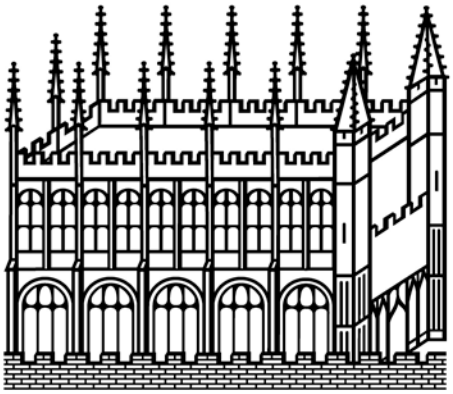

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Georgina Gore Currie

the gift of her father

2533 f. 732

EARLY LESSONS.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

C. BALDWIN, PRINTER, NEW BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.

EARLY LESSONS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

ROSAMOND.

HARRY AND LUCY.

TWELFTH EDITION.

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ROSAMOND.

THE PURPLE JAR.

ROSAMOND, a little girl of about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops, and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them: but there were a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, and carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"O mother, how happy I should

be," said she, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke, they came to a milliner's shop; the windows were hung with ribands and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"O mamma, what beautiful roses! won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and they came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop; and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, you'll buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; but any of them, for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but what use would they be of to me?"

"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other, if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles: you know buckles are useful things, very useful things."

"I have a pair of buckles, I don't want another pair," said her mother, and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry, that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop which appeared to her far more beau-

tiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

"O mother! oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand; "Look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! O mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before; "What use would they be of to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother; "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not: I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money?"

"Yes, I have."

"Dear, if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and every thing." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"O mamma, would you stop a minute for me; I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma —it comes in there; my shoes are quite worn out; I wish you'd be so

very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and every thing."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain, that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterwards.

"There! there! mamma, there are shoes: there are little shoes, that would just fit me; and you know shoes would be really of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in." She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it's black and dark, and there is nothing but shoes all round; and, besides, there's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure, till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure, that you should like the purple vase *exceedingly*, till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know, about the shoes, certainly, till I've tried; but, mamma, I'm quite sure I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But, I should tell you, that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! that's a very long time, indeed. You can't think how these hurt me; I believe I'd better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot —— Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer;

and the month will soon be over: I can make them last to the end of the month; can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself: you will have time enough to consider about it, whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure; and whilst her mother was speaking to him Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma!—yes—I believe. If you please—I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose

what will make you the happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me the happiest," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it; clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe, and ran after her mother; it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times was she obliged to stop, to take the stones out of her shoe, and often was she obliged to hop with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt her

joy redouble, upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she had in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I'm afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon I dare say; and sha'n't I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?"

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expect-

ed: but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up, with an exclamation of joy; "I may have it now, mamma?" "Yes, my dear, it is yours." Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap, upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear mother," cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there's something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably—what is it? I didn't want this black stuff."

"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But it will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I can't help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"That's as you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a *purple* vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour, merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much

use to you now, as ever, for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed indeed; I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes; for I shall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home, that little way, hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best

thing you can possibly do is, to bear your disappointment with good humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here: many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till, at last, she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see any thing, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and, at length,

on the very last day of the month, it happened, that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glass-house, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste down stairs to her brother and her father, who were waiting at the hall-door for her, the shoe dropped off: she put it on again in a great hurry; but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round. "Why, are you walking slip-shod? no one must walk slip-shod with me; why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired.—"O mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish, that I had

chosen the shoes—they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope, I shall be wiser another time."

THE

TWO PLUMS.

"WHAT are you looking for, Rosamond?" said her mother.

Rosamond was kneeling upon the carpet, and leaning upon both her hands, looking for something very earnestly.

"Mamma," said she, pushing aside her hair which hung over her face, and looking up with a sorrowful countenance, "I am looking for my needle; I have been all this morning, ever since breakfast, trying to find my needle, and I cannot find it."

"This is not the first needle that you have lost this week, Rosamond."

"No, mamma."

"Nor the second."

"No, mamma."

"Nor the third."

Rosamond was silent; for she was ashamed of having been so careless as to lose four needles in one week.

"Indeed, mamma," said she, after being silent for some time, "I stuck it very carefully into my work, when I put by my work yesterday, I think, but I am not quite sure of that."

"Nor I either," said her mother; "I cannot be sure of that, because I know you have the habit of leaving your needle loose, hanging by the thread, when you leave off work."

"But I thought that I had cured myself of that, mamma: look here, mamma, I can show you in my work the very holes where I stuck my needle; I assure you it falls out after I have stuck

it in, because I shake my work generally before I fold it up."

"Then I advise you to cure yourself of shaking your work before you fold it up; then the needle will not drop out; then you will not spend a whole morning crawling upon the ground to look for it."

"I am sure I wish I could cure myself of losing my needles; for I lost, besides my needle, a very pleasant walk yesterday, because I had no needle, and I could not sew on the string of my hat: and the day before yesterday I was not ready for dinner, and papa was not pleased with me: and do you know, mamma, the reason I was not ready for dinner was, that you had desired me to mend the tuck of my frock."

"Nay, Rosamond, I do not think *that* was the reason."

"Yes, I assure you it was, mother, for I could not come down before I had mended that tuck, and I could not find my needle, and I lost all my time looking for it, and I found it but just before the dinner bell rang."

"Then, by your own account, Rosamond, it was your having lost your needle that was the cause of your being late for dinner, not my desiring you to mend your gown."

"Yes, mamma; but I think the reason that my sister Laura keeps her needles so safely is, that she has a housewife to keep them in, and I have no housewife, mamma, you know. Would you be so very good, mamma, as to give me a housewife, that I may cure myself of losing my needles?"

"I am glad," said her mother, "that

you wish, my dear, to cure yourself of any of your little faults; as to the housewife, I'll think about it."

A few days after Rosamond had asked her mother for a housewife, as she was watering her flowers in the garden she heard the parlour window opening, and she looked and saw her mother beckoning to her—she ran in—it was in the evening, a little while after dinner.

"Look upon the table, Rosamond," said her mother, "and tell me what you see."

"I see two plums, mamma," said Rosamond, smiling, "two nice ripe purple plums."

"Are you sure, that you see two nice ripe purple plums?"

"Not *quite* sure," mamma, said Rosa-

mond, who at this instant recollected the purple jar; "but I will, if you please, look at them a little nearer."

She went up to the table, and looked at them. "May I touch them, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

Rosamond touched them, and tried to smell them, and then exclaimed, "One is quite hard, and the other is soft—One is a great deal colder than the other—One smells like a plum, and the other has no smell at all—I am glad I was not quite sure, mamma; for I do believe that one of them is not a plum, but a stone — a stone painted to look like a plum."

"You are very right," said her mother: "and I am glad you remembered the purple jar. Now eat the real plum, if you like to eat it."

Rosamond ate the plum, and she said that it was very sweet and good. Whilst she was eating it, she looked very often at the stone, that was painted to look like a plum; and she said, "How very pretty it is! It is quite like a real plumb—I dare say, nobody would find out that it was not a plum, at first sight—I wonder whether Laura, or my brother George, would find it out as soon as I did—I should like to have that stone plum, mamma. If you had given me my choice, I would rather have had it than the real plum, which I have eaten, because the pleasure of eating a plum, you know, mamma, is soon over; but *that*," said Rosamond, pointing to the plum, that was made of stone, "would last for ever, you know, mamma."

"Which do you mean, my dear, that

the stone would last for ever, or that the pleasure of having that stone plum would last for ever?"

Rosamond considered for a little while, and then answered, "I don't know, mamma, exactly, which I meant; but I mean now, that I think I should have a great deal of pleasure in showing that stone plum to Laura and my brother, and that I should like to have it for my own, because it is very pretty, and curious, and ingenious—and I mean, that I would much rather have had it than the plum which I have ate, if you had been so good as to have given me my choice."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "as you have eaten the plum, you cannot, perhaps, tell exactly what you would have chosen."

"Oh yes, indeed, mamma, I am sure,

almost sure, I should have chosen the stone plum. I know, this instant, if you were to offer me another real plum, or this," said Rosamond, taking the stone in her hand, "I know which I should choose."

Rosamond was looking so earnestly at the stone plum, that she did not, for some instants, perceive a housewife, which her mother placed upon the table before her.

"A housewife!—a red leather housewife, mamma!" she exclaimed, as soon as she saw it, and she put down the stone plum.

Her mother now placed the plum and the housewife beside one another, and said to her, "Take your choice of these two, my dear; I will give you either the housewife or the stone plum, whichever you like best."

"I hope, mamma," said Rosamond, with a very prudent look—"I hope I shall not take such a silly choice as I did about the purple jar—let us consider—the plum is the prettiest, certainly; but then, to be sure, the housewife would be the most useful; I should not lose my needles, if I had the housewife to keep them in. I remember I wished for a housewife, and asked you for one the other day, mamma. I am very much obliged to you for getting this for me. Did you get it on purpose for *me*, mamma?"

"It does not signify, my dear, whether I did or not—you need not think about that at present, but consider which of the two things, that are before you, you prefer."

"Prefer means like best—I prefer——" said Rosamond, "but stay, I

have not done considering yet—the housewife;—I should not be so apt to lose my needles, and I like to cure myself of my little faults. I was very happy when you smiled and praised me, mamma, and said, the other day, that you were glad to see that I wished to cure myself of my little faults; and I dare say, mamma, that you would smile a great deal more, and be a great deal more pleased with me, when I really have quite entirely cured myself."

"I don't promise you, my dear," said her mother, "that I should smile a great deal more, but I certainly should be much more pleased to see, that you had really cured yourself of any bad habit, than I was to hear you *say*, that you wished to improve yourself."

"But then, mamma," said Rosamond, "losing my needles—the habit I

mean of losing my needles—is but a *very* little fault; and I think I could cure myself of that without having a housewife. You know, I might, as you said, cure myself of shaking my work before I fold it up, and *that* would prevent the needle from dropping out, so that I think I might do without the housewife—what do you think, mamma? but I need not ask you, because I know you will say, as you did about the purple jar, '*think for yourself, my dear.*'"

Rosamond, as she pronounced the words *purple jar*, turned her eyes from the stone plum, and fixed them upon the housewife.

"The housewife will be the most *useful* to me, certainly—I choose the housewife, mamma, and I'll cure myself of

my little faults, and you shall see, I hope, that I shall not lose my needles so often. This housewife will last and be of use to me a great while, and the pleasure of seeing Laura and my brother mistake that stone for a plum would soon be over; and, as to its being pretty, I should soon be tired of looking at it, and forget it, as I forgot—I remember—I mean as I remember that I forgot the pretty gilt coach and six, after I had had it three or four days. I hope, dear mamma, that I have considered well this time, and I think that I have chosen better than I did about the purple jar."

"I think you have, my dear little girl," said her mother.

Some weeks after Rosamond had chosen the red leather housewife, her brother came to her, and said, "Can

you lend me a needle, Rosamond? my father says that he will show us something, that will entertain us, if you can."

"Yes," said Rosamond, "I can lend you a needle; I have never lost one since I have had this housewife;" she took out of her housewife a needle, and lent it to her brother; and he said, "Thank you, come with me; papa said, that, if you had your needle safe, you should see what he is going to show to us."

Her father showed her and her brother several experiments with her needle and a magnet; and Rosamond was much entertained with seeing these experiments, and she was very glad that she had cured herself of the habit of losing her needles; and she said,

"Mother, I am glad I chose the red leather housewife, that has been so useful to me, instead of the stone plum, which would have been of no use to me."

THE

INJURED ASS.

"ARE you very busy, mamma?" said Rosamond—"Could you be so good as to look at your watch, once more, and tell me what o'clock it is—only once more, mamma?"

"My dear Rosamond, I have looked at my watch for you four times within this hour—It is now exactly twelve o'clock."

"Only twelve, mamma! Why, I thought the hour-glass must have been wrong; it seems a great deal more than an hour since I turned it, and since you told me it was exactly eleven o'clock—

It has been a very long, long hour, mamma—Don't you think so, Laura?"

"No, indeed," said Laura, looking up from what she was doing; "I thought it was a very short hour;—I was quite surprised, when you said, mamma, that it was twelve o'clock."

"Ah, that is only because you were so busy drawing; I assure you, Laura, that I, who have been watching the sand running all the time, must know best; it has been the longest hour I ever remember."

"The hour in itself has been the same to you and to Laura," said her mother: "how comes it, that one has thought it long and the other short?"

"I have been waiting and wishing all the time, mamma, that it was one o'clock, that I might go to my brothers and see the soap bubbles they promised

to show me. Papa said, that I must not knock at his door till the clock strikes one. Oh, I've another long hour to wait," said Rosamond, stretching herself and gaping; "another whole long hour, mamma."

"Why should it be a long hour, Rosamond? — Whether it shall seem long or short to you may be just as you please."

"Nay, mamma, what can I do? I can shake the hour-glass, to be sure: that makes the sand run a little faster," said Rosamond; and she shook the glass as she spoke.

"And can you do nothing else, Rosamond," said her mother, "to make the hour go faster?"

"Nothing, that I know of, mamma. Tell me what I can do?"

"You told us just now the reason

that Laura thought the last hour shorter than you did."

"O, because she was busy, I said."

"Well, Rosamond, and if you were busy——"

"But, mamma, how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing? You know I'm not old enough yet: I have never learned to draw; I have no pencil; I have no paper, mamma; I have no rubber-out, mamma; how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing, mamma?"

"And is there nothing in this world, Rosamond, that people can be busy about, except drawing? I am at work, and I am busy. Is there nothing you can do without a pencil, paper, and rubber, and without being as old as Laura?"

"Suppose, mamma, I was to wind

that skein of red silk now, which you desired me to wind before night; perhaps that would make the hour shorter —Hey, mamma! Will it, do you think?"

"You had better try the experiment, and then you will know, my dear," said her mother.

"Is that an experiment too? Well, I'll try it," said Rosamond, "if you will be so good as to lend me your silk-winders, mamma."

Her mother lent Rosamond the winders; and she began to wind the silk: it happened to be a skein difficult to wind; it was entangled often, and Rosamond's attention was fully employed in trying to disentangle it. "There, mamma," said she, laying the ball of silk upon the table after she had wound the whole skein, I have only broken

it five times; and I have not been long in winding it, have I, mamma?"

"Not very long, my dear," said her mother: "only half an hour."

"Half an hour, dear mamma! surely it is impossible that it can be half an hour since I spoke last; since I was talking to you about the hour-glass." Rosamond turned to look at the hour-glass, and she was surprised to see the hill of sand so large in the undermost glass. "This has been a very short half hour, indeed, mamma. You were right; having something to do makes the time seem to go fast. Now, mamma, do you know, that I don't particularly like winding silk; I mean entangled skeins; and I dare say, that, if I had been doing something that I liked better, the half hour would have seemed shorter still. I have another half-hour, mam-

ma, before I go to Godfrey and the soap bubbles. Mamma, if you could think of something for me, that I should like very much to do, I might try another experiment; I might try whether the next half hour would not seem to go faster even than the last."

"Well, my dear Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "as you thought of something to do for yourself when I wished it, I will try if I can find something for you to do now that you will like." Her mother opened the drawer of her table, and took out of it a very small manuscript covered with marble paper.

"What is that mamma?" cried Rosamond.

"A little story," said her mother, "founded on fact."

"What's the name of it, dear mamma?"

"The Injured Ass."

"The Injured Ass;—I'm glad of it —I like the name."

"But you cannot read writing well, Rosamond."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I dare say I shall be able to make this out; it seems to be very plainly written, and in a large round hand; I am glad of that; may I read it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and, when you have read it to yourself, you may, if you like it, read it aloud to Laura and to me."

Rosamond took the little manuscript and began to read it to herself; and with Laura's assistance, she made out all the words.

"Now, mamma, may I read it to you and Laura? I have read it all. I have not been long, have I, mamma? May I begin?"

Her mother assented, and she read the following story:—

'*The Injured Ass.*

'A king made a law, that, if any person had reason to complain of being treated with great ingratitude, the inhabitants of the city where he dwelled should be summoned together by the ringing of a bell, that the ungrateful man might be brought before his fellow citizens, and punished by being exposed to public shame.

'The inhabitants of this city were so virtuous that a long time passed away without any person being accused of great ingratitude. The bell became

rusty; the rotten paling, which surrounded it, was overgrown with grass and weeds; when, late one night, the unaccustomed sound of the bell was heard. The inhabitants of the city surrounded the place, and, to their utmost surprise, they beheld a grey worn-out ass, who had come there, and by chance entangled his feet in the chain of the bell, and by this means rang it. The owner of the ass was discovered: the neighbours all recollected, that it had been, in its youth, a most serviceable creature to him; by the money, which its labour had earned, his master had been enabled to purchase and enclose a bit of ground which formerly belonged to the common. The owner of the ass acknowledged that it had been very useful to him in its youth, but said that it was of no use to him now, and

ate more than it was worth; so he had turned it loose to pick up a living in the mountains and commons, where he thought it might have found plenty of food.

'The deplorable condition of the poor creature was, however, sufficient evidence of its having been treated with great ingratitude, and the owner was condemned to pay a fine sufficient to maintain the ass comfortably for the remainder of its days; and it was farther decreed, that the part of the common, which the master of the ass had been enabled to purchase by the work of this poor animal, should be thrown open again for cattle to graze upon.'

"That's the end of the story, mamma," said Rosamond; and she talked for some time about it to her mother,

and the half hour seemed to have passed away very quickly; so very quickly, that she was surprised, when her brother came to tell her, that it was past one o'clock, and that he was ready to blow the soap bubbles.

ROSAMOND'S

DAY OF MISFORTUNES.

"Many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day."

"ARE you getting up so soon?" said Rosamond to her sister; "it seems to be a cold morning; it is very disagreeable to get up from one's warm bed, in cold weather; I will not get up yet."

So Rosamond, who was covered up warmly, lay quite still, looking at Laura, who was dressing herself as quickly as she could.

"It is a cold morning, indeed," said Laura; "therefore I'll make haste, that

I may go down and warm myself, afterwards, at the fire in mamma's dressing-room."

When Laura was about half dressed, she called again to Rosamond, and told her that it was late, and that she was afraid she would not be ready for breakfast.

But Rosamond answered, "I shall be ready, I shall be ready; for you know, when I make a great deal of haste, I can dress very quickly indeed. Yesterday morning, I did not begin to dress till you were combing the last curl of your hair, and I was ready *almost* as soon as you were. Nay, Laura, why do you shake your head? I say *almost*—I don't say quite."

"I don't know what you call *al-*

most," said Laura, laughing; "I had been drawing some time before you came down stairs."

"But I looked at your drawing," said Rosamond, "the minute I came into the room, and I saw only three legs and a back of a chair; you know that was not much; it was hardly worth while to get up early to do so little."

"Doing a little and a little every morning makes something in time," said Laura.

"Very true," replied Rosamond; "you drew the whole of mamma's dressing-room, dressing-table and glass, and every thing, little by little, in—— what do you call it?—perspective—before breakfast! I begin to wish, that I could get up as you do; but then I can't draw in perspective."

"But, my dear Rosamond, whilst you

are talking about perspective, you don't consider how late it is growing," said Laura; "why don't you get up now?"

"O, because it is too late to get up early now," argued Rosamond.

Satisfied with this reflection, Rosamond closed her eyes, and turned to go to sleeep again. "When you come to the last curl, Laura, call me once more," said she, "and then I'll get up."

But in vain Laura called her again, warning her, that she was "come to the last curl."

Rosamond was more sleepy than ever, and more afraid of the cold: at last however she was roused by the breakfast bell; she started up, exclaiming "O Laura, what shall I do? I shall not be ready—my father will be displeased with me—And I've lost my lace

—and I can't find my pocket-handkerchief—and all my things are gone. This will be a day of misfortunes, I'm sure—and the clasp is come out of my shoe," added she; and as she uttered these words in a doleful tone, she sat down upon the side of the bed and began to cry.

"Nay, don't cry," said Laura, "or else it *will* be a day of misfortunes; look, here's your pocket-handkerchief."

"But my lace!" said Rosamond, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "how can I be ready for breakfast without my lace; and my father will be very, very——"

"Very what?" said Laura, good-humouredly: "here's the lace; sit up a minute, and I'll draw it out for you." Rosamond laughed, when she found that she was sitting upon her own lace,

and she thanked her sister, who was now sewing the clasp into her shoe. "Well, I don't think it will be a day of misfortunes," said Rosamond, "you see I'm almost dressed, hey, Laura? and I shall be ready in pretty good time, and I shall be just as well as if I had got up an hour ago, hey, Laura?" But at this moment, Rosamond, in her violent haste, pulled the string of her cap into a knot, which she could not untie. Laura was going out of the room, but she called her back, in a voice of distress, and begged she would be so very good as to do one thing more for her; and, as Rosamond spoke, she held up her chin and showed the hard knot. Laura, whose patience was not to be conquered even by a hard knot, began very kindly to help her sister; but Rosamond, between her dislike of the cold,

and her fears that she should not be ready for breakfast, and that her father would be displeased with her, became more and more fretful; she repeated, "This *will* be a day of misfortunes, after all—it tires me, Laura, to hold up my chin so long." Laura knelt down to relieve her chin; but no sooner was this complaint removed, than Rosamond began to shiver extremely, and exclaimed, "It is so cold, I cannot bear it any longer, Laura—This will be a day of misfortunes—I would rather untie the knot myself—O, that's my father's voice; he is dressed! he is dressed, and I am not half dressed!"

