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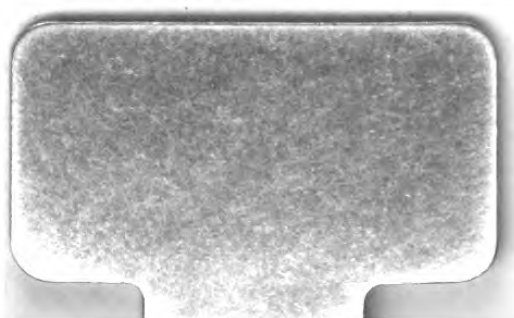
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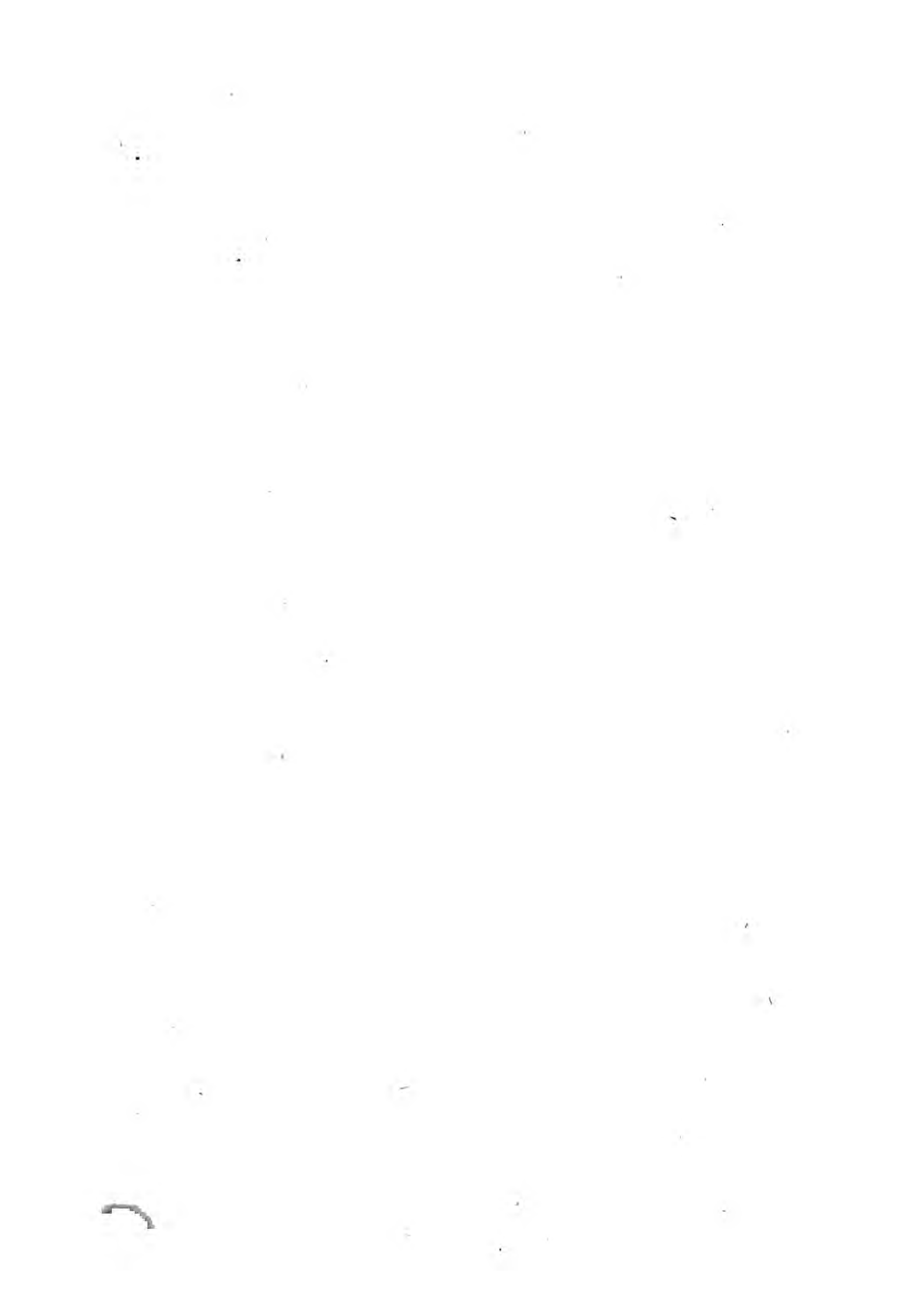


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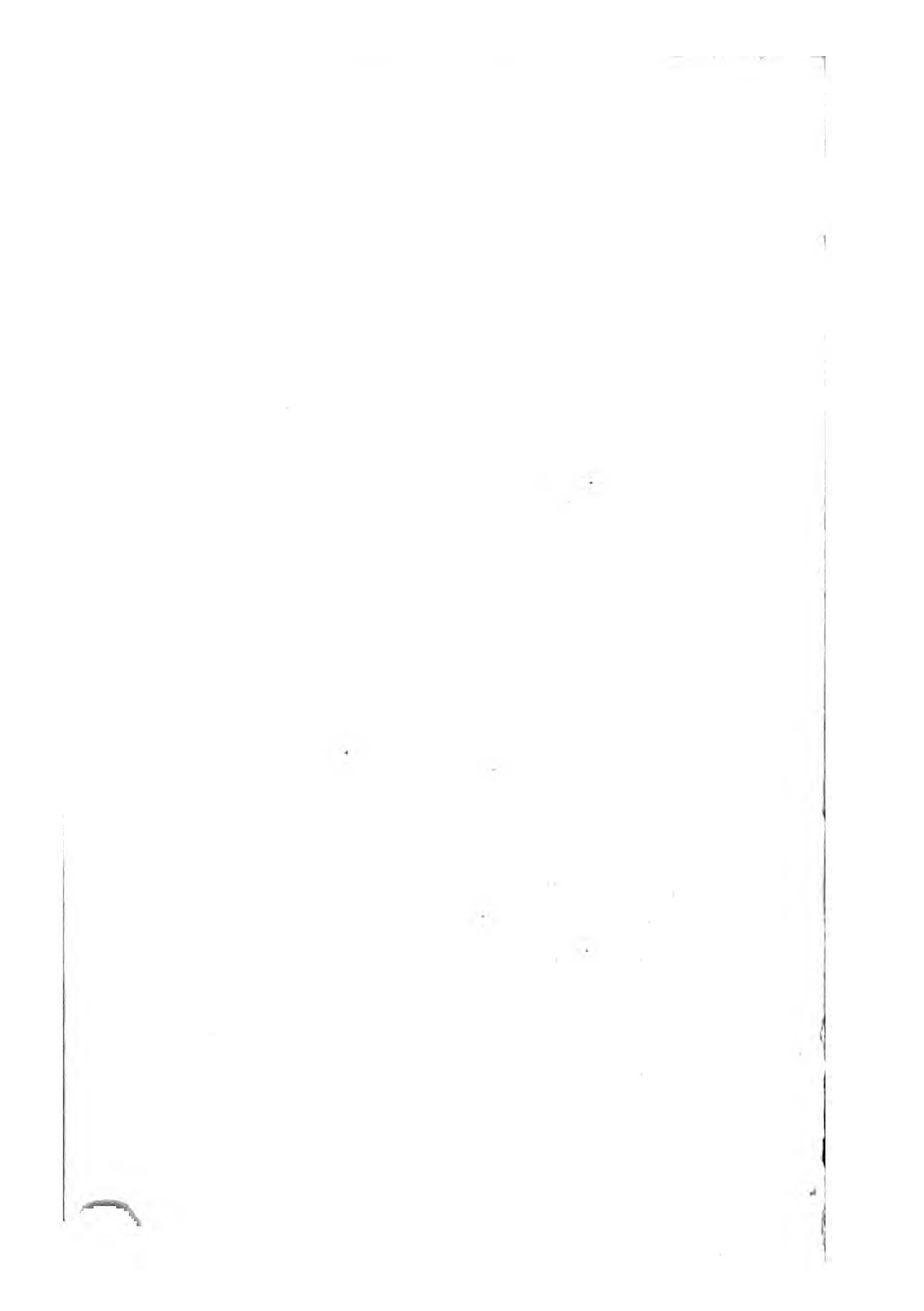
THE
JUVENILE
FORGET ME NOT.

Edited by
Mrs S. C. Hall.



LONDON.
Pub^d by ACKERMANN & CO. Strand.
—AND—
WESTLEY AND DAVIS.
Stationer's Hall Court.

1835.



THE
JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT :

A
CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,
OR
BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

1835.

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LONDON:
ACKERMANN & CO. 96 STRAND; AND WESTLEY & DAVIS,
10 STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

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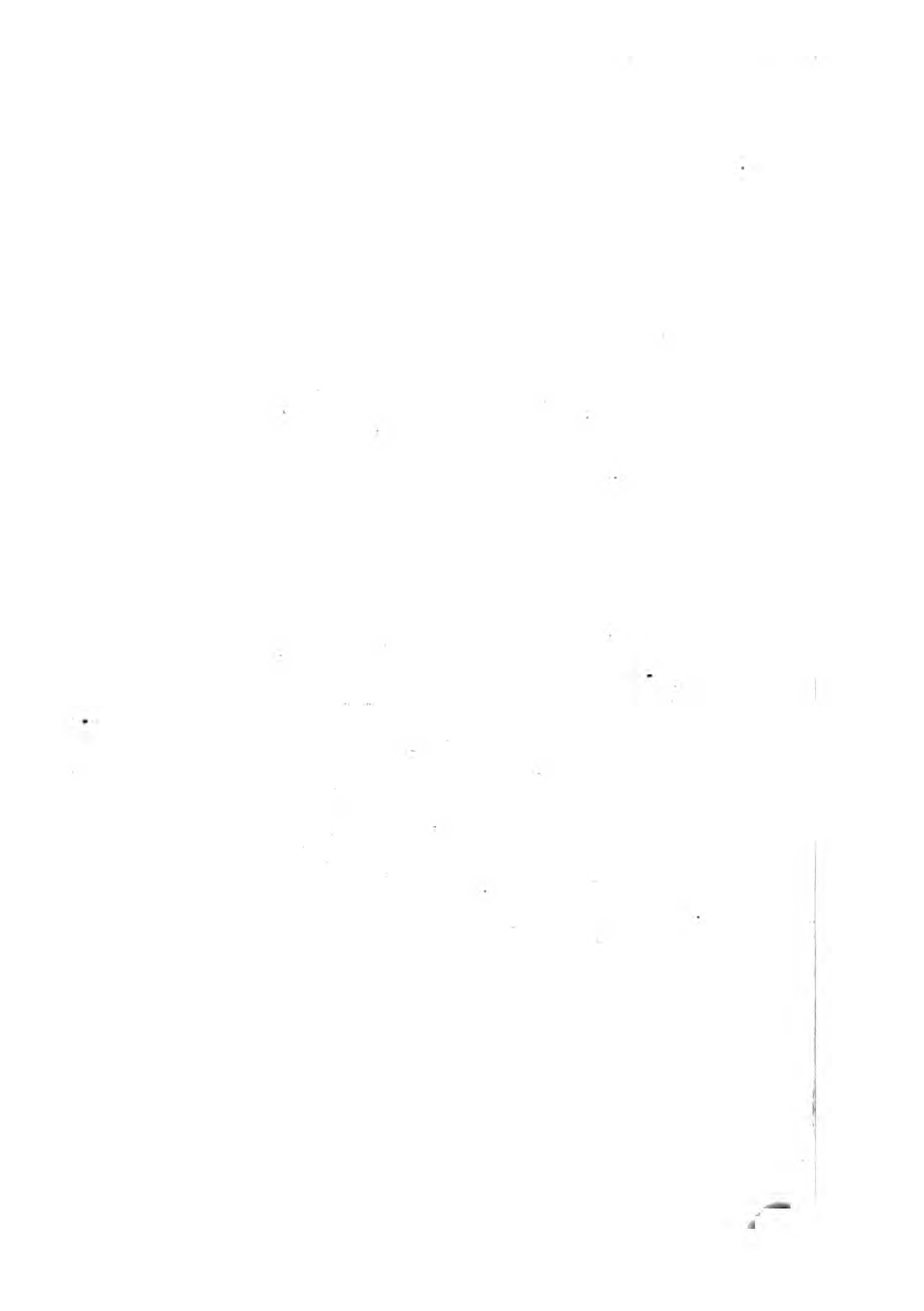
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LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. INSCRIPTION PLATE:—Drawn by H. Corbould; Engraved by R. Wallis.
2. THE LITTLE SITTERS:—Drawn by E. V. Rippingille; Engraved by W. Greatbach.
3. EMBELLISHED TITLE-PAGE:—Drawn by E. T. Parris; Engraved by W. Greatbach.
4. THE PARTNERS:—Painted by J. Wood; Engraved by Charles Rolls.
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10. SATURDAY NIGHT:—Drawn by A. Chisholme; Engraved by J. Rogers.





Drawn by J. Wood.

Pub^d for the Proprietors. 1835.

Eng^d by C. Rolfe.

THE PARTNERS.

THE PARTNERS.

“ WE are partners, my dog, you and I —
You share all the good things I buy ;
And so, little dog, 'tis but fair
You should say what you send for your share,
Little dog.”

“ All I can, little maiden, I send —
All you ask or would have from a friend ;
A heart-love that never can die,
A faithfulness gold cannot buy,
Little maid.”

“ But you cannot, like Neptune, defend
The life or the house of your friend,
Draw a cart, bring a basket, or swim
Through the lake or the river, like him,
Little dog.”

“ True, but ever my watch I can keep
By the side of the chair when you sleep,
Can bring help with my gentler bow-wow,
Or greet you at waking, as now,
Little maid.”

“ True, my friend and companion, 'tis true —
Unbought is thy service—and you,
Unlike fortune, whose gifts fade away,
Will never desert nor betray,
Little Dog.

“ Still partners we'll be, you and I —
You shall share all the good things I buy;
For, my sweet little dog, 'tis but fair
To say that you bring your full share,
Little Dog.”

CHOKE-DAMP AND FIRE-DAMP.

By THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

“ WERE you ever down in a coal-mine, papa?”

“ Yes, in several. There is no country which abounds in these mines more than England. A great coal-field extends from the mouth of the Humber on the E. to that of the Bristol channel on the W., including an area of 260 miles in length and 150 in breadth; and I have visited many parts of it from Whitehaven in Cumberland to Swansea in South Wales.”

“ What is the nature of the Cumberland mines?”

“ They yield bituminous coal. A stratum or bed of this substance lies at some distance below the surface, and extends to an indefinite space; and notwithstanding the immense quantity which is daily dug out for use, there is no appearance of its being exhausted.”

“ But how do they contrive to work under ground?”

“ The vein or bed of coal is generally seven or

eight feet thick, and through this they form a variety of passages, leaving masses at intervals untouched to support the roof, so that the whole resembles a vast subterranean palace supported by ebony pillars. Some of them are wide enough to admit carts and wagons; and as you walk above you hear the busy world below you,—the buzz of voices and the rumbling of wheels ascending as from some neighbouring city. The streets, or ramifications of this mine, are said to extend in various directions for nearly twenty miles, both under the sea and under the town of Whitehaven, so as to become dangerous to the latter. I was informed that the foundations of several houses had given way a short time before, and the town above was threatened with being swallowed up in the town below.”

“ But how can they see to work in the darkness ? ”

“ This is a circumstance which has greatly embarrassed the miners. The nature of coal is such that it produces different airs or gases that are highly dangerous to human life,—one is called the *choke-damp*, and the other the *fire-damp*. When a man incautiously breathes the first, he is speedily suffocated ; when he brings any light to the second, it immediately explodes like

gunpowder ; sometimes it dashes the body against the roof or pillars with such violence as to break and crush every bone ; sometimes it tears it, as it were, to pieces, and leaves it a frightful picture of mutilation. The approach of these ministers of death is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. At one time an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers ; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment. At another it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case ; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in a moment. Every year some accident of this kind happens to the poor miners ; when I was at Whitehaven fifteen persons had been wounded or totally destroyed by one of these explosions ; and at Gateshead, near Newcastle, out of 121 persons working in the mine 92 were killed, and many of the rest severely hurt."

"How then do we ever get coal, if it be so dangerous and fatal to the poor people who raise it?"

“ They use two expedients—one, by sinking frequent shafts by which the external air is admitted, and, circulating through the passages, it dilutes, and so disarms the dangerous air within ; besides, the miners frequently receive warning of the choke-damp, which they avail themselves of. A burning taper has often been considered an emblem of our existence, but there is a circumstance which makes it more so than people think : the same air is necessary to support both, and that which puts out the flame of a candle will also extinguish human life ; whenever, therefore, the lights which the miners work by begin to grow dim, they immediately fly, knowing that if they delayed they would expire as well as the flame.”

“ But is not that providential warning a protection to them ? and why do they ever stay when this indication tells them the place is dangerous ?”

“ You will recollect the unwholesome air they meet with is of two kinds ; they are also opposite in their effects : while the one puts out the flame of the candle, the other takes fire from it and bursts suddenly into a blaze without any warning. If a poor miner, therefore, brings a light to discover a choke-damp, it may only be to set a fire-damp in a blaze and consume him in a moment. In this dilemma they had adopted an ingenious

expedient, which was in use when I entered the mines. The person who accompanied me strapped round his waist a little machine like a mill. It was a wheel of iron turned by a handle; several flints were placed so as that their edges came in contact with the circumference of the wheel, and when the man turned it round with the handle, he produced a stream of sparks which issued out before us sufficient to guide our steps, but not sufficient to ignite the dangerous gas if we should meet it."

"And is not that curious invention still in use?"

"No; it was liable to many objections: the light was so dim that it was of little use in working the mine, and it was not always a protection against the fire-damp, which, when very inflammable, even these sparks set in a blaze. The proprietors of the mines, therefore, humanely offered a reward for a better discovery, and it was obtained by a man who has, by its means, become one of the benefactors of the human race. Sir H. Davy applied his knowledge of chemistry to this purpose;

And raised the lamp that, bright with vital breath,
Drove back the fiend that filled the mine with death.

He found by experiment that this dangerous air

or gas was of a consistence that it would not pass through very small apertures : he therefore contrived an iron wire, as thin as gauze, with the meshes exceedingly small, so that when it was interposed between the flame and the air they did not come into contact. With this he covered lanterns made for the purpose ; and while the light from within passed out and illumined the place around, the dangerous air could not pass in, and so was effectually prevented from taking fire, and the poor miner worked in security.”

“ I am delighted to find that when we now sit round the fire no lives have been sacrificed or endangered to render us comfortable. But I have heard there is some coal which itself emits, when burning, a gas that is very unsafe.”

“ There is a kind of coal in Ireland, little known in England, which has this property. It is found in the county of Kilkenny, and called stone coal because it resembles blocks of jasper or jet, being very hard, shining, and clean,—not soiling, as common English coal, any thing it touches. It has the peculiar advantage, also, of yielding no dense or sulphurous vapour ; so that the people of the towns where it is raised and consumed justly boast that they have ‘ fire without smoke.’ This good quality, however, is counter-

acted by one of a different kind : in the act of burning it emits an invisible gas, which it is highly dangerous to breathe, and which in a close room destroys life, as you have heard the vapour of charcoal does. On entering the town of Kilkenny, in certain states of the atmosphere, on a winter's day, when a great quantity of this coal is burning at the same time, and the atmosphere entirely filled with its vapour, a nervous and very uneasy sensation is felt, and a debility nearly amounting to fainting. I remember on one occasion travelling through in a stage-coach on a very severe day : we all hastened to a large fire which was burning very bright and red in the parlour, and immediately complained that we felt this sensation very strongly ; but a lady of the company, who said she was very cold, incautiously remained with her head and hands over the fire, when she was seized with a sudden faintness, and fell as if she was dead ; on being brought out to the air she recovered. The people of the inn told us it was not an uncommon accident, and that they seldom lighted a fire at night in a chamber, lest an incautious traveller should be found suffocated in his bed in the morning. If, however, precautions be taken by opening part of the door or window, and a current of pure air be

suffered to carry off the foul vapour, there is no danger."

"But why do people ever burn this dangerous substance?"

"It has many good properties, and is very valuable in a country where fuel is scarce. It is pure and clean, and has not the dirty qualities of some English coal. It is difficult to light, but when once it is ignited, it burns with a very beautiful ruddy glow, which is communicated to the whole mass, and has nothing of that obscure and dingy light which other coal gives out; the house within is never soiled with soot and ashes, and without the air is clear, and never loaded with those torrents of smoke which you see issuing from the chimneys and darkening the air of other towns. Above all, the heat it gives out is intense; and so powerful that it performs all the purposes for which fire is used in houses in less time and with a smaller quantity than any other fuel,—insomuch so, that the good people complain that it consumes even their grates and utensils by its violence."

"I never heard of this curious coal before."

"Perhaps not; it has been but little known in England. Some time ago I visited Cambridge, and was introduced to the celebrated

traveller, Dr. Clarke, who was then a lecturer in mineralogy. In the course of a lecture at which I was present, he mentioned Kilkenny coal as a curious substance, which, he said, he had never seen, but supposed it resembled in its qualities Kendal coal. I informed him, from my own knowledge, that no two species of coal could be more dissimilar; and, at his request, sent him a box of specimens, on which he afterwards tried experiments, and ascertained that the injurious quality of the fuel arose from the presence of a vapour combined with it called carbonic acid gas. It is also found in limestone, charcoal, and various other substances; and the fatal accidents which occur in kilns, brewing vats, old wells, and other places into which people incautiously venture, and are suddenly suffocated, all depend upon the same cause—the presence of this air, which has other very peculiar properties.”

“What are these, papa?”

“First, it is very heavy, so that you can pour it from one glass into another; and though it is transparent and invisible, you can easily ascertain its presence by means of a lighted taper: if you put it into the glass before the air be poured in, it burns freely; if afterwards, it is immediately extinguished, as if you plunged it into water. It

is for this reason that it does not fly off like other air, but remains stagnant at the bottom of any place into which it flows ; and when brewers' men go into vats to clean them, as long as they stand upright, there is no danger ; but when they stoop down, their heads are plunged into a pool of this vapour, and the moment they breathe it, they fall senseless into it, and are drowned or suffocated instantly if not taken out. Another property is, that it has an acid taste, and has been applied to form not only agreeable, but wholesome drinks. When inspired and taken into the lungs, it is highly deleterious to human life ; when drunk and taken into the stomach, it is as highly salutary."

" And have they found out what the fire-damp is ?"

" Yes, modern chemistry has analysed every thing : the fire-damp is a gas called hydrogen, and possesses properties entirely different from the other ; it is highly inflammable, and considerably lighter than common air ; and these properties have rendered it an object of great importance to mankind. By means of the first, it produces a bright and beautiful flame, and, when inclosed in tubes, enlightens the darkness of all our cities ; by means of the second, balloons are

inflated, and man is enabled to fly like a bird through the air. Thus, then, you see how we daily improve, and every new discovery in science is an additional proof of the good providence of God. These things which were once objects of unmitigated terror to us are every day found to possess redeeming qualities which more than counterbalance their injurious ones. The *choke-damp*, which extinguished the miner's life, is now converted into a source of health ; and it is a singular fact, that the same substance that suffocates in the mine should be the beautiful and salutary thing that sparkles and enlivens in soda-water ; and the *fire-damp*, which dashed him to pieces, is the agent by which he has conquered, as it were, the ordinary course of nature : by one of its properties he converts night into day, and by the other he traverses the air, and will hereafter, perhaps, obtain the control of an element which nature seemed to exclude him from moving in."

THE LITTLE SITTERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

“ Mischief-loving Marianne —
Laughter-loving Marianne,
Prithee tell me, if you can,
Half the mischief you have done,
Little, roguish, truant one !
Have you climbed into the tree,
Like a squirrel in its glee ?
Have you run about the house,
Like a merry little mouse ?
Up-stairs has your voice been heard,
Like a noisy singing-bird ?
Have you, like a kitten, ran
Down-stairs, merry Marianne ?

“ Now, then, pray sit still, my dear —
Hark ! my father’s step I hear ;
Let him find you resting there
Reading in the sitter’s chair.”

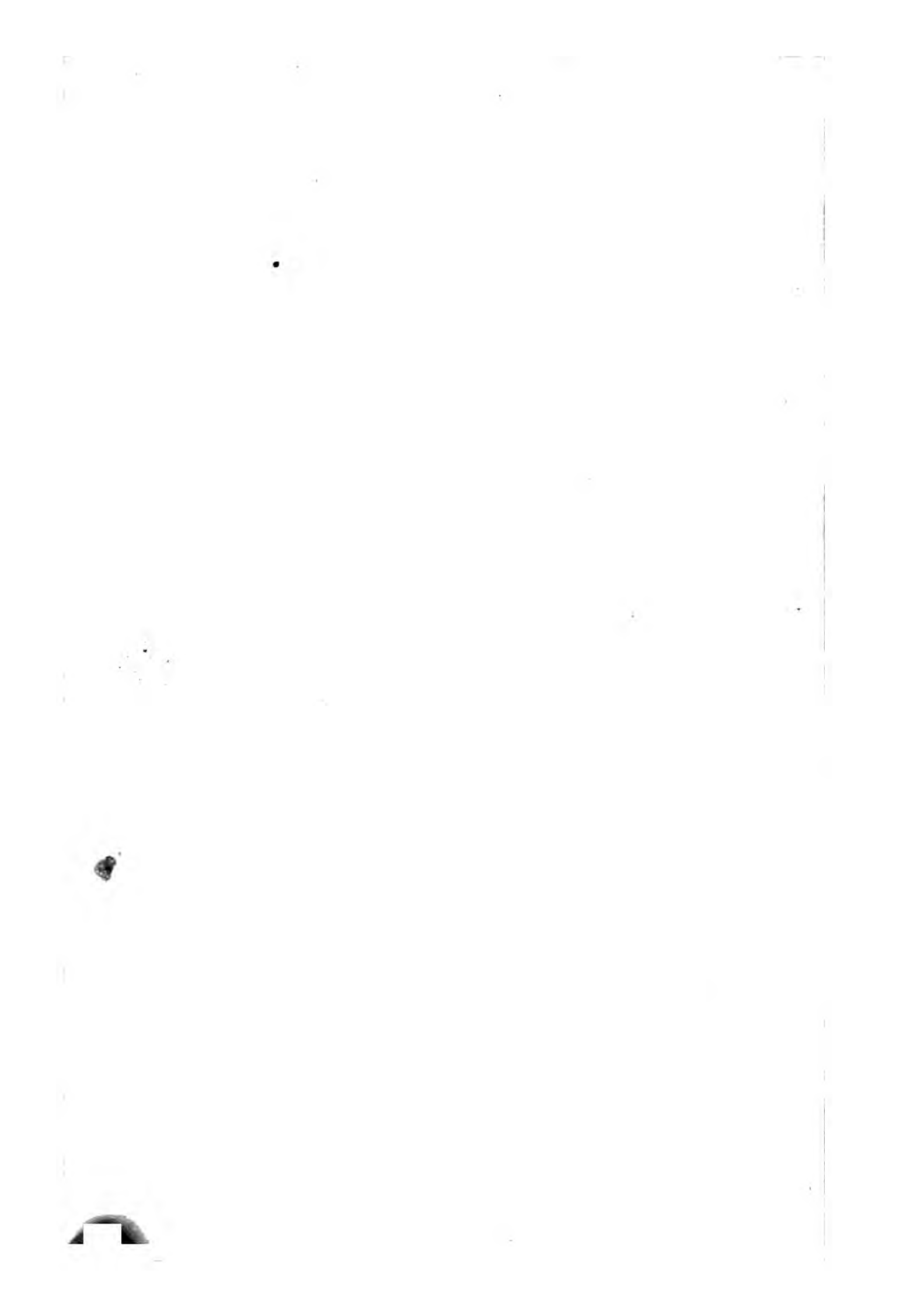


Drawn by E. V. Rippingille.

