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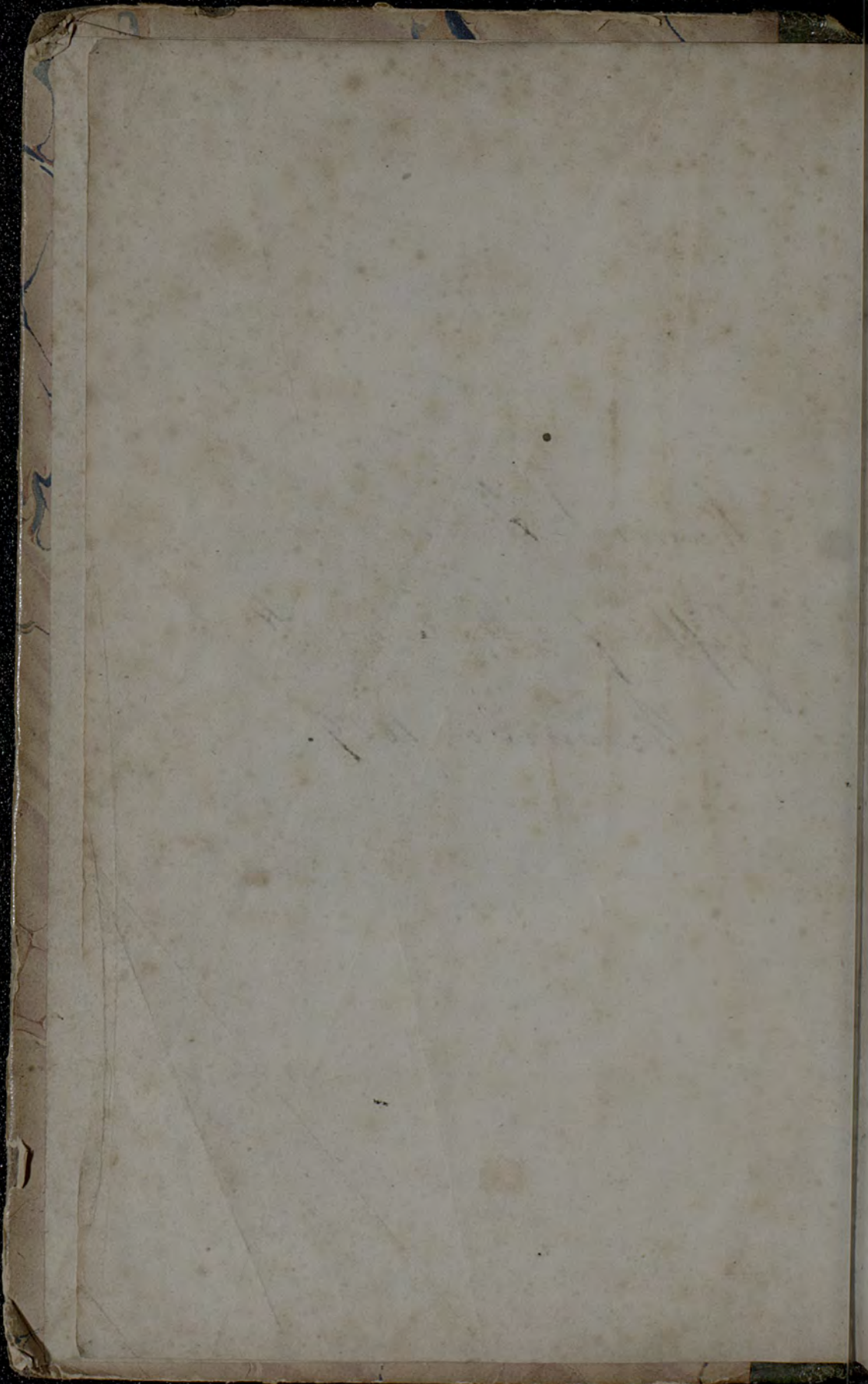


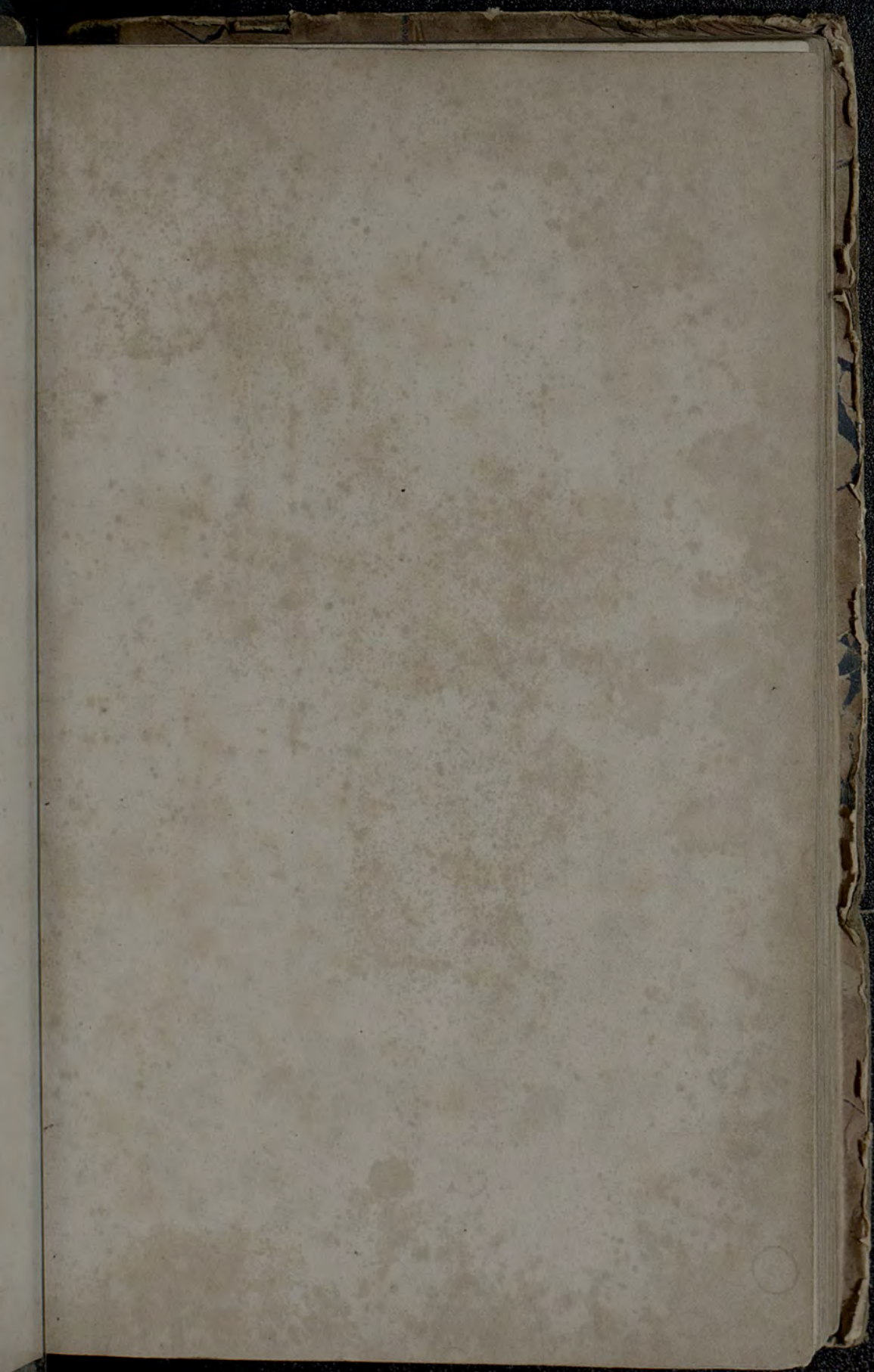
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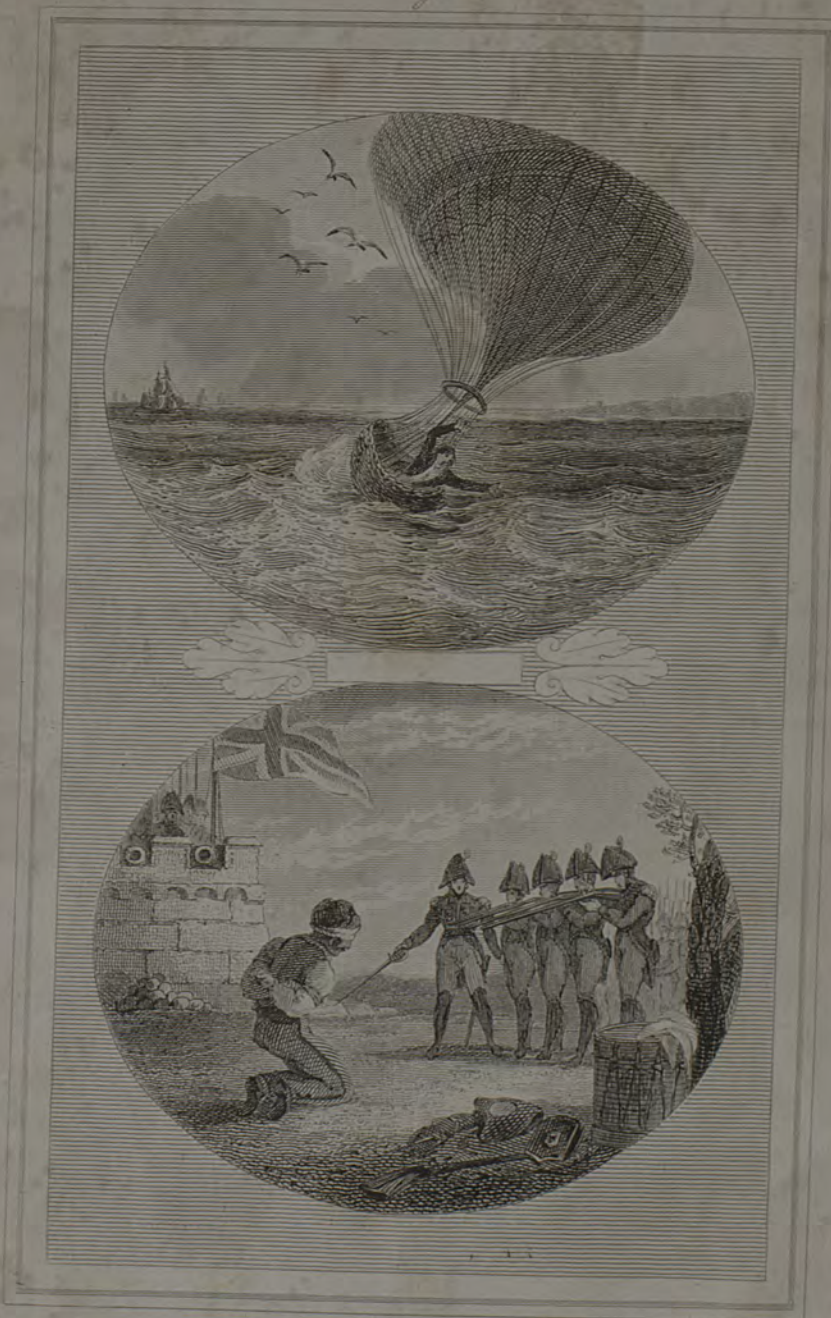
The Gift of W. Barrett.

November 1829.





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Pub^d June 1. 1829 by J. Harris, St. Pauls Church Y^d

STORIES

FOR

SHORT STUDENTS;

OR,

LIGHT LORE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY

THE REV. EDWARD MANGIN, M.A.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1829.

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P R E F A C E.

AN attempt has been made in the following pages to do, for the juvenile English learner, what I conceive has not as yet, except in one instance, been properly performed. To succeed, however, talents far greater than any the Writer can pretend to, are required. But it must be allowed that something of this sort is called for; and that the books usually put into the hands of children, although they may be pure as

to moral precept, and abound in rational matter, are not written in a style at all suited to the comprehensions of those for whose use they are designed.

I have inspected some score or two of these ; and in all have found much to which various formidable objections might be made. In several, the topics discussed are quite too frivolous ; in others, too abstruse ; and the phraseology employed in almost all, either much too foolish or too refined.

I have endeavoured to find, or to invent, narratives of a brief and striking description ; and to tell my stories in the most simple words that presented themselves ; to make my periods as succinct as possible ; to avoid perplexing my pre-supposed young reader by too many circumstances in each tale, or chapter ; and, as far as it was practicable, to abstain from *comment*, so as in

general to leave children at liberty to exercise the mind by drawing natural and obvious conclusions for themselves; because there is no act which contributes more to the cultivation of the growing faculties than this.

Having had boys of my own to teach and to amuse, my lessons are chiefly such as I thought would best suit them; which may account for the prevailing character of the anecdotes and biographical sketches in my Volume. They will, however, answer, if they answer at all, for both sexes. But it will be seen, and perhaps objected to, that I have, throughout, omitted religious allusions. I have; and have done it designedly; apprehending that such matters are not only much beyond the comprehension of childhood, but out of place in such trifling and sometimes playful essays

as mine. I have, in short, with diffidence, attempted to write what I conceive to be a new species of book for the juvenile library; and trust that at least there is nothing in my Volume unfriendly to good morals, and that it will supply some persons of more capability with hints for what they may do better than myself.

E. M.

Bath, 1829.

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STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

SENSE IN A BRUTE.

DURING the march of an army in some part of the East Indies, it was necessary that the soldiers should stop, and rest themselves and the elephants and horses used in drawing heavy loads, such as cannons, tents, food, &c. So, at one time, while they were resting in a valley, an English soldier amused himself by vexing a very large elephant, by thrusting a sort of spear, called a halberd, into the end of the elephant's proboscis, or snout. He did this two or three times, when

one of the persons standing nigh told him that the elephant was growing angry, and would probably kill him if he did not take care. He still tormented the poor beast, who, at last losing his patience, suddenly caught the imprudent soldier round the middle of his body with his proboscis, and, lifting him up many feet in the air, seemed as if he were going to throw him on the earth and crush him to death. But, instead of doing so, as he very easily might have done, the strong and generous creature set him down again as gently as possible, and without doing him the least harm; by which he shewed the foolish man, that he could have destroyed him had he pleased, but that he was too noble-minded to take revenge of any kind on one who was in his power.

HONOUR.

A FRENCH general was going, at the head of his army, through a certain part of Germany, to fight the army of another general. The French commander had written down the names of those parts of the country through which he intended to march. A German prince, afraid of having his fields and woods destroyed by the trampling of the men and horses of the French army, and knowing that the French general was exceedingly poor, sent him, by a messenger, a very large sack filled with gold coins, desiring the messenger to tell him that he might keep all the money to reward himself, if he would cause his soldiers not to march through the prince's lands.

The French general might have pretended that he *did* intend to march through the prince's country, because no one but himself knew what places he had written on his paper. But he, knowing that the prince's country was not mentioned in the list he had made, and being truly a man of honour, though very, very poor, sent back all the gold to the prince, and said he could not take a reward when he had not deserved one. And that night he went to bed in his tent without any supper, for he had not money enough to buy one; but it is reported that he slept soundly, because his heart was at ease, and he was pleased with himself for having done what was undoubtedly right.

SWIMMING.

ALL men should learn to swim, and should practise the art of swimming with clothes on them, and not naked as is constantly done. From want of use, a man who is plunged suddenly into deep water, with his clothes on, may be drowned, though the same person, if naked, could save himself by swimming.

There was once a great multitude of persons assembled in a large public square in Dublin, to see a gentleman mount into the air, seated in a car, or rather a kind of basket, fastened to an air-balloon. Among the spectators was the young and most beautiful Duchess of Rutland, who was extremely anxious to see the sight, and was exceedingly sorry, as every body else

was, on finding that the man who was to have gone up was so large and heavy, that the balloon could not rise when he was in the car. The disappointment was the greater, because the show was to have taken place on a very fine sunny day in summer, and many thousand persons were waiting to see what, in those times, hardly any one present had ever seen, as balloons had been but lately invented. The heavy gentleman left the car, and, at that moment, a light, thin young man, a student of the University of Dublin, wishing to please the Duchess and the crowd, and who had never before seen a balloon, jumped into the car, and desired the people standing round to loosen the ropes which held the balloon, and allow him to try if it could not carry *him* up. They accordingly let the ropes loose, and, to the great joy and

wonder of all who saw it, while bands of music played and the people shouted, the balloon rose, by degrees, high into the air, and remained for about four minutes directly over the square; the young gentleman, all the time, waving his hat and bowing his head to the multitudes under him. Just then the wind above caused the balloon to fly towards the sea, which, near Dublin, is very wide and deep. It flew nearly two miles into the air, and almost half the way across the ocean which divides Ireland from Britain, and then fell straight down from the sky into the water; when the car struck against the waves with such force as to throw the young man into the sea. Fortunately for him, he had taught himself to swim with his clothes on; there was no help at hand. He first swam as long as he could; he then floated on his back;

and at the end of about half an hour, when he was fainting and going to sink, he was seen by some sailors in a boat, who rowed up and saved him.

This brave youth was, on his return to Dublin, carried in triumph through the streets of that large city, in a gilded chair, and on the shoulders of his fellow-students of Trinity College, and was afterwards made a Knight by the Duke of Rutland : honours which he obtained by being a perfect master of the manly art of swimming.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.

THE country called *Switzerland* is beautiful, and seems intended by nature to be, what it has been for many ages, a place

for free men, and none but free men, to dwell in. With very high mountains on every side of it, Switzerland appears to be shut out from all the rest of the world, and to have within it every thing necessary for life, to a plain, laborious, and industrious people. In the bottom of almost every valley in this fine country there is a lake, which seems to be placed there, not only to afford excellent fish for food, but as it were to act the part of a looking-glass, and reflect, like a picture, the forests, vineyards, gardens, rocks, and pretty villages round each. And this is also remarkable in Switzerland; that, during the burning heat of summer, when in most other countries the poor suffer thirst from want of water, the country people there have plenty of the clearest and sweetest mountain streams; because, the more hot the sun-

beams are, the more they melt the snow on the mountain tops; and so rills of water are always running on every side in summer.

The people who live in this beautiful country are considered the happiest, the most innocent, and the most contented of any in the world. But there was a time, when, though innocent, they were the most miserable. How they came to be otherwise, and as happy as they are at present, remains to be told.

In former times, the *Burgundians* got possession of this fine country, and were cruel monsters over those to whom it properly belonged; but who had yet no enjoyment of all those blessings which nature had granted them, because they had not that, without which, men can never be happy; for, let the sun shine ever so

brightly, and the trees blossom and the flowers blow, slaves can take no pleasure in them. At last, one bold man, a Swiss by birth, who had never once left the valley in which he was bred, and who dearly loved his native land, as all the Swiss do, came out of his cottage on a summer's evening, and, calling his neighbours round him, made them a speech, in which he said—it was a pity that such tall, brave men as they were, who were so fond of their wives and little innocent children, and of the mountains, and valleys and clear rivers which God had given them, should be the slaves of men not so good as themselves; and, for his part, he had a long bow and a strong arm; and that if only a hundred of those who heard him, would but join with him, he thought others in the different valleys and hills

about them, would soon come and help them; when, he was certain, they could drive away their tyrants, and be once more free in their own country. This speech filled them with joy; they all thought how delightful it would be, if they could get rid of the cruel strangers, and live quietly in their cottages, and see their little children run about and play in their own gardens and meadows, without fear of being beaten and starved, and made to carry burdens by the barbarous Burgundians.

