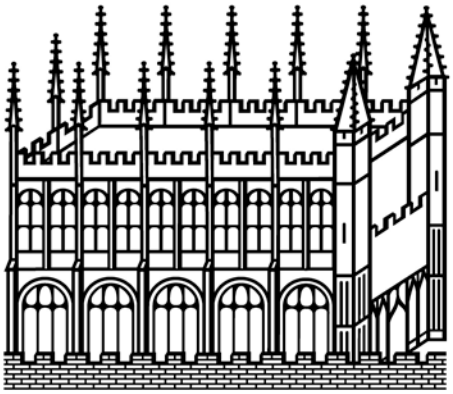

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THE JUVENILE FORGET ME-NOT

EDITED BY

MRS. S. C. HALL

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THE

JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

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Preface.

It would seem to my young readers a long long time ago—far, far into the misty "past"—if I told them how many years have gone by since I gathered, year after year, tales from all quarters of the globe, and wove them into volumes for the entertainment of their papas and mammas, or grave uncles and aunts; who were then, what I doubt not my young friends are now,—the most charming, tormenting, restless, loving, laughing, teasing, bright and happy young creatures in the whole world! Have you ever thought, dear boys and girls, that while you young ladies grow from the merest little "dots," in short frocks and fringed leggings, into long dresses, "stuck out," at great peril and inconvenience, by crinolines; or you, dear mischievous youths, discard your knickerbockers, and assume the more manly, but less becoming trousers; while you and all *living* things belonging to you, change, change, change,—the books, the tales that amused your parents the most, amuse you the most. Your grandpapas and mammas loved Robinson Crusoe, of all books of adventure, the best, and were divided (as you

are) as to which of Maria Edgeworth's tales delighted them the most; for me, I stand by "Rosamond," and can still enjoy another book, the "Arabian Nights," as much as any of you.

You will find in this volume some charming historiettes and poems by Mrs. Hofland, Miss Landon, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Isabel Hill, Miss Jewsbury, and other well known poets and tale tellers; and some graver things discussed of and enlightened by my old kind friend the Rev. Robert Walsh, who had the happiest art of teaching without wearying the taught.

But, save that the subjects must be varied, and that everybody tells even the same tale a different way, and that young folks love variety—save and except all these things—I like the old stories far more than the new. And is it not well for you, who have not yet read what I *know* gave so much pleasure to the past generation, to have all the pleasure to come? I wish I were you, yes, any one of you, that I might read, for the first time, some of the tales you will find in this little book, as well as others, to be found elsewhere. What a treat it is to get into a quiet corner with a new book and a good paper-knife, and cut and read! unless you have as much patient forethought as my once *little* friend Neddy Lowe. Neddy was a grave, solid sort of lad, of about ten years old. I have heard persons who did not observe

closely, call him "stupid-looking," and a sharp Etonian described him as "slow."

Nobody who noted the keen and rapid glance of Neddy Lowe's gray eyes, sweeping round a room, and taking in everything without an effort, could believe him "stupid." I do not think I quite understand what being "slow"—or a "slow coach"—means, except that slow means steady! I suppose it also means, not fast—at least that is all I can make of it.

When Neddy got a book—a nice, fresh, uncut book—knowing he was not permitted to *read* in company, he compromised the matter by cutting the leaves, in a silent, composed manner, never glancing even at a page, but sawing quietly on, until every page was ready for perusal; and then he said,—

"That saves time. I can begin straight and away at the story the moment I get into my corner."

Ned knew the value of time, and how to save it. He is a large, tall man now; goes into the law courts in a very ugly wig, with a tail to it, and wears a black silk gown. One day last summer I was walking in the noble old Hall of Westminster, and I saw two gentlemen in those very ugly wigs and black gowns—one gown only being silk—conversing together, and looking as wise as any pair of owls you ever beheld. One of them held a pamphlet tightly, and was cutting the leaves rapidly, without ever looking at his work—"laying down the law" to the gentle-

man in the stuff gown. The silk robed barrister with the pamphlet and the paper-knife was my old friend Neddy.

"Ah," said his friend, after he went into court, as he took the arm of another gentleman in a wig; "ah, I might have had a silk gown, and led on the N—— circuit as well as Lowe, if I had had only his talent for saving time, and knowing how best to use it when saved."

As the publishers of this collection of tales, poems, and essays—which, though very old, are to all of you, young readers, quite as good as new—have called upon me for some brief introduction to the book they have made, I am willing to give it, and happy to recommend to you this legacy of many great minds. Nearly all of those whose writings you are about to read are dead—or rather "departed;" but their "works do live after them."

May they again give—and I believe they not only may, but will give—enjoyment and instruction to the many to whom the present publishers of the "JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT" will, in 1863, introduce them.

ANNA MARIA HALL.

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THE

JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Irish Jerry

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"AND will I get your ladyship a donkey? I'll find your honour a beauty that you shall ride. Ah, will I now? a rale beauty wid a saddle, that goes like the wind of a sunny day, smooth, and aisy, and hasty."

"But, my friend, it is a goat's carriage you are driving, fit for little children only—you do not want me to get into a goat's carriage, do you?" I replied, laughing at the oddity of the boy's address, and pleased to hear on the Esplanade, at Brighton, the cheerful sounding "brogue" of my native land.

"Why thin, my lady, Jenny's a born beauty, not altogether as one of thim big gentlemen goats wid de long beards, and the boo-boo-boo faces! but"—and he eyed me, and then his pretty little carriage, anxious to ascertain if I could by any possibility get into it, and, de-

spairing, doubtless, of making the arrangement, he continued, "Ah! sure, the donkey wid a fine lady's saddle upon her would be grander; and my little brother 'ill undertake Jenny—and sure it's meeself 'ill go to the world's end wid your honour upon the purtiest donkey in Brighton—I mean your ladyship on the donkey and me after it."

I assured the boy that I was not fond of donkey-riding, that I had my own pony, and—but he would suffer me to proceed no further.

"Ah, lady, a pony!—Why thin, what signifies a pony? a bit of a horse! ah, my lady, I ax yer pardon—but it's heart sorrow I am to see you so pale, and there's nothing in life like the trot of a donkey to make the cheeks rosy; will I be after getting you the donkey? I'll travel England wid you at ninepence an hour—and that's chape travelling; or, may be, you'd have a spell on the say,—sure the sun's turnin' every inch of the waters into diamonds. Will I bring you a boat?"

"I suppose, my good lad, your father has a boat; and between boats, donkeys, and boats, you are all growing rich." The expression of the poor boy's countenance changed more quickly than I can write it—the smile passed from his wide lips, and the light in his full round eye darkened. "This dawshy boy," he replied, laying his hand on a fair headed child, who stood ready to take charge of Jenny; "this dawshy boy, madam, is not my *born* brother, only *brother of the heart* like—the man's son, who owns the boat—and I may say, owns me too, as none has better right, seeing I never had a

father at all, at all; and no good of a mother, no more than if I had been born without one—God forgive her, and mind her, living or dead, Amin! Sure it's alone I am among the people, and such a dale of em in it; and it's dead and buried I'd be long ago, only for this darlint's father; and sure enough the donkey is his, and the goat, and the purty boat; but as to ever growing rich! hasn't the poor man his own six children, and meeself, and the three bastes to keep?"

"What three beasts?" I inquired, interrupting my little Paddy friend, "you only mentioned a goat and one donkey."

"And sure the greatest baste of the three *is the boat!* She costs the most of any, and indeed, it's small luck he has wid her; she's ever and always in mischief, so she is. After not earning a shilling with these craythers all day, I turns out wid himself in the boat all night, and maybe the sun 'ill rise upon nothin' for us but a handful of sprats, or a trifle of bigger, but not better fish."

"You work very hard."

"The harder I work, the better and the *lightsomer* * I do be; the comfort I has is in the hard work, and the thought that it helps my father."

"Your father!" I exclaimed.

"I calls him father, ever since he let me," continued my new acquaintance, who I afterwards discovered was known by the name of IRISH JERRY. And while he spoke, he thrust his long red fingers amongst his black

* Happier.

and clustering curls, so as to push his furry cap quite on one side; the action altogether convinced me that something particular was connected with the time when the fisherman permitted him to call him "father." An Irish boy always scratches his head when he has anything of importance to communicate; and I inquired into the mystery, with the interest I naturally feel for young folk, be they rich or poor.

"Tell the lady, Jerry, tell the lady!" exclaimed his little companion; "he never cares to tell it," continued the boy, in the prettiest of Sussex accents—so crisp and musical, "because it praises himself, though I know he is very proud indeed of it."

Jerry blushed, and pulled Jenny's ears, and rubbed the sleeve of his jacket on the brass of her harness, an operation which, it occurred to me, would rather soil the brass, than improve it. Here then was a mystery, and a story—a real natural story, and stories I have dearly loved from the time when a little naughty fat girl (I really ought to be ashamed to confess my exceeding naughtiness), I refused to go to sleep at eight o'clock, unless permitted to hold "Beauty and the Beast" in one hand, and "Cinderella" in the other. From that happy time up to the present, I have loved story and story-books; and I thought I should like to sit, not on one of the fine green seats on the Esplanade, because the fine ladies and gentlemen would wonder what I could hear from a poor boy, and it is very unpleasant to be stared at, but down yonder, under the Battery, on the side of that pretty painted boat, from whence, to the right far and away, I can see the gay

town of Worthing; while out into the ocean, on the left, is the pretty chain pier stretching 1134 feet into the sea,—the beautiful, wonderful sea, with its eternity of waters, upon which thousands, and tens of thousands of ships have ridden, and will ride longer than I can calculate, is sleeping before me, and every ripple on its surface, to repeat poor Jerry's description, "was turned into diamonds by the sun." I seated myself on the edge of an old boat, having previously desired Jerry to follow, and tell me his story. I was not a little pleased at seeing that the Irish boy's adopted brother accompanied him, and pulling one of his yellow forelocks, so as to bow after his fashion, said, "May I stay, ma'am?—I want Jerry, you see, ma'am, to tell the true story."

"Does *he* tell untruths?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he answered eagerly; "only he's shy speaking of himself." I do not exactly remember ever to have heard an imputation of possessing too much modesty cast upon either Irish boys or Irish men, and I was both interested and amused by the earnest desire expressed by the fisherman's son that Jerry's story should be faithfully told.

"Being," commenced my new friend, "a desolate orphan (my name's Jerry Crow, at your ladyship's sarvice); being, as I may say, a *desolate orphin Crow*—without a bit to put in mee mouth, picked up off the wreck of a herring-smack, me and a dog, this child's father had the luck of me, what many would call bad luck; but I had no parish, being, to the best of my memory, born with the herrings (in the boat, you know,

mee lady). Well, 'twas all the same, for he brought me up at his knee, and whin I could turn mee tongue to the English, I called him FATHER!

"Well, lady dear, 'You understand, Jerry,' says he, 'I am not your father. I think as far as I can answer for it, that my own childer, my own flesh and blood, will be *brave*, *true*, and *honest;* but though I may tache you a dale, Jerry, yet, young as you are, you may have larnt much bad before you come under my taching; and I shouldn't like any child that once called me father not to have the three qualities that carry a man best through the world.'

"Ma'am, dear, when he spoke that word my whole heart come up into my mouth, and I thought I'd have choked; but when I could spake (we lived at Shoreham then)—as to the bravery, sir, says I, pitch me against the biggest boy in Shoreham, and I'll bate the life out of him, I will, at single-stick or a fair. 'Hush! hush!' says he, '*that's* not the bravery I means, though a man must have bravery enough even in that way to defend himself; but I mean the bravery that makes a man stick to the truth, and fear God, though it makes, maybe, against himself, to all appearance at the time.' Well, I did not rightly understand what he meant, but I felt mighty lonely; every child in the place had a father or mother, or some one belonging to them except me. My heart turned to this little chap, who was then a *weeny* thing that I had been taching to call me 'brother,' and now I had to settle to *untache* him; the kitten in the sun, the bird in the nest, the lamb upon the lea, had a mother—but *I had none!* and those I loved like my

heart's blood would not let me call them by the name I loved. I thought I should have died ; I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I wished—it was very, very wicked—to be dead. My heart was splitting in two halves with the trouble, and, at last, hardly knowing what I meant, says I to the masther (what could I *else* call him but masther ?) says I to the masther, 'Sir,' says I, 'if you plaze,' says I, 'if I prove to you that I *am brave, true, honest* in the way you wish, will you take to me then, and let me—let me call you father ?"

"'God bless you, Jerry,' says he, 'to be sure I will, and proud I'd be of you too,' says he ; 'but mind,' says he, 'it isn't pickin' up a fight 'ill make me think you brave ; and as to the truth, indeed, I never found you out in a lie yet, which is a great dale to say, *considerin' you're Irish.*' Well, I didn't like the back-handed compliment at all on account of my country, but had no help for it ; but *I made a promise to myself*, that before long I'd have a father and family for myself somehow or other."

"Go straight on, Jerry," exclaimed his little monitor, "and don't skip."

Although Jerry's modesty make him inclined to skip, still his story might weary in the telling, if repeated in his own strange language, for an Irish man, woman, boy, or girl, never yet told a tale straight forward ; they are fond of parentheses, and observations, and annotations, some of which *have*, and others have *not*, to do with the information they desire to give.

The kind-hearted man, who adopted the desolate Irish boy, had little doubt that he possessed personal cour-

age, that he would fight well; but that was not the only courage, poor though he was, he desired for his child; and, indeed, Jerry was not aware of what he really required, and believed him to be hard to please, who was not satisfied with one who would fight "the biggest boy in Shoreham."

Jerry's bravery, however, was doomed to another test. It was a misty morning, and Mark Godford, the fisher man, did not think it wise to put to sea; he dragged his boat up on the shingles, and returned home to look after his donkey, requesting a fisherman who remained on the beach drying his nets to prevent any boys or young children from pushing out the boat.

