

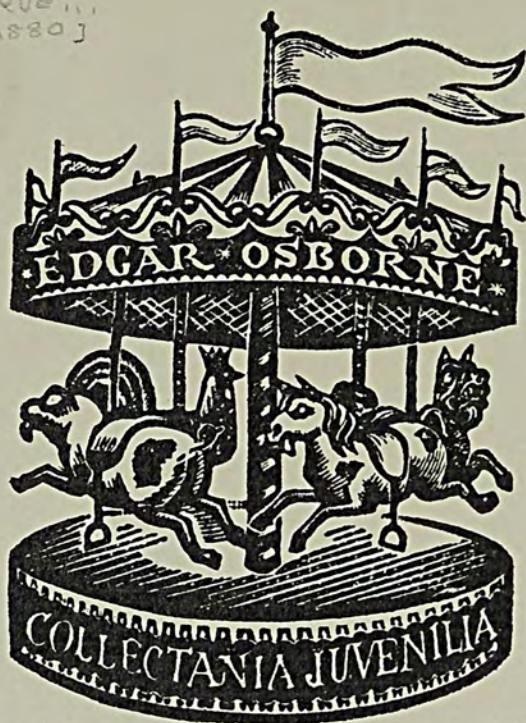
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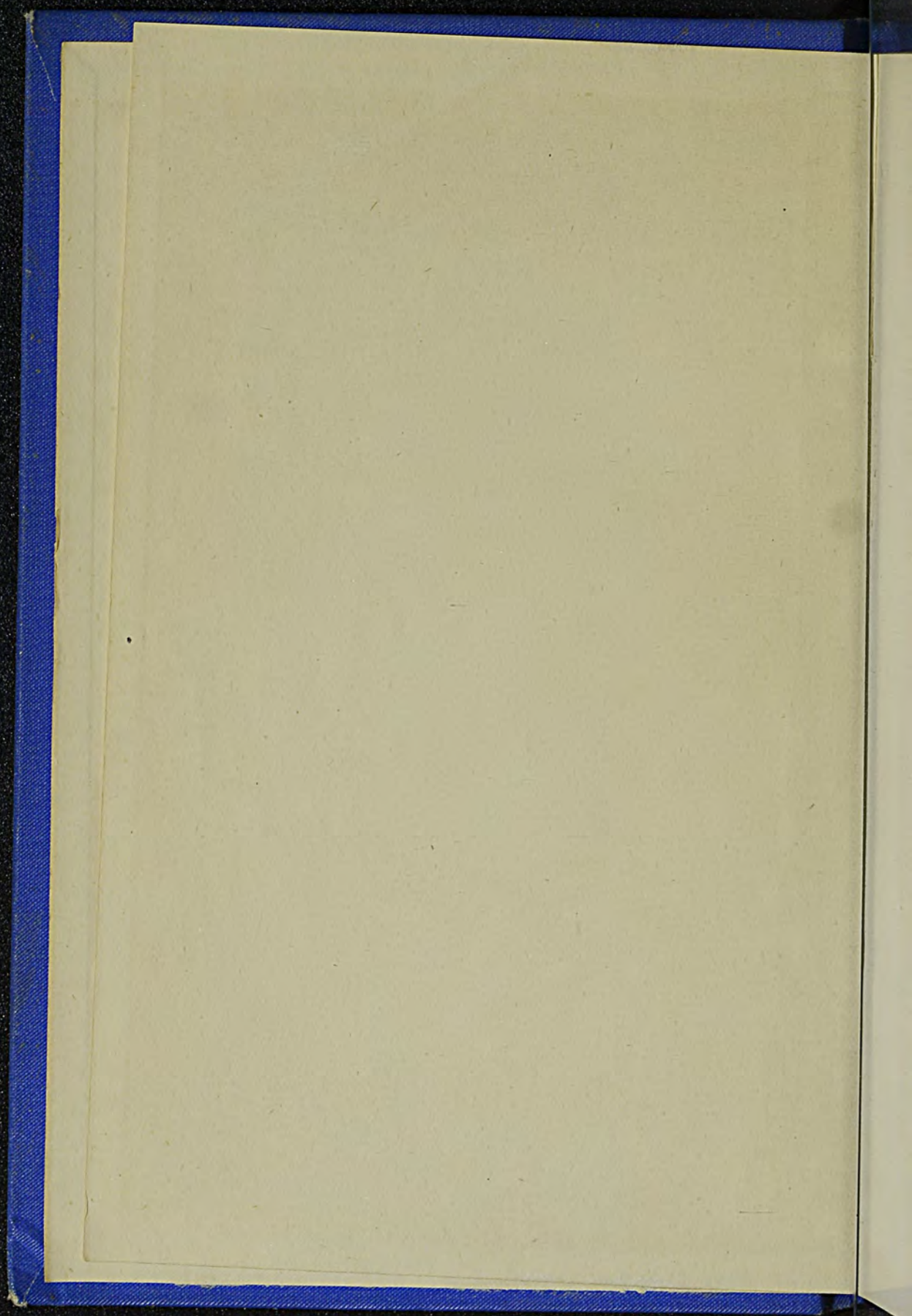
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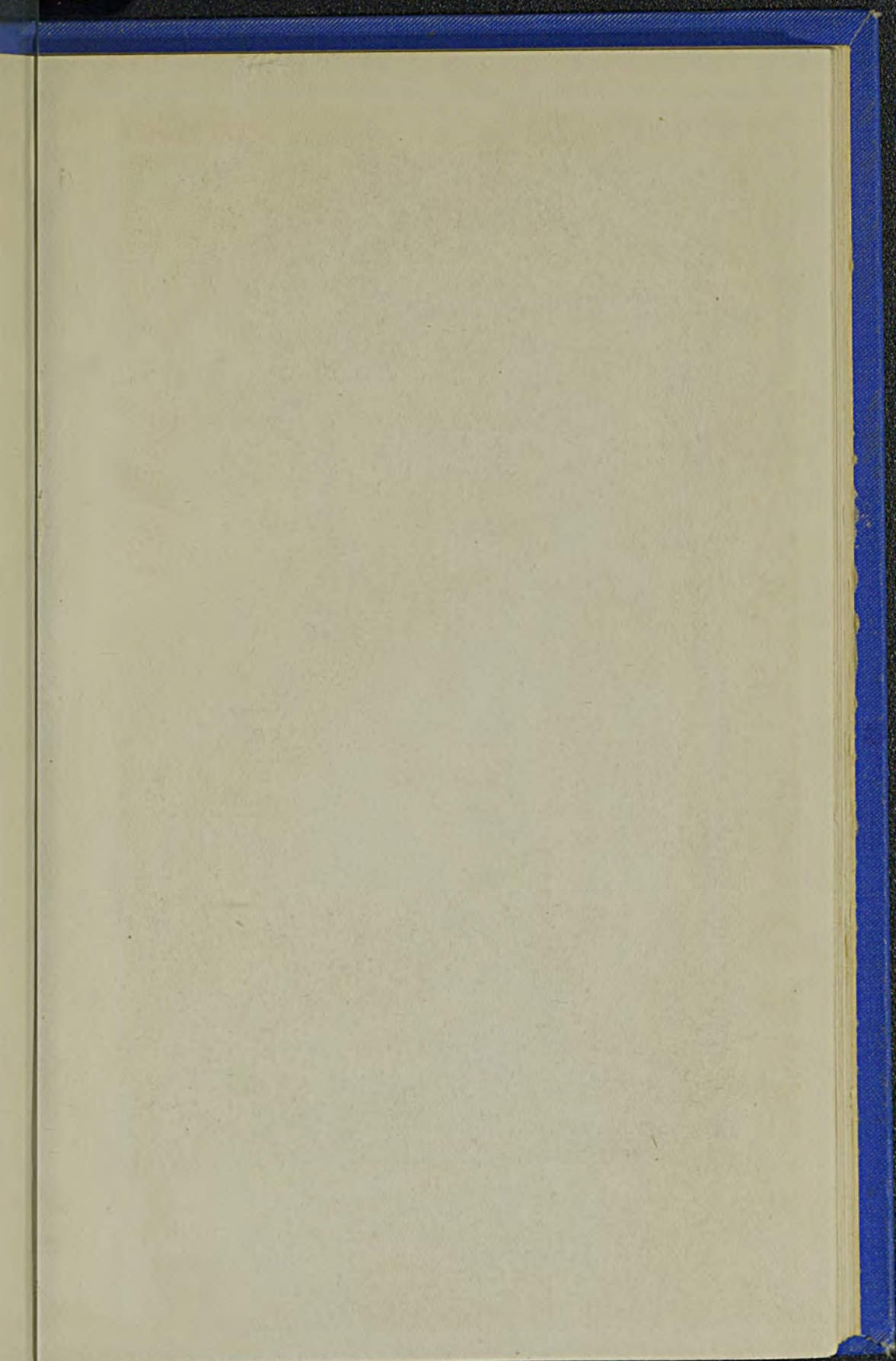
Miss Lizzie Connell  
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Dec. 23<sup>d</sup> 1885

Teacher: -  
James Woods













CHARLES KILLS THE WOLF.  
P. 6



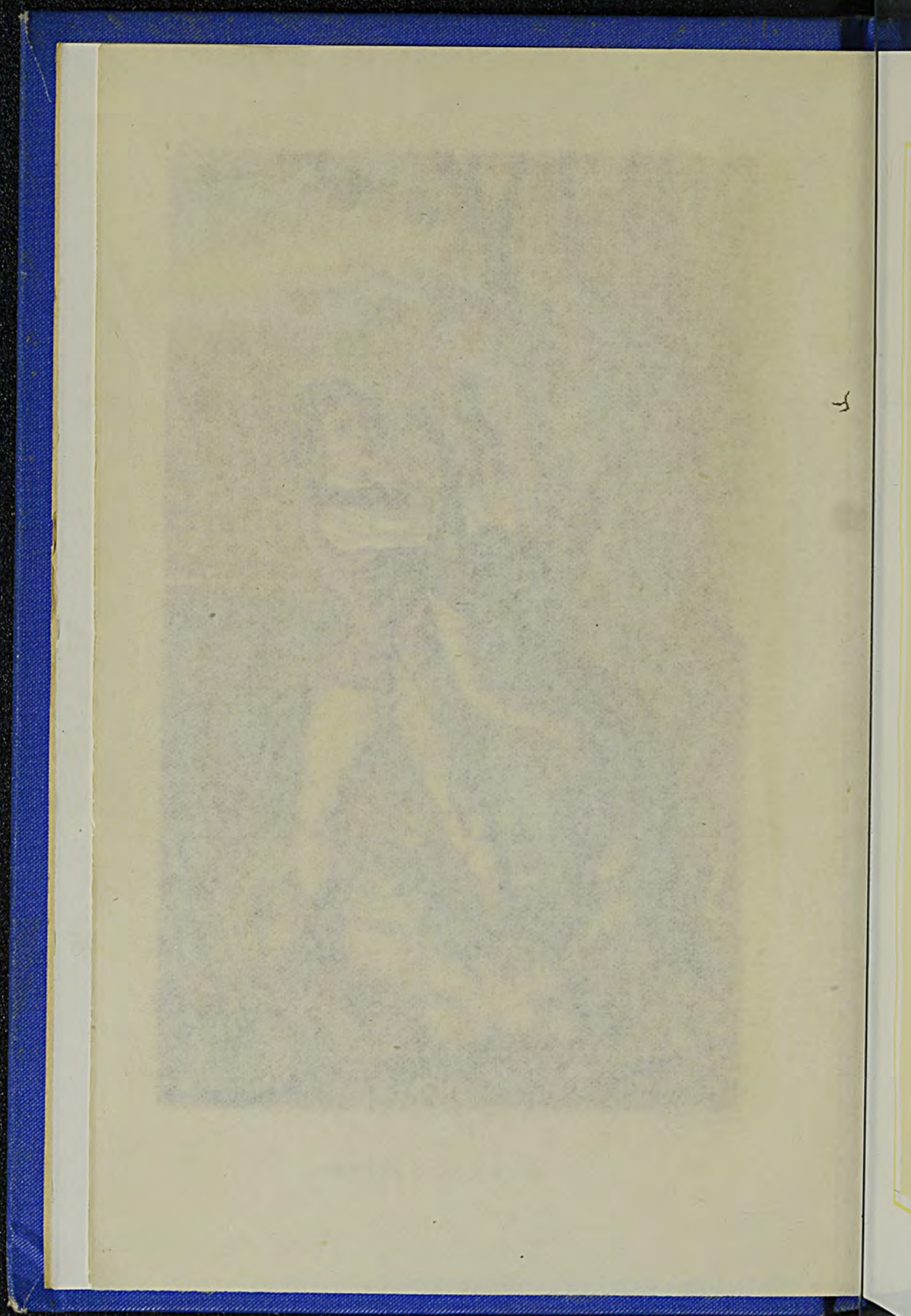
# TRUE HEROISM



## AND OTHER STORIES

W. & L. CHAMBERS,  
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.







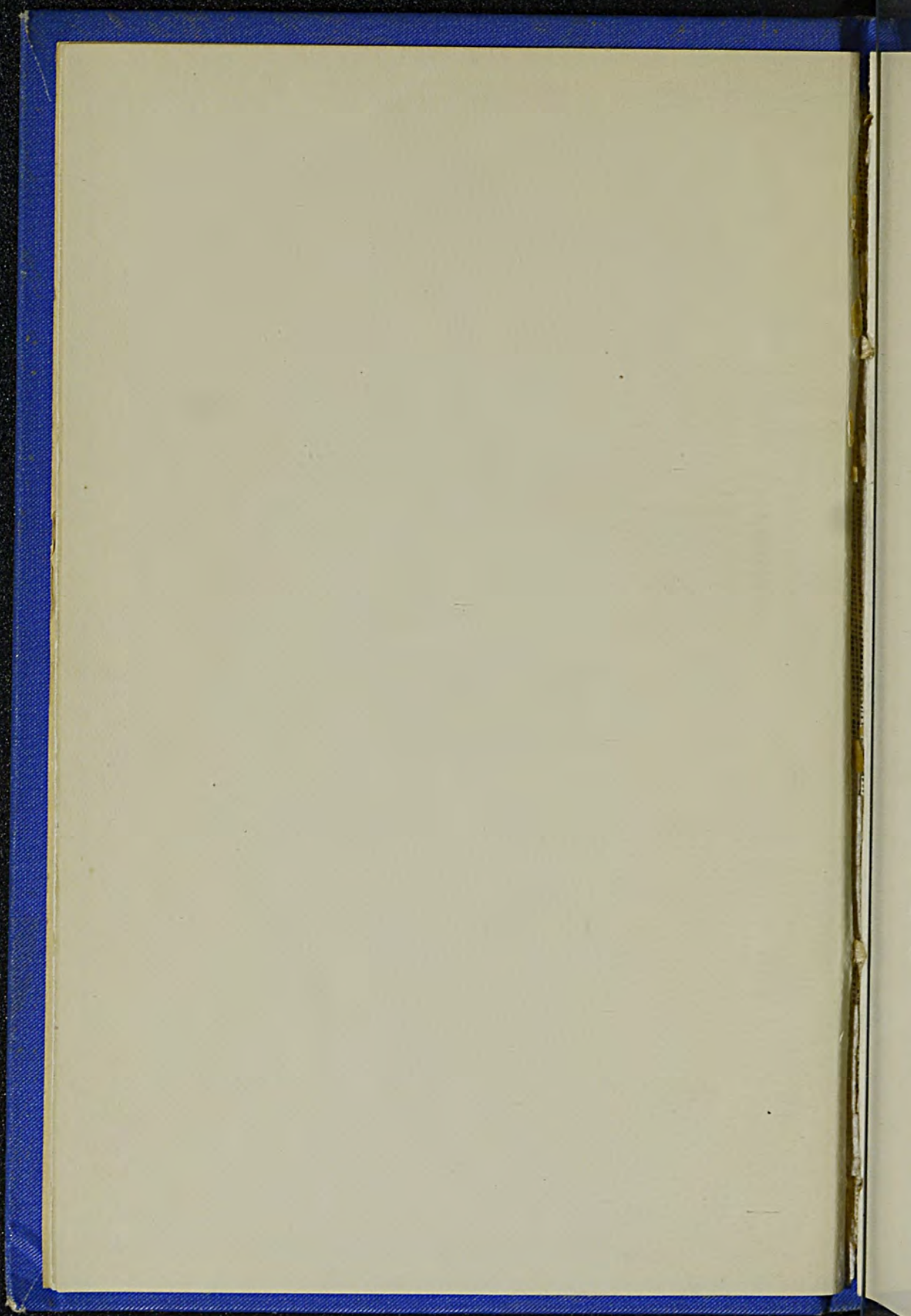
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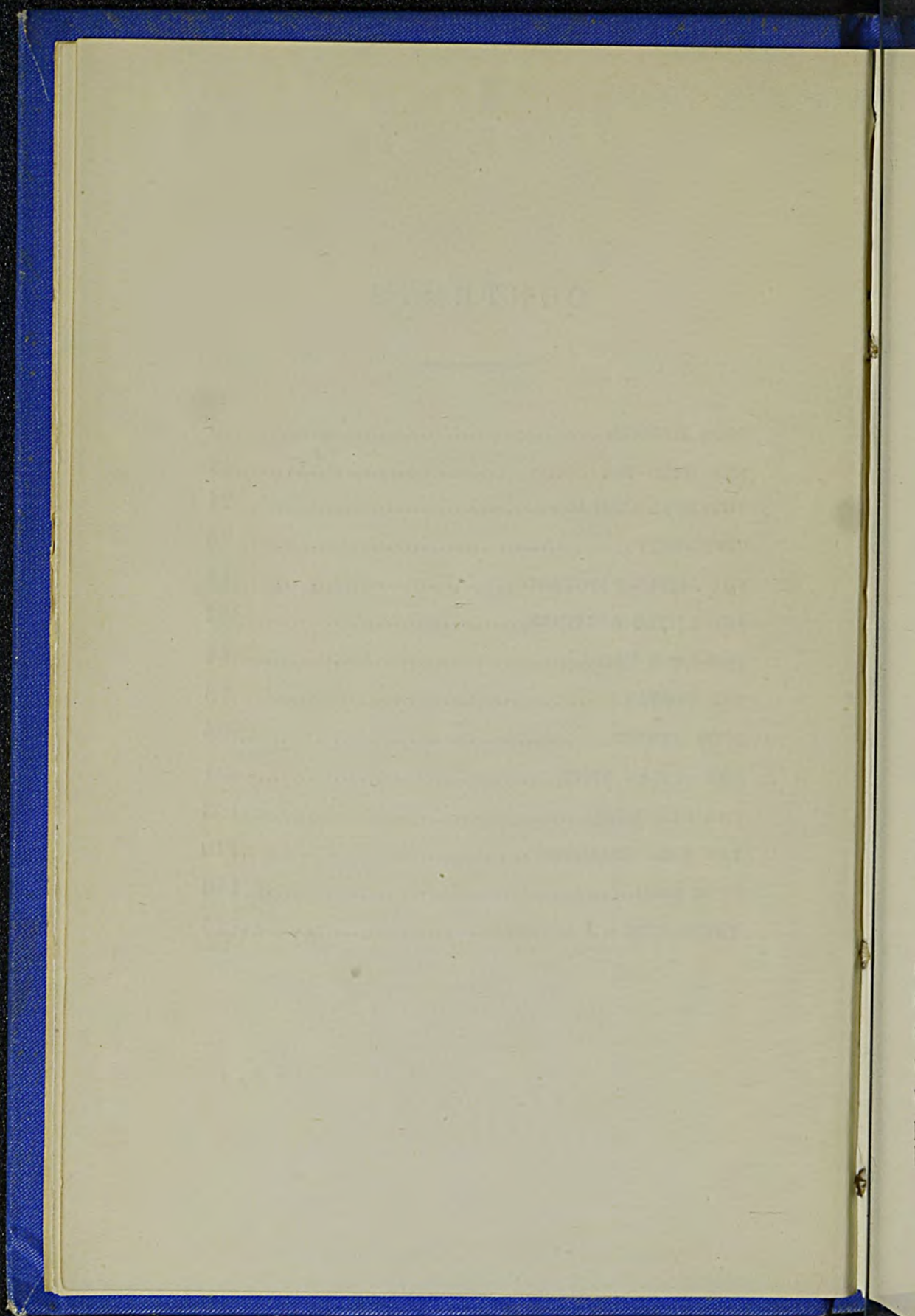


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## TRUE HEROISM

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEON GUERIN.

