he will be more useful to you than to me, for I fear you will soon be in need of a leader.’

“With a joy that even my pre-
sent

sent power of utterance can but faintly express, I followed the infirm protector of my helpless youth through the streets, where his piteous moans could barely procure him the scanty means of subsistence; yet every morsel of bread or bone of meat the hand of charity put into the wooden bowl he carried under his arm, he shared with me. It was more for his sake than my own that I lamented the penury we lived in, and grieved at the hardness of heart the affluent shewed when they drove him from the door without relieving his wants.

“Lafleur’s attachment to me increased every day; misfortune had worn off the rough edges of his character, and opened his heart to the

finer feelings of humanity. Although his fate was hard, he bore it without repining; he seemed reconciled to it, and, without murmuring, patiently waited for death—the cure of all his woes.

“A few months after our meeting, Martin’s prediction was verified; for he was entirely deprived of his sight, and I, fastened to a slight cord (a strong one was unnecessary), was his guide and leader. I picked out the way with the utmost care, that his feet might not be bruised by the stones, or his body wounded by the wanton or careless cruelty of still harder man.

“A district of about three miles was the route we daily took; and, since Lafleur’s blindness, I think
our

our alms were not quite so sparingly bestowed as before; but when I found that want and misery had not the power of moving the heart, I used to exhibit some of my tricks, and am sorry to say they often produced more than the sight of a fellow-creature in distress.

“ In one of our peregrinations we wandered to a neighbouring town; it being fair-day, promised amply to reward us, and I exerted myself, as well as I was able, in the different evolutions I displayed: nor did my efforts to please remain unrewarded; for the tribute of a copper coin was thrown into my master’s hat by almost every spectator. During the

the money into his pocket, a well-dressed boy, who had forced his way through the crowd whilst I was performing my exercise, and had seemed particularly delighted with me, endeavoured to entice me to come to him, by offering me a piece of cake. I turned and looked steadfastly at my helpless master, thinking thereby to prevail on him to bestow his charity where it was so much wanted; but the boy either did not, or would not understand my meaning, and had either taken a fancy to me, or wanted to teaze a blind old beggar. He therefore came nearer, and stooping, as if he meant to play with me, suddenly cut the cord asunder with a knife

he

he held concealed for that purpose, and taking hold of the end that fastened me, endeavoured to drag me away by force. To suppress my rage any longer was impossible; I flew at the little villain, and tore a piece of flesh out of the calf of his leg. The boy roared as if he was possessed, and was carried away, and I again placed myself by Lafleur's side; for, either owing to fear or approbation, none of the surrounding multitude offered to chastise me.

“ But a few minutes after I saw two men approach us, with guns in their hands, who, by their dress, I supposed to be the ministers of justice. They were so, and employed by the town-mayor, whose son I had
hit,

bit, to punish my crime. I had time enough to escape; but, instead of doing so, I crept closer to my master—who, when he was told the danger I was in, bent over me—thinking, by so doing, he should be able to protect me. But his effort was vain; for the mercenary slaves fired, and the same ball that passed through my head penetrated his heart.—‘Bury us together!’ was the last sound I heard with my mortal faculties, and likewise the first my aërial substance comprehended. Our shades met—we tried to embrace, but an invisible power tore us asunder; yet as the spirit of my friend ascended, it called to me, and said—‘We shall meet again!’

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

“Yes, so you will!” re-echoed the united voices of the whole society, who, with silent admiration, had listened to the stranger’s relation. They repeated their congratulations with the most fraternal affection; and the president, who was no other than Argus, Ulysses’ dog, with sympathetic feelings, and a hearty shake of the paw, said—“Bravo, brother! let us be friends.”

THE
IDIOT:

A TALE.

THE
IDIOT.