Rosamond's eyes were full of tears, and she was a melancholy spectacle, when her mother, at this instant, opened the room door. "What! not ready yet, Rosamond! and in tears. Look

at this cross face," said her mother, leading her to a looking-glass: "is that an agreeable little girl, do you think?"

"But I'm very cold, mamma; and I can't untie this knot; Laura, I think you have made it worse," said Rosamond, reproachfully.

At these words her mother desired Laura to go down stairs to breakfast. "Rosamond," added she, "you will not gain any thing by ill-humour: when you have done crying, and when you have dressed yourself, you may follow us down to breakfast."

As soon as her mother had shut the door and left her, Rosamond began to cry again; but, after some time, she considered, that her tears would neither make her warm, nor untie the knot of her cap; she, therefore, dried her eyes, and once more tried to conquer the

grand difficulty. A little patience was all that was necessary; she untied the knot and finished dressing herself, but she felt ashamed to go into the room to her father and mother, and brothers and sister. She looked in the glass to see whether her eyes continued red. Yes, they were very red, and her purple cheeks were glazed with tears. She walked backwards and forwards between the door and the looking-glass several times, and the longer she delayed the more unwilling she felt to do what was disagreeable to her. At length, however, as she stood with the door half open, she heard the cheerful sound of the voices in the breakfast-room, and she said to herself, "why should not I be as happy as every body else is?" She went down stairs, and resolved, very

wisely, to tell her father what had happened, and to be good-humoured and happy.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, when she came into the room, and when she told her father what had happened, "you look rather more agreeable now than you did when I saw you a little while ago. We are glad to see that you can command yourself. Come now, and eat some breakfast."

Laura set a chair for her sister at the table near the fire, and Rosamond would have said, "Thank you," but that she was afraid to speak lest she should cry again. She began to eat her breakfast as fast as possible, without lifting up her eyes.

"You need not put quite such large pieces in your little mouth," said her

mother; "and you need not look quite so dismal; all your misfortunes are over now, are they not?"

But at the word *misfortunes*, Rosamond's face wrinkled up into a most dismal condition, and the large tears, which had gradually collected in her eyes, rolled over her cheeks.

"What is the matter now, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"I don't know, mamma."

"But try to find out, Rosamond," said her mother; "think and tell me what it is that makes you look so miserable; if you can find out the cause of this woe, perhaps you will be able to put an end to it. What is the cause, can you tell?"

"The cause is—I believe, mamma, —because," said Rosamond, sobbing, —"because I think to-day will be a

—will be a day of—a day of—a day of misfortunes."

"And what do you mean by a day of misfortunes, Rosamond? a day on which you are asked not to put large pieces of bread into your mouth?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, half laughing, "but——"

"But what? a day when you cannot immediately untie a knot?"

"Not *only* that, mamma," answered Rosamond: "but a day when every thing goes wrong."

"When you do not get up in proper time, for instance?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And whose fault was that, Rosamond—your's or the day's?"

"Don't you think it was partly the day's fault, mamma, because it was so cold? It was the cold that first pre-

vented me from getting up; and then my not getting up was the cause of my being in a great hurry afterwards, and of my losing my lace and my pocket-handkerchief, and of my pulling the strings of my cap into a knot, and of my being cross to Laura, who was so good to me, and of your being displeased with me, and of all my misfortunes."

"So the *cold*, you think, was the cause of all these misfortunes, as you call them: but do you think that nobody has felt the cold this morning except yourself? Laura and I have felt the cold; and how comes it that we have had no misfortunes?"

"O mamma!" said Rosamond; "but you and Laura do not mind such little misfortunes. It would be very odd indeed, mamma" (and she burst out

a laughing at the idea), "it would be very droll, indeed, mamma, if I was to find you crying because you could not untie the strings of your cap."

"Or because I was cold," added her mother, laughing with her.

"I was very foolish, to be sure, mamma," resumed Rosamond; "but there are two things I could say for myself, that would be some excuse."

"Say them then, my dear; I shall be glad to hear them."

"The first is, mamma, that I was a great deal longer in the cold this morning than any body else; therefore, I had more reason to cry, you know. And the second thing I have to say for myself is——"

"Gently," interrupted her mother; "before you go to your second excuse, let us consider whether your first is a

good one. — How came you to stay longer in the cold, this morning, than any body else did?"

"Because, mamma, you sent Laura down stairs, and told me, I must untie the knot myself."

"And why did I send Laura down stairs, and say you must untie the knot for yourself?"

"Because I was cross to Laura, I believe."

"And what made you cross to Laura?"

"I was cross because I could not untie the knot that the strings of my cap had got into."

"*Had got into, Rosamond!*" Did the strings get into a knot of themselves?"

"I mean, I pulled them into a knot."

"And how came you to do that?"

"Because I was in a hurry."

"And how came you to be in a hurry?"

"O, I see, mamma, that you will say it was my own fault that I did not get up in proper time—But now for the second thing I have to say for myself: The strings of my cap are a great, great deal too short; and this more than the cold was the cause of all my misfortunes. You and Laura might have felt the cold, as you say, as much as I did; but you neither of you had short strings to your caps—mamma," continued Rosamond, with an emphasis—"But" (pausing to reflect, she added) "I do not think that the cold or the strings were the *real* cause of my misfortunes. I don't think that I should have cried the first time, and I am almost sure that I should not have cried the se-

cond and third time, if it had not been for —something else. I am afraid, mamma, to tell you of this *something else*, because I know you will say, that was more foolish than all the rest."

"But tell it to me, notwithstanding," said her mother, smiling, "because the way to prevent yourself from being foolish again is to find out what made you so just now. If you tell me what you think, and what you feel, perhaps I may help you to manage yourself so as to make you wise, and good, and happy; but, unless I know what passes in your little mind, I shall not be able to help you."

"I'll tell you directly, mamma: it was my thinking that to-day would be a day of misfortunes, that made me cry the second and third time; and do you know, mamma," continued Rosamond

in a faltering mournful voice, "I don't know why—but I can hardly help feeling almost ready to cry when the same thing comes into my head again now, mamma. Do you think to-day *will* be a day of misfortunes, mamma?"

"I think, my dear," answered her mother, "that it will depend entirely upon yourself, whether it is or no. If you recollect, we have just discovered, that all your past *misfortunes*, as you call them——"

"Were my own fault, you are going to say, mamma," interrupted Rosamond; "that's the worst of it! That makes me more sorry, and not pleased with myself, nor with any thing else, and ready to cry again, because I can't help it all now."

"Since you cannot help it all now," said her mother, "why should you cry

about it? Turn your thoughts to something else. We cannot help what is past; but we can take care of the future."

"The future," repeated Rosamond: "aye, the time to come. To-morrow, let it be ever so cold, I'll get up in good time: and, as for to-day, I can't get up in good time to-day; but I may do something else that is right; and that may make me pleased with myself again—hey, mamma?—There's a great deal of this day to come yet; and, if I take care, perhaps it will not be a day of misfortunes, after all. What do you think I had better do first, mamma?"

"Run about, and warm these purple hands of yours, I think," said her mother.

"And, after that, mamma, what shall I do next?"

"Do that first," said her mother, "and then we will talk about the next thing."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, casting a longing, lingering look at the fire, "it is *very* disagreeable to leave this nice warm room, and to go out to run in the cold."

"Don't you remember, Rosamond, how warm you made yourself by running about in the garden yesterday? you said that you felt warm for a great while afterwards, and that you liked that kind of warmth better than the warmth of the fire."

"Yes; it is very true, mamma; one gets cold soon after being at the fire—I mean, soon after one goes away from it: but still, it is disagreeable at first to go out in the cold; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, I do; but I think also, that we should be able to do what is a little disagreeable, when we know that it will be for our good afterwards; and by putting off whatever is not quite agreeable to us to do, we sometimes bring ourselves into difficulties. Recollect what happened to a little girl this morning, who did not get up because the cold was disagreeable."

"True, mamma; I will go."

"And I am going to walk," said her mother.

"In the garden, mamma, whilst I run about? I am very glad of that, because I can talk to you between times, and I don't feel the cold so much when I'm talking. The snow is swept off the gravel walk, mamma, and there's room for both of us, and I'll run and

set your clogs at the hall door, ready for your feet to pop into them."

THE ROBIN.

Rosamond found it cold when she first went out, but she ran on as fast as she could, singing

Good, happy, gay,
One, two, three, and away,

till she made herself quite warm.

"Feel my hands, mamma," said she, "not my purple hands, now—feel how warm they are. You see, mamma, I'm able to do what is a little disagreeable to me, when it is for my good afterwards, as you said, mamma."

Rosamond, who was now warm enough to be able to observe, saw, whilst she was speaking to her mother, a robin redbreast, which was perched at

a little distance from her upon a drift of snow. He did not seem to see Rosamond, which rather surprised her. "He must be very cold, or very tame, or very stupid," whispered she; "I'll go nearer to him." At her approach he hopped back a few paces, but then stood still. "Poor robin! pretty robin! he opens his eyes, he looks at me, he is not stupid, he likes me, I dare say, and that is the reason he does not fly away. Mamma, I think he would let me take him up in my hand—may I, mamma? he does not stir."

"I am afraid he is hurt, or ill—take care that you don't hurt him, Rosamond."

"I'll take the greatest care, mamma," said Rosamond, stooping down softly, and putting her hand over the little bird—"Hush! I have him safe,

mamma—his little claws stick to the snow—he is very cold, for he trembles—and he is frightened—there is something come over his eyes—he is ill—what shall I do with him, mamma? May I take him into the house and hold him to the fire, and then give him a great many crumbs to make him quite well?"

Rosamond's mother advised her not to hold the bird to the fire, but said that she might take him into the house and warm him by degrees in her warm hands.

"How lucky it is that my hands are warm, and how glad I am that I came out," cried Rosamond. "Pretty robin, he is better, mamma—he opened his eyes—I'll take him in and show him to Laura."

This poor robin had been almost

starved by cold and hunger, but he was gradually recovered by Rosamond's care, and she rejoiced that she had saved the little bird's life. Her mother gave her some crumbs of bread for him; and whilst the robin redbreast was pecking up the crumbs, Rosamond stood by watching him with great delight.

"What are become of all your misfortunes, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"*My* misfortunes! — what misfortunes?—O, I had quite forgot—I was thinking of the robin's misfortunes."

"Which were rather greater than yours, hey, Rosamond?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "my knot was no great misfortune; I wonder I could *think* about such little things. But you see, mamma, this has not been a day of misfortunes after all. I am very

happy now—I am pleased with myself, —I have saved the life of this poor little robin; and, if I had cried all day long, it would not have done so much good; it would not have done any good. There is only one thing I don't feel quite pleased with myself about yet—Laura! I'm sorry I was cross to Laura about the knot—what can I do to make amends for that, mamma?—I'll never be cross again; I'll tell her so, hey, mamma?"

"No, I advise you not to tell her so, Rosamond, lest you should not be able to keep your promise——"

"If there should come another knot to-morrow, mamma! but I think it would be a good thing to prevent that. Mamma, will you be so good as to give me two long bits of tape, and I will sew them on my cap."

Her mother said that she thought it was wise of Rosamond to prevent *misfortunes*, instead of crying about them after they had happened: she gave her the two bits of tape, and Rosamond sewed them on her cap.

As soon as she had finished this affair, she returned to her robin, who was now flying about the room, and Laura was looking at him. "Laura, is not it a pretty robin?"

"Very pretty, indeed," said Laura.

"Should not you like to have such a robin very much, Laura?" continued Rosamond.

"I like to see him, and to hear him sing, and to feed him," answered Laura.

"Well, but should you not like to have him in a cage for your own?" said Rosamond; and at the same moment

she whispered to her mother, "Mamma, do you know I intend to give him to Laura?"

But how much was Rosamond surprised and disappointed when her sister answered, "No, I should not like to keep him in a cage, because I do not think he would be happy. I have heard that robin redbreasts die soon if they are kept in cages."

"Dear, that is very unlucky indeed," said Rosamond, "particularly as I was just going to offer to give you my robin. But you know you need not keep him in a cage, he may fly about in this room as he does now, and you may feed him every day; should not you like that, Laura? and should not you be much obliged to me then?"

Laura perceived that Rosamond was anxious she should answer *yes*, and she

was unwilling to displease her by refusing to accept of her offer, she therefore hesitated a little.

"Why don't you say yes or no?" said Rosamond, in rather an impatient tone: —she had at this instant need of all her command over herself, to keep to her late excellent resolution, '*never to be* cross again.'—Her mother's eye luckily was upon her, and, with a sudden change of countenance, Rosamond smiled and said, "No, mamma, I have not forgot —you see I am good-humoured—I am only a little sorry that Laura does not seem to like to have my little robin—I thought she would be so pleased with him."

"So I am pleased with him," replied Laura, "and very much obliged to you for offering to give him to me, but I do not wish to keep him; I once took

care of a poor robin, and fed him almost all winter; but at last a sad accident happened to him; don't you remember, Rosamond, he flew upon the bars of the grate in mamma's dressing-room, and he was terribly burnt! and he died?"

Rosamond was touched by the recollection of this poor bird's sufferings; and, after expressing some regret at the thoughts of parting with the pretty robin, which was now upon the table, she determined to open the window, and to let the bird fly away, or stay, whichever he liked best. The robin fluttered for some time near the window, then returned to the crumbs upon the table, pecked them, hopped about, and seemed in no haste to be gone; at last, however, he flew. "O mamma, he is gone for ever!" said Rosa-

mond; "but I did right to let him do as he pleased, did not I, mamma? it was very disagreeable to me indeed to open the window; but you know, mamma, you told me, that we must sometimes do what is disagreeable, when it is to be for our good afterwards; this is not for my good, but for the bird's good. Well, I hope it will be for his good! at any rate I have done rightly."

Whilst Rosamond was yet speaking, the robin returned and perched upon the window-stool. Laura scattered some crumbs upon the floor within sight of the window; the bird hopped in, and flew away with one of the crumbs in his beak. "I dare say," said Rosamond, "he will often come back; every day, perhaps, Laura: O,

how glad I should be of that! would not you, mamma?"

"My dear little girl," said her mother, "I should be glad of it: I am very much pleased to see that you can command your temper, and that you can use your understanding to govern yourself." Rosamond's mother stroked her daughter's hair upon her forehead as she spoke, and then gave her two kisses.

"Ah, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is not a day of misfortunes, indeed."

"No, my dear," said her mother, "it is not; and I wish in all your little and great misfortunes you may manage yourself as well as you have done to-day."

Rosamond's prudent precaution, in

sewing longer strings to her cap proved successful; for a whole month she was dressed in proper time; and her father, to reward her for keeping her good resolutions, lent her a nice little machine of his for drawing perspective; she was allowed to use it before breakfast only, and she felt the advantage of getting up in proper time.

The robin redbreast returned regularly every day to the window to be fed, and when the window happened to be shut, he pecked at it with his little beak till it was opened for him. He at last grew so familiar that he would eat out of Rosamond's hand.

"How much pleasure I should have lost, mamma," said Rosamond, one morning, when the bird was eating out

of her hand, "if I had not done what was a little disagreeable to me on that cold day—which I thought would have been a day of misfortunes."

RIVULETTA.

In the spring, Rosamond and Laura went with their father and mother into the country; and they were very eager, the evening of their arrival, to walk out to look at the flowers and shrubs, and to visit all their favourite walks.

"As soon as ever dinner is over, mamma, I'll go out, if you please, and run down to the water-side to see the early rose-tree, that you planted last year. I remember the place exactly; and, mamma, if there is a rose blown, may I gather it for you?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother; "but I advise you not to raise your

expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. Look at that dark cloud; I think we shall have a storm of hail."

"O no, mamma," said Rosamond, "it will blow over. You see we have just done dinner. There! the cloth is gone now, and I shall have time, before it hails, to run as far as the early rose-tree and back again."

Rosamond put on her hat and ran away; she returned soon afterwards, quite out of breath, with an early rose-bud in her hand, if rose-bud that might be called, in which scarcely a streak of red was visible.

"Here, mamma, is the first rose you've had this year!" cried Rosamond, as soon as she had breath enough to express her admiration. "Is not it beautiful? and you see I had quite time

enough, mamma; it only just began to hail as I came in."

"I see a few hailstones melting upon your hat, however, Rosamond; and have you not been in rather too great a hurry to gather this beautiful rose? it would have been more blown, it might have been a pretty rose-bud, if you had had patience to wait till to-morrow, or till the day afterwards."

"But that would have been a great while to wait, mamma: I can pull the red leaves open, and make it a full-blown rose in a minute."

"I think it would be better to put it in water, and leave it to blow," said her mother: "if you pull it open you will spoil it; and to-morrow will come; therefore we had better think of to-morrow as well as of to-day."

Rosamond paused—"Yes, mamma,"

said she, "I think it will be better to wait till to-morrow. I'll put the rose-bud into water, if you will be so good as to lend me a tumbler."

Her mother poured some water into a tumbler: Rosamond put the rose-bud into it, and as she placed it on the chimney-piece, exclaimed, "I wish to-morrow was come!"

"And why should we lose to-day?" said her mother.

"Because, mamma, don't you see that it is hailing as hard as it can hail? and there will be no more pleasure to-day! the grass will be so wet, even if the storm should blow over before sun-set, that I shall not be able to run upon the grass any more."

"And cannot you possibly be happy without running upon the grass? you did not run upon the grass yesterday

evening, and I think you were tolerably happy."

"Yes, mamma: but do you think the storm will soon be over or not? I'll stand at the window and watch that great black cloud."

In vain Rosamond watched the clouds; there was no hope that the evening would clear up; and she turned to Laura to ask her whether this was not very provoking; but Laura was reading instead of watching the clouds.

Rosamond thought that what Laura was reading must be very interesting, as it could fix her attention in such a moment as this; and, going up softly behind her sister, she exclaimed, as she read the title, —"Rivuletta!—Dear Laura, my mother gave you *that*, I remember, a whole week ago, and you

have kept it all this time; have you never read it yet?"

"No," said Laura, "because I happened to have a great many other things to do, and I kept the pleasure of reading this till the last; and now this rainy evening I have something to make me amends."

"For not going out," said Rosamond; "I should like to see whether it would make me amends too. I am glad you kept it for a rainy evening; that was very *prudent*, as mamma says.—Now you have only read one page, will you be so very good as to begin again and read it to me?"

Laura kindly complied with her sister's request; and, as soon as Rosamond had settled herself to her satisfaction, began to read the story.

'RIVULETTA, A DREAM.'

"A dream! I like dreams," said Rosamond; "but I won't interrupt you."

'It happened towards the middle of June, that I rose remarkably early to take a walk through the country, before the sultry beams of the sun had yet heated the atmosphere: and wandering wherever the windings of the path led me, I arrived at the gate of a magnificent garden; the gardener, immediately perceiving me, desired that I should walk in, with which request I readily complied, and surveyed with delight the variety of shrubs and flowers which the garden produced; at length, reposing myself among the twisting branches of an honey-suckle, within full view of a large and costly

bed of tulips, Morpheus closed my eyes, and sent to me from Heaven the following dream:—

'On the tallest, largest, finest tulip that bloomed in the garden methought there settled a butterfly of uncommon beauty, between whose downy wings reclined a little fairy. Her form was inexpressibly elegant: sweetness, and gaiety, and youth were blended in her countenance, with innocence and unaffected grace, that she seemed as if she were that moment come to life; her flowing robe was tinctured with all the variety of colours, that it was possible for nature or art to conceive; her eyes were of a vivid blue; and her flaxen hair waved in ringlets upon her shoulders. Small though she was, I could distinguish every fold in her garment, nay, even every azure vein that wandered

beneath her snowy skin. As I was thus contemplating her with attention, she disengaged herself from the butterfly, whom she managed with a silken rein, leaving it to range about the garden at pleasure; and perching herself upon the stamina of the tulip, she began to diversify it with the very finest tinctures. She placed in her lap a little tablet covered with a numberless variety of different colours, which she by degrees laid on the surface of the flower with a pencil made of the softest hairs imaginable, wetting it every now and then with the dew-drops that still remained scattered up and down the leaves. Methought, as I gazed upon her, that I never in my life beheld a more beautiful picture. And now, that her morning work was just completed, she gathered a handful of farina off a

neighbouring flower, and began to sprinkle it over the yet moist tulip, to give it that velvet gloss, which is so peculiarly beautiful, when I happened to turn my head, and to my great surprise I beheld my youngest daughter running to seize hold of the butterfly, which she was just on the point of catching, when her foot slipped, and she crushed at once, by her fall, the flower, and the pretty little object of her wishes; even the fairy had but a narrow escape, by concealing herself under a shell, that chanced to be beneath the tulip.

