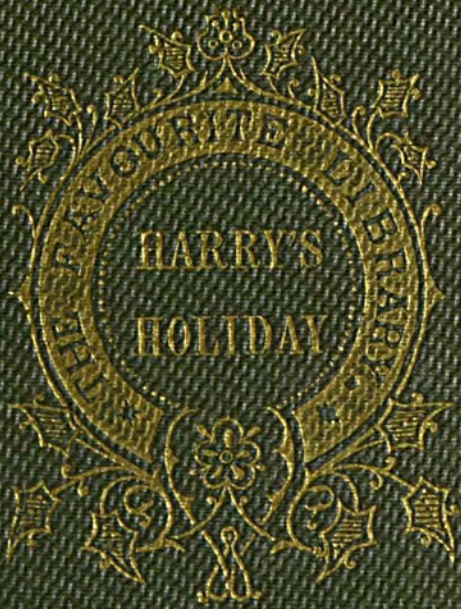
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HARRY'S HOLIDAY:

OR,

THE DOINGS OF ONE WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO.

By JEFFERYS TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG ISLANDERS," "ÆSOP IN RHYME," "A GLANCE AT THE GLOBE," ETC.

NEW EDITION, REVISED.

[1851]

LONDON: GRANT & GRIFFITH,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY & HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

MY younger brother, the writer of the little book which is here presented to juvenile readers, feeling himself at present a stranger amongst them, imagined he might receive a more favourable reception if introduced by one who is already so happy as to enjoy some share of their regard.

With the freedom, therefore of an old acquaintance, I beg leave to commend this little volume to the favour of my young friends. Although it was chiefly composed during the weeks of a painful illness, it is hoped there will

not be found a deficiency of that entertainment which generally renders a useful moral most acceptable to the youthful reader.

Should it succeed in its design, and engage the interest of those for whose instruction it is intended, the writer himself will not be more gratified, though, perhaps he may be more surprised,—than his sister,

JANE TAYLOR.

ONGAR, *October*, 1818.

Extract from a Note to the Publishers.

"I HAVE struck out the too numerous abbreviations, remedied some inaccuracies, and made the book, I think, more acceptable.

"JEFFERYS TAYLOR.

"*Jan.* 16, 1851."

HARRY'S HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER I.

"How I should like to be Robinson Crusoe!" said Harry, who sometimes talked to himself, especially when he felt discontented.

"I doubt it," said his father, who, passing by just then, happened to overhear him.

This made Harry lift his head from his hand, on which he had been resting it, as idle people do, and he began to consider what else he might have said loud enough to be heard; for he knew he had been *thinking* a great many things which he should not at all like to tell

his parents. There was one sentence in particular which he was very uneasy about; for he was sadly afraid he had muttered it loud, and, even in his present discontented mood, he knew it to be untrue, unkind, and ungrateful.

"But I should not so much mind if he *did* hear *that*," thought he, referring to something in which he believed himself to be *really* ill used. "I wonder whether father was there before I said I should like to be Robinson Crusoe!—I did'nt hear any body."

After questioning himself a little more to no purpose, his thoughts turned to the old subject. —"Yes, I *should* like to be Robinson Crusoe," thought he; "father may doubt it, but I know it. I dare say I know what I should like myself; but he knows nothing about it; he does not want to be any body else, I dare say, because he can do just as he likes; and what is the reason I may not? It is doing as one *likes* is the thing; it is so disagreeable to be obliged to obey just to a minute, and to be forced to go

when that bell rings, let me be about what I will; as if I could not go to my lessons as well afterwards! How would papa like it himself, I wonder?" Harry might have recollected that his father was always one of the first to go when the family bell rang; but he did *not* recollect it; nor did he consider how lately his grumbling soliloquy had been overheard, but he began talking to himself again as he did before.

"I only wish," said he, "I could have my own way for one week; oh, if I could but be as Robinson Crusoe was, and they could see me!—they would envy me. They might keep their chairs, and their tables, and their beds, and their carpets! Why, if I were going to be like him, I would not have a thing that is in this house;—I know how to do without them."

His imagination then landed him, as if at one leap, on the desert island, where, he thought, he immediately saw a bread-fruit-tree, and some oysters, and that he presently found

a convenient sharp stone to open them with. He fancied himself, besides, just within sight of a snug cave to live in, when, alas! the *bell rang*, which made poor Harry start as if in his sleep. It is wonderful how truly miserable, discontented people often make themselves; for poor Harry felt really unhappy, though far less so than he would have done in Robinson's cave that night; however, he was but a little boy, and he did not know how very often little boys are mistaken.

He now felt reminded of his hard lot, in being obliged to obey every summons, and slowly paced towards the room in which the family assembled. But as he drew near, he began to think of what he had said, and of what his father might have heard, and he felt very uneasy lest it should be brought against him, as a serious charge, the moment he entered. The door being partly open, he looked in, and saw his father standing with his back to the fire, but not looking at all angry, he thought. However, he resolved not to venture in alone, but

to wait till others should come, that he might not be so much noticed. So when his brothers and sisters went in, he followed last of all, his heart beating so loud that he was afraid some of them would hear it. He was greatly relieved, however, to see his father stroking puss, (who lay before the fire with her kitten) and looking very good-natured.

Soon after his parents had a long conversation on the strength of maternal affection in animals, and Harry began to think that all was safe, when suddenly his father said—"Harry, *what was that I heard you*—read the other day about the bear that was shot on the ice with her young ones?" Poor Harry had been too much alarmed, by the sound of the first part of this question, to answer without some agitation; however, he repeated the anecdote as well as he could, and it all passed off. Now it really happened that his father had just then quite forgotten what he had overheard, so that Harry's fright was only the effect of his own

guilty conscience; nevertheless, he determined, for the future, not to talk aloud to himself, unless, indeed, like Robinson Crusoe, he could be certain of being alone.

CHAPTER II.

Some time after this, some one observed, during breakfast, that which Harry knew before very well indeed, that it was the first of August, and his birth-day.

"The first of August!" said his father; "so it is; the glorious first of August! hey, Harry? let us shake hands about it, however. Let us see; how old does this make you?"

"Eleven, sir," said Harry.

"Eleven! Indeed!" said his father; "well then, in ten years you are to *do as you like*, and have your own way, I suppose; but you must do something for me first; run and bring me that parcel from the library table."

Harry did not hesitate; but soon returned, feeling and looking a little conscious, though he scarcely knew why.

"Ah, that is it!" said his father; "now then, let us see!" All eyes, and, of course, both Harry's, were fixed on this interesting parcel, as it was turned round and round, like a joint of meat before the fire, while the well-tied string was undoing, which Harry longed, and even offered to cut. At last, however, it was untied, and the parcel began to unfold itself; and first one, and then another brown paper was dismissed; and then some white paper, and then some silver paper appeared, and then—A WATCH!!!—which watch Harry's kind parent made him a present of, without farther ceremony, merely advising him, in general terms, to take care of it; for he well knew that a long discourse, just then, on the value of time, would not be much attended to.

After this, his mother stepped forward, saying, "I am afraid my present will not appear to very great advantage after the watch; but as Harry, in general, seems to like books, and takes care of them, I thought one of this kind would not be lost upon him: this, Harry, is the

history of "The Boy Kings of the Seven Islands." It appears that they also were dissatisfied with their condition, and you will see by *their* adventures, how far they improved it.

"And now," said Mr. Stapleton, his father, "to crown all, Harry must have a holiday, I suppose?"

"O, certainly!" said Mrs. S., "he must have a holiday—to-day, at least."

"To-day!" said Mr. S., with a look which Harry knew meant something particular; "I'll tell you what,—he shall have a week's holiday!"

"A week's holiday!" said his mother, with lifted brow, "why, Harry, you will be almost as happy as Robinson Crusoe, to-day."

Harry coloured at the recollection of that which this referred to; and now he felt indeed ashamed of the unkind thoughts he had entertained of those who loved him so well; but they quickly changed the subject, as they did not wish to spoil the pleasure of his birth-day, and Harry soon recovered himself; but he

could not help wondering, that, as he must have been overheard when he was talking to himself, he should have so many favours heaped upon him, and that he should even be indulged with that very thing which he had wished for.

But Harry did not perceive that his father's principal reason for giving him this holiday was to convince him that he would not know *what* to do, if he *might* do as he liked. If he had been a little older, perhaps, he would have been reproved in a different way; but this method was chosen, because he was but a little boy, and because what he had said was so extremely silly.

The next question with Harry was *what* to do, now that he had *nothing* to do, and could do as he liked. A watch, and a holiday, and a birth-day, and a fine day! Indeed it seemed to be of very little consequence just then, what he did, or whether he did anything; for the mere thinking of all those advantages seemed happiness enough for the present. He turned heels over head, three or four times, upon the grass-

plot, by way of making a beginning, till he recollected his watch might not like that rotation. What, then, should he do? Should he fly his kite?—that was worth thinking of, as it made an excuse for his looking to know the hour, in order that he might be ready for his cousin Arthur, whom he soon expected. He found, however, that there was plenty of time; and his kite he determined to fly, that being a diversion he was always very fond of. So he took it under his arm; but as he passed the place where his rabbits were kept, he recollected they wanted feeding. He knew this ought to be attended to directly, and his conscience told him he was doing wrong, when he determined to fly his kite first; yet he left the poor hungry rabbits, although they were putting their noses through the bars as if trying to remind him of their wants; but it was of very little use to remind Harry of what he *ought* to do, when there was anything in the way that he *liked* to do; he had not yet found out that

there is real pleasure in doing a thing that is *not* in itself amusing, exactly at the proper time, and that there is certain disappointment in doing a thing that *is* in itself amusing, at an improper time.