It was in the afternoon of a fine summer's day that a select and cheerful society were assembled in the pleasant and cool woodbine arbour in Mr. Miller's garden; the mild breeze gently waved the red blossoms of the clover; the scarlet poppy, pale cowslip, and speckled daisy, were spread over the verdant
K carpet,

carpet, and afforded to the eye a sweet variety; the Catherine pear glistened on the tree and every now and then, when shaken by the wind, fell rustling in the grass, which was high enough to conceal them from the sight; the high currant and gooseberry bushes were almost stripped of their refreshing fruit—their bent and leafless boughs, and the mark of recent footsteps in the mould, shewed how lately they had been plundered; but the cherry-trees were in their full beauty, and bent their loaded branches seemingly to invite the company to partake of their offered gifts, in which innumerable swarms of sparrows and finches were rioting to excess.

The

The minds of the company were as serene as the day; they were all neighbours and intimate acquaintance, except Mr. Walton, a young barrister, who had lately taken a house in the town, whose social disposition and agreeable manners made him a welcome addition to every company he chose to honour with his presence. He was admired for his sense, easy politeness, and reputed integrity, and, perhaps most of all, for his large fortune; but had the company been better acquainted with him, they would have known that the external advantages he possessed were trifling when compared with the more valuable ones of his head and heart.

The married ladies, with a scrutinizing eye, observed his every look, to discover, if possible, which was the happy female that fixed his attention most; if the unmarried fair ones, their prudent fathers' and jealous lovers' eyes were equally attentive, I cannot say; but the matrons' glances were too direct to escape observation. Curiosity, particularly in matters of this kind, is justly attributed to the female sex; although, for my own part, I am far from thinking it a faulty sensation: for I naturally conclude that she who so attentively watches the motions of others, to discover by them the first spark of that flame which she supposes will end in a blaze

blaze on Hymen's altar, feels the happiness of that state she is so anxious for others to enter into; and if she is content with her situation, there is no doubt of her communicating the felicity she feels to the partner of her heart; for that those who are happy themselves will always endeavour to make others so, is a rule without an exception.

None of Walton's attentions, nor hardly a look of his, escaped these curious observers' notice. Sometimes they thought his eyes were fixed with peculiar tenderness and expression on one person, till he directed his discourse to another, and then she was certainly the object of his pursuit; but they were all, one
K 3 excepted,

excepted, mistaken; for what they supposed love was only politeness, and that attention every well-bred man would shew to the lady he was discoursing with. But the mistress of the house was a better judge; for she knew, by experience, that timidity and respect are always the certain signs of a beginning passion. The others only attended on whom his eyes were fixed longest, and with the most expression; but she knew that the person to whom the timid glance is so obliquely directed, and withdrawn as soon as observed, is she who has made the deepest impression on the heart.

Except Mrs. Miller, no one had remarked the impression Charlotte
Wilson

Wilson had made on Walton's heart; not that she was the least calculated to inspire him with love, for a judge of beauty would have declared her the handsomest in the circle; but, alas! she was the one who could the least boast of the gifts of Fortune. Charlotte Wilson was poor, at least comparatively so to the others; and how seldom has modest merit, unattended by the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune, the power to fetter a heart! Walton's glances to her were therefore entirely disregarded, and placed to the account of the two ladies that sat on each side of her; but, although unnoticed, he had attentively watched her every motion, and

and had seen, what had most likely escaped the notice of the rest of the company, that she, when she thought herself unobserved, had slipped a piece of cake into her workbag: her eyes met his as she drew the ribbons of the bag; a crimson blush overspread her cheeks; her confusion communicated itself to him; he coloured, and was vexed with himself for looking at her at that moment, as it was evident to him his doing so had put her out of countenance; and long did the thought—"Happy child that the present is intended for!" occupy his mind.

A few minutes after the clock struck five, Charlotte arose, and endeavoured

deavoured to steal away from the company; but, on her being observed, and asked where she was going, she said she was obliged to go home to give the maid some orders, but that she would soon return; and she blushed as she spoke, as—as if she had been caught at prayers.

“It’s five o’clock,” said Mrs. Miller, as soon as she was out of sight; “and you know that’s the time she always attends her brother.”

“Yes!” and “Oh! is that all?” was repeated by several voices at the same time.

