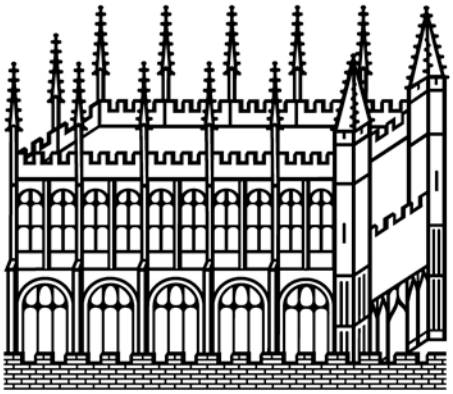

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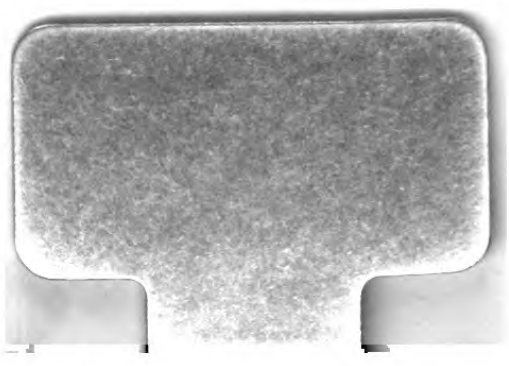

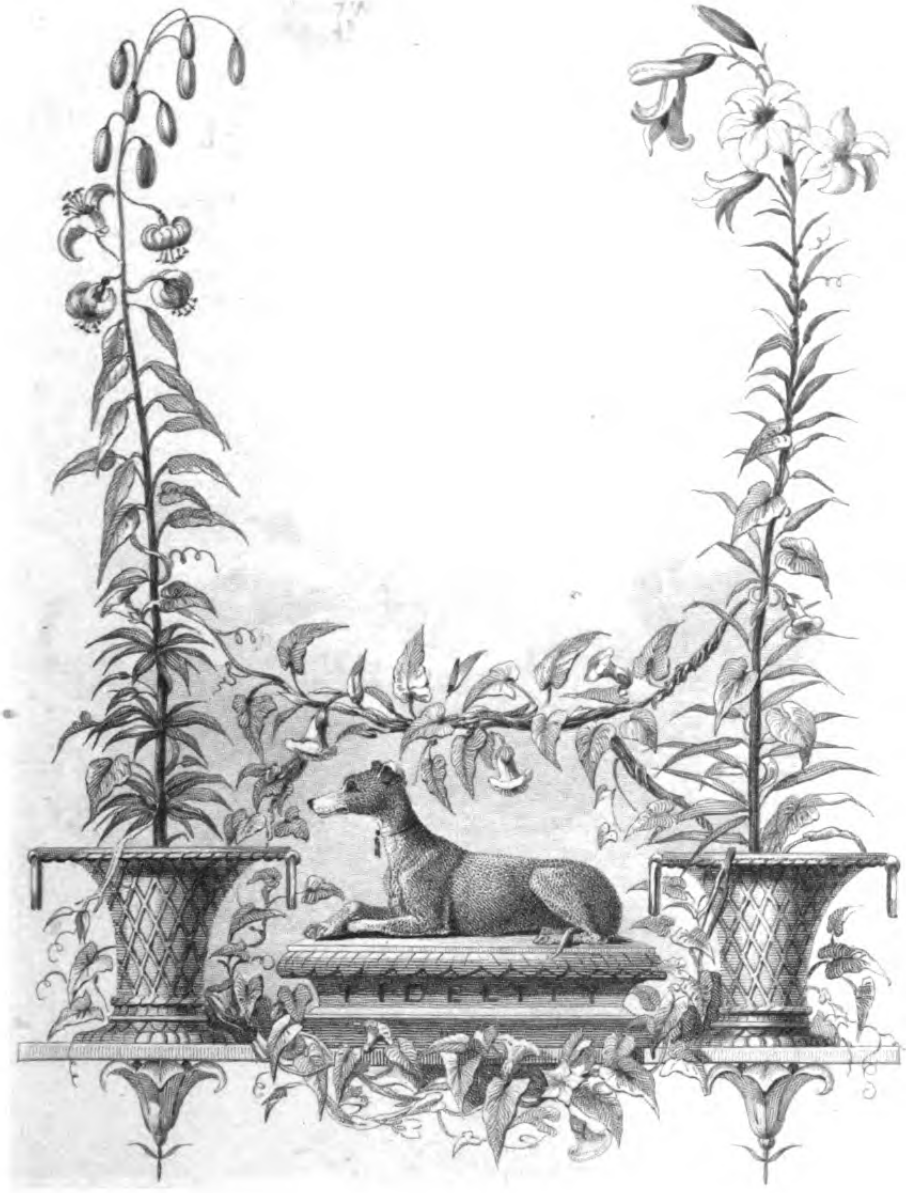

THE J. K. 1832.

JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

OR BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

1832.

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

LONDON:
J. WESTLEY AND CO. IVY LANE.

PREFACE.

It is hoped that a fifth volume of "The Juvenile Forget Me Not" will possess renewed claims to that public support by which its predecessors have been distinguished.

In seeking to provide entertainment and instruction for the young, at a season of the year when the mind is more peculiarly open to receive impressions, especial care has been taken to prevent gloom from overshadowing innocent enjoyment, and, at the same time, to shun the least approach towards levity. Amusement may easily become the associate of information; and the latter is, perhaps, never so effective as when she visits, hand in hand, with her more pleasant though more profitable companion. I trust and believe

that the little volume which now courts their acceptance may be considered an introduction to both.

The page that contains the preface will doubtless be found the least agreeable part of the book; and I have only once more to wish my young friends "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year," and to express a hope that the object of this publication may be as fully answered in the year 1832, as I am assured it has been during the four years that have preceded it.

A. M. H.

59, *Sloane Street.*

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1. PRESENTATION PLATE:—Engraved by R. Wallis; from a Drawing by H. Corbould.

2. THE PROVENCE ROSE:—Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff; from a Miniature by Miss Fanny Corbaux.

3. VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE:—Engraved by Thompson; from a Drawing by Harvey.

4. THE DEAD ROBIN:—Engraved by W. Greatback; from a Painting by H. Thompson, R.A.

5. THE EVENING PRAYER:—Engraved by John Bull; from a Painting by B. E. Duppa.

6. THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN:—Engraved by C. Marr; from a Painting by R. Farrier.

7. GENTLE MARY GRAY:—Engraved by J. Stewart; from a Painting by J. Inskipp.

8. THE GLEANER BOY:—Engraved by J. C. Edwards; from a Painting by J. Holmes.

Also Sixteen Engravings on Wood, by Branston and Wright, and others, from the Designs of Harvey.

THE SPIDER.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

A. Oh, papa! why did Miss Norton scream and look so frightened this moment?

F. At a very silly cause. She saw a spider hanging, by a film of its web, from the ceiling. Many persons take antipathies to particular objects, perfectly harmless in themselves; and, having never tried to conquer them in early life, they continue to be a source of pain and anxiety as long as they live. I know many ladies who suffer in the same way as Miss Norton, and from a similar cause.

A. But I do not wonder if she felt pain at the sight of a spider, it is so very ugly; I cannot bear to look at it. It is such a mis-shapen, stupid-looking thing, which seems as spiteful as it is hideous!

F. You should not take things by their looks.

Many objects which have not a very agreeable aspect are yet not only harmless, but very interesting and useful.

A. But the spider is not one of them. Do you not remember what the poet says of it?

F. I do not; but I am glad, my love, that you do. Those read with profit who can apply what they read to a rational purpose.

A.

"There, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorred! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eagle-watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleased.

F. Poetry is not always the language of truth, but even if it were, all poets are not of the same opinion. The ancients thought otherwise; they did justice to the ingenuity of the spider. They said that a fair young lady, called Arachne, so excelled in needle-work that she was able to compete with Minerva, who tore her work in despite, and turned herself into a spider; and she is still seen weaving her curious web in a solitary corner, as if to hide herself from further

persecution. It is for this reason that naturalists call the insect aranea. Look at the beauty of this new web before the dust has soiled it.

A. Oh, I see! It is finer than the finest gauze, and regularly shot and woven like a three-cornered silk handkerchief.

F. The spider always selects the most appropriate place to work in. If it belong to that kind which inhabits the house, it begins to weave in an angle of the room; first stretching its threads from wall to wall, and then shooting them across, as regularly as a weaver forms his warp and his woof. If it be a spider of the country, it chooses the branches of some shrub; and, drawing its threads from a point, like rays from a centre, it attaches them to the most convenient projections, and then unites them by others, beginning at the middle with a very small circle, and gradually enlarging it, till the whole exhibits the most beautiful and regular tissue of rays, intersected by circles. I have often watched a spider forming its habitation in a bush, and I have been no less pleased than astonished at the wonderful skill and exactness with which the ingenious artist went round with his thread, knotting every one to the other, like the meshes of a net, and at the most regular distances.

A. But, papa, are there not spiders' webs which are not formed into nets?

F. Yes; there is a substance called gossamer, which at some seasons, particularly in autumn, is seen floating in the air in long threads; sometimes attached to a branch, or blade of grass, by one end, and sometimes entangled in long skeins through the branches. It was doubted what had produced these light and beautiful films, but now it is known that they are the production of a spider.

A. I can understand why a spider makes a web, because I have often seen him shut up in it, like as in his den, and also as a trap in which he entangles poor flies. But what use does he make of those loose threads?

F. He is a most ingenious artist, and not only makes a habitation to reside in, and supply him with provisions, but he also forms for himself a flying chariot, by which, though he has no wings, he can transport himself through the air, and obtain a living in the higher regions when he cannot on the earth.

A. I do not understand you.

F. When the spider, either from choice or necessity, wishes to change his place, he projects forward a number of these detached films,

which are so light that they are freely borne along by the wind; and, attaching himself to an extremity, he is carried along as easily as Mr. Green in his balloon, which in fact he guides with more safety than that unfortunate voyager, for there he sits secure; and he has been compared to a sculler on the Thames, looking one way and rowing another. These flying spiders are sometimes seen very high above the spires of steeples, moving along with their filmy chariots; and, when the sun glances from them, they look no less beautiful than curious, resembling so many tiny comets moving through the blue sky, with their shining hair blazing around them.

A. But how does he gain his subsistence, as you say, in this manner?

F. The food of spiders, like that of many birds, is flies, and insects that inhabit the air. You have frequently seen swallows and insects skimming very low on the surface of the earth or water, and sometimes very high above the house-tops. They are pursuing their prey, which, according to the state of the weather, is either to be found very low or very high in the air. In the same manner a spider takes, not his wings, but his flying chariot, and ascends into the

regions where the greatest abundance of his food is to be found; and, when he descends again, the meshes and threads of his car are seen covered with the wings and legs of small flies, which he had overtaken, entangled, and devoured, in his aërial voyage.

A. All this is very curious; but where does he get these threads and films which he uses in this manner.

F. That is a circumstance more curious still. The substance of which the hinder part of the body is composed is soft and viscid, like glue. On the lower surface there are several papulæ, or little projections, each of which is perforated by innumerable small holes, and through these the gluey substance is drawn, exactly as threads of wire through a wire-drawer's machine—each thread being as large as the aperture through which it comes. If you press your finger against these papulæ the films will adhere to it, and you can draw forth four or five hundred of those cords to a considerable extent, each of them so thick as to be distinctly seen, and so strong that they will run to a considerable length without breaking. It is this substance that the spider uses whenever he has occasion for it. Every one, therefore, is a manufacturer, who carries with

him a bale of the finest cotton, which he spins and weaves into such threads and webs as he has occasion for.

A. Would it not be possible to make any use of this spider-cotton?

F. Yes, the attempt has been made, and with some success. A gentleman of Languedoc thought that he might manufacture the threads of spiders, as he would those of the silk-worm; and he actually made from them gloves and stockings.

A. And why, papa, have not others tried to do the same? I am sure it would be very pleasant to make such useful and pretty things out of the cobwebs, instead of the house-maid taking them down with her brush, and trampling on the poor spider who produced them.

F. There were many reasons why the experiment did not answer expectation. The threads could not be drawn out, like those of a silk-worm, and it was necessary to card them, like wool or cotton, and then spin them. The threads used for the purpose were those which contained the eggs. They were found to be most tenacious; as if the sagacious insect had spun the strongest for a purpose in which it felt the greatest interest—the protection of its young progeny. But

even these were not found sufficiently strong, and could not be made by any process equal to those of silk. But they were not only weaker but less beautiful; when carded and spun, the threads produced an irregular surface, which reflected the light unequally, so that the web never could yield that glossy and shining texture which is so beautiful in silk. But the most serious objection arose from the immense quantity it would require; two thousand three hundred worms produce, from their cones, one pound of silk, but it would require fifty-five thousand two hundred spiders' egg-bags to yield the same quantity.

A. Well, but, dear papa, surely it would be easy to get any quantity, if we were to take care of them, when we see such multitudes every where, though we are always destroying them.

F. The experiment was made for this purpose, also, but it did not succeed: spiders are very hostile to each other, and, like game cocks, always fight when they meet; so that they cannot live together in amicable community. A French philosopher collected no less than five thousand together, which he placed in companies of one hundred each, in different cells, hoping to feed and breed them, and then turn their weaving to account: but the number rapidly diminished, till, at length,

there remained only two or three in each cell. This mutual hostility, however, I am sorry to say, is not confined to spiders; it exists not only in larger animals, but among those endowed with natural reason, who seem as incapable of living in peace and harmony together as colonies of spiders. Indeed, I think I have met with some of the latter that were not at all disposed to wage war on one another, like their neighbours of the human race.

A. Was it in England, papa?

F. No; it was in Brazil. There is a very large, and apparently a very mild and sociable, spider there, which lives with its companions in amity and good-will. I was one day botanizing in the neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro; in passing among some trees I found my head impeded by some obstruction, and on withdrawing it my light straw hat remained, as if it was suspended in the air. I found it was entangled in the meshes of a curious cobweb, that was extended, as thick and tenacious as a veil of gauze, from the branches of opposite trees, and formed a large canopy over the place where I stood; the whole of it was covered with large spiders, with yellow spotted bodies, and shining polished legs, nearly as large as those of a crab; they were all

of different sizes and ages, and the colony consisted of above one hundred insects, young and old, who all seemed to live together in peace and good-will. I met, every where in the country, similar webs, covered with those spiders, nor did I ever see one attack the other or shew any sign of hostility.

A. Did you try any experiment on them, papa?

F. Had I remained long enough I think I could have persuaded a friend, who resided there, to do so. It did not appear to me that the objection against the European species existed against those; some of the threads were so long and tenacious that I brought away several which ran to two or three yards, and supported the card on which I wound them off; and the insects which spun them lived quietly together in large communities. These circumstances had induced an intelligent minister, in Brazil, to entertain the idea, and he was very sanguine, I am informed, in his hopes of success; but, from some cause or other, he never made the attempt, and no one has ever yet tried, I believe, to extract silk from this Brazilian spider, notwithstanding its promising qualities.

A. But do all these insects produce webs?

F. No; some even in our own country do not, and there is a foreign kind that weave no webs; but it is no less active in destroying troublesome insects; this, in fact, seems to be one useful purpose for which the whole species might have been created. Among the very destructive kinds is the cockroach, which in warm climates multiplies exceedingly, and is an intolerable nuisance, by spoiling and consuming every article of apparel or food within its reach. It is so prolific that in a short time it swarms over every place, and so large that it resembles a small bird. Captains of ships, therefore, make use of a singular expedient to extirpate it from their vessels.

A. They get spiders to destroy it, I suppose.

F. Exactly so. The ship in which I returned to Europe had been on the coast of Africa, and was filled with those very annoying insects. There is a large spider, of the kind that make no webs, and the cockroach seems its particular prey. Availing himself of this circumstance, the captain informed me that he had taken on board a certain number of these spiders, as he would cats to destroy rats. As these insects, which were not at all troublesome or destructive, increased, those which were both diminished. In my cabin half a dozen very large ones had

established themselves; they at first rather startled me, as their bodies were nearly as large as walnuts, and, like you and others, I felt a strong repugnance to them. But they were so active in doing their duty that I was soon reconciled to them. Whenever a big, buzzing, cockroach came to pounce upon my provisions, like a harpy, the vigilant centinel immediately darted on him and made him prisoner.

A. I had no idea that a spider could be of any such use.

F. You see, then, that the objects in Nature which you think so revolting are most interesting, as well for their value as their curious properties. I could detail to you many more circumstances of this insect equally singular. Nothing that has life, perhaps, is more hated and persecuted, by the thoughtless, than a spider, and yet it is a most ingenious artist, endowed with industry, skill, and sagacity, in no small degree. What an all-wise and powerful God, then, must the Creator be, who has endowed the thing, appearing to us to be the meanest and basest of his creatures, with qualities that would give a value to a human being, his noblest work!

THE DEAD ROBIN.

BY L. E. L.

It is dead!—it is dead!—it will wake no more
With the earliest light as it waked before—
And singing as if it were glad to wake,
And wanted our longer sleep to break.
We found it a little unfledged thing,
With no plume to smoothe, and no voice to sing;
The father and mother both were gone,
And the callow nursling left alone!

For a wind, as fierce as those from the sea,
Had broken the boughs of the apple-tree;
The scattered leaves lay thick on the ground,
And among them the nest and the bird we found.
We warmed it, and fed it, and made it a nest
Of Indian cotton, and watched its rest;
Its feathers grew soft, and its wing grew strong,
And happy it seemed as the day was long.

Do you remember its large, dark eye—
How it brightened when one of us came nigh?
And how it would stretch its throat and sing,
And beat the osier-cage with its wing—
Till we let it forth?—and, perched on our hand,
It needed not hood nor silken band,
Like the falcons we read of in days gone by—
Linked to the wrist, lest away they should fly.

But our bird knew not of the free blue air,
He had lived in his cage, and his home was there:
No flight had he in the greenwood flown—
He pined not for freedom he never had known!
If he had lived amid leaf and bough
It had been cruel to fetter him now;
For I have seen a poor bird die,
And all for love of his native sky!

But ours would come to our cup and sip,
And peck the sugar away from our lip—
Would sit on our shoulder and sing, then creep
And nestle within our hands to sleep.
There is its water, and there is its seed,
The cage hung round with the green chickweed;
But the food is untouched, the song unheard—
Cold and stiff lies our beautiful bird!

THE "NOT" FAMILY.

(A Letter to Miss Mary Cunningham.)

MY DEAR MARY,

I remember to have heard how amused, and, I am happy to add, how improved you were, by a "Chapter on Misses," published in one of the early volumes of my little annual. It was written by a very excellent lady,* who, I am grieved to say, is dead; one to whom I, as well as thousands of others, owe a deep debt of gratitude, for her books afforded me a great deal of instruction when I was a little girl—quite as little, and, I do believe, more *wild*, than you. I am now about to introduce you to a family, not as interesting, perhaps, but quite as varied, as "the Misses."

The eldest of them is known but too intimately to many young folk of my acquaintance. Were I to draw a picture of this disagreeable

* Mrs. Barbauld.

person, I would pencil a dark, sulky-visaged boy, with overhanging brows, firmly-compressed lips, and forbidding aspect, ill dressed, and ill looking. His name is WILL NOT. Master Will is, believe me, a very dangerous companion; he is so fond of his own way that he scorns advice, and pays no attention whatever to the counsel of those who are better informed. I shall never forget the distress he inflicted upon his mamma one day, when a most kind and benevolent man, Mr. Lovechild, attempted to teach him that pretty hymn of Dr. Watts's commencing—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Instead of being grateful to the excellent gentleman, he pouted and flouted, knit his great eyebrows, clenched his teeth, and—would you, Mary, believe it possible?—refused to utter a single word. I am a great enemy to flogging; but if boys affect to possess no more intellect than brutes, they must expect to be treated as brutes, and I should scarcely grudge WILL NOT a sound whipping. This obstinacy renders him, as you may suppose, ignorant and contemptible, while his manners are rude and abrupt in the extreme. He is sadly despised by sensible people, and

shunned by all who value the kindly feelings of social life. I trust that you, my dear, have never formed, and never can form, acquaintance with so unamiable a character.

Nor should I wish you to know his sister either, though she is of a very different temper and disposition from her obstinate brother. A trembling, pale, delicate creature, full of fears and absurdities, anxious to do well, and yet getting into all sorts of awkward predicaments from her excessive timidity. If she is directed to place a China vase on a shelf, she is sure to let it fall; if her parents wish her to try a new piece of music, or to copy a drawing, she always makes some provoking observation as to her inability, that must annoy those who are much better able to judge of her capacity than she can possibly be. Indeed, although there can be no doubt that her brother WILL NOT is the worst of the family, I have been often as much vexed with the nervous indecision of Miss CAN NOT, as with Master Will's obstinacy.

You have often heard, my dear Mary, that to be useful is better than to be clever, though to be both is best. Now CAN NOT, unless good education perfectly changes her habits, will never be either useful or clever. The other night her

cousin's cap caught fire, and, instead of throwing on her head the vase of water that stood upon the work-box, or, better still, snatching off the table-cover and smothering the flames with it, she stood still and screamed! Her poor cousin, consequently, was dreadfully burnt. And then CAN NOT said "she was very sorry;" but sorrow is perfectly useless, unless when it tends to improvement. And I regret to say that, as yet, she has not taken the necessary means to strengthen her character.

Another tormenting brat is Master DID NOT. I would fain hope that he is afflicted with a defective memory;—I say hope, because then allowances might be made for his inattention; but I am convinced in my own mind that his *forgetfulnesses* (as he calls them) are premeditated. Be this as it may, he is a very imp, with undefined features, and inexpressive eyes; sluggish and awkward in his gait, and negligent in his dress; not of so overbearing a disposition as his elder brother, yet equally difficult to manage. I once knew a poor family starved to death by his carelessness. His mother had absolutely committed the charge of both food and money for their relief to this ungracious boy; yet his habitual negligence prevented his

attending to her directions. It was hoped that this misfortune would have cured him of his bad habits, but I fear they have become too strongly rooted; DID NOT continues careless and negligent as ever.

Displeased, my dear Mary, as I have reason to be, with these three persons, I feel very differently towards their cousin, whom I recommend to your attention as a careful, amiable young lady, one who never offends by her flippancy, or injures by ill-natured observation. Her picture has been often painted, her finger resting on her sweet and silent lips, and her mild, dove-like eyes beaming with simplicity and truth. She walks with a sedate step, and is universally admitted into the best society, because every one is convinced that she is a lover of peace and a hater of scandal. Some giddy persons accuse her of being over-particular, and too silent in company; but opinions of the thoughtless are of no value, and I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my especial favourite, Miss SAID NOT; who, with her sister MAY NOT, are greatly esteemed by all amiable people.

MAY NOT is a profound reasoner, and worthy of trust in all things. She never suffers impulse

is not in opposition to reason, and even her fancies frequently serve for and raise her wisdom. Her principles are fixed, and her whole policy of integrity. I could say a great deal more in her praise: but, as I desire that you closely cultivate her friendship, you will soon discover what a valuable acquisition you have made. At first, you may think her somewhat austere, and fancy that her dignified countenance bears the expression of severity; but the more you know, the more you will love, her, and her counsel will prevent your getting into many of the scrapes to which young ladies under, aye, and over, the age of twelve are liable.

Farewell, for the present, then, my dear young friend. You have hitherto been, and I trust will continue to be, a happy little girl. How can you be otherwise, with such kind, good parents, who do all that is best and wisest for you? My space and your patience are nearly exhausted, yet I must in conclusion assure you of the affection and friendship of

A. M. H.

to act in opposition to reason, and even her parents frequently apply for and value her opinion. Her principles are fixed, and her deeds worthy of imitation. I could say a great deal more in her praise; but, as I desire that you closely cultivate her friendship, you will soon discover what a valuable acquisition you have made. At first, you may think her somewhat austere, and fancy that her dignified countenance bears the expression of severity; but the more you know, the more you will love, her, and her counsel will prevent your getting into many of the scrapes to which young ladies under, aye, and *over*, the age of twelve are liable.

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A. M. H.

Painted by Miss Fanny Corbaux. Engraved by C.E.Wagstaff.

THE PROVINCE ROSE.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me not.

THE PROVENCE ROSE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

It was the loveliest cottage in the lane:—
The neat green palings—with its modest door
Half shadowed by the jasmine and the vine;
The pleasant window, odorous with the bloom
Of myrtles, and the wild geranium;—
The living freshness of its dewy leaves—
The harmony of its content—the charm
Of its green solitude!

I know not how
It chanced that I so often sought that spot,
For it lay far removed from public view:
It *might be* its own natural loveliness—
A wish to know its inmates—or, perchance,
'Twas curiosity that lured my steps

So often near the roses by its gate!
Passing, one beauteous morning, when the flowers
Seemed fragrant *with delight*, and gladsome birds
Were singing of the woodlands, I beheld
A fair and interesting girl, whose form
Had scarce known fourteen summers—all too young
For care, which is the shadow of our age:
Yet seemed her blue eyes not unused to tears—
There was a quiet trace of pensiveness,
Of thoughtful paleness, on her graceful cheek.
Could she be friendless? I enquired her name—
'Twas Emmeline.