As he sauntered down to the meadow where he was accustomed to play, he met an acquaintance whom he had often envied, because he had nothing to do; that is, he was not obliged to do anything all day long; and though Harry saw that he never played with the cheerfulness of other boys, and seemed to take no pleasure in anything, yet he thought that *he* should, if he had his time to himself. Harry was, certainly, a much better boy than this, his acquaintance, though their dispositions were very much alike; and the reason was, that he was not so much indulged, and that he had some regular occupation. This young gentleman, whose name was Edward Vowles, had no father or mother, they having died when he was very little; and so he had the misfortune to live with a relation, who said she was so fond of

him that she would never force him to do what he did not like. As he had no work-time, so he had no play-time; for as he could play always, he was always tired of play: he had, therefore, very few amusements, and was con stantly cross, fretful, and discontented. His companions called him also very ill-natured, and this was true; for he was very selfish, and a selfish person is never very obliging, when another asks a favour of him.

"I'm going to fly my kite, Edward; will you go with me?" said Harry.

"Yes, if it is not too far," said Edward, gaping; "but I thought you were obliged to mind your books always at this time in the morning."

"But papa has given me a week's holiday," said Harry.

"A *week's* holiday!" said Edward, with a sneer, "and are you contented with that?—none of your holidays for me."

It was true indeed, that poor Edward never knew what it was to have a holiday.

"I would not be you for all the world," added he.

"But I have something besides a holiday," said Harry, who did not quite like this last speech; "my father gave me this new watch to-day."

"That can't be yours," said Edward.

"It is, though," said Harry, "and here is my name on the seal."

Now, though Edward had a great many fine playthings that Harry had not, he was nevertheless without a watch, and, this being a far more valuable possession than any he had himself obtained, he grew cross, and even angry with Harry, whom he now envied to a great degree, although he had said he would not have such a watch as that, if he would give it him. Very soon after this he parted from Harry and went home, determined to teaze one out of his aunt if possible; but this he did not find so easy as he expected; for, though in general she let him have what he asked for, or, at any rate, what he teazed for, she now said, that she was

sure a person could have no use for a watch who had no use for his time.

Harry walked more briskly after this, glad to find that he was really as well off just now as Edward Vowles, whose aunt he had often thought so much kinder than his own parents.

He soon found himself in the open field; there was a fine wind, and his kite took its whole length of string without running (a great thing to Harry). He sent up several *messengers*, on one of which he wrote, "Ten o'clock by my watch—birth-day." But somehow, although his kite flew remarkably well, Harry did not enjoy his morning quite so much as usual, for his brothers were at their lessons, and there was he by himself, and it was of little use, he thought, to be ever so happy all alone. He soon began to grow tired, and presently thought that this would be a nice opportunity to *alter* his rabbit-house, for he had no time in general to execute the grand scheme he projected. He determined, therefore, to set about it immediately, and, as he had no patience, he

could not wait to wind the string of his kite properly upon the stick, but pulled it in as fast as he could, and, gathering it up in a bunch, thrust it into his pocket, and set off home. Poor Harry forgot that the next time he wished to fly his kite he would have an hour's work to disentangle this string; but that he did not care about because it was not *now*, and, according to his present feelings, he might never wish to fly his kite again.

As soon as he reached home, he fell to work upon the rabbits' hutches, and having put his poor *bunnies* one upon another in a basket, where they were not very comfortable, he soon knocked the old boxes to pieces, and while he was doing that he felt very glad that he had thought of the employment.

To those who like *altering*, merely for the sake of it, there will always be a great deal more pleasure and amusement in destroying an old thing, than in making a new one; and so Harry found it; for while he was *rapping and rending*, he could make a great apparent dif-

ference with but little trouble, but this could not be the case when rebuilding

In order to do the thing thoroughly while he was about it, he pulled every part to pieces which he could possibly rend asunder, thus making a cruel quantity of work for himself when he should put it up again.

"I am afraid, Harry, you have made yourself a longer job than will suit *you*," said his father, when he beheld the wonderful clearance that had been made.

"O, I like doing it very much, papa," said Harry, "and I intend to make it a great deal better than it was before."

"I am afraid you will make it a great deal worse," said his father. "If you had asked my leave, I should not have consented to your pulling it to pieces, for this rabbit-place was built by a carpenter, and cost a great deal of money. Pray why did you wish to alter it?"

"Because it was so—it wanted to be—it was so very—the rabbits were never comfortable in it," said Harry.

"Well, Harry," said his father, "I see you had no other reason for pulling this down than the want of something to do; but observe, you have a much better reason for building it up again, and that is, that *I* expect it to be done, and that without delay; it is the least you can do to make amends for destroying what was mine and not yours; but pray where are your rabbits all this time?"

"In that basket, sir," said Harry, pointing to a small one that stood on the ground.

"In that basket! Well, I am sure they must be very civil to you, to remain there," said his father; "but, Harry, I see no rabbits."

Harry peeped into the basket, which was indeed quite empty!

"I fancy these rabbits are like some young folk, and thought they should like a change," said his father.

"Where *can* they be?" said Harry, moving the loose boards he had pulled down.

"I am afraid this will be an unfortunate affair," said his father; "however, now we must

make the best of it. I would advise you to look well for them about the yard and garden, and I will send your brothers to help you."

"How provoking it is!" said Harry, as soon as his father was gone; "I am tired enough already, and now I have to hunt, nobody knows where, for these rabbits."

"How stupid of you to let your rabbits out!" said James; "I shall not look much."

"Why, the rabbit-house is pulled down, I declare!" exclaimed Frederick, who happened to look that way.

"Mind your own business, will you?" said Harry.

"And I hope you will mind yours, when you are building it up again," said James, "and a nice task you will have, papa says; he told mamma all about it."

"And what was there to tell?" said Harry; "I thought you were come to help me to find my rabbits."

"I dare say they are in the potato-field," said Frederick.

"Then there they may be," said Harry; "I shall only look a little about the yard."

So saying, he stooped very low, to see if they were beneath the water-butt, and, while he was bending under the tap, a drop fell from it exactly into the nape of his neck!

"Ah, I will make you repent that," said Harry, thinking Frederick had done it, who stood close by; but, rising suddenly, he struck his head very hard against the tap, which, coming out, the water almost knocked him down. His brothers instantly ran in, to give information. Harry himself could not get by, as the stream reached quite across the narrow place where he stood. At last a servant came, who, after making many exclamations, endeavoured to replace the tap; but, in doing so, some of the water spirted with great force full in Harry's face. Thinking this, too, was done on purpose, and not waiting to consider conse-

quences, he pushed the servant down into the wet, and, rushing through the stream of water, ran in doors.

"Ah! Master *Hinry!* Master *Hinry!* I'll as surely tell your papa, sir, as ever your name is Stapleton!" said Ruth, who had fallen backwards, and was completely drenched.

"And so will I," said Harry, "I'm determined."

"What is all this?" said his father, hastening to the spot.

"He *shuffed* me down in the wet, sir, and I *an't* going to stand it," said Ruth, in a very angry tone of voice.

"Well, I only wanted to get by," said Harry.

"He *shuffed* me fairly down, sir, if I never speak another word. Oh! my good gracious!" said she, looking over her shoulder, "I haven't got a dry thread about me!"

"Well, and why did you splash?"

"Come in, Henry," said his father, who generally called him *Henry* when he was displeased.

Poor Henry followed, wet and woe-begone, saying, all the way, that Ruth splashed him on purpose.

"Now, Henry," said his father, "you need not trouble yourself to say how it was, because I saw the whole affair from the window. I have taken some pains to make this a pleasant day to you, so that if it is an *unpleasant* one it will not be my fault; but I am obliged to say, that, as you are completely wet, you must take your clothes off, and I think, too, it will be safest for you to go to bed. If this seems like a punishment to you, remember you have deserved it."

So poor Harry was really sent to bed, at twelve o'clock on his birth-day!—a circumstance so very disagreeable to his pride, that the thing he most wished just then was, that he might not meet anybody as he went up stairs.

In a little while, his cousin Arthur came, who had been invited expressly on Harry's account; and he had the mortification to hear

him playing with his brothers in the yard below, and seeming very merry, while he lay, wishing that he had not looked under the water-butt, or, at any rate, that he had not knocked the tap out, but never thinking about pushing Ruth down, or about going into a passion for nothing; nevertheless, the remembrance of his watch made great amends for all he had suffered. He knew that he would have consented to stand some hours in a pool of water, and to have lain in bed for a fortnight, if such a process could have obtained him *a watch*.

"But I wish," said Harry to himself, "I had taken that kite-string out of my pocket; if they see that, while they are drying my coat, I shall be scolded for it; it is very hard one may not do as one likes with one's own things, when one is in a hurry and all. Oh dear!" said he, as this brought the circumstance to his mind, "and there is that rabbit-house to do; I certainly wish I *had* let *that* alone; however," thought he, "if the rabbits are gone, I

don't see that I need do it; and so he almost wished that his rabbits, which a little while ago he was so fond of, might be lost, to save him trouble that he so much disliked. He was just thinking thus when somebody knocked at his room door.

"Who is that?" said Harry.

"It is I," said James; "and I have got something for you."

"Come in then," said Harry, who recollected this was his birth-day.

"Here is one of your rabbits," said James as he entered, holding it by the ears over Harry's face; "and papa says you may come down now, and begin building their house."

"Ah! I know all about that!" said Harry. "I think I shall put this one in a box till I find the others; papa said I should find the rabbits first; it is of no use building a rabbit place for one rabbit."

"Well, you had better ask papa," said James.

"I have a great mind not to keep rabbits,"

said Harry; "they are such a trouble always, and they cost so much."

"So papa said before you had them. Hark! I think you are called," said James.

"Here are your rabbits, all safe and sound!" said Frederick, bustling in with a basket; "where do you think they were?"

"Oh! I don't know!" said Harry; "I should not have cared if they had kept there, wherever it was."

"They were all under that water-butt as snug as could be; and so now you may set to work as fast as you please."

"That will not be very fast, then, I guess," said James.

"I think I shall sell them," said Harry; "what will you give me for them? They are of no use to me that I know of."

James smiled and said, that was not the way to make a good bargain.

"I am afraid I have not money enough," said Frederick, "or else——"

"Well, never mind the money," said Harry; "if you will let me have your guinea-pig, *box and all*, you shall have my four rabbits."

"But where am I to keep them," said Frederick, "now that their house is down?"

"Oh! why—you—can—you may—you must—keep them in the basket till you can think of something better."

