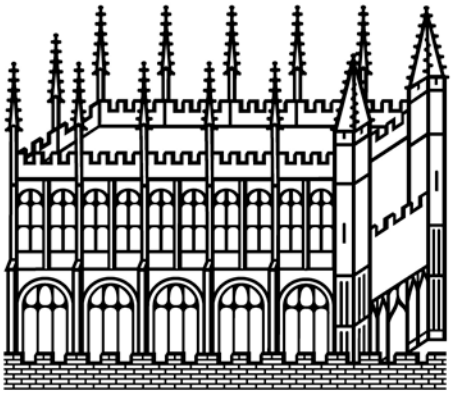

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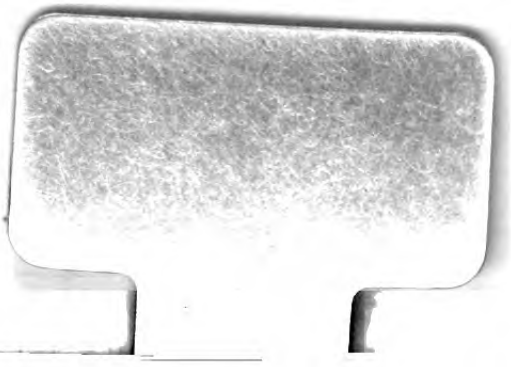
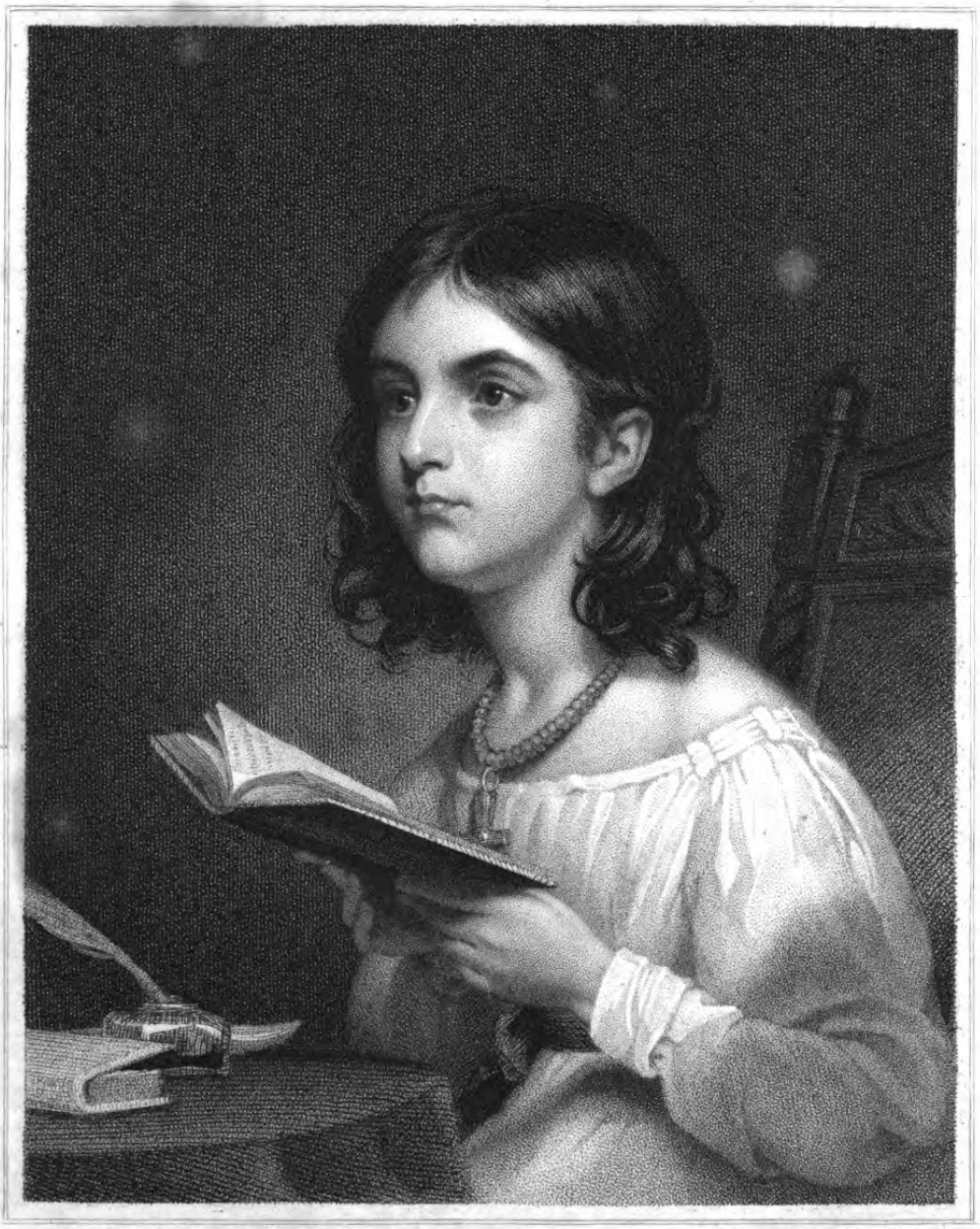


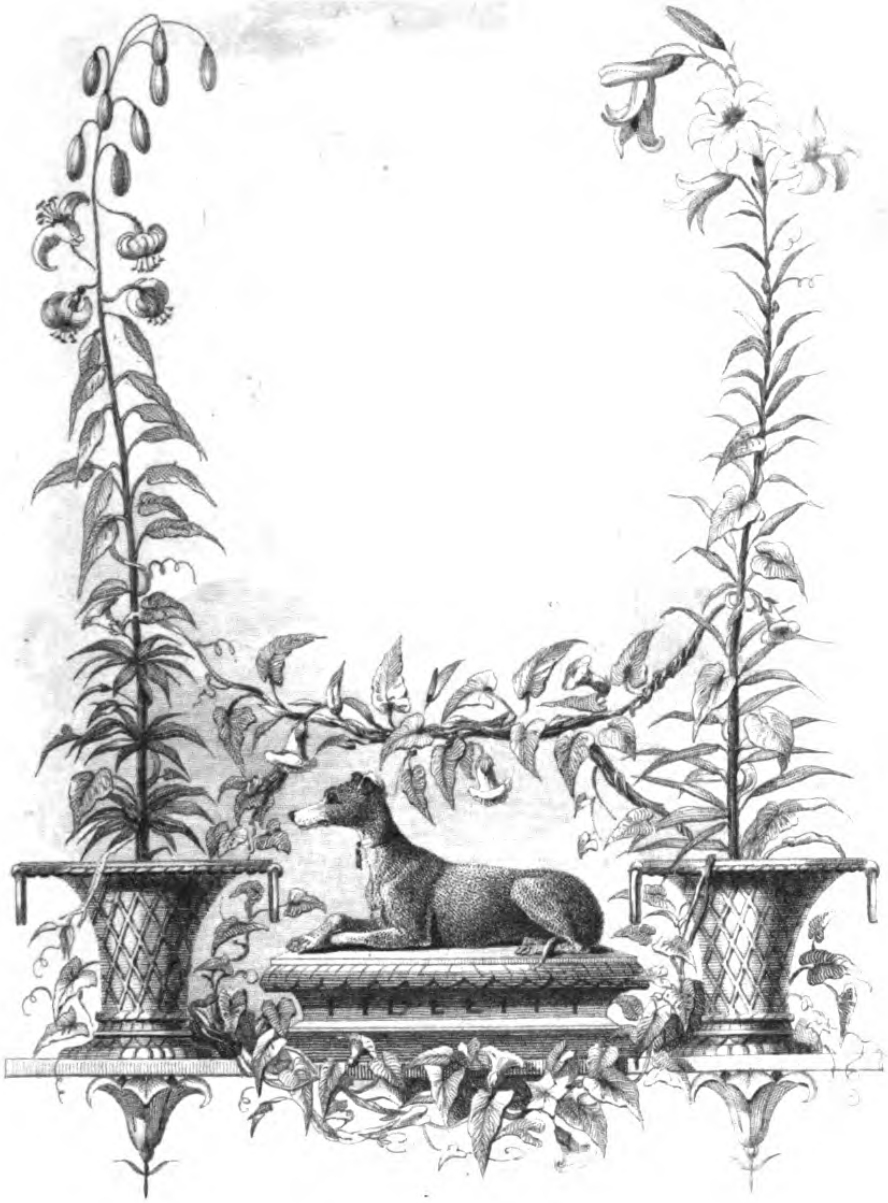


Painted by A. Robertson. Engraved by J. Thomson.

DOCILITY.

"SOW IN THY YOUTH TO REAP IN AGE."
SUCH IS THE MAXIM OF THE SAGE.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget Me Not.



£ S.H. 1031

THE

JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT, OR BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

FOR THE YEAR

1831.

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

John Westley and Co. Ivy Lane.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the public a fourth volume of the "Juvenile Forget Me Not," I hope it is unnecessary for me to say much more than that I am grateful for the success by which my labours have been attended, from year to year.

I desire to prove my sense of this encouragement by neglecting no means, within my power, to render my little work more deserving of it; and I do not hesitate to submit the present volume as a considerable improvement on those by which it has been preceded.

It will be at once obvious that such is the case with reference to the embellishments and the binding; the former being of a class by no means unworthy of the advanced state

to which the arts of our country have arrived, and the latter being both more elegant and more durable than the delicate paper hitherto used, which faded at the touch of the gentlest and most careful reader. As the merit of this change—a very expensive one—belongs to the publishers, I have felt justified in thus referring to it.

I trust it will be found that my own more immediate duty has been satisfactorily discharged. It has been, however, attended by little difficulty. I can scarcely have failed with such assistance as it will be seen I have received. My young friends will find much to interest and amuse in the following pages; but they must be aware that mere amusement is not much better than idleness—that even "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year" (I wish it to them with all my heart) may bring information to their cheerful firesides—and that Knowledge and Pleasure may go hand in hand to visit them.

A. M. H.

59, *Sloane Street.*

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A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL. D.

D. PAPA, what is the difference between a wood and a forest ?

F. A wood is a name generally applied to trees of a less growth and extending over a smaller space. A forest is a wood on a larger scale, where the trees are of greater magnitude, and cover a larger tract of land.

D. Are there any forests in England ?

F. There are none I believe, properly so called, at the present day. There were two formerly, very celebrated ; one, the New Forest in Hampshire, where the King of England, William Rufus, was shot with an arrow while he was hunting ; the other, Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood lived with his merry men.

D. What has become of them now, papa ?

F. Before places were well inhabited, they were all over-run with trees, and the first state of every country was that of a forest. But as people increased they were obliged to cut down the wood, for two reasons: first, that they might destroy the wild beasts that took refuge there, and next, that they might have clear ground to plant vegetables and pasture cattle for their subsistence; so in process of time trees were succeeded by houses and corn-fields, and people lived in comfortable cottages, instead of abiding, like Robin Hood and his merry men, under the greenwood tree; in fact, little now remains in England of those great wildernesses except the name. The whole of Europe was once covered with these forests; and in Germany was one which it took the Romans a journey of fifteen days to cross. When I visited the place a few years ago, and passed over a part of the ground on which it stood, there was not a tree to be seen.

D. But are there not forests still in some parts of the world?

F. In many. The progress of population has been so slow, from wars and other causes of destruction, that the forests are not even yet cleared away. But it is in America they are to be found in their greatest magnitude and extent,

covering whole countries, as large as England, with trees of immense size.

D. Oh, they are very old, I suppose?

F. Yes, as old as the flood!

D. As old as the flood, papa?

F. Yes; not the trees, but the forests. It is justly supposed, that after the waters retired from the earth, it became, as in Egypt after the retiring of the Nile, exceedingly fertile, and trees every where shot up and covered the surface of the earth. As the world became peopled, they were necessarily cut down, to give place to other more necessary productions. But in some parts of America the population is so scanty that no such necessity existed, and the primeval forests, as they are called, yet remain precisely as they shot up from the moist earth, as soon as the waters ran off from its surface.

D. Then I suppose the forests there must be very grand?

F. It is impossible to conceive any thing more so. I passed over a chain of mountains in Brazil, extending for more than two hundred miles, and the only places devoid of large trees were the slender threads of passages cut through them: for days together we saw nothing but leaves and branches on all sides of us, which it was

impossible to penetrate, except through the narrow path cut out before us. When on the summit of a high hill, we saw the valleys all around us, to an immense extent, as far as the eye could reach, one mass of waving branches; and many of the trees shot so high above the rest that the stem which supported the leaves was almost invisible, and it waved its vast arms in the air without any apparent support, as if it was a little wood suspended in the sky.

D. Are the trees the same as in our woods?

F. No; totally different; and a good botanist in Europe, finds himself greatly at a loss in a Brazilian forest; the structure and appearance of every plant he sees are so totally different from those to which his eye had been accustomed.

D. In what does the difference consist?

F. In the magnitude of the trees, in the rich profusion of their blossoms, and in the extraordinary structure of the flowers, some of which are so curious that it seems impossible to associate them properly with any of the twenty-four classes into which Linnæus has divided the vegetable world. But that which gives its most striking and peculiar feature to the appearance of vegetation, is the parasites and climbers which cover and entangle the branches of all the other trees.

D. What is a parasite, papa?

F. A parasite is a person who insinuates himself into the favour of another, and by these means lives at his expense, and thrives on the waste and ruin of his benefactor. Vegetables are supposed to be animals in all their habits and propensities; so, many of them attach themselves to other trees, feed on their substance, and live themselves, fresh and healthy, while the plant that supports them dies. The forests are filled with trees of this kind; large trunks and extensive branches, decaying or dead, are covered with thousands of others, in the highest state of luxuriancy and beauty, feeding on what remains of the sap of the poor tree that supported them.

D. Oh, how cruel!—but what is the name of any of those selfish plants?

F. There are several kinds; but the most remarkable is the Tillandsia. This is called the barren pine, because, though it resembles exactly the stem that bears the pine-apple in our hothouses, it produces no fruit itself. It is, however, not useless, for it yields a very grateful refreshment; and makes up, by its use to man, for its ungrateful conduct to its friend, the tree. Round the base of the stem, in many species, there is a protuberance hanging down, exactly

resembling a bowl or pitcher. In this the rain collects, and it continues a long time perfectly pure and sweet. The plant generally grows on trees on the tops of mountains, where there are no streams or springs; and in hot weather it often affords the traveller, as I have myself experienced, a cool and limpid draught of water, when no fluid of any other kind was to be had near it.

D. Is this bowl of any use to the plant itself?

F. Surely it is. It grows on the arid stump of a withered tree, and the fibres of its roots could imbibe no nutrition from the sapless wood, after it had exhausted all its juices; so nature seems to have been more bountiful to it than it deserves, and gives it this mode of supplying itself with moisture, when it had greedily imbibed all it got from the friend that had supported it.

D. And is nature so good and provident to all the other parasites which live on other trees?

F. Some of them do not require it, but are endued with the singular property of being able to exist without that which is essential to others: these are called air plants, because they can live, as is said of the chamelion, on nothing but air. If you take one of them from

its place, and suspend it in a room or lay it in a box, it will grow and blossom, with as much freedom as if it were carefully kept in the finest mould and liberally supplied with water.

These, and sundry other plants of a similar kind, form the most striking feature of a Brazilian forest. I have sometimes seen an immense tree, larger than the largest oak in England, stripped entirely of its leaves and bark, and exhibiting nothing but its white naked arms and sapless wood, extending out in all directions; yet entirely covered on the sides and upper surface, to its extremities, with a vast profusion of luxuriant plants, all in blossom, of the most vivid and varied hues—red, blue, orange, white, and every mingled colour—so that it resembled a vast fantastic flower-stand, supporting pots of the richest exotics in some of our conservatories, all in full bloom.

D. But of what kind were the creepers and climbers?

F. These are no less singular for the support given to them by others, and the ungrateful return they make for it; but in a different way. They are incapable of supporting themselves; so, if left without assistance, would be obliged to creep along the ground; but a friendly neighbour

allows them to climb up by its branches, and they soon ascend to the very top, covering the whole tree with their branches, and excluding all light and air from their friend, who soon sickens and dies for the want of them. I have sometimes seen an immense green mound, broad at the base and terminating in a cone, like a huge sugar-loaf. On examining this strange-looking mass of vegetation, I found it to consist of a large tree covered over with creepers. They had climbed over it in all directions, so as completely to envelope it, like a green cloak; and when I have turned the skirts aside, and looked up, there was the poor suffocating tree underneath, withering up, without a breath of air to refresh, or a glimpse of light to cheer it.

D. Why, these creepers are as bad as the parasites!

F. Some of them are worse. They twine their arms round the neck of a friend, and they grow up together like brothers. In some years, the creeper becomes too strong; its enormous arm grows as thick as the stem of its neighbour; and then, embracing it like a great giant, it soon nearly strangles it, and shoots above it. There it stands in the air, having no other support than the neck of its friend, who cannot get rid of it,

but is obliged to carry it, as Sinbad carried the old man of the sea. When the climber has a mind to come down to the ground, it makes use of a curious expedient.

D. Oh, what is it, papa?

F. It sends down a number of shoots with hooked claws at the end. These continually descend, and are seen waving backward and forward in all directions, like cords hanging down from the rigging of a ship; and you see the monkeys swinging on them, like so many sailors climbing a mast: at length they reach the ground, and hooking their claws in the earth they take root, and become as stiff and as tight as stretched cords, some of them as thick as cables, one end of which is tied to the branch of a great tree, and the other fastened in the ground; these extend in all directions, in the forests of Brazil, like the vast tree of Milton, which

> —"In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root."

Such are a few of the striking peculiarities of a Brazilian forest, which give it an appearance and character so totally different from any thing ever seen in England.

FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

My gentle sister, let this leaf
A moral point, a lesson bear;
It may be prosing, dull as brief,
Yet *much* may be recorded there.

Mine is the power this page to fill
With stains, or words far worse than stains;
Yet, be my language good or ill,
The tracing of my pen remains.

So with the mind—the stamp it takes
In youth, to age it will retain;—
Then watch and pray for that which makes
An impress deep without a stain.

S. C. H.

Painted by H. Mosses. Engraved by W. C. Edwards.

ME AND MY DOG.

Published for the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me Not.

"ME AND MY DOG."

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

MUCH grief were mine should fate divide
This pretty, pleasant pair:
Rare meanings here may be descried—
Fondness and faith personified,
Submissiveness and care.

What damsel e'er could be afraid
Of dog so free from strife!
Her arms about him fondly laid,
"Me and my dog" might well be made
The motto of her life.

Plumb-cake hath little charms for her,
Or routs—she goes not thither;
For pantomimes she'd seldom stir;
Nay, to a dance she would demur,
Unless her dog danced with her.

Nor thankless he : for, while caressed,
From her he'd scorn to stroll ;
He lives but to be drilled and dressed,
And thinks himself supremely blest,
To share her heart—and roll !

Her childish choice is not misplaced,
With wisdom for its end ;
Age must approve her infant taste,
For hers is not a double-faced,
Though double-footed, friend.

Each lady, fond of cherishing,
Has something still to pet :
A love-bird on its glad, green wing,
A monkey—droll, disgusting thing—
Or screaming paroquet.

Bright fish, that in the waters lie
Like gems, awaken love ;
A lark, whose song still seems to sigh
For winds and warmth it left on high ;
A dormouse, or a dove.

But what are these to her, that flower
Whose life is yet but May ?—
Whose dog demurely owns her power,

And renders every sunny hour
A happy holiday ?

Thus would he sit for days and nights,
The innocent *incog.*,
In quaint disguise—they seem like sprites,
Brother and sister—twin-delights—
The damsel and her dog.

He follows her through every stage,
Alike through flowers and weeds ;
Sits by her book, and seems a sage,
And puts his paw upon the page,
And reads—or thinks he reads.

Man's love, beside that little girl's,
Is but a twinkling spark ;
She tends his coat before her curls,
His teeth are far morè prized than pearls,
Her music is his bark.

Alas, for age to lose the bliss
That plays round childhood's feet !
May human beings never miss
Some quiet quadruped like this—
A friend upon four feet !

ADDOO.

BY SIR ANTHONY CARLISLE.

THE subject of this narrative was born in the kingdom of Burreowa, in Africa, about the year 1794, and became a slave in the year 1803, in consequence of a battle between the King of Burreowa, and the King of Byokkra, in which Addoo, together with other boys employed to carry arrows, were made prisoners, and sold by the conqueror to a slave-dealer. In company with thirty others—males, females, and children—they were conducted by the victor soldiers, during one moon, toward the Gold Coast, when they were met by mercantile agents, and travelled another moon before they arrived on the sea shore. Neither during this journey, nor on their being placed among white men, had these prisoners any information of their destiny, but the prevalent opinion was that they should be killed

and eaten by the white men; and Addoo's apprehensions were strengthened by two occurrences: first, that of branding as a mark of property, and which he regarded as a test of savour; the other was the sight of some pickled pork in casks, appearing to his terrified imagination human flesh; added to these, the captain of the slave-ship, the first white man seen by Addoo, had been eating eggs, and the yolks of which smeared his lips when the party were first exhibited to him. A few tender pats on the shoulder, from the captain, not a little increased Addoo's suspicions of being selected for a special feast; his policy was, therefore, to keep himself lean, by refusing food. After, however, some days on ship-board, and being at liberty to run about the decks, and to help to serve in the cabin, his fears subsided, and he ceased to repine, or to regret his departure from a country where the worst kind of slavery was established, and no security for human life.

Addoo's father was a soldier by compulsion, his name Pow; his mother was named Gedde, but Pow had other wives. Addoo had a maternal sister, named Bena.

Pow died from the bite of a serpent near the knee joint, or more probably from a rude incision

of the part, penetrating the joint; this happened about four years before Addoo's captivity.

The town of Burreowa is stated to contain many thousand inhabitants, an inference taken from Addoo's recollection of its soldiers appearing, when drawn out, to exceed three regiments of foot-guards. The town of Burreowa stands on the swampy borders of a large river, said to be nearly dried up in hot weather, and to contain many crocodiles of the Gangetic species. The king is absolute, but his unregulated power is often set at nought by the visits of predatory horse-soldiers—men with long black hair, who ravage and plunder with impunity, and are alike the terror of these petty African kings and their miserable subjects.

Addoo remembers the habits of his boyhood, and states that his food was cow's milk thickened with ground Indian corn; also wheat, beans, and yams; fowls, gallenas, and eggs were common, but they did not fall to his share; sheep, goats, and pigs were domesticated, and dried beef was a common food; salt was brought in bags made of some sort of skin; dogs were kept for hunting, and cats were plentiful. In the woods, elephants, lions, and leopards were common, and so near the town that Addoo has frequently seen them

while tending cattle. Deer, hares, and rabbits were generally taken by fixing nets in the rear of a copse, or high grass covert, into which they were driven by setting fire to the copse.

It appears that the people of Burreowa are wholly without education, laws, or religion. They, however, from established custom, bow down to the rising and setting sun every day, considering that orb as the source of terrestrial good. The two adjoining kingdoms of Burreowa and Byokkra speak different languages; in the former, the numerals are tea 1, eru 2, eta 3, ina 4, norba 5; afterwards the numerals are joined to signify higher numbers; for instance, norba tea is six, norba eru is seven, and so on: the word for sun is perriku; for moon, ghrusna; head, topo; eye, ekru; mouth, cho; tongue, tow.

Addoo quitted his native shore in a London slave-ship of about 300 tons burthen, bound to Barbadoes, carrying 300 slaves, all of whom were safely landed except the surgeon and three men, the latter having probably perished from refusing food. It was Addoo's good fortune to be sent to London as a present to the writer of this narrative. His innocence, simplicity, and good temper, soon gained him many friends; but a total ignorance of European notions of

property, led him into some trifling errors, which injured his character among his fellow-servants; these mishaps were, however, never regarded as vices by his master, and the proof of this is evident from his return to live with his master's family, after twenty-two years' absence, where he now enjoys unlimited confidence.

During Addoo's first residence in London, which continued about two years, he was taught to read and write, and instructed in the elements of the established religion; afterwards he was christened and called John. His first progress in education was rapid, although his ear for articulate sounds was defective; thus, for example, on being asked the name of a wheel-carriage at the time of its passing the window, he instantly said "cart;" but when required to spell the word, he proceeded—"b, u, t, cart;" after a mild reproach he was desired to state, "what is a cart;" his answer was, that it was "a ting to help poor horse, carry him burden: him legs go round, roundy;" thus describing the wheels by a motion of his arms. Having in his boyhood made some petty mistakes about articles of property, and being severely reprimanded in the kitchen, Addoo became quite at a loss to comprehend the rules which define property. His master took

him one day to an angling-place, and on being told that the land, the trees, the wild flowers, and even the running stream, together with its fishes, were the property of Mr. R——, he pondered over this apparent impossibility; at length he heard a lark singing over their heads, when he exclaimed, "massa, who belong that pretty singing bird? Do it belong Mr. R——, too?"

After two years' residence in London, Addoo's childish errors rendered it expedient to place him under more strict discipline. He was entered on board a king's ship (the Saracen), where he soon attracted the notice of his officers, and became a cabin servant. In an action between the Saracen and a French gun-brig, Addoo was one of the leading boarders, and had the little finger of his left hand chopped off as he entered the enemy's fore-chains. "And what happened to the man who wounded you?" asked his master.