An aged lady,
A stranger, I was answered, bought the cot,
And had been ill since she resided there;
The child was her young grand-daughter, and much
They praised the sweetness of her looks, and said
How kind a nurse she was—how diligent
To soothe and comfort her poor relative,
Who had no other friend to comfort her!
You'd scarce believe, they said, yet it is true,
Her hand alone tends all the shrubs and flowers,
And lends this air of neatness to the walks;

She rises with the dawn, and her first prayer
Soars with the first hymn of the lark to heaven!
Oh, we are sure that God must love her well,
And angels speak of her with hope and joy!

The next noon saw me by my favourite cot,
Where every trace of gloom had disappeared;
The chamber blinds were up, and all things wore
The natural ornament of cheerfulness!
Upon a rustic seat, beneath the shade
Of clustering vine-leaves, sat the invalid;
And half encircling her, with happy arms,
Her grand-daughter, her loved companion, knelt!

"See, Emmeline," she cried, "this Provence rose,
'Tis the first flower I've gathered since the death
Of thy dear mother!—haply 'tis the last
This aged hand may cull. Take it, my love;
Wear it upon thy breast, though faded; *still*
Let its dim leaves remind thee of this hour;
Be it a token to perpetuate
The memory of my thankfulness to God.
Next to His own good hand, I owe to thee—
To thee, my child—the blessing and the joy
To gaze once more upon the pleasant fields,
To list the summer-music of the bees,

And feel the influence of that precious light
I feared these aged eyes had lost for ever!"

Her duteous care grew known to all around,
And henceforth she was called the Provence Rose;
Not that her youthful BEAUTY won the *name*—
No! it was told how nobly and how well,
With what untiring *love* and *genteness*,
Worth all the fleeting bloom of beauty's dower,
She gained the title of THE PROVENCE ROSE!

FRANK FINLAY.

An American Tale.

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"AURA! dear Aura!" exclaimed Lewis Marshall, "turn round a moment from the looking-glass, and hear the good news I have brought you. We are to have a glorious *sleighing-party next Wednesday, and a dance at the new house, to do honour to your fourteenth birth-day. My mother has just told me, and, without waiting for particulars, I ran away immediately to let you know."

"I am much obliged to you," replied Aura,

* A sleigh is a vehicle somewhat resembling the sledges of the north of Europe. The body of the carriage is considerably higher behind than in front, and it has no roof or covering at top. Instead of wheels, it is placed on runners, and glides smoothly and rapidly over the surface of the snow. Large sleighs have two horses, and those of smaller size but one. There are generally two seats, and the driver always stands up.

" but, of course, I knew it before you did. The Miss Dawsons first proposed it. Poor girls! they are completely out of their element in this dull country place, and are glad to start any thing by way of variety. My mother wished us to have the party here at home, and it was only this morning that she consented to its taking place at the new house; which is certainly a preferable arrangement, as we can then have the pleasure of sleighing as well as dancing."

Lewis. To be sure; and the sleighing is the best part of the pleasure. The snow is in fine order, and we shall go like streaks of lightning. —Well, the first thing to be done is to invite all the neighbours.

Aura. All!

Lewis. I mean all the boys and girls. I may as well start at once, and go round in the sleigh with the invitations. I like to see the happy faces on such occasions.

Aura. Stay, Lewis, and listen to me. This is *my* birthday party, and I am determined it shall be select.

Lewis. Select! That is one of the words you have learned at boarding-school. I am tired of it already. We never were select before, and why

should we be so now? Come, let us, however, make a beginning with the invitations. Where shall I go first? To Big 'Possum or to Homing Town?

Aura. As to Big 'Possum, I intend for the rest of my life to cut every man, woman, and child, in that whole settlement. And as to the place you call Homing Town, I won't answer till you give it its new name of Science-ville. Are there not two Lyceums located there?

Lewis. Lyceums! Fiddlesticks! Two log school-houses, where Increase Frost of Vermont sets up in opposition to Maintain Bones of Connecticut!

Aura. Well, I must own that, after all, the preceptors are nothing more than mere Yankee schoolmasters. But there is Monsieur Nasillard's French study.

Lewis. Yes, the back-room of his wife's barber-shop.

Aura. You need not trouble yourself about the invitations. I shall write notes and send them by Pompey. The Miss Dawsons would be horrified to receive theirs in any other way, and so would their brother, Mr. Richard Dawson, who reads law.

Lewis. He might as well read Tom Thumb,

for all the good his law-books will ever do him. The lawyers that get forward on this side of the Allegany are made of different stuff from Dick Dawson. Nothing could have started him west but the prospect of no business in Philadelphia. That's also Frank Finlay's opinion. Now I talk of Frank Finlay, I can certainly go over and give *him* his invitation without the ceremony of a note.

Aura. Now you talk of Frank Finlay, he shall have no invitation at all.

Lewis. No invitation at all! Aura, you are not in earnest?

Aura. Yes, I am. Frank Finlay *shall not* be of the sleighing-party. Do you think I could live and see him there before the Miss Dawsons, in that vile purple and yellow waistcoat that he always wears on great occasions.

Lewis. I never knew a girl go so much by waistcoats. A fellow is in or out of favour with you just according to his waistcoat.

Aura. As to Frank Finlay, his waistcoat is not the worst of him either. Think of his head!

Lewis. Inside or out?

Aura. I mean the way in which his hair is cut.

Lewis. Why, his hair is well enough. I can

prove that it was not done by a pumpkin-shell,* as I cut it for him myself the last time it wanted trimming.

Aura. Oh! then, no wonder it is all in scollops!

Lewis. Well, as Frank is a good-natured fellow, I can easily prevail on him to get over his scruples about having his hair cut by a woman, and I'll go with him to Madame Nasillard and she shall give him a touch of her trade.

Aura. Then, his pantaloons are always too short.

Lewis. That is because he grows so fast. But he got a new pair the other day, with two tucks in them, and if he should grow considerably between this and Wednesday, it is very easy to let out a tuck.

Aura. Altogether his costume is intolerable, and he shall not come to the party. Ungentility makes me nervous, particularly in presence of the Miss Dawsons. Suppose, now, that Frank was to ask one of the Miss Dawsons to dance?

* The most uncouth among the American country-boys are accused (we will not say with what truth) of having their hair cut evenly all round, by placing on the head, as a guide to the scissars, half of the shell or rind of a small pumpkin, the inside of which has been scooped out. This, of course, gives the hair a most formal and ludicrous appearance, particularly on the forehead. The pumpkin-shell style is, however, nearly exploded, even in the most remote places.

Lewis. No fear of that, as long as they can get other partners, for I can assure you he likes the Dawsons quite as little as I do.—A set of insolent, affected, pretending flirts, whose father, being unable to support their folly and extravagance in Philadelphia, has come to this side of the mountains in hopes of bettering his fortune, and living cheap. You were just beginning to get a little over the boarding-school, when these Dawsons came into the neighbourhood; and, finding our house a convenient visiting-place, they were glad enough to establish an intimacy with you, and have turned your head all over again.

Aura. Lewis, you may say what you please, but even in a republican country there are certainly distinctions in society, and it is the duty of genteel people to keep them up.

Lewis. I heard Dick Dawson say those very words last Friday.

Aura. You cannot deny that the Dawson family and ours are at the head of society in the neighbourhood of Science-ville.

Lewis. I shall still call it Homing Town.

Aura. Nonsense!—And is there an estate in the whole country that can vie with my father's plantation.

Lewis. Farm, farm!

Aura. No such thing! Nobody shall call me a farmer's daughter. Is not my father in the Assembly, in the State Legislature?

Lewis. Well, and so might Frank Finlay's father have been, only he would not run for candidate when they asked him, as he knew himself to be not clever at making speeches (as *my* father is), and he did not wish to be outtalked by the lawyer-members whenever he felt himself to be in the right. And as to the value of the Finlay farm and ours, there is not the toss of a copper between them. You'll see what Frank will make of that tract of hickory when he gets it into his own hands, and also the dog-wood bottom.

Aura. As to that, he will be more likely to go farther west than to stay on his father's land.

Lewis. And, though Frank has not had a city education, there is not a smarter fellow to be found on this side the Allegany, or one that is more acute at reading, writing, and cyphering.

Aura. That is all he can boast of.

Lewis. No, it is not all. He reads five or six newspapers every day, besides other things. He can also tell you as much about the revolutionary war as if he had fought in it.

Aura. Ah! he got all that information from his two grandfathers and his five old uncles who *did* fight in it.

Lewis. Well, and their having done so proves that he is come of a good stock. And he has at his finger-ends the Life of Dr. Franklin, after whom he was called.

Aura. That's nothing. Almost every child in America has read the Life of Dr. Franklin.

Lewis. As to the Constitution of the United States, I believe he knows it by heart. And, then, when there are none present but boys, you would be amused to hear how he can talk of rail-roads, and canals, and steam-boats, and manufactures, and coal, and other things of the highest importance to the nation. But, above all, he knows the whole history of Buonaparte.

Aura. Still he does not make such a figure as Richard Dawson.

Lewis. So much the better.

Aura. There is no elegance whatever about Frank Finlay.

Lewis. Nonsense! Now, I insist on it that Frank is a fine-looking fellow, besides being one of the best shots in the country. Is he not as straight as an Indian, and has he not red cheeks, and white teeth, and bright black eyes?

Aura. But still, as the Miss Dawsons say, he wants *manner.* Think how they must be struck with the difference between Frank Finlay and their brother!

Lewis. Yes. There is, indeed, a difference. Do you remember the story of the backwoodsman that went to a gunsmith to buy a new rifle, and the gunsmith asked him if he would have a gun that, when discharged, made a spitter-spitter-spattering, or one that went je-bunk? Do you see the moral? Frank Finlay always goes je-bunk, and is, of course, far preferable to Dick Dawson with his spitter-spitter-spattering.

Aura. I suppose you mean that he has the most energy.

Lewis. Come now, Aura, do be good! Away with all this folly, and let poor Frank join the party.

Aura. Upon farther consideration—

Lewis. (Patting her shoulder)—Ah! that's right! I knew you would at last listen to reason.

Aura. On farther consideration, his dancing is sufficient to exclude him from society. I cannot tolerate his jumps and shuffles.

Lewis. I acknowledge the jumps, but I deny the shuffles. Why, you could not say worse of him if he danced like a Kentucky boatman,

with his hat on his head, and a segar in his mouth.

Aura. Say no more about him. On account of the Miss Dawsons, and their brother who is reading law—

Lewis. The puppy!

Aura. My party *must* be select.

Lewis. Don't say that again.

Aura. I will tell you whom I intend to invite—

Lewis. I'll not hear—I'll not listen—I'm angry, and sorry, and affronted, at you.

Aura. Now, Lewis, be pacified.

Lewis. I will not.

Aura. Do, now! And consider that it is *my* birthday party. Surely every one ought to be happy on their own birthday, and I shall not be happy if Frank Finlay is before my eyes all the time. If *he* is present, my pleasure will be entirely destroyed, and I am sure my brother Lewis would be sorry if that were the case (*taking his hand*).

Lewis. Well, as it is your own party I suppose you must have your own way. But you had better not inform my mother that Frank Finlay is to be left out. You know, when my father first came to this settlement (long before you and

I were born), he had some difficulty about paying government for the land (for it was bought from the United States); but Mr. Finlay lent him money, and helped him out, and made all easy. Though my father is now a rich man, and needs no assistance from any one, still his gratitude and friendship for the Finlay family is as warm as ever.

Aura. My mother need not know whether or not Frank is invited—unless *you* tell her.

Lewis. I have too much honour in me to tell tales of a girl, however bad she may be. Aura, sister Aura, I wish I could see you once more the innocent, good-humoured, pleasant, little thing that gladdened all our hearts, before you went to the boarding-school, and before you knew the Dawsons; when you loved every body and every one loved you; when you were happy to mix with the other farmers' children, and to do as they did; when you had no accomplishments, and no airs, and when you delighted in reading the Arabian Nights. Do not you think you were much happier in those days? I too had a year's schooling in Philadelphia, but it did not make a fool of me. Boys are certainly much more sensible than girls.

Aura. Well, comfort yourself with that, and leave me to write my notes in peace.

Lewis. I shall be sixteen next June, and when *my* birthday comes, what a *barbecue I'll have! Frank Finlay shall be presidnet of the feast, and not any of the name of Dawson shall shew their faces at it.

Mr. Marshall, the father of Lewis and Aura, was now at the seat of the State Government, attending to his duty in the Legislature. He had built a large house on some land that he had recently purchased and improved about seven miles from his present residence. To this place he purposed removing with his family in the spring, and here the birthday party, now in agitation, was to be celebrated, as the new house afforded the accommodation of a very large room for dancing, and another for eating; and in going thither and returning they could have the enjoyment of a sleigh-ride.

Being vexed and mortified at the exclusion of his friend Frank, and, therefore, unwilling to see him, Lewis volunteered to go to the new house three days before the party, and make it ready

* A barbecue is an entertainment peculiar to the southern and western states. The company assemble in the woods, or in some other green and shady place, and the cooking (which is always on a very large scale) is generally done there. These parties, from their sociability and the absence of ceremony, are considered extremely pleasant.

for the reception of the company, while Aura remained at home and assisted in preparing the feast. Lewis took with him their servant-man, Pompey, and his wife Violet, two old but faithful and active negroes.

Frank was much hurt at receiving no invitation, and of course paid no visit to the Marshall family in the interval, though, in general, he and Lewis were together some part of every day; their fathers' farms being contiguous to each other.

At length the day of the party arrived. The company, having breakfasted early at their own homes, set out in their sleighs for Mr. Marshall's new house. Those that came from the immediate neighbourhood of Science-ville (amongst whom were the Dawsons) had to pass the present dwelling of the Marshall family, and consequently all stopped there for a short time, and took what they called a fresh start. Lewis (who had returned from the new house the night before) drove a sleigh in which were half a dozen fine little girls, and was preceded by the one that contained the Miss Dawsons, Mrs. Marshall, and Aura, and which was driven by Dick. Many articles for the feast had been sent to the new house the day before, and others were put into

the sleigh occupied (beside the driver) by two servant-women and the two musicians—a black man who played on the violin, and a mulatto-boy with a tambourine.

It was one of those clear, unclouded, brilliant, mornings so characteristic of an American winter. Never was the atmosphere more pure, the sky more blue, or the sun more resplendent. The snow sparkled and crackled under the feet of the horses, while they seemed almost to fly over its surface of dazzling white. The bells rung merrily round the necks of the exhilarated animals as they bounded along, and the well-stowed sleighs looked gay and comfortable, with the coverlets of various colours that floated over their backs, and the bear-skins and buffalo-robes that gave warmth to the interior.

As soon as the cavalcade had started, the musicians struck up the popular Virginia reel of "Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run!" at which Dick Dawson dropped the reins to stop his ears, his sisters uttered something between a scream and a laugh, and Aura recollected with shame that it was not genteel to play along the road. As soon as Dick recovered he called to the musicians to cease, much to the vexation of the unfashionable portion of the party, and greatly

to the discomfiture of the sable minstrel and his assistant, neither of whom, however, could refrain, as the sleigh wafted them along, from giving an occasional scrape on the fiddle, or a thump on the tambourine.

As they passed the residence of the Finlays they found all the family at the windows, and Lewis turned away his head that he might not meet the eyes of his slighted friend, who, however, did not happen to be there.

About two miles farther on, as they proceeded through the woods, they had a glimpse of Frank Finlay among the trees, with his dog and gun, and a pair of pheasants in his hand. The dog came bounding towards the sleigh that Lewis was driving, but Frank called him off, and retreated farther into the woods.

The first impulse of Lewis, on seeing his friend, was to jump out of the sleigh, run after Frank, and insist on his joining the party. But a moment's reflection convinced him that such a proceeding would displease Aura and shock her new friends, as Frank was in his shooting dress—a blanket-coat trimmed with squirrel fir, a cap of grey fox-skin, and a pair of Indian moccasins. A boy who drove the next sleigh called out to Lewis to proceed, and he gave the horses a

touch, saying to himself, with a sigh, "Never mind, the barbecue next June shall make amends for all."

Just as they came in sight of the new house, Dick Dawson bestowed such a cut on his horses that, springing suddenly to one side, they overset the sleigh, and it was broken to pieces. Luckily all its occupants fell into a bank of soft snow, and none were hurt; but the dresses of the Miss Dawsons (which were quite too fine and too flimsy for the occasion) were much deranged and injured, and Dick's shirt-collar suffered extremely. Fortunately it is unfashionable to lament over disasters that happen to dresses, and therefore the Dawsons bore the accident with great apparent composure, and walked to the house, which was within a quarter of a mile; and they were met in the porch by some of the party, who, coming from a shorter distance, had arrived before them.

On getting out of the sleigh that brought up the rear, one of the black women advanced to Mrs. Marshall, and displayed to her a pair of fine pheasants (so called in this part of America, but which in England would be considered a species of grouse).

"Where did you get these?" enquired Mrs. Marshall.

"Master Frank Finlay gave them to me," answered the girl. "He proceeded from the woods with his dog and gun, and chucked these two dead pheasants into my lap, and said, 'There, Miss Phillis, ax Aura if she'll 'cept these here unworthy birds, and have them cooked, and eat them herself at dinner, from me.' Them's the very words he spoke, a'n't they, Sylvia?"

"Something in that way," replied Sylvia; "but (lowering her voice) I'll be qualified he put *Miss* before Aura, and not before Phillis; and he said nothing in 'sparagement of his pheasants neither."

"And how does it happen," asked Mrs. Marshall, looking at her daughter, "that Frank Finlay is not one of the party? I expected, of course, to see him among us." Aura held down her head, and tied and untied the strings of her cloak; and Lewis looked unutterable things. "I will enquire into this hereafter," added Mrs. Marshall.

They were met at the door by Pompey and Violet (both grinning ell-wide with delight, as country negroes generally do at the sight of company), and ushered into the large front parlour, where an immense fire of hickory logs was blazing in the chimney.

During the three days he had spent at the new house, Lewis was chiefly employed in making substitutes for furniture. In this undertaking he would have been very glad to have availed himself of the assistance of Frank Finlay, whose ingenuity in every thing relating to the mechanic arts was far superior to his own. With the spare boards that had been left by the carpenters, Lewis contrived some most substantial benches (beside other things of less consequence), and also erected a very large table on something like tressels. But he took the most pride in having decorated the windows, doors, and walls of the parlours with festoons of laurel and cedar branches. The windows, particularly, made a very handsome appearance, each looking like a green harbour, and being strikingly contrasted with the snow out of doors.

"How romantic!" said one of the Miss Dawsons.

"Picturesque, I declare!" said another.

"Quite theatrical!" said a third.

"Very fair, upon my honour—very fair indeed!" said Dick.

After mulled wine and pound-cake had been handed round, a game of forfeits was proposed; but it was rejected with contempt by the

Dawsons, who declared that all such plays were long since exploded, and that dancing was now the order of the day, from six years old to sixty. The musicians, to their great joy, were put in requisition, and the dancing would have commenced with great spirit, only that the Miss Dawsons insisted on the newest cotillions, and undertook to teach them to the company. Luckily for the musicians, as these new figures were nearly all the same, they could be performed to almost any cotillion tune. Dick Dawson danced one set with Aura, during which he merely walked through the cotillion, saying that gentlemen now never attempted any thing like dancing-steps; and, when it was over, he protested that he must beg leave to decline all further exertion, as the fatigue of driving the sleigh had been really too much for him. Lewis having done his duty, and gratified his sister by taking out the three Miss Dawsons one after the other, selected for his next partner a pretty little girl, as unlike them as possible, and the dancing continued till the dining-hour.

The plan of the sleighing-party was to stay at the new house till evening, and then go home by moonlight. Before dinner, however, the sky had clouded, the wind had changed to the

north-east, and there was every appearance of bad weather. Mrs. Marshall took her son and daughter aside, and suggested to them the expediency of all returning home immediately, in case of more snow; proposing that they should take a short repast of such things as were then ready, and depart at once, instead of waiting for dinner at two o'clock. To this prudent proposition Lewis and Aura were unwilling to consent, alleging that, after they had invited their friends, and brought them so far, it would have a most inhospitable look to take them away almost immediately, and without their dinner; and remarking, that, as we have generally indication of a snow-storm a whole day before it commences, they could not believe there was any immediate danger. They begged of their mother to allow them to remain till towards evening, and not to make their friends uneasy by prognosticating bad weather.

About one o'clock it slowly began to snow. Lewis and Aura watched the clouds, imagined that they saw them breaking, and prophesied that the snow would soon cease. The clouds, however, gradually lost their distinct forms, and were blended into one monotonous mass of dark grey, that covered the whole sky.

Precisely at two o'clock, old Pompey threw open the door, and with a bow, consisting of three motions, flourished his hand, scraped his foot, waved his head, and announced to the company that "he was proud to reform them as dinner waited."

The dining-room, or back parlour, was also properly ornamented with cedar and laurel, and thoroughly warmed by an enormous fire. The table-furniture had been sent the day before, and also many of the viands. The ample board was set out with turkeys, both wild and tame, ducks of both descriptions, and also pigeons; hams, fowls, venison, dressed in various ways; pies, puddings, cakes, sweetmeats, &c.—all in that lavish abundance generally found on American tables.

Just after the dinner had commenced, Phillis brought in the pair of pheasants, and significantly placed them before Aura, who desired her to remove them to the other end. Lewis sat there, and he mischievously sent his sister a plate with a portion of one of the birds, which Aura then determined to eat with as much indifference as she could assume. But as soon as she had tasted it, and found how nice it was, her conscience smote her for the first time; so often

does it happen that our feelings are excited by trifles, when things of more consequence have failed to awaken them. Aura now thought with compunction of Frank Finlay—of his good nature, his spirit, and his vivacity—and of the animation he would have infused into the party. She looked over the boys whom she had invited as considering them more elegant than Frank, and she found that, after all, they were quite as unlike Dick Dawson as he was, and looked no better in their holiday-clothes than he did; that several of the waistcoats now present were uglier even than his; and most of the heads in a worse style decidedly.

The secret cause of Aura so pertinaciously insisting on the exclusion of Frank Finlay was that she had frequently heard him ridiculed by Dick Dawson and his sisters; Dick having discovered that he did not stand high in Frank's estimation. In consequence of the sneers of the Dawsons, Aura regarded Frank in a less favourable light than she had formerly done; but she was afraid to cite *them* as authority for her change of opinion, lest Lewis should take immediate vengeance on Dick.

By the time dinner was over, the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow had increased so

rapidly that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with its feathery flakes. There was no possibility of encountering so violent a storm in such vehicles as open sleighs. The only alternative was to remain all night in the new house. It was true they had no beds, but there was plenty of provision for supper and breakfast; the inconvenience of sleeping uncomfortably would be for one night only, and they had no doubt of a fine day on the morrow.

Having made up their minds to this new plan, cheerfulness was restored, and after dinner blind-man's-buff was pursued with great alacrity by all but the Dawsons, who declined participating in it as quite too boisterous, and said they preferred remaining in the back parlour, where poor Aura, though longing to join in the play, thought it incumbent on her to stay with her city friends. The young ladies talked of the various elegant sleighing-parties they had "attended" in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and Dick leaned against the chimney-piece, and fell asleep.

During the short afternoon, Mrs. Marshall, assisted by the servants, busied herself in preparing for the exigencies of the night. The supper consisted of the provisions that had been left at dinner, with the addition of tea and

coffee, which they had brought with them for the purpose. When it was over, the company drew round the fire, and amused themselves with telling riddles and singing songs, having no desire to retire early to their sleeping-places. The stock of candles was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to content themselves with the light of the fire. Pompey, however, triumphantly brought in, on a waiter, some substitutes of his own contrivance—saucers filled with melted fat, and having a twisted paper lighted and stuck up in the middle of each. He was arranging these uncouth lamps at regular distances on the mantle-piece, but the giggling of the Miss Dawsons, and the disgusted face of Dick, induced Aura to make a sign to the poor fellow to take them away immediately.

At last bed-time came, weariness gradually stole over them, and the whole company "addressed themselves to sleep." The back parlour was appropriated to the ladies, the front to the gentlemen. The cloaks, coverlets, and furs, served as bedding for the females, and the boys moved the benches near the fire and lay down on them, covered with their great coats. All, except Dick, slept tolerably well; but he complained and murmured nearly the whole time.

The girls passed an uncomfortable and restless night, as they lay spread about the floor, and were frequently startled by noises from the adjoining room when the boys in their sleep tumbled off the benches.

The wind raved all night with a fury that seemed to shake even the strong stone house to its foundation, and the snow drifted against the windows of the front parlour till it obscured even the upper panes. It did not, as usual, abate at the approach of dawn, but, when morning came, the storm increased in violence. The country all round looked like a vast white desert. The snow had been driven by the wind into enormous hills or ridges, which entirely blocked up the roads, and rendered them impassable; the fences, being buried above the top rails, were no longer to be seen; and the only landmarks now visible were the trees, bending heavily before the blast. The cold was intense, and the gloomy aspect of the heavens was still as unpromising as it had been the preceding evening.

When Pompey came in to set the breakfast-table, he brought with him an armful of wood to replenish the fires, and announced, with a face of dismay, that "May-be it would be the last wood the gentlemen and ladies would ever

have." On being required to explain, he made many apologies for the unexpected badness of the weather, and stated that the unusual quantity that had been consumed during the last twenty-four hours had entirely exhausted the stock of fuel that had been provided for the occasion, and that there was barely enough in the kitchen to suffice for cooking the breakfast. He concluded his harangue by saying, "And so, gentlemen and ladies, my 'pinion is firm and fixed, that nothing in yearth can stop us from all freezing stiff in less than no time."

