

**LITTLE ALFRED: OR,
THE INFLUENCE OF
HOME TRAINING**

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Little Alfred: or, The influence of home training by William Oliphant & Adams Hamilton

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WILLIAM OLIPHANT & ADAMS HAMILTON

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"In spite of his entreaties, they put his little vessel in the water."—Page 20.

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OR

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LITTLE ALFRED.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE ALFRED lived in Anglesey. He had a father and a mother, of whom he was very fond, and one brother named Frederick, who was a little older than himself. Alfred was about five years old; he was a good-tempered little boy, and delighted in taking walks with his Papa, on the hills near his home. One fine morning, as he was playing in the garden before breakfast, Frederick came running to him, and said,

'Oh, Alfred, I have such good news! we have a holiday to-day, and Papa says, that as I am not going to school, he will excuse you your lessons, and take us both across the ferry to Bangor.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' said Alfred, clapping his hands. 'How very nice that will be! I must run and thank dear Papa.'

Breakfast was soon over, for the little boys were too joyful to eat much ; and, putting on their straw hats, they set off with their Papa.

It was a very pretty walk to the ferry : the road was shaded with trees, amongst which the birds were singing sweetly ; and the little fishing-boats with their white sails, were seen in every direction on the beautiful Straits of Menai. Alfred was in high spirits : he had not lived long in Anglesey, and his Papa had only taken him to Bangor once before, so that he had many questions to ask on what he saw. They had not gone far when they met a Welsh woman carrying her eggs and butter to the market in Beaumaris. Alfred's father asked her how she sold her eggs, but she only smiled, and saying, '*Dim Sassenach,*' which means 'No English,' went on.

'Papa,' said Alfred, 'why do not the Welsh women speak English, and dress like English women ?'

'Because they are a different nation from the English, my love ; and ever since the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, different nations speak different languages.'

'But England and Wales are both governed by the same king, Papa.'

'Yes, my dear, but they were not always so. Frederick, do you know what king of England it was who conquered Wales?'

'Edward the First, Papa, and it has belonged to England ever since.'

'Oh,' said Alfred, 'I remember Mamma read me a story about all the Welsh bards being put to death, and about the little English prince who was born in Wales, and who was so young he could not speak when they chose him their king. Was he not murdered when he became king of England, Papa?'

'Yes, Edward the Second was cruelly murdered in Berkeley Castle. He was born not many miles from this place; some day, perhaps, I may show you the Castle of Caernarvon.'

'Thank you, dear Papa, I shall like very much to see the birth-place of the first Prince of Wales; but look, Fred, at all those sea gulls, how they are flying about, and what numbers there are. What do they live on, Papa?'

'They will feed on almost anything they can find, my dear. At the mouths of large rivers they are seen in numbers, picking up the animal substances which are cast on shore, or come floating down with the ebbing tide. For this kind of food they watch

with a quick eye; and it is curious to observe how such as are near the breakers will mount upon the surface of the water, and run splashing toward the summit of the wave to catch the object of their pursuit. They make their nests on the rocky cliffs.'

Alfred watched the sea gulls for some time, as they flew about in all directions, and then proposed to Frederick to run a race with him. Away they went, and were soon out of sight. When their Papa came up to them, he found them seated on a stone, counting some money.

'See, Papa,' said Alfred, 'I have found a purse full of money! Here are four sovereigns, and fifteen shillings and sixpence!'

'And what do you intend to do with it, my boy?'

'Oh, I shall give Fred half of it, because we are partners in everything; and then I shall buy a kite, and a little boat; and I shall buy you a new telescope, dear Papa, because you said yours was injured.'

'But, Alfred, are you sure you have a right to the money?'

'I think I have, Papa. I found it, and I do not know who it was that lost it; therefore, it must be mine.'

'Do you remember the other day when you left your cane in the field, and a little boy brought it to