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**FRANK;**  
A  
**SEQUEL TO FRANK**  
IN  
**EARLY LESSONS.**

BY  
**MARIA EDGEWORTH**

**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

**THE SECOND EDITION.**

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**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR R. HUNTER,**  
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# F R A N K



SEQUEL

10

## E A R L Y L E S S O N S .

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It is surprising how easy it is to make good resolutions, and how difficult to keep them: Frank, at least, found it so. He had resolved, in the first place, that, the very day after the engineer went away, he would make himself quite clear about the causes of summer and winter; and with this intention he went in search of a book, in which he had been told, that he would find them well explained; but it chanced, that

while he was looking for this, in his mother's book case, nearest the window, he heard the cry of hounds, and the voice of the huntsmen. He called to Mary to come quick! quick! and he threw up the sash, looked out, and saw dogs running, and men and horses galloping after them, the men in scarlet jackets, and with little velvet caps on their heads.

“There they are, do you see them, Mary? No, not now you can't, they are behind the trees. But now! now you can see the scarlet jackets; here they come full gallop! Beautiful horses! how they go! which will be first?” cried Frank.

“How very pretty they look, going over that rising ground, and winding through the wood,” said Mary. “But now they are all out of sight.”

“Stay, stay, don’t go away, they are coming again, Mary: one has leaped the great ditch. Oh, come! come and look at them leaping. One! two! three! five! One’s down—no, up again. On they come: all spreading over the field, dogs and horses; and they must cross this lawn, quite close to us, Mary.”

“What a noise!” said Mary; “and how eager they all are, men, horses, dogs!”

“How I should like to be among them, if I were a man!” said Frank.

“Mary, look here to this side, passing under the great sycamore, do you see a white hound snuffing about? Next after him, that man on the bay horse, is Squire Rogers, I think. He is foremost: how well he rides.”

“But what do I see?” said Mary.

“ A very little man, at a distance, or a boy. Oh ! is not that master Tom ? ”

“ Tom ! Tom ! Where ? ” cried Frank.

“ You cannot see him now : the hunters are between him and us . ”

“ Master Tom ? Oh, no, my dear, impossible ! ” said Frank ; “ such little boys never go out hunting . ”

Well, Mary would not be positive, she said, but she was almost sure she had seen him. Unluckily, the hounds, horses, and huntsmen, now took a course in a contrary direction to what Frank had predicted ; they did not cross that lawn close to the window, and whether it was master Tom, or not, whom Mary had seen, could not now be determined.

The doubt so disturbed Frank’s head, that he could not settle to reading this

morning; hounds, red jackets, and jockey caps were running through his head, and drove from his recollection all his great curiosity about the causes of summer and winter, taking angles, sextants, observations, Euclid's Elements, and the engineer.

Some morning visitors came this day; and, altogether, Frank found that it was not worth while to set about any thing, either while they stayed, or after they went away. While they stayed it would not have been civil, he thought, and after they went away it was too late. Besides, Frank had been curious to hear what was said by some of the visitors about the hunting of this day, and to determine the point whether master Tom had or had not been at the hunt. It was at last decided that he had been at it. Nor

was this the first time. Under the protection of Squire Rogers, and of a greater personage still, Squire Rogers's huntsman, master Tom had frequently joined the hunt; and was much admired by Squire Rogers and his hunting companions, for his being able to sit a hunter so well, and for keeping up with the hounds. It was extraordinary to see a boy, a child of his age, out hunting with men. One of the lady visitors agreed with Squire Rogers in admiring master Tom. Another said, that it was a pity and a shame to see a boy of his age, and who might be trained to something better, suffered to run wild as he did, and to keep such low, vulgar company. Squire Rogers, though himself a gentleman, was, as it has been observed, fond of his inferiors in rank and educa-

tion ; and his hunting associates were not such as any sensible parents could wish for the companions of their sons. Frank's mother joined with those who disapproved of master Tom's hunting ; but she said and thought little about the matter : she did not know how much Frank had been struck with the sight of this day's chace. In the course of the day, however, the red jackets, and the galloping horses, faded from his imagination. Mary reminded him of summer and winter, and he in a careless manner looked over some explanation in a geographical dictionary, which, if he did not quite understand, would do for the present ; he could look it over again more carefully some days before the engineer should return, he said, and then it would be fresh in his head. " If I were to learn it



perfectly now," added he, "you know I should, as mamma observed, have time to forget it before our friend comes here again."

Content with being able to quote his mother's words, and to turn them to his present purpose of defending his fit of idleness, Frank did little good this day. Even his constant defender, Mary, could not deny this. The next morning he determined to make up for lost yesterday. He recollected several things, which he had not thought of during the days the engineer had been with them, and to these his attention turned.

"The Stream of Time," said he, "we have never looked at, since the day after the day when we resolved, that we would look at it regularly every day at mamma's dressing time."

“Yes, she told us that we should forget it,” said Mary.

“And our lists, my dear Mary,” cried Frank: “the first thing we do must be to settle our list of ‘*must wants.*’ It is terribly crowded and blotted,” said he, unfolding and showing it.

“Especially that great blot over trigonometry,” said Mary. “I believe that was my fault, for I had not any blotting paper, and I rolled up the list before it was dry; and you wrote in a great hurry, if you recollect, the first day the engineer came, when you were so very fond of him.”

“I am very fond of him still,” said Frank, “but one cannot always think of the same thing. Certainly, I put *trigonometry*, my dear, too high up that day in this list of ‘*man’s must wants,*’ and I wrote it much too large.

It must come out and come down, here, where there is plenty of room for it below."

"How many changes we have made in our lists since we began them!" said Mary.

In the course of one month, indeed, such numbers of words had been inserted and removed from *may wants* to *must wants*, that it was scarcely possible to read the manuscript. It was now found necessary to rewrite the whole. They wisely determined, that all the doubtful things should be written with pencil, so that they might be rubbed out and altered as often as might be wished. Frank disliked the trouble of transcribing, but he patiently went through it, and the copy was, as his mother judged, much better than the first list.

Mary undertook to finish the last pencilled column of *may wants* for him this morning, when he went out to ride with his father.

This was very obliging of Mary, because she wished, as Frank knew, to have employed this morning in knitting for Colonel Birch a pair of scarlet worsted cuffs, or bracelets, by some called *wristlets*, by others *comfortables*, by others *muffatees*, by others *kitty cuffs*.

Now Mary was a quick knitter for her age, but a slow writer, and it requires no small share of resolution, as well as good-nature, to quit what we hope we can do pretty well, for what we fear we do but ill. Poor Mary was the whole morning copying this immense folio page, excepting one quarter of an hour, which she took to rest her

cramped fingers, and which she spent in continuing the basket work fence round Robinson Crusoe's island. She had finished the last word, "*order*," with her best *r*, and moreover with the kind of *r* which Frank preferred to her own favourite *r*, when she heard the horses returning. She ran down into the hall to meet Frank, with the long sheet in her hand.

"Here it is, Frank! I have finished it quite! Take care! *order* is not quite dry yet," cried she.

But he was not in the delightful hurry to see it that she expected.

"Thank you, my dear! Thank you!" he said.

But it was plain that he was not thinking of what he was saying; and who can value such thanks? He scarcely seemed to know what paper

she held in her hand; and who could bear this? None but those who have as sweet a temper as Mary had.

Mary was disappointed and mortified, but she bore it well, and putting aside the paper, which contained her morning's work, she listened kindly to Frank, who began to tell her his adventures. She now observed, that he appeared much agitated.

"Look, Mary, my dear," cried he, as he took off his hat, and skimmed it from him upon the table in the hall. "Look what a hat is there! and it is well my head was not battered like my hat!"

"What has happened?" said Mary, who now looked in his face, and saw that he was excessively hot. "Do tell me quickly."

"My dear, I have been out hunting—that's all."

“Hunting! Frank! no surely! not real hunting.”

“Yes, real hunting; and I have taken three leaps, wonderful leaps; and I have had a fall, that might have killed me: but do not look so frightened, you see I am not dead. I have only hurt my arm”

“Where? which arm?” said Mary.

“My left arm,” said he, “just here.”

Mary looked, and saw blood upon the coat. She started, and said she would run and tell his mother, that something might be done to his arm directly; but Frank caught her hand, and held her fast, saying that she must not frighten his mother; that his father had gone to tell her all that had happened.

“Does it hurt you to talk?” said Mary.

“Not in the least,” said Frank. “Only do not look so frightened, and then I will tell you every thing. We were just riding home quietly, and I was talking to papa, very happily, about making bows and arrows, when, at the turn of the cross-road, hounds and horn were heard, and huntsmen coming full gallop. My father called to me to pull in Felix, and I did so; and though I know he had a great mind to follow the hunt, he stood as quiet as a lamb, till somebody came up slashing a whip. Yes, master Tom. Whether he touched my horse or not, I cannot tell, but off went Felix. I heard my father calling to me, but I could not hold Felix in. I am not sure that I tried with all my strength, for I had a great mind to see the hunt, I own. So on I went, galloping fast,



fast, fast! you can have no idea how fast, Mary: you would have shut your eyes, I know, and you would never have seen the great leap over the ditch in Yougham manor! Such a leap! and I sat it; and tolerably surprised I was, when I found myself safe on Felix's back on the other side. Bravo! bravo! I heard, as one passed me, and another passed me, and I did not know who they were. Oh! how this arm hurts me? Well, as I was saying, on I went galloping along with the men, tally ho! tally ho! after the hounds in full cry; over another ditch clean went I (Felix for ever!), and got before Tom; till at last, oh, Mary! forcing through a gap in the hedge, I fancy my coat caught on a bush, or how it happened I do not well know, but plump! squash I found myself at

the bottom of a ditch. All rushes luckily at the bottom, except, unluckily, one stump of a bush, which ran into this arm; but what is the most extraordinary part of the story—

What this was can never be known, for here Frank was interrupted by the entrance of his father and mother, and the good housekeeper, with lint and linen bandages. When Frank's coat was taken off, and his arm examined, a cut, or, as Mary chose to have it called, a *wound* appeared in the fleshy part of the arm. It had bled a great deal, and Mary seemed to feel much for this bleeding, though, as Frank laughing assured her, it did not hurt him in the least. He could not say as much when they came to dressing his wound; touching the raw part to draw it together was painful; but

Frank held his arm out steadily, never twitching or wincing; Mary was glad when good old Mrs. Catherine fastened off her thread, after sewing the bandage; but when she said, that the arm would be as well as ever in two or three days, Mary thought this was treating the affair too slightly. But Mrs. Catherine was not, as she said, "one of those who pity boys for every slight hurt; she knew that a brave boy must not mind such things."

"Mind it! No, that I do not, as you see, I hope," said Frank, swinging his coat over his shoulders, and getting his arm into it without any body's help.

'But stay Catherine, my dear Catherine, I must show you my leg; I believe I have a leg full of thorns. These trowsers are not fit for hunting in, like men's boots. The thorns

went through them into my leg, like pins into a pincushion."

Mrs. Catherine, though much inclined to take the part of the trowsers, refrained, and smiled at the simile of the pins and the pincushion. The bare leg was produced: many little black specks appeared, and Mrs. Catherine went to work on these with her needle, first picking at one, then at another. Six thorns were extracted, and of these two were such little black specks, that they could scarcely be seen on the point of the needle, till laid upon his mother's white handkerchief. Yet poking and probing for these, which had gone far into the calf, gave Frank more pain, at least more teasing pain, than the dressing of the great wound, as Mary called it. It was the more difficult to bear, too,

because there was not only more pain, but less glory, and less pity. Mary did not pity him half as much, while he was undergoing the extraction of the thorns, as she had done at the sight of the flowing of the blood, which did not hurt him in the least. But Frank's mother knew, by the tight squeezing together of his lips, and by the pale streak under his eyes, how difficult he found it to stand this seemingly trifling trial. He went through it however as a man should: and the experienced Mrs. Catherine gave him honour due, declaring, as she held the sixth thorn upon the point of her needle, that she had never seen a little man stand steadier, and would never desire to dress the wounds of a better soldier; and that she did not doubt but that he, who could stand so well the probing

for so many thorns, would be able to bear as well, when necessary, the probing for a bullet.

“*If* necessary,” said his mother, laying a marked emphasis upon the *if*.

“We do not want to make a soldier of Frank,” said his father, “but to make him a brave man, and then he will be whatever his duty requires.”

“I hope so,” said Frank. “And papa, will you bespeak a pair of boots for me ; for really these thin trowsers are not fit for a man to ride in, that is, to hunt in ?”

His father made no reply, and Frank was not certain that his petition was heard.

After dinner, when he had refreshed and rested himself, and when he had recounted, for the second time, all his

exploits of the morning, he recollected the page which Mary had copied for him, and asking to look at it, she had then the reward of her patience in his kindest thanks. Lying on the carpet, he began to read the list of man's virtues to her: but he had not proceeded far in them before the fair columns were defaced by changes which he made, perhaps a little hastily. For instance, as soon as he came to *courage*, he looked down the page in search of *riding*, which used to come some time after Latin grammar, but he now crammed it in immediately after *courage*; and when he came to *good-sense* and *good-nature*, they changed places; *good-nature* was raised much higher up in the list than it had been formerly. Frank gave no reasons for this change; but he talked a good deal

about Squire Rogers. Squire Rogers had helped to lift him out of the ditch ; and had declared to Frank's father, even with an oath, that he would give more than he could count to have such a brave little fellow for a son.

Frank did not repeat this speech to Mary, or to his mother ; but his father knew that he had heard it, and that it was, perhaps unconsciously to Frank, the cause of his sudden change of opinion of this gentleman. Frank told Mary, that though poor Squire Rogers was very ignorant of some things, yet in others that he was no fool, and that he was certainly remarkably good-natured.

Frank was very unwilling to go to bed that night, though he was exceedingly tired ; but he continued, with his elbows on the table, talking, talking,



talking, about men, horses, and dogs, till even Mary's eyes closed, notwithstanding her most complaisant endeavours to keep them open.

“Why do not you go to bed, Frank, you are tired?” said his mother.

“Tired! not in the least, ma'am. Why should you think that I am tired?”

“Because you have taken more exercise than usual to day. There is no disgrace in being tired, my dear.”

“But I really am not tired, mamma,” said Frank.

“And he is proud of that,” said his father, smiling: “very natural for a boy, who wishes to be thought manly.”

“Oh, papa! to be *thought* manly!” repeated Frank, “say, to be manly.”

“ Well, Frank, I will say to be manly.”

“ Papa, would you be so very good as to bespeak for me a pair of boots ?”

“ I would,” said his father, laughing, “ if you could prove that they were necessary to your being manly.”

“ But seriously, father,” said Frank, “ they will be necessary to prevent the thorns from running into my legs again, the next time I go out hunting.”

“ The next time you go out hunting !” said his mother, in a tone of surprise.

“ Yes, ma'am ; for Squire Rogers, Mr. Rogers I mean, told me, there would be a hunt on Tuesday, and asked me to go with him ; and I said 'I would, if you would give me leave, papa, and I hope you will ?”

Frank's mother sighed.

“ Mamma, do not sigh,” said Frank.

“ I shall not break my neck, though I know you are afraid that I shall.”

“ Mamma, do not sigh,” said Frank’s father. “ I will answer for it that Frank will not grow fond of vulgar flattery, or of vulgar company, though I know that you are afraid that he will.”

Frank, at the half open door, stood to hear his mother’s answer, but she looked down at her work, and was silent.

“ My love,” continued his father, “ we must not expect too much from him. We must not expect——but I will finish my sentence, and answer you, Frank, about the boots and the hunt to-morrow morning at breakfast. Go to bed now; after a night’s sleep you will be more in a condition to hear reason.”

“ To hear what, father ? ”

“ Reason, son.”

“ Is that all ? I thought it was something about riding, papa,” said Frank, still lingering, and swinging the door in his hand.

“ Go to bed now, Frank, as you are desired,” said his father. “ Obedience is a manly virtue—it is at least a virtue necessary to a man.”

Frank obeyed, and in his turn sighed.

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FRANK was at the breakfast table before any one else the next morning.

Many subjects were spoken of, and many affairs were to be settled, before the business of the boots and of the hunt. All the affairs of England and

of Europe appeared to be discussed in the newspapers of the day. At last his father put down the paper, and his eye turned upon Frank.

“ Now, my boy —— ”

“ Papa,” said Frank, “ may I say one thing before I hear the end of your sentence? When I wakened this morning, I began to think about what we were talking of last night, and I believe I shall not want man’s boots, because, though Mr. Rogers asked me to go with him, it is better, I think, that I should not go out hunting.”

His mother looked very much pleased.

“ Your father was quite right, I see, Frank,” said she, “ when he prophesied that you would have more sense after a night’s sleep.”

“ More sense than what, mamma ? ”

“ More sense than you had last

night, my dear Frank, when you wished to go out hunting again with Mr. Rogers and his rabble rout."

"Mamma," said Frank, "I am afraid you will not be pleased with me, but I must tell you the truth. I have not more sense this morning than I had last night, if it is foolish to wish to go out hunting again, for I own I do wish it."

"You are right to tell the truth at all events, Frank; and for that I must be pleased with you. And we have reason," said his mother, "to be still more pleased with you for conquering a foolish wish by your own reflections and good-sense—more pleased even than if you had not the wish."

"But, mamma, it was not my good sense that conquered."

“What then?” said his mother.

Frank hesitated.

“What?” said his father. “Perhaps you foresaw that I should refuse to let you go, and you did not like to have the mortification of being refused, and therefore you thought it was better to give it up of your own accord. Was that the case, Frank? Speak out my boy, speak out; a brave man, a brave boy, is never afraid to speak his mind, whether he thinks it will please or displease. If he is wrong, he knows he can be set right; if he is foolish, he knows he can learn to be wiser; but he is never afraid to tell his mind.”

“Papa, I am not afraid to tell my mind. I did not think that you, papa, would refuse to let me go; but I

thought that mamma would not like it, and therefore I resolved to give it up."

"Thank you, my dear Frank," said his mother. "I am persuaded that you would give up this and greater pleasure for me, if I were to ask you to do so; but I do not wish," continued she, turning to his father, "to work upon his feelings; I would rather that his understanding were convinced."

"So would I, my dear," answered his father; "but I am not clear that on this point we can convince his understanding. It is scarcely possible that a boy of his age, who has had no experience, can comprehend all the dangers of early keeping vulgar, ignorant company."

"But, papa, I would not keep company with them, but only go out hunting with them, you know; when I am



on horseback, cantering, galloping, leaping, what harm can that do me? it can only teach me to ride better and better, and make me more brave and manly."

"And more and more fond of vulgar applause," said his mother: "of the applause of all those, who call out, 'Bravo, master Frank! bravo!' as you leap over the ditches. Recollect your own feelings: were not you urged on by this praise yesterday? And did not you feel, that competition with master Tom, and emulation, excited you to exertion?"

"Certainly, mamma; and so I felt when papa praised me for riding well, or being brave. If it is a good thing to ride well and to be brave, those people, whether they are vulgar or not, are right to praise me for it, are not they?"

and I am not wrong to like their praise about riding, because they can judge about that as well as papa."

"True," said his father; "but if you like their praise about your riding, you would probably become desirous of it on other subjects, and you would soon be satisfied with their admiration, without exerting yourself to obtain the esteem of those, who are better judges of excellence of different kinds. Besides, the being praised by ignorant people, even for what you deserve, and for that of which they can judge, would early join in your mind the idea of pleasure with that of vulgar applause, and even the association of your first pleasure in riding would be hurtful to you."

"The first pleasure of the first days of riding I shall always remember,"

said Frank: "they were with my father. Indeed, mamma, I really like the rides with my father much the best; I like so much to talk to him, and to hear what he says. But, I do not know how it was, I was carried away by the pleasure of the hunt; and I own I should like to hunt again. I do not quite understand all your reasons against it; for I feel sure that I should not learn to like vulgar company. Will you let me try once or twice, mamma? only once, on Tuesday, papa?"

"No, Frank," said his father, "you must now be governed by my understanding and my experience."

Frank looked mortified and disappointed; but after a minute's thought he said, "Very well, papa; I believe you and mamma know best what is

good for me ; I have always found it so at last, even when I did not think so at first."

"That is true," said Mary ; " as we found about the separation-punishment, when we quarrelled."

"Come then, Mary," said Frank ; " we will think of something else, and put boots and hunting out of my head. I will go out and look at the work you did yesterday at the island."

"Thank you," said Mary, " the very thing I wished. I have almost finished Robinson Crusoe's fence."

"And I will quite finish it with you to-day : I can work with my right arm ; luckily, it was only my left that was hurt. And when I am tired of working, I have to think of Mrs. Wheeler's arbour."

"It is a happy thing to have something

to do, and something to think of, when one has met with a little disappointment.

In about two hours Mary and Frank returned, both looking very hot and very happy, Frank having quite worked off his disappointment.

“ Papa, I am glad that you are not gone out,” said he to his father, who was writing a letter; “ I ran home as hard as I could to tell you, that I saw Squire Rogers, on his horse Stamper, coming down the lane, and perhaps he may call here as he goes by; and if he does, will you be so good as to tell him, that I cannot go with him on Tuesday to the hunt?”

“ Why cannot you tell him so yourself, Frank?” said his father.

“ I could; to be sure,” said Frank; “ but I would rather that you should

“speak for me, because—because—because—I do not know exactly why, but I should feel ashamed.”

“Ashamed of what, Frank? Ashamed of doing what your father desires?”

“No, no, papa, certainly not; there is really nothing to be ashamed of in that: but it seems as if I were not a man.”

“And are you a man?” said his father.

“No, papa,” said Frank, laughing, “I know that I am a little boy; yet still, I do not know why, I feel ashamed.”

“Never be ashamed without reason; conquer that foolish feeling,” said his father.

“And besides,” said Frank, moving from leg to leg, “too, besides—”

“Besides will do, without *too*,” said his father.

“ Besides, papa, when one is asked to do any thing, and asked in a good-natured manner, it is difficult to refuse sometimes.”

“ It is difficult sometimes ; but it is often necessary, my dear son, and you must learn to do it.”

“ Oh, father ! here is Squire Rogers coming up the avenue : I dare say that he is come on purpose to see how I do : how *very* good-natured ! And if he asks me again to go to the hunt, how shall I have the courage to say no ! I wish you would say it for me this time, papa.”

“ No, Frank,” said his father : “ you see that I can say no to you, and yet I do not like to refuse any thing you ask ; but it is necessary for a man to learn to say no, and the sooner you begin the better, even about such a

trifle as this : you cannot have a better opportunity."

"Who is that with him, Mary?" said Frank. "Can you see between the trees?"

"Master Tom : I know him by the slashing of his whip."

"Worse and worse," said Frank to Mary. "I am very sorry he is come, that will make it more difficult to me."

"No, surely," said Mary, "it will not be difficult to refuse him : he is not so very good natured !"

"I do not say he is," said Frank, "but still——"

"Nor is he very agreeable," said Mary : "you do not like to ride with him as well as with papa. I remember you told me how much happier you were riding with papa, and talking to



him, than Tom could be with his groom. Do not you recollect saying that to me?"

"Yes, I recollect it; and it is very true," said Frank. "I do not like him much."

"And I do not think he likes you much, Frank," said Mary.

"I do not think that he does, Mary; for when I was lying in the ditch, I saw him leap his horse over, without his ever stopping to see whether I was dead or alive. But still——"

"But still what?" said Mary. "I do not understand."

"You will understand some time or other, when you are older," said Frank. "Even when one does not like a person, and even if one does not wish to do what we are asked to do, if one is asked over and over it

is difficult to refuse. My dear! they are just at the door."

"He saw you, Frank: he beckoned to you, Frank."

"Did he beckon to me? Then it *is* for me he is coming. I had better go out and speak to him at once," said Frank, looking as if he summoned up all his courage.