This intelligence was heard with great consternation. The Miss Dawsons talked of going into hysterics, Dick nearly fainted, many of the girls cried, and all the boys looked serious.

The forest was not far from the house, but the storm still raged so violently that it was impossible for any one to go thither to cut wood. What was now to be done? After the fires had burned down, the rooms, in such severe weather, would immediately become cold; the stock of provisions had greatly diminished, and, in case the storm continued all day and night, how were they to remain in the empty house, without fuel, and with but a scanty supply of food?

The boards left by the carpenters had all been

used in making the table and benches, and these it was now judged expedient to split up with an axe, as the most feasible means of replenishing the fire. Lewis, in a few minutes, demolished the furniture that he had taken so much pains in making, reserving only two benches as seats for the females. The boys sat on the floor. The heat afforded by these boards was not great; and the girls first wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and afterwards added the coverlets and furs.

It was determined that, as soon as the storm began to abate, they should all set out for home. But Pompey came in with another face of alarm, and proclaimed that "the feed that was brung for the hosses had guv out the night afore, and that thereby the creaturs would never be able for dragging the sleighs through such roads, and that there was nothing more to be done but stay and perish." This news was heard with almost screams by the female part of the company, and several of the younger boys turned pale. The hysterics of the Miss Dawsons now came on; but such was the general consternation that they were little attended to, except by Aura.

Lewis now proposed digging away the snow from the nearest fence, and procuring the rails

for fuel. In this enterprise the other boys instantly volunteered to assist; and, tying on their hats with handkerchiefs, they immediately set to work; being much impeded, however, by the violence of the wind, which at times nearly overset them, and by the blinding snow that whirled against their faces.

While engaged in this employment, they heard a loud halloo resounding from a distance, and were presently hailed by the voice of Frank Finlay, who came "flouncing through the drifted heaps" upon a jumper—a rude sort of sleigh, hastily constructed for emergencies. The body of this vehicle is generally made of rough boards nailed together so as to resemble a box, planks are laid across for seats, the bottom is filled with straw, and the runners are formed of two crooked saplings, their curves turning up in front.

Lewis flew to Frank, and shook him heartily by the hand, as did also the other boys, as well as that privileged person, old Pompey. "Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Lewis, "how glad I am to see you! How could you think of turning out in such a storm? I am sure you have brought us good news, and that all our troubles are now over."

"I have brought a bag of corn for the horses,"

replied Frank, " as I supposed it to be the thing most wanted. I lay awake and thought of you all, nearly the whole of last night; and particularly of the horses, for I never can sleep well when I know that horses or dogs are suffering. There is a man behind who will be up presently with still more corn, and I hope there will be enough to allow them all a good feed before you set off. Here, Pompey, take charge of this bag of corn, and give some to the horses immediately. But what are you all doing out here in the snow ?"

Lewis explained, and Frank instantly set to work and helped them, refusing to go into the house till their task was accomplished. " We talked of you at our house all last evening," said he, " and I determined to start at day-light and come off to see how you were. The Wilsons had borrowed our sleigh to go to your party, and there was not another to be had in the neigh bourhood, all being in requisition for the same purpose. So I set to work and made a jumper, out in the wood-house, and finished it before bed-time. As the storm did not abate, we knew the snow would be very deep before morning, and my father said he would raise the neighbours to clear the road for you to come home. But,

as that is not the work of a moment, I could not wait; so at day-light I started with my jumper to come and enquire into the state of affairs. When the horses have eaten their corn they will be able to draw the sleighs; for, as my father and the neighbours will turn out as soon as the storm allows them, it will not be long before the road is passable."

As fast as the elder boys dug away the snow, and pulled down the fence, the younger ones carried in the rails to replenish the fires. At length the wind fell, the snow came down more slowly, the sky grew lighter, and the boys went into the house with the joyful news that the company might now prepare for departing.

Lewis, seizing Frank by both hands, drew him towards Aura, exclaiming, "There now — see there!" Frank smiled and blushed, and Aura cast down her eyes and burst into tears. The Miss Dawsons whispered each other, and Dick tittered, and said, "Quite a scene!" upon which Lewis immediately knocked him down.

Dick, however, was but slightly hurt; and, seeing that no one came to his assistance (all the company having gathered round Frank Finlay), he managed to scramble up again, and contented himself with saying, after he had

regained his feet, "Upon my word, there is no knowing how to take these bush-whackers.* But I shall prosecute—I rather think I shall prosecute."

The snow soon ceased; but the road immediately before the house was impassable, and it was necessary to clear it before the cavalcade could set out. Frank, having found a few more boards in a corner of the stable, proposed making of them some large wooden spades; and with these they managed to shovel away the snow with great execution.

In the afternoon Frank's father arrived in another jumper, and reported that the neighbours had cleared all the worst parts of the road, and that they might now venture to start. These were joyful tidings.

One of the sleighs having been overset and broken (as before related), room was made in others for Mrs. Marshall and the Dawsons; and Aura rode home in Frank's jumper, with him and her brother.

In conclusion, we have only to say that, early

* In the western states the word *bush* is often used to signify a forest; "to live in the bush" means to live in the woods. Thus new settlers are called "bush-whackers" because they whack down the trees, and the term is frequently applied to back-woods-men in general.

in the spring, Mr. Dawson obtained an office which obliged him to remove to Washington, to the great joy of his children, and the manifest delight of Lewis Marshall. Aura, no longer under the influence of this family (whom she never liked so well after the sleighing-party), resumed her natural feelings and habits, and became once more as amiable as before she had known the boarding-school and the Dawsons. Frank left off his purple and yellow waistcoat, lengthened his pantaloons, had his hair cut by Madame Nasillard; and, at the age of eighteen, Aura Marshall became the junior Mrs. Finlay.

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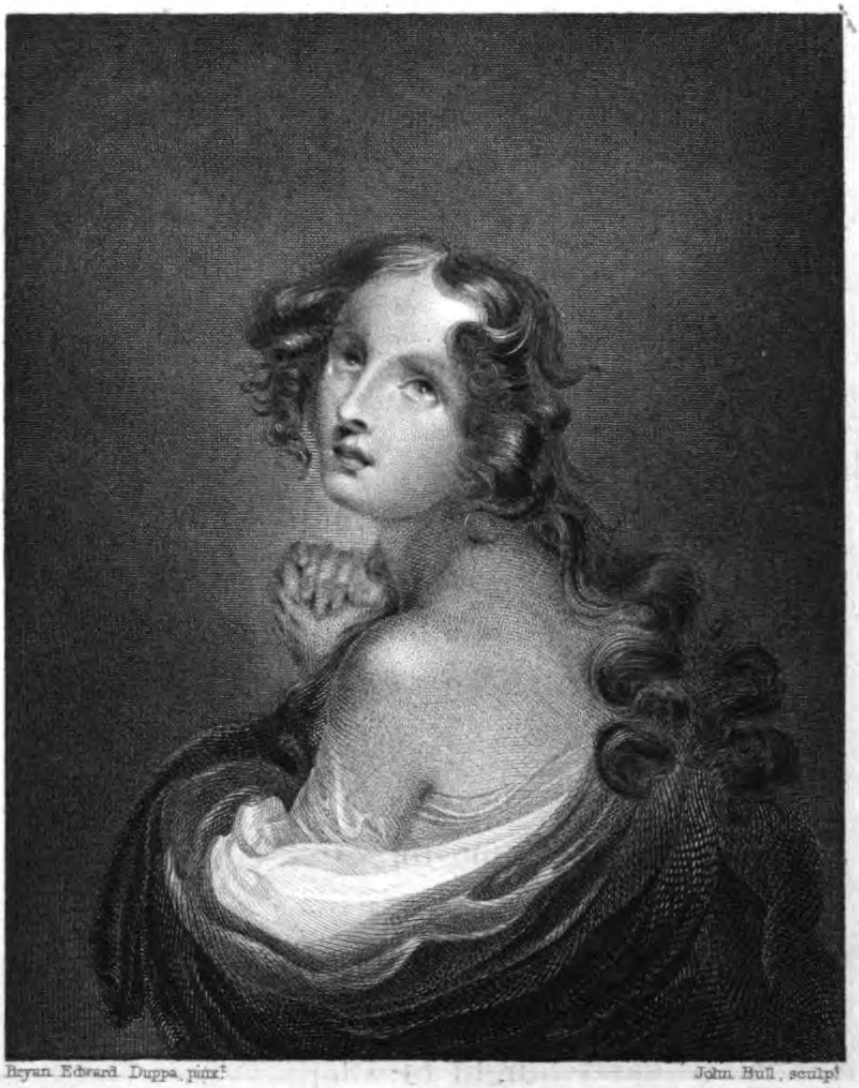

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THE EVENING PRAYER.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me not

THE EVENING PRAYER.

BY L. E. L.

ALONE, alone!—no other face
  Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes—
  They say my father's brow is mine:
And either had rejoiced to see
  The other's likeness in my face,
But now it is a stranger's eye
  That finds some long-forgotten trace

I heard them name my father's death,
  His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
  Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
  But only one familiar tone:
If I had aught of memory
  I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind:
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide;
I will not weep, but I will pray:
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love,
And I can say, Thy will be done,
With eyes that fix their hope above.

THE FIRST PAPER-MAKER.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

"Oh, papa!" said Emma Elwood, "how I like to walk with you! What a delightful day it is! I *do* feel *so happy!*"

"I am glad of it, my love," replied her father. "I accompany you to-day to reward your good conduct, and that of Frederick; and you may be assured it will always augment my happiness to increase yours. The day is indeed most favourable. How bright and cheerful every thing seems! The birds pour forth their sweetest notes! What tribes of insects sport in the sunbeams; and how active are all the tenants of the hive! Now we have reached the edge of the heath, where the broom is so richly adorned with its golden clusters; before us the young corn is shooting from Farmer Selwyn's fields; the hedges are full of the blossoms of the beautiful and

fragrant hawthorn; even the banks have flowers gaily creeping over them;—and look at that row of chesnuts skirting the wood—what noble trees! —what promise of fruit! We have been looking, however, at art as well as nature; and when you reach home, my dears, you must tell mamma all you can remember about Mr. Thompson's paper-mill. Were you not much surprised and pleased, Emma?"

"Yes, papa, very much; but I was wondering what people did before they had paper."

"Frederick can tell you, love," said Mr. Elwood, "for I told him just before we set out."

"I have not forgotten, papa," said Frederick: "the most ancient way of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, and tables of stone; and afterwards on plates of different metals, on ivory, and on barks and leaves of trees, of which specimens may still be seen in the British Museum. The ancient Arabs carved remarkable events, with a knife, on the shoulder-bones of sheep, and, tying them with a string, hung them up in their cabinets. Skins of animals were sometimes resorted to; and at length the papyrus, or paper-rush, superseded, in Egypt, all other materials."

"You are quite right, Frederick. What did Mr. Thompson say about the first paper-mill?"

F. He said that it was erected by a German, at Dartford, in Kent, in 1588; but that it was not till 1713 that the art of paper-making was brought to perfection, by Thomas Watkins.

P. Very true; but what will you say when I tell you that paper was made hundreds of years before it was manufactured by *men;* and that they might have learned the whole process by observing the movements of *wasps?*

E. *Wasps,* did you say, papa? I always think them most disagreeable creatures, and get out of their way lest they should sting me.

P. Ah, Emma! wasps, like other things, are often thought of very differently from what they ought to be. They are, in fact, peaceably disposed towards men. Reaumur, the great naturalist, states, that they will not attack those who look quietly at them, and that he has seen ladies allow them to settle on their hands. But here is our favourite tree, with a seat round the trunk; let us sit down in the shade of its foliage, and I will give you full proof of their great sagacity.

E. Oh, do, *do,* papa!

P. Every colony of wasps is founded by a single female, who has survived the rigours of winter, which have proved fatal to her former associates, and who, as soon as she is awoke from

her wintry sleep by the genial beams of spring, begins her labours.

F. But where, papa, does she build her nest?

P. Different species choose different places. One of them* boldly swings its nest, in the northern parts of our island, from the extremity of the broad, flat branch of the silver fir, which defends it from the rain and sun; another† attaches its nest to the branch of a thorn, the stem of a nettle, or stalks of grass; but the common wasp‡ examines the holes in hedge-banks, particularly where field-mice have burrowed. Should she fail here, she digs the earth with her strong mandibles, or jaws, carries it off or pushes it out as she proceeds, forms a small entrance, which runs in a tortuous, or winding, direction from one to two feet deep, and prepares a chamber, between one and two feet in diameter, where she lays the foundation of her intended city, beginning with the walls.

E. What materials does she use, papa?

P. It was long a matter of conjecture; but, after twenty years' observation, Reaumur made the discovery. He found that wasps will use paper ready made, when it can be procured, and

* Vespa Britannica. † Epipone Nidulans. ‡ Vespa Vulgaris.

that, instead of collecting the farina of flowers, and digesting it into wax, they gnaw small fibres of wood from the sashes of windows, the posts and doors of gardens, or old rails, which their strong and serrated, or saw-like, jaws enable them to do easily. As the paper-maker first soaks the vegetable fibre in water, so the wasp uses the filaments of wet wood which has rotted in the rain, and, having kneaded them into a sort of paste, or papier maché, begins to line with it the roof of her chamber,—for she builds downwards. She then forms the round ball of fibres, previously kneaded, into a leaf; walking backwards and spreading it out with her mandibles, her tongue, and her feet, till it is almost as thin as tissue paper.

F. But, papa, a sheet of tissue paper would not keep the earth from falling in.

P. It would not, my dear; and so she spreads one layer upon another, until she has made the wall nearly two inches thick, with open spaces between each layer—that the rain may not so easily penetrate, and that as few materials as possible may be used.

E. That is very curious; pray what does she next?

P. As soon as the ceiling is finished, the

mother-wasp begins the first terrace of her city, which she suspends horizontally, thus forming a hanging floor, which is fastened by from twelve to thirty rods of similar materials, to the roof. The terrace itself is circular, and composed of an immense number of hexagonal, or six-sided, cells, formed of the paper I have described, filling every hair's-breadth of the space, and wholly appropriated to the rearing of the young.

E. And how are the young reared, papa?

P. As soon as a few cells are constructed, the wasp, who has all this time been toiling alone, deposits in them a few eggs of working wasps, which are fixed so strongly against the sides of the cells by a gluten, or sticky substance, that it is not easy to separate them unbroken. When they are hatched, it is amusing to see the activity with which the female runs from cell to cell, putting her head into those in which the larva, or grub, is very young, while the more advanced thrust their heads out and seem to ask for food. These she feeds, until they become pupæ, or reach the second stage of transformation which all insects undergo,—in which they remain some days, and from which they then emerge in their perfect state; and, within twelve hours after, they eagerly set to work, constructing cells, and lightening

their parent's labour, by feeding the grubs of other workers and females which are by this time born.

F. Where do they get the food, papa?

P. In various places to which they resort in their predatory excursions. One party visits a sugar hogshead, or a pear or peach-tree, while another assails a butcher's stall, from which they will return with well-filled bodies, or pieces as large as they can carry. A wasp will watch for hours at the door of a hive, pounce on some bee about to enter, and separate, in a trice, the parts which are soft and juicy from those which are dry and hard; and these, with blue-bottle flies, are its most delicate morsels. As soon as it is filled it returns to the nest, where it is surrounded by those whose labours kept them at home, to each of whom it gives a portion of what it has brought, who distribute the food, varying the quantity according to the age of the larva. Those who feed on fruit do not forget the necessities of their comrades, but disgorge a clear drop, which others suck up with avidity.

E. What a number of labourers then there soon is, papa!

P. Yes, my love, and these enlarge the original coping by side walls, and form another

platform of cells, suspended by little rods to the first, as that was to the ceiling, the rods being made narrower towards the middle and widening at each end,—no doubt to render their hold the stronger. Thus several platforms of combs are successively formed, the outer wall being extended at the same time; and by the end of the summer, they generally amount to from twelve to fifteen, each containing about one thousand and sixty cells, forty-nine being contained in an inch and a half square, and making about sixteen thousand in one colony.

F. What is the outside like ?

P. The figure of the vespiary, as it is called, is not unlike a large bottle of Indian rubber, but the surface seems as if it were composed of oyster-shells fastened to one another; it is of various colours, owing to the different vegetable fibres used in its fabrication. There are generally two holes, each large enough to admit only a single wasp; one serves for ingress and the other for egress, and such is the order observed, that the uses of the respective doors are rarely, if ever, changed.

E. But how, papa, were all these curious things found out ?

P. By studying the movements of the wasps

particularly in glazed hives. The great affection they have for their young gave much opportunity for this purpose, as, though their nest be removed, or even cut in various directions, and exposed to the light, they never abandon their progeny, nor even relax their attention to them. On the removal of a nest to a glass hive, they begin immediately to repair any injury it has sustained with amazing activity; carrying off any earth that has fallen, and securing it from further disorder by fixing it to the glass with papyraceous columns like those already described, then repairing the breach, and increasing the thickness of the walls.

E. How long, papa, does a nest last?

P. Only a year; notwithstanding its population during the summer, it is almost deserted in winter, and is abandoned entirely in the spring; for then not a single wasp is to be found in the nest of the preceding year.—Now, my dears, I suppose you can tell me who was the first paper-maker!

E. and F. The first wasp, papa.

P. True, my dears; the instinct of these insects produced effects at once which the powers of man achieved only after long-continued and persevering efforts. What a lesson of humility,

then, does this teach us! And how ought we to admire the wisdom and benevolence of that

> ——— *Almighty Being,*
> Cause and support of all things!

Well may we add—

> ——— Can I view
> These objects of my wonder—can I feel
> These fine sensations—and not think of *Thee?*

But who is that I see coming to meet us? It is mamma! And who is that little creature that has just begun to walk? See how he runs a few steps, and then totters and falls! But now he comes steadily. Go, my dears, and lead him to me. Ah! you funny little fellow!—you knew who it was! Now for a jump, jump, jump, and a sweet kiss for papa, Emma, and Frederick.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

" MOTHER, do not mourn for *me !*
Better 'tis I leave thee :
Should I stay, and, day by day,
Sigh my very soul away ?
I would never grieve thee,
Mother, tender ! mother, dear !
But *do not* bid me linger here !

" In some other happier clime
I may lose my sorrow ;
Other brighter days may rise—
Though, to-day, my spirit sighs,
It may smile to-morrow ;
And hope again may gaily burn ;
And, mother, *then* I will return

" I would not leave thee, in thine age,
To care of any stranger,—
It is but *for a time* I go ;
And to your arms, ere long, you know
You'll welcome your sea-ranger ;
And many a stone and treasure gay
I'll bring you from lands far away."

" Peace, Gerald !" thus the mother said ;
" Speak not to *me* of treasure,
Of foreign clime and precious stone ;
Dost think a mother left alone,
To weep for thee, hath leisure
To dream of aught beneath the sky ?
Alas ! she can but grieve and die !

" Know, Gerald, that the mother's heart
No second hope can cherish ;
If he, whom she has fed from birth,
Should leave her lonely on the earth—
Poor heart !—she soon must perish !
A day of tears—a night of sighs—
And so the childless mother dies !"

THE HISTORY OF MABEL DACRE'S FIRST LESSONS.

BY L. E. L.

"Good bye, my little Mabel; be a good child, and a comfort to your poor old grandfather!" So saying, Mr. Dacre put back the thick brown curls, which, to-day, a most unusual circumstance, hung over her face; and kissed her eyes, which were closed, for Mabel had resolved not to cry; still the long, dark lashes were moist with the tears they repressed. Mabel was lifted, in silence, into the carriage, when, instantly jumping out again, she ran to her grandfather and almost sobbed, though the childish voice was steadied with a resolution which would have done honour to nineteen, instead of nine. "My dear grandfather, I did not say good bye; I will do every thing I am told, I will be so very—very good!"

and our little heroine ran back eagerly to the carriage.

Mabel Dacre was an orphan, but utterly unsaddened by the memories which make the sorrow of an orphan. The darling and the delight of her grandfather, she had never known a grief which had not been shared—a care which had not been soothed. Her whole life had been spent in the country, and her cheek was as red as the roses that had grown up with her, and her step was as light as the wind, and, to say the truth, nearly as unchecked. Little, affectionate, kind-hearted, thing!—having her own way was not quite so bad for her as it usually is—still it was bad enough. The warm feelings, uncontrolled, had degenerated into passionate ones; the lively temper, uncurbed, was grown wayward and violent; the mind, uncultivated, became idle and vacant; and, at the age of nine, Mabel Dacre was headstrong, rude, ignorant, and awkward; in short, running as wild as any neglected shrub in the garden. Day after day was spent in scampering over the grounds, her only comrade a white greyhound as wilful as herself. Companions she had few; for, from neighbours of their own station, they lived at a distance; and the children of the peasantry shrank from

one whom extreme indulgence had, as extreme indulgence always does, rendered selfish and overbearing. Mabel saw she was disliked, and also felt her own deficiencies, for only last Christmas she had been taught her first lesson in mortification. Now, bitter but useful mortification is the stepping-stone to knowledge, even in a child.

Mr. Dacre had a daughter, Mrs. Harcourt, who, together with a fine family, lived at a distance. But last Christmas she and her four daughters had volunteered Mr. Dacre a visit. Mabel had been impatient for the arrival of her cousins, to a degree that had put a stop to either sleeping, eating, playing, or indeed any faculty but talking: she would do this, that, and the other (to use a favourite phrase of her nurse's), when her cousins arrived. Nay, her generosity had arrived in imagination even to letting them have her pony, a little, rough, wild animal, which had once or twice nearly broken her neck, but was, nevertheless, a prodigious favourite. The day arrived; she was awake long before, and up as soon as it was light, though she had been duly informed it was impossible they could arrive before evening.

Expectation makes a long day. Her poor old

grandfather was worried almost out of his life, and quite out of his arm-chair. First she thought dinner never would be ready, which, when it came, she was too impatient to eat. Tea was expected and passed in precisely the same manner; and, as the evening closed in, her impatience was quite unbearable. At last, to put a stop to the incessant opening and shutting the door, and the still more incessant questioning, one of the servants gave her some chesnuts to roast, and Mabel drew her stool to the fire.

A soft drizzling mist prevented the carriage from being heard as it drove up the avenue, and the bustle in the hall first announced the arrival of the visitors. Mabel threw her stool down, and her chesnuts into the fire, and flew to welcome them. A most noisy welcome it was.

Mr. Dacre thought to himself, "Five children! why the old house will be about our ears."

"What is the matter?" said the clear, cold voice of Mrs. Harcourt, as Mabel threw her arms round her second cousin's neck, and dragged her forward with an energetic hospitality worthy the feudal times. Miss Harriet was disengaged from her cousin's embrace, and Mabel shrank back with a feeling of surprise, if not of fear. Mrs. Harcourt proceeded towards the dinner-

room where her father was sitting, unable to move with the gout, followed, in the quietest manner possible, by her daughters. She approached Mr. Dacre, regretted that there should be such a drawback as his gout to the happiness of their meeting, observed he looked well in the face, and requested permission to present the young ladies. Each severally stepped up to their grandfather, said they were glad to see him, and presented their cheek to be kissed; princesses could not have done it with more courtesy or more coldness. Mrs. Harcourt then asked for her niece, and Mabel, for the first time in her life, felt reluctant to be noticed; she was kissed by her aunt, afterwards by her cousins; and each young lady then took a chair, where they sat upright and silent, as if they had been images of good behaviour.

"As the night is so very cold, you may come a little nearer the fire," said their mother.

The four moved their chairs forward at once, and then resumed their stillness and silence. Mabel, almost unconsciously, pushed back her stool, which was drawn close to the fender. Mrs. Harcourt talked to her father, and the young ladies looked at each other, and at the stranger slightingly enough: Mabel felt, rather than saw, that

the looks had more of contempt than it was quite agreeable to suppose directed to herself. She glanced at them, from time to time, when she thought herself unobserved: the Misses Harcourt seemed beings of another nature; and, naturally enough, exaggerating their advantages, found her self-estimate greatly lowered in the contrast. She felt a secret consciousness of being ridiculous—a fear singularly prompt to enter a childish mind; and, moreover, she was disappointed, though she knew not well how. With what joy did she hear supper announced!—and, hastily assuming a seat, began to heap her cousins' plates with every delicacy in her reach. Faint "No thank you's" rewarded her trouble, when Mrs. Harcourt said, in her chilly, but dictatorial, manner, "Do you allow Miss Dacre to eat all this pastry? I never allow my daughters to touch any thing so unwholesome!" And Mabel saw, with dismay, her cousins sup upon a roast apple, a piece of bread, and a glass of plain water.

Nine o'clock struck: "Young ladies, you will bid your grandfather good-night."

"Mabel, love," said Mr. Dacre, "show your cousins their room."

"I thank you," interposed their mother, "but the Misses Harcourt's maid is in attendance."

The young strangers courtesied and withdrew. It must be owned Mabel had been accustomed to loiter at her grandfather's knee, nay, even to sip out of his old-fashioned cut-glass goblet of wine and water, but to-night she disappeared as quietly, and even more silently, than her cousins. She left the room with an intention of visiting them, but paused from sheer timidity as she reached the door. While hesitating, she heard Miss Harriet's voice in a much louder key than was used down stairs.

"Well, did you ever see such an uncouth creature as our new cousin—dressed such a figure! Why, she's a complete Hottentot!"

Mabel withdrew indignantly to her bed, and there fairly cried herself to sleep. Not, however, till she had reflected a full hour, touching what "a Hottentot" could possibly be.