"My companion behind shot him dead."

"And did you ever kill a man to your certain knowledge?"

"No, never;" shaking his head.

In the year 1828, Addoo sailed to Jamaica in a trading vessel, as ship's steward. He remained nearly six weeks at Kingston, and visited many

of the slaves; they invariably rejoice at having escaped the barbarism of their own country; they are most grateful for religious consolations; and all that are worthy and industrious live in comfort. He visited several huts of slaves, where each had a mahogany bedstead, mahogany tables and chairs; and he declares their situation to be superior to that of white labourers in Europe. An oriental scholar states to the writer, that Addoo is an Arabic word for enemy.

My young friends may be somewhat surprised at Addoo's mild notions of slavery. He has been himself most fortunate in meeting a good, and amiable, and considerate master, and his home of servitude has been one of happiness; but there are thousands and tens of thousands of his wretched countrymen whose lot has been far differently cast. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught!" ED.

THE MORNING SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

Oh, come! for the lily
Is white on the lea;
Oh, come! for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree:
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;
The thrush pours its ditty,
Loud, varied, and sweet:
We will go where the twin-hares
Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

II.

Oh, come! hear the throstle
Invites you aloud;
And soft comes the plover's cry
Down from the cloud:

The stream lifts its voice,
And yon lily's begun
To open its lips
And drink dew in the sun:
The sky laughs in light,
Earth rejoices in green—
Oh, come, and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen!

III.

Oh, haste! for the shepherd
Hath wakened his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blackberry's ripe:
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme;
The gay maiden's tilting
An old bridal-rhyme:
There is joy in the heaven
And gladness on earth—
So, come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth!

THE BIRDS AND THE CHERRIES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"And is it true?"
A Child's Question.

COME, young lady, and I will tell you a story about an old man and his daughter—a good old man, and a dutiful daughter. If you have a father, I wish he may live as long and as well as that father did, and that you may always be as kind and attentive to him as she was to her infirm parent. Well then, these two lived in a very comfortable cottage, surrounded by a garden and orchard, at a village not a hundred miles from Derby.

Year after year, however, they were robbed of the cherries, which grew on a very fine tree, by those unconscionable—that is a hard word, but I have not an easier at hand—year after year, I say, they were robbed of their cherries by those

unconscionable thieves, the bulfinches, sparrows, chaffinches, blackbirds, and others that flock together, as you know birds of a feather will do, for the sake of living deliciously, during that merry season. Now, though they were very welcome, for the sweet music which they made morning and evening—ay, and all day long—to a good share of the fruit, it was really too bad to take all; or rather, after eating the best to leave hardly any thing—but what they had spoiled by picking away the nicest parts—for the owners, who, being neither winged nor light-footed, might as well have expected that the rogues would come into their hands for whistling, as thought of catching them in any other way for the purpose of gentle correction. And yet, if the saucy things *had* been made prisoners when they lighted on the ground, by stopping to pick their wings till the good people threw salt upon their tails, I believe their smartest punishment would have been no more than the loss of a feather from that part where the plucking it out would least hurt them.

Finding all other means of persuasion or terror, to bring the little marauders to reason, quite in vain, the father and daughter set themselves to work, and what do you think they did?—Why,

they made an old woman of straw, and having duly apparelled her in gown, apron, bonnet, and broad shawl—or red cloak, I forget which—John, the stocking-weaver, seated her snugly in the middle of the cherry-tree, to keep guard, early in the year.

The buds, the leaves, the blossoms, and the fruit, all came in their turn, as usual; and as usual, too, they all went. How was that? I'll tell you. The old gentleman and his happy daughter—happy always in making her father happy—now minded their quiet employment by day, and slumbered peacefully by night, little dreaming of what was to come—except perhaps of the cherries, which they knew were on the way—that is, on the tree. For, as they were certain the old woman herself never went to sleep, they might very innocently suppose that she was always awake enough to scare bad company from her side. Whether they were right or wrong in this I don't pretend to say; perhaps you will find it out yourself, before all my tale has been told. So I go on to state, that as the cherries ripened, one by one—nay, one and all, for aught I know—they went the same way as all the cherries before them had done, for generations past—that is, down the throats

of naughty birds, who chirped, and hopped, and sang about the branches, as though there were no such thing as an old woman in the world.

The kind-hearted father and his amiable *child* (as he always called her, when she was almost as old as your grandmother), though they had seen a good deal of the world and its wicked ways—so many years as they had lived in it—were exceedingly puzzled to think how this could be. So they called in John, the stocking-weaver, who was their gardener, whenever they had any thing for him to do, and when he himself had nothing better in hand. John heard the case, and without an unnecessary word, away he went, borrowed a mason's ladder, set it against the tree, and scaled the citadel—I forgot myself, I meant to say that he climbed up,—when—could you believe it?—the old woman had turned traitor, betrayed her trust, and not only let foraging parties of the enemy plunder the far boughs, which you know were out of her reach, and I rather think out of her sight too,—but she had actually taken a pair of them into her *bosom*, just where the shawl or cloak was pinned across. There (I wish you could have seen it yourself) they had built as pretty a nest as ever school-boy's eye could desire to peep upon; and there they

were—goldfinches, I'll warrant you,—red, yellow, and black—bringing up a family of plump, half-fledged chirpers, with bills all a-gape, as soon as John's finger was pointed towards them. And likely enough were those young things, with the example of such parents, and the recollection of the daily nourishment which they had received by being fed upon the cherries of *this year*, to feed themselves and *their* young ones on the cherries of *the next*.

"Don't hurt the little folks, John!" said the old man.

"I should like to pull a crow with the big ones!" cried the daughter; "but never mind; come down, John; I forgive them."

I have no more to say about the birds or the cherries, but before we part I must tell you, my dear, that some time afterwards—a year and more, I think—the good old man fell sick and died. His affectionate child lived just long enough to close his eyes, and then she lay down at his side, shut her own, and her meek spirit followed his, as we believe, to heaven. They were buried together, on one day. I have seen their graves. This is a true story.

A GODMAMMA'S EPISTLE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

My pretty boy—my dainty boy,
Whom I have never seen
Since thou wert but a human toy,
Thy mother's petticoated joy—
A little babe, I mean.

And now thou'rt growing wise and strong,
On pudding and on primer,
With such a taste for tale and song,
That I shall hear of thee, ere long,
As grown a five-years' rhymer.

My gentle boy—you do not know,
Unless you've heard it, may be,
That I'm your godmamma—and so,
I'll write to you before *you* grow
The sage—and *I* the baby.

Thou'rt living now in London town,
But what a happier life,
Than when upon thy curly crown,
Some twenty years have settled down,
And taught thee all its strife!

And yet thou'rt thinking, silly elf,
To be a man, what joy!
While many a man of pains and pelf,
Is thinking sadly to himself,
How sweet to be a boy!

He'd tell thee that thy rattle mocks,
In virtue and in use,
The rattle of the dicing box;—
He'd tell thee even Pitt and Fox
Are nought to Fox and Goose.

If he be one whom battle hath
Tired somewhat of the scarlet,
Thy gallop round the garden path—
Thy flourish with thy sword of lath—
He'll bid thee prize, young varlet!

If he be sad, and old, and wise,
Expecting few to-morrows,
He'll tell thee 'tis a greater prize
As child to laugh at London cries,
Than cry as man at sorrows!

Even I, a lady, nowise old,
  Nor sad, nor very cross,
Do bid thee like a miser hold
Thy present pastimes, still or bold,
  Or thou wilt have a loss.

Go, happy one!—for many a day,
  Conform to Nature's plan,
And sigh when vexed, and laugh when gay,
Nor dream how much of falsehood may
  Await thee when a man!

GUY FAWKES.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

WHAT changes by the lapse of years
  Are silently imprest!
The terror of one age appears
  Another's vulgar jest.

When first the fearless, desperate aim
  Of Guido Fawkes was known,
The very mention of his name
  Woke wonder's breathless tone.

Wonder and awe, and hate and fear,
  Were his,—but these are past;
And now the rabble's gibe and jeer
  Are on his memory cast.

His ruthless daring has not won
  E'en pity's fruitless sigh;
For ragged urchins beg, in fun,
  "A penny for Old Guy!"

While he, who in Rome's earlier age,
Leaped in the gulf profound,
Still lives in history's votive page,
With deathless honours crowned.

May we not draw a moral hence,
Which sober thought should claim,
Viewing the striking difference
'Twixt infamy and fame?

The plotter built upon the sands
Of ruin and disgrace;
The patriot's self-devotion stands
On virtue's rock-like base.

Painted by W. Boxall. Engraved by W. Greatbach

THE TWIN SISTERS.

Printed by Wilkinson.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget Me Not

THE TWIN SISTERS.

———A union in partition;—
Two seeming bodies, but one heart.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

I saw them first one summer's day,
  Within their father's bowers,
Wreathing each others auburn locks
  With fragrant leaves and flowers;—
They were too frail and beautiful,
  For this dark world of ours.

Twin sisters were they—having each
  The same rich auburn hair;
The same bright eyes—and coral lips,
  And gay smiles lurking there;
The same slight form, and silver voice:—
  They were a lovely pair!

Two stars in the calm depths of heaven,
Might well resemble them;
Two snow-white lambs upon the lea;
Two rose-buds on one stem;
Two pure and precious jewels, set
In the same diadem.

They were together night and day
Through all their early years—
Had the same fancies, feelings, thoughts,
Joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears;
They had a fellowship of smiles,
A fellowship of tears.

If *one* were gay, through *both* their hearts
The tide of rapture rushed;
If *one* were sad, the voice of joy
In *both* their hearts was hushed;
Yea, all their thoughts and sympathies
From the same fountain gushed.

They had no separate interests,
Affecting *one* alone;
To them mistrust and selfishness
Were utterly unknown;
Their hearts were two sweet instruments,
Alike in every tone.

I saw them first one summer's day,
(They were but six years old,)
Wreathing each others hair with flowers—
Crimson, and blue, and gold;
And finding in their hues and scents,
A store of wealth untold.

And then, in childish waywardness,
They left the flowers to die;
And round, and round the garden, chased
A gorgeous butterfly:—
Oh, what a happy shout they raised
When it soared into the sky!

And then they talked of future days—
And here they checked their pace,
And spake in low and earnest tones,
And with an earnest face;
Until another butterfly
Recalled them to the chase.

At length they sate them down to rest,
In a bower of cypress-trees;
And placed a "pretty story-book"
Before them, on their knees;
And they read an old, sad melody,
Till their hearts were ill at ease.

And sadness settled like a cloud,
Where smiles were wont to brood ;
And in their bright and laughing eyes
The tears of pity stood ;
And they looked in each others face, and said,
" *Poor children in the wood!*"

They were happy all the summer's day ;
But happier far at night,
When they knelt to say their evening prayers,
With spirits pure and light,
And the father and mother kissed their babes :—
It was a blessed sight !

The morrow—I was far away,
Musing with many fears,
How those fair creatures would be changed,
In ten or twenty years ;
And I thought about their sweet " *good night*,"
Till my heart was moved to tears !

THE MINIATURE.

BY L. E. L.

"No; leave it open Charles, to-night."

"But the damp air, dear mother!"

"Only revives me."

The youth left the lattice, and, for a moment, buried his face in his hands behind the curtains of the bed. "Charles, dear," said his mother, and again he resumed his station at her side. It was a small, low room, whose white-washed walls, and small grate, (there was a fire there, though it was July,) spoke the extreme of poverty; yet were there some slight marks of that refined taste which lingers after all that once cherished it is gone. On the little table, near the bed, stood a glass filled with flowers; and a box of mignonette in the window touched every breath of air that entered with sweetness. The dim light threw a shadow over the meanness of the place, and softness and quietness hallowed the agony of the hour; for Charles Seymour was

looking, for the last time, on the face of the mother he had idolized—his young, his beautiful mother—whose small, exquisite features, and dark length of hair, might rather have suited a lovely sister dying beneath her first sorrow, than one to whom many a year of grief and care would have made the grave seem a hope and a home, but for those she left behind. By her side, in the bright, deep sleep of infancy, breathing, and coloured like the rose, was a child of four years old.—"God help thee, my poor Lolotte!" and the anxiety of a mother's love overcame the quiet of that calm which almost ever precedes the last struggle. "Alas, Charles, a sorrowful and anxious heritage is yours!"

"A sacred one, mother!" and, in his heart, he vowed to be father and mother to the orphan child; and thrice, tenderly, did the cold hand he held press his, as he kissed the little creature so blest in its unconsciousness.

Deeper and deeper fell the shadows, and deeper and deeper the silence, when the few clouds that had gathered, gradually broke away, and the room was filled with the clear moonlight. Suddenly there came the sound of martial music—the tramp of measured steps. Mrs. Seymour started, unaided, from her pillow. "It is the

march of your father's regiment—they played it that last morning—for pity's sake, don't let them play it now!"

Her head fell on Charles's shoulder; a strange sound was heard, such as comes from human mouth but once—it was the death rattle; and a corpse lay heavily on his bosom.

"Mistress has wanted nothing, I hope?" said an old woman, opening the door gently; one look told her that mistress would never know earthly want again.

Disuniter of all affection—awful seal to life's nothingness—warning and witness of power and judgment—Death has always enow of terror and sorrow, even when there are many to comfort the mourner, when the path has been smoothed for the sufferer, and life offers all its best and brightest to soothe the survivor; even then, its tears are the bitterest the eye can ever shed, and its misery the deepest heart can ever know. But what must it be, when poverty has denied solace even to the few wants of sickness; and when the grave in closing, closes on the only being there was to love us in the cold wide world!

Charles Seymour stood by, while the old woman laid out the body, and paused in her grief, to admire so beautiful a corpse. He

had to let his little sister sleep in his arms, for their mother was laid out on their only bed; he had to order the coffin, in which himself placed the body; their short and scant meals were taken in the presence of the dead; he heard them drive the nails in the coffin; he stood alone by the grave, and wept his first tears, when he reflected that he had not wherewithal to pay for even a stone to mark the spot.

He went home to meet a talkative broker, who came to buy their two or three articles of furniture; and he leant by the window, in a room empty of every thing, but a little bed for his sister, who had crept to his side, with that expression of fear and wonder so painful to witness on the face of a child:—and Charles Seymour was but just sixteen.

His father had fallen in the battle of the Pyrenees, and his mother was left with the bare pension of a captain's widow, only one week before the banker where all their private fortune was deposited had failed. A few months brought Mrs. Seymour to the brink of destitution and the grave; her pension died with her, and Charles was left, with the poor Lolotte, entirely dependant on the small salary he received, as clerk in Mr. Russell's office; and even this poor situation

had been procured for him by the chance interest he had inspired in the apothecary, who had, from mere humanity, attended his mother. His future prospects destroyed—confined to his desk the whole day—debarred from intellectual acquirement—shut out from his former pursuits—with all the feelings of birth and station strong within him, young Seymour would have despaired, but for his sister; for her sake he exerted himself, for her sake he hoped. They lived on in their little back room over the grocer's shop, kept by the widow of a soldier in his father's regiment; he knew he could confide in the old woman's kindness to the child during his unavoidable absence; and though it was a long walk, night and morning, to the city, he thought only how healthy the air of Hampstead was for Lolotte; however weary, he was still the companion of her evening walk, or else was up early to accompany her on the heath. In her he concentered all the pride of better days—she was always drest with scrupulous neatness—his leisure hours were devoted to giving her something of education—and every indulgence did he deny himself in order to bring her home the pretty toy or book, to reconcile her to the solitude of their lonely chamber; and patiently did the little creature

make her own pleasure or employment till his return, and then quite forget that she had sometimes looked from the window, and thought how merrily the children played in the street.

Three years had thus passed away, and brought with them but added anxiety. Charles felt that over-exertion was undermining his health; and Lolotte—the graceful, the fairy-like—how little would he be able to give her those accomplishments for which her delicate hand, her light step, and sweet voice seemed made; and worse, how little would they suit her future prospects, if he could. It was her seventh birthday, and he was bringing her a young rose tree as a present, but he felt languid and desponding—even the slight tree seemed a weight almost too heavy to bear. As he went up stairs, he heard Lolotte talking so gaily—a listener is such a pleasure to a child!—he entered, and saw her seated on the knee of an elderly man, in whose face something of sadness was mixed with the joyful and affectionate attention with which he was bending to his pretty companion.

How a few words change the destiny of a life! A few, a very few words told Charles Seymour that Mr. de Lisle, his mother's brother, stood before him, just arrived from India—a few words

gave him an almost father, a fortune, and friends; for Mr. de Lisle had sought the orphans to be the children of his heart and his home.

Another year had passed away. Charles Seymour's brow was darkened still with thought, but not anxiety; and his cheek, though pale, had no hue of sickness. He was seated in the little study peculiarly his own; books, drawings, papers, were scattered round, and not a favourite author but found place on his shelves. To-day his solitude was often broken in upon—it was Lolotte's birthday; and a sunny face, and buoyant step, entered his room, to show the many treasures heaped on that anniversary.

There was a little female art in this: Lolotte, amid all her gay presents, felt half sorry, half surprised to find none from her brother. Had he forgotten!—to show him her gifts, might remind him of his own: still, Charles offered her no remembrance of the day. A children's ball was too new and too gay, not to banish all thought but of itself; but when Lolotte went into her room for the night, and saw her table covered with presents, and still none from her brother, it was too much; and she sat down on her little stool, where, when Charles entered, he found her crying.

"My own sweet sister, you were not forgot-

ten; but my birthday remembrance was too sad a one—I could not spoil your day of pleasure by a gift so sorrowful."

He presented her with a little packet, and the cheek which he kissed as he said good night was wet with his tears.

Lolotte opened the paper—it contained a miniature; and she knew that the beautiful face was that of her mother. It was not till the morning, that she saw the following lines were with it:

Your birthday, my sweet sister—
What shall my offering be?
Here's the red grape from the vineyard,
And roses from the tree.

But these are both too passing,
Fruit and flowers soon decay,
And the gift must be more lasting
I offer thee to day.

'Tis a joyful day—thy birthday—
A sunny morn in spring;
Yet thy sweet eyes will be saddened,
By the mournful gift I bring.

Alas! my orphan sister,
You'll not recal the face,
Whose meek and lovely likeness
These treasured lines retrace.

It is your mother's picture;
You are so like her now—
With eyes of tearful dimness,
And grave and earnest brow!

Oh, be like her, my own sister!
But less in face than mind;
I would you could remember
One so tender and so kind.

Oh, weep that angel-mother!
Such tears are not in vain;
Yet, dry them in the hope, love,
We all shall meet again.

And keep this gentle monitor,
And when you kneel in prayer,
Deem an angel's eye is on you—
That your mother watches there

I'll believe that she rejoices
O'er her darling child to-day:
God bless thee, dearest sister!
'Tis all that I can say.

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S SONG TO THE "MARVEL OF PERU."

BY A WEST INDIAN.

*** "The Marvel of Peru" unfolds its leaves at sunset, and blooms through the night. There are a great variety of other beautiful flowers within the tropics which have this peculiarity; but in the West Indies, the blossoms of "the Marvel of Peru" are objects of regard to children, from the circumstance of the seeds being strung for necklaces; intermingled with gold beads, their dark, rough, oval forms have a very agreeable effect. With the French colonists this flower has received the poetical appellation of "La belle de nuit" (the beauty of the night).

WAKE up from thy sunset bower,
Spread thy leaves, my pretty flower!
Spread thy leaves, unclose thine eyes,
For the silver moon doth rise,
And the golden stars are coming,
And the beetle's at his humming,
And the moth is from his bed,
And the cricket from his shed,
And the fire-fly comes to roam
With his lantern-light from home,

Briskly wandering here and there,
Up and down, and every where,
Whispering to each flower he sees,
" What a night, without a breeze!"

Though the winds be sunk to rest
With the day-light in the west,
And no dew the night air yields
To refresh the withered fields,—
Yet beside this roof of leaves,
Where the rose its lattice weaves,
And the starry jesmines be,
Is a sweet cool home for thee;
There each coming eve I bring
Water from the crystal spring,
Showering on thy flow'ret curls
Glittering gems and silver pearls,
Twinkling 'mid those leaves of thine,
Bright as stars seem when they shine.

Our Panchita,* when she dresses
With sweet blooms her raven tresses,
Bids me cull of every hue
Flowers that feed on midnight dew,
Those that never close their eyes

* Panchita, the familiar name for Francisca. The Spanish ladies of America dress their hair in the evening with natural flowers.

To the bright moon in the skies.
Blossoms blue, and red, and white,
I've plucked for a wreath to night—
Severing flowers that twine each other,
As a sister clasps a brother;
These ere morn must withered be,
So I gather none from thee,
But untouched through night's still noon,
Leave thy sweet flowers to the moon.

Wake, then, from thy sunset bower,
Spread thy leaves, my pretty flower!
Spread thy leaves, unclose thine eyes,
For the silver moon doth rise,
And the golden stars are coming,
And the beetle's at his humming,
And the moth is from his bed,
And the cricket from his shed,
And the fire-fly comes to roam
With his lantern-light from home,
Briskly wandering here and there,
Up and down, and every where,
Whispering to each flower he sees,
" What a night, without a breeze!"

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

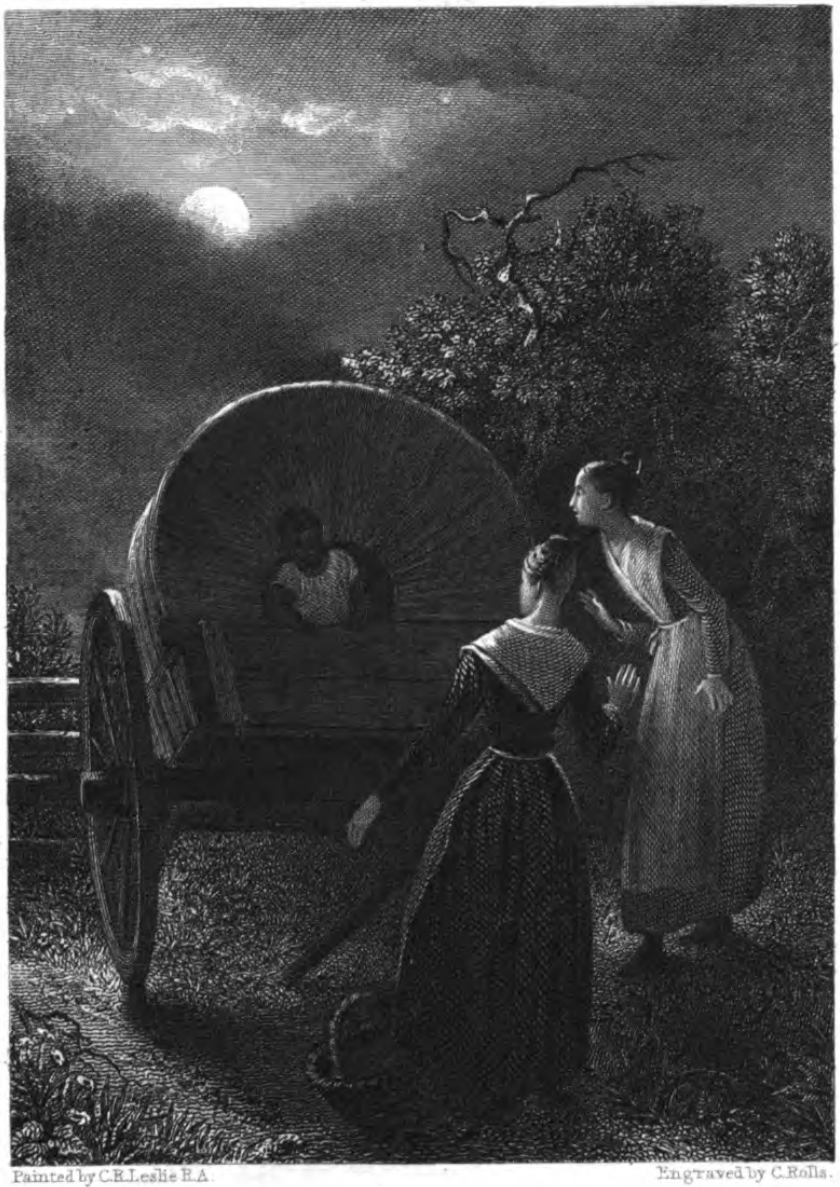
BY BERNARD BARTON.

THOUGH lofty Scotia's mountains,
Where savage grandeur reigns,
Though bright be England's fountains,
And fertile be her plains:
When 'mid their charms I wander,
Of thee I think the while,
And seem of thee the fonder,
My own green Isle!

While many who have left thee,
Seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me
Of its endearing claim.
Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still "Mavourneen,"
My own green Isle!

Fair as the glittering waters,
Thy emerald banks that lave,
To me thy graceful daughters,
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh, there are hearts within thee,
Which know not shame or guile,
And such proud homage win thee,
My own green Isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee,
Mavourneen,—though unseen:
Bright be the sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green!
May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken, nor defile,
But heaven for ever bless thee,
My own green Isle!



Painted by C.R.Leslie R.A. Engraved by C.Rolls.

THE TRAVELLING TINMAN.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget Me Not.