The fisherman attended but little to the trust reposed in him; for as the evening closed in, Jerry was sent down to draw the boat still higher on the shingles—but no boat was there! that is to say, that though many boats were on the strand, the particular one, bearing Mark Godford's name, had disappeared; and to Jerry's horror, he saw his humble patron's two children (one of them my curly-headed friend), accompanied by another boy, in the boat, beyond the small breakers, which were rising in no very peaceful mood on the beach. What could be done? the men had gone home to their different dwellings, and the wind blowing off the shore, was drifting the naughty, foolish children further and further out. Poor Jerry called and screamed; but the boys heard him not, and, if they had heard, had neither skill nor strength to guide the boat.

"What ails you, honey?" inquired a poor Irish shrimp-woman, who had been lingering in the water and now

was seated under the cliff, mending her net,—"what ails you?"

Jerry explained his anxiety, and requested her to assist him in getting a boat out. "That you may be all lost, is it?" she said, moving at the same time to perform his request; and seeing, even more clearly than Jerry himself, that there was no time to lose, not even time to get to the village and procure necessary assistance. "I didn't see the little fools," exclaimed the poor woman; "how could I, *barrin* I hadn't eyes in the back of my head, which was to the wather; there now, in wid you." The kind-hearted creature was not satisfied with this little aid, but got into the boat herself, and to Jerry's delight, helped to guide it over the breakers. He had formerly observed her assisting her husband in the same perilous task, and was well aware of the value of her kind services; but they had to encounter greater peril than they had been at all aware of: the wind increased, and as they neared the boat, they could hear the screams of the careless children, who were totally unable to trim their little vessel, and left her to the pitiless tossing of the storm. "God preserve us! for *he* only can," muttered the shrimp-gatherer. "Amen, again and again," responded Jerry; "oh, if they would only sit still, and not keep running from one end of the craythe of a boat to the other, all would be well enough!" The woman elevated her voice when within hearing, and commanded them to remain quiet; and Jerry commenced preparing a rope which he hoped they could fasten to the gunwale between the swells, which unhappily increased in size and quantity. "Now, my

boy, now's yer time!" exclaimed the woman; and the rope was flung, caught, and in a few moments two out of three had scrambled to their preservers; but Curly-pate still remained crying and trembling, leaning first on one side, then on the other. Suddenly a tremendous wave so nearly capsized both boats that Jerry and the shrimp-gatherer almost lost their sight, and when they looked again the smaller vessel was upset, and, from its changed position, appeared as if towing downwards their own boat. The woman with praiseworthy presence of mind cut the rope; but Jerry had another object—to save poor Curly-pate, his favourite, the darling of his father's heart, his mother's best and greatest treasure; bravely he sprang into the dark abyss in search of the drowning boy. The shrimp-gatherer clasped her hands more tightly on her almost useless oar, and drew her breath earnestly through her closed teeth; in less than a minute she saw Jerry rise above the waters, bearing the lost one with him; but so much time elapsed before she could get them into the boat that she thought Curly-pate would breathe no more. It was an awful and desperate task to guide the little bark to land—the two boys who had been first saved, crying, ready to break their hearts—the evening quite closed in—master Curly still insensible—the brave Jerry almost drowned—and the poor woman, weakened by her former exertions, contending with the waves; still, as Jerry piously said, "*by God's great blessing* we got to land;" and that was Jerry's first triumph. Mark Godford pressed his child (rescued from a watery grave by Jerry's devoted BRAVERY) to his heart, and called him BRAVE!

"It's hard," quoth the Irish boy, as he laid his head that night upon his pillow,—"it's hard," quoth he, "if I don't prove myself *true* and *honest* before long." No knight-errant ever more eagerly desired adventure than Jerry sought for an opportunity to prove his truth and honesty. "Then," he thought to himself, "I shall no longer be without a father."

The shrimp-woman entertained a great opinion of Jerry's merits, and praised him much to her acquaintances; but the English boys looked upon him as an interloper, as one who took much from them, for Jerry's activity and good-nature were growing proverbial, and, like his country folk, it must be confessed he was as ready to work for *love* as for *money*—a feeling the very opposite to the English of the class to which they belonged. The prejudice against him increased to such a degree, that Jerry was perpetually getting into scrapes with the Shoreham boys, and then literally fighting his way out of them; indeed, *fighting* was the mode of reasoning he understood best, and at last his friend found it necessary to interpose his authority to prevent his *protegé* from being, as the *protegé* himself expressed it, "murdered intirely." To say the truth, I am afraid that my Irish friend did not dislike such encounters; at all events, Mark not only forbade, but wisely as well as kindly informed the youth, that if, during a period of one month, he abstained from fighting, he should have a new suit of clothes; of this Jerry stood much in need, and the forbearance which, during a period of three weeks, he showed on various occasions, raised bright anticipations in his good friend's mind. The old

shrimp-woman knew of the intended reward, and, by averting quarrels, assisted her favourite's resolve to fight no more; the Shoreham boys thought it strange that Jerry would not fight, but they never either called or fancied him a coward. There was, however, one boy, if possible, more pugnacious than Jerry, a regular fighter, the plague of the neighbourhood, and alas! that such should ever be the case, the misery of his parents. He persecuted our hero most terribly; and at last Jerry's patience could hold out no longer, and a desperate quarrel ensued; I am sorry and ashamed to recount it, but the fact was that they fought under the shadow of a cliff, which they thought screened them from observation—they were mistaken. The old shrimp-gatherer knew that were another day to pass, her favourite would have his clothes, and she watched him very closely to prevent a quarrel. Great was her annoyance when she saw him "triumphant in battle," and his miserable jacket more torn than ever. "Ye're a bad boy, Harry Nelton; I know how you tempted him, I know all about it, how you boasted that you'd make him fight; and now he may go naked for anything you care!"

"No," replied fighting Harry; "no, mother Irish, I'm not as bad as that either; I'll not tell—it's enough for me I've had my fight out; but I'll not hinder Jerry's getting his clothes from Old Mark. I'm no tell-tale; nobody need know it but our three selves."

"Sit down then, Jerry, till I stitch up the rents, and ould Mark will never know a word about it; and I'll go bail so far for fighting Harry, bad as he is, that when once he says he won't tell, he won't."

Jerry's cheek flushed, and his eye brightened with indignation at the good-natured, but weak-principled woman's suggestion. "You don't know me," he said; "indeed you don't. It was wrong, wicked to fight; but there stands Harry, and he knows how he provoked and dared me to it before I'd hear to it at all; and God knows that it was more to please Mark than even to get the clothes, bad as I wanted them, but it's all over now."

"What a fool you are," exclaimed Harry; "the fight was a fair one, as I'm willing to allow, and no harm done that is to signify, and no one beyond ourselves ever need to know it. Come, come, keep your own secret, and indeed you can make up for it, for I'll maintain you're brave, and never ask you to strike another blow; besides, it 'ill only fret poor Mark if he hears it."

"And I saw the beautiful new castor he bought you, and the jacket true blue as purty as ever grew on a sheep's back, the wool I mean afore it was cloth, and all to be your own; think of that," chimed in the shrimp-gatherer.

"And sure, if any one has a right to the new clothes it's you," persisted Harry, whose animosity had passed away with his blows; "you who saved his child's life."

"I will not tell a lie," responded Jerry.

"But hark ye, honey, sure, never a lie need you tell; you'll be asked no questions, a cushla. Mark himself was bragging to me about you this morning, and sayin' what a jewel you war' as you are, darlint; and says he, 'I'm so sure he's kept his promise that never a question will I ask him, only put the clothes by his bed-side

after he's gone asleep that he may find them in the morning.'"

To this bad advice Jerry made no reply, but, bursting into tears, took his way homewards, resolved to *tell the truth.* When my young readers remember that Jerry was literally in rags, they will, I hope, give him due credit for his resolution. His friend Curly-pate met him at the door, and clinging fondly to him, whispered, "Father has got the clothes, Jerry, and we are to go to Shoreham church, and after that to dine in the boat for a holiday; and mother says she's better pleased than if she had a golden guinea that you kept a month without fighting, because now she is sure you will give it up entirely."

"Sir," said Jerry, striding up to Mark who was seated in his easy wicker chair after a hard day's work,—"sir—I kept from fighting—till—a—while—a—go!—but then I was tempted—so, sir, I've lost the clothes!"—he discovered his face with his hands, and Mark looked as disappointed as Jerry; the old shrimp-woman had followed him home, and peering in her old wizend face, exclaimed, "Ah, thin sure, and it's myself tried hard to keep ye' from that knowledge, and couldn't; I am mad with him intirely, so I am, for telling!"

"So am not I," interrupted the fisherman. "Brave and true—another quality, and then, Jerry!"—Jerry looked up through his tears and smiled, and, though the next morning saw him with a ragged jacket, his heart was cheerful. Displeased as Mark had certainly been by his fighting with Harry, still he valued, and showed he valued, his truthfulness. It was also re-

corded, as I afterwards learned in the village of Shoreham, that Jerry never after that day was drawn into a quarrel, "barrin," as the shrimp-woman told me, "once when he thrashed a big Brighton boy most soundly for cutting off a donkey's tail." My *tale* grows too long. Had I told it in the Irish boy's own words I think it would have been more interesting. How Jerry established his character for honesty would make a story of itself: you must take my word for it that he did so through many temptations, and perfectly to Mark's satisfaction.

"It was mighty quare," said the old Irish woman, who delighted to talk of Jerry's perfections, and was not ashamed to confess, that she learned to value truth from the lessons of a boy of fourteen—"it was mighty quare to see Jerry, when Mark not only gave him lave, after he proved himself to be brave, true, and honest, —not only gave him lave, but tould him in the hearing of my two blessed ears (thanks be to God for the same),—tould him, *he was proud to have him call him father!* First, I thought he'd never lave off the crying, every tear as big as a bean, to say nothing of a pea; then the word 'father' was never off the top of his tongue night or day: 'Yes, father;' 'No, father;' 'I'm going to my father;' 'I see my father;' every thing was father with him, and he as proud as a *paycock; and to be sure he had the desire of his heart, and an emperor can have no more.*"

Seldom can he have as much, I thought; to tell the truth, I was proud of the nature and feeling of my young countryman. Moreover, I learned that Mark and his

family were very poor ; that Jerry had been frequently tempted to leave them by some who valued his honesty and industry, and by others who merely appreciated his usefulness ; but no, nothing could induce him to desert his early friends—they were all the world to him. He worked for them, and, what was better still, he *thought* for them, Old Mark told me "he was the best of his children!" and Jerry's eyes filled with tears on receiving the compliment. I am happy to say that the circumstances of this worthy family are improving, which they cannot fail to do when people, on whom worldly prosperity is bestowed, become acquainted with the virtues of Irish Jerry.

Wild Flowers.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Go, Florence, get me wild flowers;
  My little merry Florence, do.
Run all about—see here and there,
In field and wood, and everywhere,
  They spring up white and blue.

White and blue, and red and yellow,
  Round about our pathway shine;
Everywhere beneath our feet
Spring up wild flowers fresh and sweet,
  To gladden hearts like thine.

But e'en now the earth was cold,
  Brown and bare as it could be;
Not an orchis to be seen,
Not a hooded arum green,
  Not a ficary.

But e'en now the primroses
  Each one like a shining star,
King-cups, like to flowers of gold
Carved on drinking-cups of old,
  Were not—now they are.

Could the wealth of London town
  Have been given three months ago,
To call these thousand wild flowers
  forth,
And o'er the bosom of the earth
  To cast his glorious show,—

It had been vain : they were not then.
  Look all around and see them now,—
In wood and waste, on hill and plain,
On the green bank of every lane,
  On every hanging bough.

The wind-flower waveth in the grass,
  The blue-bell noddeth 'neath the trees,
The ancient leafy sycamore,
The older oak is quivering o'er,
  With yellow racimes.

Look round ! a brown and husked seed,
  A berry, or a kernelled stone—
A small and worthless thing to see,
Contains a flower, enfolds a tree,
  And hence all these have grown.

Look round ! the sunshine and the air,
  The water-brooks that softly glide,
The mother-earth that keeps and warms,
Soft falling dews, careering storms,
  Have nourishment supplied.

Oh, gracious handiworks of God!
And thus is clothed the barren wild,
With flowers so odorous and so fair,
That spring so numerous everywhere,
To please a little child.

Go, Florence, get me wild flowers;
Go, gather of the flowers thy fill,—
The blue-bell and the orchis red,
The boughs of wilding overhead,
The broom from off the hill.

For looking on a little flower,
A blessed truth shall reach thy heart,
A glimpse of that divinest plan—
That bond of love 'twixt God and man—
In which e'en thou hast part.

The Mantis, or Walking Leaf.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

D.—Papa, what is this long, hard word—En-to-mo-lo-gy?

F.—Entomology, my dear. It signifies a description of insects. The word *entomos* implies the same thing in Greek as insect does in Latin,—nearly cut, or divided into three parts, as most insects appear to be; these are the head, the thorax or breast, and the abdomen or belly. Formerly very few creatures of this tribe were described: the bee, the ant, the spider, and some others, which were found in all countries, or were made useful to man, or whose habits came every day under the notice of people, were alone attended to, and the knowledge they supplied was not sufficient to form a science. But in our time, when everything is investigated, and new and beautiful discoveries are every day made, even among beings which were considered as the meanest of God's works, the facts were so numerous and curious as to afford materials for a new department of knowledge, for which it was necessary to invent a new name, and, therefore, learned men called it Entomology.

D.—Is every story I have heard of little insects true?

F.—The advantage of modern science is to separate the true from the false. When the ignorant noticed anything extraordinary in such beings, they imme-

diately supposed there was something preternatural in it, and it became the occasion of superstitious alarm. There is a small creature found in decayed furniture which makes a noise like the ticking of a timepiece. It is sometimes heard in a bed-room, and is then always considered as the forerunner of some fatal sickness in the family, and is, therefore, called a death-watch. I have known many persons who were weak enough to believe this ; and I could not remove their anxiety, by showing them the little insect in the cell which it had burrowed for itself in the old wood.

D.—Did you ever meet with any other of which such things were told and believed ?

F.—Yes; many whose habits were so extraordinary as to account for this belief, and almost to justify it.

D.—Tell me what was the most curious insect you ever met with.

