THE YOUNG FRANKLINSONIAN. GRANDFATHER'S STORY: WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF MECHANICS AND FARMERS

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The Young Franklinsonian. Grandfather's Story: Written for the Children of Mechanics and Farmers by Anonymous .

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ANONYMOUS .

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Jasper and Ezra entering the Brake-pasture.—Page 27.

THE YOUNG FRANKLINSONIAN.

Grandfather's Story:

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN

OF

MECHANICS AND FARMERS,

BY THEIR WELLWISHER.

HARTFORD, CONN:
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PREFACE.

GRANDFATHER WISHWELL has three or four-and-twenty grandchildren; and, being himself a little less than "four-score years," he hopes to have as many great-grand ones, before he is called away. And, as he wishes to do something for their innocent amusement—and it may be a little for their instruction "in the ways of virtue and good living,"—he don't think of any better way to do it than by using a few of his leisure hours in writing a short STORY. As there are a great many thousands of GRANDFATHERS in this "goodly heritage" of ours—this "land of the brave and the free"—each one of whom may have as many grandchildren as he has, perhaps somebody will print his little book, and throw it broad-cast all over the land, so that all of everybody's grandchildren may have a chance to read it. He really thinks it will do them good; or, at any rate, will do them no harm—which can not with truth be said of all the story-books written and printed now-a-days.

GRANDFATHER WISHWELL,

To his own dear Grandchildren,

and to the millions of Little Readers,

born and to be born, in this happy land.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I AM going to write for you a Story—partly true, and partly made up as I go along The true part of my story is the life or history of a boy I have known, who was born in the Old Bay State, over three-fourths of a century ago. As he is still living, and does n't like to see his name in print, (and besides, his near of kin do n't think it 's a very pretty name) I will *make up* a name for him—I will let it be JASPER. (And here let me say, that scarcely any thing but the names of persons and places, in this story, will be wholly made up.)

Now I must first tell you something about this boy's parents. His father was the son of a farmer, whose father was a Scotchman, as I am told, and his mother of Irish extraction.—If this was so, then Jasper's great-grandfather was part Irish and part Scotch, on his father's side—but stop! as I am not going to give you

the early life of any great statesman or hero, it is n't necessary to go back and hunt up Jasper's ancestry. It is enough for us to know that his mother was the daughter of a very respectable, well-to-do farmer. His parents began life with fair prospects, as those of us do, at the present day, who enjoy good health, are honest and industrious, and have something to "begin the world with."

But it so happened, that as time wore away, through one mishap and another, the little patrimony they began with wore away also; so when Jasper, who was the oldest of their four children, was five years old, they were very poor indeed. His father took a trip to sea, in hopes of mending his fortune, and left his mother, Jasper, his brother and two (twin) sisters, in the care of his uncle Z—. His mother taught the district school while it was in session, and the rest of the time took in sewing, and did other work for the neighbors, to keep her little ones in food and raiment.

This uncle, to relieve Jasper's mother somewhat of her cares, took him in his open lumber-sleigh and carried him some seventy-five or eighty miles, in the dead of winter, to live with his grandfather. It was a tedious, cold

ride—especially, as his clothing was not very abundant. The wind blew the snow all over him; and if he had not been used to going abroad every day, almost, to pick up chips, bring in wood, or slide down hill—though it were ever so cold—it is most likely the little fellow would have frozen his hands or feet.

And no doubt he did feel the cold pretty severely—for Jasper has told me he remembered a little incident, which I will just mention to show the little folks that it does them good sometimes to know how to sing, though ever so small. Well—in the first place you must understand, that Jasper's mother was a very cheerful woman, and taught her little ones to sing, almost as soon as they could talk. Uncle Z— was aware of this—so, when Jasper set up a crying of cold or weariness of riding, he would divert his mind from his troubles, by calling out to him to "*sing!—Jasper, sing!*" A compliance with this friendly admonition, he says, had the effect to moderate the cold, or lessen his fatigue, very essentially.

Grandfather adds, from his own knowledge and experience, that in those days of primitive simplicity it was n't thought any hardship for boys or girls, six or seven years old, to have