"Well, I will ask papa," said Frederick; and he ran down stairs, not hearing Harry's remonstrances, who did not wish him to do that at all. He soon returned with—"Papa says you had better keep your rabbits, and I my guinea-pig; and he says too, that, let that be as it may, you must put up the rabbit-house again, because he says that is *his;* and he told me to say that you had better come down and do it now."

"Well," said Harry, "I am not to have much of a holiday, I see."

"Why, you will not be a week about it, will you?" said Frederick.

"No; but there will be something else,

you will see, to be done to-morrow," said Harry.

"Not unless you pull something else to pieces," said James, as he and Frederick left the room.

Some time after this Harry followed, and walked down the yard very leisurely, with his hands in his pockets; and thus he stood a good while surveying the ruins; but at last he really began to pull the boards about, though it was long before he could find out where to place one of them, so little idea had he either of what ought to be done, or of what he himself *intended* to do. However, at last he succeeded in patching up a place that would just hold his rabbits, though not nearly so comfortable nor so secure as it was before; for, instead of the door having two good hinges and a hasp, it was now only tied up with a piece of string, and where there had been open bars put to admit air, he placed a whole board, to save time, or rather trouble; and this was fixed so badly,

that the rabbits could have pushed it down themselves if they had tried.

This was the way in which Harry did everything that he grew tired of; and, as he never liked trouble, he always grew tired very soon, so that he seldom finished what he began; and when he was obliged to finish anything, he slighted it as he did his rabbit-house. On this account he seldom got any praise, though he was very fond of it; for what praise can be given to a thing that is left half done, or that is badly done, for want of pains and perseverance? Indeed, when people have no good reason for what they do, it is not likely that they will do it well; it is knowing a thing to be right and reasonable, that will, in general, cause those who undertake it to do it properly.

Harry, performing things in the way that has been mentioned, was in danger of being considered a blockhead; and certainly nobody would have said he was clever, who looked at his rabbit-house; and he was in danger too of being thought ill-natured, from his indolence,

which made him very unwilling to do anything for another person that required the least trouble; yet he was really neither ill-natured nor a blockhead.

CHAPTER III.

In the afternoon, James and Frederick had holidays given them for the rest of the day; and it would have been strange if they, with their cousin Arthur, and Harry, had not done several diverting things: indeed, there was seldom any want of fun where Arthur was; for he was always prepared, and always good-natured, and besides, he could see in a moment when a droll thing could be done, and he generally found a ready way of doing it.

James had seldom any objection to a little sport, but he had rather more prudence than the rest, being the oldest. Frederick was content at present to look on, or to fetch and carry, as the elder ones directed him; and if there was anything interesting in hand, which would not take long, Harry would do it as well as any-

body. With these qualifications they all walked into the yard, though none of them exactly knew what they were going to play at; but Arthur quickly espied the water-butt mentioned above, which, being quite empty, was laid down on its side. He instantly ran up to it, got astride of it, and put his head in and roared; moreover, he said, that, if anybody would get *quite* in and roar, it would be the oddest sound that ever was heard. There was something rather sly in his look as he said this, which, James perceiving, declined it, saying that he could guess very well, from merely putting his head in, how droll it would be.

"You can't, indeed, half tell from that," said Arthur; "why, it sounds like thunder, if you really get in, and roar properly."

"Then do you get in first," said Frederick, "and let us hear."

"That will not do," said Arthur; "it only sounds like thunder to the one that is in."

Arthur then turned to Harry, who he saw was almost persuaded; for though he well re-

membered a recent catastrophe with the water-butt, yet, as it was quite empty, he did not now see any particular objection.

"Come, Harry, now," said he; "why, it can't hurt you, man; just get in and try."

Harry, suspecting nothing, complied, and began to crawl in, but, not altogether liking to proceed, he asked if that was not far enough to begin to roar.

"Oh no, no—we will let you know when," said Arthur; "only get in, will you?"

Frederick clapped his hands for joy.

Harry crawled further, till his head touched the bottom of the butt. "Now then," said Arthur,—"no, stop a minute;" then, giving the others a hint, they rolled the butt, three or four times over, from the place where it lay, and, with their united strength, set it upright; and even James's prudence could not resist the temptation of aiding the conspiracy. Harry expostulated in the strongest terms. "Now, does it not sound awfully droll?" said Arthur.

"Oh! pray! pray!" cried Harry, who, stand-

ing upon his hands, found *in*version and *di*version two very different things, "my arms are so tired! and my watch will drop out."

This might have lasted some time longer, if Harry's father, hearing a strange noise, had not looked from a window, and seen two feet kicking about over the edge of the butt.

"Who is that in there?" said he, throwing up the sash. "Oh! 'pa! 'pa! it is I!—lift me out!" said Harry, in a voice which, as Arthur said, sounded very oddly from the bottom of the butt.

"And pray, may I ask, whose thought was that?" said Mr. S., liberating Harry, and looking very hard at Arthur.

"Why, uncle," said Arthur, "I—no—Harry got in himself, I believe."

"But did he turn the butt up himself?" said his uncle.

"Why, no, sir, just that, I believe, *we* did," said Arthur; "but we were going to lay it down again directly."

"Indeed! are you sure of that?" said his un-

cle; "but," said he, turning to Harry, "surely you could not have been *doing as you liked* when you crawled in there—were you?"

"I did not know they would roll it, and turn it up," said Harry.

"I am afraid," said his father, "if I had asked you to do it, you would have thought it very hard."

"Dear me! why, I didn't mind it," said Arthur, "when I was served so once; and the man who put me in said, that, while I was topsy-turvy, I might eat a piece of bread without its going *down* my throat, and so I did it to try; do you understand the joke, uncle?"

"I understood that joke some years before you were born, Arthur," said his uncle, "though, I suppose, *you* did not when you tried the experiment."

"No," said Arthur; "for certainly the bread goes *up* the throat of one who is standing on his head."

"With respect to such jokes," said his uncle, "I think, when they have to be explained in

the way that has just amused you so much, they have this grand defect: that there must always be *one* person to whom it can be no joke at all. For my own part, I think those are the best games to play, in which every one may have his share of the diversion; now, if the amusement of putting anybody into a butt consists in seeing them kick their legs about over the edge, you know the one who is in cannot enjoy that pastime; and as, besides this, he must be in a very uncomfortable situation, all your sport must be at his expense, which, to say the best, is very unfair. You did not, I dare say, think of that; but I can tell you of an excellent way to find out what is right to do to anybody:—Always think first, whether you should like them to do it to you; that is, do as you would be done by."

In order to make Harry's birth-day as pleasant as possible, a party of his young friends were invited to spend the evening with him;

and, notwithstanding the unpleasant occurrences of the day, Harry appeared as cheerful as if nothing had happened; indeed, it must be acknowledged that he soon recovered himself after having been out of humour, nor did he ever remain sullen or resentful after reproof, as some children do. His chief anxiety now was, that the adventures of the water-butt might not be known among his companions; for, as has been said before, he was very much afraid of being laughed at; and, as neither his brothers nor his cousin were ill-natured, a hint from him on this subject was sufficient.

After dinner, and when the subsequent entertainments were over, as the evening was very fine, it was unanimously agreed that they should take a walk towards the woods. While they were walking through the garden and other grounds belonging to the house in which Harry resided, several of the party said they should like to live there.

"Dear!" said one, "what a delightful place you live in, Harry!"

"Delightful!" said Harry, "I never thought it very delightful; what makes you think so?"

"What!" said his companion; "why, this beautiful garden, with the fine lawn in front, and those noble trees."

"Those trees are only elms," said Harry; "they bear no fruit; if it were not for them, I could fly my kite at home, without having to go to the meadow."

"I think they are more beautiful than fruit-trees," said the other, whose name was Edmund; "and then you have such a nice house, with a play-room and all; I think *you* ought to be contented."

"The play-room is of no use, unless it rains," said Harry; "and I am sure I always think any other house pleasanter than ours."

"Why, how would you like to live where *we* do?" said Edmund.

"O, I should like very much to live in your house," said Harry; "it is so different."

"It is indeed," said Edmund; "though I am

sure I do not wish to find fault with it; only, as it is in the town, we have scarcely any garden, and what there is in it will not grow; and then we can see nothing but houses from our windows; but you have such a fine prospect; and, besides, when it rains, we can never play at all, for want of a play-room."

"And yet," said Harry, "I know you like your house a great deal better than I do our's; it must be more comfortable—or something."

"I am sure it is not," said Edmund; "but I think you are more discontented.—Dear!" cried he, stepping back, "what is that under the rose-bush?—a little grave-stone, I declare!" The party now stopped to look at it; there were a few lines inscribed on it, as follows:—

"HERE lies, the theme of tearful song,
A rabbit tender, white, and young;
He died of *eating*, it should seem,
Or we might soon have eaten him!

And close beside, there lies his mother.
O Death! ere thou hast killed another
As old, and black, and tough as she,
Sure Time shall aim a shaft at thee!"

"But how I should like to see your *living* rabbits," said Edmund; "I hear you have got finer rabbits, and a better rabbit-house, than any of us."

"We have passed the place now," said Harry, "and it will spoil our walk to go back to it; and, besides, the rabbit-house has been altered, and is not quite done yet."

"Another time, then," said Edmund; "but I should like to know why you are not happy here?"

"Because I had rather be *Robinson Crusoe* than live in the finest house in the world," said Harry.

"Ah, *I* should like to be Robinson Crusoe!" said a very little boy, who was listening to their conversation.

"That is right, Philip," said Harry; "and

now don't you think," said he to Edmund, "that every one of our party would say the same? That is one of those subjects which *I think young* people understand the best."

"*I* do not know much about it, for one," said Edmund; "indeed, I scarcely know what to think—perhaps I might like it very well, if I could be as comfortable at first as he was at last."

"Comfortable! he was always comfortable," said Harry; "but now let us ask some of them —Charles Mason, you are the oldest—pray now, would not you like to be Robinson Crusoe?"