Walton inquired what was the matter with her brother? and added that he had twice before been in
company

company with her, and now recollected that she always went away at the same hour.

Mrs. Miller, who was a distant relation of Charlotte, and her sincere friend, was glad of the opportunity of publishing her merit, and said—
“ Her brother is an idiot; and it is impossible,” continued she, with a warmth that did honour to her heart, “ to describe the gentleness and care with which she attends him, or the kind solicitude with which she anticipates his wants and wishes; indeed her kindness to him has often moved me to tears, and suggested the question, how few in her place would act as she does? Fourteen years has the unhappy youth been
in

in this deplorable state; for, when he was about six years old, soon after the death of his mother, he was deprived of his senses by that malignant disorder, the small-pox; and since that time, Charlotte (who is a year younger) has been to him mother, sister, friend, and teacher: his whole earthly happiness is centered in her—she is all he possesses and loves. Business often obliges her father, who is a very worthy man, to be absent for weeks together; and when he is at home, his various occupations afford him but little leisure to attend to his unfortunate son. The whole trouble therefore rests on her; but never did I see the least shadow of harshness

ness or unkindness in her behaviour to him, or a word or gesture that could be construed into peevishness or discontent. She feeds and dresses him with the greatest regularity and care; and frequently, when he has been a little indisposed, have I known her put off engagements that I am certain were agreeable to her, to nurse him, which she, at such times, does with an assiduity, as if the welfare of her family depended on his preservation."

"God reward her for it!" exclaimed Walton, who could no longer conceal the sensations he felt; "God reward her for it, and make her happy as she deserves to be!"

And

And suddenly the thought darted across his mind—"How blessed will the man be who calls her his! Oh that I were he! what a daughter, friend, and companion should I then be able to present to my amiable, ailing mother! how would her attentions to that worthy parent contradict the common assertion, so disgraceful to human nature, that mothers and daughters-in-law seldom agree under the same roof!"

"The gentleness and humanity with which he has ever been treated," continued the lady, "has had the most salutary effect on his mind and manners—it has made him mild and docile; for I really believe the

usual method of treating those unhappy persons with violence, severity, and contempt, often increases their malady, and makes them more obstinate and malicious than they would otherwise be; but her example proves how far meekness and humanity can operate on the vacant mind; and really her attentions to him are so unremitting, that it seems to be her constant study to make up to him the loss of understanding by kindness and love. How often have I looked at her with admiration, when, to make her instructions comprehensible to his weak mind, she has been forced to descend almost to a level with it! and many a time have I wished a
share

share of her patience and humility to those who have the care of educating youth. The trouble she has had with him is not to be expressed; but she is in some degree rewarded, by finding his mind, which, without her fostering care, would have been quite a blank, now not entirely so; for when he takes time to recollect himself, he often combines his ideas, and answers a question that is asked him; besides, he is so gentle and good-tempered, that it is impossible to see him without feeling the sincerest pity and commiseration for his unhappy state."

Walton.—"Virtue often rewards itself; in this case it certainly does; for his being so docile as you de-

scribe him to be, must lessen the trouble he occasions: but, good God! what an affliction must such a person be to his family!"

Mrs. Miller.—"A dreadful one indeed! I have often wondered (I hope my doing so is not criminal) why there are such persons in the world, and why others, through them, are so severely punished? You look surprised, Sir; I hope I have not said any thing improper; do favour me with your opinion on the subject."