'The beauty of the scene had now entirely vanished, and I saw nothing but the bruised flower, and the dying insect. A number of confused ideas now danced before my eyes, and my ears were filled with a variety of dis-

cordant sounds. At length, a small, shrill voice, distinctly articulated the following words:—

'"He who now speaks to you,"—said the invisible being—"is the deity of the fairies; and as your curiosity has been excited with respect to the little fairy you have just now seen, it shall be satisfied. Her name is Rivuletta, and she belongs to the most delicate species of fairy that exists, to whom the care is given of the vegetable creation. 'Tis they who, every revolving season, enliven and beautify the scenes of nature with such a variety of tinctures; and, as they are continually employed in giving pleasure, they are peculiarly happy. What occupations can be more delightful than theirs?

'"Yet think not, from this partial view, that they are exempted from the

universal lot of every being; they have their miseries in common with others. Are there not frosts to nip? Are there not heats to parch? Are there not rains to drown, and blights to blast the fairest of their produce? Nay, have they not more to fear than all these? Has not their sad experience taught them, that many a flower wastes its sweetness and dies neglected by mankind?

'"And consider what those must feel, who are doomed to toil upon such neglected beauties. Have they not likewise learned what to expect from Man, who robs them of their choicest sweets ere they are arrived at full perfection?

'"To all these various evils the little fairies are continually subject, and fortunate indeed is she, who escapes them all. And now look yonder," said the

invisible being; "observe that tulip and that insect, which formerly constituted the whole happiness of the unfortunate Rivuletta: she is now, by the folly of a child, deprived for ever of it, and rendered miserable for the rest of her life. How often have I viewed her, proudly mounted on her gilded butterfly, ascend to the higher regions of the sylphs, with them

"To sport and flutter in the fields of air,"

and then descend with equal joy upon her favourite flower, whose loss, by one of the laws of her society, dooms her to perpetual slavery."

'Methought, that the deity was just going to explain the reason of this, when my attention was unexpectedly diverted by the appearance of the fairy, who was slowly riding on a sable moth. Her robes, which but a little while

before had looked so gay, were now coloured of the darkest green; her countenance was pale and wan, and I discovered, that she really had become a slave since I had seen her; for, as she drew nearer to the remains of her butterfly, and stretched out her hand to reach them, I heard the sound of a heavy chain upon her little feeble arm.

'I here gave a deep sigh, and with the violence of my emotion I awoke, and hearing the buzzing of the bees, I suddenly recollected myself. I arose from my seat to pursue my walk homewards, painting upon every butterfly that I saw the image of Rivuletta.

'As I was thus recalling to my memory the delightful vision, which I had just beheld, I found, that what at first so strongly caught my senses now began to touch my heart, and that even in the

wildest flights of the imagination, reason can trace a moral. The familiar shape and humble species of the insect had made me look with indifference on its sufferings, though it expired in agony at my feet; whilst the fair form, graceful motion, and elegant attire of the fairy, had given importance to her imaginary distress, and had rung my heart with the tenderest compassion.'

After Laura had finished reading, Rosamond exclaimed, "Is that all? I wish there was some more of it."

"Why, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "you forget that the grass is wet, and that it has not done raining."

"Yes, mamma; and I was quite wrong when I said there would be no more pleasure to-day. There are different sorts of pleasure, mamma. I

was happy when Laura was reading to me; and I was happy when I was running on the grass a little while ago; and when I can't have one thing that I like, I may still find out something else that will entertain me—Thank you, Laura, for reading 'Rivuletta.' I remember the pretty fairy's name. Mamma, is it true, that somebody really dreamt this nice dream; and who was it, mamma? Do you know the person?"

"It is not true, my dear; it was invented and written by a very young person."

"The same boy who wrote 'The Injured Ass,' mamma?"

"No, my dear; but a sister of his."

"How old was she, when she wrote it, mamma?"

"She was just thirteen."

"Was she good, mamma? Was she like Laura; or was she vain or proud?"

"She was good: she was neither vain nor proud, though she was uncommonly beautiful and superior in understanding to any person of her age, that I ever was acquainted with."

"*Was*, mamma!" said Laura.

"*Was*, my dear: she is no more—Her parents lost her when she was but fifteen!"

THE THORN.

"HERE is the rose-bud, mamma, that we put into water yesterday," said Rosamond; "look how prettily it has blown; and smell it; it has some smell to-day: I'm glad I did not pull it open. The *to-morrow*, that I wished for, is come—'*To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday.*'* May I go and gather a bit of sweet-briar, mamma, for you to wear with this rose?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and then follow us along the west shrubbery walk. We are going to look at the hyacinths."

* The words used by a child five years old.

"Hyacinths?—Then I'll make a great deal of haste," said she.

Impatient to follow her mother along the west shrubbery walk, and to see the hyacinths, Rosamond unluckily forgot that sweet-briar has thorns. She plunged her hand into the first sweet-briar bush she came to, but hastily withdrew it, exclaiming, "How sweet-briar pricks one!" She next selected, with rather more care, a slender sprig on the outside of the shrub; but though she pulled, and pulled, she could not break off this twig, and she shook the whole bush with her efforts; a straggling overgrown branch, armed with thorns, bent down, as Rosamond shook his neighbours, and caught fast hold of the riband of her straw hat; she struggled, but it was in vain to struggle; so

at last she quietly untied her hat, drew her head out of danger, and then disengaged her riband; and, at length, with scratched hands, and a thorn in her finger, she followed her mother to the hyacinths.

"Here, mamma, is the sweet-briar," said she; "but I don't like sweet-briar; for I have run a thorn into my finger by gathering it; it is full of thorns; I don't like sweet-briar."

"You do not like thorns, I fancy you mean," said her mother; "come here, and I will take the thorn out for you. Where is this terrible thorn?"

"You can't see it, mamma, because it is gone a great way into my finger below the skin—Oh!—that hurts me very much," cried Rosamond, shrinking back as her mother touched the finger.

"I am trying, my dear," said her mother, "to find out whereabouts the thorn is."

"It is there just under your finger, mamma," said Rosamond.

"Then if you can lend me a needle, Rosamond, I will take it out in a moment."

"Here's a needle," said Rosamond, producing with an air of satisfaction her red morocco housewife; "here's a small needle, mamma; but you will not hurt me, will you?"

"As little as I possibly can, my dear," said her mother; "but I must hurt you a little."

"Then, mamma," said Rosamond, putting her hand behind her, "if you please, I had rather not have the thorn taken out at all."

"O Rosamond! what a coward you

are," exclaimed her brother, who was standing by; and he began to laugh in rather an insulting manner; but he stopped himself when his mother said, "Had not we better reason with Rosamond than laugh at her?"

"Yes, mamma, let us reason," said Rosamond: but she still kept her hand behind her.

"Would you rather bear a great deal of pain or a little?" said her mother.

"A little, mamma," said Rosomond; "and that is the reason that I say I would rather bear to have the thorn as it is, in my finger, than bear the great pain of having it pulled out."

"But how do you know that it would give you a great deal of pain to have the thorn pulled out?"

"I don't *know*, mamma, *but* I fancy

—I believe it would," said Rosamond, fixing her eyes upon the point of the needle, which her mother held in her hand.

"Do you remember ever to have had a thorn taken out of your finger?"

"No, mamma; and that is the very reason I am afraid of it; so I had rather bear the pain of the thorn, that I do know, than the pain of having it taken out, which I do not know."

"But though you may have never felt, or never remember to have felt, what it is to have a thorn taken out of your finger, you have friends, probably, who could assist you by their experience — here is Laura, for instance; as she always speaks truth, you can believe what she says, cannot you?"

"O yes, certainly."

"I took a thorn out of her hand, yesterday."

"Did it hurt you much, Laura?" said Rosamond.

"Very little;" said Laura; "the pain was not more than the prick of a pin."

"I could bear the prick of a pin," said Rosamond, holding out her hand; "but I think, mamma, the thorn is gone; I scarcely feel it now."

"If it is gone, my dear, I am glad of it," said her mother; "there is no occasion that you should bear even the prick of a pin for nothing. I only advised you to choose the least of two evils.—But why does your little finger stick out from all the rest of your fingers?" continued her mother, observing that as Rosamond rolled up her housewife, this little fin-

ger never bent along with its companions."

"Don't you know, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is the finger that has the thorn in it?"

"O then the thorn is in it still!" said her mother; "I thought it was out just now—am I to believe, that it is both in and out at the same time?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "but, till I tried to bend my finger, I did not feel the thorn; it does not hurt me in the least whilst I hold it still, and whilst I hold it out quite straight, so, mamma."

"And is it your intention to hold your finger out quite straight, and quite still, Rosamond, all the remainder of your life?"

"O no, mamma, that would tire me very much indeed; I should be

tired before I had held it so one day, or one hour, I'm sure; for I begin to be rather tired already."

"As long as you prefer this inconvenience to bearing the prick of a needle it cannot be very troublesome. Here is your needle, my dear; put it into your housewife, and now let us go to the hyacinths."

"Must I put my hand in my pocket again? I must use my other hand," said Rosamond, stretching across her left hand to her right pocket, in a strange awkward manner.

"And that is the way, my dear, you intend to get things out of your pocket in future?" said her mother.

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "nor shall I have any pleasure in looking at the hyacinths till this thorn is out—I think my finger is swell-

ing, mamma, and it certainly is red all round the joint—Look, mamma."

"I do not in the least doubt it, my dear," said her mother, calmly.

"But can you tell me, ma'am, what the end of it will be?"

"The end of what, my dear?"

"The end of my leaving the thorn in my finger."

"The consequences of it, I suppose you mean. The probable consequences are, my dear, that the finger will fester, or *gather*—You may remember——"

"O, I do remember, indeed," interrupted Rosamond, "last winter my foot *gathered*. I know what you mean by that—I recollect the pain that I felt then: it was much more than the pricks of a hundred pins. Mamma, will you be so good as to take the thorn out for me? Here is the needle."

Her mother took the thorn out for Rosamond; the pain was soon over; and when her mother showed her the thorn sticking upon the point of the needle, she rejoiced, and bending her finger, exclaimed, "Now I can use my finger again! Thank you, mamma!—You see at last I did choose the least of the two evils."

"You have done prudently, and I'm glad of it," said her mother; "and now let us go and look at the hyacinths. I dare say, Rosamond, this thorn will make you remember to be more careful the next time you go to gather sweet-briar."

"Yes, that it will, mamma, I dare say; pain makes one remember things very well—And pleasure too, mamma, makes one remember things longer still, I think; for, since you gave me this

nice little housewife," said Rosamond, who had taken out her housewife to put by her needle, "I have never forgotten to put my needle into its place."

THE

HYACINTHS.

"O MAMMA! how beautiful they are!" cried Rosamond, running up to the hyacinth bed; "Pink, and blue, and lilac. I don't know which I like best, they are all so pretty; and they have a delightful smell, mamma. But what can be the meaning of this?" added she, pointing with a look of mournful surprise to a ridge of earth on which lay several faded hyacinths, that had been newly pulled up; they were lying with their flowers downwards, and the gardener was just going to cover them up with earth. "And must they be buried alive? What a pity! May not we

save the life of this beautiful pink one, mamma? The others, to be sure, are a little withered; but this," said she, lifting up the head of a tall pink hyacinth, "look at it, ma'am, now it stands upright. The new earth has soiled it a little; but we'll shake off the earth." Rosamond gave the hyacinth a gentle shake; not such a shake as she gave the sweet-briar bush; the earth still clung to the flower. Rosamond shook the stem a little more, and several of the pink flowers fell to the ground, so that only the bare green stalk now remained upright. "Well, that may be buried," said Rosamond; but she raised another of its companions from the earth —"A blue hyacinth; quite fresh, mamma!"

"Look at the other side of it, my dear," said her mother.

"It is a little withered on the other side, to be sure, mamma," said Rosamond; "but it will look very well in a flower-pot with others—Why must they be buried?"

"The gardener, who has had more experience than you or I upon this subject says, that he buries them in this manner to strengthen their roots?"

"Their roots!" said Rosamond; "but what signify those ugly roots, in comparison with these beautiful flowers?"

"These beautiful flowers, you know, come from those ugly roots."

"But why need they be strengthened any more, mamma? We have the flowers already."

"Next year we shall have fresh flowers if we take care of these roots;

but if we were to throw them away, we should see no blooming hyacinths next spring."

"Next spring! It will be a great while, mamma, before next spring."

"Yesterday, my dear," said her mother, "you thought that to-day would never come; but you see my rose-bud is blown," said her mother, taking the early rose-bud out of her nosegay.

"Ah! very true, mamma," said Rosamond; "but a year is quite another thing."

"To look forward a whole year," said her mother, "is certainly rather too much to expect from a little girl, who has only just learned to look forward a whole day; but, however, it is possible, that Rosamond may in time learn to think of next year as well as of to-morrow. Now, Rosamond, take your

choice. You may have either those six hyacinth flowers, that lie upon that ridge, or you may have their six roots, whichever you please."

As she finished speaking, she gathered the hyacinths; and the gardener, by her desire, picked up the roots, and placed them in a heap, before Rosamond——Rosamond looked alternately at the flowers and the roots.

"The flowers, to be sure, are withered; and next year there will be fine fresh flowers, that will last a fortnight, or perhaps a month, and these will be quite gone in a few hours," said Rosamond.

Yet the idea of the present pleasure of putting the hyacinth into her flowerpot was full in Rosamond's mind; and she looked in her mother's eyes anxiously.

"Don't consult my eyes, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling: "you shall see nothing in my eyes;" and her mother turned away her head. "Use your own understanding, because you will not always have my eyes to see with."

"Look at me again, mamma; and I will use my own understanding.—Do you mean, that, if I choose the roots, you will give me leave to keep them in your ground? You know, if I have no ground to plant them in, they would be of no use to me; and I then had better choose the flowers."

"Very true, Rosamond," said her mother; "I am glad that you are so considerate—I *do* mean to give you some ground to plant the roots in, if you choose the roots."

"Then, mamma, I do choose the roots—Are you pleased with my choice, mamma?"

"My dear," said her mother, "I hope *you* will be pleased with it; for it is your affair, and not mine."

"But don't you think I have made a wise choice, mamma? A little while ago, when I chose to have the thorn pulled out rather than to have it in my finger, you said, that I had done very prudently to choose the least of two evils, and that you were glad of it—And now, mamma, I have chosen the greatest of two pleasures, and that is prudent too; and are not you glad of it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, mamma. And when shall I plant the hyacinths? To-morrow, mamma?"

"No, my dear, not till next spring: leave them here, and the gardener shall take care of them for you till it is the proper time to plant them next year."

THE

RABBIT.

MANY agreeable things engaged Rosamond's attention during the year that elapsed whilst the hyacinth roots lay buried in sand. Her mother gave her a little bit of ground for a garden; and, as it was in vain to think of having hyacinths before the proper season, Rosamond begged that her mother would be so good as to give her some seeds, which she might in the mean time sow in her garden.

"What sort of seeds do you want, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"Any sort, mamma; all sorts, if you please."

"Have you room to sow all sorts of seeds, Rosamond, do you think, in your little garden? for instance, turnip, carrot, cabbage, and cauliflower seeds, and peas, and beans, and——"

"O no, mamma; all those would take up a great deal too much room—I can't have all sorts of seeds, to be sure; therefore, if you please, I will have only flower seeds."

"All sorts of flower seeds?"

"No, no, ma'am; you know I have not room for all; but I should like to have those which will come up the quickest, and which will be the prettiest."

"Perhaps you cannot have both those at once; for instance, pinks and carnations you think pretty."

"O yes, mamma! I must have pinks and carnations in my garden—(I

mean if you please), for they are beautiful."

"But I cannot please to make them grow as fast as you perhaps expect, Rosamond."

"If I sow pinks and carnations this very day, mamma, how soon shall I have a nosegay of them?"

"Probably next year."

Rosamond sighed; and said, that, if carnations were so long in growing, she would rather have sweet peas, or any thing else; and she asked her mother, what would come up soonest of any thing she could plant.

Her mother told her, that she believed mustard-seed cresses would be the most likely to answer her purpose, if she was determined upon having what would grow with the greatest expedition.

Mustard-seed, compared with pinks,

carnations, sweet peas, or sweet williams, did not quite suit Rosamond's fancy. She now also called to mind the dishes of peas and beans of her brother Orlando's raising, of which she had eaten last year; and she wavered long between the useful and the beautiful, between the slow and the quick growing vegetables.

"When you have decided, my dear," said her mother, "ask your sister Laura to write down the names of the seeds, that you wish to have: but do not talk to me any more about the matter, because I am going to read. I have listened to your changes of opinion now for nearly a quarter of an hour."

"I have decided entirely now, mamma," said Rosamond; "only I am sorry I can't have every thing I wish."

"That you cannot, indeed, my dear,

nor any body else, I assure you; therefore begin by deciding what you wish for most; then let us see, if it be possible to get it; if it can be had, so much the better; if it cannot, then you must consider what you like next best, and so on. Take a whole day to consider about it, I advise you: for, as soon as you have given me your list of seeds, I shall not listen to any changes of opinion afterwards."

Rosamond's list was written and rewritten, by Laura, many times during the course of this day; sometimes Rosamond attended prudently to the sober counsel of her elder brother, the experienced gardener, Orlando; at other times she more eagerly listened to the brilliant ideas of her younger brother Godfrey. He talked of cucumbers, and melons, and grapes, and peaches, and

nectarines; whilst Orlando represented, that hot-beds and hot-houses would be necessary for these; that Rosamond would not know how to manage them; and that it would be safer to begin with things, that would require less care and skill. He showed Rosamond a little journal of all that he had done in his garden the last year, and an account of all that it had produced. She had now the means of judging what she could do herself; and she made out her list of seeds from Orlando's journal."

"This is a very reasonable, sensible list," said her mother; "I am surprised that you, Rosamond, who have had no experience in gardening, could judge so well as you have done."

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "I judged by Orlando's journal. Here it is; it tells me all that he did, mamma; it

is an exact *history*, he says, of his garden; and from this I can learn, mamma, what I should do, and what I should not do, in my garden; and it will save me a great deal of trouble, and save me from making mistakes. So, though I have had no experience, as you say, myself, I can learn by Orlando's experience, mamma."

Rosamond made such good use of her brother's history, that her little garden was soon brought into good order; and she did not expect that her seeds and her flowers should grow faster than any other person's. She made, to be sure, some few mistakes, and suffered some few disappointments; for there are things, which are to be learned only by *our own* experience: the advantage of perseverance, perhaps, is one of them.

Rosamond was apt to vary her plans too often to bring things to perfection. Sometimes her walks were all to be straight, sometimes serpentine. She "changed round to square, and square again to round." Every new visitor found some new fault, or suggested some new improvement; and Rosamond wearied herself with perpetual endeavours to please every body, till, at length, convinced, that this was impossible, since people had such different tastes, she resolved to abide by what should be decided to be best by the best judges; and one evening, when her mother came to look at her garden, she appealed to her. "I am determined, mamma, to make my garden exactly what you think the prettiest—Do you like my mount, mamma? Godfrey does not like my mount, though I have worked a whole week at

it mamma; and I should have had a salad, by this time, in that very place, if I had not dug up the seeds in making the mount—But, dear mamma, come now and look at my labyrinth—Godfrey told me about the labyrinth of Crete, mamma; and this is to be the labyrinth of Crete; he showed me how to make it. It is but just begun, mamma—I'm afraid you can't understand it: it is to go zig-zag —zig-zag, through this border."

"But what are these little green things?—Here seems to be something coming up here."

"Only minionette, mamma. But, if you don't think you shall like our labyrinth, mamma, I won't finish it—Indeed I believe it will be too narrow to walk in; and I had better not spoil the minionette: I can give you nice nosegays of minionette—But, mamma, here's

another thing—We are thinking of digging a pond here."

"What! in the midst of your fine bed of turnips? And where will you get water to fill your pond?"

"When it rains, mamma; and then you know it will be very useful to have a pond full of water, with which we can water the turnips and every thing."

"But the turnips must be pulled up to make room for the pond."

"True, mamma," said Rosamond; "but still I shall have minionette, since I mean to give up the labyrinth; and minionette must be watered in hot weather."

"And do you think that your pond will be full of water in hot weather? Do you think the rain will never dry up in your pond?"

"Ah! that is what we are sadly afraid of, mamma: but then, in *rainy* weather, the pond will be quite full and very useful."

"Very useful! what, to water your minionette when it is raining? Will not the rain do as well as the rain-water out of your pond?"

Rosamond confessed that she had not made this reflection; and she gave up the scheme of the pond.

"And now, mamma," said she, "*lay out* my garden for me, as Godfrey says, exactly to your own taste; and I will alter it all to-morrow to please you."