"After pausing a little while, as if to recollect something—"No," said he, "and I will tell you why: I should not like to be dipped in a pond; but Robinson Crusoe was half drowned in the sea: I should not like to be thrown against a wall; but Robinson Crusoe was dashed against a rock: I do not think I should like to live in a house all alone; but Robinson lived

in a cave all alone: I don't much like to *wait* for my dinner; but he was often obliged to go without it: I used to be sorry when the holidays were over, and I left home for a few months; but Robinson Crusoe, I believe, left it for ever."

"What a capital speech!" said Arthur.

"Ah! that's all—but I don't mean all *that*," said Harry; "nobody likes being 'thrown against a wall,' nor yet being 'half-starved,' nor 'half-drowned,' I suppose; but you know what I mean—Robinson Crusoe was very snug and comfortable at last, and enjoyed himself very much; and the reason was, he could do just as he liked always."

"Where did you read that?" said Charles Mason; "would he not have liked to come home, better than anything else in the world, happy as he was. Certainly he must have known best; and he thought it better to live in a family, and do what he ought, than to live all alone, and do as he liked—very seldom."

"What a fine finish!" said James.

"Why, if the truth must be spoken," said Charles, "*I* once thought I should like to be Robinson Crusoe, and I asked papa if he would not, and he said to me exactly what I have said to you."

"Oh, then, it is *only* what your father thinks, after all," said Harry, "and not your own opinion."

"But it *is* my own opinion, I assure you," said Charles; "and I think it would be your's soon, if you were tried."

"*I* know best about that," said Harry; "but let us ask the others—come, now, Jonathan Evans, would not *you* like to be Robinson Crusoe?"

"Why," said he, "I think I should have no objection just to try, if I could get there safely, and have a better place to live in than he had, and better clothes, and somebody to be with me, to do things for me; and then I should like to be able to come home whenever I was tired."

"I think we may say Jonathan Evans would *not* like to be Robinson Crusoe, then," said Arthur.

"Well, Arthur, how would *you* like it?" said Harry.

"Why, let me see," said Arthur, putting his head in a thinking posture—"half-drowned—dashed against a rock; half-starved—live all alone, as Charles Mason says; and then live snug, and do as one likes, as *you* say—No, I think I had rather not."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Harry. "Well, I know *one* of my opinion, however. Philip White, would you like to be Robinson Crusoe?"

"O yes, that I should!" said he.

"And pray do you know why?" said Charles Mason.

The little boy hesitated, and looked at Harry.

"He thinks exactly as I do, you see," said Harry.

"*I* think that *you* think that *he* does not know what he thinks," said Charles.

"And *I* know that *he* knows that *you* know nothing at all about it," said Harry; "but we will ask one more," added he, appealing to Edward Vowles, the idle boy whom he had met in the morning; "wouldn't you like to be Robinson Crusoe, if it were only for the sake of a change?"

"Who was Robinson *Whoso?*" said this blundering, untaught youth, who, as he never read anything, of course knew nothing of that story.

"Robinson '*Whoso*,' indeed!" said Harry, laughing; "why, really I cannot tell you who *he* was."

"Tell him who Robinson *Crusoe* was," said Charles Mason, "and how he fared."

"No, no; that would be of no use," said Harry; "and, besides, now I come to think of it, I am sure *Edward* would not like to be Robinson Crusoe, because *he* does not like trouble.

You would not like to have to chop a whole tree away to make a single board, would you, Edward?"

"No," said Edward; "but where do you mean to walk to? I am so tired!"

"We were going to the woods," said Harry: "will not you go?"

"No, I had rather not, I think," said Edward; and he took leave of the party.

The rest walked on; sometimes talking, sometimes running, or throwing stones, till they reached their destination. It was a little before sunset, and the woods were extremely pleasant just then. "How delightful it would be only to live here," said Harry, "if one could but get anything to eat, and to have a little hut, or a cave, or an old hollow tree to live in."

Charles replied to the same purpose as he did before; and thought, that, as they did not like small inconveniences at home, they would not like great inconveniences abroad. They kept

on talking in this way for some time, and had walked a considerable distance into the wood without knowing it, till a bunch of green nuts, which they espied, took them out of the path; and, in hope of obtaining more, they strayed far out of their right path.

"Well, but—where are we?" said Charles, looking round; "we have lost the path."

Harry directed them to the best of his knowledge; but he was quite mistaken, for they were then in the thickest part of the wood, and it began to grow dark.

"I think we shall be here all night," said James; "I don't know the way at all."

"Oh, what are we to do?" said Harry, throwing down the nuts he had gathered.

"Let us all shout as loud as we can," said Arthur.

They did so; but the echo rather frightened Harry, who turned a little pale.

"If we could but find a cave!" said Charles —"stay, surely here is one," said he, pointing

to a gloomy place among the trees—"now, Harry!"

"Oh, don't! pray don't!" said Harry; "I had rather not talk about that now."

It was curious to see (if anybody just then had been at leisure to notice it) how Harry avoided every dark appearance which reminded him of a cave, as they were breaking their way through the underwood; and how close he kept to his companions, although he had so much desired to live alone.

After having wandered about for some time to no purpose, they called a general council to consider what they should do; but, as nobody knew the way out, there was very little to be said. Frederick, indeed, mentioned climbing a tree, in order to look round; but then nobody wished particularly to do it.

They now all felt sufficiently uncomfortable; but Charles and Arthur were the least so; as for Harry, never did he regard Robinson Crusoe with less envy. He thought of a cave

with horror, and would not have been alone for the world!

But his companions were too much dismayed themselves at the prospect of spending the night in the wood to rally Harry about what he had said at the commencement of their walk: they would have found, however, if he had told them all he felt, that he shuddered at the idea of that which an hour ago he was pleading for, and which he was sure that young people understood so well. Now, indeed, his father's comfortable house, which he had so much despised, was the thing of all others he most wished to see. They made no doubt that they were in the middle of the wood, and had not the slightest idea where to turn, when, to their great joy, they heard a gate swing to, and could distinguish the rattling of the chain when it was locked. They instantly darted towards the spot, and soon found that they had been groping about some time very near the edge of the wood. Getting over the gate, they presently came into the lane

that led homeward; and glad were they, and glad was Harry, to enter a cheerful house, and to sleep in a comfortable bed, instead of spending the night in a wood, or lying in the snuggest cave in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

When Harry awoke the next morning, he felt a great deal of pleasure in recollecting, that, although his birth-day was over, his holiday was not, and that he had still such a substantial remembrance of it in his possession as the watch.

He lay awake some time listening to it, for he had put it under his pillow. At last, however, he took a hint that it gave him, and dressed himself. Finding there was time, he took a short walk before breakfast, and was greatly pleased when a poor man, whom he met, asked him what o'clock it was. Afterwards he compared *his time* with the church clock, and found the latter was five minutes too slow. When he had done that, he felt no inclination to continue his walk, and so he returned.

But, after all, Harry felt rather uneasy and uncomfortable this morning; he knew that his father's eye was upon him, to see what he would do now that he had his time at his own disposal; but, as he had formed no plans, and had no object in view, he was completely at a loss how to employ an hour in which there was nobody to play with. It is pretty clear, therefore, that, when Harry was talking so much about having his own way, "only for one week," he did not know what that way would be; it seemed that he only disliked his father's way.

Young people should always be able to tell what it is they would please to do, before they *complain* that they cannot do as they please. Indeed Harry would not have looked half so foolish as he did, while he was dozing away his time, if he had not said so much about having the entire management of it. It is certain he would have received the news of his holiday with much more real pleasure if he

had known that it would have enabled him to complete any undertaking already begun, or to begin anything, that, when done, would be useful and creditable to him. Any plan of this kind would have entirely prevented the misfortunes of the birth-day, as well as the constant trouble and inconvenience of appearing to be doing something, when in fact he was doing nothing.

"Well, Harry," said Mrs. Stapleton, who met him in the garden, "what fine weather you have for your holiday! I hope you will enjoy it, although Arthur is gone."

"I hope I shall, mamma," said Harry; "but"—

"But what, my dear," said his mother.

"Why, if—if there was anything you thought I had better do, I should have no objection to do it."

"You are to do exactly what you like yourself, Harry; you know this week is entirely your own."

"I wonder what James did with his week's holiday," said Harry.

"James can tell you, I suppose," said his mother; "but I should like best to see you act for yourself, and so would your father, for I believe that was the reason he gave you this holiday; but if you really wish me to mention anything for your employment, why, I will try to think of something."

"Well, mamma,—I shall see;—perhaps—I think—I know what I shall like to do *to-day*," said Harry, who began to fear his mother really *would* think of something.

"Very well, my dear," said she; "I tell you again, I do not wish to direct you; and then, you know, if, when you can do as you please, you do not please yourself, it will not be my fault, will it?"

"Oh no, mamma, it will not be your fault certainly," said Harry, "and I don't think it will be mine. I intend to read 'Rasselas' to-day."

"I am glad to hear it," said his mother: "I

think, if you understand it, you will see that it *was* Rasselas's fault generally that he did not please himself; and so it is everybody's fault when they are discontented with their situation, and wander about expecting pleasure from things that cannot give it."

It is very probable that there are some other lads besides Harry who wish nothing more than to be allowed to do always as they like, or, at any rate to have a time in which they might enjoy such a privilege. But let them be sure they know before-hand exactly what they would do, otherwise, like him, they might at last do nothing at all.

There was time after breakfast for Harry to have a good game of play with his brothers, before they went to their lessons; but when they were gone, and he was quite at liberty to act as he saw fit, and it became necessary to think of something for himself, he was considerably at a loss.

He continued, however, for sometime playing at trap-ball, but, being alone, there was

nobody to throw him the ball back again, so that the harder he hit it the farther he had to run and fetch it, and that did not suit Harry.