Printed by Wilkinson

THE TRAVELLING TIN-MAN.

An American Story,

Founded on fact.

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

MICAJAH Warner was owner and cultivator of a small farm in one of the oldest, most fertile, and most beautiful counties of the State of Pennsylvania, not far from the Maryland line. Micajah was a plain quaker, and a man of quiet and primitive habits. He was totally devoid of all ambitious cravings after tracts of ten thousand acres, and he aspired not to the honour and glory of having his name given to a town in the western wilderness, (though *Warnerville* would not have sounded badly), neither was he possessed of an unconquerable desire of becoming a judge, or of going to congress. Therefore, he had always been able to resist the persuasions and example of those of his neighbours, who left the home of their fathers, and the comforts of an old settlement, to seek

a less tedious road to wealth and consequence, on the other side of the Allegany. He was satisfied with the possession of two hundred acres, one half of which he had lent (not given) to his son Israel, who expected shortly to be married to a very pretty and notable young woman in the neighbourhood, who was, however, no heiress.

Upon this event, Israel was to be established in an old frame house that had long since been abandoned by his father, in favour of the substantial stone dwelling which the family occupied at the period of our story.* The house had been taken up and transplanted to that part of the farm now allotted to Israel, and he very prudently deferred repairing it till he saw whether it survived its progress across the domain. But as it did not fall asunder during the journey, it was judged worthy of a new front door, new window-panes, and new shingles to cover the vast chasms of the roof; all which improvements were made by Israel's own hands. This house

* In America, frame or wooden houses are so constructed, that they can be removed with little difficulty to a convenient distance. They are raised from the ground by levers, then placed on cart wheels, and drawn by horses or oxen to their new location. Strangers find something irresistibly ludicrous in the spectacle of a house on its travels.

was deposited in the vicinity of the upper branch of the creek, and conveniently near to a saw-mill which had been built by Israel in person.

Like all of her sect, whether in town or country, Bulah, the wife of Micajah Warner, was a woman of even temper, untiring industry, and great skill in housewifery. Her daughters, commonly called Amy and Orphy, were neat pretty little quaker girls, extremely alert, and accustomed from their earliest childhood, to assist in the work of the house. As her daughters were so handy and industrious, and only went half the year to school, Mrs. Warner did not think it necessary to keep any other *help** than an indented negro girl, named Cloe.

Except the marriage of Israel, which was now in prospect; a flood in the neighbouring creek, which had raised the water so high as to wash away the brick oven from the side of the house; a tornado that carried off the roof of the old stable and landed it whole in an adjoining clover field; and a visit from a family of beggars (an extraordinary phenomenon in the country), nothing occurred among the Warners for a long succession of years that had occasioned more

* Servant or assistant.

than a month's talk of the mother, and a month's listening of the children. "They kept the even tenor of their way." The occupations of Israel and his father (assisted occasionally by a few hired men) were, of course, those of the farm, except when Israel took a day, now and then, to attend his saw-mill.

With regard to domestic arrangements, every thing connected with household affairs went on in the same course year after year, except that, as the daughters of the family improved in capability of work, Cloe, the black girl, retrograded. They washed on Monday (with the assistance of a woman, hired for the day), ironed on Tuesday, performed what they called "the little baking" on Wednesday, and "the big baking" on Friday; cleaned the house on Saturday, and clear-starched their book-muslin collars; rode on horseback to Friends' meeting on Sunday morning, and visited their neighbours on Sunday afternoon.

It was the day after the one on which Israel and his bride-elect had passed meeting, and, consequently, a month before the one fixed for the wedding, that something like an adventure fell among the Warner family.

It was a beautiful evening at the close of

August. The father and son had been all day in the meadows, mowing the second crop of grass; Mrs. Warner was darning stockings in the porch, with her two daughters knitting on the bench beside her; Amy being then fourteen, and Orphy about twelve. Cloe was absent, having been borrowed by a relation, about five miles off, to do the general work of the house, while the family were engaged in preparing for a quilting frolic.*

"Come girls," said Mrs. Warner, to her daughters, "it's just sun-down. The geese are coming home, and daddy and Israel will soon be here. Amy, do thee go down to the spring-house, and bring up the milk and butter; and Orphy, thee can set the table."

The two girls put up their knitting (not, however, till they had knit to the middle of the needle), and, in a short time, Amy was seen coming back from the spring-house, with a large pitcher of milk and a plate of butter. In the meantime, Orphy had drawn out the ponderous claw-footed walnut table that stood all summer in the porch, and spreading over it a brown linen

* A *quilting frolic*, as it is called, is an assemblage of the female neighbours to assist the family in quilting a bed cover, by means of which it is finished in one day, and the evening is spent in merriment, the men at that time having joined the party.

cloth, placed in regular order their every-day supper-equipage of pewter plates, earthen porringers, and iron spoons.

The viands consisted of an immense round loaf of bread, nearly as large as a grindstone, and made of wheat and Indian meal, the half of a huge cheese, a piece of cold pork, a peach pie, and an apple pie; and, as it had been baking-day, there was the customary addition of a rice pudding, in an earthen pan of stupendous size. The last finish of the decorations of the table was a large bowl of cool water, placed near the seat occupied by the father of the family, who never could begin any of his meals without a copious draught of the pure element.

In a few minutes, the farmer and his son made their appearance as they turned the angle of the peach-orchard fence, preceded by the geese, their usual avant-couriers, who went out every morning to feed in an old field beyond the meadows.

As soon as Micajah and Israel had hung up their scythes, and washed themselves at the pump, they sat down to table; the farmer in his own blue-painted, high-backed, high-armed chair, and Israel taking the seat always allotted to him—a low chair, the rushes of which having long since deserted the bottom, had been re-

placed by cross pieces of cloth listing, ingeniously interwoven with each other; and this being, according to the general opinion, the worst seat in the house, always fell to the share of the young man, who was usually passive on all occasions, and never seemed to consider himself entitled to the same accommodation as the rest of the family.

Suddenly, the shrill blast of a tin trumpet resounded through the woods that covered the hill in front of the house, to the great disturbance of the geese, who had settled themselves quietly for the night in their usual bivouac around the ruins of an old waggon. The Warners ceased their supper to listen and look; and they saw emerging from the woods, and rattling down the hill at a brisk trot, the cart of one of those itinerant tin merchants, who originate in New England, and travel from one end of the Union to the other, avoiding the cities, and seeking customers among the country people; who, besides buying their ware, always invite them to a meal and a bed.

The tin-man came blowing his horn to the steps of the porch, and there stopping his cart, addressed the farmer's wife in the true nasal twang that characterizes the lower class of New

Englanders, and enquired "if she had any notion of a bargain." She replied that "she believed she had no occasion for any thing;" her customary answer to all such questions. But Israel, who looked into futurity, and entertained views towards his own housekeeping, stepped forward to the tin-cart, and began to take down and examine various mugs, pans, kettles, and coffee pots—the latter particularly, as he had a passion for coffee, which he secretly determined to indulge both morning and evening as soon as he was settled in his domicile.

"Mother," said Amy, "I do wish thee would buy a new coffee pot, for ours has been leaking all summer, and I have to stop it every morning with rye meal. Thee knows we can give the old one to Israel."

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Warner, "it will do well enough for young beginners. But I cannot say I feel quite free to buy a new coffee pot at this time. I must consider about it."

"And there's the cullender," said Orphy, "it has such a big crack at the bottom, that when I am smashing the squashes* for dinner, not only

* The American name for the *Vegetable Marrow*.

the water, but the squashes themselves drip through. Better give it to Israel, and get a new one for ourselves."

"What's this?" she continued, taking up a tin water-dipper.

"That's for dipping water out of the bucket," replied the tin-man.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amy, "I've seen such a one at Rachel Johnson's. What a clever thing it is! —with a good long handle, so that there's no danger of splashing the water on our clothes. Do buy it mother. Thee knows that Israel can have the big calebash: I patched it myself, yesterday, where it was broken, and bound the edge with new tape, and it's now as good as ever."

"I don't know," said the farmer, "that we want any thing but a new lantern, for ours had the socket burnt out long before these moonlight nights, and it's dangerous work taking a candle into the stable."

The tin-man knowing that our plain old farmers, though extremely liberal of every thing that is produced on their plantations, are, frequently, very tenacious of coin, and much averse to parting with actual money, recommended his wares, more on account of their cheapness, than their goodness; and, in fact, the price of most

of the articles was two or three cents* lower than they could be purchased for at the stores.

Old Micajah thought there was no absolute necessity for any thing except the lantern; but his daughters were so importunate for the coffee pot, the cullender, and the water-dipper, that, finally, all three were purchased and paid for. The tin-man in vain endeavoured to prevail on Mrs. Warner to buy some large patty pans, which the girls looked at with longing eyes; and he reminded them how pretty the pumpkin pies would look at their next quilting, baked in scollop-edged tins. But this purchase was peremptorily refused by the good quaker woman; alleging that scollop-edged pies were all pride and vanity, and that, if properly made, they were quite good enough baked in round plates.

The travelling merchant then produced divers boxes and phials of quack medicines, prepared at a celebrated manufactory of those articles, and duly sealed with the maker's own seal, and inscribed with his name in his own hand writing. Among these, he said, "there were certain cures for every complaint in natur; draps for the agur, the tooth-ache, and the rheumatiz; salves for

* A cent is a copper coin, the hundredth part of a dollar.

ring-worms, corns, frost-bitten heels, and sore eyes, and pills for consumption and fall-fevers; beside that most waluable of all physic, Swain's Wormifuge."

The young people exclaimed with one accord against the purchase of any of the medicines; and business being over, the tin-man was invited by the farmer to sit down and take supper with the family; an invitation as freely accepted as given.

The twilight was now closing, but the full moon had risen, and afforded sufficient light for the supper table in the porch. The tin-man took a seat, and before Mrs. Warner had finished her usual invitation to strangers of—"reach to, and help thyself; we are poor hands at inviting, but thee's welcome to it, such as it is"—he had already cut himself a huge piece of the cold pork, and an enormous slice of bread. He next poured out a porringer of milk, to which he afterwards added one third of the peach pie, and several plates-full of rice pudding. He then said, "I suppose you hav'nt got no cider about the house;" and Israel, at his father's desire, immediately brought up a pitcher of that liquor from the cellar.

During supper, the tin-man entertained his entertainers with anecdotes of the roguery of his

own contrymen, or rather, as he called them, his "statesmen." In his opinion of their general dishonesty, Mrs. Warner most cordially joined. She related a story of an itinerant Yankee* who persuaded her to empty some of her pillows and bolsters, under colour of exchanging with him old feathers for new; a thing which she acknowledged had puzzled her not a little, as she thought it strange that any man should bargain so badly for himself. He produced from his cart a bag of feathers which he declared were quite new; but after his departure she found that he had given her such short measure that she had not half enough to fill her ticking, and most of the feathers were proved, upon examination, to have belonged to chickens, rather than to geese—nearly a whole cock's tail having been found amongst them.

The farmer pointed into the open door of the house, and shewed the tin-man a large wooden clock, put up without a case between two windows, the pendulum and the weights being "exposed and bare." This clock he had bought for ten dollars, of a travelling Yankee who had set out to supply the country with these machines.

* In America the inhabitants of the eastern states only, are called *Yankees*.

It had only kept tolerable time for about two months, and had ever since been getting faster and faster, though it was still faithfully wound up every week. The hands were now going merrily round at the rate of ten miles an hour, and it never struck less than twelve.

The Yankee tin-man, with a candour that excited the admiration of the whole family, acknowledged that his statesmen were the greatest rogues "on the face of the yearth;" and recounted instances of their trickery that would have startled the belief of any, but the inexperienced and credulous people who were now listening to him. He told, for example, of sausages being brought to market in the eastern towns, that when purchased and prepared for frying, were found to be filled with chopped turnip and shreds of red flannel.

For once, thought the Warners, we have found an honest Yankee.

They sat a long while at table, and though the tin-man seemed to talk all the time he was eating, the quantity of victuals that he caused to disappear surprised even Mrs. Warner, accustomed, as she was, to the appetite of Israel.

When the Yankee had at last completed his supper, the farmer invited him to stay all night;

but he replied, "that as it was moonshiny, and fine cool travelling after a warm day, he preferred putting on towards Maryland as soon as his creatur was rested, and had a feed."

He then, without more ceremony, led his horse and cart into the barn yard, and stopping near the stable door, fed the animal by the light of the moon, and carried him a bucket of water from the pump.

The girls being reminded by their mother that it was late, and that the cows had long since come home, they took their pails and went out to milk, while she washed up the supper things. While they were milking, the subsequent dialogue took place between them.

Orphy. I know it's not right to notice strangers, and to be sure the man's welcome, but Amy, did thee ever see any body take victuals like this Yankee?

Amy. Yes, but he didn't eat all he took, for I saw him slip a great chunk of bread and cheese into his pocket, and then a big piece of pie, while he was talking and making us laugh.

Orphy. Well, I think a man must be very badly off to do such a thing. I wonder he did not ask for victuals to take away with him. He need not have been afraid. He must know that

victuals is no object. And then he has travelled the roads long enough to be sure that he can get a meal for nothing at any house he stops at, as all the tin-men do. He must have seen us looking at his eating so much, and may-be his pride is hurt, and so he's made up his mind, all of a sudden, to take his meals no more at people's houses.

Amy. Then why can't he stop at a tavern, and pay for his victuals?

Orphy. May-be he don't want to spend his money in that trifling way. Who knows but he is saving it up to help an old mother, or to buy back land, or something of that sort? I'll be bound he calculates upon eating nothing to-morrow but what he slipped off from our table.

Amy. All he took will not last him a day. It's a pity of him, any how.

Orphy. I wish he had not been too bashful to ask for victuals to take with him.

Amy. And still he did not strike me at all as a bashful man.

Orphy. Suppose we were just in a private way to put some victuals into his cart for him, without letting him know any thing about it? Let's hide it among the tins, and how glad he'll be when he finds it to-morrow!

Amy. So we will; that's an excellent notion! I never pitied any body so much since the day the beggars came, which was five years ago last harvest, for I have kept count ever since; and I remember it as well as if it was yesterday.

Orphy. We don't know what a hard thing it is to want victuals, as the Irish schoolmaster used to tell us, when he saw us emptying pans of milk into the pig-trough, and turning the cows into the orchard to eat the heaps of apples laying under the trees.

Amy. Yes, and it must be much worse for an American to want victuals, than for people from the old countries who are used to it.

After they had finished their milking, and strained and put away the milk, the kind-hearted little girls proceeded to accomplish their benevolent purpose. They took from the large wire-safe in the cellar, a pie, half a loaf of bread, and a great piece of cheese; and putting them into a basket, they went to the barn-yard, intending to tell their mother as soon as the tin-man was gone, and not for a moment doubting her approval; since in the house of an American farmer, victuals, as Orphy justly observed, is no object.

As they approached the barn-yard they saw, by the light of the moon, the Yankee coming

away from his cart and returning to the house. The girls crouched down behind the garden-fence till he had passed, and then cautiously proceeded on their errand. They went to the back of the cart, intending to deposit their provisions, when they were startled at seeing something evidently alive, moving behind the round opening of the linen cover; and in a moment the head of a little black child peeped out of the hole.

The girls were so surprised that they stopped short and could not utter a word, and the young negro, evidently afraid of being seen, immediately popped down its head among the tins.

"Amy, did thee see that?"—asked Orphy, in a low voice.

"Yes, I did so," replied Amy; "what can the Yankee be doing with that little neger, and why does he hide it? Let's go and ask the child."

"No, no!" exclaimed Orphy, "the tin-man will be angry."

"And who cares if he is?" said Amy; "he has done something he is ashamed of, and we need not be afraid of him."

They then went quite close to the back of the cart, and Amy said, "Here, little snow-ball, shew thyself and speak; and do not be afraid, for nobody's going to hurt thee."

"How did thee come into this cart?" asked Orphy; "and why does the Yankee hide thee? Tell us all about it, and be sure not to speak above thy breath."

The black child again peeped out of the hole, and looking cautiously round, said, "Are you quite sure the naughty man won't hear us?"

"Quite sure," answered Amy, "but is thee boy or girl?"

"I'm a little gal," replied the child; and with the characteristic volubility of her race she continued, "and my name's Dinah, and I'm five year old, and my daddy and mammy are free* coloured people, and they lives a big piece off, and daddy works out, and mammy sells gingerbread and malasses-beer, and we have a sign over the door with a bottle and cake on it."

Amy. But how did this man get hold of thee, if thy father and mother are free people? Thee can't be bound to him, or he need not hide thee.

Dinah. O, I know I an't bounded to him—I expect he stole me.

Amy. Stole thee! What here in the free state of Pennsylvany?

* Blacks, but not slaves.

Dinah. I was out picking huckleberries in the woods up the roads, and I strayed off a big piece from home. Then the tin-man comed along, driving his cart, and I run close to the road-side to look, as I always does when any body goes by. So he told me to come into his cart, and he would give me a tin mug to put my huckleberries in, and I might chuse it myself, and it would hold them a heap better than my old Indian basket. So I was very glad, and he lifted me up into the cart, and I choosed the very best and biggest tin mug he had, and emptied my huckleberries into it. And then he told me he'd give me a ride in his cart, and then he set me far back on a box, and he whipped his creatur,* and druv, and druv, and jolted me so that I tumbled all down among the tins. And then he picked me up, and tied me fast with his handkercher to one of the back posts of the cart, to keep me steady he said. And then, for all I was steady, I couldn't help crying, and I wanted him to take me home to daddy and mammy. But he only sniggered at me, and said he wouldn't, and bid me hush; and then he got mad, and because I couldn't hush up just in a minute, he whipped me quite smart.

* Horse.

Orphy. Poor little thing!

Dinah. And then I got frightened, for he put on a wicked look and said he'd kill me dead if I cried any more or made the least bit of noise. And so he has been carrying me along in his cart for two days and two nights, and he makes me hide away all the time, and he won't let nobody see me. And I hate him, and yesterday, when I know'd he didn't see me, I spit on the crown of his hat.

Amy. Hush!—thee must never say thee hates any body.

Dinah. At night I sleeps upon the bag of feathers; and when he stops any where to eat, he comes sneaking to the back of the cart and pokes in victuals (he has just now brung me some), and he tells me he wants me to be fat and good-looking. I was afeard he was going to sell me to the butcher, as Nace Willet did his fat calf, and I thought I'd ax him about it, and he laughed and told me he was going to sell me sure enough, but not to a butcher. And I'm almost all the time very sorry, only sometimes I'm not, and then I should like to play with the tins, only he won't let me. I don't dare to cry out loud, for fear the naughty man would whip me, but I always moan when we're going through

woods and there's nobody in sight to hear me. He never lets me look out of the back of the cart, only when there's nobody to see me, and he won't let me sing even when I want to. And I moan most when I think of my daddy and mammy, and how they are wondering what has become of me; and I think moaning does me good, only he stops me short.

Amy. Now, Orphy, what is to be done? The tin-man has of course kidnapped this black child to take her into Maryland, where he can sell her for a good price, as she is a fat, healthy-looking thing, and that is a slave state. Does thee think we ought to let him take her off?

Orphy. No, indeed! I think I could feel free to fight for her myself—that is, if fighting was not forbidden by Friends. Yonder's Israel coming to turn the cows into the clover-field. Little girl, lay quiet and don't offer to shew thyself.

Israel now advanced—"Well, girls," said he, "what's thee doing at the tin-man's cart? Not meddling among his tins, I hope? Oh, the curiosity of women folks!"

"Israel," said Amy, "step softly—we have something to shew thee."

The girls then lifted up the corner of the cart cover, and displayed the little negro girl, crouched

upon the bag of feathers—a part of his merchandize which the Yankee had not thought it expedient to produce, after hearing Mrs. Warner's anecdote of one of his predecessors.

The young man was much amazed, and his two sisters began both at once to relate to him the story of the black child. Israel looked almost indignant. His sisters said to him, "To be sure we won't let the Yankee carry this child off with him."

"I judge we won't," answered Israel.

"Then," said Amy, "let us take her out of the cart, and hide her in the barn or somewhere till he has gone."

"No," replied Israel, "I can't say I feel free to do that. It would be too much like stealing her over again; and I've no notion of evening myself to a Yankee in any of his ways. Put her down in the cart and let her alone. I'll have no underhand work about her. Let's all go back to the house; mother has got down all the broken crockery from the top shelf in the corner cupboard, and the Yankee's mending it with a sort of stuff like sticks of sealing-wax, that he carries about with him; and I dare say he'll get her to pay him more for it than the things are worth. But *I* say nothing."

The girls cautioned Dinah not to let the tin-man know that they had discovered her, and to keep herself perfectly quiet; and they then accompanied their brother to the house, feeling very fidgetty and uneasy.

They found the table covered with old bowls, old tea-pots, old sugar-dishes, and old pitchers; whose fractures the Yankee was cementing together, while Mrs. Warner held the candle, and her husband viewed the operation with great curiosity.

"Israel," said his mother, as he entered, "this friend is making the china as good as new, only that we can't help seeing the join; and we are going to give all the mended things to thee."

The Yankee, having finished his work and been paid for it, said it was high time for him to be about starting, and he must go and look after his cart. He accordingly left the house for that purpose; and Israel, looking out at the end window, exclaimed, "I see he's not coming round to the house again, but he's going to try the short cut into the back road. I'll go and see that he puts up the bars after him."

Israel went out, and his sisters followed him to see the tin-man off.

The Yankee came to the bars, leading his horse

with the cart, and found Israel there before him.

"Are you going to let down the bars for me?" said the tin-man.

"No," replied Israel, "I'm not going to be so polite; but I intend to see that thee carries off nothing more than belongs to thee."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Yankee, changing colour.

"I expect I can shew thee," answered Israel. Then, stepping up to the back of the cart and putting in his hands, he pulled out the black child and held her up before him, saying, "Now, if thee offers to touch this girl, I think we shall be apt to differ."

The tin-man then advanced towards Israel, and with a menacing look raised his whip; but the fearless young quaker (having consigned the little girl to his sisters, who held her between them) immediately broke a stick from a tree that grew near, and stood on the defensive with a most steadfast look of calm resolution.

The Yankee went close up to him, brandishing his whip; but before he had time to strike, Israel with the utmost coolness, and with great strength and dexterity, seized him by the collar, and swinging him round to some distance, flung him to the ground with such force as to stun

him, saying, " Mind, I don't call myself a fighting character, but if thee offers to get up I shall feel free to keep thee down."

The tin-man began to move, and the girls ran shrieking to the house for their father, dragging with them the little black girl, whose screams (as is usual with all of her colour) were the loudest of the loud.

In an instant the stout old farmer was at the side of his son, and notwithstanding the struggles of the Yankee, they succeeded by main force in conveying him to the stable, into which they fastened him for the night.

Early next morning, Israel and his father went to the nearest magistrate for a warrant and a constable, and were followed home by half the township. The county court was then in session; the tin-man was tried, and convicted of having kidnapped a free black child, with the design of selling her as a slave in one of the southern states; and he was punished by fine and imprisonment.

The Warner family would have felt more compassion for him than they did, only that all the mended china fell apart again the next day, and his tins were so badly soldered that all their bottoms came out before the end of the month.

Mrs. Warner declared that she had done with Yankee tin-men for ever, and in short with all other Yankees. But the store-keeper, Philip Thompson, who was the sensible man of the neighbourhood, and took two Philadelphia newspapers, convinced her that some of the best and greatest men America can boast of, were natives of the New England states. And he even asserted that in the course of his life (and his age did not exceed sixty-seven) he had met with no less than five *perfectly* honest Yankee tin-men; and besides being honest, two of them were not in the least impudent. Among the latter, however, he did not of course include a very handsome fellow, that a few years since made the tour of the United States with his tin-cart, calling himself the Boston Beauty, and wearing his own miniature round his neck.*

To conclude—an advertisement having been inserted in several of the papers, to designate where Dinah the little black girl was to be found, and the tin-man's trial having also been noticed in the public prints, in about a fortnight her father and mother (two very decent free negroes) arrived to claim her; having walked all the way

* Fact.

from their cottage at the extremity of the next county. They immediately identified her, and the meeting was most joyful to them and to her. They told at full length every particular of their anxious search after their child, which was ended by a gentleman bringing a newspaper to their house, containing the welcome intelligence that she was safe at Micajah Warner's.

Amy and Orphy were desirous of retaining little Dinah in the family, and as the child's parents seemed very willing, the girls urged their mother to keep her instead of Cloe, who they said could very easily be made over to Israel. But, to the astonishment of the whole family, Israel on this occasion proved refractory, declaring that he would not allow his wife to be plagued with such an imp as Cloe, and that he chose to have little Dinah himself, if her parents would bind her to him till she was eighteen. This affair was soon satisfactorily arranged.

Israel was married at the appointed time, and took possession of the house near the saw-mill. He prospered; and in a few years was able to buy a farm of his own, and to build a stone house on it. Dinah turned out extremely well, and the Warner family still talk of the night when she was discovered in the cart of the travelling tin-man.

A CHILD'S HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Before thy footstool, God of truth,
A humble child bows down,
To thank thee for the joys of youth,
And errors all to own.