"I advise you, Rosamond, not to alter it," said her mother: "wait till all the things you have planted come to perfection, and don't give up what is useful for what is useless. As to the rest, please your own taste."

"But the thing is, mamma, that, if I don't alter and alter continually, I have nothing to do, and I am tired of my garden, if it looks ever so nice."

"You are in the right, my dear little Rosamond, to try to find out the cause of your own actions—So, then, you change your plans continually for want of something to do—Look at all those weeds in that shrubbery," said she; "those are easily pulled up, especially the grounsel."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well; employ yourself in weeding that shrubbery for me—Here is a basket—Bring your little hoe."

"I can pull the groundsel up with my hand, mamma," said Rosamond; and she set to work with great alacrity.

"Rosamond!" said her mother,

"when you have weeded, quite clean, this piece of the shrubbery, from this variegated holly to that larch, I will give you three of those little laburnums, that you wished to have a few days ago."

"Oh! thank you, mamma," said Rosamond; "but I'm afraid I shall be a great while doing this; for I see a great many weeds."

She worked hard that day, and filled her basket quite up to the top with groundsel; and she calculated, that, if she filled this basket full of weeds every day, she should have cleared from the variegated holly to the larch in the week.

For some rainy days, and some accidents, she had not allowed; but, at the end of a fortnight, the work was completed; and her mother gave her the three little laburnums. Rosamond

transplanted them immediately into her garden. She was surprised and rejoiced to find, that her minionette and her turnips during this fortnight of tranquillity, had come forward finely—A few weeds had made their appearance, but those she soon pulled up; and, resolving to make no useless alterations in her garden, she returned to her mother and asked her for fresh employment.

"Go on weeding the shrubbery, from the larch to the large laurel," said her mother; "that will be a month's work; and, if you do it well, I will give you the little laurel that grows near your garden."

Rosamond, in due time, earned the laurel; and she had now acquired the habit of regularly employing herself, so that she liked the work, even without thinking of her promised rewards—She

earned several pretty shrubs; amongst others, a fine damask rose-tree, by her summer and autumn's work; *earned*, perhaps, we should not say, for the rewards her mother gave to her were certainly above the value of her work, but her mother said, she thought that a few shrubs were well bestowed in teaching her little daughter industry and perseverance.

"The same industry and perseverance, Rosamond," said she, "that you show in weeding this shrubbery, may be turned to a great many other useful things."

"Yes, mamma—I hope, when winter evenings come," said Rosamond, "you will be so very good as to teach me to write—I wish I could write the history of my garden as nicely as Orlando wrote his journal."

The history of Rosamond's garden

was this year much to her credit—She had

4 dishes of radishes,
6 dishes of tonge-grass,
1 dish of turnips.

Peas failed for want of room. She had several nosegays of pansies, sweet peas, and minionette. The three laburnums, which she transplanted in the spring, and which she had the courageous patience to leave in peace all summer, flourished beyond her most sanguine expectations; and Orlando gave it is his opinion, that they would bear fine yellow flowers the ensuing spring. But alas! early one hot morning in August, when Rosamond went with her little green watering-pot, to water her favourite laburnums, she found the two finest of them broken, and the other was stripped of its leaves—She ran to her brother

Orlando, and asked him to come to her garden. He came—he saw the poor laburnums—but he could do them no good.

"Who can have done all this mischief?" cried Rosamond; "and why should any one do me mischief? I never do mischief to any body or to any thing! Who can have done all this?"

"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief," said Orlando, after he had closely examined the little laburnums—"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief—A rabbit—Look! here are the marks of his nibbling teeth. Look at these bitten leaves."

"Mischievous rabbit! good for nothing animal!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"However, for your comfort," continued Orlando, "here's one of your laburnums, that may do very well yet."

"Oh, but the rabbit will come again!" said Rosamond. "What can I do? how shall I keep him away? he'll eat every thing I have in the world," added Rosamond, in whose imagination this rabbit now appeared an unconquerable wild beast.

"He will not eat every thing you have in the world," said Orlando, soberly; "but, to be sure, there is some danger of his eating your laburnums; because, unluckily, rabbits happen to be fond of laburnums; and he does not know that there is any harm in eating them."

"I wish he would only be so good as not to eat mine," said Rosamond.

"Nor mine," cried Orlando; "you would not have him eat mine! He'll come to me next, I'm afraid, as soon as he has done with you."

"Done with me! so then, you think he'll go on eating!"

"To be sure, he will eat as long as he is alive, I suppose," said Orlando, with calm gravity; "and we have no right to kill him for eating, even your laburnums—Hey?"

"Kill him!" repeated Rosamond, shrinking back; "no, I would not kill or hurt *any* animal; you know, that would be cruel—Poor rabbit! I don't want to hurt him, though he has eat my laburnums—He did not know, as you say, that he was doing any harm—I only want to hinder him, if I can, from doing me more mischief; but I'm sure I don't know how; for I can't build a wall; and I've nothing of which I can make a hedge—I don't want to hurt the rabbit, but to hinder him from hurting me—Poor fellow!"

Orlando was much pleased by the humanity with which Rosamond spoke of her enemy, the rabbit; and he knew by experience, how provoking it is to see the fruits of one's own labours destroyed—"I'll see about it for you, Rosamond," said he, after musing for some time. "I don't say I can do it; but we'll see what can be done—I think I can save your last laburnum."

The next morning, all the family were at breakfast before Orlando appeared. This was an unusual circumstance; for he was generally as punctual as the clock; "I know where he is," said Godfrey; "he has just run down to Rosamond's garden to look at something."

"I am sure that's very good of him—I know that you mean my poor aburnum," cried Rosamond; "but,

mamma, had not I better go and tell him it is time to have his breakfast?"

Rosamond had just slid down from her chair, when Godfrey stopped her with an eager hand—"The *something* is not a laburnum, Rosamond, and you are not to know any thing about it—I am sorry I happened to say *something*; for I was desired to say nothing."

At this instant Orlando made his appearance, with a wooden box in his hand, of about two feet long, sixteen inches broad, and nine inches high.

"What is that?" cried Rosamond.

Orlando placed the box on the table before her—"It is nothing," said she, "but an old box, as far as I can see,' But Rosamond had not looked far; she had only looked at the sides next her. At length, observing that every body smiled, she went round to the place

where Godfrey, who seemed to see farther than she did, was standing.

"Ha!" cried she, "here's a glass on this side of the box!" There was a small hole cut in this side of it about the size of a card; and this hole was covered with glass. "I see something white behind the glass," said she.

"No, its brown, not white," cried Godfrey.

"It was white just now," replied Rosamond: "it has changed—it moves! —It must be something alive."

Rosamond put her face closer to the spy-hole; and, looking in, she saw a brown and white rabbit, crouching down, in the farthest corner of the box. "Dear Orlando! the rabbit! how did you get him! Is he hurt?" cried Rosamond.

"He is not in the least hurt," said

Orlando; and he showed Rosamond how he had caught the rabbit.*

"I'm glad we have caught him, and that he's not hurt," said Rosamond.

"But now what shall we do with him?" said Orlando.

"Pretty little animal! what nice white ears and feet he has!" said Rosamond, still looking at him through the glass; "but he keeps himself squeezed up, and moves his quick eyes and his long ears continually—I wish he would come out of that corner."

"He dare not; he dare not move," said Orlando; "he's frightened almost out of his wits."

"That's a pity," said Rosamond; "for if he was not so foolish as to be

* A description of this trap may be seen in Emerson's Mechanics, Plate 23, Fig. 262.

frightened, he might be very happy in this box—it is quite a room to him."

"But he is not used to live in a room," said Orlando; "and may be that's one reason he does not like it."

"Well, he'll grow used to it, and then he'll like it," said Rosamond.

"Grow used to it!" said Orlando; "why, do you mean to keep him a prisoner in this box, all his life?"

"Not a prisoner," said Rosamond; "but I should like to keep him in this box; I'd call it his house, and I would feed him—not with my laburnums, but with any thing else that he likes; and I would make him the happiest little rabbit in the world, if mamma likes it."

"You had better consider how the rabbit would like it first," said her mother.

"But I mean to do every thing for his good," said Rosamond.

"I have heard my father say—have not I, father?" said Orlando, "that it is contrary to the laws of England, to do any body good against his will."

"But this rabbit is not any body," interrupted Godfrey.

"It may not be against the laws of England, then," resumed the grave Orlando, "to keep him in this box; but I think it would be cruel."

"Cruel!" cried Rosamond; "I would not be cruel. I tell you, I mean to make him as happy as the day is long."

"But he'll never be happy—you can't make him happy, Rosamond, in this box," said Orlando; "you don't consider, that rabbits like to run about; and he can feed himself better than you can feed him."

"Aye, with my laburnums," said Rosamond, changing her tone; "am I to let him loose again to eat my poor laburnums—laburnum—for I have only one left!"

At the recollection of the mischief he had done, Rosamond, notwithstanding the rabbit's pretty white ears and feet, looked at him with dislike; and Orlando seemed at a loss what to advise—He leaned his elbows upon the top of the box and began to meditate.

After some minutes' silence, he exclaimed, "I never clearly understood what was right to be done about animals; what is cruelty to animals; for if animals hurt us, or hurt our property——"

"Yes, our laburnums, for instance,' interrupted Rosamond.

"We must defend them, and we

must defend ourselves," continued Godfrey.

"And," resumed Orlando, "how comes it, that we think so compassionately about this one rabbit, under my elbows" (knocking his elbows upon the box, which made the rabbit within start)—"yet we eat rabbits very often at dinner, without thinking at all about the matter?"

"That's very extraordinary," said Rosamond; "but then the rabbits, that we eat at dinner, are dead and cannot feel; so we are not cruel in eating them."

"But," said Godfrey, "they are killed on purpose for us to eat."

"Then the people who killed them are cruel."

"But those people would not kill them, if we did not want to eat them."

"I don't want to eat rabbits," said Rosamond; "so I hope nobody will ever kill any for me."

"But you want to eat beef and mutton," said Orlando: "and then sheep and oxen are killed instead of rabbits."

"The best way, then," said Rosamond, "would be to leave off eating meat."

"Yes," said Godfrey; "let us begin to-day."

"Stay," said Orlando—"Consider—How should we manage, if all sorts of animals became so numerous, that there would not be food for them and for us? There would never be wild vegetables enough; and the animals would grow bold with hunger, and eat the vegetables in our gardens."

"Aye," said Rosamond; "and

would not it be very unjust indeed, that we should work for them all day?"

"And, perhaps at last," continued Orlando, "if we did not eat animals, they might eat us."

"I think we had better go on eating meat," said Rosamond; "but I am glad I am not a butcher."

"Sheep and oxen do not eat men; but, if they increased so much as to eat all the vegetables, they would in the end destroy men as effectually by starving them as if they eat them," said her father.

"I don't think we have gone to the bottom of the business yet," said Orlando.

"Nor I," said Godfrey; "I'll think more of it, and write an essay upon cruelty to animals."

"And, in the mean time, what shall we do with this rabbit?" said Orlando; "we have got a great way from him."

"Poor fellow!" said Rosamond, looking into his prison; "you little think we are talking about you. Orlando, I wish we could carry him to some place at a great distance from our gardens, where he might live happily, and eat what he liked, without doing us any mischief. Papa, could this be done?"

"My dear," said her father, "there is a place about six miles from hence, called a rabbit warren, where great numbers of rabbits live."

"O father! could you be so good," said Rosamond, "as to have him carried there and set at liberty?"

"My dear little girl," said her father, "I am glad to see that you are so hu-

mane to this animal, who has done you mischief; it is very reasonable, that we should endeavour to prevent him from doing you any farther injury; and I think what you propose is sensible. I know Farmer Early, who lives near us, goes to-morrow morning, with his covered cart, to market; he passes by the rabbit-warren; and perhaps he will take charge of Orlando's box, and carry your rabbit and set him at liberty in the warren. We will walk to Mr. Early's house, Rosamond, and ask him to do so, if you please."

This proposal was received with joy by the whole assembly; and, as soon as Orlando had eaten something, they proceeded to the farmer's.

Mr. Early was out in the fields, with his labourers, when they arrived at his house: but they were shown into a

neat little room, where a woman, who looked pale and ill, was sitting at work; a little girl was standing beside her, holding her pin-cushion and scissors—The woman folded up her work, and was going out of the room; but Rosamond's mother begged that she would stay, and that she would not disturb herself. Orlando put his box upon the table. The rabbit had been very restless during his journey; he had nibbled incessantly at his prison walls; and his operations engrossed the attention of Rosamond and her brothers till Farmer Early's arrival. It had been agreed, that Godfrey should, upon this occasion, be the speaker; and, as soon as Farmer Early came into the room, he began his speech:—

"Sir, you are very hot—I am afraid you have hurried yourself—We are very

sorry to have given you the trouble of walking home so fast, especially as you had men at work; but, sir, in this box there is a rabbit."

The farmer stooped down, to look into the box, and exclaimed—"Why! Anne! if this is not your tame rabbit, that I brought home for you from Mr. Burrows, of the warren, as a present, on Monday last."

At these words, all eyes turned upon the little girl, who was holding the pin-cushion beside the pale work-woman. Anne (for that was this little girl's name) now came forward modestly, and, with some emotion, said, as she looked into the box, "Yes, indeed! this is my poor little rabbit—I could not find him since yesterday morning—I wondered what was become of him."

"And how he found his way into this box is altogether wonderful to me," said Farmer Early; "unless, *so be*, that *this here* box be in the *natur* of a trap, which, I take it, is what it can't well be neither, as I never see no traps like it; and how, seeing it is not a trap, your rabbit, Anne, could be 'ticed into it, any how, is a thing I verily can't take upon me to understand."

"Sir," said Orlando, "it is a trap."

"Indeed, sir; then it is a most *curious* new-fashioned one; for I've seen a many rabbit and rat traps, and all sorts, but never one like this."

Godfrey then explained to the farmer, that this curious trap was of Orlando's making; and he gave an account of the damage that had been done to Rosamond's laburnums; but he thought, that it would not be right to ask the

farmer to take the rabbit to the warren, and let it loose, because he had just heard, that it belonged to the little girl; therefore he stopped short in his speech, and looked at Rosamond first, and then at his father. "Anne," said Farmer Early, "this is a sad thing, that your rabbit eats and spoils the young lady's laburnums."

"I wish we could keep him at home; but that there is no doing," said Anne, sorrowfully; and after a pause, with a great deal of good-nature in her countenance, she added, "but, since he does mischief, we had better carry him to the warren again, and give him back to Mr. Burrows."

"The very thing," exclaimed Godfrey, "that we thought of; but we did not ask it, because we were afraid you would not like to part with the rabbit."

"Anne's very fond of him, that's certain," said Mr. Early; "therefore, the more I look upon it to be well thought of in her to carry him back to the warren: for you must know a live rabbit is, as one may say, quite a sight to her; for she's a Londoner; and every thing in the country, that we think nothing of, seeing it as we do every day, is quite strange to her, and a treat like —Wherefore, though I don't mean to praise her, by reason she's in a manner related to me, and one should not praise one's own if one can help it any ways, yet I may make bold to say, I like Anne the better, and think the more of her, for being so ready to part with her rabbit, at the first word, when it does mischief, you see."

Rosamond, and all who were present, seemed perfectly to agree in opinion

with the farmer; and Rosamond thanked the little girl several times "for her being so good-natured."

Farmer Early promised to carry the box and rabbit, in his covered cart, to the warren the next morning; and thus the affair was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as they were walking home, "did you observe how attentive that little girl was to the pale woman, who was at work? She picked up her thread-paper, she threaded her needle, she gave her pins as fast as she wanted them, and watched her eye whenever it turned to look for any thing—just as I should do, mamma, if you were ill, and at work, and I was standing by. Mamma, I think, that little girl was very fond of that woman, who, I suppose, was her mother.

Mamma, I saw you speaking to the woman, whilst we were going on talking about the rabbit—Do you know who she is, and any thing more about her?"

"She is a mantua-maker, my dear; and she told me, that she had been forced to work so hard to maintain herself and her little girl, that she had hurt her health very much: she was obliged to sit in a close room, in a narrow street in London, all day, and often worked whole nights as well as days—She was invited by this Farmer Early, who is her cousin, to pass some time with his family in the country, in hopes that the fresh country air and exercise might restore her health."

"That was very good-natured of the farmer; but she was at work still, mamma; I am sorry for that."

"She was making a gown for the farmer's wife; for she said that she was glad to be able to do any thing for those who were so kind to her."

"Oh, that's very right," cried Rosamond; "that is being grateful. Mamma, I wish I could be grateful to the little girl, who was so good to me about the rabbit. I have a damask rose-tree, mamma, in my garden; the roses are not blown yet; but when they are blown, mamma, I can give them to her and my minionette—How glad I am, that I did not dig it up, to make the labyrinth of Crete! I shall have a fine nosegay for her, mamma, and you know the farmer said, that every thing in the country is a treat to her; so I dare say she will like my flowers."

Rosamond's damask rose-tree was

from this day forward watched with anxious eyes: as it had been transplanted rather late in the spring, it was not quite so forward as the other roses. When all the rest of the roses were gone, however, this tree was in full blow. Rosamond gathered the last roses of the year; and these, with some sweet-briar (which she got without pricking herself), and some fine minionette, made a charming nosegay.

"I'm glad, Rosamond, to see, that you do not forget your *gratitude*," said her mother; "your roses and your minionette smell very sweet; and I hope the little girl will like your nosegay."

It was a fine evening; and Rosamond had a pleasant walk with her mother to Farmer Early's; but what was Rosamond's disappointment, when the

farmer told her, that Anne was gone! that she had that morning set out in a stage-coach, with her mother, to return to London.

"And so, mamma," said Rosamond, "it is all in vain! I might just as well have forgotten my gratitude."

"Have patience, Rosamond," said her mother; "remember it a little longer; perhaps next winter, when we go to town, we may have some opportunity of obliging this little girl, or her mother —I have her direction; and if she is a good mantua-maker, as well as a good woman, I shall be able to be of some service to her."

"*You!* yes, mamma!" said Rosamond; "but what can *I* do? You know I have nothing in this world to give but flowers; and I shall have no damask roses in London—You know,

mamma, our new house in London has no garden—But, dear mamma," said Rosamond, changing from a lamentable to a joyful tone—" I have thought of a charming thing; my hyacinth-roots! Will you give me leave, mamma, to take them to London, when we go? and I'll show you something, that Orlando showed me in the little Gardener's Pocket Calendar, mamma, as soon as we get home."

" Here it is, mamma," cried Rosamond, as soon as she got home; and showed her mother, in the Gardener's Pocket Calendar, '*An improved method of blowing bulbous rooted flowers with less trouble and expense than in glasses.*'

" May I read it to you? Pray, mamma, let me read it to you—It is not long; and I'll miss all the useless words."

" You may read it whilst we are

drinking tea, Rosamond," said her mother; and at tea-time, Rosamond read some very minute and distinct directions for blowing bulbous rooted flowers. "Hyacinths, mamma, you see," said she, "are particularly mentioned; and I think, that if I had such a little box as the man describes in the book, I could do exactly as he desires; and I should have hyacinths in full blow in winter or very early in spring, when we shall be in London: and then, mamma, I should have something to give to the little girl—She gave up her rabbit, which was a great amusement to her in the country; and I should be very glad if I could give her something that would be an amusement to her when she is in that close room, in that narrow street, which you talked of, mamma."

Rosamond observed, that the Gardener's Calendar said that these boxes for hyacinths were peculiarly fit for the use of people who love flowers, and who have only a little yard, or perhaps a window-sill, for their garden, in London.

Her mother was pleased to observe her eagerness to oblige the little girl, who had obliged her; and she told Rosamond, that, if she remembered *her gratitude* and the hyacinth roots at the proper time she might carry them to London.

Winter came; the hyacinth-roots were remembered in proper time—they were carried safely to town; and, in due season, they were planted carefully by Rosamond, in a little box which her mother gave her for this purpose.

Rosamond, before the hyacinths ap-

peared above ground, often asked her mother, whether she had heard any thing of Anne: but when the hyacinths, at first, like white almonds, appeared through the black mould, Rosamond grew so fond of them, that she almost wished to keep them for herself.—At length their green leaves and stems grew higher and higher; and the clusters of pink and blue flowers seemed to Rosamond more beautiful even than those she had seen, the preceding spring, in her mother's borders. She was one morning standing at the parlour-window, contemplating her hyacinths with great delight, and smelling, from time to time, their delicious perfume, when Godfrey came eagerly into the room—"I've news to tell you, Rosamond," cried he; but observing how intent she was upon her hyacinths, he hesi-

tated—"I don't know," continued he, "on second thoughts, whether you will think it good news, or bad: I only know you would have thought it good news some time ago."

"Tell it to me, however," said Rosamond: "and then I'll tell you whether I think it good news or bad."