Walton.—"You certainly have not said any thing improper, Madam; for the wish to enlarge our ideas, or acquire knowledge, can never be wrong; but, with our ut-
most

most endeavours to do so, the degree of wisdom we are able to attain here will be limited and trifling, compared to our wishes. You honour me by asking my opinion, which I will give you as well as I am able; although I am fully persuaded your heart has already suggested every thing in my power to say on the subject, more forcibly than my words can do. Our chief business in this life, without doubt, ought to be to perfectionate ourselves for a future state; and this we are certainly able to do, without comprehending the dark and hidden ways of Providence; therefore, when any inevitable evil befalls us, that either ruffles our temper, dis-

turbs our peace of mind, or restrains us in the ardent pursuit of that perfection we are so anxious to attain, I think we should do well were we to endeavour to discover if the very ill that presses us may not be useful to some—if mankind in general may not be benefited by it—or if its consequences may not be attended with salutary effects, either as precept or example to ourselves or others. Were we to accustom ourselves to regard misfortunes in this point of view, most of those that befall us, and I may include idiotism in the number, would afford us a useful lesson, from which we should be able to extract comfort and consolation.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Miller.—“Comfort and consolation from idiotism! I don’t understand you, Sir.”

Walton.—“The idiot himself will, I fear, be least benefited by them; and yet, Madam, as we know this life to be but the beginning of our being, and the knowledge we acquire here, if I may be allowed the expression, but the rudiments of that we shall hereafter attain, the loss the idiot sustains is not so great as it appears on a transient glance—a moment compared to eternity; for his being the last here will not prevent his being, perhaps, the first in a future state; for to me it appears probable that his mind will be invigorated by its present inaction; and

and who knows what peculiar happiness he may then receive, by comparing his past to his present condition; then, when every mystery will be explained, he will doubtless be convinced that his former situation was necessary to prevent his commission of crimes, that nothing but the alienation of reason could have hindered, which would have ended in his temporal and eternal ruin: how glorious must the morn be to such a person, after a night of utter darkness! But the advantage such persons are to others is obvious."

Mrs. Miller.—“ Perhaps you mean by their having an opportunity of exercising their patience.”

Walton.

Walton.—“That is certainly one; but I can enumerate many others. Reason, and the uncontrolled use of our mental faculties, are certainly what exalt the man above the brute most; and to feel and know we are possessed of this valuable prerogative is the surest method of making us act in a manner deserving of it, and of exerting those duties compatible with reason and humanity. We are too apt to think slightly, or rather not to think at all, of those external advantages we possess in common with all mankind; the circulation of our blood, or the elasticity that sets our limbs in motion, is seldom thought of or regarded by us, for every one feels the same; and

and should we not fall into the same apathy with regard to our mental faculties, should we value them as they deserve, if a fool or idiot did not sometimes present themselves to us, as a memento to remind us of what we are, and what we might have been? Never do I see such an unfortunate object without pity and commiseration; and I suppose my sensations at such times are not unlike those a farmer feels, who is interrupted at the moment he is offering a thanksgiving to Heaven for a plentiful harvest, by a neighbour's coming to ask his assistance, whose hopes were blighted by lightning and hailstones. The sight of an idiot always

ways fills my soul with awe and wonder; I admire with humility the decrees of Heaven, whose ways, I am persuaded, are always intended for our real good, although often clad in mystery and involved in darkness. But with these sensations are blended those of gratitude and philanthropy; for how is it possible to behold such a being without feeling the wish of contributing, as much as lies in our power, towards making his dream of life as comfortable as possible? And the best way of doing so is that your friend has taken, of treating him with gentleness and delicacy, and not allowing him to become an object of contempt, sport, or ridicule. Thank
God,

God, these sentiments are almost universal, at least I am inclined to think so, from the idiot's exciting pity sooner than any other unfortunate person; perhaps their doing so may in some measure, be owing to the superstition of the vulgar, who, you know, fancy an idiot brings a blessing into their house; but, to whatever cause it may be owing, the effects are good and praiseworthy; and I really believe that even those who seem to find a pleasure in thwarting and teasing them, do it more through inconsiderateness than malice. And, to conclude, Madam, for I fear I have already tired your patience, can any thing afford us a better opportunity of exerting
the

the mild duties of humanity and benevolence? The attentions we bestow on the idiot are certainly disinterested; we know he can only receive without giving—accept favours without the possibility of returning them; but he is a fellow-creature, and, as such, has a right to claim our pity and assistance; for Charity never inquires who may I want? but, who wants me? nor, who will be useful to me? but, who can I be useful to? And it is impossible to say but that some part of your lovely friend's merit may be owing to her brother's situation; perhaps without such a trial, she would have been less amiable than she is."