It was not possible to keep such a plan as this a secret: the tyrant, who commanded their enemies, heard of the meeting in the valley, and of the speech made to the people there by WILLIAM TELL, for such was the name of the orator who had addressed them, and who was immediately seized

by guards, bound with cords, and brought before the General, who reproached him for what he had done, and told him he should be put to death. The brave William then said that he had done what he did, out of love to his country, as well as to save his wife from the insults of the foreign soldiers, and his dear little son from being a slave. "Then," said the tyrant, "William Tell, you shall owe your life to that son of whom you are so fond; and thus it shall be: you shoot well with your bow, they say?" William answered that he did. "Bring forth his son!" said the tyrant; and the guards led forth a fine rosy-cheeked boy, with curly hair, who flew towards William, jumped into his arms, and shed tears of pleasure, calling out "My father, my father!" "Now," cried the tyrant, "William Tell, take your bow,

and let us all see how well you can use it, by shooting an arrow through an apple which I will place upon your boy's head." The unhappy father begged and prayed that it might not be so: the crowds about them, who were all Tell's friends and neighbours, moaned aloud at this cruel order, and tried to change the will of the foreign ruler: even his own guards were sorry, and called for mercy: But in vain! His hard heart was not to be moved. He declared that William should shoot, or see his dear boy put to death before his face. He was therefore forced to take his bow; and, more than that, was also forced to keep a steady hand, because his boy's life depended on this; and yet surely no one was ever so likely to tremble, as poor William Tell at such a terrible moment! He, however, called up all his firmness;

desired his boy to kneel down as the apple was put on his head, and to take care not to move: then, beseeching the people around to be silent, he drew out a sharp arrow, and first looking up to heaven, as if praying to God for courage, he took his best aim, and shot the apple through the very middle. Just then the people sent forth a loud, loud shout; and William Tell shut his eyes, for fear of seeing his dear child lie bleeding and dead before him; instead of which, the brave boy was safe and well; and, running over, sprang upon his father's neck, and by his embraces, brought him to himself, and prevailed on him to stand up, and look around. When he did so, he saw a joyful sight: his boy unhurt, the tyrant and soldiers going off ashamed, and thousands of his noble fellow-countrymen pursuing them with spears, and

swords, and poleaxes. A bloody battle followed, in which the valiant Tell was foremost; the Swiss gained a glorious victory, slaying or driving away every enemy they had, and thereby obtaining liberty, and peace, and happiness, for the lovely land of their birth. Such are the benefits Switzerland owes to her hero, William Tell.

FIRMNESS OF CHARACTER.

IN the year one thousand five hundred and forty-seven, or almost three hundred years ago, there lived in France a tradesman of some repute, who was settled, with his wife and family, in his house at a town called Meaux, near Paris, the capital of

France. This man was a leader and teacher among some persons, who, like himself, thought it right to worship God in a simple way, and not to use so many ceremonies as they did who followed the example of the Pope of Rome and the French king. He was told not to do this, but to imitate the King and his courtiers; and that if he still did so, he would be seized and put to death. But he said that he did what he believed to be right; that he had made a vow to God always to do what he thought right; and that he would rather die than change. He was therefore taken by soldiers, carrying spears, bows, arrows, and guns, into the market-place, a large square in front of his own house; there his clothes were pulled off; he was fastened with an iron chain round his body to a thick oaken post, and faggots of dry

sticks were placed about him, while many thousands of people stood looking at him, and at the preparations made for burning him alive. His eldest son, Francis, was at this time in a distant country, but his wife was with her husband; and because she staid faithfully with him, and said she thought whatever he did was right, she was commanded, as a punishment, to stand close to the stake to which her husband was bound, barefooted, and holding in her hand a heavy torch of wax. Presently, an officer came to the prisoner, and told him, if he would then change his resolution and desert his friends, his life would be spared; but if not, the fire would be immediately lighted. To which he replied, that he would not, but was determined rather to die. Some one near

him then offered him a draught of wine, to keep up his spirits; but he refused the wine, and desired that his wife should be allowed to give him a draught of cold water in a silver cup of his own: saying that water was drink strong enough for a brave man. He now cried in a loud voice that he drank to the success of his friends and his cause, gave back the cup to his wife to keep in memory of him; and making a signal to the guards to light the fire, he shut his mouth, closing his teeth, so as to bite off his tongue, the end of which he let fall from his lips on the ground; signifying that he disdained pain, and scorned to confess himself in any fault. Soon after, the flames rose above his head; and, although he was long dying, he suffered and perished without

uttering even a moan. The silver cup above mentioned has been preserved from generation to generation in the martyr's family, and is now in the possession of his descendant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THIS man was born and educated in America, a country far from England, and chiefly peopled by men and women born in Britain, but who had gone to live in North America for different reasons; mostly, because it was a cheaper place for poor persons to dwell in than England, Ireland, or Scotland, and because they could there have as much land for fields and gardens as they chose.

These people made meadows out of desert ground, and built houses of trees which they cut down. They at last had many towns, roads, fields of grass and corn, bridges, boats, and ships; and thousands of little children; and, from being poor and few, grew to be rich and many in number.

At length they were worth so much money, that several persons in England thought they had too much, and desired the Americans to send some to them. The Americans did so; and then they were desired to send more. They said they could not, without making themselves poor again. Then the English sent an army, with cannons and arms of all sorts, to force the Americans to give them money; and then the Americans and English quarrelled and fought, and killed each other.

The Americans, being farmers and poor country people, did not understand fighting; and though they tried to fight, that they might save their little children, and their women, and their old men, from being cruelly used by the English; yet, in the fight, they were commonly beaten.

George Washington, the man above-named, had been taught to fight, and was an officer of the American militia; and, being a very bold young man, with a very tender heart, he thought it a pity that the Americans, his fellow countrymen, should be overcome, only because they did not know how to fight; and he told them he would teach them what he knew of the art of war, if they would do as he ordered them. They promised to obey him willingly, but advised him not to venture to be their captain and friend, because the

English had declared that they would hang him by the neck whenever he should be taken, as he had said that he thought the Americans were hardly used. This made Washington say, that he was the more resolved to be their friend and leader, if they chose him to be so, and they chose him accordingly. Then many thousands came to him with such weapons as they could obtain; and he led them to battle, encouraging them to bear cold and hunger, and to pass the night without sleep, as he himself did, when they marched to fight; and taught them, when in battle, to imitate him, and stand firm when they saw the enemy coming, and not to turn back through fear of pain or death.

The Americans did as Washington directed; and, by degrees, learned to fight well. They agreed to call Washington

their General; and the American soldiers loved him as if he had been their common father; seeing that for their sakes he had ventured to lose, not only his fortune, but his life.

At length the English were overcome, and forced to leave America altogether; and Washington enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of knowing that he had assisted to make his country free.

If the Americans had wished to have a King, they would have fixed upon Washington to govern them; but he advised them to make their country a Commonwealth, and to govern themselves by means of what is called a Congress; that is, a number of men appointed by the people, on account of their honesty and good sense, to contrive laws for all. They followed his advice, and placed him as a

guardian over the Congress, styling him the President; a post he deserved, on account of his having proved himself one of the wisest, bravest, and truest friends of his country.

When he took his seat in the Senate, to direct the members of it, to receive foreign ambassadors, and do other public business, he wore a suit of black clothes; and, having a very solemn countenance, and speaking in a loud, slow, and distinct manner, he caused the assembly to appear exceedingly awful; while he himself was greatly respected, but not feared, as he had neither power nor inclination to do ill.

When not with the Congress, he lived happily with his wife, a good and discreet woman, in a country-house, built upon a hill, called Mount Vernon. There he dressed himself like a farmer; attended to

his cattle, gardens, and fields; and was hospitable, charitable, and cheerful. He was particularly well pleased when he could have at his dinner-table some of his old fellow-soldiers, who had been with him in the battles they had fought for liberty.

His amusement in his country retirement consisted chiefly in reading clever books, sent to America from England and France; and writing what might be of use to the people of America; and he wrote better than most men of his time. Like Julius Cæsar, of Rome, Washington was a great warrior, a renowned statesman, and a fine writer; but he had neither the ambition nor the other vices of Cæsar, and was, indeed, a much higher character; for he ventured death often and often for the sake of his native land; and, when by his means it became free, he refused to be the ruler,

but chose still to be the friend and servant of his country; and to live on his own moderate fortune, as a simple citizen.

This great man died after a very short sickness, when little more than sixty years old; fortunately possessing all his senses, and before the weakness of age had come on. He was still more fortunate in living to see his dear country prosperous as well as free; and to feel, in his last moments, that he had always done his duty, and that he was, what he deserved to be, respected and beloved.

THE FRENCH GENERAL LALLY.

ORME, the historian, in his account of the East Indies, frequently mentions *Colonel Caillaud*, as a very distinguished officer; he was an Irishman, in the British service, and afterwards became a brigadier-

general. He was a man of great courage, honour, and talents; and, having travelled much, and been present at many sieges and battles, was a very entertaining companion, and could relate several curious stories. Among these he used to tell the following extraordinary anecdote of Count *Lally*, who commanded the French army in India. He was in a town besieged by the English army, then commanded by Colonel *Caillaud*, who was one night, when the moon shone very brightly, walking about among his soldiers, when one of the artillery-men desired the Colonel to look down into a sort of garden in the enemy's town, and take notice of some men who were standing together. Colonel *Caillaud* looked, and plainly saw Count *Lally* talking to some of his officers. Then the English soldier shewed Colonel *Caillaud* that there was a cannon pointed exactly

towards the spot where the French commander stood, and asked his leave to fire, being sure of killing *Lally*, and thereby conquering the enemy. But Colonel Caillaud thought it would be a base and cowardly act to destroy another, especially his enemy, in such a treacherous manner, and ordered the soldier not to fire: and soon after General Lally and his officers went away. In a short time, as Caillaud foresaw, the town was taken, and Lally was brought to him as a prisoner of war, when Colonel Caillaud reminded him of the moonlight night, and told him how he might have killed him, and why he did not. Count Lally thanked his generous enemy for sparing him; and then informed him that he wished to go back to France; but as he had not money to pay his expenses, he asked Caillaud to lend him

some, which he immediately did, to the amount of more than twelve hundred pounds *sterling* : that is to say, what would be twelve hundred pounds in England. General Lally, before he sailed from India, sent Colonel Caillaud a very large and heavy chest, locked and secured with ropes, telling him that it contained his plate, meaning silver urns, bowls, spoons, &c. of more value than the money lent to him; desiring him to keep this treasure, and to sell it to pay himself, if he were not paid otherwise; adding that he was for ever Colonel Caillaud's grateful and faithful friend.

On arriving in France, Count Lally was put into prison, accused before a court of law of being a traitor (which he certainly was not), and, being condemned, was put to an ignominious death.

When Colonel Caillaud heard the news, and found there was no one to pay Count

Lally's debts, he thought it right to examine the great chest; and, on opening it, he discovered that it was entirely filled with large stones, not the smallest portion of silver plate being in it!

In telling this story, he used to say, that, rather than believe a soldier could be so mean as to cheat, he supposed some villains had deceived Lally, stolen his plate, and filled the chest with rubbish, as it was found. Caillaud wrote letters to the French government, mentioning all that had happened, and was at last paid from the treasury of France.

REAL FEELINGS.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. of whose dignity of mind and love of truth no acquaintance of his ever had a doubt, once told the writer the following extraordinary story.

When he was a captain in the eighty-fourth regiment of foot, and in the East Indies, under the command of Sir Eyre Coote, a soldier of one of the British regiments, having often deserted and been guilty of other crimes, was condemned to be shot. All the troops in the neighbourhood were ordered to attend and witness the execution of the terrible sentence passed on the soldier, who was brought out accordingly, with his coat off, his arms bound, and a handkerchief tied over his eyes. He was then desired to kneel down, and four resolute men were chosen from among the soldiers to shoot the prisoner; when one of them, trembling, begged the commanding officer not to order him to be one of those who were to shoot, because, he said, the prisoner and he were old friends, and had been long together in the same regiment, and he had not the heart to kill his comrade, though

he knew he deserved to die. The commander immediately excused the man from performing the cruel task, and chose another soldier in his place. The four thus, with loaded muskets, came close up to the condemned man, and while all around stood fixed and silent, fired into his breast. Their bullets passed through him, he fell flat, and the troops were directed to march slowly past the body, and take warning from the dreadful sight.

As they passed by, to the great amazement and terror of all, the man who had been shot stood up, crying out with a very loud voice, "Oh God, Oh God!" shewing not only that he was alive, but that he was suffering torture. At that moment, his friend, who had felt too much pain of mind to do the mournful duty of shooting him, felt still more for the agony of the wretched man; and instantly and boldly ran over to

him, and with a pistol shot him dead. This brave man's feelings were of the proper kind; not those of a weak, but of a noble person.

ECONOMY.

THERE was once a man, in Paris, so exceedingly poor, that he had not one farthing in his pockets; and so friendless, that he knew of no one who would give him any help. In this state of distress, he suffered more even than another would who understood some trade, for this miserable creature had not learned any. He had, however, good sense, and an honourable spirit; so he resolved to try if he could not contrive to live without knowing a trade, without begging, and without stealing. He therefore thought of the following new and ingenious way of gaining a livelihood.

He observed that in almost every street of the city of Paris, large printed papers of different kinds were pasted on the walls of houses and public buildings; and formed a plan, to be executed at night when most people were in their beds. Accordingly, he wandered about for the remainder of the day, bearing hunger and cold as well as he could; and as soon as the streets were dark and quiet, having provided himself with the handle of a carter's whip, which he had found, he proceeded through streets, lanes, and alleys, and pulled down so large a quantity of such old papers, (or *placards* as they are termed,) as he could reach, that he was scarcely able to lift the heap he had gathered. He did, however, lift and roll his papers up, and making them into a kind of bolster, laid it down in a corner, and slept on it till daybreak. When

morning came, he carried his papers to a baker's house, and offered them to the master, to heat his oven ; demanding a few pence in return, which the baker readily gave him. He divided the eight *sous* or halfpence given to him into three portions; allowing himself one penny for bread, twopence to purchase onions, and resolving to lay by the remaining penny as a store, or fund. He got water at the public fountains for nothing ; for his twopence he bought four large onions ; and eating only one of these with his pennyworth of bread, he put up the others in his bag to keep company with his penny. That night, he worked as hard in pulling down papers as he had done before ; and having succeeded rather better, slept as usual. The next morning he sold his collection to the baker for fourpence likewise, which he applied exactly as he had done the money he had first earned.

He continued in the same way, until at last he had the value of a shilling in his pocket, and so many onions to spare, that he strung them on a cord, and offered them for sale on one of the bridges of Paris, where he soon disposed of them for a good price. With the money thus obtained, he bought more, became a sort of fixed onion-merchant on the bridge, and, living frugally, as he had always done, was in a few months rich enough to buy a hand-barrow and fill it with onions, for the selling of which he now became renowned, and was employed by many owners of gardens to sell onions on their account; being paid largely by them for the cleverness and honesty with which he always acted.

It is said, that he increased his gains by other methods besides those already mentioned; two of which are sufficiently cu-

rious to deserve notice. One was, standing at the doors of the theatres, and watching until the moment when the company came out, at which time he would get into the crowd, enter the theatre, and with great quickness go through many parts of it, and pick up such *pins* as had fallen on the floor and benches. These soon amounted to so large a number, that he sold them to the milliners on very cheap terms; yet of course with profit to himself, because he obtained them for nothing. His other contrivance was one which, supposing the story to be true, was a proof of his ingenuity rather in saving than getting. He had always in his pocket a piece of broken glass bottle, and with this, when he thought no one saw him, he would shave off a little from any post or other stake of wood near him; and by degrees filling his bag with

these scrapings, used them to light his fire to warm himself, or boil his onions!

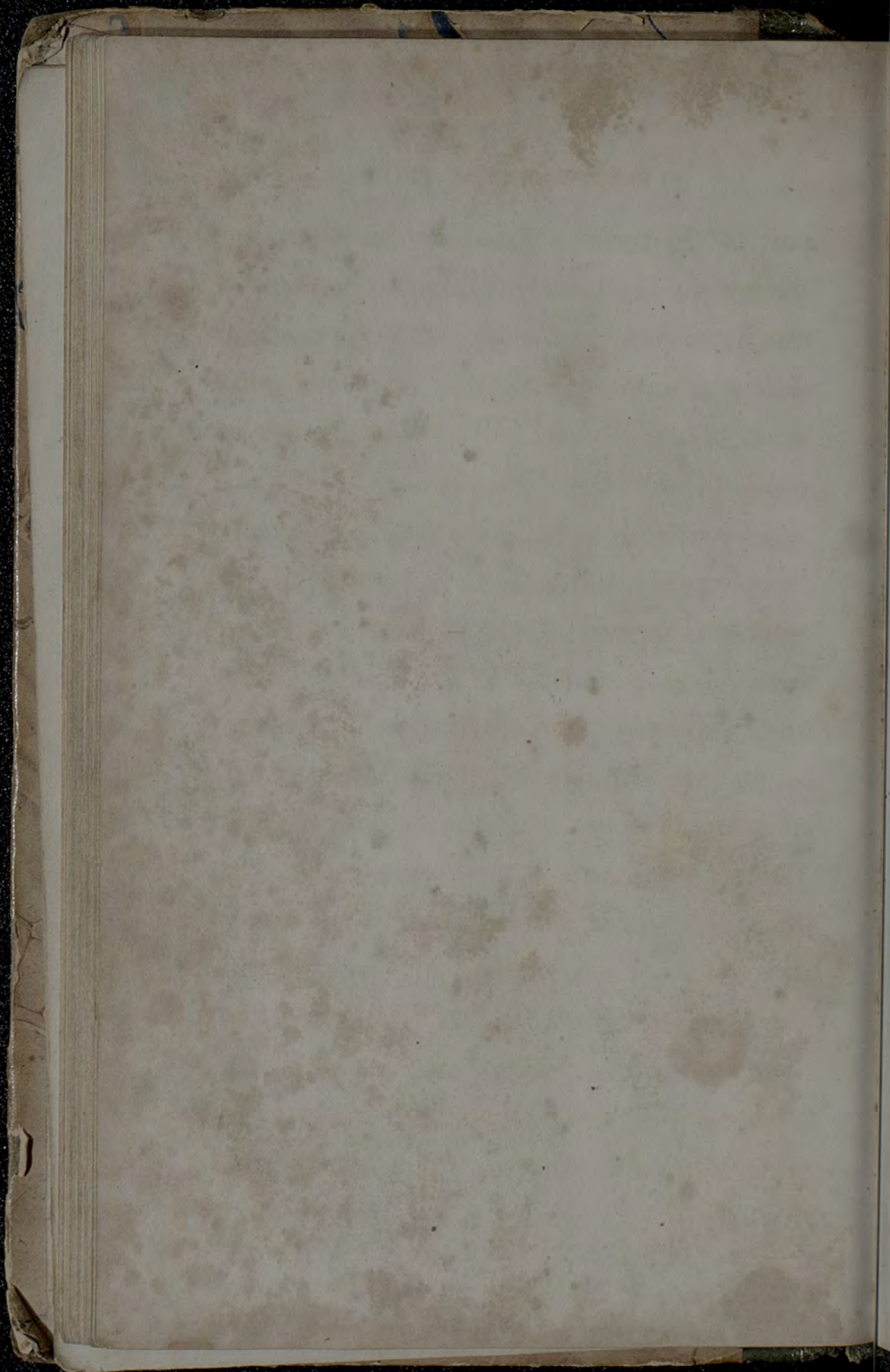
The consequence of all his industry and self-denial was what might be expected: he became very rich, and lived to ride many a time in his own coach through those very streets of Paris in which he had often strayed, cold, hungry, and forlorn.