---

CHARLES LENOIR was the son of a poor cottager in a small village in France. His father was dead, and he grew up the comfort of his widowed mother. As he rose in stature, it was observed that he was remarkably strong for his years, and showed the best dispositions. Instead of tyrannising over boys less strong than himself, he protected the weak, and with much kindness forgave those who attempted to injure him.

When about twelve years of age, a circumstance occurred which spread far and wide the fame of this heroic boy. The neighbourhood of the village in which he dwelt with his mother was thrown into alarm by the visits of a wolf, which carried off sheep, in spite of all the precautions of the shepherds; and not only so, but on one occasion seized and carried away a



young child, to be devoured in its den in the mountains. The inhabitants of the district had tried in vain to take and kill the wolf by surprise, but it always managed to escape when pursued, and its capture seemed almost hopeless. Perhaps those who went after it were not so active as they might have been.

Charles, though only a boy, resolved that he would encounter, and if possible kill, the ferocious creature. Accordingly he watched for its appearance early every morning, until he was so fortunate as to see it approach the village. Stealthily it got hold of a beautiful lamb, and then was the time that Charles actively darted out in pursuit of it. He was armed only with a stick, nevertheless he did not fear to make up to the ferocious animal. Running after it, he caught hold of it by the tail, belaboured it courageously with the stick, and obliged it to release its victim: this was the work of an instant. The wolf, thus obliged to defend itself, turned quickly round upon its assailant; but Charles, throwing aside his stick, and seizing it by the throat, wrestled with it, and at last succeeded in stifling it with his hands and knees.

This was the first service Charles rendered his fellow-creatures, but it was only the forerunner of greater performances.

The winter was extremely severe, and a large deep pond in the neighbourhood being com-



pletely frozen over, the children were induced to pursue the sport of sliding and skating. Amongst those who stood looking on at the edge of the pond was one as young as themselves, whom they laughed at for not engaging in their sport. This was our young hero, Charles Lenoir, who had never attempted skating, as he thought that it was generally a dangerous amusement. But though Charles was not accomplished in skating, he possessed a greater quality, that of being the most expert and practised swimmer of his age, as he had been told that it might not only be useful to himself, but perhaps be the means of saving the lives of some of his fellow-creatures.

The children thus continued speaking together in half-audible whispers, and casting significant glances at Charles, who heeded them not, and seemed engaged in deep thought. But suddenly their shouts of joy were changed into dreadful shrieks, which were re-echoed by others less so from the edge of the pond. A loud cracking noise had first been heard, and was quickly succeeded by the bursting of the ice, leaving an open chasm, in which the imprudent children who had ventured on this thin and dangerous playground disappeared one after the other, without any of the lookers-on being able to stop them in their fatal course, rendered doubly rapid from the impetus with



which they were skating. Thus four of these unfortunate children disappeared under the ice.

Pity and dismay were plainly depicted on the countenances of all the bystanders; and yet they all remained motionless, as if panic-struck: none attempted to rescue the drowning children; and their companions had all fled on seeing the danger they themselves had so narrowly escaped.

But I was wrong in saying that no one attempted to save them: a boy stood at no great distance, hastily pulling off his jacket and shoes. This done, he burst through the crowd, and was in the freezing water before they had even perceived his intention.

A few moments later, he re-appeared, dragging one of the children out of the fatal pond. This courageous boy was no other than Charles Lenoir! As may be easily imagined, he was received by a burst of astonishment and admiration from the crowd.

But he scarcely heard their applause, as he had thrown himself into the water a second time, and soon returned with another child, whom he laid on the grass beside his first trophy.

Though half dead from exhaustion and cold, he once more dashed into the fearful abyss before any of the lookers-on could stop him. But he returned not as quickly as on the two previous occasions: all awaited his return in silent anxiety: consternation and dread had



quickly succeeded the look of hope and admiration depicted on their countenances but a few moments previously. He, however, soon again made his appearance, pale and tottering, bearing a third child, whom he placed beside his two companions. Then, and only then, did the poor child fall senseless by the side of those he had so courageously saved.

In the meantime an almost distracted woman burst on this sad scene, making the air resound with these words:—"My child!—where is my child?"

This was Charles's poor mother, who found her son, though she scarcely recognised her strong rosy boy in the pale child whose hair was beginning to freeze, his lips blue and livid, his eyes closed. The healthy child who had so lately quitted her, she now saw lying insensible at her feet.

Oh, my dear children, if you have ever rightly understood the love of a fond mother, whose whole life is wrapped up, as it were, in her only child, and who feels that if he dies, her heart will break, you will then easily imagine what her anguish and grief must have been. She threw herself on her knees beside him, trying every method she could think of to restore her poor boy, and entreating him to open his eyes, and call her by the name of mother once more. Her exertions to restore animation were successful. Charles half opened



his eyes; and extending his hand to her, said —“ My mother !”

The well-known voice of his beloved mother had at last struck upon his ear, and brought new life into his veins.

But that is not all, my dear children: two women stood beside each other — one was Charles's mother, the other was the mother of the fourth child who had disappeared beneath the ice, and who no doubt was then expiring in the water. She also had called upon her son; but on receiving no answer, she rushed to the spot where lay the three rescued children. But alas! not one was her son!

In her wretchedness, the poor mother felt somewhat angry with Charles for having saved the other boys, and not being able to rescue hers. Despair took possession of her mind; and she uttered piercing exclamations. Charles having regained some strength, was excited by the poor woman's cries, tore himself from his mother's arms, and threw himself for the fourth time under the ice, promising to bring back her son.

Two minutes passed in a dreadful state of suspense and anxiety. Still nothing was seen or heard! . . . Charles returned not!

Oh it was then that the bystanders witnessed a heartrending scene of maternal love! The countenances of the two poor women seeming to reproach each other with the other's grief,



and to say, "You are the cause of the death of my child!"—whilst the other, with wandering eye and distracted look, could only reply, "Joseph! my poor Joseph! . . . Oh who will restore my child!" . . .

It was indeed enough to melt the coldest heart: every eye was dim with tears. Such, however, is the anxiety you cause your fond parents, imprudent children, when you engage in dangerous, and most probably forbidden sports.

Still young Charles returned not. The eyes of the whole crowd were fixed on the pond with a look of anxiety increasing every moment. However, at some distance from the opening where he had started a noise was heard, seemingly that of a body trying to break the ice from underneath, and thus form a new outlet. All hands were soon at work; and with the assistance of a pickaxe, the ice was soon broken, and the noble boy once more appeared in view, bearing Joseph, whose mother could scarcely credit her sight, and who, in the ecstasy of her joy, ran from one child to the other, hardly knowing which to call her son. As for Charles's mother, whom all congratulated, she had indeed reason to be proud of such a son; and her feelings of apprehension were soon replaced by those of joy.

Charles, after having exchanged his thin and saturated attire for good warm clothing, which



had been brought in the interim, was carried to a neighbouring cottage, when he received the thanks and congratulations of the whole town, and was visited by all the leading families of the neighbourhood.

The prefect of the department recommended him to the special notice of the Minister of the Interior, who sent him a gold medal, and the assurance of his protection. The latter, however, still continued his generous career, rendering fresh services to his fellow-creatures daily.

Not a year has passed since that period without his name being registered in the account of some good action; generally that of rescuing some fellow-mortal from the fiery or watery elements. It is also related that though poor himself, he has often given pecuniary assistance to those whom he had saved from a violent death. But why should he grudge giving the money he earns in honest, though hard labour, when he grudges not to endanger his life daily in the service of others?

Charles has lately received one of the Monthyon prizes, which are given to those who distinguish themselves the most by their virtue and generous actions. He truly deserved such a prize.

Young Lenoir, however, still retains marks of the suffering he has undergone: his limbs often become stiff and rheumatic. His are indeed honourable wounds, received in saving the



lives of his fellow-creatures ; as honourable, if not more so, than those received in destroying them. How many mothers and relations exclaim, on seeing him pass, "That is our benefactor, for he saved my brother!—my child!" Has any general, however covered with wounds and crosses, more right to be proud than Charles Lenoir?

Notwithstanding all the praises and thanks he has received, he is still the same humble-minded, generous being as ever, looking upon the good he has done, and still does, at the risk of his life, as quite a natural thing ; and that the sacrifice of his life in saving that of another is one of the duties of man in this world. Such, indeed, my dear children, is the right interpretation of our Saviour's holy command: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." And again: "Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee."

For the consolation and honour of humanity, however, let it be known, that though so many criminals are found in this world, Charles's generosity and self-devotion are not of rare occurrence, especially among the humble classes of life ; but as these noble actions are nearly always accomplished by those who would rather remain in the shade, and are generally surrounded by persons who care not to break their silence, they remain unknown. But yet they are not so ; for an all-seeing God views



their thoughts and actions, and will recompense them for their noble-hearted and generous conduct when He sees fitting: but still we cannot seek them too much in this world, in order to hold them up as examples to all mankind.





## THE HERD BOY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEON GUERIN.

---

DURING the early part of the sixteenth century there resided in Italy, in an out-of-the-way village called *The Grottos*, a poor vine-dresser, who found the utmost difficulty in providing for his wife and two children—Felix and Camilla Peretti.

Felix, who was the elder, during his childhood met with two imminent causes of peril, both of which nearly cost him his life. By the first he was afflicted with the worst description of small-pox, without the means of obtaining medical advice or the remedies required: thus the malady became still more virulent: notwithstanding, however, he recovered, at the very moment when all hope of saving him had been abandoned: he was then four years old. Shortly after the second accident occurred: Felix's father—incurring the displeasure of a rigid master—was ordered to be arrested. The child, alarmed



by the appearance of the men sent to put this mandate into execution, ran to hide himself in an old dilapidated ruin in the neighbourhood, when the floor suddenly giving way beneath him, he was precipitated more than twenty feet upon a heap of large stones. A poor woman found him in this state, and believing him to be dead, took him up in her arms and carried him to her home. Whilst placing the unfortunate child upon a sheet—which she believed would serve him as a winding-sheet—she perceived he still breathed. Without further loss of time, therefore, she went in quest of a surgeon. Poor little Felix Peretti had both his legs and one of his arms broken; several parts of his body were likewise mangled and bruised. The surgeon set his limbs, dressed his wounds to the best of his ability, and then abandoned him to the care of this poor but kind-hearted woman. The calamity, however, that had thus befallen Felix became the means of saving his father; for the men about to arrest him, having gone to ascertain the cause of the noise occasioned by the fall of the ruin, the vine-dresser, during the interim, found the means of escape. All feared that Felix would be a complete cripple for life; but, contrary to expectation, he recovered entirely.

Felix Peretti, even from his earliest childhood, displayed such an extraordinary vivacity of intellect, that those who had heard him



He frequently expressed great regret that it was impossible for him to obtain instruction, saying that with education he could not fail one day to become a great man.

When he had attained his ninth year, his father sent him, together with his sister Camilla, to an inhabitant of the village to be employed in keeping sheep; this was in order to get them off his own hands. Felix had already ideas and wishes far above such an employment: his young heart felt deeply wounded: but notwithstanding this, he obeyed his father, and if he wept, it was in secret. Felix, however, in spite of his wish to give satisfaction, was not the kind of person required by his master to act as shepherd. The aspect of nature caused him constant fits of abstraction, filling his soul with sublime thoughts, upon which he meditated. It chanced one day that his sister, having found a book in the road, brought it to him. Felix instantly forgot his flock, and sitting down beside his cabin, he began turning the leaves over and over. Although he could understand nothing of the contents, he felt a longing desire to grasp at their meaning. He showed the pages to his sister, and even to his dog, so great was his delight.

"Oh if I only knew what was in this," cried he, "how wise I should be; and then I would keep sheep no longer!"

Felix examined his book a long time: lost



in anticipations and dreams of future knowledge, he paid not the slightest attention to his flock, whilst they strayed to a great distance. When he perceived this, he started up, together with his sister and his dog, to seek them; but not being able to find them all, he returned to the sheepfold in tears. His master, much enraged, took the book, the cause of all the mishap, and throwing it into the water, told Felix that he was good for nothing but to keep pigs, which employment should be his in future.

The child was excessively humiliated at this charge; but he prayed to Heaven daily, that since he had been twice delivered from two such great dangers, to free him also from this trial.

The little fellow felt himself naturally attracted towards men of education, and particularly so with regard to clergymen: as soon as he espied one in the distance, he ran to meet him, bowing with great politeness, and esteeming himself happy if, in return, he obtained a word such as this:—"There's a child who is worthy a better trade."

In the beginning of the month of February 1531, Michel-Arge Sillery, a clergyman, when going to Ascoli—a large Italian town—for the purpose of preaching, lost his way at a short distance from *The Grottos*. Finding himself between four roads, he did not know which to take. In this dilemma he gazed around upon the country, in hopes of seeing some one who



might put him in the right route. Not far from the spot was little Felix Peretti, in the midst of his herd of swine. He was the first to perceive the priest, and observing his embarrassment, went up to him, and desired to know what service he could be to him.

The kind-hearted clergyman was much struck by the child's physiognomy, as well as with his politeness, and asked him the best way to Ascoli.

"I will conduct you there myself, my father, if you will allow me," quickly replied Felix; and at the same time he walked on before, with unusual quickness and extraordinary gaiety.

"And your herd," inquired Michel-Arges Sillery, "what will become of it?"

"Oh do not disquiet yourself about that," rejoined the boy. "I shall have returned ere they have stirred from that spot; for they are as slow as they are dirty; and as long as they are left to wade in the rivulet, they will never move elsewhere."

"I should think that your present occupation does not please you?"

"Oh, you speak truly, my father. Many of your brethren have told me so before you, and I had thought so myself ere they did."

"What a strange child!" said the priest to himself. "Can you read?"

"No; I wish I could."



"Then you wish to study?"

Instead of replying, Felix Peretti stopped short, turned round, and fixing a deep, long look upon the clergyman, seemed to inquire whether he had spoken seriously. The latter read in the eyes of the child something so indefensible, that, without waiting for an answer, he said—"It is decided, my young friend; you shall study, and go with me to the place where I reside."

Felix remained still silent, but tears were glistening in his eyes as he raised them to Heaven: it seemed as though the future, in all its immensity, was revealed to him. At length expressions of joy and gratitude came overflowing from his heart to his lips, and he exclaimed, as he clung to the dress of his patron, "Tell me, father, shall I quit you no more?"

Michel-Arge Sillery, overcome himself nearly to the shedding of tears, promised the child that he should not leave him till his education was completed; and sending intelligence to the master of the pigs to provide himself with another herd, he returned as soon as his duty at Ascoli was performed, taking his young protégé to the ecclesiastical establishment of which he was a member.

"Here is a young man whom I have brought you," said the good father as he entered, smiling to the other members of the monastery, "in order that you may make a pope of him!"



Felix Peretti, upon these words, looked up towards his protector, and without seeming in the least surprised, with a gravity that astonished and interested the community in the highest degree, spoke these extraordinary words: "Pope! I dare not think of such a thing. But all is possible when God wills it?"

Shortly after this, the garb of lay brother was given to the young Peretti. To the surprise of every one, he had not studied more than two years before he understood and translated without hesitation any Latin author. His talent and merit gained for him the rank of Doctor. He then travelled through Italy, preaching with an ardour, an eloquence, a power of imagination, and force of thought, that fixed upon him universal attention. The severity of his principles was extreme. He everywhere gained friends: all admired his eloquence and scholarship. In a few years he became a bishop. His rapid ascent to a high position was most extraordinary. A time came when a new pope required to be elected. In the midst of all the cardinals, there was only one who seemed to have a perfect denial of self: he shrunk from observation. Most learned of all, his modesty made him the most humble. Strange to say, upon this man fell the choice. The once poor swineherd boy was elected pope, an office he entered on in 1585, under the title of Sextus the Fifth.



The new pope remembered both his origin and his family. He had desired his sister and her three children to be brought to him. Some of the great and influential persons about his pontifical court, thinking to gratify and flatter him, took care to have Camilla dressed as a princess would be habited on presentation; but Sixte-Quint feigned not to recognise her under this costume.

"Bring me my sister," said he.

And whilst one replied, "But, most holy father, here she is herself."

"Bring me my sister," repeated he; and this time in a way that none could misunderstand the meaning of his words.

Camilla retired, and quitting her sumptuous garments, returned shortly afterwards in her own worn and humble attire.

"Ah, there is my sister; I now know her," cried the pope, descending from his throne to receive her.

He welcomed her in the most brotherly manner, giving her the palace and garden he had formerly occupied, together with a pension of £120 a year, forbidding her, most wisely, ever to ask him any greater favours, or meddle in the affairs of government.

Sextus the Fifth was the most extraordinary of the Roman pontiffs. He re-established morals in a great degree, and cleared Italy of the robbers that had so long infested that country.