To such of my readers whose hearts are open to the gentle feelings of humanity (and I am willing to hope the greatest part of them are such), I am certain I need not apologize for the length of this discourse; for to them every thing that tends to the alleviation of human misery is welcome. Perhaps I rather ought to make an excuse for the observations I have made, and for omitting a number of questions that were asked and unanswered by the rest of the company; but I am unwilling to lose sight of the heroine of this tale too long.

The fineness of the evening induced the company to propose walking before supper.

“ I wish

“I wish Charlotte was returned to go with us,” said Mrs. Miller, whose penetrating eyes seemed to have discovered every movement that passed in Walton’s mind. “Suppose,” continued she, “one of you gentlemen were to go and hurry her; will you take the trouble, Sir?” turning to him; “we shall walk towards the grove—you will soon be able to overtake us.”

Walton, eager to obey her commands, hurried away as fast as possible; and the joy he at that moment felt was equal to that a needy person’s would be who unexpectedly finds a purse of gold. The haste he made, although not equal to his impatience, was too visible to conceal

his sentiments. As Mr. Wilson's house was at no great distance, he soon arrived at it. The street-door was open: he looked about some time expecting to see some person who could announce him; but after waiting in vain some moments, he went in; for the maid, who was standing in the street, at a little distance from the house, was too earnestly engaged in conversation with a female friend to observe him.

The parlour-door was a-jar; he knocked at it twice; but, on his receiving no answer, he went in. There was nobody in it; but, in a small room on the other side of it, he heard the voice of her he was in search of. He went towards it,
with

with the intention of presenting himself; but before he reached the door, he suddenly stopped, unable to resist the temptation of observing and listening to her a little.

The pale youth was sitting at a table; his dress was plain, but neat, and perfectly clean. The sight was really affecting; for it was the combination of folly and reason, infirmity and love; but the last was the predominant figure in the group; for to assist and amuse the weak mind, it condescended to stoop almost to an equality with it.

“Now you have eat your supper, my dear William,” said she, “I’ll give you something I have brought home with me for you.”

“Brought home!” repeated he, after her, with a vacant smile.

“Yes, here it is;” and she took the piece of cake out of her work-bag as she spoke; “and now you shall have some more nice things,” taking a plate of fruit out of a closet. “See here’s a fine yellow pear and some raspberries; and only look what red cheeks these cherries have.”

“Yes, red cheeks,” stammered the unfortunate youth, “almost as red as yours.”

“And here are some black-heart cherries; look how large they are, and how they shine! And I’ll shew you how you must eat these currants,” continued she; “look—you must first dip them in this glass of
water

water—so; and then you must roll them in this pounded sugar—so. How good they are! Eat them whilst I go and fetch your playthings.”

She went to the other end of the room, and William ate as one who knows no other gratification. She soon returned with some cards, and several pieces of cane, which she laid on the table.

“Look, William,” said she, “what pretty things these are! You used to be very fond of them; play with them when I am gone, will you?—I’ll shew you how.”

And she placed the sticks in various manners, some perpendicularly, others she rolled across the table; with some she formed crosses,
and

and with the rest, by forcing the ends one in the other, she composed a long stick.

“Now only think how prettily you can play with them when you are alone!” said she.

William’s eyes were fixed on her the whole time with an unmeaning stare, as if surprised at her wonderful operations. Charlotte sighed, and a tear started into her eye, which was raised to heaven.

Walton, unable to contain himself any longer, entered the room they were in, bowing, and, in a very confused manner, he delivered the message he was charged with. The idiot stared; but he arose, and, in a friendly, good-natured manner, made
a number

a number of obsequious bows, as if he felt the superiority of the man of sense who stood before him. Admiration and compassion had alternately taken possession of Walton's mind during the scene he had just witnessed; those sensations, and the manners of the unhappy youth, affected him so much that the tears involuntarily started into his eyes. "My God!" thought he, "were I in his situation!"