Godfrey, without speaking, went up to the window where Rosamond was standing. The sun shone bright—He first smelled her hyacinths, and then hooked his fingers, and held them up in a significant manner: but Rosamond did not comprehend what this was to signify, till he placed them closer to the white wall, upon which a shadow, the striking resemblance of a rabbit's head, was now visible.

"Anne's come then, I'm sure!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"Yes, Anne is come," said Godfrey; "but you are not obliged, you know, to give her your hyacinths, unless you choose it."

"I do choose it, I assure you, brother," said Rosamond, proudly; "I assure you, I have not forgot the rabbit, nor my gratitude—Where is Anne?"

"In the next room, with my mother."

"Help me to carry the box then, will you, dear Godfrey?" said Rosamond; and she took hold of one handle of the hyacinth-box, and he of the other.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as she carried in the box: and she whispered in her mother's ear, "Would you be so kind as to have the box carried home for *her*, because it is heavy, and she cannot well carry it through the streets her-

self: it is a great deal heavier than our rabbit box; and I remember I was tired with carrying *that*, part of the way, last summer, to Farmer Early's."

"I will, my dear," said her mother, "desire a servant to carry it, if Anne likes to accept of the box of hyacinths; but you have not asked her yet, have you?"

"No," said Rosamond; "because it is impossible but what she must like hyacinths."

Rosamond, rather startled, however, by her mother's doubtful look, went up to Anne; and, after thanking her for the affair of the rabbit, asked her eagerly whether she liked hyacinths.

Now poor Anne had never in her life seen a hyacinth; and she modestly answered, "I don't know;" but she looked at the box an instant afterwards and smiled, as much as to say, "If those

are hyacinths, I like them very much indeed."

Rosamond immediately lifted the box nearer to her—"I am glad you like them," said she; "mamma says I may give them to you: and when the flowers wither, I advise you to take care of the roots, because if you do, you will have new flowers next year. I'm sure, mamma," added Rosamond, turning to her, "I am glad I took care of the roots; and I'm glad I chose the roots instead of the flowers."

She was going on to give Anne some particular directions, which she had learned partly from The Gardener's Pocket Calendar, and partly from experience, concerning the management of hyacinths, and the blowing of bulbous roots—when she was interrupted by the entrance of a woman, whom she

immediately recollected to be the pale woman, that she saw at work, formerly, at Farmer Early's. This poor woman had been resting herself in the housekeeper's room: for she had had a long walk this morning, from a distant part of the town; and she was not yet strong enough to bear much fatigue.

"Well," said Rosamond's mother to her, "have you removed yet from that close unwholesome street, where you formerly lived? You promised to let me know when you heard of any lodgings, that would suit you; but I have waited from day to day, and you have never sent to me."

"No, ma'am," answered the poor woman; "because we have not been able yet to agree with a man, who has a lodging that would suit us exactly; but he has other offers, ma'am; and

I'm afraid he won't let me have it— He's a gardener, ma'am, at Hampstead, where I could get plenty of work, and should breathe good air, and be in quiet, and, may be, get well."

"The hyacinths!" exclaimed Rosamond; but she suddenly checked herself; for she recollected that she had already given them away. No one understood her exclamation, except the little girl, who immediately smiled, and, in a timid voice, asked Rosamond, whether she could give her leave to part with the hyacinths, in case the gardener should take a fancy to them, and in case he should be willing to let her mother have the lodging.

"Oh yes: do whatever you please with them," said Rosamond; "they are yours."

"And," added her mother, "you

may, at the same time, that you give the hyacinths to the gardener, my good little girl, tell him, that I will answer for your mother's paying the rent punctually."

The gardener thought well of lodgers who had hyacinths, and better of those who offered him good security for his rent. He thanked Anne, but said he had abundance of hyacinths, and he gave Anne and her mother leave to walk in his garden whenever they pleased. Anne had the hyacinths for herself; and Rosamond had the pleasure of seeing Anne and her mother settled in their airy lodgings.

HARRY AND LUCY.

PART I.

LITTLE children, who know the sounds of all letters, can read words, and can understand what is told in this book.

Harry was brother to Lucy, and Lucy was sister to Harry. Harry had just come home to his father's house; he had been left at his uncle's, when he was an infant, and had always lived at his uncle's house.

Lucy lay in a little bed in a closet near her mother's room; and Harry lay in a little bed in another closet.

EARLY in the morning, whilst Lucy was in bed, the sun shone through the window upon her face, and wakened her; when she was quite awake, she knew that it was morning, because it was day-light, and she called to her mother and said, "Mamma, may I get up?" But her mother did not answer her, for she did not hear what she said, because she was asleep: when Lucy knew that her mother was asleep, she lay still, that she might not disturb her until she heard her mother stir; and then she asked her again, if she might get up; and her mother said, she might.

So Lucy got up, and put on her stockings and shoes, and finished dressing herself, and then went to her mo-

ther, and asked for some breakfast. But her mother told her, that she should make her bed, before she should have any breakfast. Little Lucy began to make her bed; and her mother went into her other closet, to waken Harry; and she said, "Harry, get up!" And Harry jumped out of bed in an instant and put on his trowsers and his jacket, and his shoes; and then he combed his hair, and washed his hands; and, whilst he was wiping his hands, his mother went down stairs.

LITTLE Lucy hearing her brother Harry walking about in the closet, called him and asked, if he had made his bed? Harry said, he had not. "Oh, then," says Lucy, "mamma will give you no breakfast." "Yes," says Harry, "she will: I never made my bed at

my uncle's, and I always had my breakfast."

As they were talking he heard his father call him, and he ran down stairs, to the parlour, where his father and mother were at breakfast; and her mother called Lucy down too, and said to her, "Well, Lucy, have you made your bed neatly?"

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I have made it as well as I could.

Mother. You shall have some breakfast then.

His father asked Harry, whether he had made his bed. Harry answered, that he did not know how to make it.

"I will show you," said his mother; and, taking him by the hand, she led him up stairs, and showed him how to make his bed.

WHEN Harry came down to his father he said, that he did not know that boys or men ever made beds; for, at his uncle's, nobody ever made beds, but the housemaid.

His father told him, that, in some countries,* the beds are made by men; and that in ships, which sail on the sea, and carry men from one country to another, the beds in which the sailors sleep are always made by men.

Lucy's mother observed, that she had not eaten her breakfast; and she asked her why she had not eaten it.

Lucy said, that she waited for her brother. Her mother then gave Harry a basin of milk, and a large piece of

* Here the child, if at a distance from the coast, should be told what is meant by different countries; what a ship is, and what is meant by a sailor, &c.

bread; and she set a little table for him and his sister, under a shady tree, that was opposite to the open window of the room where she breakfasted.

LUCY was a good little girl, and had always minded what was said to her, and had been very attentive, whenever her father or mother had taught her any thing. So her mother had taught her to read and to work, and when she was six years old, she could employ herself without being troublesome to any body; she could work for herself, and for her brother; and, sometimes, when Lucy behaved very well, her mother let her do a little work for her, or for her father; and her mother had given her a little thimble, to put upon her finger, and a little housewife, to

keep her needles and thread in, and a little pair of scissors, to cut her thread with, and a little work-bag, to keep her work in; and Lucy's father had given her a little book to read in, whenever she pleased, and she could read in it by herself, and understand all she read, and learn every thing that was in it.

As soon as Lucy had eaten the breakfast, which her mother had given her, she sat down on her stool, and took her work out of her work-bag, and worked some time; then her mother told her, that she had worked an hour, and that she did not choose that she should work any more: so Lucy got up and brought her work to her mother, and asked her, if it was done as it ought to be done? And her mother said, "Lucy, it is

done pretty well, for a little girl that is but six years old; and I am pleased to see that you have tried to avoid the fault, which I told you of yesterday:" then Lucy's mother kissed her and said to her, "Put your work into your work-bag, and put your work-bag into its place, and then come back to me."

LUCY did as she was desired to do; and then her mother asked her, if she would rather go out of doors and walk, or stay with her? Lucy liked best to stay with her mother, who, very soon afterwards, went to her dairy.

LUCY followed her, and took a great deal of care not to be troublesome, for

she loved to be with her mother; but she observed whatever she saw, and did not meddle with any thing. She saw that the dairy was very clean; the floor was a little damp, which made her think, that it had been washed that morning, and there were not any cob-webs or dust upon the walls; and she perceived, that the room smelt very sweet; she looked about to find out if there were any flowers, that could make that pleasant smell, but she could not see any thing, but a great many clean empty vessels of different shapes, and a great many round, wide, and shallow pans full of milk: she went near to them, and thought the smell came from them.

When she had looked at a good many of them, she thought they were not all alike; the milk in some of the pans was

a little yellowish, and looked thick, like the cream, that she saw every morning at her mother's breakfast; and the milk in the other pans was a little blue, and looked thin, like the milk that was often given to her and her brother to drink. Whilst Lucy was thinking on this, she saw one of her mother's maids go to one of the pans, that had the yellowish milk in it, and the maid had a wooden saucer in her hand, and she put the wooden saucer very gently into the pan; she did not put it down to the bottom of the pan, but took up that part of the milk, which was at the top, and put it into another vessel; and then Lucy saw, that the milk that was left in the pan was not at all like what the maid had taken out, but was very thin and a little blue.

WHEN Lucy's mother went out of the dairy, she took her little daughter out into the fields to walk with her. Soon after they set out, Lucy said, "Mother, when I was in your dairy, just now, I saw the maid take some milk out of a milk-pan, and it looked like what I see you put into your tea, and I believe it is called cream; but she left some milk in the pan, and that was not at all like cream, but like very thin milk; pray, mother, will you tell me, why all that was in the pan was not cream?" Then her mother said, "Yes, Lucy, I will answer any questions you like to ask me, when I have leisure, because, whenever I talk to you, you mind what I say, and remember whatever your father or I teach you."

"I BELIEVE you know, that the kind of milk, which I give you very often for your breakfast and supper, is taken out of the udders of cows. Did you never see the maids with milk-pails, going a milking? They were then going to take the milk from my cows: they call that milking them, and it is done twice every day, once in the morning, and once in the evening. When they have gotten the milk in the pails, they carry it into the dairy, and put it into such milk-pans as you saw, and they let the milk-pans stand still, in the same place, for several hours, that the milk may not be shaken; and in that time the heaviest part of the milk falls as low as it can, towards the bottom of the pan, and the lightest part of the milk remains above it at the top of the pan, and that thick light part is called

cream, as you thought it was. When the milk has stood long enough, the cream is taken from the other part of the milk, and doing this is called skimming the milk; but it must be done very carefully, or else the cream and milk would be all mixed together again." Lucy told her mother, that when she was in the dairy, she had walked all round it, and that she saw a great deal of cream more, she thought, than came every day into the parlour; and she wished to know what other use it was for, except to mix with tea and fruit, or sweetmeats.

Lucy's mother was going to answer her, but she looked towards the other side of the field, and said, "Lucy, I think I see some pretty flowers there,

will you run and gather me a nosegay, before I talk any more to you?" Lucy said, "Yes, mother;" and ran away to do what her mother had desired. When she came to the place where the flowers were, she looked about for the prettiest, and gathered two or three of them; but, when she had them in her hand, she perceived that they had not any smell; so she went to a great many more, and, at last, she found some, that had a sweet smell, but they were not pretty; and she gathered some of them, and was taking them to her mother; but, as she passed near a hedge, she saw some honey-suckles growing in it; and she remembered that she had smelt honey-suckles, that were very sweet, and they were very pretty too; so she was glad that she had found some, for she thought her mother would

like them; but when she came close to the hedge, she saw that they were so high from the ground, that she could not reach them. Lucy did not like to go away without taking some honey-suckles to her mother; so she walked slowly by the side of the hedge, till she came to a place where there was a large stone, upon which she climbed, and gathered as many honey-suckles as she liked.

WHILST she was getting down, she held the flowers fast, for fear she should drop them into the ditch, and she felt something prick her finger very sharply; she looked, and she saw a bee drop down off one of the honey-suckles that she had squeezed in her hand: so she thought that she had hurt the bee,

and that the bee had stung her, to make her let him go, and that it was the bee, which she had felt pricking her. Lucy was afraid that she had hurt the bee very much, for she remembered, that when she opened her hand the bee did not fly away, but dropped down; so she looked for it on the ground, and she soon found it struggling in some water, and trying with its little legs and wings to get out, but it was not strong enough. Lucy was very sorry for the bee, but she was afraid to touch it, let she should hurt it again, or that it should hurt her. She thought for a little while what she could do; and then she got a large stalk of a flower, and put it close to the bee: as soon as ever the bee felt it, he clasped his legs round it, and Lucy raised the stalk, with the bee upon it, gently from the

wet ground, and laid it upon a large flower that was near her. The bee was sadly covered with dirt; but, as soon as he felt that he was standing upon his legs again, he began to stretch his wings, and to clean himself, and to buzz a little upon the flower. Lucy was glad to see that the bee did not seem to be very much hurt; and she took up her nosegay and ran as fast as she could, towards her mother; but the finger that the bee had stung began to be very sore.

She met her mother coming to her, who wondered what had made her stay so long; and when Lucy had told her what had happened, she said, "I thank you, my dear, for getting me so sweet a nosegay, and I am very sorry

you have been hurt in doing it; I am sure you did not intend to hurt the poor little bee; and we will walk home now, and I will put some hartshorn to your finger, which will lessen the pain you feel."

Lucy said, "Indeed, mother, I did not mean to hurt the bee, for I did not know that it was in my hand; but when I am going to gather flowers another time, I will look to see if there are any bees upon them."

When Lucy's mother got home some hartshorn was put to Lucy's finger, and soon after it grew easier; and Lucy's mother said to her, "Now I am going to be busy, and, if you like it, you may go into the garden till dressing time." Lucy thanked her, and said, she did like it, but she hoped, that some time, when she was not busy, her

mother would answer what she had asked her about cream.

AFTER breakfast, Harry's father took him out walking, and they came to a field where several men were at work; some were digging clay out of a pit, in the ground; some were wetting what was dug out with water; and others were making the clay into a great number of pieces of the same size and shape. Harry asked his father what the men were about; and he told him, that they were making bricks for building houses. "Yes," says Harry, "but I can run my finger into these; they are quite soft and brown, and the bricks of our house are red and hard, and they don't stick together as the

bricks of your house do!" Saying this, he pushed down a whole hack of bricks. The man, who was making them, called out to desire he would pay for those he had spoiled. Little Harry had no money, and did not know what to do; but said to the man, "Indeed, sir, I did not intend to do any harm." The man answered, "Whether you intended it or not, you have spoiled the bricks, and must pay me for them; I am a poor man, and buy all the bread that I have with the money which I get for these bricks; and I shall have less bread, if I have a smaller number of bricks to sell."

Poor Harry was very sorry for what he had done, and at last thought of asking his father to pay for them; but his father said, "I have not spoiled them, and, therefore, it is not necessary that I

should pay for them." The man, seeing that Harry had not intended to do mischief, told him, if he would promise to make amends at some future time for the mischief which he had done, he would be satisfied. Harry promised he would. "Now you find, Harry," said his father, "that you must not meddle with what does not belong to you."

As they walked on farther they came to a blacksmith's shop; and, as it began to rain, Harry's father stood under the shed, before the door; and a farmer came riding to the shop, and asked the blacksmith to put a shoe upon his horse, which, he said, had lost one a little way off, and which would be lamed, if he went over any stony road without a shoe. "Sir," says the blacksmith, "I

cannot shoe your horse, as I have not iron enough. I have sent for some to the next town, and the person whom I sent, cannot be back before evening."

"Perhaps," said the farmer, "you have an old shoe, that may be made to fit my horse."

The smith had no iron, except a bit of small nail-rod, which was fit only for making nails: but he said, that, if the farmer looked on the road, perhaps he might find the shoe, which had fallen from his horse. Little Harry, hearing what had passed, told his father that he thought he could find a shoe for the farmer's horse. His father asked him, where he thought he could find a shoe.

He said that he had observed something, as they walked along the road,

lying in the dirt, which he thought was like a horse-shoe. His father begged that the farmer would wait a little while; and then he walked back with Harry on the road by which they came to the blacksmith's, and Harry looked very carefully, and after some time he found the horse-shoe, and brought it back to the smith's shop; but it was not fit to be put again upon the horse's foot, as it had been bent by a waggon wheel which had gone over it.

The farmer thanked Harry; and the blacksmith said that he wished every little boy was as attentive and as useful. He now began to blow his large bellows, which made a roaring noise, and the wind came out of the pipe of the bellows among the coals upon the hearth, and the coals became red, and by degrees they became brighter and

brighter, the fire became hotter, and the smith put the old iron horse-shoe into the fire, and after some time it became red and hot like the coals; and when the smith thought that the iron was hot enough, he took it out of the fire with a pair of tongs, and put it upon the anvil, and struck it with a heavy hammer. Harry saw that the iron became soft by being made red-hot; and he saw, that the smith could hammer it into whatever shape he pleased.

WHEN the smith had made the shoe of a proper size and shape, he took a piece of nail-rod, and heated it red-hot in the fire, by the help of the large bellows, which he blew with his right hand, whilst he held the tongs in his left.

Harry was going to examine the

horse-shoe that the smith had just made, but he would not meddle with it without leave, as he recollected what had happened in the brickfield.

Whilst he was looking at the shoe, another little boy came into the shop; and, after lounging about for some time, he stooped down to pick up the horse-shoe in his hand; but he suddenly let it drop, and roared out violently, and said that he was burned. Whilst he was crying, and blowing his fingers, and squeezing and pinching them to lessen the pain, the smith turned him out of the shop, and told him, that, if he had not meddled with what did not belong to him he would not have been hurt. The little boy went away whimpering and muttering, that he did not know that black iron would burn him.

THE smith now took the nail rod out of the fire, and it was hotter than the other iron, and it was of a glowing white colour; and, when the smith struck it upon the anvil, a number of bright sparks were struck off the iron, on every side, about the shop: they appeared very beautiful.

The smith then made some nails, and began to fasten the shoe on the horse's foot with the nails. Harry, who had never before seen a horse shod, was much surprised that the horse did not seem to be hurt by the nails, which were driven into his foot; for the horse did not draw away his foot, or show any signs of feeling pain.

Harry's father asked him, whether his nails had ever been cut.

Harry said, that they had.

Papa. Did cutting your nails hurt you?

Harry. No.

Papa. A horse's hoof is of horn, like your nails; and that part of it that has no flesh fastened to it does not feel pain: the outside of the hoof may be cut, and may have nails driven into it, without giving any pain to the horse.

The blacksmith, who was paring the horse's foot, gave a piece of the horn, that he had cut off, to Harry, who perceived, that it was neither so hard as bone, nor so soft as flesh; and the blacksmith told him, that the hoof of a horse grows in the same manner as the nails of a man, and requires, like them, to be sometimes pared.

AND when the blacksmith had finish-

ed shoeing the horse, he showed Harry the hoof of a dead horse, that was separate from the foot, and Harry saw how thick it was in that part where the nails were to be driven.

Harry's father now told him, that it was time to go home, as they had two miles to walk, and it wanted but an hour of dinner-time. Harry asked his father how much time it would take up to walk two miles, if they walked as fast as they commonly did? and his father showed him his watch, and told him he might see, when they got home, how long they had been returning. Harry saw, that it was four minutes after two o'clock, and when they got home it was forty-eight minutes after two; so Harry counted, and found how many minutes had passed from

the time they left the blacksmith, until they got home.

WHEN Harry came into the garden, he ran to his sister Lucy, to tell her all that had happened to him; and she left what she was about, and ran to meet him. She thought he had been away a great while, and was very glad to see him; but just then the bell rang, and they knew they must go in directly, to make themselves clean before dinner.

When dinner was over, Harry and Lucy were let go into the garden, and then Lucy begged her brother to tell her all that had happened, whilst he was out in the morning. Harry then told her how he had spoiled the bricks, and what the brickmaker had said to

him; and he told her, that he had promised to make amends for the mischief which he had done.

He told her, that, to make bricks, men dug clay, and beat it with a spade, and mixed it with water, to make it soft and sticky, and that then they made it into the shape of bricks, and left it to dry: and when it was hard enough to be carried without breaking, it was put into large heaps and burned, so as to become of a reddish yellow colour, and almost as hard as a stone.

"THEN, brother," says Lucy, "if you will make some bricks, we can build a house in the little garden mamma lent me." So they went to the little garden, and Harry dug some earth with a little spade, which his

father had given him, and endeavoured to make it stick together with some water: but he could not make it sticky, like the clay, that he saw the brick-makers use; and he ran in and asked his father why he could not make it sticky with water. And his father asked him whether it was the same kind of earth, that he had seen at the brick-field. And Harry said, he did not know what his father meant, by the same kind of earth: he saw a man dig earth, and he dug it in the same manner.

Papa. But is the earth in the garden the same colour as that in the brick-field?

Harry. No: that in the garden is almost black, and that in the field is yellow.

Papa. Then they are not the same kinds of earth.

Harry. I thought all earth was alike.