Rome was adorned during his reign with monuments of the most superb description. He founded an admirable library, that is still the honour of the Roman Catholic world.

The elevation of Peretti to the rank of pontiff seemed a thing so prodigious, that the people agreed there could be no other means of explaining it than by declaring him a sorcerer. All his witchcraft consisted in an admirable natural genius, and improved by study. Every one, certainly, could not be raised to importance and power through application, but each individual may become greater than he now is. He may become at least a good member of society; and doing his duty, leave the rest to God.





## YOUTHFUL COURAGE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENIE FOA.

---

IN a dreadful storm on the night of the 25th November 1842, a fishing-sloop, the "Napoleon," was, with a good cargo of fish, about three leagues to the north of the island of Aurigny on the coast of France. Towards midnight, the master of the vessel ordered his son Gustavus to go down into the hold for some implement he wanted. Hardly had the boy, then about fourteen, got down, than he felt a great shock, and he rushed upon deck. During his few minutes' absence a violent squall had actually cleared the vessel, which was now lying on its side. It was in vain that Gustavus called his father: nothing was heard but the noise of the raging sea: no reply given to his distracted cries. Of the four persons that had been on board, the boy alone remained.

Without losing an instant in unavailing lamentations, as an ordinary mind might have



done, Gustavus eagerly gazed upon the waves, and was not long before he perceived amid their white foam a black point alternately appearing and disappearing. He could not swim; but what difficulty may not be overcome by courage, united to presence of mind? He lashes himself to the rigging, takes a rope in his hand, throws himself into the sea, and flings the rope to the poor creature, who seized it eagerly, without guessing what deliverer Heaven sends him; and by its help regains the vessel at the very moment that Gustavus does so from the other side, to fall into the arms of his father; for it was he whom he had rescued from death.

But all was not done; and Gustavus tears himself away, to fly to the succour of one of his companions, whose cries for help he could hear above the storm. It was one of the two sailors belonging to the little vessel. He is saved, and the intrepid boy once again flings himself into the sea, to rescue the third sufferer: but he had disappeared for ever.

Gustavus then returned to his father and Baptiste, both of whom he found stiff with cold, and incapable of motion. He encourages them, soothes, rouses them; and pointing out to his father the still threatening dangers in the storm, now redoubled in fury, he called upon him to remember his expecting mother, and her agony of suspense. And the two men, roused from



their stupor, take fresh courage, and exert themselves to escape destruction. The elder Ramelly now perceived that the boy's hands were dreadfully excoriated. "A mere trifle," said Gustavus; "let us to work." And he was the first to work the vessel; and at length, with the help of his father, succeeded in getting up the rudder. Ramelly takes the helm, and Gustavus, taking Baptiste with him, goes down into the hold, and both busy themselves in removing the cargo of fish, so as to right the vessel by lightening that part of it which was lying in the water, and restore its equilibrium.

Almost in the very moment of success, a cry of alarm brought Gustavus back to the deck, where he sees his father, who could not venture to leave the helm, pointing with a gesture of dismay to a thick smoke mingled with flames issuing from the cabin. "Fear not, father," said the intrepid boy with the calmness of true courage—and never was exhibited a more rare combination of physical and moral courage—"fear not, God is with us." An instant suffices to him for calculation of what is best to be done: he sees a bucket at his feet, happily forgotten by the tempest that had swept the deck of everything else; snatches it up, fills it with water, and pouring it on the place where the fire appears to be greatest, he thus makes a passage for himself to dart into the cabin. It was some clothes that had caught fire: Gustavus bundles



them up, and rolled himself upon them, in order that his own clothes, saturated as they were with the sea water, might put out the flames; but not being able to succeed, he rushes up with his burning load, and flings them into the sea.

The little bark was saved. Some hours after, it entered the port of Cherbourg, with the noble boy as much surprised at the admiration the recital of his heroism excited, as he was unconscious of its deserving any praise.

"What else could I have done?" was his simple answer to the compliments he received.

We are glad to say that the authorities of the city of Caen hastened to admit Gustavus into one of the principal schools, where we believe he now is, and where we doubt not he will come forth an honour to his country and to human nature.





## GENEROSITY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

---

MARGARET had just been distributing almost all her playthings to some little friends who were spending the day with her: she then came and took a seat beside her mother, saying, with an air of great satisfaction, "Oh, mamma, what a pleasure it is to be generous!"

"Who is it that has been generous?" said Madame D'Orsey. Margaret blushed, and looked at her mother. "Is it you?" continued Madame D'Orsey, smiling.

"But, mamma," said Margaret, who did not like to answer the question directly, "is it not generous to give away everything one has?"

"That depends on circumstances. In the first place, it must be done from real kindness of heart in order to give pleasure; and not from pride, and to have it said that you have done so."

"Is it from pride, mamma, that I tell it to you?"



"No, my child; when you speak to me, it is as if you were speaking to your own conscience, for you know that I will not repeat it; and you may tell me what you do that is right, as well as what you do that is wrong. I do not accuse you of pride: without that, you have much to acquire in order to be generous."

While her mother was speaking, Margaret had kept her eyes fixed, with a look of great uneasiness, on a little girl named Azélia, to whom she had given a beautiful little carriage, which had been her favourite toy. All at once she rose hastily, and running to her in great anger, exclaimed, "It was well worth my while, miss, to give that to you, to break immediately in that way."

The poor little girl looked quite astonished, and excused herself, saying she did not do it on purpose, and that she would try to mend it.

"Finely you will mend it!" said Margaret, snatching it out of her hand, and turning it about on every side, looking extremely angry; then giving it back to her, she returned to her seat beside her mother, saying, "That is very provoking."

"What?" said Madame D'Orsey, "that she has broken her carriage? What is that to you?"

"But, mamma, it was I who gave it to her."

"Well, since you gave it to her, it is her own."

"I did not give it to her to break."



"Oh, you gave it to her on condition that she should not do what she pleased with it: I am glad you told me that, for I should never have guessed it."

"But, mamma"——

"But, daughter, I understand it just as you tell me. You said you were generous; and I believed that, like all generous persons, you had given in good earnest, without retaining any right over what you had given."

"I know very well, mamma, that I have no longer any right to what I have given her."

"In that case it must be over Azélia that you have a right, otherwise you could never have thought of scolding her for breaking a thing which belonged to herself. If you have given her that carriage that you may have a right to scold her whenever she displeases you, that is not giving; it is making her pay for it, and very dearly too: it is not being generous."

Margaret reflected for a few minutes on what her mother said; then going over to Azélia, she said in a gentle voice, "I think it will be easy to mend that with a little glue."

"Oh yes," said Azélia, who desired nothing so much as to believe that it could be mended; and Margaret went again to play with her friends, without speaking or even thinking any more of what she had given them. When at night she went to embrace her mother, she felt strongly inclined to say, "Now I have been



quite generous;" but she was afraid; and her mother, who read her thoughts, said nothing, for she knew all that her daughter yet required in order to become generous.

There was a little girl who lived in the house, the daughter of Margaret's nurse, who was a year older than herself; her name was Marianne. Margaret was exceedingly fond of her, made her presents as often as she could, and took care that they should be useful ones. Thus Margaret being obliged to buy her gloves out of her allowance, always got them rather large, and endeavoured to keep them as clean as possible, that they might be serviceable to Marianne. She took care of her shoes for the same reason, and paid out of her own money for having one of her straw bonnets cleaned and altered for her. Neither did she ever forget to lay by for Marianne a portion of the sweet things she received, so that, in return, she would have been loved with the most devoted affection, had she not on every occasion exacted the most implicit obedience to her wishes. When playing together, if Marianne did not do everything she desired, she would stop the game, or carry off her playthings, and lock them up, telling her that she should never see them again. When she was in a merry humour, she would come suddenly behind Marianne and frighten her; or she would pull her hair, or shake her chair, though Marianne would beg of



her not to do so; and if at length she became vexed at such treatment, Margaret would tell her that she did not understand a joke; but if the next moment Marianne wished to joke with her in a way she did not like, or if she even accidentally trod on her foot or her frock, she would immediately get into a passion, and give her a slap, before there would be time to turn one's head. One day she had been so intolerable, that Marianne, notwithstanding her gentleness, could bear it no longer: she went away, saying that she would play no more with her. Margaret had naturally too much sense and kindness of heart not to feel that she was wrong; but unfortunately those feelings arose after the mischief had been done. Almost immediately after Marianne left her, she began to search about in her chest of drawers; then running to her mother, who from the adjoining room had heard all that passed, she said, "Mamma, you gave me a new silk handkerchief for my neck this year, will you allow me to give this one that I got last year to Marianne?"

"As you like, my child; but were I in your place, I would not."

"Why so, mamma? I do not want it much, and it would please Marianne greatly."

"Yes, but this pleasure would be followed by so much pain, that were you generous, you would wish to spare it to her."

"But what pain can my silk handkerchief



give to Marianne?" said Margaret, ready to cry at her kind wishes being objected to.

"It would certainly give her great pleasure to receive it; but precisely on that account she will feel so grateful, so afraid of giving you pain, that she will find it very hard afterwards to bear your getting into passions with her, to hear you say that you are tired of her, that she is stupid, and a hundred such things."

"But, mamma, she sometimes provokes me."

"Oh, indeed I know that very well; and it is for that reason that I advise you not to run the risk of acting ungenerously, as you are continually doing, in ill-treating a person who dares not resent it, because she is under obligations to you. If I were you, I would never give her anything more."

"Mamma, you must be joking."

"No, my child, I only wish to impress upon you that there is nothing so ungenerous as, when we will bear nothing from other people, to make them bear everything from us."

"I think, mamma," said Margaret, after a few minutes' reflection, "that the best way to avoid being so often vexed with Marianne, is to give her the handkerchief. When I see it, I will remember that I ought to be more gentle with her."

"It might be so, but I do not see how you can contrive to offer it to her."

"What is there to prevent me?"



"Marianne is angry with you; and you know very well that were she to bring you anything when you are angry with her, that you would throw it in her face, and tell her that you would not have it. She of course would not do the same, but it would probably cost her a severe struggle to accept a present from you, or at all events it would afford her very little pleasure."

"What shall I do, then?" said Margaret, with tears in her eyes.

"I do not know," said her mother. "You must consider about it."

They remained silent for a few minutes, Margaret looking sorrowfully at the handkerchief, which she still held in her hand. When Marianne came into the room, Margaret hid it quickly; and then approaching her, she said with a timid voice, "Marianne, are you still angry with me?"

Marianne pouted a little, and seemed not much disposed to answer; when Margaret, throwing her arms round her neck, said, "You will play with me again, will you not, Marianne?"

Marianne was so astonished and affected by this act of Margaret, who had not been in the habit of making reparation for her injuries in a manner so amiable, that all her anger ceased, and she consented to go and play with her. Margaret then brought the handkerchief, and gave it to her, saying, "Here, Marianne, is a



neck-handkerchief which mamma has allowed me to give you."

Marianne looked delighted, and Margaret's eyes sparkled with joy. Madame D'Orsey, well pleased with her daughter, beckoned her over to her; and tenderly kissing her forehead, whispered, "Cheer up, my child, you have made a step towards generosity."

Madame D'Orsey was extremely kind to Margaret, who, in return, was anxious to give pleasure and satisfaction; and whenever she was not carried away by the impetuosity of her temper, her mother had reason to be satisfied with her zeal and application to her studies. She was learning English; and she contrived, without any assistance, to translate rather a long story, which she brought one day, nicely written out, and without any mistakes, to her mother, who was surprised and delighted, as she had never before translated anything more than short sentences, in which she had been obliged to help her. After having bestowed on her daughter all the praise she deserved for her zeal and proficiency, Madame D'Orsey said, "Margaret, you have now a good opportunity of showing your generosity."

"How, mamma, could I be generous to you?"

"You have given me great pleasure; it depends on you not to take it from me."

"Oh, mamma, I certainly will not take it from you."



"You will take it from me if you do not conduct yourself well and sensibly to-day; for I acknowledge that I could not bring myself to find fault with you. See, my child," added she smiling, "I am in your power; it rests with you to make a proper use of it."

Margaret was much amused at this idea; she went off instantly to her employments, and behaved all the day with most exemplary propriety: but in the evening she wished to prolong her amusements; and when her mother desired her to go to bed, she seemed a little inclined to resist.

"Recollect, Margaret," said Madame D'Orsey, "that to-day I cannot be angry with you."

Margaret grew extremely cross, and said, in a tone of impatience, "Dear me, what a hard thing it is to be generous!"

"I did not tell you that it was easy," replied Madame D'Orsey coldly, "neither do I oblige you to be so: disobey me if you choose."

"Ah, mamma," said Margaret, "you see that I am not the mistress, for there you are all at once quite serious."

"I, who have not engaged myself to be generous," said Madame D'Orsey smiling, "was unable to conceal from you that you gave me pain."

Margaret went off to bed: she plainly saw it was to give her pleasure that her mother spoke of generosity, but she nevertheless per-



ceived that truly generous persons should never abuse the kindness and condescension of those who love them. But she had still much to learn. One day that she was provoked by one of her friends having asked her to finish a few rows of worsted work, of which she was tired, she said that when it was done, she would request the young lady would in future do her own work.

"In that case," said her mother, "do not do it at all; or, when it is done, you will have to conceal the annoyance she has given you."

"Why so, mamma?"

"Listen, my child, and I will tell you a story. I know a lady who was once rich, but her circumstances changed, and she fell into great poverty. When her losses just commenced, her waiting-maid, Catharine, lent her all the money she had accumulated in her service. Her mistress then thought that she would be able to repay it; but that became impossible, and she was soon reduced to utter destitution. Catharine then took in work, and could scarcely be persuaded to leave it even to take her necessary food; and when her mistress would grieve at seeing her fatigue herself so much, she said that work was the only thing that afforded her any pleasure, and that when madame was rich, she had often felt dull for want of having enough to do. Catharine worked as a mantua-maker, and her mistress



was anxious to assist her ; but as she had not been accustomed to such employment, she often made great mistakes, and would sew on the wrong side what Catharine told her should be sewed on the right ; or she would put in a sleeve the wrong side before, or a breadth upside down. When Catharine perceived this, she did not say a word, but would sit down quietly at night, rip, and arrange it all properly, that her mistress might not be distressed by seeing that she retarded rather than assisted her. At length her mistress fell into bad health, and had many fancies, which she endeavoured to conceal as well as she could ; but Catharine, who knew her well, guessed them, and spared no pains to obtain what she desired. She now worked two hours later at night, in order to procure what was necessary, but never mentioned the price she paid for anything ; or if she had a distance to go, she made such haste, that her mistress thought they were got quite close ; and in fact she never knew the half of what Catharine did for her."

" Ah, mamma."

" That was not all ; her mistress had a little boy that she had brought up very badly. As he grew tired of confinement, and of having no little boys of his own age to play with, he was often cross, and used to beat or pinch Victoire, Catharine's daughter, who was three or four years older than he ; but who, on that very



account, and because she had known him when very young, never resented it. However, as he grew stronger, he used really to hurt her, and she would go to her mother all in tears, who, taking her in her lap, would try to pacify her, saying that if madame knew that her son had hurt her, she would be so sorry. She would also tell her to try to live in peace with him, for he had no other place to go to; and she succeeded so well, that Victoire bore everything from the little boy because he was dependent on her. What do you think of that, my child?"

"Oh, mamma, how much I should like to know Catharine and Victoire!"

Just then a respectably-dressed woman, with a gentle and agreeable countenance, entered the room. She had with her a pretty and sensible-looking girl about fourteen.

"Ah, is that you, Catharine?" said Madame D'Orsey.

At that name Margaret started and looked at her mother, who, by a nod of assent, told her she was not mistaken. She did not utter a word; but she looked at Catharine, and felt her heart palpitating.

"You are come to Paris, then?" said Madame D'Orsey, giving her a chair. "Are your affairs yet settled?"

"Madame has taken possession of her little farm," replied Catharine, "and we are comfortably settled there. Matters are going on



better, thank God! and we are come to put Master Charles to school."

"Is he as mischievous as ever, Victoire," said Madame D'Orsey to the little girl, "and you as patient?"

"Oh, madame," said Victoire, "Master Charles was never mischievous; and people should always have patience with children!"

After having conversed for a little time, Catharine said she must go back to her mistress, who was alone, and would be displeased at her long absence.

Margaret watched them going down the stairs, and then from the window as long as they were in sight. She could think of nothing but the pleasure of having seen Catharine and Victoire.

"Mamma," said she soon afterwards, "Catharine said that she must go back, for her mistress would be angry at her staying. Is it possible that she can ever feel angry with her?"

"Her mistress is in very bad health; she has had a great many misfortunes that she was ill brought up to bear. It is possible that she may sometimes be unreasonable; and Catharine, who has done so much for her, thinks that she ought, more than any other person, to avoid irritating her."

"Mamma," said Margaret again, after a few minutes' reflection, "I have always been told that we should forget the good we have



done ; it is necessary, however, to remember it, in order to keep well with those who are under obligations to us."

"The principal thing, my child, is not to make them remember them. We may think of them ourselves ; but generous persons do not require to do so. They are so naturally disposed to give pleasure to others, to bear with them patiently, to forget themselves for their sakes, that they behave to every one much in the same way as they do to those whom they have benefited."

"Is not generosity, then, a great virtue?"

"Yes, my child, *true* generosity is, for it includes almost every other."

"Mamma," said Margaret, embracing her mother, "I will endeavour to become *truly* generous!"





## THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ORTAIRE FOURNIER.

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Not long since, those who frequented the Boulevards, that most fashionable resort of the wealthy inhabitants of Paris, were generally amused by a poor little Savoyard, who accosted them with a smile, but who, nevertheless, was not one of those whose disagreeable importunities rendered them more objects of dislike than compassion. He was accompanied by a pet monkey, which performed many feats, and danced whilst his young companion played sundry tunes on an old hurdy-gurdy.

Owing to the countenance and gentle disposition of the boy, and perhaps also to the amusing tricks of his friend Coco—whose task it was to walk round the circle of lookers-on holding out a wooden bowl for pence, bowing and scraping when he received any offering, he had become a general favourite—the musician never returned to his humble abode with an



empty pocket. By this means he was enabled to send home money to his aged mother in Savoy.

One morning Coco had strayed farther than usual from his young master, in order to solicit the assistance of a lady who was crossing the street, leading a beautiful child by the hand; but a handsome tilbury dashed suddenly past, and so frightened the poor animal, that in his hurry to regain his master's side he slipped—fell—and the carriage wheel passed over his head! The interesting little Coco was killed on the spot.