And surely no sight is better calculated to move our feelings than the wonder a weak mind expresses at the advantages we possess, and modestly shrinks back on feeling his weakness and our superiority—adventitious superiority!

Walton's

Walton's attention was fixed on William; he looked at him with inexpressible sorrow. Charlotte did the same; their eyes met, and a deeper crimson tinged her cheeks; for at that moment she doubly felt the unhappiness of her brother's situation.

Sympathetic minds understand each other without words; no wonder, therefore, that Charlotte's and Walton's did; for their sentiments at that moment were so entirely harmonized as to unite their hearts for ever.

He begged Charlotte would allow him the honour of conducting her to the company. They went; but Walton's thoughts were too much engaged

engaged with what he had so lately seen, to allow him to talk of any thing else. He assured her of the admiration and respect her conduct had inspired him with; she thanked him for his politeness, but wondered he found any thing extraordinary in it.

“How is it possible to act otherwise than I do?” said she; “he is my brother, and (with a sigh) few are the comforts he is able to enjoy, and fewer are those he desires; for he is indeed very easily satisfied. Besides, I must really be ungrateful if I did not love him; for his attachment to me is greater than you can suppose his unfortunate situation would allow him to feel; for you
cannot

think how he rejoices when I return after a short absence, nor the pleasure the veriest trifle presented by me gives him; and I assure you the satisfaction he at such times expresses always communicates itself to me."

"The delicacy of your sentiments, Madam," replied Walton, looking at her with admiration, "does infinite honour to your heart; and has likewise the advantage of enabling you to support, without repining or impatience, the trouble he must undoubtedly occasion you."

"It is true," replied she, "that my brother's infirm state often makes the assistance of others necessary; but God forbid I should be impatient!

tient! I have ever made it a rule to act in a manner towards him, not to fear his calling me to account, should he ever recover his senses."

"Have you any hope of his recovering them?" said Walton.

"Not in this world," replied she, "but certainly in the next; for I have no doubt of the faculties a cruel disorder deprived him of here, being restored to him in heaven, I often comfort myself with the thought."

Walton's answer was short and unconnected. He pressed her hand to his heart—that heart was now entirely filled with the wish of calling her his, whose way of thinking so entirely corresponded with his own. He designedly led her :

longer way than was necessary to join the company, that he might have the satisfaction of discovering more of her sentiments, and the more her mind unfolded itself to his view, the more his passion increased; and the effects of it were too visible not to be remarked by the company as soon as they returned to them; and they, without possessing the spirit of divination, soon guessed the meaning of the young man's looks and attentions.

Indeed they were so plain, that one must have been blind not to have perceived them. Mrs. Miller sat opposite her friend at table, and more than once gave her a private and approving nod.

After supper, before the company
went

went away, they took a few turns in the garden. Mrs. Miller drew Charlotte aside, and said—"I wish you joy of your conquest, child; Walton is in love with you."

Charlotte silently and confusedly returned the pressure of her friend's hand; but the tell-tale moon shone too bright to conceal the glow on her cheeks.

"How agitated you are, and how you blush!" continued Mrs. Miller. "Well, I'll go and send Walton to compose you," and away she tripped.

At that moment the company separated; and Walton, who had been studying some time how he should, seemingly by chance, contrive to conduct Charlotte home, thought this a good opportunity of offering

his service. His arm was accepted, and they went away together; but if their doing so had entirely the appearance he wished, I cannot say, for a smile was visible on many countenances.

“What purpose can delay answer?” thought he, as soon as they were alone; “her heart is still disengaged.” He had, with affected indifference, or at least what he intended to seem so, asked her friend if it was; but Walton’s heart was too honest to act an hypocritical part; “but who can assure me that another may not, before to-morrow, discover what a treasure she is, and rob me of her?—I had better speak to her now.”