I know thou art the fountain head,
Whence all my blessings flow;
But all thy glory and thy good,
I dare not seek to know:

Whether thy way is on the wind,
The pathway of the storm;
Or on the waste of waters wide,
Which rolling waves deform:

But this I know, by flood or wild,
Thou see'st me night and day,
And grievest o'er the wayward child
That goes from thee astray.

Through all this week thy kindly sway,
Has round me been for good—
At task or play, by night or day,
In wilderness or wood.

And when I lay me down to sleep,
Thy guardian shield be spread;
And angel of thy presence keep
A watch around my bed.

O teach me to adore thy name,
For all thy love to me;
Thy guardian goodness to proclaim,
Thy truth and verity!

And, through the darkness of the night,
Watch o'er my thoughts that stray,
And lift mine eyes upon the light
Of a new Sabbath day.

And in a holy frame employ
Thy day, due praise to give,
To him who wept, that I might joy,
And died, that I might live:

Who rose again and went above,
That sinful ones like me,
Might glory in redeeming love,
To all eternity.

For all thy blessings showered around
My kindred and my race,
I bless thee, Lord, but most of all,
For riches of thy grace.

For peace of mind, and health of frame,
And joys—a mighty store,
Accept my thanks, and to thy name
Be glory evermore!

Painted by H. Howard, R.A. Engraved by W. Greatbach.

THE NUT-CRACKER.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"The Squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play."
COWPER.

His home was once the forest tree,
He leaped from bough to bough;
But even there he scarce could be
More frolicsome than now.

When free, his fare must oft have been
Exceeding poor and scanty;
Now, if there is a fetter seen,
He lives, you see, in plenty.

And pray, is not that shoulder fair,
A standing-place as good,
As if a leafy branch it were,
An oak-branch of the wood?

The working of a squirrel's brain,
Of course, I cannot tell;
But I should guess, nor guess in vain,
He likes it full as well.

There is a sparkle in his eye,
He pricks his ears with glee;
Ev'n by his tail may one descry,
A happy rogue is he!

Or rather *was;* for years have fled
Since he'd his portrait taken;
Those nimble limbs are now like lead,
Those bright eyes will not waken.

No matter; in no cruel cage
He lived—or leaped for pelf;
And when his nuts, through very age,
He could not crack himself,—

His mistresses—each merry maid—
Turned NUT-CRACKER to squirrel;
And when he died, his corse was laid
Beneath a tree of laurel.

Enough of *him;* but not for me,
Of those two gentle girls;
In russet may their picture be,
But they wear silk and pearls.

I saw them only yester-night,
It was not out of door,
But in a room where lamps were bright—
Bright eyes and smiles a store.

They fixed my gaze among the crowd,
And if I call them fair,
It will but be to say aloud
What many whispered there.

They were not children—sat not now
Upon the mountain-heather;
But sisterhood still marked each brow,
And still they sat together.

Their looks, their music—smile and song,
Awoke delight and prayer;
And as I left the glittering throng,
(I was a stranger there)
Love came upon my spirit strong,
"And I blest them unaware!"*

* Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

IMPULSE AND AMIABILITY.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

PERHAPS there never was a girl to whom education was rendered more agreeable than to Jane Walton. She was the only child of a rich widow, who possessed both leisure and inclination to instruct her at home, in all the useful and ornamental branches of tuition which ladies alone can superintend; but Mrs. Walton was not content with bestowing on Jane the information which she herself could impart. The curate of their village was a gentleman of learning and of wisdom, of unaffected manners and kindly temper. His piety was humble, yet cheering; his morals pure, his charity active and sincere. Mrs. Walton looked on him as her son, or younger brother; and as he was poor and alone in the world, engaged him to devote some hours of each day to the improvement of her daughter. Jane's

respect for his character rendered her a grateful and obedient pupil; but she would often say, "I think, dear Mr. Tyndale, that I learn most of you when you are not exactly *teaching* me. In our conversations I half forget that I am listening to a scholar, I gain such valuable knowledge from you as a friend. How can I ever forget your precepts, while I witness your example!" This was just the feeling which her good tutor wished to create. He invented amusing games, by which to fix passages of history on her memory. He would even join in her harmless sports, to encourage her confidence in him, so that it was impossible for her to *fear*, while every day taught her still more to esteem him.

It was in one of these holidays, when Jane was nearly fourteen, that the following dialogue took place between her and her Mentor, as she called him.

Jane. You know, Sir, you bade me ask you the meaning of any word which I might not comprehend. I am now puzzling over two. I think I know what they ought to mean, but it seems that other people use each of them in a different sense from mine. You can explain.

Mr. Tyndale. Why there are two meanings even to that little word *can*.

Jane. O yes, for there's the can in which the milk is brought from the dairy.

Mr. Tyndale. I did not mean *that.* Persons of a certain kind of *wit* might play on the various significations of the same sound. This in English is called punning, and in French, *Jeu de mot*, or *double entendre.* But I was going to say that though probably I *know how* to explain the expressions which perplex you, yet, if they relate to subjects which it would not profit you to understand, my duty would act against my ability to satisfy you, and I might sincerely say *I cannot.* I never deceive you in such cases, but tell you as nearly the whole truth as possible, and nothing but the truth at any time. To what words do you allude?

Jane. Impulse and *Amiability*, Sir.

Mr. Tyndale. And what have you been accustomed to suppose they imply? Come, elders first! Impulse?

Jane. Why an impulse is not a reason; it is not quite a motive—for babies betray impulses; they are wishes that we feel suddenly, sometimes even against our will, without a thought, almost without a cause.

Mr. Tyndale. Without a sufficient or understood cause, very often. Impulses, even when

they lead us to good actions, are neither very meritorious nor very safe. They are involuntary.

Jane. Yes, Sir, for when I lately saw an accident happen in the road, I screamed, and ran to the spot; though, by being overpowered at the sight, I was quite helpless, and only in the way of those who were striving to be of use.

Mr. Tyndale. You screamed from fright, and ran to the spot from curiosity; your next impulse was to do good, but for want of self-command, and presence of mind, you wasted your strength and spirits, and so were any thing but serviceable to the person you pitied. Another time bid Impulse wait till Judgment direct her how to act.

Jane. When Mr. Lewsham was reconciled to his uncle, I heard mamma say, "They met unexpectedly, and shook hands from mere impulse. I question if they will continue friends." Afterwards *you* said, of the man who jumped into the river, and saved the poor creature who was drowning, "He obeyed but a natural impulse!" And I remember reading of a murderer, who said in his defence, "I was provoked, and in the impulse of my passion I stabbed my enemy." So that impulse seems to rob good actions of their value, and to furnish bad ones with excuses.

Mr. Tyndale. A man who could *deliberately* do wrong, would certainly be much more criminal than one who erred in the heat of passion; and a person who acts well from principle is a far higher character than one who merely yields to a kind impulse. But if we early seek the control of religion, we shall be able to examine all our impulses, and to temper them with courage, patience, and amiability.

Jane. Ah, there's the other word! To be amiable I fancied was to be friendly in thought, word, deeds, and looks; to sacrifice one's own *impulses* for the sake of others. Yet I often hear the word applied as if it meant something affected, silly, or insincere. I once heard a lady say of another, "Oh, she's not very wise, nor very well mannered, poor thing!—but then she's so amiable!—has not an opinion of her own, agrees with every body, and is so grateful if you will but employ her in any way—such amiability!" The same lady, speaking of a great man from whom she had asked some favour, said, "He refused me, but of course *amiably* as usual; pretending that he was very much distressed, but had not the power to oblige me. He says the same to every one!"

Mr. Tyndale. There is, indeed, an amiability

assumed by persons without either feeling or candour; there is another which is constitutional, and springs from a quiet temper, even spirits, or mere indolence of mind; which prevents its possessors from giving pain, because it renders them unfit for every kind of exertion. There is also the amiability of impulse, which induces people to promise, what at the moment they intend to perform, but what they afterwards forget, or possibly never had the power to fulfil. But neither of the persons at whom that lady sneered (for I know who *you* mean, and who *she* meant) deserved to be ridiculed. The one is a well-meaning, obliging woman, whose kindness and simplicity is worth all the malicious wit of her accuser, and the other is a gentleman of great talents and integrity, who resists frequent temptations to lose his temper, and to forget his duties, because his disposition is not only amiable, but forbearing and generous. We must keep truth for ever in our hearts and on our lips, if we would render our amiability a virtue.

Jane. Well, I hope I shall never allow *envy* to render *me* as *unamiable* as I thought that lady.

Mr. Tyndale. You must guard even against vivacity; for very harmless *talking* girls are apt

inconsiderately to fall into many unamiable habits. But I can tell you a few anecdotes which are appropriate to both the subjects in question.

Jane. Pray do! I never forget the advice you give me, when it comes in the shape of a story.

Mr. Tyndale. Margaret Barker was a truly amiable girl. She seldom obeyed mere impulses, though hers were very strong ones; for she was both sensitive and proud, but anxious to be always in the right, and ever ready to confess and atone when she was wrong. She was an orphan of some fortune; her father, on his death-bed, had been obliged by circumstances to confide his children to a Mrs. Harrison, a female quite unfit for such a charge. I would not say a word before a young person against her elders, but that you, Jane, who are blest with so sensible and excellent a mother, may thank God for your lot, and endeavour to deserve it. All persons who while children give way to their evil inclinations, become unable to control them when they are old; such was, I own, the case with Margaret's protectress. Oh, may you ever amend in yourself what you see amiss in others, and avoid the errors which have led them to misery! Such was Margaret's endeavour, and the Almighty

turned what would have been a dangerous example into a useful warning.

One of Margaret's brothers was a Naval Officer, serving abroad. She grieved over his long and distant absence, his dangers and privations; her only holidays were the periods at which she either wrote to him or received a letter from him.

Among the persons to whom Mrs. Harrison introduced her, was a lady, to whose house Margaret was once taken, "to shew off her accomplishments" before a Miss Courtenay, who had just returned from London, where she had finished her education. Margaret was too modest a girl to display her own talents, even before friends; and though Miss Courtenay was very handsome, and meant to be very kind, Margaret, in a few minutes, had reason to be so displeased with the freedom of her manners, that she insisted on going home. Many weeks elapsed, during which, being in disgrace with the whole party, Margaret saw no more of Miss Courtenay.

She had not heard from her brother for some time, when one night, as she was pursuing her studies in solitude and in sadness, Mrs. Harrison *burst* into the room, with a face of delight, exclaiming, "Oh, Margaret, my dear!—here is a

young officer who has just left your brother quite well, and is desired by him to see you before he returns; come with me!"

Margaret's sisterly heart bounded with joy, pride, and gratitude; and with trembling haste she accompanied Mrs. Harrison to the drawing-room. "Captain Brown," said that lady ceremoniously, "let me introduce to you, Miss Margaret Barker."

Margaret raised her eyes, the figure in a naval uniform was strutting up to salute her, when the girl, drawing back with indignation, exclaimed coldly—"*Miss Courtenay!* Disgusting!" and hurried from the room.

In a few moments Mrs. Harrison rejoined her, and began laughingly—"Why Margaret, you rude thing!—can't you take an innocent joke? Did you ever see such a disguise? I'm amazed at your knowing her at a glance! You have sent her away quite out of countenance."

"I am glad to hear it, Ma'am!" cried Margaret, "I can't call such jests harmless; and no one has a right to use my brother's name, and to prey on my feelings for him, merely to disappoint and shame me so. I am glad I shewed her that I was offended and not deceived. If I had given way to the impulse of the moment, I

should have said more than a child ought; but I should have hated myself could I have behaved *amiably* to such a bold girl. I detest tricks and disguises; and I don't deserve that any one should cheat me into witnessing such a disgraceful sight."

Poor Margaret's face by this time was covered with blushes and with tears. Mrs. Harrison and Miss Courtenay, though they must have felt mortified at the girl's spirit, could not help respecting her for it. Margaret that night prayed to God that she might always fly even from the sight of those whose conduct she could not esteem; but she prayed also for power to forgive them.

A short time after this, Mr. Hervé, the founder of the National Benevolent Institution, held his lectures in the Assembly-room of Margaret's native town; she attended them, with some of her brothers, who were all prepared to subscribe. Margaret was much interested in the appearance of the young philanthropist, his voice and manner were so sincere—his lecture so agreeably worded! He told his elegant and crowded audience, in a sweet playful manner, of the opposition his aims had met; how he had been mistaken for a French spy, and carried before a magistrate, who on learning that he was now sketching for his

own support, having embarked his fortune, and that of his wife, in his charitable fund, warmly espoused his cause, and contributed largely to his stock purse. He then related instances of having, by timely supplies, saved respectable tradesmen from prison, and cheered the last years of virtuous poverty. I don't remember his exact words, but his sentiments were these. "The humbly born, bred to toil and privations, readily find asylums and comfort in this wealthy and charitable land; but it is to those who have seen better days, and who shrink from public alms, that I would fly with succour. 'They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed;' if they are indeed 'the good distressed,' think to what miseries their minds, accustomed to the decencies of life, must be subjected, by abject want; if they are not strong in virtue, fancy to what temptations they become liable, and spare from your comforts and luxuries a yearly trifle to secure their grateful prayers. But there is a gift more valuable than gold, which I now dare request of such ladies as can and will afford it to my cause. We are pressed for time, and economy is my duty; I have to despatch letters half over England this week; should I engage persons as my secretaries, I must pay them out of the store reserved for

our pensioners. Is there any one here who can sacrifice her own amusements, and devote her leisure to save me that expense? Such a volunteer would confer a service on the cause, and an obligation on its advocate."

There was a moment's dead silence. Many perhaps wished to speak, but wanted courage; the lecturer looked round the room; as he did so, one girl only rose, and one young voice was heard replying, "I will do it, Sir."

All eyes were turned upon the speaker, and a murmur of applause ran through the room. Hervé bowed with a smile of great feeling, and Margaret, rather abashed, sunk again on her seat. The lecture was over, the subscriptions paid, Margaret received the thanks of the worthy pair, who were thus careless of themselves, and active for the comfort of their fellow creatures. They gave her the form she was to copy, the names she was to introduce, and the addresses of *three hundred persons*;—Mr. Hervé promising to call in a day or two on his little clerk.

Margaret gave herself up to her task, with as much delight as if it had been the completion of a drawing, or a letter for her brother; gay companions called to invite her in vain. Three hundred times did her pen neatly retrace the same

words, long before the moment appointed for the humane lecturer's visit. He was amazed at her zeal and industry. "What you promised from an amiable impulse," he said, "you have fulfilled from a good principle; but I hope you do not look down on those who neither set you the example nor followed it. Few of your youngers can possess minds like yours, and when you are a little older, you may find it impossible to act as you did yesterday. Women should shrink from making themselves in any way conspicuous; but you have the boldness of innocence, that neither suspects nor fears suspicion. Long, long may you preserve it!"

He left her, and Margaret began to think that it would have been more prudent, if she had left the assembly, and privately offered her services to Mrs. Hervé. "I meant well, and spoke because I could not help it," she thought; "but another time I will do good without running the risk of being stared at."

Margaret had a brother about a year her younger, a great favourite of Mrs. Harrison's, though the boy was at once mean, sly, and violent. One day he had been particularly rude and troublesome. Margaret had appealed to his reason, and to his feelings, but he continued to

interrupt her in her studies, to contradict her at every word, and to utter such untruths in his own defence, that she insisted on his leaving the room. He refused, and his sister rising mildly but steadily, opened the door and led him to it. The boy, vexed that he could not provoke her to be angry with him, wrested his hand from hers, and in a furious passion struck her in the face. "Robert," cried Margaret warmly, "you are a coward!"

"Heyday!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, entering: "Must you be always scolding that poor fellow, and calling him names? This is the lady-like Miss Barker, is it? This is the young gentlewoman who can find fault with Miss Courtenay, and can act the amiable before a crowd of strangers!"

"He struck me, Ma'am."

"I did not," said Robert: "I only took away my hand, when she was dragging me to the door to turn me out."

"Turn you out, indeed! You have as much right to any room of my house as she has."

"I shall not intrude long, Ma'am; my brother intends to settle me elsewhere," said Margaret.

Mrs. Harrison did not like the prospect of losing the income she received for Margaret's

board; and therefore said more mildly, "Come, come, Margaret; you are the eldest, and ought to know better than to fall into a passion with little Bob; let me see you kiss and be friends."

"Certainly, if Robert will ask my pardon."

"*Your* pardon, Miss!—you are giving yourself great consequence."

"Well," cried Margaret, "if he will say he is sorry for what he has done, I will forgive him."

"But I'm *not* sorry," said the boy, "for you have been cross to me all day, and I won't be ordered by you."

"There, Margaret!" said Mrs. Harrison: "I dare say, if Bob has been to blame, you were as much in the wrong as he; so set him the example by confessing it, and shake hands this minute."

"I will never own to a falsehood, Ma'am. I love Robert too well to encourage him in his faults."

"Then you refuse to give me the delight of seeing you reconciled and at peace?"

"I refuse to say that I forgive him, unasked; or to allow that I was in the wrong."

"Oh, of course, you never are!"

"Often, Ma'am; and the same love of truth which makes me confess it when I *am* so, forbids me now to"—

"None of your speeches, Miss!—is this the amiable Margaret?"

"It is better sometimes to be sincere than *amiable*," answered Margaret, and left the room. In solitude, a pity for her brother made her half forget his offence; and fear for his future happiness taught her that if *she* ceased to love him he would lose his best friend. She fell on her knees, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed—"Oh, my heavenly Father, forgive my pride, which has made me commit the very fault that I so blame in others. I said I did not forgive my brother, while in truth my heart yearned to embrace him. Enable me to tell him so; surely that would soften his temper, and teach him that those who pray to Thee, can conquer their own impulses, and be amiable without being insincere. Look upon that dear child, and bless him, that we may indeed live in peace together." At this moment Margaret felt herself clasped in the arms of some one who knelt by her side. It was Robert, who as soon as he was left to himself became conscious of his error, and having followed her, had overheard her prayer. "Dear Margaret!" he sobbed out, "I don't deserve such a sister!"

"But you can, and you will, my love!" said

Margaret. "You struck me from the impulse of passion, and I denied that I forgave you from the impulse of my pride; whatever we feel, let us pray to the Almighty before we act on it, and if we pray with a desire for correction, God will teach us how to act, and remove evil inclinations from our hearts."

Mr. Tyndale ceased, and Jane in grateful tones exclaimed,

"Thank you, dear Sir. Now I understand what amiability *should* be, and shall in future be careful not to obey mere impulse."

THE EAR OF CORN AND THE POPPY.

BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

Over the fertile far-spread plain,
  Like billows of the sea,
The undulating harvest waved
  In rich luxuriancy.

And haughtily its stately crest
  A ripened ear upraised;
As, gaily flaunting to the sun,
  Its golden glories blazed.

Swoll'n with the pride of conscious worth,
  It marked, with tossing head,
A poppy, rising by its side,
  Its vermeil petals spread:

And with its sharp and stridulous awns,
Goading its tender breast;
In hoarse and scornful accents, thus
The blooming flower addrest.

"Oh, symbol thou of sluggishness!
To whose dark juice a prey—
Victims alike, the strongest mind
And stoutest frame give way.

Thou of lethargic torpors sire,
Which o'er the senses creep,
And freeze them—such their potency—
In fixed and death-like sleep:

How dost thou dare near me to spring,
In Ceres' wide domain—
Me, who with needful food do still
Man's toiling race sustain?"

To whom the poppy tranquil thus;—
"Dear sister, spurn me not:
But venerate the high behests,
That rule man's chequered lot.

Of his exhausting labours thou
The staff, the solace I:
Thus seems dread Providence to speak,
Which placed us twain so nigh:

Mortals, no more with thankless wail,
O'er human sorrows weep;
Since yours are still, of Nature's boon,
Twin blessings—bread and sleep."

AWAKE!

BY SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

AWAKE! Awake!—the eye of morn
Looks o'er the purple hill;
The snowy blossoms of the thorn
Are wet with dew-drops still.

The thrush has poured his matin lay
So sweetly from the brake;
The lark soars up to meet the day,
"And sings at Heaven's gate."

Along the mead the summer breeze
His wanton wing unfurls,
I hear his shrill voice through the trees,
Scattering night's crown of pearls.

Awake!—to Him who formed the light
Your grateful anthems bring;
With Nature's feathered tribes unite,
His boundless love to sing!

Painted by P.Williams. Engraved by F.Bacon.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Printed by Ch

London Published for the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me not 1830

THE ROMAN BEGGAR.

A TALE.

By the Author of "Conversations on Comparative Chronology."

DURING a tour which I made through Italy some years since, I visited Rome; and was so delighted to find myself in a city of which I had heard so much, that, though the day was drawing to a close when I arrived, I strolled out immediately, being too impatient to wait till morning. In the South of Europe there is very little twilight, and it soon became so dark that I was obliged to return; when just as I reached my lodgings my attention was attracted by the white head-dress of an old woman who was sitting under a gateway, and whose attitude and whole appearance struck me as so picturesque, that I stopped involuntarily to look at her. In her hand she held a distaff, and her eyes were bent upon a beautiful boy who lay asleep in her lap, with

an expression in which maternal fondness was blended with some other feeling, if possible still more intense, but which I felt puzzled to define. My curiosity was excited, and I enquired if the boy were her son.

"Oh, no," said she, "he is my grandson; but no mother can love a child more than I do him, and I have suffered a great deal to prove it."

These words increased my wish to know her history, and with very little solicitation she began as follows:—

"The mother of this poor boy was my only child, and when very young she married, against my wishes, a gay and dissipated man, with whom she left me in order to settle in his native country. Several years elapsed before I either saw or heard of her again, and I was beginning to fancy that she was dead; when one night, in a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, a shriek, so wild and piercing that methinks I hear it now, rang in my ears, and made me, in spite of my terror at the storm, fling open my door to give the poor wretch who uttered it admission. It was a woman, and as she rushed in, her long hair hanging upon her shoulders, and streaming with wet, I recognized my unfortunate daughter. Her story was short and mournful; her husband

had been linked with banditti, and soon after the birth of her son (this poor boy), he had taken them both to the mountains to serve as hostages for his fidelity. Finding that the life of her husband would be the sacrifice if she attempted to escape, she had remained tranquil in this painful situation, devoting her whole time to her son, and endeavouring as much as possible, by strengthening his moral and religious feelings, to preserve him from being contaminated by the bad examples with which he was surrounded. The death of her husband, which had taken place but a few months previously, enabled her to attempt to save her child; and she succeeded in emerging with him from the cavern in which they had been so long confined: unfortunately, however, they lost their way, and became so completely exhausted that they could fly no farther. Francesco (for that is my poor boy's name) was indeed dying from thirst, and finding that his strength was rapidly failing, he begged his mother to leave him to his fate; this she would not do, and lifting him in her arms she attempted to carry him, but her strength soon deserted her, and they fell together. In this extremity she recollected having seen a spring of water at a little distance, and left him while she flew in

search of it; the distance was farther than she had imagined, and when she returned, it was only in time to see her darling boy carried off by the robbers, who had found him in a fainting state, and placed him across one of their horses, to convey him back to the caverns. Her first idea was to fly for assistance, and she hurried with faltering steps towards the nearest town. But when, after a long and toilsome journey, she reached it, she could get no one to listen to her tale; she had nothing to offer as a reward, and the banditti were too much dreaded in the neighbourhood for the people to be willing to encounter them rashly. Heart-broken with disappointment and grief, the unfortunate woman had then no resource but to seek me; and almost without food or rest, she had pursued her wearisome pilgrimage; but nature could now bear no more; and she expired a few days after she reached my humble dwelling, imploring me with her last breath to rescue her beloved Francesco. I wanted no urging to make me attempt the task; though, alas, it was a fearful undertaking for one so old and so poor as I was! My limbs were too weak to bear fatigue, and I had no money to offer either as a bribe or ransom; yet I did not despair, I trusted in the mercy of that God

who never forsakes the innocent, and I set forth, resigning myself to His will, and knowing that if it was His good pleasure I should succeed, no human obstacles could prevent me; with this confidence I began my journey in search of the banditti.