As he was not lazy nor desponding in poverty, neither was he made, as too many are, hardhearted by riches. He passed his time in searching for the industrious poor, and gave among them one-half of his yearly income, to the end of his days.

FEROCITY OF THE TIGER.

COLONEL M. who had served several years in the army in the East Indies, gave the following account of an attack made upon what is called a royal tiger, in India. The word *royal* is used to describe a tiger of the largest and fiercest kind; and it appears that one day many of the poor native people came to the English camp, and told the officers that a great tiger had that morning rushed on them while at market, taken up a woman in his mouth, as a cat would take a bird or a mouse, and run off with his prey into the woods; and they begged the help of the soldiers to recover the woman, or at least her body, if killed. Four officers, of whom Colonel M. was one, and fifty men, armed with swords and muskets, marched immediately towards the





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part of the forest pointed out to them by the Indians, and, on reaching the place, saw the tiger lying stupified on the grass, and near him a rag of clothes, and one or two small bones, all that remained of the poor woman; the tiger having devoured her, and become sluggish from eating so much at one meal. The soldiers formed themselves into a sort of half circle, and so came nearer and nearer to the tiger, who, when they were at a distance of about twenty steps, rose up, faced them all, and roared aloud. Then many of the soldiers fired at him, and wounded him in one leg, so that he could neither run nor stand; and seeing this, six of the men went close to him, and all together thrust their bayonets (sharp daggers fixed to the muzzles of their guns), into the tiger's neck; but his strength was so great, that, although dying, he twisted

the iron bayonets as if they had been made of lead. When the animal was dead, they measured him, and found that his length was thirteen feet; that is, his body was more than ten feet long, and his tail nearly three. The soldiers took off his beautiful skin, as a present for their commander; and having cut out his four large tusks, gave one to each of the four officers who were with them. Each tusk was nearly seven inches, root and all, in length; and Colonel M. had his with him when he told the story.

LONG LIFE.

IN the year 1793, Lord Charles S. told the writer a circumstance which happened to him when young, and made a deep impression on his memory. He said that he

was at school at Eton, and about ten or twelve years of age, when, during a vacation, he paid a visit to Mr. Lenthall, who lived near Beaconsfield. On entering the room in which Mr. Lenthall received him, he observed an old man standing near Mr. L.'s table, and putting up some money just given him. Mr. Lenthall said, "My Lord, this man is of a great age, and can tell you of some strange things which he recollects." And then the old man told his Lordship that he had been a soldier in the time of the *Commonwealth*, and during the civil war in Oliver Cromwell's days, and that he was one of the guard in Whitehall, and stood close to the scaffold on the thirtieth of January 1648, or, as we reckon, 1649, at the execution of King Charles the First; of which, however, he remembered nothing more particular than

that there were great crowds of people present, and that they were perfectly *silent*: he also said, that he believed the day of the execution was gloomy, rainy, and cold. At the conclusion of the civil wars, he was discharged from the army, and a pension was paid to him by Mr. Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons in those times; and continuing a dependent on the Speaker's family, he had, when Lord C. S. saw him, been to get his pay from the Mr. Lenthall before mentioned, and who was descended from the Speaker. Lord C. S. who related this, was born about the year 1740; almost one hundred years after the death of King Charles. This old soldier, therefore, could not have been less than one hundred and twenty years of age, when he told his story.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HE was born in one of the towns of North America ; and, being the child of poor parents, it was necessary that he should earn his bread by labour of some kind, and begin to work as soon as possible. His mother taught him to read English (the language of America) ; and having, besides, learned a little of the arts of writing and ciphering at a small school, he was instructed, by his father, in the trade of a chandler, or maker of tallow candles. This he found a dirty business ; and, after a short time, removed to a printer's, remaining long enough with his master to allow of his understanding the art of printing perfectly.

While working at this trade, he thought of doing two or three very sensible things.

One was to eat only dry bread and drink nothing but water; by which means he gathered money out of his wages, to buy books for the improvement of his mind, and candles to read and write by; instead of expending what he earned, like the other workmen, in meat and beer. Another thought of his was to teach himself the rules of arithmetic, or the art of reckoning; and likewise to learn to write, that is, to compose essays like those written by Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addison in "The Spectator;" which, by degrees, and by closely studying their manner of writing, he at last could do somewhat to his own satisfaction.

He laboured continually till he thought himself able to write an essay for an American newspaper, which he accordingly did; and soon enjoyed the great

pleasure of reading in print what he had composed, and the greater pleasure of hearing his essay praised by some who were better judges of good writing than he was himself.

He shortly after this discovered a method of improving the machine used for printing; from which it appears that he was very ingenious, and that he was able to assist by his talents and advice those who were older than himself.

After this, he met with many adventures, and suffered various hardships. At length, the people of his country rose in arms against the British government; and Franklin, thinking his countrymen were in the right, declared himself their firm friend, and became their counsellor and adviser, as resolutely as Washington had become their general in battle.

The Americans prospered and grew into such consequence, that the King of France joined himself to them, treated them with great respect, and desired them to send the wisest and most honourable man among them to explain their situation and their wants to him.

The Americans, therefore, chose Benjamin Franklin for the purpose: and he went to Paris as ambassador from the United States of North America; performed all the duties of his high station with great ability; did every thing for the advantage of his native country; was the companion of princes and nobles; and gave instructions, in many things, to the statesmen and philosophers of Europe.

He lived to be a very old man; and died admired by the world, and esteemed and beloved by his country and his friends.

He divided his money between his own family, and that state of America in which he was born; and he did this so wisely, that, to this day, thousands of the poor are supported and educated, all over the land, by means of his legacy. He began the world miserably, but ended greatly, because he was humble, prudent, temperate, industrious, and honest.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

Two gentlemen were riding together on horseback, when one of them, observing the other was followed by a very ugly bandy-legged dog, laughed at his companion, and said he should be ashamed of being attended by such an ill-looking brute. The owner of the queer dog said

he knew he was ugly, but that he liked him for his cleverness, and that he would give him a proof of it. So, taking a half-crown piece from his pocket, he put a mark on it with his knife, dropped it in the dust, unobserved by the dog, and desired his friend to ride on; saying, that when they had gone to some distance, he would tell *Grouse* he had lost something, and that he must go back and find it; and that *Grouse* would be seen to do what he was ordered. When they had ridden nearly half a mile, his master called to his dog, and said, "*Grouse*, I have lost something; go back and bring it to me!" *Grouse* seemed to understand him perfectly; and first running once or twice round and round, he went back at full speed, while the gentlemen waited. But this they did to no purpose; and, growing

tired, resolved to ride on, and then go home; the owner of ugly *Grouse* being not a little mortified at the dog's behaviour in not returning to him with his half-crown, or even without it.

When he reached home, *Grouse* was not there, nor yet the next day. In the course, however, of that day, his master went to a coffee-house, or public room, where many different persons meet to talk to each other, and, sitting down at a table where two other gentlemen were conversing, he overheard one of them tell his companion that a very odd circumstance had happened to him that morning. He said, that while he lay in his bed at his lodging, he saw an exceedingly ugly, droll-looking dog, with a snub nose, a very large head, and bandy legs, come into his room, who, after staring at him for a moment, ran over to a chair

on which his clothes were lying, took up his breeches in his mouth, and scampered off with them as fast as possible! The gentleman added, that he had not seen either the thief or his breeches since.

The master of *Grouse* then said to the gentleman, "Pray, Sir, if I may be so free, excuse me, and allow me to ask, if you were not yesterday on such a road;" naming that where he himself had been. The gentleman answered that, indeed, he had been there; and remembered it, because he had found a half-crown piece lying in the dust, which he had taken up, and put into his pocket, but had not taken it out when he went to bed; and so, in losing his breeches, he had also lost the money. At the very moment, to the great amazement of the crowd in the coffee-room, and especially of *Grouse's* master, in came *Grouse* himself, with the

strange gentleman's breeches in his mouth! For he had traced his master to the coffee-house, and coming up to him, laid his prize at his feet. It would therefore appear, that *Grouse*, in searching for the article lost by his master, had only arrived in time to see the strange gentleman pick up and pocket the half-crown, and had never left him, till he went into his lodgings at night. He then lay near his door, and, watching his opportunity until next morning, did what has been related. The story, which is really said to be true, states, that all the gentlemen concerned were greatly astonished, and laughed heartily at the perseverance and cunning of poor *Grouse*.

AN IRISH CHIEFTAIN.

IN the year 1798, there was a great disturbance in Ireland; the poor of that country uniting in multitudes against the rich, and endeavouring, by means of swords, guns, and spears, to destroy them all, in revenge for the harm they thought the rich people had done to them. Some gentlemen joined the people when they first took up arms; and among these was one young man of the name of *Byrne*. He was tall, strong, and brave; and of a very cheerful temper, which the Irish are fond of; he was, therefore, soon chosen to be a captain, or chief, in that part of the country where he lived; and, on being appointed to lead the people to battle, he made a solemn promise never to forsake them, nor betray them to their enemies. He was him-

self, however, taken prisoner by some soldiers, and carried to a place where he was closely confined; and, being soon after tried, and proved to have been a chieftain of the people, was ordered to be put to death on the following morning, at an early hour.

Late in the night before Byrne was to suffer, while he was sitting alone in his prison-cell, and reflecting on the agony he was to endure the next day, when he was doomed to be strangled and beheaded, and, though a young, blooming, healthy man, to give up all his hopes in this world, to part for ever from family and friends, and never to see the grass and flowers grow, nor the sun shine again, a person of great power among his enemies, came suddenly before him, as he was sitting near a lighted lamp, and informed him, that if he would tell him the names of the other

chieftains, his comrades, and betray them, his own name should never be made known; that, instead of suffering the tortures of death, he should enjoy the delicious pleasures of life and liberty; and that he might have as much money to support him as he chose to write down on a paper, (which this officer thus placed before him,) though he should write down many thousand pounds. Byrne calmly heard him speak, and then (as the officer afterwards reported) smiling gently, told him, that he loved honour better than life; that he had promised his friends to be faithful to them, and would keep his promise and die. Accordingly, the next morning, he suffered death, as it was right he should, rather than destroy his friends that he might himself live.

A LESSON FOR A PRINCE.

THERE was in France, many years ago, a prince admired by every body for his courage, wit, accomplishments, and good sense. He had a son who was about eleven years old, whom he loved exceedingly, and wished greatly to see beloved and esteemed by others: the natural wish of a wise and affectionate father.

Now, it happened that the prince had occasion to go on an expedition with the army. He was, of course, obliged to leave his son behind; but he was sorry to part from him; and, telling him so, embraced him, and made him a present of a purse containing one hundred pieces of gold. He then proceeded with his soldiers, commanded in several battles, and was victorious in all; and at last, returning in tri-

umph, and was overjoyed to see his dear son again.

The young prince was not less pleased to see his father; he flew to meet him, told him how he had passed his time during their separation; and proudly shewed the prince his purse of gold, as full as it was when given to him, expecting to be praised for his saving disposition. His father was sorry to observe this; and asked him why he had not laid out some of the gold. He answered, that he wanted for nothing. "That may be," replied the father; "but, although you did not want, might not others have wanted?" He added no more, well knowing the danger of using many words to children; aware also how much more they think of what is done than of what is said, he walked to an open window just over

the public street, and shook out all the money from the purse upon the pavement below, that at least *some one* might gain from wealth which, while locked up, must be useless.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND SIR WALTER
RALEGH.

THE first-named of these was a statesman, the other a navigator; and both deserved to be called great and unfortunate. The former lived in the time of the tyrant King Henry the Eighth; the latter, in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James, who succeeded her on the throne. Both were men of good education, talents, and wit; both were celebrated writers; and both died the same kind of death; each of them being beheaded on a scaffold.

Both were unjustly treated, and both suffered death with courage; but one of them in a much more becoming manner than the other, as a short account of the execution of each will shew.

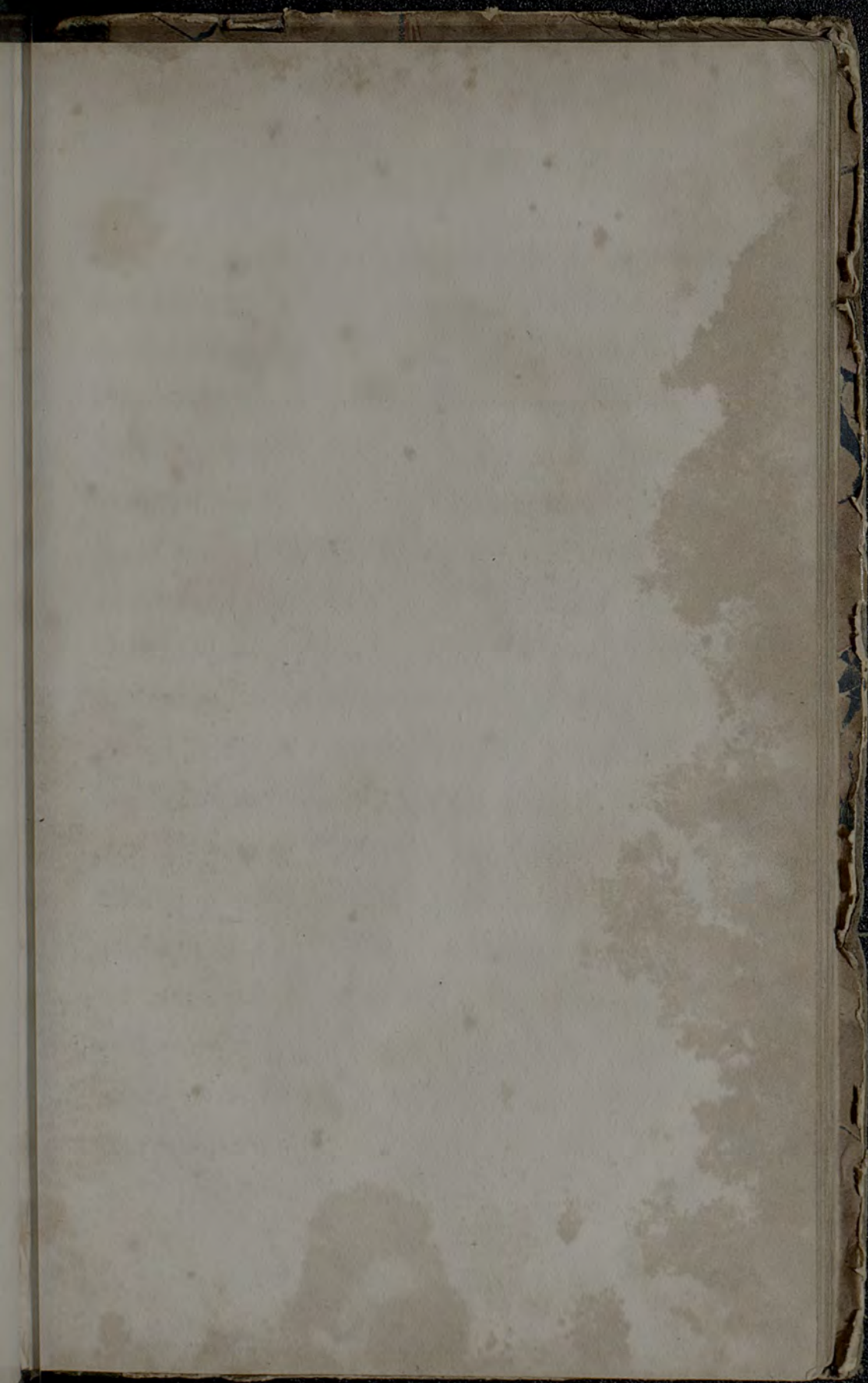
Sir Thomas More, being desired to prepare himself for death, made answer, that he was always prepared for what he knew all men must submit to: and, being resolved to convince the world that he despised the tyrant who ordered him to be executed, as well as the death he was to suffer, he became extremely merry on going out to the scaffold, saying several laughable things to the officer who guarded him, and to the man who was waiting with the axe to cut off his head: he jested to the very last moment, and might be said to die gaily.

Yet, in all this there was want of dig-

nity, and perhaps of true courage; because, had More not thought very much of death, and very much too of how he ought to appear on the occasion of suffering before multitudes of people; and had he been really indifferent as to his fate, he would have taken less pains about acting a part, as it were, when on the scaffold.

On the contrary, Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been a renowned warrior, and accustomed to danger, was so certain of his own firmness of character, that he did not suppose any one could doubt it; and so gave himself no trouble whatever as to how he should go through the same kind of death. On the morning of his last day of life, he spoke and acted exactly as he had always done; and to the very moment of laying down his head over the block of wood on which it was cut off, he was genteel,

graceful, and calm. One thing, indeed, he did just before he left his prison-room to walk to the scaffold, which has been thought a natural action on the part of a man quite at his ease, and careless whether he died or lived. He loved tobacco, and, calling for a pipe, smoked it for some minutes as quietly as he had often done at other times. But in this seemingly trifling act there is reason to believe that the great and gallant Raleigh intended to remind his country of the service he had done it, in taking possession of those islands in the West Indies where tobacco chiefly grows; and also that he wished to shew the contempt he felt in his dying hour, for the silly cowardly King James, who murdered him, and who was known to have a hatred both for the noble Sir Walter and for tobacco.





WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THIS Shakspeare was a very extraordinary person ; because, though he began the world without education, friends, money, or even a good character, he had such astonishing natural talents that his name is known and praised almost all over the earth ; insomuch that perhaps the name of no man that ever lived is so often spoken of as his.

He was the son of a woolcomber in the little town of Stratford, in Warwickshire, where he was born in the time of Queen Elizabeth, above two hundred and sixty years ago. When very young, he kept bad company, joining himself in society with a set of idlers, who prevailed on him to assist in stealing deer from the park of a neighbouring gentleman. In this crime

they were discovered, and fled in different ways to avoid the law; Shakspeare making choice of London for his place of concealment.