Squire Rogers exclaimed, with delight, the moment Frank appeared at the hall door—

"My fine fellow! my brave little man! my bold little huntsman, how are you to day? Oh, I see, bravely! bravely! glad of it, faith! How is the arm? and how are the legs? Right! right! I knew you'd be very well, and that you'd think nothing of such a fall as that, man! And the horse! how is he, Blacky, or Felix, or what

do you call him, a fine creature too! his knees not hurt? And your father too, how is he? Aye, he knows how to bring up a boy; he has taught you to sit a horse wonderfully, in the time; and when we have had you with us out after the hounds for a season, you'll be as good a hunter as my friend Tom here. Shake hands, my brave man, and remember Tuesday morning at ten o'clock! I'll call for you."

The squire bent low to shake hands with Frank, who in the midst of these praises of himself, his horse, and his father, had not yet been able to speak: afraid that the squire should gallop off, before he had pronounced the necessary no, Frank held fast the hand which shook his.

"Not a minute to spare—can't light. My compliments and so forth"

to your father. Can't 'light, don't ask me," said the squire, drawing away his hand.

"I do not want you to alight, sir," said Frank, "but I have something I want to say very much."

"That's another affair; what is it my dear little fellow," said the squire, bending down again to him: "ask any thing from me that I can lend or give, but my horse, my dog, or my gun, and you shall have it, for you're a fine spirited little man; and, by all that's good! I love you as if you were my own: so speak freely."

"You are very good, exceedingly kind; I am very much obliged."

"Never mind your thanks, I'm a man will do any thing for those I love. What is it? to lend you a horse, hey? You shall have Tantivy, and you'll be

the best mounted man or boy next to the squire himself, and so you deserve to be! and," added he, "a word in your ear—Tom's a little jealous of you; but never mind, you shall have Tantivy."

"Oh! thank you, sir, you are very, very good," said Frank, "thank you, but——"

"Not a word of thanks, my dear boy!" said the squire, gathering up his bridle, "not a word more."

"One word more I must say," cried Frank, catching hold of the bridle.

"Have a care, or the horse will kill you," cried the squire, drawing his horse back, with a look of terror: "Stamper will have his fore paw in your stomach, and knock you down, dead as King Harry the Eighth. Ods my life! you

frightened me, man, and I'm not easily frightened a-horse-back; but, Frank, you're like a boy I lost, that was worth his weight in gold," said the squire, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead.

"The horses *is* hot," said Tom. "Jack says Stamper will take cold, standing."

"No matter, I must have this little fellow's one word. But stand out of the horse's way Frank, do, my darling. Get up on the steps, and I'll come to you."

Frank retreated to the steps, and as he stood on one of them, the squire, riding close up, again bent down, and, leaning his ear to Frank,

"What's the matter," said he, "for your little heart is full."

Frank, putting his arm round the

squire's neck, whispered: "Good-natured man, I cannot go with you."

"Not go with me? What do you mean—not go with me on Tuesday?"

"No, I must say no: that is the one word I had to say."

"I thought how it would end," said Tom with a sneer; "I could have sworn he would not go. I wonder, squire, you are so surprised."

"And why do not you go," said the squire, looking hard in Frank's face; "art afraid?—not the lad I took you for."

"I am the lad you took me for" said Frank; "I am not afraid."

Tom sneered again.

"I am not afraid," said Frank, raising his voice as he looked at Tom.

"Never mind him, mind me," said

the squire. "What is the reason you cannot come to the hunt—you said yesterday that you would?"

"I said I would if my father approved of it," said Frank; "but he does not; that is the reason that I cannot go."

"Then he is not the man I took him for," said the squire. "Yet he seemed glad enough to see you show spirit the other day. I see how it is; mamma is at the bottom of the business—mammams are always cowards and spoilsports."

"My mother is not a coward," said Frank, "and I do not know what you mean by a spoilsport."

Tom laughed in an insulting manner: but the squire said, that Frank was right enough to stand up for his own mother. "I've a great respect for



your mamma, my dear," said he, holding out his hand to him.

Frank now gave him his hand again, very readily.

"I am confident she's a woman of sense, not like my wife, who is as pale as a ghost if Stamper does but paw. Fear is natural to all females. But since you have got your father on your side, he will bring your mamma over in time, I hope before Tuesday."

Frank answered, that his father and mother were both on the same side.

"That's bad," said the squire, "a bad hearing for you; but cannot you run in and tell her, that she may safely trust you with me? Say I'll take as good care of you as of the apple of my eye."

“What a vulgar expression!” thought Frank.

“How he stands,” cried Tom; “cannot you go in and coax her? I can make my mother do any thing by a little coaxing, and cannot you?”

“No,” said Frank. This time no was very clearly pronounced.

“But cannot you try?”

“No,” said Frank.

“No! then I must try for you,” said the squire: “sooner than that you should lose your day’s hunt, I declare I’ll ’light, and step in and reason it out with her myself; though reasoning with the women is not my practice; because there’s few of them understand reason when they hear it. But there’s no rule without an exception; Jack, hold Stamper while I go in,” said he, preparing to alight.

Frank eagerly begged that the squire would not give himself the trouble ; for "I cannot go. Indeed, I cannot go," repeated he.

"Do you wish to come to the hunt, or do you not?" said the squire, angrily. "I hate shilly-shallying: do you wish to come with me or not? Yes or no."

"No, thank you, sir," said Frank, stoutly.

Tom touched the squire's shoulder with the handle of his whip, pointing upwards to an open window, from which Mary was leaning.

"Right," said the squire, winking in his vulgar manner, "I see what you mean, little pitchers have long ears. Come farther from the window, my man, come here under the trees. Now, without playing the good boy any

longer, you may tell us all the truth."

"I have told the truth — I always tell the truth," said Frank, in an indignant tone: "I have nothing more to say."

"Well, well, do not be angry, my little man," said the squire. "You need not grow as red as a turkey cock. Good morning to you, I am sorry they will make a Miss Molly of such a fine little fellow. I would have made a man of you — like Tom here."

Frank's countenance expressed, perhaps too plainly, that he felt no ambition to be like Tom.

"Like me! he despises me. Don't you see, squire, he is too fine a gentleman for that? too fine to keep company with me, or *you* either, Squire Rogers," said Tom, with a marked emphasis on *you*.

“What’s that? Say you so? Too fine a gentleman to keep company with me? Sits the wind in that quarter?” cried the squire. His countenance suddenly altering, he looked at Frank with a furious eye, the blood at the same time mounting in his face, which grew crimson in an instant. “My little fine gentleman, is this the meaning of your *much obliged to you, sir?* I would have you, sir, and all whom it may concern to know, that the Roger’s and the Squires’s are as old a family as your own, and fit company for a prince of the blood, whatever you or yours may think of it, young Mr. Cockahoop. If ever I trouble myself to pick you or any thing like you out of a ditch — if ever I come again within these gates to look for you, my name’s not Squires

“Rogers. Look you, master white face : I’ll never speak to you again the longest day I live.”

The oaths which he poured forth, in the fury to which he had now worked himself, shocked and amazed Frank to such a degree, that he stood motionless and breathless. The passionate squire set spurs to his horse, and galloped off, and Tom, after laughing immoderately, followed.

“What is the matter?” said Mary, as soon as Frank came up stairs into the room, where she and his father and mother were.

“Did you hear what he said at last, Mary?” said Frank.

“No, I only heard his voice very loud ; but he was so far off, I could not hear any words distinctly.”

“I’m glad of that,” said Frank,

“for they were not words fit for you to hear; and pray don't ask me any thing about it.”

“Then pray,” said Mary, “do not tell me any thing about it. Only this one thing I must ask, whether you ended with saying no, as you ought to do.”

“That I did,” answered Frank.

“And did you feel it very difficult to say it, and to hold firm to it?” said Mary.

“The first no was very difficult, when he was good-natured to me,” said Frank. “But the last noes were very easy. I'm glad I have nothing more to do with him. Papa, even when the squire was most kind to me, I could not help observing, that he used very vulgar expressions. You were quite right, mamma; but he says, he'll never speak to me again.”

“Not speak to you again!” said Mary. “A few minutes ago I heard him say you were worth your weight in gold, and that he loved you as if you were his own son. I thought that I saw you, Frank, with your arm about his neck.”

“You did,” said Frank, blushing. “I could not help liking him, when he said so many kind things to me, for I believe he was really sincere; I don’t think he flattered me; and I was sorry for him, poor man, when he spoke of his son that died: but, mamma, how very extraordinary, that he should go so suddenly, in a few minutes, from praising me, and liking me exceedingly, to disliking me, and abusing me violently. I cannot tell even what put him into such a rage; for it was not merely my saying no, it



was something that Tom said about my' being a fine gentleman."

"Ah! that Tom does not like you," said Mary. "I do believe he is envious."

"I never before saw or heard a man in such a passion," continued Frank. "It is very surprising, that he could change so quickly: but, mamma, you and papa don't appear at all surprised."

"No, my dear, it is not so surprising to us," said his father, "that a person, who has had little education, and who acts only from the fancy or the feeling; of the moment, without being governed by reason, or by any steady principles, should, as you describe, love and hate, praise and abuse you in the course of a few minutes, and without any just cause. I am glad you have seen and

reit some of the inconveniences that might arise from associating with such people.”

“And I,” said Frank, “am very glad I have nothing more to do with Squire Rogers, good-natured as he is.”

“Now go,” said his mother, “and eat that cherry pie with Mary, who would not eat any till you came in.”

Frank, who wanted some refreshment after his fatigues of body and mind, obeyed his mother with even more than his usual alacrity; but when he came to the last cherry, he resumed his reflections.

“Father,” said he, “was Squire Rogers really born a gentleman? for I remember in his passion he said, that his family was as good as that of any gentleman in England.”

“He is of a good ancient family; he

was born, but not bred a gentleman he was early suffered to keep low company, and he became fond, when a boy, of their vulgar jests, and he delighted in their vulgar praise. As a man, he has continued to feel the mean vanity of wishing to be the first person in company, and as he could not be superior in the society of gentlemen of cultivated minds, he shunned their conversation, in which he felt himself always uneasy ; and he has lived with his inferiors, by whom he is admired :

“ Fond of applause, he sought the feasts  
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts.”

“ Papa,” said Mary, “ I know where those lines are.”

“ Do you indeed, Mary ?” said Frank. “ How odd it is that you should know what I do not. Where are those lines ? ”

“Guess,” said Mary.

“Say more of them,” said Frank, and then I will tell you, if I know where they are.”

Mary repeated,

“A lion cub, of sordid mind,  
Avoided all the lion kind.”

“Oh, Frank, I have told it to you now; if you do not know it now you never read it: nor did I ever read it till yesterday. May I take down the book—your large beautiful Gay’s Fables, with prints, mamma?”

“You may,” said she.

She took down the book, and found the fable of the Lion and the Cub, which Frank begged that she would read to him, whilst he eat a second edition of cherry pie.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE winter and spring passed, and summer came again. Nothing remarkable occurred in Frank's history during some months.

We must not, however, omit the history of some rides, which he took at different times with his father. In one of these he went to see his friend Colonel Birch, who was now, to his great happiness, with his regiment, quartered in a neighbouring town. Colonel Birch rode with them to the race-ground, where the regiment were then exercising by the officer second in command.

Frank had never, till now, seen soldiers manœuvred. It was a regiment of horse; and Frank was much amused with seeing them perform their exercises. He observed how obedient men, and horses were to the word of command, and how useful and necessary it

was that they should be so. The regiment were now dismounted, and having formed into a line, Colonel Birch, turning to Frank, said quickly, "Dismount, Frank, and give your horse to this man to hold."

Frank did so, with the same promptness with which he saw the soldiers obey. The instant afterwards he heard a man call out some words, which he did not distinctly hear, and all the soldiers fired at once, with a noise that made Frank start, and Felix rear and plunge so much, that the man could scarcely hold him. Frank observed, that Colonel Birch's horse, and the horses of all the soldiers, stood perfectly quiet during the firing.

"Yes," said his father; "because they have been trained or taught to do so."

"And whenever you can leave Fe-

lix with me," said Colonel Birch, "for some time, I will have him taught to stand fire, if you like it. It is all custom: you, Frank, will stand fire the next time better yourself; you will not start so much as you did just now, when you next hear the men fire."

"I wish, sir, you would make them do it again," said Frank.

"By and by," said the colonel, "they will fire again."

"Would you be so very good as to give me notice beforehand, that I may be prepared?" said Frank.

"When you hear the words 'Make ready,' be prepared, for 'Fire' will come soon afterwards," said the colonel.

As soon as Frank heard the words 'Make ready,' he stood firm and upright, but squeezing the handle of his

whip very hard. ‘Present? Fire!’ Frank stood fire this time with only a little, a scarcely perceptible start. And the third time there was only a twinkling of the eye-lash.

Colonel Birch smiled, and said, “There’s the making of a good soldier in that boy.”

When Frank returned home, after this ride, he acted all that he could remember of the horse exercise, repeating it almost unceasingly for his mother and Mary; and he showed how Felix reared and plunged when the firing came; and how he, the last time, stood stock still, all except his eye-lashes. The twinkling of the eye-lashes he carefully excepted; for though Frank, it must be acknowledged, was sometimes rather vain, he was always perfectly true; his vanity never made



him conceal any circumstance that made against himself, that is to say, when he recollected it. But his head was so full of soldiers, and serjeants, and colonels, and uniforms, and pistols, and powder, and make ready ! present ! fire ! — and he repeated so often, “ Mary, did I tell you what Colonel Birch said of me ? Mamma, do you know Colonel Birch said, ‘ There’s the making of a good soldier in that boy,’ ” — that his mother at last could bear it no longer, and she insisted on his being quiet, or going into the hall to finish his exercise.

A few days after this, his father took him to see a review. He was amused by the galloping and firing, and looking at the foot soldiers marching in lines, as if they were all machines ; their legs, as he said, like parts

of a stocking-frame, which his father had once shown him. He admired at first the fine caps and helmets of the officers, but he observed that these were hot and heavy. He was excessively hot himself, standing in the broiling sun to see the review, which he thought lasted rather long. When he was afterwards sitting cool and comfortable in Colonel Birch's room, he heard that two or three of the soldiers had *dropped* (fainted with the heat). He expressed his surprise and pity: but the Colonel said, that this was nothing uncommon; that it was part of a soldier's duty to bear heat and cold as it happened: and as he spoke he took off his own heavy high helmet, and wiped his forehead and face. Frank said, "I perceive, that being a soldier or an officer is not all play and pleasure."

“ No, in truth,” said Colonel Birch : and some other officers who were with him laughed : and one said, “ If he thinks so much of this day’s heat, what would he think of the heat we had in Spain ? ”

The officers then began to talk to one another of the different battles in which they had been, in Spain, France, and Flanders. First they spoke with triumph of the battle of Waterloo. This delighted Frank, and more than ever he wished to be a soldier. But then another described the field of Waterloo the day after the battle ; and he told such horrible things, that Frank’s blood thrilled ; and then he thought, that for the whole world he would not be a soldier. The officers closed round, talking eagerly, without minding him, or recollecting that he

was present. He heard the truth about the hardships, as well as the pleasures, of a soldier's life. He looked at the prints which were hanging up in the room, the battles of Alexander, and the deaths of General Wolfe and Lord Nelson; but when he came home this day, he read over again, with Mary, the "Price of Victory" in "Evenings at Home."

One ride, which Frank took about this time, he told his mother and Mary was the most delightful ride in the world: he said, "it was charming! beautiful! most beautiful!—All rocks, and trees, and water, mamma; and water, and trees, and rocks, Mary—you understand. First, mamma, we went along your favourite lane, then out into the common, and there was fine cantering till we reached a great

wood, and came under high shady trees; then we went on winding and winding round the corners of rocks, not knowing what was to come next, but at every turn something always appeared more beautiful than before. At last we came to a park, and from all that I could see of it over the paling, it is the most beautiful park in the world: it is called Bellombre."

"What a pretty name!" said Mary.

"But," continued Frank, "when we came to the park gate—oh, disappointment, Mary! the people were not at home; and the woman at the gate stood with her great keys in her hand, deaf, and stupid, and cross; so cross, that she would not let us in, even to go through. But I had one comfort; we came home by a quite

new way, which I will not describe to you, because papa says you shall drive there some time and see it, and seeing is better than all the descriptions in the world—quite another thing.” On this point, as in most others, Mary agreed with Frank in taste.

No more accounts of Frank’s rides at this season have reached us. Felix was sent to Colonel Birch to be taught to stand fire.

About this time, Frank read some accounts of shipwrecks, from which he saw how useful it would be to know how to swim, in order to save the lives of others or perhaps his own life. And in looking for the article *swimming*, in some encyclopedia, he learned, that the ancients considered this art as so necessary a part of education, that when they wanted to describe a rude,

ignorant man, they said, that he had not learned either to read or to swim.

Immediately, with Mary's assistance, he hunted through the library for an "Art of Swimming on Dry Land," which once upon a time, in dusting the books, he remembered to have seen. They found it, and, in compliance with the directions there given, he began to sprawl on the floor, and to spread out his arms for fins, working with his legs, as fishes do with their tails. This exercise Mary could never see with as much gravity as Frank required; and she argued, that swimming in real water must be so different, that she did not think this swimming on the boards could be of much use.

He never listened much to her objections, till she one day found, in one of Franklin's letters, some advice, which

fixed his attention, and he started up from the floor to listen to her, as she read to him —

“You will be no swimmer till you can place some confidence in the power of the water to support you. I would therefore advise your acquiring that confidence in the first place.”

“But look here,” said Frank, turning over the page, and pointing to another passage, “he says, that if a person, unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might long continue safe from drowning, till, perhaps, help would come.”

But all depends, as Frank’s mother observed, upon the person’s letting the



body take this natural position; and what this might be Frank was not sure: he looked back to find out; and read several observations and directions: and Mary found that they all ended by saying,

“ I cannot depend on your having the necessary presence of mind to recollect that posture, and the directions I gave you relating to it. The surprise may put all out of your mind.”

“ Well then,” said Frank, “ let us see how it is necessary to acquire this confidence in the power of the water to support one, which he talks of so much.”

Mary read on as follows—

“ Choosing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it, till it is up to your breast, then turn round, your face to the shore, and

throw an egg into the water, between you and the shore. It will sink to the bottom, and be easily seen there, as the water is clear. It must lie in water so deep, that you cannot reach it to take it up but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in undertaking to do this, reflect, that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water, and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above water. Then plunge under it with your eyes open, throw yourself toward the egg, and endeavour, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward, till within reach of it. In this attempt, you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy a thing to sink as

you imagined ; that you cannot, but by active force, get down to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power, while your endeavours to overcome it, and to reach the egg, teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterwards used in swimming, to support your head higher above water, or to go forward through it."

Frank wanted to set about this experiment of the egg immediately, and said he knew a very good shallow place near his island. But his mother insisted upon it, that nothing should be done without asking his father's advice upon the subject. Now his father was out riding, and he was obliged to wait for three hours, which he did with tolerable patience, amusing himself in

the interval with reading all that Franklin says on the art of swimming in his own life, and in one of his essays, in answer to some inquiries of a friend on the subject. Some experiments which Franklin tried when he was a boy particularly interested him, especially one about swimming across a pond, without the least fatigue, by the help of a paper kite. The moment his father alighted from his horse, and before he had time to lay down his whip, Frank ran to him, and catching hold of him, said,

“ Papa, will you be so good as to teach me to swim? and to-morrow may I try the experiment of the egg and the paper kite, which I will read to you now, if you please?”

His father thanked him, but said that he had not time just then; how-

ever, at a proper opportunity, he undertook to teach him, or rather to let him learn to swim.

When he had leisure, he allowed Frank to try the experiment of the egg, but that of the kite must be postponed, he said, till he was older, and till he should know well how to swim.

He promised his mother, that he would never go into the water unless his father should give him leave, and his father always was present during his first attempts. After he had acquired that necessary confidence in the support of the water, on which Franklin and Mary laid such judicious stress, he went into the water without fear, and found that he could attend to the instructions given him, which, at first, were simply to keep himself balanced

as well as he could by moving his arms about.

During the course of this summer, before the cold weather came on, Frank could swim tolerably well, and often he wished to swim when he was alone ; but as his mother had required, that he should not attempt this, he repressed this desire as far as he could, nor did he torment her by asking above a hundred times to be absolved from his promise. His mother was so secure of his honour, that she never was anxious on the subject.

At last Felix returned, and Frank's next ride was to Colonel Birch, who was manœuvring the regiment this day himself, therefore could not speak to them ; and Frank thought it was very long and tiresome, till it came to the moment when Felix was to show that

he could stand fire, which he did. Frank sat him, and, as he told Mary, this was all the diversion he had on parade; it was only the same thing over and over again, and he was glad when it was finished, and when Colonel Birch could come to them.

“In his own house,” said Frank, “or in his own castle (for he is lodged in the castle), he was very agreeable and kind, mamma, as he always is, in recollecting that I am by, and in showing me and telling me entertaining things. As we passed along the passages of the castle, he showed me the narrow slits in the thick walls, the loop-holes through which people used to watch and ward, and fire; and he told me about how castles and places were defended, both before and after the invention of fire arms, Mary. But

I need not tell you this, because you will never have to defend places. But I must tell you a story about playing with fire arms, because that may be useful to you and to every body."

"Playing with fire arms useful! What can you mean, Frank?" said his mother.

"Not the playing with them, I mean, mamma. When we went into the colonel's own room, he took up a pair of Spanish pistols to show papa, and he said, 'I believe they are not loaded, but I never trust to that belief without trying.' Then he thrust the ramrod, as it is called, down into the pistol, and showed me how to try whether a pistol is loaded or not. And he advised me never to snap a pistol or gun, without first trying whether it is loaded. He told me, that when



he was a boy, he was once very near killing his own brother by playing with a gun, which he thought he was quite sure he had left unloaded; but his servant had loaded it again, and set it up in the corner of the parlour, and Colonel Birch, not knowing this, at night, by candlelight, took up the gun, and in foolish play, said to his brother, ‘Dare you stand fire?’ He fired, and the bullet whizzed by, put out the candle, and lodged—he did not know where—for there was dead silence for an instant. His brother spoke, and told him that he was not hurt: the bullet had lodged in the wainscot just over his head.

“Colonel Birch could not relate this without shuddering. But I must make you shudder, Mary, with another horrible story.”

“ Oh ! Frank, pray tell me the story that will make me shudder—is it true ?”

“ Quite true, papa said so ; and papa said it happened to a relation of his own, a gentleman who was very fond of his wife.

“ One day her husband, in play, to try if she would be frightened, took up a gun that was in the corner of the room, feeling quite sure that it was not loaded, and he pointed it at her : but she smiled, and said, she knew he would not hurt her ; she did not shrink, or change countenance, but was so composed and quiet, that it was no diversion to him to try to frighten her more ; and though he had his finger on the trigger of the gun he did not pull it, but went to put it again in its place. Before he put it by, however,

he ran the ramrod down, to show, as he thought, that it was not loaded; but to his astonishment and horror, he found a bullet in it. Oh! Mary, if he had fired it—if he had shot his wife!”

“Poor man!” said Mary: “how frightened he must have been.”

“Do you know, Mary, by the bye, the trigger of a gun, or of a pistol; and do you know how they are loaded and fired?”

“Not exactly.”

“Nor did I *exactly*, till this morning,” said Frank. “I had a general notion, but then I did not know about the touch hole, and the spark from the flint, which sets the gunpowder on fire. My father showed and explained all this to me, and he will, I dare say, show it to you if you

ask him, because there is no harm in women knowing about these things, is there, mamma?"

"Far from harm, there is use in such knowledge, because it shows where and what the real danger is," answered his mother.

"Not like some foolish lady, whom I heard say, she would not sit in a room with a gun, or a pistol, lest it should shoot her of itself. But, Mary," said Frank, "I was going on to tell you, what I have forgotten twenty times—what gunpowder is made of. It is made of—do you know, Mary?"