"'They will not be afraid of a poor old woman like me,' thought I, as I drew near the mountains, where she had told me that I should find them; but when I looked around, and saw nothing but the steep, naked crags towering above my head, with no traces of houses or human beings as far as the eye could reach, I felt my heart die within me as I thought of the distance which I had still to travel, and of the hardships which I might meet with on the way. Whilst I kept in sight of habitations I did well; as though I had no money I found few cottagers so unkind as to refuse me a slice of black bread, a bunch of grapes, or a little maccaroni; whilst I could always obtain permission to creep into some barn or hovel which afforded me shelter for the night. But now all was wild and desolate! I seemed alone with my Creator amidst some of the most fearful wonders of his hand. Ponderous rocks hung over my head, as though threatening to crush me with their weight, and frightful chasms

yawned beneath my feet, so deep and gloomy that they made my old head giddy to look into them; whilst the dark and gathering clouds above seemed ready to burst into a storm: their portent was soon fulfilled; the wind began to howl amongst the rocks like the roaring of wild beasts, and the thunder rolled along, peal after peal, till my ears were deafened with the sound; the rain came down in torrents, and blinded me by beating in my face, till I lost all traces of the path, and knew not which way to go. Terrified and bewildered, I fell upon my knees and prayed fervently for protection and support, and then sheltered myself under some thick pine trees till the first beams of the rising sun should dispel the pitchy darkness of the night. In this situation I fell asleep; but how shall I describe my emotions when I awoke, and found that I had passed the night upon the very brink of a torrent, which dashing from rock to rock almost covered me with its showers of silvery spray! I shuddered at the sight, and humbly thanked that Divine Being which had mercifully saved me from precipitating myself into its abyss; for had I advanced one step farther I must have been dashed to pieces, without the least possibility of saving myself from destruction. This

instance of the protecting care of Providence cheered my spirits, and I proceeded in the full confidence of success. My road was rough, and sometimes impeded with frightful gaps, across which a tree grew horizontally, and afforded me a tottering bridge; and sometimes by ledges of rock, over which I had to clamber, cutting my hands and feet with the sharp edges of the stones. I know not how I was supported, or how I retained courage to go on; yet I did proceed, and at last was rewarded for my exertions by discovering, on climbing the summit of a rock, a group of banditti in the valley beneath; my joy, however, was of short duration, for when they saw me they set up a loud shout, and rushed to seize me as their prisoner. I trembled in every limb when I saw these fierce, horrible looking fellows crowding round me. I fell upon my knees, however, and told them my history. I shall never forget their horrid laugh when they first heard my tale, but God touched their hearts, and taking me to their chief, he gave me up my Francesco. No words can tell my joy; and though still poor and dependent upon charity for our support, I shall ever bless the Almighty goodness which enabled me to rescue my daughter's child from everlasting destruction."

It may easily be imagined that I did not suffer the old woman and her grandson to depart without relieving their necessities; and I had the satisfaction to hear, a few months afterwards, that they had obtained a small pension from the nobleman on whose estate the old woman had previously resided; and that Francesco was rapidly becoming all that the fond affection of his devoted grandmother could possibly desire.

INFANT NATURALISTS.

A DIALOGUE.

BROTHER, what a pretty flower!
  There beside are hundreds, see!
What a charming little bower,
  For the honey-making bee!

Sister, know your beauteous prize
  Has a charm beside its bloom,
For though lovely are its dyes,
  Sweeter yet is its perfume.

Brother, tell who fixed the rose
  On the scented hedge-row thorn—
Made it thus its leaves disclose
  In the silver dew of morn?

Sister, on that lowly thorn,
  Bending now with beaded dew,
Gladdened by the light of morn,
  Know the pretty flow'ret *grew*.

Brother, though you've truly said,
You have not yet answered me;
Tell who all those branches spread,
Tell who made the parent tree.

Sister, know that beauteous bush
Where the robin oft hath sung,
And where sings the merry thrush—
From a tiny seed it sprung.

Brother, yet I must enquire;
Though the boughs the blossom feed,
Though the seed produce the briar,
Some one must have made the seed?

Yes, 'twas He who framed the earth,
Spread aloft yon azure sky,
Gave the myriad stars their birth,
Gave to every flower its dye.
Sister, He who made the flower
Pleasant to the smell and sight,
Gave to us the higher power
Wrong to shun—to do the right.
Then, since buds that bloom and die
His divine intent fulfil,
Sister, surely we should try
Every hour to do his will!

THE NUTTING PARTY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Do look, uncle, what nice bags Maria and little Annie have made us for our nutting expedition, to-morrow! We shall be off at five in the morning, and we shall bring home such a load of nuts, you can't think! I wonder who will bring the most? I should like very much to know who will—I mean who *you think* will bring the most."

"I can't form any judgment on so important a topic," said Mr. Rothwell, smiling.

"Now don't say so, uncle; I am quite sure you have a good judgment about every thing."

This was said in such a coaxing tone of good-humoured patronage, from a really good-humoured boy, that his uncle could not forbear to take up the subject with the interest it held in

George's eye, and he replied with all becoming gravity.

"I think Richard will probably succeed the best in filling his bag."

"Richard!—how can you think so? He is grave, and learned, and all that; as good a fellow as ever was born, but by no means fit for a lark of this kind. Tom is more likely, or Frederick, or—or—"

"Or *yourself*, you would say, to whom the sins of being grave or learned do not apply. Be that as it may, I think, my dear boy, neither you nor William have an equal chance with our boys; for though you are very active and agile, yet you cannot have been equally habituated to country occupations. A ride to Richmond, or a walk to Hampstead, by no means imply a power to pierce thickets, break down branches, climb neighbouring trees, or burst through impeding hedges."

George paused, while William, his younger brother, said despondingly, "I don't think I shall get any nuts, for I am sure I can do none of these things; besides, I am a kind of heavy boy as well as a little one, so that I don't suppose I shall get *any*, for I am sure town boys are not the same as country boys in some things."

George, who had been charmed with his visit to his uncle's in Derbyshire, and was fully persuaded of his own prowess, was stimulated by his brother's language rather than depressed; and he eagerly interrupted him, to exclaim, "It may be so with you, Bill, who can scarcely be called a match with either of the cousins near your own age; but in regard to myself, who am taller than Richard, and just as old, the case is quite different. Now, uncle, what will you bet that I don't bring home the better-filled bag, to-morrow evening?"

"I am by no means fond of wagers, George, but to oblige you I will place the matter on this footing. If you bring the best laden bag, I will forfeit the large bowl of syllabub, and you shall be master of the feast; if—"

"Hurra!—dear uncle, you are very kind; it will be the most refreshing thing in the world after our day's fatigue; but don't say a word to Richard, or I shan't consider it a fair wager."

"You have not yet heard my proposal: it *is*, that if Richard brings home the most nuts, you shall write twenty lines of Latin verse the day after."

"Latin verses in holiday time!—that appears to me quite unnatural, uncle."

"Every one to his taste. I have as great a fancy for your verses as you can have to my syllabub; so the bargain is a fair one."

"Oh! I am quite willing—I know I shall win."

The rest of the party entering, a significant look from each person to the other concluded the agreement, and various voices were heard arranging their plans, and disposing, by anticipation, of their expected gains. George professed an intention of sending his bag to Russell Square, by the waggon, "just to astonish the natives." Tom intended to make strings of hob, dob, does, such as had never been made before. Frederick hoped to bring home a few for his sisters at all events, though he confessed he should crack a great many; and Richard professed an intention of bottling a few, and burying them in the garden, for his mamma to eat at Christmas. All were full of plans, and in their various schemes and wishes developed their dispositions, and enabled their affectionate relatives to see how they could best render their amusements not only pleasurable, but beneficial to them.

The morning was as fine as young hearts could desire. A hearty though hasty breakfast

was swallowed by the boys, during which the kind sisters made their appearance; and the eldest examined their baskets of provision, cautioned Tom against running into danger, and recommended Frederick and his cousin William to observe all that Johnson said to them. This done, their guide appeared, a shout of exultation proclaimed their readiness "to be off;" and away they all bounded, each armed with a bag and a hooked stick, all boasting or believing that they should do great things, and George's voice soaring above the rest, as he sang,

"Five blither lads ye wad nae see."

On they went, neither turning to right nor left, though many a temptation was in their way as they passed the hedge-rows in Mr. Rothwell's fields, and others in their vicinity, where hung many a rich cluster of the fruit they sought. This forbearance might be attributed to Johnson's observation, that "gathering them there nuts was work for women;" and who ever knew a boy that would submit to do "women's work?" —these were left for their sisters to gather.

Even afterwards, when a coppice was entered where many hazel trees grew, they still trudged patiently after their guide, though, he allowed,

the young trees "grew handy for the little ones to gather;" there were no "little ones" (at such an early hour) who would plead guilty to any unmanly characteristic. All and each were ambitious of reaching "high-bank wood," where, all the world knew, the "best brown shellers" alone could be found—where there were rocks to climb, brushwood to impede you, springs to intercept you, delightful difficulties to overcome, and rich rewards to recompense exertion.

At length the brow of the wooded hill was gained; the thick clusters weighed down the drooping stems, as if inviting the hand to gather them, and, in some places, the ripe brown fruit had dropt on the grass below. Richard, an old nutter, cast his eye around, and seeing where best he could obtain such a standing as would enable him to bring down the nuts, began his operations with the caution of an adept. George, shouting for joy, and from the sense of conscious triumph, felt as if he could instantly sweep all he beheld into his bag; whilst Tom, with great alertness, began swarming up a high tree, and having seated himself across one of the branches, drew up the ends of the nut-tree sprigs with great facility, and soon conveyed the fruit into the bag which hung round his neck. He had not, how-

ever, pursued this method of realizing long, when venturing too near the end of the branch, it broke under him, and he fell into the thicket below, his open bag disgorging its contents—his hooked stick left sticking in the tree—his hat lodged out of all reach, and his trowsers miserably torn in the descent.

But Tom's troubles were of short duration. He was not a boy to mind a bump or a scratch, and he had seen from his elevation so much of the riches of the land, as would enable him, by perseverance, soon to recover his loss, a loss which the little active Frederick turned to good account, as, by creeping through the more pervious parts of the underwood, he regained many a rich bunch lost from Tom's bag, besides using his position to look up through the branches, and knock down those ripe nuts he had not height nor strength to reach; and this art he communicated to his cousin William, who crept fearfully after him, and thought a single nut, so obtained, an achievement.

Far different was the fate of poor George; every twig he seized appeared to him animated with a power of repelling his attacks; they eluded his strongest grasp, bounced against his face, slipped from his hook, tore his hands and

his clothes; and even when at length he despondingly submitted to beg instruction from Johnson, he succeeded little better. Despite of the excitement of the scene, and the general buoyancy of his happy spirits, poor George felt and owned that he was discomfited completely.

"Courage!" cried Richard, as with a heavy bag he joined George—"remember what Miss Edgeworth says of the difference between 'heroes full, and heroes fasting'—let us sit down in this pleasant glade and dine; you see Johnson is spreading our cloth below the shadow of that noble oak."

Down they sate, and thankfully did they eat, and merrily did they descant on their adventures and their troubles, until George's spirits again were roused to exertion, and his past failures became beacons which he considered likely to ensure future success. Nor was he wholly wrong; for his renewed strength and his acquired experience so far assisted his future endeavours, that he really did attain the power of securing a decent portion of nuts—quite as many as any inhabitant of Russell Square could expect, on the day of their installation into the profession of a nut-gatherer.

At length the sun gave symptoms of decline,

and the strength and spirits of the younger portion of our party resembled him; but a glass of spruce beer so far revived them that all set out for home with renewed spirits; and under the care of Johnson their strength was so well husbanded, that they hailed the rising chimnies of "sweet, sweet home," with acclamations of delight.

George alone was silent, not from envy of the heavy bag which he had several times most kindly assisted his cousin Richard to carry, but from a sense of his own folly in supposing that he could outshine that cousin; and he felt most anxious to make the *amende honourable* by confessing his error, yet had also to struggle with his own pride and mortification on the occasion. As every one was completely tired, it was no wonder they entered the lawn, which led to the house, in an irregular manner; and when they surrounded Mr. Rothwell, who was waiting at a certain white gate to receive them, it was no wonder that he did not, in the first instance, perceive who was the most loaded with the produce of the woods.

"William, my little man, how are you? I fear this day's fatigue has been too much for a little London boy."

"Oh, no, uncle, I am not tired a bit, I assure you; and look at my bag, it is a quarter full at least; not that I got the nuts myself, I own, but every body was good to me. I got lots that fell out of poor Tom's bag; and Richard threw me many a fine bunch, when he was gathering his own great heap; and Frederick—poor little fellow!—shewed me the way of it; so you see, altogether, I have got quite a decent show for a cockney."

"That is more than I can say," observed George, "though I don't plead guilty to being a cockney."

Mr. Rothwell was just about to reply to this confession, when Mrs. Rothwell and her daughters joined him on the lawn, being anxious to see the younger branches. As each came in with the air of one wearied, though all were in spirits, it was not immediately remarked that Richard had not arrived.

On entering the usual sitting room, each boy deposited his bag on the table, and with it his own account of his difficulties, perils, and comparative success. In the midst of this confusion and exultation, Richard entered, and quietly seated himself at a little distance from the busy group.

"You are sadly tired, I fear, Richard?" said his mamma.

"I am tired, but not overdone, I assure you, my dear mother. I only lagged behind to call at Betty Holmes's to measure my nuts."

"And how many had you got?" said Maria.

"There was a bushel and several quarts, I forget how many."

"Produce them, my boy, I am interested in your bag," said his papa.

Richard instantly rose, and approaching his father, said with some confusion, "I am very sorry, Sir—I had no idea you wanted the nuts, and—and I gave them to Betty."

"How happened that, Richard? I wish you had not done so, I confess."

"Why, Sir, all the time the poor old woman was measuring them she kept praising them, and said once or twice to herself, as it were, 'lauk-a-me!—what fine ones they be! Now at Bakewell fair these nuts would fetch a surprising deal.'"

"And so you gave them the poor creature for purposes of merchandize. Well, well, I cannot blame you, though I lose a syllabub by you, nor am I very sorry to find you so truly generous as to be able to give a boon so hardly earned. George,

I must pay my wager, for it is evident that your bag is far better filled than Richard's."

"No, dear uncle, I have no claim. I resign all right to the syllabub."

"Nor have I any claim to the praise of being generous," said Richard, evidently labouring under some particular anxiety.

"Not generous to give away all your nuts!" said Maria, "how you talk! Besides, you have given Betty Holmes many a thing to my knowledge."

"Not because I was generous, Maria, for I owed her more than I can ever pay her, I am certain."

"*Owed* her!" exclaimed Mr. Rothwell, "what can you mean? How could you dare to contract obligation to a poor woman like that, unknown to me?"

"Dear father, I will tell you how it was, since my mother is absent. I used to be very fond of climbing trees, and once, when I was about Frederick's age, I got up to the very top of the larch in the Lea lane, when all at once the topmost bough gave way (in the same manner a lower one did to-day with Tom) and I fell, but not to the ground. Most happily, Betty was passing under at the moment; she caught me in

her arms and we rolled down together, she being a good deal the worse hurt of the two. When I came to myself, she took me to her cottage, rubbed my bruises with vinegar, made me lie down an hour, and did all she could to soothe and restore me, only insisting 'that I would neither do such a naughty trick again,' nor on any account 'tell Madam the danger I had experienced, lest she should be always in fear for me.' For this reason I have hitherto been silent as to my error, but certainly not unmindful of my obligation. Since I am now of an age to be trusted, I hope I am right in explaining my situation as to poor Betty."

"You *are* right, Richard; the duties we owe the poor woman now devolve on me—but here comes our good mamma, followed by supper and syllabub."

All troubles were speedily forgotten by our nutting friends, who "fought all their battles o'er again" with much glee, till, overpowered by fatigue, the three youngest withdrew, already half asleep. Richard was cheerful, though he did not say much; but George for the first time was silent and thoughtful, yet evidently in good will with all around him.

The following morning, as Mr. Rothwell was

returning from Betty Holmes's cottage, where he had "made the widow's heart sing for joy," and received himself the purest pleasure in hearing the praises of his son Richard, who was the old woman's especial darling, he met his nephew George, who, approaching him with an air of assumed gravity, though with a buoyant step, placed in his hand a neatly written copy of Latin verses.

"What may this be, George?"

"My payment of the wager, uncle, which undoubtedly was due in *honour*. I am afraid it will be found very faulty, but indeed I have done my best."

"I will examine it in the library, and depend upon it, even if I find many errors, I shall yet duly estimate the good feeling which dictated your conduct in writing it. After a day of such exertion and excitement as yesterday, it required no little resolution to sit down steadily to work, in a boy of your age and—"

"And *habits*, you were going to say, uncle. Ah! I know I have been very idle, but I have begun to feel—I mean, to think—how happy it would make my father to see me as steady and good as Richard (who is a famous fellow at play too), so I intend to try what I can do. But do

tell me, *dear* uncle, if it is likely I should overtake him, as to being clever and good ?"

" Unquestionably ! At your time of life, and with your natural abilities, diligence will conquer every difficulty, and affection sweeten every toil."

" Then I will begin from this very day. I will try to get as good a name in the school as I have in the play-ground; and who knows, uncle—*who knows* but I may live to be a Lord Chancellor ?"

" Who indeed, George ? Nevertheless, though I approve of this rapid change in the object of your ambition, from a bag of nuts to a woolsack, I would yet remind you that good resolutions, and good conduct also, may arise from blending a little humility and diffidence of your own powers, with a steady determination to exert those powers."

" Yes, yes, uncle; I see all that," said George, as a quick blush rose over his honest countenance; " I hope I shall never forget the lesson I learnt from my own mortification yesterday. No !—as long as I live I will remember my dear cousin's kindness, my own folly, and every thing connected with our " Nutting Party."

THE ANEMONIE AND THE CARNATION.

(To Eliza in her Tutelage.)

BY EDWARD WALSH, M.D.

Not heedless culture e'er bestows
The charms that deck the truly fair;
The gem its finished lustre owes
To patient toil and studious care.

Vain fools affectedly admire
Attractions due to fashion's hand;
The swelling gourds few suns require,
But oaks a thousand years demand.

Those intellectual graces seek,
That slowly, surely win the heart—
That beam the eye, suffuse the cheek,
Beyond the utmost power of art.

Scarce had the tepid vernal rains,
With wild Favonius breathing round,
Unloosed the earth from icy chains,
And strewed with pearls the verdant ground;

When, eager to secure alone
The primal honours of the year,
A knot of Anemonies shone
All gorgeous on the gay parterre.

So shine at balls the rising belles,
In zones of purple, gold, and green,
Whilst each fair envious bosom swells
With wishes only to be seen.

Near to the splendid group was laid
A plain carnation's tufted train,
For yet no starting bud betrayed
The future glories of her reign.

The gay parterre affect surprise,
Whilst one, installed in purple pride,
Addressed the stranger in disguise,
And thus in scornful accents cried :

" How dare that sedgy weed presume
So near our borders thus to stray ?
Vile sod !—hence to thy native home,
The miry pasture—hence away !"

The genius of the dormant flower
Starts at the chidings of the fair :
She rose—and rising shook a shower
Of brilliants from her fragrant hair.

"Why," she replies, "invidious rail,
Ere Sol my virtues gives to bloom?
When I my spicy breath exhale,
That boasted bed shall be thy tomb.

"I freely own thy various dyes—
Selected from th' aerial bow—
May for a moment charm the eyes,
But they like it soon cease to glow.

"For virtues that to me belong
To Sol be all due praises meet;
And if I lead the floral throng,
Those virtues *culture* makes complete.

"Enjoy thy being whilst you may,
Raised by the gelid breath of spring;
A longer date and warmer ray,
To mine more perfect gifts shall bring.

"My matchless tints, my form improved,
My cordial aromatic soul,
Esteemed by taste—by fancy loved,
Shall please while suns and seasons roll."

She ceased—and fragrance breathed around—
The gaudy beauty bowed her head;
Whilst the sweet modest sylphid found
The covert of her leafy shed.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

O DEAR mamma, what a great, large, wonderful place this is!—as large as a million villages joined all in a row!—I do think even *our* town could be set down in one of the squares; and if a hundred streets were swallowed up, I don't think the rest would miss them. I am very sorry, dear mamma, I did not write sooner, but I have been so busy all day that at night I was quite tired; and my uncle has been so good to me, and has shewn me such a many, many things!—and I will tell you now what I liked best. But first of all, dear mamma, pray don't fancy I have forgotten you, or my sisters, or my pigeons and my rabbits, or any body; and I think Westbury a very nice place, though now I do live in London, and sit up every night till

ten o'clock, and sometimes later. Don't be angry, dear mamma, for I will be very good when I come home, and I will bring you a gold watch, and Jane and Mary a parasol a-piece, for my uncle has given me three sovereigns, *three*, mamma, to spend in what I like. Perhaps you know that we have got a new King now—he is called William the IV.—and I heard him proclaimed at Temple Bar, where the City gates are, and they were shut; and if the King himself had been there, he could not have been let through, without knocking and telling his name and errand; so the procession did so, and then it was let through, to proclaim that the Duke of Clarence was King. I saw him yesterday in a carriage, but I did not see that he looked any different from what he did last year, when he passed through Westbury. In the procession there was the Lord Mayor's gilt coach —you may tell Mary it was nothing but glass and gold—and the heralds, who proclaimed the new King, wore something like waggoners' frocks, made of stiff gold cloth; and I heard "God save the King" played by fifteen trumpets altogether; and you might have walked on the heads of the people, as old nurse says; and when they shouted, it was like the roaring of the

sea; and my uncle says I shall go to Windsor to see the dead King lie in state, before he is buried, for that is a very grand sight too. Yesterday I saw a real live lion eat his supper, and several leopards, and tigers, and panthers, and a hyena, and many other animals too; and I was a little frightened just at first, for Exeter Change is no larger than our church, and the cages stand all round, and don't look so *very* strong; and when eight o'clock came, all the beasts began to grow impatient. First there was a growling among them, and then they rubbed themselves against the iron bars of the cages, and the leopards put their paws through, but you may guess I did not offer to shake hands with the gentlemen, though their skin is covered with pretty spots, and they jump about like greyhounds. The keepers were very busy dividing the meat, which was legs and shins of beef, into proper parts; and at last they went up to the old lion, who is always fed first—and then what a roaring there was!—I quite fancied I was in a forest, only I felt very glad I was not. The old lion and his wife had waited more patiently for their suppers than any other animals, but the keeper teazed the old fellow a little, just to shew us what he could do; and when the bone was

flung into the den—for they don't feed these animals by holding their meat to them, or they might chance to bite off a finger or two just by accident—well, when the bone was flung to the lion—oh, mamma, I shall never forget his eyes, for they flared just like two lamps!—and he crouched down and clutched the bone, and roared, as much as to say, "take it back if you dare;" but his face was so grand, it made me tremble, though I knew I was safe—I felt, mamma, just as I did last year when I heard the thunder among the mountains. I shall never forget *that* lion; there was another, but he was more snappish, and yet did not make me tremble half so much. The leopards, and tigers, and panthers, took their meat playfully, but it was very terrible play—I should not like them to play with me, I know. The laughing hyena, poor old fellow!—was as tame as our Neptune, almost as stupid—he let the keeper plague him, and yet never grunted or grumbled;—and he took his meat quietly from the keeper's hand. The panthers had each a very tough beefsteak, but they soon managed to tear it to pieces, and then lay down and licked their lips very merrily. There were two elephants, not fine fellows, but very funny ones: one was let out, and walked

down the hall, and rang a bell when he was desired, and opened his mouth, expecting, no doubt, that something should be put in it; and his trunk reminded me of a large, large leech, screwing itself about, and sucking hold of every thing within reach. It is very odd, but when all the other animals were roaring, and jangling the bars of their cages, I thought that if they had broken loose, I should have run to the elephants to protect me, and I think they would, though they were very ugly. After the animals had been fed, the pelicans were let out, and they scuffled up, flap, flapping their wings, just like great geese. They had each about three dozen small fish put in a bucket of water, and they scooped them out as fast as I could count, for their bills are half a yard long, and the bottom one that has a bag to it is just like a shrimper's net. They made every one laugh heartily. And afterwards I saw the snakes; they are kept in boxes, and wrapped up in flannel, like little babies: but I am sure you will be tired, so I will tell you all about the birds and monkeys another time, and about the Zoological Garden, which I like better than Exeter Change, because the poor things must be happier in fresh air, though many of them were starved to death last winter. And,

mamma, I have seen the Tower. I can't awhile tell you all the history of it, but very likely you know that it stands upon twelve acres of ground within the walls, and that before it was used as a prison, it was a palace; and that now it is only a curiosity, but it is very curious indeed.

I liked the armouries every one; but especially that where many of our old kings are, not they themselves, I mean, but their armour, which looks just like them, with spears held in the iron gloves, as if they were hands; and then I liked Queen Elizabeth in her white satin petticoat, with another steel petticoat over it, the dress, they say, she wore at Tilbury Fort; and I liked very, very much the armoury where guns, and swords, and pistols, are fixed against the walls, so as to look like beautiful stars, and suns, and half-moons. I could hardly remember that such beautiful shining things were, after all, only meant to kill people with, and that one ought to admire spades and ploughs more. But the jewel office, mamma!—I wonder what Sinbad or Aladdin would have said to such a show as this! —I saw the new crown, made for George the IV., and it shone like a bed of tulips; diamonds, pearls, rubies, and a sapphire "of the purest

and deepest azure," as the book says—and azure means blue, mamma,—and the ancient ruby that the Black Prince wore at Cressy and Agincourt; and I thought what a nice brooch it would make you;—and I saw the five sceptres; and the gold swords of justice, which, of course, won't cut; and the bracelets and the spurs that the King wears when he is crowned; and a hundred other things that dazzled my eyes to look at.

I have also heard a musical instrument; my uncle calls it the musical mountain, but its real name is the Apollonicon, played by a steam engine; some of its sounds made me think of the roar of the lion, but some of its tunes were very soft, softer than your piano.