Poor Francis witnessed the sad scene. Overcome with grief, he threw himself on the ground by the side of his lost favourite, caught him up in his arms, bathed him with his tears, calling him by his name, as if the poor creature could still answer him. By one blow the poor boy had lost the only being who cared for him in that vast capital; his only support was gone; he would no longer be able to assist his aged mother, consequently he would lose her also, as she most probably would die of hunger. His piercing cries were quite piteous to hear; all the bystanders were moved with compassion, openly expressing their disapprobation of the master of the unlucky carriage.

The carriage had, however, stopped, and a gentleman stepped out, holding a little girl of about eight or nine years of age by the hand, and ap-



proached the scene of misfortune. A handsome spaniel, with long silky hair, accompanied them, and by his barking added to the tumult of the crowd. The gentleman's name was Darbois, a wealthy merchant residing in the Rue de Helder. On hearing the details of the sad accident which he had unwillingly occasioned, he expressed his sorrow, and offered the little Savoyard money enough to buy at least a dozen monkeys; but his little daughter, who had left his side, in order to go and comfort Francis, now returned, and soon persuaded him to alter his plan.

"Oh, dear papa, his monkey pleased every one by his engaging tricks, and was not only his support, but his mother's also."

"Oh yes, my good gentleman," said Francis, his eyes filled with tears; "I collected tenpence each day, five of which were for my mother. Poor Coco was so intelligent—and then he loved me, and I loved him. When I first came here I had no money, and very often went supperless to bed: but we suffered together; and when God had compassion on me, Coco also partook of my happiness. But now my dear, dear little companion he is dead!"

Here the poor child's sobs increased: the little girl, quite overcome by his distress, begged her father to take him home with them in the carriage, ending her appeal by these artless words: "Do let us take him with us, papa, and we will then see what is to be done."



She had asked her father to make the horse gallop, as the quick driving quite delighted her: she therefore considered herself the principal cause of the accident, and thus felt herself called upon to be his protectress.

The little Savoyard was accordingly placed, along with the driver, in the tilbury, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the crowd, who were delighted with this agreeable termination of the tragedy. Francis no longer begged. He was raised in station, and treated like one of the family. He and Marie soon became the greatest friends imaginable. Marie had insisted on giving her handsome dog Wolf to Francis, in order to make up for Coco's loss; and M. Darbois occupied himself with insuring the boy's happiness, by giving him masters in every branch of study necessary for his future welfare. He also provided for the little Savoyard's aged mother, by remitting regularly double the usual sum which had been sent her each quarter by Francis.

As soon as Francis was old enough, M. Darbois admitted him to a place in his own counting-house. Sometimes boys who are suddenly elevated in circumstances do not conduct themselves very well. They presume on the kindness of benefactors; Francis did not do so. By his gratitude, intelligence, and good behaviour, he proved himself worthy of his benefactor's kindness; and M. Darbois became



so attached to him, that on his attaining his twentieth year, he gave him a small capital wherewith to commence business. Francis's little fortune soon prospered, and he sent for his aged mother to come and reside with him in Paris.

Francis and Marie did not forget each other; they were like brother and sister, and seemed almost necessary to each other's happiness. One loved for benefits received, the other for those given.

M. Darbois, being rich and ambitious, had already formed many brilliant matches in his own mind for his beloved daughter, and was looking forward with delight to the realisation of his wishes, which he announced joyfully to both Francis and Marie, who received the tidings in silence and sorrow.

Marie, ever affectionate and obedient, had not the courage to resist her father's will, but made the necessary preparations for the approaching ceremony with a sad and heavy heart; whilst Francis unburthened his anxiety and sorrow to his fond mother, who comforted him by bidding him compare their past unhappy circumstances with their present affluent state, adding, "Pray to the Almighty for strength, my son, to bear this coming trial; and if your prayer be the prayer of faith, it will not remain unanswered."

The old woman's advice proved true and effica-



cious. Francis soon recovered his usual calmness.

All persons, even the most wealthy, are subject to sad reverses in this world, which often make their appearance as suddenly and unexpectedly as storms in southern climes. Our Heavenly Father directs all things; wisdom is found to dwell in all His decrees; and those events that happen to us, and at the time seem unfortunate, often prove just the reverse.

In less than a month, by a revolution in a neighbouring state, M. Darbois experienced the downfall of the fortune that had cost him so much labour to make. A large mercantile house abroad, in which he had placed the greater part of his wealth, became unable to pay its obligations.

The report of this circumstance soon circulated, and his credit was gone. Tormented on all sides, M. Darbois was obliged to sell his property and all he possessed in order to satisfy creditors; thus finding himself poorer, and in worse circumstances, than when he began business. His grief was indeed great, not so much on his own account, as on that of his beloved daughter, who had hitherto enjoyed wealth and luxury, and would thus suddenly find herself deprived of both.

One of the most difficult tasks imposed on man is, to be content with the ordinary necessities of life when he has been accustomed to ease and affluence. Marie, however, was not



cast down, and found consolation in her noble and contented mind, and succeeded in restoring courage to her father's almost broken heart.

"My dear father," said she, "I think we have no reason to fear for the future: surely we have enough to supply all our wants, and therefore ought to be contented. Let us compare our lot with that of thousands far more miserable than ourselves; and in so doing, we will be enabled to return thanks to God for all the mercies we still enjoy. It is true we will no longer be able to do as much good as formerly, in assisting the poor and suffering; but our Heavenly Father, in His goodness, will raise up new protectors to those who need them. Cheer up, dear papa, and I will endeavour to render your life still quiet and happy by affection and care."

A kiss from her father put a stop to the affectionate girl's speech; and he felt from that moment that though his fortune was gone, he still possessed a treasure in his child.

At the time that M. Darbois met with this melancholy reverse of fortune Francis was absent. His business had obliged him to undertake a voyage to Brazil, and he had been at Rio Janeiro, the capital of that country, for the last few months. Marie had written immediately, acquainting him with her father's altered circumstances, informing him at the same time, that owing to that change, her engagement had



been broken off; but her letter was one of resignation and hope.

Francis was indeed grieved on learning the misfortune which had befallen his friends and benefactors. He terminated his business as speedily as possible, and started by the first ship which was returning to France. His passage was favourable; and nothing occurring to retard his return, he reached Havre in safety.

Immediately on arriving in Paris, he hastened to M. Darbois, who no longer inhabited his splendid mansion in the Rue de Helder, but resided in an upper floor in one of the most retired parts of the capital, containing a small sitting-room, dining-room, and two bedrooms. The furniture was neither handsome nor expensive, but was clean and neat, and arranged with taste.

When Francis entered the room, M. Darbois was reading, and Marie was seated working by his side. The young man embraced his benefactor most cordially. Poor Marie, whose heart overflowed with contending emotions, cried and laughed by turns; and when the joy of meeting was over, Francis said to his old friend—"Oh how thankful I am, my dear sir, for having, through your kindness, succeeded so well in business. I owe all to you. The capital you intrusted to my care I bring back, with all its increase. In short, what I am



worth is at your service. I am young and healthy: I can begin the world again. The pleasure of viewing your comfort and happiness will inspire me with fresh courage, and lead me cheerfully on. I will merely keep enough to support my aged mother comfortably during the evening of her days."

After pronouncing these words, Francis wished to retire, in order to go and see his mother, but M. Darbois and Marie obliged him to remain.

"I am quite overcome with this exceedingly generous conduct," said M. Darbois. "You are too kind, my dear young friend. I cannot, I will not deprive you of that which you have earned; it is yours, and yours alone; keep it, you require it for yourself and aged mother. I have some property left. You see we are not utterly poor."

"Oh, sir," replied the young man, "I am not a stranger: you once told me to call you by the name of father; therefore why should you not accept the offer of a son? Restore that quiet and happy life to your daughter which she enjoyed formerly. I beg you will not refuse my offer; I ask it as a favour."

"You have a generous and noble heart," replied M. Darbois. "I consent to share your fortune with you. You are indeed a son to me in every sense of the word, and I will no longer give you any other name. Go, my child, go and



see your mother, and return to us as soon as possible."

Francis's mother received him with open arms: great was her joy at his return. He acquainted her with the interview which he had just had with M. Darbois; and she, feeling that misfortune should be considered before happiness, did not reproach him with having paid them his first visit.

As for M. Darbois and Marie, they could speak of no other subject save Francis's generosity. At rather an early hour the following morning Francis retraced his steps to M. Darbois's. Joy and happiness were depicted on his countenance. He came to make the necessary arrangements for transferring the greater part of his fortune to his benefactor.

M. Darbois, after a few moments' conversation, begged Francis to follow him to his room. Marie, left alone, became agitated and excited under the impulse of sentiments which she had never before experienced. M. Darbois, taking Francis's hand, said with much feeling, "My dear young friend, I yesterday consented to share your fortune with you, but in so doing, you must remember that I accepted it as the gift of a son: I now offer you to be such. Do you, in your turn, accept the proposal I now make?"

Francis, fearing lest he misunderstood his benefactor, and hardly daring to believe that



such unexpected happiness could be true, remained silent. M. Darbois, guessing the cause of his confusion, added with a smile, "Well, so you do not wish to agree to my offer?"

Francis's only reply was, "Oh my good, dear father."

The marriage of Francis with Marie was in a short time solemnised. At the ceremony in one of the churches, Francis's aged mother leant on the arm of M. Darbois, and she said, "This is to me a day of too much happiness. I rejoice and am thankful with my whole heart." Francis, leading away his bride, echoed the words of his mother. His feelings of piety overflowed. Need it be added that a dutiful son, earnest in welldoing, usually experiences his reward even in this world. The once poor organ-boy of the Boulevards is now one of the most eminent citizens of Paris.





## THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

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Toys resembling guns, drums, swords, and other military accoutrements, are sometimes given to children by people who do not know the mischief they are doing. The young should be accustomed to love *Peace*, and to have a due hatred of *War*; and on this account we would have children to take no pleasure in the things by which war is conducted.

The only instance of a military toy doing any good was that we are about to relate.

There was a little boy named Edward Wallingford, who one Christmas received a present of a toy soldier. This toy resembled a very fierce-looking soldier in full uniform; it was made chiefly of wood, was eighteen inches in height, and by means of secret springs within, it could perform various military evolutions. It was really a very clever piece of mechanism.

Edward, who was still a child, was delighted with his present, and was never tired making it go through its exercises. Every night he placed



it by his bedside as a sentinel, and when he rose in the morning, he caused it to salute him, by touching a spring. Now it must be explained that Edward was by no means a well-behaved child in all things: he was often cross in temper, did not much mind the feelings of his mother and sister, and so self-willed, that he would not learn to read. He hardly knew the alphabet.

One morning when Edward awoke, and proceeded to make the figure, which he called Waterloo, salute him as usual, he was surprised to observe that the little sentinel was holding out his hand, in which was a paper containing some writing. Unable to read, he took the paper to his sister, and asked her to explain its meaning.

"Why," said Laura, "this is a report of all that you did yesterday. Your sentinel is evidently a faithful guardian: your conduct in every particular is reported. You know it is the duty of sentinels to report to commanding officers."

"What a strange thing," said Edward. "Read the report, dear Laura, and tell me what it says."

"Certainly—listen."

'When Edward rose in the morning, he was so self-willed and refractory, that he gave much unnecessary trouble to the nurse who dressed him.'



"That is true, dear sister; but I begged her pardon afterwards, and she soon forgot it."

'Edward wished to share his breakfast with a poor old person, who happened to come to the house at the time.'

"Well, but that was right, Laura," returned the little boy.

Laura proceeded. 'When Edward was playing with his sister, he carelessly trod on her foot.'

"But, dear Laura, I told you I was very sorry, and would try to be more careful another time."

"Yes," replied his sister; "and I soon forgot the pain, and did not cry at all."

'Edward uttered a piercing shriek when he saw a gentleman thrown from his horse, and would not be pacified till he was assured that the rider was not hurt.'

'Edward would not read nor say his letters properly.'

"Oh that was very wrong of me; but I am determined now to be so industrious, that I hope soon to be able to read all that is put before me."

Thus the wooden sentinel's report contained, with the greatest exactness, an account of all that the little fellow had done from morning till evening on the previous day. Every action, whether good or evil, and every disposition that he manifested, whether amiable or other-



wise, were alike impartially recorded. In truth, however, little Edward was really a kind-hearted, well-meaning, and amiable child. His faults consisted chiefly in an occasional outburst of self-will or idleness; and though, perhaps, on a review of his past conduct, he had not always occasion to reproach himself *very* bitterly, yet his prominent faults being thus brought daily before him, he at once saw them in all their deformity and hatefulness, and laboured hard to correct them. When he felt impatient or cross during the day, a look at his little sentinel would often recall him to himself. "Ah," he would say, "Waterloo will be sure to tell me of this to-morrow!" And indeed as sure as the morning came, and his sister proceeded to the discharge of her usual office, there, as he had foreseen, was the account of all that he had done.

Edward was very anxious to know who it was who took the trouble to make these reports about him. He knew well enough that a wooden figure, with whatever hidden machinery it might be furnished, had no understanding, and therefore could neither praise nor blame the actions of a child. But he found it impossible to obtain the slightest clue: Waterloo could not tell him who put the papers into his hand. He could not guess himself; and he was therefore obliged to submit in patience to the observations of his unknown monitor, who seemed



not only to mark his outward actions, but even to scrutinise his thoughts and inward feelings.

For some time he was obliged to have recourse to his sister to explain this daily epistle; and it was not without some anxiety that morning after morning he waited her coming, to know whether the contents were praise or blame. But Laura was sometimes in a merry and facetious mood, and then—and this happened more than once—she laughed heartily at his expense, upon reading the discoveries that the watchful sentinel had made about her brother. This rendered Edward more anxious than ever to be able to read for himself; he saw the necessity as well as the advantage of doing so. Prompted by a love of independence, and a desire to avoid his sister's merriment, he redoubled his zeal and industry, so that, in the course of two months, he was able to read the intelligence for himself. The letter was generally written in large and distinct characters, as if to suit his abilities; and great was his satisfaction, and unbounded his delight, when for the first time he perused his morning report for himself, without another to witness his confusion. The report, too, now assumed rather a different character: Waterloo was no longer satisfied with simply recording his good and bad actions as at first, but proceeded to make reflections upon them, and give him advice accordingly.



Edward readily followed the advice thus conveyed to him ; and before long, in anticipation of the next morning's report, he began to think about his actions beforehand, and reason for himself. In this manner habits of reflection were gradually acquired by the little boy. Without losing any of his engaging liveliness of manner, he became more considerate, and weighed the consequences of his actions, and the propriety or impropriety of every feeling, beforehand. He thus gave to those who were engaged in his education the greatest pleasure and the richest reward that they could have in return for the watchfulness and care bestowed upon him.

But whilst Edward was rapidly improving under the faithful instructions of his secret monitor, the desire to know who it was that thus corresponded with him grew stronger and stronger. At first he suspected a friend of the family, who was very fond of him, and accustomed to play with him every day ; but he soon assured him that he was perfectly innocent of the whole transaction. Then he thought it might be his sister's governess ; but she also denied all knowledge of it. He was then for some time completely at a loss. At length he spoke to his mamma about it. She kindly inquired why he was so anxious to know the name of his unknown friend.

"Are you offended," said she, "at the communications he makes to you?"



"Oh no, dear mamma; I am much obliged to him, for I have to thank him for learning to read, and for curing me of many faults. Before he wrote to me, I did not know I was so naughty."

"Then, my boy, you really are not angry with this person? What would you do if you were to see him?"

"Oh I would thank him with all my heart, and beg you, dear mamma, to make him a present."

"And what would you give him yourself?"

"I do not know what I could give him, but I would beg him always to remain with me, and to be my friend, and I would never leave him."

"And if it were a lady?" said his mamma.

"Oh I would love her dearly, and thank her."

The little boy paused for a moment; then looking up affectionately in her face, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he added, "Mamma, was it you who wrote to me?"

"You have guessed rightly, my child," said his mother, as he leaped into her arms, and kissed her heartily. "Who but a mother, do you think, would have had the patience and perseverance to do what I have done? I have endeavoured gradually to lead my little Edward to examine and know himself. I have tried, my dear child, not to break, but to subdue and keep within bounds, your high spirits, which, uncontrolled, would have been a snare to you; to



make you gentle and courteous in your behaviour to all; and to impart such a relish for learning, that the acquiring of knowledge shall be rather a pleasure than a toil to you. I am rejoiced and thankful, dear Edward, that my simple plan has succeeded so well."

She then told him that three months had elapsed since she commenced writing the report for the sentinel, and concluded with this useful admonition:—"Remember, my dear child, that even your smallest actions are exposed to the notice of God, and will even be observed and remarked upon by others. Take care, then, that they be such as the Great Searcher of Hearts may approve, and your fellow-creatures have no cause to condemn."





## THE LACE VEIL.

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"ALICE," said Mrs Morton to her daughter one day, "will you go to my wardrobe and bring me a small bandbox which you will find on the upper shelf?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Alice; and taking the key, she ran nimbly up stairs.

It was a wet morning in January—one of those hopeless-looking days when a thick gray pall covers the whole visible sky, and a soft heavy rain saturates everything exposed to it. Robert Morton, a boy of fourteen, sat near the window, glancing rather listlessly at a volume of travels which he held in his hand, and looking out now and then at the dreary landscape, he said, "How I wish this tiresome rain would stop! 'tis really too bad to be kept in the house during the holidays!"

His mother smiled. "I'm afraid, my dear," she said, "you must be content with indoor amusements to-day. We can't expect fine weather in January."

Just then Alice returned with the bandbox in her hand, and laid it on the table before her



mother. Mrs Morton opened it, took out and laid aside several articles of lace, and finally produced a pair of cuffs, which she handed to her daughter, saying, "There are two or three small rents in these, my love, which I wish you to mend neatly, as such fine work will suit your eyes better than mine."

Alice was fond of work, and glad to oblige her mother, so she seated herself cheerfully at the table, and produced her needle; but before she began, she looked with some curiosity at the pieces of lace which Mrs Morton prepared to replace in the bandbox. Amongst them was a large and beautifully-wrought veil: it looked new, and yet it was torn in several places. One large rent ran across the centre, and its edges were so jagged, that to repair it neatly would defy the efforts of the most skilful seamstress.

"Oh, mamma," cried Alice; "how was that handsome veil so torn?"

"By a dog, my dear."

"And wont you have it mended?"

"No, Alice," said her mother smiling. "I value it more in its tattered condition than I should do if it were quite perfect."

"Do tell me the reason, mamma; it seems so odd."

"It is rather a long tale, my dear, and your papa can tell it much better than I. Perhaps if you ask him this evening after dinner, when we are all seated round the fire, he may gratify



you; and, if I don't mistake, Robert will feel interested in the story also."

"I have no doubt I shall," said Robert good-humouredly.

