

named Wagner. This gentleman was kind and amiable—a perfect master of his art—and possessed of a patience that nothing could overcome. And much, indeed, was his patience tried by his ardent and impetuous little pupil. The novelty of his new occupation having worn away, the young prince's natural vivacity rendered him impatient of the restraints that were necessarily laid upon him. He ceased to be industrious and attentive to his tutor's directions. Sometimes he complained that he was made to write the same letter over and over so often, that he was quite tired of it: then, that the words given him to copy were too long and too hard. In short, there was no pretence that he did not make use of to excuse the dislike which he had now taken to writing. The venerable Wagner was almost in despair of seeing his pupil make any progress in the art in which it was his business to instruct him. How could he be otherwise? When he saw him intentionally go above the line in writing, he would say, "Now, my prince, you are going above the line." "Do you think so, Mr. Wagner?" he would indolently reply; and then, out of impatience or mere gaiety of heart, he would run to the opposite extreme.

"Now, my prince, you are below the line."

"Ah, you are right;" and then he would write still more awkwardly and perversely than ever. Then he would find fault with his pen, which he would require to be mended, perhaps, twenty times in the course of one lesson, on the plea that it would not write well. Then the ink was thick, or he was tired, or his head ached, or he wished to do something else; and often, could he have done so without incurring his tutor's severe displeasure, he would fairly have run away to his ball, or his rocking horse, or some other amusement.

One day he observed that his tutor, Mr. Wagner, was unusually thoughtful and sorrowful. His natural kindness of disposition at once led him to endeavor to discover the cause; and when he remembered his waywardness, his idleness, and inattention, he thought it must be his conduct that had vexed the good old man, and caused him anxiety. He therefore, on this day, did all that he could to please him. He wrote as well as he was able, and exactly followed his directions. He was submissive and