"No," said Mary.

I will not tell you, Mary, till papa shows you how a pistol is fired; because, then, you will remember it as I do now. I am very glad to know all about these manly things; they are

*must wants* to man," said Frank, "and when I am a man—"

"My dear Frank," interrupted his mother, "it will be long before that time comes. Finish first what you have to tell us about Colonel Birch, and do not go off to what you are to do when you are a man."

"Well, ma'am: he showed me next one of the sort of muskets, which people used when fire arms were first invented, and before they were perfected, when people did not hold them in their hands all the time they primed, and loaded, and fired. Mary, one of our history facts was of use to me, and I was very glad to recollect it. When Colonel Birch was showing me in a book some strange old engravings of a battle, at which fire arms were first used, I knew it was the battle of Crecy."

“I am glad you knew it,” said Mary.

“So am I, because that made Colonel Birch talk to me a great deal more, and show me a fine old bow; and he would have told and showed me many other things; but, unluckily, somebody came to call for him, and he and papa were obliged to go and talk to some men, and they did not choose to take me. So I was left alone a good while.”

“In the room with the guns and pistols,” said Mary. “But I am sure you did not meddle with them.”

“No, indeed!” said Frank. “Touch them! after all Colonel Birch had said!”

“Oh no; to be sure you never touch what is not your own,” Mary began—but she stopped short; for

she did not like to put him in mind of the unhappy day, when he meddled with the engineer's instruments. Frank recollected it, however, and looked ashamed.

“Well, what did you do when you were left alone in Colonel Birch's room?”

“I looked at the prints and books, for he told me that I might; and among the books I found one, which Colonel Birch had borrowed from my father: there was my father's name in it, and an inscription stamped in printed gold letters—‘Prize Book;’ and the date of the time when it was given to him at school.”

“And what was the book?” said Frank's mother.

“Homer's Iliad, translated by Mr. Alexander Pope, mamma.”

His mother smiled ; he did not know why.

“Go on, my dear.”

“So I went on, mamma, looking at this book ; and I recollected papa’s having told me once something about the heroes in Homer’s Iliad, Achilles and Hector, being fond of talking to their horses, as I did to Felix. So I looked to find this. And my father had said, too, that I should like somebody with a hard name, which I could not remember ; but I thought, that if I saw the name in the book, I should be sure to know it, so I turned over the leaves, one by one : and as I was turning over the pages, I saw some beautiful lines about the moon, Mary, which I learned by heart for you.”

“As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O’er heav’n’s clear azure sheds her sacred  
light,



When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head.  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect  
rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful  
light."

Frank repeated these lines as if he felt their spirit thoroughly. Mary was so much struck with them, that she stood silent with admiration.

She afterwards asked him to say them again: and she liked them better the second time than the first: she wished to hear more of that poem, she said, and she and Frank asked his father if they might read to themselves

the great Homer in his study. He thought that they could not yet understand it all, and that, therefore, it would tire them if they attempted to read it to themselves; and thus they would spoil the great pleasure which they would certainly have in reading it at a future time. Before they could understand the Iliad, they must, he said, have some knowledge of the fabulous histories of the heathen gods and goddesses, or what is called ancient mythology.

“Papa,” said Frank, “you forget that you did explain some of this to us, and you lent me a little book, from which mamma says we have learned all that is necessary for understanding the Iliad and Odyssey.

Finding upon examination that this was true, his father told him, as shortly

as he could, the general history or argument of the poem, and complied with his request of reading a few passages to him. He thought, that even hearing the sound of good lines, early forms or teaches the ear to like harmonious poetry.

Among the passages, which their father read to them, was the account of some games of wrestlers, and racers, and chariot drivers. And when his father read of these, and came to Antilochus, Frank recollected that this was the name of the chief whom his father said he would like; and though it is dangerous often to praise beforehand, yet Frank did like Antilochus, for acknowledging when he was wrong in having overturned his rival's chariot in the race, and Frank admired him for giving up the prize, which he had unfairly won.

Frank and Mary were sorry when the book was closed, and they hoped that another day they should hear some more. They wished particularly to hear something of the parting of Hector and Andromache: for they had seen a print of it, representing his taking off his helmet, because it frightened his little child.

Mary went to search in the large portfolio for this print, and she found it, and read with fresh delight the following lines, which were written under the print:

“Th’ illustrious chief of Troy.” —

“That means Hector, you know,” said Frank.

“Th’ illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretch’d his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
The babe clung crying to his nurse’s breast,  
Scar’d at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
And Hector hasted to relieve his child ;  
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,  
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground."

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LATE one evening Frank's father came in with a letter in his hand. Frank heard him read it. It was from his friend the engineer, and it concluded with these words—

"I shall be with you in three days after you receive this letter, and I hope that I shall find that my young friend——"

"That's me," said Frank.

"Has made himself, according to his good resolution, quite clear about day and night, and summer and winter."

"My dear Frank," said Mary, "have you ever thought of it since?"

"I did *once*," said Frank. "I understood it almost then, and I dare say

I can recollect it, though I own it is a very long time since I thought of it.”

“You can try and explain it to me,” said Mary, “and that will do you good and me too.”

Frank began trying to explain. But after making sundry motions with his hands, and saying the earth goes round the sun this way, and the moon goes that way, and this way—he found that Mary could not understand him; he must wait then, he said, till the lamp was lighted in the hall, and then he was sure he could make it perfectly plain. When the lamp was lighted, he with Mary’s assistance placed under it an oval table.

“Now, Mary, my dear, I will act ~~the~~ the earth for you,” said he. “Let that lamp be the sun, which always stands still, and I will be the earth,

which never stands still, and by and by you shall be the moon; but we shall not come to the moon yet. So as yet you have nothing to do but to look at me. Now it shall be the time of the equinox, equal day and night: so my head being the globe of the earth, you see the light shining upon my face, and half my head. And now the earth begins to turn, turn, turn, slowly round, and in twelve hours has turned half round, thus: then it is night for my face, which is in the dark, and it is day light for the back of my head. Then the earth turns, turns, and in twelve hours more has turned quite round on its axis."

"Axis!" interrupted Mary, "what do you mean by axis?"

"Axis! my dear Mary, don't you know what axis means? Why! axis

means--it is so easy I cannot explain it to you, if you cannot see what it means: the earth turns upon its axis, you know, and I turn upon my axis, you see."

"You turn upon your foot, but the earth has no foot, Frank."

"No, nor has it an axis any more than a foot in reality. The earth's axis is only a supposed pin, or a pole on which it is supposed to turn; and one end of that pole is the north pole, and the other end the south pole. Here, the top of my head is the north pole, suppose."

"I must suppose a great deal," said Mary. "Well, I understand about day and night, at the equinox; but now tell me the cause of the different lengths of day and night, at different times of the year: that's the difficulty."



“No difficulty, Mary, if you will only look at me. Look, I am the earth going round and round on my own axis, that makes day and night, and round the sun at the same time, for summer and winter.”

“*For* summer and winter,” said Mary.

“My dear Mary, if you *stick* at every word you will never understand.”

“But, my dear Frank, I must *stick* if I don't understand; and, indeed, if you will not let me tell you the word at which I stick, I am afraid I never shall understand. I am very stupid.”

“No, you are not stupid, my dear. Only, never mind words, I cannot explain it in words; but look at me, and you will understand it all perfectly.”

She looked with resigned attention,

while Frank went on spinning on one foot, and at the same time advancing continually in his circuit round the oval table, still calling as he went, "Day! night! equinox! summer! longest day! equinox! shortest day!"

But before Mary could understand this, Frank grew sick with spinning round. His head failed before the earth had completed its annual journey round the sun, he stopped, and, staggering to a chair, sat down, declaring he could not act earth for Mary any longer till he had rested.

She pitied him, and blamed her own dulness of comprehension; but, after resting himself a few minutes, Frank started up, exclaiming,

*m<sup>6</sup>*. You are right and I am wrong. Oh! I forgot that the axis of the earth must be sloping: there could be no

summer or winter without that, Mary ; do you understand ?”

“ No.”

Mary looked still more stupified than before.

“ My dear Frank,” said his mother, stopping him, “ you cannot possibly explain what you do not clearly comprehend. You had better, as your friend the engineer advised, read the explanations of these things, in Joyce’s Scientific Dialogues. Here are the passages which he took the trouble to mark for you.”

Frank read the titles of the chapters, “ ‘ On the diurnal motion of the earth,’ The daily motion of the earth, that I know perfectly well,” said he. “ Then comes, ‘ Of day and night.’ To be sure, all that every body knows, Mary. ‘ Of the seasons. This I will read

directly : for this is the thing I do not know."

"The *only* thing I do not know," he would have said, but that he was restrained by something like modesty. He sat down to the chapter on the seasons, telling Mary that he should finish it, and have it all clear for her before he went to bed.

Perhaps from his not having read those two preceding chapters, at which he disdained to look, he found the affair of summer and winter still incomprehensible. And as *young* readers sometimes quarrel with a book, when they should quarrel with themselves, Frank began to criticise rather severely.

"Now, in this first sentence, the very first thing I want to know I

cannot make out. The man says that the axis of the earth is inclined  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. I don't know what he means by '*degrees,*' '*direction parallel to itself,*' '*orbit,*' '*elliptical,*' '*a long ellipse,*' '*vertical to the tropic of cancer,*' '*vertical to the equator,*' '*apparent diameter.* I am sure I don't know what he means. I wish he would leave out his hard words, and tell me plainly what one wants to know. He has made it so difficult, that it is really impossible for any body living to understand it," cried Frank.

Mary, who was growing sleepy, said, that it was very foolish for any body to write what nobody living could understand; and with that wise conclusion, she went off to bed.

"Mamma," continued Frank, "I do

in vain. Frank read and read on, and fatigued himself so excessively, that he grew quite stupid, and in that condition his mother found him when she returned from her walk, some time after the dressing bell rang.

“Mamma, it is not for want of perseverance now,” said he, with a tremulous voice; “I have been at it four hours! And I am sure this time it is not from conceit,” added he, with a sigh. “I am so stupid, that I am sure I never can understand all this about summer and winter; and the engineer will come the day after to-morrow, and after all he will find me like the triangle man: there are some things I believe I never can understand. Oh, mamma! I am exceedingly stupid.”

“No, my dear,” said his mother, “you are not exceedingly stupid, but

you are exceedingly tired: you will understand all these things in time, if you will not read too much at once."

"In time, mamma! Do you mean before the engineer comes? Consider, I have only two days: here is one day quite lost. Oh, mamma! I wish you had ordered me to go out," said Frank. "You know I could not have disobeyed you; and then I should not have lost the whole day."

His mother told him, that she had thought it better to leave him to learn by his own experience.

"It is very difficult to stop," said Mary, "when one is eager to go on."

"Very difficult not to do too little or too much at once," said Frank.

Very difficult, his mother acknowledged, not only for such a little boy as Frank, but for grown-up people.

“ Even for you, mamma? Do you ever feel this?” said Frank.

“ Often, my dear.”

This was some consolation.

“ Now go and get ready for dinner; we will take a pleasant walk this evening to refresh you, and to-morrow I will read with you for one hour, my dear Frank, and I dare say we shall find that you are not stupid.”

The next day Frank, with revived resolution, renewed his attempts: this time he neither did too little nor too much. He gave his whole attention to what he was about, while he was reading, and when he felt that he could attend no longer, he did not go on reading words without understanding their meaning; but honestly confessed that he was tired, laid down the book, and went out to refresh himself with bodily exercise.



Before the two days were at an end, and before the engineer returned, Frank had conquered his difficulties ; and with his mother's assistance he clearly understood what he had thought that he could never comprehend.

In the intervals of these, his serious studies, Frank had relieved his attention, and amused himself happily, by acting, with Mary, Madera and the English captain. His black hat, great coat, and black silk handkerchief did what they could towards metamorphosing Mary into the English captain ; though Frank complained that she never looked bluff enough ; but she thought he looked very like Madera, when he wore a large basket-work hat, of her making, after the Chinese, or, rather, the great Loo-choo fashion, such as the pattern in the engravings.

## FRANK.

“ Oh, Frank, it is our friend the engineer !” said Mary, “ I hope you have not forgotten the axis of the earth !”

Frank's attention had been turned so completely to the trial, that he was afraid he had forgotten all the seasons and their change. No—there is no danger that what has been once thoroughly understood, and well learned, should be soon forgotten. Though Frank's attention had been turned to new and interesting things, yet he found that he could easily recal to his mind what he had learned ; he knew the reasons for each step as he went on, and each came to his recollection in proper time and order.

His friend the engineer was satisfied.

“ Now, my dear,” said he, “ I am

at your service. If there is any thing that you wish to know, which I can explain to you, I will. Or if there is any thing that I can do for you, ask, and I shall be glad to assist you."

Frank thought for an instant, and the colour came into his face: Mary wondered what he was going to ask.

"Sir, there is one thing you could do for me," said Frank, "that I should like very much. Would you be so good as to walk with us this morning, or this evening, or whenever you have time, to see a boy who is very ingenious: a gardener's son, who is making a sun dial, and who is in a great difficulty about it; and you could help him, I dare say: would you be so good?"

"And would you rather that I should

do this for the gardener's son than any thing for yourself?"

"Much rather," said Frank.

"Then I will do this first, and you shall afterwards find out something, that I can do for you," said the engineer.

All approved of Frank's request; Mary especially rejoiced, for she had never been at the gardener's with the green gate since he had had his new hot house.

The walk was pleasanter than usual to Frank, though it was not new: perhaps because he was pleased with the consciousness that he was doing what was good-natured. The gardener's boy was at work at his sun dial when they arrived, with a book open beside him, and a print of a sun dial, marked with many cross lines, squares, letters, and

figures. Frank read over the boy's shoulder, "*New geometrical method of constructing sun dials;*" and saw the pages full of what he could not understand; but he felt happy in showing the engineer how much this boy knew; and Frank hoped, that he should in time know as much: meanwhile, he stood by rejoicing that the engineer seemed to like Andrew, whose modesty, indeed, pleased him as much as his industry and ingenuity.

The engineer kindly showed the boy where he had been wrong in his attempts at constructing his sun dial, and put him in the way to execute it rightly.

Frank ran for some copies of maps, which he had seen of Andrew's drawing; and, when he had examined them, the engineer said, "If this young lad will apply steadily for another year,

and improve himself in certain things which I shall point out, I will employ him as one of my surveyors."

Andrew's eyes sparkled with joy; and the old gardener, who knew what a great advantage this would be to his son, thanked the engineer with a bow, such as Frank had never seen him make before.

"My dear Frank," whispered Mary, "how glad you must be that you asked the engineer to come here!"

"Glad! I never was so glad in my life," said Frank. He afterwards said to Mary,

"Do you know, I really think I felt happier in showing that poor boy's drawings and maps, than if I had done them all myself, and had been ever so much praised for them."

It may have been observed, that

Frank loved praise, perhaps too much. But now, when he had an opportunity of feeling the pleasure of benevolence, he discovered how much greater it is than the selfish triumph of vanity.

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“ Feed him with apricots and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mul-  
berries.”

FRANK liked apricots, grapes, figs, mulberries, and dewberries too; if, as the learned suppose, dewberries must here mean raspberries. Fine Antwerp raspberries the gardener of the green gate possessed, and all that he had was this evening eagerly offered to his guests, to whom, on his son Andrew's account, he felt most grateful: he first presented, or was going to present, to Frank his finest peach, his largest, ripest violet

peach, which is, as he said, esteemed by many the queen of fruits. Frank, however, drew back a little behind Mary, as he saw the gardener's hand and the queen of fruits moving towards him, and the peach was offered to Mary.

“ I wish you would show her,” said Frank, “ all that you showed me when I was here before, and tell her every thing you can that is curious and entertaining.”

“ With pleasure,” said the gardener. “ Andrew, my boy, bring the best basket after us, for cherries may stain the young lady's white frock. But she must have some of my cherries.”

Andrew followed with the basket, which was soon filled with fruits from all parts of the world; and as each was put into the basket, Mary was



asked if she knew from what country it originally came. Some she knew, and some she was told, and some she remembered, and some she had forgotten. Grapes, she believed, came from France and Italy, peaches and nectarines from Persia.

“Nectarines,” as the learned gardener added, “owe their name to nectar, which master Frank no doubt knows was the poetical drink of the gods.”

Our friend the gardener, in the joy and gratitude of his heart, was lavish of his learning, which he thought more valuable than fruit or flower. With every flower he gathered and presented to her he gave the Latin name, seldom the English, till particularly inquired for. To most of these Latin names he added, in the same language, the

names of the family, class, and genus to which each individual properly belonged.

When he came to his geraniums, and was set a-going by Mary asking him the name of one, with large bright scarlet flowers, he could not leave them till he had introduced to her twenty-four geraniums, or pellargoniums, as he called them. The twenty-four names of the pellargoniums went in at one of Mary's little ears and out at the other; and she looked, as Frank said, quite *duncced*, his favourite and expressive word for stupefied. But her countenance brightened, and became intelligent and grateful, whenever he told any circumstance worth knowing; so that the gardener, observing that his learning was thrown away upon her, and that his sense was

valued, soon spared her as many as he could prevail upon himself to omit of his polysyllabic names, and told her many curious and useful facts. For instance, how she might keep geraniums alive through the winter, without having them in a conservatory. He bid her take them out of the earth in autumn, when the leaves begin to fall, and bury them in sand in a house, as carrots are preserved, where they must remain till the first warm weather in spring. Leaf buds will be seen on them when they are taken out of the sand, and these will put forth immediately, if the geraniums are then planted in a sheltered situation.

She observed some fine July-flowers, which the gardener said had lived in the open air all the last winter, though it had been a severe season; and she

asked if these had been kept in sand. No, these had been preserved by another method ; he had formerly always thought it necessary to keep them in a house ; but had learned, that by planting them near evergreens they lived, sheltered by these good warm nurses, as he called them.

Some believe that the evergreens emit, or send out, warmth ; others doubt this, and say that they only shelter the plants near them. How this might be, the gardener could not pretend to decide as yet ; but he had read an account, he said, of many experiments tried in this way, by a gentleman in the north of Ireland, a Mr. Templeton, who in this manner succeeded in keeping several tender plants out in winter, and in accustoming to our climate many which came from warmer countries.

Mary was interested in listening to this, because she had some fine July-flowers, which she wished to keep alive all the winter, and she resolved that she also would try this experiment.

After having completed her progress through the green house, hot house, flower garden, and shrubbery, Mary thought there was nothing more to see; but the gardener asked if she would like to look at his apiary. Mary hesitated: she answered,

“If there are only two or three I shall like it; but if there are a great many I would rather not.”

The gardener replied, that there were a great many to be sure, but that there was no danger; that they would not do her any harm if she would stand quietly.

“Will they make a great chattering?” said Mary.

“A great buzzing they will make to be sure,” said the gardener; “but there is no danger of their stinging you.”

“Stinging me!” repeated Mary, looking very much puzzled: “how could they sting me?”

Frank, who guessed her mistake, asked what sort of animal she expected to see in an apiary.

“I expect,” said Mary, “to see apes.”

“I knew it, I knew it,” cried Frank, laughing triumphantly; but recollecting former times, and *faggots* and *maggots*, he checked himself, and only said gravely; “not apes, my dear, but bees; from *apis*, Latin for a bee.”

Mary went with great eagerness to

look at the apiary, now she understood what she was to see.

She asked what flowers bees love best, as she saw several kinds of herbs and flowers near the hives.

The gardener mentioned rosemary and thyme, which have been famed as favourites of the bees for many ages. "Ever since the days of Virgil, sir, you know," said he, turning to Frank's father, and quoting some lines from one of the Georgics. Frank wished that he could have understood them.

"Now I know one reason why you were so eagerly reading the Georgics the other day," thought Frank.

Mary was now examining with delight a glass bee hive. The gardener begged leave to send it home for her; and he gave much good advice, both

as to the choice of the flowers she should keep near them, and those which she should never allow to be in their neighbourhood. Yew and box he bid her avoid. And again turning to the gentlemen, the learned gardener observed, that “Virgil warns us of the poisonous nature of honey made from the yew, or box. It is disputed which the poet meant; but, for his part, he was inclined to believe, it must be box, because he had, he said, heard from a traveller, who had lately visited Corsica, that to this day the bees are very fond of the flowers of the box, which abounds there, and the honey they make from it is poisonous.”

Mary, who had never before heard that honey could be poisonous, listened with much curiosity, and some alarm, to all the gardener said.



He pointed out to Mary a shrub with beautiful flowers, one of the kalmias, which he had this evening introduced to her, but whose name she could not recollect. He told her, that it is said that bees extract poisonous honey from the flowers of this shrub in parts of North America, where it abounds.

This fact was discovered some years ago by a party of twenty-five young Americans, who, having observed that the bees loved this flower very much, carried their bee hives into a savannah, a large damp meadow, in which there were such quantities of this beautiful kalmia, that it was described as quite painted with its flowers. The bees flew to them eagerly, and their honey increased prodigiously; but when the young bee-men eat of it, they found

that it intoxicated them and made them sick, and they feared that it would kill them if they eat more of it.

That they might not lose all their labour and their honey, they made it into a kind of drink called metheglin, or mead; but still this was poisonous, and they were obliged to give it up, and to remove their bee hives to another place, far away from the beautiful flowers of the kalmia, of which the bees were so fond.

At the end of this story, Mary, turning to Frank, said she thought she had heard, that what is called instinct prevents animals from eating what is poisonous, or bad for them; but that this story of the American bees proved, that animals do sometimes eat what is poisonous, and

therefore their instinct is not always in the right.

Frank was not entirely convinced by Mary's reasoning. He said, "that he thought the story, if it were ever so true, proved only that bees did not know what would make their honey poisonous to man. It was not said or proved, that their honey, after eating of these flowers, was poisonous to the bees themselves—was it?" said Frank, appealing to the gardener.

He did not know. Frank's father was glad to hear him reason so well.

While they were speaking, Mary observed, that several bees settled upon the gardener's arm, and that he and they seemed to be well acquainted. He told her that he knew a woman, who had become so intimate with bees, and had obtained such influence

over them, that they would obey her call, and come or go at her bidding. Her power over them was so extraordinary, that she had made it a public show. The gardener said, that he and many other people had seen her with swarms of bees, who settled on her arm so thick that they looked like a muff; and they would lie still or fly as she desired, come when they were called, and do as they were bidden; he would not say, "shut the door after them;" but certainly return to their hive when she ordered them.

The gardener, seeing Mary so much interested on this subject, told her, that she might find a great many entertaining anecdotes and curious facts concerning bees, in a book written by a blind gentleman of Geneva, Mr. Huber, who has been so kindly as-

sisted by his family, and who has so well directed their observations, that he has seen more, at least acquired more knowledge, by the sight of others, than most people ever acquire by their own eyes. Frank's mother said she had the book, and that she would look out for Mary such parts as would suit her.

It was now necessary to take leave; and Mary had by this time a nosegay almost as large as herself, and in her hat a plume of the feathery flower of the maize, or Indian corn, high as herself, and higher; and Frank had a basket of fruit, that he begged to carry home, and a book which he had borrowed from Andrew, and which, he said, he would rather have for his share than all the flowers and fruit put together.

It should be observed, that at the time of making this declaration Frank had eaten as much fruit as he could conveniently; and as to flowers, he never knew what to do with them, except to give them to his mother or Mary. As they walked home, Frank and Mary talked of the number of new things which they had seen this evening; and she finished by observing, that they all owed the walk to Frank's good choice and good nature.

“Papa,” said Frank, “what an extraordinarily learned person the gardener is, for a man in his rank of life! Is not this very uncommon?”

“Not very uncommon in the country from which he comes,” said the engineer. “He comes from Scotland, and there it is happily the custom to

give to people in his class of life a good education.