On arriving in town, he found his way to one of the theatres, where stage-plays were acted; and, in order to earn money, with which to buy bread, he there offered himself for hire, to hold the horses of such as rode to and from the playhouse. It was much the custom in those times to do this; for there were not coaches to be had then, as now; and, besides, the theatres were usually opened at one o'clock in the day, and the amusements were concluded at three or four; so that people might ride home mostly by daylight.

Shakspeare was so careful of the horses in his keeping, that he became known on this account; and having, at length, more

horses to watch than he could well manage, he gathered so much money, that, from staying outside the doors of the theatres, he was allowed to go in ; and, in the end, got some employment as an actor. As such, he never had any great fame ; but as a writer of plays for others to act, he had. Before he was fifty years of age, he wrote about forty plays of various kinds : some merry, some serious, and several taken from history, which have in them both merriment and sadness. All the pieces he composed shewed much cleverness ; and many of them more than could be found in any other writer. When he wrote in verse, his lines were always very sweet and harmonious ; and the characters he invented for his plays were commonly exact to nature, or what one would suppose to be nature, which is the same thing. He

had the art of making those who looked on at one of his mournful pieces, or *Tragedies*, feel afraid, or courageous, or sorrowful, just as he pleased; and would force people of the hardest hearts to tremble, sigh heavily, or weep bitterly.

But, with all this, he had, as a writer, many great faults; for some of which he deserves to be despised or hated by the wise and good. When he wished to make people laugh by his merry writings, he often wrote such filthy and vulgar words, as to shew that he was badly brought up, and had a dirty turn of mind; and that he could not contrive to be amusing and droll without being disgusting. He had, besides, a mean and pitiful soul: for instance, he knew perfectly well that King Richard the Third was a genteel looking, well formed man; that he did not commit all the

murders of which his enemies accused him; that he made some admirable laws during his short reign; that, among other clever and useful acts, he invented the plan of a post-office for sending letters from place to place; and that he was one of the ablest and bravest soldiers of the age he lived in. All this Shakspeare well knew; but he wished to flatter Queen Elizabeth, who was grand-daughter of the King who killed King Richard and took his throne; and therefore Shakspeare describes Richard as a crooked, blood-thirsty rogue, though he lived as near to the time of King Richard as we do to that of King George the Second, and must have known that Prince's true character.

On the other hand, Shakspeare describes King Henry the Eighth, who was Queen Elizabeth's father, as a pleasant, gay, godly,

just, and generous person ; while he and every one else knew that a much greater villain than Henry the Eighth never existed. He was a tyrant over his parliament and people ; he committed many dreadful murders ; and, after declaring himself a friend to the Pope, or Bishop of Rome, he then picked a quarrel with him, in order to rob all the churches and clergy of England.

These are proofs that Shakspeare was a base person ; but he was certainly a man of amazing abilities. After he had made as much money as he could, by writing plays and keeping a playhouse, he went back to the town where he was born, and lived decently with his wife and three daughters for some years. He had not any son, and was only about fifty-three years old when he died.

THE HARD FATE
OF ADMIRAL BYNG.

ADMIRAL BYNG was commander of a British fleet, in the latter part of the reign of King George the Second; when that king was at war with a foreign nation, and when great numbers of people in England expected to make large sums of money by conquering their enemies at sea. Now, it happened that at this very time the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Byng, had a battle with a fleet of the enemy, in which the English were not so successful as they had often been, nor as the people of England expected they would be; and a violent outcry arose against Admiral Byng, whom the people accused of being a coward. The Admiral was, in consequence, brought out to be

tried before what is termed a Court-martial; that is, a court composed of men, bred, like himself, to the management of ships of war. Before this court, the Admiral proved that, at least, he was not a coward; shewing, not only that he had, all his life, been distinguished as a remarkably brave man, but that he had been equally brave in this last battle, and had done his best. In the court that tried him, he had many enemies, who were forced to admit that he had shewn his courage sufficiently at other times, and that he was brave enough on the occasion for which he was tried; but they said he had not done all that might have been done to distress and destroy the enemy; and, though it was allowed he had done what he thought was best, yet the court determined, that not to know what was best to be done,

was a crime; and, wishing to please the vulgar people of the country, they persuaded the King to act as if he thought so too, and to approve of their sentence; which was, that Admiral Byng should be put to death. He was therefore, soon after receiving sentence, ordered to be shot on the quarter-deck of a large ship, on which great crowds of officers of the Navy, and of seamen who had fought often under the Admiral's command, were standing to see him suffer. Six soldiers, or Marines, as they are called on board of ships, were prepared with loaded muskets, to fire at the Admiral, who walked boldly up to them, and said, he wished to shew those who were looking on, that he was not afraid to face death; and desired that he might have leave to give the word to the soldiers to fire. But he looked so

steadily and bravely at them, that, although they were resolute old soldiers, they trembled at the sight of the Admiral's firm countenance, and said, they could not shoot, he looked so sternly at them. He was therefore obliged to submit to have a bandage put over his eyes; and when that was done, the men came very near him, and fired all at once into his bosom, on which he instantly fell dead.

Many of the roughest and hardiest sailors were seen to shed tears, like boys, at his unhappy fate; and he perished generally admired and lamented, even at the time. But, in a few years after, he was lamented still more; and now, every one is convinced that he was unjustly condemned and cruelly murdered.

It is but justice to mention, that all the persons concerned in the trial of Admiral

Byng were not of one mind on the occasion. There was a Captain in the Court, whose honourable name should be for ever remembered; he was called Forbes; and he made a declaration to the Court, to the King, and to all the people of England, that to condemn a brave and good man, like Admiral Byng, would be a disgrace to themselves in after times; and that he would rather die than say he approved of what they were doing. This gallant and wise man afterwards became himself an Admiral; and, living to be very old, had the satisfaction to find all people at last of his way of thinking, as to the cruelty and injustice of the sentence passed on Admiral Byng.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

ABOUT seventy years ago, there was a war in America, between the English and French, who had each an army in that country.

The English were commanded by a young and great General, whose name was *Wolfe*, who perceived that if he could but march with his men by one particular way, and up a steep mountain, he might reach the army of the French in a very short space of time, and by doing so, fight and probably conquer them. According to his plan, he resolved to march by night; and directed that, while he and his soldiers were mounting the steep hills, a Captain of his should endeavour to go along by the river below, and lead some boats full of soldiers by that way, so as to meet and

help Wolfe in the fight that was sure to take place at daybreak. This Captain's name was *Smith*, and Wolfe chose him, both on account of his courage and calm temper, for this terrible adventure.

What chiefly made it dangerous was, that the French had posted guards in different places on the side of the river, to watch the English, if they attempted to pass; and, by discovering them, put an end to Wolfe's plan, and possibly destroy his army. Captain Smith waited till the middle of the night; and, when it was very dark, having filled many boats with soldiers, and getting into the foremost boat himself, he set out. He had almost gone past the French sentinels, who were watching for their enemy, when one of them heard the noise of boats moving through the water; and, as might be expected,

called out aloud, according to the custom of guards, "Who goes there?" speaking in French, of course. Most fortunately, Captain Smith spoke French also, and, for an Englishman, spoke it well; and most fortunately, likewise, he was a clever, ready-minded man: he therefore answered instantly, in French, that they who were with him were "friends and soldiers." The Frenchman, not satisfied, cried out, "Of what regiment?" Captain Smith, remembering that there was a regiment called *the Queen's*, in the French army, replied, "The Queen's Regiment." The Frenchman then asked, "Whither they were going?" Poor Captain Smith was now nearly at his wits' end, but not quite so; for, instead of telling where he and his men were going, he thought of a trick to puzzle the Frenchman, and said, "Hold

your tongue, you silly fellow; if you make such a noise, the *English* will find us out, and we shall all be taken prisoners!"

His presence of mind saved him: the French sentinel, being deceived, allowed the English to pass; and by the rising of the sun, next morning, they joined General Wolfe on a very wide plain; where, immediately after, a great battle took place, in which the illustrious Wolfe, and the brave French General, whose name was Montcalm, were both slain; each dying honourably for his country. But the English completely won the victory, and took possession of all the land round about, which they have kept ever since.

BERTHOLDE.

THERE was, in former times, a King of the Island of Sicily. This King was very rich, powerful, and wise, and governed his people so well that they loved him greatly. But he found that to rule in such a manner as to please every body, was more than he could do; and that there were both gentlemen and ladies about his court who were discontented with him.

One particular cause of complaint against his Majesty, was, it seems, his fondness for a person of the name of *Bertholde*, in whose company the King enjoyed the greatest pleasure, and was accustomed even to ask advice of him in any difficult matter. This provoked the discontented courtiers, especially because *Bertholde* always walked about the royal palace in the dress of a

poor peasant, or country fellow; and could not be persuaded to put on embroidered clothes, like the other attendants on the court; he was, moreover, most frightfully ugly and badly shaped. But he was as remarkable for wisdom, honesty, and wit; which naturally caused him to be hated by most of the foolish and wicked people about him, who at last found means to persuade the King, by taking false oaths, that his poor friend Bertholde had committed a great crime, and that he ought to have him put to death.

The King doubted that he was guilty, but nevertheless gave orders that he should be hung in a neighbouring forest; yet did he lament him sorely, and wish that his own ingenuity might still help to save him from a fate so dreadful. When the day of Bertholde's sentence to die arrived, he was

led forth bound with cords, and surrounded by a troop of horse soldiers, who had directions to ride with him into the wood, and there execute him. Just then, Bertholde begged, as a favour to be allowed to take leave of the King, to which the King unwillingly consented; for it cut him to the heart to part with his dear, faithful Bertholde, who being permitted to approach his Majesty, kissed his hand, and said he had a petition to make. "Make it," replied the King, with tears in his eyes, "and be it what it may, I will grant it,—unless you wish for life—but, alas! you must die!"—"Oh, I know that," answered Bertholde, "and am resigned; all I ask is, that you, my King, and my true friend, will permit me to choose the tree on which I am to be hanged." The King said that he undoubtedly might; and that he did not

think it any great favour to give him his choice in so small a matter. But Bertholde knew well what he was about; for when he and the party of troopers guarding him, reached the wood, and when the rope to hang him was prepared, he was placed under a tree for the purpose of being tied up to it---there to end his days and his sorrows. Bertholde, however, said he did not, somehow, like that tree; and as his good master had given him his choice, he would try another. The soldiers trotted with him from tree to tree, almost all through the forest, and might have trotted till now; for Bertholde had a particular dislike to every tree at which they stopped. The troopers, half-dead with fatigue, went off one after another, till Bertholde was left alone, when he went off likewise, reached a peasant's cottage, and

there had his hands unbound, and got food and shelter for several weeks. In the mean time the troopers returned to the palace, and honestly told the King the truth, and what a trick Bertholde had played on them. At this the King was secretly rejoiced, and soon after openly said so; for he had discovered Bertholde's innocence, and cried out, that he would give a hundred pieces of gold to any one who would bring Bertholde alive before him.

Bertholde, who had friends as well as enemies at court, soon heard of the King's joy, and his offer of the reward. He therefore lost not a moment, but getting back privately to the palace, ran directly into the great hall, where the King and all his nobles were seated, fell at the foot of the throne, and desired the King to pay him the money; which his Majesty readily did,

and laughed heartily when he gave it to him ; being overjoyed at the return of one he loved so well, and whose advice was so useful to him. That it was so, the next anecdote of this ugly and extraordinary man will shew.

The King of Sicily, after much consideration, gave notice to his nobles that he was resolved on doing something of great consequence to all the people of his kingdom ; and informed the lords who were with him, at the time, that he would tell them what his intention was, if they would solemnly promise him not to tell their wives one word about it ; but not otherwise. The nobles readily gave the King the promise he desired ; the secret of state was revealed to them, and they went home. Some-

how or other, the wives of such as had wives, heard of what had passed, and tormented their husbands to make them break their promise to the King, and communicate the secret to them. This they honourably refused to do; but the ladies grew perfectly outrageous, raised riots among the citizens, and caused such disturbance in the Court, that the King was made quite miserable, and knew not what to think of in order to pacify the people, and force those turbulent women to behave properly. In his distress, he sent for Bertholde, told him how unhappy he was, and asked him what was the best thing to be done; crying out, "Even you, dear Bertholde, cannot help me now!"—"I am not sure that I can," answered Bertholde; "but I'm sure that I can try." And then he promised to consider what the King had said, and

probably contrive some plan before morning.

In the morning, before the King was up, Bertholde came into his room, locked the door, that no one might overhear what they were saying, and comforted his Majesty, by observing that he had thought of a way to put an end to the uproar which alarmed him. Accordingly, he shewed the King a small box made of wood, in which he had shut up a live sparrow; and advised the King to deliver the box to the wife of one of his great lords: tell her to keep it safely in her own possession, not let any one know she had it, not desire to find out what was in it, and to return it into his own hands next morning.

The King wondered and smiled; but, remembering the admirable good sense of Bertholde, did as he was advised. The

lady who got the box, was very proud of the compliment paid her by his Majesty ; so proud, indeed, that she could not help telling another lady, her particular friend, who also had a particular friend to let into the secret ; till, at last, all the court ladies knew it, and met together in a large apartment of the palace, merely, as they said, to examine the outside of the little box, and guess what was within. They guessed, and guessed again ; and then began to consider that they were nothing nearer to knowing what the box contained, unless they opened it.

After speaking for a long time in whispers, and walking on tiptoe all round the room, and thus gathering, in a crowd, in the middle of it, they agreed, that to die of curiosity was a dreadful and unnatural sort of death, and, if possible, worse than being

beheaded ; that the King could do no more than kill them after all ; and, in short, that, come what would of it, they would open the box.

The box they opened : and no sooner had they done so than a fat lively little bird, rejoiced to regain his liberty, flew out, and, making directly for the window, with the swiftness of lightning, flew quite away. At this, as may be supposed, the unhappy ladies were terrified beyond expression. The chief lady of the party, however, thought of getting another little bird, which would be no difficult matter, and, putting it into the box, give it, the next day, to the King, and say nothing of what had happened. This, at first, appeared likely to set every thing right ; but, unluckily, the poor ladies could by no means come to one opinion as to what kind of

bird it was which had flown so quickly out of their sight. The King would know, though they did not; and were they to present his Majesty with a wrong bird, they were sure to be detected.

Guessing was now even harder than before: one said she was certain the bird which fled was a goldfinch; another, that it was a bullfinch: this lady argued in favour of a sparrow, and that lady was ready to swear it was a tom-tit:—but disputes were useless—they were in despair—the day was wearing away—and, although they detested Bertholde, they knew how wise he was, and, in their distress, sent for him. Bertholde, who only waited for this, soon came, and, pretending to be greatly astonished and alarmed at the frightful situation in which he found them, offered to go instantly, and, if possible, obtain their pardon from the King; if they,

on their part, would promise to become perfectly well behaved, and never again ask to be made acquainted with secrets of state. In their terror, the ladies promised every thing; the King, who saw all the cleverness of Bertholde's contrivance, was no longer afraid of being forced to tell the courtiers' wives what he was going to do, and once more had peace within the walls of his palace; for which, and for many other reasons, he loved and cherished Bertholde to his dying day.

THE GENEROUS DOG.

THE country of Wales is perhaps altogether the most beautiful part of Great Britain, containing very high mountains, large woods, deep green valleys, winding

streams, clear and fast-running rivers, and many grand ruins of abbeys and castles of former days.

These fine ruins of castles were once places where princes and powerful lords lived merrily ; and they used to ride about in the hills and forests near them, chiefly in order to hunt wolves, which, in those old times, were in such numbers in Wales, that every gentleman kept at least two or three very large strong dogs, to defend both their flocks and themselves from the attacks of these fierce wild beasts.

Now, there was among the great men in Wales, at that time, a lord or prince, whose name was Howel, the owner of a high castle, which stood where many trees grew, and mountains rose on every side. He had a little son, not more than three years old, of whom he was passionately

fond ; and an amazingly large courageous dog, of which he was almost as fond as he was of young Howel, his son. The great dog too was very fond of the little boy, as well as of his father ; would carry the child on his back round the courtyard of the castle ; and, in fact, never liked to leave him, unless to go and hunt wolves with Prince Howel, his master. But this he did like greatly, and would bark and jump for joy, when, early in the morning, he saw the horses pacing up and down before the castle gates, and the Prince dressed in a suit of thick leather, like brown armour, with gilded spurs on his heels, a shining sword by his side, and a spear in his hand.

One morning, just as the sun began to blaire above the mountains, the Prince made ready for his favourite sport, and

expected to see Luath, which was the great dog's name, prepared, as usual, to run before his horse, and give notice when they came near the place where the wolves generally were: but, to his wonder and vexation, Luath stood still, looked almost angrily at his beloved master, and by his manner shewed that he was resolved not to attend him. The Prince, though much surprised, went off without him, and hunted for the greater part of the day, but returned at night to his castle fatigued and in low spirits; for his sport was dull without the company of his dog; and, indeed, during his ride, he thought more of his son, the little Howel, and of what he imagined to be the base ingratitude of Luath, than he did of any thing else.

According to his custom, no sooner was he in the castle again, than he ran up the great

staircase, to look for, and kiss and play with his little boy ; but instead of finding him, with his arms held out ready to receive his father, as he expected, he saw the child's bed much tossed and tumbled, and stained with blood ; and Luath, more bloody still than the clothes he was looking at, and with anger and terror in his eyes, standing near what he thought was the dead body of his dear boy. Despair and fury seized upon the mind of the unhappy Prince ; he drew his sword, and, reproaching Luath for his treachery and cruelty, stabbed him deeply two or three times ! Notwithstanding his hurts, the poor afflicted animal crept to his master's feet, licked the hand of the Prince which had given him his wounds, and, after moaning once or twice, lay down and died.

At that melancholy moment, Prince Howel thought he had heard something stir on the bed, and, turning towards it, saw his dear boy just awaking from a sound sleep, and in perfect health; and then observed, that near the child there lay an enormous large dead wolf!

He at once understood the fatal truth. The noble Luath had known that the wolf was watching near the castle to seize the little Howel; had staid at home to defend the precious child he loved so well; had fought and slain the terrible creature; had saved his favourite for his master's sake; and that master, in a passionate mistake, had killed him.

It is said, that Prince Howel made a grave and a monument for his brave and generous dog; and, though he lived many years, and saw his son grow to be a man,

it is also said he was never known to smile again.

THE APE THE BEST DOCTOR.