My uncle has taken me to some exhibitions, but I don't understand pictures, though I am nine years old. I liked Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of the kings, and generals, and people, for I saw them lighted up with gas, and the light made the uniforms look very beautiful; and I thought our own George IV. looked more like a king than all the rest of the kings, and even emperors, that were hung up with him, though, in one picture, he had not half so much gold lace upon his clothes. I have been to the Thames Tunnel, a road that is being dug under the river

Thames; and as it will be always dark because of being under ground, lamps will always be lighted. It made me shiver rather, just as if I was walking into a vault; and it was strange to think that a river was rolling over your head, and ships sailing over your head, and steam vessels and boats, all over your head.

I have been to see the Suspension Bridge at Hammersmith, which means a bridge hung up in the air, but not hung upon nothing, for the chains that hold it up go through two great stone archways, that are reared a good height: altogether, it looks something like two cat-gallowses, with a plank lying between. Every time a carriage goes over, the bridge shakes like a leaf, but it is quite fast; and when you stand underneath, and a carriage goes over, the sound is exactly like thunder at a distance.

At the new London Bridge they are building, you are obliged to pay a shilling to walk over and look at it, but the money goes to help such of the workmen as get hurt at their work; and the man who collects it fought at the battle of *Waterloo*, and had his hand crushed while building the *Waterloo* bridge, and now, because his hand was obliged to be cut off, he takes the money with an iron hook instead—so I did not

grudge my shilling, that is, my uncle did not grudge it for me.

I have seen Saint Paul's Cathedral, and it is a quarter of a quarter of a mile long, and it was thirty-five years in building, and the hours on the great clock are marked in figures two feet long, and the great clock itself measures nineteen yards round; and from the floor up to the ball at the tip top of the dome, are six hundred and sixteen steps, more than enough to tire one pair of legs, I should think; and the great bell, that only tolls when the king and queen, and a few other people, die, can be heard twenty miles off; and the whispering gallery brings whatever is whispered on one side, close to your ear on the other; and when a door is shut opposite to you, it makes a noise like cannonading. And Lord Nelson lies buried in the tomb that Cardinal Wolsey intended for himself, and I am glad of it, for he deserved it much better.

My uncle was so good as to get me a ticket to go to Saint Paul's, when the children of all the charity-schools sit up in the dome, and sing; there were ten thousand of them, and it made me giddy to look up at them, for they seemed to be sitting up in heaven; and when they burst out in the hundredth psalm, it seemed

like heaven really—and I felt sick, but I liked it very much. And, dear mamma, I am tired, and my pen is split, and I have not got another; and I have taken two whole wet days to write this letter, but I hope you will like it, and Mary and Jane too.

I have seen many, many other things,—the Colosseum, and the Dioramas, and the Panoramas, and the Parks, and Kensington Gardens, and Richmond, and I have sailed on the Thames in a wherry; and I am sorry to say I have worn out my new shoes, and spoiled my best jacket—for one does so wear out clothes in London!—but I hope, dear mamma, to make you and my uncle amends, by getting on with my Latin; and I remain, with love to my sisters, and every body,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

GEORGE MERTON.

P.S. Please excuse blots.

London, June 30, 1830.

Painted by R. Westall. R.A. Engraved by F. Engleheart.

HEBE.

London, Published, for the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me not 1831.

HEBE.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

WHO could not smile and sing of thee,
Thou fair and lovely thing?
Sweet child, in all thy sportive glee,
Thou know'st no sorrowing!
But smiles, and joys, and happy hours,
Are unto thee as pretty flowers:
Not flowers of earth—but of the sky,
That bud, and bloom, but never die!

There is no shadow on thy face,
No cloud upon thy brow;
I love the silent tranquil grace
Shed o'er thy beauty now;
Thou innocent and happy one,
Thou star of childhood's horizon,
Where sky and cloud are ever fair,
Without one shade to slumber there!

Sweet peace has spread her gentle wings
  Like clouds around thy form;
Where thou dost sit—a lovely thing,
  Secure from every storm;
The dove comes with her happy brood,
To murmur o'er thy solitude,
And the eagle stoops his sunny flight,
Gently beside thy form of light.

There thou wilt sit secure from harm,
  And every earthly sorrow;
Each morn will fill thy cup of balm,
  Without one thought of morrow;
And time will pass on rainbow wing,
Like a dove without its sorrowing;
And thou wilt ever, ever be,
A child amidst eternity!

THE WOOD LANE.

A Sketch from Nature.

BY SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

I KNOW a lane thick set with golden broom,
Where the pale primrose and tall orchis bloom;
And azure violets, lowly drooping, shed
Delicious perfume round their mossy bed;
And all the first-born blossoms of the year,
That spring uncultured, bud and flourish here.
Oh, 'tis a lovely spot! High over head,
Gigantic oaks their lofty branches spread;
The glassy ivy, the rich eglantine,
The rambling briony, and sweet woodbine,
Fling their fantastic wreaths from spray to spray,
And shower their treasures in the lap of May.
Here the blithe blackbird trills his matin song,
Till woodland dells his bugle-notes prolong;
And the gay linnet, and the airy thrush,
Responsive whistle from the hawthorn bush;

Near, though unseen, the lonely cuckoo floats,
And wakes the morn with his complaining notes.
Here the shy partridge leads her yellow brood;
And the majestic pheasant from the wood
No longer dreads the cruel fowler's gun,
But sports his gorgeous plumage in the sun.

'Tis passing sweet to rove these woodland bowers,
When the young sun has shed on leaves and flowers
A tender glory, and the balmy thorn
Spreads his white banner to the breath of morn—
Sporting a coronal of living light,
Strung from the dew-drops of the weeping night.
'Tis sweet to trace the footsteps of the Spring
O'er the green earth—to see her lightly fling
Her flowery wreaths on Nature's breathing shrine,
And round the hoary woods her garlands twine;
To hear her voice in every passing breeze
That stirs the new-born foliage on the trees.
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds arise
At early dawn—to gaze on cloudless skies—
To scatter round you, as you lightly pass,
A shower of diamonds from each blade of grass;
And while your footsteps press the dewy sod,
"To look, through Nature, up to Nature's God!"

THE DESOLATE CHILD.

By the Author of "Letters from the East," &c.

ALMOST on the verge of the sea, and at the foot of bold yet green declivities, stands the village of Penberth, the last and the loveliest of our island, in the extreme west: no hamlet or village, for many leagues around, can boast of so calm and sheltered a site. A few trees—rare ornaments in this region—shade the front of some of the cottages, and a small river, of extreme clearness, runs before the door, and is lost in the sea just beyond. No keen winds from the north or east can rage here; the verdant and romantic cliffs rise like friendly screens above the dwellings, that are perfectly open to the gentle breath of the south and west. Often I have thought, if fate ever dealt hardly with me I would retire to this solitary and favoured spot; for the troubles and cares of the world could never come to it.

A cavern is in the side of the hill over the dwellings. It is pleasant to sit, just within the entrance, and look out on the vessels of many nations sweeping by, on their career of wealth and enterprise; and listen to the soft dash of the waves on the beach below—the music that the enthusiast loves.

The people who lived here were a contented race, of kind and hospitable manners, who loved to see the stranger enter their door, and loved still more to see him partake freely of their fare; and that fare was welcome and delicious to the weary man: the rich cake baked on the hearth, in the way the patriarchs used in the times of old, when the wanderer came to their tent; the clouted cream, such as no other province can furnish; the fresh honey and the tea;—what could an epicure desire more?

The valley of Penberth was so soft in its character!—and then it opened wildly on the sea; the fishing-boats slept on the calm tide, beneath the rocks; and far up the cliffs was to be seen, at times, the samphire gatherer, at his fearful work.

There was one cottage that stood a little apart, near where the river was lost in the ocean; it was built of wood of a red colour,

that distinguished it from the others. One day, fatigued with wandering along the shores, I came to this dwelling to rest for an hour or two, and was received kindly by a domestic, the only one, and a girl of about fourteen years of age—a pale, delicate girl. Her face was marked with sorrow, as if for the loss of those she loved; such losses seldom mark indelibly the countenance at so tender an age; but her losses were peculiar ones. I had known the old man, her father, and had been in the dwelling before, so that she received me kindly, with a faint yet welcome smile. The little parlour—with its wood floor covered with sand, white as the driven snow, from the beach—and the kitchen, were exquisitely neat; but there was a desolate air about them to which I was not accustomed. After some inquiries, the girl, with an expression and feeling beyond her years, told me the tale of her sorrows. She had every thing that was comfortable, and even affluent for so small a hamlet, about her; but what are the cottage, and garden, and the store, when those we love are taken from us—when the father and the mother sleep in the grave, and their child is left alone to struggle with the sorrows of life!

"You know," she said, "that I had an only brother, and he was the favourite; for James was a bold and beautiful boy, and as good-natured as he was fearless. The fishermen in the cove loved to have him with them in the boats when they went to sea; and he often went with my father, though he was only twelve years of age. I do not know what is before me in life, but no trouble can ever be so great as his loss. It was evening—my father was just returned from sea, and my mother and I were seated by the hearth, on the stone seat. The first words he spoke when he came in, were, 'Where is James?' We turned pale as death, for we believed that he had gone to sea with his father. That night was a night of sorrow to us all; no one went to rest, for it was a clear moonlight, and while my father went one way along the shore we went the other; but there was nothing but the boats rocking in the tide. Once we heard the curlew cry from the rock above, and my mother said she was sure it was his cry. For nine days we could never tell what had become of him; some thought one thing, some another; but it always was on my mind that he was drowned. We searched every place we could think of, by land and by sea; every body

loved James, and our men were searching all day long. The cove was dragged over and over, with so much care, that they said a small fish could hardly escape. Every evening we threw nets across the outer part of the cove, that if he should rise in the night they should stop him.

" At night we trembled at every voice that came to the door, lest it might say that he was found: my mother never slept, but sat weeping in the bed; my father's sleep was by fits, and broken by dreadful dreams, in which he muttered much to himself; but what he said had nothing of hope or mercy—they were awful words—he called on the sea to yield up her dead, and defied the waves to keep James from his bosom. Once, in my dream, I felt a cold, wet hand laid on my own, and long tresses of hair, that seemed steeped in the wave, fell on my neck—a thrill ran through me, but I was not afraid—and I heard a voice—' Betsey, weep no more—I am with the happy ones.'

" On the next day, being the ninth, when it is said the drowned always rise from the bottom of the deep, the hills on each side the valley were lined with men; few were in a boat on the water, for the sea was like a piece of glass; it

was so clear, that in most places you could see the pebbles at the bottom. We had a great many guns, which were fired now and then, because we had heard that the firing of guns helped a body to rise.

"About the time of the day when James was last seen going along the cove, a man from the hill called out, 'What is that there at the larboard side of the boat?' Every body pressed forward to look: 'twas like a white spot at the bottom—it moved slowly and unsteadily. My father, who was in the boat, clasped his hands, and cried out, 'Good God, here he is!'

"'Throw out the hooks,' said some of the men.

"'No,' said he, 'they will tear his flesh: it shall not be.'

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the body, like a log of timber let loose from a rope, with his arms lifted at full stretch, bolted up breast high above the water. All his clothes, except his hat, were on him, as when he fell in. They instantly took him into the boat: I was not twice the length of this room from the boat at the time. The old man sat with his arms rested upon his knees, his grey head bent forward, and streams of tears falling

down his cheek. He would not look upon James till they had covered the face with a cloth, and then he took him up in his arms and brought him ashore, and laid him upon the bed; he sat down on one side, and my mother on the other. I had never seen death before; and when they said 'twas my beautiful brother James, I didn't believe it. The lips were gone, that I used to kiss night and day—for I was quite a child then, and we slept in the same bed—and the bright eyes!—If death had but left them, my mother said, that she might see once more the eyes of her first-born!—but they were gone; and it was dreadful to look upon the place where they had been.

"Did you see the little green mound in the church-yard, in the shadow of the wall? We buried him there. My mother said that her trust was in God; it might be for another world, but not for this, for she wasted away. There was often a smile upon her pale face, and a kind word to me; but I was not her beautiful one, her eldest-born. Oh, that my father had smiled and looked kindly also! But the form of his countenance changed, and his heart grew hard and dark. He would sit for hours, for whole days, in the chimney seat, without speaking a

word; and then he would change his place to the bed-side, where James was laid; and I used to see his large, bony hand dabbling with the pillow and the sheet. Once my mother drew near, and spoke some words of Scripture in a low voice, to comfort him. The old man looked sternly on her from head to foot for a few moments, then lifted his hand: 'Woman,' he said, in a hushed voice, but you could hear it all through the room; 'I can quote Scripture too:—Rachel refused to be comforted, because they were not.'

"They died, Sir, one after the other. I was but ten years old when my mother called me to her bed-side, and blessed me: she said there was 'a friend to the motherless, a hope to the orphan,' even when she should be gone. Oh, how lonely the house was then!—all gone—the old man—James—my mother—all! I cried from morning to night, and in the night I often thought they called me; and then I thought upon her words; and after a time I found how true they were."

"And have you lived alone," I asked, "in your home ever since?"

"Quite alone," said the girl, with a smile on her pale face, to which her calm and resigned

spirit gave an inexpressible sweetness—" save the domestic you see. For the first few months after they died I was unhappy, and wished to follow them; but it is strange how this unhappiness passed away from my mind; and when I prayed for peace and comfort, they came, as if an angel had brought them on his wings.

" My mother had relations, who begged me to come and live with them; but I will never leave my home. I pass many hours of the day in reading;"—and she took some books from a shelf; some were religious, some were instructive and entertaining; among them were two or three volumes of shipwrecks, which she delighted in reading.

Often, when the wind was high, she went on to say, she loved to go down to the beach, and see the waves rolling in foam on the rocks, and listen to the sea-bird's shriek, and the voices of the fishermen, hurrying in their boats to land; but still more, when the sea was calm and slept at the foot of the cliffs, and all the shore was beautiful with the sun-light, she passed hours wandering there; the rock where James sunk to rise no more was there: it was supposed he sprung from it towards a boat that was moored near, but, falling short, the wave received him.

How excellent a thing it is, I thought, to imbibe, at an early age, a love for the wild and beautiful things of nature! Parents know not what a treasure they are conferring on a child, when they watch and cherish the progress of this feeling: age cannot destroy it—exile cannot break it—poverty or misfortune cannot take it away. Had I one, or five, or ten children, and lived in the country, I would lead them forth to the wild vale, to the sea-beat shore, to the wooded hill, and teach them to love them, and tell them tales that should fix these things in their memory; and weep for sorrow, if I saw them turn heartlessly away, at the thought, that a source of inexpressible pleasure was for ever taken from them. To this lonely girl, the taste for the soft as well as sublime things around her —was it not a luxury?

"And do you intend," I asked, "to continue to live here, in this retired valley? As you grow older, will you not go abroad into the world more?"

"Never!" she replied emphatically; "my losses, my griefs, and my comforts—all were given me here; and my blessings also," she added, in that low, soft voice that finds its way to the hearer's heart. "The death of James—the

loss of my father and mother—the memory of *her* words, so true, so dear to me, are all like so many circles drawn round me, that will not let me go. No!—peace would forsake me, and mercy too, was I to leave my home and my valley; and why should I leave it?—the world is no place for the orphan and the friendless."

If this be true, I thought, and I read its truth in her countenance, I will in future come to the retired and forsaken places of the earth to seek for happiness. Is it not now as in the times of old, when God was more often met with in the wilderness than in the town or city? Bidding her a grateful farewell, I went on my way.

ON VISITING THE SILVAN COTTAGE,

Inhabited by Miss Hannah More and her sisters, 1791.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

FAIR, silent scene, soft rising in the vale,
By mountains guarded from the stormy gale!
Long 'mid thy sloping lawn, and winding glade,
And the mossed concave of thy cool arcade,
Be seen, in health and peace, the virgin train
Led by the boast of Bristol's tuneful plain;
Where Genius oft has fed its rising fires,
Rolled the 'rapt eye, and struck the golden wires.
Bristol, that hears her More's distinguished name
In echoes wafted from the shrines of Fame:
On whose mild brow she sees gay laurels twine,
Wove by the liberal hands of all the Nine,
Enwreathed with Charity's assuasive balm,
And Faith and Piety's immortal palm.

Friends to the friendless, by your cares benign,
On infant minds religious lustres shine,
That else in lightless ignorance must stray
Where guilt's dark snares penurious youth betray.
Ye bright examples of an heedless age,
Ye true disciples of the sacred page,
Oh, may your virtues make our just desire
To live like you—to be what we admire!

I was permitted to copy this interesting little poem from the "autograph" collection of the excellent and honoured lady, who, nearly half a century ago, formed the subject of Miss Seward's verses. The time I had the enviable privilege of spending with Mrs. Hannah More will form, to the latest moment of my existence, one of the most delightful recollections my mind is capable of retaining. As I hope, at a future period, to give my young friends some short sketch of the most illustrious woman that

"Ever lived in the tide of time,"

any further remarks upon the subject may be postponed.

A. M. H.

FOR THE ALBUM OF

A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

HAST thou, dear little one, been told
  Of Album-pages, pure and white,
(With covers red, blue, green, and gold,)
  On which all *clever* ladies write?

Sometimes most pleasant words are there;
  Sometimes we see an ugly blot;
And, I'm afraid, 'tis very rare
  To find a page without a spot.

But thou canst have a fairer book,
  Kept where it need not blot or fade;
And *read*, whenever God shall look
  Into thy heart, my pretty maid.

Yes,—and at morn, and noon, and night,
  He'll send all happy thoughts to thee;
If thou wilt ask him there to write,
  Upon thy little bended knee.

Then, let me teach thy tender age,
  And prompt thy childhood's lisping prayer;
Till thy young heart shall be the page,
  With God's sweet mercy written there!

THE BLOW FORGIVEN.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Two very dear friends of mine, first cousins to each other, reside in a picturesque cottage in Norfolk, which stands in a valley surrounded by wooded hills, and commands from the windows a view of the sea.

To the inhabitant of a city, the country, even in winter, offers a refreshing variety. I should, therefore, eagerly have accepted an invitation to visit the cottage in the beginning of the year 1829, even if its possessors had not been dear to my heart, and congenial to my taste.

I arrived on the birthday of one of my friends, and during the evening I was told the following little anecdote, which pleased me so much that I committed it, not only to memory, but to paper.

The ladies were in the habit of allowing some of the village children to come to the cottage every day for instruction, which they themselves communicated, assisted by a young girl whom they employed as a teacher.

"Well, children," said the elder of the ladies, entering the school-room on her cousin's birth-day: "Here are some presents which I mean to give you in honour of the day; shall you not like to receive them, and particularly on such a joyful occasion?"

"O yes, Ma'am," was the general answer; but the young teacher, looking very grave, said, to the lady's painful surprise, "I am sorry to inform you, Ma'am, that Sarah Anne N—— must not have a present."

Now, Sarah Anne N——, from being some time in the back-ground, had lately become one of the best and most promising little girls in the school, and was no doubt conscious how high she now stood in the esteem of her benevolent instructress:

Dangerous pre-eminence!—mischievous consciousness!

We are never so likely to err as when we fancy ourselves raised above the possibility of erring; and poor Sarah Anne had been good so

long, that she fancied she could not be naughty again; but she had erred that very day, and greatly too.

The facts were these: she had a younger sister in the school, who learnt with such difficulty that she had been induced the preceding day to carry up a hymn to repeat to the ladies which she had said before; and a little girl, named Mary Anne H——, had that morning, in the hearing of Sarah Anne N——, reproached her with this breach of a usual custom. The reproach was not the more palatable because it was true, and Sarah Anne N——, resenting it for her sister, pushed eagerly forward, and gave Mary Anne H—— a hasty blow.

This indulgence of anger, though rendered excusable in her eyes, probably, by the motive which prompted it, was judged sufficient to forfeit her right to the present in store; and while her mortified benefactress, after hearing the tale, was forced to own the young teacher judged rightly, and was considering how she could prevent her cousin's birthday from being clouded over with a discontented face, the angry girl exhibited no signs of contrition, but sat swelling, as it were, with a sense of having incurred unjust censure, and a belief that she had done

a praiseworthy action, in avenging her sister's quarrel.

For the moment all traces of her lately acquired goodness vanished from her countenance, and, in every look and gesture, temper reigned triumphant.

Just then, Mary Anne H——, who had been absent on an errand, entered the room; and my friend called her to her, to receive her just reproof for having taunted Martha N——, for an action more the result of weakness than of indolence; and while the child stood abashed and penitent before her she said, "Are you not sorry, Mary Anne, for having, by your talkativeness and unkindness towards her sister, tempted poor Sarah Anne N—— to do such a wrong action?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I am."

"But what did she do? Did she really give you a blow?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"What! a blow?—and in this cottage?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And are you not sorry that Sarah Anne N——, who has been so good, should now be so naughty?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Are you sure that you are sorry for it?"

"Yes, Ma'am, quite sure."

"And you forgive her?"

"O yes, Ma'am!"

"Then go and give her a kiss."

The child instantly ran up to Sarah Anne N——, who was still pouting, and swelling with rebellious feelings; and not only kissed her burning cheek, but threw her little arms round her neck. Poor Sarah Anne N—— could not resist this appeal to her best feelings; she impulsively rose and returned the embrace, and the reconciled enemies, to the tearful joy of all the children present, stood sobbing in each others arms. But no one's satisfaction equalled that of my friend, when she saw how well she had succeeded in preventing the birthday of her beloved relative from being clouded over by the necessity of inflicting punishment.

She had indeed effected still more; and the day, so dear to all who have the happiness of living in the circle of the cottage, was distinguished by a proof of the judicious, Christian training which the pupils receive there—"since to *err* is human, to *forgive*, divine;" and two of the objects of my friends' benevolent exertions had exhibited an instance of subdued resentment, and forgiveness of injury.

STANZAS.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
  The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower—a faded flower,
  But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
  To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
  E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word, farewell!
  But with an utterance faint and broken,
A heart-sick yearning for the time
  When it should never more be spoken!

M. J. J.

F.P. Stephanoff Pinxt. H.Rolls Sc.

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THE FOUNDLING.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

Oh, welcome to our lowly hearth, thou meek forsaken child!
What eye could view thy gentle face, with dreamless slumber mild—
Nor weep, that helpless infancy abandoned to behold,
A bud upon the waters thrown—a lamb without a fold!

Alas! the bright and sunny joys, life's dawning hours which bless—
The murmur of affection's voice—its smile, and low caress—
A mother's watch—a mother's care, and love "which passeth show,"
All these and more should cheer thee now—but these thou canst not know.

Unpitied at thine earliest need, by those who
gave thee birth—
Scorned by the eyes whose light should be thy
free and artless mirth—
Neglected at a stranger's gate, in want and cold
to pine—
Calm and unconscious innocent, how hard a lot
is thine!

But He who tempers to the flock the keen and
wintry blast,
And deigns, upon his feeblest works, a father's
look to cast;
And clothes the lilies of the field, and hears the
sparrow's cry,
Hath marked thee in that low estate, nor passed
thy suffering by.

We cannot give what thou hast lost—a parent's
yearning heart,
Nor fill, as she who left thee thus, a tender
nurse's part;
But much the friendly will can do, by word and
action shown,
To soothe and raise the desolate—and this shall
be thine own!

Though feeble even our all to aid—the task at least be ours
To blunt the thorns upon thy path, and tend the opening flowers;
And when thy ripened years at length fair wisdom's fruit shall yield,
Thy grateful prayer to us shall be a blessing and a shield.

And thou beneath our humble roof shalt lay thy graceful head,
And sport beside our cheerful fire, and share our daily bread;
Though small the hardly-purchased store our wonted tasks supply,
We think upon the widow's cruse—and ours will not be dry.

Then, welcome to a love unclaimed!—yet not the less thy right;
To hearts, whose thoughts shall ever be to make thy childhood light;
To friends, whose voice shall teach thy feet the tempter's path to shun,
And fit thee for a nobler state, when this of earth is done!

TROPIC STORMS.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

THE Upper Provinces of Hindostan are subject to periodical hot winds, which, blowing across vast deserts of sand, pour their scorching breath over the plains of India, and only lose their fiery particles in the damp climate of Bengal. These winds, in some places near the frontier, blow all night; but lower down, they generally die away after sunset, leaving the earth and every thing upon its surface, glowing like a furnace.

The houses of Europeans, during this frightful visitation, are closely shut up; and those doors and windows facing the quarter from which the winds blow, filled with tatties (a thick mat, curiously formed of the roots of a fragrant grass, called *cuscus*,) which, being kept constantly wet on the outside, cools the air as it passes through. Many of the apartments are thus consigned to utter darkness, and there is often considerable difficulty in finding some spot within the

influence of the tatties, where the light of heaven may be obtained.

The natives do nothing to mitigate the horrors of these winds, and are seen walking and riding about in an atmosphere of burning gas. These scorching gales are usually accompanied by volumes of dust, sometimes dispersed throughout the air, and having the appearance of a fog; at others, rolling along the earth in immense clouds; under the latter appearance they are really magnificent—their curling wreaths illumined by a bright sun, and sweeping over a distant tract, veiling for an instant city, mosque, and grove, and then, hurrying onward, they vanish without a trace of their career; but it is as an adjunct of those storms which occur at the breaking up of the hot winds, that the dust assumes its most sublime and terrific shape.

Not a breath of air is felt while the tempest is gathering at a distance, and nothing can exceed the oppressive sultriness of the atmosphere. Suddenly, all the winds of heaven seem to be let loose; the dust rises like the smoke of some mighty conflagration, increasing in denseness until it rolls in huge volumes, smothering and obscuring every object, and involving the whole scene in horrid darkness.