Dinner was ended. Alice drew her chair into a corner next her father, and laying her hand on his, told him what had passed that morning, and asked him to tell the history of the lace veil.

"Certainly, my dear; here it is. About thirty years ago, a poor boy was standing one cold day in the principal street of Limerick, very hungry, and without much prospect of getting anything to eat. A year before, his parents had died within a few weeks of each other, leaving him completely destitute. His father had been a clergyman, and since his death, a distant relative, the only one whom James Wilson—for so we shall call our hero—knew, had given him the means of education and scanty support; but this friend, having lately been unfortunate in business, emigrated with his family to America, and giving James a few shillings, he sent him to seek his fortune—that is, provide for himself—recommending him to go to Limerick, as in a large city he might have some chance of finding employment. Despite of the utmost economy, the boy's small fund had been expended the evening before, and now he knew not whither to turn. He had sought employ-



ment in various quarters, but without success, and now he felt ready to despair. Nevertheless, being a boy of spirit, he did not beg, but went on still hoping that something would occur by which he might make his way in the world.

"It happened just at this time that a woman carrying on her back a piled-up basket of bread passed him; she dropped, without perceiving it, one of the loaves on the pavement. James picked it up; and for a moment the temptation to appropriate it and eat it was strong. But the boy was as honest as he was spirited: he resisted the temptation to steal, and running after the woman, restored the loaf.

'Thank you, my boy; thank you,' she said, and was passing on, when the wistful look of his pale face arrested her, and she added, 'You look hungry; maybe you'd eat this?' giving him a penny bun.

'Oh, thank you, ma'am,' said James, and began eagerly to eat the bread. The woman looked at him attentively.

'Why, then,' said she, 'you're an honest poor fellow to be so hungry, and still to bring me back my loaf: tell me how 'tis with you.' And resting her basket on a door-step, the good woman prepared to listen to his tale. Her kind manner was very pleasant to James, and without reserve he told his little history, adding that



he would be most thankful for any occupation that would save him from begging.

‘Well,’ said the woman, ‘I take bread every day to Mr Mason, the great lace manufacturer, and I heard the servants say that he is looking out for some decent honest boys to carry lace through the country and sell it to the gentlefolks. Of course it is not every one he would trust to bring him back the profits, but indeed I think if he would try you he would not be sorry; so come along with me, and I’ll speak for you.’

“James thanked Mrs Cotter—for that was his new friend’s name—very heartily, and followed her to Mr Mason’s house, which was situated in one of the best streets in Limerick, adjoining an extensive lace manufactory. After the bread had been duly delivered, Mrs Cotter inquired whether she ‘could see the master.’ ‘I believe he’s in the warehouse,’ said the servant; ‘you can see him there.’ And thither she went, bidding James follow her.

“Mr Mason was an elderly man, with a pleasing countenance and a penetrating eye. He was busily engaged looking over some accounts when Mrs Cotter introduced herself, and told him all about James, and that she was confident of his honesty.

“Mr Mason asked the boy a few questions, and seemed satisfied with his replies. He then said, ‘The employment that I shall require you for



is very simple: I shall give you various articles—cuffs, capes, collars, and veils—with the prices marked in plain figures, from which you are never to deviate. You will carry them through the surrounding country, and offer them for sale to any one whom you think likely to purchase; and on every article you dispose of I shall allow you ten per cent. Here is something,' he added, giving him a few shillings, 'for your present necessities. Come to-morrow about this hour, and my foreman will give you the little pack you are to carry, and tell you the best route to take. I hope I shall always find you honest and industrious.'

'I hope so, sir,' said James. 'Indeed, sir, I don't know how to thank you as I ought for your goodness:' and bowing respectfully to Mr Mason, he withdrew.

'The kind Mrs Cotter was delighted with her success. Persons even in her rank of life like to have a *protégé*, and to feel that they possess the power of patronising; so, instead of treating James like a stranger, she, with the characteristic warmth of her country, spoke to him as an old friend.

'Now, my boy,' said she, 'come home with me; husband will be proud to see you when I tell him all about you. We had a fine boy ourselves once,' added she, while a deep shade of sadness passed over her good-humoured face. 'If he was alive now, he'd be just your age,



and he had the same blue eyes and brown hair; but it pleased God, that gave him to us, to take him from us six years ago, and we never had another before nor since. His holy will be done,' continued the poor woman; 'but 'twas hard to part with our only one. And now the tenderness I had for him rises in my heart when I see a boy left in the wide world without a mother's hand over him. So you shan't want a roof over your head, nor a bit and sup of what's going, while Mary Cotter is to the fore; and I know my goodman will say the same.'

"With a grateful heart, James followed her to a clean-looking cottage in the outskirts of the town, where they found Jim Cotter waiting for his dinner, and rather inclined to wonder at Mary's unusual delay. She soon explained matters to his satisfaction; and Jim, who was a carpenter, 'and well to do in the world,' joined heartily in welcoming James, and inviting him to partake of their meal. The poor boy was bewildered with joy and gratitude: he felt, however, that as he was now in a fair way to earn sufficient for his support, it would not be right for him to trespass on these kind friends. Before retiring to rest, therefore, he asked Mrs Cotter whether she would allow him to lodge in her house when staying in Limerick; and added, that as he hoped soon to earn some money, she must let him pay for his board and lodging.



‘Stop here, and welcome, child,’ she said; ‘but as to the payment, don’t trouble me. It will be time enough to think of that when you’re a rich man, as we’ll see you perhaps one of these days.’ Jim, as usual, seconded his wife; and James Wilson, beneath their humble, hospitable roof, enjoyed such a night of peaceful slumber as had not for a long time fallen to his lot.

“The next morning, after taking leave of the Cotters, he went at the appointed hour to Mr Mason; and having received his commission and instructions from the foreman, he set out on his travels. That day he walked several miles into the country, and offered his wares at every respectable house he passed. He was tolerably successful in disposing of them, having sold one pound’s worth before night, which of course entitled him to receive two shillings from his employer. He slept at a humble village inn, and the next morning resumed his travels. This manner of life continued for about two months, and Mr Mason expressed himself much pleased with his zeal and punctuality. One morning, at the end of that time, James set out with a more valuable cargo than had hitherto been intrusted to him, comprising several richly-wrought veils and collars. When about ten miles from the city, he came to a large house situated in a handsome park. James rang at the gate, and having requested permission to show his goods to the ladies, was admitted into



the hall. Presently an elderly lady and a pleasant-looking girl about his own age came in, and began to examine the delicate fabrics in his pack. Observing that he looked tired, the lady, whose name was Mrs Stevens, ordered him some refreshment; and then, having selected two or three articles, of which the price amounted to a pound, she said to her daughter, 'Mary, go to the upper drawer in my cabinet; you will find a pound-note in it, which you can give to this boy.' The young lady ran up stairs, and quickly returned with a folded note, which she handed to James, and then hastened with her mother into the drawing-room to receive some visitors who had just arrived.

"Having tied up his lace, James walked away; and after he had gone for several miles without meeting any customers, he sat down under a shady tree, in order to rest and arrange the contents of his pack. He also took out the money he had received; and on opening the note which Miss Stevens had given him, what was his surprise to see that it was a five-pound note!

"It was now late, and James felt so much fatigued, that he resolved to rest for the night at a small wayside inn which was at hand, and early in the morning to retrace his steps, and acquaint the lady with the mistake she had made. Accordingly, after a good night's rest, he set out for the dwelling of Mrs Stevens; but



on arriving there, the servant told him that the ladies had left home early that morning on their way to England, whence they were not expected to return for some weeks. James thought it better to say nothing to the servant about the mistake in the note until he could see the rightful owner; he therefore merely said, that when Mrs Stevens returned he would call again, and he then set out on his way to Limerick. He had a little private pocket in the lining of his waistcoat which his kind friend Mrs Cotter had made for him, saying, 'Now, James, there's a place for you to keep your little trifle of money in, and where no one can see it.' Into this receptacle James had a few days since placed fifteen shillings, the fruits of his own industry and savings; and into it he now put the five pounds, there to remain until the return of Mrs Stevens.

"On arriving at the manufactory, he proceeded, as usual, to give the head clerk an account of his sales, and return the articles not disposed of. Just as he was about to mention the circumstance of the five-pound note, the clerk said, 'I don't see any account of the five-pound veil here.'

'I did not succeed in selling it,' replied James; 'people thought it too dear. Is it not folded among the collars?'

'I don't see it,' said the clerk. And after an anxious search on the part of James, it was evident that the veil was not forthcoming.



'You had better confess at once what you have done with it,' said the clerk severely.

"James stood confounded. 'I surely had it at Mr Stevens's house,' he said. 'I remember showing it to the ladies; but then'—— a sudden light broke on his mind——'Oh!' cried he, 'I must have left it on the grass under the tree where I was folding all the things, and'——

"As he spoke, the clerk was eyeing him keenly, and suddenly taking him by the arm, said, 'What makes your waistcoat project so at the side?'

'Some shillings of my own which I put there,' said the boy; but he blushed and hesitated.

'A private pocket, eh?' said the clerk. And putting in his finger, he drew forth not only the fifteen shillings, but the five-pound note.

'Ah,' said the man, 'this throws some light on the business. Come, my fine fellow, let us see whether Mr Mason can't find some connection between the loss of the veil and the finding a five-pound note concealed in your waistcoat.' So saying, he caught the boy roughly by the collar, and led him into the presence of his employer.

"The clerk's tale was soon told, and so was poor James's; but the latter seemed so improbable, that Mr Mason did not hesitate to discharge the boy, telling him he might consider himself very fortunate in not being lodged in jail.



‘Oh, sir,’ said James, ‘when Mrs Stevens returns she can prove my innocence about the money: as to the veil, I must have left it on the grass, when I was so confused at discovering the note; but I would gladly work day and night to make it up to you.’

‘Well,’ said Mr Mason, ‘I shall be very glad if you are ever able to prove yourself innocent; but in the meantime, I must forbid your approaching my warehouse.’

“With a bursting heart, poor James withdrew, and poured out his sorrows into the sympathising ear of good Mrs Cotter, his only remaining friend.

‘My dear boy, don’t break your heart about this business; I know you’re as innocent as the babe unborn. Bad luck to the man who accused you of theft.’

‘Don’t speak hardly of Mr Mason,’ said James; ‘he’s only mistaken; but it vexes me that he should think me so base and ungrateful.’

‘Never put yourself about; he’ll find out the truth of it, never fear, one of those days, when that fine lady that gave you the note comes home. But until he does, and afterwards, you’re kindly welcome here; and here’s my husband coming in to tell you the same.’

“Jim, indeed, failed not to confirm his kind wife’s invitation; and for some time James continued to reside with them, trying by every



means in his power to earn a few pence, in order to lighten the burthen of his maintenance. Yet the boy's health and spirits sunk so rapidly, that Mrs Cotter would sometimes say to her husband in a low mournful tone, 'The shadow of the grave is dark over that lad's head. How distressed I am to see him!'

"Two months after the events I have related, a happy party were assembled at the breakfast-table in Mrs Stevens's mansion. That lady herself was busy making tea, while her daughter Mary was engaged in an animated conversation with an elder brother who had returned with them from England on the previous evening. Her younger brother had also come home for the summer vacation; and notwithstanding their late arrival the day before, he was up and out at daybreak, visiting, in company with his faithful dog Cora, the woods and fields, the rabbit burrows and hare forms, so well remembered and dearly loved by both.

"At the sound of the breakfast bell, Master Harry came bounding in through the open window, followed, nothing loath, by his canine attendant; for whose unlawful entrée the young gentleman thought it necessary to make some apology, saying, as he kissed his mother, 'Don't say a word to poor Cora, mamma; she's the cleverest dog in the whole world. Just look what she found to-day while she was poking among the furze bushes on the common



four miles off, and brought me so daintily in her mouth.' So saying, he displayed a very handsome white lace veil, bearing in several places the marks of its transit through the bushes while between Cora's keen white teeth.

'How curious!' cried Mary. 'How could such a thing have found its way into a furze brake? But, mamma, do you know it reminds me of the boy to whom I so carelessly gave a five-pound note the day before we left home. If he had not been very dishonest, I think he would have returned it.'

"Before Mrs Stevens could reply, the old butler, who had just come into the room, said, 'If you please, miss, that lace boy was here several times while you were away, to ask when you were expected home; he wouldn't tell me why he was so anxious to see you, but the last time he was here he looked very miserable, and I saw him wiping his eyes as he walked away from the door.'

'Well,' said Mrs Stevens, 'when I drive into Limerick to-day, I shall not fail to make inquiries about him; and, Mary, I will take this veil; it may possibly have belonged to him.'

'And here, Cora,' said Harry, 'you have earned a good piece of bread and butter at all events, my doggie; and some cream for her too, mamma, if you please.'

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs



Stevens's carriage stopped at the gate of Mr Mason's manufactory, and that lady and her daughter getting out, requested an interview with the proprietor. It would make my story too long were I to relate all that passed; until Mr Mason, rising from his chair, said with much emotion, 'I feel more grateful to you, madam, than I can express, for giving me the opportunity of repairing a grievous injustice which I committed towards an honest and deserving boy. Maurice,' he continued, calling a servant, 'go at once to Mrs Cotter's house, and ask her to send James Wilson here immediately.'

"The boy soon arrived; but Mrs Stevens would not have recognised him, such a change had grief and anxiety made on his appearance. Yet his pale countenance lighted up when he saw the ladies, and he exclaimed, 'Ah, ma'am! you can tell Mr Mason that I spoke the truth about the five-pound note; and that when I went to return it, you were gone away.'

'I am indeed, James,' said Mr Mason, 'fully convinced of your integrity, and must ask you to forgive me for my unjust conduct towards you. I think it will prove a useful lesson to me for the remainder of my life. Meantime, you can resume your post here, and I will place to your credit ten pounds in the savings' bank, as a slight remuneration for the pain I have caused you.'



"James blushed deeply, and thanked his master for his kindness; yet he did not seem *quite* satisfied. In truth, his desires pointed to some higher and more intellectual employment than that of selling lace, yet he knew not how to express his feelings without appearing ungrateful to Mr Mason.

"Mrs Stevens, with a woman's quick perception, divined his thoughts. 'My boy,' said she, 'I think you are fitted for something better than selling lace. Would you like to receive an education which would fit you for some honourable profession?'

"It is needless to record James's answer. The fondest wish of his heart seemed likely to be realised; and when, through the lady's benevolence, aided by a liberal donation from Mr Mason, he was placed at a good school, no exertion on his part was wanting to profit by the instruction he received. In a short time he was fitted to enter college, and while there, he managed nearly to support himself by teaching junior students.

"During the vacations he was a constant and welcome guest at the house of Mrs Stevens; and when fairly launched on the world in the character of an aspiring young barrister, his visits to the neighbourhood of Limerick continued to be neither few nor far between.

"When, in some years, by the blessing of God on his exertions, he had realised a competence,



the first use he made of it was to establish Jim and Mrs Cotter in a small freehold farm, which he purchased for them. While arranging this matter, he had many long and apparently interesting conversations with his former master, and now kind friend, Mr Mason, which somehow terminated in an offering of the most magnificent veil which that gentleman's establishment could supply being sent to Mary Stevens. It was carried by a willing messenger, who, I have reason to believe, added a gift of his own—even the affection of a faithful heart.

"And now, Robert, go and ask mamma whether Carlo's talent for finding and carrying handkerchiefs and gloves can by any chance be a hereditary gift derived from his grandmother Cora?"

"And you, Alice, may inquire why it is that she prizes her old torn veil far more highly than the magnificent wedding present of our friend Mr Mason?"

"Ah, I now see the whole story," said Alice  
"You, papa, were once James the lace boy, and mamma was Mary Stevens—how curious!"

"Quite right, Alice: your father has been telling his own history—a history of TRUTH and HONESTY overcoming MISFORTUNE!"





## THE VISITOR.

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“ OH, Julia, do come into the library ! there is such an odd-looking creature with mamma ! She has red marks all down her face, just as if she had spilt port wine upon it, and her hands are the same ; and oh such an old-fashioned bonnet and cloak ! I am sure I should have died with laughing, only I was afraid mamma would be angry. I can't fancy how she can bear to talk so long to such a queer-looking object ; and she seems so fond of her.”

Julia ran at her sister's summons, and they both entered the library. They there found an elderly and very plain person in conversation with Mrs Danvers, and quite as strange-looking as Emily had represented her. After Julia had been introduced to her mamma's visitor, and had reluctantly shaken hands with her, the two little girls retired into a corner, and affected to be playing with their dolls, while they were in reality scrutinising every feature of the stranger's face, and every article of her dress.



At length they began to giggle, and their mamma reproved them.

"My dears," said she, "if you cannot be quiet, you must leave the room."

They restrained themselves after this; and at length their brother returning from morning school, they went into the garden to play with him, and to indulge in their thoughtless ridicule of the visitor in the library.

Upon being summoned to dinner, they found that Mrs Carter—for that was the name of the stranger—intended to remain with their mamma for the rest of the day; and Mr Danvers, who had just come in, was shaking hands with her, and expressing his pleasure at her determination. The three children looked at each other with astonishment; they could not conceive how their papa and mamma could like her so much. She was now attired in a high cap, trimmed all over with bright scarlet ribbons, and a shawl of the same colour was pulled tightly over her square shoulders, and pinned down on each side of her waist, while the stains upon her face and hands seemed of a darker red than ever. Alfred Danvers dared not laugh before his papa, so he contented himself with staring at their strange guest very rudely. Indeed during the whole of dinner he scarcely took his eyes off her face, except to cast an occasional side-glance at his sisters, that nearly overcame their self-control. All this was very



wrong, and Alfred knew it; but he could not resist the temptation of quizzing one who was so likely an object for ridicule.

At length the meal was at an end. Mr Danvers withdrew to his office, and the children were dismissed to their play. It was a half-holiday for Alfred; and the little girls were also excused from their usual tasks in consideration of a visitor; and they ran with great glee into the play-room, where Alfred promised to show them something. He went into a closet, where they hung up their cloaks and bonnets, and shut himself up for about a quarter of an hour, resisting all their intreaties to know what he was doing. At last Julia could restrain her impatience no longer; and she was about to throw open the door, when a comical figure stepped forth, which threw them both into fits of laughter. It was Alfred in disguise.

"Oh, Alfred! where did you get the scarlet bows? and where did the shawl come from? and where did you find the paint for your face?" exclaimed the little girls, as soon as they could speak for laughing.

Alfred made no reply, but stumped about, and imitated Mrs Carter to the life. They were in the midst of their fun when the door of the room opened; and ere they were aware of the circumstance, Mrs Carter herself, accompanied by their mamma, stood before them.