THERE was an English gentleman, who had lived several years in the East Indies, and, while there, took great pleasure in studying what is called natural history; that is, the natures of the many birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles, of the country. He could the easier do this, because near the place where he lived was a huge forest, in which there was every sort of tree which grows in India, and two or three large lakes. Among the trees in this forest, some were of a most extraordinary kind, called the *Banyan* tree, which, though a single tree, was in itself,

at one and the same time, like both a grove and a great temple. The stem is very thick, and the branches very long; but these branches, when they grow to a certain length, bend down towards the ground, and, as soon as they reach the earth, get each a root, grow into trees with branches, and these again drooping get roots likewise: so that one tree has many green lanes arched over head, which may be compared to the long passages in an old cathedral. Now, in one of the largest of these surprising trees, creatures of different kinds lived and brought up their young; but most especially it was frequented by a race of apes, a large sort of monkeys without tails; which, though they go on all fours, have not, in fact, any feet, but rather four hands; as they can hold a branch, or lift up fruit and other things

with what we should call the hind foot, precisely the same as a man could with his fingers and thumb.

The English gentleman was delighted to watch these creatures, to see them play with their little ones, teach them to jump from branch to branch, or punish them when they did wrong. At last, the time came for his returning to Europe; when he felt more sorrow in leaving his old friends, the monkeys, than any other thing in the country, and resolved to pay them a parting visit.

As he was a kind-hearted man, and had never done the poor brutes the slightest harm, they were by no means afraid of him: on the contrary, when they saw him come towards their haunts, they used to crowd the tops of their great tree, peep out at him, and chatter with a most surprising noise.

On the morning of his bidding them farewell, he had provided himself with a quantity of small fruit to throw among them, knowing that the moment his back was turned they would come down and eat it; but now, as soon as he stood near the tree, one large ape boldly came towards him, and even followed him about closely, as if he had a mind either to pick his pocket or go home with him. To this the gentleman made no sort of objection; and, to his astonishment, Jacko, as he called him, actually attended him to his house. There he coaxed and petted him excessively; and instead of tying him up, left him at liberty to go or come as he pleased. But so far was Jacko from going away, that he would hardly quit the gentleman for a minute, day or night; and there is little doubt that had he left the poor ape behind when he

went on board the ship to return to his own country, Jacko would have died of grief.

During the voyage, his master had a snug bed made for his affectionate wild friend in his own cabin ; and the two were happy in each other's company while the voyage lasted, which was about five months.

THE STORY OF THE APE

CONCLUDED.

THE gentleman and his ape arrived safe in England, and, by a lucky chance, in the very part of the country in which the gentleman was born, and where he intended to settle for the remainder of his days.

He had money enough to live comforta-

bly in a fine house surrounded by gardens; and there he fixed himself. But he had neither wife nor child; and had been so long abroad, that he had not even one relation or old acquaintance left; so that, although he had several neighbours, who called on him now and then, and to whom he paid visits; yet, on the whole, his life was dull and dismal; or, at least, would have often been so, but for the constant affection of the faithful Jacko, whose droll tricks, friskiness, and merry looks, amused him greatly.

Jacko, like all his tribe, was certainly fond of doing mischief; that is to say, he could not endure to be idle; and would rather do wrong, than not do something. Many stories were told of him to his master by the servants; some of which were true, and others not. For instance, when

they, through carelessness, had broken plates and dishes, they accused Jacko, because once or twice he had broken some. They even charged him with stealing, which he never did; and at one time they carried their ill-will so far as to declare, that if the cook had not arrived at the moment, Jacko had caught the cat by the back of the neck, and was going to put her into a pot of boiling water: but this, there is reason to believe, was altogether the cook's invention to ruin Jacko's character. To tell the truth, the old gentleman had but a very bad set of servants: like other rich old bachelors, he had about him too many people who had not employment enough, and passed most of their time in eating, drinking, and cheating their master.

It happened at length, that the gentleman was seized with a fit of sickness, and

growing very ill, sent for an apothecary, who knew more than apothecaries often do, for he knew the sick man's disorder, though not how to cure him.

The disease was of a most alarming kind, called a quinsey, or swelling of the throat, of which the person who has it must die unless soon cured; as, with a quinsey, it is impossible to breathe; and without drawing breath, none can live. The apothecary was not clever enough to help the unhappy sick gentleman, who grew so bad, that at last he lay without motion, and with his eyes almost closed; so that his wicked and cunning servants supposed him all the same as dead, and began to steal every thing in his room on which they could put their hands. They walked off with his watch, his clothes, and even the very chairs, tables, carpets,

and bed-curtains; for they were all in a plot together; and knew that the monkey Jacko, though he did not assist, could not tell stories of them. The miserable old gentleman saw plainly enough what was going on; but was unable either to move or speak, being nearly suffocated by the swelling in his throat; when, at that instant, Jacko, whom he had not seen for some time in his apartment, put in his sooty head, and cast his little sparkling eyes on all the vacant places in the room, as if he meant to say, "Ay, ay; they have taken all they could!" Then slyly coming over to his master's bed-side, he thrust forth his paw and snatched off the old gentleman's red nightcap, which he first put upon his own black pate; then gravely walked to the door, and, in imitation of the other deserters, made his master a very

low bow; as much as to say, "I'm off too!" But the drollery of the action, and the expression of the ape's face, quite overcame the sadness of the sick man, bad as he was: he could not resist bursting into a most violent fit of laughing, which instantly broke the swelling in his throat, and as instantly restored both his breath and his voice.

Jacko, hearing his dear master speak once more, soon ran back to him, and returned him his nightcap, embracing him a thousand times, and leaping about as if he would have gone mad with joy.

The apothecary then appeared, and gave his best advice; in a few days the gentleman was completely recovered, got a set of good servants in place of his bad ones, and lived many years afterwards to shew, by constant kindness, his love and grati-

tude towards the affectionate ape to whom he owed so much.

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

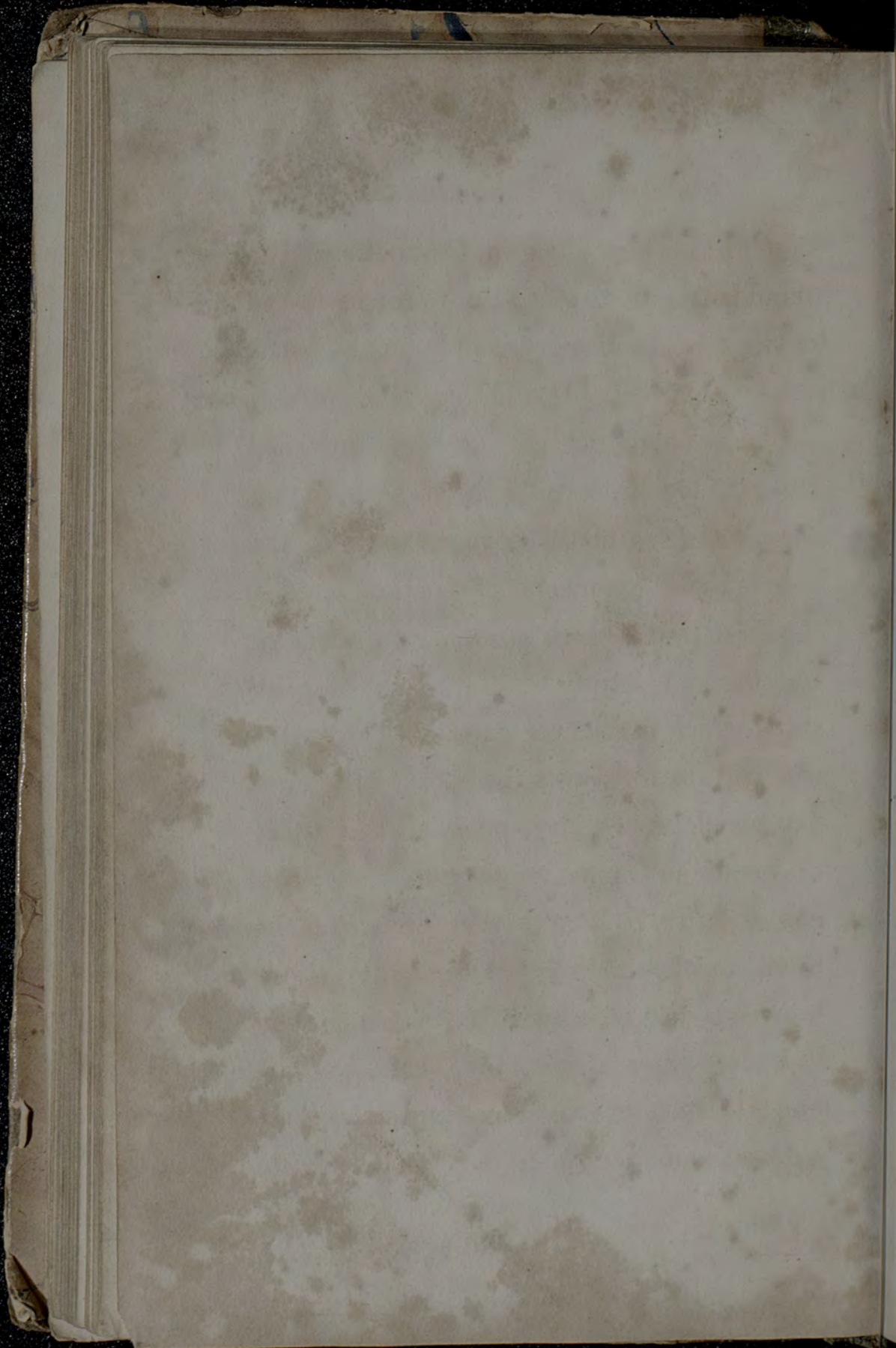
IN the northern part of Ireland, there is a city, called Derry, or more properly Londonderry ; a name given to it by some families from London who originally settled there, and wished to keep in memory the great capital city of England, from which they came.

These Londoners, and their friends and relations were, in religious matters, what are termed *Protestants*, like the English in general, and at variance with the *Roman Catholics*, which the Irish mostly are. Now, the King of England, about a hundred and forty years ago, being a Roman Catholic himself, encouraged the Irish

greatly, and was unfriendly to the Protestant part of his subjects, who therefore invited a Protestant prince to come from Holland and command their armies, and make war against James, the Catholic king. The Protestant prince, whose name was William, came accordingly, and helped to drive away King James, who at first fled to France, but afterwards went to Ireland, where he had friends and an army, who fought some battles for him, and took possession of several towns.

Among the rest, they tried to take Londonderry; but found it impossible to force their way into that city, because the apprentices and inhabitants generally shut the gates and kept the Irish out. The Irish troops then endeavoured to starve the people within, and for this purpose placed a great number of soldiers as near the town walls as they





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dared to go, that they might shoot any who should attempt to escape, or to convey bread or meat to the hungry people in the town. And, as on one side of Derry the sea flows up, they there stretched a very long and thick chain of iron across the harbour, so that English ships could not pass to give the people food by means of boats; besides, the Irish and French had ships outside of the harbour, ready to fight any English ships which came near enough. Most dismal and dreadful was the state of the hungry people in the city, when all their store of bread and meat was gone; yet, they chose rather to starve than give up the town to the enemy. And many, many hundreds died of hunger, but not until they had eaten their horses, dogs, cats, the rats and the mice of the place, and even their saddles, boots, and shoes, which, being made

of skins, would, when boiled, serve as a sort of food for a little while.

At length their misery became so great, that only some of them, and those the strongest of the soldiers, could just crawl early in the morning to the walls, and there stray about like shadows rather than men, they were worn so thin; and, lifting up their withered arms in the air, cry and moan for food, and for help from their English friends. One day, and just at sun-rise, when all who were able to go there had mounted as usual to their post upon the walls, they saw a stout ship with English colours flying, making towards the town, and trying, by rushing against the great chain, to break it asunder, and get to them.

Their last hope depended on this attempt of the English ship; and dreadful

indeed was their anxiety when they likewise saw her, at the same moment, driven back to sea by the strength of the chain, and fired upon by a large French ship! The English ship, of course, fired at the French, and a long and fierce battle followed. It is not easy to imagine any thing so horrible as the terror of the unhappy, starving people, while the fight lasted; as they knew that if the French ship should win the victory, they must then all be lost.

They fell upon their knees and prayed for the success of their friends; and trembled, and screamed as loud as they could every time they heard the thundering noise of the cannons, and the shouts of the seamen, from the midst of flashes of fire and clouds of smoke. But, by and by, they heard great cheering from one of the ships; and

as the smoke cleared away, they saw what made them nearly mad with astonishment and joy ! They saw the French ship looking like a great black boat, without a mast, and rolling about in the water ; while the English man-of-war, with colours flying, drove against and snapped the iron chain, and immediately after, came close up to Derry walls. This ship was followed by several more, all laden with provisions of every kind ; the poor thin creatures in the city once more had plenty to eat and drink ; and, to complete their happiness, their enemies on all sides went off, and left them to enjoy the liberty they had so dearly earned.

THE GOOD SON.

SOME years ago, in a small town, or rather village, in England, there lived a clergyman, who had the care of a parish in the neighbourhood. He was married to a very gentle and amiable young lady, and had a son, who, at the time when this history begins, was about five years old. They lived in a neat and pretty small house, which they called Primrose Cottage, because it was originally of the colour of a primrose; though afterwards it was hardly possible to know the colour of the building, as it was nearly covered with ivy and honeysuckle. Here they lived; poor, but contented and happy, because they were both good, and greatly beloved. The wife was loved, because she used to help the sick and needy with physic and cheap

food; and now and then by giving a piece of flannel or linen to such as wanted clothes in the winter-time for themselves, or their little ones: and by her way of doing all this, and a civil manner of speaking to the people, she won their hearts still more. The clergyman, on his side, gained general respect and good will by doing all his duties, public and private, with perfect regularity, and as if he took true pleasure in these, and in nothing else. He was a real priest of the Church of England, and used no new forms or fashions in praying or preaching: with the sorrowful and the dying among his flock, he was sad and solemn; and, when he could not console them otherwise, would shew that he at least felt for their misfortunes. But with the young, the gay, and the happy, he seemed happy and gay himself, and en-

couraged them in their sports and games; and when they played cricket or football, or danced, he would look on delighted, as he sat in his green arm-chair on the little grassplat before his own door; while his wife worked at her needle, seated near him; and their healthy, cheerful boy played in their sight.

These were their joyful times: both were young; and, if they had not fortune, they had hope to enliven them; and when they had an hour to spare from their different duties, they passed that hour in laying plans for the happiness of their dear child.

One day, however, the clergyman, on coming home after the church service was over, was silent and pale; he went to bed early; the next morning, he could not rise; and in four days more, he was dead.

And now woe came where joy had been, and weeping instead of smiles; and where all before had been hope, there was now nothing but despair. A new clergyman arrived to fill the place of the last; and the poor, forlorn, and friendless mother was obliged to lead her innocent boy by the hand from what was no longer their own door, and to bid farewell for ever to the Primrose Cottage.

THE GOOD SON.

CONTINUED.

NOTHING can well be imagined more miserable than the unhappy widow. In losing her husband, she had lost her protector and her beloved companion—all her power of doing good to others—and almost

all her means of supporting herself, and one she loved more than herself, her little son.

She had no friends, except among the poor, who can be of no use to such as are poor like themselves; and she had scarcely any money to hire a lodging, or buy a meal to eat. But something she must do; and therefore she went to the house of a humble farmer, a good man, who had known her in better times, and he readily agreed to give her shelter in a small room that looked out on an orchard at the back of his house, in which there was a bed for herself, and, in a little closet behind it, a crib for her boy.

It was also settled that they should share the plain food which the farmer and his wife were contented to eat; and, by way of paying for these comforts, the poor

lady undertook to do as much for them as she was able to perform. By degrees, she made herself useful; and she was so gentle, and so sweet-tempered, and had so little pride, that at last they perceived they could not live happily without her.

Any spare time she had, she employed in teaching her boy to read and write; and when, at night, he was in bed and asleep, and she thought no one observed her, she would, many a time, sit down and weep; then pray to God for pity, and at length go to sleep herself. In this manner, and walking with her boy in the orchard, and conversing with the farmer and his dame, and seldom being heard of, or spoken to, by any body else, some years passed over.

Her son was not only the chief object of

her affection, but her constant companion ; and so fond was he of his mother, and so grateful to her (the proof of his having a noble mind), that he would hardly ever leave her ; and while he was seated by her side, as children must do something, he used to amuse himself with cutting little bits of wood into different shapes, or moulding a lump of bees' wax, which the farmer had given him, into the resemblance, as he thought, of birds, cows, &c. He at last finished the likeness of a goat in wax, so much to the satisfaction of his friends, that the farmer grew proud of shewing the little figure to gentlemen and others passing by.

One day, a thin old man, dressed in very poor clothes, stopped for many minutes to look at the *goat*, as it stood in the

parlour window ; and presently coming in, asked very humbly to be allowed to examine the waxen figure : the farmer was pleased with this, and said, “ Sit down, old man, and look at it as long as you like ; and take a glass of strong beer, to refresh you.” The old stranger, sitting down, refused the beer, with many thanks ; but desired the farmer to tell him, if possible, who made the goat. The farmer said he would soon do that ; and, calling the boy from his mother’s little room, introduced him to the old man, who made many inquiries about him, as who he was ; how old ; and who was his teacher ? The boy answered, that he lived with his mother, at the house of the good farmer, where they then were ; that he was nine years of age ; and had learned to read and write from his mother ; but had not been taught to carve or mould by any one.

The stranger then asked, with great humility, to see his mother, who immediately came out to him, and repeated the information the boy had already given him. The old man said he seemed a good child, and rather ingenious; that he himself had once, in his better days, a turn for carving sticks and stones, and liked any thing of the kind; that he knew a stone mason in the next village, who would, he thought, give the poor boy something to do in his way, if his mother had no objection; and that, with her leave, he would speak of him to the mason, on his road home.

The boy, who seldom smiled, smiled now at the notion of having something large to carve: the mother was thankful to the old stranger; only she was rather sad at the thought of her boy being absent from her for some hours every day,

as he must be if employed ; but the good-hearted farmer and his wife advised her not to refuse the offer, if the mason would agree to the old man's plan ; and so he went away.

THE GOOD SON.

CONCLUDED.

IN a few days after this visit from the poor old stranger, the boy's mother received a letter, signed N. but nothing more, telling her, that if her son would go along with the messenger who left the letter, he would take him to the mason they had spoken of together ; and as the distance was but about half a mile, the exercise of walking would do him good. A decent-looking countryman waited for him ; the mother sighed, but let him go ; the boy

went, half joyful, half melancholy ; and the farmer, who greatly liked the child, would go with him, and promised to bring him back, on his return from market.

For several months, this obedient child continued to attend his master, the mason, and was always regular in returning to his mother at the end of three or four hours each day. To her, the first sound of his foot and sight of his face were always welcome ; he was as respectful and tender towards her as ever ; and, in fact, in nothing was he changed, except in what is now to be mentioned : he said, he was exceedingly fond of the work he had to do, and that his master praised him ; but still he made a sort of secret of what he was doing while away. He was a boy of an uncommon character, and had the serious face, and the sensible words in talking, of boys

three years older than himself; insomuch, that his observing mother felt a sort of respect for him, and allowed him to keep his secret as long as he chose.