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Eng^d by W. Greatbach.

LITTLE SISTERS.



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Painted by G. Patten.

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THESE CHILDREN TALK.

THE HAPPY TRIO.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

How bright, and young, and beautiful, this happy
trio seems !

How sweet in every countenance the smile of
virtue beams !

Eyes that betray the innocence of souls all pure
and holy,

And peaceful hearts devoid of guile, and free
from melancholy.

Ah ! sweet and happy are the days when life is
in its spring !

To hear the murmur of the woods, the lark at
heaven's gate sing,

To roam among the flowery fields where the
honied insects hum,—

Are pleasures like the better days in a brighter
world to come.

The sprig upheld triumphantly, in infant pride
and might —

The boy up-borne by sister arms, the smile of
gay delight,—

Have more of promise than the bud, the blossom,
or the bow ;
God guide them through a thorny world in the
paths of peace to go !

The little hands uplifted now, the heart to
Heaven inclined,
The thoughts of God-like glory then that fill
th' expanding mind,
The tear of love and gratitude, the prayer of
hope and faith,—
Are blessings from that lovelier land beyond the
gates of death !

Oh ! the happy days of childhood !—oh ! how
fast they fleet away !
A life of love and innocence is but a sunny day :
Remember thy Creator ere those golden moments
flee,
And when the evil days come on, thy God will
think of thee.

TWO DAYS OF THE GAY WORLD;

OR,

“ALL’S NOT GOLD THAT GLISTERS.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “SELWYN,” &c.

“OH! mamma, how I wish I were going to visit at Castle G—— with you next Tuesday!” said Emma Fielding, a gay, lively girl of fourteen, to her mother—one of those rare but sensible parents, who, convinced there is no teaching like that of experience, gladly embrace every opportunity of letting their children purchase it for themselves.

“And why do you feel so very anxious to accompany me this time, my dear Emma?” asked Mrs. Fielding, with some surprise, “more than on any former occasion? You are generally too fond of your birds and your flowers, and your brothers and sisters at home, to wish to leave them to join our sober parties; indeed, you have often paid me the odd compliment (which, however, I by no means took amiss) of saying, you

were sure you had been far better amused than myself."

"Oh! but mother!" said Emma, "that was when you went to dull, stupid places, like Hanworth and Ashbrook, and old Mrs. Leigh's."

"I am rather at a loss, Emma, to know on what grounds you pronounce places stupid where you never were, and which *I*, on the contrary, find very entertaining."

"Oh! I meant they must be stupid to *me*, because the people are all old, and one never hears of dancing, or music, or *beaux* there."

"If you love me, Emma, never let that worst of school-girl vulgarisms (picked up I know not where) offend my ear again! If you did not speak of '*beaux*,' as you call them, just as you do of mammoths and elephants, purely on report, I should accuse you of more than bad taste in making use of a term confined, I assure you, to silly Abigails and sillier misses. That absence of young people should make society dull to a child like yourself, I perfectly understand; and that dancing and music should amuse you better than good conversation, is perhaps only natural, though, believe me (and I have tried both), you will change your opinion hereafter. But let me hear why you want so

much to go to Castle G——? If your reasons are sufficient to persuade me, or even yourself, that it would make you happy, perhaps I may be induced to break through my general rule, of not letting you visit so early. Lady G. has enabled me to do so by inviting you.”

“ Inviting *me*, mamma! Oh! do, do, *do* let me go! What a kind, considerate, darling woman she must be!”

“ Or, rather, what a fond, inconsiderate, doating mother she must take me for, to put it in my power to trouble her with a tall, raw, half-grown girl—too old for the nursery, and too young for the drawing-room. Shall I justify her opinion, Emma, by dragging you with me to G——?”

“ Nonsense, mamma!—when all the world knows how sensible you are, and how well you bring up your children! and I can be in nobody’s way but the Miss G.’s; for, of course, they and I shall be together in the school-room. But I know why Lady G. invited me this year. Hannah says there is to be dancing, and acting proverbs, and all sorts of fun, this Christmas at the Castle, and dragoon officers from B——, in their beautiful regimentals; and you could not be so cruel, mamma, as not to let me go when I am asked?”

“ I see I must be cruel enough to *take* you, Emma,” said her mother smiling, “ that you may learn for yourself how much of *ennui*, or worse, may be consistent with dancing, and acting, and officers in gay uniforms. If you *are* as happy as you expect to be, I shall enjoy your enjoyment; if it turns out otherwise, remember who told you ‘ all is not gold that glisters.’

Things, it is needless to say, did not go on the better at home for the gorgeous visions of future felicity at Castle G——. On the strength of an invitation to join what was generally understood to be a “ grown-up ” party, Emma held her head so high, as first to amuse, and finally to offend, her sister (younger by two or three years than herself), whose pursuits and diversions she had hitherto found it not in the least derogatory to the dignity of fourteen, good-humouredly, nay heartily, to partake; while, in the school-room, the influence of the coming indulgence was productive of such serious blunders and inattention, that Miss B. (the most tolerant of governesses) must infallibly have entered her mild but irrevocable *veto* against the visit, had she not (as should always be the case) gone hand in hand with Mrs. Fielding’s view of it,

as a branch in her valuable system of *practical* education.

Dress, in the mean time, on which the volatile Emma could not in general be brought to bestow even decorous attention, suddenly rose into such importance in her eyes, that it is to be questioned whether the fit of ill-humour, to which a mistake of her favourite Hannah's, in the cut of her new frock, gave rise, did not, in a mind naturally ingenuous, outweigh all the pleasures of all the balls in Christendom.

Papa, meanwhile, who was a silent, but not unamused, spectator of the disastrous domestic revolution achieved by the magic of a little three-cornered piece of paper, reserved his few but fitting comments till experience should have made them doubly effective.

The day of days came; and in spite of Emma's fears and worries lest papa should have the gout, or mamma one of her dreadful nervous headaches — lest the roads should be blocked up with snow, or the fates in some way or other conspire against her happiness — the carriage came duly to the door; and, only half regretted (as she could not avoid perceiving) by the party at home, Emma found herself fairly on the road to G——, where she at length arrived.

Emma followed her parents through a long suite of rooms, where (it being yet early) the family and resident guests were still pursuing their morning avocations. From one of these, before they reached Lady G.'s boudoir, issued sounds of boisterous laughter, which Emma concluded could only proceed from a parcel of school-boys ; but, on advancing, they found themselves in the midst of a game rather of romps than of billiards, which the young ladies of the family were carrying on with some of the officers, to whose presence at the *fête* Emma had (she knew not why) attached such consequence. What dignity they might hereafter derive from their " beautiful regimentals," remained for the ball-room to develop ; but here, all Emma could discover was, that they stared most uncivilly, and had thin, puny faces, encumbered with superfluous hair, something in the style of her brother's favourite poodle. The young ladies did not deem it necessary to interrupt their game to be introduced to their youthful visitor ; nor was Emma's sense of the slight rendered at all less poignant by overhearing (in answer to one of the young men's inquiries), " Oh ! only Mr. and Mrs. Fielding and their little girl. Mamma asked her because we had no one to take the stupid French

parts in the proverbs, now that old Verjuice is gone home to her friends."

The thought of these "*stupid* parts" to come, did not tend to enliven that borne by Emma in the scene in the boudoir. Lady G. was civil certainly—to Mrs. Fielding, somehow, no one could be otherwise; but even to her she was cold and stiff; and of Emma's presence, after the first "how d'ye do," she seemed no otherwise concerned than by languidly remarking, after a long pause, "I dare say, Mrs. Fielding, your little girl would rather join the billiard-players in the next room."

Emma would rather have marched up to a real "cannon;" but on her mamma rather slyly and cruelly, she thought, giving her assent, she rose, feeling as if even the tumult within would be a relief from the stiffness there. No sooner did her head appear at the half-open door, than there ensued one of those sudden silences which are so apt to make either a shy or a vain person suspect they have been contributing to the entertainment of the company; to cover which, the youngest Miss G. ran up with mock cordiality, and a very offensive air of patronage, and untying Emma's bonnet, as if she had really been the child they affected to

consider her, offered her a mace, and asked her to join in their game. On her replying, with a strange sense of inferiority, that she had never played in her life—nay, never so much as seen a table, a titter which ran round it gave her her first lesson. How easy it is to feel foolish without any thing to be ashamed of!

However, on being pressed to try, her spirit got the better of her shyness; and (thanks to her long practice at bagatelle with the children) her justness of eye and steadiness of hand extorted praise from the lips even of the “beaux,” whom her mother, she began to think, had not been so far wrong in coupling with creatures of an inferior species.

No sooner, however, did the young ladies of the house find themselves outshone by a novice, than they declared billiards the most tiresome thing in the world; and, linking one arm each in those of the wondering Emma, dragged her up stairs to what they elegantly called their “snuggery.” It was a large but ill-arranged apartment, dimly lighted at that hour by an indifferent fire; and, seeing it profusely *littered*, rather than furnished with books, Emma ventured to ask if this was the school-room?

“School-room!” echoed Miss Caroline G.,

(the one nearest to Emma in age, though a very few months older), “thank goodness, we’ve nothing of that kind to encounter these holidays! We never let Mamma rest till she packed off old Verjuice (that’s the name my brother gives our governess) to see her friends this Christmas. Mamma was a good deal puzzled between wanting her room for Captain T., and herself to act in our French plays; but we were determined to have the Captain, and we knew *you* would be too good-natured to refuse.”

To take the “*stupid* parts,” thought Emma to herself, as something called off, in the midst of her sentence, the attention of the volatile girl.

It would be endless to recount the minor mortifications, at the expense of which Emma learned, amid the splendours of Castle G——, the truth of her mother’s homely proverb. Of these, one of the first was to find, from the scornful criticisms of her fashionable companions on her “*new frock*,” that the very alterations in its cut, which had cost Hannah a night’s rest, and her young mistress a day’s ill-humour, were not only uncalled for, but altogether wrong,—as wrong, in the ever-varying code of fashion, as Emma’s conduct about them had been faulty, as tried by the unalterable law of kindness.

Even dancing, that potent device for whirling away the discontents of the very young, brought, to Emma's astonishment, its own peculiar vexations! When selected, as a girl "not come out," as a meet partner for a disconsolate damsel rather below her own standing, she felt, she scarce knew why, injured and affronted; and when (to atone for the slight, and restore her evidently vanished good-humour) Lord G. himself introduced her to one of the best whiskered and tallest of the officers, not even the glory of figuring with the "beautiful regimentals" could conceal from her, that what leisure he could spare from admiring himself, found supercilious employment in quizzing his partner. In short, in lieu of the various trials of temper of which to older damsels the ball-room is the scene, Emma had to endure the anomalous and embarrassing ones entailed upon her, by visiting on sufferance as a young lady, when she should have remained at home a contented school-girl—knowing her own place, happy in it, and sure of being in nobody's way.

Sick, for once, of the very sound of fiddles, and rejoicing (to the amusement of her sympathising mamma) that there was to be no more dancing, and especially with officers, Emma's

troubles were now transferred to the preparations for acting those little plays, or proverbs, on the subject of which her fluency in French, and facility in learning by heart, had given rise to certain rather conceited anticipations.

These had been much damped by the prospect of figuring only in the *stupid parts* of the poor emancipated governess; and, accordingly, when one of these, of some two dozen lines, was put into her hands to study, Emma threw it contemptuously aside, and, instead of learning it, gratified at once her taste and her sense of superiority by making herself mistress of every other person's part in the play. The consequence was, that when it came to the time of an exhibition, (at which Mrs. Fielding only connived as leading to some such wholesome result) poor Emma, new to her formidable situation, unaffectedly shy and modest, and conscious of not being perfect in her part, came to a dead stand-still, burst into tears, and, as her uncourteous companions scrupled not to exclaim in her hearing, "Spoilt by her vulgar *mauvaise honte* their whole expensively got-up play!"

Most of the audience, however, sympathised with and pitied the timid novice, dragged, as they imagined, reluctantly forward to take a

share in a pastime for which she was unfitted by the amiable disqualification of modesty ; and as all the same party were to remain on the following evening, the piece was announced for repetition on the morrow, a more efficient substitute having come forward for Emma's subordinate part, in the shape of the indulgent Lady G. herself.

When, on her wishing them good night, her parents, instead of blaming, judiciously and kindly soothed Emma's feelings, by assuring her that failure was to them far more gratifying than success, she went to sleep quite consoled, as she thought, for all the scornful remarks of the misses and dandies, and weaned *for life* from taste for theatricals and love of display.

Ah ! it is easier to be wise alone with one's pillow, in a little white bed with dimity curtains, with nothing to listen to but mamma's good advice, and the still small voice of one's conscience, than in a gilded drawing-room full of gay-dressed ladies and gentlemen, with the buzz of flattery and blandishment sounding all the while like the most agreeable truth in our ears. Heated and over-excited by her triumphant exertions in another piece where Emma was not required, the youngest Miss G., the *prima donna* of the

G—— stage, had sacrificed last night, to the present gratification of her palate, the future triumphs of her vanity. A glass of ice, taken in defiance of all her anxious mother's unheeded remonstrances, had brought on violent cramps, which, though subdued in the morning, had left even the vainest of her sex without energy for further display.

But the vanity of others was now enlisted in the cause; for not only was her sister far too indifferent to her illness to dream for a moment of foregoing her own personal indulgence, but Lady G., stimulated by her daughter's success, and *committed* by having herself promised to appear on the boards—(“there is no fool,” says another homely proverb, “like an old one”)—had despatched over-night a whole host of invitations to neighbouring families, who must, on no account whatever, be defrauded of the promised treat. “If Caroline *could* but summon strength and energy to appear! if Dr. S. *would* but give his assent!” escaped, under the unnatural influence of vanity, from the lips of a sister, and even of a mother! But as, in spite of Dr. S.'s distinctly *withheld* assent, experiment of even standing upright was tried in vain by the disabled actress, all eyes turned to

Emma, whose incautious boast (extorted from her by yesterday's mortification) that "it was hard to be thus put out when she knew every line of the play," was now revived as an unanswerable argument for her taking the place of the sick performer.

In vain did Emma urge, sincerely desirous to escape the ordeal, her mischance of the preceding evening: this was attributed entirely to the shock of a first appearance. In vain did she look imploringly for aid to her mother, to cut at once the knot of her difficulties by withholding permission. Mrs. Fielding, determined she should learn, from experience, that success as well as failure in paltry objects of ambition brings with it its train of inconveniences, contented herself with saying, "Emma will do as she thinks right:" and when Lady G., skilful in turning to her purposes even the materials of an excellently founded education, immediately added, "then there is no doubt Miss Fielding will decide in favour of the good-natured and obliging side." How could a young girl of fourteen have, or at least act up to, any opinion of her own?

Girls of fourteen, however, if they needlessly thrust themselves into situations of trial, must, like older people, abide by the consequences of

their own decisions ; and Emma, all the while that she said and *thought* she would rather not act the bold and somewhat flippant part chosen for display by the reckless Miss Caroline G., was not altogether insensible to the present delight of being very much praised and flattered for her compliance, and the prospect of triumphantly atoning for last night's blunder by her correct and brilliant performance of a much more arduous character.

Cheered on all hands by exaggerated and equivocal compliments, intoxicated with admiration and applause, Emma entered (to her own surprise and her mother's painful astonishment) into all the frivolity and coquetry of the character assigned her ; so much so, that good Mr. Fielding was half afraid the days of fairies and enchanters had indeed returned, and a changeling been substituted for his unaffected, modest child. But he had not overheard (though Mrs. Fielding had) those sarcasms on her awkwardness, and timidity, and *gaucherie*, of the preceding evening, exchanged among the young ladies of the house and their *set*, by which Emma had been thus "fooled to the top of her bent;" nor did he quite remember how easily, when tossed like a shuttlecock between the

alternate scoffs and blandishments of others, the equilibrium of the youthful mind may be upset.

This was soon to be made manifest in Emma's case by a reverse the more hard to bear from her previous elation. Towards the close of the performance, as she leaned, unemployed, and exhausted by her exertions, against the side-scenes, she could not help catching disparaging expressions from some of the loudest of her original admirers. "Well! thank heaven that little pert thing is no child of mine!" muttered a dowager in the front row to her neighbour; "her best piece of acting must have been that sham timidity we heard so much of last night!"

"What a bore children's acting is, after all!" remarked, in a whisper loud enough to be heard, one middle-aged gentleman to another; who replied with an assenting shrug of the shoulders,— "The child, I'm sure, would be better in the school-room, and we in town seeing Vestris or Malibran!"

"Only fancy the correct Mrs. Fielding going into all this sort of thing!" croaked a spiteful-looking woman in a yellow turban; "if any one had told me she would let *her* girl spout French nonsense before fifty people, with rouged-up cheeks, and that confident air, I should

have pronounced it impossible. But this is always the way with your inconsistent pattern women !”

This to poor Emma was the “ unkindest cut of all.” Reflections on herself she could bear ; but that, through her, blame should attach to her mother—her dear, delightful, perfect mamma !—was too much ; and (tell it not in the green-room !) Emma wept tears of yet bitterer mortification in the full tide of undeserved success and applause, than she had done amid the involuntary disgrace and exposure of yesterday.

“ So, after all my toiling to surpass myself, and thinking people were admiring me, they were all the time either laughing at or sorry for me, and finding fault on my account with mamma ! Oh ! why did I come to this nasty, heartless, great house, to be made unhappy, when I might have been so comfortable at home with Jane and Ellen, and the boys ?”

And well might Emma call it a *heartless* house ; for, as she ran up stairs to her little room to cry at leisure, her ear caught the sound of mingled groans and sobs from the sick room where poor Miss G. (for whose amusement and at whose suggestion all this scene of gaiety had been chiefly planned) lay still suffering, but quite forgotten and neglected by the rest of the family.

Emma's selfish sorrows gave way immediately before the presence of real suffering; and hastily drying her own eyes, she turned into the desolate, half-dark bed-room, whose dull fire and dim unsnuffed candles formed such a contrast to the gay circle and lit-up theatre below! In a moment Emma was herself again; and those most disposed to quarrel with her airs and feathers would have been pleased to see how quickly she laid them all aside to be the little active, useful, sick-nurse her mother had done her best to make her. In five minutes the fire was stirred and mended, the candles snuffed and judiciously shaded, the rumpled pillows turned and shaken, and the remedies prescribed by the doctor (but slurred over by the negligent maid) so successfully administered, that, in the warmth of her gratitude for relief and kindness, even proud Miss G. exclaimed, "How good-natured it is of you to leave all the gay people below, and come and nurse me!"

"No, Miss G.," said Emma, gently but firmly, "we are no longer acting, and I won't pretend to be better than I am. I ran up stairs to get away from the cruel fine people who were making game of me, but when I heard you were really ill, and found you left all to yourself in

this way, I, somehow or other, forgot my own distresses."

"*I* shan't forget your conduct though," said the young lady, who, though rude and ill-educated, was by no means deficient in generosity—"nor that when mamma and Georgy, nay even Annette, could leave me alone for the play, you came and put me all to rights, and would hardly let me thank you." And so saying, she put her arm unexpectedly round Emma's neck, as she bent on the bed to hide a blush, and added, "Let those quiz you that like—*I* never will, that's certain, for you've a good heart, Emma Fielding!"

And did not this burst of rude feeling, extorted by mere Christian benevolence from one so lately a scornful rival, sound sweeter to the ear and heart of Emma than all the hollow plaudits of ten thousand lighted theatres?

But happier still was she when her mother, who had missed, and was seeking her, drawn by the sound of her voice, entered the room; and who, when she saw how she was occupied, said, gently but significantly, "I am glad to see my *own* Emma once more."

"Oh! pray be glad to see me, too, Mrs. Fielding," cried a voice from the bed, "and do

ask me over to stay with Emma sometimes : I should like to grow kind and good-natured like her myself."

" I trust you will both be wiser and better for the events of the last two days," answered Mrs. Fielding, taking the parched hand of the poor neglected daughter of Lord and Lady G. within her own, " when you see how sadly worldly pleasures can harden the hearts of the nearest and dearest, how powerless they are to charm in sickness, and how miserably alloyed even in youth and health with disappointment and bitterness. You will both, I am sure, equally subscribe, you in your castle, and Emma in her cottage, to the truth of the proverb I quoted to her before we left home, and own, that in worldly dissipation, as in other worldly things,

" All is not gold that glisters."

OLD-FASHIONED WINTER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

FIVE and twenty years ago
Winter was a time of snow ;
Frost and snow, I well remember,
Were the emblems of December ;
Then, in one night's time, there fell
Snow which made impassable
Roads and streets, till shovel and spade
To every house a pathway made,
And cutting through snow was a winter trade.

Then the drifted snow was seen,
Like the palace of a fairy-queen,
With vaulted roofs and porticoes,
Fretted and gemmed with the diamond snows.
Then we heard of travellers weary,
On the common wide and dreary,
Knowing not which way to go,
Dying in the pathless snow.

Then the boys at snow-ball played,
And snow-men and monsters made,
And in the orchard, all a-row,
Scooped out cottages of snow.
Then the cows were in their shed,
And the sheep from racks were fed,
And the servants of the farm
Housed up every creature warm,
And, up-muffled cheek and chin,
Brought the logs for evening in ;
And the fire, so well supplied,
Crackled up the chimney wide,
And sleepy was the hot fire-side.

Then wisps of straw round hats were bound,
To keep the snow from soaking round ;
And at the door they kicked their shoes
The hard and caked snow to loose :
Yet dabbled was the hearthstone o'er
With snow that melted on the floor.

Then the spinning-wheel went round
With a dreamy, buzzing sound,
And the sheets and table-linen
Were of the good housewife's spinning,
And the village-weaver made
At his loom a decent trade.

Then the icicles hung low
From the heavy roofs of snow,
Like a row of daggers strong,
Some were short and some were long,
Melting when the days were bright,
Freezing o'er again at night.

Then the rivers all were frozen,
And the sliding-places chosen,
And the merry boys did go
Sliding twenty in a row ;
Then on pavements you might see
Saw-dust scattered carefully ;
And wary people, sticks in hand,
And shoes bound round with listing band,
Creeping o'er the icy stones,
Ever fearing broken bones.

Then the chamber-windows bore
Fan-like leaves and branchings hoar ;
And the water in a trice
In the jug was solid ice :
Then hands were numbed and noses red,
And folks were even cold in bed,
Till their teeth chattered in their head.

Then the famished birds were tame,
And hopping to the windows came,
Begging little crumbs of bread,
Begging to be housed and fed ;
And the finches in their need
Pecked the pyracantha seed,
And now and then the heart was stirred
With grief to find a frozen bird.

Then, when sitting on the hearth,
Kindly, Christian thoughts had birth :
Pity for the poor and old,
Perishing in want and cold ;
Pity for the children small
Who, mid many wants, know all
Hunger, nakedness, and pain,
Seeking kindness, but in vain ;
Sorrow ever bubbling o'er
Till their little hearts are sore.
Then what gratitude arose
To Him who gave us more than those !
And human love sprang forth to bless
The lowly children of distress,
And the soul was glad with thankfulness.

INVOCATION TO DREAMS.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

By FELICIA HEMANS.

The clouds of night, the wings of sleep,
 Are brooding now o'er hill and heath;
 Too startling for the silence deep,
 Were music's faintest breath.
 Descend, ye visions, from aërial bowers,
 To glorify your own soft, silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
 The weary day for man hath pass'd;
 Now, dreams of bliss, be yours to reign,
 Now let your spells be cast!
 Steal from lone hearts the pang, sad eyes the tear,
 And lift the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

Oh! bear your kindest balm to those
 Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead;
 To them that world of peace disclose,
 Where the pure soul is fled,—
 Where love, immortal in his native clime,
 Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight from time.

Haste ! to his lov'd, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile bear ;
To feel once more his heart expand,
In his own mountain-air, —
Hear the wild echoes well-known strains repeat,
And bless each note, as heaven's own music sweet.

But oh ! with fancy's brightest ray,
Kind dreams ! the bard's repose illumine ;
Bid forms of heaven around him play,
And bowers of Eden bloom !
He needs those glimpses of his native skies,
To light him on through life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs creep ;
Nor star nor moonbeam's dewy light
Falls on the brow of sleep :
Descend, oh visions ! from ærial bowers,
Dim, silent, solemn, are your chosen hours.

THE YOUNG CARD-PLAYERS.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

“TWELVE bricks to the front, ten to the side, twelve to the back, and ten to the other side; four in the chimneys, and three—no, five for the steps—how many bricks, then, are there in Phœbe’s house?” inquired Edward Millar of Harry Blount.

“How many?” echoed Harry.

“Ay, how many?” again inquired Ned. “Why, I thought you told me, as the only excuse for your card-playing, that it taught you to count; and now you are posed over a simple thing, which my dear little sister Phœbe, whose house I have just finished with those pretty bricks, could tell in a minute; yet, she never plays cards—”

“No, you are all too religious for that,” sneered Harry.

“I am not ashamed of being thought too religious to do any thing it is wrong to do,” replied

Edward, gravely ; “ but mamma says, she objects to cards on a moral, not a religious, principle. In the first place, to play them is to waste time—”

“ You and your sister waste quite as much time upon music and drawing—though music you, Ned, cultivate only as an amusement—as I and Willy Soames and Tibby Jarvis expend upon cards.”

“ Music, Harry, affords pleasure to others as well as to one’s self. I often play, that my brothers and sisters may dance. My old grandfather, who is both lame and blind, delights in music ; and my mother says, that music has a great tendency to soften and soothe the cares and anxieties of life, and I believe it ; for if I take up my flute, when I am in bad spirits or out of humour, before I get half through an air or a rondo, my bad temper, as Phœbe says, has ‘ all gone up the chimney.’ ”

“ Well, Edward, let it be as you will ; but one must have some recreation, I suppose ; and I am very glad that *my* mother does not keep me for ever hum-drumming—hum-drumming. Why, all your amusements are studies !”

“ Granted ; and many of my studies are amusements.”

“Mamma,” retorted little Phœbe, who had joined the group, “is one of the last persons in the world to keep us hum-drumming; and I am sure, Harry, I can see over the hawthorn hedge into your garden, when you sit playing Beggar my Neighbour, on the grass; and you young card-players look a great deal more hum-drum than we do, with our skipping-ropes, and our rocking-horses, and our merry hoops.”

“Yes, and you make a great deal of noise, my little lady Phœbe, and often put us out of our reckoning; and yet you do not consider such play to be waste of time!”

“Certainly not,” said Edward, who, though nearly fourteen, dearly loved a game at romps with his little brothers and sisters. “Exercise is necessary for health’s sake; and you would not have such a pain in your chest, Harry, if you flew a five-foot kite on the Downs, or had a glorious game at cricket now and then, instead of sitting cramped up over a parcel of painted paste-board.”

“Your kite is not five feet long?”

“Indeed, but it is,” replied Ned, who, to confess the truth, was proud of his kite.

“Ay, measuring the tail in, then,” said the other.

“ The tail, indeed ! ” quoth Phœbe, turning up her little nose — “ no, indeed, Master Harry ; Nelly and I cut the paper for the tail with papa’s big scissors, and the tail alone — I am sure it is seven or ten feet long ! ”

“ Not quite, sister mine ! ” replied Edward, smoothing down her pretty curls ; “ but it’s a splendid tail ! You should have seen him the other day : at first he kept so close to the ground, till long Tom Sayer was so good as to run with him to the Giant’s Mound, just under the eye of the wind ; then he fluttered in prime style — a little restless at first, moving to and fro ; and then I gave him the line gently, gently ; and at last, when he had got fairly on the back of the breeze, I untowed, and untowed, and ran with him — certainly, more than half a mile ; when, poor fellow ! the wind failed him, and he floated down into Jerry Bain’s meadow as quietly as a lamb.”