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FOR this evening there had been amusement enough; the engineer, therefore, did not ask Frank for his second request till the next evening at tea-time; then, when he had finished all his business, as he said, for that day, he turned to Frank, and said,

“ Now, my little friend, what can I do for you? what is your second request?”

“ Sir,” said Frank, “ there are some wonderful things, very long sticks with knobs at the end of them, which you desired should be locked up very carefully: you said that they might do mischief if they were not taken care

of: and when I asked you what they were, you said to me, in a great hurry, as you were going by, some very odd names, which I thought were mistakes, for you said one was a sort of flower, and the other a sort of wheel—I cannot recollect the names; would you tell them to me again, and tell me what they are?”

“Perhaps,” answered the engineer, “I said Rockets, and a Catherine wheel.”

“Yes,” cried Frank, “those were the very names; but how can those sticks be wheels or flowers?”

The engineer began to explain to him, that these are names which are given to a sort of fireworks. At the sound of the word fireworks, Mary and Frank both exclaimed,



“How I should like to see fireworks!”

“Oh, sir,” said Frank, “may I ask, may this be my second request, that you would show us some fireworks?”

His friend, smiling, said, that he was happy to oblige him; and that he would show him two rockets and a Catherine’s wheel.”

The key of the closet was brought to get the rockets, and a lanthorn being procured, they all went out upon the open grass plat, before the door, to let off the fireworks. The engineer placed Frank and Mary so that they could see well.

He told Frank, that what he called the knobs at the top of the sticks were cases, of stiff paper, filled with a prepa

ration of gunpowder ; and that when he should hold a candle to the paper, it would set fire to the gunpowder, which when it blew up would carry the stick to a considerable height in the air : the rest they would see.

Mary was so much startled by the first burst of fire, that she shut her eyes, and did not see the course of the rocket. It was very well for her that the engineer had another, which she did look at, and liked very much : high in air it exploded and blazed like a vast star of fire, from which little stars broke, and fell scattering themselves all round, lasting several seconds of time. The Catherine's wheel was still more beautiful, whirling round and round like a wheel on fire. They were delighted with the fireworks, which more than equalled their expectations. Frank said, that he

should like to make some for himself, if his father would be so good as to give him some gunpowder. But his father said, that he could not trust him with gunpowder, and enjoined him never to attempt to play with it, or to set it on fire.

Frank was, he said, very sorry that this was to be the last day of the engineer. Frank had shown some instances of ingenuity and ready recollection of his knowledge, with which he had been much pleased. He repeated some of these to Frank's mother, who listened with pleasure, mixed with some degree of apprehension, that by such praise Frank would be too much elated. She knew his foible of vanity, and so did he, and had been lately on his guard against it. But this was too strong for him; his spirits were high, and he

wanted to raise his friend's opinion of him by displaying at once his whole stock of learning. It happened to be a fine starlight night: he called every body to look at the stars, on purpose that he might talk of them; for Frank had read Sandford and Merton, and had learned at least as much as Tommy Merton. He knew the Greater Bear and the Lesser, and the Pole-star, and Orion, and Lyra; and, not aware how much more there is to be known, imagined that he was very near being a great astronomer.

The engineer had brought out a telescope, and was fixing it for him, that he might show him the planet Saturn and its ring; but Frank never looked at it, but was intent only on showing his little stock of learning, and interrupting whatever the engineer was saying; he

began counting to Mary all the stars, whose names he had lately learned, talking of them as if they were all his own familiar acquaintance, and had scarcely been heard of by any body else in the world. He asked Mary if she knew that there was a great circle in the heavens called the ecliptic, and wondered that she could not name all the signs of the zodiac; he named them all as fast as possible. He talked on, hoping that every body was admiring him; but no applause ensued: his friend the engineer was too good a friend to encourage him in conceit. When at last he stopped, there was a mortifying silence. Mary felt what was thought of Frank; she was ashamed for him: and now he saw this; he perceived that his father and mother were ashamed of him. He grew very hot all over,

and stood quite still and abashed, pinching his little finger very hard, to relieve the pain of his mind. His father soon called to him, and kindly lowered the telescope for him to look at Saturn's ring — this was a humane relief.

Mary asked where that circle in the heavens called the ecliptic was to be seen?

The engineer told her, that there was no such circle in reality, but that it was a supposed circle, by which the heavens are divided.

Mary again asked, of what use it was to suppose that there is this circle?

The engineer turned to Frank, and asked him if he knew?

Frank answered very humbly, that he did not.

The engineer asked him if he knew, in general, of what use astronomy, or the knowledge of the stars and of their motions, can be to human creatures?

Frank had a general idea, that astronomy was of use, but he did not know of what use. He knew that Harry Sandford found his way out of the moor by the help of the pole star; but how, he could not well tell: and he believed that people know whereabouts they are at sea, by looking at the stars, by the north pole, and the compass. The degrees of latitude on the earth, he was almost certain, were connected with the great circle called the ecliptic, but he did not know how.

Here Frank felt so much puzzled, and so conscious of his own ignorance, that he stopped short, saying, "I cannot explain myself—for I do not under-

stand any thing about these things, distinctly; and I am sorry, sir," added he, "that I began to talk about the ecliptic to Mary, and to talk so conceitedly."

"My dear Frank," said the engineer, "you are a very candid boy; and as to your little fits of vanity, those will go off when you know more; and that you will know more I am convinced, because you show such a desire to improve yourself. You worked very hard to make yourself master of summer and winter, and you succeeded. I will mark for you some more passages in your little book of Scientific Dialogues, and in some other books, which I will leave with you; and if you read these carefully, you will, I hope, before I see you again, comprehend clearly what you now wish to learn. You will understand exactly the use of dividing



into degrees that imaginary circle in the heavens called the ecliptic, and you will learn of what use astronomy and trigonometry are to man, in sailing upon the sea, and in measuring the earth."

"This is a great deal to learn," said Mary: "will Frank indeed be able to learn all this?"

"Yes, I think he will, if he goes on little by little, and steadily; and if he reads with his kind mother, who is ready to assist him in all difficulties, and who will not let him go on too fast."

"I will begin," said Frank, "tomorrow, sir, as you shall see."

"I hope you will, though I shall not see it," said the engineer, "for I am obliged to go away very early in the morning."

Frank and Mary were sorry, for they

were very fond of him. Sensible children always love those, who do not flatter them: who open to them new views of knowledge, and who excite them continually to improve.

While they were talking, the servant brought in letters. "Here, sir," cried Frank, running to the engineer with his letters, "here are letters for you. Perhaps these may bring good news for us, and that you may find you can stay one other day."

No, there was nothing in the letters which changed his determination as to going away; but there was something about his son Lewis, which gave him pleasure.

"I must show this to you, my dear madam," said he, turning to Frank's mother; and he looked very happy as he pointed to the following passage in

the letter, which he laid down before her.

“We have your Lewis with us : his holidays began last Monday : and glad we are to have him, if you were out of the question ; for a very generous, good-tempered, obliging boy he is, and ever on the watch for information : a most hopeful disposition.”

“He must be very like Frank,” thought Mary.

The other letter was from the master of the school at which Lewis was. It concluded thus :—

“Your son Lewis did admirably at our last examinations. If his brother treads in his footsteps he cannot fail to be approved by his masters, and loved by his companions.”

“Oh !” thought Frank, “how happy I shall be if my father ever has such

a letter about me after I go to school."

Frank's father and mother asked the engineer to bring his son Lewis with him, the next time he should come.

He promised that he would, for he said that he should be glad that his son and Frank should become acquainted, and he hoped that they would also become friends.

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"HERE is mamma, alone! and settled at her tambour frame, Mary! How happy!" cried Frank. "Now we can talk to her about it as much as we please. Mamma, may I read you *this?*"

"Yes, and welcome, my dear, while

I am working ; but I am afraid I shall soon have done. What is the book, my dear ?”

“Mamma, it is a short account of the life of the author.”

“What author, Frank ?”

“I do not know his name, ma’am, it says only the author of this book ?”

“What book, my dear ?”

“The book I brought home the other night from the gardener’s ; the book from which his son learnt how to make the sun dial. Oh, ma’am, do not look into that part, that is too difficult.”

“We cannot understand that,” said Mary, “that is about ‘*tables of falling bodies,*’ and terrible things. But it is this ‘*Short Account of the Life of the Author,*’ which Frank is going to read to you, ma’am.”

“Mamma, I will tell you part, and read only what I like best,” said Frank. “The beginning tells only that the man was born somewhere, I forget where.”

“He was born in a low station, I know,” said Mary; “but I do not recollect exactly where.”

“Well, never mind,” continued Frank; “but you must know that he was at first very poor.”

“He was originally a peasant boy, mamma, and you shall hear all that he did.”

“But first tell me his name,” said Frank’s mother.

“His name, ma’am; that I really do not know,” said Frank.

“What, not know the name of the man, whose life you have been reading!”

“No, mamma, he never once tells

his name in his whole life," said Frank. "You may look it over yourself, mamma, every page. I have looked it over twice."

"And I too," said Mary, "and I do not think you will find it. It does not tell even the name of his father or mother."

"Pray look and try if you can find it, mamma," said Frank.

His mother looked at the title page, and pointed to the name of the author—James Ferguson.

"You have found it, mamma, after all! I thought I had looked thoroughly; but I did not begin at the very beginning you will say; next time I really will look even at the title page. But now let me go on.

"This James Ferguson's father was very poor, and had a large family,

and he was obliged to work all day; but 'whenever he had any time' he taught some of his children to read and write. He had not leisure, however, at first to teach James, and James learned by listening, while his father was teaching his elder brother to read his catechism."

"Now read on here, Frank," said Mary, "lest you should forget to tell about the old woman."

Frank read what follows from Ferguson's life.

"Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me, I used, when he and my brother were abroad, to take the catechism and study the lesson, which he had been teaching my brother; and when any difficulty occurred, I went to a neighbouring old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to



read tolerably well, before my father had thought of teaching me.’”

“Dear good old woman!” said Mary.

“‘Some time after he was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself; he thereupon gave me farther instruction, and also taught me to write.’”

“I will miss the grammar school,” said Frank, “for I am sure that will not interest you; but I must go on here.”

“‘My taste for mechanics arose from an odd accident. When about seven or eight years of age, a part of the roof of the house being decayed, my father, desirous of mending it, applied a lever to raise it to its former situation; and to my great astonishment I saw him lift up the ponderous roof as if it had been a small weight.

I attributed this at first to a degree of strength, that excited my terror as well as wonder; but thinking farther of the matter, I recollected that he had applied his strength to that end of the lever which was farthest from the prop; and finding on inquiry that this was the means by which the seeming wonder was effected, I began making levers, which I then called bars.’”

Frank’s father now came into the room to look for some papers, and stood still to listen to what they were reading.

“Papa,” said Frank, “I understand all this as well as the man did; because we read a great while ago to mamma, in Sandford and Merton, the account of the boys’ using the lever to move the great snow ball, which they

could not roll without it. And that very day you were so good, papa, as to call me to look at one of the workmen, who was using a lever to move a heavy root of a tree. How pleasant it is to find in a book what puts us in mind of things we have seen and heard, and quite understand."

"Very true," said Mary; "but now will you go on with the book, Frank, because I want to come to the little knife, and then to the wooden watch."

"Oh, my dear," said Frank, "don't tell all beforehand. Let me tell of the stars first."

"I was rather too young and weak for hard labour, my father put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years, and in that time I began to study the stars in the night.'

“How happy he must have been!” said Frank.

“In the day time I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning wheels, and such other things as I happened to see.”

“I wish, Frank, that you could do the same!” said Mary.

“Oh, papa, I am sorry you are going away,” said Frank, “cannot you stay while I read about the blanket and the stars?”

“I am sorry I cannot, my dear, but there is a man waiting for me on business.”

“Then, mamma, I will go on to you.

“I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glashan. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed, that in the evenings,

when my work was over, I went into the field with a blanket over me, lay down on my back, and stretched a small thread, with small beads upon it, at arm's length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.

“To be sure,” said Frank, “or you

would have been horribly ungrateful, Mr. James Ferguson. Do you know, mamma, this uncommon master, as he calls him, used often to take the thrashing flail out of his hands, that he might have time for his pleasant employment."

Frank's mother joined with him in liking this uncommon master very much; but she said, "that she had now unfortunately done her work, and that she must go away; but," added she, "I am glad you have such an entertaining book."

"But, mamma, it is double entertainment when I am reading it to you, and talking to you about it."

"Frank can go on reading while you are taking your work out of the frame, may not he, mamma?" said Mary.

“ Very well, then, mamma, let me just tell you,” said Frank, “ all this Ferguson did when he was a boy ; he made a globe himself out of a block of wood, turned it, finished it in three weeks, covered it with paper, and painted and divided it all rightly ; and mamma, besides this globe of the earth, and besides I do not know how many little windmills, and watermills, he made a wooden watch, that went, mamma ! and — ”

“ Now comes the great wonder ! ” said Mary.

“ Hush ! my dear Mary, I must just read to you, mamma,” said Frank, “ about the gentleman on horseback showing him a watch for the first time.”

“ I should like to hear it very much, my dear,” said Frank’s mother. “ But

now I really have other things to do, and I must go."

Frank pursued her from room to room with the book, reading at every interval when he could be heard.

" ' I thanked the gentleman, and told him, that I understood the thing very well: I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone ; but found that I could not make the watch go, when the balance was put on, because——' "

Frank skipped the cause, which he thought either too difficult for his mother or himself to understand, and he went on—

" ' I enclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a breakfast tea cup.' "

" Oh ! now comes the misfortune ! " cried Mary.



By this time Frank had followed his mother without well knowing where, through bedchamber, and dressing-room, and passage, till at last she was at the head of the back staircase, and he saw her descending.

“Where are you going, now, mamma?”

“Down stairs to the housekeeper’s room, my dear,” said she.

“May we come with you, mamma?”

“No, my dear, certainly not, I cannot listen to you and to Mrs. Catherine at the same time.”

“Well, then, I will finish the misfortune for you as you go down stairs, ma’am.” He read on as loud and fast as he could —

““A clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily to pick it up

set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces, which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man; and this discouraged me so much that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use.”

“But mamma is quite out of hearing, Frank,” said Mary. “What a pity to have wasted all that, as she was going down stairs!”

“True, I will keep the rest for her dressing time,” said Frank.

At her dressing time, Frank appeared again before his mother, with the same book in his hand: he read to her again the account of the breaking of the wooden watch, and had reason to be satisfied with her pity for the

boy; but he was not quite contented, because she agreed with Ferguson in being thoroughly convinced, that he could never make a watch that would be of any real use.

Frank had formed an intention of attempting to make such a watch, and had seen a bit of whalebone among Mrs. Catherine's treasures, which he thought would do for the spring.

"Now, my dear Frank," said his mother, "all this is very entertaining and ingenious; but we must not neglect other things: I am ready to look at the 'Stream of Time' with you, and to hear you read the Grecian history."

Frank looked at the "Stream of Time" with fixed eyes, without well knowing what he saw, or what he heard from his mother, which she observing, rolled up the chart; and

Frank then opened the Grecian history, reading so fast, that it was clear he wanted only to get it over; he even hurried and stumbled when he came to what he loved most, Leonidas in the streights.

“ My dear Frank,” said his mother, “ you had better put down the book, and empty your head quite of Mr. Ferguson before you go on with Leonidas.”

Frank put down the book, and said,

“ Thank you, mamma, I am thinking that I wish I had been born a peasant boy, like Ferguson, that I might have learned every thing by myself, as he did, in a wonderful way, and that I might have surprised every body: how happy he must have been! He taught himself vulgar arithmetic: mamma, what is vulgar arithmetic?”

“ Common arithmetic, my dear.”

“ What! addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division, which we have learned?” said Frank. “ But then, mamma, it is no great glory to us to have learned these things: now it was wonderful for him; and he was so happy, working through all his difficulties. Oh, mother! I wish I was what is called in the book a *self-taught* genius.”

“ My dear,” replied his mother, laughing, “ since you cannot be a self-taught genius now, you had better content yourself with being, if you can, a well-taught genius.”

“ That I shall be, certainly,” said Frank, “ because you and papa teach me, and I am sure I am very much obliged to you.” But still Frank looked not quite happy.

“To comfort you, Frank,” said his mother, “I can tell you, that I do not believe one in ten of these self-taught persons ever distinguish themselves in the world, or excite that wonder, or obtain that glory, of which you are so desirous.”

“But, mamma, I might have been that one in ten.”

“True, my dear; after struggling through great difficulties.”

“But that is what I should have liked of all things, mamma.”

“Yet you do not seem to me particularly to like even the little difficulties you do meet with,” said his mother.

“What do you mean, mamma?”

“Don't you remember,” said Mary, “Latin grammar for one thing, and sums, in division of pounds, shillings, and pence?”

“ But, my dear, those are not at all the sort of difficulties I mean.”

“ And yet,” said his mother, “ those are some of the difficulties which your self-taught boy must have gone through, before he became master of arithmetic and a Latin scholar, must not he ?”

“ True : yes ; I did not think of that,” said Frank.

“ Besides, the self-taught genius has another disadvantage,” said his mother. “ Often, for want of friends, and books to tell him what has been done, he wastes his time and ingenuity in inventing what others have invented before him.”

“ That *is* true,” said Frank. “ I remember Ferguson thought he was the first person who had ever discovered the use of a lever, and a wedge, and a screw ; and wrote a book about them ;

and was very much surprised and disappointed to find, that nothing that he had written was new to any body."

"Yes, poor man," said Mary. "Now you can't make such a mistake, Frank, for you have friends and books."

"Now that you have emptied your head, Frank," said his mother, "let us go on with the Grecian history."

Frank now read with attention. When the business of the day was finished he returned to his *projects*. His first project was to make a globe, such as Ferguson had made; and he would have it all painted and divided in right circles, and ready, he said, by the time the engineer should come back, and this would surprise him delightfully.

Frank recollected to have seen, be-



hind some rubbish in the back-yard, a stone ball, which had once stood on the top of the pier of an old gate. He asked his father if he might have this; and his father told him that he might, but that he could not guess what use he could make of it.

“So much the better,” thought Frank.

With the help of levers Frank rolled the ball happily home; and next it was to be cleaned, for it was covered with green stains, and spots of thick brown moss. The moss was scraped off by Mary with an oyster shell, but the stains could not be removed. Frank determined to cover it with paper, through which he thought that they would not be seen. But it was no easy matter to cover it: Mary cut paper in all forms, and pasted and pasted,

and it crinkled and crinkled, and it never would lie smooth on the stone, nor would the quarters (as Frank called them), the gores (as Mary called them), join rightly.

“ Oh, Frank ! it never, never will do,” said Mary, after she had pasted at it till she was quite tired.

Frank gave up the stone ball : he had just thought of something much better. This was a windmill, which, as Mary observed, would be useful to stick up in the garden to frighten away the birds. Frank had carpenter's tools, and had been used to work with them ! and he had wood, and nails, and all he wanted for his windmill : he persevered, and really did make what the gardener called a whirligig ; and it was put up in the garden, and frightened away the birds from one cherry tree

for a whole day; but the next day something was amiss with it; the gardener said, one of the *vanes*, or leaves of the mill, had dropt out, and, in short, it fell to pieces. But still as one scheme failed, another rose in Frank's imagination; and he went on from one to another, pleased always with the last new idea, yet finishing few; for some he found impossible, some not sufficiently surprising, and almost all were too tiresome, he said, to be worth completing. But at last he formed a new grand project of an orrery, a machine, as he told Mary, by which, with the help of little balls representing the earth, sun, moon, and stars, he could show the motions of all the heavenly bodies. It was a bold undertaking, especially as he did not yet know half their motions: but these

he could learn, he thought, as he went on with his work, because there was a description and an engraving of an orrery in his dear Mr. Ferguson's book. Frank prevailed upon his mother to lend him her round tambour frame, in which, luckily, there was no work; he assured her that he would neither break nor injure it in any way; and she was willing to trust him, because he was always very careful of what he promised not to spoil.

“ My dear Frank,” said she, “ I am glad you amuse yourself: and you will soon find out, by your own experience, what you can, and what you cannot do: but you now give up too much time to these amusements; you neglect and forget all that you had resolved to do and to learn of more useful things.”

Mary's eye turned consciously towards the "Stream of Time." She recollected, and so did Frank, that it had been quite disregarded, while he had been making the whirligig, and endeavouring to make the globes: the Roman history, and the Grecian, and Scientific Dialogues too, with the marked passages that were to have been studied before the return of the engineer—all these had been neglected. His lessons in writing, in arithmetic, had been ill attended to: the lists of the must wants and may wants of man and woman had been quite forgotten: in short, he had been so much devoted to his new schemes, that he had had no time, no thought for any thing else.

"It is all very true, mamma," said he: "but if you will only be so good

as to lend me the tambour frame, I will do all that I have resolved to do in time, and my project also."

And he resolved that he would only work at his orrery every day after he should have finished all more useful things. To this resolution he kept for three days: but he told Mary, that he found his head was always running upon his orrery, therefore he thought it best to finish that as soon as possible, and then he should be able to attend to better things.

All day, except during the time when Mary was occupied with her lessons and her needlework, she was assisting Frank. She had been working some tent-stitch for the covering of a stool; and Frank borrowed from her several balls of various coloured worsteds, which he saw in her basket; and he

employed her in winding and unwinding these, making some larger, some smaller, to bring them, as he said, to the proper sizes, to represent the earth, sun, moon, and planets. How these were to be fixed, or made to turn, on long hat pins, or to be pulled or pushed round on circles of cap wire, with which his friend Mrs. Catherine had furnished him from her never-failing stores, we pretend not to describe, nor are we quite sure that Frank himself understood. All we know is, that the evening came, and found Frank surrounded with tangled balls of worsted, some fastened on their pins, and on their circles, to the tambour frame; but several of the planets rolling about the room, uncertain of their destination. Meantime Frank's fingers were pricked and scratched in every direction, and

the inside of Mary's were dyed with streaks of red, blue, green, from the winding of the worsted worlds. Mary's patience never failed when she was assisting Frank; or, more difficult still, when she was reduced merely to standing by to look on at his work: she now refrained from making any noises of pity when things went wrong; and after he begged her not, she never once repeated, "Indeed, Frank, it never will do."

But still it never would do; and Frank, perplexed and disappointed, was forced at last to go to bed. His mother, wondering what he had been doing all day, gravely said to him, when he wished her a good night,

"Frank, you have not this day done any one of those useful things you had intended to do."



“No, mamma,” said Frank; “but I have been doing a very ingenious thing; exceedingly ingenious, mamma.”

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FRANK, we believe, was up before the lark in the morning, and he was obliged to work alone, for Mary could not come to him before breakfast. He was indefatigable in pulling to pieces and putting together again, changing and repairing, coaxing and bungling, till at last Mary knocked at the door.

“What is the matter, Mary?” cried Frank, going to the door.

“Matter!” said Mary: “why, what are you about, my dear? It is just breakfast time! Papa is calling for you.”

“My dear,” said Frank, “is it

possible? I thought I had an hour to come!"

"Well, well; run down now and say your Latin."

"Say it! oh, Mary!" cried Frank, clasping his hands, "do you know I forgot to learn it; I thought I should have time: oh, what shall I do!"

"What shall we do, indeed!" said Mary, struck with the greatness of the immediate danger.

"Oh, my resolution! what will become of me!" cried Frank. "Oh, disgrace!"

"Do not think of the disgrace, or of any thing, but take the grammar and learn it as fast as ever you can: you will have time while papa is at breakfast: you know he has the newspaper to read before he rings for the horses."

“Horses! oh, I don’t mind about the horses.”

“Well, never mind what you do not mind,” cried Mary, speaking as fast as the words could come out of her mouth. “Here’s the book — here’s the place: take care, your feet are in a tangle of worsted.”