He endeavoured to do so; but, at
a loss

a loss in what manner to begin, he remained silent till they were within sight of her house. No time was therefore to be lost. He hemmed several times, but was always at a loss how he should properly introduce the subject. Charlotte had asked him several questions without having received any answer to them; and perceiving the agitation he was in, for he trembled excessively, was just going to ask him if he was ill, when he seized her hand, kissed, and pressed it to his heart. —“ Ah, Madam!” said he, “ could I but properly explain the sentiments I feel for you, and flatter myself with the hope of not being quite indifferent to you!”

Charlotte was silent, but her heart palpitated violently.

“Say, most amiable of your sex,” continued he, “tell me if I dare aspire to your love?”

Charlotte, in a trembling, inarticulate voice, assured him of her esteem and friendship.

“Esteem and friendship,” replied he, “are, in my opinion, but other names for love; for the present, therefore, I will be content to call you my best, my dearest friend; but which appellation I hope you will soon allow me to exchange for the dearer one of wife.”

Charlotte wished to answer him; but her agitation was so great, that she could not articulate a word.

“I will

“ I will not distress you now,” continued he; “ only permit me to dream of my happiness. When do you expect Mr. Wilson home? As soon as he returns, have I your permission to visit him; And only tell me what I must do to deserve and gain your heart?”

Charlotte withdrew her hand from his; and as she ran into the house, said, in a low voice—“ Speak to my father, Sir!”

FINIS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

1881-1882

1881-1882

1881-1882

1881-1882

1881-1882

1881-1882

1881-1882

1881-1882

CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
PUBLISHED BY A. K. NEWMAN & CO.,
LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.

Two Shillings and Sixpence each,
Half-bound, roan, & lettered.

- Byron's (Commodore) Narrative of his Shipwreck on the
Coast of Patagonia, to which is added a Sketch of his
Life, new edition, 18mo.
- Goldsmith's (Dr.) Natural History of Beasts, Serpents,
Insects, and Reptiles, illustrated by 200 wood cuts,
18mo. 1824
- Goldsmith's (Dr.) Natural History of Birds and Fishes,
illustrated by 200 wood cuts, 18mo. 1824
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Affectionate Brothers, new edit. 1825
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Alicia and her Aunt
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Barbadoes Girl, fourth edition, 1824
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Clergyman's Widow, seventh edit. 1825
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Merchant's Widow, sixth edition, 1826
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Panorama of Europe, third edit. 1824
- Hofland's (Mrs.) Young Northern Traveller, second edi-
tion, 1825
- Keleth, or the Gatherer, a Miscellany for vacant Minutes,
18mo. 1824
- Minor Morals, Sketches of Natural History, Anecdotes,
and original Stories, by Charlotte Smith, new edition
- Taylor's (Jeffery of Ongar) Tales and Dialogues, 6 plates
- William Tell, the Deliverer of Switzerland, by Florian

Two Shillings each.

Half-bound, roan, and lettered.

- Adventures of Pigou, a Malay Boy
- Cottage Stories, or Tales of my Grandmother, by Mrs.
Ward
- Edgar and Louis, or the Week's Vacation
- Edwin and Henry, or the Week's Holiday, by Robert
Huish

Elizabeth, or the Exile of Siberia
 Elm Grove, a Tale, interspersed with Poetry
 Horwood's (Miss) Original Poetry for Children, third
 edition, enlarged
 Improving Tales for Youth, new edition
 Original Tales of my Landlord, by W. Gardiner, cuts
 Paul and Virginia, an Indian Tale, by B. St. Pierre
 Royal Present of Princess Carolina
 Shepherd's Boy, or Snowden Hill, a Tale, by W. Gardiner
 Spartacus, a Roman Story

One Shilling and Sixpence each.

In Fancy Paper.