Papa. You find, that it is not; for you see, that all earth cannot be made to stick together with water.

HARRY went back into the garden; and, after having looked into a great many places for yellow earth, at last he saw some in the bottom of a hole, that had been dug some time before; and he ran back, and asked his father leave to dig some of it; and, after he had gotten leave, he dug some of the yellow clay, and found, that when it was mixed with water, it became very sticky and tough; and that the more it was mixed, and squeezed, and beaten with the spade, the tougher it became. He now endeavoured to make it into

the shape of bricks: but he found that he could not do it: and Lucy asked him, whether the brickmakers were as long making a brick as he was. "No," said he; "they have a little box, made in the shape of a brick, without top or bottom, into which they put the clay upon a table, and with a straight stick, like a ruler, they scrape the clay even with the top of the box, and then, lifting up the box, they find the clay in the shape of a brick upon the table." "Harry," says Lucy, "there is a carpenter in the house, at work for my mother; I will go and ask her to get a box made for you: do you know by what name such a box is called, brother?"—"It is called a mould.'

LUCY's mother let the carpenter make a brickmaker's mould for Harry; but

the man could not begin until he knew what size it should be: how many inches long, how many inches broad, and how many inches thick it should be. Harry did not know what the carpenter meant; but Lucy, having always lived with her mother, who had been very kind to her, and who had taught her a great many things, knew what the carpenter meant; and as she wished to have bricks of the size of those with which her father's house was built, she went and measured some of the bricks in the wall: and finding, that a great many of them were all of the same length, she said to her brother, that she supposed that they were all alike. Harry told her, that, as the brickmakers used but one mould, whilst he saw them at work, he supposed, that they make a great number of bricks of the same size, and that the

wall would not look so regular as it did, if the bricks were of different sizes.

LUCY therefore thought, if she could measure one brick, it would be sufficient. She easily found the length and the depth of a brick in the wall, but she did not at first know how to find the breadth, as the bricks lying upon each other prevented her from seeing their breadth; but Harry showed her at the corner of the wall, that the breadth of the bricks could be seen; she measured very carefully, and found the length to be nine inches, the breadth four inches, and the depth two inches and a quarter. So the carpenter, when he knew the dimensions of the mould, made it; and Harry placed a flat stone upon two other large stones to serve for a table;

and he and Lucy made several bricks; but they were a great while before they could make them tolerably smooth, as they stuck to the mould, unless the mould was wetted. They were very happy making their bricks; but they did not know how they should burn them, so as to make them hard, but they were determined to try.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before they had finished ten bricks, and they were called in, and their mother gave them some bread and milk for supper, and sent them to bed.

The next morning Harry and Lucy got up as they did before; and their father and mother gave them leave to go to look at the bricks they had made; and Harry felt that they were a little harder than they were the night before; and Lucy thought, that

burning them would make them softer; for she had seen butter, and wax, and pomatum, and sealing wax, all made soft by heat, but she did not remember to have seen any thing made hard by heat. But Harry put her in mind of the crust of pies, which is soft and tough, like clay, before it is baked, and which grows hard and brittle by the heat of the oven; and he told her, that the iron, of which the blacksmith made the horse's shoe, when he blew the bellows, was hard and black, before it was put into the fire, but that it became red, when it was sufficiently heated, and so soft, that the smith could hammer it into what shape he pleased.

Lucy believed what her brother said, but was resolved to beg, that her mother would take her to see red-hot iron, and a brick kiln, which Harry told her,

was the name of the place in which bricks were burnt.

WHILST they were eating the breakfast, which their mother gave them, Harry asked his sister, what she had been doing the day before, when he was out with his father; and Lucy told him all she had seen in the dairy, and when she was out a walking. When they had done breakfast, his mother lent Harry one of Mrs. Barbauld's little books for children, and let him read the story of the poor Blind Fidler, with which Harry was very much pleased: and then she let Lucy read the following story.

A MAN, riding near the town of Reading, saw a little chimney-sweeper

lying in the dirt, who seemed to be in great pain; and he asked him what was the matter; and the chimney-sweeper said, that he had fallen down, and broken his arm, and hurt his leg, so that he was not able to walk: and the man, who was very good-natured, got off his horse, and put the chimney-sweeper upon it, and walked beside the horse, and held the boy on till he came to Reading; and, when he came to Reading, he put the boy under the care of an old woman, whom he knew, there, and he paid a surgeon for setting his arm, and gave the woman money, for the trouble which she would have in taking care of the boy, and the expense which she would be at in feeding him, till he should be able to work again to earn money for himself; and then the man continued his journey, till he got

to his own house, which was at a great distance. The boy soon got well, and earned his bread by sweeping chimneys at Reading.

SEVERAL years after that time, this same good-natured man was riding through Reading, and his horse took fright upon a bridge, and jumped with the man upon his back into the water; the man could not swim, and the people, who were on the bridge, and saw him tumble in, were afraid to jump into the water, to pull him out; but, just as he was ready to sink, a chimney-sweeper, who was going by, saw him, and without stopping a moment threw himself into the river, and seizing hold of him dragged him out of the water, and saved him from being drowned:

and when the man was safe upon the bank, and was going to thank the person who had pulled him out of the water, he recollected that it was the same chimney-sweeper, whom he had taken care of several years before, and who had hazarded his own life to save that of his benefactor.

When Lucy had done reading, her mother asked Harry, which he liked best, the man who had taken care of the chimney-sweeper, whom he did not know, or the chimney-sweeper, who had saved the life of the man whom he knew, and who had taken care of him when his arm was broken.

Harry said he liked the chimney-sweeper best, because he was grateful, and because he ventured his own life

to save that of the man, who had been kind to him: but Lucy said, she liked the other man the best, because he was humane, and took care of a poor little boy, who had nobody to take care of him, and from whom he could never expect to receive any benefit.

THIS is the history of Harry and Lucy for two days. The next Part will be the history of another day, when Harry and Lucy were a year older.

GLOSSARY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author does not pretend, that this Glossary contains full and accurate definitions; he is well aware of the difficulty of such an undertaking; and, indeed, is fully satisfied, that nothing is properly a definition which does not contain a perfect enumeration of all the particulars, which relate to the subject in question. What he aims at is to give a popular meaning of the words which he has selected, and at the same time to point out the necessity of accuracy, and of referring to the original root from which words are derived; but, above all, to excite in children an appetite for knowledge.

All objects of the senses, about which they inquire, should be submitted to the examination of children; their obvious qualities, names, and parts should thus be rendered familiar to them.

This Glossary should first be read to children, a little at a time, and it should be made a subject of conversation with them; afterwards they will read it with more pleasure. Young children do not read to gratify their curiosity: their chief pleasure from books arises, at first, from success in having conquered the difficulty of reading.

GLOSSARY.

ABSTAIN. To abstain—not to do a thing, that one is inclined to do.

ACCEPT. To receive with pleasure.

AGILITY. Activity; the being able to move quickly and with ease; to run, and jump, and dance well.

AIR-PUMP. A machine for trying experiments upon air. An air-pump will be described to little people in another place.

ASSOCIATE. To join; to connect. Things, that happen at a time when we feel pleasure or pain, are remembered together at another time. We remember the faces, and dress, and voice of those from whom we have received pleasure, and we remember that we saw or heard, at any place, that we liked much, or that we disliked; and we remember things merely because they pened on the same day, or in the same week.

Some people remember things best by thinking of the places, and some by thinking of the time when things happened; others, by the pleasure or pain they felt at the time when things happened.

ATTENTION. To be attentive is to think of what we are about.

ATTRACTED. To be attracted by any thing is to be drawn towards it, as a piece of iron is drawn, or moved, towards a magnet, which is placed near it; and as a feather, or a light piece of paper, is made to fly towards a piece of sealing wax, or a bit of amber, or a tube of glass, when they are rubbed by the hand, or by certain other substances.

My little boy or girl, when you read this, ask the person who teaches you to show you a magnet, or to let you try these experiments.

BAROMETER. Little girls and boys may see barometers in many places, but they cannot understand them, without taking a great deal of pains.

BEHAVIOUR. The manner in which people act.

BELONG. What is a person's own belongs to him.

BLACKSMITH. A man who makes things of iron.

BLOW. To blow is to make air move; and when air moves it is called wind.

BOTTOM. The lowest part of a thing.

BREACHES. Gaps or holes made in any thing.

BRITTLE. Easily broken.

BUTTON-MOULD. Some buttons are made of metal, others are made of cloth, or thread, fastened about little round pieces of wood or horn, or bone, or ivory. These pieces are called moulds.

MOULDS are sometimes solid, and sometimes hollow. Silver spoons are formed with a hammer upon a solid iron mould. Ornaments of plaster of Paris, or alabaster, and of wax, and clay, and other materials, are cast or worked in hollow moulds. Metal and plaster statues are cast between a hollow and a solid mould. Do you understand this, my little pupil?

BUBBLES are thin hollow globes, filled with air. Bubbles blown from a tobacco-pipe dipped in soap-suds show beautiful colours, when the sun shines on them. Such bubbles could not be made with water only; but the addition of soap makes a clammy or sticky liquor, that can be spread out

by blowing air into it. The air in soap bubbles swells by heat, and bursts its covering.

BUZZED. To buzz; to make a noise like that which a fly makes with its wings.

BY DEGREES. Not all at once. The word degree properly means a step; by degrees, step after step.

CARE. To take care of a person is to hinder him from being hurt.

CLASPED. To clasp is to hold fast round any thing.

CLEAN. What is not dusty, sticky, stained, greasy, &c.; and what has not, or does not look as if it had, a disagreeable smell.

COBWEBS. Nets made by spiders to catch flies.

COLLECTED. To collect is to gather together.

CONDUCT. People, by thinking whether they are going to do right or wrong, can judge and determine how they ought to act: their judgment *conducts* or leads them. Judging wisely, and acting accordingly, is good conduct; the contrary is bad conduct.

CONSENTED. Agreed to what was asked.

CONSIDERABLE. A quantity worth considering or attending to.

CONVERSATION. Answering what people ask; listening to what others say; hearing from others what they know, and telling them what we know.

COMPARED. To compare is to consider or think of things; to find out in what they are like one another, and in what they are unlike.

CORRECT. To correct is to alter for the better.

COUNTED. Looked or felt to know how many there were.

CYLINDER. What is round like a pencil, or a rolling stone, or a candle. A cylinder may be hollow, as that part of the socket of the candlestick into which the candle is put.

DEAL. A quantity.

DETERMINED. To determine is to think of, and to resolve to do a thing.

DIMENSIONS. The sizes of the different parts of any thing.

DIRECTLY. Soon.

DISAPPOINTMENT. When anything which we expect does not happen, we feel disappointed. Several words in English begin with the syllable

dis; this syllable *dis* sometimes means different from; as in dis-appointment, dis-inclination, dis-join, dis-prove; and sometimes it means different ways, as dis-sever, dis-play.

DISTINCTLY. In a distinct manner. When things are separate from one another, we see them and can consider them one by one.

DIVERTED. Turned aside. To divert also means to amuse, because amusement turns aside our thoughts from applying too closely to any thing. *Di,* in *divert* and several other words has the same meaning as *dis.*

DRY. What is not wet.

EARNED. To earn is to get any thing by working for other people.

EMPLOY. To employ oneself is to do something.

ENDEAVOUR. To try to do a thing.

ENTERTAINING. To entertain is the same as to amuse; it is to give pleasure to the mind, by engaging the attention to something that is agreeble.

ENTIRELY. Entire is what is not broken or divided: what is whole: any thing is said to be done entirely, when every part of it is finished.

My little pupils will observe, that, to explain one word, it is necessary to make use of others, that are supposed to be understood by those whom we are teaching. Sometimes the words which we use are not understood. You must then ask the meaning of them from your papa and mamma.

EVAPORATE. To evaporate is to turn some fluid into steam. Steam, when it is very hot, is not visible.

EXACTLY. With great care.

EXAMINING. To examine is to consider attentively; to look at every side and every part of any thing: to consider the truth of facts, and to judge of reasons for or against any opinion.

EXPLAIN. To explain is to make a person understand what he reads, or what is said, or what is shown to him.

EXPERIMENT. A trial (v. Johnson). The word trial sometimes means only a trial in a court of justice.

FEAR. What we feel when we expect something will hurt us.

FEELING. Nobody can be told what feeling is: every body knows their own feelings, but they cannot tell exactly what others feel.

FILL. To put as much into a thing as it can hold.

FLOATING. To float means, not to sink in a fluid.

FLUID. Our little pupils must ask the persons who teach them, to show them different fluids, and to let them touch them. Things can sink or float in fluids; they do not sink perceptibly into solids, unless they are very sharp, or heavy. Fluids fill hollow vessels of all shapes: and they can be poured from one vessel into another

SOLID, besides meaning what is not fluid, means what is firm, or steady, or strong: We say a solid foundation, solid sense, solid timber: that which is not hollow.

FORGE. A place where smiths heat iron, and form it into different shapes.

FORM. Shape, figure.

FORMER. The first of two things which have been mentioned.

FOR INSTANCE. Here the writer of the book wants to explain one thing, by mentioning something else that is like it. FOR EXAMPLE has the same meaning as FOR INSTANCE.

FULL AS MUCH. Here the word full means QUITE—quite as much.

GLOBES. There are two sorts of globes, ter-

restrial and celestial: terrestrial globes represent the shape of the earth, and the situation of different countries; celestial globes show the situation of the stars in the sky.

HABIT. When we have done any thing a great many times, it becomes easy to do it: there are some things, which, from habit, become so easy to be done, that we do not seem to think of them when we are doing them. Some habits are good and some bad: for instance, the habit of attending to what we are about is good; tricks, on the contrary, are bad habits.

HACKS. Brickmakers build their bricks, before they are burned, in long rows, and cover them with turf or straw, to protect them from the rain, and place them in such a situation as will expose them to the wind and the sun, till they are sufficiently dry for the KILN. These rows of bricks are called Hacks.

HAPPY. People know when they feel happy, or unhappy. Happiness depends upon feelings, and feelings cannot be exactly described by words.

HIGH. What is at a distance from the ground. Things are said to be high, when compared with things that are lower than themselves, though

they are low when compared with other things. A boy of five years old is high, or tall, when compared with a child of a year old; and the same boy is low when compared with a boy of fifteen. A table is high, when compared with a stool, but low, when compared with a chest of drawers.

HONEST. A person is honest who tells truth, and who does not take or keep what belongs to other people.

IMPRESSION. When any thing hard is pressed upon something which is not elastic, or springy, but which is much softer than itself, it sinks into it, and leaves marks upon it, as a seal does upon bees'-wax, or upon sealing-wax softened by heat. The marks thus made are called impressions, because they are impressed upon what receives them. Whatever makes us attend, leaves a remembrance in the mind, which is called an impression, because this remembrance is something like the effect made by one body upon another.

ISSUED. To issue is to go out of.

JOINED. Put close together; made to stick together.

KEPT. What is not thrown away.

KILN. A kind of oven, or furnace, in which

lime, and bricks, and potter's ware are burned. There are several different kinds of kilns.

LAMED. Made not able to move without pain or difficulty.

LATTER. The last of two things, as the former is the first of two things.

LEAVE. To have leave is to be let to do any thing.

LEVER. A bar of wood, or metal used to lift heavy things. When little boys and girls grow older, the different forms and uses of levers will be explained to them.

MARKET. A place where people meet, on particular days, to buy and sell: both the place and the day are called the market. People say, "To-morrow is the market;" meaning the market-day; or, "This is the market," meaning the market-place. A fair is a very large market, that is not held weekly, but only a few particular days in the year.

MEASURED. To measure is to find out the size of any thing.

MELLOW. Soft from being ripe.

MELTED. When any thing solid is made fluid by heat it is said to e melted.

MICROSCOPE. My little friends must grow older, before they can understand a microscope; but they may perhaps be let to look at one, and see how large the parts of plants appear when seen through the glass of a microscope.

MINDED. To mind is to think of a thing, to turn one's attention, one's mind to a thing.

MISTAKEN. To mistake is to take one thing for another; to mistake the road; to mistake what is said; to mistake the meaning of any thing. *Mis*, in mistake, &c. means wrong, or ill.

MIXED. To mix is to put things together, so as to make them touch in as many of their parts as we can.

MODERATE. Without violence. Moderate properly means what is done by a measure. A moderate quantity: what is usually measured or given for any particular purpose. A pint of milk is a moderate quantity for one person; but a pail-ful would be an immoderate quantity.

NEATLY. Neat is what is clean, smooth, and in order.

NOSEGAY. A bundle of flowers.

OBSERVE. To observe is to mind what we see, and hear, and touch.

OPPORTUNITY. Fit place or fit time (v. Johnson's Dictionary).

ORREBY. A machine for showing the motions of the moon and the planets.

My young friends must wait some time, before they can know what is meant by the word planets, and before they can be entertained or instructed by an orrery.

PAY. To give money for any thing.

PENCE. Two half-pence make a penny: pence also means more pennies than one.

PERCEIVED. To perceive is to observe some particular thing.

PRINT. To print means, properly, to make an impression. The print of a man's foot in the sand means the mark or impression of a man's foot in the sand: the print of a seal means its impression. Prints, a kind of pictures, are impressions upon paper, &c. of lines, or figures, carved upon copper: these lines are filled with ink; and when the copper is pressed, by a machine for that purpose, on paper, or silk, or vellum, the ink quits the lines in the copper, and sticks to the paper, &c. The beautiful prints, in Bewick's History of Birds and Quadrupeds, are cut on wood. In

general, prints are engraved on copper, and are therefore called engravings, or copper-plates.

PADDLE. A small tool with which weeds are pulled up. It also means a kind of oar with which boats are moved.

PEBBLES. Small stones that have been rounded, by being rubbed together by the motion of a river, or of the sea.

PECULIAR. What belongs to a particular thing, person, place, or nation.

PEOPLE. A number of persons. *The people* means the inhabitants of a country.

PLANTED HIMSELF. To plant is to put a vegetable into the earth to make it grow; it sometimes means to drive any thing firmly into another. To plant oneself in a place means to place oneself in such a manner as to show that we mean to stay there some time.

PLEASURE. Pleasure is felt; it cannot be described by words.

PRESENT. AT PRESENT; what is doing or passing NOW. Every thing that we think of, or that we perceive, by any of our senses, must be done or must pass at some time. Time may be either present, past, or to come. What is to come is

also called future. When you learn grammar, my little friends, you will read of the present tense, the past tense, and the future tense. *Tense* means *time*.

PREVENT. To hinder a thing from being done. To prevent, properly means to come before.

PROCEED. To go forward.

PROCESS. Method of doing a thing. It properly means the going forward of any thing. PRO, at the beginning of a word, means FOR, BEFORE, IN THE PLACE OF, FORWARD.

PARTICLES. Small parts.

PROPERTY. What belongs to a person or to a thing. "My father's horse," means the horse that belongs to my father, or that is my father's property. There is another meaning of the word property: we say, "It is a property of lemons to have a sour taste." Acidity, or sourness, is a property of lemons, and of vinegar, and of sorrel, and of crabs. To live longer than other animals without water is a property of the camel.

PUNCTUALITY. Exactness in doing what we have intended to do, or what we have said we would do.

PUNISHED. To be punished is to be made to

feel pain, to prevent us from doing what is wrong.

PURPOSELY. Designedly: intending to do it.

PROMISE. To promise is to tell a person that we will do something at a future time, which they wish should be done. People may say, that they intend to do a thing, without promising. When people promise, they speak as if they expected that the persons who hear them should understand that they firmly resolve to do the thing which they say; and that others might afterwards, if they failed to keep their word, think that they were not to be trusted or depended upon. If we always speak truth people MUST believe us; if we do not speak truth always, even those who love us best CANNOT believe us.

QUANTITY. Size or number.

QUARTER OF THE SKY. Quarter properly means the fourth part of any thing; but it sometimes means not exactly the fourth part, but some part separate from other parts; as "The roads are bad in that quarter of the country;" —"Go to that quarter of the garden;"—"He lives in a different quarter of the country."

READILY. Easily; quickly.

Recollect. To recollect is to collect again from one's memory. Re, at the beginning of words sometimes means backwards, and sometimes means again, as to re-peat, to re-turn.

Repair. To mend; also to go to a place.

Revolution. The going round of any thing to the place from which it set out.

Round. What has no corners or angles, is usually called round, though it may not be perfectly round. A globe is a figure round in all directions.

Set. To set means to place; setting of the sun means its disappearing in the evening. You cannot yet understand what is meant by the motion of the earth, which occasions sun-set and sun-rise.

Set on Fire. To put fire to any thing, so as to make it burn.

Shadow. My little friends, hold a book, or any thing else, between a candle and a wall, or between the sun and a wall, and you will see that what is so held prevents the light of the candle, or of the sun from going to or reaching the wall: therefore, that part of the wall, from which the light of the sun or candle is kept, is

dark. If any hole is in the thing which you hold in your hand, the light will pass through that hole to the wall, and the wall will be light in that place. On the contrary, if a thread, or even a hair, hang at the edge of what you hold, that hair will hinder the light from coming to the wall: and a part of the wall, in the shape of that hair or thread, will be dark.