“Oh, my sun and moon! Mary! Mary!”

“Never mind them, never mind them: come quite away out of the room: sit down here on this stair, and I will sit beside you to hear it when you are ready.”

“Thank you. But no, no, I cannot get it while I am thinking that you are losing your breakfast.”

“Never mind my breakfast, my dear.”

“No, no, Mary do not stay, or it’s all

over with me; I cannot get it if you stay."

"Then I will go—I'm gone," said Mary, running down stairs as quick as lightning.

"Mary," said Frank, calling to her over the banisters, "Do not say a word about my orrery, or you will spoil the surprise."

"But what shall I say when papa and mamma ask me for you and your Latin?"

"The truth, to be sure—that I forgot it."

"A pretty thing to say!" thought Mary, slackening her pace as she crossed the hall.

Frank had, by his regular practice for months past, acquired the power of turning his attention at once full and strong upon these Latin lessons, and he

had learned to get by heart readily. He gave his soul to it, and he did learn this lesson now, in his utmost need, in a surprisingly short time.

“Quick, indeed!” thought Mary, as he entered the breakfast room; “but I am afraid not well.”

She was frightened for him, when he laid the book confidently before his father: and while he was saying it, she sat with the untasted toast in her hand. Frank got through it all.

“Without missing one word!” said Mary, exultingly.

Frank now took breath, and relieved himself by a good stretching of both arms. He had not yet sufficiently recovered from the agitation into which he had been thrown, to begin to boast or triumph in his escape: he sat down to eat his breakfast, and did not even

observe, till he had half done, the unusual silence of both his father and mother. But his father might be silent because he was deep in the newspaper, Frank thought; and his mother might be silent because she was intent upon her work.

Frank, now primed by his breakfast, began a little boasting to Mary.

“Did not I get it quickly, Mary? and well, too?”

“Yes; but I hope you never will do so again,” said Mary.

“What! not get my lesson quickly and well?” said Frank, laughing.

“Oh, Frank!” said Mary, “how soon you forget danger.”

“Because I am a man, my dear: but you need not look so melancholy, Mary, I am only joking now, because I am happily over the danger; but se-

riously I will never do so again: I was near losing all; but it's over now. Had not I better ring for the horses now?"

"No, Frank," said his mother, in a tone which somewhat checked Frank's rising spirits. Laying aside the newspaper, his father asked him, what could have tempted him to run this chance of "losing all;" and how it had happened that he could have forgotten to learn his lesson till so late.

"Papa," said Frank, "will you be so good as not to ask me, because I do not wish to tell you yet what I am about; I want to surprise you with something that I know you will like."

"You were very near surprising me with something that I should have disliked," said his father. "I would rather, Frank, as your father and friend,

much rather, that you had the power of keeping to your resolutions, than that you made the most ingenious thing that ever was thought of by a boy of your age."

"But I thought you liked ingenuity so very much, papa?"

"I like ingenuity much, but resolution more."

"So do I," said his mother. "I have known an ingenious, a very ingenious man, who, for want of resolution to do that which he intended, never finished during his whole life any one of the many ingenious things he had begun; and from the same want of resolution broke all his promises, ruined himself and his whole family, lived in misery, and died in disgrace."



“ Oh, mother ! what a shocking picture ! ”

“ What a shocking reality ! ” said his father.

“ But, mamma, ” said Mary, “ you need not be afraid of Frank’s wanting resolution ; only look at his hands, ” said she, opening one of Frank’s passive hands, and showing the wounds which had been made by the pins and wires. Frank drew back his hand, as if ashamed to claim pity for such trifling hurts.

“ My dear Mary, that is nothing ; they do not give me any pain. ”

“ But they did give him pain yesterday, ” persisted Mary : “ and all day he worked on, mamma, never minding even when the wounds were ever so much hurt by the worsted. ”

“Oh, hush, Mary!” cried Frank: “do not say worsted, you will tell all.”

“But, mamma, surely he did not fly about from one thing to another yesterday,” said Mary; “he stuck to — I must not tell you what, all day long, and was at it very, very early this morning, and it was his eagerness to finish one thing, ma’am, that made him forget every thing else in the world, and almost brought him to ——”

“Don’t say disgrace,” interrupted Frank; “I cannot bear that word.”

“It is rather hard, I allow, Mary,” said his mother, “to reproach poor Frank at the same moment with two seemingly opposite faults, with his not finishing any thing, and with his being too eager to finish one thing. But there is a fault with which I can never reproach him — want of candour.”

Frank's countenance brightened, and he looked up full in his mother's eyes, grateful, and conscious that he deserved this.

“Therefore I need only appeal to himself: he knows whether I accuse him justly or unjustly, when I say, that though he is all eagerness about a new thing, and perhaps intent upon completing a favourite project, yet for this he neglects and forgets what he had formerly intended: then some new fancy comes, and he sweeps away the old one all unfinished.”

“True, mamma, till yesterday; quite true of all but my last project: I did certainly stick to my last.”

“Yes, my dear, because it was your last,” said his mother: “however, I will not be hard upon you; one day is a long trial for a boy of your age.”

“And a great piece of this morning,” said Frank, “recollect, mamma: and I would willingly go on all day to-day, if I might; but then you would say I did not keep my resolutions about attending to the useful things: so what can I do?”

“Cannot you abide by the determination you once made, to do the useful things, as you properly call them, first, and at fixed hours, which is the surest way of doing them regularly, and then divert yourself as you please, afterwards, with your new or old projects?”

“Mamma,” said Frank, “may I say one thing?”

“Yes, my dear,” said his mother, smiling; “but you have said so many already, that this question seems unnecessary.”

“Only make haste,” said his father,

“for this is growing rather long, and I have much to do.”

“Only, papa, only, mamma,” looking first at one and then at the other: “I think what I am doing up stairs, my last project, is really as useful as any of those which you call useful things, because it has a great deal to do with astronomy, and is full as grand as any thing in Scientific Dialogues.”

“Possibly, my dear,” said his father; “but you know of this we cannot judge till we see it.”

“Then,” said Frank, making a great effort over himself, “I will give up the surprise, and you shall see it: Mary, come with me, and we will bring it down.”

Frank ran up stairs, and returned, carrying into the room his mother's round tambour-frame, with its two cir-

cular rims set in opposite directions, and hung round with givers balls of many-coloured worsteds, stuck with pins and circles, in an indescribable manner. Mary followed, holding the trains of the many-coloured balls; and Frank looked back to beg her not to entangle the tails of his planets.

“What have we here?” said his father.

“My orrery, father,” said Frank, setting it on the table before him, with such a sense of importance, that his father could hardly refrain from laughing. However, Frank did not see this; his father kindly struggled to keep the corners of his mouth in order; and his mother looked on in silence, while Frank proceeded to point out *his* worsted earth, sun, moon, and planets: that they were some of them far from

moving rightly in, or on, or off their wiry orbits, Frank candidly acknowledged.

“But now, papa, is not it worth finishing?”

“An orrery, sir!” said Mary, to whom the word was not yet quite familiar, and sounded very grand: “an orrery, sir! Only think, mamma, of that! all made by himself at his age! when, as he told me yesterday, even Mr. —— the man in the book, did not make an orrery till he was a great many years older!—Worth finishing! my dear Frank; to be sure papa will think it worth finishing: don’t you, papa?”

“If it were possible to finish it,” said his father.

Nothing appeared to Frank more easy, till his father pointed out the de-

fects, the deficiencies, the mistakes—in one word, the *absurdities*; but he did not use that offensive word, he was tender of Frank's feelings for his wasted work. His father, he saw, understood and commended every part that was ingenious, but lamented that so much ingenuity had been used in vain. To finish it, to make any part of it exact or useful, to make it any thing but a child's bungling, falling-to-pieces toy, it would, as candid Frank was soon made to perceive, be necessary to possess a knowledge of astronomy, which he had not yet acquired. But still Frank urged, that though he did not know such and such necessary things, yet he knew where to find them in Scientific Dialogues, or in Mr. Ferguson's own receipt, as he called it, for making an orrery. Frank ran for the book, to



show and consult his father ; and though his father was in a hurry to be gone, he stayed to enter into the schemes and counsels of his little son. Mary crept close to him, for she loved him very much.

“ Well, papa,” said she, “ what is your advice to Frank ? ”

“ My first advice to you, Frank,” said his father, “ and indeed the condition upon which I now stay and give up my time to you, is, that you abide steadily by whatever resolution you now make, either quite to finish, or quite to give up this orrery. If you choose to finish it, you must give up, for some time, reading any thing entertaining or instructive ; you must give up arithmetic and history.”

“ And the Stream of Time, and the lists,” said Mary.

“ Every thing,” said his father, “ to this one object of making an orrery ; and when made, as well as you possibly could, with my assistance, make it, observe, your orrery will only be what others have made repeatedly before. It is not an invention that will surprise any body that has sense or knowledge ; and to surprise ignorant people or fools, I suppose you would disdain. It might, perhaps, be a wonder that master Frank made it at master Frank’s age ; but then master Frank will grow older, and when, or how, or why he made this orrery, few, when he grows to be a man, will know or care : but all will see whether he has the knowledge which is necessary for a man and a gentleman to possess. Now choose, Frank.”

“ Father,” said Frank, “ I choose

to give up the orrery, since I cannot finish it now, without giving up every thing else.”

As he spoke, Frank seized his orrery. “Mary, bring your work basket, my dear,” said he.

And she brought it; and he pulled off one by one, deliberately, the worsted sun, moon, earth, and stars, and threw them into the basket which Mary held. Mary sighed, but Frank did not sigh. He was proud to give his father a proof of his resolution: and when he looked round, he saw tears, but they were tears of pleasure, in his mother's eyes. His father shook hands with him, and said,

“This gives me pleasure, Frank; this pays me for giving up my time to you.”

“But you are not sure yet, papa,”

said Frank to his father, who was leaving the room, "that I shall keep to my good resolutions."

"I am not *quite* sure; but this is a good beginning," said his father, looking back with a smile, which delighted Mary; "and Mary knows, that a good beginning makes a good ending."

"It shall," said Frank: "therefore, mamma, before I stir from this spot, let us settle what things are most necessary for me to do every day, and what hours will be most convenient to you, and best for me to do them in."

Willingly his mother assisted him in making this arrangement of his time. The feelings of this moment would have inclined him to do too much, and to fix upon too many hours for *useful* studies; but his mother advised him to attempt little, and engage but for few,

that he might be more likely to keep to his intentions.

During the whole of the following month Frank never failed in being punctual to his appointed hours; but it must be owned, that he owed much to Mary, his dear good little friend, who always reminded him at the right hour, and minute, of what was to be done. Frank often found it difficult to obey her summons, especially once when he was dusting and repairing Mrs. Catherine's cuckoo clock; but he conquered himself, and at the appointed hours he did all that he intended to do.

To his surprise he found, that he had afterwards more time than usual, or that he enjoyed his leisure more. He returned at intervals with greater pleasure to the cuckoo clock, and suc-

ceeded in setting it going again, entirely to his own and to Mrs. Catherine's satisfaction; for, as all who may doubt the possibility of this fact should be informed, there was nothing the matter with it, but that it had been clogged with the dust of years. Mary trembled for him on the last day of the month, when, just at the appointed time for his sum in the rule of three, he longed to stay to hear the cuckoo clock, which, as he observed to Mary, wanted but five minutes of cuckooing; but he took her advice, and kept his good resolutions.

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LATE one morning a servant came into the room, and whispered to Frank, "There is a person wants to speak to you, master Frank, at the gate."

“To *me* at the *gate!*” repeated Frank. “I wonder who it is, and why does not he come to the door? Do you know who the person is, James?”

“I do, sir, but I was desired only to say, a person, sir,” answered the servant.

“It must be master Tom,” said Mary.

“Or Squire Rogers,” said Frank.

“Go and see who it is, my dear,” said his father.

“But I wish you would come with me, papa,” said Frank; “for perhaps it is to ask me to do something that I cannot do—I mean that I should not do.”

“And what then?” said his father. “You have tried and found that you can say no, when it is necessary, without having me at your back.”

“Certainly,” said Frank, and away he ran.

He stayed some time, and he returned looking as if he had done something important. “You are right, Mary; it was Tom.”

“And what did he want?”

“He wanted me to lend him Felix.”

“And did you?” said his father, mother, and Mary.

“You shall hear, papa; you shall hear, mamma; Mary, you will find I have done right.”

“I do not doubt it,” said Mary.

“I hope so,” said his mother.

“Let us hear,” said his father.

“When I went to the back gate,” said Frank; “there I saw Tom in the greatest distress.”

“Say what distress, plainly.”

“Why, sir, on a horse in such a



condition!—oh! as I never saw, as never was seen in this world before! Such a condition! Mamma, its knees were cut and bleeding, and its sides frothing; and it looked dreadfully hot, as if it had been dragged through the river. It stood stiff with one leg out before, and both far out behind, and its head poking, like the bad horses you used to cut out in paper, Mary: it could not go on. Tom declared he could not make it stir a foot farther; and to prove this to me, he said, he would give him a cut with his whip if I pleased.”

“But you did not please, I am sure,” said Mary.

“Certainly not. I begged Tom would not; I told him I believed him. But he said, the horse was an obstinate brute, and he did give him one slash.”

“ Oh !” cried Mary.

“ The poor horse never stirred : Tom said his arm was tired beating him on, and that he must go on beating him all the way, for I forget how many miles, if I did not lend him Felix to carry him home. So I lent him Felix, and I hope I did not do wrong.”

“ No ! my dear, generous boy,” said his mother.

“ Wrong, no Frank, I am glad you did what was good-natured,” said his father. “ Besides, Felix is your own horse, and you had a right to lend it or not, as you please. But is Felix gone ?”

“ Off, papa !”

“ I wish I had known of this, and I would have lent Mr. Tom a horse less valuable than yours ; he is not fit to be trusted with a good one.”

“ I hope he will not hurt Felix, said Mary.

“ No,” said Frank, “ I think Tom will really ride him gently, because he promised me. So I am almost sure he will, mamma; do not you think he will, when he *promised* upon his word and honour?”

“ I should be quite sure you would, Frank,” said his father, “ if you promised, whether you said upon your word and honour, or not; but I cannot feel so sure about master Tom’s truth.”

Frank and Mary looked at one another, recollecting at this moment what had happened about swinging on a gate.

“ I did not recollect *that*,” said Frank. “ But, perhaps, he did not promise that time; I never thought of doubting him.”

“So much the better,” said his father. “I should be very sorry you were suspicious. You did what was right, and what was humane; and I hope you will not suffer for it.”

“I hope Felix will not suffer for it.” said Frank. “I wish I had thought of coming back to tell papa, and to ask him for a worse horse. But one cannot think of every thing.”

“Now, papa, you see that Frank was right in wishing you to go with him at first,” said Mary; “for you would have thought of that for him.”

“But, my dear Mary, it does Frank much more good to think for himself, than to be saved from making little mistakes by my thinking for him. Besides, though he did not do, perhaps, what was most prudent, I like him the better for not being selfish.

If master Tom deceives him, that is master Tom's fault, not Frank's."

"There's no danger, I think," said Frank; "you will see Felix will come back safe to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and no Felix; but a groom brought a note to Frank from Mrs. J——. The note began with many compliments, "and thousands of thanks, and a million of regrets—but Felix had met with a little accident; he had fallen down on the road, as Tom was trotting him quite gently; Tom was fortunately unhurt; but the horse by the fall had strained his shoulder; the hurt, however, was very slight, it would be almost well, probably, to-morrow; but it would be best, however, not to think of stirring him, till the strain should be quite got over, because a strain is an awkward thing."

Frank looked blank, and Mary was almost as sorry as he was. His father desired to see the groom, and questioned him about the horse, and how the accident had happened. The groom, who had been with master Tom at the time of the fall, said exactly the same as the note; ending with the same words, "that it would be best not to think of stirring him till the strain should be quite got over, because a strain is an awkward thing."

After Frank's first sorrow and disappointment at not seeing his horse were over, he said, that, since Tom was trotting gently, he did what he promised, and that he was not to blame for the horse's falling. Mary said, she was glad it had never fallen when Frank was riding him. She supposed that

was because Frank rode better than master Tom.

Tom's horse, which had been well rubbed down and taken care of, was by this time rested, and able to move again; and he was taken back by Mrs. J——'s groom, who, as he went off, said he would take the greatest care of Felix, if he was left with him a few days longer. But Frank's father thought it best to bring the horse home directly; and as soon as the groom was gone, he asked Frank if he could walk with him four miles and back again, to see Felix?

“With you! Oh yes, papa! four miles! five! six! ten miles and back again, I am sure I could.”

“Well, four miles will do for the present business.”

There was a way across the fields and through lanes, by which they walked to Mrs. J——'s. They arrived unexpectedly, and Tom, who first met them, looked guilty, and spoke in a very confused, embarrassed manner. But he recovered himself when his friend the groom appeared, who spoke for him very fast. Frank's father said nothing, but that he wished to see the horse, which was at last brought out of the stable: it was very lame.

“Poor Felix! poor fellow! my poor Felix!” said Frank.

Felix, the moment he saw Frank and heard his voice, tried to quicken his pace towards his master. The groom led him on to the grass plot before the door, to show how well he could walk; but he seemed to step with so much pain, that Frank called



to beg he would stop. His father began to examine the shoulder, and found the hurt much more serious than it had been described. The farrier, to whom the groom had constantly referred, now joined them, and while the groom and farrier were talking to his father on one side of the horse, Frank on the other side leaned his face against Felix, trying to keep in his tears—not unseen by Tom, who, coming close to him, muttered,

“Crying! what good crying! Crying for a horse! That’s too bad!”

“And if I were,” said Frank, looking up, “and for a horse too, it is not so bad as being cruel to a horse, or to any thing!”

Surprised by the indignation that flashed from Frank’s little eyes, through his tears, and alarmed by the strong

and loud emphasis upon cruel, Tom answered only,

“Hush! hush! Who’s cruel! I was only joking. Nobody’s cruel. I’m very sorry. Every body’s very sorry. Here’s my mother.”

His mother came out, “so sorry, so very, *very* sorry!” she said she was, “so shocked, so anxious, about poor dear master Frank’s horse; for if it had been any body else’s, she should not have been half so shocked;” and as she spoke she would have wiped away a fly from Felix’s forehead with her embroidered pocket handkerchief, but Felix did not like it, and she started back, exclaiming,

“Oh! master Frank, take care, the brute will tread on your foot!”

“No danger,” said Frank.

“So cool! quite a little hero. I so

admire his taking it all so coolly. But you have no idea what Tom has suffered. But Tom never can speak when he feels; he was stamping about last night, and crying!"

"Crying! was he," said Frank. "Crying for a horse, too!"

"And why not, love; a person who has any humanity, any sensibility! and such a sweet horse! I could have cried myself, I am sure. Why should you think it extraordinary that Tom should cry for a horse?"

"Do you hear what the farrier is saying about Felix?" said Tom; and Frank immediately went to listen to him.

The farrier was prophesying and promising, that Felix should be well and as sound as ever, soon, if he was but left to his care; and the groom and he

went on talking of potions and lotions, and washes and mashes, and a number of things, which Frank did not understand; but all the time kept close to his father, repeating, in a low voice, "Oh! do take him home, papa. Do let me take him home, papa."

Right glad was Frank when he heard his father order that the bridle should be put on Felix, and say that he would take him home directly. The groom declared, that no man that ever wore spurs could get the horse to go four miles with that shoulder in two hours.

"So you will never be home in time for dinner," said Tom.

"And mamma will be angry," said Mrs. J —.

"No, ma'am, mamma will not be angry, begging your pardon," said

Frank. "She is never angry about those things, and papa will not care about dinner. May I go on, papa?"

"Then my groom must lead him," said Mrs. J——.

"No, no, papa; pray let me lead him."

His father said that he might, and put the bridle into his hand, saying, that they should return the same way that they came, in which there were no difficulties, no stiles, no ditches, and only two gates, which the farmers would open.

"Come along, Felix," cried Frank.

"But, my dear sir," added Mrs. J——, joining her remonstrances to those of the groom and farrier; "you would not let master Frank lead the horse himself? Oh! pray let my groom: if any body meets you, how

odd they will think it. If any body sees him, what will they say?"

"I do not mind what they say," said Frank. "I do not care who sees me: there is nothing wrong in my leading Felix. No, no, Mr. Groom," said he, resisting the groom, who offered to take the bridle from his hand. "No, no, papa says I may—and I will."

"Will!" repeated Mrs. J——. "Dear me! who would ever have expected to hear such a word from master Frank? I thought master Frank was so good, that he had no will of his own. I thought he always said, Just as papa pleases."

"Papa pleases, that I should have a will of my own," said Frank. "Look, papa, how Felix follows me," said he, going on, patting him on the

*well* shoulder. "Poor fellow—good Felix."

"Sweet creature! how I admire that tenderness! One kiss at parting," cried Mrs. J——, stepping up to him with intent to kiss him, but Frank put his arm across his face at that instant, so that no kiss could be had. She laughed and said, "who'd have thought he was so ungallant? but his heart and soul are in his horse: he can think of nothing but Felix."

And much more Mrs. J—— said, but what more, Frank did not hear, for he led Felix away as well as he could; but as he passed he saw Tom leaning against the stable door, and looking very gloomy; and believing he must be really very unhappy, Frank held out his hand to him, saying, "Shake hands, Tom; you see Felix

can walk pretty well, and I dare say he will get quite well."

Tom, now really touched, gave his hand, and said, "Jack, the groom, told me you never would forgive me."

"Did he?" said Frank: "Not forgive you for an accident! Besides, I know you must be very sorry."

"I am, now," said Tom, turning away his head, "that I am; and do you forgive me, Frank?"

"That I do," said Frank, "and so does Felix, I am sure; he would say so, if he could. Pat him, pat him, that's as good as shaking hands," said Frank.

But the horse started back as Tom approached.

"He's only a horse, and has not sense enough to forgive," said Frank; "but there's my hand for him."



Tom grasped Frank's hand, and was going to say something, but the groom came by to open the gate. Tom's countenance changed, and, letting go Frank's hand, he did not utter whatever it was, that he had been going to say.

With fond words and frequent patting, and careful choosing of his paths through the fields, Frank drew Felix on, slowly indeed, but without much difficulty, till they came to a bit of cross road, where, at the sight of certain flat stepping stones across a ford, he gave signs of terror, and became, what he had never before appeared, quite restive.

Frank's father advised the taking him round by another way, and with his counsel and assistance Felix was brought home, exceedingly tired in-

deed, but safely. As soon as all that could be devised for his comfort was done, Frank went to Mary, who was anxiously waiting for him to ask many questions: several about Felix and his strain, several about Tom and his promise. To all that concerned Felix, Frank answered minutely and clearly. But with respect to Tom, he could not be so satisfactory: he could only answer shortly, that he hoped he had kept his promise. That he had not inquired, and that he would rather not think about it.

“But now you have made me think about it,” said Frank, “there was something very pale and confused in his countenance at first, and at last too; but it is not fair to judge by countenance.”

“No,” said Mary, “for when peo-

ple are frightened they look pale and confused.”

“But do not let us talk of him,” said Frank, “any more. I have never thought of him once all the way home; indeed I could not, for I had to mind every step that poor Felix was taking. My dear Mary, you cannot think how gentle and good he was, or how excessively kind my father was all the way to me and Felix. I shall never forget it if I live an hundred years.”

“Nor I neither,” said Mary.

After a night's rest, the first questions that were anxiously asked in the morning were, “How does Felix do to day? Do you think he will get well? and how soon?”

The result of all the consultations was, that Felix would, if great care were taken of him, get well; but that

his recovery could not be expected in less than six weeks, and that during that time he must not be ridden.

“Oh! if he does but get well, I do not mind that,” said Frank. “Must not ride him! no, to be sure, not till he is quite, quite well. Upon no account I should. But will you take me with you to the stable to see him, papa?”