"Give me my darkest frock," said Mabel to the old servant who dressed her. She had already contrasted her appearance with that of her guests, and, in her mind's eye, saw herself in—alas, for poor Mabel's taste!—a frock of brocaded silk, where each large flower covered half a breadth; it had been a gown of her grandmother's, its gay colours had marvellously attracted her childish admiration, and she had never rested till a best

frock had been made from its ample folds. Besides the hues of the rainbow in her garb, she had also decorated herself with divers strings of coloured beads and bugles, twisted about a neck and arms which eagerness and cold had dyed a double red. Moreover, she contemplated her curled head—her hair curled naturally—with no sort of satisfaction. She recalled the strangers dressed in dark green merino frocks, up to the throat and down to the wrist; the gloves, which were almost part of the hands they covered; the neat black slipper—Mabel thought to herself, "mine were down at heel:"—and then their heads—the youngest had the hair simply parted back; in the second it was allowed to curl in the neck; the third had it also curled in the front; while Miss Harcourt, the eldest, had already arrived at the dignity (and an epoch it is in a young lady's life) of having her hair turned up behind, and a comb. "She is hardly three years older than I am," thought Mabel.

Mabel's step was always light, and her voice always soft, when she tripped into her grandfather's dressing-room to make her daily enquiries. To-day her manner was more than usually subdued. "I expect my little girl," said Mr. Dacre, "will learn a great deal from her cousins. Mrs.

Harcourt, my daughter, tells me they are uncommonly forward in their education."

"Pray," said our heroine, "do tell me what is meant by a Hottentot."

"They are a peculiarly hideous and brutal race of savages in Africa."

Poor Mabel asked no further questions. Mrs. Harcourt now arrived to breakfast with her father. The young ladies had taken theirs an hour before, but just came in to wish Mr. Dacre good morning, and then departed. Mabel looked after them, and felt as if she had no right to her usual place.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, "that you suffer Miss Dacre to have chocolate for breakfast? It is what I would not allow one of my own children to touch."

To be called "Miss Dacre,"—to be eating what her visitors would not be allowed to partake!—she could not swallow another spoonful. Chocolate was no indulgence to her, at all events, today. Mrs. Harcourt, after breakfast, proposed her niece should accompany her to what was to be the school-room.

"During Miss Dormer's holidays, I take the office of governess on myself."

How endless the morning seemed to Mabel!—

how wearisome the various catechisms out of which they recited dates, names, &c., in the dryest and the most didactic order! And as for the harp, which the eldest Miss Harcourt practised for two hours, Mabel wondered how she had ever liked music. The hours of study were succeeded by those of relaxation, and the four sisters proceeded to walk up and down the terrace in the sun; beyond this their young hostess could not allure them. All her efforts for their entertainment were equally fruitless: they screamed when her greyhound came bounding towards them; shuddered, with half real, half affected, horror, when she proposed a ride on her pony; and, when she challenged her youngest cousin to a race, she was struck dumb with their answer—that such very violent exercise was only fit for boys. But the climax of all was when Miss Elizabeth, the eldest, who drew, admired the bright red berries of a bunch of holly, and lamented that it was out of her reach. Immediately Mabel, with much good nature, and a little of the pride of usefulness, began scrambling up the tree, quite regardless of the prickly leaves, and succeeded in obtaining the desired branch; but, by the time she began her descent, the cries and ejaculations of the Misses Harcourt had brought

their mother to the window, and from the window to the terrace itself. Mabel swung by a bough to the ground, and found herself in the awful presence of her aunt. Blushing even deeper than the crimson which exertion had brought into her face, Mabel hesitatingly offered Elizabeth the stalk with its scarlet berries; Mrs. Harcourt, however, repulsed the proferred gift.

"I can permit no daughter of mine to take what has been procured in such a disgraceful manner; young ladies, you will return with me to the house."

Poor Mabel was left standing by herself, equally dismayed and disconsolate, on the terrace. But the mortifications of the ensuing day were even more acute. It was her grandfather's birthday, and each of the Misses Harcourt had some pretty present of their own work to offer him. The eldest brought a drawing—her latest and best performance; the second had netted him a brown silk purse; the third had embroidered a velvet case for his spectacles; and the youngest had hemmed a silk handkerchief, and neatly marked it with his name. And poor Mabel had nothing to give. Her little heart swelled even to bursting, and she stole out of the room to hide her tears, that came thick and fast.

"Come back, my little girl," said her too indulgent grandfather.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Harcourt; "young ladies, you may leave the room." The Misses Harcourt retired. "A very bad sign; Miss Dacre's crying shows so much envy."

Mr. Dacre did not quite agree with his daughter; but, as he had never contradicted her as a girl, it was not very likely he should do so now.

"You are ruining poor Frederick's child: she is quite a little Hottentot!"

"Oh," thought Mr. Dacre, "I now understand poor Mabel's question!"

It is unnecessary to dwell quite as long as Mrs. Harcourt did upon Mabel's deficiencies; but the result of the conversation was that with which our narrative commences, viz. Mabel's going to school.

Drearily did the weeks pass with her grandfather; his existence suddenly missed its interest; and, with all her faults, Mabel was kind-hearted and most affectionate. In the meantime his granddaughter found the novelty of her situation at the Misses Smythe not so pleasant as novelties generally are. The silence, the stillness, the order—to say nothing of the lessons—were very dreadful in Mabel's eyes. Then she had the

mortification of being behindhand with the very youngest of her companions. She had no available knowledge. True, her habit of reading aloud to her grandfather had given her a stock of information really uncommon at her age; but it was very miscellaneous, and not at all useful as regarded her present course of study. The rest of the girls, finding that at the age of ten she could do nothing more than read and write, immediately set her down for a dunce; and a new feeling, that of timidity, interfered sadly with her progress—for Mabel was really a quick child. All beginnings are very troublesome things, and such she found them. But all the early cares of education were nothing compared to her other sorrows. For the first time in her life she found herself utterly alone, an object neither of importance nor affection. Shy, keenly alive to ridicule, and unaccustomed to girls of her own age, she experienced insuperable difficulties in the way of getting acquainted with her schoolfellows; they were to her strangers, if not enemies. The trees in the garden seemed her only friends; a dwarf oak was an especial favourite—it reminded her of one at the hall.

Her rural tastes at last led her into a great error. The gardener, a good-natured old man,

whose heart inclined to a young lady whose interest in a patch of mustard and cress seemed almost as great as his own, one unlucky morning made her a present of a wicker cage containing a young owl, and a little frightful creature it was, to be sure. Still, had it been the celebrated green bird of the fairy tales, it could not have been more highly valued. In the first place, there was a mystery about keeping it, and we all know mysteries are very fascinating things. Moreover, it was something to love, and Mabel soon loved it very dearly. But, alas! the necessary feeding of an evening involved a terrible breach of school-discipline. Every night, after the teachers had carried away the lights from the young ladies' room, Mabel used to slip out of bed, steal down to the garden, and feed the owl. For nearly a week no suspicion was excited; but, one bright moonlight night, Miss Smythe, who had forgotten some order to the gardener, walked herself down to his cottage, which stood at the further extremity of the garden. As she returned, her attention was attracted to a figure in white, gliding among the trees.

"Dear, dear! what mischief is going on now?" exclaimed Miss Smythe, whom long experience

had made sage. In another minute she was at the culprit's side. "Gracious goodness!—she will catch her death of cold. Miss Dacre, you tiresome child, come with me into the house this minute!" In silence Miss Dacre obeyed, and in silence was put to bed again; and Miss Smythe departed with an assurance that the offence would be duly visited with punishment to-morrow. Every variety of punishment visited Mabel's sleep that night.

The next day she passed in solitary confinement: "Not so much," said Miss Smythe, "for keeping the bird—that I might have permitted—but for the deception of the concealment." It made Mabel's sorrow more acute to know herself how improperly she had acted. The one after she was seriously ill with a sore throat and cough, and had to get well on the cold comfort that it was entirely her own fault. Gradually, however, she was becoming more popular with her schoolfellows. The first fortnight had taught the useful lesson that she was of no consequence, the second brought with it the want of friends, and the third the wish to acquire them. She soon saw that she must put herself out of her way for the sake of others, and that kindness must be reciprocal; now, she was not naturally

selfish, and its acquired habit soon wore off. From one extreme she ran into another, and the desire of popularity became an absolute passion. Her injudicious desire of obliging, right or wrong, led her into continual scrapes. The last was the worst. There was an old woman who was allowed, once a week, to supply the school with cakes, fruit, &c.; but, besides this regular commerce, unhappily a good deal of smuggling went on, and divers sweet things entered the house unknown to the Misses Smythe. One evening, Mabel's ingenuity had been exerted in procuring a cherry pie, for which her purse also had paid. As soon as the teachers had gone their usual rounds, and descended to supper, the pupils prepared to eat their pie, for which the long summer evening afforded ample light: the road to the mouth is a very obvious one. Suddenly a staid and well-known step was heard on the stairs. It was that of the younger Miss Smythe. "What shall we do with the pie?"

"Put it up on the top of the bed," said one of the girls.

Mabel jumped up, placed it rapidly on the bed-head, and, when Miss Smythe entered, all was seeming sleep and quiet. Her unexpected visit turned out to be one of great length; there

was a press that stood in the room, and its whole contents that night were put to rights. All were too sleepy, when their governess departed, to even think of the pie.

The next morning an exclamation of horror from Mabel awoke all the girls. The pie, turned upside down in the scuffle, had let all its juice run through on the bed—the pretty French bed, white as snow, on which the Misses Smythe so prided themselves; the furniture was utterly spoiled. In the midst of their dismay, and their unkindly reproaches to Mabel, who was called "such a stupid, awkward thing," one of the teachers entered. The alarm was given, and Miss Smythe's anger was at its height.

The next day, when Mr. Dacre called to take Mabel home for the holidays, he was told that his granddaughter was quite incorrigible, and really required severer discipline than was practised at the Misses Smythe's establishment. Mabel came there weeping, and so she left it. But her sorrow yet admitted of augmentation. Mrs. Harcourt and daughters were coming to the hall. They arrived fully aware of why their cousin had left the Misses Smythe. The next morning Mrs. Harcourt said, in her most ungracious manner, "Young ladies, I permit you still to offer Miss

Dacre the presents you have brought her, though I fear, from what I hear, they will be of little use." It must be owned the presents themselves were unreasonable enough, if six months at school were held sufficient to ensure their being a benefit. The eldest gave her a piece of music, scientific enough to have puzzled an advanced performer; the second gave her a box of colours (for drawing Mabel had not the least taste); the third a volume of erudite patterns for lace, bead, and other work; and the youngest presented her with an elegantly bound French treatise on botany, not a word of which she could read. Alas, poor Mabel! Two days (but they were very long ones) only did Mrs. Harcourt stay. After her departure it was gradually discovered that, softened and subdued, Mabel was certainly much improved by her having been at school. But a second absence from home was preparing for her. Mrs. Harcourt staid two days again on her way home. She had heard of a first-rate school; Mabel's deficiencies were sedulously brought forward; and Mr. Dacre again convinced of the propriety of a remedy. This time Mrs. Harcourt herself consigned her to the care of Mrs. Weston, certainly with a very unflattered character. Depressed at parting with her grand-

father, mortified by her aunt, and remembering the ill success of her first trial, Mabel sat and cried in the window-seat.

The first week was very miserable. Embarrassed by so many strangers, hopeless with observing so much of accomplishment as seemed in progress, Mabel was in a state of depression that any person less in the habit of making allowances than Mrs. Weston would have taken for absolute sullenness.

One morning, while gazing sorrowfully on the parapet, and thinking how melancholy a window was that only looked to the tops of houses, she observed something dark on the wall. She opened the casement, and saw that it was a robin, lying apparently dead. A robin!—it was like an old friend. Forgetting all the trouble of which her last bird had been the cause, Mabel caught it up and found that it still showed faint signs of life. She wrapped it up in a handkerchief, and, putting it in her work-basket, hurried down stairs, with the intention of trying to revive it with warm milk at breakfast. Previous to this there were some lessons to be said; and, while they were in progress, the robin, reanimated by the warmth, escaped from the basket. No slight confusion succeeded, and, in her hurry to secure

the captive, which only fluttered very faintly, Mabel threw down a form. Of course an enquiry was made as to what caused the noise, and our heroine was brought, bird in hand, to Mrs. Weston. To Mabel's extreme surprise, she met with no reprimand, but praise for her humanity; and Mrs. Weston herself helped to revive the poor bird. It was evidently a tame one, and Mabel's delight and gratitude were unbounded when she received permission to keep it.

The system of kindness thus begun was most happily pursued; our heroine rapidly discarded from her mind the belief that it was quite in vain for her to attempt to do any thing; she found that inclination and ability went hand in hand. Mrs. Weston easily saw that Mabel Dacre had been at once over indulged, and yet over blamed; and that, while there were in her character the elements of much good, they were yet of a kind that were the soonest turned to evil. She was therefore repressed, but not discouraged; and industry gradually became an enjoyment, and order a habit.

But, at the end of the first six months, a heavy disappointment awaited her. Mr. Dacre had written to say he would fetch her the following week; but, alas! that week only brought

a letter from Mrs. Harcourt, saying that her father had been very ill, and that she had prevailed on him to accompany her family to Bath. Miss Dacre would, therefore, remain at school during the holidays. Poor Mabel! Perhaps, however, this very untoward circumstance proved one of the most fortunate events in her life. Being the only young person left during the holidays under Mrs. Weston's care, much attention was directed to a disposition that well repaid the cultivation. Mabel was conversed with as a sensible and a responsible being, and her naturally affectionate temper called into action by the discovery that she was really liked for herself.

School met again, and Mabel was among the most gentle and the most assiduous. Christmas came at last, and with it her grandfather. Mabel cried for joy as she threw herself into his arms; and Mr. Dacre could hardly believe that the tall, elegant girl, who had prizes in every one of her studies to exhibit, could be the little, rude, and ignorant Mabel. The pain of parting with Mrs. Weston was the only drawback to her content.

It may be doubted whether Mrs. Harcourt was quite so delighted with Miss Dacre's improvement; and the accomplishments of her daughters were brought more sedulously forward than

ever. Perhaps the secret why Mabel's little stock were so much more efficient, in her grandfather's eyes at least, was that her cousins' were produced in display, and hers from affection.

Early lessons are invaluable ones, and Mabel never forgot her first experiences. Out of mortification grew the desire of improvement; and the desire of amendment soon produced its effect. All the better qualities of her nature were called into action by Mrs. Weston's judicious kindness. Frank, kind, and affectionate, at sixteen—when Mabel Dacre was the constant comfort and companion of her grandfather—feeling within herself at once the desire and capability of excellence; feeling, too, all the happiness both to itself and others which a well-regulated disposition and a cultivated mind is capable of diffusing—Mabel often said, laughing, "I used to call Mrs. Harcourt my evil, but I ought to have called her my good, genius."

R. Farrier Exxt. C.W. Marr Sc.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me Not.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

GENTLY, gently yet, young stranger!
  Light of heart and light of heel!—
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
  On it slyly steal.
Silence!—ha, your scheme is failing!—
  No—pursue your pretty prey:
See, your shadow on the paling—
  Startles it away!

Hush!—your step some note is giving—
  Not a whisper—not a breath!
Watchful be as aught that's living,
  And be mute as death!
Glide on, ghostlike, still inclining
  Downwards o'er it; or, as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
  'Twill escape the lure.

Caution !—now you're nearer creeping,
Nearer yet—how still it seems !
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest-dreams !
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green, or mossy bough ;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing—
Yes, you'll catch it now !

How your eyes begin to twinkle !
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail ;
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail !
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies ;
Lodge the salt on this long feather—
Ha, it flies—it flies !

Hear it—hark !—among the bushes,
Laughing at our idle lures !
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault !—
Led like you my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt !

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;
I for salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,
That elude the hand.
On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing
Plans I'd often tried before,
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—
I, and thousands more.
This, young sportsman, be your warning—
Though you've lost some hours to-day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure!
What were *ye*, unto my eyes,
Love, and peace, and hope, and pleasure?
Birds of Paradise!
Spirits that we think to capture
By a false and childish scheme,
Until tears dissolve our rapture—
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects, loved the dearest,
  Distant as a dazzling star;
And, when we appear the nearest,
  Farthest off we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
  Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
  And their hopes—on high!

BOYISH THREATS.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

It was at a small inn, on a cross country road in the wilds of Kent, that, one January morning, a lady in black arrived with a fine boy of fourteen, followed by a female servant, who carried a large trunk. Once a day only did a coach for London pass this way, and our young traveller now waited its approach, for the chance of a place inside or out.

The innkeeper persuaded him that there was sure to be room, and he turned with serious yet cheerful affection to his mother.

"Six months will soon slip away, you know," he whispered.

"Not unimproved, I hope, my love!" was her reply.

At this moment a sturdy little fellow, with a heavy bundle in his hand, walked to the door, and looked down the road, as if for the expected coach.

"I shall not leave you, Charles, till you are secure of some conveyance; as that poor lad seems here on the same errand," said the lady.

"He has no one to see *him* off!" sighed her son; "perhaps he is going to service, or to some trade."

The stage now came in sight, but proved too crowded to admit another passenger. However painful parting may be, yet, when one has packed up and said good bye, a day's delay, and the possibility of even then having to do over again what *must* be done at last, is any thing but welcome to a considerate and truly feeling person, especially if young. Boys love change and action; besides Charles's duties commanded his presence at the place of his destination. He knew not what to do.

"*I* must walk back to Canterbury," murmured his intended fellow-traveller, "or get into the high road, and try for a coach, which *you* can't do with your luggage."

"Charles," said the lady, "your appointment must be punctually kept; you shall have a chaise; and if you would like to set down your

partner in disappointment, make him the offer." This Charles readily did. The boy accepted it, with few thanks. As their preparations proceeded they were alarmed by hearing an order for a chaise from another quarter. An old livery servant assisted, from a private carriage, a delicate-looking youth of fifteen, wrapped in furs, and crying bitterly. On learning that the chaise already secured was the only one which the inn possessed, he exclaimed with joy, "Then we'll drive home again, and I'll ask *ma* to let me have the carriage all the way. I know she *can't*, so I shall gain time. 'Tis certain I can't go till to-morrow."

"You may if you please," said Charles; "there will be a seat at your service; your boxes can be strapped on with mine."

"Ah! do, Master Theodore!" cried the old servant. "I dare say the young gentleman will be very kind to you. Papa would be vexed at your return."

The chaise drew up, and into it the aged man put a basket of provisions, as we bait a trap to catch a mouse. "Where the treasure is there will the heart be also." Theodore, however, though still sobbing, showed some proper spirit, as, bowing to Charles, he said, "Well, if I must,

I shall insist on paying my share of its hire, sir."

"Hush!" answered Charles, in a low voice, "we'll settle that in time; don't talk of it now, as I shall have another companion, who, I'm sure, *can't* pay. That's he! nay, don't look *down* on him so!"

The youths now entered the chaise. The old servant, caressing his charge, talked of "going back to comfort his poor dear mamma." Charles and his mother exchanged smiles, as much as to say, "We don't *weep*, but *this* mamma did not love her boy well enough to see him off herself." The horses were in motion. Charles kissed his hand to his mother, and gazed from the window till a turn in the road hid her from his view; when Theodore begged that both the glasses might be drawn up. Charles answered politely, "I will shut the one nearest to *you*, but I've another person to consult, and should, for my own part, prefer a little air."

"Oh, 'tis so bitter cold!" returned Theodore, pettishly.

"Fine seasonable weather, *I* think!" remarked the shabby youngster.

"But," whined Theodore, "I never left my *ma* before. I've had masters at home; but *pa* calls me spoiled, and has sent me to take my chance

among strangers." Here he stopped his mouth by a lump of cake.

"*My* case is much the same," answered Charles, "only I have sisters to leave too, but *no father.*"

"And I've neither father nor mother, brother nor sister," added the young unknown. "I've only been to a day school as yet, and how my guardian can afford to fix me with this fine parson, I don't know."

"What, are we *all* going to school then?" asked Charles, "and you to a clergyman as well as myself?"

"So am I," said Theodore, "but they tell me that he is *so* strict!"

"That's just what I hear of *my* master," said the orphan boy.

"But mine is a *gentleman*," resumed Theodore, contemptuously, "who only takes two other pupils beside myself. He lives at the vicarage near Plumstead."

"Dr. Tasker!" Charles exclaimed, "why 'tis to him that I am going."

"And I too!" cried their companion. "His very name is a threat."

"Oh! don't be frightened at that," remarked Charles, laughing: "when I was at Bristol I

saw the names of Grumley and Twigg on two ladies' schools, yet I was told that the first belonged to a very cheerful, motherly person, and the second to a mild, clever, elegant woman. Why, Birch, and Rodney, and Thrasher, are common names."

"Talking of names," said the stout little stranger, "mine is John Harding; what am I to call you two?"

"Charles Montague," and "Theodore Dudley," were the replies.

"But," continued Charles, "Dr. Tasker never punishes his pupils, but by hard lessons."

"I'd rather he'd flog me," said John.

"*I* would *not*, then," Theodore added.

"I've heard of him," pursued Montague, "as a sound scholar, with a very proper system. I don't expect that his discipline can be more strict than that of my last master."

"Who was he?" demanded both Charles's future competitors.

"My father!" he replied, gravely.

"And was your own father ever severe with you?" asked Theodore.

"He kept me to my duties; but he is *dead*. I have studied by myself, on his plan, till my mother was sufficiently recovered to spare me;

for I'm the eldest, the only boy. Having been a year without a man's instruction I fear I have lost ground, and shall seem backward. How have I missed that dearest—kindest—bless his memory! God grant that I may ever be half equal to my father!" And here he strove in vain to repress a few natural tears. Theodore, well-meaningly, offered him cake and wine, as if *they* could console him. Charles smiled his thanks, but declined them. John, however, feasted merrily, and his entertainer, gaining courage from the Madeira, went on, "If I find Tasker severe, I'll write, and make my parents have me back."

"And I," said John, "know a hundred tricks by which I can be revenged on him; but if they all fail, I'll run away. What will *you* do, Master Montague?"

"Why," answered Charles, "if Dr. Tasker proves *unjustly* harsh, I shall take the liberty of telling him so."

Theodore looked astonished.

"I like the notion," laughed out John, "of a boy speaking his mind, and telling his master of his faults, too."

"'Tis a better plan than either of yours; but I think I know how to *prevent* his treating me

severely. I'll do my best to *rob him of the power.*"

When the chaise stopped at the vicarage, they were shown into the presence of Dr. Tasker, a tall, dark, stern-looking man. Charles explained the cause of their arriving together. The reverend gentleman smiled. "This is Harding, I suppose," said he, holding out his hand to John first. "Boy, you are welcome; I knew your father: and yours too, Charles—for there's no mistaking the Montague face. This, then, is Master Theodore Dudley. Don't tremble, sir! You are the eldest. How they have coddled you, young gentleman, by the way! Montague, *your* clothes are too smart—too fine —though mourning."

"I wore these, sir, to do you credit, and prove my respect."

"Perhaps, if you change them, you will become a *disrespectful discredit* to me. So one's dress be clean, whole, and warm enough, the plainer the better. Be careful of that suit. I say the same to Dudley; for, though he is the heir to a large fortune, wasteful extravagance would soon exhaust it. There, eat, drink, and rest now, for to-morrow we shall be at high education!"

The lads met with the kindest attention from Mrs. Tasker. Charles soon perceived how difficult it would be for his instructor to bear with two such boys as John and Theodore. The careless, unruly conduct of the former, and the peevish idleness of the latter, frequently called down the censures of the Doctor; even Harding, however, stood too much in awe of him to attempt any *tricks* at his expense.

Charles, by grateful attention and obedience, escaped all blame; yet he did not seem to *fear* so much as he *loved* his master. When he first wrote to his mother he felt that he could not, with propriety, praise the Taskers as much as they deserved, making sure his letter would be read before it was sent: he carried it open to the Doctor, who instantly folded and sealed it, saying, "I expect to see the *address* of every letter my young gentlemen either dispatch or receive. But I never dictate nor examine what they write to their friends. In trusting your honour I think my confidence will not be abused. If I find myself deceived by any of you I know how to make ye repent it."

Presents of game, preserves, &c., continually arrived from Mrs. Dudley, that Theodore might conciliate the Taskers, who regularly shared

these gifts with the boys. He had also a profusion of pocket-money, unknown to his master, with which to make friends of the servants.

"I wish I were as well off," said John one day, "and I wonder, Charles, that *your* mother does not give you as good a chance."

"She knows I have a better chance already, and would not act so foolishly by me, if I had not," answered Montague

"What are you talking of?" asked Dr. Tasker, joining them: "answer me truly, or not at all. Come, who is ready to speak first?"

"John was enquiring why *I* never got any thing but *letters* from home, sir," Charles replied.

"And you, I suppose, were protesting that you value those letters above all the sweets which cloy the palate of Dudley."

"Sir, I was trying to convince Harding that *my* mother is not less kind, though she is not so rich as Theodore's. She *could* afford me *more* money and presents, but she would not have *you* mistaken for being *partial* to me; she would not have me envied by those who might not have friends even so well as mine. You, John, for instance, since I must speak out, would have fancied me set above you; if I did not keep you

in countenance the servants might expect you to behave like Theodore. Then—for I know your pride—you might offend your guardian by asking more than he could spare. This is what my mother foresaw. Now, is she not right?"