"Ah, well," said he, striking the ball with all his force, and throwing the bat after it, "I'm not going to do this all day—I wish Arthur was here;—let us see—oh,—I *can* fly my kite! Oh no, I can't though," said he, when he found the string tangled as he had left it the day before, so he was obliged to give it up; for to *un*tangle it was not the job for Harry. What should he do? Who can think of anything? Harry will be very much obliged to anybody who will tell him how to employ himself; Harry, who wanted so much to do as he liked, and to have his own way "only for one week!" But let us give him time: perhaps he has not thought about it yet; it is to be remembered that this holiday took him by surprise. Well, Harry *did* take his time, for there he stood a long while, with his peg-top in his hand, making marks upon the white wall, though he hardly

knew what he was about. Whilst he was doing this, there was a garden-spider close by him, very differently employed, for it was hard at work at its web, crawling round and round a great many times, to mend a large hole that Harry's trap-ball had made in it. Happening to observe it, he poked another great hole to see what it would do then, upon which it instantly ran up a single thread of its web a long way, and hid itself under a leaf. If Harry had been a little older, or rather a little wiser, he might have learnt something of this poor spider, for it soon returned to its web, and did not repair it in the way that Harry did his rabbit-house, but never left off till it had made it in every respect as good as it was before.

It being a very hot day Harry slowly walked in doors, and, throwing himself back in a chair, took a comfortable nap. It was the same place where he sat some time before, longing and grumbling to have a little time he could call his own. He sprang from his seat, however, in an

instant, on hearing a step which he thought to be his father's, and he narrowly escaped being caught sound asleep in this his own time, though he wished it to be thought that he knew better than anybody how to employ it.

Again resuming his seat, he was near beginning to doze when he thought he might as well do as he had said, and read "Rasselas." Accordingly he opened it, and, after trying a page or two, he began to skip a great deal. He soon after turned over the leaves very fast, in hope of meeting with something that he called *interesting*. His eye at last caught the words *One day*, which he very much liked to see at the beginning of a paragraph; however, as what followed did not please him particularly, after having dipped in several places not more to his satisfaction, he laid the book down, and thought it very dry. He then turned over some other books that he found on the shelves, and at last fixed upon "Æsop's Fables;" these detained him much longer, though he read them

very fast, and never troubled himself with looking at the applications. He had discernment enough to perceive the wit and beauty of many of them, but some others that were equally good, but above his comprehension, he pronounced to be very poor things. "*I*," said he, "could write as good a fable as that," referring to one he despised, and so he drew out his pencil to try, but he found that he could not make one at all, for he had (just then at least) no ideas, no thoughts to make it of. It is when people have real ideas or thoughts, and only then, that what they write or say is worth reading or hearing; but when they attempt to do either without ideas they can produce nothing but nonsense, and that of the most tiresome kind.

Harry, finding it did not suit him to *compose* a fable, thought he could, at least, turn one into rhyme; and he was so pleased with this scheme, that he more than half determined to versify the whole book. He accordingly attempted several, but did not suc-

ceed; at last, however, he began one which he contrived, with some difficulty, to finish, and, after reading it over a time or two with some little complacency, he thrust it into his pocket, quite contented with what he had done that morning.

"Why, Harry," said his father to him, at dinner-time, "you have been as still as a mouse this morning."

"Yes, papa," said Harry, "it has been so warm."

"You have dropped something," said his father; "a manuscript, I see!"

Harry coloured deeply as he took up his fable, which lay with the writing uppermost.

"So you have been scribbling this morning, Harry—no wonder you were so quiet; pray, may we be favoured with a sight of your composition?"

"Oh, I have only been—you may see if you please, papa," said Harry.

"Let me see, then," said his father, putting

on his glasses. "Verses! verses, I declare—Oh—Æsop in Rhyme!" said he, and read as follows:—

HERCULES AND THE CLOWN.

Says Æsop—A clown was driving to town,
But woe and ill luck overtook him:
He stuck in a slough, no mortal knows how,
And straightway his courage forsook him.

"Dear, dear!" says the rustic, "this wheel how it does stick!
Good Hercules, help me to turn ye!
Why, the cart may take root, and so may the brute,
Before I shall finish my journey!

"Each foot I extract like a *piston* doth act,
Though not on the usual construction;
(Which proves, by-the-bye, that which some would deny,
The doctrine and nature of suction).

"If thou wouldst extract me, 'twould suit me exactly!
Oh, Hercules! only pull gently,
By my limbs or my clothes, and not by my nose;
The same by my horse, and I'll thank ye."

Thus he proffered his suit, for himself and his brute;
But loud thunder would not let him go on;
Which uttered this stanza, and frightened the man, sir:
"You rascal! you scoundrel!" and so on—

"What 's all this preamble? don't grumble, but scramble,
And as for the clay, never mind it;
To your shoulders apply for your help, or you'll lie
And groan till you're dead, ere you find it."

Poor Harry scarcely knew how he felt while his father was reading his performance; he observed, however, that he smiled continually, and once burst out laughing.

"Well, Harry," said his father, folding up the paper, "this is droll, certainly; and you have contrived to express, I believe, quite as

much as ever Æsop intended. Some of your rhymes are rather roughly fitted; but that, perhaps, may be in character for a clown. There is one thing, however, that I like, which I cannot always praise you for—I mean your having *finished* it."

Harry thought this sufficient encouragement to him to try what more he could do; but there were no more rhymes to be had that day, and he gave up the task.

"Well, I am glad that I am not obliged to go to my lessons this hot day," said Harry to himself, leaning back in his chair, "so tired as I am—that is what I mean—when one feels so languid, it is very hard to be forced to do everything just the same as usual—papa ought to make some difference."

"I wish, though," thought he, "I could contrive something or other that would be clever to do in this holiday, if it were only for the appearance of it;—I know what will be said if I do not. So, after all, I can't do *really* as I like," said he, gaping. "Dear!" thought he,

and he closed his mouth in an instant, "I have a great mind to copy *that*—it is the very thing! and then hang up my nice new one instead of that old dusty thing." The dusty thing that had caught Harry's eye was Dr. Priestley's Chart of History, which hung against the wall opposite to him. Having been there many years, it was indeed discoloured, but it was quite whole, and, as to the use of it, was as good as ever.

Harry was very fond of *undertaking* great things; and though nobody had less patience and perseverance in overcoming difficulties than he, yet, while he was planning, the more difficulties there were, the better he was pleased with the scheme.

But he thought it best to consult his father on this business, and he never was afraid of doing so, unless his conscience told him there was something improper in what he wished to do; and so strong were his present impressions of the propriety, and even necessity of *this* undertaking, that he felt more than usual confi-

dence in asking his father's advice and assistance.

His father never forbade his children to attempt anything merely on the score of its being impossible for them to accomplish it; on the contrary, he would make it possible for them to *try*, in order to convince them, by the best argument in the world, their own experience, what the real difficulties were; and these he always represented to them before they began.

"Papa," said Harry, as he entered the family school-room, "may I have a large sheet of paper?"

His brothers looked up from their lessons, curious to know what Harry was going to do.

"*How* large?" said his father; "what is it for?"

"I want as large a one as there is," said Harry; "as large—as—the Chart of History."

"So you are going to copy that, are you?" said his father.

"Why, I was thinking, papa," said Harry,

"that that is very old and dusty, and—all that, and that a new one would look much better; and that *I* could make one if you had no objection."

"Why, my dear boy," said his father, "I will tell you what I think about it. It will cost you a great deal of labour and time to copy that neatly from beginning to end, (and you would not like to do it *unneatly* of course); and, when done, it would only be another of what we have already; it is something like copying a printed book, which would not be worth while, you know, because the time it would take must be more valuable than the money it would cost; and with respect to the *operation* of copying, I am afraid you will find it very difficult to draw all the lines in that chart without a blot or an error; and I can assure you it will be a very fatiguing task to write in *all* the names without a blot or an error; hey — what think you?"

Harry looked disappointed, and only said

how discoloured the old one was, and that his would be quite clean and new.

"Very well," said his father, "you shall have paper, and may begin as soon as you please; but bring me the chart, that we may see what size to make it."

Harry soon returned with the dusty scroll, which had stains and ink-spots before it and cobwebs behind it.

"Ah—this wants dusting, I see," said his father, brushing it briskly, and Harry was sorry to see how much better it looked.

"This roller, and the moulding at the top, will do very well for mine," said Harry; "I may as well take them off."

"Not at present," said his father, "not at present, I think: we had better wait till the new one is ready. Now, the first thing to be done is to join two sheets of paper."

"Dear! what! is there not *one* sheet of paper large enough?" said Harry.

"No," said his father; and do not you see *this* is joined?"

Harry saw that it was, but was sorry, because he knew he should have to wait till it was dry. That part of the business, however, was done sooner than he expected, and he had nothing to do but to begin. His father, who only waited till he saw he was wanted, then stepped forward, and advised Harry first to make a square, by the help of instruments proper for the purpose, and then to draw all the lines very correctly with a brass pen, before he attempted the writing. But, alas! poor Harry! he had not drawn half a dozen of these divisions, when a large drop of ink followed his pen along the ruler, which made a line almost a quarter of an inch broad; and, in dividing the distances with the compasses, he found that he had miscounted, so that he became quite confused.

"I don't see much use in all this measuring," said Harry; "why cannot I copy it as one should anything else?" So he ruled his lines, one after another, by his eye, and it is asto-

nishing how much faster he found he could do it.

"Now," thought he, "I may just as well begin writing some of the names in; "I don't see why I should wait till *all* the lines are done." So he wrote as many names as filled up the spaces made by the few lines he had drawn. Then he thought he might just as well colour a little bit of it, to see how it looked. When he had thus done all the different sorts of things that there were to do, he left off to rest himself. "Ah, well," thought he, "I needn't do any more *now:* there is plenty of time to finish it before my holiday is over." So saying, he rolled up his chart, wet as it was, and, hiding it up, ran down stairs.

"Well, Harry, how does your Chart of History come on?" said his father.

"Oh, papa, I've done a good bit of it," said Harry.

Just then his father was called away; so Harry escaped farther questions for the pre-

sent. But he now saw that he had brought himself into a disagreeable dilemma; for, as he knew his father would ask to see his chart, he must either work regularly at it, and take great pains with it, or suffer the disgrace he had so often incurred, of not finishing what he had begun. He comforted himself, however, with thinking that he was not obliged to do it *now*.

Soon after, as he was walking in the garden, a man came with some paint for the pales, and this was a welcome incident to Harry, who did not exactly know what he was to do next, and it relieved him for the present from that disagreeable state of mind in which the attention is engaged upon nothing.