His father did so, and his mother was glad to observe, that Frank thought more of the pain his horse suffered than of the loss of the pleasure of his own rides.

“Mamma,” said Mary, “I think Frank is not at all selfish. I like people who are not selfish.”

The old pony had been sold to the clergyman of the parish, who was very fond of Frank, and who, as soon as he

heard of the accident that had happened to Felix, came to offer to lend Frank the pony every second day. But Frank, who knew that he wanted it for his daughter, who was out of health, thanked him with all his heart, but would not accept of this kind offer. He would put riding quite out of his head till Felix should be well, he said, and could make himself contented without it.

“Mary, you know we can find plenty of happy things to do. Oh! my dear, there is Mrs. Wheeler’s arbour, which I had almost forgotten; we will set about it directly.”

And so he did. His father, pleased with his energy, lent him a labourer to assist in making the holes, in which the first rods for the arches were to be put down, with the assistance and in-

structions of the gardener's basket-making son. And with vigorous and constant work on Frank's part for an hour a day, the arbour advanced, not perhaps as rapidly as he had expected, but well and solidly. When it was closed in, with well-wove wicker work, Mary was brought to see it, and not even Mrs. Wheeler herself delighted in it more. Mary said, that she would plant cuttings of ever-blowing roses, and of clematis, and cuttings of honeysuckle, early and late blowing woodbine, so that there might be, as the gardener said, a succession of flowers in blow, both in spring and autumn. The only disagreeable consideration was, that now was not the proper season for these cuttings, nor could they be planted before next spring or autumn. Frank's mother said she would

give them some sweetbriar berries, of these Mary thought but little; but Frank, who had had more experience, and who recollected a sweetbriar hedge which had grown up a foot high in one year, from berries which he had seen his mother sow, rejoiced now in the thoughts of putting them into the ground next spring.

“But when will they come up?” said Mary.

“Next summer,” said Frank: “next autumn they will be this high, and the year after they will be that high,” said he, marking different stages on the wicker work.

“But you will be at school then,” said Mary.

“But I shall come home in the holidays, shall not I, mamma? And then I shall see them and smell them too;

besides, we are doing this for Mrs. Wheeler, and she will not go to school next year, you know."

Old Mrs. Wheeler, who was just seated in her new seat in the arbour, rocked with laughing at the idea of her going to school with Frank; though she said she was so fond of him, God bless his little bones, which had worked so hard for her, she would go even to school to please him if he asked her. Then she began to tell something of a woman, who had learned to read in her sixtieth year. But though Frank's mother listened, neither Frank nor Mary paid much attention to what she was saying; for Mary was sweeping away some litter with a new broom, and Frank's mind had gone back to the sweetbriars and to former times.

As he was walking home, he said,



“Do you remember, mamma, the time when you were sowing those sweetbriar berries, and I was holding the little basket for you? I have not forgotten the verses you then repeated for me, and that I learnt that day about the lark, who was

“to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine.”

Mary asked, “What is eglantine?” And Frank said he knew she would ask that question, and he bid her guess.

She guessed that it was woodbine, honeysuckle. So Frank had thought, he said, till his mother that day told him that it was sweetbriar. But Mary repeated, “‘*Twisted eglantine* :’ woodbine twists more than sweetbriar, I think ;

and, besides, in the line before, it says, through the *sweetbriar*, or the vine. Then you see the man mentions sweetbriar twice over."

"Very true, very well, Mary, indeed!" said Frank; "is not it, mamma, the very thing the critic in the book said? But I can show you, Mary, in a book, when we go home, that it is supposed eglantine meant, in former days, some other kind of dog-rose, different from sweetbriar."

Here the conversation was interrupted by George Wheeler riding by on his cart horse, who bid them good day and trotted on.

"How merrily he goes! Oh! when will poor Felix trot as well again?" said Mary.

"Just what I was thinking," said Frank. "But do not let us think of

him. Mamma, I am very glad we have had something else to do; for it would not be of any use to Felix, that I should be unhappy all day long; would it, mamma? Mamma, I think that I had better begin to learn French, because Mary is learning it; and she used to learn it when I was out riding: and to tell me some of the French words when I came home."

"He will soon be able to read the fairy tale I am reading, mamma," said Mary, "'The Golden Ram.' But first he must go through '*Toiles d'araignées pour attraper les mouches,*' Cobwebs to catch flies."

"Cobwebs! why must I go through them?" said Frank.

"Because I did," said Mary.

"It is not absolutely necessary that he should begin with the same book

that you read first, Mary," said his mother; "but it is necessary that he should learn the verbs."

"Always those verbs!" cried Frank.

"Yes," said his mother; "you know how useful it is to learn the verbs, which are perpetually wanted in every sentence."

"I know it, mamma. Papa and Latin grammar taught me that long ago. Colonel Birch advised me to learn French, and told me that he was sorry he had not learnt it early; for once, when he was in France and Spain, he was very near losing his life and many men's lives by not understanding French."

When they had rested after this walk, and when Frank had finished all he had to say, or to hear, about Felix, Mary brought "*Cobwebs to catch flies,*" and

sat down beside him, waiting for the happy moment to catch his attention.

“ Read the title page,” said Frank. Since Ferguson’s Life they had regularly reminded each other to read title pages.

“ *Toiles d’Araignées pour attraper les Mouches, ou courts Dialogues pour l’Instruction des Enfans, depuis l’age de trois ans jusqu’à l’age de huit.*”

Mary translated this as she read on : “ Short Dialogues for the instruction of Children, from the age of three years old to eight years old.” Frank looked proudly down upon the book and said, “ Mary, it is too little for me—three years old indeed !”

“ To eight !” said Mary.

“ But I am past nine, you know.”

“ Never mind your age,” said Mary.

“ The easiest things are the best to

begin with. First let me read this bit to you about Tom and a horse."

"Tom and a horse! Oh! what is it?" said Frank.

Mary then read the following sentences, which she translated for Frank.

*" Ah voila un cheval, j'aime bien le cheval.—Allons monsieur, marchez, allez le trot.—Je ne vous ferai pas trotter dans les mauvais chemins."*

"Skip to Tom at the top of the next page," said Frank.

*" Tom vous lavera les jambes et les pieds pour en oter le boue et le sable."*

Mary translated, and then said,

"You see this Tom was very careful of his horse, quite different from your master Tom. But, mamma, is not it very extraordinary that the name should be Tom, and about a horse?"

"No, Mary, I do not think it very

extraordinary — Tom is a common name.”

“ But is not it very odd, that Tom takes care of a horse, ma'am ? ”

“ Not very odd : many Toms take care of horses. ”

“ But it is curious, mamma, that we should see it in the book to-day, just when we are thinking about Felix and Tom. ”

“ That was what made you take notice of it, ” said her mother.

“ That is true, mamma, for I have read it before twice, and I never took notice of it till now. But it seems, a sort of — I do not know how to express what I mean, mamma. ”

“ It is like what papa observed, yesterday, ” said Frank, “ about something which you had been reading of in an old book, which was the first :

thing he saw when he opened the newspaper, just after you had done speaking. I remember papa said this is a *coincidence*; that was the word, was not it, mamma? and it means, for I asked him—but I don't recollect, exactly."

"The happening of things at the same time, that seem to have no connection, or that really have no connection," said his mother. "But why does Mary look so wondrous grave?"

"I suppose she was thinking of something very wise," said Frank.

"I was not thinking of any thing wise," said Mary; "I was only thinking, mamma—but I know you will say it is so very foolish."

"And suppose I do, if it is not foolish my saying so will not make it



foolish ; and if it is, perhaps my pointing it out to you may assist you to make it wise."

"Very true, mamma ; then you must know, that a few nights ago, the very night before the day that Felix was hurt, I dreamt, and you know, mamma, I always tell the exact truth about dreams, as well as about every thing else——"

"Come," said Frank, "do my dear make haste and tell the dream."

"Well," said Mary, "I dreamt exactly what happened to Felix the next day, that he fell down, and hurt himself very much ; so I think dreams have something to do with what is to happen, mamma."

"What do you think, mamma?" said Frank, eagerly.

"I think it is more likely that they

have something to do with what *has happened*," answered his mother.

"But, ma'am, you know Felix did not fall down till the next day, so her dream could not have any thing to do with what had happened, but it might have something to do with what was to come. You will allow this is good reasoning, mamma. So, as grand people in books say, *we may conclude that*——"

"Stay, my dear Frank," interrupted his mother, "you must not skip to your conclusion so fast; we are not yet sure of the facts."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary, with a look and tone of injured innocence, "can you doubt my telling truth?"

"Not in the least, my dear Mary."

"And yet you say you do not know the facts."

“ I do not; I have not yet heard even the dream exactly. You say, Mary, that you dreamt exactly what happened.”

“ Yes, mamma.”

“ But I do not know exactly what did happen; if you do, Mary, tell me.”

“ Do not you know, ma'am, that Felix fell down,” said Frank, “ and sprained his shoulder.”

“ But it was not his shoulder that was hurt in my dream,” said Mary.

“ What then?” said Frank.

“ His nose,” said Mary.

“ His nose!” repeated Frank, laughing: “ that's very different.”

“ That is one difference,” said Mary. “ And there were some others,” said she, smiling. “ Mamma, in my dream, when he fell, he tumbled head over heels—and twice.”

“ Oh ! ” cried Frank, laughing, “ there is another difference, indeed ! did you ever see a horse tumble head over heels — twice, too ? ”

“ Let her go on, my dear, and tell us the dream without interruption. ”

“ Twice head over heels I saw him go, and it was on the grass plot ; and you, Frank, were upon his back the first time, and mamma called out to you, ‘ Take care of my roses, ’ which I thought very odd, because I was much more afraid of your being hurt than the roses, for you were under the horse ; but he scrambled up again in the oddest way ! he had hands something like yours, but more like monkey’s paws : but you were not on his back when he got up again ; you were changed to Tom, with his whip in his hand ; and, when he slashed it,

over went the horse, head over heels again, and Felix hit his nose against the oddest thing—the tea chest, mamma! and when his nose began to bleed, I ran to him, like a goose, with my pocket-handkerchief; and Tom slashed him, and Frank tried to stop his hand; Frank caught hold of the bridle, but Felix reared; and then Felix changed into Squire Rogers's Stamper; and as he put out his foot to knock Frank down, I was so frightened I wakened suddenly; and I thought no more about it till after breakfast: the first thing I heard was, that Felix had tumbled down with Tom, and that he was very much hurt. So you see, mamma—”

“Yes, I see, my dear, that this dream was very far from being exactly what happened afterwards: but almost

all the parts of it you may trace back, by your own account, to things that happened before."

She reminded Mary, that Frank had the preceding day been tumbling head over heels upon the grass plot; that she had said, take care of my roses; and that Frank, showing his hands, said that they looked like monkey's paws.

"And a week ago," said Frank, "I fell down and hit my nose against Mrs. Catherine's tea-chest, and you ran up with your pocket handkerchief: and as to Tom's slashing, that was very natural; it came from the description I gave you of his beating his own horse at the gate. As mamma says, almost the whole of the dream was from things that had passed, oddly put together, certainly; but there was nothing foretold."

“Except the chief thing, Frank, said Mary, “which was the fall of Felix with Tom, and his being hurt—all that *came true!* and this is extraordinary.”

“Not very extraordinary,” said Frank; “because, if you recollect, papa, the day before, when he heard I had lent Felix to Tom, said, ‘I should not be surprised if some accident happens, Tom rides so violently;’ and I recollect, now, that I tumbled head over heels just at that time, and said, ‘No, papa, I hope not.’”

Frank asked Mary if she were now convinced that things, which had passed, had made out her dream pretty well; and she said she was. His mother observed, that it was useful to look back, and to trace dreams in this manner, because it prevents our having

foolish superstitious fears, or expectations, that they foretel what will happen. "Circumstances," as she observed, "do sometimes occur, that are like what we dream of; just as what happens one day is like what happens another; and sometimes *coincidences* occur; like Tom and the horse in the book being seen just at the time when Tom and the horse were seen in reality; but though it may be amusing to observe these odd coincidences, nothing can be learned from them for guiding our conduct."

"No, mamma," said Frank. "But we have run on a great way, from Cobwebs to catch flies and the French verbs: mamma, would you really advise me to begin to learn French?"

"Certainly, my dear, I advise you



to begin if you mean to continue, but not else."

Frank said he did and he would; and Mary appealed to the proofs he had given of his perseverance and punctuality during the last six long weeks. Time and place were settled accordingly, and Frank began, *j'ai, tu as, il a, nous avous, vous avez, ils ont.*

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"HERE is the engineer's carriage, Frank! come, come," said Mary.

"But there's nobody in it but himself!" said Frank. "His son is not with him, and yet he promised to bring Lewis."

"How do you do, sir? I am very glad to see you. I thought you promised to bring your son Lewis with you."

“I promised to bring him if I could; but I could not; and why, do you think?”

“I can't guess,” said Frank, “for I am sure you have room enough in that carriage; besides, if he had a mind to come, he could sit anywhere, in ever so little room, as I do.”

“But Lewis did not choose to come,” said the engineer.

“Not wish to come here, and to see Frank?” said Mary.

“I said, he did not choose to come,” said the engineer; “I never said he did not wish to come, did I? Did I, my little lady? We must be accurate in these nice affairs.”

“But why did not he choose to come if he wished it?” said Frank.

“Because he had a kind uncle, who was ill, and who wished that he should

stay with him ; and Lewis stayed, because he thought it was right."

"Very right," said Mary.

"I like him the better for it : but will he never come ?" said Frank.

"Yes, he'll come on Tuesday by the coach. Will you be so good," continued the engineer, turning to Frank's father, "as to send a horse to meet him, wherever the coach puts up?"

"Oh my poor Felix ! how glad I should have been to have lent him," thought Frank ; but he said nothing ; it was too tender a subject.

Other means were arranged for bringing Lewis, and other subjects were talked of, in which Frank and Mary had no concern. They took care not to interrupt the conversation, but Frank hoped that the engineer would not forget to question him about the eclips-

tic, and the uses of astronomy and trigonometry, which Mary was sure that Frank understood now, since he had explained them so clearly, that even she could comprehend them.

At tea-time, his friend the engineer turned to him, and, laughing, asked if he was or was not now in the situation of "*the triangle man.*" Frank, who had grown a little more modest as his knowledge had a little increased, answered, that he hoped he was not; he had read, and, he believed, he understood all that had been marked for him.

Upon examination, his friend found that he was now quite clear upon all the points to which he had directed his attention, and into which his vain attempts to make an orrery had led him still farther to inquire.

“I rejoice, my dear Frank,” said his father, “that it is now in my power to give you pleasure, and a sort of pleasure which you have in some degree earned for yourself.”

As he spoke, he took out of his pocket a printed paper, which looked like a play-bill. When he unfolded and held it before Frank’s eyes, the first words he saw in large letters were *Orrery and Eidouranion*.

“Orrery! oh delightful orrery!” repeated Frank, seizing the paper, which his father let fall into his hands. Frank read, and learned that a man of the name of Bright had brought an orrery to the neighbouring county town, and that he would show it, and give an explanatory lecture upon it the following evening at nine o’clock: tickets of admission, &c.

His father told him that he would give him a ticket, and take him to see it.

“ And Mary, papa ? ”

“ And Mary, if it will be any pleasure to her — if she can understand it.”

Frank answered for her pleasure and understanding ; and she pointed to a line in the advertisement, which said, that the lecture would be peculiarly adapted to the capacities of young people.

On Monday evening they all went to see the orrery. It was to be shown in the play-house. They were seated in the box opposite to the stage, and Mary and Frank were placed in the front row, beside his mother ; his father and his friend the engineer were close behind them, so that they could answer their questions.

It was the first time they had ever

been in any play-house, and the sight of the lamps, the lights, the company, the boxes, the pit, and the great curtain before the stage, occupied their attention fully for some time. Presently they heard a noise made by the people in the pit, knocking with their canes against the ground. Frank's father told him, that this was a sign that the people were growing impatient for the curtain to draw up. Frank and Mary, who had not yet finished counting all the lamps, wondered how the people could be so impatient. But while they were counting the row of lights, which were before the stage, these began to sink down, and the other lamps in the house were shaded, so that all were nearly in darkness; and at the same moment soft music was heard, and the curtain began to draw up. The music

was from an harmonica, which was concealed behind the scenes. While this soft music played the curtain drew up slowly, and they beheld two globes, that seemed self-suspended in air. One seemed a globe of fire, with some dark spots on its surface ; a blaze of light issuing from it in all directions, and its rays half enlightened the other globe, of which half remained in darkness.

Frank and Mary, in breathless admiration, looked at these globes, which they knew represented the sun and the earth ; and they began to watch the motions of these orbs, when a man in a brown coat came upon the stage, with a white pocket handkerchief in his hand. As he entered he looked back and nodded to some one behind the scenes, and at that nod the globes



representing the sun and earth stood still. He then blew his nose, which Mary thought he might as well have done before he came on the stage; and then he bowed to the audience, and said, he had the misfortune to inform them that he was only Mr. Bright's assistant, for Mr. Bright himself could not appear this night. At these words he was interrupted by loud cries of "*Off! off!*" from a great part of the audience, and of hisses and beating of sticks against the floor, while others in the pit and boxes clapped their hands, endeavouring to overpower the hisses. At last they were overpowered; and the man, who had stood bowing, and looking very much frightened, could be heard; and he began again to speak in rather a trembling voice: he assured the gentlemen and ladies, that

Mr. Bright was really so ill in bed with a violent cold, that it would have been morally, and physically, and utterly impossible that he could have appeared this night, or that his voice could have had the happiness of being heard by gentlemen and ladies, if he had attempted to do himself the honour of lecturing them this night: that he, Mr. Bright's assistant, and unworthy substitute, was, therefore, under the necessity of presenting himself to a generous and humane public, whose favourable hearing he implored. The generous and humane public, on hearing this, and being convinced that Mr. Bright was really ill, clapped with one accord; and Mr. Bright's assistant bowed his thanks, and, quite reassured, he began again with "Gentlemen and ladies, this is an orrery, gentlemen and

ladies, as I shall have the honour of explaining to you."

Frank and Mary sat forward and listened. But instead of explaining the orrery, he began to talk of *celestial harmony*, or *the music of the spheres*, which he told them they had just heard; yet which had never really existed, except in the fanciful systems of the ancients. But he forgot to tell what the music of the spheres was supposed to be.

Frank looked back in his distress to his father, who whispered, that the ancients supposed, that the heavenly bodies in moving made certain musical sounds. There was no time for more explanation, for the lecturer was going on to something new. He said much of the harmonic numbers, and of chaos; and so much about the Copernican

and Ptolemaic systems, and the disputes of the learned, that Mary was nearly asleep before he came to the orrery. Frank, too, was quite tired, for he had strained his attention listening to a vast number of words, which he had thought were all necessary, and of which nearly half were nothing to the purpose.

“I wish he would tell something about the orrery before I am quite fast asleep, mamma,” whispered Mary.

“I wish he would leave out all about the disputes, or knock down at once all the men that were wrong, papa,” said Frank, “and come to those that were right.”

At last he came to the right, as far as we know at present: and then he gave his nod, and the earth and sun having been released, they resumed

their motions. Frank stood up, and Mary wakened, and they were delighted with all they saw, as much as they had been tired with all they had heard. They saw the earth, as it turned on its axis, enlightened on the side next the sun, and dark on the other, representing day and night; and they saw at the same time the earth pursue its annual journey round the sun in its path aslant, with its north and south pole each alternately turning to the sun, so as to produce summer and winter for the southern and northern hemispheres (or halves of the globe). And they saw the sun in the midst, turning round slowly\*. Mary observed the moving of the spots on his face, which made his motion more apparent. This scene

\* In twenty-five days and a quarter.

was particularly interesting to Frank, from the pains he had taken, and the various attempts he had made, to understand and to represent them: In the second scene, they saw the earth and sun, with the addition of another globe representing the moon; and the object of this scene was to represent the changes, and the causes of the changes of the moon. They saw the moon, without any light of her own, receiving light from the sun. They saw her journeying in her monthly course round the earth, sometimes showing more, sometimes less, of the enlightened part. Next they saw an eclipse of the moon, and they understood its cause. Whenever Frank found any thing above his comprehension, he was not ashamed to ask his father, or the engineer, who kindly ex-

plained to him what he wished, for, as they said, he deserved it.

“Are you tired, Frank?” said his mother.

“Not in the least, thank you, mamma.”

“And you, Mary, are you awake or asleep?”

“I am awake now, mamma; I was very sleepy, but I am better since I saw the moon and the eclipse.”

By this time the lecturer had come to an explanation of the cause of the tides, which neither Mary nor Frank could comprehend. His father judiciously and kindly took them out to rest their attention, and refresh themselves while this lasted. They went into a cool room, where they eat oranges and biscuits, and drank lemonade, till the tides were over. When they re-

turned to the box, they found that the last scene was just begun, and this was the most beautiful. It showed the whole solar system, as it is called, with every planet and satellite in their annual rotation : and there they saw bright Venus and red Mars, and Jupiter with his satellites, and Saturn with his ring ; and last, not least, they saw a comet, with its bright tail. The curtain fell, and Frank and Mary were sorry, for they were now much more awake than they had been at first. It was very different with some of the other little children, who had not been awakened by the moon or by the eclipse, nor even by the comet, but were now in Mary's late condition, dead asleep, in various attitudes. Of some, only the hairy heads could be seen in the front of the boxes : others lolling on their mothers'



laps, or propped against fathers' shoulders, or, stretched at lubbar length upon the benches, filled the places of those who had fairly given up, and had been carried home before the lecture was done. When the curtain fell, numbers of little bodies reappeared, and rose, stretching, gaping, writhing; and were pushed, pulled, lifted, or hauled over the benches, and along the passages.

“Mamma,” said Frank, as soon as they were all seated in the carriage, “do not you think it was a pity to bring such very little children to this lecture? Did you see that they were all asleep?”

“And I will tell you what, mamma,” said Mary; “I should have been just in the same condition, if Frank had not explained a great deal beforehand;

and, after all, I was rather sleepy at first, while the preface was speaking."

Frank, and his father, and mother, and the engineer, all agreed in expressing their dislike to long prefaces for young people: and Frank added, for Mary's comfort, that even he, after all his reading in Scientific Dialogues, had much difficulty sometimes in understanding both the machine and the lecturer.

"And, besides, the man often lowered his voice so much, that I could scarcely hear him," said Mary.

"You remember, mamma," continued Frank, "how I was puzzled at first reading Scientific Dialogues; and how much more difficult it would have been here, in the midst of all the lights, and noise, and new things, to have understood it all: I never could, I am

sure, unless I had read the description and explanation beforehand."

Frank thanked his friend the engineer for the trouble he had taken to mark the passages for him.

His father and mother now began to talk about something that did not interest the children, and Mary fell asleep, and slept till Frank wakened her, saying, "Mary, the moon is rising!" and Mary started up, and looked at the moon.

"How beautiful!" said she: "and how——" sublime! she would have said, but she did not know the word well enough: she knew the feeling. She asked if she might let down the glass, which Frank accomplished for her directly: it was a fine clear frosty night, and she stood perfectly still and silent, enjoying the feeling of the fresh air,

and the sight of the moon, the blue sky, and the innumerable stars.

“ Mary,” said Frank, “ only think of that moon’s being another world !”

“ I do not know how to imagine it,” said Mary.

“ But it is really so,” said Frank : “ and all these stars are worlds ! How wonderful ! What is the orrery compared to this, Mary !” said Frank, in a very serious tone. “ How grand ! how different from any thing that the most ingenious man in this world can make !”

They were both silent again for a little while.

“ What have you been thinking of, that has kept you so silent, Mary ?”