Some more time had passed in this manner, when, towards the sunset of a fine summer's day, as the melancholy widow was sitting outside of the cottage door, now and then talking to her son, and often looking up at the streaks of crimson and gold which adorned the sky, the farmer came home much later than he usually did, and said he had a letter for mistress, which he was desired to give into her own hands. The widow took the letter into her apartment; but presently afterwards rather ran than walked out again, giving the letter to the farmer and his wife to read; while she herself, shedding many tears, threw her arms round her boy's

neck, and kissed his cheeks, crying out, "My dear, my excellent child!"

The farmer, having read the letter, seemed as much astonished and rejoiced as she herself was. And it was no wonder that those who loved the boy, and wished him well, should be pleased with the news in the letter! It was, as before, signed N. and informed the delighted mother that her son had made a model in clay for a statue, and sent his performance to him in London; that he had shewn it to several great judges of the art; and that they, as a reward, had sent the mother, for the use of her clever boy, the sum of *fifty* pounds.

This was indeed a sum much larger than she had been mistress of for many a long day, and at once gave her independency.

Her generous, and now proud and hap-

py boy, put a bank-note for the money into his mother's hand; and was going to speak, but could not; some tears fell from his eyes on his mother's cheek as she embraced him; and both went—as the mother said—to walk together in the orchard; but perhaps it was to sit down and weep for joy.

They could now afford, in some measure, to reward the kind farmer and his wife for their former friendly behaviour, by making them a handsome present; and accordingly the widow bought a fine, but not too fine a gown for the wife, and a most beautiful young spotted cow for her husband.

But wonders, instead of ending with what had just happened, were only beginning. In a year or two after, the ingenious youth, who was more and more

pleased with his employment, made a statue of white marble, and wrote to his friend N. to tell him what he had done, and to say he was ashamed to shew his work to any one except to him; but greatly wished that he could see it.

In about a fortnight from this, as he was returning to the cottage after finishing his work for the day, and had just reached the door, he heard the noise of carriage wheels; and scarcely had he entered, and while he was yet holding his mother's hand in his, a chariot drove up and stopped; a servant in rich livery opened the carriage door, and, to the utter amazement of the boy, his mother, the farmer and his wife, out of the carriage came poor old N., (for they knew him by no other name,) dressed much as before; and, as before, civil and humble in his look

and way of speaking. He shook hands with them all round; and, seating himself, said, "This time I will take a glass of your beer, farmer: I have rather a long story to tell; that is, a long one for me, as I am not fond of using many words." And then, having drunk his beer, and had a little bread and cheese, he proceeded; addressing himself, with great respect, chiefly to the boy's mother. "As you have been in London, Madam, you may have seen such and such marble statues," which he mentioned. She said, she well remembered them, and how beauteous they were. "Well, Madam," said he, "they were made by me; as were some others, which you may not have seen: I have obtained a little fame, a good deal of money, and some share of credit among persons of consequence in town, who are

pleased to say that I understand my art; and they generally shew favour to any one whom I recommend. I formerly suspected that your son had genius; a gift few have: I have long been satisfied that he had great talents; and, unknown to him, have examined a piece of sculpture he has just finished, and shewn it to better judges than myself." Then turning towards the young man, he added, "And I now have the pleasure to present him with the price which the King himself has commanded me to pay him for the beautiful statue he has made, and which I shall take with me to London to be placed in the Royal Palace. The money, my young friend, is one thousand guineas; a large sum, but not too much for the work of genius you have produced, nor for the wise and generous use I know you will make of it."

The rest of the youth's story is easily told: he soon made a great fortune, and gained such renown, that a statue by him reflected honour on his country. He rendered his beloved mother as happy as her son's virtuous name, and the wealth he shared with her, could make her; enriched the good farmer and his wife to their heart's content; and never, for a day, forgot his debt of love and gratitude to the OLD STRANGER.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

IN a certain part of Devonshire, and several years ago, there lived a clergyman, of the name of Reynolds, who had a son, called Joshua, to whom his father gave a good school education, probably intending him to be a clergyman, like himself.

But the boy, from an early age, that is, when he was but six or seven years old, though mild, sweet-tempered, and obedient, would still employ himself in drawing figures and faces of some sort, with a pencil or a bit of chalk, instead of reading in a book.

His father was a man of sound sense, and therefore thought that where a child shewed a great inclination to employ himself in any one particular way, especially in what was good, he was likely to do much more, than if engaged in what was disagreeable to him. Because it is probable that Nature intends men, as well as other creatures, for different purposes, and gives them a kind of cleverness which inclines them to do some things better than they could do others. Education may force a man to try and do almost any

thing, but cannot make him do any thing well, unless he should happen to like his employment. Now, in the case of young Reynolds, he was fond of drawing, because he had a wonderful sharp sight and supple fingers. His father observing this, bought him paper, pencils, and colours; and, after a time, had him instructed by a master, who, though not a good painter himself, knew how to teach the art to another. His scholar, Joshua, loved greatly to look at pictures painted in colours mixed with oil, instead of water: these oil colours (as they are called) last much longer than water colours, and are not so easily spoiled; and for that reason are best to use in painting the likeness of a man, which is intended to be seen after the man is dead, and shew what kind of person he was.

Young Reynolds looked so long and so often at pictures such as these, that at last he had a great wish to paint in the same way, and persuaded a youthful friend to let him try and make a likeness of him; to which the other at length consented, and Reynolds drew in oil colours what was thought by himself and his friend a good resemblance. It was, of course, a very bad painting; yet it had, in some respects, a degree of merit; and so much pleased two or three who saw it, that the painter was talked of, and asked to attempt more pictures than he could find time to finish.

There is a story told of him at this point of time, which may or may not be true; but it is, that a young man, in the same part of the country, was also a painter of likenesses, and drew one of a sea captain;

not, as according to custom, with his cocked hat on his head, but under his arm; which was thought so ingenious a notion, as to get much credit for the painter. Reynolds fearing to be outdone, and supposing that the other had obtained his fame by the manner in which he had placed the officer's hat, was determined to go beyond him; and having himself to paint a sea officer soon after, took care to draw him with a gold-laced cocked hat under *each* arm: a thought of his, which was both admired and laughed at.

In time, he learned to do better: he practised drawing constantly; copied the pictures of great masters; read books on the subject of his favourite art; and, at last, left England and went to Italy, where he saw many of the finest paintings in the world. By perpetually examining these,

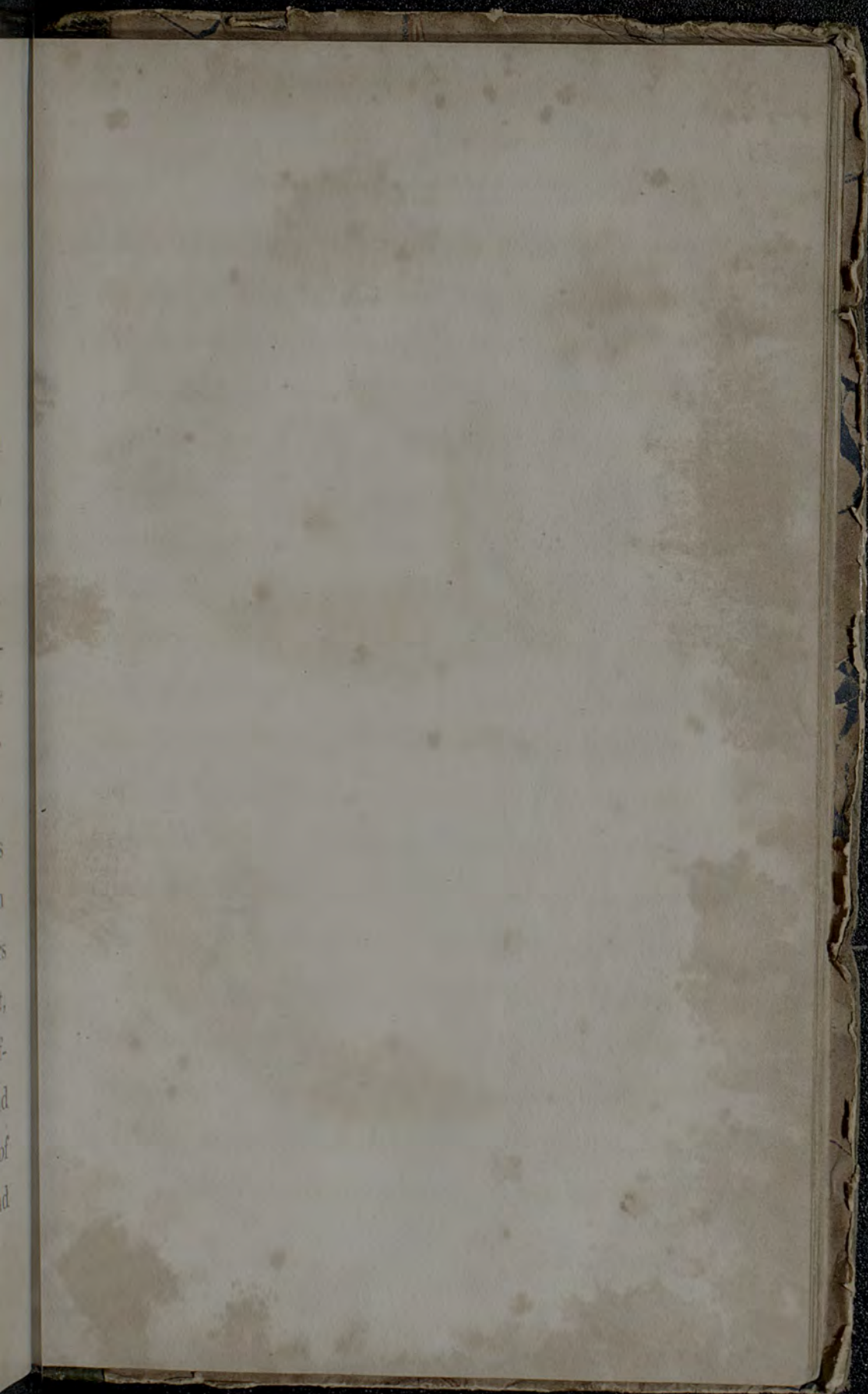
he discovered what it was which caused them to be so much liked ; and, on returning to England, knew how to paint so well, that it became the fashion with all the great British noblemen, and the most beautiful women of the age, to have their pictures painted by Reynolds.

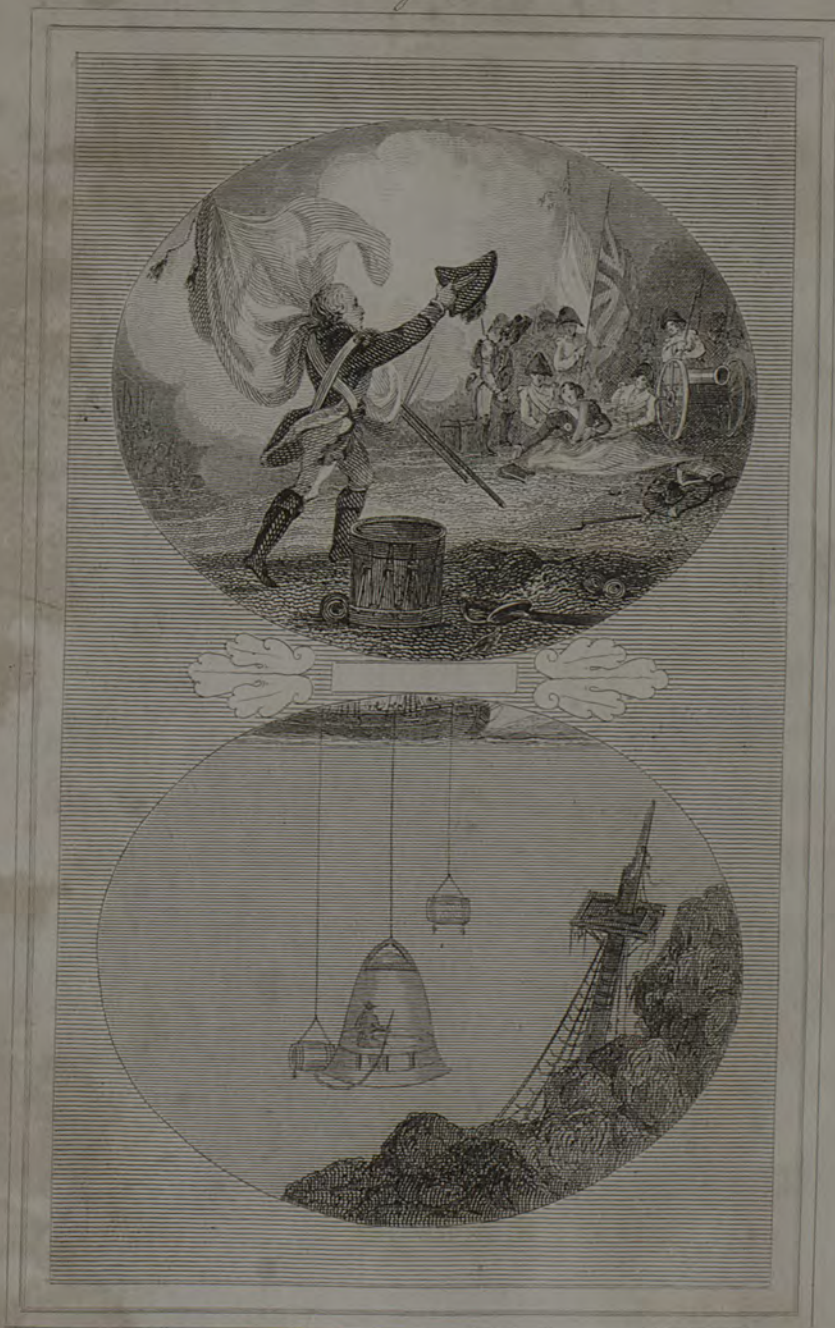
He became the chief of English painters ; was so learned and accomplished, that for many years he, each year, gave lectures, that is, taught his art in public assemblies. He was now called Sir Joshua Reynolds, having been made a knight by the King ; and, being universally beloved for his goodness and honoured for his genius, he made a very large fortune, and was lamented by the whole nation when he died.

Sir Joshua could paint in every style ; but chiefly practised the art of taking like-

nesses of men and women : justly thinking it the most sensible employment of a painter ; because, by looking at such pictures, one may discover the countenances and shapes of the great and good, as well as of the wicked and foolish. Nothing, indeed, can be more curious than to see exactly how people, perhaps long dead and gone, looked when they were alive, especially if they were of consequence in the world ; it is even pleasing to know their manner of dressing.

In the art of representing the persons whose pictures he drew, Sir Joshua has been supposed to be one of the greatest painters that ever lived ; and, beyond any doubt, so he was. He not only copied the different parts of the human face, but found out what was any body's common way of looking, standing, or sitting down, and





drew them accordingly. He was, above all men, famous for painting the faces, and forms, and the graceful attitudes, of little children.

DELICACY OF FEELINGS IN THE
PEOPLE.

THERE is a story told concerning the great General Wolfe, (already mentioned in this Book,) which does much credit to the good nature and nice feelings of the English people; and there is sufficient reason to believe that the story is true.

The General commanded a very fine army, with which he sailed to America, towards the end of the reign of King George the Second, about the year 1757.

As much of the happiness of England depended on the success of this army, all

who belonged to it endeavoured to do their very best; and General Wolfe, of course, resolved to set the example to his soldiers, in bearing fatigue, cold, and hunger; in venturing his life on every occasion; and, at last, enduring the terrible wounds which killed him, not only patiently, but cheerfully.

In the battle, in which he conquered and fell, he exposed himself to death very often throughout the day, and was struck at last, as might be expected. He was first hit by a bullet, which broke the bones of one of his hands; a hurt which must have caused excessive torture; but he folded his wounded hand in his handkerchief, and said not a word of his sufferings to any one. Presently after, he was again hit by a ball, which struck his head; and, at length, by another, which went through

his breast. Now, even Wolfe could bear no more, and he dropped upon the ground; but then, instead of complaining, he only desired the soldiers near him to lift him up, that, while he had eyesight, he might see the field of battle, not at all thinking of his own fate, but of his country; and wishing, for England's sake, that his army might conquer. He therefore desired, that, from time to time, some one should come to him, and bring him news from different parts of the army. He presently heard loud huzzas, and observed an officer running towards him, waving his hat, and flapping the colours he carried, high over his head. When, asking what was the matter, he was told that the French were conquered, and his own troops pursuing them; Wolfe said softly, "Then all is well with me," and fainted away.

The victory won by this great warrior and his valiant men, was of such consequence to England, that, when the news arrived, the King and people were almost out of their senses with joy; and bonfires, illuminations, firing of guns, and ringing of bells, took place all over the country.

But Wolfe had a mother, to whom, as may be supposed, he was a dear and precious son; and the poor lady, whose house was in a small country town, was altogether bowed down with sorrow, and broken-hearted, by reason of her heavy loss, when the fatal tidings of his death reached her.

Pity for her misfortunes filled the breasts of all her neighbours; and, although on the night when the news came, fires were lighted, bells rung, and cannons discharged in every other part of Great Britain; yet, in the village where the hero's mother

lived, out of respect to her affliction, all was silent and dark; and even the warrior's honoured name was not mentioned within her hearing!

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
BUONAPARTE.

ABOUT sixty years ago, there lived, in a town in the island of Corsica, an attorney, of the name of Buonaparte, who, having several children and not much business, was not very well off in the world, and was very glad of any assistance he could get to help him to bring up his family. One of his acquaintance proposed sending his third son, Napoleon, to a great public school in France; he accepted the offer, and the boy was sent off accordingly, as soon as he had reached the age of twelve or fourteen.

The school was one where the boys were taught whatever was necessary to qualify them for the French army ; and Napoleon Buonaparte, being diligent, improved exceedingly ; so that, when about sixteen years old, he was made an officer in that part of the army in which the use of cannons or great guns is best understood. Whether this education, and his being employed to manage cannons, gave him a taste for shooting with them, or that his disposition was naturally inclined that way, it is not easy to tell ; but, some how or other, he did understand the art perfectly, and was so fond of guns and soldiers, that he resolved, if possible, to make his fortune by means of them : and in this he succeeded, it is thought, rather beyond his own expectations. Wherever any fighting was going on, he was sure to be present, if he

could; no saint or philosopher ever took more delight in virtue or wisdom, than this man did in what is called the art of war, which chiefly consists in contriving to tear off the heads and limbs of great numbers of people; burning and blowing up cities and their inhabitants with gunpowder; robbing both the dead and the living; and destroying groves, meadows, and corn-fields. How all this can give pleasure to any body, it is difficult to conceive; but that it was agreeable to Buonaparte is beyond a doubt. He had, however, something else in view besides amusement; for, having discovered that France was in a state of great confusion; that, the King of the country having been beheaded, his kingdom was without a governor, and his property at the mercy of the people; and that the French were excessively fond of

war and bloodshed, he persuaded them to follow him in a hundred battles, in which thousands and tens of thousands were slain.