After watching the man for some time, Harry longed for some paint himself, to try what *he* could do; for it seemed the easiest and pleasantest work he had ever seen performed. "Can you let *me* have some of that paint?" said Harry, at last.

"Yes, sir, certainly," said the man. Harry hastened to fetch a vessel, which the man readily filled, at his employer's expense, with the aforesaid paint.

"Can you lend me a brush?" said Harry.

"There's a very nice one," said the man; "perhaps you'd like to buy it—it's only a shilling, sir."

"I *will* buy it, then," said Harry; and the bargain was concluded immediately.

With his paint and brush Harry set off, highly pleased, though he did not recollect anything just then that wanted painting.

"Let me see," said he, walking slowly round the yard, and looking up and down for something to begin upon,—"I don't see why this wheelbarrow should not be done;" and that, to him, seemed equivalent, at the time, to why it *should* be done; so, muddy as it was, he painted the wheelbarrow, inside and out—wheel, handles and all; indeed, if it had been full of coals

gravel, or potatoes, it is not unlikely that he would have painted them also; such are the silly, useless, or mischievous things that occupy idle people.

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH Harry contrived to amuse himself, after he had left his chart, with painting a wheelbarrow, he found himself quite out of work when he arose next morning. But this was not the worst, for, as it did not suit him to finish the chart, there was no good reason why the old one should not be hung up in its place; but this would be telling everybody that he did not mean to complete his own; however, he recollected that he need not decide about that *at present.* "Indeed," thought Harry, "I don't mean to trouble myself with any more of those great undertakings; —why should I work so hard in my own holiday?—I know what I will do to-day;—I will prove that there is no need for so much *bell-ringing* to tell me what to do, or when to do it.

I will somehow get all my lessons and other books away out of the school-room, and do just the same as if I had no holiday. Let me see: then at eleven o'clock I begin; but I will not spend quite so much time in ciphering,—that, I am sure, is of no use at all,—nor yet get the rules by heart. Now we shall see if I don't do as well by myself as if there were twenty people looking over me." So Harry had fully made up his mind what to do, and felt confident that he should perform his tasks far better in his own way than in his father's; but the thing he was most desirous of proving was, that he did not require to be told when to begin and when to leave off. With this persuasion, he waited for the time that he had fixed upon for beginning his studies.

As he was arranging his books before him, and was just going to apply himself to them, there appeared before the window an old pedlar, who, in a very droll voice, was singing something in praise of an article he held in his hand.

Harry looked up, and as the man evidently addressed himself to him, he paid sufficient attention to distinguish these words:—

"Come, leave your star-gazing, there's no fun in that,
And you that are counting the joints of a fly;
Why, what do I care for the bones of a gnat,
Or what the moon's made of,—how distant or high!

"But here,—tol de rol,—a great mystery lies:
Flies, earwigs, or gnats will be turn'd into stars!
(If they be but put in it). Come, use your own eyes:
There 's never a spy-glass with this that compares!"

The man, seeing he had gained Harry's attention, touched his hat, and held out one in his hand. Harry took it, and asked him what it was for.

"If you'll please to look through it, sir," said the pedlar, "you'll say, if you havn't seen one afore, you never *see* such a thing in your life."

As Harry had *not* seen one before, his curi-

osity was highly excited, and he took one to try it.

"What's *that* all?" said Harry, who was not aware that it should have a rotatory motion.

"Please to turn it round and round, sir," said the man.

"Oh, I see!—ah, that will do!" said Harry, who instantly drew his head in, and ran, with this new wonder, to show his brothers and sisters.

"There's a man at the window," said he, "with a number of these things to sell. Now, only look through this hole, and keep turning it round."

They did so, and were all as pleased as Harry.

"Suppose we buy it?" said he; "they are only seven shillings a piece; let me see,—four of us,—that is,—let me see, four of us,—that is—

"One-and-ninepence a-piece," said Harriet.

"Yes, only one-and-ninepence for each of us," said Harry; "suppose we do?"

"Suppose we ask papa?" said James. So they all appeared in a body, with this kaleidoscope, in the garden, where their papa and mamma were walking.

"What have you there, Harry?" said his father.

"Oh, it's a kaleidoscope; I saw them in London, and was almost inclined to buy one for you."

"Then you have no objection to our buying this, papa?"

"I have no objection to your *having* it," said his father; "and I suppose you will have no objection to my *paying* for it?" added he, giving him the money; "but remember it is to be *pro bono publico*."

"I certainly think," said Harry, as he returned, after having paid the man (who was almost tired of waiting),—"I certainly think it is the best thing I ever looked through."

"I had rather look through a microscope," said James.

"Or a telescope," said his father.

"Oh, yes; only they are so common," said Harry.

"But the things they discover to us are not common, I think," said his father; "at least they are not so to me. Pray, have you looked at Jupiter's moons; or Saturn's ring; or at the eyes of insects; or the down from their wings, till you are tired?"

"Oh, no, papa," said Harry; "I like that very much; and it is very curious to look through the telescope, and see what's o'clock by the church five miles off; and certainly one could not do that with a kaleidoscope."

"No, Harry," said his mother, "you could not do *even that* with a kaleidoscope."

"But I should like to know how it is that the figures are so very regular in their shape, and yet so different every time," said James; "it really is very curious."

"Yes, it is curious, I will allow," said

his father; "and if Harry will lend it me a few minutes, I will endeavour to explain it to you; but you will find it appears to *less* advantage when taken to pieces and examined; and that, perhaps, makes the grand difference which exists between the works of nature and art."

Harry then gave the kaleidoscope into his father's hands; and they all drew near to hear and to see.

Their father then showed them that the variegated figures they so much admired were composed of nothing but a few pieces of coloured glass and gilt paper; and that the regularity of the form was only caused by the multiplied reflection in two pieces of looking-glass, placed in a proper angle with each other. When it was put together again, each of them gave another look through it; but it was evident that they, none of them, felt quite so much respect for it as at first; for they had expected to find very curious and complicated machinery inside, instead of what was really there. Harry took

it last, and after his brothers were gone to their usual occupations, he still continued to amuse himself with it.

This affair having detained him so long, he determined not to attend to his lessons till the afternoon. After having fully satisfied himself with the kaleidoscope, he laid it down and felt quite ready for any new engagement; so he stretched himself on the garden-seat till something should occur to him; and, whether it was that he really could not think of anything, or that he happened to go to sleep, is not known, but he never stirred from that spot till he was called to dinner.

"Harry," said his father, "will you be very busy this evening?"

"No, papa—not *very* busy," said Harry.

"Not *very* busy," said his father; "but if you have *any* plans for the evening, I have no more to say; you know it is your own time."

"Yes, sir, but I had really not thought of anything particular that I wanted to do."

"Well, then, I suppose you will thank anybody to think of something for you. We are going this evening to hear a philosophical lecture, in which many of those experiments will be performed which you have so often read about. What say you?—will you not like it?"

"O yes, papa, very much," said Harry.

"Then I would advise you to read a few pages beforehand, in 'Gregory's Economy of Nature,' especially on the subjects to be treated of to-night; for I suppose you do not wish to be classed amongst those very young, or very silly folk, who care only to be amused."

"I think that *I* should like to do the same," said James, taking up the prospectus; "let us see what the subjects are to night.—'General Properties of Matter, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, &c.'"

But Harry did not see the necessity for taking so much trouble; indeed, he generally accounted the books in which sciences were ex-

plained disagreeable and tiresome, or, as he used to say, "very dry." So that he must be numbered with all those ignorant little boys who only want to be amused, and do not wish to be instructed; however, Harry was very much delighted with the idea of going; not, as is plain, because he was much of a philosopher, but merely because he expected to see something new or diverting.

Whenever he was in expectation of any pleasure, he considered the time before it arrived not only as of no value, but as so very disagreeable, that he would gladly have destroyed it all in a moment, if he could. This being the case, he did not feel much inclined towards his lessons that afternoon, but resolved to let them quite alone till to-morrow. Harry did not know that *idling* an afternoon away makes it as long, tiresome, and disagreeable as it is possible for it to be, and that the only way to make time seem short is to be *doing* something.

However, at last the hour *did* come, and they

all went in time to the appointed place. It was a large room, in which was a very large table, covered with a great many known and unknown things. As nobody had arrived but this family, their father, with the lecturer's permission, suffered his children carefully to approach and survey the table. The air-pump, electrical machine, and orrery, with many other things, were recognised immediately by these young folk; but, at the greater part of the apparatus, they looked with profound wonder.

"Is that a bit of meat, papa?" whispered Frederick, pointing to something in a wine-glass.

"That, my boy, is part of a frog," said his father, "which you will presently see leap out of the wine-glass; although, as you may suppose, it has been dead some time."

"Will that be done by galvanism, papa?" said James.

"Yes: you are right," said his father.

"Will it leap towards us, papa?" said Harriet.

Just then another party entered, with several young folk, who crowded directly round the table, and very rudely began to handle the lecturer's apparatus.

"La! good gracious! what's that?" said a young girl, looking into the wine-glass.

"It is a dead frog," said the lecturer.

"Patience! alive! *'ma!*" said the girl, starting, horror-struck, from the table; "let us sit as far off as we can."

"Ah! for goodness' sake, my dear children, all of you come away," said their mother; "one never knows what one may touch in these kind of places."

The philosopher had often found a dead frog very useful in driving away persons who were rude, ignorant, and silly.

But he now began to be a little anxious about his company, and often looked at his watch, and then at the door.

The week before, a conjurer from Bartholomew-fair had exhibited in the same room, and half an hour *before* the time, a seat could scarcely be procured; but now, half an hour *after* the time, only two families were present: so that it seems some people, taller than Harry, like being amused better than being instructed.

After some delay, however, a few stragglers made their appearance; and with less than half a room full the lecture began. Several of the persons present, during the ten minutes occupied by the introductory remarks, wished they had not spent their money to hear them; and there were others who whispered or talked so loud, that those who tried to attend could not. However, as soon as the lecturer touched his apparatus, all was mute attention; and, in order to rouse it effectually, he exhausted the air from a glass vessel covered over with a piece of leather, which, on being punctured with a needle, produced so loud a report, as to

convince every one that the philosopher was no impostor.