F.—I think that called the walking-leaf, which I will describe to you. For the convenience of memory, insects are classed with respect to wings. If they have none, they are called aptera, which literally signifies, without wings. If they are provided with them, they are classed according to their number and arrangement. Some are diptera, or having two wings, like our common flies ; some are neuroptera, having four wings, with nerves branching through them, like dragon-flies ; some are coleoptera, having their wings covered with a case, and you cannot see them till the case is raised up, like beetles ; some are lepidoptera, having four wings covered with scales, which are generally beautiful, as butterflies ; some are hemiptera, having the upper ones

something like parchment. There are other divisions which are more complex, and which it would be tedious to enumerate here.

D.—To which does the walking-leaf belong?

F.—To the order hemiptera. It has four wings; the two upper membranous, or like parchment, which gives occasion to its name; the two lower folding the body. It has six legs: the front, or foremost, serrated or toothed like a saw, and ending in a single nail, which seems not intended to assist the animal in walking, but to use as arms. The four hinder are properly its legs, and help it forward, though with a very awkward motion. The elytra, or cover of the wings, is generally a bright green, fading into a brown or yellowish hue, and so nearly resembles the foliage of a plant in its stages, that it has attained for the insect the name of the walking-leaf. But that which gives it its most striking characteristic is the structure of its head. That part which, in other insects, is generally a flat, immovable breast, is in this elongated into a flexible neck; to this its head is lightly attached, so that it has the power of turning it in different directions.

D.—Is there more than one kind of them?

F.—Oh yes; the class is so numerous that it has been divided into sixty-six species, having all nearly the same characteristics; but, for convenience, they have been separated into other genera, with different names. One is called the phasma, which literally means the spectre, or ghost; and there is a species of this named the giant ghost, which extends to the length of eight inches. The upper wings are small, and veined with

green, like the foliage of a plant, but not so conspicuous as in other kinds ; it resembles, with its legs projecting as broken branches from a stem, more a twig than a leaf, and is, therefore, called the giant walking-stick.

D.—But what is it, except their shape, that makes them such curiosities ?

F.—They all present not only an appearance so singular, but have habits so extraordinary, that they seem to be endued with qualities superior to almost any other animated being ; and such has been the effect on vulgar and ignorant minds, that they ascribed to them powers and properties almost supernatural. There is a gravity in his motions, a wisdom in his aspect, and a sage and deliberate character in the manner in which he moves the head, that it has obtained for him the name of Mantis, or soothsayer, many of whose qualities are ascribed to him, and he is actually believed to possess them. He reposes deliberately on his hind legs, like an animal in a sitting posture, and then he raises one or both of his fore-legs like arms in such a way, with the nail projecting, that he looks exactly like a human being, pointing with his finger to some object to which he directs the attention ; and at one time he is supposed to be intimating a future event, and then he is called the Diviner, and consulted like an oracle. At another he is thought to be pointing out the right path to a traveller ; and in countries where the insect is found, particularly among the superstitious peasantry of the south of France, when a traveller loses his way he searches among the bushes for a mantis to direct him.

D.—That is very curious.

F.—But he exhibits attitudes more curious still. He sometimes holds both fore-feet together, a little elevated, looking at the same time up to heaven with the most solemn aspect, and he exactly resembles a human being with his hands folded in the act of devotion. He is then called *le prie Dieu*, or the worshipper, and looked upon in that attitude as something holy. This veneration is increased because he seems to possess the sense of hearing, and turns his head to the sound of an organ, as if he was particularly impressed with the nature of sacred music. On some occasions, when he is sought after, he suddenly contrives to elude his pursuers, and disappears. Hence he is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers to deceive and escape from his enemy, and he is called the Invisible. He lives for a length of time without food, light, or air, even longer than most insects, and, from this tenacity of life, he is called the Immortal. And that nothing might be wanting to add to the respect which superstition attaches to these insects, the eggs of some species are found disposed in the form of a cross, as if by this they intended to display their veneration for the sacred emblem.

D.—Dear papa, did you ever see any of these things yourself?

F.—From the various and curious accounts I had heard, I was very desirous to examine them in their native state, and be an eye-witness to their motions and habits. Whenever I was in a country where they are found, I always procured some, and so had an opportunity. The first place I saw one was near Ephesus,

in Asia Minor. We were taken prisoners, and detained all night on the banks of a river, by a party of Turks, and they accidentally set fire with their pipes to some dry reeds and bushes which covered the ground about us. As the fire advanced, the grass and leaves seemed endued with animation, and to be moving from it. On looking a little closer, I found what I thought was vegetable matter had really life. The humid soil and great heat of the climate had produced a vast number of insects in this place, and among them several kinds of mantis, who were disturbed by the fire, and instinctively moving from it. Their motions were very grave and deliberate. After moving a little way, they stopped and looked back, as if to see whether the fire was advancing to them, and then walked on again. I brought away with me a large one, which exactly resembled a branch with a leaf attached to each side, and I kept him a long time at the palace at Constantinople, watching his motions, which exactly resembled what I had heard of them. He sometimes held up his fore-feet, with his head raised as if in the act of prayer; and sometimes he would turn and look up to me in the same attitude, as if entreating me to let him go. I caught another on a pine-tree in an island of the Sea of Marmora, which was endued with the faculty of distinguishing sounds, and was attracted or repelled as they were agreeable or disagreeable. He was standing on a table, when a lady in the room struck a pianoforte. He started, turned his head in the direction of the sound, and astonished every one present by actually raising and letting fall one of his fore-feet, as if beating time to the music. On

another occasion I was exhibiting the insect to a friend in my apartments, and turned round to call his attention to some curious motions it was making. When I looked again it was gone, as if, like an Irish Liperchaun, it rendered itself invisible the moment I took my eyes from it. We searched everywhere, but could find no trace of it, though it was as large as a bird. A few few days after it re-appeared, and I found it clinging to the wall.

D.—Did every one you met with do the same things?

F.—No. They seemed to be endued with somewhat different faculties or habits in different countries. I never saw those I had in the East point out the way; but I did in the West. I one day lost my way on the side of the Corcovado mountain, in Brazil. This mountain abounds with curious and beautiful insects; and negroes are frequently sent out by their masters with gauze-nets to catch them. I met a party, and inquired the road. One of them had caught a mantis, and motioned me to ask him. I did so, and the insect actually lifted up one of its fore-feet, and seemed to point to a path in the forest with his long finger-like claw. The negro said, "Bo," which means good, in the imperfect Portuguese which they speak. So I took the path, and found it the right one, which soon led me out of the wood. I know not if the negro had been taught in Africa that the insect had this faculty, or whether it was a superstition he had learned from the Portuguese.

D.—But did you find them immortal? Are they yet alive?

F.—Of some I can say nothing, for they disappeared,

and I never could find them again. Others I deprived of life myself, in order to preserve them. But one certainly did survive a long time, under circumstances which I thought no being endued with the principle of animation could outlive. I caught one on a mountain on the shores of the Black Sea, which was more curious and extraordinary in its appearance and movements than any I had before seen. I shut it up in a box, and forgot where I laid it. Several months after I found the box, and, when I opened it, I saw the prisoner inside as vigorous and lively as when I enclosed him. He seemed even more sage and active than any of his tribe. I kept him for nearly a year in this state of abstinence and confinement, and frequently exhibited him for the amusement of my friends. I never let him out, for fear he should become invisible, like his predecessors; but within the precincts of his prison he displayed all his extraordinary talents, and never seemed to suffer from the seclusion of air, light, or food. I sent him to an entomological friend in England as a curiosity, hoping that he would have an opportunity of exhibiting him alive in the same way; whether the voyage was as ungenial to his feelings as to other animals, and he sank under the effects of sea-sickness, or whether the period of his natural life had arrived, I know not, but, to the best of my recollection, when my friend opened the box, on its arrival, the poor, wise, immortal mantis, was dead.

D.—And is the insect really endued with any wonderful qualities?

F.—On the contrary, it is a very stupid and voracious

creature. It devours without mercy every living insect it can master. Their propensities are so pugnacious, that they frequently attack one another. They wield their fore-legs like sabres, and cleave one another down like dragoons; and, when one is dead, the rest fall on him like cannibals and devour him. This propensity the Chinese avail themselves of; they have not the veneration of Europeans for their imaginary qualities, so they use them as game-cocks, and wagers are laid on the best fighter.

D.—Well, I am sorry to find the sage mantis is, after all, no wiser than other animals.

F.—The first step to knowledge is to remove falsehood. In this respect we are growing wiser every day. The fables of ignorance and superstition are fast disappearing, and we have sufficient cause for admiration in the qualities that God has really given to all his creatures, without assigning to them fictitious ones of our own creation. It is the great goodness of the Deity to confer on every being such faculties as are admirably adapted to its nature; to suppose they have more than they want, would be an imputation on his wisdom.

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, 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 anything 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 daresay 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 am 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 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 besides 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 despatch 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 you 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 inquiring why *I* never got anything 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 anything you wish, sir."

"A former pupil of mine has just arrived; he wishes to be shown 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 Dominie 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 anywhere 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 recognised his fellow-students, and inquired 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 in 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, Charlie."

"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 daresay 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 Johnie 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

everybody 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 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."

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 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

* Mrs. Barbauld.

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 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—ay, 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 friendship and affection of—

A. M. H.

The Orange-Boy.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"ONLY to think of my being so busy to-day with the chimney sweepers, and the family arrived last night at the Hall! and, most like, some of them will be coming in, for I know the two little gentlemen are stirring."

These words were uttered in lamentation by Sally Simpson, the wife of Mr. Talbot's * bailiff, to a neighbour, as they stood together in the farm-yard, and were quickly followed by the addition,—"But 'tis no matter, seeing they have all got safe home, and his honour has already got into the justice-room, and my lady is doing good for somebody, one's quite sure."

Her words were cut short by the arrival of two handsome boys, of about eight and six years of age, the sons of the master she had justly eulogised, and whom the good woman, notwithstanding her bustle, was delighted to see. Before she had time to offer congratulation and welcome, the wretched and half-naked child who had just finished sweeping her chimney, rushed forward, and, addressing the elder in great trepidation, said, "Is your father *really* a good man?"

Both the boys answered eagerly "that papa was a *very* good man."

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* This name is substituted for that of the gentleman in whose family the incidents related occurred some years since.

"And is he a justice of the peace?"

"Oh yes, and a member for the county."

"Well, then, please to take me to him, that he may be good to me—my master has used me ill ever since he bought me."

"Bought you?" cried all his auditors.

"Yes! he gave two golden sovereigns for me to the man who took me from my own mother."

These words awoke compassion in all, but the loud voice of the master, who had now disposed of his soot, and was prepared to leave the place, startled them, and the boy's entreaty was reiterated in the very agony of terror. Sally felt confident "that no bad lad would dare appeal to his honour," and the two Talbots, touched with sincere pity for a poor creature about their own age, and naturally courageous, stood by him so closely that the brutal master could not seize his victim to inflict the punishment threatened for delay. Whilst the parties were thus situated, Mr. Talbot himself appeared, and the confusion of many voices subsided.

The extremes of human existence might be said to meet, as the miserable little sweep, tremblingly, yet confidingly, stepped forward and looked up to the tall, handsome, and all-powerful gentleman whose situation and appearance so strongly contrasted with his own, and who encouraged him to speak by the look of compassion his very employment excited. The boy soon ventured to say, "Please, sir, master beats me and starves me cruelly."

The question, "How came you by this boy?" drew forth the same account already given: "he had been

bought from on board a collier, and he was an idle young dog, who was growing saucy on his hands."

"Not saucy, but I can't help growing," said the child; "little master here can't help it, I daresay."

The young Talbots were very tall for their respective ages, and the words were spoken in a tone of such sorrowful deprecation as to touch the hearts of all. Proofs of ill-usage were, indeed, soon displayed on his poor lean person, of a nature to justify Mr. Talbot in immediately depriving his master of a slave so illegally obtained; but when the man complained of his great loss, and that he had a large family to maintain, there was hesitation in Mr. Talbot's manner.

"Ask Jem, sir, if I a'nt a wife and five childers—he always speaks truth."

"Yes, he has five," said the boy; "that's why I be kept so thin, that I may get up the flues, for they be all bigger than me."

Mr. Talbot put money into the man's hand, but reproved his cruelty sternly, and commanded him to return immediately, thankful that he had escaped punishment. He hastily withdrew; whilst Mr. Talbot, shocked by the view of want and suffering presented, endeavoured to control his sense of suffering by saying, in a gay voice to his boys, "Well! now you have got your wish, what will you do with this Flibbertigibbet, I wonder?"

"My clothes will fit him, I am sure," said Frank.

"And my cap will do for him, and mamma will give him shirts the same as the school boys," said his brother.

"And I," said Sally, "will give him a good washing and something to eat."

"You must do more, Sally; keep him with you, and make him a steady, good little boy, till we see what he is fit for," said his kind benefactor, whose sons had already ran off to secure the means of clothing the destitute boy.

Dame Simpson's share in this labour of love not only awoke her sincere compassion and good will, but her imagination also. The man from whom he had been liberated admitted that he had been stolen, and she concluded that it must have been from some very superior home; in order to try if he could quicken his recollection by the sight of a spacious house and costly furniture, he was taken into that of his patron, and shown various articles found only in the houses of the great; but, with equal truth and simplicity, he declared, "that he had never seen anything like it before, except when he swept chimneys at Castle Howard." No! all he could remember was, that he had a very good mother, who was dressed in black and had a baby in her arms, that there was a maid called Nellie, and a garden with currants in it; also he had a soft bed and was called little Jemmy.

Even these recollections seemed well-nigh obliterated, less, perhaps, by time than hardship, for many a moving incident had he to relate of his later days; but good food, cleanliness, and kindness apparently removed in turn his sorrows also; he became the gayest and most grateful of earthly beings, and exhibited a thousand tricks and accomplishments to please his

"young masters," so that his name of Flibbertigibbet was confirmed to him. He could climb trees like a squirrel, play tunes on nicker-nackers, make whistles and willow bird-cages, crow like a cock, whistle like a linnet; and, when sent to the school Mr. Talbot provided for his own dependants in the neighbouring village, he learned to read with such rapidity that the master was convinced he had formerly been instructed, and he said himself, "he thought that must be the case, for the letters seemed somehow like old acquaintance to his eyes.