Aldiborontiphoskyphorniositikos, a round Game for merry
 Parties, with 16 coloured engravings
 Apple-Pie Alphabet, with 16 coloured engravings
 Dame Wiggins of Lee, and her Seven Wonderful Cats, 18
 coloured engravings
 Gaping wide-mouthed waddling Frog, a new Game of For-
 feits, 16 coloured engravings
 House that Jack Built, with the Picture Alphabet, 37
 coloured engravings
 Little Downey, the Field Mouse, Adventures of, 10 co-
 loured plates
 Watts' (Dr.) Cradle Hymn; also the Evening, Morning,
 and Sunday Morning Hymn, 16 coloured engravings

One Shilling each.

Uniformly printed, and embellished with elegant plates.

Birthday Present, or Pleasing Tales, by Mrs. Meeke, with
 16 coloured engravings
 Deborah Dent and her Donkey, and Madame Fig's Gala,
 17 coloured engravings
 Elements of Geography, by A. Mills, illustrated with 13
 coloured engravings
 Gamut and Time Table in Verse, for the Instruction of
 Children in the first rudiments of Music, 12 coloured
 engravings
 How to be Happy, or the Cottage of Content, 16 coloured
 engravings

- Little Travellers, or the Costumes and Descriptions of the Inhabitants of different Parts of the World, 15 coloured engravings
- Mamma's Gift, or Lessons adapted for Children of an early Age, by Mrs. Meeke, with 13 coloured engravings
- Portraits from Life, or the History of Charles and Charlotte, plates
- Parlour Amusements, or a new Set of Games and Forfeits, with Rules for each Game, and Directions for crying the Forfeits
- Parent's Offering to a good Child, by Mrs. Meeke, 14 coloured engravings
- Pleasant Walk in Spring, a Tale, 11 coloured engravings
- School-Boys' Diversions; describing many new and popular Sports, with proper Directions for playing them
- The Good Child's Grammar, in verse, by Madame Leinster, with coloured engravings

Sixpence each.

Embellished with coloured Engravings, and neatly done up in Fancy Paper.

- Aunt Anne's Gift, or Moral Emblems in Verse, 10 coloured engravings
- Courtship and Marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, with the Death and Burial of Cock Robin, 30 coloured engravings
- Forty Thieves, or History of Ali Baba and his Female Slave, plates
- Flowers that never Fade, a collection of Poems, 17 coloured engravings
- Infant's Alphabet, with 30 elegant coloured engravings, one to each letter, and the letters in large Roman characters
- Jack the Giant Killer, wonderful Adventures of, plates
- Juvenile Pastimes, or Sports for the Four Seasons of the Year, with 30 elegant coloured engravings
- Juvenile Tell Tale, with 18 coloured engravings
- New Cries of London, 18 coloured engravings
- Pretty Stories with Pretty Pictures, for little Folks, with 18 coloured engravings
- Sweets for Leisure Hours, or little Poetical Pieces, 18 coloured engravings

Unlucky John and his Lump of Silver, 18 coloured engravings
Wishing, or the Fisherman and his Wife, 15 coloured engravings

BOOKS FOR THE NURSERY.

Square Eighteens. Illustrated with Plates. Sell for 1s. each.

Ali Baba, with the Death of the Forty Thieves
Fortunate Woman, and Reformation of the Atrocious Robber
Gulliver's (Captain) Travels and Wonderful Adventures
Industrious Cobbler, Scolding Wife, and their Affectionate Daughter
Jack Daw "At Home," by a young Lady of Rank
Life and Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer
Lion's Parliament, or the Beasts in Debate
Madame Grimalkin's Party, or the Cat's Concert
Sam and his Gun, and his Wife Joan
Seven Champions of Christendom
The House that Jack Built
Twelve Labours of Hercules
Valentine and Orson

HISTORIES, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, TALES, ROMANCES, DREAMS, JESTS, FORTUNE-TELLERS, SONGS, VALENTINE WRITERS, &c.

Sixpence and One Shilling each.

This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by

Edgar Osborne

in memory of his wife

MABEL OSBORNE

1899 Issue

p 25

As a dog story was about
the average of people
notwithstanding that no Spaniel
says he "lived a whole year
with wealthy people, not in
affluence yet in
comfortable mediocrity."