“ I should so like to have such a kite as that ! ” said Harry ; “ but it is very expensive to buy a good one.”

“ I made that myself,” replied Edward ; “ but I have an estimate of the cost here,” and he drew forth his memorandum-book and read —

	s.	d.
Paper	0	3
Lath	0	1½
Cane	0	1
Coloured paper.....	0	0½
Twine	0	6
	1	0

Harry put his hand into his pocket, and brought forth three pennies. “ I thought I had more money,” he said,—“ let me see : I paid two-pence for having my box of dominoes mended, a penny for my hoop-stick,—then the lolypops, crackers, and the odd penny I gave Mother Griffin, at the toy-shop, to take back my black-handled knife that she gave me a bargain, because it was hurt in the hinge. Altogether, with the two-pence I lost to Willy Soames at Beggar my Neighbour—it is right, I daresay.”

“ You daresay !” said Edward, smiling ; “ and is that the manner in which you keep your accounts, Harry ? — besides,” he added, gravely, “ I did not know that you played cards for money.”

“ Oh, no ! not for money exactly,—only a farthing a game, which is nothing, you know—just enough, as papa says, when he plays long

whist, sixpenny points—(which I shall play when I am a man)—just enough to create excitement.”

“ Create excitement ! ” repeated Edward Millar, who, fortunately, had been taught to reflect upon both words and acts ; “ that is the very thing we ought to avoid ; because, when we are excited, neither our judgment nor our temper can have fair play.”

“ Then that is the reason, I suppose, why papa looks so stupid, and yet gets so cross, whenever he loses—if it be only a sixpence, which is nothing to him, for he gives away scores and scores of shillings.”

“ Another proof of the evil of cards, Harry,—it is the very nurse of selfishness. No one can sit down to a card-table without violating two of the commands of Scripture. They cannot do unto others as they would be done unto, neither can they love their neighbours as themselves. But to return to the kite : I will lend you the money to buy the materials. I daresay you could get them at Mother Griffin’s ; but it is better to do without a toy than to run in debt for it at a toy-shop. You shall pay me when you get your next weekly money ; and instead of playing cards this lovely summer evening, you

and I will make the body of the kite, and Phœbe will, I am sure, manufacture the tail."

This proposition afforded, what a proposition seldom does, general satisfaction to all parties; and the kind-hearted and judicious Edward Millar gained one step towards the reformation which he meditated in his friend's habits: he proved to him—not by argument, but by demonstration—that a very happy evening could be passed without the aid of cards. Little Phœbe cut the tail to admiration: alternate slips of white and blue paper, with a glowing piece of scarlet silk, carefully shred at the end, which the little lassie said gave it the appearance of a comet. Harry declared he had never spent so pleasant an evening; and when he returned home, and saw how very ill-tempered Mr. Godbey appeared on rising from the card-table, and how one or two old ladies, who in general were amiable and kind, swelled, and puffed, and looked askance, and spoke many angry words as to trumps, and leads, and a whole parcel of phrases, which even his card-playing experience did not enable him to comprehend, he thought they would have been far more peaceably disposed had they spent the evening after Mr. Millar's fashion. In that happy house, Mrs. Millar

entertained her guests, by shewing them some beautiful engravings which she had mounted in a plain but well-arranged scrap-book ; she also sung over to them some new songs ; and then Mr. Millar exhibited a variety of animalculæ in a very fine microscope he had purchased for the instruction and entertainment of his children : there were chess-boards, also, which were frequently used, even by the little folk, and which Harry had sense to perceive taught them the invaluable lessons of forethought and attention. Thus, their common amusements were rendered profitable, and the young Millars were always learning, without suffering any of the fatigue which the Blounts experienced in the repetition of endless lessons, that, for want of a little care to the useful and leading points of education, were generally ill-arranged. It is well for teachers to bear continually in mind, that children imbibe more from what they *hear* and *see* than from what they learn in books.

Harry Blount had almost resolved not to play cards any more ; but, unfortunately, Willy Soames came the following Monday, soon after Harry had received his allowance ; and a love of that dangerous thing called excitement, an almost undefined, certainly an unacknowledged

desire for a few additional farthings, and, above all, *habit*, that clog of good resolutions, operated against his better feelings, and he prepared for a regular game.

“ Before I sit down to play,” said Harry, “ I must take in nine-pence to Edward Millar : he lent it me, and made my kite into the bargain ; and I not only know that he wants it to-day, but I promised it him.”

“ You can just as well take it in when we have done,” replied his companion ; “ I cannot stay more than an hour, as I must be home at seven, and it is now just six.”

So the two boys sat down at the little table in the pretty summer-house, and commenced their game.

“ Harry, Harry !” exclaimed the soft voice of little Phœbe, as she separated the jasmine and pushed her sunny face through the opening branches which divided the garden of Mr. Blount from that of Mr. Millar, “ Harry, will you not come and walk to the wood ; Ned has found a chaffinch’s nest, which mamma says we may peep into, but not touch ; and we are to pass Mossy-Fen, where all the villagers are peeling osiers.”

“ How soon are you going ?” inquired Harry.

“ In about twenty minutes.”

“ I cannot promise ; but if I can I will.”

“ I wonder,” said William Soames, who was a keen, cunning boy, “ that you should suffer those children to plague you so—you are too old now to think such silly things as kites and nests good fun ; why I am going to Eton after Christmas, and I am not more than six months older than you—pay me for that Knave.”

“ I don’t quite think you paid my Queen while Phœbe was talking to me,” replied Harry.

“ Indeed I did,” said the bad boy, who knew perfectly well he had done no such thing.

Harry more than half suspected his honesty, but he only laughed and played on. Fortune, as card-players call it, did not favour Harry by any means, and he soon found he had lost the only pence he could call his own.

“ I can play no more, Will,” said he, looking mournfully upon the money he had set apart to pay his debt to Edward.

“ Not play any more !” repeated his companion — “ why not ? what because you fear to stake Ned’s money ? Why, the chances are ten to one in your favour. Come, now, you sadly wanted my silver two-pence to send to your sister : I’ll do a generous act, and stake my silver two-pence (for which I can get ten-pence

any day) against your sixpence—there, that's what I call friendship—it's a beautiful little coin. What! you won't? Then you've no spirit—and you are afraid of master preaching Neddy!"

This taunt unfortunately produced the effect that William desired. Harry ought to have remembered we have no right to speculate with other persons' property; that which we owe is not our own: but the truth is, he was ashamed of being thought under the control of Edward. The sixpence was staked, and the sixpence was lost; and just as it changed hands the clock struck seven, and William Soames jumped up, exclaiming he must run home.

"Well, I have been unfortunate," said the young gamester, forcing an air of gaiety because he would not suffer Willy to suppose he cared about his loss; "but, like a good fellow, lend me that money—that one sixpence, till Monday, and then you shall have it again."

Willy buttoned his pocket over his ill-got gain, and, laughing, replied, "I would lend it you for *yourself*, Harry; but I know you only want it for that canting Ned—he can wait for it till Monday as well as I." And so saying, he sprang over the hedge into the meadow.

How bitter were the self-reproaches of Harry!

He knew that Edward was waiting for the money; he knew, moreover, that he wanted it to bestow upon a poor old blind woman, to whom, out of his allowance, he gave nine-pence a week—such of my young friends as know the number of juvenile wants nine-pence will supply, can duly appreciate the sacrifice. What to do he knew not, for his papa and mamma never would advance his allowance, nor did he dare to confess to them that he had staked sixpence upon a game. Just as, in no gentle humour (for we are never gentle when displeased with ourselves), he pondered over his situation, Ninon, Phœbe's Italian greyhound, a pretty, sportive, thoughtless creature, leaped through the hedge, and commenced licking his face with more energy than suited his mood; and he struck the affectionate dog a blow that sent it howling to its little mistress, who was coming as fast as she could towards him.

Phœbe grew very angry and very red, for she loved her dog, and her dog loved her—they had no separate interests—what affronted the one affronted the other. So down she fell on her little fat knees, and folding her little fat arms around Ninon's slender and beautiful throat, she howled more loudly than her friend. Edward

ran to know what was the matter, and perceived Harry's countenance looking chuff and cross enough over the hedge — "Ninon cries for nothing, I am sure," he said; "I just shoved her off for that dirty trick she has of licking one's face, and you would suppose I had half killed both her and Phœbe."

Edward saw that Harry was in no peaceful vein, and, like a good sensible boy, he resolved to soften, not to irritate—pacified Ninon and Phœbe, and Phœbe and Ninon; and when harmony was quite restored, civilly asked for his ninepence. "I am going to Blind Bess, and like to take it her myself; and we shall see the osiers and all; and papa is going to botanise—so come along, Harry, and bring your kite."

"I cannot go," he replied; "and I cannot pay you."

"Not give me the nine-pence for poor Bess, which you promised so faithfully!" exclaimed Edward. There was a pause.

Have the bright young eyes now resting upon this page ever dimmed at the remembrance, that once they looked upon a lie, yet turned not from it? Did falsehood ever sear those rosy lips which God made to utter the language of love and truth, and praise and prayer? If so, let them,

before they read the conclusion of my little story, pause, and call to mind what they suffered both before and after the utterance of an untruth—let them pray that such sin, such shame, may never again be written down against them, and resolve to bear patiently any and every reproof, rather than subject themselves to the punishment inflicted on Ananias and Sapphira—"caught with a lie upon their tongue."

During the brief moments that followed the exclamation of Edward, Harry resolved on the attempt to hide his dishonesty under the flimsy veil of untruth. "Papa," he said, "papa did not give me my weekly money."

"How dare you tell a falsehood of your own father, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Blount, who had heard the assertion from behind the arbour, and who seized his son by the collar at the same instant that he spoke. "How dare you utter a falsehood? Did I not see you stake your sixpence, after the commands I have so often repeated, that you should never play cards for money? And then to vent your ill humour upon an affectionate animal that sought to caress you! Begone, sir, and hide your face, for your own father is ashamed to look upon you—begone!"

The sinful and abashed boy hung down his

head, as well he might, in sorrow and in shame. It was in vain that his young friends interceded for him — it was in vain that Mr. Millar begged his father would forgive this his first offence. Mr. Blount was too much displeased to palliate his fault; and Harry retired to his own chamber to mourn the results of his evil propensity.

“ My dear friend,” said Mr. Millar, “ peeping into his neighbour’s study, “ are you alone ?”

“ I am,” replied Mr. Blount; “ alone and sorrowful enough, for I am at a loss to account for the sad course my son has taken this day.”

“ The boy committed two great faults, certainly,” said Mr. Millar — “ disobedience and falsehood; but it all originates in his unfortunate love of cards.” Mr. Blount fidgetted on his seat, for it was not the first time his neighbour had spoken to him on the danger of introducing such an amusement among his young people. “ Harry’s disobedience is most lamentable,” continued Mr. Millar; “ but it is not wise to put a loaf of bread before a starving boy and tell him not to eat; I mean that incentives should be used to strengthen obedience, not temptations afforded to a contrary course.”

"No child of mine shall ever touch a card again," exclaimed Mr. Blount.

"No child of mine desires to touch one," replied Mr. Millar; "I should be mad indeed to expect them to procure innocent amusement from a corrupt source. All that grown-up card-players venture to advance in favour of the practice is, 'that it spends time.' Methinks it is rather a foolish excuse to have a desire to spend what wise men seek to use."

Again Mr. Blount fidgetted, but made no reply for a minute or two, when he said, "It is better than talking scandal."

"Still, my dear friend, I have to learn what necessity there is for talking scandal; you have spent many evenings at my house, and though we did not play cards, I am sure we did not talk scandal. Now, having permitted your children the property of a pack of cards, you cannot with any degree of propriety withdraw from them an amusement which you taught them to enjoy, unless you relinquish it yourself."

"I do not see that," replied Mr. Blount, who loved his rubber; "I may surely do many things which it would be improper for my children to do."

"Not in a moral point of view," replied Mr.

Millar; “ sins are not catalogued by the age, but by the act. How can you tell a child that such a thing is wrong, yet practise it yourself? Think you they will not reason upon it, and so hold you to command lightly?”

Mr. Blount was in a pet; and said that he only wanted children to obey, not to reason. And then Mr. Millar reminded him how often he had heard him say to Harry—“ Think, think.”

And at last—what *think* you, little reader?—why, Mr. Millar, dear good sensible man that he was, prevailed upon Mr. Blount to pardon his son. And what think you farther? why, Mr. Blount practically acknowledged the justice of his good neighbour’s arguments; for, when little Phœbe stole into his study the next morning with a bunch of fresh-gathered flowers, she found him occupied in burning three packs of “ big-people’s cards.” “ I have sent to London,” said the old gentleman, “ for an orrery, and a telescope, two boxes of dissecting maps, and such a quantity of books and drawing materials, that I entertain very sanguine hopes we shall soon have neither *old* nor *young* card-players in the neighbourhood.”

FIRST FEELINGS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

“ DARK is the day, mamma — heavy with storm,
And gone are the field-walks, so pleasant and
warm.

Why may not the sun *always* beam in his joy?
Why are darkness and tempest allowed to de-
stroy?

Why come the keen frost, and the drear, chilling
snow?

If God *wish'd*, mamma, would the tempest not
go?

Will the skies *ever* beam, as they once beam'd
and smil'd?”—

“ There's a Hand and a time to *uncloud* them,
my child!”

“ And the trees that so lately waved verdantly
there,

Are lonely and leafless — all barren and bare!

Like mourners they wail, 'midst the hailstorm
and sleet,

O'er the leaves that lie blighted and dark at their
feet.

I sigh for the beauty I may not restore,
And grieve that the pride of the greenwood is
o'er!

Will the *trees* bloom again—*now* so wither'd
and wild?"—

"There's a Hand and a time to *revive* them,
my child!"

"And the gold-cup lies dead 'neath the desolate
thorn,

And the rose wakes no more the fine fragrance
of morn;

The cup of the tulip hangs broken and low,
And the lily I loved—oh! *why* would it not
grow?

May the primrose anew peep beneath the green
hill,

And the harebell and daisy spring forth where
they will?

May the meadows again bloom all sunny and
mild?"—

"There's a Hand and a time to *renew* them,
my child!"

And my *sister*—oh! will *she* return ever more—
All smiling, and beauteous, and kind as before?
Oh! cold were her lips, and half wasted her
frame,

And stirless and *mute*, though *I* call'd on her
name !

They told me 'twas Death ! and I wept night and
day,

And long'd for my sister to love me and play !

Oh ! will *she* wake again from the earth o'er her
piled ?"—

“ There's a Hand and a time to *awake her*, my
child !

“ Yes, again thou wilt meet her—*again*, and more
bright,

Though she look'd upon *earth* like an angel of
light !

Shall the flower of the valley be call'd from
decay,

And thy sister *uncall'd* still repose 'neath the
clay ?

Shall the leaves burst again into gladness and
bloom,

And *no* spring ever visit the depths of the tomb ?

Look up !—oh, look up to that heavenly sphere !

Pass in goodness and truth thy young pilgrimage
here,

And in bliss thou may'st meet thy dear sister once
more—

There's a time, my sweet child, and a God,
TO RESTORE !

TO A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY,

On being reminded of his Birth-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," &c.

A BIRTH-DAY thine, my fair-hair'd boy!—
 So speeds the flight of Time!
 Four years since last I wish'd thee joy,
 In fond though idle rhyme!

Winter reign'd fiercely then, as now—
 Loud howl'd th' excluded storm;
 When, deck'd with many a verdant bough,*
 We hail'd thine infant form.

Shall we not now the *spirit* hail—
 That brighter, holier thing—
 Destined to brave life's wintry gale,
 For Heaven's perennial spring?

Yes! o'er thy fair and laughing eyes,
 Around that sunny brow,
 The deathless flow'rs of paradise,
 Kind friends, are twining now.

* See "Juvenile Forget Me Not" for 1829.

I see them weave th' unfading wreath
 With fond, yet trembling hand ;
I hear the orisons they breathe,
 To bid its buds expand.

Shall mine be wanting? No, fair boy !
 They shall be freely given,—
I'll wish thee virtue—that is joy,
 Joy not of earth, but heaven !

2nd February, 1834.



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THE VILLAGE FLORIST.

THE VILLAGE FLORIST.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

THE author of Elia's Essays observes, that " the children of the poor do not prattle," — inferring, that they think and talk, not " of holydays and games," but " of the price of potatoes and starch." This, we fear, is much the case in all large towns; but in the country, though early care may visit young hearts occasionally, they participate with the lambs, the birds, and the butterflies, with which they are associated, in those buoyant spirits and simple enjoyments which belong to childhood.

Such, at least, was the case with Gertrude Price, generally called " Little Gatty, the Flower-Girl." Yet her lot in life was very lowly, and her comforts very scanty. She dwelt with her grand-aunt, an aged and infirm woman, who with difficulty procured subsistence for herself and her orphan relative, by uniting the labours of a charwoman (when able to undertake them), the baker of crumpets, and the seller of the produce of a small garden, in which she cultivated herbs

and flowers. As soon as Gatty could carry a basket, and knew her way through the lanes and over the meadows, she became in winter the retailer of cakes, and in summer of flowers, through a rather extensive circle; and being a pretty black-eyed little girl, with a pleasant smile and a sweet voice, there were few persons who had once received her thanks for the pence they had paid her who did not desire to deal with her again.

But Gatty's best customers and friends were Mr. Stepney and his daughter Rose. This gentleman had taken a cottage in the village for the sake of its pure air, and its vicinity to the parsonage, which was inhabited by the friend of his boyhood. Gatty's cakes had tempted his weak appetite on his arrival, and her grateful looks, bobbing curtsy, and patient plodding through frost and snow, mire and rain, won his pity, and excited in his own affectionate girl the warmest interest. In summer he plucked from his own garden flowers, which Rose delighted to make into nosegays for Gatty's basket; and often did he tell her to call on her return, in order to replace the beautiful produce of his parterre with the cold meat or the bottle of beer which her pining relative required.

And when, in the declining year, Gatty's stock was gone, and her labours more circumscribed, Rose received her every morning an hour before her poor father was stirring, and taught her to read and write, to net garters and knit nightcaps for sale. There was, indeed, nothing which a girl in her fourteenth year could communicate to one in her ninth that Rose omitted to teach Gatty, which could benefit one in her station; and, confined as she now was by the indisposition of her beloved and only parent, her contrivances to help the poor flower-girl, either by renovating her wardrobe, replenishing her basket, or exciting her application to learning, formed her only amusement. Beneath her fostering care, the poor child became like a flower in the sunshine; she grew taller and stronger, was no longer the patient drudge, but the cheerful labourer. Gatty could run with the swiftest, laugh with the gayest, and many a titled girl might have looked from her carriage-windows with envy on the contented creature.

Alas! this period of her history too soon passed away. After struggling with difficulty through the winter, in the fatal month of March Mr. Stepney died, leaving his daughter overwhelmed with affliction, from which all his lessons of resigna-

tion could not, in the first instance, preserve her; for he had been to her every thing the world could give, and his loss included every other.

This lamented parent had been at one time a rich Russia merchant; but he had suffered great losses, and conscious of his approaching dissolution, retired from all business, and sought only to secure a respectable competence for his daughter. Having honourably settled all his affairs, he purchased the cottage in which he ended his days, contented to live on three hundred a-year, which was the rent of his late house and premises in London. To Mr. Grayson, the clergyman of the parish, he bequeathed the guardianship of his daughter, in a few lines written by himself, evidently with the belief that no trouble on pecuniary matters would arise to one whom he knew to be as much a child in all worldly affairs as he was wise in those that belong to eternity.

Deeply was this good man afflicted when he found that poor Rose had no property whatever, save the cottage; for it appeared that Mr. Stepney had not only sold his house, but spent or paid away its produce; for there was not more than twenty pounds found in the cottage, or

bonds or security for any. In consequence, there was a necessity for selling the furniture of the cottage, and letting it as speedily as possible ; and poor Rose, as soon as she could pay attention to such matters, was given to understand that her portion was so small, it would be advisable that she should endeavour to improve herself in those accomplishments which would enable her to become the teacher of others.

Her friends at the Parsonage had a large family and a narrow income, and they loved Rose so much, that they believed she would do far better for herself than by staying with them ; otherwise she would have been welcome to remain, and “ be unto them as a daughter.” She removed to London—she exerted herself to the utmost ; but, when she was about seventeen, became so poorly, that country air was prescribed ; and she returned to the Parsonage, to the great joy of poor Gatty, who observed, “ she was grown grand and tall, like a holly-oak, but white and drooping as a lily of the valley.”

Pure air, good milk, kind faces, and cheerful conversation, the result of piety and sympathy, soon restored the amiable orphan to perfect health ; and the family being considerably reduced, from the sons having gone out into the

world, her abode with them was warmly pressed by the worthy couple, and she consented to remain at least through the following summer. Again she made nosegays for Gatty's basket, turned an old gown for her use, and sought to impress on her mind those truths which might console her poverty and reward her exertions; and, to her great delight, she became twice a week a privileged visitor to Miss Stepney, to whom she brought her copy-book and the clothes she had helped to wash.

As she was received in the parlour used by all the family, Gatty after a time ceased to start and blush if "his Reverence" happened to be sitting there; but when his son, who was beginning life as an attorney, and came down on business in the neighbourhood, was found there, Gatty thought it would be improper to ask her benefactress for her bill, or display her own improvements; and she was bustling away, when Miss Stepney called her back, saying, "Mr. Richard will not disturb you and me, Gatty, for you see he is busy himself."

Gatty, indeed, saw that the young gentleman was unfolding a large sheet of something, which made a different sound to that of paper. She looked at it with extraordinary earnestness, and

even interest ; so that Rose was induced to say, “ I suppose you never saw a sheet of parchment before, Gatty ? ”

“ Never but once, Miss, in all my life : pray, is it some kind of a grand newspaper ? ”

“ No, Gatty, it is called a deed : I will tell you more about it another time.”

Gatty appeared disappointed ; she nestled close up to the table, and, without laying down her bill or the book, said, earnestly, “ Pray, do people ever steal *deeds*, Miss Stepney ? ”

“ I should think not, Gatty ; for they are generally locked up.”

“ Oh ! but he must have stolen it : he looked so pale and so wild, just the same as the woman who took stockings from our hedge. He must have stolen it.”

These words were muttered in soliloquy by Gatty, who, in speaking them, annoyed her young friend ; but they struck Richard Grayson very differently. Hastily folding the parchment, he came forward, and, in a mild voice, desired the child would “ tell him all about the parchment she had seen ? ” at the same time sitting down, as if willing to hear a long story.

“ Why, sir, you see it is a long time since ;

but I remember it exactly the same as if it were last night, and I'll tell you, miss, my reasons."

"No, Gatty, tell us the story first."

"Well, as I was coming home with my very last basket of flowers for that year, having one bundle—I mean, bouquet—left, I sat down just by our door, thinking I might have a chance of selling that, because I heard somebody coming down the lane; and, sure enough, there came a grand gentleman in boots, with one of those rattling *deeds* in his hand. He opened it out in the way, to read the words by the little light that was left (for in the lane it was nearly dark), and he looked pleased for a minute, and then, somehow, quite frightened, so that I was afraid too, though he didn't see me, and I crept into the porch. Oh! how quickly he did fold it up, though his hands shook like an aspen-branch; and then he buttoned it in his bosom so fast, like as if all the buttons in the world could not hold it safe."

"And which way did he go, my little maid?"

"He turned again up the lane, and I crept up the field, at the back of the hedge, to watch him; for though I was frightened, I was, somehow, curious too, and wanted to see where he

would go. I was quite a child then, and had a trick of singing; and just as I got to the top of the lane, which, you know, is very short, I believe I sung out words which my aunt had taught me : —

‘ It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing.’

Well, you never would have forgot it, had you seen how the strange gentleman did start and stare; but he had no chance of seeing such a little thing as me, and I stood stock still, all of a tremble. He felt for the *deed*, pulled it half out, thrust it in again, and at last took to running as fast as he could up to the public-house, and, a few minutes after, galloped away on a fine horse?”

“ And you never heard more of him?”

“ No, sir, except that when I asked the ostler about him, next day, he said ‘ he did not know who I meant, unless it was a gentleman that had been calling to see poor Mr. Stepney.’ ”

“ Miss Stepney, have you any recollection of such a visitor?”

“ Indeed I have,” replied poor Rose, with much emotion. “ One evening in autumn, when my dear father had been obliged to lie down, the servant called me from his bed-side to speak

with a gentleman, whom I found to be Mr. Stilton, our tenant. He said, 'that my papa had got his copy of the lease of the house as well as his own, and he would thank him for it, as he could take it then, though he was in a great hurry.' On going up stairs with this message, my father bade me reach him a tin box, in which he said the lease was, and added, 'I ought to have sent it to him.' As he gave me a parchment out of the box, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, so that he could not look at it, I remember; but I ran down with it as quick as possible, and gave it to Mr. Stilton."

"Alas! alas! you doubtless gave away the title-deeds of that property to which you were entitled; the fact is confirmed from the circumstance of that very box containing two copies of a lease, one of which ought to have been in the tenant's possession. On my observing this circumstance to Mr. Stilton, he said he had not thought it material, seeing he was becoming the purchaser; but I well remember his confusion, which confirms all this child asserts. I wished exceedingly to have questioned him closely; but my poor father, whose perfect innocence precludes suspicion, could not bear to hear me examine one whose specious bearing and pre-

tended sorrow for you rendered him sacred in his eyes."

"I cannot blame him; even now the thing appears impossible to me. My father was his friend in early life. He is a wealthy man—why should he wrong me? I cannot believe him guilty."

"But I *can*, for it is my misfortune to see every day the dark side of human nature, as it is exhibited in an attorney's office; and I know how temptation operates on selfish minds, when there is no strong religious principle to oppose it. Mr. Stilton has a good character, which he cannot bear to lose, and which will render confession difficult; nevertheless, as he is not a hardened sinner, I trust, with this witness in my hand, I may extort from his fears what his fraud has retained. My dear father will gladly assist me, for he will see the finger of God manifested in this discovery."

Gatty knew not whether she was most pleased or frightened, when she found herself riding to London between two gentlemen; but the idea of being serviceable to Miss Rose, though she did not quite comprehend how, was very dear to her. Within a little time, she had read Miss Edgeworth's story of "Simple Susan," and it struck

her, that perhaps, like that good girl, she might get the better of another Lawyer Case. She had, nevertheless, a strong impression, that the gentleman who had unfairly possessed himself of the parchment was a different person to the village tyrant, and, to use her own phrase, "had never been naughty before."

On arriving at Mr. Stilton's house, they were informed by his servant that his health had been long very indifferent; and he was then so low and poorly, it was impossible for him to see more than one person at a time. A short consultation followed. Mr. Grayson was afraid that his son might be too peremptory in his accusation of so weak a man; his son feared no less, that his father might be cajoled by one who had so much cause to continue his deception. They at length agreed that Gatty should go in first, since upon her power of identifying Mr. Stilton as the person in question every thing depended."

Never had Gatty beheld a room half so large or half so grand as that to which she was now admitted; and, in the confusion caused in her mind by looking-glasses and pictures, it was some time before she perceived a gentleman who lay on a sofa at the further end, or heard him, in a faint voice, bid her come near to him.

At length Gatty sprang forward with the quickness of habitual obedience ; but when arrived close to the invalid, she suddenly stopped, and gazed intently on his face : “ Surely,” she thought, “ this pale, thin gentleman cannot be the stout, good-looking person I saw ?” and she became justly afraid of making an unfounded accusation.