In each of these battles, he ventured himself boldly; and it is not to be wondered at, that, as he thought so little of the lives of others, he should suppose his own life of no great value. To obtain his end, he contrived to make almost all the men in France soldiers. Thus, they who were killed could not complain, and they who were not, grew rich and great by war, and liked Buonaparte so much for giving them employment, that they did whatever he wished; and, he wishing to be an Emperor, they made him one directly.

He then believed himself really King of France; took and kept all the palaces, lands, and money, which had belonged to the

royal family, gave some of the gold to the captains who helped him to the situation he was in; and, by means of them and his soldiers, fell upon, and conquered a great neighbouring King, and terrified him so much, that, in hopes of leading a quiet life, this unfortunate man was obliged to allow Buonaparte to marry his daughter.

These were fine times with him, and he grew ten degrees prouder than ever he was before. All his notions were of war; of course he was an enemy to freedom; and, not content with having destroyed the liberties of France, he would needs do as much for those of England; and, accordingly, gave notice that he and his army would proceed to that country, in order to govern it, as he governed France. The English, however, did not choose that he should; so, they first sent out a fleet, which

in six hours destroyed all his ships, and then sent an army to fight his soldiers.

The place fixed upon for this great fight of the French and English armies, was a piece of ground, in Flanders, much about the size of Hyde Park; and there, for the first time, as well as for the last, he fought against a complete British army. The battle was long and frightful; but it ended just at the setting of the sun, when Buonaparte, and such of his soldiers as were not slain, ran away.

The scene was now changed (as the players say) with Buonaparte, who was forced not only to give back all the French property to the right owner, the true King's brother, but to accept of a small pension, and withdraw to a small house in a little island in Africa, where, after a few years, he died.

TRUE GREATNESS OF MIND.

SEVERAL years ago, there lived in a small town, in the West of Ireland, a peasant and his wife, who had only one child, for whose support and their own, they both laboured very hard, and yet could with difficulty get bread to eat. But, as far as they were themselves concerned, their cares did not last long; for, just when their little boy was about seven years old, both his father and mother died, nearly together, of a fever brought on by fatigue and want.

Though their sorrows were over, those of their now helpless and friendless boy were but beginning. On a dark and rainy night, and in a poor hut built of clay, and with a roof of straw, without candle-light, fire, or food, the unhappy child was seated

on the earthen floor, crying bitterly for the loss of his father and mother, his only protectors, who lay dead beside him.

At that moment, some neighbours passing by, heard his moans, and, looking in, called the child to the door, took pity on him, and carried him away to another cabin, where he was fed, and put to rest with the owner's little children.

Next morning, there was a general meeting of the country people all round, and among those who attended were two farmers, who, though poor enough, were not so poor as the others were generally; and these good natured men and their wives proposed a plan, to which all the rest agreed, for collecting a small sum of money to pay the expenses of burying the dead parents of the unfortunate child, and, if possible, getting clothes and food

for him. Kindness of heart prevails there among the poor, more than can be believed by those who do not know them; but they have little or no means of shewing it. However, willing minds do wonders; and so it was in the case of this lonely little boy, who, for several years, got his dinner from one, his coat and trowsers from another, and from another his learning; and it is remarkable, that he shewed his gratitude by eating moderately, by wearing his clothes as long as they would hold together; being fond of reading; and never complaining of any thing. He might be called the child of every body in the parish, particularly of the Catholic priest, and the Protestant curate, who, being men of sense, loved each other like brothers, and contended only as to which of them should do the most good.

These two had, as may be supposed, hardly any money to give to their favourite little boy; but they laid plans to serve him otherwise; and this was what they did: they composed a plain letter to a great and generous man in London, describing the poor boy's situation, and begging the great man to help him. The consequence was, that in a short time they received a promise, that if the boy would go to London, and to a certain house there, he should be taken care of.

The two clergymen and all his other friends, though glad of this, were sorry to lose him from among them; but it was necessary they should send him off, for his own sake; so, among them, they gathered money enough to pay the expenses of his voyage in a ship, and his journey in a waggon, to the house of his

newly found friend in London; by whom he was, soon after, sent to India, as clerk to a great merchant there.

He behaved so well, and made himself so useful in his situation in that distant country, that, in a few years after his arrival, he grew rich; and, being likewise honourable and discreet, he at length, and before he was an old man, was worth so much, that he thought he might leave India, and return to his own country, to enjoy life while it lasted. He, therefore, returned; having, during the voyage, formed and written down a plan for laying out his money, and passing the remainder of his days in happiness; and he faithfully kept his resolution, which was, to settle himself near the village where he was born, and employ his time and his riches for the benefit of the poor and the

friendless in his neighbourhood, where he had once been so poor and friendless himself.

Instead of being ashamed, as a low-minded man would have been, to dwell among the old people, who might remember him, and the relatives of his former protectors; the first thing he did, on reaching his own part of Ireland, was to visit the miserable hovels in which he had been sheltered, and all his old acquaintance who were yet alive; and to tell to every stranger in the village the whole story of their kindness, and his own poverty: his next act was to share his riches generously among such as wanted help; and to take care that there should be no such thing as a houseless, ragged, or hungry person in the place.

THE DIVING-BELL.

THIS curious and useful machine was brought into general notice about forty or fifty years ago; and one was employed on the following occasion: a large Spanish or Portuguese merchant ship had been suddenly lost, off the coast of Dublin. The ship had several men on board, and a treasure of sixty thousand dollars. A dollar is a Spanish coin, worth about four shillings and sixpence in England.

Both men and treasure were swallowed at once in the sea; but when that was calm, the masts could be seen, and shewed that the ill-fated ship had sunk directly down, and not upon her side. About the time when this calamity took place, there arrived in Dublin bay, in a sloop from England, a black man, famous for diving

into the deepest waters, who, being provided with a diving bell, and proper machinery, undertook to go down to the deck of the lost ship, and try if he could not fasten ropes into the rings of iron which were on the chests containing the treasure, and to have them pulled up by the sailors in the sloop; it having come to anchor just over the place where the large ship had sunk.

The diving bell lay upon the deck, and was like a very large bucket turned upside down, with a metal ring in the upper end; and across the wide or open end was a strong iron chain, on which the diver might sit, with his head and body in the bucket, and his legs in the water.

The diver now took off his coat, waistcoat and shirt, and seated himself on the chain, with a sort of spear, called a boat-

hook, in his hand, and a number of cords for various purposes, in his lap. He was then, by a contrivance of the seamen, by degrees let down into the sea, where he staid *twenty-eight* minutes, and was then pulled up, still sitting on the chain.

When placed upon deck, he stood up, and seemed in a violent heat. He said but little to those who asked him questions; and, soon after, seating himself again on the chain, once more went down, remaining under water *fifteen* minutes, when he was again brought on the ship's deck. Having put on his clothes, and taken some brandy, he said, that on arriving below on the deck of the lost vessel, he perceived it to be nearly covered with sand; that he tried to no purpose with his boat-hook to find an opening by which he might get into the ship's hold, and discover the chests

of treasure; and that he observed nothing except small heaps of sand here and there on the deck, which he believed were caused by the dead bodies of the drowned men; for that, on stirring these heaps with his hook, multitudes of small fishes darted out from under the sand and pieces of sailcloth which lay around. All this, he said, he could plainly see, though so far down in the water. How he could draw his breath while so long under water may seem extraordinary; but it should be remembered, that though his legs were in the sea, his body and head were in the diving-bell, into which no water could possibly enter, while kept by weights with its mouth downwards: as may be seen in the experiment of plunging a wine-glass with its mouth directly down into a bowl of milk or ink, when it will be

observed, that though either should cover the glass, none will get inside.

With regard to the diver, it is hardly necessary to say, that on the occasion above mentioned, his art was of no use; and that the treasure for which he dived remains for ever with the millions of riches lying at the bottom of the ocean.

THE LIFE OF HOWARD,

CALLED THE FRIEND OF MANKIND.

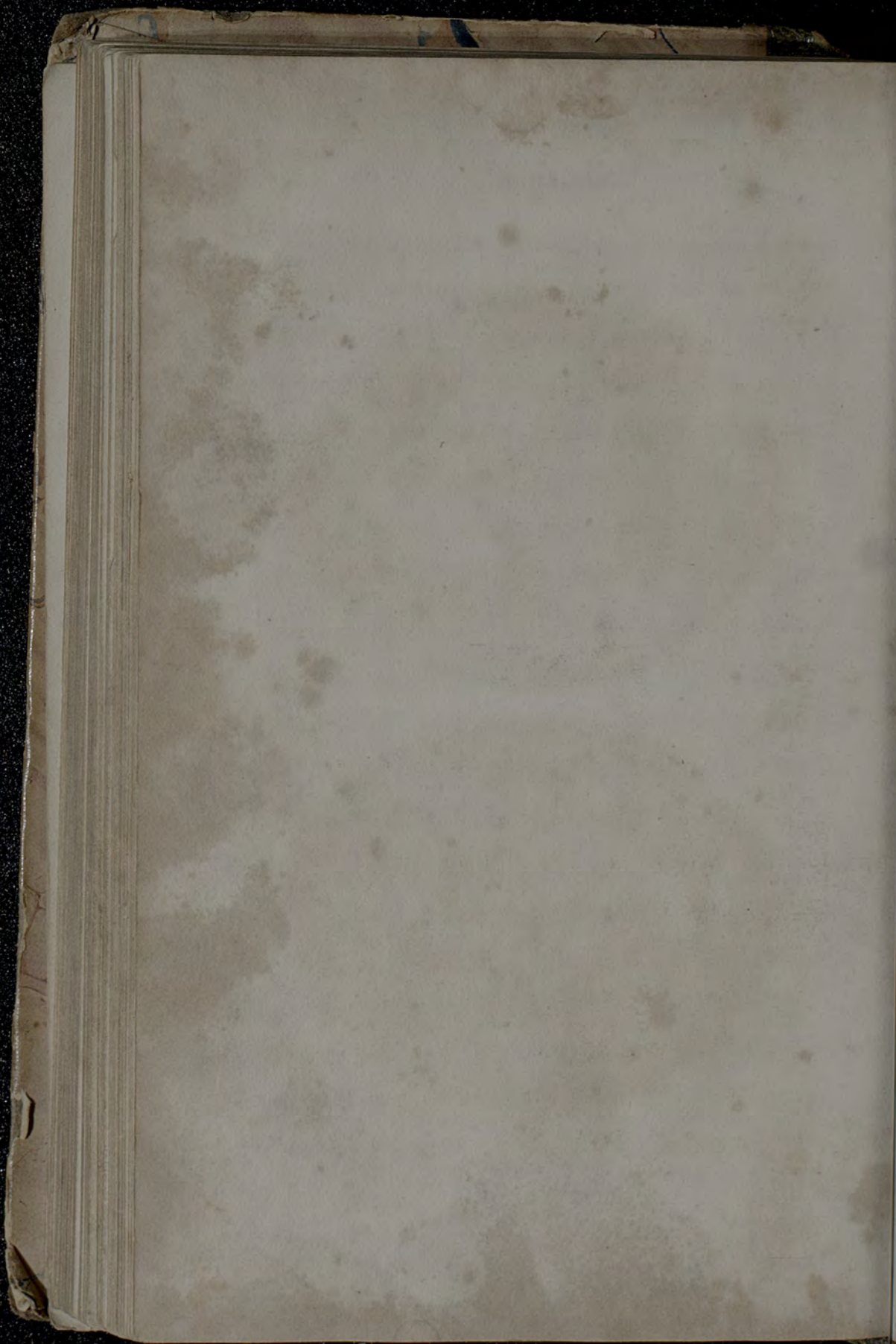
MR. HOWARD, who has not been a great many years dead, was an English gentleman, who made himself remarkable by giving up all his thoughts, time, and money, to the employment of doing good to his fellow-creatures; to whom it is believed he never

did any harm ; at least it is certain that he never tried to do any.

He was wise enough to know that all men must suffer evils, more or less ; that the good must sometimes be poor, and sick, and sorrowful ; and that in these countries, there must be prisons for the punishment of the bad and unruly.

But he also knew that care and kindness would soften the pain of sorrow, poverty, and sickness ; and that, as being in a prison was in itself a cause of great misery, prisoners should be treated with humanity. He therefore resolved to pass all his life with none but the unhappy, whether they were free or in confinement. And although this sort of employment caused him to see much wretchedness, and indeed nothing but wretchedness ; and although he was a very serious man, and





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passed most of his days in prisons and hovels, at the bedside of the miserable and the dying, there is reason to believe that he was one of the happiest men that ever breathed. Every night, when he lay down to rest, he was able to remember that he had been of use to some unfortunate person during the day ; and he generally fell asleep after planning something of the same kind for the next.

He went from one place of confinement to another, through almost all the prisons of Europe ; and wherever he found poor and honourable persons confined for debt, he released them by paying their debts, if they were less than a certain sum ; but, if greater, he would travel hundreds of miles to beg assistance for them from such as were richer than himself ; and in this way he obtained freedom for multitudes :

helping them to leave the small and dark dungeons in which they were shut up, within thick doors and bars of iron; and once more to walk abroad in green meadows, breathe the sweet fresh air, and see the sun rise and set again.

When he found prisoners confined as a punishment for their crimes, he thought the loss of such a blessing as liberty punishment enough, and that it should not be made still more dreadful by cruelty or neglect in those who had the care of the prisons; and he prevailed upon the great and powerful to assist him in his generous design of improving the state of those places. Thus the wretched prisoners almost everywhere had purer air in their cells, water to wash with, dry straw to lie upon, and space for exercise; and this change nearly put an end to that most horrible disease called the

Gaol-fever, by which not only hundreds of prisoners used to perish, but many lawyers, jurymen, and even judges had died, by catching the fever from the prisoners when brought into court for their trials.

This great and good man, having well deserved the glorious title bestowed on him, of Friend to the Human Race, died in a foreign country; and, as might be expected, of the disorder so destructive in warm climates, the plague; having gone boldly among the sick, to afford them relief.

Howard was as modest as he was virtuous, and refused every sort of reward offered to him. Among other things, it was proposed that a statue should be raised to his honour during his lifetime; but he implored of his friends to prevent this great compliment being paid to him. When

dead, however, a most magnificent statue of white marble, above the human size, but very like the immortal Howard, was set up in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, to keep him for ever in the memory of the English nation.

COURAGE.

IN the last century, that is, a year or two before the year 1800, and about the time when the troubles of that period began in Ireland, several British regiments had a camp near the city of Dublin. It consisted of some hundreds of houses made of canvass, or coarse linen, placed opposite to each other, as it were in streets, and presenting the appearance of a small, snow-white town.

The distance of this camp from the city was about seven or eight miles ; and several officers of the army, and other persons who had occasion to return from Dublin to the camp late at night, had been seized and plundered by robbers.

This happened so frequently, that to travel the road after ten o'clock at night, though in summer, became dangerous. All who had been stopped agreed in describing the robbers as being five or six in number, and each of such and such a size and dress. At length, two captains of the army, one of whom was named Armstrong, resolved to fight the robbers at the risk of their lives ; and having formed their plan, kept it a secret, that the villains might not hear of it, and avoid them.

Each being provided with a pair of loaded pistols, and wearing dark-coloured cloaks

to hide their regimental coats, got into a postchaise, late at night, in Dublin, and set out on their journey to the camp. When nearly a mile outside of the city, and in a desolate part of the road, their driver was ordered to stop by a man, who caught hold of one of the horses by the head; and at the same moment, two men came to each door of the carriage to rob the travellers. But they were ready for their enemies; for each of them opened the door on his own side, and firing directly at the man opposite to him, each killed one. They then jumped down, fired at the other two, and killed them likewise; three falling dead on the spot, and the fourth at a considerable distance. The officers, after fighting so manfully, went on to their regiments in the camp, leaving the dead robbers, who proved to be well known to the police, lying dead where they fell.

The officers were afterwards complimented in public by the magistrates of the city, and presented with two richly ornamented swords, as memorials of the gallant action they had performed.

THE AIR-BALLOON.

AIR-BALLOONS came into use in France about the year 1784, and were then very much talked of. But at that time the only notion the people of Ireland had of Balloons, was from accounts in the newspapers, and from pictures.

A gentleman of the name of Crosbie, then living in Dublin, and remarkable for ingenuity in making machines of different kinds, and for his daring spirit, took it into his head to do what, it must be allowed,

was a most extraordinary act of genius and courage. He gave out, that, without having ever seen a Balloon, he would not only make one, but, by its help, fly up into the air!

When the day came for this desperate experiment to be tried, early in a fine morning, Mr. Crosbie had his balloon conveyed into the middle of a grove, nearly a mile out of the city. The place was called Ranelagh Gardens; when, as the trees in it were very high, the balloon, during the preparations, could only be seen by the company within the gardens, and not by the enormous crowds of people collected in the fields and on the hills around.

None of these, perhaps, any more than Mr. Crosbie himself, had ever seen a balloon; nor was the nature of the machine, or what was to be done, distinctly under-

stood by any one. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the signal for Crosbie to mount and fly off was given by the firing of a cannon; and immediately the brown, glossy head of the balloon, like the cupola of a large Grecian temple, was observed rising above the tops of the trees. By means of cords, a little green and gilded boat was hung to the bottom of the balloon, in which this daring man, Crosbie, stood, waving a banner as he rose over the grove and the heads of many, many thousand spectators, who uttered one very loud cheer, and then became perfectly silent from amazement and terror; they naturally expecting, as Crosbie himself did, that the balloon would rise slowly to a certain height, and then float along before it came down. But, instead of that, the weight of the boat and of Mr. Crosbie together, was less than he had

intended ; and the balloon shot up, perhaps as high as two miles, into the clouds, with the swiftness, or nearly the swiftness, of an arrow from a bow, and disappeared. The astonishment and alarm of the people cannot be described ; they remained for seven or eight minutes gazing into the skies ; when, much to their satisfaction, (they not expecting to see it any more), they perceived a small black ball dropping from the clouds almost as quickly as it had risen.

This was the balloon, which fell, with its resolute owner safe and well, in a field, at no great distance from the gardens it had left not a quarter of an hour before.

For the information of those who do not know why a balloon should leave the earth and go up, it should be observed that the balloon, commonly made of silk, and sometimes of calico, is puffed out

with air lighter than the air we breathe; and flies upwards as smoke does from a chimney.

LOUIS XVIII. KING OF FRANCE.

SOME men meet with wonderful changes of fortune: the two following, for instance, have happened in the memory of many persons now living, and are very remarkable.

There was a man who got his bread by driving post-horses for the landlord of a small inn in the South of France. He first became a private soldier, then was made a captain, then a general, and was next crowned king of the greater part of Italy, the fairest portion of the earth. Afterwards, he became poor, friendless, and miserable; and then was shot like a mad

dog, or a wolf, as he strayed forlorn on the sandy shore of what had lately been his kingdom. This man's name was *Murat*.

Another strange instance of a reverse of fortune may be found in the latter part of the life of Louis XVIII.