Nor was this the only proof of early instruction he gave, for, when taught to say his prayers and taken to church, he behaved with the propriety of one accustomed to go thither. He continued to speak truth upon all occasions, and, notwithstanding the hilarity of his spirits and his love of laughing and making others laugh, he never failed to perform most punctually those light labours committed to his care. Indeed, he loved the animals around him, both for their own sakes and those to whom they belonged, and was so desirous of proving his thankfulness that, if permitted, he would have swept the chimney of his honour, much as he detested and even dreaded the employment.

When little Flitter (as Sally called him) had been thus happily situated something more than a year, his young patrons were removed to Eton—a circumstance very afflictive to him at the time; and even after his sorrow was past, as young sorrows do pass, it was observed that he ceased to find pleasure in play, or to practise his former tricks and drollery, but that, at

every moment he could spare, he was poring over a book and a map of England lent to him by his kind schoolmaster, who said "it would show him where he now lived and the places he must have travelled through when he came."

The Simpsons thought it "mighty proper young gentlemen should learn everything, but as to poor people troubling their heads with maps as well as books, that would never do;" so in order to divert him from this pursuit, and also to reward him for his attention to the poultry and the calves, they took him as a great treat to the summer fair at York, first showing him the minster and other places most remarkable in that ancient and interesting city. On going to the busy part of the town, Sally and her young charge were attracted by an exhibition where a theatrical performance was about to take place, and in the meantime a young lad, very gaudily dressed, was jumping and tumbling on the platform. Here William Simpson left them, having some business, but promised to return; and here, for a time, they were very glad to stay, like the crowd around them, all of whom seemed delighted with the young performer, into whose cap abundance of half-pence and not a few sixpences were thrown.

As the tumbling went on, Sally had repeatedly heard Flitter say to himself, "I can do that;" and when she saw him step forward and address the master of the show, and afterwards step behind the curtain, she was afraid he was himself going to play over his tricks; so far from that he returned soon, and said he "would go home directly, as he had many things to do," and al-

though she told him a neighbour "would see to everything," he persisted in returning—for which she was sorry, as she saw that his eyes were full of tears, and he twice returned to shake her hand and say "Good-bye."

What was her surprise, her sorrow—nor less that of her husband, when they found that the poor fellow had not only performed all his duties, and left everything in the nicest order, but was gone, no one knew whither! On looking into his little garret they found his slate, on which was written, "Dear friends, I am going to seek my mother."

This assertion they did not exactly believe, for they had found that the acting man at the fair was leaving York that very night, and were convinced that Flitter's movements were someway connected with his—not conceiving it possible that his love for his mother, whom he could not remember, was strong enough to tempt him away from so comfortable a home as they had provided him.

These honest people were not aware of the fact that, in proportion as the boy's health and strength had returned, his memory had been, to a certain degree, restored, though still very insufficiently for any positive purpose. He had been long brooding on the possibility of retracing his former home, when his power of obtaining money for the purpose suddenly burst upon him at York, from the success of a boy like himself as to age, and inferior in skill. All his conclusions, as arising from his recollections and his knowledge of the country, rushed upon his mind and quickened his resolutions. He felt sure that his mother must live in

some town or village near the Humber, from whence he had been inveigled on board a vessel to be made a cabin-boy, and that he had been treated with extraordinary severity, from after a time being unable to do what was required. It ran in his head that his late master said, "at the time he bought him that he was told by the former, little Jem had had a fever on board which would keep down his growth for years."

Naturally a most affectionate child, and every day perceiving, either from the children he mixed with at school or from his young masters, the happiness of having parents and relations, his heart yearned towards the distant mother and baby child still fondly recalled, and from the time when he lost the sight of those who were more especially beloved, his thoughts had been employed on the possibility of seeking for them, especially when he was induced to conclude his mother was a widow, and could not fail to be rendered wretched by losing him. His first effort to free himself from tyranny had been successful—who knew but another to procure him natural relations might be equally so? It was true the journeyman had been his first prompter by talking about justices, and now he had no prompter but his own heart, and that said very frequently his conduct was foolish and perhaps ungrateful.

Alas! poor Flibbertigibbet soon found that he had exchanged a life of ease for one of labour, for which applause by no means repaid him, and the money for which alone he had forfeited his happiness was denied; the contents of his cap, though exceeding that of the other boy, was seized by the owner of the show, and a scanty

supper and straw bed was the reward of his exertion—which was not allowed to be made till he had travelled to the town of Leeds, and was of course far from his late happy home.

It is true he was told "that by-and-by he was to have a benefit," and that "the grown gentlemen lived on their benefits;" he had, therefore, nothing left for it but to be patient. Besides, he was so profitable that a sharp look-out was kept upon him, both by the manager and the other boy, so that he was for some time little more than a prisoner, and he could not hear of any second good justice to deliver him from thraldom; so he went on as well as he could, tumbling and hoping, sometimes rewarded by food or pence, sometimes neglected and derided. When, at length, he found that part of his bundle had been stolen, and that the other boy was in many respects a bad associate, he determined to part from them so soon as he could obtain a mere trifle, and, postponing his scheme of seeking home, to throw himself again on the pity of his late friends. "But never, never," said he, sobbing, "will I do one thing that shall make me afraid to look his honour in the face."

With this good resolution the poor boy continued uninjured in mind, though often sorely tempted, alike by his wants and his companions, who reproached him and ridiculed him. Unluckily they continued to go from one inland town to another, so that he remained as far as ever from the object of his pursuit and, until they reached Sheffield, no benefit was given to him; and, although it was the best he had ever witnessed,

after the deductions of the master were made, only eighteen shillings and ninepence were given to *him.*

This was, however, a large sum, and several of the company sought to ease him of it by laying wagers, or playing at various games, but James was much too wise to be thus drawn in. Having sauntered round the town early, he had seen upon the canal a vessel bound to Howden, and he knew that from thence he could easily get into Lincolnshire; therefore he silently took his now reduced bundle, repaired to the quay, and, mingling with a body of graziers on board, happily escaped all observation, as he was at present supposed to be so happy in his acquisition that he would not think of leaving the troop.

To Hull the anxious wanderer dared not go, lest his old master should spy him and reclaim him; nor did he like to meet the observation of any person engaged with shipping, as he knew no hold could be so strong as that of a vessel, nor any tyranny so hopeless as that practised by its master. He therefore prepared to walk through the country as soon as he landed, and thought himself very happy in having an opportunity of purchasing a stock of oranges at Howden, because by the sale of them he would not only be able to maintain himself, but have a plausible reason for going into the back part of houses and gardens,—for he fancied he should recognise his mother's garden, as he used to have a part of it for his own.

Having got with his oranges a wallet, his clothes at one end and at the other his oranges, he set out, but not without casting a look of sorrow towards the Selby

Road, for that led towards the park where his benefactor lived. Having, however, accomplished so much, he hoped that more would be in his power; he rallied his spirits and tried to be manly.

When the poor boy reached Barton, remembering it only too well as the place where he had stopped with the sweep some time, he hastened to get thence into the villages which lie on the banks of the river, which he felt to be the acquaintance of his whole life. Having done so, he found his spirits sink from the loneliness of his situation, and the sense of fear, and indeed shame, which at times would steal upon him. He had, however, much pleasure at times in the kindness of the people, for they are singularly hospitable in Lincolnshire to strangers in every rank of life; and many a slice of bread and basin of milk were freely given, and often was he permitted to share the bed of a lad like himself as he passed through the country.

Indeed, his appearance was so respectable, his face and hands being always clean, and his clothing, with the exception of his shoes, still so decent, that he conveyed no other idea to the honest people who thus received him, but that of pity for one so young who was cast on his own resources; and so well did he dispose of his merchandise, that he was frequently obliged to apply for the renewal of his stock to the larger towns, from which circumstance he made slow progress, and saw with dismay the days shortening, and felt the cold blasts of autumn blow cheerlessly over the long, flat country.

After wandering thus for many weeks, and reaching

as high as Spalding, he determined to retrace his steps, as the impression was still more strong than ever upon his mind that he was in the right direction, the dialect appeared so familiar to his ears. On re-entering the town of Grimsby, weary and foot-sore, he determined, as evening was drawing on, to seek his former lodging, and not attempt selling his fruit till the following morning.

He was just about to replace an orange in his wallet when a sweet voice called out to him, and the face of a beautiful little girl was seen to peep over the half-door of a very poor cottage, who said, "Please to give little Sally that pretty thing!"

The boy looked wistfully at the fair round face and curly head, and thought he had never seen anything so pretty in all his travels; and weary as he had felt but just before, he thought he could have gazed for an hour upon it. No person came near the door; but the child earnestly reiterated her request, and James, stepping up to her, gave her the orange; in doing so he perceived she was better dressed than might have been expected, but it was her beauty and confidence that had won him, together with her name of Sally—"for surely that was one he ought to love."

"Yes!" said he to himself, "Sally is a sweet name to me; and now my face is set towards that Sally who was always good to me, I will return to her, for I am undoubtedly wandering here in vain."

Full of this resolution, in the morning he counted his oranges, considered the possibility of paying for a passage to Snaith or Selby, and made himself as re-

spectable as he could in appearance, before he sallied forth to sell, as he now hoped, his last cargo. Scarcely had he set forward, when a voice behind him cried out, "That's the good boy! that's him, mother!"

Our orange boy naturally turned his head, for it was the voice of his little friend of last night; she had hold of the hand of a lady, who quickened her steps to get up to him.

"I believe, my good boy, you gave (not *sold*) my little girl an orange last night; I must buy her a few more, and pay for that also."

"Not *that*," said the boy, blushing, as he offered her some of the finest.

The lady was not difficult to please; whilst choosing her oranges, it struck her that giving the boy a breakfast would be her best way of rewarding his civility, and, having paid him, she asked him to return to her house,—"It was but a step from thence," she observed.

James carried the oranges after her, and on entering she went forward with him into her kitchen, which was at the back of her parlour—on getting thither, the boy looked through the window, and instantly shrank back exclaiming, 'Oh dear! how strange I feel!"

The lady, seeing him turn very pale, asked him if he were well; to which he answered so sensibly, as if to account for his indisposition, that she inquired how old he was.

"I wish I knew, madam, but indeed I do not."

"You are a fatherless child, I fear?"

"I think I am, but God only knows! I was stolen from my mother, which is all I know of myself."

"Stolen!" cried the lady; "stolen! when? where Speak, child! do you know your name?"

"Oh no! I wish I did. I only know I was called 'little Jemmy!'"

The lady could not speak—she was on the point of fainting; and the maid, coming to her assistance, said, "Tell missis all you know, my boy, but be sure you tell truth."

"I have nothing to tell besides, except that we had a maid Nellie, and there was a little baby, and a garden very like this of yours."

The girl shouted aloud, "Oh, it's all right! it was my sister Nellie that is married; little miss was at her house last night when you seed her,—but missis will faint away,—what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Her mistress did not faint; she burst into tears—she sank upon her knees—she tried to utter thanks to God—she held out her arms to her son—she called him 'her darling, her comfort, her long-lost James."

Had he then indeed found his mother? were his wishes fulfilled? his hopes realized—alas! the poor boy could not believe it. Far different and inferior as her situation was to the only lady he had ever known, yet she was surely too grand to be his mother—the mother of a sweep, of a boy that tumbled at fairs, that hawked oranges through the country!

But Nellie now entered, gazed at him, and declared, "she should know him among a thousand; besides, was he not the picture of his sister, and the very model of his own father's picture?" As she spoke, the honest woman's voice, manner, nay, her

prominent teeth, were all familiar to him, and, rushing to his mother's arms, he cried, "Oh yes! I see it all! I am your son!—I have not wandered so long for nothing."

But who can tell how much explanation was given—what caresses were lavished? Who describe the emotions of a fond mother's heart, who for four long years had numbered her son with the dead.

We need not say that when Flibbertigibbet again made his appearance at E—— Park, which was the day of Mr. Talbot's return thither, he was accompanied by his grateful mother, who felt as if she could have been eloquent in thanks, though she only proved so in tears. It was a question whether old Sally Simpson or young Sally Harrison, his sister, was the happier person; or whether little James or his young patrons were the merrier. Enough to say, that our wanderer has still a kind and approving patron in the gentleman who rescued him from want, cruelty, and an early grave.

Choke-Damp and Fire-Damp.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

"WERE you ever down in a coal mine, papa?"

"Yes, in several. There is no country which abounds in these mines more than England. A great coal-field extends from the mouth of the Humber on the east to that of the Bristol Channel on the west, including an area of two hundred and sixty miles in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth; and I have visited many parts of it from Whitehaven in Cumberland to Swansea in South Wales."

"What is the nature of the Cumberland mines?"

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

"But how do they contrive to work under ground?"

"The vein or bed of coal is generally seven or eight feet thick, and through this they form a variety of passages, leaving masses at intervals untouched to support the roof, so that the whole resembles a vast subterranean palace supported by ebony pillars. Some of them are wide enough to admit carts and waggons; and as you walk above you hear the busy world below you,—the buzz of voices and the rumbling of wheels ascending as

from some neighbouring city. The streets, or ramifications of this mine, are said to extend in various directions for nearly twenty miles, both under the sea and under the town of Whitehaven, so as to become dangerous to the latter. I was informed that the foundations of several houses had given way a short time before, and the town above was threatened with being swallowed up in the town below."

"But how can they see to work in the darkness?"