When Gatty entered Mr. Stilton’s drawing-room, he concluded she was come to beg some favour for herself or her parents, and he made due allowance for a silence which might proceed from timidity ; but naturally feeling offended by the scrutinising manner in which she regarded him, he muttered angrily, “ What can the girl mean by fixing her black eyes on me ?”

Though not addressed, Gatty felt it was high time to speak ; but what to say she knew not. Three times she opened her lips, but no sound issued from them ; her distress increased every moment, and at length the adage of her infancy broke forth in slow, sonorous sounds—

“ It—is—a sin—to steal—a pin——much more to——”

There was no occasion for more. Mr. Stilton sprang from the sofa with an expression of countenance and dilation of form, which fully re-

vealed the fact of his being the man she had seen ; at the same instant he said, in a voice half suffocated by his astonishment, “ Who are you, girl ?—what do you want ? ”

“ I am Gatty Price, sir, the flower-girl, of Ridgetown ; and I wanted to look at you again. It was I that saw you in the lane that night you stole—I beg pardon—that night you *took* the parchment deeds from Mr. Stepney’s.”

Had the earth yawned beneath his feet, scarcely could Mr. Stilton have been more appalled ; yet rage alone seemed to possess him, as he turned to the poor child, and, in a voice of thunder, inquired “ who had dared to send such a creature as her to insult him ? ”

“ Mr. Grayson, our vicar, sir, and young Mr. Grayson the lawyer, have brought me in a chaise to make me a witness,” answered Gatty, dropping a very low curtsy.

Mr. Stilton’s manner instantly changed : he spoke in a mild voice, but with a slight sneer, saying, “ And what are you to tell, my good girl, when you are made a witness ? ”

“ Exactly the *truth*, sir : how I saw you come down the lane all in a hurry, look at the top of the *deed*, and then pop it into your bosom and button it fast—very fast.”

“ Well, and what besides ? ”

“ And how you nipped it out again when you heard me squeaking out, ‘ It is a sin,’ and how you looked sorrowful, and white, and wild,—I can never forget your looks.”

Mr. Stilton was doubtless agonised with remorse at this moment, and would gladly have given his whole fortune to have been safely freed from what was a small portion of it; nevertheless, he thought only of averting the danger of discovery; and after some time spent in cogitation on the subject, he said to Gatty, “ You say there was no eye upon this person, whom you *fancy* to be myself, but your own ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, sir !—God Almighty’s eyes were upon you *then*, as they are now. I am sure you must remember how you felt at that time, because you feel the same just now, — it makes you look worse than poor Mr. Stepney did, though he went off like you, all thin and pale.”

“ Go away, go away, girl, this moment, and send my servant ! I am ill—very ill,” said Mr. Stilton, throwing himself on the sofa with a deep groan, and hiding his head in the cushions.

Gatty did not, could not obey. In the deep wretchedness of Mr. Stilton, she saw not less the

proof of his guilt than of his repentance ; and her heart ached with compassion so acute as to subdue every other feeling. Drawing nearer, she whispered, in some confusion, but with a gentleness and modesty that disarmed resentment, “ Mr. Grayson, I know, wished to avoid the servant ; so surely I had better not call one just now ? Pray forgive me, I am but a poor girl, and perhaps ought not to speak ; but if you would see *him*, and just give back the parchment, all would be well again. He quite pities *you*, sir, as well as dear Miss Rose,—indeed, he said you must be the greatest sufferer of the two.”

“ He is right, quite right ; but I can never see him more—it is impossible !”

At that moment the good clergyman entered : he had been afraid that Gatty was intruding improperly ; and as he approached the subdued invalid, he made a motion for her to withdraw, which she obeyed gladly ; but, by the expression of her countenance, he saw, not only that she had been right, but that Mr. Stilton had, in one sense, owned himself wrong.

What passed between the detected criminal and that merciful and upright minister, who sought not to “ break the bruised reed,” we know not ; but it may suffice to know, that

within an hour he placed in the hands of his son the long-lost title-deeds of the injured orphan, together with a considerable sum of money due to her for those years in which "she had suffered adversity," but had most happily secured the best lessons it conveys. Seldom has one carriage contained three such happy persons as those who now hastened to communicate their success to her who was most interested in it; yet all were serious—all felt much for the man, who had, in one unhappy moment, "fallen from his high estate," as an honest man, and been from that hour miserable in his possession, yet incapable of refunding it, lest his reputation should suffer; and vainly repentant before God, because he failed in restitution to his injured fellow-creature.

He did not, however, fulfil Gatty's prophecy, and "fall with the leaf;" on the contrary, he regained his health, resumed his duties in society, and, though he was a more humble man than he had been before, he became in time a more cheerful one; and when, about two years afterwards, he found that Miss Stepney was likely to marry young Grayson and remove to London, he once more ventured to appear at Ridgetown as a friend. On this occasion he proved that his

penitence was genuine, not only by the kindness of his conduct to the young people, but from his anxiety to benefit poor Gatty, for whom he purchased the cottage of her benefactress, and also settled upon her forty pounds a-year.

Astonished by the greatness of her acquisition, and, perhaps, incapable of believing he could give so freely his own money after coveting that of another, Gatty concluded that Mr. Stilton was thus purchasing continued silence on the subject of his awful secret, and she hastily assured him, "that after holding her tongue so long by his reverence's desire, she could surely do it for the rest of her life."

"For the rest of *my* life is all I desire on this point," he replied; "but know, Gertrude, I give you this in consequence of holding you in the light of one appointed by Providence to reprove my sin, lead me in self-abasement to the throne of mercy, and enable me to restore her due to the daughter of my early benefactor."

"Well, then, sir, I can take it with a safe conscience very thankfully. I shall make my poor old aunt very comfortable, and send your honour the finest flowers that ever were seen, and plenty of Heart's-ease among them."

THE TWO KITTENS;

A FABLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW DRESS;"
"COTTAGE POETRY," &c.

THERE were two little kittens
In a family I knew,
And their history, young readers,
May be of use to you ;
When they were born, the people praised
Their colour, shape, and features ;
And said (what many say of you),
" What pretty little creatures !"

As they grew larger they improved,
By warmth, and care, and food ;
But *one* grew very *beautiful*,
The other — very *good*.

The good one searching round the house
For mice would never tire ;
The other all the morning long
Lay sleeping by the fire.

Now this was such a waste of time,
 (Neglecting thus her duty ;)
Her mistress soon began to think
 But little of her beauty ;
The servants would not feed her,
 And their anger did not bridle,
Saying, “ handsome *is* that handsome *does*,”
 No dinner for the idle.

To see the pretty useless cat
 Their patience rather tired,
And the less-handsome active puss
 Began to be admired :
His courage, cleverness, and strength,
 Increased by daily action,
And he gave to all about the house
 The utmost satisfaction.

At length her mistress said, that cats
 Are not, like toys, to play with ;
And as *one* could do the duty well,
 One must be made away with.
The servants highly pleased at that,
 The fire-place disencumber,
And drown the handsome idle cat
 As being *useless lumber*.

Moral.

A pretty face to look upon
Is better than a plain one ;
But talents form our character,
And we must try to gain one :
We came into the world to serve
Our neighbour, friend, or brother,
By doing many duties—*not*
To look at one another.

THE DYING BOY.

By F. G. ELLIOTT.

Kiss, mother, kiss thy dying son ;
His little course is nearly run—
His sorrows and his sickness done :
Kiss, and he dies !

I long to go to heaven so,
And yet again am loath to go ;
And yet, why live to live in woe ?
Kiss, and I'll die !

For very quickly I shall rise,
And live for ever in the skies,
Forget for ever pains and sighs,—
Then why not die ?

But I shall see you when above,
And look upon you in my love,
And rove wherever you will rove,
Although I die !

Oh, mother ! such a dream I've had,
And as I slept I was so glad ;
But now I am awake, I'm sad,
For I must die !

Methought that I was well again,
And skipped along the flow'ry plain.
Mother, methinks I would again
Live, and not die !

How lovely are our valleys green —
The dark fir, and the cot between —
The steeple o'er the mountain seen :
Why must I die ?

The wide mill-dam, that with loud roar
Its moss-grown shuttle tumbles o'er,
Where I shall stand to fish no more, —
Stretch'd here to die !

And then the crag, so wild and steep,
Whose summits in the window peep, —
I oft dream of them in my sleep :
But I will die !

Ah ! when I think of these I grieve,
I'm loath this lovely world to leave ;
My bosom doth with sorrow heave,
So soon to die !

Yet these are not so sweet a sight
As one that I saw yesternight—
A little angel dressed in white!—
Oh, I will die!

Come, mother, kiss! come, brothers, come!
Kiss me, and lay me in the tomb,—
Nay, weep not, I am going home!
Kiss, and I'll die!

Kiss, kiss! my heart is beating slow;
Kiss, kiss! and let my spirit go;
Kiss, kiss! and end my torturing wo;—
There, now I'll die!

PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF JENNY
CARELESS AND JANE CAREFUL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LET not young ladies who enjoy the distinction of very pretty names be offended at the extreme plainness of those which stand at the head of this page ; for though, I confess, they do not sound very grand, yet the families of *Careless* and *Careful* came into England long before the Conquest ; and kings and queens have acknowledged relationship to both.

There are, indeed, those who believe that Charles the First and James the Second lost their crowns and kingdoms because of their unfortunate connexion with old *Careless*, an ill-conducted and dangerous person, who has his places of residence in all lands, and who mixes more or less with every class of society — very much to the annoyance of the *Carefuls*, who have always conducted themselves in a thoughtful, useful, and praiseworthy manner wherever they have been found ; abiding by the several laws

and regulations which from time to time have been made and enacted for the well-being of society and the promotion of happiness. As to the *Carelesses*, I do not like to write so much about them, for many of the family are distant relatives of mine, and they would think it very hard indeed if I were to publish their sins of omission or commission in this pretty little book ; I must, however, proceed to introduce my young readers to one of them. Jenny Careless, a cheerful, good-tempered girl, came, some years ago, to the house of a very amiable lady called Mrs. Medium, who, the day before Jenny's arrival, had been favoured by a visit from Jane Careful, an excellent, well-bred, and somewhat sedate maiden, about Miss Jenny's age—that is to say, about thirteen.

Mrs. Medium's butler could not help remarking to Mrs. Thrifty, the housekeeper, " that Miss Jenny was altogether a different person from Miss Jane, for that Miss Jenny jumped out of the carriage without ever looking at the steps, so that she tumbled down and knocked the tip of her nose against the iron scraper ; whereas Miss Jane stepped well and lightly, looking before her, and minding what she was about."

" It's all true enough," said Sam, the foot-

man, who, from his very discreet behaviour, was designated "Sober Sam;" "it is really astonishing to see the difference between these two young ladies — there is something so kind and hearty-like about Miss Jenny that I can't help admiring her, though she certainly is by many degrees the most troublesome young lady that ever sat down to table. She is ever making her knife do the business of her fork, spilling her soup, soiling her frock, thrusting her elbows against her neighbours, and scraping the polish off my beautiful legs—my table-legs, I mean—with her feet."

"Well," replied Mrs. Thrifty, "all I say is, commend me to Miss Jane; I dread the very thoughts of any of those Carelesses coming into the house. But Miss Careful is just the same as her mamma, grand-mamma, and all her aunts before her;—dearyme! but it was a credit and a comfort to see them here; all so well-dressed, all so neat, all so clean, so orderly, so well-behaved—careful by name, careful by nature. Oh! they were, as I said, and will be, as I now say, a credit and a comfort to the world's end."

While such dialogues as this were heard in the servants' hall, Miss Jane and Miss Jenny were up stairs in their cheerful and pretty room, preparing to dress for an evening party of young

ladies, whom their kind hostess had invited to meet them; the two girls were to sleep in the same chamber, and very neat their white beds looked in the evening sun. Jane had arranged her frock, stockings, gloves, scarf-band, and handkerchief, on her bed, so that all things were ready, and the contents of her trunk had been deposited in her chest of drawers — a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

Jenny had suffered her box to remain in the centre of the room; and there she was on her knees before it, puffing and rummaging, thrusting her hands down to the bottom and pulling up now a glove, next a shoe, then a sash, and at last succeeding in dragging out a very pretty muslin dress; but by the time it saw the fair light, it was as deeply wrinkled as an elephant's forehead. Jane looked at her watch—

“ You have been rather more than an hour confusing these things, dear Jenny; and it only took me twenty minutes to arrange my drawers.”

“ You will be a particular old maid,” replied Jenny; answering her friend by an idle taunt which she herself did not very well understand.

“ I might be worse,” said Jane.

“ Worse — how worse?” exclaimed her companion.

“ Why, I might be a *slovenly* old maid.”

Jenny laughed, and looked up, and drew on a silk stocking.

“ How badly that stocking sits! why, it is like a bag round your ankle,” said Jane.

“ I can’t help it,” replied Jenny, “ there is a great hole above my shoe, and I was ‘ coaxing ’ it under my heel. Surely you wouldn’t have me be seen with a hole in my stocking ?”

“ No, I would not *have* a hole there; for shame, Jenny! Why did you not mend it ?”

I forgot to say that Jenny had found two stockings and but one satin slipper; so, accordingly, she set off to look for the other about the room. While she was so employed, Jane was dressing herself; and before Jenny had found her shoe, Jane was nearly ready.

“ O dear, O dear !” exclaimed the giddy girl, “ why, you are almost dressed; what shall I do? what shall I do?” And then she gave a loud scream.

“ What is the matter, dear Jenny ?” inquired Miss Careful; “ can I help you in any way ?”

“ Oh, look at my foot and my stocking, and my stocking and my foot, all over wet soap-suds !”

And she held up her foot, as my pretty grey-

hound does, when she fancies it has been injured.

“ I told you how it would be,” said Jane ; “ when you were emptying your basin into the jar just now, instead of taking off the cover, you only pushed it on one side, consequently it was not sufficiently open, and the suds were spilt. Change your stockings directly, or you will catch cold.”

“ Oh, Jane, dear Jane !” exclaimed Miss Careless, “ what shall I do ? what shall I do ? Why, my other stockings are all in holes. Oh my ! oh my ! I wish I had followed your advice.”

“ I will lend you a pair of mine with pleasure,” said Jane, who, to confess a truth, was not usually so good-natured as Jenny.

“ Thank you, dear Jane, but what should I do if I broke your stocking ?”

“ I suppose you would mend it, Jenny—at least you ought.”

“ I think you would want me to do so—but,” she added, sighing, “ I don’t think I could ; so I had better not take your stocking. And here I have found my shoe ; dear me, who would think of its laying this way on the top of my best bonnet !”

Jane shook her head, and her hair looked so beautiful, so sunny, and so well-arranged, that Jenny could not avoid praising it, which she did heartily.

“ Your hair is both more abundant and more luxuriant than mine,” replied Jane; “ but you do not take the trouble with it that you ought.”

“ Trouble !” exclaimed Jenny; “ Oh how I do hate trouble !”

“ I do not think any of us like trouble in the abstract,” said Jane; “ but its fruits are very sweet; it is the true zest of all earthly enjoyment; the acid of life, without which our existence would be all too sweet.”

Jenny laughed. “ Abstract, zest, acid !” she repeated; then added, “ why, Jane, I must be industrious for once, and look out the meaning of all these fine words in the dictionary, to understand you.”

“ A very good plan,” replied Jane, seriously. “ A very good plan it is for young persons like us to refer to a dictionary whenever we meet with a word which we do not quite comprehend. I always do; it prevents my making mistakes.”

“ Oh my ! oh my !” again exclaimed Jenny aloud—“ What shall I do now ? Oh my ! here’s this nasty big hook won’t go into this little eye !

and there are nothing but black hooks in my work-box; and not a needle that can carry twelve-six-cord cotton to sew this tape in my frock! And, oh my! oh my! I have not got a bit of tape, only flat bobbin!"

"I really do not think you know what you have or have not in your box, it is so confused. Give it me, and I will sew in one of my hooks, and a piece of tape; it is throwing away time to expect that flat bobbin to answer."

"It will do, thank you, dear Jane," she replied, heedless of her advice; "I assure you it will do—there, I knew it would." And after what is called much 'make-shift' on the part of Jenny, the two young ladies descended to the ball-room. Safely?—safely—no; for Jenny's sandal came off, and though Miss Careful offered to sew it on, still she could only be prevailed upon to pin it in! Poor Miss Careless was the same in all things!

I do most sincerely hope that none of the masters and misses Careless who read this little story, will shelter themselves under the observation of—"Well, I am not so bad as that: well, I do not do this, nor that." If they are not *quite* as bad as my Miss Jenny, I dare say it is because they have good careful mammas, or at-

tentive nurses to look after them. And a sad life, I will answer for it, they lead their kind friends; and a great deal of confusion, I venture to say, they create wherever they go.

But we must enter the ball-room, although I honestly confess that I am no friend to children's balls; I love rather to see them amuse themselves in any other way, but will not now touch upon a subject for which hereafter I hope to be able to win the attention of their mammas and governesses.

"How neat and nice Miss Careful looks, and how well she dances!" said one lady.

"Nay, I think her very stiff," said another: "stiff, and even formal; I prefer that young girl's manner infinitely — the pretty merry girl."

"With the ill-fitting dress? If she were more neatly attired, she would appear very lovely indeed."

"How shameful!" exclaimed a third; "Miss Dalla's dress has been perfectly spoiled by a pin that stuck out of Miss Jenny Careless's shoe, and caught the poor little thing's frock in the turn of a quadrille."

"I am told," said a fourth, "that Miss Careless sings very sweetly, but she forgot to bring her music with her."

These observations were mingled with many others, painful, because unfortunately true. Poor Jenny, whose beauty and pleasing and winning manners made her an object of admiration at first, became the laughing stock of the company ; many of them, and, to confess the truth, her relations, amused themselves at her expense ; the hole in her stocking, which, to use her own term, she had "*coaxed*" under her shoe, soon made its appearance in more than primitive deformity ; the bobbin-string gave way, and displayed a torn slip and a half-laced bodice. What need to recapitulate ? before the evening amusements were half exhausted she had retired to her room, sighing, sobbing, and ashamed ! *ashamed*—but sorry am I to say, not *reformed*.

Sad, indeed, was it that even Jane's steady and uniform exertions produced but little effect on Jenny's *habits* ; though she confessed herself often in the *wrong*, yet she wanted strength of mind to persevere in the *right*. And, marrying in early life a cousin of her own, she continued in her old course—did I say *continued* ! I said what was not correct. My dear young friends, we none of us remain exactly as we were—we either improve or retrograde. Jenny grew worse and worse. She was not an unkind

mother, and yet many of her dear little ones died for want of proper attention. She was an affectionate wife, and yet her husband and herself managed to dissipate a very handsome fortune. They *made* friends, but they could never *keep* them. Like the stitch in her stocking, which widened into a hole, so did her bad habits increase, until, in extreme poverty and old age, she was beholden to her early friend Jane for the common necessities of life.

Jane did not marry at so early an age as Jenny, but she wedded a very excellent and honourable British merchant, with rather an odd name. I am sure you will smile, for his name was Prudence—James Prudence ! And many a laugh Mistress Careless had about him, because of what she called his odd ways ; yet, in the end, the Careless family were indebted to the house of Prudence for support.

THE GOLDSMITH AND HIS
THREE KEYS;

A FABLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW DRESS."

" I HAVE lost the key of my money-chest !"
The goldsmith said, in a tone distressed ;
" I want to lay out a pound or two,
And my key is lost—what shall I do ?"

A silver key in the window lay,
With trinkets fine in the goldsmith's tray ;
" Master," it cried, " why this ado ?
For I shall be of more use to you.

" I am brighter far than the key you lost,
I have twice the beauty, and double I cost ;
So doubly useful I ought to be
As a dirty, ill-looking, iron key.

" Behold how polished and fair my face—
Your ugly key I shall well replace ;
My wards are smooth, and straight, and thin,
His wards went crookedly out and in."

The silver key when the goldsmith tried,
In vain he laboured and sadly sighed ;
The key of silver performed its best,
But it could not open the money-chest.

He cried, “ This useless, glittering thing
Back to the trinkets let me fling ;
I have lost my time, and my temper too !—
O for my key ! what shall I do ? ”

A golden key that was hanging nigh,
Said, “ Master of mine, pray let me try ; ”
He tried the lock at the key’s request,
But it would not open the money-chest.

The golden key in the lock was placed,
The lock was hampered, the key disgraced ;
“ Go ! ” said the man, in an angry tone ;
“ I would part with you both to find my own . ”

“ A lesson I’ve had , ” he also said,
“ Which never till now came into my head ;
Gold and silver are fair to see,
But iron is better for making a key .

“ And among the various ranks I know,
A parallel case I can clearly shew ;
Wealth and title should yield to ability,
Beauty should also give place to utility . ”

HARRY'S INVITATION TO HIS COUSIN.

DEAR cousin, we all are at home,
So busily making our hay;
Ask my uncle and aunt if they 'll come,
That you may have part of the play.

Papa went last week to a fair,
And brought back a pony for me;
Mamma has a new garden-chair,
Where she sits while we swing in the tree.

The sheep will be shorn very soon,
The cow had a calf yesterday;
Pray don't stay in London all June,
Or we shall have finished the hay.

You can't think how sweet smells the clover,
We live out of doors, it's so warm;
But the strawberries almost are over,
Oh, the bees are just going to swarm.

So I can't stay to write any more,
For the gard'ner has brought an old kettle,
And strikes harder each time than before —
I must run to see where they will settle.

HARRY BRISK.



Painted by Sir John Reynolds, Pub. for the Proprietors 1835. Eng'd by W. Graatbach.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

SHE awoke with the sky-lark,
 And out with the bees —
 Ere the full sun had risen,
 Ere dew left the trees,
 Ere the sweet birds were singing
 In bush and in brake,
 Though the light winds were bringing
 The call to awake :—
 Crossing the brook.

First from the pure streamlet
 Her morn-draught she drank,
 Then gathered the wild flowers
 From hedge-row and bank ;
 Then o'er the damp meadow
 Her pathway she took,
 To search where the health-cress
 Grows green in the brook :—
 Crossing the brook.

She is poor in that good thing
The wise world calls wealth—
Yet rich in those treasures,
Contentment and health —
As pure as yon water —
As pure and as free —
Is this young village maiden
Whose semblance you see,
Crossing the brook.

Let the rich and the high-born
Who shun the sun's ray —
Those who shine, like the glow-worm,
That doses all day —
Leave the thick air that saddens
The city, and seek
The health-light that gladdens
This rosy maid's cheek,
Crossing the brook !

S. C. H.

A VISIT TO THE BOTANIC GARDEN
OF ST. VINCENT.

BY MRS. CARMICHAEL.

AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE WEST INDIES," &c.

"WELL, papa, have you seen the Botanic Garden?" was the first question put by Jane and Susan Maxwell — two little girls of ten and twelve years of age, who had landed only a few days before from England, whence they had accompanied their papa and mamma to the West Indies. Their father had been appointed to the command of the — regiment of foot, stationed at Fort Charlotte, in the island of St. Vincent, and had this day rode down to the Botanic Garden, to present a letter of introduction to Mr. Elliot, who had then the care of it.

"I have seen the Botanic Garden," replied Colonel Maxwell.

"And is it beautiful? — do tell us all about it."

"You shall judge for yourselves," said their papa. "Mr. Elliot was at home, and received

me very kindly, as the relation of an old friend, whom he tells me he has not seen for upwards of twenty years; and I am sure you will be delighted to hear that he has made me promise to bring your mamma, and both of you, next Saturday, to pass the whole day with him at the Botanic Garden."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" said Jane; "and is it not nice?" said she to Susan, "that we are invited upon Saturday, our own holyday? so we shan't lose our lessons; for you know mamma says we must try and make up for the many days we lost on board ship."

"Do not set your heart too securely upon going next Saturday without fail," said their papa, "because Mr. Elliot says the rains are now beginning; and should it be wet, it would be impossible for me to take you; and, indeed, your greatest pleasure—walking over the garden—would be quite lost."

I will not say that those two little girls did not both talk and think a good deal of the promised pleasure; but they neither talked nor thought so much of it as to prevent their giving their attention to the instructions of their parents, from the Tuesday until the next Saturday morning. Their papa taught them writing and arithmetic, and

their mamma instructed them in history, geography, French, and music ; and when they sat down to work, they were encouraged to converse, and ask the meaning of every thing they did not comprehend ; so that the knowledge they had was not learnt like a parrot, by rote ; but was understood, and consequently retained.

The two little girls rose very early, and as soon as they were dressed they went to their mamma's room, who read prayers to them ; and then they read—sometimes a chapter from the Bible, and at other times only part of a chapter, according to its length, and whether it was difficult or easy to be understood ; for Mrs. Maxwell, above all things, never suffered them to read the Scriptures without endeavouring to explain to them the meaning of what they read, and teaching them to apply it as a rule for their own conduct. Children so carefully educated were not likely to love idleness, rudeness, or prefer a fine dress to a good book. They were, moreover, very tidy and neat—a quality many little girls are deficient in, who, nevertheless, are very particular in having fine dresses.

Jane and Susan had very little room in barracks for their clothes, their books, and toys ; for they were old-fashioned enough to have a

doll each, and were often very happy in cutting out and sewing baby-clothes; and their mamma encouraged this simple amusement, because it taught them to cut out and work nicely; and in the West Indies the heat is so great, that little girls cannot walk and run about out of doors nearly so much as in England.

Now, Mr. Elliot, of the Botanic Garden, was a very kind, good-natured man; and with the intention of adding to the enjoyment of Jane and Susan Maxwell, he invited Mr. and Mrs. Popham, with their two little girls, Lucy and Harriet, who were about the same age as the Maxwells, to come and pass the day with them at the Botanic Garden. I am sorry to say, the Pophams were very different children from what I have described the Maxwells to be. It is true, they could read, write, cast up a few sums, and work with their needle, when they chose, tolerably; but here their education ceased. Now, it was no fault of theirs, nor even of their parents, that they possessed no knowledge of French, music, &c., because neither their papa nor mamma could teach them; and at that time there were no teachers in St. Vincent, beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic. But a woman may be a good, useful character, with no better learning

than what the Pophams had got, if she has been brought up with good religious principles, and taught to be self-denying, gentle, humble, and careful not to waste time.

It would have been well if the Pophams had only been deficient in the acquirements I have mentioned ; but the truth is, their parents were quite ignorant of what is the most important part of education—the teaching their children the virtues of obedience, truth, self-denial, humility, and gentleness. Children who are taught to practise these virtues may be, perhaps, at times, unfashionable in their appearance ; but wanting in real politeness that child can never be, who acts from these principles ; for what is rudeness ? —is it not the preferring ourselves to others ? and does this preference not arise from a vanity which seldom has much hold over a humble child ?

I have told you how busily the little Maxwells went on with their usual lessons ; but it was far otherwise with the Pophams. Wednesday morning, about seven, it began to rain very heavily, and Mrs. Popham happening to remark, that if it rained so much next Saturday they would not be able to go to the Botanic Garden, Lucy pertly replied, “ Mamma, you promised we should go,

and it's a great shame to break your promise. We need not mind the rain : we can take a change of dress."

" But," rejoined Mrs. Popham, " Mr. Elliot said Colonel Maxwell and his family were only to come if the day was fine ; so that, if it were rainy, and you did go, still you would not see the little English girls."

" I am sure I don't care for the little English girls," said Lucy ; " all I wish for is to go to the garden, and eat the nice yellow mangoes."