The three children were ready to sink to the



floor with shame and dismay. They remained quite motionless under the stern eye of their mother, who immediately perceived what they were about; for they knew that she would punish them severely. Mrs Danvers at length broke the awful silence.

"What is this that I see?" exclaimed she. "Is it possible, Alfred, that you can be guilty of throwing ridicule upon a lady of respectability, and one of my dearest friends? My dear Elizabeth," continued she, turning towards Mrs Carter, in whose mild gray eyes the tears were gathering, "I would not have mentioned it before you had it not been so obvious. But now, before we leave this room, I must insist upon my children begging your pardon for their shameful conduct, and afterwards I shall punish them in a way to make them remember it as long as they live."

"No, dear Julia," answered that lady; "I cannot allow you to do this for me. I know that I am an unsightly object, and that many people are inclined to laugh at me until they know me well. I must therefore beg you, my dear friend, to forgive your son and daughters—thoughtless and unkind as their conduct has been—and perhaps hereafter they may think better of me."

Julia and Emily were quite subdued by Mrs Carter's sweet voice and mild expression of countenance; and going up to her, they each



took one of those large stained hands in theirs, and bedewed them with their tears.

"Come, young gentleman," said she in a more sprightly tone, "will you not also make friends with me?"

Alfred struggled with his pride for some moments, and then shook the hand that was released from Emily's grasp and extended towards him.

"It is well, my dear Elizabeth," said Mrs Danvers, "that you were here to plead for the offenders, or they certainly would have been most severely punished. But I begin to think that yours is the best plan after all. They can never again think of you without remorse for their unkind conduct. Now, my dears, help your brother off with his finery, and bring some water to wash his face, for I should not like any of the servants to see him in such a condition. I perceive, Alfred, that you have got your sisters' bonnet-caps on, one on the top of the other. But where did you get the bows for your cap?"

"It was that red tissue paper, mamma, that you bought for the grate," answered Alfred, blushing deeply.

"And the shawl and paint, where did they come from?"

"It is not a shawl, mamma," replied Julia, who was unpinning it: "it is the cape of Emily's cloak, turned with the crimson lining outside."



"And the paint, mamma," said Emily, "comes out of my old paint-box, which was put away in the closet. But, Alfred, where *could* you find all these pins?"

"I took them out of your garden-bonnets, Emily," whispered the boy, who was thoroughly vexed with the subject.

"And unpinned all the ribbons, I suppose?" whispered Emily in return.

Mrs Danvers and Mrs Carter now left the room; and the brother and sisters, who had lost all heart for playing, sat quietly together until tea-time, conversing upon the occurrences of the afternoon. They all three agreed that they loved Mrs Carter very much, and that she did not look half so odd as when first they saw her.

"Well," said Alfred, "I am sure I, for one, am cured of ever laughing at any one again for what they can't help. We should not like it ourselves: should we, Emily?"

"Ah, Alfred, we ought to have thought of that before. Though dear Mrs Carter has forgiven us, she must have been very much hurt; and I fear she can never forget it."

"Well," said Julia, "I want very much to know if it was an illness that made those marks upon her face and hands. Do you think mamma will tell us, if we ask her when Mrs Carter is gone? I shall be so sorry if she has been very ill, and we have been laughing at her for that."

After tea, the children were allowed to sit



with their parents and Mrs Carter until it was time for the latter to return home. She gave them all three an invitation to spend a day or two at her house, which was several miles off; and with the permission of Mr and Mrs Danvers, they joyfully accepted it. As soon as the wheels of the phaeton were no longer heard, Mr Danvers called his children around him. They trembled, for they anticipated the subject of his discourse.

"Your mamma has told me," said he, "the sad occurrence of this afternoon; but as she has also assured me that you are penitent, and that Mrs Carter has forgiven you, I am not going to lecture you about that, but to make you still more sensible how excellent a woman you have, in your ignorance, thought proper to despise."

He spoke very gravely, and the children could not restrain their tears. But their father bade them wipe them away, and attend to the history he was about to tell them.

"Ten years ago," he continued after a short pause, "Mrs Carter had a little girl living with her who was no relation, but whom she had taken into her house out of pity for her desolate condition, for the child was a friendless orphan. One day, when her kind protectress was out calling upon a friend, the little girl, who had been left in the charge of a servant, escaped from her custody into the drawing-room, and there



by some means set fire to her clothes. She ran screaming with terror down stairs, and out at the street door, which happened to be open, and there she met her second mother, Mrs Carter. That lady seeing the danger the child was in—for the fire was rapidly ascending to her face—snatched her to her bosom, regardless of her own safety, and wrapping her shawl around her, succeeded in extinguishing the flames; not, however, until she herself was fearfully burnt. The child suffered comparatively little, and grew up to be a handsome young woman; but Mrs Carter was ill for many weeks, and bears the marks of her heroic self-forgetfulness about her to this day. You, my children, have seen them, but you mocked at them.”

“Oh, papa—papa!” cried Alfred and his sisters, throwing themselves on his knees, “forgive us; we knew not what we did.”

“The object of your ridicule has pardoned you, my children, and surely I have no right to withhold my forgiveness. But there is One still higher whose mercy you must solicit; and in future, beware how you indulge in laughing at the defects of a fellow-creature, for the most unsightly or disagreeable form may hide a soul whose beauty is equal to that of the angels.”





## GOOD TEMPER.

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Good temper is one of the most valuable points of character. A good-tempered child is generally loved much more than one who is clever, but who has an unpleasant temper. We would, if only for their own happiness, wish to see children study to have a kindly disposition—to be patient, docile, good-tempered. The following is a little story respecting a good-tempered girl:—

Bertha Leslie, though born of parents in humble circumstances, was much esteemed: everybody liked her for her amiable disposition: there was scarcely an individual who would not have rejoiced at any opportunity of obliging her.

While still only twelve years of age, she exercised a remarkable influence over her companions and playmates; and that influence she always exerted for good. For instance, if she saw a child ill-treating an animal, she would go up to him, and gently remind him that the same



God who had made him had made the birds, beasts, and insects of the earth, and that it was displeasing to Him to see little children treat them cruelly. And so sweetly, but at the same time so earnestly, would Bertha plead the cause of the poor dumb animals—be they cats, dogs, horses, or donkeys, squirrel or guinea-pig—that her eloquence was irresistible; and often the little one so addressed would turn its blows into caresses, and feed or soothe the creature it had been tormenting.

She had only one brother, named Edward, who was five or six years younger than herself; and it would have been wonderful if, with her natural kindness for all around her, she had not an especial love for him. Indeed they were both very much attached to each other. Her great delight was to find pleasure for Edward. Often on a summer's morning, before the dew was off the grass, she might be seen leading him along the shady lanes, every now and then culling some sweet wild flowers for him. And it was both strange and pleasing to observe with what artless simplicity, and yet how effectually, she managed to communicate to her brother's opening mind the character and spirit of her own.

One morning, as they were returning from their accustomed walk, they sat down to rest upon a rustic bench, placed at the end of a broad gravel walk in their father's garden.



"Well, sister," said Edward, continuing a previous conversation, "I will try to be kind and gentle to the little lambs and kittens that I play with. They are so very pretty, and then they love me too. Don't you think that my little Tiney loves me very much, Bertha?"

"Yes, Edward, I am sure she does; and everybody will love you, if you are only kind to them."

Whilst Bertha was thus speaking, and had just taken her brother's hand to proceed into the house, a little white goat suddenly sprang over the hedge, and came bleating most piteously to their feet. Bertha was at first rather alarmed, but the pretty creature looked up in her face with such an imploring and confiding expression, that her feeling of fear gave place to one of interest and compassion. It seemed as though it were begging her to protect it; and pleased at the confidence it manifested, she stroked and caressed it. The little goat, thus encouraged, licked her hand, and would have bestowed the same compliment on her face, had not Bertha avoided this last proof of its attachment.

She had no idea who was the owner of this little animal, or what had occasioned its evident terror.

"Perhaps," she said to Edward, "it is looking for its mother, or it may have run away from some one, and got into danger. We must



take care of it till we can learn to whom it belongs."

She had hardly uttered the words, when she perceived a man standing at the garden-gate, evidently looking for something that he had lost. This was one of the villagers, whom she at once recognised as the lately-married husband of her old nurse Nanny. Just then he caught sight of the goat, so coming quickly forward, he said, "What—I have found you at last! Trouble enough I have had to catch you, you tiresome creature. But I will take good care of you now!"

He was about to seize rudely the terrified animal, when it again looked imploringly at Bertha, as if intreating her to save it from him. Bertha could no longer resist pleading for it. Starting up, with a trembling voice she said, "Pray do not hurt it. What can I give you to let me keep it?"

"Oh, as to the matter of that, miss," said the man, "if you like to have it, you are heartily welcome. To me it is more plague than profit. For my part I don't want to be troubled with it."

So saying, to the children's great delight he turned to go away, leaving the goat behind him. Bertha thanked him very warmly, and assured him she would take good care of it.

Before going into breakfast, the two children waited again and again to caress and feed their



pet. They resolved to name it "Elfin." A blue ribbon was destined for its neck, and at present it was ornamented with a wreath of roses.

On entering the house, Bertha eagerly related to her parents the morning's adventure; at the same time intreating permission to keep their little protégée. This was readily granted. An unoccupied dog-kennel, that had formerly served for a home for their faithful Tray, was sought out and altered into a convenient shelter for little Elfin. It was placed directly under her bedroom window; and her first business every morning was to look out and see that her favourite was safe. Then when she called "Elfin — Elfin!" the pretty creature ran instantly forward, and by its frolicsome antics showed its delight at seeing her again.

To Edward, too, as well as his sister, the little kid was an increasing source of pleasure. Their great delight was to lead it to spots of the greenest verdure, where it might nibble the fresh pasture, and to the clearest rivulets to quench its thirst. In all their walks Elfin was their companion; and so attached to its young mistress especially did it become, that it soon began to manifest great uneasiness if Bertha were longer away from it than usual, or anything occurred to prevent their daily gambols together.

Bertha, in the course of some months after the kid had become thus domesticated, com-



pleted her twelfth year. The kid had by this time become a fine large goat. Upon the morning of her birthday it came running, as usual, to meet her; but to her great joy she found round its neck a beautiful collar of blue velvet. Underneath the throat hung two small musical silver bells, and on the collar itself was a small plate of silver, bearing the inscription—

“ELFIN,  
THE PROPERTY OF  
BERTHA LESLIE.”

This was her father's gift to her. He had been pleased at the first to see her pity for the poor terrified little kid, and subsequently he had been gratified with her perseverance and assiduity in taking care of it. So he took this way of rewarding her.

A year or two passed away, and Elfin remained as much a favourite as ever, when Bertha went to pay a visit of two or three months to some friends at a distance. Upon her return, the first thing that she saw, to her great delight, was a pretty little kid sleeping by the side of her old friend Elfin. This additional charge was a source of fresh enjoyment to Bertha, and all her spare time was occupied in attending to the wants of Elfin and her kid.

But the goat—as my readers will presently see—was destined to afford her far greater pleasure and more solid satisfaction than any



she had hitherto tasted. About a week after her return, she went to see a poor woman in the village who had formerly been a valued servant of her mother, and had nursed Bertha very tenderly when she was a baby. It was from the husband of this poor woman that Bertha had received the goat.

They found her in great distress: she was but just recovering from a very severe illness, which had left her so weak, that she was unable to supply to her only child the nourishment necessary for him. The poor babe was daily pining away before her eyes, and the sorrowful mother was anticipating nothing less than the loss of her darling. The tears ran down her pale cheeks as she told her sad tale to Bertha. Bertha said all she could to comfort her; but it was not till, upon returning home, Elfin leaped forward to meet her, that a bright thought occurred to her.

She remembered the gardener's wife had told her that her own little one, in a similar emergency, had been brought up upon goat's milk. "And why," said Bertha to herself, "should not my pretty Elfin save the life of this dear little baby in the same way?"

Full of the idea, she ran and talked to her mamma about it. Mrs Leslie warmly entered into her plan, and in a few minutes the little girl was once more on her way to the cottage, followed by her goat.



When she entered, she found the poor mother sorrowfully bending over her beloved child.

"Dear Nanny," said the little girl, "do not cry any more; I am sure I have thought of a way to save your dear baby. See, Elfin, your husband's gift, is come with me. Will you try to feed Willie with her milk?"

With these words she led the goat into the room. It appeared almost to understand what its young mistress said; for it gently licked the baby's hand, whilst the mother procured the milk, and held some to the child's lips. To her great delight, no sooner did he taste the refreshing beverage, than he eagerly opened his mouth for more. Nor was the little thing satisfied till an ample meal had been given. It was now arranged that Nanny should send for Elfin at certain hours every day. And a very few days proved that this nourishment was just what the child wanted: the engaging smiles returned, its merry laugh was heard once more, and the rosy hues of health took the place of the paleness that had overspread its tiny face.

Bertha was delighted at the success of her plan; the infant, in his turn, became almost as much an object of attention as the goat had been; whilst the grateful mother could never sufficiently thank the little girl for her happy thought, and her kindness in carrying it into action.



A moment's reflection will enable my young readers to perceive one lesson amongst others that this little tale teaches; namely, that the most trifling actions frequently lead to important events. But for the kid's leading Nanny's husband such a weary chase on that eventful morning, the goat had never been Bertha's; but for Bertha's kind interposition in its favour, it would probably have been dead long ago; but for her assiduous care of it, and, above all, her kind visit to the poor woman, the child had never been benefited. A good action is never thrown away!





## THE STOLEN VISIT.

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"So you wont go, Letty?"

"No—o," answered Letty hesitatingly; "I don't like to go. Mamma would be so vexed if she knew. And, besides, it would be deceitful."

"Oh no, not at all. How particular you are! We will *really* step into the church, and then we can say that we have been at church without telling a story: I don't like to tell stories myself. You need not be afraid of me doing *that*, Letty."

Letty's ideas of right and wrong were somewhat confused by this time, and she was already more than half persuaded to go. It would be so pleasant to pay Margaret Morrison a visit, if she were as merry and funny as Susan said she was; and if they could avoid telling a falsehood about it, surely it would not be so *very*



wicked. To be sure there would be the disobedience; but a little rebellious corner of Letty's heart whispered that papas and mammas were sometimes *too* careful of their children, who could behave better out of sight than they gave them credit for; and surely Margaret Morrison could not be so very bad a girl; and Susan was old enough to know what she was about. Besides, it would not be exactly disobeying her mamma, who knew nothing about Margaret Morrison, and therefore had given no commands on the subject; and if Susan chose to disobey her papa, that was no fault of Letty's.

"Come," said Susan again, finding that her friend hesitated, "we will return as soon as we see the people coming out of church, and then no one will be any wiser, and no harm will be done. I am sure if papa only knew Margaret, he would not have forbidden me to play with her, she is so good-natured. Come, Letty, I did not think you would have been so unkind."

This charge of unkindness decided the discussion in Susan's favour. Letty consented to go, though with a reluctance that told her she was doing wrong; for the little girl was conscientiously disposed, and had been carefully brought up by a judicious mother. However she tried to represent the matter to herself, she felt in her heart that her kind mamma would disapprove of her consenting to go with her young friend to a house which the father



of the latter had positively forbidden her ever to enter. But she had agreed to the plan, and she now felt ashamed to draw back; and so, against her better nature, Letty Hargreaves accompanied Susan Dresser to the prohibited dwelling.

On their way, they stepped into the porch of the church, and peeping in at one of the great doors, saw that few people had arrived, as it was still very early in the afternoon. Having thus provided against possible inquiries, the two girls turned away; but a strain of the organ, which was just beginning to play, had penetrated to the heart and conscience of poor Letty; and oh how earnestly did she wish that she possessed the courage to refuse even then to go with her friend, and to declare her desire of attending the holy service instead! But she hesitated until it was too late; for Margaret Morrison had seen Susan from her bedroom window, and came running to meet them.

"My dear girl," said she to Susan, "I almost feared you could not get away; the old gentleman keeps such a terribly good look-out. It is well we young folks can cheat the old ones sometimes, or we should have no fun at all." And the giddy girl laughed, while Susan, who looked up to her as a marvel of wit, laughed also.

Letty, who had not been used to hearing parents spoken lightly of, and who highly



reverenced her own dear mother, looked rather grave, which Margaret soon perceived.

"Susan," said she, "you have not yet introduced me to your friend, who appears quite shocked at my nonsense."

The afternoon passed away, as all periods of time *do* pass, but its two or three hours fell with a leaden weight upon the heart of Letty. The conversation was so different from any she had ever heard before, that she felt as if it were wrong even to listen to it; and as it went on, she became more and more convinced how right Mr Dresser had been in forbidding his daughter to hold any communication with Miss Morrison.

At length the people began to come out of church; and Letty, who had been watching anxiously at the window, warned her friend that it was time to return home.

"Well," said Susan as they walked along, "how do you like my friend?"

Letty hesitated. "Not much," she answered. She had not the courage to reply, "Not at all."

"Well," said Susan, "I *am* surprised. I thought nobody could help liking Margaret Morrison."

"But she says such strange things, Susan."

"All the better; she is out of the common way."

Letty thought differently, but said no more, for they were now arrived at Susan's home; and Mr Dresser was sitting in the old-fashioned porch reading.



"Now, my little girls," exclaimed he as they came up the gravel walk, Letty lingering rather behind her friend—"now, my little girls, can you tell me the text?"

It was a sudden question; and Letty's face glowed with conscious guilt. Susan, too, was somewhat confused, but recovering herself with an effort, she answered, "It was somewhere in Matthew, papa; but I don't exactly remember it."

Letty tremblingly slipped past the old gentleman into the house, for she feared lest *she* might be expected to answer the next question. Susan, then, had been betrayed into telling a falsehood, notwithstanding her previous protestations. When once children begin to do wrong, how little they know where it may end!

Letty Hargreaves returned home in the evening with a much heavier step than that with which she had quitted it in the morning. Her little brothers gathered round her, as delighted to see her as if she had been away days instead of hours; but their sister had but faint smiles for them, while her pleasant voice was almost silent. Her mother noticed her unusual dullness, and feared that something had gone wrong. She thought it better, however, to say nothing for the present, believing that her daughter would tell her all when they were alone. Nor was she disappointed; for no sooner was the last little child dismissed to bed, than



Letty drew her stool close to her mother's chair, and fondly laid her head upon her knee.

"Dear mamma," said she, "will you forgive me if I tell you of something that I have done to-day—something very wrong?"

"My dear child, you know that our Father in heaven forgives when we confess and repent of our sins; and can your mother be more severe?"

