

## SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

For the information of our readers we insert the following list of the Sovereigns of England, with their individual reign. It is valuable as a matter of reference:—

First, William the Norman; then, William his son;  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard, and John.  
Next, Henry the third; Edwards, one, two, and three;  
And again, after Richard, three Henries we see.  
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;  
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.  
Then, Jamie the Scotchman; then Charles, whom they slew,  
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.  
Next Jamie the second ascended the throne;  
Then William and Mary together came on:  
Till Anne, four Georges and William all past,  
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

William I.	1066 to 1087
William II.	1087—1100
Henry I.	1100—1135
Stephen	1135—1154
Henry II.	1154—1189
Richard I.	1189—1199
John	1199—1216
Henry III.	1216—1272
Edward I.	1272—1307
Edward II.	1307—1327
Edward III.	1327—1377
Richard II.	1377—1399
Henry IV.	1399—1413
Henry V.	1413—1422
Henry VI.	1422—1461
Edward IV.	1461—1483
Edward V.	1483—
Richard III.	1483—1485
Henry VII.	1485—1509
Henry VIII.	1509—1547
Edward VI.	1547—1553
Mary I.	1553—1558
Elizabeth	1558—1603
James I.	1603—1625
Charles I.	1625—1649
(Commonwealth)	1649—1660
Charles II.	1660—1685
James II.	1685—1689
William III. and Mary II.	1689—1694
(William III. alone)	1694—1702
Anne	1702—1714
George I.	1714—1727
George II.	1727—1760
George III.	1760—1820
George IV.	1820—1830
William IV.	1830—1837

VICTORIA MDCCCXXXVII.

## THE FATHER'S PREJUDICE.

"Here, Amy, girl, where are you?" cried Farmer Brown, at the foot of the stairs.

"What, father!" replied a merry voice and the next moment a young girl came dancing down the broad oaken stairs, with tumbled curls and laughing eye. "Well, do you want me to make hay, or ride Dobbin to procure pasture this afternoon?"

"No, Amy, I want you to be quiet if you can for a moment, and listen to what mother and I have to say to you. Do you think you can?"

"I guess so, father," replied the maiden, as her father led the way into the cool sitting room, where Mrs. Brown was seated with her knitting. Mr. Brown seated himself in his easy chair, and turning to his daughter, said:

"Well, Amy, you have got to be quite a young lady, in growth at least. Let's see, how old are you?"

"Fifteen last birth-day, father."

"Ah, how time flies. Fifteen years has gone quick by. But, daughter, how would you like to go to boarding school?"

"O, father, delightful! I should like it so much. Am I ready to go, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, we have concluded to send you for a while."

"O, I am so glad," exclaimed Amy.

"When am I to go father?"

"Next term you will go to Green Vale, if Providence permits."

"Now," said Amy, spinning round the room like a top, "I can learn everything—painting and French, and music—you'll have me learn music, father, won't you?" and for the first time there was a slight degree of timidity in the young girl's voice.

"Sartain, child," replied the farmer. "I expect you'll learn to sing every-thing, from Old Hundred to Yankee Doodle."

"But I mean I want to take lessons on the piano," rejoined Amy.

"Fiddlesticks, child. Do you suppose that I want to pay a heap of money for you to learn to play the pianny? There's no music in 'em, only a little humming. And then I should have to get you one, not that I grudge the money, but I don't like to throw it away. It's agin Scripture to waste a man's substance."

"But, father, all the other girls at school learn to play."

"Can't help it, child, it's a foolish custom—and you must set a better example. Come, Amy, no more teasing, you shall learn everything that is really useful."

Amy's face was sad for a few moments, but she was soon merry again, for sorrow seldom oppressed her long, and she had enough else to think of in the prospect of leaving home for the busy life of a student. She was the only child of Farmer Brown, who prided himself on his broad acres, his sleek cattle, his well filled barns and ample house, but still more on his cheerful, thrifty wife, and merry, light-hearted child. The meagre schooling afforded by the rustic town of D—, did not to him seem sufficient for the daughter of the richest man of the village, and therefore he resolved to give Amy all the advantages that the excellent school at Green Vale afforded. We must, however, except the one accomplishment of instru-

mental music. The good man bore with heroic fortitude the noise, as he termed it, made by the bass-viol in the village church. But the psalm to him lost its melody from its clamor. It was rare enjoyment to him to listen to vocal music, but his dislike of instruments was so great that he could refuse his petted darling, almost for the first time in her life, her request for taking lessons on them.

Amy knowing her father's obstinacy on this point, forbore to urge him farther, but busied herself in assisting her mother in preparing for her school life. On the evening of the commencing day of the term, the dusty carriage of Squire Brown drove up the avenue of the Seminary, and the squire and his daughter were ushered into the reception room, where they were met by the principal. The arrangements for Amy's education were soon made, and her father took his leave, as he intended to spend the night with an acquaintanc in the adjoining village. Amy felt a touch of home-sickness when she saw her father drive away, and found herself for the first time among strangers. But the kind manner of Mrs. Manvers soon dispelled such feelings. She conversed with her on her studies, and gave her some initiatory lessons on her future course. She then touched the bell, and summoned one of the girls, whom she introduced to Amy as "Miss Lucy Bell, her room-mate." Amy was sure they should be friends, for in the merry eye and arch glance she recognized a spirit akin to her own. They were soon chatting pleasantly, and comparing notes of each other's attainments, which was interrupted by the summons to tea. Soon after which, being tired with her journey, she retired.

Amy was soon initiated into the rules of the institution, and made rapid progress in her studies. Her joyous disposition made her a general favorite, and her letters home were filled with pleasant tidings. Yet when she saw the other girls seat themselves at the piano, and listened to the sweet sounds they drew from it, she felt unhappy. She thought of a nebe in the old fashioned sitting room at home, where a piano would fit so nicely, and then how sweetly she could play in the pleasant afternoons, when she was tired of out-door sports, but such reflections always ended with a sigh.

"Why don't you take music lessons, Amy?" asked her room-mate one-day as they were returning from a walk.

"O," replied Amy, coloring, "my father docsn't want me to."

"Why not?" rejoined her companion. "It doesn't cost as much here as it would to learn at home."

"Father does not care for the cost," replied Amy. "He don't like musical instruments."

"It's fortunate, Amy, that you are out of Mrs. Manvers' bearing, as she would call you to strict account for saying so."