"She foresaw, too," said Dr. Tasker, "that *you* would *bribe* the servants only by saving them trouble, and treating them civilly; that you would bribe *me* by always being beforehand with your lessons; and that you would bribe my wife by behaving to her with affectionate respect. *Your* plan costs you labours and sacrifices, but they will overpay themselves; while Dudley's gifts will never buy him the esteem of the wise,—while your negligent rudeness, John, if not corrected, will ensure you the contempt of all the world."

Charles would often steal his hours from play, and entreat Dr. Tasker to read with him, or beg leave to copy out his sermons. He was so steady that he was allowed the privilege of taking his own letters to the post; on these occasions, if Mrs. Tasker wanted any purchase made, he was delighted to execute her commissions. The boys had leave to walk where they pleased in the country, but were forbidden to enter the town of Woolwich. One afternoon, in March, as

Charles was sitting, with his book, in the arbour, he heard his preceptor's voice, calling, "Young gentlemen, I want you!" Charles approached him, and bowed.

"Where are the others?"

"Gone to Wickham, sir."

"No matter, they are never fit to be seen; *you* are always neat. Are you busy?"

"Getting ready for to-morrow, but I will do any thing you wish, sir."

"A former pupil of mine has just arrived; he wishes to be shewn where Goody White, his nurse, now resides. I have no time to walk with him. You will do so for me."

Dr. Tasker, leading Charles into the parlour, presented him to Lord Malvern, a fine young man, who said cordially, "I shall be obliged by your society, sir."

"I will be your lordship's guide, with pleasure," answered Charles.

Lord Malvern paid his charitable visit, and, pleased with the modest ease of his companion, prolonged their walk and conversation.

"Old Tasker is as sad a tyrant as ever, I suppose," said the peer.

"My lord!" returned Charles, "*you* had not the prospect of earning your livelihood as I must.

I can't call him a tyrant, for the pains he takes with me. I find him as good as he is clever."

"Surely you can't think him clever," pursued his noble acquaintance.

"With all respect for *your* opinion, sir, I prefer my father's; he *knew* that Dr. Tasker was a most competent teacher."

"But, then, his stingy, unamiable wife," went on Lord Malvern.

"Nay," cried Charles, vehemently, "if I, who left the best of mothers, am content here, I ought not to hear a word against so kind a lady!"

"My brave fellow! I jested but to try you," exclaimed Lord Malvern: "I love and revere them both. But now for your school-fellows. I know all about them. Dudley's a poor selfish daudle, I'm afraid."

"My lord, he has been over indulged, but he's a good-natured lad enough; and Harding would be a *very* bright boy, if he chose; he has a fine heart, but a bad manner. I tell them both my mind, or I would not speak so freely in their absence, for we live like brothers together."

"You are right, Charles: we must be friends. I will see your mamma, and, instead of robbing

her of your society for the Midsummer vacation, I will keep an eye on you at home. We'll read together, amidst your family, as if dear Domine Tasker still overlooked us."

"Delightful! We shall be proud to see your lordship there, for I would not leave home, as none of the others are old enough to comfort my mother yet. Oh, I could not spend my holidays any where but with them for the world!"

They were now close to the town, when their chat was suddenly interrupted by a very noisy crowd. It appeared that there had been a fight, in which a tall youth had received a blow on the face that left its evidence on his linen; while another boy stood by, with his clothes half torn from his back. Charles, with great shame, recognized his fellow-students, and enquired what had happened.

Harding, foaming with rage, replied, "Why, I found Theodore tormenting a poor little child; he would not give over when I bade him, so the child's elder brother knocked him down. I could not stand by and see Dudley struck by a bigger fellow than himself, who scarce dared hit me, or I'd have given him a better thrashing; but he was easily beat."

"What is to be done, my lord?" said Charles.

The mob fell back at the sound of a title, and the two culprits felt abashed at making so hot and dirty a first appearance before a superior.

His lordship bade them follow Montague and himself to the vicarage. On their way he thus addressed his young friend: "Never let Harding guess what I am going to tell you, while he remains Dr. Tasker's pupil. But you will grieve to find how ill-bestowed is that excellent man's delicate generosity. John's guardian tells me that our worthy master volunteered to educate the boy, receives nothing even for his board, provided him with a wardrobe, and intends sending him to college as soon as he is old enough; but does not wish this to be known, least of all by John, lest he should not feel himself the equal of his playmates, and just as free as they to complain."

"God reward such charity!" cried Charles. "Thank you, my dear lord, for your confidence; I will never betray it while John remains here."

When the offenders were brought before Dr. Tasker, Charles stated their case, endeavouring to excuse them both, as much as truth would permit, especially dwelling on the brave championship of John.

"His feelings were certainly more honourable

to him than the cowardly cruelty of Dudley," observed their judge; "yet Harding had no right to resent the natural action of the lad, who gave Theodore but his due. He was wrong in putting himself on a level with low-bred children. Both were in fault for being out of bounds, and for having told you a falsehood on the subject. Till they know how to use their liberty, I suspend it. To give them time for learning the extra lessons which I must impose, I forbid them to leave my grounds, or waste a moment on play, till, by industry and decent behaviour, they have atoned for this breach of duty."

The next day, when Charles had completed all his studies, his companions were surprised to find that he still sat beside them hard at work, though the weather was temptingly fine.

"Are you not going to walk?" asked Dudley.

"If I were free, I'm sure I'd——"

"Hush!" said Charles; "mind your books, or you will *never* be free!"

"Are you set to watch us, like an usher?" Dudley retorted.

"Not he," John exclaimed; "but he's too kind-hearted to enjoy himself abroad, while we are prisoners at home. Don't blush, Charley."

"But I wanted him to put a letter to my

mamma into the post for me," Theodore added, valuing no merit that did not suit his own purpose.

"I shall do no such thing," said Charles, "without Dr. Tasker's sanction. I dare say you are begging to be fetched home, you great baby! You had better resolve to offend no more, than make your mother unhappy, and rob yourself of education."

"Oh, I shall never get through half I have to do! I wish you would prove my sums. I'm sure Johnny would if he had time, for he has often done so, and always refused to be paid for it."

"I'm glad of *that*—'twas bad enough without selfish motives. How will *you* ever be wiser for what *he* learns in your stead? Both of you were cheating your friends and your master."

"You are right, Montague," said John: "but, as I can't follow your example, I'll not bear this much longer. I shall be off!"

"Do nothing rashly, nor in a hurry, without consulting me," said Montague; "perhaps I can serve you in such a case."

A few days after this Dr. Tasker, calling Charles into his study, said seriously, "I fear I have occasion to be displeased with you, for

the first time. Tell me honestly, did you not carry a letter to the post for Dudley, unknown to me, or at least know of such being sent to his mother?"

"No indeed, sir, never."

"Did he not say that he should write home, or that he had written?"

Charles could not praise himself to throw blame on another. He was silent. At this moment Mrs. Tasker joined them, saying, "The housemaid confesses that *she* carried Theodore's letter; he told her Montague had not only refused to do so, but endeavoured to dissuade him from writing."

"I beg your pardon, then, for having falsely suspected you, my dear boy!" said the Doctor; "follow me to the school-room." There sat John and Theodore. Their master drew forth a letter. "This, Dudley," he said, "is from your father to me: hear it!—

"'SIR,

"'My wife has just shown me a communication from our son, in which he complains of the treatment he receives from you, and begs to be removed from the vicarage. Will you inform him that I am sorry he should so neglect his

studies as to deserve severity : still more am I grieved at his resorting to the artifice of a secret appeal to his mother. I am so fully satisfied with your mild and judicious management, that, unless I hear much better accounts of Theodore, I shall beg you to keep him for the Midsummer vacation.

" ' I am, Sir,

" ' Your obliged servant,

" ' T. DUDLEY.' "

Having finished reading this, Dr. Tasker left the room without a word. Theodore, who, from the first lines, had imagined himself recalled home, sunk under his disappointment and disgrace.

" This will make the parson insufferable," said John. " I dare not return to my guardian ; but—don't tell of me—to-morrow morning I'll walk to London, with my bundle on my back, and go to sea."

" If I were strong enough, I'd go with you," sobbed Theodore. " But what will you do without money ?—I'll give you all I've got."

" And I will give him something of much more value," said Charles. " Since he *is* resolved to go, he shall have a letter, which will

tell him where to find a friend, who will give him all he wants, and send him into the world like a gentleman. 'Tis here, ready, see! Open it before you get to London, but not till you have left this house. It will not do for me to direct it. I promised to show the Doctor the addresses of all my notes, so this has none."

John wrung his hand, concealed the paper, and with the next dawn stole unobserved from the house. At breakfast he was missed. Dr. Tasker inquired if his friends knew where he was. "If he has run away," he added, "you, Dudley, must have assisted him, for Montague would never aid another to do wrong."

"I'm sure Montague *did*, though!" said Dudley, instead of making a direct answer to the true charge against himself. "He gave John a letter of introduction to a friend of his in London, who is to encourage him in all he does."

"How ready you are to impeach another, in hopes of escaping justice!" said Dr. Tasker. "Can this be true, Charles?"

"No, sir; yet Theodore did not *intentionally* tell a falsehood; he forgets and misstates what I said. I might have informed you of Harding's intentions, but I thought a little walk

would do him good. If my character is not clear before noon, I will explain all. I could not act otherwise than I have done, without breaking a promise to a friend."

"Well, Charles, I'll trust you till then, as you proved not only innocent, but praiseworthy, in Theodore's affair. But I shall write to John's guardian, and go in search of him myself, as early in the afternoon as I can."

Mrs. Tasker was all anxiety, and the morning passed in painful suspense. Meanwhile Harding, with beating heart, trudged on towards London, dreading every instant to be overtaken and forced to return. He grew weary and hungry, but would not spend his money by the way, making sure of a welcome from his unknown patron. At last he saw the streets, and turned to the important letter, for instructions where to go and what to do. He read as follows:—

"By the time you open this, dear John, you will have given up a comfortable home, pleasant walks, affectionate companions, and good books, for the chance of toiling on board ship among drinking, swearing men, exposed to all the perils of storms and foreign climates. *There* starvation and the rope's end will be your gentlest

punishments. Besides, you have never been in London, have no friends there, and don't even know your way; you may fall in with bad people. Where, then, you ask, is the gentleman who was to feed, clothe, and shelter you? I answer, at the vicarage, where he has done so for three months already. Lord Malvern assured me that Dr. Tasker had requested your guardian to fix you with him, and intends, of his own bounty, to give you a University education. He has concealed all this from you, and every body else, that nothing might hurt your independent spirit. Think what an ill return you would make this second father, and don't, there's a good fellow, persevere in your mad scheme. Return, and I'm sure he will forgive you. If you don't, think in what a scrape you will leave poor Theodore, and

"Your true friend,

"C. M."

I leave the effect which this note took upon the feelings of the truant to the imagination of my readers.

At noon Montague, half fearing that his friend was lost, left the garden for a stroll towards the London road, expecting that Dr. Tasker would

soon take the same course, and wishing that their explanation might be private. He now felt that he had appealed in vain to Harding's gratitude; blamed himself for the dangers which that headstrong boy would incur; and, though certain that their preceptor would approve his motives, suffered all the mortification of a failure, which he might have avoided by apprising Dr. Tasker of John's intentions. As Charles mused in this perplexity, a faint voice called on his name; and, looking round, he perceived Harding.

"Oh, thank you, bless you, dear Jack, for returning to us!" cried Charles; "you are safe —all will be well. But how tired you look!—have you had no breakfast?"

"My heart has been too full for me to mind being hungry," answered the penitent.

"But where is your bundle, John?"

"Oh, coming home over Blackheath, three men, threatening to murder me, took all I had, except your letter. I've been hiding here till I could see you, for I dare not meet my benefactor without your support."

Charles led him in, and Harding, with great warmth, expressed his thanks and his remorse to Dr. Tasker, related the conduct of his friend, and showed his letter.

"You are sufficiently punished, John," said his kind master, "and I am sure you will now amend. It seems," he added, turning to Montague, "that the more I discover of *your* character, the more I am forced to love you."

"Well," said Charles, frankly, "there we are even, Doctor, for that's just what I feel about you."

Theodore and John were much struck by this pleasing and proper behaviour. They resolved henceforth to emulate it.

In two years Harding, by perseverance and docility, had become a very promising scholar. Dudley, though not so clever, had attained something like a manly address, and lost his former silly selfishness. Charles had not much altered, but rapidly improved. The night before their breaking-up, Dr. Tasker thus addressed them:—"*You*, John, will remain with me till you are fit to enter at Oxford, which I am sure you will be impatient to do when you know all. *You*, Theodore, are now sensible that you had better endure restraint and correction, than grow up to disgrace your family and fortune. But for *you*, Charles, who have left me so little to teach you, have taken my duty off my hands, and constantly denied me the privilege to blame—go!—

I dismiss you!—leave me, sir, before I am spoiled for all other pupils!"

"Nay, now you *are* too severe on me, Doctor," cried Charles, smiling.

"How oddly that sounds, dear sir!" observed John. "He *threatened*, if ever you *were* too severe, that he would *tell you of it;* and now he does so, because you dismiss him as fitter to teach than to be taught. He vowed that he would rob you of the *power* to be strict."

"And he has kept his word, John; for the best way to defy censure is to merit praise. Charles, not content with fulfilling his own duties, has taught you to love yours. I part with him only because Lord Malvern claims him as his adopted brother; he has reconciled Mrs. Montague to his intentions, and sends our favourite to Oxford immediately."

We may conceive the young student's raptures, damped only by regret at leaving his beloved preceptor. He promised to pay frequent visits at the vicarage, and proudly exclaimed, "I shall possess at least *one* advantage—that of having been educated by a Christian and a gentleman."

"GENTLE MARY GRAY."

GENTLE maiden—wandering by,
Among the green and gladdened trees,
Gathering from all that meets thine eye,
Sweet honey, like the bees:
Oh! may no thorns lie in thy way!—
In truth, although in song, I pray—
"Gentle Mary Gray."

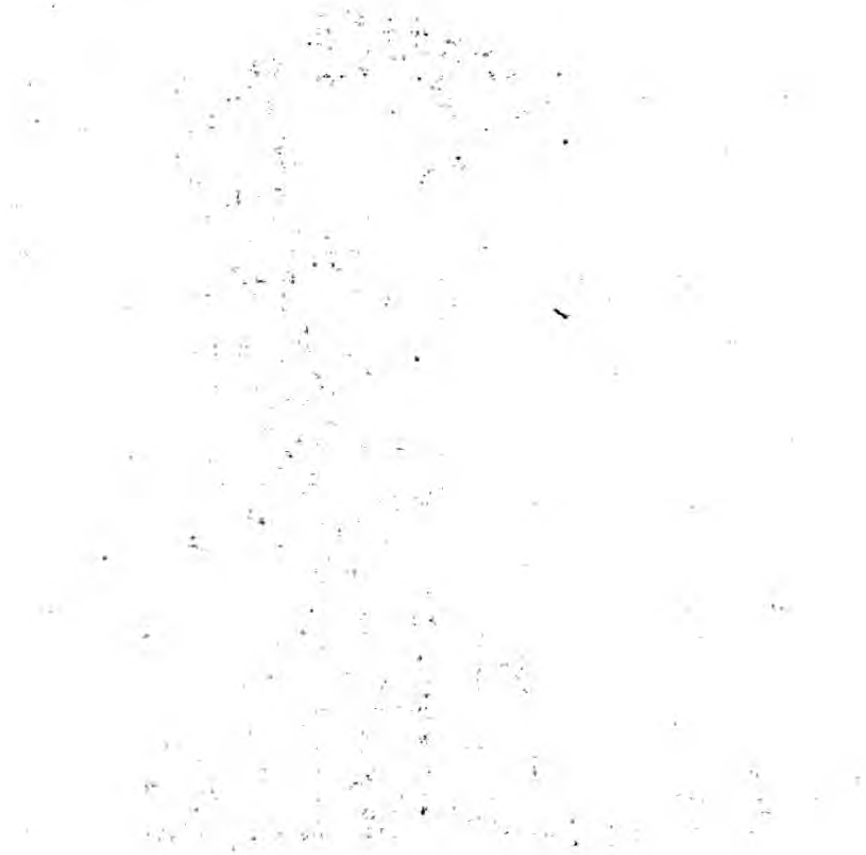
Thou hast no fears of what may be,
The future is a sealed book,
And the world's turmoils are, to thee,
As babblings of the brook.
Thy thoughts are like the breeze at play
Among the flowers of pleasant May,
"Gentle Mary Gray."

May innocence preserve thee long,
From inward as from outward strife—
From doing and from suffering wrong,
Along thy path of life!
So shall thy young hopes ne'er decay
But cheer thee through a longer day,
"Gentle Mary Gray."

Painted by J. Inskipp. Engraved by J. Stewart.

"GENTLE MARY GRAY."

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget me Not



MARGARET AND MARY.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

YOUNG Margaret woke, and waking cried,
Rise, Mary!—lo, on Dunscore side,
The morning sun shines bright; and hear!—
The reapers' horns ring far and near!
The thrush sings loud in bush and bower;
The doves coo loud on Isle old Tower;
The poet's walk, by Ellisland,
Is rife with larks that love the sand;
The pars are leaping in the Rack,
The cornecrake calls from fair Portrack;
There's silver sure in yon sweet rill
That flows 'tween this and blithe Cowehill;
And see! from green Dalswinton's lake,
Their distant flight the herons take.
I'm glad I've wakened—'tis so sweet
To see the dew shine on our feet;

To see the morn diffuse its wealth—
Light, life, and happiness, and health;
And then the sounds which float abroad
Are nature's, and come all from God!
Young Mary thus: from London fair,
She came to Margaret for sweet air;
Not sisters born, yet sisters they
In heart, in spirit, and in play.
See, see! the farmer quits his horn—
Fast 'neath the sickle sinks the corn!
The bandsmen all with hoary locks
Tie up the sheaves and set the shocks;
The busy maids, with snooded tresses,
Dish sweet milk pottage out in messes;
With aprons full of polished spoons,
Their reeking meals bear to the boons.
E'en now, upon Nith's winding stream,
The glad sun sheds a brighter beam;
Dark Blackwood smiles, and 'mongst her trees
Carse lists the music of her bees;
And from Dalswinton, broad and fair,
The smell of fruit fills all the air:
Old age in sunshine walks abroad,
Thankful, and gives his thoughts to God!
See, children, see!—'Twas thus another
Voice spoke, of aunt perchance, or mother—

That stream has run, yon sun has shone,
Yon hills have stood, that wind has blown,
Since first God framed them with his hand—
All else is changed within this land:
Landmarks decay, tombs yield their trust,
Youth fades, and old age sinks to dust!
Ten ancient names have ceased in story,
Ten ancient towers have lost their glory,
Two kirks, where learning's lamp and cowl
Were trimmed, now shelter bat and owl!
For Seton's soul, where monks said masses,
The wandering gipsies graze their asses;
Full sixty halls, where Maxwells dwelt,
The sway of strangers' hands have felt;
The Douglas—but I shall not say
What chances wrought their sad decay—
Or stern Kirkpatrick, whose dread dirk
Won Scotland's freedom in her kirk;
Or Charteris, whose proud feudal power
From Tinwald reached to Liddel's tower;
Or Halliday, whose hounds could range
From Solway sands to Moffat grange:
All these—the brightness of their days
Are gone—their power the stranger sways—
Or sad on their diminished bounds
They rule, nor hosts, nor deep-mouthed hounds.

Fair children, this stern lesson learn:—
What merit wins and worth can earn
May, in some inconsiderate hour,
Be plucked—as now I pluck this flower!
The flower will rise with sun and rain
In summer, and bloom bright again:
But when fame goes, its emblem see,
My children, in yon stricken tree!
It lies—it rots—nor from its side
Sends shoots to be the forest's pride!

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.

I FEEL much pleasure in laying before my young friends some extracts from letters I received, during the past year, from a very dear girl, who left London for the purpose of accompanying her father to Constantinople. Many circumstances which she mentions will be quite novel to those who have not voyaged in distant lands. All her communications prove her possessed of a cheerful and enduring spirit, that will, I trust, continue with her through life. I have not altered the style, which I like for its clearness and simplicity. Its faults will be forgiven, I trust, as the writer has not yet numbered sixteen summers. I would recommend my *little* friends to get their maps ready, and—while some good mamma, some kind governess, or patient elder sister, reads what I transcribe —trace out the places, and so blend improvement with amusement:—are you all ready? But I must first tell you that my young friend left London in December, 1830; and I received a communication from her from

Geneva, which I pass over, as it does not contain much that is interesting or new. I will, therefore, extract from her letter, dated Leghorn (now, little ones, have you found it?)—but it is hardly fair to send first you to Leghorn, and then bring you back to my friend's travelling carriage, journeying through Savoy, on the road to Mount Cenis, as the Simplon was rendered impassable by the heavy snows. She says:

Our way from Chamberi lay through a frightful narrow valley, along the little river Arque; there were high precipices on either side which closed in on us, till they almost touched over our heads; the scenery was wild and romantic, but the people who inhabited it were poor diminutive creatures, with enormous göitres on their necks. At the extremity of this gorge we arrived at Lanslebourg, a small village at the foot of the mountains, which lay directly across our path; and over which we must now climb. It had snowed very violently for two or three days before, so that the roads were entirely obstructed, and it was necessary to put the carriage on a sledge, as it could not move on wheels.

We reached the top without any danger; but here a gust of wind upset us, and buried us in the snow.

There is a species of wind, called a Tourment,

which drifts the snow in such a manner as entirely to efface every trace of the road. This was blowing very hard at the time, but we had not felt it on the Lanslebourg side of the mountains, as the height sheltered us; it now, however, opposed us in all its fury. With some difficulty we were dragged out, and had to wade waist-deep in the snow; the sun was gleaming on us with insulting brightness; the sky round it was a deep black, which looked very awful, contrasted with the dazzling white under our feet. This black sky is a curious phenomenon often observed on very high snowy mountains: it arises, as papa tells me, from the air being so rarefied as not to be able to reflect the light, so that only the direct rays of the sun, or any other luminous body, come to the eye, while all the rest are lost; whatever be the cause, it has a very ominous appearance.

The carriage was scarcely extricated when the difficulties of the road increased so much, that, after some ineffectual struggles, it again stuck fast and could not be moved. Some men now appeared, whom we hailed as friends coming to assist us. On this part of the pass there are several houses scattered, and persons placed in them, called cantoniers, whose duty it is to

assist travellers in distress, and lead them to some of these abodes of refuge. The people who came to help us we thought were cantoniers; but the muleteer, who conducted us, came in great consternation to papa, and told him they were banditti, savage men who inhabit the mountains, and arrive, ostensibly to aid, but in reality with the intention of upsetting and plundering. Papa now stated this to two officers in the coach who were with us, and one of them very courageously drew his sabre and rushed out; papa also took a sword, and, putting his head out of the window, kept them off. They now grew furious, and, in a threatening manner tried to break the glasses and otherwise overturn us; but after we were some time in suspense, not knowing what would happen, they sullenly left us, muttering to themselves.

And now, dear Mrs. Hall, here was I left all alone in the carriage, for the gentlemen got out to look for assistance, dreading every moment the return of those men, and surrounded by a set of others scarcely less wild-looking. As I sat trembling between cold and fear, every thing I gazed on assumed a portentous aspect. The bright stars glittering in the black sky, over my head, brighter than ever I had seen them before; the

wastes of snow around me; a deep precipice on one side, and a high mountain on the other; a dreary solitude, only disturbed by the calls of the guides;—it was the grandest but still the most terrific scene I could have imagined. But papa, recollecting he had left me alone, came back, and the joy I felt, when he presented himself before me, removed all the terror in a moment. He put his hand into the carriage to feel if I was alive, I took it in mine, delighted at again finding him near me. They had procured a mule, and we soon after arrived at the post-house, near the bottom of the mountain, at midnight; having escaped, thank God, all the dangers that had threatened us; but the remembrance of Mount Cenis will always be engrafted in my memory. I had wished for adventures, and I met with them, and more of them than was pleasant.

Next morning the carriage was again on wheels, and we rapidly descended the rest of the way. It was a different view from that of the other side; before us lay the plains of Piedmont, like a great ocean, extending all the way to the Adriatic Sea; but, as our road lay south instead of east, we had still to cross the Appennines. I have found, my dear madam, the use of the geographical knowledge which dear papa

taught me; every place we go to I can now tell the situation of, and the road to, as easily as I can the way from one street to another in London. At the foot of the mountain we entered Susa, the first town you meet with, and which is situated at its base. After passing through it, we again entered a valley, watered by the river Doria, but it had a more cultivated look, and was not so wild and narrow as that of the Arque. When we emerged from this we got upon the flat plains of Piedmont; the snow had here all disappeared, and around us were green fields and trees, but though they had no leaves on, they had a refreshing look after the dreary regions I had left.