"This is a circumstance which has greatly embarrassed the miners. The nature of coal is such that it produces different airs or gases that are highly dangerous to human life,—one is called the *choke*-damp, and the other the *fire*-damp. When a man incautiously breathes the first, he is speedily suffocated; when he brings any light to the second, it immediately explodes like gunpowder; sometimes it dashes the body against the roof or pillars with such violence as to break and crush every bone; sometimes it tears it, as it were, to pieces, and leaves it a frightful picture of mutilation. The approach of these ministers of death is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. At one time an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment. At another it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in a moment. Every year

some accident of this kind happens to the poor miners. When I was at Whitehaven fifteen persons had been wounded or totally destroyed by one of these explosions; and at Gateshead, near Newcastle, out of one hundred and twenty-one persons working in the mine, ninety-two were killed, and many of the rest severely hurt."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He found by experiment that this dangerous air or gas was of a consistence that it would not pass through very small apertures; he therefore contrived an iron wire, as thin as gauze, with the meshes exceedingly small, so that when it was interposed between the flame and the air they did not come into contact.

With this he covered lanterns made for the purpose; and while the light from within passed out and illumined the place around, the dangerous air could not pass in, and so was effectually prevented from taking fire, and the poor miner worked in security."

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

"There is a kind of coal in Ireland, little known in England, which has this property. It is found in the county of Kilkenny, and called stone coal, because it resembles blocks of jasper or jet, being very hard, shining, and clean,—not soiling as common English coal anything it touches. It has the peculiar advantage, also, of yielding no dense or sulphurous vapour; so that the people of the towns where it is raised and consumed justly boast that they have 'fire without smoke.' This good quality, however, is counteracted by one of a different kind. In the act of burning it emits an invisible gas, which it is highly dangerous to breathe, and which in a close room destroys life, as you have heard the vapour of charcoal does. On entering the town of Kilkenny, in certain states of the atmosphere on a winter's day, when a great quantity of this coal is burning at the same time, and the atmosphere entirely filled with its vapour, a nervous and very uneasy sensation is felt, and a debility nearly amounting to fainting. I remember on one occasion travelling through in a stage-coach on a very severe day; we all hastened to a large

fire which was burning very bright and red in the parlour, and immediately complained that we felt this sensation very strongly; but a lady of the company, who said she was very cold, incautiously remained with her head and hands over the fire, when she was seized with a sudden faintness, and fell as if she was dead; on being brought out to the air she recovered. The people of the inn told us it was not an uncommon accident, and that they seldom lighted a fire at night in a chamber, lest an incautious traveller should be found suffocated in his bed in the morning. If, however, precautions be taken by opening part of the door or window, and a current of pure air be suffered to carry off the foul vapour, there is no danger."

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

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

complain that it consumes even their grates and utensils by its violence."

"I never heard of this curious coal before."

"Perhaps not; it has been but little known in England. Some time ago I visited Cambridge, and was introduced to the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, who was then a lecturer in mineralogy. In the course of a lecture at which I was present, he mentioned Kilkenny coal as a curious substance, which, he said, he had never seen, but supposed it resembled in its qualities Kendal coal. I informed him, from my own knowledge, that no two species of coal could be more dissimilar; and, at his request, sent him a box of specimens, on which he afterwards tried experiments, and ascertained that the injurious quality of the fuel arose from the presence of a vapour combined with it called carbonic acid gas. It is also found in limestone, charcoal, and various other substances; and the fatal accidents which occur in kilns, brewing vats, old wells, and other places, into which people incautiously venture, and are suddenly suffocated, all depend upon the same cause—the presence of this air, which has other very peculiar properties."

"What are these, papa?"

"First, it is very heavy, so that you can pour it from one glass into another; and though it is transparent and invisible, you can easily ascertain its presence by means of a lighted taper. If you put it into the glass before the air be poured in, it burns freely; if afterwards, it is immediately extinguished, as if you plunged it into water. It is for this reason that it does not fly off like other air, but remains stagnant at the bottom

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

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

"Yes; modern chemistry has analyzed everything. The fire-damp is a gas called hydrogen, and possesses properties entirely different from the other; it is highly inflammable, and considerably lighter than common air; and these properties have rendered it an object of great importance to mankind. By means of the first, it produces a bright and beautiful flame, and, when enclosed in tubes, enlightens the darkness of all our cities; by means of the second, balloons are inflated, and man is enabled to fly like a bird through the air. Thus, then, you see how we daily improve, and every new discovery in science is an additional proof of the good providence of God. These things which were once objects of unmitigated terror to us are every day found to possess redeeming qualities which more than counterbalance their injurious ones. The *choke*-damp, which extinguishes the miner's life, is now converted into a source of health; and it is a singular fact, that the same substance that suffocates in the mine should be

the beautiful and salutary thing that sparkles and enlivens in soda-water; and the *fire*-damp, which dashed him to pieces, is the agent by which he has conquered, as it were, the ordinary course of nature. By one of its properties he converts night into day; and by the other he traverses the air, and will hereafter, perhaps, obtain the control of an element which nature seemed to exclude him from moving in."

The Little Mountaineer.

BY L. E. L.

Her naked feet are nothing loath
To touch their mother earth;
The pebble and the flower have been
Their comrades from their birth.
The wind is in her long fair hair,
She bares her listening ear,
And questions if a storm be nigh—
The little mountaineer.

The birds are sweeping through the sky,
Their white wings bear away
The brightness of the morning time,
The sunshine's lingering ray.
Like armies summoned by a king,
The clouds come far and near;
They gather round her native hills—
The little mountaineer.

She stands beside the ancient well
That from the broken wall
Sings day and night the same sweet song
In one low silvery fall.
She stands a lovely, lonely child
Without a thought of fear;
The cave of nature is around
The little mountaineer.

A pensiveness beyond its years
  Is in her childish grace;
For many lonely hours have given
  Their meaning to her face.
The mighty storms, the mighty hills,
  Have lent their solemn cheer;
A poet's world is in her heart—
  The little mountaineer.

Lines to Laura.

WHAT is it shines in Laura's face,
And lends it such enchanting grace?
I've seen a brow as dazzling fair,
An eye as bright, as silken hair;
I've seen the rose and lily meet
In unison as soft and sweet;
Yet never lovelier face could gleam
On poesy's most fervid dream,
Than her's who met my gaze last night,
So full of peace, and hope, and light.

In Laura's voice what is the spell
That chains the listening ear so well?
As gentle in its silver flow
As music breathing clear and low,
Whose echo, like some ancient lay
(Beloved in childhood's golden day),
Still lingering hangs around the heart
When all its crystal notes depart;
Yet never song of fabled sphere,
The bard inspired has feigned to hear,
Such grace and melody could own
As speaks in Laura's lightest tone.

What charm is this all souls have proved,
That Laura *seen* is Laura *loved?*

Ah! would you know the secret art,
True beauty dwells within the heart,
In feelings warm, sincere, refined,
The blossoms of a noble mind;
These, like the sun to earth and skies,
Illume the cheek, the brow, the eyes,
And lend a loveliness and grace
To every turn of form and face
Which outward mould, however fair,
Alone was never felt to wear:
And such the soul to Laura given;
She looks, she speaks, she thinks, in Heaven.

Edinburgh. GERTRUDE.

The Blind Beggar.

BY MISS PARDOE.

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

"I am sorry, my dear Henry," said Mrs. Davenport, gently, "that the idea of possessing a toy which can be enjoyed without the participation of your sister, should enhance its value in your estimation. Selfishness, my beloved boy, is not only unamiable in children, but even wicked. The first duty of youth, and assuredly the most lovely one, is to sacrifice its own pleasures to the welfare and the gratification of others. Do you not see at once your error in this instance? You would deny to poor Caroline the amusement which you covet for yourself; and yet you unhesitatingly appropriate the property of mamma in the furtherance of your own enjoyment, without a fear of her imitating your example by refusing to allow the glass globes, which are her property, to conduce to your sports."

Henry hung his head in silence.

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

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

Mrs. Davenport made no reply; but still holding her son by the hand, she traversed the village, and crossing a meadow, bent her way towards a small ivy-covered hut which stood beside the high road to London. At the door sat an aged man, whose long grey hair was flowing in the wind, and who held in his hand a tattered hat to receive the offerings of the charitable. Beside him stood a girl in her first youth, but the joyous-

ness of girlhood had already passed away; there was care on her young brow, and anxiety in the mild eyes which glanced out from beneath her coarse and rustic bonnet; her arm was round the neck of the old man, and as Mrs. Davenport and her son approached the cottage, they could hear her low sweet voice, as she spoke encouragingly to her companion.

"Dear lady, have pity on the blind!" murmured the old man, as the mother and son stopped beside him; while the girl dropped a courtesy, and only looked her entreaty.

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

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

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

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

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

Long ere the mendicant ceased speaking, the half-crown, which had so long possessed the thoughts and

taxed the invention of Henry, had been quietly and unobtrusively deposited in the hat which still rested upon the knee of the old man. Mrs. Davenport affected not to notice the action; and, after having spoken a few kind words to Blind William and his careful granddaughter, led her son away.

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

"No, I thank you, mamma, I have changed my mind, and left the half-crown at the cottage; but I should like to gather a handful of those roses for Carry to put in her bonnet, and some of this pretty white bind-weed to make a garland for her lamb, and a bunch of honeysuckle for the nursery; and I shall so enjoy looking at them as we walk home, and seeing their bright colours and their pretty shapes, and how pleasantly they invite the bees and the butterflies to alight upon them; and then, if you are not in a hurry, we can stand and watch the minnows under the bridge, and see the water sparkle over the pebbles, and look at all the beautiful things that God put into the world to show us how good he is—the young lambs in the meadows, and the birds amid the branches, and all the happy things that love the light."

"We will do all this, my child," said Mrs. Davenport; "and at the same time we will admire the mercy of that God who, in sealing the eyes of poor old William, has so opened his heart, that the hope on which he lives is far more valuable and precious to him than even the light of day to you; while I will also thank him, that he has graciously given to my dear boy that humble,

loving, and meek spirit, which teaches him to repair, by an act of positive goodness, a meditated unkindness; and believe me, my dear child, when I tenderly and fearlessly assure you, that were you at this moment the owner of the coveted swan, you would derive infinitely less gratification from its possession than you must now feel from the sweet conviction, that you have called down on your young head the blessing of the blind!"

The Young Gleaner.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Her task has been a weary one,
To stoop all day for ears of corn;
All day beneath the harvest-sun;
Yet looks she not forlorn.

Her feet are sore, her limbs are weak,
She leans fatigued against the stile;
Her lips are parched, and yet her cheek
Half dimples with a smile.

Although her task be done, although
Her arms have dropped their yellow store,
Her heart, untired, would freely go
Back to the field for more.

The spirit of the girl is glad,
You see it looking through her eyes;
Sweet gleaner, she could not be sad
Beneath such lovely skies.

Though wide the field, though hot the ground,
To gather up her golden spoil,
While Heaven seemed smiling all around,
Was pleasure more than toil.

The morning breeze, the mid-day calm,
The shower, the blue that o'er her shone,
She felt them on her heart as balm,
And sung and gathered on.

To glean what those who gleaned before
Had left, seemed all her soul desired;
And till her long day's task was o'er,
She knew not she was tired.

And now, what waits her homeward way?
Delicious rest and slumbers deep;
These three compose her night and day,
Sweet toil, sweet rest, sweet sleep.

Oh! blest, midst those whom man's hard will
Condemns to slavery's ceaseless care,
Are ye who, task-worn, labour still
Out in the open air!

Gleaner, *thy* grief may be assuaged;
Compared with *her's* thy tasks are mild,
That trampled flower, that bird encaged,
The pent-up Factory child!

The Lucky Sixpence.

BY MISS DAGLEY.

"Oh, mother, dear! it loveth us! and what beside have we?"
MARY HOWITT.

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

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

Never was an important sum more opportunely given, for the following week was the fair, where all young people spend money, who have it to spend.

"What a happy girl I am," thought Lucy; "I will buy my mother a riband for her Sunday cap; my father shall have a new handkerchief; and my brothers, whistles and gingerbread, if the money will buy all."

Alas! how soon do the children of the poor enter on

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

"This is indeed a lucky sixpence," said her mother, "for it comes in the hour of need;" and Lucy's affectionate heart bounded with delight at the moment; yet, it must be owned, that when the time of the fair came, and she saw all her companions able to spend something, and heard the money jingle in their hands, she felt it hard to be poorest of the poor, and be neither able to spend nor give. With the fair, however, the recollection vanished; and when at the end of the month her mother returned her the sixpence, Lucy was willing to keep it for the chance of being remanded for household purposes. After a time, however, the health of her father returned, the pressure of want was removed, and Lucy felt she had a right to spend her own money in the way she liked best.

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

of the creature, which he claimed as his own, proposed to repeat the cruelty by again seizing the string.

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

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

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

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

One day Dame Anwell sent the two little boys to the village with a basket to fetch numerous articles, with many strong injunctions to be steady. Little Trim, of course, accompanied them; and it would be difficult to say which of the three was the most happy and frolicsome as they went. In returning they were all steadier, for the basket was heavy. Unfortunately, it became a subject of dispute; much time was lost in adjusting differences; and on the mother's examination, to her great distress, the tea, which was the most expensive article in the order, was nowhere to be found. Just, however, as she was beginning alike to scold and lament the loss, Trim came running in with the lost package in his mouth.

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

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

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

It will be readily believed that Lucy extolled the conduct of Trim on this occasion as little short of a miracle, and continued her eulogies until she perceived that a lady and her little daughter were seated in the cottage, whither they had been driven by the rain, and had heard all she had been saying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am sure I never spoil mine, but I cannot bear to see her fret—look how pale she looks. My dear! I hope this Dame Anwell will consider and let us have the dog."

Mr. Freelove heard so much of this trouble all that day and the next, that towards evening he took a walk to Anwell's cottage, and arrived just at the time when

the children were wondering "how his daughter, who had so many fine things to please her, could wish for their dog;" and when the father, whose situation in life had been greatly altered, was observing, "that poverty was indeed hard to bear when it subjected a man to tyranny, and such he considered a demand for his dog."

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

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

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

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

the tear would drop when she assisted in decoying her darling to his new and splendid home.

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

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

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

Mr. Freelove soon ascertained that Lucy and her parents were from home, and on opening the door he saw that the boys were exceedingly busy in trying to place a tub over something which they wanted to conceal.