"Well, then, dear mamma, I will tell you." And the little girl poured forth the whole tale of the afternoon's deceit and disobedience, confessing her own weakness and false shame, but passing lightly over the conduct of Susan and Margaret, for her mother had carefully instilled charity towards others into her young daughter's heart.

"My dear," said Mrs Hargreaves, when Letty had finished, "your experience of to-day will teach you the presumption of believing that you can stop short where you please in doing wrong. Susan did not intend to tell a direct falsehood; indeed she thought she had provided against the possibility of so doing; but her father happening to frame his question differently from what she had expected, she was terrified into a lie, where she had hoped to make an evasion answer her purpose. Not that I would have you think lightly of evasions. *All* deceit is wrong: it matters not whether by look, word, gesture, or tone; by taking from, or by



adding to, the truth, we wilfully deceive our neighbour: all these varieties of falsehood hurt our souls, and lower our moral standard. Be honest, true, and fearless, my own little Letty, and you can never go greatly wrong. But this unhappy girl, this Margaret Morrison, did you like her, my child?"

"No, mamma; not at all. I believe it is her fault that Susan has grown so deceitful; and I wish she would be persuaded never to visit her again."

"My dear, I don't think it will any longer be easy for her to do so, as I intend to inform Mr Dresser of the secret intercourse between his daughter and this girl."

"But, mamma," and the tears rose into Letty's eyes, "Susan will think me so unkind for telling."

"Never mind that, my dear. You have done your duty, and nothing else is of any consequence. Besides, she will thank you for it some day, if she live to be what her friends wish to see her. Fear nothing, Letty, so long as you do what is right."

Letty was comforted by her mother's kindness, and strengthened by her counsel. The moon had risen, and by its calm light she retired to bed; and as the pale beams fell upon the white curtains and coverlid, she lay murmuring a prayer that she might ever be obedient and grateful to so good a mother, and



kind and truthful in her intercourse with others. Then she began to feel drowsy, and confused visions floated around her, until all sensations were lost in repose, and the little girl slumbered peacefully.





## THE OLD MUFF.

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WHEN Frederick-William, the crown-prince of Prussia, was a child, he was very much beloved by all who knew him. His open and agreeable countenance, the ease and gracefulness of his manners, and his sweet and amiable disposition, made him a general favourite. His little voice spoke only what was kind, and his glance was at once so intelligent and enchanting, as to inspire a heartfelt interest. Indeed no one could help loving him who only looked at his large, blue, expressive eyes, beaming with good-nature.

His mother, Queen Louisa, endeavoured to cultivate his natural gifts by kind and diligent instruction; for she well knew that grace, beauty, and high birth, were merely outside adornments, and could only serve their proper purpose when united with the nobler qualities of the heart—truth, virtue, and religion.

One distinguishing feature of the young



prince as a child was his great courtesy and politeness, especially to ladies. All—both old and young, the fair and ill-favoured, those of high rank and those in lower stations—he uniformly treated with such attention and affability, as rendered him obliging and agreeable to all. It is upon this trait in his character that the following pleasing little incident is founded :—

When he was about six years of age, and required hardy and vigorous exercise, he was accustomed to spend some hours every morning upon the terrace of the Castle of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, engaged in various athletic employments—sometimes digging in his little garden, sometimes removing a heap of sand or gravel from one place to another by means of a wheelbarrow, or such-like occupations. And when he had thus diligently and healthfully employed himself for a time, and had resumed and finished his daily studies, he usually received from his kind parent and instructress some token of her approbation. Either some new plaything was presented to him, or recreations suited to his age were found for him. Upon one occasion he received a pair of white rabbits, which afforded him great pleasure for a very long time ; and occasionally small sums of money were given him, which he delighted to distribute among the old invalid soldiers, who, leaning on the iron balustrades which sur-



rounded the terrace, watched his proceedings with great interest.

It happened one fine spring day that the little prince, fatigued and heated with his labour, sat down, spade in hand, upon his wheelbarrow for a few minutes' rest. It also happened about the same time that an old lady, evidently of the middle, or perhaps the humbler ranks of life, watched with pleasure the avocations of the prince. While so occupied, the old lady unfortunately dropped her old-fashioned muff into the terrace or garden where the prince was at work. There it provokingly lay within a very few feet of the railings, and but just beyond her reach. In vain she stretched and strained to regain possession of it. Though nearly within her grasp, she could not quite reach it. The muff was indeed but of little value: it was old and dilapidated, the velvet was faded and worn, and the satin lining in tatters. Still, such as it was, it was hers; she had lost it, and she anxiously desired to recover it. Perhaps its very age, and the length of time it had been her companion, made it in her eyes dearer and more valuable than ever.

In the midst of the efforts of the old lady to regain her muff she was observed by the prince, who immediately forsook his spade and wheelbarrow, and hastened to the spot. In rather a reproachful tone, as he stooped for the muff, he said, "Madam, you should have called to me,



and not have given yourself so much trouble, which a slight exertion on my part might have saved you!"

The old lady, full of astonishment and admiration, replied, as she made a low curtsy, "But, my prince, could I have supposed it possible that you should show such condescension and kindness?"

"Madam," he replied, "*you are a lady*, and you needed my assistance."

With these words, so full of meaning, he handed her the muff in the engaging manner peculiar to him. The good old lady was quite overpowered at meeting with such kindness and politeness from so young a child. She took her old muff with a thousand thanks, and declared that, as long as she lived, she would never part with it. Gladly would she have kissed the little hand that presented it to her: her eyes filled with tears, and she gazed long and ardently at the dear little boy as he returned to his occupation, uttering many heartfelt prayers and blessings upon him.

This circumstance seemed to Frederick himself to be trivial, and unworthy of a second thought; at anyrate he soon forgot it: but the queen, his mother, had seen it all. She, it seems, was in the habit of watching her son from a balcony, in order to see that, whilst he was fully employed, he did not overtax his strength. She felt upon this occasion the unspeakable happi-



ness which they feel who reap the reward of their labours: she saw that the lessons she had so often inculcated on her son had been received into his heart; the virtuous principles she had endeavoured to implant had taken root, and were already bearing good fruit. He was a son worthy of his parents. Oh how pleasing and delightful were the hopes with which this little incident inspired her! As a mother, she rejoiced in her son; as a queen, she congratulated that country which should afterwards own him for its sovereign. She would not, however, praise her son for what he had done; nor did he (regarding his conduct as simply in accordance with his duty, and the whole transaction as a mere trifle) think of mentioning it to her. His modest silence was not unnoticed, and rendered the reward that awaited him more fully deserved.

When Frederick awoke the next morning, he was surprised to see upon a chair by his bedside a little muff of red velvet, lined with yellow satin, exactly like that which had belonged to the old lady. He rose hastily, put his hand into the muff, and found there a tortoiseshell box full of sweetmeats and chocolate drops, of which he was very fond. There was also a Merry Andrew, which opened its mouth, rolled its eyes, and made, when a string was pulled, the most ridiculous movements and the merriest grimaces. Another morning the little prince,



upon rising, thought he observed his muff, which he had placed upon a table in his bedroom, to move. He put in his hand, and drew out a small white rabbit, which had round its neck a silver collar, upon which were engraven the words,

“I belong to the Prince Royal.”

A few days afterwards, he found in the same place a tame squirrel, which frisked about his arms, head, and shoulders, and then suddenly hid itself in his half-open waistcoat. Some time after, he received, through his muff, a beautiful parrot with the richest plumage, who said very distinctly,

“Fritz honours the ladies.”

And at another time he was much pleased with a starling, which had been taught to whistle and sing very prettily.

The little prince became very fond of this remarkable muff, and was exceedingly glad he had shown such courtesy to the old lady; for he had no doubt that all the beautiful presents that he had received were in some way or another connected with that event, though how, he could not tell. Indeed his muff for many months preserved its wonderful powers. He could scarcely utter a wish at all reasonable and proper, but what it was granted. If he took his muff in his hand, and smilingly said, “My dear little muff, I should like to be able to give



some playthings or sweetmeats to the poor little children I so often meet ;” or, “ I wish for some money to give to the poor people who so piteously beg for it ”—his wishes were generally fulfilled the next morning.

At length he hastened to his mother to tell her his great delight, and to ask her what kind fairy it was that gave him whatever he wanted through his little muff.

“ It is all quite natural,” answered the queen: “ no fairy has been at work. The old lady has spoken warmly everywhere of the attention you showed her when she lost her muff ; and you must regard these presents as tokens of gratitude and pleasure from ladies of all ranks, and of all ages. Courteous behaviour is an ornament even to a prince ; but when to courtesy of manner is united kindness of heart and of action, every favour is enhanced tenfold. Whenever similar opportunities are afforded you of relieving the wants, however slight, of your fellow-creatures, remember the OLD LADY’S MUFF.”





## THE PAIR OF DOVES.

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No one could see Mary and Harry Woodford together without remarking the warm affection that united them. They were so nearly of an age (Mary being six, and Harry five years old), that they participated in the same merry games, pursued their little studies together; and rarely, indeed, were they separated from one another.

It happened that a lady, one of their mamma's friends, was so delighted to see the warmth of their affection for each other, that she presented them with a pair of doves, an emblem, as she thought, of their own innocence and fondness. These beautiful creatures were of a pure white, only their necks had a ring or belt of a darker colour encircling them. The children were enchanted with their present, and seemed never to tire of looking at them, caressing them, and watching their movements. The doves were so tame, that they would readily perch upon the arms, heads, and shoulders of



their little owners, and would even feed out of their hands.

"What pretty birds they are!" said Mary, as she and her brother were standing by the cage, and admiring the glossy plumage of their new pets. "I never liked anything so much before."

"And see how fond they are of each other!" added the little boy. "Do you know, Mary, I think the lady was right when she said we were like the doves, for I am sure I love you very dearly. I wonder if they ever quarrel."

"Mamma told me," returned Mary, "that they did not; and she said, too, that we must imitate them in that as well, and never speak crossly to each other."

They both seemed to think this advice very easy to follow; for they had yet to learn how slight a cause will occasion discord, if we do not carefully guard against it.

Some time elapsed. The doves, which were tended with great solicitude and care, grew every day more and more beautiful. Their plumage became fuller and whiter, and their every movement more graceful and lively. They were not always confined to their cage, for it was the delight of Mary and Harry to open the doors and give the captives liberty for a time. Nay, the little brother and sister even contended who should have this pleasure. Alas! this trifling contention was but the forerunner of others. They next began to dispute



about giving the birds food and water. One claimed it as his right, and the other as hers. Now one wished to have the first caresses of the enlarged captives, and was jealous and disappointed if the wish was not gratified. Then the other desired to feed the birds from his shoulder, and thought his sister unkind if she made any objection. Mary complained that they liked her brother best, and that she could not enjoy them at all. Harry maintained that they loved her the best, and cared little or nothing for him. Hence a selfish feeling arose in the hearts of these little people. For the first time in their lives they desired to possess pleasure apart from the other. They had no idea at the time (but they soon discovered) how little real satisfaction there is in unshared pleasures. The desire to stand alone, and be perfectly independent of others in our enjoyments and amusements, though a very natural feeling, is one that can never fail to deprive those who indulge in it of the best and noblest part of their enjoyment. It was this feeling that led these dear children to wish that each one should have his own dove, and treat it as he pleased, without the interference of the other.

Their request, it will be observed, was exceedingly selfish. The children consulted only their own pleasure; they thought not of the happiness of the doves: and thus it may be



often noticed in the case of people who affect to be kind to animals; they but think of their own amusement; whereas no one really kind to animals would do anything to distress them.

When Mary and Harry told their mamma their desires, she proposed that they should both enter the apartment together—that the doves should be led out as usual, and that the one that first settled on her head or arm should belong to her, and the other to Harry. The latter consented to this arrangement: the cage was opened, and brother and sister were soon each possessed of a dove, which they called their own, and which they caressed with such vehemence, that the poor little birds were almost stifled.

The doves, thus separated, soon became very mournful and languid: their plumage, formerly so full and so white, became scanty and yellow: they no longer fluttered their wings, or cooed with delight as they had done: the food that they liked the best, and the clearest and purest water, were supplied them in abundance; but remained untouched, untasted. They could not bear their separation. Sometimes they would be sitting on the perch of their cages, looking mournfully at each other, as if pining for each other's society; at other times they would make desperate efforts to force their way through the wires, till, fatigued



with the useless efforts, they again became quiet, but moping and gloomy.

Poor Harry and Mary were very much distressed at seeing such a sad alteration in their favourites ; and soon they carried their trouble to their mother. She, upon the plea of having the birds more carefully attended to, desired them both to remain in their own rooms apart from each other, with their doves for their only companions. They accordingly did so : the servants who waited upon them were very kind and attentive ; but yet the first day that the two little ones spent in this manner seemed uncommonly tedious and wearisome. The second day was still more so : none of their usual amusements or occupations had any charms for them. One feeling of listlessness and ennui pervaded them ; and this feeling on the third day became so positively unbearable, that the children earnestly begged to be allowed to be together again ; " for," said Harry, " it is so tiresome to play by myself, I would give all my playthings to see dear Mary for a minute." Mary, too, complained that she could do nothing without her brother. " Everything," added the little girl sorrowfully, " tires me that I try to do when he is not here. Dear uncle, do ask mamma to let me go to Harry ?"

At the united intreaty of both, their mamma consented to let them be together again ; and



after their tumult of joy at meeting had a little subsided, she said to them—"I think, my dear children, you can now understand what is the matter with your doves: they were born in the same nest; they were fed and brought up together; and they have always been accustomed to live together. Like you, they feel the anguish of separation; and were you not to restore them to each other, they would continue to pine away, and in all probability you would lose your pretty little birds." At these words Harry and Mary ran and opened the cages: the two little prisoners hastened to each other with joy. They flew round their liberators, and expressed, as well as they could, the delight and gratitude of their hearts. The second cage was removed; and the children determined for the future to share their doves together.

On their return to their mamma, she gently reproved them for the selfishness which had, in the first instance, been the cause of their separating the birds, and pointed out to them the danger of giving way to a feeling which, if indulged in, might have the effect of lessening the warm and tender affection they had for each other. Mary and Harry were fully sensible of their fault; and profited so well by the lesson they had received, that they were again known as the United Brother and Sister.





## POOR BOB,

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.\*

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PRETTY BOB! Yes, once I was Pretty Bob—that little boy you noticed, my lady, six years ago, one fine summer's evening, playing with my hoop before the Widow Robertson's door. My mother she was, and not a happier mother in all England that day than herself. So proud she was of all the praises and kisses bestowed on me, that for the week after, I remember she told every neighbour that came in how the lady had called her boy "Pretty Bob"—and how the lady had said that he was such a nice, fine, clean, healthy, cherry-cheeked, merry boy, she wished she had just such a child herself as Pretty Bob.

Now, only that I am so much changed, you would not know me again, my lady, I would not

\* This little story, by Miss Edgeworth, appeared some years ago in a juvenile annual, and has been reprinted with the approval of the lamented authoress.



make so bold as to mention it, ma'am. But what pleased me above all, was the parting word from your ladyship, when, as you were leaving the door, you turned again and stroked my head, saying "You hoped, and did not doubt, but that I would grow up a brave, stout man, to serve my king and country, and to be a support and comfort to my mother in her old age."

Lack-a-day! things have since turned out contrary. But that minute I felt so proud and happy, and thought to myself I was almost a man, and that I would be an honour to my king and country for certain; and as sure as I'd live, a comfort to my mother, and a great support. I was but six years of age then. For a good year after, I was called by my mother and all the neighbours after your ladyship's words—Pretty Bob.

But the next year, my lady, was the year that you and his honour went far away to foreign parts; so there was none at home here at the Hall for the widow and orphan to look to.

Then the troubles came on us. How they began, I was so little, I scarce know. The cow died; my mother sickened, and took the fever; and then there was the rent called for, and all the money she had gathered the doctor had got. So just off the sick bed, she was to be turned into the street, or to come on the parish, if the



rent was not paid on the day. The day came, and no money. She was to go to the Hall to beg one other month's time; and I went with her to the steward: but he denied us: and there was my mother sitting and crying in the yard with her apron before her face. When crossing the yard, came the sweeps, who had been sweeping the chimneys of the great house that morning. One was a little boy not bigger than myself; and he came on dancing and singing, and showing his white teeth in his black face, laughing; while some standing by, and some from the windows, threw him halfpence, and some sixpences. Oh, thought I, if I could get money that way for my mother! Then came following the master sweep, a great man, and dark-looking, who had his eye upon me that minute, and that minute I took fright at his face. But it went off when he turned to speak kind to my mother, asking what troubled her so? She told, and he listened; and first said, "It was a sad case. Surely there was one way to make all easy, if I loved my mother." "If," said I. Oh, I sprung to him and begged of him to speak out. The traitor!—how he smiled, and lured me on. He kept silence a while, till there came a great shout from above; and pointing up, he showed where was, at the top of the kitchen chimney, one of the little sweeps, flourishing out with the brush in his hand. "There's one of my brave boys," said



he, chucking me under the chin ; “ what would you think of that ? If I would go with him, and be one of his boys, he would pay the rent due, and send my mother home with her heart easy.” My mother would not hear of it at first. No—her Pretty Bob to be a chimney sweep !—no ; never with her consent. That chilled me—besides, I was loath and afear’d myself, and hung back behind her close. But there came the bailiff on one side, threatening loud she should not lie another night in the house if the rent was not paid : and there was the master sweep with the gold and silver on his palm (he showed me) ready to clear all, if I would just give him my hand, and go off with him. I stretched out my hand to him ; but my mother pulled me back, and hugged me close to her. “ But, mother,” said I, “ you will not have the bed to lie on to-night.” “ Never mind me,” said she ; but I could not help minding her the more for that. I slipped through her arms down on my knees. “ Let me go, dear mother,” said I, “ with consent, and your blessing.” “ God bless you !” said she. But a hard struggle it was to part. She said it must only be a month on trial that I should go with the man, and she to pay him back the money, and get me back if she pleased. So it was settled. Then he cleared all the rent ; and I wiped the tears off my mother’s face, and she stooped down to give me the kiss. And that was the last happy minute I ever had !



She went home, and I was carried off by my new master. That month of trial was easy enough: he was kind, coaxed me, and taught me how to climb; and I was brave enough, and proud to show it, and got up the wide chimneys easy; and if that was all, I thought, I could do more. So I told my mother, at the end of the month, that I desired no better. And she was well pleased, nothing mistrusting him: and she had not the money to pay back. So, as I was little and active, he was anxious to get me bound 'prentice; and the paper was signed, whatever it was, and there I was bound fast.