We arrived in the evening at Turin, and I was very glad that we had passed that part of the journey, and now had a pleasanter view before us. Turin is a very fine town, but though the Po is a good-sized river, its waters are not as clear as those of the Rhone. The city is a well but curiously built town; the streets cross each other in such a manner as to divide it into 145 quarters. From Turin we proceeded to Alexandria, where we again crossed the Po, and I expected to have seen Phæton's sisters still weeping in the shape of poplars on the banks,

but the ladies had all disappeared. From hence we had to cross a branch of the Appenines to Genoa. When we reached the summit, I saw through the mountains the blue Mediterranean spreading before me; the last place I had seen the sea was at Calais, and now I stood on the Appenines within a few leagues of Genoa—having traversed all the distance between, and it was not yet a month. The other side of the hills assumed quite a different appearance, and so did the face of the country altogether. Instead of a harsh winter, it was the midst of summer; instead of leafless branches, it was the olive-trees with their silver foliage, beautifully contrasted with that of the dark-green pine; every where you saw orange-groves in full bearing. As we approached nearer to the town we observed the country seats of the Genoese scattered over the hills and plain; they were painted all colours, but the windows were not yet opened, as it was too early in the season: there were also extensive vineyards the whole way; the vines were in trellices forming walks, but the peasantry have them twined round mulberry-trees and elms, forming long festoons, which papa told me was the manner in the days of Virgil, so that some of the customs of the people have remained

unchanged for nearly two thousand years. We soon after came to the sea; dear madam, I cannot describe to you my delight at finding myself near it; I gazed on it with rapture; and it certainly is a lovely sight—a wide expanse of ocean, the sun sparkling like diamonds on its placid bosom, and every moment a ship, with its white sails spread, passing before my eyes. Genoa is beautifully situated, built on the hills, and forming an amphitheatre facing the ocean—the streets rising above one another, to the tops of the hills; this town has been called "the city of palaces," and justly so; there does not seem to be a private house in it: but what rendered it more interesting to me was that it was the birth-place of Columbus, a fresco painting of whom I saw in one of the buildings.

We again resumed our course, on a road along the side of the mountains which overhung the sea, for several hundred miles—forming the great bay of Genoa. Papa and I often got out and walked, botanising on the wild flowers which grew luxuriantly by the side of our path. Amongst other places we visited the marble quarries of Carrana, so celebrated even in the days of the Romans, and which still furnish marble for all the famous statuaries in Europe.

We passed through Pisa and visited the falling tower, the most extraordinary piece of architecture, perhaps, in the world, but which is so well known that any description here would be superfluous.

On the 19th of January we arrived at Leghorn, after travelling over about twelve hundred miles of the most interesting part of Europe.

My young friend's next letter was from Malta, and its communications are perhaps more interesting than those contained in either of her former epistles. It is dated the 10th of March.

From Leghorn we proceeded to Florence—a city more elegant than fine. The streets are all ornamented with statues; but I cannot admire the Tuscan architecture as exhibited on the front of their buildings.

The scenery around the city is very picturesque. Around it is a plain, backed by the Appenines, the tops of them covered with snow, which I suppose rendered this city so cold; for I felt it bleaker here than ever it was in England.

Leaving Florence, we proceeded to Rome, where we arrived the very night of the coronation of the pope; in consequence of which the whole city was illuminated. The outside of St. Peter's was the most superb sight I ever

witnessed. It was one sheet of flame to the cross on the ball over the dome. The fireworks on the castle of St. Angelo were also very fine; they ended with a girandola, which was an immense quantity of fireworks discharged in the air, and descending with different evolutions; so that the whole town seemed covered with a canopy of revolving fire. The effect of this species of illumination is so magnificent, that large lustres are made in imitation, which I have often heard called "girandoles." We came just at the commencement of the carnival, but it quite disappointed me; it looked so foolish to see an assemblage of people, some masked, on foot or in carriages, showering comfits. But this and other amusements were suspended on account of the disturbances in the provinces. We saw St. Peter's, of course, and went to the top of it, as well as of Trajan's monument. Papa brings me up every place that is accessible. I believe I have climbed all the towers, edifices, and steeples, we met with; therefore you will think me very "*aspiring*." I saw every thing in Rome—the ruins, churches, &c.—and then proceeded on to Naples.

We passed through the dreary Sontine marshes; there are guard-houses at different

intervals the whole way. But the guards were all removed to Rome, and we expected every moment to meet with a party of Brigands, who would either kill us first and then plunder us, or would carry us, baggage and all, up to the mountains, there to be kept till we were ransomed. Every body was flying from Rome as well as ourselves, so I suppose the number of the fugitives on the road was our protection: the robbers were afraid to attack so many at once.

Among other curiosities we visited at Naples was the "Grotto del Cani:" on the road to this place, and near the Cave of Polissipo, is a tunnel, cut through the rocks, near half a mile long, which connects the town with the country. Only for it, there would be no communication from Naples with that side, except over the mountains.

"Il Grotto del Cani," of which, my dear madam, you have heard so much, is a small, shallow cavity in a rock, near which stood a lady, dressed in green velvet trimmed with gold, accompanied by a man holding two dogs in a leash, for the purpose of trying experiments. This man first took a dog and laid him on his back in the cave. When it began to snuff the

air, it instantly appeared suffocated; and if he had not carried it out the animal would have died; but the fresh breeze recovered it again. He then took a torch, and, as long as he held it upright, it burned; but the moment he turned it down towards the ground, it went out. As we returned home, papa explained to me this phenomenon. The vapour formed in the cave is what is called, he says, "carbonic acid gas," which is equally extracted from charcoal, burning limestone, the process of brewing, and old wells. It has three properties: that of extinguishing light, destroying life, and weighing heavier than common air. It frequently causes death to people who burn charcoal in their bedrooms, and those in lime-kilns and breweries. When it rises to a certain height, as in this grotto, it runs off like water; so that it is not dangerous unless below the edge of the cave.

The weather was so bad for some time that the tops of the mountains were covered with vapour and snow. Our hotel directly faced Vesuvius, and, on looking out one morning, papa saw the top of it clear, so we determined to ascend it, and accordingly set out. We took a species of gig, in which we sat while the driver stood behind, and from thence drove the

one horse. On a bridge, over which we passed, is a marble statue of St. Gennaro, the titular saint of Naples, with his hand held in a menacing manner towards the mountain; and our guide told us, with a grave face, that the figure had turned round to that position during the last eruption, and so saved Naples. We breakfasted at Resina, and, after a little trouble about guides, &c. we selected one, and also a donkey for me, on which I was to ride to the base of the mountain. The man knelt down, and made a footstool of his knee, from which I vaulted into my saddle. The road was very bad, being composed of broken lava, sand, and ashes. As we ascended, the view was superb. The country was quite green; on the shore was a continued village, the whole way from Naples, all round its magnificent bay. From its beauty, this country has acquired the name of "Campagna Felice," and it certainly deserves it. Up the side of the mountain, to the last house on it, called "the Hermitage," are vineyards, from which is produced the wine called "lachrymæ Christi." About a year ago two English gentlemen went up to the crater. When they arrived there, two men, with loaded muskets, placed themselves behind two blocks of lava, and

demanded their money and watches. The gentlemen not being armed, and seeing themselves in such danger, gave them all they had; but, to prevent such another occurrence, the king placed here a guard of soldiers. One of these accompanied us. Our road now lay over a long ridge of ashes, that had been thrown up several centuries ago in one of the early eruptions. It remains a fertile garden, covered with vines and corn to the very foot of the cone, surrounded by desolated fields of lava and cinders. We soon after arrived at the base of the cone; and here our troubles began. The donkey could proceed no farther, so the guide took off its bridle, and, putting it round himself, gave an end of it to me to hold, by which I was dragged up after him, and we climbed about half way. But now the ascent became steeper; the snow lay ankle-deep on the ground; the ashes, where there was no snow, were blown by the violence of the wind in our faces; and the vapour that issued from the crater came exactly towards us. I was frequently compelled to lie down on the ground, from a sense of suffocation. Papa began to be alarmed about me, and I afterwards found he was afraid I should be suffocated, like animals in the "Grotto del Cani."

At length, with infinite labour, and frequently determining to return, we arrived at the brim, and looked down into the crater, and it certainly compensated us for all our trouble. We sat within its edge, and papa and the guide placed themselves on my cloak, one at either side, to keep me from being blown in, while we contemplated the scene before us. Conceive, my dear Mrs. Hall, an enormous cauldron, more than three miles in circumference, filled with lava, boiling up, so that you could almost fancy you saw it heaving; and from this issuing a cloud of thick, black smoke, occasionally enlivened by a dark-red flame; and this immense vessel surrounded by fields of white snow, to its very verge. When for a moment the vapour cleared off, we saw, near the centre, some lovely green hills, covered, to all appearance, with the most delightful verdure, in the midst of the desolation around them, like an Oasis in the great wildernesses of Africa. But what I thought was grass and herbage, papa informed me was mineral substances incrusted together. What a superb work of nature!—to think that this crater is a magnificent chemical laboratory, where different minerals are continually forming new combinations by the action of the fire! The surface

of this lava was some time ago very low in the crater; but it has been rising gradually, till it is now within a few feet of the top, and it is expected every moment that it will overflow, and carry the usual desolation with it. Amongst other things thrown up, on the top we found a calcined oyster-shell. Vesuvius is remarkable for discharging a quantity of water, which is supposed to be drawn up from the sea that forces a way under its base, carrying along with it a number of marine shells; and, when there is an eruption, these are emitted with other matters. This opinion is further strengthened by the sea being observed to retire from the shore, during this time, as if a quantity of it was absorbed through some subterranean passage. But papa assigned a more simple cause, which is that strata of sea-shells were found in Vesuvius, as in many mountains, and which are occasionally thrown up, like any other material of which it is composed. We had brought eggs to roast at the fire, and the guide put them into his hat to keep them safe, but a sudden gust of wind carried it off, with all it contained, to a considerable distance amongst the lava below; so we lost the opportunity of breakfasting on eggs cooked in the most magnificent

quillina that ever food was dressed in. After contemplating the superb and terrific scene before us for more than an hour, we began to descend, which we rapidly accomplished, it being much easier than the ascent. The wind was in our back, and we had not the vapour tormenting us. We then proceeded to see those towns that had been overwhelmed by former eruptions. The largest of these is Pompei; it is a great distance from Vesuvius, yet it was entirely destroyed. The towns were ruined in two ways; one, by a shower of loose ashes, that entirely covered it up like a heap of snow; and another, by the lava, that encrusted the walls, and gradually hardened the whole into a stony mass. Pompei was destroyed by the former means, and for a long period remained like an immense heap of ashes; but accidentally they discovered the pavement of a house when running a canal through it. They then began to excavate it, which is rapidly accomplished, as the ashes are easily removed. As we approached the place, we observed an elevation of considerable extent, covered with vineyards, which looked particularly fertile and beautiful. Under this Pompei lay buried, and what we now saw was part of it that has not yet been excavated,

the vines being still rooted amongst the houses below. But when we came up to this large mound, we found that nearly half of it had been removed; and, instead of the gardens I had seen, there were houses, temples, theatres, and other public buildings, exposed to view. It was an interesting spectacle to behold a city, that had laid so long buried, again, as it were, emerging from the ground. But it bore, I think, a desolate and melancholy look, as if the spirits of its ancient inhabitants were mourning over its departed grandeur. We wandered through a number of streets for *four hours*, and yet had not seen the half of the town. There were the shops, with the names of their proprietors marked in red letters on the fronts of their houses; and we could even see in some the marks of small cups on the stone counters. There were also the mills with which they ground their corn, and in other places chandlers' shops, with substances for making soap. Some were private houses, in which were discovered different household utensils. The pictures were still fresh on the walls; some seemed as if they had only then been executed. The rooms were painted different colours, like ours; but the prevailing one was red, which looked,

I think, very mean and glaring. The houses in general were small, with little narrow slits in the walls for windows; in some of them the glass was still remaining, which was green and dark, so as scarcely to admit the light. The streets were paved with large, broad stones, like our flagging; in which were deep ruts, worn into the hard pieces of stone by the carriage-wheels, which must have taken at least one hundred years to make. If we may judge from this, they were not as fond of repairing roads as the English are. At each side of the street were raised footpaths like ours. They were in the act of removing the ashes from a house at which we were present, and they discovered every thing as it was left by the unfortunate inhabitants; among other things were a number of wine or oil jars, in the most perfect preservation, as if laid up for domestic use. But the most curious thing, I think, that they have as yet discovered, is the ancient writing. They found the parchment rolled up, and they have invented a machine for unfolding it. They paste on the back of the roll a thick leaf, and let it dry, and then, by turning a screw, they unfold it; the leaf is to strengthen it. They have thus undone much ancient writing. One book is entire, "A Treatise on Music."

The volumes, which literally mean *rolls*, are small pieces of round burned wood, as thick as one's wrist, and so calcined that you would fancy, my dear madam, they were of no manner of use, and could never be read. Several of these books, and the process of opening them, we saw in the museum at Naples; where, also, we observed an immense quantity of statues, Fresco paintings and others, with domestic utensils, which had belonged to the inhabitants of these buried cities. From Pompei we proceeded to Herculaneum; and here we saw a town destroyed in a different way. The lava, and a substance called *tufa*, had here encrusted all the houses; it had burned the wood-work and beams in the walls into charcoal, but had hardened in such a manner about them that they remained in their ancient place. We brought some of the charcoal away as a curiosity. A few years ago another town, called "Torre del Gouco," was buried under the destructive lava, that ran down to the sea, overwhelming every thing in its course. But they have erected another city on the scarcely cold lava, and the inhabitants are working and building as if they were not in danger every moment of meeting with the same fate as their predecessors. Several

people in it are still alive who witnessed this eruption; and we saw where the several streams of liquid fire had run down through the streets, and went hissing into the sea. While, however, thousands fled in terror from the eruption, there was one man who voluntarily threw himself into it. We had the same Cicerone who conducted him to the crater; and he told us that when he arrived at the top, he only waited till he wrote a farewell to his afflicted wife, and a note to the police, that the guide might not be taken up for his own rash act; and, saying "Adieu," plunged into the boiling gulf below him, before the horror-stricken man who accompanied him knew what he intended to do.

So much for my young friend's journeying thus far. If it afford my little readers amusement in perusing, it has given me pleasure in transcribing;—more particularly as I perceive the youthful writer has *thought* as well as *seen*, and it is evident that the pains bestowed upon her have not been thrown away.

A. M. H.

THOU ART GONE TO SLEEP, MY BROTHER.

BY R. A. WILMOTT.

THOU art gone to sleep, my brother,
In the beauty of thy glee;
Thy face is dwelling with thy mother,
Thy pleasant voice with me.
Thou art gone to sleep, my brother,
Beneath some Eden tree;
We weep, and look upon each other—
Oh, that we looked on thee!
The Sabbath stillness cometh round
Our fire-side like a melody:
One voice is hushed in our hymn—
One absent from our company!
My sister's hand is on the book,
How sweet her teaching used to be!
Now aloud she readeth not,
Thou art not at her knee!
I will not weep—for oftentimes
In memory's light a face will shine,
A gentle voice be in my ear,
A little hand in mine!

Painted by J. Holmes. Engraved by W. C. Edwards.

THE YOUNG GLEANER.

Published by the Proprietors of the Juvenile Forget Me Not

THE YOUNG GLEANER AND HIS COUSIN.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

" Certainly, my cousin Ben looked very smart in his regimentals, and my poor old jacket looked mighty shabby by the side of his new scarlet one. Heigho! I should like to march from town to town with drums and fifes, all the children running after us, huzzaing and shouting. Then to go abroad and fight the king's battles, and to be able to come back with fine tales of foreign parts! I should like to be a soldier for some things; but then my mother would fret herself to death—and who must go gleaning for her in harvest, or fetch her water, or help her up and down stairs when she is rheumatic in the winter? No, no!—I must stay at home, and be as happy as I can there; so come, Rover, and let us be jogging."

The speaker of the foregoing words was a fine, intelligent lad, by name Ralph Hardman, the only son of a widow, and, indeed, her only child. When pretty well, his mother contrived to make a decent livelihood by going out to wash, or assist in other household offices; for field-work she was seldom strong enough, and, but for the kindness of one or two leading farmers, must have gone to the parish. Her boy Ralph was her main stay; for, in addition to the employments found for him by these farmers—the wages of which were faithfully carried home to her—he was, as the soliloquy mentioned, her water-carrier, her nurse when sick, her gleaner in harvest, at such intervals as his more important occupations permitted; and, better than all else, he was her dear, dutiful son, never murmuring at the privations of play and pleasure which her circumstances obliged him to submit to. He was naturally of a thoughtful, affectionate turn, which had been cherished by his mother's conversation—ill health, and much study of her Bible, having impressed the mind and manners of the widow with more refinement than might seem to belong to her station. With all this she was a contented, meek-spirited woman, overflowing with love for her boy, and lifted up into

gladness, when a resident clergyman and the introduction of a Sunday-school, opened advantages that the village had not previously possessed. Ralph was quickly noticed both by the vicar and his lady for the superiority of his manner; and, whilst the poor widow's personal comforts were increased, her son received that judicious kind of assistance which stimulated his improvement without disgusting him with his circumstances and station. When he was about fourteen, Ralph's self-possession was sorely tried. It was at the commencement of the French war, when much recruiting went forward, and when villages, even in the most remote and agricultural districts, were often disturbed by the sound of martial music, and when many a farmer's labourer was tempted by the gay cockade. "Cousin Ben" was one of these; about three years and a half older than Ralph, more active, daring, and, if the truth must be told, not quite so amiable. He enlisted, and was immediately marched off to the depôt, about forty miles off, there to be drilled into a soldier. How he liked this part of the story was never known. In about six months the regiment into which he was drafted received orders to embark for Egypt, where the war was then carried on. "Cousin

Ben" came on a short furlough to bid his friends farewell; so smart, so gay, walking so upright, and telling such fine tales, that he turned all the young heads in the village; some of the old people shook theirs—but that was because they were old; and Ben's dragoon jacket, and helmet covered with brass and horse-hair, carried the day. It was one fine morning during the corn-harvest that he took his leave. The vicar gave him a Bible, some excellent advice, and, what the recruit *then* valued much more, a golden guinea; his friends went part of the road with him, and bade him farewell, not without tears; but Ben himself laughed and joked to the last, and begged the younger ones to set up a merry shout instead of looking dismal. However, when left alone, he turned aside to a little hill that commanded a full view of the village, its farm-houses, and corn-fields; and, as he saw those among whom he had so often laboured, putting in the sickle and binding up the sheaves, whilst the little children were wandering amongst the hedge-rows, singing and plucking flowers, the young soldier felt a strange aching come over his heart; and, kneeling down, he uttered a prayer that God would protect him in the day of battle, and suffer him to return at last to his

own people and his father's house. It was on the evening of this day that our friend Ralph soliloquised as represented in the opening of this sketch; however, in a few days, the longing wore off, and he was again a tranquil, industrious, and, for his station, superior boy.

Some years passed away. The chronicles of the village afford little that would interest strangers. Children were born, old people were buried, harvests sowed and reaped, and the face of nature remained unaltered. There were one or two changes that, as they befel Ralph, must be named. A book lent him by the vicar, on gardening and planting, more by way of giving him an enlightened pleasure in what he saw, than with any idea that it might prove of practical use, fascinated his mind with tenfold the power that had been exercised by Ben's regimentals. He had always been proud of keeping his mother's little garden-plot neat, but pot-herbs and potatoes, with a few cabbages, had sufficed. Now his ambition was roused to higher efforts; he pored over his book every spare instant; what might be called a genius for gardening took possession of his mind; and all that working over hours, and stinting himself of many a little comfort, could

produce, went to the purchase of flower-seeds and roots. The vicar's lady, pleased with his innocent enthusiasm, encouraged and assisted him; and soon pinks, with all their appropriate edges—tulips, rarely striped—double dahlias, magnificent in size and colour—and other treasures dear to the initiated, filled a niche in the widow's garden. The young gardener became famous in his vocation; the head farmers' wives were anxious that he should try his skill on their flower-beds; and from little to more, and from one step in success to another, the vicar and a few others finally established him in the neighbourhood as a "gardener and seedsman." Ralph was only established at first on a small scale; but talent and industry are infallible helpmates to a man, and, Ralph possessing both, he got on, to use the village phrase, "famously;" his flowers and plants were in repute, and what was better, in request, for many miles.

His mother resided with him, pleased with his better fortune, and grateful for his care, till death gently released her from ill health and all other afflictions that flesh is heir to. About a year after her death, Ralph married a pleasing, prudent young woman, and both bride and bridegroom went to church with nosegays

beautiful enough to have been coveted by a duke and duchess. Whilst Ralph was thus feeling how sweet is humble prosperity, when felt to proceed from Providence, and tasted by a thankful heart, Ben was viewing life and its vicissitudes on a greater scale. His friends received several letters from him whilst in Eygpt, containing descriptions of the pyramids and the mummies, which excited the wonder and admiration of the whole village. In one of his letters to his father he mentioned having been made a sergeant, and his colonel added a postscript commending his conduct; however, to make matters even, he lost one eye by Opthalmia. Besides serving in Egypt, he made part of the British army when Spain became the seat of war; he consequently saw hard service. For a long time his friends believed him dead, no tidings having reached them; and his supposed death was often held up as a warning to many a plough-boy smitten with the love of a scarlet jacket. He was, however, alive, and his gallant spirit and good conduct were, to use another village phrase, "the making of him." Frequently, after a great engagement, the commander-in-chief promoted a few of the private soldiers, who had particularly distinguished themselves, to the rank

of officers. On one of these occasions Ben was most urgently recommended by his colonel, and received a commission; but, as he had several severe wounds it was doubtful at first whether he might live to enjoy the honour. He lay for some time in the hospital; his peasant's constitution, however, and the blessing of Providence, enabled him to triumph over his wounds, and in three months he was able to return to his military duties, that now possessed more attractions than ever. Ben, though in some degree turned gentle man, had the sense to remember his origin, and what he remembered his brother-officers forgot; brave in battle, modest out of it, and graced naturally with a frank gay temper, it is not wonderful that he made many friends. The division to which his regiment belonged saw peculiarly severe service, and our soldier both received and gave more than a fair proportion of hard blows. At the battle of Vittoria his arm was nearly severed by a sabre cut; he was obliged to have it amputated; and, his strength being throughly broken down, he was permitted to return to England to recruit. On landing, by that natural instinct which prompts us when sick and weary to long for *home*, he thought of his native village with tenderness; the bloody and brilliant scenes of

war being far away he had time to remember his early friends and pleasures; and, without more delay than his weakness rendered necessary, he travelled to the place of his birth.

Letters had been received from him since his promotion, and part of his pay had been appropriated to the comfort of his parents, till their death, which happened about eighteen months previous to his return, rendered this aid needless. It was a lovely evening in corn-harvest, the very season when Ben, the young private soldier, left the village on foot, that Ben, the experienced officer, re-entered it. As his chaise passed the little hill, where he remembered having prayed to be preserved, his heart swelled with gratitude not unmingled with sadness, remembering how many he had seen fall beside him, who had left their homes with desires of life as strong. He drove straight to the vicarage—the news of his return quickly spread—the bells were rung—every species of rustic festivity put in requisition to do honour to the stranger—and such harvest-feasts were never seen in the country, as those at which Ben assisted. He took lodgings at his cousin Ralph's, and remained several months, receiving much notice from the gentry, and bestowing much notice on his old

friends in humble life. He was a general favourite; but his health was completely broken, and his spirits could not always resist the influence of bodily suffering.

The two cousins had many conversations of a personal nature, as one sat amongst the flowers, enjoying their beauty without understanding their nature; and as the other worked amongst them, loving them next to his wife and children, and knowing their minutest shades, varieties, and origin. They often exchanged their knowledge: Ben told of men and cities, camps and sieges, manners and customs, in far-away places; and Ralph narrated, as from reading and observation he was well qualified to do, interesting information connected with trees, and plants, and flowers.

"I have been thinking, Ralph," said Ben, one day when they were together, "I have been thinking of a remark our vicar once made before I went for a soldier, and which I am now sure was true."

"What did he say, cousin Ben, and why should it make you look so sorrowful? I am afraid you are not so well," said Ralph, looking up from his occupation.

"He said, and I am sure it is true, that the

dealings of Providence between man and man are amazingly equal, when we look at more than first appearances."

"I believe it—but what then, cousin?"

"Even this, Ralph: the world might say I had found life a better bargain than you—and God forbid I should complain!"

"No, indeed, remembering that you left us a poor lad, and are come back to us an honour to your king and country, and I am sure a credit to our village."

"Thank you, thank you, Ralph, and I should feel shame not to be thankful and content; but matters are equal between us, Ralph. Providence *does* trim the balance between his creatures: you work for your bread, live in what may be called obscurity, and have seen little of life; but you have the sweets of health, a happy fireside, and this little paradise, all your own. I have a higher station, and something of what the world terms reputation, but I am also a lonely man, and a cripple."

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Of all the classes of creation, birds are peculiarly calculated to engage the attention and excite the admiration of human kind. To them we are indebted for sweetness of song; and we might have remained ignorant of the divine and delightful powers of harmony, had we never heard the nightingale's plaint, the lark's exulting hymn of liberty, or the blackbird's merry whistle — that sweetest solace of the ploughman's labours.

* The beautiful wood-cuts that embellish this essay have been published in "The Garden and Menagerie of the Zoological Gardens." They are introduced here by permission of the engravers, Messrs. Branston and Wright,—to whose eminent talents, in this department of art, the Editor desires to bear testimony, while expressing her thanks for the means of rendering her Anecdotes of Birds far more attractive than they could otherwise have been.

It is not too much to say, that some of the most exquisite and elevated endowments of the mind have been called into action by the wing of a falcon, or the warbling of a wood-lark.