" But I," said their mamma, " wish you to meet with the Miss Maxwells : I am told they are so well bred and so clever ;—take care, children, and don't shew them your ignorance, or they'll take you for a *new negro* ; and if they ask you what you are learning, don't be too particular with them. You know you can say that you are very fond of music and dancing, and that you are going home next year to — House for your education, where your aunt Hartford was educated, and who is a fine player upon the harp and the guitar. I have heard that they only play the piano-forte ; and you can say, that your mamma does not wish you to learn the piano-forte, as it is so common now, but that you are to learn the harp and the Spanish guitar."

When a mother sits down deliberately to teach her children how to deceive others, is it any wonder that they deceive her? Yet such instances are not so rare as some people would fain believe.

Soon after breakfast, a general survey commenced of Lucy and Harriet's frocks; and as they both severally declared that they had not one fit to visit in, nor a bonnet that they could put on (though they had plenty of nice white muslin frocks; but then they were of last year's fashion, as were their bonnets), this sinfully indulgent mamma sent to the stores, and bought them each a new bonnet and a handsome frock, covered with expensive embroidery, which their papa could very ill afford to pay for. Saturday morning at length arrived. Never had the sun shone more brightly; and as for the sky, it was far bluer, and more cloudless, than any little girl can conceive who has never been out of England.

Jane and Susan Maxwell were very happy when their papa came into their room in the morning, before he went to parade, and told them he had ordered the gig to be got ready for them as soon as parade was over. They went to their mamma's room, as usual, to their religious

duties ; for the performance of our duties, either to God or man, makes pleasure even to a child far more delightful.

Mrs. Maxwell was not in the habit—the foolish, vulgar habit—of lecturing her children how to behave before they went to pay a visit. Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell were, from principle, truly polite and well-bred to each other, to their children, to their servants, and to all around them. It was not, therefore, necessary for their mamma to instruct them on such subjects ; for where children are not exposed to rude and vulgar manners, they never contract them. Some children, no doubt, have little awkward tricks ; but generally, before the age the Maxwells had attained, careful watching and good management will have cured those, unless they have been exposed to bad example. One caution only Mrs. Maxwell gave to Jane and Susan—neither to touch or eat fruit that was not given to them ; and, when given, first to ask their papa if they might eat it, as he had been in the West Indies before, and knew what was safe for them to have.

Although they had been on the draw-bridge before, they begged their papa to stop a minute or two, that they might have time to look at the

beautiful view that surrounded them. They could not help remarking how very, very green the trees were—much greener than ever they are in England; and to children who had been early taught to admire the beauties of nature, and had hardly ever seen a hill until they landed in St. Vincent, it was no wonder that they gazed with surprise and astonishment at Mount St. Andrew and its lovely woods.

“Who planted all those trees on Mount St. Andrew?” said Susan.

“No one, my love,” replied her papa; “they grow there naturally—no man has planted, pruned, or trimmed them: there is that magnificent mountain, covered with fine trees to its very summit by the hand of God alone!”

No wonder that little Susan exclaimed, “How good is God! to make such a beautiful land as this, and such lovely trees, without any one having the trouble to plant them!”

“True, my dear,” said Colonel Maxwell; “and I hope you will never look at a beautiful view, or indeed at any of God’s works, without considering how good God is in all he has created!”

“Do you know,” said Mrs. Maxwell, “that while we are feasting our eyes with this beautiful

landscape, time is running on, and we promised to be at Mr. Elliot's before eight o'clock?" So they drove steadily on, and soon reached the Botanic Garden. Mr. Elliot assisted them in alighting, and conducted Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell, and the two little girls, into the hall, as the dining-room in the West Indies is usually called.

Here they were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Popham and their two daughters, who, when Jane and Susan Maxwell came up to speak to them, looked quite shy, and did not utter a word in answer that could be heard. Their mamma, indeed, had lectured them long and loud as to the dread she had of their becoming boisterous and rude in the presence of company; so that they unfortunately conceived it was the height of good breeding to speak in a whisper, and, when asked what they chose to eat, to hesitate, be silent, and make no choice at all. The little Maxwells knew too well the respect children ought to shew in the company of their elders, to chatter in a half whisper to each other, or, indeed, either by talking or any thing else, engross the time or attention of others. But when a question was put to them, or when asked to make a choice, they were not afraid or ashamed

to answer in such a tone of voice as could be distinctly heard. At breakfast, indeed, where much of the food placed upon the table was as yet new to them, when asked "What they chose to eat?" they referred it to their mamma, who indulged them with a bit of cold fowl, and some nice roasted yams and coffee; for they had been up early, and their drive down from the Fort had made them very hungry. To their utter astonishment, the little Pophams seemed to be permitted to eat of every dish that Mr. Elliot's most hospitable breakfast-table afforded: salt-fish, ham, cold fowl, yams, bread and butter, plantains, and alligator pears. One thing seemed plain—if they could not talk, they could eat.

There was little worth noticing about the house in the Botanic Garden—it was in very bad repair; but one thing soon caught Jane and Susan's observant eyes, and that was something of a dirty, light clay colour, hanging from the roof in many places. This thing was of a flattish oval form, about eight or ten inches long, and was suspended by a substance like glue, of the same colour, and not thicker than a piece of common packthread. They looked so long at these bags hanging, that their papa observed them, and said, "Those are Jack Spaniard's

nests. You have already seen them : you recollect I told you they were the wasps of the West Indies."

" They are very troublesome," said Mr. Elliot, " in all old buildings, and, by and by, I will shew you plenty of them hanging in trees, where they also make their nests."

" They sting very severely," said Colonel Maxwell ; " but I believe they seldom attack any one unprovokedly."

" Not often," said Mr. Elliot ; " but they may be attracted to a person by the perfume of any thing they like ; and a friend of mine, who was dining in the country, in a house where the roof was full of nests, was a sad sufferer from them lately. He got in very hot, just in time for dressing, and washed his hair with honey-water ; immediately after, he sat down to dinner ; but the perfume of the honey-water attracted the Jack Spaniards to such a degree, that, in a second, they all pounced upon my friend's head, and stung him so severely, that he was nearly frantic, although he plunged his head in cold water as quickly as possible."

" I suppose," said Mrs. Maxwell, " it is a service of great difficulty to destroy their nests ?"

" Indeed it is," said Mr. Elliot ; " but I have

a negro lad here who does it most successfully, and who pretends he can charm them, by holding the green leaf of some weed between his lips, when he goes up very softly to the nest, and with his fingers and thumb breaks the attachment of the nest to the roof or the tree, carries it most gravely and quietly to a hole previously dug for the purpose, and dropping it down slowly and cautiously, he instantly places a turf upon the top, and consigns the nest, and all its troublesome inmates, to a living grave. He is never stung, and I have seen him frequently perform this operation."

The little Maxwells had been exceedingly interested in this account of the Jack Spaniards, and though they did not utter one word, Mr. Elliot had observed their well-bred, intelligent silence, and being naturally very fond of children, he determined, by and by, to have a chat with them.

Breakfast being removed, a walk in the garden was proposed; and, in an instant, off darted the Pophams, and soon they made it evident that they could not only talk, but be so loud and boisterous, that Jane and Susan Maxwell were quite astonished. Therese, their female negro attendant, was waiting for them in a

chamber, where their bonnets and tippets had been put, along with the Miss Maxwells. A regular battle took place between them and Therese, who, of course, could not assist both the young ladies at the same moment. As for Jane and Susan, they were always accustomed to assist each other, and were ready in five minutes to join the gentlemen and their mamma, when Lucy Popham said, "Well, Therese, if you won't dress me first, I'll go out as I am;" and following the Maxwells, she went out with neither bonnet nor tippet. Her mamma seeing her, seemed much ashamed, and tried to coax her back, to get on her bonnet and tippet; but coaxing having no effect, a scold was next tried, and this also failing, a hasty slap, followed by a loud passionate fit of crying, closed this disgusting scene; for Therese having finished dressing Harriet, ran down the garden, and tied on the tippet and smart new bonnet of this hopeful young lady of nearly twelve years old; and telling her to "be good," she left her to join the party.

Jane and Susan were looking attentively at the many new flowers and trees they saw, and were trying to hear all Mr. Elliot was talking of to Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell, when Lucy Popham said, "Come away with me, Miss Maxwell,

and I'll shew you something nice." But Miss Maxwell thanked her, saying, she did not like to leave her mamma, as she wished to hear all Mr. Elliot was telling them about the plants. Lucy Popham looked at her with stupid surprise, as if she could have said, "What fun is there in hearing Mr. Elliot talk about plants?"

"And now, young ladies, I am going to shew you what I won't call an ugly, but certainly one of the most troublesome weeds, in the West Indies."

They saw before them a weed covered with pretty, small, delicate, pink blossoms, with very elegant-looking leaves; the plant was thick and bushy, and several feet high.

"Touch it," said Mr. Elliot.

"It is covered with thorns," said Jane.

"Well," said Mr. E., "come near it, and wave your hand close to it."

The leaves all closed.

"How curious!" said the children.

"What is it?" said Mr. E.

"It cannot be, and yet, somehow, I think it must be the sensitive plant," said Jane; "but I never saw it except in a hot-house at home, and I had no idea it grew in its own home to such a size."

"It does," said Mr. Elliot; "and I shew it

to you as an example of the great effect climate has upon plants, far more than upon people, who, generally speaking, if they are prudent, live, and often enjoy excellent health, in all different climates, while it is next to impossible for art to produce plants in the same perfection and health as in their natural climates. You are surprised at the great height and strength of the sensitive plant; but now I am going to shew you a shrub, for here we cannot by any art make it grow taller than a shrub, though in England it is the pride of the forest."

"What a curious looking stunted oak!" said Susan; "what an ugly thing!"

"I daresay you think so," said Mr. Elliot; "but I can tell you, my little lady, that were you to live as long as I have done without seeing your own country, you would love this little oak, diminutive as it is, because it would seem something belonging to *home*; and, however happy we may be abroad, there is something wrong about our hearts if we forget our home; but I am sure there is no fear of the daughter of a brave British officer doing that."

"No, indeed," said Susan, "we shan't do that, although England may not be so pretty or so curious a country."

“ I am not sure of that,” said Mr. Elliot; “ but where we are unaccustomed to all around us, we naturally fancy it more curious because more uncommon. England abounds in natural curiosities; though, I must allow, after having seen some of the most beautiful spots in England, I am not sure that I ever saw so rich, and at the same time so grand a view, as we are now admiring of the Bay of Kingstown and the surrounding country.”

Mr. Elliot shewed his visitors his young plantation of nutmegs, and was kind enough to cut off the only ripe one, to explain to his young friends how the nutmeg grew, for they had no idea that the nutmeg was enclosed in a rind, which, when dried, was called mace. Indeed, it looked, when fresh, so exactly the colour and size of an apricot, that had they been in England they would have taken it for one. Mr. Elliot then shewed them the jack-fruit, which is very uncommon in the West Indies; the fruit is large and coarse, and has a very disagreeable smell. Mr. E. told them, “ that the fruit sometimes grew so immense as to weigh thirty pounds.” This tree in the Botanic Garden was the only one in the island.

They now returned to lunch, when they had

abundance of fine fruit, which was very acceptable after their hot walk. After lunch, Mr. Elliot shewed his visitors some beautiful coloured botanical plants, which had belonged to the late Dr. Anderson, the excellent and learned superintendant of the Botanic Garden; and they were all not only amused, but much instructed, if we except the little Pophams, whose noise and rudeness had rendered them a torment to each other and every one else; until, yawning from idleness, and incapable of relishing the useful conversation of Mr. Elliot, which he made extremely plain, on purpose that the children might understand him, they slyly stole out to the mangoe-trees, and, though they had had more than was good for them already of pine, water-lemons, and mangoes, they ate them as greedily as if they had not had one. At last their mamma observed they were absent, and calling Therese, she told her "to go and find the picanninnies, and bring them in to be dressed for dinner." Had she not added this, Therese would have found it impossible to persuade them to obey. To the hall she brought them; and their mouths and frocks all stained over with yellow juice, plainly told what had been their occupation. Neither of them seemed the

least ashamed; and as for Mrs. Popham, she only thought how cruel it was in Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell to keep their children so strict, and oblige them all day long to listen to the conversation of grown people instead of running and playing about. Both she and her daughters thought that the Maxwells could not play; but they were quite mistaken—they could enjoy a game of fun as much as any boy or girl, but they had also a strong thirst for knowledge, and that, combined with true good-breeding, taught them that going off to play at such a time would have proved them to be very silly. There are few days in which little girls and boys may not have time and opportunity to play; but it is not every day they can have the opportunity of hearing the conversation of a learned man, who has also the real kindness to explain himself in such language as they can clearly understand.

At dinner, Miss Pophams made their appearance in their finely embroidered frocks and pale blue shoes; as for the little Maxwells, their visit being in the country to an old bachelor, their mamma wisely thought a clean, plain, white frock, with their usual black shoes, was change of dress sufficient. At dinner the Pophams could eat

nothing, having fairly stuffed themselves with mangoes, as greedily as if they had been pigs.

“ Now,” said Mr. Elliot to the Maxwells, “ I will not ask you what pudding you choose; I told you you should have a pudding of the bread-fruit, so now you must partake of it.”

And a very nice pudding it was. Mr. E. told them after dinner, that the first bread-fruit tree was brought to St. Vincent from Otaheite, by Captain Bligh, of the royal navy, on the 23d of January, 1793; and that in a few years it became common all over the island. It was first, however, planted in the Botanic Garden by Dr. Anderson. As soon as the Miss Pophams had ate an additional supply of fruit, and had a glass of wine, they began drumming on the table and kicking the bars of their chairs, until, wearied by sitting so long, they went out, blue kid shoes and all, to run races down a little slope not far from the house. At the bottom of this slope there was a ditch to receive a drain from the stables and cowhouse; it was full of mud and mire; and running down, Harriet came against her sister, and both fell up to the waist in the mud. Pretty figures they cut, dripping with wet out of a dirty ditch! their finery had got them

no admiration; and as to loving such selfish, ill-bred, little girls, no one could do so.

Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell had ordered their gig early, and did not wait for coffee; so thanking Mr. Elliot for his polite attention, they bade him adieu. As he shook hands with his young friends, he said —

“ I have been much pleased with you, my little ladies, and I hope you will come and spend many a quiet day here with your papa and mamma, for even an old man is delighted to instruct and talk to little girls who wish to gain knowledge.”

The Miss Pophams had been dressed again in their morning frocks, and this alone, of all the events of the day, seemed to produce any feeling of shame in them. The little Maxwells bade them “ good by ” without regret, and drove off in a beautiful, clear, star-light evening. As they passed a cane-piece on the road side, their attention was arrested by the bright light of the fire-flies, darting here and there in every direction; they seemed like myriads of diamonds and emeralds sporting around.

“ Do they sting ? ” said Jane.

“ No,” replied Colonel Maxwell; “ they are perfectly harmless.”

At that moment one lighted upon little Susan's frock ; she did not start or scream as some would-be fine little lady would have done, for her papa had just told her that they were harmless, and, happily for the little Maxwells, their papa and mamma never deceived them, even to gain any point ; the truth was always considered by them not only their duty in the sight of God, but, in the end, the easiest plan of government. Colonel Maxwell took out his pocket handkerchief, and lifting up the fire-fly, put it gently in ; soon after other two alighted upon Mrs. Maxwell, and Jane lifted them up and gave them to her papa, who soon placed them beside the first one they had caught.

When they got home there was no light in the room ; and Colonel Maxwell taking the fire-flies out, placed them under a crystal finger-basin, and pulling out his watch, to the astonishment of Jane and Susan, they found that they could tell the hour precisely from the light of those three little brown creatures, not longer than an inch and a half. Colonel Maxwell then ordered the lamp to be lighted, and taking out one of the fire-flies from underneath the finger-basin, he made his little girls feel the joint, or articulation, as it is properly called, in the centre of the

back, which enables them to leap like a frog. Jane and Susan held them between their finger and thumb, and felt the jerk, and heard the snap distinctly as they leaped from them on the table; and had not mamma reminded them that it was time to retire to rest, they would never have been weary of looking at them walking along the table with their bright light, that seemed, they thought, like a fairy carriage driving along with its lamps.

Those little girls had enjoyed a happy and a rational day; but unless they had, by obedience and industry, learnt early the habits of attention and observation, they would have been as incapable of receiving either instruction or amusement as the Miss Pophams, who were not naturally stupid children, but rather the reverse. However, I can assure my young readers, that neither talent nor genius of any description can ever be put to their best use without good principles and industry.

THE MOTHER'S LESSONS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

“ MOTHER, I am weary—
Let me rest here awhile ;
I'll lay my head in your loving lap,
And look on your sunny smile.
And, oh ! it is very sweet to lie
Where the fresh field-flowers are spread ;
With the soft green grass beneath my feet,
And the sky above my head ! ”

“ My boy, that blue and brilliant sky,
With silver stars bestrown,
Towards which your eyes are lifted now,
Is GOD's eternal throne.
And the daisied turf on which you tread,
And the flowers you love to cull,
Are all His work,—no marvel then
That all are beautiful ! ”

“ Mother, prithee tell to me —
Are all the stars above
So many worlds — all bright like this,
With shapes of grace and love ?
And if such things can really be,
Do you think, that when we die,
We shall only change this first fair world
For another in the sky ? ”

“ My boy, there are a thousand worlds
Beyond our narrow view ;
Peopled, as wise men bid us think,
Like ours — as lovely too !
That glorious moon, whose light you see
So sweetly at this hour —
That also is a wondrous world,
Formed by a God of power ! ”

“ Mother, say — do the flowers around
Know by what mighty Hand
They were all made so beautiful,
And scattered o'er the land ? —
Are they, too, taught to praise His name,
Who painted them so gay ?
And do *they* thank him morn and night
For the blessings of the day ? ”

“ My boy, the flowers possess no tongue —
They cannot speak His praise ;
But they glorify His majesty
In a hundred voiceless ways —
Their very beauty offers up
A wordless orison,
When they open wide their scented cups,
At the bidding of the sun ! ”

“ Mother, the sun is very bright ;
But, tell me — does it know,
That, if it is brighter than all on earth,
It was God who made it so ?
I've tried to look on it sometimes,
But I could not brook its glare :
And I've very often wondered why
It was hung on high up there.”

“ My boy, when this vast world was made,
Still all was dark as night ;
Till, with a voice which filled the sky,
God said—‘ *Let there be light !*
And then uprose that glorious sun,
With many a golden ray ;
And our Maker gave the wondrous orb
In grace *to rule the day.* ”

- “ Mother, when the wild birds sing,
Do they hymn their Maker's praise ?
Do they know that He alone awoke
All the music of their lays ?
Or do they only sing sweet songs
Of streams, and trees, and flowers ;
The pleasant things they look upon,
When they carol in their bowers ?”
- “ My boy, no doubt the wild birds' song
Is full of thanks to Him
Who gave them voice, that they might be
Our earthly cherubim.
But flowers have bow'd their perfum'd heads,
And the bird is in its nest ;
For the hour is come which God has given
As one of peace and rest.
- “ Then let us to our tranquil home,
To bend the knee in prayer ;
Nor need we fear, my gentle boy,
That He will guard us there :
For the God who made so fair a world,
Will watch us day by day ;
Protect us in our wanderings,
And hear us when we pray !”

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE.

BY MISS DAGLEY.

“ Oh, mother, dear ! it loveth us ! and what beside have we ? ”

MARY HOWITT.

LUCY ANWELL was the eldest child of poor parents. Her father, a labouring man with very indifferent health, had great difficulty in maintaining his family ; and there were times when his wife, their daughter Lucy, and two little boys, were reduced to distress. But their children were all well brought up ; and when Lucy was only nine years old, she was such a clever, handy girl, that all the neighbours, by turns, employed her to run an errand, or nurse a child ; for she was good-tempered and willing, as well as notable.

Now and then she had a penny given to her, though not always, for her employers were poor as well as herself ; but on one occasion her services had been such, that she was actually rewarded with a silver sixpence.

Never was an important sum more oppor-

tunely given, for the following week was the fair, where all young people spend money who have it to spend.

“What a lucky girl I am,” thought Lucy; “I will buy my mother a riband for her Sunday cap; my father shall have a tobacco-box; and my brothers, whistles and ginger-bread, if the money will buy all.”

Alas! how soon do the children of the poor enter on the cares of life! Poor Lucy’s hopes and intentions soon received a check; for she found her mother weeping, and learned that, having had the misfortune to take a bad shilling, poor Dame Anwell was at this moment without the bread required for their evening meal. It will be readily believed, that Lucy instantly supplied the loss so far as she was able.

“This is indeed a lucky sixpence,” said her mother, “for it comes in the hour of need;” and Lucy’s affectionate heart bounded with delight at the moment; yet, it must be owned, that when the time of the fair came, and she saw all her companions able to spend something, and heard the money jingling in their hands: she felt it hard to be poorest of the poor, and be neither able to spend nor give. With the fair, however, the recollection vanished; and when

at the end of the month her mother returned her the sixpence, Lucy was willing to keep it for the chance of being remanded for household purposes. After a time, however, the health of her father returned—the pressure of want was removed, and Lucy felt she had a right to spend her own money in the way she liked best.

Returning from an errand one day, she heard a dog howling most piteously, and soon after saw a half-starved puppy struggling to make its way through a hedge, which it could not effect, in consequence of something being tied to its tail. The poor cur looked wistfully at Lucy, who, with prompt humanity, took a knife from her pocket, cut the string, and set the dog at liberty. Just as she had done so, two boys came up, hooping and hallooing; and one of them seizing hold of the creature, which he claimed as his own, proposed to repeat the cruelty by again seizing the string.

“ I will give you sixpence for him !” cried Lucy, in all the agitation of pity.

“ You shall have him for a shilling !” said the boy.

“ But I have no more in the world,” replied Lucy, sorrowfully.

The young tyrants took Lucy’s sixpence, in-

tending to regain the poor dog by and by ; for the present, the wretched animal gladly followed her, and endeavoured, by every medium in his power, to express his gratitude ; and although she felt some uneasiness lest her purchase should prove an unwelcome guest, yet, since she expressed herself willing to part with him whenever her father could procure him a good place, his presence was permitted cheerfully by both her parents. The boys were, of course, delighted with him.

One day, Dame Anwell sent the two little boys to the village with a basket to fetch numerous articles, with many strong injunctions to be steady. Little Trim, of course, accompanied them ; and it would be difficult to say which of the three was the most happy and frolicsome as they went. In returning they were all steadier, for the basket was heavy. Unfortunately, it became a subject of dispute ; much time was lost in adjusting differences ; and on the mother's examination, to her great distress, the tea, which was the most expensive article in the order, was no where to be found. Just, however, as she was beginning alike to scold and lament the loss, Trim came running in with the lost package in his mouth.

“The sensible creature!” cried the mother; “I am sure he ought to be an example to such careless boys;” and it was certain both George and William became more trustworthy after this incident; and since her father was also fond of the dog, Lucy seemed likely to retain the only pet she had ever possessed.

Trim was a creature that could bear indulgence; the more he was caressed, the more intelligent and faithful he became,—retaining also a marked preference for the little girl who had released him, and was his especial mistress.

One day, when Lucy had been carrying her father his dinner, she was overtaken by a terrible storm in a place where she could see no possible shelter. “What shall we do, Trim?” said the poor child, apostrophising her four-footed friend. As if in reply, the dog bounded before her, and soon conducted her to a snug hollow in a bank, into which they both crept till the storm was over, when they had the satisfaction of going home perfectly dry and comfortable, to the astonishment of Dame Anwell, who was anxiously looking out for Lucy, and eagerly inquired “where she had been during the storm?”

It will be readily believed that Lucy extolled the conduct of Trim on this occasion as little

short of a miracle, and continued her eulogies until she perceived that a lady and her little daughter were seated in the cottage, whither they had been driven by the rain, and had heard all she had been saying.

“ Oh! what a pretty dog, mamma!” cried the latter; “ do look, mamma, at the little dog!”

The boys, proud of having their favourite admired, shewed off all the tricks Trim was capable of; but as the weather had cleared up, the lady now, after thanking Mrs. Anwell for shelter, hastened away; but her little girl cast many a longing, lingering look towards the dog and his dwelling.

Poor children have their wishes and likings as well as rich ones; but they are generally only temporary. Differently situated, and differently brought up, Jemima Frelove seldom formed a wish that was not attended to. In consequence, the Anwells were next day surprised by a visit from Mrs. Frelove, to say, “ that she wished to purchase the dog for her daughter.”

Mrs. Anwell, who was become attached to poor Trim, observed, “ that her children were so fond of the poor thing, that really she did not know what to say.”

Mrs. Freelove thought that a *poor* woman ought to have said immediately the dog should be hers ; and with some degree of anger she returned home immediately and addressed her husband on the subject.

“ What is to be done ? Jemima will have this little dog, and the people seem unwilling to part with it, because the children, forsooth, are fond of it.”

“ I think, my dear, we are the last who should blame people for indulging their children.”

“ I am sure I never spoil mine, but I cannot bear to see her fret — look how pale she looks ; my dear ! I do hope this dame Anwell will consider and let us have the dog.”

Mr. Freelove heard so much of this trouble all that day and the next, that towards evening he took a walk to Anwell’s cottage, and arrived just at the time when the children were wondering “ how his daughter, who had so many fine things to please her, could wish for their dog ;” and when the father, whose situation in life had been greatly altered, was observing, “ that poverty was indeed hard to bear when it subjected a man to tyranny, and such he considered a demand for his dog.”

The good dame felt afraid that in his present

mood her husband would lose both his temper and his dog. She was much relieved when Mr. Freelove began to ask his opinion on some matters connected with agriculture, for she well knew that her Thomas would answer him properly; indeed, so well did he carry on the conversation that Mr. Freelove forgot what he came about, and had left the house, but on recollecting it, he turned back, and spoke about his child's desire in a very apologising tone.

"She is all we have — her health is delicate, and I need not tell *you*, that a little daughter is very, very dear to a parent."

Thomas Anwell looked at Lucy, and observed, "that was very true;" and Lucy looked at her father, and said — "I am sure Trim would have a good place."

Consent instantly followed, and Mr. Freelove put some money into Anwell's hand, saying, "it was not to pay for the dog, for which he held himself obliged to him, but in order that something might be purchased for the children to repay their loss;" yet although all had a sense of the handsome manner in which Mr. Freelove acted, the boys lamented aloud the removal of their pet; poor Lucy, who felt the most, said little, though the tear would drop when she assisted in

decoying her darling to his new and splendid home.

As Jemima was induced to take more exercise with her new favourite than she ever did before, her health improved, and this being imputed to the dog, imparted a sense of obligation in Mrs. Freelove towards both him and his friends, and she shewed many little attentions to the Anwells; and when after a time Mr. Freelove told her, "he had a desire to engage Thomas Anwell as his own bailiff, which would greatly improve his situation in life," she expressed much pleasure, and said, "she would walk with him to the cottage, and carry the good news to him and his wife."

Jemima went with them, but took care that Trim should be shut up, for she well knew if he got near Lucy he would be unwilling to leave her. As they approached the cottage they saw the boys playing at the threshold, but, on seeing them, both ran in, and immediately shut the door.

"How very rude those children are," said the lady; "I am sure their sister would not have done so."

Mr. Freelove soon ascertained that Lucy and her parents were from home, and on opening

the door, he saw that the boys were exceedingly busy in trying to place a tub over something which they wanted to conceal.

“What are you about, my boys?” said he; “tell the truth.”

The children were unaccustomed to any kind of deceit, but yet they felt afraid of telling all the truth at this time, aware that it might defeat their purpose, and looked wistfully at each other, and at the object they had been removing.

“What have you got under the tub?” said the gentleman, advancing towards it.

In great alarm the elder now said —

“Why, you see, sir — you see, ma’am, we were told to be good boys and do no mischief while father and mother went out, and to take care of the things; so when we saw you coming we thought it right to shut the door, and to ——”

“And to do what?” insisted Mr. Freelove.