The wind still continues to blow with fearful violence, apparently gaining fresh strength and fury, and bursting at last into a perfect hurricane, contending in dissonance with the thunder that growls around. The darkness also becomes thicker, and the noonday is as swart as a cloudy midnight.

In the midst of this awful conflict of the elements, a torrent of rain descends; the whole of the parched earth spreads into one broad lake, and, as the welcome stream pours down, the dust is dispersed, light re-appears, the wind gradually abates, or rushing onward like a tornado, leaves the air deliciously cool. The north-wester which has lately visited the place of our residence lasted about an hour and a half; and the instant it was over, both men and animals seemed to unite in rejoicing at the improvement of the atmosphere. It was delightful to exchange the confined air from the tatties for the fresh gales of heaven, and to be able to sit out in the verandah without the risk of suffocation. The very cats, who had endured a long confinement in the house, seldom venturing out, even at night, during the period of the hot winds, disported themselves in the midst of noulets of water, willing even to wet their feet for the sake

of the refreshing coolness of the stream. The birds, who had been seen with their beaks wide open, and in a state of utter exhaustion, chirped, and twittered, and hopped briskly about, delighted with the invigorating change; and in the course of a few hours, the surrounding plains, which from the long drought had been parched into an arid waste, shewed symptoms of returning vegetation. Small patches of a tender green appeared, scattered, though thinly, at intervals. The hot winds have not returned, and a succession of revivifying showers have clothed the whole surface of the earth with a grassy mantle.

Upper Province, Hindostan,
June 28, 1829.

My young friends, when they have read Miss Roberts's animated description of a tropic storm, will doubtless remember, that however brilliant and beautiful such scenes may be, they are always dangerous, and often destructive.

The murky skies and damp fogs of England sometimes excite our murmurs; but our own beloved land has so many advantages and comforts, to compensate for whatever is disagreeable, that, without at all depreciating the advantages possessed by other countries, we ought to be humbly grateful for those with which, through the goodness of Providence, we are so abundantly supplied.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast!
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
That I fain would see again, mamma,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep!
Then fix on me your glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you hush me fast asleep, mamma,
Till you hush me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,

And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see, mamma,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested as under a bough,
When near us a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide;
But the night came on—I had lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do, mamma,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And loudly I wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
As she kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!" mamma,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she quelled, mamma,
And she led me far away:
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then opened our eyes in a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day, mamma,
And a sky of endless day!

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me so amazed,
For wondering, around me I gazed and gazed,
While songs were heard, and sunny robes blazed,
All bright in the land of light, mamma,
All bright in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, their sweet lips smiled,
For they marvelled to meet an earth-born child,
But gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying, "Happy here wilt thou be, sweet babe,
Oh, happy here wilt thou be!"

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraph fair;
And I saw, as I roamed in the regions of peace,
The spirits released from this world of distress,
And theirs were the joys no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there, mamma,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead, short time agone;

And you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
And your aching heart seemed ready to break ?
But it lived, and you aye sobbed on, mamma,
It lived, and you aye sobbed on.

But oh ! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms unknown to care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Tho' they buried Jane in the grave when she died;
For, blest with the blest, and adorned as a bride,
My sister Jane was there, mamma,
Sweet sister Jane was there !

Do you mind the silly old man, mamma,
Who came late, late to our door ?
The night was dark, and the tempest loud—
Oh ! his heart was meek, but his soul was proud!
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er, mamma,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sate on papa's old chair,
While the rain-drops fell from his thin, grey hair,
As fast as the big tear of speechless care

Ran down from his glazing eye, mamma,
Ran down from his glazing eye!

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flashed through each trembling tear,
As he told us how, at the Baron's strong-hold,
He cried, "Let me in, for the night is cold!"
But the rich man said, "Go, sleep on the wold,
For we shield no beggars here, old man!
We shield no beggars here!"

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,
As blest as the blest can be;
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he mixed with the patriarchs, clothed in white,
There was not a seraph with crown more bright,
Or a costlier robe than he, mamma,
Or a costlier robe than he!

THE SUN-FLOWER.

A FLORAL COLLOQUY.

BY MISS DAGLEY.

ADJOINING a richly adorned flower-garden, and divided from it by only a slight paling, was a narrow slip of ground, which lying between the garden and the fields beyond, and, as it were, belonging to neither, was suffered to run waste; yet this uncultivated spot would have had its attractions, had the qualities of the shrubs which principally occupied it equalled in worth the appearance they displayed: for who that viewed the night-shade, with its flowers of purple and gold, and its rich clusters of crimson berries, would imagine that poison lay hid beneath so fair a form? Or who would deem that the hemlock, whose exquisitely indented leaves and fairy blossoms were so lovely to the eye, concealed such deadly qualities?

Content and tranquillity can never inhabit malignant natures, and these noxious plants looked with hatred and envy on the beautiful flowers which adorned the pasture, yet regarded with contempt the innocent and useful offspring of the field; while, at the same time, among each other there was perpetual warfare. Those of most similar dispositions were even the most at variance.

The hemlock upbraided the night-shade for displaying her treacherous fruit.

"Never," quoth she, "would I reproach myself with having allured poor children to their destruction by such temptations. Those, indeed, who may be greedy enough to nibble my leaves, or feed upon my flowers, must take the consequences."

"Truly," cried the night-shade, "I admire the credit you take to yourself for harmless intentions, and yet—"

"And yet"—interrupted a fierce nettle which grew hard by, and whose threatening shoots seemed to bid defiance to all who might approach her—"is it not absurd to hear those so much alike in deceit and malice reproach each other? I scorn you both! Madam Night-shade, who bedizens the hedge with her trea-

cherous berries; and you equally, my Lady Hemlock, for the display of your delicate flowers, as a type of whose innocence, no colour, forsooth, but pure white will suffice!"

"Nay, cousin," exclaimed another species of nettle which flourished at a little distance, "you degrade your kin by such violent language. Although your observation is just upon the vile deception of one, who assumes for her poisonous flowers the same spotless hue as that of my honey-distilling blossoms—"

"What!" said the hemlock, "is the merit of innocence claimed by such a cowardly wretch, who, it is well known, never fails to plant her venomous sting in the hands of the gentle and unwary, while those who daringly seize and crush her malicious stem, pass free and unharmed?"

"Even so," replied the prickly nettle; "and I would as soon hold kindred or friendship with the night-shade itself, as with a creature who bears a weapon she dares not display. I neither feel nor hold out any semblance of good will. Those who would pluck my flowers know what they have to expect. I wear no false appearances."

"Methinks," observed an overgrown burdock,

" you might take credit for honesty, if, like me, you were satisfied with a plain exterior; but while your top is decorated with flaunting blossoms, and your stem armed with those angry points, it is rather too much to hear you claim the merit of good intentions: for my own part, I can safely aver that I am neither better nor worse than my appearance bespeaks me."

The irritable nettle was about to make an angry rejoinder, when the subject was thus taken up by a dandelion.

" Methinks, Mr. Dock, since you acknowledge yourself of no great worth, (which, indeed, is true enough, considering you are neither useful nor ornamental,) it would best become you to curl your cumbrous leaves into a less compass than what they at present occupy, and not take up a space which might be better filled. I am the last root to vaunt my own good qualities, yet I must say that seeing I am, as I believe, the only wholesome plant in this place, rather more consideration is due to me than I generally receive."

The surly dock deigned no answer to the flippant dandelion, which continued its unavailing struggle against the encroachments of its stern neighbour, the dock, on one side, and

those of a root of wild horse-radish on the other.

But, in the midst of these petty warfares, a subject of general curiosity appeared, so as to lull, for the present, all animosities into one common interest; and this was the rise and progress of a plant, of a nature evidently superior to any of those who inhabited this wild spot.

The stranger plant had been growing for some time, without exciting much care or suspicion, being small, weakly, and so worm-eaten that the form of its leaves was scarcely perceptible; but after long struggling through the obstacles which for a while impeded its growth, it began to assume a character calculated to raise at once wonder and envy. The slender stalk became tall and erect, the leaves increased in breadth and numbers, and a bud of uncommon size decorated the top. Still there was nothing in its demeanour to excite ill-will; and that it was a flower of exalted rank was not more evident by its stately form, than by its reserve and forbearance, in not retaliating the sarcasms of its malignant neighbours.

Meanwhile, those who had been most bitter against each other now united in the common cause of persecuting the stranger plant.

"I wonder," said the malicious hemlock, "why your fine garden flowers cannot keep to their own pasture: had I been one of those pampered exotics, I should hardly like to have quitted so much refinement; for truly, if delicate plants will come among common ones, they must expect matters to go but roughly."

"I, for one," exclaimed the fierce nettle, "feel myself by no means disposed to give way to the arrogant pretensions of an upstart. In this spot have I flourished time out of mind, every season increasing in size and power, nor shall one of my smallest suckers yield place or precedence to the proudest garden flower that ever grew."

"I commend your spirit and resolution," cried the hemlock, "and think we ought all to unite in withstanding the encroachments of a common enemy, who, it is very evident, has sprung up with the intention of supplanting us all; and I should advise my neighbour night-shade to look to it, or even her lofty branches may be overtopped."

The night-shade made no answer, but that of disdainfully heaving her boughs over the object of general odium, which, however, apparently regardless of the enmity expressed towards it by

these unfriendly shrubs, continued its upward growth, the bud still increasing in size; and at length a sun-flower, as splendid in colour, as graceful in form, as ever decked the richest garden, opened its golden petals on the sight, shedding light and lustre around.

In the midst of these wild and ill-conditioned leaves, and very near to the sun-flower, there grew a marsh-mallow, a plant of a kindly nature, which had long regarded the hapless exile with interest, and at length could not refrain from expressing its sympathy.

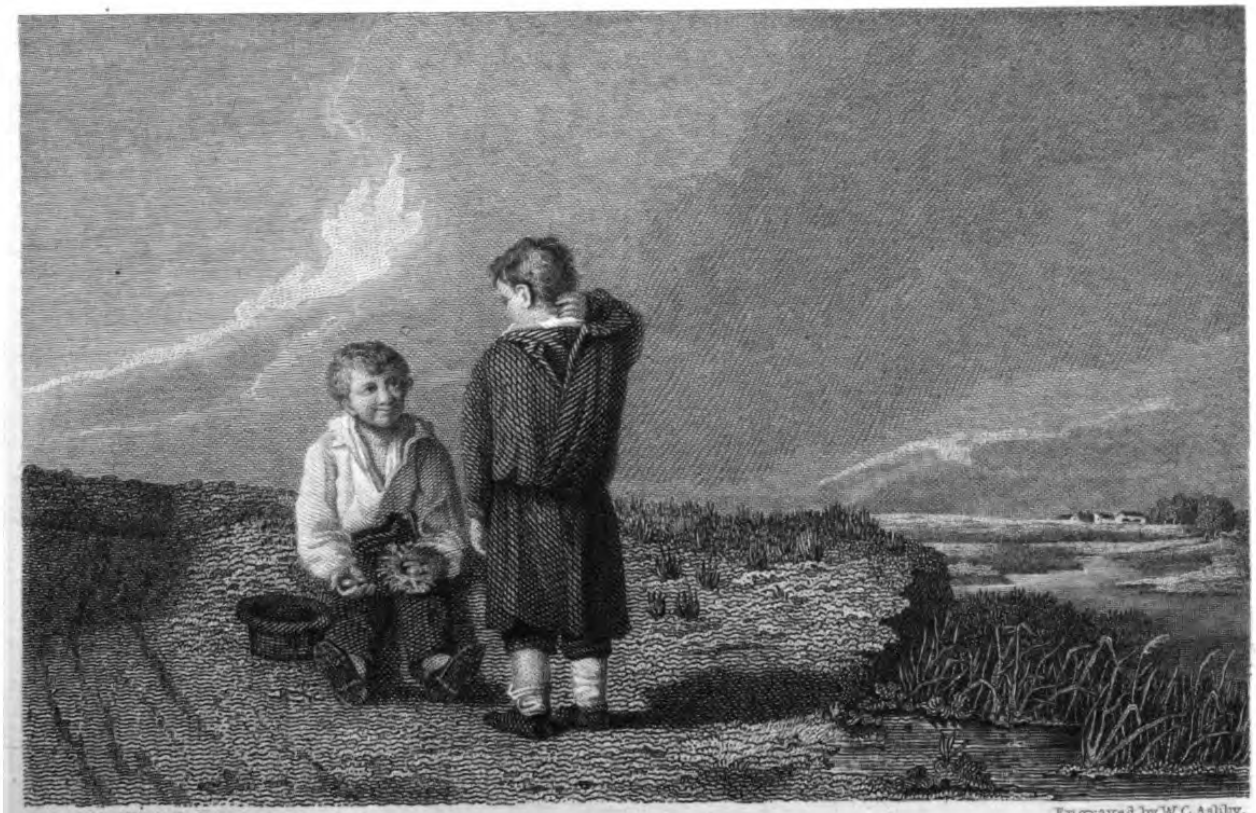
"Beautiful and unfortunate stranger," said the marsh-mallow, "suffer me to condole with you on your sad destiny; and think not that I address you with a supposition, that because we grow on the same spot you are therefore my equal, and one with whom I may claim familiarity; but I cannot help expressing my pity for a fate like yours, and my wonder at the patience with which you sustain it. That you are a flower of superior rank I feel and understand, and I would fain enquire whether chance or choice brought you to this unfriendly spot."

"Gentle friend," replied the sun-flower, "I thank you for your sympathy; the voice of kindness is grateful as the evening dew; but in

return let me assure you that my situation is not at present so unhappy as you may imagine. I will, however, recount my short history; for, although you may have witnessed the many hardships I have suffered, you cannot be aware of all that I have endured; but though the stem of adversity is beset with thorns, its fruit is rich and precious. It was indeed chance and not choice which brought me hither; for the seed from which I sprung, had, as I conjecture, been wafted from a more genial soil. Never shall I forget on what a scene of wild desolation I first unclosed my leaves, surrounded by rude weeds—all regarding me with ill-will, and unanimous in their endeavours to impede my growth. The wretchedness of my situation was still further aggravated by my viewing, in yon gay garden, plants of my own species flourishing in all the luxury of high cultivation, nurtured with care, and secured from the hardships by which I was surrounded. It was no fault of theirs that I was thus unfortunate, yet I felt anger and envy whenever I regarded their more prosperous condition. How cruel a fate is mine, thought I, to bear the rank of a garden flower without any of its privileges —doomed to grow among the wildest weeds, without possessing their strength and hardiness!

I even wished to be armed like the nettle, or for the power to distil poisons like the night-shade. My existence was absorbed in these bitter and rancorous feelings, which, the more I nourished them, became the more tormenting; and hourly did I regret that the seed from which I sprung had not perished in the earth. There appeared, however, a great probability that I should not have long to mourn my miserable condition; for my frail stem was now fast declining, the cold ungenial soil seemed to yield no nourishment to my root, and the insects were making daily havoc with my few leaves. I had not, however, sufficiently known my own nature when I desired my existence annihilated; for now that my impatient wishes appeared about to be fulfilled, as I felt my fibres shrink and my leaves decay, I experienced a pang, and comfortless as my condition was I still desired to exist. For a considerable period I continued in this state, neither growing nor dying. Gradually the face of nature assumed a gentler aspect; the air became mild, and a soft rain revived the parched earth: my shrinking root drank in the refreshing moisture; my stem shot upwards, and I caught a gleam from the glorious orb of day; my leaves expanded in its benign ray, and I felt, for the first time, a

sensation of grateful gladness. Not only did the blessed source of light shed new light and vigour into my frame, but as I daily grew beneath its gracious influence, my discontented feelings subsided into resignation, and my angry ones into those of pity; nor do I any longer regard with envy the gay children of the pasture; for had I held a station amongst them, and been pampered with luxury, I might perchance have felt less gratitude towards that glorious orb whose image I reflect, and whose name it is my proud privilege to bear. The happy aim of my existence now is to direct the progress of my opening buds, to catch those refulgent beams whose kindly influence, while it strengthens me to endure hardships, subdues the desire of resenting injuries."



Painted by W. Collins R.A.

Engraved by W.C. Ashby.

THE BIRDS NEST.

Printed by Wilkinson

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THE BIRD'S NEST.

"See, brother, I have brought a nest
Of eggs from yonder wood!
And yesterday I found a prize—
A blackbird's callow brood.
Believe me, it was famous sport
To see their beaks divide,
Like pairs of yellow compasses,
They gaped so monstrous wide!"

"Sport could it be, to see them pine,
Within the pilfered nest,
For their accustomed food, and warmth
Of the maternal breast?
And were the parent's sufferings sport,
When, from some distant spray,
Perchance she saw her home removed,
Her offspring borne away?"

" Brother, forgive me if I laugh—
What sentimental words!
Surely you deem them human-kind
Instead of senseless birds!
What should the parent blackbird feel
For her departed brood,
Save joy that she no more is tasked
To cram their beaks with food?"

" What! would she choose the builder's toil,
And ply her task so well,
Then sit unwearied day by day
Till they had cast the shell—
And would she tend them every hour,
Nor from her duty rove,
Had not almighty wisdom wrought
In her a mother's love?

And having this, when ruthless hands
Have left her homeless, lone,
Can she be callous as the clod,
Insensible as stone?
Still unconvinced, you smile, I see
Logic will not avail;
Yet Harry I would fain persuade
To listen to a tale.

Last year a linnet's brood I bought,
Just taken from the spray,
To save them from their captor's hands,
Who tortured them with play.
Upon the lawn I placed my charge,
Screened from the noontide glare,
And far from cats; and ere an hour
The mother found them there.*

Day after day, and hour by hour,
To feed her young she sped,
Placed every sunny morn by me
Beneath an arboury shed.
They lived, and feathers grew apace
Where down was spread before,
Till one bright morn they disappeared—
I saw my pets no more.

Now, if that tender mother bird
Felt not a parent's pain,
Would she have sought, and laboured thus
Her lost ones to regain?
All feel that crawl, or walk, or swim,
Or poise the busy wing:—
Then seek not pleasure in the pain
Of any living thing!"

Θ.

* This anecdote is not fictitious in any of its details; the facts occurred under the observation of the writer.

TO EMMA.

BY THE REV. JOHN HORSEMAN.

DIM are mine eyes, and blanched my hair,
And faintly beats my withered heart;
And woman's charms, however rare
Or exquisite, small joy impart.

Yet, still one form I love to see—
Yet, still one voice I love to hear—
That long have been endeared to me,
And must to me be ever dear.

Oh, when I gaze on thy pale face,
My Emma, once with beauty bright!
Fond fancy paints the youthful grace,
And all that filled me with delight.

Fled is thy bloom! But left behind,
With love unceasing, I behold
The beauties of thy heart and mind—
Beauties that never can grow old.

And, when life's pilgrimage we end,
May we both rest beneath one sod;
Rest in full hope, while we commend
Our daughter to the orphan's God!

GASPARD AND HIS DOG.

A story told to Isabel O——.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"WHAT, another story about Savoyards! My dear Madam, you gave us a long tale about them, the year before last! Dogs—marmottes—camels, and all!"

"True, my little friend, but I can tell you another; it was related to me very lately, by an interesting young lady; one of those who have visited merry England, 'to seek their fortunes;'—not to *seek* it, indeed; hers is not a speculation; she has brought with her virtue and talent, and these are certain to procure independence, when united to industry. Now for my story.

"On one of the highest mountains of Savoy, far from every other habitation, and sheltered by

an overhanging rock, (which, although very black and ugly in its appearance, was, like many plain-looking folk, exceedingly useful,) resided a family consisting of seven people—big or little, as they might be—but seven living souls, dwelling in what you would call a miserable hut; for it was formed of loose stones piled carefully one over the other, with here and there planks of wood. They considered it a very comfortable dwelling; and many a benighted and way-worn traveller thought so too, while protected beneath the humble roof of Pierre Boquet, when the snow fell in thick white flakes, and the storm threatened to hurl down the rock by which it it was overhung. Gaspard, the eldest of the family, assisted his father in cultivating a small patch of garden on the mountain's side, in hewing wood, and in every thing else where a boy of thirteen could be useful, and exerted himself with industry and perseverance. The younger children, too, were even more good than gold, for that cannot always procure happiness; but they made their kind parents uniformly happy by being gentle and obedient. You would have been amused to see the little peasant girls, on the Sabbath mornings, when they descended the mountain—dressed in their finery, as they called it—short blue cloth petti-

coats, and little jackets, made very smart by a frill behind, and fine brass buttons down the front:—I do not think you would have admired their wooden shoes, but they preserved their feet from the flinty rocks, nor do they find them inconvenient, because accustomed to them from early childhood. Pierre Boquet laboured so hard to support his family that at last he grew very ill, and Gaspard resolved to exert himself still more for his parents' sake; long before sunrise he repaired to the woods, and, assisted by his second brother, Claude, cut down and carried home much timber, heedless of labour, and always singing some cheerful mountain song, which was echoed by the surrounding rocks.

"Gaspard's time passed very pleasantly, because he was doing his duty; he improved daily in health and strength—for God invariably blesses an affectionate child. One morning, as he was passing along the edge of a very steep precipice, he thought he heard the faint bark of a dog ascend from the abyss; he stopped, and it was distinctly repeated. Again and again the sound broke upon his ear; and, fixing his climbing-spear or pole firmly on a projecting rock, he leaped upon it, and looking down saw the animal whose plaint had attracted his attention. The

poor animal, when it observed Gaspard's face, whined piteously, and wagged its tail; saying, as plainly as dog could say, 'I pray you, pity me! I am a stranger, and my poor little leg is broken by my fall from yonder cliff! Do, Savoyard—pray have pity on the forlorn situation of a poor honest dog!' Gaspard descended, springing from one rock to another like a mountain kid; and throwing the suffering creature over his shoulder, as you have seen in the print of the fox and goose, ascended in the same manner, placed the animal on a spot of fresh green grass, bound its broken limb with much tenderness, and carried it home in the evening when his work was finished.

"Pierre Boquet was a very good man, but, for all that, he did not like to see a dog added to his household.

"'It was very thoughtless of you to bring it home, Gaspard,' he said; 'my family is large enough, and it will eat as much as Jeannette and Jaqueline put together.'

"'Father, if you will permit me to keep it,' replied the good-natured boy, 'I will divide my food with it; indeed, it shall not be an additional burthen to you!'

"Gaspard kept his word, and shared with the little dog, Diane, his daily bread: time passed

on, and the fresh breezes of spring had succeeded to the snow-storms of a very severe winter, when Boquet thus addressed his son Gaspard.

"'You are now nearly thirteen years old; and you must go forth into the world, and endeavour to earn more money than all your exertions can procure among these mountains. Claude can assist me now; God has been good enough to restore me to health; it would be injustice to permit you to remain here longer:—my first-born child, I will give you the viola, with which I travelled long since over the fair southern countries, and marmottes are easily caught in the rocks; and with a viola and a marmotte, you will be a welcome visitor in foreign lands. In twelve days you must be prepared to leave us for a time, and—' He was proceeding, but his wife interrupted him.

"'Twelve days!' she exclaimed: 'Oh, no! not so soon as that, Pierre; the snow has not melted even in the valleys, and it may bury my poor child, among his native mountains; not in twelve days, my husband—oh, not so soon!'

"'My dear Mariette,' he replied, 'do not defer our boy's departure; you remember how quickly the snow disappears, when once the summer commences; and I wish him to be early

amongst strangers in the south; those who arrive first make the most money, for, as the season advances, so many boys leave Savoy that people get tired even of violas and marmottes.'

"'Mother, dear mother, let it be just as my father wishes,' said Gaspard, mildly; 'you know God will protect me.'

"The family were soon busied in preparing for the young traveller's journey; and each child shewed affectionate anxiety to present some token of remembrance to their beloved brother: dried fruits, hard cakes, and whatever could be added to his wardrobe, were carefully packed in a small wallet; and after many tears, and much sorrowing, Gaspard left his cottage on the day his father had appointed. Pierre accompanied his son to the foot of the mountain, and gave him much good advice as to his future conduct.

"'God will protect you, my son, if you trust in him; pray to him, meekly kneeling upon your knees, night and morning—but not only then, accustom yourself always to feel that He is present; and should you ever be tempted to commit a base action, remember, that though you can conceal it from man, the eye of the Almighty is always upon you. He will bless your toil if you trust in Him, and obey his commandments.

Avoid begging on your journey; and if you have only a mouthful of bread, be ever ready to divide it with any one who hungers; never eat or drink more than is necessary for your actual sustenance, for gluttony is a vice even the dumb wild animals are free from. Go, my boy—go—and remember in crowded cities the instructions you received from your poor but honest parents, in the mountains of Savoy.'

"Gaspard had resolved to be very courageous, and refrained from weeping while embracing his relatives at the cottage; but when he saw his father's shadow disappear behind the mountain crags, his heart swelled and his eyes filled with bitter tears, that rolled like haildrops down his rosy cheeks. As he trudged on his way, and pressed his marmotte (which, to confess the truth, was as obstinate and cross a creature as ever left Savoy) to his bosom, he remembered his dear little dog Diane.