Wings are among the most enviable gifts with which nature has enriched the animated world. With brutes man is, in this respect, on a level. Like them, we may scale the Alps to the highest summit—we may ascend Mont Blanc, and build upon its loftiest pinnacle a wooden certificate of our courage and perseverance—to be blown away the next hour. But what does all this amount to? We learn that thus far only can we go, and that nothing remains but to descend again as rapidly as possible. We can, to be sure, mount in balloons, and rise a certain number of feet above St. Paul's; but we know, all the while, that the very tomtits are laughing at and ridiculing our worse than Icarian ambition. Fishes, even those that fly, we are little disposed to envy; we covet not their coral bowers and palaces of pearl, being perfectly satisfied with the descriptions furnished by our poets;—we consign them to their watery delights without a sigh. Notwithstanding the powers of flight extended to many insects, we cannot condescend to be jealous of them. Whether

from the multiplicity of their legs, the fragility of their structure, their personal insignificance, ephemeral duration, or pantomimical changes, we know not; but assuredly we would *not* be a butterfly, though we might nestle on roses, or sip dew from the lily's bosom. We would not change existence with an oak, crowned as it is by centuries as with a garland—though it were to be the pride of Windsor forest, and the favourite of a line of kings:—nor with a diamond, to hang from the ear of England's queen, or sparkle on the inspired brow of England's fairest poetess. But when we behold a bird migrating hither and thither—now coming out into the bright blue of summer skies, and anon scudding away beneath the broad shadow of a soberer season—enjoying the earth and exulting in heaven—sheltering itself under a curling leaf or wandering through a wilderness of cloud;—we cannot behold this without looking with an air of respect and deference, even upon the sparrow. We regard him as a being of a superior world—as a little fairy creature who is secretly pitying our limited accomplishments and imperfect organization. We throw him the crumbs with a less confident hand; and wonder how they can tempt him from his balmy

and beautiful retreat. It is here that the superiority even of the sparrow is discoverable: he excels us in the most delightful of all privileges —that of ascending into the air. The highest attainment of human genius cannot reach this.

Gifted with such important and peculiar powers, no one can wonder then that birds are universally cherished and admired. They bring to earth, upon their wings, some of the pleasures and purity of the scenes amid which they revel. And their voices, even in the captivity of a city, burst forth, a token of joyfulness, and health, and love, to those who listen.

The history of birds suplies us with numberless subjects for reflection. The student in ornithology daily derives some lesson of morality from apparently insignificant objects. When he hears of the kingfisher, exposing to the heating and brilliant rays of the sun the glowing colours of his breast, fluttering over the stream so as to attract its finny victims to the surface by its beauty, that it may the more easily secure them as his prey—he is, or ought to be, reminded of the snares that are perpetually dazzling and deceiving us in life —of the graceful motions, and gaudy hues, that serve to hide the workings of deception and vice—and, above

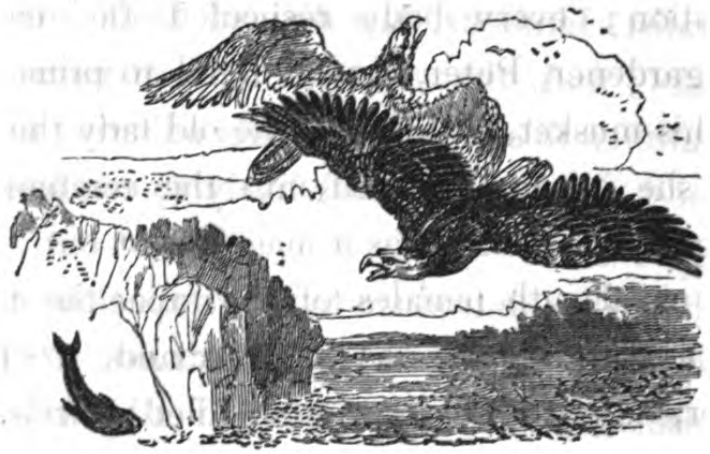
all, how often the most brilliant talents have been employed to ensnare, where Nature intended them to delight and adorn. When he beholds the bittern standing, hour after hour, in the same attitude, mute and motionless, by the margin of a pool, waiting for its prey—its feathers sleek, its eyes fixed, and its whole appearance that of devout meekness and patient serenity—he compares it with the examples of duplicity and selfishness—of cunning and hypocrisy, with which history and experience have furnished him, and as he turns aside in disgust acknowledges the similitude to be painfully true. Upon this topic, however, I will leave my juvenile readers to enlarge. Their imaginations will find ample scope; the subject is almost inexhaustible; but my business is with facts rather than fancies.

A limited space must prevent my entering upon the various interesting features connected with this beautiful branch of Natural History: to my young friends who study Ornithology, as a mere science, my simple ANECDOTES OF A FEW BIRDS, cannot prove as interesting as to others who delight in observing and noting their various instincts and actions.

They must all be aware, however, that the great

naturalist, Linnæus, has divided birds into SIX CLASSES; and, though more modern naturalists have altered this division, I prefer adhering to it as the most simple, and least likely to confuse the young student.

I shall, then, introduce to your notice the eagle, a bird of the *first* or RAPACIOUS CLASS, so called because they prey upon flesh of all kinds. It consists of many varieties—the most prominent of which are the golden eagle, "with his eye of light"—the conder, of whom so many wonders are told in fairy tale—the unseemly and rapacious vulture—the gallant falcon, which, in the olden days, afforded such gay pastime to lords and ladies—the midnight owl—and the small butcher-bird. The great sea-eagle is only inferior in size to the golden eagle: as its name implies, it resides near the sea, although its eyrie, or nest, is generally constructed in the loftiest tree it can discover in the vicinity of ocean; there it builds a very broad habitation, and lays in it two eggs. I remember a pair of these birds who had inhabited, time out of mind, an old tree in my neighbourhood; I have often gazed up with wonder at the immense mass which their nest appeared as it rested on the topmost and blighted boughs of this denizen of the woods; and I recollect well the heavy sailing



flights of its inmates returning to their home. The peasants there used to assert that they fished more in the night than in the day, and I perceive that naturalists generally agree in the opinion that they certainly collect food when others of the species sleep. I often lamented the fate of those birds; latterly, perhaps from their age, which must have been extreme, they became heavy and lazy — so lazy that they debased their noble nature by condescending to petty pillage that would have disgraced a common kite, and the peasants were continually suffering from their ungenerous system. They seldom visited the sea-shore, but woe betide even an unfortunate chicken that crossed their path! What was to be done? Many projects were talked about, but, with the dilatoriness peculiar to my country-folk, none were put in

execution; every body respected the eagles. Our gardener, Peter, was ordered to prime and load his musket, and fire on the old lady the first time she intruded herself into the company of our goslings. She was a magnificent bird, and, as is usual with females of the rapacious tribe, half as large again as her husband. "Look at her," replied Peter, as she sailed in the distance, the deep blue of a summer sky throwing her expanded wings and majestic movements into strong relief. "Look at her, master! I remember that *ould* lass ever since I was the hoight of a raspberry plant; and I couldn't find it in my heart to hurt a feather of her wing—the craythur! What signifies a dozen of goslings to such a bird as that?—won't there be plenty o' geese of all sorts when she's gone? But my father before me used to say, Peter, says he, mark my words— them 'ill be the last o' the rale ancient Irish eagles that 'ill ever settle in the barony — for they've a mortal hatred to new fashions, and prefar, by a great dale, an open country, where there's a free trade, and no revenue-officers, or any thing that way:— you understand, sir;—but as to killing her—I'd as soon think o' killing the priest!"

This was the climax!—Peter's determination

was taken; but, as goslings were again destroyed, and, unfortunately, in an unlucky moment the rapacious bird took a fancy to a beautiful pea-hen, who was brooding over her eggs in a retired copse, it was absolutely determined that, as it would be a species of sacrilege to destroy the birds, the old tree, so long their domicile, should be cut down; and it was conjectured that they would, on receiving so marked an insult, proudly resolve to quit the neighbourhood altogether. The result proved that our anticipations were correct. When they returned at night, and saw the dwelling of ages scattered on the ground, they circled and circled over it, uttering, from time to time, screams both shrill and plaintive. In the morning they were no where to be found, and we could only conjecture that they had retired to some of the islet bays, with which that part of the coast abounds.

I once saw a poor Irishman, who assured me that he had robbed an eagle's nest, at Killarney, of a fine young lamb, which kept his family in fresh meat (a luxury they were quite unaccustomed to) for more than a week! He was not as clever, though, as a man we read of in "Smith's History of Kerry," who got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of fearful

famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones; he protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings and retarding the flight of the young. We may call the eagle the lion of the air: like that noble animal he is solitary in his habits, lonely in his magnificence, disdaining all the attributes of royalty, except its POWER—in *that* he triumphs. How good and wise is Providence in all its ways! Were carnivorous birds as numerous as others, how soon all the humbler tenants of the air, and the helpless, but beautiful and gentle, creatures of the woods and wilds would be destroyed! The annexed engraving conveys a correct idea of the eagle and her prey.

Although the falcon is a cruel and a voracious

bird, it is interesting because of the sport it afforded our ancestors. It must have been a gallant sight to see lords and ladies, so gaily mounted, watching the course their brave birds took in the sky to strike a heron, or some simpler prey; and I regret that my limited space prevents my recording a few interesting anecdotes of this sagacious bird. If my young friends should, at some future period, feel interested in this sport of the olden time, they will find abundant information in Sir John Sebright's Observations on Hawking.

Have you ever been terrified at night by the hooting of the midnight owl? Or have you ever been near enough to one to examine its peculiar eyes — the distinguishing mark of the tribe? They are wisely formed for seeing better in the dusk than in the broad glare of sun-

shine, because they take their prey at night. I wish you particularly to observe that, in the eyes of all creatures, nature has made a provision either to shut out too much light, or to admit what is necessary, by the contraction and dilatation of what is termed the *pupil*. In these birds the pupil is capable of opening very wide or shutting very close. By *contracting* the pupil, the light, which would act too powerfully on the sensibility of what is termed the retina, is excluded; by *dilating* the pupil, the animal takes in the more faint rays of light, and thereby is enabled to spy its prey, and catch it with greater facility, in the dark. Here is an owl, you see, "hooting the moon," amidst tombs and ruins.

The *second* class consists of BIRDS OF THE POULTRY KIND—those excellent and domestic

things to whom we are indebted for so many comforts—so many luxuries. The gaudy peacock—the speckled guinea-hen, who proclaims every coming shower in loud and shrill announcement—the graceful pheasant—the inflated turkey-cock, that dread of bold children and beggars—the gentle partridge—and others "too numerous to mention"—all belong to this useful family: but, much as I admire the beautiful peacock and his gentle lady-like mother and wives, I confess that my friendship and esteem centre in common barn-door fowl. I had once a favourite black hen—"a great beauty," she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full!—she knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for "Yarico"—so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said, "If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse it would do, but the copse is full of weazels, and I am sure of foxes also. I have driven her back

twenty times, but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again; it's always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens." I have often thought, since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite, in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico; the gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge: at the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock.

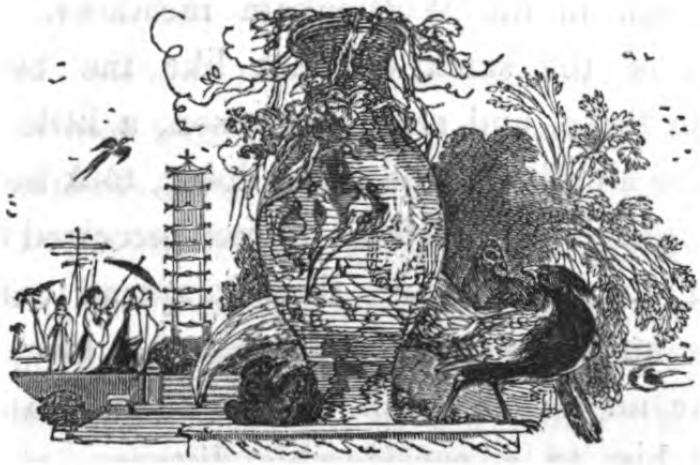
Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had

attempted to carry off one of her children, but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox.

The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend, not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted,

roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

I wish the silver pheasant were introduced into our poultry-yards. It is a most graceful, beautiful bird, originally imported from China; more easily tamed than the common pheasant, and bearing our climate well. Its eggs are rather small, but well-flavoured. The accompanying engraving gives a very correct likeness of both the male and female bird. The lady is not as handsome as the gentleman, but then she makes up for this deficiency by being gentle and amiable; these qualities more than compensate (in the opinion of her intimate friends,) for her lack of personal beauty.



What amusement feeding poultry affords young

folk in the country!—how pleasing it is to see them run after the little lady or gentleman, who, basket on arm, showers upon them the "golden grain!"—the duck's quack, the hen's cackle, the guinea-fowl's deep and peculiar note, the "gee-gee" of the respectable geese, and the gentle treble of the pea-hens, as they stride forward, attended by their stately lord, whose magnificent tail seems as much in his own, and the way of others, as a young lady's train on her first presentation at court.

Most children say that the peacock thinks his ugly legs spoil his appearance; they are black and thick, I confess, and do not correspond with his beautiful tail; but they are strong useful props, for all that, as the following anecdote will testify, and therefore must not be despised. A fine full-grown peacock was seen upon a half-finished hay-stack in the Wottingham meadows. The owner of the stack did not like the bird to remain there, and sent up his son, a little boy, to drive him down; he, in so doing, took hold of the bird's legs, which no sooner perceived itself seized, in this manner, than it spread out its wings and flew away, carrying the boy with it, like an immense tail to a kite, and so conveyed him to a considerable distance—unhurt and undismayed!

This "pretty picture," to use a nursery phrase, will give my little friends an idea of the manner in which wild turkeys are caught in the American woods. It is easy to see that the dog and the stick must be fatal to some of the birds, who display their tails in fancied security, while the fowler lays in wait for the proper opportunity of pouncing upon them. Mr. Audubon, to whom we are indebted for so much knowledge respecting American ornithology, has, in his beautiful work, given magnificent figures of the wild turkey. It is a most splendid bird, much superior to our gobbling acquaintances of England. M. Buonaparte relates, that a gentleman in West Chester country, New York, had once a young female wild turkey domesticated among his poultry. She disappeared, but returned in the autumn, followed by a large brood, and remained on the farm till the

renewal of spring, when she again disappeared; but again came back, in autumn, with a second brood. You see she wished her young ones to be comfortably provided for!

The wild partridge is a most excellent parent, and is more sagacious than most birds of the poultry kind. As they live in the very neighbourhood of their enemies, nature has given them talent superior to birds of the larger kind—another proof of the wisdom of God. Whenever a dog approaches their nest, the female uses every means to draw him away. She keeps just before him, pretends to be incapable of flying, just hops up, and then falls down before him; but never goes off so far as to discourage her pursuer. At length, when she has drawn him entirely away from her secret treasure, she at once takes wing, and fairly leaves him to gaze after her in despair. When the danger is over, and the dog withdrawn, she then calls her young, who, like good children, assemble at once at her cry, and obediently follow where she leads them. Goldsmith, in his Animated Nature, asserts that those birds cannot be tamed; but I believe there are very few created things that cannot be subdued by kindness. A mower in the country accidentally cut off the head of

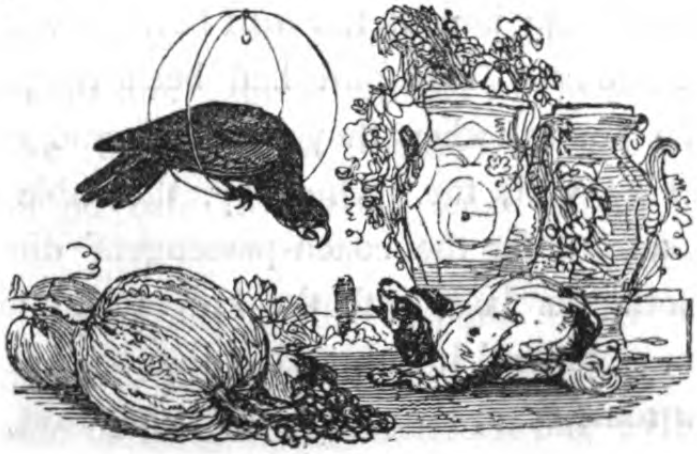
a poor partridge, who was sitting on her nest. He brought me six of the eggs, and I prevailed on Norna to place them under a sitting hen. In due time we had five young ones, three of whom lived to be full-grown birds; and, though permitted to ramble in the domain, always came to the poultry-yard for their food, and were quite as tame as domestic fowls in general.

I will now introduce you to some members of another and a very different family—class the *third*—the saucy, noisy, and impertinent BIRDS OF THE PIE KIND: comprising a most irregular tribe, not formidable, and yet delighting in mischief—not useful nor obedient, and yet without decided enmity to their fellow-birds. The sagacious raven—the noisy crow—the loquacious and powdered daw—the impertinent magpie — the tapping woodpecker — the beautiful bird of

paradise—the echoing cuckoo—the intelligent parrot—the domestic pigeon, and gentle dove—all, with many more, belong to this miscellaneous but most interesting class. Naturalists had good reasons, of course, for making out a relationship between "pigeons and crows," and yet I confess that they have few things in common, except their wings. The pigeon serves to unite, in nature's beautiful and harmonious chain (every link of which is perfect) the pie and the sparrow tribes. The pie class, however, form good and tender parents, faithful and affectionate mates, and many of those who live in communities are excellent neighbours. I state this, nevertheless, with reservation, having witnessed many bitter battles between crows, in the nesting-time, for a favourite stick or situation. However, relatives are often very dissimilar. Mrs. Howitt kindly communicated to me the two following anecdotes of parrots, which I, parrot like, repeat for the amusement of my young friends; and the raven and jackdaw adventures, which follow, as belonging to the same class, will also be found interesting.

One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe

how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus—"Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!"—"Sally, Poll wants her tea!"—but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by "How do you do, Mr. A.?" She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of—"Get out, dogs!" with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight.



I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener, who had lost most of his hair, at work, exclaimed, "Bald-pate, I ride—I ride!" "Yes," replied the old man, slowly raising himself—"yes, yes, and you'll pay for it!" The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle.

The raven, too, is a bird of humour and sagacity. There was one kept a few years ago at Newhaven—an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well, too. One day, the table was being set out for the coach-passengers' dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room-door being shut, but

the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation!—silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread.

There is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfrey-window in the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window, and, while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the

nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. "Five, are there?" replied he; "then I'll have three." "Nay," exclaimed the other indignantly, "I run all the danger, and I'll have the three." "You shall not," still maintained the boy in the inside—"you shall not! Promise me three, or I'll drop you!" "Drop me if you please," replied the little hero, "but I'll promise you no more than two;" upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter's frock, secured round the neck, which, filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, "Now you shall have none!" and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

It is well known that the cuckoo does not build a nest for itself, but uses the nests of other

birds to deposit its eggs in, and moreover sucks theirs into the bargain. From these causes we may suppose it is that they are so ill-esteemed among their feathered brethren, and universally scouted like birds of prey. It is curious to see with what animosity a little mob will pursue one of these birds, screaming, and chattering, and scolding, in their various dialects, till the culprit is completely confounded, and hides his head in any hole or corner that comes nearest. Mrs. Howitt, who not only *sees*, but communicates most kindly to her friends whatever she thinks will interest them, wrote me the following account of a cuckoo-chase which she had the good fortune to witness.

I was walking with a gentleman on a heath in Nottinghamshire, when we saw a bird pursued by a whole tribe of little birds. My friend immediately supposed it to be a hawk; and, seeing that it was confounded, and on the point of dropping itself for concealment into a little bush of gorze, ran forward to secure it, which he did by clapping his hat upon it, in the same way that boys take butterflies. By this time I had come up, and found him drawing on his gloves tightly, and securing his wrists from the expected attack of the hawk in its self-defence. He then

carefully lifted up the hat, and brought out, to his amazement, a poor cuckoo, that seemed frightened out of its wits, and which, making not the least resistance, turned up its eyes to our faces as if imploring mercy. As I had not seen a cuckoo before, we examined head, beak, and wings, turning it over and over again, and giving it, as the German poet Burger gave his sparrow, a terrible fright, to make it value liberty more when it got it, and to take better care of itself for the future; and then, having thus satisfied our curiosity, set it at liberty, when it flew into an old tree, and shouted "cuckoo" as long as we were in hearing, which was no doubt a self-gratulation on so good an ending to a scene which had promised to be a tragedy.

"O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

The next, or *fourth* class, I shall have the pleasure of introducing, is, perhaps, that with which my young friends are most familiar—BIRDS OF THE SPARROW KIND; comprising not merely the little familiar bird that hops every where, and seems acquainted with every thing, the cheerful brown sparrow—active, industrious, and provident—with the same unvaried note in summer's sun and winter's frost, the monotonous

yet cheerful twit, twit, twit, which even in Sloane-street awakens me at five, nay, four these early mornings:—not merely the sparrow belongs to this family, but the "blackbird and the speckled thrush;" the nightingale, lark, robin, starling, and all soft-billed singing-birds; the yellow canary, painted goldfinch, sober linnet, obstinate bullfinch, and many other hard-billed relatives; the sportive, migrating swallow, that places its open nest on our chimney-tops, while the martin, of the same family, sticks hers in the eaves of houses, and arches it over head, and the maligned but innocent goat-sucker, who establishes her domicile upon the bare ground; moreover, the humming-birds —those gems of air which embellish the American landscape—all belong to this tribe.

I have enumerated a sufficient number of favourites to command the sympathies of my young friends; and I cannot avoid observing that, while man subjects the horse to the purposes of his trade and indulgence, and makes the dog not only the instrument of his pleasure, but his companion and humble friend, he takes the little singing-bird into his house to delight him with its melody, or its splendid and graceful brethren of tropical woods as an auxiliary to his

luxury. I cannot, however, bear those persons who make the poor little birds toil in their captivity, even for the necessaries of life. It is a melancholy thing to see the little goldfinch dwelling in a castle-like domicile, answering the knock at his gate, and exhibiting himself as a slave of the mansion, wearing a golden chain. The heart aches to see the little creature condemned to draw up in a bucket every drop of water he drinks, and winning his bread, before he eats it, by hard labour. It is making him pay the penalty of man's transgression, which has doomed him justly to toil for his daily food. It is a joyless thing to see bears and dogs dance and perform their unnatural antics; but still more joyless is it to see these free-born, innocent little creatures, wearing out their lives in a fanciful round

of occupations, which they have been taught only by suffering. The canary is a gentle and affectionate bird, and apt in acquiring accomplishments which show an extraordinary sagacity. Some allow themselves to be trussed as for the spit, suspended, and twirled round as in the act of roasting; others dance on a kind of slack-rope; others, again, dressed in a military uniform, carry a tiny musket in their claws, and perform a species of manœuvre; but, perhaps, the most extraordinary feat of this kind is a little drama performed by two of them, one of which, suffering himself to be shot at, falls down as if dead, is put into a wheelbarrow by his companion, and wheeled away. Amusing as these feats may be, they can give but little pleasure when we reflect on the cruel means that have been used in teaching them, and which make captivity only more cruel.

But, leaving these little laborious slaves; many a bird is happy in its cage, and seems even to widen the sphere of its enjoyments by its intercourse with man—it adds friendship to the pleasures of its life. I have heard of a bullfinch which, on accidentally regaining its liberty, returned voluntarily to its prison on hearing the voice of the little maiden who had daily cared

for it and conversed with it. I have seen, too, a pair of birds of the same species which interested me very much. They lived in a spacious cage, full of all accommodations, and were accustomed to hop out and partake of breakfast with their master and mistress. They fed from their hands hopped upon their shoulders, and, turning their little heads round, looked into their faces with the most intelligent black eyes in the world :—

> " Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
> But that delight they never knew,
> And, therefore, never missed."

The cat and they lived on perfectly amicable terms, so that the best possible understanding existed between all the members of the family both human and brute. It happened that the mistress was suddenly taken ill and confined to her bed. The cock-bird directly missed her from the breakfast-table, showed evident uneasiness, looked enquiringly on all sides, and, by very intelligible signs, made it understood that he was troubled by her absence. In the course of the day, though he had hitherto been confined to the sitting-room, and was not supposed to have further knowledge of the house, he actually made his way up stairs, discovered her chamber, and

tapped at the door with his beak. On its being opened he flew to the bed, fluttered about in apparent exultation, perched upon her head, and exhibited his joy in her presence by every means in his power. He remained in the chamber during the day, and, most extraordinary, at night, instead of returning to his mate, or even selecting a perch for his accommodation, actually nestled himself upon the pillow to rest, close beside his beloved mistress. This bird was a poor singer—in fact no singer at all. It had been brought up by a stocking-maker of Nottingham, and, constantly hearing the poor man at work, had learned the disagreeable jirring sound of the machine, which it imitated most accurately. The gentleman who afterwards possessed the bird, disliking his unpleasant note, began to teach it to sing; but, in the first place, it was requisite to break it of what it had already learned. This he did by gently striking it with a knitting-needle, and expressing his dissatisfaction, whenever it began. But the poor little creature did not live to complete its lesson—and its end was a tragical one. Its master and mistress, going from home, left their favourites to the care of the maid. The gentleman had, as he assured me, a misgiving in his mind

as he left the door, that the birds would suffer, and actually returned, after having gone some distance, to reiterate his injunctions. Of course the servant promised attention; but on his return his presentiment was realized—the cage was empty, and, on enquiring, he found the birds had indeed died of neglect.

Mrs. Howitt told me that some of the happiest imprisoned birds she ever knew were kept by one Jenny Champion, a deranged woman, of a good family, in Staffordshire; and who was said, and universally believed in that part of the country, to be the "Crazy Jane" of the well-known song. Men, she said, were perfidious, and women deceitful, but she could trust in the innocence of birds.