When Buonaparte called himself Emperor of France, the real chief of that great nation, Louis the Eighteenth, lived on a small pension; and, being very sick, arrived in the city of Bath, in Somersetshire, where, under the name of *De Lisle*, and as a private gentleman, he took a lodging in Pulteney-street, where he staid about a month, and was almost every day seen standing at the first-floor window of the house in which he lived. He was a fat, middle-sized man, with a pale, broad face, and black eyebrows; and looked about him with a sober

countenance, neither cheerful nor sorrowful. He frequently bowed his head humbly to the soldiers and people, who assembled in the street to view him in his low condition.

This very king was to be seen, not a great while after, standing at an open window of his own most magnificent palace, in Paris, bowing to his own soldiers and subjects, who were gathered in the gardens below, to the number of more than twenty-five thousand persons, cheering, singing loyal songs, and throwing up garlands of lilies, in honour of the king's return to his country and his empire.

SEALING WAX.

THERE was a lieutenant, as he is called, of a regiment of foot; that is, a young of-

ficer of rather low rank in the army, and of course poor, who left his wife and little daughter, his only child, in England, while he himself, as it was his duty to do, went abroad with his regiment, and was very soon after killed in battle.

When the mournful news of his death reached his wife's ears, she was overcome with sorrow; for she not only lamented the loss of her husband, her dearest friend and protector, but also had to bewail the misfortune of being left in such poverty, that she could no longer have the necessities of life; such as clothes and food, and shelter for herself and her child.

Nothing can be conceived more melancholy than the situation of this poor widow and her little one. She had now not many shillings in the world; this money could last but a week or two at most: and, when

it was gone—what could she do? Her child was so young, that she was only just able to run by her unfortunate mother's side, and cry out that she was hungry and cold: so was her friendless mother; who, holding her poor girl by the hand, walked slowly through St. James's Park, towards the building called the Horse-Guards, sobbing as she went along, and reflecting in despair on what was likely to be their fate. She had almost reached the archway, where the soldiers stand, when she observed a piece of paper lying at her foot; she took it up, and found it to be only the back of a letter, with a seal of red wax hanging to it: a trifling circumstance, it must be allowed; yet it proved to be one on which all the happiness or misery of this now wretched mother depended. A thought at the moment of her taking up

the piece of paper struck her mind, and she resolved to try what could be done.

She accordingly asked the soldier on guard to shew her the way to the office in which the *clerks* were employed. These are men who write and receive letters concerning the business of the army. The Duke of York was then Commander of the British armies; and he, being a good-hearted generous man, had given orders that the poorest person, and the poor in preference to the rich, who wished to go into any of his offices, might be permitted to do so. The soldier, therefore, shewed the widow her way up the stairs; and she, still holding her little child by the hand, went up immediately, and, on entering the room, spoke humbly to one of the clerks, and said she had a favour to ask.

This was, that he would allow her to

hang up a bag of blue paper and another of white, against the wall of the room; and that he would humanely take the trouble of throwing the black and red waxen seals, or rather impressions, on the many, many letters he received every week, not into the fire, but into the bags; the black seals into the blue bag, the red into the other; and give her leave to call from time to time, and take away what she termed her treasure.

The clerk was a sensible man, and seeing that the wax he had wasted might be of some use, though he knew not how, to the poor woman, made her a solemn promise to do as she had desired him. She thanked him very warmly, and went home somewhat comforted, having in her mind a plan, which gave her hope in her misfortunes.

In the course of the day, she hired a

small room for herself and child to live in, laid in a stock of cheap vegetables, and bought two strong iron saucepans, and a small quantity of such coals as blacksmiths burn in their forges. Her vegetables she had boiled, when wanted, by the poor woman in whose house she lodged; and her two saucepans she employed as shall now be told. After a time, she paid her visit to the clerk's office, and was there agreeably surprised to find both the bags full of the different kinds of wax: she carried away all that was in them, leaving the bags to be filled again; and, on going home, first took care to get her dear child its dinner, and then put her to sleep. After this, she threw the black seals into one saucepan, and the red into the other, and boiled each until the wax was fine and pure; of this she made eight sticks of ex-

cellent sealing wax, which she sold, next morning, for five shillings, to a stationer in her neighbourhood; to whom, however, they were worth one shilling a piece. He, observing that he could gain so much by dealing with the widow, offered to buy all she would sell him; and she, in her turn, undertook to supply him constantly, which she accordingly did; so that, at the end of two or three years, during which she had supported herself and her daughter; she had also saved what was to her a large sum of money.

With this she was enabled to open a large shop, where she gained a great deal of profit, by selling different things of the best kind, cheaply; and, by being always honest and obliging.

In the mean time, she wisely gave her daughter a perfectly good education; and

made her so complete a gentlewoman, that a man of high rank and large fortune, who knew all about their story, and who they once had been, married her, and took her and her mother to live in a magnificent country-house; from which the widow, no longer poor and helpless, but rich and happy, sent, as a present, a chest full of solid silver plates and dishes, to the clerk who had been her friend in her hour of distress; shewed her gratitude on every occasion to him and his relations, and indulged herself by constant acts of charity to the friendless and industrious, wherever she found them.

THE RIVER UNDER GROUND.

IN the West of Ireland, are the ruins of an old Abbey; and near them is a

wonderful place called the Cave of *Cong*. After passing through a town in the neighbourhood, and over some smooth plains, exceedingly green and beautiful to look at, but wild and untilled, the stranger arrives at the middle of a wide field, in which appears a hole, perhaps four feet across. This opening is almost as straight as a chimney, and nearly thirty feet in depth. Here a country fellow, who acts as guide to travellers, first goes down, being provided with some bundles of straw and candles, which, by means of a flint and piece of steel, he can light when below.

The guide is not followed without some trouble; though the stranger, in going down, is helped by his laying hold of the branches of a stout tree growing about midway in this funnel, or whatever it may be called. On reaching the bottom, a surprising show

presents itself: there is a smooth, flat floor of rock; and, illuminated by the blaze of the burning straw, overhead appears a high, natural arch, extending much farther than the eyesight at first can reach, and sparkling as if studded with diamonds: but this is only the shining of spar, with which the roof is thickly covered.

From under the rock on which the spectator stands, flows a deep and swift river; and, on either side of this wonderful stream, is a sort of natural pathway, on which it is easy to walk to a great distance, following the course of the river; and this, as the country people think, runs for more than four miles under the earth, coming then above-ground into a town; a fact discovered by the accident of a sheep falling into the place by which strangers go down, and being taken out of the water in

the town, at a distance of more than four miles. The guide entertains strangers, while standing on the margin of this curious river, by setting fire to several bundles of straw, which, on being thrown in, follow each other as the water flows rapidly on, and make it seem like a torrent of flame; while great numbers of large and beautifully coloured trouts rise to the surface, and swim after the burning straw; it being the nature of fishes to come towards any brilliant light.

MISTAKES IN HISTORY.

HISTORY is, in regard to the particulars of facts, frequently erroneous. For instance, in the writings of great authors, much praise is bestowed on Charles the First, for having

quietly laid down and composed himself to sleep, on the night before his execution; though lodged in a room close to the place, where, all night long, the workmen were busy and very noisy, preparing the scaffold on which the king was to suffer death in the morning. But, by letters and other papers of the time, it now appears that the king passed the last night of his life in an apartment in St. James's Palace, not much less than a *mile* from Whitehall; and that, in the morning, he walked with a guard through the Park to the place of execution!

In all the printed accounts of the battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, in the reign of King William the Third, and in which Duke Schomberg was slain, it is stated, (as if the writers *knew* what they said) that the old duke fell by the stroke of a pistol

bullet in the *neck*. Now, although it matters not how he was killed, yet the difference between truth and falsehood is of the greatest consequence; and the above account is probably not true.

About fourteen years ago, a gentleman paid a visit to the Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin; and as the Dean said he had some business to attend to in his church, they went to the cathedral together. On their way, the Dean mentioned that he had found it necessary to repair the tomb of Schomberg, who was buried in his cathedral; and added, that if the other had any curiosity to see the warrior's bones, he might. They accordingly proceeded to the vestry-room; and there the Dean took up Schomberg's skull, and shewed that it had a round hole, rather less than the size of a shilling, directly through the middle

of the forehead; evidently made by a musket ball, and as evidently, in all likelihood, the cause of the old general's death.

This fact, in itself a trifle, should serve to make readers cautious of believing the little circumstances related in history; and even to warn them not to give credit, without examination, to any thing which a writer of history pleases to tell.

All history must be liable to error, unless the writer tells what he saw himself, or what he has learned from others who saw what he relates.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES, AND
OTHER WONDERS.

NOT a great many years ago, there was a man who was the keeper of a large library in the city of Florence, in Italy. His name was *Magliabechi*; and his cleverness in remembering any thing he heard or read was most astonishing. The following story of him is said to be true.

A gentleman, who had heard of his amazing memory, resolved to try it; so, he called on him, and requested him to read over a long essay in writing, and give his opinion of it. *Magliabechi* promised to read it; and in a day or two returned the writing to the gentleman, telling him what he thought of the work. The gentleman took away his volume, and, after some weeks,

came again to the old keeper of the library, and, pretending he had lost his papers, seemed quite in despair; asking Magliabechi if he could recollect any parts, here and there, of the book; that, with his help, the gentleman might try and write his volume over again. The other said he thought he could remember something of what was in it, and began to repeat, while the gentleman seemed as if writing; but in reality he had in his hand the volume he pretended to have lost; and read, while the old man repeated; when, to his great wonder, Magliabechi went through the whole book, from first to last, without materially altering one word!

There was in London a person who obtained his livelihood by writing out the speeches made by the members of Parliament, that they might be printed in the

newspapers. When long speeches were made, he used to sit for six, seven and sometimes eight hours, in what is called the House of Commons: during this time he listened attentively, leaning his forehead on his hands, but never writing down a word. Then he would go home, write out what is termed the debate; and, next morning, every syllable, or very nearly so, of every speech that had been made, would appear printed in the public papers. This, to men of common memories, seems astonishing.

As memory is the most useful faculty men have, it is generally that which fails us first, when we are growing old. But it sometimes lasts a great while; and old persons remember what happened when they were young, better than they do that which happened within a few weeks, or even a few days.

A clergyman once told the following extraordinary story on this subject, to a party of ladies and gentlemen. He was, he said, in the West Indies, and went to see an old man and ask him questions, because it was reported that he could remember many things of former times.

He found this person to be a little old man, with thousands of wrinkles in his face, rather deaf, almost blind, and not able to walk without being held: but the wonder in him was, that his understanding was clear, and his memory perfect; and of this he gave many proofs.

The clergyman asked him what he remembered best and longest; he said, what he recollected longest and most clearly, was what was known in history by the name of the great earthquake at Port Royal; an event which had taken place

nearly *one hundred and thirty years* before, and at the time the old man thought he was ten or eleven years of age; and he mentioned a circumstance which then happened, and which he had often heard spoken of afterwards; and most surprising it surely was: when the earth shook, not only the land about Port-Royal tossed and tumbled like the ocean in a storm; but the sea likewise rose and swelled into high waves, as if lifted by the force of the winds. All the houses near the sea-side were thrown down, and all the inhabitants swept away into the deep, and drowned,—all—except one man, who, being suddenly deprived of his senses, was hurried into the waters, and, sinking down, was carried by them directly across to an island on the opposite shore, which was at a great distance, and there thrown on the ground.

By degrees he recovered, got his strength and health again, and lived many years.

He was at last buried near the spot on which he had been cast by the waves; and the account of his accident and wonderful escape here given, was engraved upon his tomb.

THE END.

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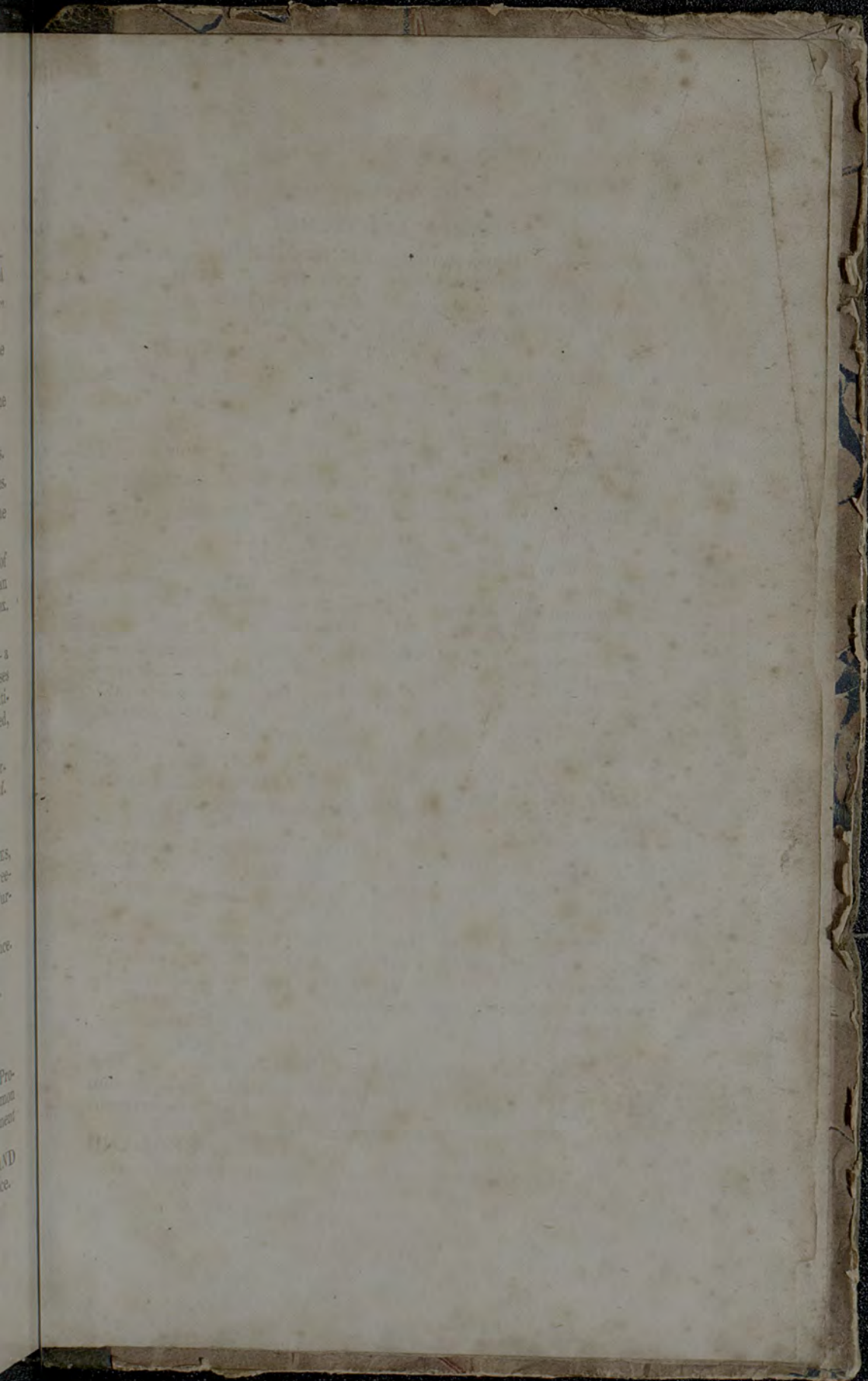
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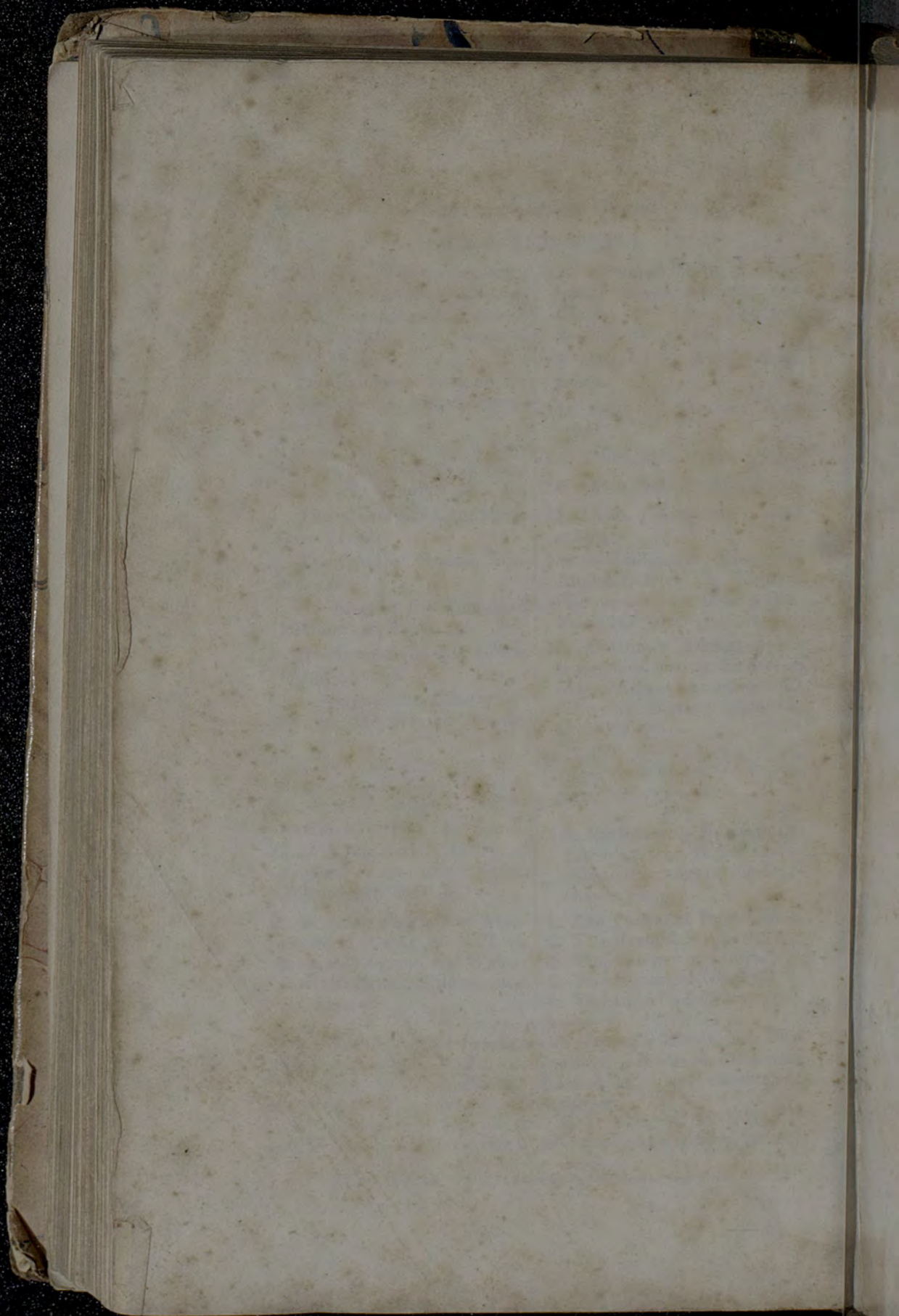
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