Then there was no more coaxing—all changed—no pleasing him. Strive never so much—I must strive more, and eat less. The coldest winter days came, and out without a rag to cover me at four in the morning—and up the chimneys, stifling mouth, nose, and eyes with soot; sometimes goaded up narrow flues by a long stick with a pin at the end of it, which my master called "*Jack, I'll tickle thee.*" It was barbarous! But so long as all was fair work, I scrambled through all, and shouted manfully at the top. I scorned to complain of the bruises and hurts. Still, I kept up—for, thinks I, it is all for my mother. And strength, and life, and spirit enough I had then for it. And often without a bit in my stomach, and aching rib and joint, would dance and sing, and show my white teeth, if I caught a glimpse of the quality in



any of the chambers, just as I had seen the little boy do, to win the sixpence for my mother. And a heavy heart and light heels there was: but they called me merry sweep. And it was my way every Sunday to wash myself clean as I could in the river before I'd go to my mother, to look something like her Pretty Bob for her. But she saw through it too soon: what with hard usage, and scanty food, and the little sleep I got, and great dirt I lived in all the week, my Sunday's face would not always show as pleasant to my mother as formerly. Spirits will fail when nothing to keep them up. She remarked I was grown too grave for my age. "Does he use you ill, the villain?" says she: "tell me, dear." "No, mother; he uses me no worse than another, nor worse than he can help, I suppose," said I; "for them sort of men grow hard with their trade; and the boys is sometimes idle, and stubborn, and he can't always keep out of a passion, being by nature passionate." So I excused him the best I could, to keep my mother easy, and laughing all off. But presently she would not be put off so. She said I was falling away to nothing. "Not at all, mother," said I. But she caught me, and would feel my arms and body, and put on her spectacles, poor soul! to look close at my fallen face. I tried to smile, but could not. And she turned away from me, and cried as if her old heart would break. Then, to comfort her, I



brought out the sixpences, and even the half-a-crown I had stored for her. But she put it back all, and "could not take," she said, "the price of her child;" and would not be comforted, but kept saying, "My poor boy!—poor Bob!—poor Bob!" and from that day never called me anything but "Poor Bob."

Well, ma'am, to make short of it. All went on from bad to worse with Poor Bob. My mother went to my master: but when she tried to soften him, that made him harder than a stone. He drove her out of the house, asking what she had to do with him and his 'prentice, and shut the door; then beat me as long as he could stand over me. And too little it was, he swore, for the lies I had told, and backbiting complaints I had made of him. Not a lie had I told, or a complaint uttered. But he would not hear, or could not understand me—for he was drunk—and fonder and fonder of drink he grew every day: and from that day he took to hating and persecuting me—would not even now ever let me clean myself on a Sunday to go to my mother—taunting me still with being "Pretty Bob." And there I was, grimed with soot that ate into my flesh; and had not even clean straw to sleep on. At every turn I was called up, if a chimney was on fire; and so hot, none else could stand it. I was to be thrust up every dangerous chimney and crooked flue, into which no other could go but Poor Bob—he was



to be squeezed through it. One day, at last, I was fairly jammed in an old chimney, where the bricks had given way, and I could not get up. I called out that I was almost stifled; but he kept on goading me, and swearing at me for a lazy rascal and an obstinate rogue—then lighted a wisp of straw below me, to make me get on. I felt the fire at the soles of my feet, and scorching my legs; and I kicked while I could, and screeched, and begged they would immediately let me down; but no—I must go up. In great torture with the fire, I made one desperate struggle upward; and then I was jammed fast, and neither could get forward nor backward, and bad smoke suffocating me. I gave over all struggle. I was quite spent, and could cry out no longer. Then I felt him giving great jerks to my legs; whether to make me speak, or pull me down, I did not know. One jerk at last broke my leg; and what happened after, or how they got me down, I don't know; but when I came to my senses, I remember they were holding burnt feathers under my nose. My leg was next to be set. And it was set; but so badly, that it was all crooked.

There was some talk through the servants' hall of my master's cruelty; and it went up to the gentleman of the house, who was a good gentleman, they told me, and a parliament man: and he was greatly shocked, and said he



would speak for us poor sweeps, and see and get something done for us. But how it went off I don't know. I never heard more of it. There was none to care for me but my mother; and she cared too much. I broke her heart. Well, she is gone to a better world, I trust; and thanks be to God, she does not live to see me as I am now: POOR—FAMISHING—BANDY—BOB.





## THE YOUTH OF A KING.

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ON the 6th of October, 1787, a number of ladies and gentlemen, gaily dressed, and in high spirits, were climbing a high mountain in the environs of Spa, on whose summit were seen the turrets of an ancient castle named Richemont. At the head of the party were four children, three boys and a girl, of whom the eldest was about fourteen, and the youngest ten years of age. Two ladies followed them closely, watching their gambols, and enjoying their mirth: the younger of the two was about thirty-four years old, and very lovely; she was the Duchess of Orleans, and mother to the children: her companion was their governess, Madame de Genlis: the eldest boy was the Duke of Chartres, afterwards known as Louis-Philippe, King of the French: his brothers were the Dukes of Montpensier and Beaujolais; and their beautiful little sister Adelaide was addressed as Mademoiselle d'Orleans.



For some time they rambled in various directions among the winding paths, when one of the party proposed to ascend the summit of the mountain, "because from thence," added she, "may be seen the most beautiful view and smiling landscape in France."

Before any one could reply, the plaintive voice of a child murmured, "Smiling! I never smile when I climb up there!"

At the sound of these sad words the Duke of Chartres and his sister turned back, and sought to discover whence the voice came. Half-concealed in a thicket of shrubs was seated a poor little boy, dressed in rags, and rubbing listlessly between his thin hands the blossoms of some flowers that grew near the spot.

The Duke of Chartres took a piece of money from his pocket, and threw it towards him. It fell at the child's foot, and reddening as he pushed it from him, he fixed his large dark eyes on the prince, and said, "Did I ask you for alms?"

"No," said the duke, approaching him; "but your words made me suppose you are in want. Why did you say that you never smile when you go to the castle?"

"Because papa is there in prison," replied the little fellow, his eyes filling with tears.

"In prison!" repeated the prince. "This castle is then a prison?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, sighing deeply.



"Ah, then! you are quite right, my poor little boy," replied the prince; "the landscape may be beautiful, but the view is not *smiling*."

"Is your papa in prison too?" asked the child.

"No," said the little princess, laughing; "our papa has done nothing that ought to make him be put in prison."

"Nor mine either, mademoiselle," replied the boy proudly.

"Then why is he imprisoned?" asked she.

"Indeed, mademoiselle, I can't well explain it. M. Varner, the shoemaker, you know, who lives in the street near the hotel, owed some money; they were going to put him into prison, when papa said, 'I will pay it;' and he wrote a promise on paper; so afterwards they took him, and shut him up here."

"I understand," said the prince: "when the bill became due, your father could not pay it. Is the sum large?"

"Ah, very large, sir! More than papa, who is a carpenter, could earn in six months. It is a hundred francs."

"Brother," said the princess in a low voice, "we can make up that sum between us. I have fifty francs, and you—but you shake your head—you have none left. Well, Montpensier or Beaujolais will lend us the rest, or mamma will advance us a month's pocket-money. But



you don't speak : what are you thinking about, Philippe?"

"An idea that occurs to me," replied he; and turning to the child, he said, "Do not stir until I return." Then taking his sister's hand, he drew her towards the path which led to the summit, and running and bounding like young fawns, they reached the castle some time before the rest of the company.

"Stay there," said the duke to his sister, placing her as a sentinel at the entrance to a bridge which must be crossed before coming to the castle gate; "and don't allow any one to enter while I am away." He then advanced, and rang loudly at the wicket.

The dark forbidding countenance of a porter appeared at the grating. "Open!" said the prince in a tone of command.

"Who are you?"

"The Duke of Chartres. Open the gate; I wish to speak with the governor."

Without further parley he was admitted, and in a quarter of an hour his sister saw him re-appear holding a slip of paper in his hand, which he seemed to read with much attention. By this time the Duchess of Orleans and her suite had gained the summit; and just as his mother was stepping on the bridge, Louis-Philippe advanced towards her, and holding out his hat, said, "Fine sights cost dear, please your Grace. In the name of humanity, and of those who



cannot, like you, tread their native soil in liberty, I ask you to leave here the money in your purse!"

"And the purse besides?" said the duchess, smiling, and placing in her son's hat a well-filled purse.

"Pass on, madame," said the prince, bowing respectfully; then stopping the lady who followed his mother, he made a similar request.

"Here is my money," said Madame de Genlis, laughing heartily.

All the other members of the party likewise gave their money: and at length, all having contributed, Louis-Philippe seated himself on the grass, and began to count the contents of his hat, while his sister Adelaide looked over his shoulder.

"How much will you require?" whispered she.

"I have more than enough," he replied; and rising, and approaching the company, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, in a few moments the jest will be ended. I again promise to pay back the money to any one who may disapprove of it."

Then the prince again rang at the gate; and this time was admitted without parley. Half an hour passed, and the lords and ladies began to be impatient, when Louis-Philippe appeared, followed by twenty persons, whose dress and countenances indicated great misery.



"My friends," said the prince, turning towards his followers, and indicating with his hand the gay assembly before them, "behold your deliverers! Ladies and gentlemen," added he, "this prison contained a number of poor debtors; thanks to your liberality, they are all free! And now come and let us admire the view from the summit of the mountain. May we not from this moment call it *smiling* as well as beautiful?"

The Duchess of Orleans embraced her son, and as he returned her caresses, he said with a playful smile, "I am quite ready to refund the money if you think my jest a dull one!"

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Another anecdote is told of Louis-Philippe while a boy. About a year after the family had been at Richemont, they were taken by their tutoress, Madame de Genlis, to Mont St Michael, on the coast of Normandy.

Mont St Michael is built on a rock jutting into the sea. It is a state prison, and its aspect is very dismal. At high-water the fort resembles an island; at low-water it may be reached by land, yet not without danger; for the tide, in its continual ebb and flow, has hollowed the sandy shore into deep and treach-



erous holes. One evening, in the year 1788, the air of gloom that usually surrounded the fort was enlivened by the glancing of numerous lights from its windows, while the grim silence was broken by a merry peal of bells from the tower. Illustrious guests were expected, and soon arrived: they were the children of the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Madame de Genlis and a few attendants. A numerous troop, in handsome uniform, were drawn up to receive them; but the seeming soldiers were in fact prisoners, whom the governor, having a very deficient garrison, had caused to assume arms for the occasion. Their pale, dejected countenances, however, and the longing looks which they gave towards the open gate, together with the hoarse murmur of the sea, and the obscurity which wrapped the scene, gave an indescribable air of sadness to the reception of the young princes and their sister.

After passing through the citadel, the guests had to traverse a narrow road ere they reached the apartments prepared for them. The way was rough, and in one part of it they had to ascend some steep steps covered with moss and brambles, and far more picturesque to the eye than pleasant to the feet. As the young people walked cautiously along, the Duke of Chartres heard a tremulous voice near him exclaim, "Oh how blessed it is to tread the grass, to breathe the fresh air, to behold the pleasant sea and



sky without bars and fetters! Thank God for it! It is indeed a blessing!"

"Take care, old man," replied a younger, but more gloomy voice—"take care; you stagger like a drunken man."

"Alas, comrade!" said the first speaker, "I have been so long confined, that I have forgotten how to walk in the open air."

The Duke de Chartres turned back, and by the light of a torch he discerned a poor old man, whose white beard descended to his chest, and whose trembling, withered hands were extended in search of some support. The duke's young arm was ready.

"Lean on me, good old man," said he; "I am strong enough—don't be afraid."

The aged prisoner looked with grateful astonishment at his princely young guide, when he felt his other hand seized by fingers still softer and smaller than those of the duke, while a sweet childish voice said, "And lean on me too, good old man."

It was Mademoiselle Adelaide, who wished to imitate her brother's kindness.

"Lovely children!" cried the old man; "long may you live happy yourselves, and the source of happiness to others. May the old man's blessing attend you whithersoever you go!"

As they walked on, the duke asked the prisoner what his fault had been.

"Alas!" was the reply, "enticed by bad



example, I committed an error, which fifteen years of captivity should, methinks, have expiated."

"Fifteen years!" exclaimed together Louis-Philippe and Adelaide. "Fifteen years! Oh, take comfort, old man," added the prince; "I promise to sue for your pardon, and I shall obtain it."

"You will forget me, dear children," said the prisoner, shaking, with an air of sorrowful doubt, his venerable head.

"Ah, no," said the princess, "don't fear that; I will remind him of it."

We will anticipate a little by mentioning, that on their return to Paris, the two noble children, far from forgetting the aged prisoner, succeeded in obtaining not his pardon alone, but also that of his companions in misfortune, who had all been confined for political offences.

But to return to Mont St Michael. After a long ascent, and passing through various winding galleries, the party reached the chambers prepared for their reception, the windows of which commanded a very extensive view. Instead of admiring the scene, the Duke of Chartres sighed. "These unhappy people," said he, "endure in this place terrible torments. If I were a king, I would abolish prisons."

"If you were a king," replied Madame de Genlis, smiling, "you would do as your predecessors have done: prisons are a necessary evil."



"Perhaps so," replied the Duke of Chartres; "but at least I would have the satisfaction of sometimes releasing their inmates." Then turning towards the governor, he added, "I have read that a Dutch writer, during the reign of Louis XIV., was shut up here in an iron cage, and lingered in it for seventeen years before he died: does this cage still exist, and are prisoners ever confined in it?"

"In the first place, please your Grace," replied the governor, "the cage is not made of iron, but of wood; and during the last fifteen years it has not been used, save that, when a prisoner happens to be very refractory, we sometimes put him into it for twenty-four hours."

"Too much," rejoined the young duke with that dignity of manner which was natural to him. "I wish to mark my visit here by the destruction of that odious instrument of tyranny."

"I accede to your Grace's wish the more willingly," said the governor, "that his Royal Highness the Count of Artois, when he was here last year, gave orders for its demolition."

"Which proves," remarked the duke, "that we should never leave to others any good action that we can do ourselves. I wont leave the castle without *seeing* the cage in fragments."

Next morning the young people and their governess descended into the damp gloomy



vaults that formed the castle prison. They shuddered at the dark stifling passages through which they were led, and no one spoke until they stopped before the cage. It was formed of wooden bars, a few inches asunder, and was so low and narrow, that a human being within it could neither stand up nor lie down, but must remain crouched like a wild beast.

"Give it me, quick!" cried the young prince, seizing an axe from one of the sentinels; and running towards the cage, he commenced hewing its bars with all his might. This was the signal for the prisoners to help, which they did with right good-will.

"Long live the Duke of Chartres!" cried they at every blow; and in a few moments the cage was a heap of fragments.

Glowing with pleasure at his exploit, Louis-Philippe looked with a sparkling eye at the happy group that surrounded him; when among the grateful faces, and the lips that poured blessings on his head, he discovered one countenance clouded, and one mouth silent.

"What is the matter?" asked he, approaching the man, whom he recognised as a porter in the castle.

"I am the father of a large family, please your Grace, and I used to gain a good deal of money by showing the cage to visitors."

"Well, from this day you will show the place where this abominable cage used to be," replied



the duke quickly; "that will be far more pleasant to kind-hearted strangers, and will dispose them much more to be generous. Here's a proof of it now;" and putting his hand in his pocket, the noble boy drew forth all the money he possessed—ten gold pieces—and gave them to the porter.

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One cold rainy day in December, 1788, a crowd had collected at the corner of the Rue Richelieu in Paris. The words, "Ah, what a pity! Is he dead?" were often repeated; but those who pronounced them even with much apparent interest, contented themselves with looking towards the centre, shaking their heads, and passing on.

"Who is dead?" asked a very young man, dressed in an elegant uniform.

"Either a man or a horse, I don't know which," replied a passer-by carelessly.

"It is a man," said a young milliner, who was walking with a bandbox in her hand—"a mason who was repairing a house: the ladder slipped while he was at the second storey, and he fell to the ground."

"And what are all these people about?" asked the young officer, standing on tiptoe, as he tried to see the wounded man.



"They are looking, like you," replied the girl.

"They are looking!" repeated the young officer; "and no one thinks of assisting the unfortunate man."

"How is it to be done?" cried an old woman. "If the man were starving, it would be another thing—one could give him something to eat; but this poor fellow wants both a doctor and a clergyman."

Without speaking, the young officer elbowed his way vigorously through the crowd, until he reached the mason, who lay on the ground. He was a young man, and had not received any outward wound; but his head had struck against a stone, and a mortal paleness covered his features.

"Who will help me?" asked the officer, as he knelt down, and raised the mason in his arms.

Now, to do a crowd justice, it is almost as easy to lead them forward in good as in evil—in each case they only require to have the example set them; and in the present instance, the young man had scarcely spoken when he had twenty strong arms at his service.

"Where shall we take him, sir?" asked two stout market porters who held the sick man between them.

"To the hospital," replied he.

"What shall we do for a ticket of admission?" asked one of the porters.



"I am known there," said the young officer briefly.

They reached the gate of the hospital, and, greatly to the men's astonishment, the young lad whom they followed seemed to possess authority among the attendants; even the Sisters of Charity crowded round him.

"Is there a surgeon here?" asked he, as he assisted in placing the young mason, who was still insensible, on a bed.

"The hours for visiting are over," replied one of the Sisters.

"Then we must do without one," said the officer, drawing a neat little case from his pocket, and taking out of it a lancet. One of the attendants prepared the sick man's arm; and his benefactor, having found the vein, bled him with much dexterity.

"Well done, my little officer!" cried one of the porters. The mason's life was saved. Having recovered, he was informed that the young officer who had acted so kindly was no other than the Duke de Chartres.

"Ah, sir," said the mason, "your kindness to me is enhanced by your high rank, which places you above all danger of misfortune. *You* can never know what it is to earn your bread."

"Who can tell?" said the young duke gaily. And these words, spoken at random, returned to his memory when, before long, he found



himself in a situation far more distressing and unlooked-for than that of the young mason.

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The Duke de Chartres afterwards, when Duke of Orleans, suffered many misfortunes, all of which he bore up against with great fortitude. By a course of remarkable events, he became, in 1830, king of the French, with the title of Louis-Philippe.

Here I would gladly close my record; but here, as my young readers know, did not close the eventful history of the King of the French. For many years Louis-Philippe reigned over a happy and not unprosperous people. Errors he may have committed, but he at least preserved the country from *anarchy*, which means general confusion, with many terrible evils. Displeased with his government, the people of Paris raised an insurrection in February 1848, and deposed Louis-Philippe with a thoughtless violence which is now regretted. As has been told in the HISTORY OF FRANCE, the unfortunate King of the French took refuge with his family in England—the hospitable asylum of foreigners in distress.

THE END.

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