"How do you like that?" said somebody, who touched Harry from behind. It was Charles Mason.

"O! are you here?" said Harry; "come and sit by me; there's plenty of room;—it's capital!—it is really capital!"

"Having thus clearly proved," said the lecturer, "the gravity or weight of a column of atmospheric air, I will now proceed to shew its elasticity." He then, by a very laborious process, in which some thought he bowed to the company, and others that he looked like a sawyer,—forced a great volume of air into a small copper ball, and then screwing it on to a gun,—after having explained to the *ladies* that *no gunpowder* was employed,—discharged it several times; and, as Harry said, it sounded more like *sneezing* than anything else. Then he aimed it at one of the candles, which it extinguished so admirably, as to produce a

buzz of applause from *almost* the whole assembly.

After having performed various pneumatic experiments, and briefly noticed several other sciences, he introduced the subject of galvanism, on which, having said a very few words, as he found very few persons paid any attention to him, he proceeded to the marvellous experiment of making the dead frog (and, sympathetically, some living ladies) to jump.

"By means of this wonderful principle, so analogous, it should seem, to the nervous influence," said the philosopher, "the muscular system of dead animals is acted upon so as to produce what some might be tempted to say, are the most unequivocal signs of life. Ladies," said he, seeing them slightly agitated, "I pledge myself that its motion shall be confined to the table." Saying this, he just touched the frog with the wire of the galvanic trough, when, to the astonishment of every-

body who was not aware of the principle, or who did not think it was a trick, it jumped out of the glass, and fell on to the floor.

The same experiment was likewise performed upon a rabbit, which also jumped, and appeared to struggle.

The company were then requested to dip their hands in basins of water, connected with the galvanic apparatus; which the few who ventured to do it found to produce an indescribable sensation in the joints of the arm.

Electricity was next introduced, and many found time for a nap whilst the philosopher was talking about Thales, *electron*, and Dr. Franklin. Finding his audience wished for *positive electricity*, he shortened his oration, and proceeded to perform the usual routine of experiments. There were *some* who were interested in hearing of Franklin's grand and fearful experiment with the thunder-cloud; but the greater part preferred the luminous chain

or the electrical bells to all the explanations in the world.

After as many other sciences had been introduced as the time admitted, the lecture closed, and the company departed, some tired, some amused, and some highly interested and instructed. Among the latter was Charles Mason, who accompanied Harry and his brothers part of the way home.

"I will tell you what I am going to do," said Charles; "I mean to try and make an electrical machine, and I think I can, because I know somebody who did, and he is no older than I am."

"Well," said Harry, "and I will tell you what *I* have a great mind to do, and that is to make an air-pump."

"Do you think you can make an air-pump?" said Charles.

"Why not?" said Harry, "it only wants care and patience, and for me to understand what I am about."

"Very well," said Charles, "we shall see whose is done first; I shall begin mine to-morrow."

"And so shall I mine," said Harry; and they parted.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY lost no time in commencing his operations; for early the next morning he went to the blacksmith's, and ordered a winch to be made—not, as is usual, to fit a machine, but intending the machine to fit the winch; he thought it would be wasting *his* time to make what a *blacksmith* could do just as well.

"I hope you were pleased with what you saw and heard last night, Harry," said his father.

"O yes! very much indeed, papa," said he; "and particularly with the air-pump."

"The air-pump was, perhaps, altogether the most interesting instrument on the table; and I should think, on account of the nicety of the workmanship, it must have been the most expensive."

"Is an air-pump so *very* difficult to make, papa?" said Harry.

"It must require great skill and perfection of workmanship," said his father, "especially in the tubes and pistons, because of the resistance made by the external air."

"Charles Mason says he thinks *he* can make an electrical machine; and I thought perhaps *I* — perhaps *I* could make an air-pump."

"You know, Harry," said his father, "there have been some things which you have wished to do that I have told you would be tiresome, fatiguing, or difficult; but I assure you, that to make an air-pump you will find *quite impossible.* I think it *is possible* to make an electrical machine, because care, patience, and neatness in constructing the various parts will be sufficient; but then no one can do *that* who is *not* careful and patient, and neat in his workmanship."

Seeing that there were so many difficulties

in the way, Harry, for once, was persuaded to relinquish his scheme, and determined, instead of an air-pump, to make an electrical machine. It must be observed, however, that the *winch* he had ordered was the *turning-point* of the business, for *that*, he recollected, would serve as well for one as the other.

"Well, then, papa," said he, "you think I *can* make an electrical machine?"

"I said, Harry, that I thought a careful, patient person, who could work neatly, might make one. What think you *now?*"

"I think, if Charles Mason tries," said Harry, "I may as well."

"Very well," said his father, "try;—I will give you all the advice I can while you are doing it,—but pray where is your cylinder?"

"Oh dear! I forgot that," said Harry; "I wonder what Charles Mason will do?"

"I cannot deny," said his father, "that I have by me such a thing as a glass cylinder, made on purpose for an electrical machine; and I will make this proposal to you, Harry:—

if you will really put together and *finish* all the other parts, so that they will probably serve the purpose, I will give you the cylinder; and if, in any particular part, you find a difficulty which you cannot overcome, I will procure you assistance, provided I see that you are really taking pains, and persevering; but lest, in the meantime, the cylinder should be broken, I shall keep it myself till your task is completed."

"I think I *shall* try now," said Harry.

"But I must give you the dimensions," said his father, reaching down the cylinder from a high shelf; "you see it is ten inches long; that is all that is necessary for you to know;" and he replaced it immediately.

The sight of this cylinder, which, to be sure, was exactly the thing, was sufficient to make Harry extremely impatient to possess it.

His father not only procured all the materials, but gave Harry so many directions, and was so ready to assist whenever there was any

real difficulty, that he had a very fair opportunity of succeeding; and as, at present, he felt a great deal of interest himself in the undertaking, there were some who really thought that, for once, he would.

Although it is known to be a fact, that some lads, not much older than Harry, have contrived to make an electrical machine, yet it must be confessed that it is rather a difficult undertaking for one so young, and that it would not have been much disgrace, if, after having done his best, he had been obliged to give it up. However, giving it up was the last thing that anybody thought of at the end of the first day of his operations, for he had got so forward, and what he had done looked so well, that there appeared little doubt of his success.

In the evening, after having accomplished more that day than in all the former part of the week, he set off in high spirits to his friend Charles Mason, to see how he was going on, and to converse with him on the subject.

"Ah, Harry, how do you do?" said Charles; "how is your air-pump?"

"Oh, my—ah, my air-pump," said Harry, who had quite forgotten that he had ever intended to make one; "why, papa said that it was impossible for me to make an air-pump, and I shall make an electrical machine instead."

"Will you?" said Charles; "now you shall see what I have done, and what a nice cylinder I have got."

"Oh,—but it's only a bottle!" said Harry, rather agreeably surprised.

"Well,—a bottle, I know it," said Charles, "but it is quite straight, and quite large enough;—what have *you* got, may I ask?"

"A cylinder, ten inches long, made on purpose," said Harry; but it slipped his memory just then that *he* had not yet obtained it.

"Well, how do you like my machine," said Charles, "as far as it is done?"

It was not apparently so forward as Harry's,

but an accurate observer might discover signs of more substantial workmanship.

"I dare say that will be a very good one," said Harry, who could not help thinking his own the best, because it was the largest; "but I should like you to see mine; when will you come?"

"When I have done my own," said Charles; "and I will bring it with me."

Harry now returned, more than ever satisfied with his own machine, and longing much for the time when he might compare it with Charles Mason's.

"Now," thought Harry, as he was dressing himself next morning, "I have two whole days left to finish my machine; I can do a great deal in two days. Let me see;—to-day I shall do *that*, and *that*—and then to-morrow I shall be ready for the cylinder. Oh, but there is the *conductor* to make, and to cover it with

tinfoil—what is the use of not letting me have the cylinder *now?* Papa thinks, I suppose, that I shall not finish it; but, for once, he is mistaken." So saying, Harry ran down stairs to his work, and did something considerable before breakfast.

"Did you see Charles Mason last night, Harry?" said his father; "has he begun his machine?"

"O yes, papa," said Harry, "but it is a very small one, and he has only got a bottle for a cylinder."

"Well, I have seen a very good electrical machine, which had only a bottle for a cylinder."

"But certainly my machine will be the best, papa?"

"I cannot say anything about that at present," replied his father; "it must depend upon which of you takes the most pains, and who is the most persevering. From what I know of Charles Mason, I have little doubt of his making a very neat electrical machine, whe-

ther he has only a bottle, or a cylinder made on purpose; and I hope you will do the same."

But Harry intended to do a great deal better, and wondered that his father seemed to have any doubt about it. He was pleased to see how much like an electrical machine his work began to look, and only wished for the cylinder, that he might just hold it in its place for a moment, to make it look still more like one.

But Harry's machine was not really so forward as it appeared to be, it having been roughly and hastily put together, that it might have the *form* of a machine as soon as possible, to gratify his impatience; so that the cutting and clipping, and filing and fitting were all to come.

It is true, his father had promised him assistance, in case of any grand and insuperable difficulty; but the greatest difficulty of all to Harry, which was the trouble and labour, no one had offered to take off his hands; however,

his patience lasted pretty well, till it fell to his hard lot to file a large piece of iron much smaller, and to make it square, for the winch to turn it.

At last, taking this for one of the impossibilities his father had mentioned, he determined to claim the promise.

"Papa," said he, "here is a thing I cannot do; I can't file this piece of iron at all, and it must be square to put the winch on."

"And why *cannot* you file it, Harry?"

"It is so hard, sir, it is impossible. You know you said, papa, you would help me when anything was impossible."

"And so I will, Harry, depend upon it; but this requires nothing but a little patience; perhaps you mean it is impossible for anybody to do it without patience? I would strongly advise you to persevere, and *then*, if you find it to be impossible, I promise that you shall be assisted. Remember Hercules and the clown, Harry."

