

**BLOSSOMS OF
CHILDHOOD.
BY A MOTHER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649476398

Blossoms of Childhood. By A Mother by Meta Lander

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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META LANDER

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NEW YORK:
LEWIS COLBY, & CO.
122 NASSAU STREET
1847.

KPC 299

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JULY 10, 1940

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BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHEN General Washington was about six years old, he became the owner of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was very fond, and was constantly going about chopping every thing that came in his way. One day as he was playing in the garden, he tried the edge of his hatchet on a beautiful young cherry tree which was a great favorite with his father, and injured it very much. The next morning when his father found out what had happened to the tree, he came into the house and enquired who had done the mischief, but no body could tell him any thing about it. Presently, he saw his little son coming towards him with his hatchet in his hand, and he said, "George, do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree

yonder in the garden?" George was taken by surprise and for a moment did not answer, but then looking at his father he said, "Papa, I cannot tell a lie—I cut it with my hatchet." His father not only forgave him, but kissed him, and said that he thought his son's good conduct was worth a thousand such trees as the one he had destroyed.

When General Washington was about eleven years old his father died, and he lived with his mother upon the plantation in Virginia. At that time, his mother owned a fine colt which was remarkably wild and had never been broken, although it was quite old enough. George had frequently watched this colt as it pranced round the field, snuffing up the wind, and more than once he wished that he was upon its back. One day he told his wishes to some of his young friends, who promised to come early the next morning and assist him to mount.

Accordingly, the little party assembled the next day soon after sun rise, and went to the field where the colt was kept, at no great distance from the house, and after

trying a long time, they at length succeeded in putting a bridle upon him ; and while several of the boys held the bridle, George with a single leap jumped upon his back. A dreadful struggle followed between the horse and his rider, till at length in the fury of his plunges, the noble animal burst a blood vessel which caused his instant death, and fell headlong to the ground.

George was not at all hurt by the fall, but he was grieved to see the lifeless body of the horse lying before him, and to know that he had been the cause of its death. He thought also of his mother and of her affection for the animal, and this added to his trouble.

Shortly after the boys were called to breakfast, and though they felt afraid to meet Mrs. Washington, they went in and sat down to table. She soon asked them whether they had seen her fine colt that morning, but as no one answered, she repeated the question. At length George said, "your sorrel colt is dead, mother."

"Dead, George;" exclaimed she, "dead do you say?"

"Yes, he is dead," replied George, "I will tell you mother how it happened, I am the only one in fault." And then he gave a correct account of the whole matter. Before he had finished speaking, his mother's displeasure had all passed away, and she said kindly, "While I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LOUIS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

LOUIS, Duke of Burgundy, grandson of King Louis the 15th, was born at Versailles, in the year 1751. If he had lived, he would have been King of France : but he died, much beloved and regretted, when he was only nine years old.

Even when he was a little child, he was very desirous to know the name and the use of every thing he saw, and listened attentively to the conversation which he heard ; so that before he was five years old he had learned a great deal. With some of his lessons he was so much pleased, that he used to say he could not consider them as tasks, but as amusements. His teachers were very kind in explaining to him every thing which he wanted to know, and in answer-