How wonderful is that instinct by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration! But how still more wonderful is it when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where the summer before it first enjoyed existence!—and yet such is unquestionably the fact.

Four brothers had watched, with indignation, the felonious attempts of the sparrow to possess himself of the nest of the house-martin, in

which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds. The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird who had come over land and sea and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshalled themselves with blow-guns to execute summary vengeance; but their well-meant endeavours brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile they wished to defend. Their artillery loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber. The parent-birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted by the change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified by their unwearied twitter of pleasure the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds were duly fledged, and from that window began their flight and entered upon life for themselves. The next spring, with the reappearance of the martins, came four, who familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were, without question, the very birds

that had been bred there the preceding year.

The starling is a bird of much intelligence. Every one remembers Sterne's little captive, that uttered incessantly the melancholy phrase, "I can't get out!" It would be an appeal to every bosom, and, made from its narrow cell in the broad sunshine, would speak more than volumes on the selfish cruelty of confining one of God's free-born creatures, whose birthright is as much liberty as that of any Englishman in His Majesty's dominions. The thrush that sung at the corner of Wood-street called back to the heart of poor Susan the current of long-loved associations;—she saw, in fancy, amid the smoke and bustle of a dark city, the green trees, the morning mist, and the still mountains of her native country; and I cannot divest my mind of the belief that the poor bird, amid unquiet impulses, and desires ill-satisfied, longs for the same scenes, and pours out, in its eloquent song, a mournful apostrophe to pleasures from which it is debarred. And, after all, one's heart must ache, on a fine summer morning, when the sky, intensely blue and lofty, seems a fit roof for the temple of the universal Father—and the larks, from imperceptible heights, are sending down the outpourings of their rejoicing hearts—and thou-

sands of birds, upon every green tree, are filling the air with their sweet jargoning—it makes the heart ache, I say, to come at such a time fresh from the pleasant fields into the hot, dusty, and noisy street of a large town, and hear a poor captive, from the upper windows of some mechanic's garret, wailing out its sorrowful song. It casts a melancholy over one's spirit; and though, to hearts like poor Susan's, it may bring back a refreshing vision of sunshine, living waters, and green trees, and perhaps send some forth to enjoy them, yet the poor captive himself is doomed to his bondage, and, like Sterne's starling, the true burden of his song is the mournful reiteration that *he can't get out.*

[I am sure I shall be pardoned for introducing here the beautiful lines of the poet—the Poet of Nature*—to which the previous observations bear reference. He calls the poem, "The Reverie of Poor Susan."]

"At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard,
In the silence of morning, the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment: what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

* Wordsworth.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes."

This story reminds me of a considerate old bird-fancier, who lives in a fanciful little cottage, and takes and rears many broods in the course of a year. A friend of mine was walking one Sunday evening in a woody lane near a large town, and saw coming towards him, at some distance, his old acquaintance, the bird-fancier and his wife. Presently he heard a most unusual chirping of young birds, and looked on all sides, but in vain, to discover whence the sounds proceeded. As the old couple came up, however, the mystery was unravelled. The wife carried a large basket, over which was a net, and in it were a great company of young birds, which were chirping with all their might. "My old woman and I came out," said the kind-hearted man, "to get a breath of fresh air, and we have brought out all our young birds, that they, poor things, may get the same;—it will do them good."

I cannot conclude my notice of this most interesting class without introducing two anecdotes, of American birds, which I have selected out of those kindly communicated to me by my friend Dr. Edward Walsh. He had observed them during his residence in Canada. Though dissimilar in size and habits, they are only varieties of the same family.

The birds which enliven the gloom of the American forests, by their plumage or their song, had, until the appearance of M. Audubon's work, been only distinguished by their predominant colours—as the red bird—the black bird—the yellow bird—the blue bird—the snow bird, and the sealing-wax bird, the quill feathers of which

are sealed, as it were, with a substance very like red sealing-wax. These, and many more such, are sometimes to be seen in cabinets, stuffed; but, with the exception of the Virginia nightingale, few of the small birds have been brought alive to Europe.

Prior to the breaking out of hostilities, in the late war with the United States, (says the Doctor) the principal station of our army, in Upper Canada, was at Fort George. This fort was finely situated on the northern acclivity of the Straits of Magara,* which divides it from the United States. It lay fourteen miles, due east, from the falls—whose "solemn roar" lulled us to repose at night, and awoke us in the morning. A Savannah, or common, skirted two sides. The profound but placid straits glided swiftly by a third; but the west side touched upon the primeval woods, whose infinite variety of trees and shrubs afforded shelter and habitation to creatures of every sort. The esplanade of Fort George was spacious. The officers' barracks, consisting of small separate houses, with each its garden, surrounded the interior; in front of these was a walk, bordered with rows of standard

* Let me recommend my young friends here to find out the exact situation on their map.

peach-trees, whose blossoms and fruit perfumed the air, and attracted the visits of the gay feathered people.

Being at breakfast one summer's morning, with the window open, a humming-bird flew into the room; as he boomed across my face he seemed to be living gems set in burnished gold; his eyes appeared two diamond sparks, whilst the amethyst, ruby, and emerald contended with each other in brilliancy. This is no exaggeration, as any one may conçeive, who has seen preserved specimens, how much the vivid hues of the living bird must surpass the faded plumage of the dead. My little visitant seemed quite at home; he poised his delicate body, which was not so large as a cockchafer, over the tea-table, his wing quivering and vibrating so as almost to be invisible. I thought him entitled to his breakfast, and so dissolved a lump of sugar in a tea-spoon, and placed it at the further end of the table. He hovered over it, dipping in his slender bill to sip, with more familiarity than a robin. He frequently returned, and I fixed shells of syrup for him on the mantle-piece and surbase; finally he took up his domicile in the foldings of a curtain, which, on account of the heat, was twisted round the bed-post. But as pets, for the most part, come

to an unfortunate end, such was the fate of our poor humming-bird; not, indeed, by cat or rat, but in consequence of my absence for a few days. He had been left in possession, with his vessels replenished, but on my return he was found dead in the folds of the curtain. Whether he died from vexation or grief for the absence of his host cannot be ascertained. There is, however, another probable cause — his liquid nourishment had dried up, and our little aerial gem refused to go abroad to seek it among flowers, and so died for want of it at home. We paid the last honours to his remains; he was embalmed in spices, and ultimately placed in a cabinet in London, where he may still be perceived to shine, though with diminished lustre.

There are several varieties of the humming-bird, differing in size from that of a tom-tit to a field bee, but the smaller are the most brilliant. They are only found in America, and there they migrate at stated times of the year; for they find in the northern summers fresher verdure and a greater profusion of flowers. It is surprising that so tiny a creature should be able to undertake a flight of about a thousand miles, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of Canada.

They, however, return at the approach of winter to their native warm climates.

In habits and disposition, the humming-bird resembles our robin red-breast;—like him he is extremely vindictive, quarrelsome, and unsocial with other birds. On some fancied insult, he will attack a bird ten times as large as himself—fasten on his back and peck at him with his sharp bill, like a cambric needle, until he thinks he is sufficiently punished. He will not be restrained within the limits of a cage, but will kill himself against the wires; yet, if he has free ingress and egress, he will be punctual in his visits. He is so very passionate and fastidious that when he plunders the nectarium of a flower, if it be deficient in quantity or quality, he tears off the petals and scatters them about, and then indignantly flies to another.

They make an elegant purse-like nest, which is attached, by a slender but strong filament, to the flexible twig of the black birch; no animal can get at it, nor any wind detach it. They lay two white eggs, the size of a pea; during incubation the cock and hen shew great attachment, and sit on the eggs by turns: they are hatched in twelve days, of two little things not bigger than lady-birds; but how these are nourished by the

parents, who live by suction, is not known. They are at other times solitary.

The female Indians, in their language, call the humming-bird —"sunbeam." A squaw is not full dressed without a pair of humming-birds hung to her ears for pendants. What pretty ear-rings!—I fear me that women, in all countries, dearly love a little finery. But now for the other story.

We were gratified, adds the Doctor, by another visiter, still more interesting than the humming-bird, whose genius in plain dress as much surpassed those of all other birds, as the humming-bird excelled them in finery. The oriolle, or mocking-bird, occupied a station in the trees behind Fort George. On his first arrival he was shy and we only heard him; but, when he found his talents were duly appreciated, he no longer concealed himself among the leaves, but perching on a projecting branch, and sure of admiration, he boldly came forward, like one of our musical "stars."

The natural notes of the mocking-bird are exquisite—at once loud, rich, and mellow. They represent those of our own sweet Philomela, "Most musical—most melancholy." But whilst the ear is charmed with the "concord of sweet

sounds," our skilful musician suddenly changes the key to the sprightly chant of the sky-lark; and he humours his song, whether plaintive or cheerful, by corresponding gestures, languishing with his head on one side, or clapping his wings, and appearing to caper with joy. But his powers of imitation and mimicry surpass belief. He outwits the world, from the wise philosopher to the silly turkey-hen. He suddenly exhibits the terrible screech of the white-headed eagle, and all the poultry-yard are in commotion; a pause of silence ensues, when we hear twenty wood-peckers tap, tapping the shattering bark of the hickory tree. Then the yelp of the fox sets all the dogs barking, and he keeps up the chase by barking louder than any of them. Anon, he grunts like a sow for her barrow of pigs, and if there be any within hearing they set up a chorus of squeaking, as if impatient for their potatoes at the door of an Irish cabin; another time he gives us a lively flourish of the fife—and forth-with the fifer boys instinctively take their fifes out of their brass cases. And when evening sets in we are serenaded with the croaking of the bull-frog, whose dissonant sounds may be heard miles off, or the doleful cries of the Whip-poor-Will, or night-hawk, so called from its note exactly

resembling that sentence; or, in fine, the lamentable bemoanings of the great horned owl, which doth to the moon complain

> "Of those who, wandering near her nightly bower,
> Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Such are the varied powers of this extraordinary bird that it is difficult to decide which most to admire—its own celestial song, or its wonderful faculty of imitation.

There are several varieties of the oriolle, and some of them are as large as the magpie, but the bird that is gifted with those astonishing talents is a little larger, or rather longer bodied, than the starling; his shape is most elegant, though his plumage is sober and quaker-like. It is dark brown, with a small mixture of white, and there is one golden spot on his back.

These birds inhabit chiefly the intertropical countries of America. The select species, however, are not common, and they occasionally emigrate to the more northern parts of the continent, but always return to the warm regions, as they cannot endure cold, any more than the humming-bird; and this is probably the reason why they have never yet been brought alive to Europe.

The next, and *fifth* class, is wilder and less

known than those we have hitherto mentioned; for, with few exceptions, they delight in solitude, and also partake of a middle nature;—that they, with divided toes, seemingly fitted to live upon land, are at the same time furnished with appetites that chiefly attach them to the waters. BIRDS OF THE CRANE KIND consist of many varieties, but are generally known by their long, scaly legs, and their long necks. And here, my dear young friends, pause with me for a moment to pay the just tribute of admiration to a wise and kind Creator. How incurable a defect would it have been in the bird's conformation, had it been lifted stilt-fashion above its food, which is found in the waters, and which it requires a long neck to reach, without being furnished with an instrument to arrive at it!

The ancients were particularly attached to cranes and storks, and relate many beautiful fables about them, which I wish, for your sakes, I had space to recapitulate. One of the reasons of their admiration was the extraordinary affection with which they said this bird treated its parents in their old age. They are also very useful in countries abounding in reptiles (whose presence we are spared in this happy land), as they destroy them in great quantities.

The above wood-cut represents the crested or Balearic crane, some beautiful specimens of which are in the Zoological Gardens. The ordinary ones are destitute of that pretty topping. The common crane is found in almost every country but England, and its domestic virtues deserve our warmest admiration. It is every where gentle and sagacious. The ibis, that bird so venerated by the ancient Egyptians that they worshipped it as a god, belongs to this family; and the graceful demoiselle, of which there are so many at the Zoological Gardens, is another variety. The heron is mentioned as a sagacious bird; and I have heard an anecdote of one in Turkey (a *crested* heron,) who became so much attached to a soldier that she followed him wherever he went, knocked at his door with her long beak, and when she saw him showed the

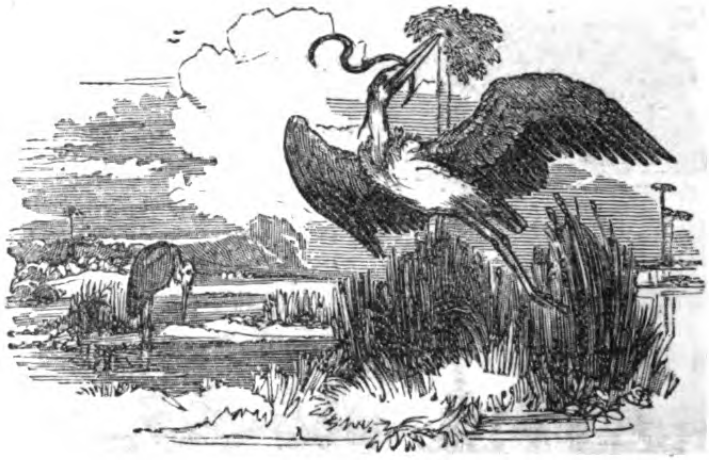
most evident signs of joy; but, when disappointed of meeting him, uttered melancholy complainings. She made a nest under his bed, and there laid an egg; and finally, when he went away, pined and died of grief.

The bittern, or mire-drum, is remarkable for his deep, tragic voice—

"Booming from the sedgy shallow:"—

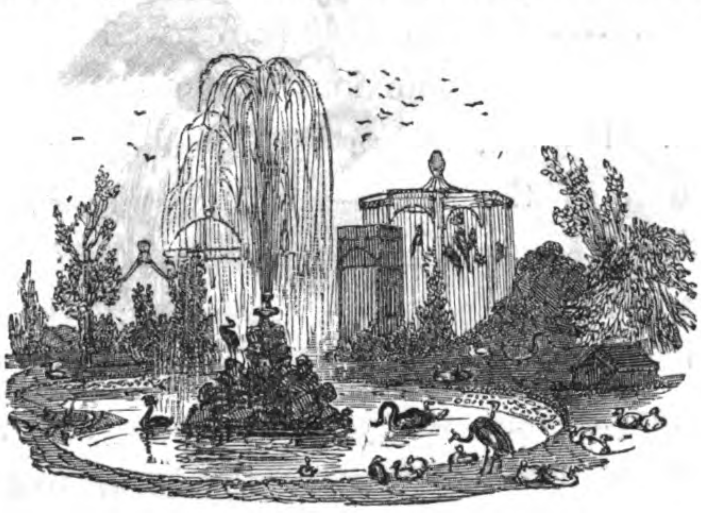
here you see it, as is its wont, silently watching for its prey, by the tranquil waters of a quiet lake; —and the beautiful scarlet flamingo, which, notwithstanding its web feet, is claimed by the stork as a relative, and is taller than the tallest man. Nor must we forget the pretty sandpiper—the gentle, timid, green and grey plover—nor the wild curlew; all of whom, as well as many

others, claim affinity with the ancient crane. The Marabou stork appears to inhabit nearly the whole of tropical Africa. Major Denham corroborates the accounts of the rapidity with which they devour all manner of disagreeables, including rats, vipers, and reptiles of every sort. The Africans are grateful to them in proportion to their utility, and will not suffer them to be destroyed.



I regret having only sufficient space left to glance at the *sixth* and last class. The careful pelican, whose enormous pouch serves as a depository for food —the albatross, the respectable head of the numerous family of gulls—the voracious cormorant—the stormy petrals, or, as our brave sailors call them, Mother Carey's chickens

—the numerous penguin family—and no less numerous swans, geese, ducks, and kingfishers. The distinguishing characteristics of this class are their webbed feet and short legs. Naturalists, however, subdivide this family into three grand distinctions: — those of the gull kind, that, with longer legs and round bills, fly along the *surface* to seize their prey; those of the penguin kind, that, with round bills, and short legs and wings, *dive* after their prey; and, thirdly, those of the goose kind, who lead harmless, gentle lives, and chiefly subsist upon

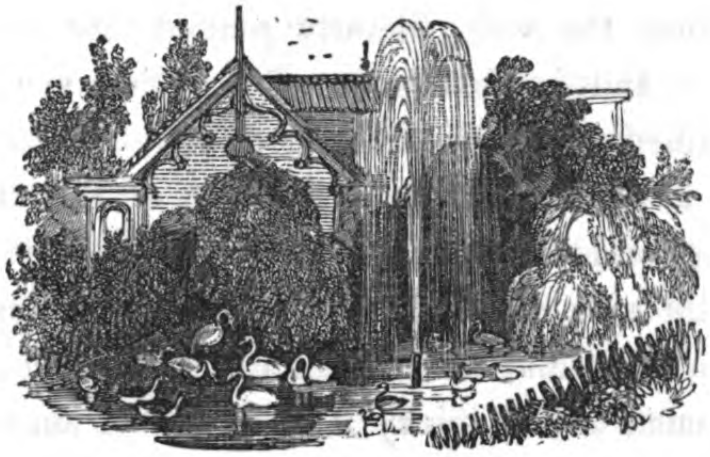


insects and vegetables. I grieve to say that tame ducks (who have ever been great favourites of mine) are giddy and inattentive to their children. Mr. Drake takes no notice whatever of his young ones, and Mrs. Duck

thinks she has sufficiently provided for her offspring when she has shown them the water. I believe there are ten or twelve different sorts of tame ducks, and above twenty varied wild ones. The most obvious distinction between the wild and tame is the colour of their feet—those of the tame duck being yellow, those of the wild duck black.

But my article, with all my anxiety to be as brief as possible, has stretched to an enormous length. Imperfect as it is, I hope it may lead some of my young friends to the study of a science, from which I have derived so much pleasure that I am anxious it should be participated. I must, before I conclude, relate one anecdote of the swan—a most interesting bird whether we consider it as an auxiliary in a fine landscape, sailing double, "swan and shadow," upon smooth waters, among lonely islands, by picturesque and sedgy margins, or under the covert of overhanging trees, where, like fair Una, it "makes a sunshine in a shady place," or as the classical bird of the ancients, celebrated for its fabled death-song. Whenever seen upon its own element, the swan is interesting and beautiful. It is also a most affectionate bird, strongly attached to its mate, which it assidu-

ously assists in all the cares of providing for its family. I saw a few years ago, upon a piece of water at Colwick Hall, "with arched neck, between its white wings mantling," a widowed swan,

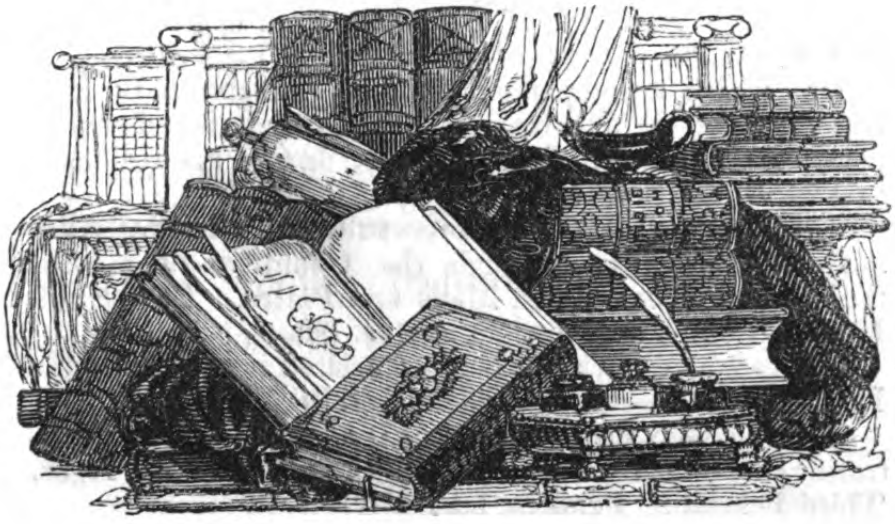


of which an interesting story was told. The female was observed to be stationary in a little willowy island, on which it was supposed to have a nest. The male bird daily, and many times in the day, visited her, taking with him provisions. For the usual time of incubation, the circumstance obtained no farther notice than the expectation of a young brood, and as the swan is jealous of intruders at such times, no one approached the spot. The usual period, however, passed, and still the female remained stationary, the male, as before, continuing his regular attentions. This circumstance, of course, appeared singular,

and a visit was paid to the island, when it was discovered that the poor bird was actually at the point of death. The foot had been accidentally set upon the sharp point of a willow-shoot, which had been cut off, and which, piercing the web, literally pinned her to the spot; and in that state of suffering she had remained many weeks, supported by her faithful and affectionate mate. The fate of this interesting bird was also a melancholy one—it was cruelly and wantonly hunted on the water by fierce dogs, and was obliged to be killed in consequence of the injury it received. I am sorry to conclude with so sad a tale, as I love to see the faces of my young friends sparkling with good humour and happiness, which cannot be the case when they hear of or witness the sufferings of any living thing.

I have, in this paper, in addition to my own stories and remarks, selected such, out of many, kindly furnished to me by Mrs. Howitt, Doctor Walsh, Mr. Blanchard, and other friends, as I conceived most likely to interest and inform my young readers. I have not affected a perfect knowledge of a science which I admire much more than I understand, but I felt that even the little I possessed might

be useful to those who were still less instructed; and I have been anxious to draw their attention to the wisdom of that great Being who not only *created* but *provided* for every thing according to its kind. The world may well be said to be filled with his goodness, and the power thereof; and it is a beautiful idea, which even very little children can feel and understand, that HE who clothes the lilies in beauty, and watches over a sparrow's fate, will still more effectually clothe and guard those who are created in His own image.



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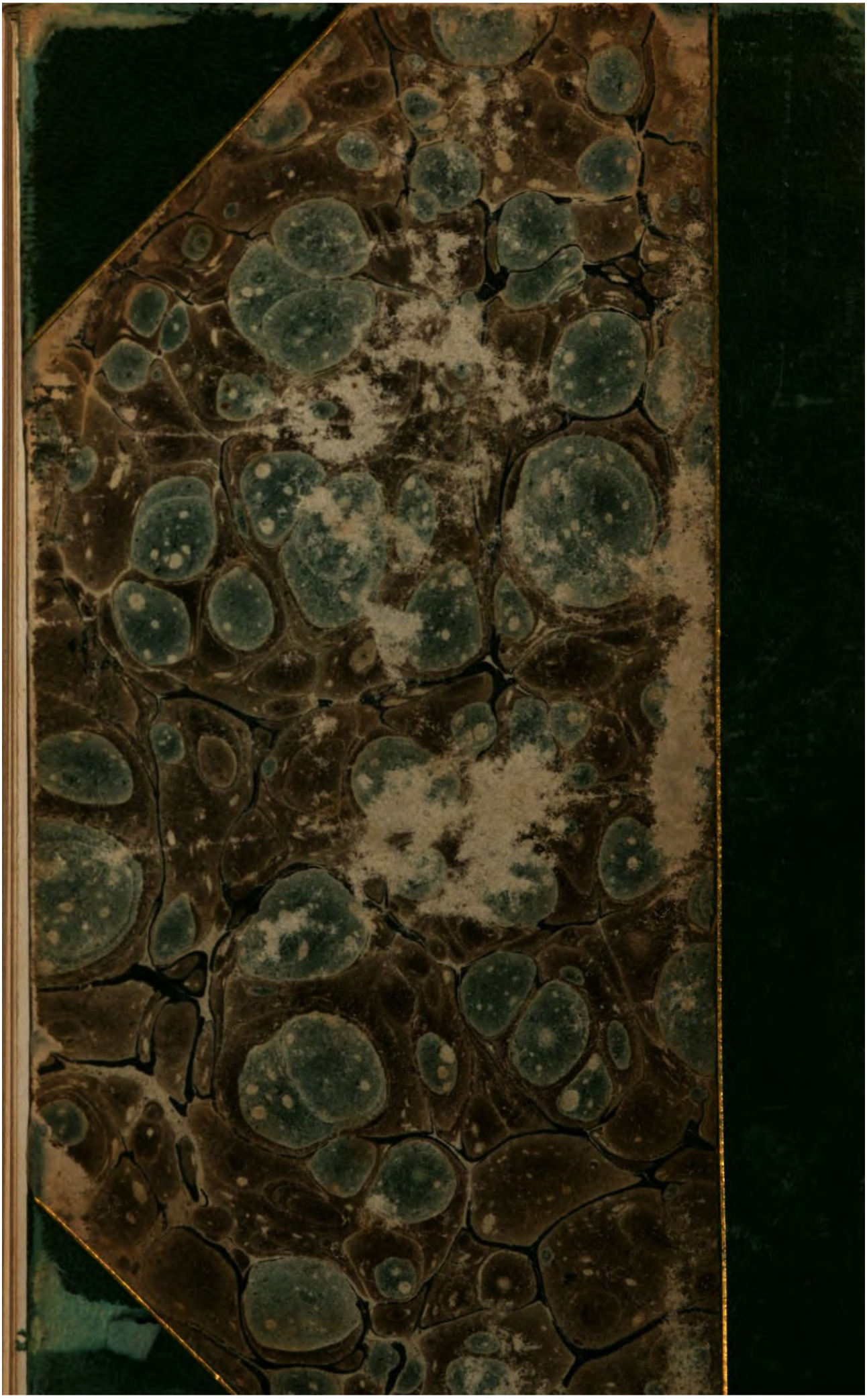
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