“To take care of sister Lucy’s bird,” cried the youngest.

“So you turned the tub over it, did you?”

“Yes, sir; ’cause we thought as how if the little lady didn’t see it she wouldn’t take a fancy to it, and so then poor Lucy wouldn’t lose it as she did her own dog.”

Great was the shock Mrs. Freelove received

on thus learning that her idolised darling was an object of fear and distrust to her humble neighbour, and firmly did she resolve to alter a system which had produced such an effect. For the present her intention was suspended by the arrival of the Anwells, who heard with joyful gratitude of Mr. Freelove's kind provision for them, which the happy father entered on the more joyfully, because he knew his own power of being truly valuable to the gentleman who trusted him.

When they had departed, dame Anwell clasped her beloved daughter to her bosom, and kissing her, said,—“ every thing had been in fact given by the good child whose ready compliance with the wishes of another, for the sake of her parents, had brought a blessing on them.”

This blessing extended in due time from the cottage to the hall, for Lucy could hang her bird at the window, or receive the caresses of Trim, if Miss Freelove looked in, without exciting either her envy or her anger. By degrees the daughter of amiable parents became herself amiable, and fully capable of estimating the virtues and imitating the conduct of Lucy Anwell.

TO THE BRAMBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
So put thou forth thy small white rose —
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt, and roses blow,
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are.

How delicate thy gauzy frill !
How rich thy budded stem !
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them.

THE FIRST PART OF THE
STORY IS A HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE MAN WHO
WAS THE FIRST TO
DISCOVER THE
MOUNTAINS OF THE
WEST. THE SECOND PART
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MOUNTAINS OF THE
WEST. THE SEVENTH PART
IS A HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE MAN WHO
WAS THE FIRST TO
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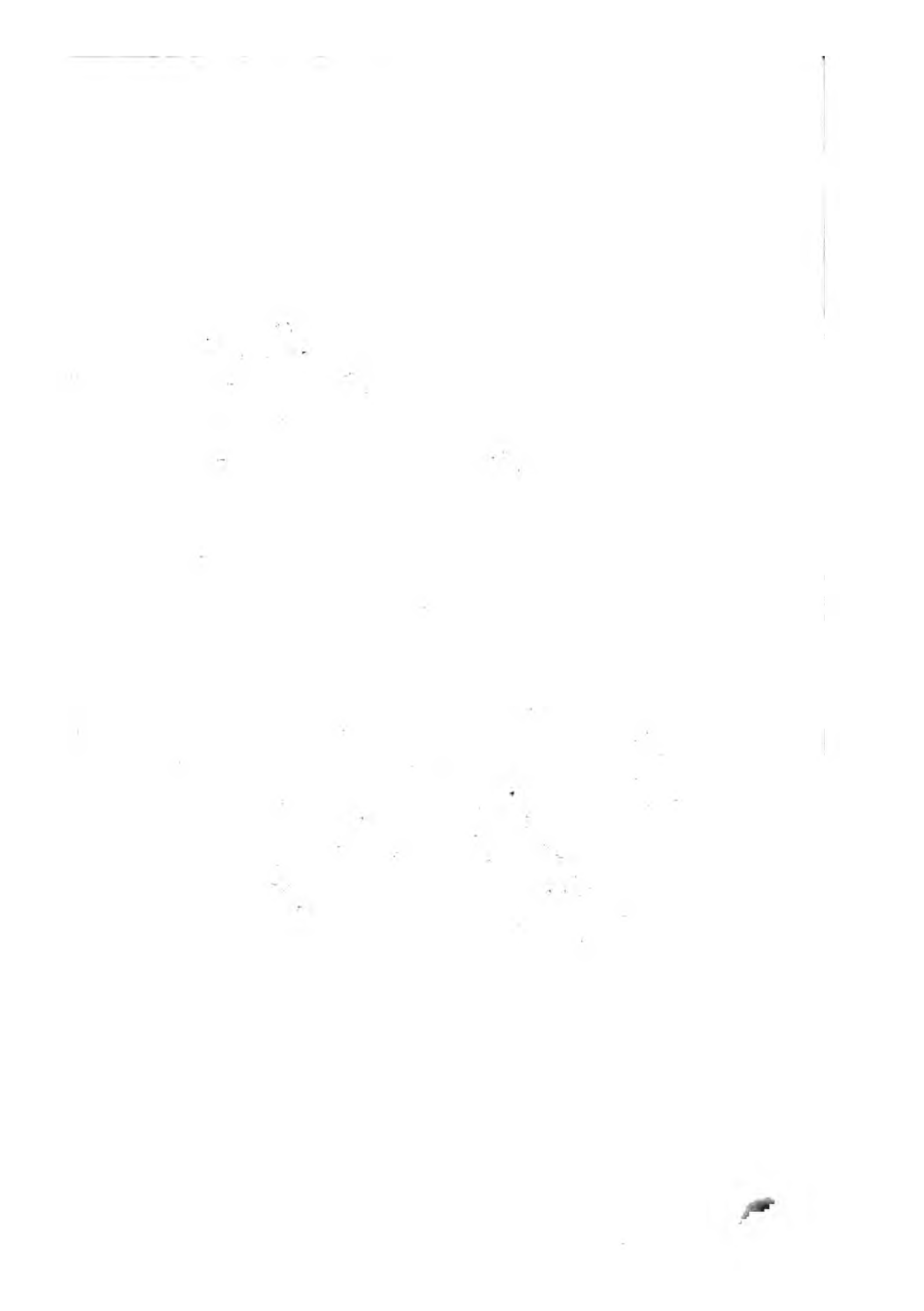
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While silent showers are falling slow,
And whispering through the bush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Amid the general hush !

The violet near the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head ;
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn-flower is dead ;

But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Again thou bidst me a boy,
More fain than bird or bee
To gad, in freedom and in joy,
O'er bank and brae with thee.





Painted by Owen.

Pub^d 1835, for the Proprietors.

Eng^d by J. Stubbs.

THE BLIND BEGGAR

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"YES, now I've made up my mind, mamma. I'll buy no silly toy with this half-crown; no hoops, nor tops, nor drums,—but a magnetic swan! will not that be a sensible plaything? And I can swim it in one of the glass globes in the breakfast-room; and when I have done with it, nurse shall put it away, lest Caroline should get to it; and so it will last for ever and ever, until I am a man."

"I am sorry, my dear Henry," said Mrs. Davenport gently, "that the idea of possessing a toy which can be enjoyed without the participation of your sister, should enhance its value in your estimation. Selfishness, my beloved boy, is not only unamiable in children, but even wicked. The first duty of youth, and assuredly the most lovely one, is to sacrifice its own pleasures to the welfare and the gratification of others. Do you not see at once your error in this instance? You would deny to poor Caro-

line the amusement which you covet for yourself; and yet you unhesitatingly appropriate the property of mamma in the furtherance of your own enjoyment, without a fear of her imitating your example by refusing to allow the glass globes, which are her property, to conduce to your sports."

Henry hung his head in silence.

"Think of this, my child," pursued Mrs. Davenport, "and now we will talk no more of the half-crown; but look round you, Henry, you are no longer a baby, and I am anxious that you should *feel* as well as *see* how beautiful and bright is the world in which you will one day be called upon to act as a man. Do you not love these simple wild flowers? these blushing hedges-roses, this clinging honeysuckle, with its graceful tendrils, and trumpet-shaped pipes laden with perfume? and this pretty brook which murmurs along in the sunshine, and these tall and leafy trees under whose shade we are walking? Is it not pleasant to see the happy birds winging their flight through the clear air and loading the breeze with music? And do you not love to look far, far away, to the tall hills yonder, which seem almost, at this distance, to touch the sky, which is so blue and bright about them? Is it not a

blessed privilege to gaze upon a scene like this?"

"Oh! yes, mamma; I like to see such a fine day, and to gather the flowers, and chase the butterflies, and watch the minnows frisking about under the little bridge — but then, you know, every one can do so who chooses."

Mrs. Davenport made no reply; but still holding her son by the hand, she traversed the village, and crossing a meadow, bent her way towards a small ivy-covered hut which stood beside the high road to London. At the door sat an aged man, whose long gray hair was flowing in the wind, and who held in his hand a tattered hat to receive the offerings of the charitable. Beside him stood a girl in her first youth, but the joyousness of girlhood had already passed away; there was care on her young brow, and anxiety in the mild eyes which glanced out from beneath her coarse and rustic bonnet; her arm was round the neck of the old man, and as Mrs. Davenport and her son approached the cottage, they could hear her low sweet voice, as she spoke encouragingly to her companion.

"Dear lady, have pity on the blind!" murmured the old man, as the mother and son

stopped beside him ; while the girl dropped a curtsey, and only looked her entreaty.

“ Do you not know me, my good Lucy ?” asked Mrs. Davenport kindly.

“ Grandfather,” blushed Lucy, “ it is my lady from the great house.” As the girl spoke, her venerable relative strove to rise from his low stool, but Mrs. Davenport, laying her hand upon his arm, gently held him back.

“ I have brought my son to see you, William,” she said ; “ I wish him to learn from your lips an awful truth which, I trust, will make him both a wiser and a better boy. I am anxious to impress upon him the value of that blessing of which you have been deprived, and, at the same time, to shew him how piously so awful a privation may be borne.”

As Mrs. Davenport spoke, Henry approached more closely to the old man, and discovered that he was blind. The boy had of course often heard of blindness ; but he had never looked on it before, and the tears sprang into his young eyes as he gazed on the sightless orbs of the gray-haired mendicant.

“ Heaven bless you, my sweet young gentleman !” said William ; “ and may you never, never know the misery of losing your precious

eye-sight. Once, like you, I could look on all around me; and oh! how beautiful does all which I can now remember seem to me in my darkness. To-day I feel that the sun is in the sky, for I am warmed by his beams; but I do not see it sparkling and shining around me. I know that the flowers are in blossom, for when the breeze lifts the hair from my forehead, it brings their perfume with it; but I cannot see them springing up by the wayside, like memorials of that paradise which man lost through sin;—and yet, young gentleman, though the light of day can never more revisit me on earth, think not that all is dark. But for this dear girl at my side, I should be childless; yet in her love I am rich indeed; for, afflicted as I am, I am nevertheless not *alone*—I can yet hear her kind voice, and feel her gentle kiss upon my lips; and then—and I entreat of you, young, and rich, and happy, as you are, to remember this—there is another world, where even the blind will see, and where the eyes which have been sealed on earth will be opened to a holier and a purer light. Here, young sir, I am poor and despised; but so was *He* who died for sinners,—there, should I, through *His* merits indeed, look upon my God; there will be no veil before my sight,

but even as the angels dwell in brightness, so will the dark one of earth be conscious of the presence of his Maker."

Long ere the mendicant ceased speaking, the half-crown which had so long possessed the thoughts and taxed the invention of Henry, had been quietly and unobtrusively deposited in the hat which still rested upon the knee of the old man. Mrs. Davenport affected not to notice the action ; and, after having spoken a few kind words to Blind William and his careful granddaughter, led her son away.

" And now, Henry," she said, " shall we go to Mrs. Davis's, and purchase the magnetic swan?"

" No, I thank you, mamma ; I have changed my mind, and left the half-crown at the cottage ; but I should like to gather a handful of those roses for Carry to put in her bonnet, and some of this pretty white bind-weed to make a garland for her lamb, and a bunch of honeysuckle for the nursery ; and I shall so enjoy looking at them as we walk home, and seeing their bright colours and their pretty shapes ; and how pleasantly they invite the bees and the butterflies to alight upon them ; and then, if you are not in a hurry, we can stand and watch the minnows

under the bridge, and see the water sparkle over the pebbles, and look at all the beautiful things that God put into the world to shew us how good he is—the young lambs in the meadows, and the birds amid the branches, and all the happy things that love the light.”

“ We will do all this, my child,” said Mrs. Davenport ; “ and at the same time we will admire the mercy of that God who, in sealing the eyes of poor old William, has so opened his heart, that the hope on which he lives is far more valuable and precious to him than even the light of day to you ; while I will also thank Him, that He has graciously given to my dear boy that humble, loving, and meek spirit, which teaches him to repair, by an act of positive goodness, a meditated unkindness ; and believe me, my dear child, when I tenderly and fearlessly assure you, that were you at this moment the owner of the coveted toy, you would derive infinitely less gratification from its possession than you must now feel from the sweet conviction, that you have called down on your young head the blessing of the blind ! ”

THE SNOW STORM.

BY J. OGLE.

THICK clouds ascending slowly climb'd the sky—
The red round sun had set—a storm was nigh;
The village children's evening task was done,
And all were happy in their homes—but one:
She saw the clouds uniting far and near,
While darkness thickened, and she sigh'd for
fear.

With starting tears, and lips apart, she ran
To reach her home ere yet the storm began.
But ah! the winds arise, the tempest breaks,
Fast whirls the snow in broad contiguous flakes;
O'er roofs, and trees, and field, and road, 'tis
spread —

Pale, cold, and noiseless—emblem of the dead!
The lonely church presents a solemn sight—
The tower, the yew, the graves, are clothed in
white:

Beneath that soil, poor child! thy mother lies,
Nor feels the storm that round thee falls and
flies.

Oh, haste thee, maiden !—haste thee on thy way,
Observe the path, nor let thy footstep stray ;
And tread with caution where the single beam
Extends—a dang'rous bridge across the stream ;
Forget the miles between thy home and thee,
Lest terror rob thee of the power to flee.
In such a night the stoutest hearts might fail,
When hopeless horror, cold, fatigue, assail.
Before the fire, with warm expanded hands,
Expecting thee, thy sister smiling stands ;
While, as the flickering flames arise and fall,
The girl's huge shadow dances on the wall.
Thy grandam longs in vain to aid thee, child,—
So weak with age is she, the night so wild ;
Nor has she near one sympathising friend,
To guide and guard thee to thy journey's end.
Tow'rd the old clock her anxious gaze is cast,
That shews the hour of thy return is past ;
And as the gusts against the lattice beat,
She thinks each sudden sound the sound of feet.

That night the shepherd strove to cross the plain,
And save his distant flock,—but strove in vain.
Deep lay the drift, the snow flew fiercely still,
And sheep by twenties perish'd on the hill.
Full half his flock, he knew, must needs be lost ;
His fingers slowly counted up the cost.

The dog's caress his angry hand forbade—
His head was busy, and his heart was sad.
The mails were stopp'd, or wandered from the
road—

The plunging horses fail'd to move the load.
And where the wind blew freely o'er the moor,
Three feet of snow had block'd the widow's door;
Nor can a helpless child, when tempests rave,
And spread beneath his feet the traveller's grave,
Endure what manhood well might fear to brave;
And if a wand'rer fall, the ruthless skies
Will wind the sheet of death before he dies;
The brain will swim, and fatal torpor creep
O'er all the limbs, and seal the eyes in sleep.
Thus, when the moon mid clouded radiance rose,
And lit the paleness of the bleaching snows,
Deep, deep beneath their surface, smooth and
fair,

They hid the gentle maid they would not spare.
That night her father, on the southern seas,
Was sailing, homeward bound, before the breeze:
With helm in hand he stood, and, musing,
smiled—

He thought to meet—ah! how he mourn'd—
his child.

A GHOST STORY.

IN A LETTER FROM WALES.

MY DEAR FRED,

WHEN I promised to write to you, I little thought I should have such an adventure to relate—such a ghost—yes, a real ghost story to tell you. I think it long till the holydays are over, to tell it to all the boys in our room at once: it beats George Amherst's stories all to nothing; and then, as papa says, it does so well shew the folly of being afraid. But, I say, Fred, my boy, only think of a lady in white coming to my bedside—oh! I shall not easily forget it; but, mind, you never catch me believing again in any of your tales of ghosts, hobgoblins, or whatever you please to call them.—I mustn't spoil my story before I can tell it. I was, you know, going to describe all about Wales, and the Welsh people; but I can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, and write of nothing else, than the ghost which haunted the new house. It is in a most beautiful spot, to be sure; yet, I

own, I was a little disappointed, because I did not think, till I came, of the difference in the scenery between North and South Wales. I was expecting to see the long chain of brown dusky mountains, of stupendous cliffs, and frightful precipices, with a cottage here and there interspersed ; instead of which we are surrounded by fertile hills. The house papa has bought stands on one, the base of which is washed by a beautiful winding river, and when the tide is full in, it is a glorious prospect ;—but a great deal more about all this when my story is told. The accommodations at the village inn were so miserable that papa ordered some furniture from the neighbouring town, resolving to have two or three rooms fitted up in the house. The people of the inn stared aghast as he announced his determination.

“ La, sir, you surely be joking ! sleep there, sir ? ”

“ Yes, indeed,” said papa, “ I was never more in earnest in my life.”

“ You will excuse my making so free, but, indeed, you *cannot* sleep *there*, sir.”

“ Why not ? ” asked papa.

“ Because, sir—because they say the house is haunted.”

“ By whom, my good friend ? ”

“ By the lady, sir.”

“ By what lady, pray ?”

“ Why a lady who, they say, was murdered there many long years ago.”

“ And do you really believe these things ?”

“ La, sir ! to be sure I do. Who that comes to so foul an end could rest quiet in a grave ?”

“ But for what purpose do you suppose the spirits of those who are gone are permitted to disturb the innocent here ? If those who killed the lady were still on earth, perhaps their guilty consciences might lead them to fancy her before them.”

“ I know nothing about that, sir ; but sure and certain am I, that there she walks every night ; and no one has since slept twice in the house. There was one man, sir, disappeared with her, and never was seen again from that day to this : five years ago, Jem Coleman once fancied he saw him on the deck of a vessel a few miles out at sea, but he was gone in a moment ; he did put his boat out, and rowed to the vessel, and asked if they had Bad Barney, as we used to call him, on board ; but they only laughed, and said they never knowed such a person ; so, sure and certain, it was his troubled spirit.”

“ But has the house never been let ?”

“ It goes with the land, you see, but nobody can live in it ; but the land fetches such a good price, it quite makes up for it. Indeed, sir, as sure as you stand there, you will never lie quiet in your bed.”

“ Indeed I do not admire having my rest broken ; but even if I am disturbed, I shall not lay it to the poor ghost ?”

“ Well, sir, seeing is believing, you know ; and trust me if ever you go there a second night—and what’s more, I am sure nobody in the village will go with you.”

“ Never mind,” said papa, “ I have my own two servants, and my son, which, I trust, will be sufficient ; if it is only a lady ghost, I presume she will not use any violence towards us ; and even if she does, I think we should be more than a match for her. Can you tell me of any mischief she has done ?”

“ I think it is enough if she frightens people out of their wits ; but, sure, you won’t take the young gentleman with you ?”

“ That I leave to himself ; he is old enough to judge which he had best do. He has been taught to fear nothing while he knows he has acted rightly, and to believe himself in all places and circumstances under the immediate protec-

tion of God ; and, young as he is, he would not, I think, very easily be persuaded to believe in a ghost."

" Well, sir, you really are very hard of belief, almost as much so as Bill Simpson, who used to swear he feared neither God nor devil ; but he never dared the ghost a second night, nor was he ever after it heard to boast of his unbelief, but went regularly to church, chapel, ay, and prayer-meeting too, for matter o' that."

" Indeed !" said papa ; " you begin to make me think very well of the lady ghost, and almost desirous of her acquaintance."

" Well, to be sure, you be a merry gentleman, and not very soon frightened ; but if your courage doesn't come down a peg or two afore this time to-morrow, my name is not Mary Jones."

Had not papa cut the matter short, I know not when poor Mrs. Jones's persuasions would have stopped ; and it was soon plain that she did not drop the subject when she left the room, as our intention of sleeping on Castle Hill was soon spread all over the village, which, certainly, was not very large. You would have laughed to see the women standing in groups, with their knitting in their hands, whispering

together, and looking at us as if we were going to be sacrificed.

You will wonder how I felt all this while — why, rather queer, Fred, I will own, but still determined to go through all, if only for the sake of having a good story to tell the boys when I return to school. Without papa I know I never could have gone, but when one sees another not afraid, we are not so much so ourselves: I did sit for a few minutes thinking where the ghost could or would take us to if she attempted to spirit us away, and, though half afraid he would laugh at me, I ventured to ask papa; he tried to conceal a smile, but could not, as he told me to reflect a moment whether it were possible, if she really were supernatural, for her to do such a thing.

“ Let me,” continued he, “ put one question to you, Henry: Out of all the marvellous stories you have ever heard, do you remember one of them to have been related by any really religious, well-educated person? Are they not always represented to have been seen by the ignorant and superstitious?”

“ Why, yes, papa, they certainly are,” replied I.

“ And have they not been described to be perfectly harmless—merely embodied for a moment, then vanishing in the air—for this obvious reason, because their disappearance could no other way be accounted for? You never hear of any good resulting from the disclosures they make. And were they even empowered to unveil the future, have we any business to penetrate that which God, in his infinite wisdom, forbids us to know? And happy is it for us that his goodness has so ordained; for if bad is to come, would not the knowledge of it render the intervening time miserable, which might otherwise be one of enjoyment? and if we had the certainty of future happiness, how unfitted should we be for present duties in anticipating its arrival!”

But I shall fill my sheet with papa's remarks, and not have room for the best part of my story; so I shall skip over all that passed till we went to our rooms at night. There was a little tent-bed for me by papa's,—now mind, Fred, not one word to the boys when we get back, but indeed I could not help it,—I crept out of my own into his. The two men-servants were in the adjoining apartment. *We*, at least *I*, lay a long time awake, trembling no more than I could

possibly help, and was just beginning to feel a little heavy, when I heard the village clock strike one. It was a bright moonlight night; I could hear the splashing of the water as the tide kept ebbing and beating over the rocks. Papa had fallen into a sound sleep—this I was sure of, from the noise he made. As I lay, I fancied I heard a sort of rumbling and creaking; and though I felt a little alarmed, I could not for the life of me keep my head under the bed-clothes; so I ventured to look towards the door, which kept opening a little and a little wider, with the noise of a chair I had placed there, as there was no key in the door. I crept closer to papa, who, out of deference to the ghost, ceased snoring, or rather awoke, though he lay still, and spoke not. Presently, in came a lady all in white, sure enough, with long black hair flowing all over her shoulders; a large muslin veil hung over her head, which was thrown back; her face was of an unearthly hue—very, very pale and ghastly. She was extremely ugly, and held something in her hand which emitted a faint blue flame. She advanced with a noiseless step to the foot of the bed, when she began singing something in the Welsh dialect. She then came to the side where I lay, making such horrid

faces ! I shall never forget her looks. She was just turning away, when papa, snatching a pistol from behind his pillow, called out, " Pray, madam, don't leave us yet, though I have nothing to offer you but a little gunpowder, and have not time to make it into tea ; so you must excuse taking it thus." Saying this, he fired a pistol — not exactly at the ghost, but near enough to frighten her terribly. She gave a most violent shriek, and attempted to dart through the opposite door, which led into the room where the men slept.

" That door, ma'am, is secured ; and through this, by which you entered, you pass only through my other pistol, which you will excuse my pointing at a lady ; but, unless you this moment declare your purpose and your errand, its contents are lodged in your body."

Then the poor woman, falling on her knees, and throwing off part of her ghostly attire, confessed her only object was to drive people from inhabiting the house ; which, with a subterraneous passage leading out to the sea through the rocks, was partly occupied by a gang of smugglers, whenever they wanted to deposit their cargoes. The ghost lady was daughter to one, and was shortly to be the wife of another —

the very Bad Barney, who was reported to have been carried away, but who, in fact, joined the gang; and it was really he who was seen on the deck of the vessel, but he had assumed a different name; and as to the man whose reform was represented by Mrs. Jones to be effected in the haunted house, the whole gang set on him as fiends, pretending to be sent for him.

The woman confessed, that in one or two nights the whole party would be in, as the spring tides had begun. These confessions were extorted by fear and surprise, so unexpected had papa's firmness been. She acknowledged to have been completely thrown off her guard. As she recovered from her terror, and began to recollect herself, she was much alarmed lest her desperate associates should wreak their vengeance on her for betraying them; but papa promised her liberty and protection for herself and father after a certain time.

The next day notice was given to the proper authorities, and a certain number of officers and soldiers of the Preventive Service, with others from the Custom House, were all stationed ready. Towards sunset a vessel was descried making towards the place. It was beautiful to see how she cut through the water, and, though heavily

laden, carrying every sail she could hoist. Still, she glided on in fine style.

Of the rest I can only tell you by hearsay, as papa said it was any thing but a proper scene for boys to witness. The end was, that although great resistance was made, the smugglers were secured to a man, and their cargo also — the old man and his daughter set at liberty, as papa hopes, to get an honest livelihood—and we are left in quiet possession of our house and grounds.

Thus has papa, by a little presence of mind, rid the country of a nuisance; and I know I have learned a useful lesson, and seen the folly of indulging in idle fears. But so prejudiced are the country people, that, though he has found one ghost to be human, they will believe as firmly as ever in supernatural appearances.

Believe me ever yours,

HENRY.

VIOLA.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

“ VIOLA ! Viola !—haste, ere the roses
 Droop o’er the banks of the Arno to sleep ;
 Come, ere the radiant sunlight reposes —
 Come, ere the shadows of evening weep !—
 Since the *dawn* sought thy beautiful eyes to
 awaken,
 Oh, ne’er from thy hand hath the distaff been
 laid ;—
 Surely thy task may an hour be forsaken ?
 An hour — ere the splendours of sunset must
 fade ?

“ ’Tis true that thy mother sits aged and lonely,
 That thou art her sole consolation and stay—
 That nought save *thy* labour—*thy* diligence only,
 May hope to support her from day, love, to day !
 But long hast thou toil’d, and thy dark eyes
 seem weary ;
 Then, come, breathe the air of the Fiesole high,
 Ere night draws her curtain, and, cloudy and
 dreary,
 Arno reflects not a star in the sky.



Drawn by Perry Williams.

Pub^d for the Proprietors. 1835

Eng^d by W. Greatbach.

VIOLA.



“ Come, while the boatmen glide swift o’er the
river,

The late Contadino sings, urging his steers ; —
Let our hearts with affection look up to the
Giver,

Our prayers be the silent devotion of tears !
A thousand rich odours from garden and moun-
tain,

From wild-wood and grotto, enjoyment pro-
long ;

Oh, come, whilst young Echo, the nymph of the
fountain,

Mocks through the valley the nightingale’s
song.

“ All is so happy, so lovely, and glowing,
Nature and goodness seem one and the same ;
Let us welcome the gifts our Creator’s bestow-
ing,

And together, dear Viola, worship his name !
Leave for a moment thy distaff behind thee —

Meet with enchantment the health - giving
breeze ;

Morning with vigour renewed shall then find
thee,—

Come to the mountain, my own Genoese ! ”

“ Not to the mountain, though health it dispenses —

Not to the river, though beauty beams there ;
This hour hath a thousand delights for the senses ;

But leave me, Alberto—oh, leave, or forbear !
I know and I love my bright land and its beauty,
And deem me not cold to the friendship you shew ;

Inclination and Pleasure should both yield to
DUTY,

And not from my mother one minute I'll go !

“ Perchance in that very same moment she'd waken,

And call with her fond, feeble voice on my name ;

Long, long seem the hours when in sickness forsaken,

And I'll ne'er seek a joy by an act she might blame !”

“ Then, adieu, my dear Viola ! all would look lonely—

The Arno itself, if bereft of thy sight ;
A time may yet come when thou'lt live for me only ;—

Good night, my sweet Viola ! — dearest, good night !”