With this answer he returned, and, after a great deal of lazy kind of labour, he reduced it to such a size and shape as he thought perhaps would do; he then, for the first time since this affair had been in hand, left off to rest himself; just then the blacksmith's boy came with the winch, which Harry was very glad to see; but, alas! when he came to try it on the pin he had been filing, it was so much too large as to be positively of no use at all.

"Now, how stupid and provoking!" said he, as he applied it to the machine; "if I had not worried myself so long in filing that pin away, it might have done."

"This winch is of no use," said he to the boy; "your father has made it large enough for the mangle."

"If you please, sir, my father says, you didn't mention no *purtiklar* size."

"But he was not obliged to make it too large, was he?" said Harry; "if he had made

it too small, it would not have signified so much."

"No, sir, 'twon't so," said the lad.

"Then tell your father he must make one *a great deal* smaller, and you may take this back; it's of no use at all," replied Harry.

"Yes, sir," said the lad; and with this wise message he departed.

"Now," said Harry to himself, "I suppose I shall have to wait nobody knows how long for this stupid winch. However, it is of no use being in much of a hurry about the machine; for if it was done now, I could not use it."

So, what with fatigue, disappointment, and indolence, Harry was contented to allow himself to rest all the morning.

After dinner he felt so little disposed to his undertaking that he would certainly have rested himself again, if he had not recollected that there was but one day more of his holiday left; and as he was not *yet* so tired but

that he fully intended and expected to finish his machine, he determined to see what more he could do before the winch came home.

But Harry did not yet know how to *determine* against his inclination; for, not being disposed just then to exert himself, he rather played with his tools than worked with them. He could not prevail upon himself to *finish* any part he took in hand, but as soon as he met with any difficulty, or grew tired, he laid that part aside, and began another; so that it was with this as with the Chart of History, when there was nothing *new* to begin upon, he grew tired of his undertaking altogether.

"Now," thought Harry, "the cylinder is exactly the thing I want; and yet I know if I were to ask for it now, I shouldn't have it. I don't think there would be *much* harm in my just getting it down to look at. I could go on as well again then—in short, I don't see I can go on at all without it."

How easily persons may know whether the thing they are meditating to do is right or wrong! Who was it that Harry was talking to when he said "much harm?"—he was talking to his conscience; and people seldom talk much with their consciences, except to quiet them.

Thus Harry, not contented with wasting his own time, and spoiling his own things, did not scruple to make free with what belonged to others; so, having had the last word with his conscience, he went softly to the place where the cylinder had been laid, and reaching it very carefully from the shelf, (for he seemed much afraid of a disaster,) he put it under his coat and returned.

"This," thought Harry, "is just the thing—who will say I can't make an electrical machine?" said he, as he held the cylinder in the frame. "They are always saying that I never finish anything; but now, for once, they will see—why it *is* just finished." And so a person standing at some distance might

almost think, while Harry was holding the cylinder in its place; but a closer examination would have shewn that there was a great deal to do, and much to undo, before Harry could see a spark from it.

But he thought differently; indeed, his machine seemed to him so near being completed, after he had seen the cylinder in it, that he fell to work with new spirit, thinking that his labour would soon be over.

But though he worked for a little time with something like industry, he did not prosper from the moment he had the cylinder in his possession; and this was probably owing to his excessive hurry and impatience. Twice did part of the frame give way, while he was forcing it to fit this cylinder, and as often did he repair it with nails and glue, and then, without waiting till the glue was dry, force it again; so that all his work became ricketty and unsound.

At last, tired, hot, disappointed, and cross, he resorted to his old expedient of leaving off

for the present; and without making any reflections on the disgrace he must incur if he suffered his whole week's holiday to pass without having done *one* thing worth doing, he gave himself what he called a *real* holiday for the rest of the evening, and that always consisted in doing literally nothing. So ended the fifth day.

CHAPTER VII.

"I WISH that troublesome old chart were safe up again," said Harry, as he passed the vacant place next morning; "what could I be thinking of to begin it? Now, if I put it up, I shall be asked if the new one is done; and so I shall if I don't." So he thought it most prudent to replace it, and then took care to destroy his own. Thus was that scheme entirely relinquished; and so disgusted was he now with it, that he would rather have learnt by heart half the Latin Grammar at once, than have been obliged to proceed with it for an hour.

It would have been well if Harry's present undertaking had concluded like the last, and like most of his former ones, with

merely growing tired, and giving it over peaceably.

It had been observed, though not mentioned, at breakfast, that he appeared unusually sullen and discontented: he was *unusually* so; for he frequently thought he had occasion to seem slightly offended; and this he imagined was best made known by silence and sullen looks.

If Harry, and all other little boys who very much dislike being laughed at, did but know how really ridiculous they look when *sulking*, they would find out some other method of shewing their displeasure.

With whom he was displeased, or what had displeased him, nobody knew;—how should they? for he was displeased with himself:—not that he *blamed* himself, but he felt somehow disappointed that the last day of his holiday was come, and that he had *not* done as he liked after all, although he certainly had had the opportunity, and that he had still a long,

difficult, and now disagreeable job before him. This being the case, it may be supposed that his electrical machine was not much the forwarder for what was done that day.

As soon as Harry lost his relish for the undertaking, he determined, the first time he went that way, to return the cylinder as silently as he had procured it; for he knew that his father would be really displeased, and shew himself to be so, if he found it had been taken without leave; but this, though *determined* upon, like many other things, was not attended to, but delayed from time to time, because it could be done at any time, till it was too late to do it at all.

In the evening, as Harry was still doing, or seeming to do something to his machine, his brother James came into the room, and not observing, or not recollecting Harry's ill humour, began, in a good-natured way, to make certain remarks.

"Why, Harry," said he, as he entered,

"you are up to your knees in shavings and saw-dust!"

"Well, they don't hurt *you*, do they?" said Harry.

"Nobody said they did," said James; "pray, have *I* hurt *you?*"

"You will hurt *that*, if you pull it about," said Harry, seeing James take up his electrical machine; "I wish you would just be so good as to let it alone."

"What! is it so very tender?" said James, a little louder, as he held it up out of Harry's reach—"No; now we will have a look at it—the tenpenny nails have split your work, Harry," said he, carrying it to the window.

"Nobody wants you to mend it," said Harry.

"Oh, and you have taken the cylinder down!" said James, who saw it glisten through some shavings with which it was covered; "I don't believe papa gave it you, though."

"It is no business of yours who gave it me," said Harry.

"No, very true," said James, taking it up and examining it; "but you don't suppose that your machine will fit this cylinder, do you?"

"I wonder how you came to know so much about it," said Harry; "I think that *I* ought to know best."

As he said this he placed the cylinder in its frame, and attempted to fix it.

After some time spent in pushing, pulling, and squeezing, he took up the hammer, which he knew was useful to produce compliance of some sort, and being a little impatient and a little angry, he administered two blows so much to the purpose that the whole concern fell to pieces!

"Well done, Harry, boy!" said James, who immediately burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"What business have you to insult me?"

said Harry. "I won't stand it! I won't!" So saying, furious with passion, he dashed the machine, cylinder and all, to the ground!

Here James, whom we cannot now commend, thought proper quietly to issue at the nearest door.

"What is that broken?" said Harry's father, who, although at a distance, had heard the crash.

"'Tis something betwixt Master James and Master Henry, sir, I think," said a servant.

Harry trembled, as he heard his father's step approaching.

"Is there anything broken here?" said he, mildly, as he entered.

Harry said nothing.

"What *is* all this?" said his father; "glass! broken glass!—the cylinder! How came *that* here? Harry, *now* you must speak to me;—is this an accident, or what?"

"James made me do it; he has been insulting me all the evening," said Harry.

"James must be called, then," said his father.

He soon arrived, and, although he appeared concerned at the catastrophe, yet he did not seem as if he thought that he had much to answer for.

"Now I must have this business explained to me," said their father.

"James, Harry says you have been insulting him; let me hear fairly how it was; you will find it the best way."

James and Harry then began, at the same instant, to tell each their own story.

"No, Harry," said his father, "you have accused James, and now he has a right to defend himself."

James then related exactly what had passed, and he did not forget to mention the circumstance which appeared to have occasioned his brother's anger, namely, his having laughed at the fracture of the machine.

"I confess," said his father, "had I been here I should not have laughed, because I

should not have been glad; I cannot conceive of rejoicing at other people's misfortunes. However, James, you may now leave us."

"And so this, Harry," said his father, shutting the doors, "this is the conclusion of your week's holiday?"

Harry burst into tears.

"I have not been at all surprised," said his father, "to see the many vain attempts you have made to employ yourself, or even to amuse yourself, during this week, because it was the very thing I expected, and it was, too, the very thing I wished you to find out; and I thought it very likely you would be more than ever discontented and out of humour at the close of it. But I *am* surprised and disappointed at what I see before me; for, I confess, when I promised you that cylinder upon certain conditions, I had not the slightest suspicion that you would think of taking it without leave. I did not think it necessary to lock it up or conceal it from you, because I

did not believe that you were in the smallest degree dishonest; for, let me tell you, it is a degree of dishonesty even to borrow what belongs to another without his consent, and you must have had the same kind of excuses to make to your conscience as if you had intended to steal it. I hope, however, Harry, that I need not say much more upon this subject to you, because you appear willing to condemn yourself, and I believe, for the same reason, that I need not say much on another subject—I mean the best and *pleasantest* way of spending time, and the best and *pleasantest* way of doing what we undertake. I did, indeed, overhear something you said to yourself one evening, by which I understood that you were discontented with *my* way, and thought my treatment unkind; I think, however, you cannot say that I have taken an unkind method to convince you of your mistake."

"You have been very—very good to me, papa," said Harry, sobbing.

"And are you convinced, then, that it *was* a mistake?" said his father.

"Oh yes, papa," said Harry; "indeed it is much the pleasantest to spend my time in your way."

"Then," said his father, "my purpose is answered, and this week has not been wasted after all—for it has corrected a mistake which is not easily done by words; and, however painful many circumstances of it may have been to both of us, we shall, I trust, have no real cause to regret hereafter in looking back to HARRY'S HOLIDAY.

THE END.

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