The shadow you perceive is not a thing; it is only the want of light on some place.

SHED. A roof that is held up by posts, or rails, instead of walls; or what appears like a roof.

SHOES. What are put upon feet, to hinder them from being hurt by the ground.

SHOP. A place where people work, or where things are sold.

SOFT. What you can press your fingers into; what is not hard.

SOLID. Look for the word FLUID.

SOOT. Smoke collected in small pieces: condensed steam, or vapour, of oil, grease, wax, pitch, tar, or turpentine, resin or rosin, and of various other substances. You have learned the meaning of the word condensed.

STAMPS. Tools of wood, or metal, carved with

different figures. These stamps are pressed upon different substances, to make impressions upon them.

STALK. That part of the plant upon which flowers or fruits grow.

STEAM. Vapour caused by heat.

STEM. The trunk of a plant; that which rises immediately from the root.

STICK. A piece of wood; a small long piece of any thing, as a stick of sealing-wax, a stick of brimstone.

STICKY. What will not fall easily from your hands, when you attempt to let it go.

STILL. In this place STILL means continual; sometimes it means to be at rest.

STORE-ROOM. A place where things are laid by to be kept safe. Things laid by for future use are called stores.

STOUTLY. Strongly; with courage.

STRAIGHT. What is not bent; what is even like a ruler.

SUBJECT. What a person is talking, or thinking, or writing about.

SUFFICIENTLY. Enough.

SUPPOSING. To suppose is to imagine that a

thing has happened, or will happen, though, perhaps, it has not, or may not happen; as, Suppose that the house was to tumble down, it would break the furniture to pieces. Suppose that we were to have plum-cake at tea, would you give some of your share to your sister?

Now I hope, my young friends, that this last supposition will soon be true.

STRETCHED. Pulled or drawn to a larger size than what it usually is.

TAKE NOTICE. To observe; to pay attention to any thing.

TALLOW. The fat of animals. There is a tree in America, which produces a substance like tallow.

TAUGHT. To teach is to tell people how to do what they do not know how to do.

THERMOMETER. An instrument for showing the heat of the air and of other bodies. The thermometer, barometer, orrery, and air-pump, will entertain young people very much, when they have knowledge sufficient to enable them to understand their uses, and the manner in which they are made.

THUNDER-STORM. A storm of thunder: a storm generally means violent wind; it also means snow, hail, and thunder.

TRUST. To trust people is to believe and depend upon their truth and honesty.

TRUTH. To tell truth is to tell what we know about any thing, without adding to it, and without concealing or hiding any thing.

TURF. That p of the ground that is covered with grass. Turf, in some places, means a kind of earth mixed with the roots and leaves of decayed vegetables, which is used for firing.

UDDER. A bag under the belly of a cow, into which the cow's milk comes.

UNDERSTAND. To know the meaning of any thing.

USEFUL. What is of advantage; what contributes to our comfort, or convenience, or pleasure.

VALUABLE. What people wish to keep or obtain; what they like, or love; or what can be sold advantageously.

WAR. People fight with one another when they think themselves injured, or when they are

angry. When the people of one country fight against the people of another country, it is called WAR.

WISTFULLY. As if he wished for something. Wistfully is a word that is not often used.

My young friends will find, as they read more, and hear more conversation, that there are many meanings for the same word. Many English words are taken from Greek, and Latin, and French, and some from German. When they learn these languages, they will find the original words from which our English words are taken; and this will help them to understand the English language more accurately.

HARRY AND LUCY.

PART II.

AFTER the summer was passed, and after the autumn and winter were passed, another spring came.

Harry and Lucy were now each of them a year older.

And during the year, that had passed, they were become taller and stronger, and had learned a great many things, that they did not know before.

They had learned to read fluently; and they were therefore able to entertain themselves a little, during the winter's evenings, with reading short stories in books, which their mamma gave

them; and they had learned a little arithmetic, and could cast up sums in addition, and subtract.

And they had each of them a little garden. Harry dug the ground when it was necessary, and Lucy pulled up weeds, and helped to wheel them away in her little wheelbarrow; and assisted in sowing seeds of different sorts, and in planting the roots of flowers.

In the summer she and Harry carried water to water the plants and flowers, which they had set and sown in the spring. And they had not only planted flowers, and sown small salad, but Harry had also a crop of peas, and a crop of potatoes, in his garden; for his father had seen, that he was industrious, and for that reason he gave him a piece of good ground to be added to his garden; and as it had been grass-

ground for some time, it was so hard, that Harry was not able to dig it. But his father had it dug roughly for him, and he had a cart-load of dung laid upon it. Harry had observed very attentively how his father's labourers had set potatoes; and in the beginning of the month of February he dug his ground over again, and marked it out into ridges, with stakes and a line, and spread the dung upon the ridges, leaving sufficient space between the ridges for the furrows. He then cut some potatoes, which his father had given him, into small pieces to plant in the ground for sets. He took care to cut them, so that each piece should have an eye in it: that is to say, that each piece should have one of those little black spots in it, which contain the root of the potatoe; for after the piece of

potatoe has been some time in the ground, it rots away, and the root unfolds, and long fibres spread into the earth.

He scattered these pieces upon the dung, at eight or ten inches from each other; and then he dug earth out of the furrows, that lay between the ridges, and covered the bits of potatoe and the dung with them, laying earth over them both, to the depth of three or four inches.

When he had made any mistake, or had not done the work well, his father assisted him, and showed him how to do it better.

The rain in the following spring, and the heat of the sun in the beginning of summer, had contributed to the growth of Harry's crop, and in the middle of June he had some fine young potatoes fit to eat.

About this time of the year the weather is generally very hot; and one day, as Harry and his sister were sitting under the shady tree, which was mentioned in the former chapter, picking some cowslips for their mamma, Harry observed, that the shadow of the tree reached almost round the stem, and he had seen in the morning, when he was at breakfast, that the shadow of the tree fell only at one side of it. He asked his father, who was passing by, the reason of this, and his father took him to the door of the house, and desired him to look where the sun was; and he saw, that it was opposite the door, and very high in the sky. "Take notice, Harry, where you see the sun now, and observe where you see it this evening, when the sun is setting."

Harry said he knew where the sun

set—that he could not see it from the hall-door; but that he could see it from that end of the house, which was at the right hand of the hall-door, as you go out.

Father. Did you ever observe where it rises?

Harry. Yes; it rose this morning at the other end of the house.

Father. It did so—Now do you know where are the South, and the North, and the East, and the West?

Harry. No: but I believe the side of the sky where the sun rises is called the East.

Father. It is so; and the side where it sets is called the West. Now you may always know the South and the North, wherever you are, if you know where the sun either rises or sets. If you know where it rises, stand with

your left hand towards that part of the sky, and then the part of the sky before your face will be the South, and that part of the sky behind your back will be the North.

In the same manner, if you know where the sun sets, turn your right hand toward that place, and the part of the sky opposite to you will be the South. But, Harry, you must remember, that there are only two days in the year, when the sun sets exactly in the West, and it rises exactly in the East.

Harry. What days are those, papa?

Father. It would be of no use to you now to know the names of those days; but when one of them comes, I will let you know it. On that day the sun rises exactly at six o'clock in the morning, and sets exactly at six o'clock in the evening.

"Papa," said Harry, "I have observed several times, that my shadow in the morning, and in the evening, is very long, but in the middle of the day I can scarcely see my shadow."

Father. You must think about it, yourself, Harry; for, if I tell you every thing, that you want to know, without your taking the trouble to think, you will not have the habit of thinking for yourself; and without being able to think for yourself, you will never have good sense.

THE bricks, which Harry and Lucy had made the year before, had all been *melted away* (as the workmen say), by the rain, or broken because they had not been burnt; but Harry had dug some tough yellow clay, of a proper sort, in the month of November before the

usual frosts of the winter had begun: and Harry mixed it well with the spade, and Lucy picked out the little pebbles with a small paddle, and the frost made the clay *mellow*, as the workmen call it. And in the spring Harry made nearly six hundred bricks, and built them into stacks, and covered them with turf, which his father had let him pare off the surface of the ground. And Harry's father, who had been much pleased with his good behaviour and industry, came to the tree where he was at work, and asked him if he would like to go to the brick-field, to see how bricks were burned. Lucy wished much to go with them, and she ran and asked her mother to let her go; her mother very cheerfully consented, and said she would go along with her.

WHILST Lucy and her mother were getting ready to go, Harry ran to his garden, and dug some of his fine young potatoes, and put them into a basket, which he had of his own, and returned to the house; and his father asked him, what he intended to do with them.

"Sir," says Harry, "last year, when I had spoiled the poor man's bricks, I promised that I would make him amends; and I determined, when I set my potatoes, to let him have the first of them, that were fit to be dug, as I was told that *early* potatoes were more valuable than those that *came in* later."

Father. But you will not be able to carry such a heavy load so far.

"I will try," said Harry.

He was able to proceed but a little way with his load without resting.

What could he do?

His father was willing to assist him as he had shown honesty and truth in keeping his promise, and good sense in the means which he had taken to make the brickmaker amends for the injury which he had done to him. He asked a farmer, whom he knew, and who was going by with a cart, to take the basket in his cart, and to leave it in the brick-field which was at the road-side.

By the time they had reached the brickfield to which they were going, and to which there was a pleasant walk through the fields, the farmer, who went by the road, had gotten with his cart to the same place.

Harry thanked him, took up his basket, and marched stoutly into the place where the brickmaker was at work.

The man knew him again, and was much pleased with Harry's punctuality. He took the potatoes out of the basket, and said, that they were worth full as much as the bricks that had been spoiled.

Harry's father asked the man to show him how he burned his bricks, to make them hard; and the man said he was just going to set fire to a kiln of bricks, and that he might see how it was done.

THE kiln was made of the bricks that were to be burned; these bricks were built up one upon another, and one beside the other, not quite close, but so as to leave a little room on every side of each brick; and in the middle of the kiln, near the bottom, there were large holes filled with furze bushes.

The whole kiln was as large as a large room; and the man went to his house for a few lighted coals and he put them under the furze, which took fire and blazed, and the smoke came through the openings, that were left between the bricks; and the heat of the fire came through them also, and heated the bricks; and the man told Harry's father, that he should supply the kiln with furze, and keep the fire strong for six days and six nights, and that then the bricks would be sufficiently burned.

Harry now said, that he was afraid that he should not be able to build a kiln for his bricks: for he was now grown wise enough to know, that it required time to learn how to do things which we have not been used to do. And he asked the brickmaker, whether

he thought he could build his bricks, so as to be able to burn them. And the man told him, that he believed he could not; but he said, that on some holiday he would go to the place where Harry's bricks were, and would show him how to build a nice little kiln, if Harry's father would give him leave.

HARRY's father accepted this good-natured offer; and Harry plainly perceived, that good conduct makes friends, and that a poor brickmaker may be of use even to persons, who are not obliged to work for their bread.

Whilst they were talking, Lucy was looking about and examining every thing in the brickfield; and she observed, that at the farthest part of the field some white linen was stretched

upon the grass, to dry, and she saw several bits of black dirt lying upon the linen. They did not stick to the linen, but were blown about by the wind, as they were very light.

Lucy picked up some of these black things, and when she showed them to her mother, her mother told her, that they were bits of soot, which had been carried by the wind from the brick-kiln.

"But, mamma," said Lucy, "I don't see any chimney belonging to the brick-kiln; and soot, I believe, is always found in chimneys."

Mother. No, my dear, soot is smoke cooled; and wherever there is smoke there is soot. A great quantity of thick smoke rises from a brick-kiln; or, to speak more properly, a great quantity of smoke is carried upwards by the hot air that rises from a brick-kiln, and

when this smoke cools, parts of it stick together, and make what we call soot, which falls slowly to the ground. This is some of it, that has fallen upon the white linen; and you see it because it is black, and the linen, upon which it has fallen, is white.

Lucy. Why does it fall slowly?

Mother. Because it is light; if it was heavier, it would fall faster.

Lucy. What do you mean by light and heavy?

Mother. You cannot yet understand all that I mean by those words; but, if you take two things, which are nearly of the same size, in your hands, and if one of them presses downwards the hand, in which it is held, more than the other does, that may be called heavy, and the other may be called light. You must observe, Lucy, that they can be

called heavy or light only as compared together, or *weighed* in your hands; as, for instance, if you take a large wafer in one hand, and a wooden button-mould of the same size in the other, the button-mould will be readily perceived to be the heaviest; you might therefore, say, that the button-mould is heavy and the wafer is light.

But, if you were to take the button-mould again in one hand, and take a shilling in the other, you would call the shilling heavy and the button-mould light. And, if you were to lay down the button-mould, and were to take a guinea into your hand instead of it, you would find the shilling would appear light, when *compared* with the guinea.

Lucy. But, mamma, what do you compare the soot with when you say it is light?

Mother. I compare it in my mind with other things of nearly the same size, as bits of saw-dust, or coal-dust, or bits of gravel; but I cannot yet make you entirely understand what I mean. When you have learnt the uses and properties of more things and their names, I shall be better able to answer the questions you have asked me upon subjects which I cannot explain to you now.

As they returned home, they saw a poor little girl crying sadly, and she seemed to be very unhappy. And Lucy's mother said to her, "Poor girl! what is the matter with you? What makes you cry so?"

"O madam," said the little girl, "my mother sent me to market with a basket of eggs, and I tumbled down, and the eggs are all broken to pieces,

and I am sorry for it; for my mother trusted them to me, as she thought I would take care of them; and indeed I minded what I was about, but a man, with a sack upon his back, was coming by, and he pushed me, and made me tumble down."

Mother. Will your mother be angry with you when she knows it?

Little Girl. I shall tell my mother, and she will not be angry at me; but she will be very sorry, and she will cry, because she is very poor, and she will want the bread, which I was to have bought with the money for which I should sell the eggs; and my brothers and sisters will have no supper.

When the little girl had done speaking, she sat down again upon the bank and cried very sadly.

Little Lucy pulled her mother's gown

to make her listen to her; and then she said softly, "Mamma, may I 'speak to the poor little girl?"

Mother. Yes, Lucy.

Lucy. Little girl, I have some eggs at home, and I will give them to you, if my mamma will let me go for them.

"My dear," says Lucy's mother to her, "our house is at a distance; and if you were to try to go back by yourself, you could not find the way; but, if the little girl will come to-morrow to my house, you may give her the eggs; she is used to go to market, and knows the road. In the mean time, my poor little girl, come with me to the baker's at the top of the hill, and I will give you a loaf to carry home to your mother: you are a good girl, and tell the truth."

So Lucy's mother took the little girl to the baker's shop, and bought a loaf,

and gave it to her; and the little girl thanked her, and put the loaf under her arm, and walked homewards, very happy.

As he was going over a stile, Harry dropped his handkerchief out of his pocket, and it fell into some water, and was made quite wet; and he was forced to carry it in his hand, until they came to a house, where his father told him he would ask leave to have it dried for him. And he asked the mistress of the house to let Harry go to the fire to dry his handkerchief. And while he held it at the fire, Lucy said she saw a great smoke go from the handkerchief into the fire; and her mother asked her, how she knew it was smoke?

Lucy. Because it looks like smoke.

Mother. Hold this piece of paper in what you think like smoke, and try if you can catch any of those black things, that were in the smoke you saw in the brick-field.

Lucy. No, mamma, it does not blacken the paper in the least; but it wets the paper.

Mother. Hold this cold plate in what you call smoke, that comes from the handkerchief.

Lucy. Mamma, I find the plate is wet.

Mother. What is it, then, that comes from the handkerchief?

Lucy. Water. The water with which it was wetted, when it fell into the ditch.

Mother. What makes the water come out of it?

Lucy. The heat of the fire, I believe.

Mother. At tea, to-night, put me in mind to show you water turned into steam, and steam turned into water.

When they had gotten home, Harry and Lucy went immediately, without losing any time, to cast up two sums in arithmetic, which they were accustomed to do every day.

Harry could cast up sums in common addition readily: and Lucy understood the rule called subtraction: and she knew very well what was meant by the words *borrowing* and *paying*, though it is not easy to understand them distinctly. But she had been taught carefully by her mother, who was a woman of good sense, and who was more desirous that her daughter should understand what she did, than that she should merely be able to go on as she was told

to do without knowing the reason of what she was about.

And after they had shown the sums, which they had cast up, to their mother, they sat down to draw.

Lucy was learning to draw the outlines of flowers, and she took a great deal of pains, and looked attentively at the print she was copying. And she was not in a hurry to have done, or to begin another flower; but she minded what she was about, and attended to every thing that her mother had desired her the day before to correct. And, after she had copied a print of a periwinkle, she attempted to draw it from the flower itself; which she had placed in such a manner, as to have the same appearance as the print had, that she might be able to compare her drawing

from the print with her drawing from the flower.

SHE found it was not so easy to draw from the latter as from the former; but every time, that she tried, it became easier. And she was wise enough to know, that it was better to be able to draw from things themselves, or from nature, as it is called, than from other drawings; because every body may every where have objects before them, which they may imitate: and by practice they may learn to draw or delineate objects so well, as to be able to express upon paper, &c. to other people, whatever curious things they meet with.

The habit of drawing is particularly useful to those who study botany; and

it was her love of botany that made Lucy fond of drawing flowers.

She had a number of dried plants, the names of which she knew; and she took great pleasure in the spring, and in the beginning of summer, in gathering such plants as were in flower, and in discovering, by the rules of botany, to what class, order, genus, and species they belonged.

Harry also knew something of botany; but he did not learn to draw flowers. He was endeavouring with great care to trace a map of the fields about his father's house. He had made several attempts, and he had failed several times; but he began again, and every time improved.

He understood very well the use of a map; he knew, that it was a sort of picture of ground, by which he could

measure the size of every yard, or garden, or field, or orchard, after it had been drawn upon paper, as well as it could be measured upon the ground itself. He could also draw a little with a rule and compasses; he could describe a circle, and make an equilateral triangle, and a right angle; and he had begun to learn to write.

AFTER they had drawn and written for one hour, it was time for them to go and dress before dinner.

Harry's walk to the brick-field had made him very hungry, so that he ate heartily.

Whilst he was eating, his mother told him, that she intended to send him into the garden, after dinner, for some strawberries, that were just ripe; and

she advised him not to eat so much pudding, if he wished to eat strawberries.

Now Harry had learned from experience, that if he ate too much it would make him sick; he therefore prudently determined not to have another spoonful of pudding.

A little while after dinner, Harry and Lucy went with their mother into the garden; and Lucy was desired to gather six strawberries, and Harry was desired to gather four strawberries. And when they were put together, Harry counted them, and found that they made ten. Lucy was not obliged to count them, for she knew by rote, or by heart, as it is sometimes called, that six and four make ten.

Each of them next brought five strawberries: and Harry knew, without counting, that, when they were put to-

gether, they would make ten. And Lucy knew, that the parcel of strawberries, which they gathered first, which made ten, would, when added to the second parcel, which also consisted of ten, make twenty.

They now went and gathered ten more. One gathered three, and the other gathered seven ; and this ten, added to the former number, made thirty. And they went again, and brought ten more to their mother ; this ten was made up of eight and two ; and this ten added to the thirty they had gathered before made forty.

WHILST they were eating them, Harry asked his sister if she knew what was meant by *ty* in twenty and thirty. Lucy laughed at him for supposing that

she did not know it, and said her father had told her. Harry said, that he knew before, that *teen*, in the words thirteen, fourteen, &c. meant ten; but he did not know, that *ty*, in twenty, and thirty, &c. meant ten. And he said he did not know, why ten should have three names, ten, teen, and ty.

Lucy said she could not tell; but they asked their father; and he told them, that *ten* meant ten by itself, without any other number joined to it; but that *teen* meant ten with some other number joined to it; and he asked Harry what thirteen meant.

Harry. I believe, that it is three and ten; for three joined or added to ten, make thirteen. Fourteen is plainly four and ten; fifteen five and ten. But why, papa, is it not three-teen, instead of being called thirteen?

Papa. Because it is easier to say thirteen than three-teen.

Lucy. But why is it called twelve? It should be two-teen.

Harry. And eleven, papa, should be one-teen.

Papa. I cannot now explain to you, my dear, the reason why we have not those names in English; but you perceive that it is easy to remember the names of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, &c. because we remember that four, five, six, come after one another, and we perceive that all that is necessary is, to add *teen* to them. You see, that fourteen means four and ten—four added to ten.

Harry. But does *ty* in forty mean four added to ten?

Lucy replied, that it did not.

Papa. No—It means four times ten: not ten added to four, but ten added

together four times—And fifty means ten added together five times. So you see, that it is useful to have three names for ten, which differ a little from one another, but which are also something like each other; for teen is like ten, and ty is like teen. Teen is always used when ten is added to any number, as far as nineteen; and ty is always used when more tens than one are counted, as far as a hundred.