THE FIRST TRAVELLERS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

A SWEET little cottage on the southern coast was the last summer retreat of the Elwoods. Its simple front and thatched roof made it a model of rustic elegance. A delightful glimpse of it might be caught through the trees, whose tops, bending over and then uniting, formed a vista; while its towering myrtles, its varied woodbines, its splendid roses, and its golden laburnums, ranged in all their luxuriance about its walls, added their charms to those of the lovely garden and romantic grounds by which it was encircled. Behind arose the mighty range of the undercliff, adorned with shrubs and trees; while here and there a wild goat, attended by its young, might be seen, calm and secure on the edge of some vast precipice, and adding greatly to the interest of the scene. A short space only had to be traversed, and there was the ocean,

“ Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.”

• It was the second morning after their arrival, as the family were seated at breakfast — a meal peculiarly grateful after inhaling the fresh breezes of the ocean — that Emma said, “ O dear, papa, how kind it was of you to waken us so early this morning that we might hear the birds ! I thought I heard a little robin just join in ; but how the thrushes and blackbirds poured forth their notes !—and then those dear, *dear* little nightingales ——”

Mr. E.—I knew that you, Emma, and your brother, would be as much delighted as ourselves. The nightingale, sweetest of British warblers, is deservedly esteemed for the variety and richness of its song. “ It passes from grave to gay ; from a simple song to a warble the most varied ; and from the softest trilling and swells to languishing and lamentable sighs, which it as quickly abandons to return to its natural sprightliness.”

E.—Where can we *see* them, papa ?

Mr. E.—I may answer your question in the words of Coleridge —

“ On moonlit bushes,
Where dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening ——.”

With the poet, I may also add —

“ And oft a moment’s space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moon,
Emerging, hath awaken’d earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps !”

T.—Thank you, papa, for that beautiful description ; we think it especially so now that we have heard these songsters ourselves : but I was thinking that the motions of birds are as marvellous as their notes,—and then that they must have been the *first travellers*—don’t you think so too ?

Mr. E.—Doubtless they were so, my dear. When Eden was the home of our first parents in days of innocence, the birds, so graceful in form, so inimitable in brilliancy, so delightful in their melody, must have winged their flight from spot to spot, and enjoyed themselves, as we are now doing, in many an excursion. They are formed to move aloft through the air more rapidly than any other class of animated beings can move through it on the ground, by the amazing strength and movability of their pectoral muscles, and by the expansile form and peculiar texture of

their feathered wings. These muscles, it is said, the breast of the birds we eat, constitute half of the whole flesh of their body, and enable them to apply that quantity of the functional energy which actuates them to their action of flying. It is a remarkable fact, too, that fish, having to move through a denser medium, have *double* this force.

Mrs. E.—Birds surpass all other creatures in the power of continuing their motion without rest, as well as in its rapidity. The fleetest courser can scarcely ever run more than a mile in a minute, nor support that speed beyond five or six such efforts. But let a person take his stand on a fine summer evening by a new-mown field or a meadow, and among those of the swallow-tribe that flit before him, fix his eye on *one*, and follow for a while its extensive sweeps, with its sudden and repeated zigzag excursions, and then he will see a little traveller which can proceed at the rate of one mile in a minute, and who is thus engaged for ten hours every day.

E.—O dear, how remarkable! Are there other birds that go so fast?

Mrs. E. O, yes. Nothing is more common in Pennsylvania than to see large flocks of blue

birds,* in spring and fall, passing at considerable heights in the air, from the south in the former, and from the north in the latter season. The Bermudas are said to be six hundred miles from the nearest part of the continent; and extraordinary as such a flight may appear for so small a bird, its performance is an unquestionable fact. Were it to fly only at the rate of a mile a minute, which is less than it has been actually ascertained to do overland, ten or twelve hours would be sufficient for this purpose. Our carrier pigeons move with at least half that speed from our island to the Continent, and from one country to another.

E.—Papa, were you not about to say something?

Mr. E.—I can give you some instances, my dears, of the flight of these pigeons. Out of 110 brought from Brussels to London in the summer of 1830, and let fly from thence, one reached Antwerp, 186 miles off, in five hours and a half,—being at the rate of nearly thirty-four miles an hour. Five more arrived there within eight minutes after: thirteen others took

* The Blue Bird of America greatly resembles our Robin Redbreast in form and character, and every where meets with a hearty welcome.

two hours and a half longer for the journey, or eight hours in the whole. Another went from the metropolis to Maestricht, 260 miles, in six hours and a quarter. The golden eagle is supposed to dart through the fiercest storm at the rate of forty miles an hour: but one of our smallest birds, the swift, whose legs are so short that the actions of walking and rising from the ground seem very difficult, is amply compensated for this apparent deficiency by a peculiarly great extent of wing, for an easy and continued flight. Spallanzani thought that it travelled at the rate of 250 miles an hour; and Mr. White asserts, that it is almost continually flying, and never settles on the ground, trees, or roofs. It eats, drinks, and collects materials for its nest, on the wing. It seems to live more in the air than any other bird, and to perform all its functions there, except sleeping and incubation.

Mrs. E.—The swift, be it observed, belongs to the swallow tribe; and before we proceed, I will read you a beautiful passage from one of the last works of Sir Humphrey Davy:—“The swallow is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing as much as any other does my sense of

hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature. Winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange-groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa: he has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemeræ are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment, when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects—the friend of man; and, with the stork and the ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. The instinct which gives him his appointed seasons, and which teaches him always where and when to move, may be regarded as flowing from a Divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity!”

E.—Beautiful! oh, it is beautiful, dear mamma; and then, you know, multitudes go together. That must make their journeys, I should think, more pleasant. What would Ventnor, and Bonchurch, and Steep-Hill be to *me* were

I alone? But now that you are all here, and I can kiss you as often as I please, every thing is quite delightful.

Mrs. E.—I think so too, Emma; but of the number often associated, it is probable you are not fully aware. A species of sun-bird is so numerous in America, that in a circuitous route of more than eighteen hundred miles, travelled by Mr. Wilson, he never passed a day, and scarcely a mile, without seeing numbers of these birds, and frequently large flocks of several thousands. Captain Flinders saw a stream of stormy petrels, which was from fifty to eighty yards deep, and three hundred yards or more broad. The birds were not scattered, but flying as compactly as the full movement of their wings seemed to allow; and this stream of petrels, for a full hour and a half, continued to pass without intermission, as a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. Taking, then, the stratum at fifty yards deep by three hundred in breadth, and that it moved thirty miles an hour; and allowing nine cubic inches of space to each bird, the number would amount to one hundred and fifty-one millions and a half. The migrating pigeon of the United States exhibits a number still more enormous. If we suppose a column

of them, that was seen in passing between Frankfort on the Kentucky and the Indiana territory, to have been one mile in breadth (and it is believed to have been much more), and that it moved at the rate of one mile a-minute for four hours, the time it continued passing would make the whole length 240 miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three pigeons, the square yards multiplied by three would give 2,230,572,000 pigeons—an almost inconceivable multitude; yet probably far below the actual amount.

F.—What vast numbers! But why, papa, do they thus migrate?

Mr. E.—That, my dear, is a very difficult question. Migration is urged by a powerful instinct. It has been stated, indeed, by one who has most attentively examined the subject, that every bird has its native country, where it remains a part of the year, and travels during the remainder. Most birds live half the year at their home, and pass the other half in travelling. Some travel by day, as the birds of prey; but the larger part by night. Some use both times. They seem to pass their whole migration without sleep; for all the day they pursue their food, and where this appears they stop. They com-

monly keep very high in the air, and always at a suitable distance from the earth. But in reference to their movements, we have yet much to learn. Now for the shore, the land-slips, and the cliffs. What a bright morning have we to enjoy! All is gay, and rich, and beautiful. Come! for I am eager to start; and as we go, we will sing—

“ Swift birds, that skim o’er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep;
Who neither for rest nor slumber stay,
But press still forward by night or day,
As in your unvarying course ye fly,
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky.
Oh! may *we*, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue!”

Salisbury, June 11th, 1834.

THE NAUTILUS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

LIKE an ocean-breeze afloat,
In a little pearly boat—
Pearl within and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily, saileth he !

Not for battle, not for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue ;
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail nor lifts an oar :
Oh ! the joy of sailing thus—
Like a brave old Nautilus !

Much he knows the northern whaler,
More the Great Pacific sailor ;
And Phœnicians, old and grey,
In old times knew more than they ;
But, oh ! daring voyager small,
More thou knowest than they all !

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new-created seas :
Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old-sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled-up Ammonite !
Thou survived the awful shock
That turned the ocean-bed to rock,*
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms —
Fossil-scrolls that tell of change.

Thou wast there !—thy little boat,
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal ;
Amid wreck and overturning —
Rock-imbedding, heaving, burning !
Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine !

Then thou saw the settling ocean
Calming from its dark commotion ;

* The little Nautilus is found imbedded with the fossil remains of those sea-crocodiles and dragon-like creatures which have ceased to exist.

And, less mighty than the first,
Forth a new creation burst!—

Saw each crested billow rife
With ten thousand forms of life;
Saw the budding sea-weed grow
In the tranquil deeps below,
And within the ocean-mines
Hourly-branching corallines.

Thou didst know the sea, ere man
His first voyage had began—
All the world hadst sailed about
Ere America was found out—
Ere Ulysses and his men
Came to Ithaca again :
Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,
Brave old voyager, merrily,
While within the forest grew
The tree that was the first canoe.
Daring circumnavigator,
Would thou wert thine own narrator !

TO A LITTLE BOTANIST,
WITH A FROCK EMBROIDERED IN DAHLIAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," &c.

ELLA ! when last your busy feet
Amid my flow'r-knots stray'd,
'Twas rifling many a summer sweet,
To teach them not to fade.

The flow'rs whose names you strove to know,
With summer days have fled—
The chilly Dahlias long ago
Have put themselves to bed.

But some I caught of various hue,
Just as they said " Good night !"
And bade them bloom unchang'd for you,
In frost and snow's despite.

Since flow'rs can thus by industry
Be sav'd from youth to age,
Let many a plant, my " busy bee,"
Enrich your herbal's page.

First, let those *everlasting* flow'rs
Which, born in purer air,
Need daily dew from heavenly bow'rs,
Be fondly treasur'd there.

Let gentle Peace her *olive* bring,
Her *date* let History ;
Snatch precious *thyme* upon the wing—
Join *thrift* with *honesty*.

Let *speedwell* grace each growing page,
Till application's dint
Makes you yourself a little *sage*,
Your book a perfect *mint*.

Ne'er be the *violet's* modest charm
'Mid gaudier flow'rs forgot,
And oh ! to keep your store from harm,
Add still — *Forget-me-not* !

Your volume thus unchanged shall bloom,
For that dark winter fill'd,
Which labours past, and hopes to come,
Alone have pow'r to gild !

Christmas, 1833.

COUNTRY LODGINGS IN AMERICA.

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.*

“Chacun à son goût.”—*French proverb.*

IT has often been a subject of surprise to me, that so many, even of those highly-gifted people who are fortunate enough to possess both sorts of sense (common and uncommon), shew, nevertheless, on some occasions, a strange disinclination to be guided by the self-evident truth, that in all cases where the evil preponderates over the good, it is better to reject the whole than to endure a large portion of certain evil for the sake of a little sprinkling of probable good. I can think of nothing, just now, that will more aptly illustrate my position than the practice, so prevalent in the summer-months, of quitting a commodious and comfortable home, in this most beautiful and convenient of cities, for the purpose of what is called boarding out of town; and wilfully encountering an assemblage of almost all “the ills that flesh is heir to,” in the vain

* Published in America.

hope of finding superior coolness in those establishments that go under the denomination of country lodgings, and are sometimes to be met with in insulated locations, but generally in the unpaved and dusty streets of the villages and hamlets that are scattered about the vicinity of Philadelphia.

These places are adopted as substitutes for the springs or the sea-shore ; and it is also not unusual for persons who have already accomplished the fashionable tour, to think it expedient to board out of town for the remainder of the summer, or till they are frightened home by the autumnal epidemics.

The last time I was induced to make a trial of the delights of country lodgings, I had been told of a very genteel lady (the widow of an Englishman, said to have been highly connected in his own country), who had taken a charming house at a short distance from the city, with the intention of accommodating boarders for the summer ; and I finally allowed myself to be prevailed on to become an inmate of her establishment, as I had just returned from the north, and found the weather still very warm.

Two of my friends, a lady and gentleman, accompanied me when I went to engage my apart-

ment. The ride was a very short one, and we soon arrived at a white frame house, with green window-shutters, and also a green gate, which opened into a little front garden with one gravel walk, two grass-plats, and four Lombardy poplar trees, which, though excluded in the city, still keep their ground in out-of-town places.

There was no knocker, but after hammering and shaking the door for nearly five minutes, it was at last opened by a bare-footed bound-girl, who hid herself behind it as if ashamed to be seen. She wore a ragged light calico frock, through the slits of which appeared at intervals a black stuff petticoat; the body was only kept together with pins, and partly concealed by a dirty cape of coarse white muslin; one lock of her long yellow hair was stuck up by the wreck of a horn comb, and the remaining tresses hung about her shoulders. When we inquired if Mrs. Netherby was at home, the girl scratched her head, and stared as if stupified by the question; and on its being repeated, she replied that "she would go and look," and then left us standing at the door. A *black* servant would have opened the parlour, ushered us in, and, with smiles and courtesies, requested us to be seated. However, we took the liberty of entering without invita-

tion, and the room being perfectly dark, we also used the freedom of opening the shutters.

The floor was covered with a mat which fitted nowhere, and shewed evidence of long service. Whatever air might have been introduced through the fireplace, was effectually excluded by a thick chimney-board, covered with a square of wall-paper, representing King George IV. visiting his cameleopard. I afterwards found that Mrs. Netherby was very proud of her husband's English origin. The mantel-piece was higher than our heads, and therefore the mirror that adorned it was too elevated to be of any use. This lofty shelf was also decorated with two paste-board baskets, edged with gilt paper, and painted with bunches of calico-looking flowers; two fire-screens ditto, and two card-racks in the shape of harps, with loose and crooked strings of gold thread. In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned round tea-table, the feet black with age, and the top covered with one of those coarse unbleached cloths of figured linen, that always look like dirty white. The curiosities of the centre-table consisted of a tumbler of marigolds; a dead souvenir, which had been a living one in 1826; a scrap work-box, stuck all over with figures of men, women, and children, which

had been most wickedly cut out of engravings, and deprived of their back-grounds for this purpose ; an album, with wishy-washy drawings and sickening verses ; a china writing-apparatus, destitute alike of ink, sand, and wafers ; and a card of the British consul, which I afterwards learned had once been left by him for Mr. Netherby.

The walls were ornamented with enormous heads, drawn in black crayon, and hung up in narrow gilt frames, with bows of faded gauze riband. One head was inscribed Innocence, and had a crooked mouth ; a second was Beneficence, with a crooked nose ; a third was Contemplation, with a prodigious swelling on one of her cheeks ; and the fourth was Veneration, turning up two eyes of unequal size. The flesh of one of these heads looked like china, and another like satin ; the third had the effect of velvet, and the fourth resembled plush.

All these things savoured of much unfounded pretension ; but we did not then know that they were chiefly the work of Mrs. Netherby herself, who, as we learned in the sequel, had been blessed with a boarding-school education, and was, according to her own opinion, a person of great taste and high polish.

It was a long time before the lady made her appearance, as we had arrived in the midst of the siesta, in which it was the custom of every member of the establishment (servants included) to indulge themselves during the greatest part of the afternoon, with the exception of the bound-girl, who was left up to "mind the house." Mrs. Netherby was a tall, thin, sharp-faced woman, with an immense cap, that stood out all round and encircled her head like a halo, and was embellished with an enormous quantity of yellowish gauze riband, that seemed to incorporate with her huge yellow curls—fair hair being much affected by ladies who have survived all other fairness. She received us with abundance of smiles and a profusion of flat compliments, uttered in a voice of affected softness; and on making known my business, I was conducted up-stairs to see a room, which, she said, would suit me exactly.

It was small, but looked tolerably well; and though I was not much prepossessed in favour of either the house or the lady, I was unwilling that my friends should think me too fastidious, and it was soon arranged that I should take possession the following day.

Next afternoon I arrived at my new quarters;

and tea being ready soon after, I was introduced to the other boarders as they came down from their respective apartments. The table was set in a place dignified with the title of "the dining-room," but which was, in reality, a sort of ante-kitchen, and located between the acknowledged kitchen and the parlour. It still retained vestiges of a dresser, part of which was entire, in the shape of the broad lower-shelf and the under closets. This was painted red, and Mrs. Netherby called it the side-board. The room was narrow, the ceiling was low, the sunbeams had shone full upon the windows the whole afternoon, and the heat was extreme. A black man waited on the tea-table, with his coat out at elbows, and a marvellous dirty apron, not thinking it worth his while to wear good clothes in the country. And while he was tolerably attentive to every one else, he made a point of disregarding or disobeying every order given to him by Mrs. Netherby, knowing that, for so trifling a cause as disrespect to herself, she would not dare to dismiss him at the risk of getting no one in his place,—it being always understood, that servants confer a great favour on their employers when they condescend to go with them into the country. Behind Mrs. Netherby's chair stood the long-

haired bound-girl (called Anna by her mistress, and Nance by Bingham, the black waiter), waving a green poplar branch by way of fly-brush, and awkwardly flirting it in every one's face.

The aspect of the tea-table was not inviting. Everything was in the smallest possible quantity that decency would allow. There was a plate of rye-bread, and a plate of wheat, and a basket of crackers ; another plate with half a dozen paltry cakes, that looked as if they had been bought under the old Court House ; some morsels of dried beef on two little tea-cup plates, and a small glass dish of that preparation of curds which, in vulgar language, is called smear-case, but whose *nom de guerre* is cottage-cheese—at least, that was the appellation given it by our hostess. The tea was so weak that it was difficult to discover whether it was black or green ; but finding it undrinkable, I requested a glass of milk ; and when Bingham brought me one, Mrs. Netherby said, with a smile, “ See what it is to live in the country ! ”

The company consisted of a lady with three very bad children ; another with a very insipid daughter, about eighteen or twenty, who, like her mother, seemed utterly incapable of conversation ; and a fat Mrs. Pownsey, who talked an

infinite deal of nothing, and soon took occasion to let me know that she had a very handsome house in the city. The gentlemen belonging to these ladies never came out till after tea, and returned to town early in the morning.

Towards sunset, I proposed taking a walk with the young lady, but she declined on account of the dew ; and we returned to the parlour, where there was no light during the whole evening, as Mrs. Netherby declared that she thought nothing was more pleasant than to sit in a dark room in the summer. And when we caught a momentary glimpse from the candles that were carried past the door as the people went up and down stairs, we had the pleasure of finding that innumerable cock-roaches were running over the floor, and probably over our feet — these detestable insects having also a fancy for darkness.

The youngest of the mothers went up-stairs to assist her maid in the arduous task of putting the children to bed — a business that occupied the whole evening, though the eldest boy stoutly refused to go at all, and, stretching himself on the settee, he slept there till ten o'clock, when his father carried him off kicking and screaming.

The gentlemen talked altogether of trade and

bank business. Some neighbours came in, and nearly fell over us in the dark. Finding the parlour (which had but one door) most insupportably warm, I took my seat in the entry—a narrow passage, which Mrs. Netherby called the hall. Thither I was followed by Mrs. Pownsey, a lady of the Malaprop school, who had been talking to me all the evening of her daughters, Mary Margaret and Sarah Susan, they being now on a visit to an aunt in Connecticut. These young ladies had been educated, as their mother informed me, entirely by herself, on a plan of her own, and, as she assured me, with complete success; for Sarah Susan, the youngest, though only ten years old, was already regarded as quite a phinnominy (phenomenon), and as to Mary Margaret, she was an absolute prodigal.

“I teach them every thing myself,” said she, “except their French, and music, and drawing, in all which they take lessons from the first masters. And Mr. Bullhead, an English gentleman, comes twice a week to attend to their reading, and writing, and arithmetic, and the grammar of geography. They never have a moment to themselves, but are kept busy from morning till night. You know that idleness is the root of all evil.”

“ It is certainly the root of *much* evil,” I replied ; “ but you know the old adage, which will apply equally well to both sexes, ‘ All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.’ ”

“ Oh ! they often play,” resumed Mrs. Pownsey. “ In the evening, after they have learned their lessons, they have games of history, and botany, and mathematics, and all such instructive diversions. I allow them no other plays. Their minds are certainly well stored with all the arts and sciences.”

“ But, Mrs. Pownsey,” said I, “ do you never permit your daughters to read for amusement ? ”

“ Never,” replied this wisest of mothers ; “ amusement is the high road to vice. Indeed, with all their numerous studies, they have little or no time for reading any thing ; and when they have, I watch well that they shall read only books of instruction, such as Mr. Bullhead chooses for them. They are now at Rowland’s Ancient History, and they have already got through seven volumes. Their Aunt Watson (who, between ourselves, is rather a weak-minded woman) is shocked at the children reading that book, and says it is filled with crimes and horrors. But so is all the ancient history that ever I heard of ; and of course it is proper that little

girls should know these things. They will get a great deal more benefit from Rowland than from reading Miss Edgeworth's story-books, that sister Watson is always recommending."

"Have they ever read the history of their own country?" said I.

"I suppose you mean the History of America," replied Mrs. Pownsey. "Oh! that is of no consequence at all; and Mr. Bullhead says it is never read in England. After they have got through Rowland, they are going to begin Sully's Memoirs. I know Mr. Sully very well. And when they have read it, I will make the girls tell me his whole history. He painted my portrait, and a most delightful man he is, only rather obstinate; for, with all I could say, I could not prevail on him to rub out the white spots that he foolishly put in the black part of my eyes. And he also persisted in making one side of my nose darker than the other. It is strange that, in these things, painters will always take their own course in spite of us,—as if we, that pay for the pictures, have not a right to direct them as we please. But the artist-people are all alike. My friend Mrs. Oakface tells me she had just the same trouble with Mr. Neagle; in that respect, he's quite as bad as Mr. Sully."

She paused a moment to take breath, and then proceeded in continuation of the subject :—
“ Now we talk of pictures, you have no idea what beautiful things my daughters can paint. The very first quarter they each produced two pieces to frame. And Mary Margaret is such a capital judge of these things, that whenever she is looking at a new souvenir, her first thought is to see who did the pictures, that she may know which to praise and which not. There are a great many artists now, but I remember the time when almost all the pictures were done by Mr. Sculp and Mr. Pinx. And then, as to music ! I wish you could hear my daughters : their execution is wonderful ! They can play crotchets quite as well as quivers ; and they sing the great hunting chorus in *Der Friskit* equal to the Musical Fund. I long for the time when they are old enough to come out. I will go with them every where myself ; I am determined to be their perpetual shabberoon.”

So much for the lady that educated her daughters herself.

And still, when the mother is capable and judicious, I know no system of education that is likely to be attended with more complete success than that which keeps the child under the imme-

diate superintendence of those who are naturally the most interested in her improvement and welfare ; and which removes her from the contagion of bad example, and the danger of forming improper or unprofitable acquaintances. Some of the finest female minds I have ever known received all their cultivation at home. But much, indeed, are those children to be commiserated whose education has been undertaken by a vain and ignorant parent.

About nine o'clock, Mrs. Netherby had begun to talk of the lateness of the hour, giving hints that it was time to think of retiring for the night, and calling Bingham to shut up the house ; which order he did not see proper to obey till half-past ten. I then (after much delay and difficulty in obtaining a bed-candle), adjourned to my own apartment, the evening having appeared to me of almost interminable length, as is generally the case with evenings that are passed without light.

The night was warm, and, after removing the chimney-board, I left the sash of my window open : though I had been cautioned not to do so, and told that in the country the night-air was always unwholesome. But I remembered Dr. Franklin's essay on the art of sleeping well. It was long before I closed my eyes, as the heat was

intense, and my bed very uncomfortable. The bolster and pillow were nearly flat for want of sufficient feathers, and the sheets of thick muslin were neither long enough nor wide enough. At "the witching time of night," I was suddenly awakened by a most terrible shrieking and bouncing in my room, and evidently close upon me. I started up in a fright, and soon ascertained the presence of two huge cats, who, having commenced a duel on the trellis of an old blighted grapevine that unfortunately ran under the back windows, had sprung in at the open sash, and were finishing the fight on my bed, biting and scratching each other in a style that an old back-woodsman would have recognised as the true rough and tumble.

With great difficulty I succeeded in expelling my fiendish visitors, and to prevent their return there was nothing to be done but to close the sash. There were no shutters, and the only screen was a scanty muslin curtain, divided down the middle with so wide a gap that it was impossible to close it effectually. The air being now excluded, the heat was so intolerable as to prevent me from sleeping, and the cats remained on the trellis, looking in at the window with their glaring eyes, yelling and scratching at the glass,

and trying to get in after some mice that were beginning to course about the floor.

The heat, the cats, and the mice, kept me awake till near morning ; and I fell asleep about daylight, when I dreamed that a large cat stood at my bed-side, and slowly and gradually swelling to the size of a tiger, darted its long claws into my throat. Of course, I again woke in a fright, and regretted my own large room in the city, where there was no trellis under my windows, and where the sashes were made to slide down from the top.

I rose early with the intention of taking a walk, as was my custom when in town, but the grass was covered with dew, and the road was ankle-deep in dust. So I contented myself with making a few circuits round the garden, where I saw four altheas, one rose-tree, and two currant-bushes, with a few common flowers on each side of a grass-grown gravel walk ; neither the landlord nor the tenant being willing to incur any further expense by improving the domain. The grape-vine and trellis had been erected by a former occupant, a Frenchman, who had golden visions of wine-making.

At breakfast, we were regaled with muddy water, miscalled coffee, a small dish of doubtful

eggs, and another of sliced cucumbers, very yellow, and swimming in sweetish vinegar; also, two plates containing round white lumps of heavy half-baked dough, dignified by the title of Maryland biscuit, and one of dry toast, the crumb left nearly white and the crust burnt to a coal.

After breakfast there came walking into the room a tame white pigeon, which Mrs. Netherby told us was a turtle-dove. "Dear sweet Phœbe!" she exclaimed, taking up the bird and fondling it,—“has it come for its breakfast? well, then, kiss its own mistress, and it shall have some nice soft bread.”

The pigeon was then handed round to be admired (it was really a pretty one), and Mrs. Netherby told us a long story of its coming to the house in the early part of the summer with its mate, who was soon after killed by lightning in consequence of sitting on the roof close by the conductor during a thunder-storm; and she was very eloquent and sentimental in describing the manner in which Phœbe had mourned for her deceased companion, declaring that the widowed *dove* often reminded her of herself after she had lost poor dear Mr. Netherby.

Our hostess then crumbled some bread on the floor, and placed near it a saucer of water; and

she rose greatly in my estimation when I observed the fixed look of delight with which she gazed on the pet-bird, and her evident fondness as she caressed it, and carried it out of the room, after it had finished its repast. "Notwithstanding her parsimony and her pretension," thought I, "Mrs. Netherby has certainly a good heart."

I went to my own room, and could easily have beguiled the morning with my usual occupations, but that I was much incommoded by the intense heat of my little apartment, whose thin walls were completely penetrated by the sun. Also, I was greatly annoyed by the noise of the children in the next room and on the staircase. It was not the joyous exhilaration of play, or the shouts and laughter of good-humoured romping (all that I could easily have borne), but I heard only an incessant quarrelling, fighting, and screaming, which was generally made worse by the interference of the mother whenever she attempted to silence it.

Shortly before dinner, the bound-girl came up and went the rounds of all the chambers to collect the tumblers from the washing-stands, which tumblers were made to perform double duty by figuring also on the dining-table. This would have been no great inconvenience, only that no

one remembered to bring them back again, and the glasses were not restored to our rooms till after repeated applications.