“ Mamma, I was thinking of a great many things—of the stars, and of the

moon, and of——at the very instant you spoke I was thinking of some verses upon the moon.”

“ I know,” said Frank —

“ ‘ As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night.’ ”

“ Not those,” said Mary, “ but the others, which I learned from your book, Frank :—

“ ‘ By thy command the moon, as daylight fades,  
Lifts her broad circle in the deep’ning shades ;  
Array’d in glory, and enthron’d in light,  
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night ;  
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,  
She changes, still another, yet the same !  
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds  
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds ;  
Now of increase her gathering beams display  
A blaze of light, and give a paler day ;  
Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt’ring train,  
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through the wide hea'vns she moves serenely  
bright,

Queen of the gay attendants of the night ;

Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,

And with a bright disorder paints the skies\*.”

“ Good morning to you, papa ; do you know there is a man in the hall who is waiting to speak to you, sir ?” said Frank ; “ a very *hoarse* man, papa.”

“ Coarse or fine, he must not be kept waiting, Frank,” said his father, rising from the breakfast table.

“ *Hoarse*, not *coarse*, I said, papa : shall I ring, or go myself, and ask him to come in ?”

“ Does he look like a gentleman ?”

“ I do not know, papa ; but he speaks like a gentleman.”

\* Paraphrase of Ecclesiasticus. — BROOME'S  
POEMS.

“Then go and tell him we are at breakfast, and ask him to walk in, if he pleases; and if he does not choose to come in, I will go to him.”

Frank went, and returned with a person, who, as Mary thought, exactly suited Frank's description. It was Mr. Bright, the lecturer, to whom the orrery belonged, and who had been prevented from lecturing himself by having a severe cold. He was still so hoarse, that he could scarcely be heard, but he hoped that he should recover his voice in a day or two; and his present object was to announce his intention of giving a course of lectures on natural philosophy, and of adapting some to the use of young people. He hoped for subscriptions and encouragement; and he particularly wished for advice, he said, from those who had

~~children~~; and who knew what was likely to suit their taste and comprehension. Frank's father and mother were pleased with the modest, sensible manner in which he spoke; and, after looking over his prospectus, or view of the subjects on which he intended to lecture, they pointed out what they thought might be best adapted to different ages; they advised dividing the lectures into those fit for the younger and the elder auditors; and recommended that these should be given on separate days; and that those for the younger children should never exceed half an hour at a time.

Mary thought this an excellent regulation. She and Frank listened to all that was said, while his father and mother and the engineer advised with



the lecturer upon what subjects and experiments should be chosen.

She was glad that some facts were to be told of the history of birds and bees, and dogs, and elephants, and different animals. And Frank rejoiced that something was to be said of roofing houses, and of windmills, and of the sails of ships. And he was glad to hear that this gentleman had an electrical machine, for he wished exceedingly to feel the electrical shock, and to see the electrical spark, and an electrical horse race, and several entertaining wonders, of which he had heard rumours. Mary was not very anxious to feel the electrical shock, but she was particularly happy to hear that there was to be an air-pump.

She had been told, that in an air-pump a guinea, in falling to the bottom,

~~makes~~ no more noise than a feather. She wished to see and hear if this were true. She had also read, in one of her little books, a curious anecdote about a cat, who had saved her life when put into an air-pump, by stopping, with her paw, the hole out of which the air was going. Mary wished to see whether any other cat would do the same. Yet she hoped no cruel experiments would be tried; none such as even a mouse would petition against.

The lecturer smiled, and said, he presumed the young lady alluded to "The Mouse's Petition," which Dr. Priestley found one morning on his table.

When the lecturer took leave, he said, that he should have pleasure in showing Frank the orrery again, and in letting him see the concealed machi-

nery, by which it was moved. He said, that he had heard from his assistant how very attentive Frank had appeared to the lecture; that without knowing who he was, he had taken notice of him as the most attentive of all the young auditors; and that he had afterwards inquired, and had been told who Frank was. He had observed, that almost all the other children were either inattentive or asleep.

Mr. Bright promised that the children's lecture should not last longer than half an hour; and with this agreeable promise he departed, after thanking Frank's father and mother for their advice and assistance, and saying, that he wished that all the young people, whom he had to teach, had had some previous instruction before they came to hear public lectures.

Frank was glad that the lectures were not to begin till Wednesday, because by that time the engineer's son would have arrived.

On Tuesday morning, just as they were going to luncheon, his father exclaimed,

“Here's Lewis!”

Mary, and, to tell the truth, Frank, felt a little afraid, for they had heard the engineer say, that his son was translating Milton's *Samson Agonistes* into Latin verse, and reading Herodotus in Greek, and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles: they fancied that he must be too grand and learned for them. They were agreeably surprised when they saw his good-natured, good-humoured face. Mary thought he did not look in the least conceited, nor too wise and solemn. He could stand,

and sit, and speak like any body else, but quite differently from master Tom! His manner of speaking especially was very gentlemanlike.

The moment that luncheon was finished, Frank asked him if he would like to go out and walk.

Yes, he said, he should.

Mary, who recollected that master Tom had told Frank that he would be laughed at, by schoolboys, if he walked with little girls, did not offer to follow them, till Lewis, looking back, in a very good-natured manner said to Frank, "Is not your sister coming with you?"

"Thank you," said Frank. "Come Mary. She is not my sister, but it is just the same."

Lewis said he had sisters of his own, to whom he was always glad to go home in the holidays; but his home

~~was~~ a great way off, he never went there more than once a year. His sisters always took care of his garden for him, when he was away; and he was very fond of it, and of them. Frank and Mary were sorry that it was winter, because their gardens and island would not be worth looking at, at this season; however, he liked seeing them, and said, that many things here put him in mind of his own home.

When they came in, after this walk, Lewis went to his father; and as Mary was running up stairs, to put by her bonnet, Frank called to her, and said, "Mary, how do you like him?"

"Very well," said Mary; "was not it good-natured of him to ask me to walk with you? and when I was following you through the wood, he held

back the boughs for me. He is not at all a bear."

"No," said Frank. "Mrs. J—— may say what she pleases, but all boys are not naturally little bears. No, nor even all schoolboys."

"But Frank," said Mary, "you did not ask him any questions about school and his schoolfellows."

"My dear, how could I, when most of the time we were hare and hounds, or at the gardens? I had not time."

"But why do not you follow him to his room now?"

"Because his father is with him; and we must let him have his own *talk* with his father," said Frank.

"Certainly; but I do not think his father is with him. There he is going down stairs. Now, Frank, run up,

and do ask him every thing about school."

Frank found Lewis alone in his room, but not in a condition to answer questions about school, for he was finishing a little note for home: a candle lighted on the table, and a packet of letters open.

"I see you are busy," said Frank. "I only came to ask questions about school, but I will not talk to hinder you."

Lewis begged him to come in, and said that talking never hindered him; but that he could not be sure of his having any sense for answers, till he had sent off the letters for home, which his father had left him to finish and seal.

Before he sealed his little note he began to scuffle about the room in search of——



“What?” said Frank.

“My carpet bag,” said he.

Frank found it for him. It was stuffed so as never a carpet bag was stuffed before: yet that is a bold word. Out of it he dragged shoes, boots, shirts, books, trowsers, jackets, innumerable little parcels, and strange things directed to different people, and all these he began to kick about, and tumble over in search of something.

“What?” said Frank.

“A bit of yellow silk,” said Lewis, rummaging on in the greatest hurry.

“Oh, the *post* will be *too late!*”

And Frank tumbled over the things too to help him, but without well knowing what it was he was looking for; but at last, turning one of a pair of new boots upside down, and saying to himself “Poor Felix!” out dropped

something like a lock of yellow hair, upon which Lewis pounced, put it into his note, and sealed the letters.

“It is very well,” said Frank, “you knew what you were looking for, I did not. I never should have known that was yellow silk. But how you burn your fingers with the wax, without minding it! Give me the packet, and I will run down, and put it in the post bag for you.”

“And pray,” said Lewis, “come back again.”

He did so: and now Lewis had sense to answer questions.

The result of all the questions asked, and answers given, was, that Lewis liked home much better to be sure than school; but he liked his own school better than any other.

Boys were never flogged there for

making mistakes in Latin grammar, or for any thing about learning.

There was no flogging except for the most disgraceful faults, such as theft and lying.

He liked his master as well as he could like a schoolmaster, though he had very little to do with him, he was a very clever man, a very good man; he was just, and had no favourites.

Frank begged that Lewis would tell him the names of all his schoolfellows.

Lewis answered, that this would not be soon done; for there were some hundreds.

“Some hundreds!” exclaimed Frank. “All in one house! What a house it must be!”

Before Frank recovered from his surprise, the dinner bell rang; and he went down stairs.

The long winter evening would have been a doleful affair to master Tom, or *with* him. Mary, remembering Tom's declaration, that he had "enough and too much of books at school," and that schoolboys never touched one in the holidays, resolved, that she would not mention any, or even look towards their bookcase; and she thought it would not be civil to read, and begged that Frank would not. But Lewis went to the bookcase of his own accord, and asked if they would lend him any thing entertaining to read. Then Mary quickly took down their *best* books, and spread them before him; and, far from looking at them with the disgust and disdain with which Tom had surveyed her pile of literature, he examined each. He knew them almost all, even Bingley's History of Quadrupeds. This was a

disappointment to Mary ; but then, if he had read them all, it was a comfort to find that he liked those best, which Frank had preferred. There was one of her books on insects\*, which he had not seen before, and she began to talk to him of butterflies, and caterpillars, and spiders. Frank whispered,

“My dear, those things are too little for him.”

“No,” Lewis said, “not in the least too little :” he confessed he knew scarcely any thing about them ; he did know something though of silkworms : he and several of the boys at his school had some.

“Silkworms at school ! and at a boy’s school,” said Mary.

“And at a school with hundreds

\* Dialogues on Entomology.

of boys!" added Frank. "I never should have thought it."

Yet so it was. And, to Mary's astonishment, Lewis knew how they were to be fed with mulberry leaves; and how the silk was to be wound from the cocoons. "And I have wound a great deal of it myself. I sent home some to my sister to-day. That was the yellow silk, Frank, which you saw."

He hoped that he had another bit left for Mary, and he ran up stairs to look for it, and Frank ran after him, and they again searched among the scattered contents of the bag, and at last found a card of silkworms' silk, which had been left as a mark in "Ali Pasha," a prize poem. Mary wondered how boys' great fingers could wind such delicate silk! Fine as the cobwebs in the *telescope*, she was

going to say, but she changed it into "the finest cobweb I ever saw."

She was so much pleased with this, that she wished to have some silkworms to take care of herself, especially as their friend the gardener had a mulberry tree; but Lewis advised her not. She asked why? He hesitated to answer; but when she pressed, he replied, "that they were very dirty, had a disagreeable smell, and were apt to eat too much, and sometimes eat till they burst." Any one of these reasons, but particularly the last, would have been enough for Mary. To put the gluttonous silkworms out of her head she opened one of her favourite books, and fortunately this was one of which Lewis never had heard. It opened at the history of a canary bird, who could

spell the longest word that could be required. For instance, *Constantinopolitanus*, not speaking, but picking out the letters one by one from a pasteboard alphabet laid before it on the table.

Mary, seeing that Lewis was amused with this, could not refrain from turning over the leaf to other anecdotes in honour of horses, asses, tigers, lions, ants, robin redbreasts, water wagtails, and innumerable others.

Frank's mother smiled and said, "My dear Mary, have mercy! Though Lewis listens with so much good-nature, all these animals cannot be interesting to him: he must be tired."

Lewis, however, declared, that he was not tired, and begged to have this book, and any which Mary could lend him about animals. As it happened, he had at present a particular interest



on his own account, in reading histories of animals; for he, and all the boys in his class at school, had a thesis to write, and it was to be in verse. Each was to choose for his theme any bird, beast, fish, or insect, which they liked best. Now his first difficulty was which bird, beast, fish, or insect he should choose; and an hour of this evening was merrily spent by Frank, Mary, and Lewis, in pleading in honour of insect, bird, beast, and fish.

Frank's father and mother, and the engineer and all, condescended to join in the pleadings. The engineer chose, or would have chosen, the half-reasoning elephant for his hero, and had Indian anecdotes, credible and incredible, to tell; and much to say about the elephant's judging of the strength

of bridges by only putting his foot on them; and drawing cannon for armies, where no power of horse, or man, or mechanism, could avail; but scarcely had the engineer pronounced the words, "I choose the elephant," when Lewis exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, you can't have the elephant, for he's engaged to young Little, one of my friends."

"Then I will take the beaver."

"But, my dear father, the beaver is engaged too, to George Ruddiman."

"Well—may I 'learn of the bee to build, the nautilus to sail?'"

"No, you must not, papa; the nautilus and the bee were engaged three deep."

"The whale, then?"

"No, sir, Milliken has the whale."

The pelican, Frank's mother would

have taken ; but the pelican belonged to a particular friend, Edgeware, and could not be had. She then chose the sea bear, who so heroically defends her cubs : but Frank laughed her out of the sea bear, by saying, that she must leave that for Mrs. J——, who maintained that all little boys are bears, and her own in particular.

Frank's father took the lion for his share, and, with the help of Androcles and Scipio Africanus, hoped to make much of him.

But he was obliged to give up the lion and Scipio ; for Joe Thomson had made fifty-nine verses upon him already ; and, after that, would it be fair to take him from Joe ?

So many of the best beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, being thus pre-engaged to particular friends, and others

being objectionable as too common, and others as too difficult, and quite unmanageable in poetry, the choice, which had at first appeared almost impossible, from the infinite variety of the animal world, was now limited, and Frank began to complain, that there was really nothing left.

His mother, however, was content with the eider duck, who, robbed perpetually of the soft bedding for her ducklings, plucks herself at last even to death for her young.

Frank's father supported the bird of Jove, thunderbolt in claw, and would not give him up, though Lewis warned him that young Flaxman had a great mind to him.

The engineer was allowed to have the ant, because Milliken, who had had him, could make nothing of him, and

gave him up as too old and common place. But the engineer's ant proved to be far from common place: he was fresh from Africa, of the great family of the *termites bellicosus*, whose houses, palaces, or pyramids, are from twelve to twenty feet high; whose kings and queens, if travellers' reports say true, are lodged in *royal chambers*, well deserving the name, with gothic arches, fretted roofs, and long-drawn aisles, with subterranean galleries water-proof and fire-proof, and magazines well stored with provisions, which to the naked eye seem but raspings of wood, or plants, but seen through a microscope resemble tears of gum and amber, and some, still finer, sparkling like sugar about preserved fruits.

And when he came to the sparkling sugar, it appeared that the engineer

had not laboured this part in vain, for Mary exclaimed,

“ Beautiful ! ”

“ Sublime too, the poet may make the termites,” continued the engineer. “ When they march out of their palaces their march is to be stopped neither by earth, fire, nor water. And if man makes war upon them in their fortresses, he is forced to bring out his cannon before he can dislodge or conquer them.”

The cannon astonished Mary. “ Cannon against ants ! against an insect ! ”

Lewis thought that according to his father's description this species of ant would really make a great figure in poetry, and he had just decided to take the termites for his subject, when Frank produced a formidable rival, in the dog of Herculaneum.

Mary sprang up with joy when she

heard this dog named by Frank, and from her own book!

“How could I forget the dear dog Delta! but I am glad that Frank remembered him.”

Delta was a famous dog, whose skeleton was found in the ruins of Herculaneum, stretched over the body of a boy of twelve years of age.

Delta's collar, which is now to be seen in the gallery of the grand duke of Tuscany, tells by its Greek inscription, that this dog belonged to a man of the name of Severinus, whose life the dog three times saved; and history informs us, that he saved him once by dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned, once by driving off four robbers, and the third time by destroying a she-wolf, who was going to tear him to pieces.

Delta was afterwards given by Seve-

rinus to his son, and he grew so fond of the boy, that he would take food only from his hand ; and when at last he was unable to save the child, the faithful animal would not forsake his young master, but died along with him.

Frank's father observed, in favour of this subject for Lewis's poem, that it admitted of classical allusions, and wakened ancient associations ; if he remembered rightly, the dog's master, Severinus, had attacked the she-wolf's little ones, in a grove sacred to Diana.

Frank and Mary did not quite understand this ; but Lewis rejoiced in it, and the dog of Herculaneum had all voices, all hearts in his favour, till the dog of Athens was named by Frank's mother.

Mary found him, and his history was read, as follows : --



“ ‘ A boy at Athens, of a very amiable character, had a dog, that had been his playmate from the cradle : the animal was so fond of his young master that he scarcely ever quitted him ; he accompanied him in all his sports, and whenever he saw him again, after a short absence, he expressed his pleasure by a thousand caresses. He always eat his meals with him, slept at his feet at night, rose with him in the morning, and both began their day by playing with each other.

“ ‘ One day, this young Athenian, looking out of the window at some exhibition that was passing along the street, overreached himself, and losing his balance, fell from the upper story of the house to the ground, and was killed upon the spot. Philéros (that was the name of the dog) immediately

leaped after him, and broke his leg with the fall. But, occupied wholly with anxiety for his master, he crawled about him, licked him with a mournful howling, and crept under his body, as if to endeavour to raise him from the ground.

“ “ During the preparations for the funeral, Phileros would not quit the lifeless body of his master, and followed the procession that bore him to the grave. When he came to the place of burial he set up a lamentable cry, and remained for five days lying upon the grave. Compelled by the cravings of hunger, he then returned to the house, eat a small quantity of food, after which he ran to the apartment which the child had inhabited, seemed to seek everywhere for his young friend, and in a short time died of grief.” ”

Whether from the manner in which it was read, or from the really touching circumstances of the story, Lewis now inclined to the dog of Athens, for he said, that Phileros sacrificed himself voluntarily, and died of grief for his master; but that Delta could not help being swallowed up by an earthquake, and that his being found near his master's body was a proof only, that he happened to be near him at the time of the first shock; he could not run away afterwards. Frank, however, observed, that Mary's book, and other books, tell of animals, who have escaped from earthquakes, by running away when they felt the first symptoms, as is frequently the case before they are noticed by man.

“Then,” observed Lewis, “Delta was to blame for not having snuffed

But the approach of the earthquake; this was a proof of his want of sagacity at least."

But Frank would not admit this, for he said, that nobody could prove that Delta did not snuff out the danger in time. It was most likely that the dog had warned the boy, and done what he could to make him understand, and to carry him away; but Frank supposed that Delta could not make the boy comprehend, or follow him.

Lewis answered, that this was supposing the boy to be stupid or obstinate; but why should they give up the boy, to make out that the fault was not in the dog?

Frank contended, that this was very fair, because they knew nothing about the boy, and they might suppose him

to be obstinate and stupid, rather than give up the character of the dog of Herculaneum.

“ What good had the dog of Athens ever done in his life? He broke his leg, indeed, by jumping out of a window; but that did no good to his master: but the dog of Herculaneum had three times saved his master’s life; and at last was he to be accused of not doing enough, because a foolish boy would not listen to him at the right moment? Was this just?”

“ No, indeed!” said Mary. “ Poor, poor, Delta!”

Lewis, though he thought he could say more for the dog of Athens, took for his subject, Delta, the dog of Herculaneum.

“ Good night, mamma,” said Mary, as she was going to bed, after the debate about the dogs. “ What shall I do about the thumb of my glove? Look ma’am, it is burst quite across, I have mended it twice. I cannot go to the lectures to-morrow in such a glove, can I?”

“ No, my dear: I observed, that you had mended it as well as you could, and I have provided another pair for you.”

“ Oh, mamma, thank you. Are the gloves in this parcel?”

“ Yes, and you may open it.”

While Mary was opening the parcel, which had come from the neighbouring town, the engineer said, that he must set off very early in the morning about his business, and that he should not return perhaps till night. Lewis had

a great mind to go with him ; but this could not be, his father said ; and Frank inquired whether he would like to go with them to the lectures.

Frank's father observed, that it was hard upon poor Lewis to force him in his holidays to go to lectures.

“ Not lectures ; only experiments,” said Mary, looking up from her parcel.

“ Your changing the name makes no difference to him,” said Frank's father, smiling. “ What does he choose ?”

Lewis said, that as he could not go with his father, he should like to go with Frank to-morrow. That he could not tell whether he should like the lectures, or the experiments, till he had seen them ; and that if he found them stupid the first day, he would not go

the next. He very much regretted that Felix was lame, it would have been so pleasant to have ridden to these lectures; but he hoped they might walk, which he liked much better than going in a carriage. Frank begged to walk with him; it was only five miles, and Frank had walked four the other day (which now grew to be four and a half), and back again, without being tired in the least.

“The gloves fit perfectly well,” said Mary. “Look, mamma.”

But her countenance suddenly changed, as her eye fixed upon the paper in which the gloves had been wrapped. It was a handbill, or advertisement, which in capital letters announced the arrival of a juggler, who would the next day, at ten o'clock precisely, exhibit wonderful sights with cups and



balls, and tricks with cards. He would tell any lady or gentleman what cards they thought of.

“Mamma,” said Mary, “I wish we could see both the juggler and the experiments, but we cannot; how unlucky, that they are both to be the same morning, and at the same time—we cannot have both.”

“Frank,” said his father, “would you rather see this juggler’s tricks, or the experiments? You have heard a list of both.”

Frank hesitated.

“Look neither to the right, nor to the left, my boy, but straight forward; the question is not, which you think Mary would like, nor which you think Lewis would like, nor which you think we should admire you the most for choosing. I ask you to tell me ho-

nestly, which you would like best yourself."

"Honestly, then, papa, the juggler I would rather see, if I am to see but one, and for once—I know it is foolish, but I cannot help it."

"Besides, it is not so very foolish, I think," said Mary, "because we can read about Mr. Bright's experiments in books, cannot we, mamma? If we miss seeing the lecturer, we have the books; but we cannot see the juggler in a book."

"Well reasoned, little miss Mary," said the engineer.

"So Frank is not foolish, is he, papa?" said Mary.

"He is honest at all events," said his father, "and able to speak his mind plainly, which I like."

But Frank said, he regretted the

experiments, and he wished to see the electrical machine, and to feel the shock. Mary much regretted the air pump and the cat.

The engineer, who had been pleased with Frank's honesty, and with Mary's reasoning, said, that he hoped he could settle the business to their satisfaction, and manage so that they should see and hear all they wished. He should be up very early in the morning, and must go through the county town, where he could see the lecturer, and would persuade him to put off the experiments for the young people till the next day, which would be for his own interest; as it would be dangerous for him to come into competition with the juggler, as probably most children, if they were permitted to choose, would make Frank's choice.

This arrangement promised satisfaction to all parties. The next morning, the ever good-natured engineer remembered their pleasure, in the midst of all his own business, and sent back a little pencilled note, which Frank received at breakfast time, and which set all hearts at ease. It was as follows:—

“The philosopher has been wise enough to yield the first day to the juggler; secure that the second will be all his own.”

And so it proved. The young people were at first extremely amused by seeing the juggler play his feats with cups and balls, and his tricks upon cards; but when they knew that it was all deception, or when they were told how these tricks were performed, there was an end of the wonder and the pleasure.

The experiments shown by the natural philosopher were not so amusing, and did not appear so wonderful at first; but both Frank and Mary agreed, that they liked them better and better as they went on, because, as they said, there was no cheating in these, they were true, might be of advantage to them afterwards in conversation, in reading, and, as Frank observed, they might, perhaps, be useful to them in trying experiments afterwards for themselves.

For, as he said, "why should not we try experiments when we grow up, as well as other people?"

Frank was somewhat elated, by perceiving, that at this first lecture he understood as well, if not more quickly than Lewis, who was a year older, and who had been at school. But, at school, his attention had been turned

to other subjects, and he had never had an opportunity of seeing any experiments before.

It had often been proposed, he said, that they should have at his school some lectures, and experiments, on natural philosophy; and, he believed, it was to be next half year. Now that he found these were entertaining, he was determined he would subscribe, if the lecturer should come.