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

The children were unaccustomed to any kind of deceit, but yet they felt afraid of telling all the truth at this time, aware that it might defeat their purpose,

and looked wistfully at each other, and at the object they had been removing.

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

In great alarm the elder now said,—

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

"And to do what?" insisted Mr. Freelove.

"To take care of sister Lucy's bird," cried the youngest.

"So you turned the tub over it, did you?"

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

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

When they had departed Dame Anwell clasped her beloved daughter to her bosom, and kissing her, said, "Everything had been, in fact, given by the good child whose ready compliance with the wishes of another,

for the sake of her parents, had brought a blessing on them."

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

Children Sports in Switzerland.

BY A SWISS LADY.

"I WISH, my dear Mademoiselle, you would tell me how children contrive to amuse themselves in Switzerland during the winter. The weather, you say, is so cold, and there is so much snow, that they must surely be very dull."

"They certainly would be dull," I replied, "if, as you fancy, they remained always at home; but such is not the case. They are, from their birth, accustomed to the weather, and consequently do not feel its severity as you would. Winter, far from being to them a tedious season, is one of great amusement, and always looked forward to with pleasure. Their great delight is in skating on the ice or sliding on the snow. I have seldom seen more happy faces together than those of the children of a village assembled at the top of a mount of about a quarter of a mile in its descent. Can you picture to yourself such a place behind an old castle, which, by the way, is said to have existed in the days of Julius Cæsar? It is a beautiful spot, and I have often spent delightful hours there. The noble avenue of horse-chestnut trees, the old castle with its tottering towers, the lovely Reuse rolling its clear waters almost at the foot of the little hill beyond the numberless villages, and in the distance the magnificent Alps!

"Fancy, then, twenty or thirty boys and girls together

at the top of the mount. The ground is covered by at least two feet of snow, frozen and hard. Each of the candidates for pleasure has a little chair formed of three planks, two standing parallel, and the third across the others; it is not more than three quarters of a foot in height, and of just sufficient breadth to allow one person to sit on it. At the bottom of the sides of the 'glisse,' as it is commonly called, there is a band of iron; such as you have seen in sledges or skates. A kind of path has been beaten in the snow, and now you sit down on your glisse; where the ground begins to incline, you stretch your legs that they may not impede your way, holding a cord in your hand which is tied to the glisse, and answers the purpose of reins; a kind friend gives you a push, and away you go at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The most expert overtakes you, with one foot pushes you aside, and sends you rolling in the snow, while he pursues his course laughing and singing, till one still more expert than he is sends him on the same errand. Others race together, and you may conceive the joy of the winner. The fresh, pure, cold air gives to all a ruddy look of health; while their exertions keep the cold away, and you often hear them exclaim, 'How hot it is!' But there is no rose without thorns, nor any pleasure without its trouble; so you find when you are at the bottom of the hill, that you must walk up again, and drag your glisse after you. The snow is slippery, and you often make a *faux pas*, which is instantly followed by the laughter of all the little band. It is a healthy exercise, and not dangerous, the snow seldom being hard enough

to hurt you when you fall in it. The place I have described is the favourite spot of the children of the small town of Boudry, in the canton of Neuchatel. Boudry is not more than two miles from the foot of the Jura. In summer all the children flock to its woods to gather strawberries and raspberries, which grow wild there in luxuriant profusion.

"I remember to have seen there one of the prettiest fêtes you can well imagine. It is now many years ago. It had been settled two months previous to the end of the year, that a great pageant should take place on New Year's day, in which should be exhibited the different professions or trades exercised by the people. There was to be a car of at least a quarter of a mile in length. This car was to be ornamented with evergreens,—not merely ornamented, but entirely covered, so that it might appear a moving parterre. The car was divided into fifteen divisions, in each of which an arbour of evergreens was erected, so that they formed separate rooms all of an equal size except the middle one, which was larger and more ornamented than the others.

"Now I am sure you will not think that too much time was taken to arrange the whole of this fête. It was pleasant to see with what care the children of the neighbouring villages nursed the few flowers which an uncommonly mild winter had spared, to the end that they might have a bouquet on the day of the much-wished for fête, or, if they had more than they wanted, to give them to adorn the car; how those who were fortunate enough to possess a monthly rose-tree nursed it—the best place near the stove was for the beautiful

and delicate tree. And the dresses, what fuss there was about them! But the great anxiety of all was on account of the weather; you may be sure the almanacks were consulted every day. The first question asked was, 'Do you think this fine weather will last? Oh, if the new year could but be ushered in by such a day as this! The Alps look very clear and distinct, and that's a sure sign that the weather is fixed for fine,' &c.

"At last the time approached,—it was already Christmas day. The evergreens were seen pouring in from the Jura, where men had been sent to cut them; the car was put into a long flat field just outside the town, and the work advanced; all the ribands that could be gathered were collected. Now there were but a few days, and the weather was so good as to be just what one could have wished. The dresses were also ready; all went on beautifully till the last day when, to the horror of all, young and old, the atmosphere presented a dense mass of heavy clouds, which, in a very short time, poured their contents in the shape of snow in torrents upon the devoted village. Now, adieu to to-morrow's fête. O dear! O dear! if the weather had but continued fine for a few days longer, only two days more, after that it might have snowed for ever without any one caring a fig about the matter. Then the barometer was consulted every minute; shocking to tell, the barometer, instead of ascending, went lower and lower. However, towards three o'clock in the afternoon a slight change was perceptible, not only in the atmosphere, but in the barometer, which began to ascend; and, though the snow continued to

pour in, yet it was a consolation that it was a little abated, and hope began to revive. When it began to snow, large sheets had been spread over the car; luckily the flowers had been kept to the last, and were only to be arranged early in the morning. Towards evening the snow ceased to fall, the wind swept the clouds rapidly away, and just before night-fall a patch of blue sky had been seen; and, before nine o'clock came, the children had the satisfaction to see the sky studded with innumerable stars, and feel that a sharp frost had set in, and the wind still continued due west, and, therefore, would not snow on the morrow. How delightful! With these acclamations of delight, the happy creatures went to bed. At last the day appeared, and a glorious day it was—not a cloud to be seen, the air fresh, and the sun rising in tranquil majesty behind the Alps, whose tops were tinged with the rays of the rising sun, which gave them the hues of the rainbow; then the sun like a globe of fire showed itself entire, and spread its glorious rays all over the country. I do not remember ever having seen anything so beautiful. The snow during the night had been frozen so hard, that you might fancy yourselves walking upon the purest marble. The last finish had been given to the car, everything necessary had been put in it; and now you might see farmers, with all their oxen, arriving from every quarter (for the car was to be dragged by these animals); and how many pair do you think were employed on this occasion? No less than two hundred and fifty! Yes, you may well be surprised, but such was the number. All the surrounding villages had

been informed of what was going on, and were anxious to see it. The town was completely crammed, and there were not windows sufficient to admit of the eager heads that were languishing to get a peep. I know I was almost suffocated by the pressure and the squeezing. At last we saw a string of oxen coming up the town. I stretched my neck to see what came after, and I could see nothing but oxen and their drivers. The latter were clothed in their best, with an artificial rose in their coat, and ribands of different colours, with long floating ends, tied to their right arms; a broad-brimmed straw hat, also garnished with ribands and flowers, completed their costume. The oxen had not been forgotten, and flowers and ribands also ornamented their heads. I never remember being so out of patience as I was then,—oxen after oxen passed with their slow-measured step. Oh, thought I, if I could but infuse a little spirit into those dull animals!—never remembering that, if they had gone at the smart trot I wished, in all probability they would have upset all the preparations. It was nearly half an hour, if not more, before the car appeared; at last we were rewarded for our patience. The first arbour represented a printing-press, at which the printers were hard at work, though we could see a sly smile on the lips of the young workmen. A grown up person was in every arbour to prevent the children from getting into mischief. We also heard music at a distance—this proceeded from the temple of the god; but I must describe each in its turn. In the next arbour we saw a set of tailors working hard, and laughing, exhibiting coats, &c. I now was fully satisfied

that the oxen went at a wise pace: had they gone quickly, the spectators would not have seen half the sight. Then came a milliner's shop; what pretty bonnets and caps were exhibited there! Then a dress-maker's. An inn, with all the bustle that there is generally in such a place. Now a shop of artificial flowers sold by little fairies, who looked more lovely than their flowers. After them came shoemakers. At last we obtained a full view of the centre arbour; it was spacious and beautifully set out, not gaudy, though there was enough to make it so, if it had not been arranged with good taste. On a heap of moss in the middle of the arbour a fine new barrel was laid, and one of the prettiest children I have ever seen was sitting on it, holding a silver cup in one hand, and a thyrsus in the other. His head was crowned by a chaplet of roses and ivy. You never saw a happier face than that child's. A band was stationed at the back of the arbour, and in front a dozen children, holding each other by the hand, formed a choir. We had heard the music at a distance, and, therefore, were not sorry when the band stopped to allow the children to sing. In fancy, I still hear those sweet and innocent voices. The song was very pretty, but I do not remember the words now; they were in praise of spring, and set to a very beautiful Swiss air. The burden of the song is the only thing I recollect of it; it was this: 'Violette! violette! reviens dans nos hameaux.'* Next came a glover; you know that the best gloves we wear now come from Fleurier, a village of Switzerland. Then came a weaver; and if

* Violet! violet! return to our hamlets.

he had worked hard, the noise of his loom would not have been a very good accompaniment to the music. Next came the carpenter; some little girls were employed in gathering some shavings, &c. After came a basket-maker, and the baskets were all beautiful. The two last arbours contained a baker and a butcher. Now, do you not think that the oxen, though there were so many of them, had something to do to drag all this number of persons and things? When the car had passed our town, it was taken to two other small villages near; and at six o'clock the oxen were unyoked, and all the children and their parents flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, where all sorts of refreshments had been prepared. Everything had gone off in the most delightful manner! The weather had been fine; the children good; and I never heard, afterwards, any one complain of anything that happened on that day; there were no "ifs" or "buts"—everybody was satisfied.

"You see, my dear, that the children of Switzerland are not without their amusements in winter, and that the cold weather is no interrupter of pleasure. God has so wisely ordered all things, that there is not a country which does not possess advantages to counterbalance its disadvantages; and it is seldom that you will see any human being prefer another country to his own, and who is not convinced that his native land is by far superior to every other.

"And now, good night, my dearest; and never forget to thank God in your prayers, for the many blessings which, I am sure, you value doubly, because of the power you possess of sharing them with others!"

Jenny Careless and Jane Careful.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

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

There are, indeed, those who believe that Charles I. and James II. lost their crowns and kingdoms because of their unfortunate connection with old *Careless*, an ill-conducted and dangerous person, who has his places of residence in all lands, and who mixes more or less with every class of society—very much to the annoyance of the *Carefuls*, who have always conducted themselves in a thoughtful, useful, and praiseworthy manner wherever they have been found, abiding by the several laws and regulations which from time to time have been made and enacted for the well-being of society and the promotion of happiness. As to the *Carelesses* I do not like to write so much about them, for many of the family are distant relatives of mine, and they would think it very hard indeed if I were to publish their sins of omission or commission in this pretty little book; I must, however, proceed to introduce my young readers to one of them. Jenny Careless, a cheerful, good-tem-

pered girl, came, some years ago, to the house of a very amiable lady called Mrs. Medium, who, the day before Jenny's arrival, had been favoured by a visit from Jane Careful, an excellent, well-bred, and sedate maiden, about Miss Jenny's age—that is to say, about thirteen.

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

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

"Well," replied Mrs. Thrifty, "all I say is, commend me to Miss Jane; I dread the very thoughts of any of those Carelesses coming into the house. But Miss Careful is just the same as her mamma, grandmamma, and all her aunts before her. Deary me! but it was a credit and a comfort to see them here; all so well-dressed, all

so neat, all so clean, so orderly, so well-behaved—careful by name, careful by nature. Oh! they were, as I said, and will be, as I now say, a credit and a comfort to the world's end."

While such dialogues as these were heard in the servants' hall, Miss Jane and Miss Jenny were in their cheerful room, preparing for an evening party of young ladies, whom their kind hostess had invited to meet them; the two girls were to sleep in the same chamber, and very neat their white beds looked in the evening sun. Jane had arranged her frock, stockings, gloves, scarf-band, and handkerchief on her bed, so that all things were ready, and the contents of her trunk had been deposited in the chest of drawers—a place for everything, and everything in its place.

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

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

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

"I might be worse," said Jane.

"Worse—how worse?" exclaimed her companion.

"Why, I might be a *slovenly* old maid."

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

"How badly that stocking sits! Why, it is like a bag round your ankle," said Jane.

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

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

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

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

"What is the matter, dear Jenny?" inquired Miss Careful; "can't I help you in any way?"

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

And she held up her foot, as my pretty greyhound does, when she fancies it has been injured.

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

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

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

"Thank you, dear Jane; but what should I do if I broke your stocking?"

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

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

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

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

"Trouble!" exclaimed Jenny; "oh, I hate trouble!"

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

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

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

"O dear!" again exclaimed Jenny aloud, "what shall I do now! Here's this nasty big hook won't go into this little eye, and there are nothing but black hooks in my work-book; and not a needle that can carry cotton strong enough to sew this tape in my frock! O dear! I have not got a bit of tape, only flat bobbin!"