The dinner consisted of very salt fried ham and a pair of skeleton chickens, with a small black-looking leg of mutton, and a few half-drained vegetables, set about on little plates with a puddle of greasy water in the bottom of each. However, as we were in the country, there was a pitcher of milk for those who chose to drink milk at dinner. For the dessert we had half-a-dozen tasteless custards, the tops burnt, and the cups half-full of whey; a plate of hard green pears, another of hard green apples, and a small whitish water-melon.

“What a fine thing it is to be in the country,” said Mrs. Netherby, “and have such abundance of delicious fruit! I can purchase every variety from my next neighbour.”

Two days after my arrival, the dust having been laid by a shower, Mrs. Pownsey and myself set out to walk on the road, in the latter part of the afternoon. When we came home, I found that the washing-stand had been removed from my room, and the basin and pitcher placed in the corner on a little triangular shelf that had formerly held a flower-pot. The mirror was also

gone, and I found as a substitute a little half-dollar Dutch glass in a narrow red frame. The two best chairs were also missing, one chair only being left, and that a broken one; and a heavy patch-work quilt had taken the place of the white dimity bed-cover. I learnt that these articles had been abstracted to furnish a chamber that was as yet disengaged, and which they were to decorate by way of enticing a new-comer. Next morning, after my room had been put in order, I perceived that the mattress had been exchanged for a feather-bed; and on inquiring the reason of Mrs. Netherby, she told me, with much sweetness, that it had been taken for two southern ladies that were expected in the afternoon, and who, being southern, could not possibly sleep on any thing but a mattress, and that she was sorry to cause me any inconvenience, but it would be a great disadvantage to *her* if they declined coming.

After a trial of two weeks, during which I vainly hoped that custom would reconcile me to much that had annoyed me at first, I determined to return to Philadelphia; in the full persuasion that this would be my last essay at boarding out of town.

On the day before my departure, we were all

attracted to the front garden to see a company of city volunteers who were marching to a certain field where they were to practise shooting at a target. While we were lingering to catch the last glimpse of them as long as they remained in sight, the cook came to Mrs. Netherby (who was affectedly smelling the leaves of a dusty geranium), and informed her, that though she had collected all the cold meat in the house, there was still not enough to fill the pie that was to be a part of the dinner. "Oh! then," replied Mrs. Netherby, with perfect *sang-froid*, and in her usual soft voice, "put Phœbe on the top of it—put Phœbe on the top."

"Do you mean," said the cook, "that I am to kill the pigeon to help out with?"

"Certainly," rejoined Mrs. Netherby, "put Phœbe in the pie."

There was a general exclamation from all present, except from the automaton young lady and her mamma; and the children, who were looking out of the front windows, were loud in lamentations for the poor pigeon, who, in truth, had constituted their only innocent amusement. For my part, I could not forbear openly expressing my surprise that Mrs. Netherby should think for a moment of devoting her pet pigeon to such a

purpose, and I earnestly deprecated its impending fate.

Mrs. Netherby reddened, and, forgetting her usual mildness, her eyes assumed a very cat-like expression, as she replied to me, in a loud sharp voice, "Upon my word, Miss, this is very strange. Really, you astonish me. This is something quite new. I am not at all accustomed to having the ladies of my family to meddle in my private affairs. Really, Miss, it is excessively odd that you should presume to dictate to me about the disposal of my own property. I have some exquisite veal-cutlets and delicious calves'-feet, but the pie is wanted for a centre dish. I am always, as you know, particular in giving my table a handsome set-out."

In vain we protested our willingness to dine without the centre dish, rather than that the pigeon, whom we regarded in the light of an intimate acquaintance, should be killed to furnish it; all declaring that nothing could induce us to taste a mouthful of poor Phœbe. Mrs. Netherby, obstinately bent on carrying her point (as is generally the case with women who profess an extra portion of sweetness), heard us unmoved; only replying, "Certainly, Miss, you cannot deny that the bird is mine, and that I have a right to

do as I please with my own property. Phillis, put Phœbe in the pie."

The cook grinned, and stood irresolute ; when suddenly Bingham, the waiter, stepped up with Phœbe in his hands, and calling to a black boy of his acquaintance, who lived in the neighbourhood, and was passing at the moment,—“ Here, Hamilton,” said he, “ are you going to town ?”

“ Yes,” replied the boy, “ I am going there of an errand.”

“ Then take this here pigeon with you,” said Bingham, “ and give it as a gift from me to your sister Miss Louisa. You need not tell her to take good care of it ; I know she’ll affection it for my sake. There, take it, and run.” So saying, he handed the pigeon over the fence to the boy, who ran off with it immediately, and Bingham coolly returned to the kitchen, whistling as he went.

“ Well, if I ever saw the like !” exclaimed Mrs. Netherby. “ But Bingham will always have his way ; he’s really a strange fellow.” Then, looking foolish and subdued, she walked into the house. I could not help laughing, and was glad that the life of the poor pigeon had been saved on any terms, though sorry to find that Mrs. Netherby, after all, had not the redeeming quality I ascribed to her.

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Drawn by Chisholm.

Pub^d for the Proprietors. 1835.

Eng^d by Rogers.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE water ! the water who brings ?
Run, Lucy, the water, while yet there is light —
You can go to the first of the springs ;
To-morrow, remember, the Sabbath-bell rings,
And this (how the weeks fly !) is Saturday night.

Where's the pitcher ? there's water within it—
Not half enough ; — here, skim away down the
path ;

The rogue will be stript in a minute,
His little heart, feel, how it pants to be in it,
And longs, like a frolicsome bird, for its bath.

Now, then, all is ready ; and here,
Ah ! here is the water, a feast for the sight ;
Pour it in till its sparkles appear —
Why the child's very forehead is scarcely more
clear,
And his eye, though it glistens, is only as bright.

There's a bath for young beauty ! So in,
In, sweet little bather, one splash and it's o'er ;
We'll sprinkle you just to begin —
There, there, now it's over, he's up to his chin,
And the silver-drops down from his gold ringlets
pour.

With his wet hand he rubs his wet nose,
And he shuts up his eyelids and lips like a book ;
And as down each drop tricklingly goes,
His flushed cheek resembles a dew-dripping rose,
And his brow seems a lily just snatched from a
brook.

Now his other hand dashes away
The drops that are tickling his forehead and
chin ;
And he opens his eyes, in his play,
Like some quaint little water-sprite peering for
day,
With glances that seem to ask how he got in !

But anon comes his time of delight :
The bather begins to breathe after the dip ;
Much more is he now like a sprite,
And now will he celebrate Saturday night
With the play of his limbs and the power of his lip.

Just hear how his small voice can shout,
While he sparkles and splashes there, much like
a fish ;

How he scatters the bright drops about —
How he laughs, and leaps up, and looks prank-
ish ! no doubt
He would turn o'er the bath if he had but his
wish !

At last the ablution is done :
The wild little innocent's gambols are o'er —
The dripping limbs dried one by one ;
And the mother breathes kisses all over her son,
And thinks he was never so lovely before.

Her arms round her darling she twines,
And his flower-like senses in sleep are upcurled ;
So he lies—till the Sabbath sun shines,
When, waking, his Saturday dress he resigns,
And puts on the prettiest frock in the world.

May he, when his childhood's resigned,
With its dress, and the rough paths of life are in
sight,
As immediately wash from his mind
The dust and the stains of the world,—may he find
Before him a Sabbath of love and delight !

ANECDOTES OF ELAU,

A PAPUAN GIRL.

COMMUNICATED BY G. BENNETT, Esq., F.L.S.

“MY dear Mrs. Hall,” exclaimed a little girl, while looking over one of my scrap-books, “whose portrait is that? I never saw such large black eyes! such fuzzy hair! such a brown skin! Was she a black?”

“No,” I replied, “she was not exactly a negro. But, if you please, I will tell you all I know of that very interesting child; and for the information which I can communicate I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Bennett, the gentleman who brought little Elau from Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides Islands, in the Southern Pacific Ocean. Elau was a Papuan—a race of people distributed over a large portion of the globe, from the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, and many parts of the Indian archipelago, to New Guinea and the New Hebrides. Travellers have found great difficulty in becoming at all acquainted with them; they are generally

considered fierce and warlike ; and, indeed, there is no doubt but that poor little Elau would have been killed and *eaten*, but for the kindness of the natives of Tongatabu, who, being then on the island, prevented her being devoured by those of an opposite party, by whom she and several other children were taken prisoners. Mr. Bennett then brought her to England.

“ While the ship in which he sailed remained for some time off the island of Tanna (another of the New Hebrides group), it was curious to observe the interest this child excited in the females of the country, who came continually paddling in their canoes to the vessel’s side. Many of them brought their little tawny children to visit *Miss Elau*. So numerous, indeed, were her visitors, that the deck was crowded with nondescripts, ‘running about like cockroaches,’ squalling most piteously on the near approach of a white face, as if it were a ghost, and hurrying to their mammas for shelter from the fearful object. These little creatures, seeing her like one of themselves, did not regard her as any very great curiosity, and Elau appeared careless about forming any new acquaintances,—perhaps somewhat proud, having a neat, clean garment round her dark person ; whilst, if they had

any thing upon them, it was merely a wreath of leaves—and but few could boast or seemed to care about even that. There was an elderly woman amongst the number, who brought a large basket of yams, sugar-cane, &c., as a present for the child; and she was highly gratified at being permitted to ‘squat’ herself down upon the poop of the ship, and feed her—an operation which must have been like that of a large baboon stuffing a small ‘nigrate’ monkey. The first stock of food being exhausted, and the child crammed by way of a morning repast, the woman went on shore for a fresh supply, with which she returned in the afternoon; and she continued this during the whole of the time the vessel remained in Port Resolution.”

My young friend was much amused at this excellent woman’s attention to the little stranger, and I put her in mind of a sentence which I had often heard her repeat, but which, at the time, I feared she had forgotten—

“ *Skins may differ, but the feeling
Dwells in white and black the same.*”

Elau was, I assure you, a subject of great interest, not only to the young, but to scientific

persons. She was like a new creation, upon which all were anxious to try the effects of civilisation and education. She was, moreover, though of barbarous and cruel parents, a most gentle and affectionate child, possessed of extreme generosity of spirit, and would frequently go without herself, in order that *all* her companions should partake of her bounty. One day, after having divided some barley-sugar among her friends, one of them (who had been absent when the division took place) entered the room and joined the party. Elau appeared quite distressed,—there was no more barley-sugar left, and her little friend, therefore, had none,—“ You no got barley-sugar? never mind, here barley-sugar;” at the same time taking a piece from her own mouth and offering it.

She did not evince the slightest *suspicion* in her character; but would confidently place her greatest treasures in the hands of any person.

A shilling was given by Elau to a lady to keep for her, which she was in the habit of occasionally taking from the work-box in which it was kept to play with. One afternoon she had been in the garden with it, and, returning, the shilling was not in her possession. On inquiry, it was found she had lost it;—she was

reproved, and sent back to look for it. In about a quarter of an hour she entered with great glee.

“ Well, Elau, where is the shilling ? ”

“ Me no find shilling : never mind, me give *garden* shilling.”

She always shewed much concern and tenderness towards those who were ill, and was ever ready to assist and wait upon them. I have heard, that when the lady with whom she resided had been confined to her room from indisposition, she would remain in constant attendance by the bed-side, and permit no one but herself to take up the necessaries she required. She would forsake her playthings and her playmates, and watch and wait, and wait and watch, for hours and hours, — her large black eyes filled with interest and affection, and often moistened with tears for the sufferings of others.

She was very fond of a young lady who died of consumption, and stood one morning by her bedside looking earnestly in her face.

“ You no well, Jane ? ”

“ Indeed I am not well, dear ! ” was the reply of the interesting invalid.

Elau seemed still more anxious ; and then,

after a pause, continued :— “ You say prayers, Jane ? ”

“ Yes, I always say my prayers.”

Then the little brown creature added, “ You ask God, God make you well ! ” — a simple and beautiful precept, which older and more experienced persons than the half-tutored savage of Erromanga would do well to believe and practise.

Elau, like many whom I know, was exceedingly fond of gay colours. A necklace was to her a source of delight. She had also no mean idea of her personal charms, and no greater affront could be offered than to tell her she was *ugly*, or to say she was a *black child*.

She had a very correct recollection of many circumstances connected with her native country, and used to say, “ Plenty fowls, plenty fish, plenty eggs, Erromanga ; no put egg in water, make boil, at Erromanga ; no got pot, no got kettle, but put egg on fire, make burn egg : plenty rat, plenty pig, Erromanga ; no got dog, no cat, no horse, Erromanga.”

When assuring any one that she would rise early in the morning, she expressed herself in a peculiar manner,—“ *Me wake my eyes, and get up early.*”

“ And what makes your skin such a different colour from mine, Elau ?” asked the servant one day, when washing her.

“ My mother one very dirty woman—she no wash me,” was the reply.

As for her colour, it received always from herself the appellation of brown,—black was sure to offend, and copper-coloured was equally insulting. When she was asked, “ Of what colour are you, Elau ?” “ I am a brown girl,” was the invariable answer.

Elau related to the servant, on seeing her engaged in cooking in the kitchen, that “ they no cook fish at Erromanga like you — make wrap in leaf; father dug pit, having make fire there, put fish in, and cover over with earth; when done, take out and make eat,”—thus describing the mode of cooking as adopted at Erromanga, and indeed the whole of the Polynesian Islands; and it shews that she had more vivid recollections of her native country than it was at first supposed she could retain, having been not more than six years old when she was taken away.

Elau was listening attentively one evening to a lady who was singing; when the song was concluded, she requested the lady to sing it

again, "because," she said, "if you will, I will go and fetch up Beater (the large dog) and puss to hear you." The lady smiled, and the company tittered; this, she thought, proceeded from the proposal of having the large dog and puss in the drawing-room, where, she well knew, they were never permitted to intrude; but as they were her favourites, she desired that they, as well as herself, should enjoy a song,—so, on the company laughing at the request, she immediately rejoined, "but after they have heard the singing of lady, they shall go down-stairs again."

She never recommended any one to visit Erromanga; and from her remarks upon the land of her birth, she did not appear to evince any partiality towards it, or any desire to revisit her countrymen. When inquiry was made, and a wish expressed by any one to visit her island, she always informed them, that "they very bad *black* people at Erromanga—make kill and eat you; no such good people there as in this country; there people make fight and kill; they all very black bad people." When Mr. Bennett was preparing for a voyage to New South Wales, he informed her that he was going to visit Erromanga, and that he meant to take her back again: she cautioned him not to go, as "they kill and eat

him," and was in great grief lest he really should do so ; and she was divided at the time between regret at his leaving, and doubt whether he really intended to return her to Erromanga.

When she first landed in England, all ribands and strings were termed rope-yarns ; and it was very ludicrous to hear her say—" the rope-yarn of my shoe untied ;" " only see what pretty rope-yarns I got on my bonnet !"

When Mr. Bennett visited Plymouth (where she then resided), in March 1832, he found her much improved, and a favourite with every one, from the young tottering infant to the most aged with whom she was acquainted ; her engaging and interesting manners had won the hearts of all, and every one appeared interested in the welfare of the orphan stranger, now so far removed from the land of her birth. Many who had often said " that a black child would be a subject of horror to them," were most desirous of having Elau constantly with them : this shews how much more an amiable and kindly feeling contributes to the happiness of our fellow-creatures than that beauty of which we are sometimes so fond and so absurdly vain.

Elau was remarkably partial to society, and her work was speedily laid aside when visitors

came ; she was not a little proud of her portrait being taken, and any approbation bestowed upon her behaviour, needle-work, or dancing, was always well received. She soon learnt to read ; and her needle-work was neat and clean.

Her dancing was very graceful ; she kept time to the music with great accuracy, although she never received any instructions.

She was much given to imitation, not from any desire to mock or mimic, but simply from a wish to do as others did ; and having witnessed some rope-dancing, Mr. Bennett discovered her tying a rope from one chair to another, and trying to get upon it. She appeared much vexed at not being able to succeed.

Mr. Bennett's anecdotes and observations were so exceedingly interesting to me, that I hardly know how to dismiss little Elau, who, I hope, has already found friends among my young readers.

Her hair, I must tell you, (like that of the Papuan race,) was curly, and small tufts, having a spiral twist, arose in different parts of the head ; thus, when suffered to grow long, it had a very peculiar character : when cut off, the little tufts had the appearance of dolls' curls. When this tuft of hair with a spiral twist is drawn out, although upon the head it is not more than half

an inch in length, it is found to be nearly double ; it is thus that the Tanna natives twist around these tufts a filament of the bark of a tree, continuing it as the hair increases in length, until it hangs back profusely over the shoulders, and gives to them the appearance of being a straight-haired race. Although at Erromanga this custom is not adopted among the males, yet at Immer, Annatom, Erronna, and most of the other islands of the group, the same custom as at Tanna prevails.

Little Elau was fond of "white babies," and loved to make them presents ; she also liked to play with children of her own age, but would always take the lead in every amusement.

When a new dress arrived from the milliner's, she would enter the room without saying a word, hoping that Mr. Bennett might admire it : one day he resolved not to do so, when she came into the room decked in a smart pink frock ; this mortified her very much—she left the apartment, as she entered, without speaking a word, and said to the lady with whom she resided, "I no want Doctor's heart, I no love him more." On inquiry being made what had thus excited her indignation, she replied, "because he no more admire my new pink frock."

One evening, having some juvenile visitors, with whom she was eagerly engaged in playing, a notice came in the midst of their sport, that it was late, and the servant had arrived for the young ladies. Elau did not wish to part with them, and therefore thought to detain them by blowing out the candles, saying, “ Now little girls no can go in the dark.”

While it is impossible not to laugh at the simplicity of the stranger, there is much to admire and imitate about her.

Falsehood or equivocation was unknown to her unsophisticated mind ; although she received she never gave flattery ; she spoke, as all children ought, the truth ; and it was both beautiful and instructive to see how perfectly free she was from every species of duplicity : this gave her sometimes the appearance of rudeness, though Elau was quite incapable of intentionally hurting the feelings of any human being.

She could not bear to see a dress either torn or spotted, and if any one came near her with torn or soiled habiliments she was sure to reprove them for it in the following words :—

“ Your gown dirty—what for you no more make wash ?” or, “ Look here ! your coat got hole — why you no more get mend ?” She not

only disliked being teased, but she never teased other people; if Mr. Bennett gave away any thing when she was not present, she would invariably claim and take possession of it for him until informed by himself that he had given it away.

“ My dear madam,” inquired my little friend, who, by the time I had told her as much as I have written here, was somewhat ashamed of having condemned the countenance of Elau—
“ did she eat as we do, or did she like and dislike any particular kinds of food ?”

“ She would not eat *any portion* of the *inside* of an animal, and always preferred vegetables to meat; nor would she eat any thing she had never before seen without *smelling* to it. She could never be termed either greedy or dainty; and in eating, as indeed in all things, preferred the gratification of others to her own.”

The servant took Elau to the Hoe at Plymouth, to see the bonfire, rockets, &c. which took place in honour of the coronation of William the Fourth; but on seeing it she displayed much alarm at its appearance, exclaiming, “ That’s the sort of fire at Erromanga !” She almost went into fits, so great was her terror, and was obliged to be brought back; she declared she saw the little

boys roasting. The effect produced on her was so strong, that when at night in bed, sleeping as usual with the servant, she would cry out in her disturbed sleep, "Do not let them burn me!" The fear originated most probably from the impression left on her juvenile mind of the destruction of the village, made by a hostile tribe at the time she was captured; for, from the knowledge we have of the native mode of warfare among these, as among other savages, when an attack is made by a hostile tribe upon another tribe, they commence by an unexpected inroad on the village, burning it, and slaughtering the sleeping inhabitants; and this scene of conflagration and terror was recalled to the child's mind when she witnessed the bonfire.

"And can I see Elau?" again inquired my young friend.

Alas, no! while the ink upon the pen with which I repeated what Mr. Bennett had so often told me — while the ink upon my pen was yet moist — I heard of Elau's death! the poor little stranger died a few days ago at Plymouth, a victim to consumption; and, believe me, my dear young friend, that had she been born of noble parentage, and endowed with as much personal as moral beauty, she could not have

been more regretted by the kind lady with whom she resided — and not only by her, but by all who knew her. The children with whom she played, and who can call to remembrance so many instances of her generosity and self-denial—the little toddling things whom she would, if permitted, watch over, and smile upon from morning till night—the household dog, and the domestic cat, whom, in the generosity of her spirit, she wished to partake even of the pleasure she derived from music,—all miss the dark-browed girl from the southern seas, whose savage habits, as far as she herself was concerned, were more gentle than our own. She was supposed to have entered into her tenth year, and bore her wasting and painful disorder with a gentle patience well worthy of imitation. She believed that when she died she would go to heaven, and felt exceedingly grateful to all who attended her during her illness. I very truly lament her death, for she was interesting in every way; and as her mind developed itself, she would doubtless have been able to draw conclusions, and give us much information respecting her own people, of whom our knowledge is still limited.

UNGKA — THE APE OF SUMATRA.

MR. BENNETT has at different times brought to England a great many curiosities from abroad ; and in looking through my portfolio, the same little girl who found fault with poor Elau's brown eyes discovered another drawing, not of an Indian or an African, but of an ape, with the words

“ UNGKA—APE OF SUMATRA,”

written underneath, which Ungka Mr. Bennett possessed for some time. The maid looked in my face and laughed.

“ Why do you laugh, my merry Kate ?”

“ Because, I suppose, I must not call this long-armed gentleman, with his sprawling fingers, and his funny toes, ugly.”

“ Beauty, Kate, depends more on fancy than reality. I have known people, not much admired by the world, reason themselves into the belief that they were really very good-looking—and though, I confess, Ungka lacks beauty in my eyes, yet, I daresay, poor fellow, he was

very much admired by his relatives ; for, I must say, he was a good-natured, intelligent animal,—not rude, romping, and biting, like the Zoological monkeys, but a grave, sedate person, who played tricks more as matters of business than of pleasure, and looked and acted after a staid and deliberate fashion, and was grateful and affectionate, and accommodated himself to the habits and customs of the sailors with a facility that might be termed “ good-breeding.” Whenever Mr. Bennett called him up in the morning, he would greet him with a low chirping note, and advance his face, as if to give him a morning salutation. When affronted, he would exclaim, in his own way, “ Ra ! ra ! ra ! ” and look very angry, but never suffered his temper to induce him to bite so as to draw blood, though he would often take the hand or arm of the person who offended him between his teeth, and give it a squeeze too hard to be termed loving. The only mischief he ever did was a trick which, I confess, would have annoyed me very much : he would drink every drop of ink he could get, the greedy fellow, and then, with the gravest possible face, sit up and suck the pens, as if he considered them literary lolypops ! He was very fond of, and

singularly kind to, children. Mr. Bennett brought him over in the same ship with poor Elau, and it was no uncommon sight to see them sitting together near the capstan of the vessel, the animal with its long paw round Elau's neck, both lovingly eating part of the same biscuit. Sometimes Elau would amuse herself by tying a string round his leg, and dragging him about the deck. Tired, however, of a practical joke in which he had no share, he would endeavour to disengage himself, and, on finding his efforts fruitless, would quietly walk up to his little tormentor, and inflict 'a gentle bite upon her arm.' This always procured him his liberty; and Elau, rubbing her arm, would say, 'Ungka no like play now.'

"Ungka wanted very much to cultivate the acquaintance of several of the small monkeys who were on board; but they all cordially, and I think very foolishly, agreed to repel his advances. He determined to punish their impertinence; and the next time they rebuked his civility, seized a rope, and, swinging towards the nearest, caught hold of its tail, and, despite its jumping and chattering, dragged it up to the yard-arm, and sat there with the utmost gravity, peeping into its ears, and looking at its eyes, as

if desirous of ascertaining if any family likeness existed between them. The poor monkey at last escaped; and as this treatment could not be considered agreeable to any animal, it is no wonder they all repelled his attacks: for it became evident to every sailor on board, that Ungka, ape-like, having no tail of his own, had very little regard for the tails of his cousins. The monkeys thus having agreed to 'keep their tails to themselves,' Ungka was for some time deprived of his pleasant amusement of 'tail-bearing:' until one evening it seemed to enter into his grave pate, that a pig's tail would answer the purpose of pulling quite as well as a monkey's; he therefore cultivated the friendship of one of 'Jack's pets'—a little pig that ran about the deck—and, holding him under one arm, would, with the hand of the other, endeavour to reduce its tail from a curved to a straight line. The pig always bore this with great patience, except when Ungka pulled too hard, and then he would kick and squeal most outrageously, to the amusement of the sailors, who knew that Ungka would not hurt him much.

“On the dinner being announced by the steward, he invariably entered the cuddy, took his

station near the table, and received all scraps thankfully; but if any body laughed at him, he vented his indignation by loud sounds of ‘Ra! ra! ra!’ and immediately ceased eating, fixing his eyes upon the person who had turned him into ridicule, and regarding him with a most serious look until he had done laughing, when Ungka would regain his composure, and finish his dinner.

“ When his back was turned to the spectator, the absence of tail gave him the appearance of a little black, hairy man; and though he was subject to occasional fits of passion, he was much liked by all the sailors. Now and then Mr. Bennett found it necessary to give him a good flogging; for sometimes he was as obstinate as those two-legged torments called ‘mamma’s darlings,’ and ‘papa’s prides,’—distinctions which generally denote the terrors of visitors, and the living plagues of servants and animals. Save me from such torments! say I; they are worse than apes and monkeys. Now, little Kate, do not look so guilty, for I assure you I did *not* mean that you were of this race,—you behave very well when you come to see me, and I believe at all other times.

“ Every evening, when the sun had set, Ungka would walk up to Mr. Bennett, to be taken into his arms and put to bed ; if refused, he would get into a passion ; and if *that* did not succeed, he would mount the rigging, and, hanging over the deck where he was walking, suddenly drop into his arms.”

“ Tell me more about Ungka,” said little Kate.

“ I have little more to tell, except that poor Ungka never reached England. He suffered much from cold as the vessel drew near our shores ; and, though clothed in flannel, he died from its effects. His skin, however, has been stuffed, and preserved in the British Museum, where all the little masters and misses in London ought to go once or twice a-year, and become acquainted with the curiosities therein contained, that by so doing they may learn to appreciate more fully the goodness of God and the wonders of creation.

“ You will also do well to read more about the race of animals to which I have referred. Their habits as well as their forms, as you know, bear the nearest approach to the human kind. Anecdotes are told of them that excite our astonish-

ment ; such, indeed, as would lead us to believe they have the gifts of caution and foresight to a degree scarcely inferior to man.

“ They are also remarkable for strong attachments ;—but you may read a variety of interesting anecdotes concerning them in a little book called the ‘ Naturalist’s Library,’ published in Edinburgh.”

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A "JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT," PRESENTED TO A CHILD.

SPRING, with her train of promise — buds and
 flow'rs,
Is like to childhood in its dawning hours ;
Blooms the fair mind, and blossoms the young
 thought,
If wisdom's task with gentleness be taught,
In vernal softness, as the flow'ret blows,
That withers when the sun too fiercely glows.

'Twas thus I mused, as late I loitered o'er
This lowly page of unassuming lore,
And deemed its gentle lay and moral mild
Meet study for thine innocence, fair child !
Then take this little volume ; nor in vain
Shall flow its humble, unpretending strain,
If haply thence the generous wish be caught
For loftier pages and for nobler thought —
As the young bird that flutters round the nest,
At first with feeble wing and panting breast,
Soon trusts its pinion in a bolder flight,
And cleaves its path to realms of boundless light!

T. W. CARLETON.

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