In their walk home, after the first of these lectures, Frank had a great deal of conversation with Lewis about school; that is to say, Frank asked Lewis a multitude of questions, some of which Lewis answered readily and clearly; but to others he replied with more caution and reserve. On all that concern'd the lessons, and the plays, and the hours for work and play,

and the laws and punishments, he was full and explicit ; and this was, for the present, quite enough to satisfy Frank. The new plays, or the plays which were new to him, first fixed his curiosity ; he wanted immediately to see, and to learn them all. Some of these, Lewis said, he could easily show him ; marbles and ball for instance, but others could not be played for want of more boys.

With ball Frank was well acquainted ; but Lewis doubted whether he knew the last fashions of ball playing at school. When the subject of the plays and games was exhausted, Frank went back to the books.

“ But I am very much surprised,” said he, “ that you, Lewis, do not dislike our books. And I wonder you are so fond of reading English.”

“ Why should not I be fond of

reading English? am not I an Englishman?" said Lewis, rather bluffly. "What do you take me for?"

"I do not take you for any thing else," said Frank; and Lewis's bluff look went off, and with a good-humoured smile he said,

"Oh! well, go on."

"I was going to say," continued Frank, "that I was surprised, because Tom told us, that schoolboys never read any thing but Latin; that they have no English books at school, nor time for them."

"Whoever Tom may be, he is mistaken there," said Lewis, "or he exaggerates; he may speak of his own school if he pleases, and perhaps he tells truth about that: but, at ours, I know the boys have a library of their own, of excellent English books, to



which any subscribe who like it, and almost all do subscribe. We have above a thousand volumes, several entertaining, and I assure you some very valuable books.”

Lewis, after the first angry contradiction of Tom's slander against schools, was careful to tell the exact fact in his own case. He remembered, he confessed, that when he first went to school he had not had any time *for English*, or for thinking of entertaining books; it was as much as ever he could do to get through his Latin lessons and Latin grammar.

Now he had got over the first difficulty he had more time, and could read, when the books were entertaining; on Thursday and Saturday evenings, which were holidays, he was always happy to have an enter-

taining book, if the day was wet. But Lewis honestly confessed, that on those holiday evenings, in general, he loved out of doors bodily exercise, riding if he could have it; because, said he, "we have so much to do of hard Latin and Greek work, bodily exercise rests us best. By the bye, we have a workshop, and carpenter's tools, and two or three lathes. It is a reward to us to work in the workshop, and a great pleasure it is. The idle fellows can never get to the lathe. Now I know a boy, who, when he first came to our school, was exceedingly idle, and hated Latin, because he had been flogged so often for not having his lessons at the school where he was before he came to ours. But he loved turning, particularly; and he was so anxious to get to the lathe, that he ~~set~~

about his Latin lessons in earnest, and now he scarcely ever misses one.

“At school,” continued Lewis, “I like working in the workshop better than reading; but in the holidays, I like reading best. In the Christmas vacation, in the long winter evenings, I am very fond of reading, especially when I have my sisters, or somebody to talk to about books. Then all I knew before I went to school comes back again. That sister, or cousin, or whatever she is of yours, that good-natured little Mary, will be a great pleasure to you in the holidays, and she will love reading enough, and not too much neither: too much of a good thing, you know; is as bad as too little. So,” cried Lewis, turning suddenly, and catching hold of the branches

of a tree, "what do you think, Frank, of climbing this tree?"

"With all my heart," said Frank.

And after this they had many climbing matches at home, Frank showing that he would not be outdone by his companion, either in spirit or dexterity.

But, alas! there could be no riding. Poor Felix was not able to contribute to their amusement, nor they to his relief. Judges, or at least doctors, had differed much as to the mode of his treatment: one advised that the lame leg should be hung in a sling, and that Felix should be kept in the stable; another was sure that he would never get well unless he were turned out to grass. The horse and Frank seemed to be of this latter opinion: therefore Felix was turned out into a paddock near the house, which he had all to

himself, lest any other animals should hurt him. Tom and his groom came to see him once, but Felix showed such signs of dislike, that they never repeated their visit. Every morning Frank and Mary used to go to see him: the moment Frank appeared at the gate of the field, the horse knew his voice, and neighed in sign of pleasure, and would try to come towards him, as fast as his sprained shoulder would permit. Mary gathered for him handfuls of fresh grass, and he always took them from her with the greatest politeness; though he had, as Frank observed, the whole field before him all day long. He would now even rub his nose against Lewis, as if he knew by instinct, Mary said, that Lewis was Frank's friend. Something, perhaps, was to be attributed to the piece of

bread, which Lewis constantly brought him for breakfast. Colonel Birch came on purpose to see Felix; and cheered his young master with the assurance, that he would certainly get quite well in time.

In the mean while the Colonel was well pleased with both the boys for their freedom from selfishness, observing, that their chief concern was for the horse and not for themselves. He would have lent them a horse of his own, but, as he could not offer two, the friends did not wish to accept of it. He did however what was still better for them; he allowed them to ride in the riding house belonging to the barracks. There they had the advantage of some instructions from an excellent master, and were amused by seeing various feats of horsemanship, and all

the exercises of the *manege*. Mary could not mix in any of Lewis and Frank's boisterous plays. Wrestling and boxing she knew were not fit for girls, though, as she heard, they were very good for boys: but she could not like such amusements. There were others, however, more tempting, where agility and spirit were more required than masculine force; for instance, there was a play called "Follow the leader," for which Frank was eager, and in which Mary longed to join. The leader is to lead the way as fast, and as far, and as long as he pleases, and wherever he chooses, and the more difficult and hazardous the path the more glorious to follow him. An excellent play this is for boys, but, as Frank's mother said, not for girls, as prudence is more necessary for wo-

men than courage ; it stands higher in their list of *must wants*. The slightest hint of what was right was sufficient for Mary ; though she regretted that she could not now play so much with Frank as she used to do ; yet, if it was for his good, she was satisfied ; and, if it made him happy, she was glad : and often, though she did not play, she had as much pleasure in looking on. She sat by, the little judge of arts and arms ; and she was a very good judge, especially where Frank was concerned : she observed that Lewis was constantly fair and kind to him. Lewis did laugh to be sure, sometimes, for no mortal could help it, as he said, at the odd way in which Frank made his first attempts at some of his school games ; yet Lewis's way of laughing was never ill-natured ; and he kept his



word, and laughed no more than was quite good for Frank.

“ He must learn to bear to be laughed at,” said he, “ before he goes to school.”

Between the times of their boys' plays, they were glad to rest with other amusements and employments, and in these they were always anxious that Mary should share. After having once or twice tried *follow the leader*, they left it off; they said it could not be well played without more boys. Lewis did not want to have every thing in his school-fashion, or his own way; he readily joined in all that Mary and Frank had been doing before he came. He helped them in all their in-doors, and all their out-of-doors work. At their island, when Frank was Robinson Crusoe, and Mary Friday, Lewis was

the savage who left the print of his foot in the sand; he would even be a cannibal, if they desired it. At hare and hounds he transformed himself at pleasure into hare or hound, and, whichever he was, he proved himself best of his kind. Who could have thought that he had translated Samson Agonistes into Latin, or read *Œdipus Tyrannus* in Greek?

During a clear hard frost of eleven days' continuance, they walked many miles a day: how many the total amounted to, at the end of the eleventh day, the prudent historian forbears to record: it is but justice to the accuracy of the pedestrians to state, that when the length of one of these walks was questioned, and when it was in consequence measured with the engineer's way-wiser, it was found to be a quarter

of a mile and one furlong more than they had asserted it to be. Without insisting, however, upon the wonder and glory of the length of these walks, it is sufficient to say they were liked by all, and contributed to health, gaiety, and good humour.

But frost cannot last for ever, or, if it did, we might grow tired of it. Snow, threatening to be a heavy snow, began to fall.

“And there must be an end of all our delightful walks!” said Frank.

But there was some pleasure, Mary thought, even at the moment he spoke, in looking at the feathery flakes as they fell thick and thicker, white on grass, tree, shrub, changing in a few minutes the appearance of all things. And Lewis saw, in this snow, the promise of snowballs of prodigious size, “if it

would but continue long enough." It did continue long enough. The third morning all was snow as far as they could see.

When the snow was shovelled from the windows, and from the walk near the house, there was fine diversion in making and throwing snowballs, and Frank bore stoutly the pelting of the pitiless storm, proud to prove, that he could stand as well even as Lewis, who had stood the snowballs of two winters at school.

The pelting over, the friends joined in making a ball of enormous size, which at last they could not roll, even with the help of any length of lever which they could employ: leaving it during the night, they next day found it frozen fast to the ground.

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Frank next suggested the making a

statue of snow, such as he had seen in one of the vignettes to Bewick: they set about it; legs, arms, trunk, and head they moulded:—

“ They work’d, and wonder’d at the work they made.”

But when they attempted to stick the limbs and body together, difficulties increased, and the limbs were distorted by every pinch or squeeze which impatience or awkwardness hazarded. One arm was shrunk to half the size of the other, and the neck absolutely melted away under the warmth of Frank’s hands, before the head could be made to stand rightly upon the shoulders; the delicacy of the face, too, it must be confessed, was damaged in fruitless attempts to put on a becoming hat, which was necessary to

hide something misshapen in the top of the head. At last the hat was fixed, and the head firm, the bridge of the nose repaired, and the wasted arm restored. When the whole was finished, the artists went to call their judge and admirer Mary, who came out shivering, for it was ten degrees below the freezing point; yet, always kind, she came with the best intentions possible to be pleased. But, lo! the statue was overturned, and, in the midst of the fragments, stood Frank's dog Pompey.

“Oh, Pompey! what have you done!”

Sir Isaac Newton's magnanimous conduct to his dog Diamond scarcely exceeded Frank's forbearance on this occasion.

He stood for a moment in despair; then playfully pelted Pompey away



with the man's head, renewing the charge with the legs and arms, as fast as he could mould them into balls.

“After all,” said Frank, “the face of this snow man was frightful: we will make a better to-morrow.” But a thaw came on in the night, and they were forced to abandon their design.

In the last week of Lewis's holidays Frank and he were anxious to enjoy a pleasure, of which they had been deprived by the thaw—the pleasure of skating. Frank's mother had expressed some fears of the danger of this amusement: but his father, on the contrary side of the question, had observed, that boys must run some hazards, or else ~~they~~ they would become cowardly. It was settled, that they might skait when a certain watering

place for the horses should be *sufficiently* hard. It was shallow, and the boys could not easily drown themselves there, even if the ice should break. This general permission gained, there was but one pointed unsettled—when would the ice be *sufficiently* hard, and who was to judge of that?

One morning, very early for a winter morning, that is, soon after day-break, Lewis rose and looked out of his windows, then wakened Frank, told him it was a hard frost, and bid him get up and come out and skait, for he was sure that at this time the ice was quite strong enough. Frank was eager to try his new skaits; and though he had some scruples, for he was not clear that he ought to go without having had his father's express permission, he did not tell his friend his doubts, but

dressed himself as fast as he could, and followed Lewis, accompanied by his dog Pompey. The dog contented himself with sitting by watching his master sliding about. Frank had several falls, but he was up again soon, and but little hurt; and he was so much delighted with the exercise and with his success, that the falls went for nothing. One part of the ice was more exposed to the beams of the sun than the rest, and Lewis warned him, that he thought it was in that spot beginning to crack. Frank took his advice, and stopped, and began to try how soft and how hard the ice was in different places. In the spot on which the sun shone the ice cracked when he struck it, and a large piece fell in. Frank exulted in his own and his friend's prudence, in having stopped in time.

They took off their skaits, and began to walk homewards, till suddenly Frank perceived that his dog was not following them: he called "Pompey! Pompey!" but no Pompey came in answer to the call. They went back to look for him, but they could not see him anywhere on the road or in the fields. They went to the place where they had been skating, and they heard a noise under the ice: Pompey had fallen into the hole, and had floated underneath the ice; they looked in at the hole, and saw him struggling: Frank, exceedingly alarmed, called to him, and stretched his arm as far as ever he could under the ice to reach him, and Pompey made fresh efforts; but he was somehow jammed between stones, or entangled in weeds; he could not get out, nor could Frank

reach him, nor could Lewis. Lewis tied a stone in the corner of his handkerchief, and threw the heavy end into the pool, jerking it under the ice toward the corner where the dog lay, but in vain, Pompey could not reach it; once he just caught it, but he let it go when Lewis pulled; he had no longer strength to hold it.

At this instant, they heard the bark of a dog in a field next to the road; and Frank, leaping up on the top of the bank, saw a woodman and his dog crossing the field. Frank called, roared to him, but he was walking away from them, and he plodded on without hearing any thing but his own whistling. Lewis happily recollected a whistle he had in his pocket, and he whistled loud and strong: the woodman looked back, and saw the two

boys making signals with hats and handkerchiefs, and he came running as fast as he could. When he heard what was the matter, he jumped over the hedge to their assistance, and with his hatchet broke the ice in several places, Frank all the while calling to beg he would take care not to kill the dog, and pointing with his stick to the spot under which Pompey lay. When this was uncovered, there he lay, indeed! quite motionless. The woodman took him up, but no signs of life appeared. They held him with his head downwards, the water poured from his mouth, but no breath, no warmth. The woodman offered to carry him to his hut in the wood, which was about a mile off, and to lay him before the fire. But Frank thought it best to carry him home to his own good Mrs.

Catherine, and home they carried him with all possible expedition.

Mary, from her window, saw them from afar, and went down to the hall to meet them, eagerly asking what had happened to Pompey, and why Frank carried him. But when she saw his condition, and Frank's sorrowful countenance, she asked no more; she ran for Mrs. Catherine, and every remedy was tried, which the Humane Society advise for the recovery of the drowned. Pompey was dried, rubbed with salt, and wrapped in a warm blanket, air was blown into his mouth and nostrils, but for some time no signs of life appeared, and Frank, Mary, and Lewis, by turns, exclaimed in despair,

“He is dead! he is quite dead! he will never move again!”

But Mrs. Catherine desired them to

be patient: a slight heaving of the breast was seen; she held a feather to the nostrils, the feather moved; Mary clapped her hands with joy, and Frank exclaimed, "He breathes!" Convulsive twitchings in the legs followed, the eyes opened, and, by degrees, life returning, Pompey recovered sufficiently to raise himself up, to know Frank, to wag his tail, and to lick Mrs. Catherine's hand. In the course of an hour he was able to stand, walk, eat, and drink: he was pronounced by Mrs. Catherine to be out of all danger; and great was the joy of his young master and his friends on again receiving his caresses.

No sooner was the dog safe, than Frank's mother began to inquire how he had come into danger, and desired to hear every particular of what had



happened. Frank was aware, that she would be displeased at his having gone out to skait without distinct permission, and before the safety of the ice had been examined; but instead of endeavouring to excuse himself, he was anxious to take his full share of blame. His father decreed, as a punishment for their impatience and imprudence, that they should not skait again during the remainder of Lewis's holidays. Lewis seemed more sorry for Frank than for himself, for he thought, and repeatedly said, that he had been the means of bringing him into this scrape.

But whatever disappointment or punishment young people suffer together for their faults, while they have the consciousness that they have spoken exactly the truth, have not attempted to shift the blame from themselves, and

have behaved honourably, they are secure of one lasting comfort, that their confidence in each other, and their mutual affection will be increased. Even in such slight trials as these integrity is proved, and the recollection of these childish incidents often lasts through life, and strengthens the friendship of age.

“Well,” said Mary, “though you cannot skait, you can walk, and I can walk with you.”

“And mamma says she will walk with us to the woodman’s, to thank him for saving Pompey,” said Frank; “we will take Pompey with us, to thank him for himself. \*But first, Mary, I have something to say to you and Lewis about a plumcake.”

Frank’s mother had promised him a large iced plumcake for “twelfth-

night." We presume that none of our young readers are unacquainted with the joyful rites of twelfth night, with the drawing of lots for king and queen, and for all the various personages who are to support, through that evening, whatever character falls to their lot. The name and description of each character, intended for their twelfth night, Frank and Mary had already drawn out; they had written them delicately on little billets, and each billet had moreover its motto, and each billet was rolled up and thrown into the hat, ready to hand round with the essential accompaniments of iced sections of plumcake.

That cake was not yet made; but Mrs. Catherine had this day looked out the materials; the sugar and the plums, the citron, &c. were all on the table

in her room, and she was just going to begin her work. But Frank now proposed to Mary and Lewis, that they should give up this cake, and give the money which it would have cost to the poor woodman who had saved Pompey. The cake, as Mrs. Catherine had informed Frank, would cost about a guinea; and his mother told him she would give him this money instead of the cake, if he chose it, and if they all agreed to it. With one accord it was decided, that the cake, even the iced plumcake, the twelfth night cake, should be given up; and Frank, Mary, and Lewis, ran to stop Mrs. Catherine's hand. She was much surprised, and at first disappointed, when she found her hand stopped, and heard that there was to be no cake; but her countenance recovered from its consternation, when

she learned that the iced cake was to turn into a warm coat for Pompey's deliverer. She much approved of this, however she regretted, for her own share, the pleasure she would have had in making it for them: and still she thought that there might be a seed cake, or a plain cake, for the young people on the twelfth night. No; they would not consent to this. Frank said, that whatever they did should be quite honestly done; they must give up something, or else, they said, it would be only pretending to be generous. Frank's mother, who had upon all occasions endeavoured to instil this principle, was glad to see that he applied it of his own accord. She put the guinea into his hand, and they walked to the woodman's: he was not at his cottage, but they found him at :

work in the wood, and Pompey carried him the guinea between his teeth, holding it very fast till Frank ordered him to surrender it. It is said, but we do not vouch for the truth, that Pompey immediately knew the woodman again, and wagged his tail and licked hands in token of gratitude. They forgot that Pompey had been more than half drowned when his acquaintance with the woodman first commenced, and that he had been quite senseless at the time when the essential service of his extricating him from the ice had been accomplished. But let this rest: for the honour of Pompey we wish to believe it, if it be possible. We pass on to other matters.

Mary had now completely forgotten all she had formerly heard of Lewis's

learning, for he never talked of his Latin or Greek ; and whatever else he knew came out only when it could assist them, and just as much as they wanted, and no more.

One day, when Mary was looking at the prints of the French fairy tales, with Frank, in the Cabinet des Fées, and was trying to translate the words which were at the bottom of each print, and when she came to one sentence of which she could make nothing, Lewis helped her, and then for the first time they found out, that he understood French “better than she did, a great deal.”

He had learned, he said, all he knew of it from one of his sisters before he went to school, and afterwards kept it up in the holidays.

Another morning, after having shown

him their Roman emperors, and British kings and queens, and taken him to look at the "Stream of Time," Lewis said he had never seen it before, but he quickly understood it, and soon assisted them in using it. They perceived that he knew a great deal more of history than they did, and they found that it was all clear in his head; he knew what empires and nations came first, and what followed in the history of the world. Whenever Frank and Mary were at a difficulty, he was ready to assist them, either in history or geography. He knew what people inhabited the different parts of Europe and Asia, in ancient and in modern times. He made Frank understand what often puzzles children — how the Romans seemed to turn into the Italians, the Gauls into the French, &c.; he helped



them in making out how ancient and modern history follow, or may be made to follow each other, for this he knew better than is common with boys of his age.

He helped them to make for each century a sort of skeleton map of history, in which should be written at first only a very few of the principal names of the most civilized nations, and then of the celebrated men; each century should have its sheet of paper. Such maps had been made for him, and he had made some for himself, and had found them useful.

Frank liked to do this, provided Lewis would write the names, because he could write faster than they could.

“Shall we tell him,” whispered Mary, “our play of *contemporaries*, or would he think it too foolish?”

Far from thinking it foolish, Lewis entered into it with great spirit, and made out some very entertaining parties of ancients and moderns, with droll appropriate dialogues; and whenever he found that he went beyond what Frank or Mary knew, he showed them where they could find all that he had learnt.

“But how could you learn so much history!” said Frank.

“Very easily,” replied Lewis, “for I was exceedingly happy when I was learning it.”

Lewis paused, for, as they saw, some recollection touched him with pain as well as pleasure. Mary and Frank stood silent, while he went to his father's writing desk, which was open on the table, and took from it a miniature picture in a black case. Showing the

picture to them, he seemed as if he was going to say something, yet said nothing.

“It is a very good-natured, sensible countenance,” said Frank. “I like it.”

“So do I,” said Mary: “it looks like a very old man.”

“Yes,” said Lewis, “he was past eighty when that picture was drawn.”

“Eighty!” said Mary. “I love old people when they are good-natured, and I am sure, whoever this is, he is good-natured, for both his eyes and his mouth look smiling.”

“Who is it?” said Frank.

“My grandfather, that *was*,” said Lewis; “and he was the most good-natured, the kindest person in the world. Wish you had known him, you would have loved him so much, and he would have loved you; he was

always fond of having young people about him, and we all of us used to be so glad to go into his room. He had always something ready for each of us, when we went to him, either to read to us, or to tell us of his younger days, or something or other that was delightful: and that made one wish to be as good and to know as much as he did. You asked me how I learned all I know of history. It was he who taught it to me; and that was what made me like it so much, and learn it, as I told you, so easily. Every morning before breakfast he let me come to him in his study. He got up very early, but he sat in his dressing gown reading or writing till eight, and as soon as the clock struck eight, that was my hour, I used to run down stairs, and there I used to find him in his dear arm

chair; and he always smiled upon me when I came in; but I can never see him again!"

Mary held fast the picture, which Lewis was going to shut. "Oh, do let me look at it a little longer!" said she.

"Who was he most like of anybody I ever have seen?" said Frank. "Was he like your father?"

"Yes, only so much older: his manner was different."

"Had he a slow or a quick manner?" said Mary.

"He was quick and lively — yet very gentle and gentlemanlike, and remarkably polite: not *there company politeness*, but every day and always, when at home and to everybody the same, even to us children, and to the poorest people more than to the grandest.

The very beggars to whom he gave charity observed, and felt that kind manner of grandpapa's. I remember a poor old beggar woman, after he was gone, too, saying, that she would rather have had a penny from his hand than a shilling flung to her by another."

"How we should have loved him," said Mary, "should not we, Frank?"

"Exceedingly; and you really think he would have liked us," said Frank, "as well as your papa likes us?"

"I am sure he would," said Lewis, "for they always liked the same people, and for the same things; he would have liked your manners, for he liked good-manners particularly; and he would have liked your being fond of reading, and listening to all that is going on; but, above all, he would have liked you for loving one another; and

he would have been glad that I should be here, because he would have seen that you have good principles."

"But he was not strict, was he?" said Frank.

"Strict about learning, or such things! No, not the least," said Lewis. "But he was very strict about principles—very strict about right and wrong."

"So is my father," said Frank.

"But was not your grandpapa a clergyman?" said Mary, looking again at the dress of the picture.

"He was," said Lewis.

"Then he was. - I suppose, more serious a great deal than your father, or my father, was not he?" said Frank.

"I do not think he was more so, except as suited his age, and when

serious subjects were mentioned. He was very religious, but that did not make him sad ; quite the contrary. He was remarkably cheerful. He used to say good Christians ought to be cheerful, and he made us love religion and not fear it."

"Just what my father and mother think," said Frank.

"And what they teach us," said Mary.

After this conversation Mary told Frank, that she had quite settled her mind about Lewis, that she was sure he would make him a good friend, and she begged he would make a friend of him as fast as possible.

Frank was well disposed to go as fast in friendship as Mary desired, and considerable progress was made, even in the few remaining days of his first



visit. But Lewis's father was obliged to take his son away; promising, however, that Lewis should return and spend with them his next Midsummer holidays.

“Midsummer!” said Frank, sighing. “How long it will be till Midsummer!”

END OF VOL. II.

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