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

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

I do most sincerely hope that none of the Masters and Misses Careless who read this little story will shelter themselves under the observation of, "Well, I am not so bad as that; well, I do not do this, nor that." If they are not *quite* as bad as my Miss Jenny, I daresay it is because they have good careful mammas, or attentive

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These observations were mingled with many others, painful, because unfortunately true. Poor Jenny, whose beauty and pleasing and winning manners made her an object of admiration at first, became the laughing stock of the company; many of them, and to confess the truth, her relations amused themselves at her expense ; the hole in her stockings, which, to use her own term, she had "*coaxed*" under her shoe, soon made its appearance in more than primitive deformity; the bobbin

string gave way, and displayed a torn slip and a half-laced bodice. What need to recapitulate? before the evening amusements were half exhausted she had retired to her room, sighing, sobbing, and ashamed! *ashamed*—but sorry am I to say, not *reformed.*

Sad, indeed, was it that even Jane's steady and uniform exertions produced but little effect on Jenny's *habits;* though she confessed herself often in the *wrong*, yet she wanted strength of mind to persevere in the *right.* And, marrying in early life a cousin of her own, she continued in her old course—did I say *continued!* I said what was not correct. My dear young friends, we none of us remain exactly as we were—we either improve or retrograde. Jenny grew worse and worse. She was not an unkind mother, and yet many of her little dear ones died for want of proper attention. She was an affectionate wife, and yet her husband and herself managed to dissipate a very handsome fortune. They *made* friends, but they could never *keep* them. Like the stitch in her stocking, which widened into a hole, so did her bad habits increase, until, in extreme poverty and old age, she was beholden to her early friend Jane for the common necessaries of life.

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

The 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 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 befell 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 Egypt, 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 Ophthalmia. 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 gentleman, 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 how 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 thoroughly 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."

The Partners.

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

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

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

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

"True, my friend and companion, 'tis true—
Unbought is your service—and you,

Unlike fortune, whose gifts fade away,
Will never desert nor betray,
Little dog.

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

The Danger of Delay.

Mrs. Mason frequently had to wait for her children, when she wished to take a walk, and had desired them to be ready. Her daughter, Mary, in particular, had a trick of putting everything off till the last moment, and then she did but half do it, or left it undone. This indolent way of delaying made her miss many opportunities of obliging and doing good; and whole hours were lost in irresolute idleness, which she afterwards wished had been properly employed.

This was the case one day, when she had a letter to write to her father; though it was mentioned to her early in the morning, they were obliged to let the finest part of the evening slip away while she was finishing it; and her haste made her forget what she intended to have said. Out of breath she joined them, and after they had crossed several fields, Mrs. Mason turned down a long avenue, and bid them look at a large, old mansion-house. It was now in ruins: ivy grew over the substantial walls, which still resisted the depredations of time, and almost concealed a noble arch, on which maimed lions couched; and vultures and eagles, who had lost their wings, seemed to rest for ever there. Near it was a rookery, and the rooks lived safe in the high trees, whose trunks were all covered with ivy or moss, and a number of funguses

grew about their large roots. The grass was long, and remained undisturbed, save when the wind swept across; it was of course pathless; here the mower never whet his scythe, nor did the haymakers mix their songs with the hoarse croaking of the rooks. A spacious bason was overspread with slime; water-plants grew on the margin, and afforded a shelter for toads and adders. In many places laid the remains of ornaments and sun-dials, and pedestals that had crushed the figures they before supported. Making your way through the grass, you would frequently stumble over a headless statue, or the head would impede your progress. When you spoke, the voice seemed to return again, as if unable to penetrate the thick stagnated air; the sun could not dart into it his purifying rays, and the fallen leaves contributed to choke up the way, and render the air more noxious.

"To this place I brought you on purpose this evening," said Mrs. Mason to the children, who clung about her, "to tell you the story of the last inhabitant; but, as this part is unwholesome, we will sit on the broken stones of the drawbridge.

"Charles Townley was a boy of uncommon abilities and strong feelings, and he ever permitted those feelings to direct his conduct; I mean the present emotion governed him. He had not any strength or consistency of character; one moment he enjoyed a pleasure, and the next felt the pangs of remorse, on account of some duty he had neglected. He always, indeed, intended to act right in every particular *to-morrow;* but *to-day* he followed the prevailing whim.

"He heard of a man in great distress, he determined to relieve him, and left his house in order to follow the humane impulse; but meeting an acquaintance, he was persuaded to go to the play, and *to-morrow* he thought he would do the act of charity. The next morning some company came to breakfast with him, and took him with them to view some fine pictures; in the evening he went to a concert; the day following he was tired, and lay in bed till noon; then read a dismal story, well wrought up, *wept* over it—fell asleep—and forgot to *act* humanely. An accident reminded him of his intention, he sent to the man, and found that he had too long delayed—the relief was useless.

"In this thoughtless manner he spent his time and money, never applying to any profession, though formed to shine in all. His friends were offended, and allowed him to languish in a jail; as there appeared no probability of reforming or fixing him, they left him to struggle with adversity. Severely did he reproach himself. He was almost lost in despair, when a friend visited him; this friend loved the latent sparks of virtue which he imagined would some time or other light up and animate his conduct. He paid his debts, and gave him a sum of money sufficient to enable him to prepare for a voyage to the East Indies, where Charles wished to go, to regain his lost fortune. Through the intercession of his kind, considerate friend, his relations were reconciled to him, and his spirits raised.

He sailed with a fair wind, and fortune favoured his most romantic wishes; in the space of fifteen years he

gained large acquisitions, and thought of visiting, nay, settling in his native country.

"Though impressed by the most lively sense of gratitude, he soon dropped his friend's correspondence; yet, as he knew he had a daughter, a large portion of his wealth he determined to reserve for her, to give the most substantial proof of his gratitude. The thought pleased him, and that was sufficient to divert him for some months; but accidentally he heard that his friend had been very unsuccessful in trade; and this information made him wish to hasten his return to his native country. Still a procrastinating spirit possessed him, and he delayed the arduous task of settling his affairs previous to his departure; he wrote, however, to England, and transmitted a considerable sum to a correspondent, desiring that his house might be prepared for him, and the mortgage cleared.

"I can scarcely enumerate the various trifling pursuits that prevented his embarking. When he arrived in England he came here, and sent for different workmen, and actually trifled away a month before he went to visit his friend.

"But his negligence was now severely punished. He learned that his friend had been reduced to great distress, and thrown into the very jail out of which he took Townley, who, hastening to it, found there only his dead body; he died the day before. On the table lay a letter, directed in an unsteady hand to Charles Townley. He seized it: it contained but a few lines; but they smote his heart. He read as follows:—

"'I have been reduced by unforeseen misfortunes; when I heard

of your arrival, a gleam of joy cheered my heart—*I thought I knew yours*, and that my latter days might still have been made comfortable in your society, for I loved you ; I expected pleasure; but I was mistaken ; you are ungrateful, and death is my only friend.'

" He read it over and over again, and cried out, 'Had I arrived but one day sooner I should have seen him, and he would not have died thinking me the most ungrateful wretch that ever burdened the earth ! He then knocked his clinched fist against his forehead, looked wildly around the dreary apartment, and exclaimed in a choked, though impatient tone, 'You sat here yesterday, thinking of my ingratitude—Where are you now ? Oh ! that my repenting sighs could reach you !' He ordered the body to be interred, and returned home, a prey to grief and despondency ; indulging it, he neglected to inquire about the daughter ; he intended to provide amply for her, but now he could only grieve. Some time elapsed, then he sent, and the intelligence he procured aggravated his distress, and gave it an additional sting.

" The poor, gentle girl had, during her father's life, been engaged to a worthy young man ; but, after his death, the relations of her lover sent him to sea to prevent the match taking place. She was helpless, and had not sufficient courage to combat with poverty ; to escape from it she married an old rake she detested. He was ill-humoured, and his vicious habits rendered him a most dreadful companion. She tried in vain to please him, and banish the sorrow that bent her down, and made wealth and all the pleasures it could procure

tasteless. Her tender father was dead—she had lost her lover—without a friend or confidant, silent grief consumed her. I have told you friendship is only to be found amongst the virtuous; her husband was vicious."

"Oh, why did she marry?" said Mary.

"Because she was timid; but I have not told you all; the grief that did not break her heart disturbed her reason, and her husband confined her in a mad-house.

"Charles heard of this last circumstance; he visited her. Fanny, said he, do you recollect your old friend? Fanny looked at him, and reason for a moment resumed her seat, and informed her countenance to trace anguish on it—the trembling light soon disappeared—wild fancy flushed in her eyes, and animated her incessant rant. She sung; talked of her husband's ill usage; inquired if he had lately been to sea; and addressed her father's ghost, which she imagined was behind her chair.

"Charles could not bear it. 'If I could lose like her a sense of woe,' he cried, 'this intolerable anguish would not tear my heart.' The money he intended for her could not restore her reason; but, had he sent for her soon after her father's death, he might have saved her and comforted himself.

"This last stroke was worse than the first; he retired to this abode; melancholy crept on him, he let his beard grow, and the garden run wild. One room in the house the poor lunatic inhabited; and he had a proper person to attend her, and guard her from the dangers she wished to encounter. Every day he visited her;

the sight of her would have almnst unhinged a sound mind. How could he bear it, when his conscience was wounded, and whispered to him that he had neglected to do good, to live to any rational purpose; the sweets of friendship were denied, and he every day contemplated the saddest of all sights—the wreck of a human understanding.

"He died without a will—the estate was litigated, and as the title to this part could not be proved, the house was let fall into its present state.

"But the night will overtake us, we must make haste home. And, Mary, need I desire you to remember this story; and remember, my child, you must attend to trifles; do all the good you can the present day, nay, hour. This circumspection may not produce dazzling actions, nor will your silent virtue be supported by human applause; but your Father, who seeth in secret, will reward you."

As they were returning home, Mrs. Mason took the opportunity of drawing the children's attention to a glaring example of negligence in dress and person which had recently come under their observation, with a view to correct a growing disposition which was manifesting itself in Mary.

A lady, who was remarkable for her negligence in this respect, spent a week with them; and, during that time, very frequently disconcerted the economy of the family. She was seldom fit to be seen, and if any company came by chance to dinner, she would make them wait till it was quite cold, while she huddled on some ill chosen finery. In the same style, if a little

party of pleasure was proposed, she had to dress herself, and the hurry discomposed her, and tired those who did not like to lose time in anticipating a trifling amusement. A few hours after she had left them, Mrs. Mason inquired of Mary what effect this week's experience had had on her mind. "You are fond of ridicule, child, but seldom in the right place; real cause for it you let slip, and heed not the silent reproof; do not mistake me, I would not have you laugh at—yet I wish you to feel, what is ridiculous, and learn to distinguish folly. Mrs. F——'s negligence arises from indolence; her mind is not employed about matters of importance, and, if it was, it would not be a sufficient excuse for her habitually neglecting an essential part of a woman's duty. I said habitually; grief will often make those careless, who at other times pay a proper attention to exteriors; and this neglect is a sure indication that the canker-worm is at work, and we ought to pity, rather than blame the unfortunate. Indeed, when painful activity of mind occasions this inattention, it will not last long; the soul struggles to free itself, and return to its usual tone and old habits. The lady we have been speaking of ever appears a sloven, though she is sometimes a disgusting figure, and at others very tawdry.

"I continually caution Caroline not to spend much time in adorning her person; but I never desired you to neglect it. Wisdom consists in avoiding extremes. Immoderate fondness for dress I term vanity; but a proper attention to avoid singularity does not deserve that name. Never waste much time about trifles, but the time that is necessary employ. Exercise your

understanding, taste flows from it, and will in a moment direct you if you are not too solicitous to conform to the changing fashions, and loiter away in laborious idleness the precious moments when fancy is alive, and should be allowed to fix the virtuous affections in the ductile heart.

"Of all the women I ever met with, Mrs. B—— seems the freest from vanity, and those *littlenesses* which degrade the female character. Her virtues claim respect, and the practice of them engrosses her thoughts; yet her clothes are apparently well chosen, and you always see her in the same attire. Not like many women who are eager to set off their persons to the best advantage, when they are only going to take a walk, and are careless, nay slovenly, when forced to stay at home. Mrs. B——'s conduct is just the reverse of this, she tries to avoid singularity, she does not wish to disgust the generality; but it is her family, her friends, she studies to please.

"In dress it is not little, minute things, but the *whole* that should be attended to; never desire to excel in trifles; if you do, there is an end to virtuous emulation, the mind cannot attend to both; if the main pursuit is trivial, the character will, of course, be insignificant. Habitual neatness is laudable; but, if you wish to be reckoned a well, and elegant dressed girl, and feel that praises on account of it give you pleasure, you are vain—and a laudable ambition will not dwell with vanity.

"Servants, and those women, whose minds have had a very limited range, place all their happiness in orna-

ments, and frequently neglect the only essential in dress, neatness.

"I have not the least objection to your dressing according to your age; I rather encourage it, by allowing you to wear the gayest colours; yet I insist in some degree of uniformity, and think you treat me disrespectfully when you appear before me, and have forgotten to do what should never be neglected, and what you could have done in less than a quarter of an hour.

"I always dress before breakfast, and expect you to follow my example, if there is not a sufficient and obvious excuse. You, Mary, missed an airing yesterday; if you had not forgotten the respect which is due to me, and hurried down to breakfast in a slovenly manner, I should have taken you out with me; but I did not choose to wait till you were ready, as your not being so was entirely your own fault.

"Fathers, and men in general, complain of this inattention; they have always to wait for the females. Learn to avoid an error, which cannot be of little consequence, as it sometimes weakens esteem. When we frequently make allowances for another in trifling matters, notions of inferiority take root in the mind, and too often produce contempt. Respect for the understanding must be the basis of constancy; the tenderness which flows from pity is liable to perish insensibly, to consume itself—even the virtues of the heart, if they degenerate into weakness, sink a character in our estimation. Besides, a kind of gross familiarity takes place of decent affection, and the delicacy of the female character is sullied if not lost."

After this conversation Mrs. Mason took the opportunity of addressing one of her children on her behaviour to one of the servants, which she had recently witnessed.

"This morning," said Mrs. Mason, "when I entered your apartment, I heard you insult a worthy servant; you had just said your prayers; but they were only the gabble of the tongue; the heart was not engaged in the sacred employment, or you could not so soon have forgotten that you were a weak, dependent being, and that you were to receive mercy and kindness on the only condition of your practising the same.

"I have often told you that every dispensation of Providence tended to our improvement, if we do not perversely act contrary to our interest. One being is made dependent on another, that love and forbearance may meliorate our hearts, and that all should be linked together by necessity, and the exercise of the affections. By these means we improve each other; but there is no real inferiority. You have read the fable of the head supposing itself superior to the rest of the members, forgetting that all are equally necessary to render life pleasant. If I behave improperly to servants, I am really their inferior, as I abuse a trust, and imitate not the Being whose servant I am, without a shadow of equality. Children are helpless; I order my servants to wait upon you, because you are so; but I have as much respect for them as for you. You may possibly become a virtuous character: many servants have been really such; they have done their duty, and filled an humble station, as they ought to fill it, conscientiously.