Harry. Then twenty should be two-ty; and thirty should be three-ty.

Papa. I told you before, my dear, that thirteen is used instead of three-teen, because the former word is more easily pronounced than the latter. Thirty is used instead of threety, for the same reason.

Harry. But why is not twenty two-ty?

Papa. Twenty is made up of ty and of twain, a word that was formerly used for two: the word twain joined to ty, makes twainty, which when spoken quickly, sounds like twenty.

Harry. But, papa, will you tell me another thing?

Papa. No, Harry; we have talked enough about numbers at present; you will be tired by thinking any longer with much attention, and I do not wish that you should be tired, when you attend to what you are about. Thinking without tiring ourselves is very agreeable; but thinking becomes disagreeable if we tire ourselves; and as thinking with attention is useful and necessary, we should take care not to make it disagreeable to ourselves.

It was now tea-time, and Harry and Lucy usually supped at the same time that their father and mother drank tea: so that they had an opportunity of hearing many useful and entertaining things, that passed in conversation; and Lucy, recollecting that her mother had promised to tell her, at tea-time, something more about smoke and steam, put her in mind of what she had promised. Then her mother called for a lighted wax candle, and for a lighted tallow candle, and she desired Lucy to hold a cold plate over the wax candle, and Harry to hold another cold plate over the tallow candle, and in a short time a considerable quantity of smoke, or soot, was collected upon each of the plates. Another cold plate was held over the tea urn, in which water was boiling, and from which there issued a large

quantity of steam, or vapour of water. This steam was stopped by the plate, which, by degrees, was covered with a number of very small drops, not so large as the head of a minikin pin. After the plate had been held over the steam a little longer, these drops became larger—they attracted one another; that is to say, one little drop was joined to another and made a large drop; and so on, till at length the drops ran so much together, as to lose their round shape, and to run over the plate. Harry and Lucy were much entertained with this experiment. Harry observed that the vapour of water was very different from the vapour of a candle.

Papa. I am very glad to find that you have so readily learned something of the meaning of the word vapour, which I have purposely made use of in

the place of the word steam; but you are mistaken, my dear, in saying vapour of a candle. Lamp-black, soot, and smoke, are formed from the vapour of the oily part of burning bodies. Formerly people made use of lamps instead of candles, and the soot of those lamps was called lamp-black, though it should properly be called oil-black. Now, pray, Harry, do you know the meaning of the word evaporate?

Harry. I believe it means, being turned into vapour.

Papa. Did you observe any thing else in the experiments which I have just shown to you?

Harry. Yes, papa—I saw that the vapour of oil was solid, when it was cold.

Papa. Condensed.

Harry. Yes, condensed.

Papa. And did you not observe, that the vapour of water, when condensed, was fluid? And what did you observe, Lucy?

Lucy. I thought, papa, that the soot, or lamp-black, which you told me was the vapour of oil, did not seem to turn into oil again, when it was condensed, but that it had entirely a different appearance from the tallow and wax from which the oil came; and yet, that the vapour of water, when it was condensed, became water again.

Papa. I do not think, my dear children, that my time has been thrown away in showing you this experiment. And as I wish to make you like to attend to what is taught to you, I will endeavour to make it agreeable to you, by joining the feeling of pleasure to the feeling of attention in your mind, by

giving you pleasure, or the hope of pleasure, when you attend.

Harry. I know what you mean, papa; for, if we had not attended to what we were about, you would have endeavoured to give us pain.

Papa. No, Harry; you are a little mistaken. I don't wish to give you pain, unless when I want to prevent you from doing something that would be hurtful to yourself, or to other people; and then I wish to associate, that is, join, pain with such actions. But I do not expect, that little boys and girls should be as wise as men and women; and if you do not attend, I only abstain from giving you pleasure.

Harry. But, papa, what pleasure were you going to give us?

Papa. I was not going to give you any immediate or present pleasure, but

only the hope of some pleasure to-morrow. Your mamma and I intend, to-morrow, to walk to breakfast with her brother, your uncle, who has come to live at a very pretty place not quite three miles from this house. He was formerly a physician, and he has several curious instruments—a microscope, an electrifying machine, an air-pump, and a collection of fossils, and a few shells and prints: and he knows very well how to explain things to other people. And the pleasure that your mamma and I meant to give you was to take you with us to-morrow morning. Harry and Lucy were very happy, when they were going to bed, from the remembrance of the day that they had passed, and from the hope of being happy on the day which was to come.

At six o'clock in the morning Harry wakened; and, as they were to set out for Flower Hill at seven, he got up, and dressed himself with great alacrity; and Lucy did the same. But alas! their hopes were disappointed: for a violent thunder-storm came on before seven o'clock, which prevented their walk to their uncle's.

Harry planted himself at the window, and examined every cloud as it passed by, and every quarter of the sky, in expectation of fair weather and sunshine; but his sister, who was older, knew that her standing at the window would not alter the weather; and she prudently sat down to study botany before breakfast, and to examine some flowers, which she had gathered in her walk the day before.

When Harry had stood some time at

the window and had seen no appearance of a change in the sky, he turned about, and looked wistfully round him, like a person who did not know what to do with himself. His mother, who at that instant came into the room, could not help smiling at the melancholy figure which she saw before her; and she asked Harry what was the matter. Harry owned, that he felt sorry and sad, because he had been disappointed of the pleasure which his father had promised him.

Mother. But, Harry, my dear, your father did not promise you fine weather.

Harry (*laughing*). No, mamma, I know he did not; but I expected that it would be a fine day, and I am sorry it is not.

Mother. Well, Harry, that is all very natural, as it is called; or, to speak

more properly, it is what happens commonly. But though you cannot alter the weather, you may alter your own feelings, by turning your attention to something else.

Harry. To what else, mamma?

Mother. You have several different occupations, that you are fond of; and, if you turn your thoughts to any of them, it will prevent you from feeling sad upon account of the disappointment that you have met with. Besides, my dear Harry, the rain must, in some respects, be agreeable to you, and it is certainly useful.

Harry. O yes, mamma, I know what you mean—my garden. It was indeed in great want of water, and it cost me a great deal of trouble to carry water to it twice every day. My peas will come on now, and I shall have

plenty of radishes. Thank you, mamma, for putting me in mind of my garden; it has made me more contented.

Harry's father now came in, and seeing that he was cheerful, and that he bore his disappointment pretty well, he asked him if he had ever seen a cork garden.

Harry. No, papa; I remember I have seen a cork model of a house; but I never saw the model of a garden made of cork.

Papa. But this is not the model of a garden, but a sort of small garden made upon cork. Here it is.

Harry. Why this is nothing but the plate, or saucer, that commonly stands under a flower-pot, with a piece of cork, like the bung of a barrel, floating in water.

Papa. Notwithstanding its simpli-

city, it is capable, to a certain degree, of doing what a garden does. It can produce a salad. Here are the seeds of cresses and mustard; sprinkle them thinly upon this cork, and lay it in the closet near the window that is towards the south.

Harry. When may I look at it again?

Papa. Whenever you please. But do not touch or shake it; for, if you do, it will disturb the seeds from the places where they now rest, and that will prevent them from growing. In two or three days you will see, that cresses and mustard plants have grown from these seeds.

Harry. Pray, papa, will the seeds grow on the cork, as they grow in the ground?

Papa. No, my dear; it is not the cork that nourishes the plant, but it is

the water which makes it grow. If you cover the bottom of a soup plate with a piece of flannel, and pour water into the plate so high as just to touch the flannel and scatter seeds on the surface of the flannel, they will grow upon it in the same manner that they grow upon cork.

Harry. But if it is by the water only that the seeds are made to grow, would they not grow as well, if they were put upon the bottom of the plate, without any cork or flannel?

Papa. No, my little friend, they would not; because, if there were only so much water in the plate as to cover only half of each of the seeds, it would be so shallow as to be evaporated (you know what that means, Harry) before the seeds could grow. Perhaps, also, the surface of the plate may be so

smooth, as to prevent the fibres of the roots from taking hold of it. And there are many more reasons, which occur to me, why it is probable that they would not grow.

Harry. But we can try, papa.

Papa. Yes, my dear, that is the only certain method of knowing.

LUCY's mother recollected, that she had promised her the last year, to show her how butter was made; and, as the rain in the morning had prevented Lucy from going to her uncle's, her mother thought it would be a good time to take her into the dairy, where the dairy-maid was churning. Little Harry was permitted to go with his sister.

They remembered the wide shallow pans, which they had seen the year

before; and they recollected, that their mother had told them that the cream, or oily part of the milk, which was the lightest, separated itself from the heaviest part; or, to speak more properly, that the heaviest part of the milk descended towards the bottom of the pans, and left the cream, or lightest part, uppermost; and that this cream was skimmed off twice every day, and laid by, till a sufficient quantity, that is to say, five or six, or any larger number of quarts, was collected.

They now saw twelve quarts, or three gallons, of cream, put into a common churn; and the dairy-maid put the cream in motion, by means of the churn-staff, which she moved up and down with a regular motion, for seven or eight minutes: when she appeared tired, another of the maids took the churn-

staff from her, and worked in her stead; and so on alternately for about three quarters of an hour, when the butter began to come, as it is called, or to be collected in little lumps in the cream. Harry and Lucy were much surprised when the lid or cover of the churn was taken off, to see small lumps of butter floating in the milk. They saw, that the cream had changed its colour and consistency, and that several small pieces of butter were swimming on its surface. These pieces of butter were collected and joined together into one lump by the dairy-maid, who poured some cold water into the churn, to make the butter harder, and to make it separate more easily from the milk, which had become warm with the quick motion that had been used to make the butter come. Then she care-

fully took it all out of the churn, and put it into a wooden dish, and pressed and squeezed it, so as to force all the milk out of it. She then washed it very clean, in cold water, a great many times; and, with a wooden thing called a slice, which is like a large flat saucer, she cut the lump of butter that she had made into pieces, in order to pull out of it all the cow's hairs, that had fallen into the milk, of which the cream had been made.

Many of those hairs stuck to the slice, and others were picked out, which appeared as the butter was cut in pieces. The butter was then well washed, and the water, in which it had been washed, was squeezed out of it. The butter was now put into a pair of scales, and it weighed nearly three pounds. Some of it was rolled

into cylinders, of about half a pound weight each, and some of it was made into little pats, and stamped with wooden stamps, which had different figures carved upon them; the impression of which figures was marked upon the butter.

Lucy asked what became of the milk, or liquor, which was left in the churn: her mother told her, it was called butter-milk, and that it was usually given to the pigs.

Lucy. Mamma, I have heard, that in Ireland, and in Scotland, the poor drink butter-milk, and are very fond of it.

Mother. Yes, my dear; but the butter-milk in Ireland is very different from the butter-milk here. We separate the thick part of the cream from the rest for the purpose of making

butter; but, in Ireland, they lay by the thinner part, which is only milk, as well as the thick cream, for churning, and they add to it the richest part of the new milk, which is what comes last from the cow when she is milked: and what is left, after the butter is made, is, for this reason, not so sour, and is more nourishing than the butter-milk in this country.

Lucy. Do not they sometimes make whey of butter-milk and new-milk?

Mother. Yes, my dear; whey is made of butter-milk and skimmed milk; but it is not thought so pleasant or useful in this kingdom, though it is much liked in Ireland; probably because the butter-milk here is not so good as it is in Ireland. I am told, that it is frequently preferred in that country to any other kind of whey, even by those

who are rich enough to have wine whey. You see, my dear Lucy, that small circumstances make great differences in things. I have heard it said, that the Irish poor must be very wretched indeed, if they be forced to use butter-milk instead of milk: but the fact is, their butter-milk is so much better than ours, that they frequently prefer it to new milk. To judge wisely, we must carefully make ourselves acquainted with the facts about which we are to judge.

Harry. Pray, mamma, why does dashing about the milk with the churn-staff make butter?

Mother. The process of making butter is not exactly understood. Cream consists of oil, whey, and curd, and an acid peculiar to milk. You know what is meant by an acid?

Lucy. Not very well, I know it means what is sour.

Mother. Yes, my dear, sourness is one of the properties of acids; and when you have acquired a knowledge of a greater number of facts, that you can compare with one another, I shall be better able to explain to you, what is meant by many terms that I cannot at present make you understand.

Harry. But, mamma, you have not yet told us why churning makes butter.

Mother. My dear, it does not make butter; it only separates the oily or buttery parts of the cream from the curd, or cheesy part, and from the whey. We do not know exactly how this is done by churning; but it is probable, that, by striking the cream with the churn-staff, or by shaking it violently,

the oily parts, or particles, are from time to time forced nearer together, which enables them to attract each other.

Harry. Yes, mamma, I know what that is—just as globules of quicksilver run together, when they are near enough.

Mother. Globules! Harry, where did you find that new word?

Harry. Papa told it to me the other day, when I was looking at some quicksilver that he had let fall. He told me, the little drops of quicksilver, or mercury, which look like balls, were called globules, or little globes.

Lucy. And, mamma, the drops of dew and rain stand on several leaves separate from one another. On a nasturtium leaf I have seen drops of water almost as round as drops of quicksilver

and when I pushed two of the drops near one another, they ran together and formed one large drop.

Mother. They were attracted together, as it is called.

Lucy. But the larger drop, which was made of the two drops, was not twice as large as either of the two small ones.

Mother. Are you sure of that, Lucy?

Lucy. No, mamma; but I thought so.

Mother. Two drops of mercury of the same size, or two drops of any other fluid, when they join, do not form a drop that is twice as large in breadth, or diameter, as one of the small drops, but such a drop contains exactly as much, and weighs as heavy, as the two small drops.

Harry. I do not understand you, mamma.

Mother. I will, by degrees, endeavour to make you understand me; but it cannot be done at once, and you have attended enough now. Lucy, it is time to read—let us go on with the account of the insects, which you were reading yesterday.

THEN Lucy, and Harry, and their mother, left the dairy, and returned to the drawing-room.

Mother. Here, Harry. sit down and listen to what your sister reads. You will soon be able to read to yourself without assistance, which, in time, will become an agreeable employment.

Lucy now read in the Guardian,

N° 157, a very entertaining account of the industry and ingenuity of ants.

Both Harry and she wished much that they could find some ants' nests, that they might see how they carried on their works. Their mother said, that she could show them an ants' nest in the garden; and, as it had done raining, she took them into the garden, and showed them two little holes in the ground, where the ants had formed cells, which served them for houses to live in, and for store-houses to keep their eggs and food. They were busily employed in making a road, or causeway, from one of these holes to the other. Great numbers were employed in carrying earth to repair breaches, which had been made in their work by the rain.

Harry laid some dead flies, and some

small crumbs of bread, upon the track where the ants were at work; but they were not diverted from their labour by this temptation: on the contrary, they pushed the dead flies and the crumbs out of their way, and went steadily on with their business. Harry's mother told him, she had tried the same experiment before, and that, perhaps, another time the ants might choose to eat, instead of pushing away the food that was offered to them.

Harry and Lucy staid patiently watching the ants, till it was time to dress for dinner.

After dinner, Harry's father told him, that the weather was sufficiently fine for their jaunt to Flower Hill: and Harry now saw, that it was not such a great misfortune as he had thought it in the morning, to have his walk de-

ferred; and he and Lucy set out joyfully with their father and mother, to go to see their uncle.

Their way was through some pretty fields, and over stiles, and through a wood, and along a shady lane. As they passed through the fields, Harry, when they came to a corn-field, was able to tell the name of the grain, which was growing in it; and Lucy told him the names of several of the wild flowers and weeds, which were growing amongst the corn, and under the hedges.

During the last year, Harry had learnt to be very active in body as well as in mind; and when he came to a low stile, he put his hands upon the top rail, and vaulted nimbly over it. And Lucy ran almost as fast as her brother, and was very active in every

exercise that was proper for a little girl.

They soon came to a windmill, which went round with great quickness. It was not necessary for his father to warn Harry, not to go too near the arms, or sails of the wind-mill, as he had read, in a "*Present for a Little Boy*," how dangerous it is to go within the reach of a wind-mill's sails. He was not, however, foolishly afraid, but wisely careful. He kept out of the reach of the sails, but he was not afraid of going to the door, or to the wheel and lever by which the top was turned round; and he counted, with the assistance of his father, the number of turns which the sails made in a minute.

His father looked at his watch during one minute; and Harry counted the number of revolutions, or turns, that

the sails made in that time. He found, that they went round forty-five times in a minute.

Lucy observed that the middle of the sails moved round through a very small space, but that the ends, or tips of them, went very fast.

Papa. My dear, you see a black spot in that part of the cloth of the sails, which is near the centre of the arms, goes as often round as the tips of the sails—What, then, do you mean by saying, that the tips move very fast?

Lucy. I mean, that they go a great way in a little time.

Papa. What do you mean by a great way?

Lucy. I am afraid that I cannot explain myself clearly—I mean, that the tips of the wind-mill sails go through a great way in the air—I believe, I should

say, that they describe a very large circle; and the part of the sails, that are near the centre, describe a small circle.

Papa. Now I understand you distinctly; the circle, which the tips describe, is very large, *when compared* with that described by the part near the centre. I have tried several times how fast the tips of wind-mill sails move; and, when there was a brisk wind, they moved a mile in a minute.

Harry. That is very fast indeed. But how could you tell this, papa?

Papa. I cannot explain to you now; but some time hence I will.

They now went through a wood, where they saw squirrels jumping from tree to tree with great agility; and rabbits, sitting up on their hind legs, looking about them, and running from

one hole to another, as if they were at play. Harry asked several questions about the squirrels and rabbits, and about woodpeckers, and other birds that he saw. By these means, he and Lucy got some knowledge in their walk, and were amused the whole way to their uncle's.

Harry. Papa, this walk puts me in mind of "Eyes and no Eyes," in Evenings at Home. I feel very glad to find, that things, which I have read in that book, are like real things, and that what I have read is of use to me.

NEITHER Lucy nor Harry had ever seen their uncle B——; and they expected, as he was called Doctor, that he must be a very grave old man, who would not take the trouble to talk to

little children: but they were much mistaken: for they found, that he was very cheerful, and that he talked to them a great deal. After tea, he took them into his study, in which, beside a great many books, there were several instruments and machines of different sorts.

They had both seen a barometer and thermometer at home; but the barometer at Doctor B——'s was much larger than what Harry had seen before; and it was not fixed up against the wall, but was hung upon a stand with three legs, in such a manner, that, when it was touched, it swung about; and the shining quicksilver withinside of it rose and fell, so as to show, that it did not stick to the tube which contained it. There were an air-pump, and a microscope, and a wooden orrery,

in the room, and a pair of very large globes.

Doctor B—— let Harry examine them; and he was so good as to answer all the questions that either Lucy or Harry asked him.

Harry asked him what that shining liquid was, which he saw in the tube of the barometer.

Doctor B——. It is a metal called quicksilver; and it is found in mines under ground.

Harry. My papa showed me quicksilver the other day, and it was liquid, and was spilt on the table and on the floor; and how can that be a metal? I thought metals were all solid.

Doctor B——. So they are all when they are sufficiently cold.

Harry. Then is quicksilver hotter than iron?

Doctor B——. I cannot explain to you at present, what you want to know.

Harry. What is that globe made of?

Doctor B——. Of pasteboard and plaster.

Harry. How is it made round? I thought pasteboard was made of flat sheets of paper, pasted upon one another.

Doctor B——. Flat pasteboard is; but the pasteboard upon this globe is made round by means of a round mould, upon which it is formed. You know, I suppose, what a mould is?

Harry. Yes, I do, pretty well. But how can the pasteboard, after it is all pasted together, be gotten off a round mould?

Doctor B——. After it is dry it is cut all round with a knife; and then it

will come off the mould in two caps, as the shell of a nut, when it is opened with a knife, comes off the kernel.

Harry. What is the use of this machine, which you call an air pump?

Doctor B——. To pump air out of that glass vessel, which you see.

Harry. I do not quite understand you, sir.

Doctor B——. No, my dear, it is not probable that you can; but I will soon give you a little book, which will teach you the uses of several instruments of this sort.

Harry. My dear uncle, I cannot tell you how much I should be obliged to you.

Harry and Lucy were much delighted with what they saw at their uncle's; and, as they had not been troublesome, he asked their father and mother to

bring them to Flower Hill, when they came next to see him.

They returned home that evening just before it was dark, and went to bed by moon-light.

Thus ends an account of three days passed by Harry and Lucy. One day when Harry was about five, and Lucy six years old; and two days a year afterwards, when Lucy was seven, and Harry six years of age.

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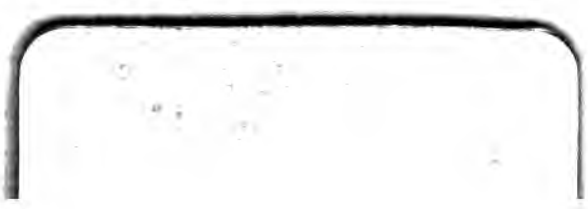
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