

**THE PARENT'S CABINET
OF AMUSEMENT AND
INSTRUCTION**

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The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction by Various

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VARIOUS

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OF AMUSEMENT AND
INSTRUCTION**

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PARENTS
CABINET
OF
AMUSEMENT & INSTRUCTION



LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO: 65, CORNHILL.

W. HARTEN

THE
PARENTS' CABINET
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LOSS AND GAIN	5
CAPTAIN COOK	23
SOMETHING MORE ABOUT AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND .	53
JOSEPHINE	62
AUNT LUCY'S RETURN FROM WOODVILLE	77
TULLUS HOSTILIUS	94
THE GREAT WATER-BEETLE	107
THE LOCK	119
APPARENT COURSE OF THE SUN	128

THE PARENTS' CABINET

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

LOSS AND GAIN.

"WHAT are you doing in the house, this fine day, George?" asked Alfred Grey, of his cousin, George Lowe, seeing him still writing in a corner of the room where he had left him an hour before.

"I am writing my exercise for to-morrow," said George, looking up soberly from his work.

"That everlasting exercise! What, man, are you hammering still at that exercise? I left you thumbing your grammar a good hour and a half ago; is it not done yet?"

"Not quite," said George, sighing.

"That is because you have been poring over it till you are quite stupid," said Alfred. "Come and have a game at trapball to brighten you up. You

THE PARENTS' CABINET.

will have time enough for all you can have to do in the evening."

"No, I shall not," said George. "This evening we are going to the riding-school."

"Well, then, to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated George: "why, it is to be given in to-morrow morning."

"So is mine," said Alfred, "but I have not begun it yet, and I do not intend; half an hour before we go in is quite time enough for me."

"For you, perhaps, it is," said George; "but I am not so quick as you are; so I must make amends for my slowness by my steadiness. Do you know what nicknames the boys have given us, Alfred?"

"No; what are they?"

"They call us the Hare and the Tortoise."

"Do they?" said Alfred, half pleased and half vexed. "It is not very civil to you though, George, to liken you to a stupid tortoise."

"Oh! I have no objection to my share of the compliment," replied George, laughing; "slow as she was, the tortoise won the race, you know."

"Yes, because the hare went to sleep; not through any merit of her own," said Alfred. "At any rate, I would as soon lose as go droning on tortoise fashion."

"I would not," said George; "I would rather

LOSS AND GAIN.

learn quickly than slowly, to be sure; but I would rather learn ever so slowly, than not learn at all."

"So would not I," said Alfred. "If you do not *take* a thing at once, you will never do it at all."

"I should be sorry to think so," replied George, "for there are very few things that I *take* at once, as you say."

"Well, do as you like," said Alfred, half contemptuously. "Fag away, if you like *fagging*, but it would never do for me."

"Lucky for you if you can do without *fagging*," said George, good-humouredly, as he took up his pen again: "I cannot: so, with your leave, I must work away still."

"Then you won't come?" George shook his head. "Then I am off without you," said Alfred. "Will Graham and I are to have a trial of skill. Bennet is to be umpire, and Wilson, Hammond, Lambert, and a dozen more are going to look on. I made them wait for you, but if you won't come, I'm off;" and Alfred left the room whistling.

Alfred Grey was a well-disposed boy, and possessed considerable abilities, but he had learned to set too high a value on his quickness of comprehension, and to undervalue industry and perseverance; these he considered as signs of dulness and stupidity. Till his cousin George came to the school, he had been without a competitor; and, at first, Alfred was

THE PARENTS' CABINET.

disposed to look upon George with some degree of contempt, when he saw him spending two or three hours in writing an exercise which he himself could do in half an hour. George honestly confessed that he did not learn readily by rote, and that it cost him considerable trouble to get his different lessons correctly; but they were always correct, and that Alfred was compelled to own.

Before George's coming, Alfred was, beyond all dispute, at the head of the school. They had not, however, been three months together, in the same class, before Alfred began to feel more alarm for his reputation than he was willing to admit, even to himself.

George was never discouraged from a second attempt by the failure of the first. Their school-fellows began to draw comparisons, which were sometimes rather alarming to Alfred's vanity. It was allowed by all that "Grey was all to nothing the cleverer fellow of the two;" they seldom failed to add, however, "but Lowe is such a fagging fellow; he has no chance with Grey at first; but then he will try and try again, so that he is pretty sure to get on at last."

Alfred began to think that, after all, a little industry might not be amiss, even for the *cleverest fellow in the world*; but he had so often, in the schoolboy's phrase, "quizzed" his cousin for working