"'If she had not been so lame (for even then she had scarcely recovered from the effects of her fall) my mother would have suffered me to bring her with me, and she would have understood what I said to her—poor Diane!'

"The evening advanced, and our young wanderer felt very desolate. He was alone—for the

first time, alone—without a voice to cheer his solitude, or an eye to beam kindly on him; but he forgot not his father's words—'Remember that God is present!'—and he looked up to the high mountains, whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and they appeared grand and magnificent; yet he knew the bounding chamois, and even the smallest singing-bird, sheltered amid their wilds in peace and safety.

"'And so,' he whispered to himself, 'it is with me. I am even more feeble in the sight of God than a little wren, yet I find safety in his power and goodness.' He sat down—the sun was set;—then, sharing his supper with his marmotte, and tying it to the viola, he placed his knapsack under his head, and recommended himself to the care of that God in whom his young heart trusted.

"You have no idea how soundly he slept; but at last the little fellow awoke in great fright, for something very cold touched his cheek, and a heavy weight pressed upon his bosom. I believe he thought all the mountain wolves were going to devour him; but what do you think it was?—Guess!—You are quite right!—it was little Diane. The affectionate creature did not think of its lameness, but trotted,

on three legs after its master—smelling, that it might discover which way he went; and had stretched itself across his bosom so softly, that if it had not been for the cold nose that rested on his cheek, Gaspard could not have been disturbed. The poor animal evinced much joy at the meeting; indeed, the entire party would have felt perfectly happy, had it not been for the natural antipathy that exists between dogs and marmottes—they are always enemies; and I much doubt if even that sagacious man who stands at Waterloo Bridge, (exhibiting cats, with little mice running over their backs, and a great owl, with goldfinches and saucy sparrows nestling amid its feathers,) could conquer the bitter animosity they feel towards each other. Gaspard was obliged to strap the pugnacious animal to his viola when resuming his journey. Diane needed no guide to direct her course but the footsteps of her master; and thus they proceeded, the little dog puzzling her pate, I dare say, to discover what could induce her friend Gaspard to carry so cross an animal on his back; while the marmotte, in its turn, bestowed many an ill-natured glance on poor Diane.

"I will not detail the adventures my young favourite encountered on his journey, but I assure

you he experienced all the varied feelings natural to travellers who, for the first time, visit foreign lands. The following summer found him an inhabitant of sunny France, where the grapes hung in rich clusters from the graceful vines, and the peasantry danced merrily to the sound of his viola.

"The contrast between so fertile a country and the barren mountains of Savoy often occurred to him. He was not insensible to the rich blessings that spread on every side; but the remembrance of home, and all its endearments, was still treasured in his heart of hearts. Never did this excellent boy forget his father's admonitions; and even when he raised the luscious grape to his lip, he secretly wished that his mother could have tasted the fruit, which lost more than half its sweetness because he had no one whom he loved to share it with.

" It was pleasant tarrying for the young minstrel in the provinces; but he soon found out that little money could be gained from those who laboured for every *sous* which they bestowed; and he longed to be able to forward to his parents some memento of his affection.

" 'If,' he would say to himself, 'I could earn just one *louis*—one *louis d'or*, that would buy

blankets for father and mother—a new jacket, with such fine buttons, for Margot—I think a cap, such as boys here put on when it is Sunday, for Claude—and something, though I cannot tell exactly what, for the good Pére La Fitte :' then he would count and recount his money, replace it in his leather pouch, with a sigh, when he found that, after an absence of five months, he had only put by one frank-piece, and about fifteen *sous*.

" His viola had cost him a good deal, to put it in order ; for though it was considered quite a superb instrument in Savoy, in France it was voted detestable, even by the little country *grisettes*, who most frequently danced to the music of their own voices.

" Well, my dear Isabel, our little hero made his way to Paris ; he was sadly confounded by the noise and bustle of that busy city. He had, moreover, to pay for his board and lodging ; and, after all, could only obtain a reception amid dozens of his fellow-adventurers—Savoyard boys ;—some with monkeys ; many poor sweeps, with no other pillow than their bags of soot; others, again, little messengers who stand at the corners of the streets waiting for employment, and whose honesty is proverbial. Glad as

Gaspard was to hear the *patois* of his native land, he did not like associating with so many strangers. He thought of the hard but clean bed his mother had so often spread for him, with her own hand, in their healthful cottage, and the dirt and misery of his temporary abode became odious and insupportable.

"The early dawn of morning found him wandering on the Boulevards, after passing a sleepless and tearful night. Weary and sorrowing, he seated himself under one of the spreading trees, while Diane nestled at his feet, glancing affectionate looks on her master from under the overhanging curls of her shaggy pate; and, I must confess it, eying the marmotte (secured as usual) with no particular friendly feeling. After a little time, the poor wanderer wept himself to sleep; and soundly he must have slumbered, for the sun was brightly shining on the little group, when he was roused by some one shaking his shoulder roughly, and demanding, in what to his ear sounded an ungentle tone, 'Where he had found that dog?'

"Gaspard was not more bewildered by the question, than by the conduct of his little four-footed favourite, who was springing and screaming with all her strength—now jumping on the

gentleman who awoke her master, and then, by animated gestures, entreating him to join in her extasies.

"'I wish, my little mountaineer, you would tell me *where* you got that dog?' repeated the stranger.

"'It is my dog!' exclaimed Gaspard: the dread of losing Diane overcoming his usual politeness.

"'I simply ask you where you found it?' said the gentleman again.

"'I found her in the depths of a mountain cleft—her leg broken; I carried her home—I fed her with my own food—she followed me of her own accord:' he continued, rapidly, while tears gathered in his fine brown eyes, as the dog still fawned on the stranger: 'She has slept in my bosom—I have carried her when we were *both* weary—she has never known hunger, though I have; and yet now she forgets me, and speaks to you—not to me—you, Sir, who never could love her as I have done!'

"The little fellow wept outright, and Diane, sobered by his tears, crept up and licked his moist cheek with sympathy and affection; he pushed her from him, crying still more bitterly, and in broken accents apostrophizing his favourite:

"'I did not desert *you*, Diane, when you were in trouble; yet, though this is the most sorrowful day of my life, you forget me!'

"'Why,' enquired the gentleman, now evidently interested in the scene?—'why is it the most sorrowful day of your life?—did you not sorrow more when you left your native mountain?'

"'No, Sir,' replied the boy, '*I was then full of hope*—but now, where even my countrymen are strangers, and my dog forsakes me—' Another burst of tears succeeded.

"'That dog," continued the gentleman, 'was mine; I lost her in crossing one of your mountain passes; but if I do take her from you, I will reward you for your humanity.' He drew forth his purse, and, through the delicate net-work, Gaspard perceived the bright glittering of gold.

"'I thank you, Sir,' he replied, 'but it was not *humanity*, it was *love* that made me keep Diane. I do not desire reward—if she is not happy with me, take her.' He held the little animal towards the gentleman with averted head.

"'But I must pay you, my fine fellow, in some way or other, for having preserved the little animal—here is a louis-d'or.'

A scream of joyful surprise burst from the lips

of the Savoyard as his eye rested on the tempting coin.

"'An entire louis-d'or!' he exclaimed, 'and to do what I like with!' The remembrance of home came full upon him, and he seized the offered money with manifest delight, which, however, from his affection for Diane, was only short-lived. 'The money would be of so much use at home—but my poor dog!'

"'Come with me, *mon brave Garçon*,' said the gentleman, evidently pleased with the boy's unsophisticated feelings, 'and tell me all about your family and wanderings.' The countenance of the Savoyard brightened—have you never, Isabel, observed how joyous those poor wanderers look when you speak kindly to them? Well, he smiled thankfully; and before the gentleman arrived at his own door, the ingenuous boy had communicated all his wishes for his family, and poured forth his hopes and his affections, with sincerity and truth, to the interested and delighted ear of his new friend. With a timid step he followed him into a magnificent saloon, and was much surprised at seeing his grotesque figure multiplied a thousand times by the splendid mirrors and looking-glasses that decorated the apartment. Presently, a troop

of young people assembled around him, all evidently delighted at Diane being restored. 'Papa,' observed a young lady, (somewhat older than you, love,) after having heard the story related, 'it is a sad pity to separate two such friends as *Gaspard and his dog*. Lucas could soon instruct the little fellow in the duties of footboy.'

"'And he could play for us on his viola, when we were good,' interrupted her brother.

"'And the marmotte could live in the stable,' said another.

"'And when Mr. Emery goes next to Geneva, he could take the louis-d'or to his parents, and many things which you, dear papa, would permit us to send,' exclaimed the little party, one and all.

"'Granted at once, my children,' replied the kind father, 'you have anticipated my wishes; this poor wanderer left his home, not from caprice or love of change, but that he might be enabled to minister to the wants of his family, and transmit to them the fruits of his exertions. The care he took of our little dog was noble; for there is much difference in the feeling which prompts the children of affluence to fondle a silken favourite, and feed it with dainty morsels *from their*

parents' table, and that self-denying principle that overcame selfishness, and urged our young traveller to share *his own*—mind, I say, *his own* hardly-earned and scanty morsel with the helpless animal, which, in humble imitation of the Good Shepherd, he carried in his bosom when it was weary.'

"'I see the difference, dear papa,' exclaimed the eldest girl, 'the one feeling is *indulging*, the other, *conquering* SELF.'

"The friend who told me the story, Isabel, added, that Gaspard still resides in the good gentleman's family; he has been once to visit his parents, and, like the dove, carried healing on his wings; or, perhaps, without impeaching the understanding of a young lady who is only nine—"

"Ten next birthday, Ma'am."

"Pray forgive me, Bell—a young lady of ten next birthday, would understand me better, did I say that he conveyed useful presents to his family from the generous friends who had so kindly protected him; and, instead of *one*, *ten* golden louis-d'ors of his own earning.

"This, dearest, is a true story; I could have told you another, but, I dare say, you are tired,

and if *you* are not, *I* am. If my tale has been tedious you must forgive me, for I am not yet well; and sickness not only dims the eye and damps the brow, but deadens the spirit and subdues exertion.

"God bless you, Isabel! I trust that your good conduct, and constant application to your studies, will lead me to the conclusion that you, my dear little friend, possessing so many advantages, will, like the humble Gaspard, improve the golden moments of your existence, and that, like him also, 'you will do your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you.'"

September, 1830.

DOCILITY.*

My gentle girl, thine eye is mild,
  But beaming with intelligence;
As if to shew, though yet a child,
  How well may sweetness blend with sense.
From books, with information fraught—
At once the nurse and child of thought—
The mind will take its tinge at length,
And grow more lovely as it gathers strength.

But, ah! there may be found in books,
  Lessons that tempt the heart to roam;
And the good girl, before she looks,
  Consults the elders of her home:
They point to wisdom's page, and show,
The more we read, the more we know
Of Him, through whom we feel and see—
Of Him whose words were, "Children, come to me!"

* See the Frontispiece.

My gentle girl, thy thoughts are pure
As the first dew-drop of the spring;
Oh, may thy peace of mind endure,
Through ills that many winters bring!
Thou canst not hope to pass through life,
Unsought by care, unscathed by strife;
But if thine eye with grief grow dim,
Thy Heavenly Father bids thee trust in him.

Oh, trust in Him, when young and gay!
"Sow in thy youth, to reap in age;"
And "*keep* thy feet in wisdom's way:"—
Such are the maxims of the sage.
So shall thy moral beauty give
A charm that with thy life shall live;
So shall thy mind be firm as truth,
And thy heart flourish in eternal youth.

S. C. H.

CHERRIES AND GINGERBREAD.

BY MRS. EDELMAN.

It was just the beginning of the midsummer holidays, and Charles and Edward Damer had come home from school, full of joy and glee at the prospect of enjoying themselves, and doing just as they pleased, for the next four or five weeks. They were in such high spirits that they seemed not to know how to contain themselves; and they ran about like wild kids, in and out of the garden, scampering over the lawn, and sometimes even over the beds: they jumped over the gates and came into the meadow, and then over hedges and stiles, down the high road, and at last got near the neighbouring town. They were still overflowing with wild spirits, when, turning round the corner of a street and running at full speed, they struck against an old woman's barrow which stood covered with cherries and gingerbread. The barrow was turned over in a

moment, and the road was strewed with the cakes and the cherries; unluckily, too, an immense sow, with at least a dozen young pigs, came up, grunting and squeaking with joy, to find so many good things within their reach, and immediately began to munch them up with all their might. The old woman screamed, and then tried to hoot away her unwelcome customers; but this was in vain. They were so eager, and there were so many of them, that it was impossible to get rid of them; and, in fact, in less than three minutes, every vestige, both of cherries and gingerbread, had disappeared. She stood a moment quite aghast in despair, and when she recovered herself, turned round to the boys, the authors of her calamity; but they had been laughing most heartily while the mischief was going on. They seemed to think that they had never had better fun in all their lives, and never once did there come into their heads the least thought either of pitying or assisting her; indeed, they thought only, when she turned round towards them, that she was going to scold and be very angry, which truly they had well deserved; and so, partly in defiance and partly in derision, they laughed louder than before; and betaking themselves to their

heels, off they were, and out of sight in a twinkling, very sure that the old woman, run as fast as she would, could not have any chance of catching them.

They took the path homewards, and were so excited with the adventure, that when they had come into their mamma's drawing-room they had not done laughing.

"What is it that has pleased you so much?" said Mrs. Damer.

"Oh, the finest piece of fun! I do not know when I have enjoyed any thing so much!" replied Charles.

"You cannot imagine how droll it was—I would not have missed it for a guinea!" added Edward; and after these and a good many similar exclamations, first from one and then from the other, and after interrupting each other twenty times in order to describe the various amusing incidents of the story with the greater effect, they succeeded in relating what had happened. But their mamma did not seem by any means so much entertained as they had expected: nay, she looked grave, and answered, with something like displeasure, that she was afraid the poor woman would not be so much delighted as they were.

"No, indeed!" said Charles; "but it was part of the fun to see how cross she looked."

Mrs. Damer grew graver than before, and the boys began to feel their glee somewhat damped. After a little pause, she spoke to them in a very serious tone.

"I could not have supposed," she said, "that you could have been so inconsiderate, not to say cruel and hard-hearted, as to rejoice in the misfortune of any body, much less in that of a poor helpless creature, which you have yourselves been the means of causing."

Neither of the boys made any reply for a moment, but they did not laugh; and seemed to begin to recollect themselves. At last, Edward said, "But we did not laugh at her misfortune; only it was so droll to see the pigs eating her gingerbread, and she screaming and trying to drive them away. Really, mamma, I do think you would have laughed too, if you had been there."

"I hope I should never laugh at distress and suffering of any kind," returned Mrs. Damer; "and I must own you will not easily recover my good opinion, for having done so."

"But you are not angry with us, mamma?"

"I am much grieved," replied Mrs. Damer;

"and I should be still more so, did I not hope that your conduct proceeded not so much from an habitually unfeeling disposition, as from momentary thoughtlessness."

Neither of the boys made any answer, but their laughter was now quite over, and they were beginning to look almost as grave as their mamma. Seeing them silent, she resumed: "Really, I must say, you have behaved in a very cruel and mischievous manner."

"But we did not overset her barrow on purpose, mamma," said Charles.

"No," returned Mrs. Damer, "perhaps not; but that does not make the matter much better, for you were evidently pleased that the accident happened, and did not even attempt to make amends for it. Surely there is very little more to be commended in rejoicing in mischief when it is done, than in doing it one's self."

"But do you really think there was so much mischief in it, mamma?" asked Edward, seeming to wish to make some excuse, if possible: "You know, the worst of the whole affair was, that the woman lost a few cherries and cakes, and she can soon get a few more, and begin selling them again."

"I dare say, even if that was all, her loss has

been a serious one to her. A few shillings is a large sum to poor people."

"What, then, do you not think she will be able to get any more things to sell, mamma?"

"Indeed, I do not know; nor do I know how much she may perhaps suffer from the loss of her profits to-day. However," added Mrs. Damer, "as I think you ought to make yourselves acquainted with all this, I will go with you to try to find out the poor woman and enquire."

Charles and Edward looked at first as if they would have been glad to find some reason for not going; but their conscience told them that what their mamma had proposed was right; so they said nothing, and set out with her, though by no means with the speed and alacrity with which they had scampered along before. It was not long before they reached the unlucky corner, and the boys felt inclined to slink behind their mamma at the first glimpse of the barrow, which, indeed, still stood where it had done before. The old woman had picked up her cloth, and set her barrow upright again; but the cloth was dusty and tumbled, and the old woman sat upon one of the handles of her barrow, with her head leaning upon her hand. She looked very sorrowful, and as she raised

her face when Mrs. Damer and her sons came up, she took the corner of her apron to wipe away the tears which filled her eyes, and were running down her cheeks. When she saw Charles and Edward, something like anger did perhaps flash across her countenance, but it passed away, and her grief seemed again to take its place; for new, silent tears came, and again she wiped them quietly away, as she looked up to reply to Mrs. Damer.

"Indeed, Ma'am," said she very civilly, and with a curtsey, "I could not help feeling vexed at the young gentlemen, though I do not believe they would have behaved as they did, if they could but have guessed how much I should suffer by losing my goods."

Mrs. Damer would not look towards Charles and Edward, but she enquired of the woman how much she thought she had lost, and what family she had, and several similar particulars.

"If I could have sold all my things, Ma'am, I should have had about two shillings clear profit, after deducting enough to pay for what I had to-day from the gardener and the baker. But if I cannot pay them I am afraid they will not let me have any more: they seldom like to trust poor people."

"And so you would not be able to get your living in this way in future?" said Mrs. Damer.

"No, Ma'am; and indeed I do not know how I could get it at all, for I have grown too old and weak for hard work, and my sight is bad, so that I am not able to do much more than sit and sell a few little things. I was very thankful to get into the way of doing so, for we should have been very sadly off lately without it."

"Have you, then, any body to keep besides yourself?"

"O yes, my husband is a very ailing man, and often out of work; and we have a sick daughter who is a widow, and came home to us about six months ago with her two dear babies. They have all but little to look to except what I can get for them with my fruit and cakes. We live but hard at the best, but poor Susan must have died of want if it had not been for my barrow. Poor child!" said the old woman, and a sadder tear than before fell down her cheek as she spoke: "she is so grieved to be a burden to us, she longs to work if she could; but she has worked beyond her strength already; I am afraid she is not long for this world." The poor woman's grief choked her voice, and she could say no more upon so sad a subject.

Charles and Edward were much affected; and their first impulse was, as it ought to have been, to endeavour to repair the mischief they had done. But they had spent all their money during the half year at school, and a few halfpence which they had in their pockets was all they had to offer.

"Do you live far off? If you do not, I should like to see your daughter," said Mrs. Damer.

"It is not very far; only just on the edge of the common, Ma'am; and if you please I can go with you, for I need not sit longer here now," replied the woman with a sigh, as she cast a glance at her dismantled barrow.

The party walked forward, the woman following with her barrow.

"And what do you think of the matter now?" said Mrs. Damer to the boys. They hesitated a moment, and then Charles replied, "I am really ashamed of what we have done."

"And so am I," said Edward; "but I hope, mamma, that you will pay the woman for what she has lost."

"But why do you not think of paying for it yourselves?" said Mrs. Damer.

"I would with all my heart," said Charles, "if I had any money."

"Yes, indeed," added Edward, "and I should be glad to give her something more than the value of the cakes and cherries, because I think she is a good woman and deserves it; and because, too, it would be some sort of making amends for our having done wrong."

"So it would," said Charles, and then added, "if you will give her the money now, mamma, we will agree to go to school without pocket money after the holidays."

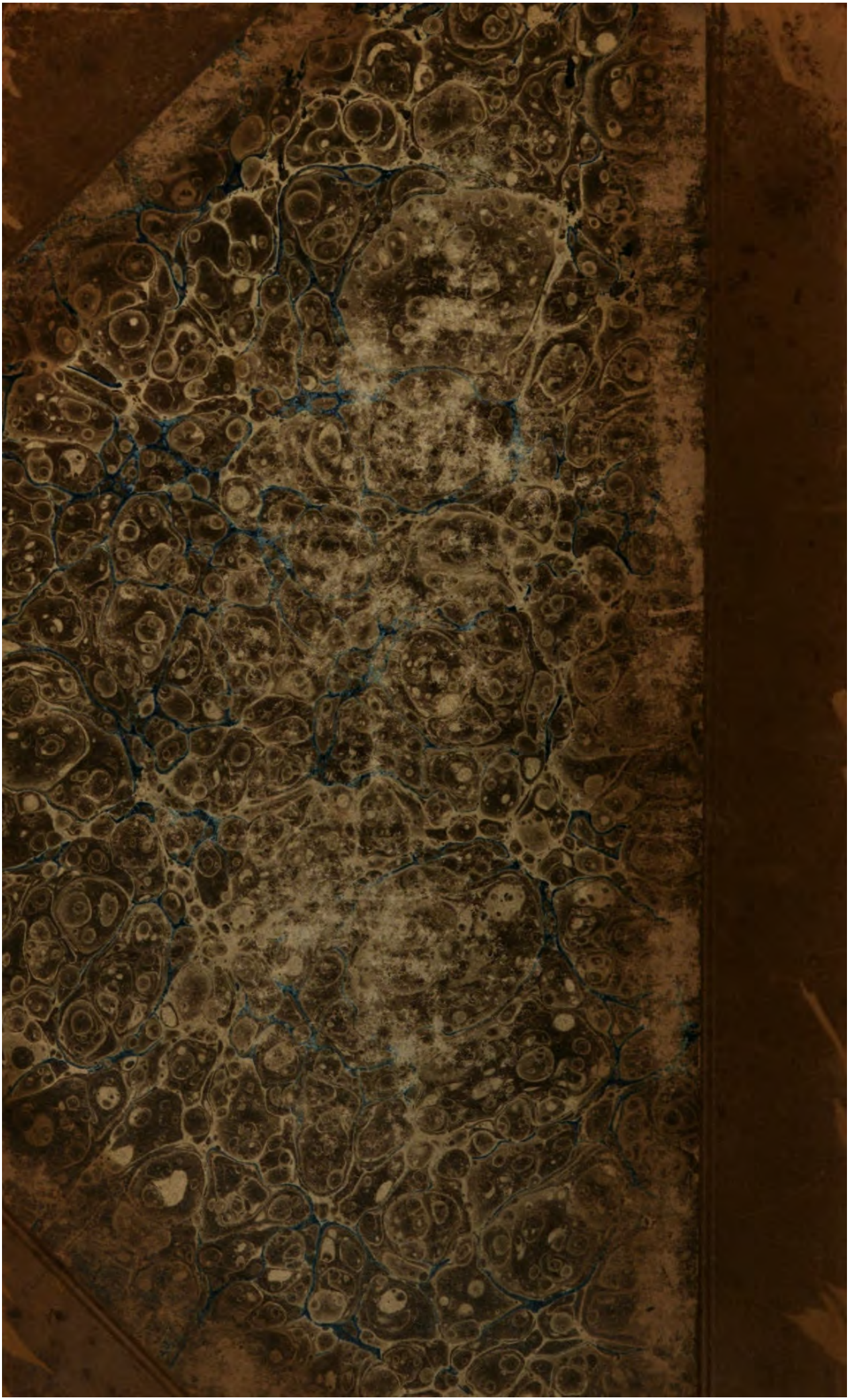
Edward readily assented.

"I am much pleased to hear this from you," replied Mrs. Damer: "before, however, we decide upon what to give, we will see for ourselves the state of things in the cottage."

They soon reached it, and the old woman, lifting the latch, immediately introduced them to her humble dwelling. The interior did not belie the favourable expectations which had been formed by her visiters. They looked round, and saw every thing clean and neat, though wearing an appearance of poverty even more than ordinary; but Mrs. Damer was particularly interested by the countenance of the invalid. She was quite young, and seemed to be in an advanced stage of consumption; and her features and complexion had a great deal of that peculiar brilliancy and

vivacity which so generally attends similar cases. A child about three years old, who stood by her, looked thin and pale as if from want, and so did the little baby, a few months old, which she was just putting into the cradle, and whose weight she seemed scarcely able to support. The face of the young woman looked sad, as if she had suffered in mind as well as in body, but she smiled the moment her mother appeared.

"This is my sick daughter, Ma'am," said the old woman; and then added, with a sigh, "you see she is but little fit for work. Thank God, we have hitherto been able, ever since her husband died, to do some small matter for her; and I do trust that if we can but get a little by the fruit this summer, we may still be able to keep her from the workhouse. A few shillings a week in this way is a wonderful assistance; and indeed, as I have said before, it is very often almost all we have to live upon!"

I will not enter upon all the particulars of the conversation that ensued, nor upon what the young woman related of the death of her husband, nor of the causes of her illness and distress; suffice it to say that Mrs. Damer found the truth of the mother's story abundantly confirmed; and I have been confidently assured that

by means of her kind attentions and assistance, in which she was most actively and cheerfully seconded by both Charles and Edward, the young woman gradually lost her consumptive symptoms, and after some time recovered her health. Her children grew up strong and hearty, and after a few years were able to assist her in contributing to the support of their aged grandmother, when, from age and infirmities, she could no longer sit, as before, by her barrow, to sell cherries and gingerbread.