Do you, then, dare to despise those whom your Creator approves?

"Before the greatest earthly beings I should not be awed, they are my fellow-servants; and, though superior in rank, which, like personal beauty, only dazzles the vulgar, yet I may possess more knowledge and virtue. The same feeling actuates me when I am in company with the poor; we are creatures of the same nature, and I may be their inferior in those graces which should adorn my soul, and render me truly great.

"How often must I repeat to you, that a child is inferior to a man, because reason is yet in its infancy, and it is reason which exalts man above a brute; and the cultivation of it raises the wise man above the ignorant, for wisdom is only another name for virtue."

The Grandmother.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Child.—And when the house was burnt, grandmother, what did you do then?

Grandmother.—Took shelter in the barn, and were right thankful that our lives were spared, and that a roof was left to cover us.

Child.—But all the furniture was burnt, and the beds; and grandfather's leg was broke.

Grandmother.—But there was plenty of good clean straw in the barn; and one neighbour lent us a mattress, and another a blanket; and one brought us a chair, and another a table; many a one spared us a pan or a kettle, a candlestick or an earthen pot, till we could get together two or three things of our own; it was, besides, a special fine season, and even in those misfortunes we had much to be thankful for.

Child.—But grandfather could not work; and there were five children; and there was the doctor to pay; and the house to build up again.

Grandmother.—Sure enough! Yet, after the first shock of the misfortune, we did better than one might have thought. Thank God! at that time I was not an ailing woman; I was able to work, and everybody was ready to give me a job. Your grandfather, through the blessing of Heaven, soon began to mend; and, sav-

ing that he never had the right use of his leg again, was not much worse for his hurt. I was soon able to leave him to the care of the three biggest children, and to go out washing and doing day's work as usual; and many was the time I brought home more than a day's wages, for everybody was kind to us,—the farmers' wives often sent us a little bag of meal, or a cutting of bacon, or a pitcher of milk, and the butcher sent us a Sunday's dinner for seven weeks—all the time your grandfather was, as one may say, helpless.

Child.—And then the children had the small-pox?

Grandmother.—But by the time they were all down your grandfather was well enough, though he could not work, to take care of them as they lay on the straw he had just risen from; he was a kind, handy man, and the children all did well, which was a great mercy, seeing what a frightful malady it was, and how many died among the neighbours that same season. Then, before winter set in, what with £20 the squire lent us, and by making over a bit of common allotment that had come to us, and with the help of our neighbours, we got the house raised, and the roof on, before the hard weather set in.

Child.—But it was then, grandmother, that you got the rheumatism so bad, and that makes you so lame.

Grandmother.—Ay, to be sure, we got into the house before the walls were dry, and I fell ill of a rheumatic fever that kept me down fourteen weeks; but by that time the children were all well again, and your grandfather could begin to work.

Child.—But he could not dig as he used to do?

Grandmother.—Why no. He took to weaving; and though at first, to be sure, seeing it was a new trade to his fingers, he could not get much, yet there's nothing a man cannot do if he's bent on doing it, nor a woman either, so before the spring was over he got full journeyman's wages; and then soon after, as it happened, poor old John Mudge died, why, he fell into his business as pat as could be, and weaving was a good trade then. There was not a farmer's wife in all the country but had a wheel going, may-be two or three, and there was a power of yarn spun, both of linen and woollen, which it was soon thought nobody could weave into cloth like your grandfather. I'll warrant ye there's bed and table linen of his weaving in every decent family twenty miles round, though it's twenty years since he died; poor man! ay, and his weaving will be remembered through this generation.

Child.—And that was the way grandfather came to be a weaver?

Grandmother.—That it was! And it was a good day's work for him when he first took the shuttle between his fingers. We got our debts all paid off before three years were over, and then we were able to lay something by for our children, or may-be help a poor neighbour. But now finish the chapter; you left off where the prophet sat by the Brook Cherith, and the ravens fed him.

Child.—I will, grandmother.

The Bank of Happiness.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

You say, my friend, throughout the year
Something still seems my heart to cheer ;
That though beneath misfortune's stroke,
More like the willow than the oak,
It oft has been my fate to bend,
Yet, should one cheering beam descend,
Unharmed again I raise my head,
And round a soothing shadow spread !
That though in deep retirement placed,
With but few marks of fashion graced,
Content is there—my house looks gay—
And those who call, incline to stay !
  The source of this, I now confess,
Is a rich treasure I possess.
Say, do you wish to own the prize ?
Seems it of value in your eyes ?
Behold the plan you must pursue—
Study—and, if you please, *review !*
Whilst still a child, a thought arose,
That sorrow and mankind were foes !
And so, her influence to repress,
I ope'd a Bank for Happiness.
For happiness ?—the thought was strange !
Did any there their drafts exchange ?

The plan, no doubt, was new and rare—
Did any place their treasure there?
Yes!—there was treasure—ample store!
Placed by the wealthy and the poor:
The king has sent it from his throne;
The beggar made it more my own;
The dog, the bird, the wandering bee;
The blossoms blushing on the tree;
The sportive lambs, which gaily played,
Their dams reposing 'neath the shade;
The foal that 'mid the daisies lies;
The sportive dance of summer flies;
The milky mothers standing cool
Midst the o'ershaded crystal pool;
The labouring steeds turned out to graze;
The feathered choir's melodious lays;
The jocund sound of harvest horn,
While bearing in the ripened corn;
The loaded groups of gleaners gay,
At eve pursuing home their way;
And, when frost's influence keen was found,
And snow lay deep and thick around,
The sheltered homestead, snug and warm,
Filled with the tenants of the farm;
The sprightly robin's lively note,
Which swelled in gratitude his throat;
The genial hearth's enlivening blaze;
The oft-told tales of ancient days;
The deep discourse of lofty minds;
The thoughts which music's spell unbinds;
Wealth's costly sports, its pleasure's gay;

The peasant's rustic holiday ;
The placid brow of reverend age,
As bending o'er the sacred page ;
The hopes of manhood—its success,
Its plans, its hazards, its address ;
The glowing thoughts of early youth,
Its feelings warm, its artless truth ;
And childhood's prattle, wild and free,
Its guileless sports, its harmless glee.
From all that's good, or fair, or kind,—
All that could bliss or pleasure find ;
From all—where aid I could bestow,
To those who pain and suffering know,
In the rich treasure seemed to flow.
Treasure ?—yes, treasure most refined,
Joy to the heart—balm to the mind ;
That bade the throb of sorrow cease,
And filled my soul with hope and peace.
Learn but of everything below,
To share the joy, relieve the woe !
Then shall the simplest scene have power
To give to thee a pleasant hour ;
All that thou seest of good be thine,
For thee earth's fairest beauties shine ;
And to the realms of endless day,
Thou this rich treasure may'st convey,
Where all may join—crowned with success—
In one vast Bank of Happiness !

The Spider.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

A.—O 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 misshapen, 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 housemaid 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 everywhere, though we are al ways 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, everywhere in the country, similar webs, covered with those spiders, nor did I ever see one attack the other or show 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 re-

sembles 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 sentinel 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!

Viola.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

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

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

Come, while the boatmen glide swift o'er the river,
The late Contadino sings, urging his steers;—
Let our hearts and affection look up to the *Giver*—
Our prayers be the silent devotion of tears!
A thousand rich odours from garden and mountain,
From wild wood and grotto, enjoyment prolong;

Oh, come, whilst young Echo, the nymph of the fountain,
Mocks through the valley the nightingale's song.

All is so happy, so lovely, and glowing,
Nature and goodness seem one and the same;
Let us welcome the gifts our Creator's bestowing,
And together, dear Viola, worship his name!
Leave for a moment thy distaff behind thee—
Meet with enchantment the health-giving breeze;
Morning with vigour renewed shall then find thee,—
Come to the mountain, my own Genoese!"

"Not to the mountain though health it dispenses—
Not to the river, though beauty beams there;
This hour hath a thousand delights for the senses;
But leave me, Alberto—oh, leave or forbear!
I know and I love my bright land and its beauty,
And deem me not cold to the friendship you show;
Inclination and pleasure should both yield to DUTY,
And not from my mother one minute I'll go!

Perchance in that very same moment she'd waken,
And call with her fond, feeble voice on my name;
Long, long seem the hours when in sickness forsaken,
And I'll ne'er seek a joy by an act she might blame!"

"Then adieu, my dear Viola! all would look lonely—
The Arno itself, if bereft of thy light;
A time may yet come when thou'lt live for me only;—
Good night, my sweet Viola!—dearest, good night!"

Mrs. Tetty and her Ward.

BY MARY HOWITT.

My mother died when I was so young as to have no recollection of her. My father was commander of an East Indiaman, and was commonly out of England for upwards of two years together. He was not in the least wanting in affection for me, though he saw me so rarely that I used to lose all remembrance of his person in the intervals of our meeting, and had, as it were, to commence a new acquaintance with him every time he returned. But the circumstances of his profession were beyond his control; and as it happened that there were no nearly connected branches of our family to whose care I could be intrusted, my father found it impossible to do otherwise than place me with an old woman who had attended my mother most faithfully during the long illness which ended in her death, and to whose charge she had especially committed me; and, indeed, a kinder, better nurse never lived than poor Mrs. Tetty.

My father saw me gradually improving under her care, from the little sickly baby my mother left, to the strong rosy child which he afterwards found me. As we lived in a secluded village in a part of England remote from any considerable town, but where my mother's property lay, I had not the advantage of attending any good school; but as all the hamlet con-

sisted of small farmers and their labourers, I was looked upon as by no means inferior in accomplishments, or even learning, to any of them, though I was so utterly ignorant that now I am frightened to think of it; for of what lay beyond the affairs and objects of our narrow every-day life I knew nothing—nay, even of these I knew, as it were, only the externals. I never reflected. I was only a mere animal, using its five senses, but no more; but of an intellectual or spiritual existence knowing as little as the fowls of the air. We were all as people having eyes, but seeing not; ears, but hearing not; and hearts, but yet not comprehension. I was, in most respects, like Peter Bell and the primrose, which—

> "A yellow primrose was to him,
> But it was nothing more."

To me, however, a flower had charms beyond the mere outside, and stirred sentiments within me which came and went, yet were never understood; but, generally speaking, all that surrounded me were but things with names. I learned their names, and there my knowledge ceased; but afterwards when my mind was awakened, I was amazed at the ramifications, as it were, of knowledge which spread from the commonest things that surrounded me; and then it was that I found, to my infinite amazement, that glass, for instance, was not mere *glass*, nor salt mere *salt*, but involved in a thousand ways subjects of the most delightful interest. But how much more did all this apply to my spiritual nature as connected with religious knowledge! I had been told that there was a God—that I

must repeat a form of words, called prayers, morning and night, or that he would be angry; that I must speak the truth, or he would be displeased; in short, that I must perform all the moral duties to avert his anger;—I therefore had towards him no sentiment but that of undefined fear. Here ended all my religious knowledge—all was vague, dark, and unpleasing. Of love, gratitude, and the filial reverence which all the human family owe to their heavenly Parent, I knew nothing. This my utter ignorance my father saw and deplored, nay, even tried to remedy; but his visits were either too short or my nature too volatile, for any permanent impression to be made by his instructions; and, spite of his earnest entreaties to Mrs. Tetty, that I might be properly taught in these matters, I made no progress whatever; and how, indeed, could I? for poor Mrs. Tetty, with the best will in the world, was quite inadequate to the task. She was very ignorant, and, having weak sight, could barely spell out a chapter in the Bible—which, by some unaccountable chance, seemed always to open at a chapter of genealogy. Poor dear soul! what sorrowful confusion she used to make when she tried to enlighten me on things she so dimly comprehended herself! Again, she was very rheumatic, and as the church had the reputation of being damp, and service was performed in it only every other Sunday, owing to the clergyman living at a distance, I had not the opportunity of attending divine worship, and thereby gaining some knowledge of holy things. Mrs. Tetty was, moreover, a rigid churchwoman, and this prevented our attending any of the chapels; so that,

from various causes, we seemed excluded from public worship altogether. She, however, kind soul! taught me all she knew, and that well. I could knit and sew, and was qualified in every respect for a notable housewife. I watched our little meals cooking when she was otherwise occupied; I neatly mended my own clothes, folded them up, and put them by with scrupulous care; I even tried to wash, mounted in my little pair of pattens to the wash-tub, and was praised for my skill; I could iron without burning the clothes or my own fingers; and was believed, by my simple-minded guardian, to be as well-trained a little maiden as any in the three next counties.

I believe I was naturally observant, so that the habitual exercise of this first faculty in the infant mind was obtained without poor Mrs. Tetty's interference; and yet, when I call to remembrance how she commended me for what she called my "sharpness," she, after all, perhaps, was the great spur to its exercise, for a kind word from her—and when did she give me anything else?—was to me sufficient stimulant and reward.

No child ever loved the most tender mother better than I did my humble friend, and our separation was a cruel pang; but I could not then foresee the happy consequences it would produce to us both.

At eight years old I was a tall, robust, ruddy girl, with an immense quantity of curling chestnut hair, dangling into my eyes and hanging about my shoulders. I knew every field in the parish, and every creature, wild and tame, that might be found in them. In the summer I went into the hay-fields to work or play, as I

willed it, and to ride in the empty waggons, or to tear my frock and hands in gathering sprays of wild roses, or long trailing stems of the beautiful blue vetch. I was up with the earliest dawn to pick mushrooms in the old pasture-fields; I went a-gleaning; I gathered blackberries, and spent whole days in picking bilberries on a wide heath some miles off, with the poor children of the parish, who gained their living at that season by doing so; and being taught by Mrs. Tetty to give my gatherings to my humble associates, I was, wherever I went, an honoured and welcome companion. There was not a man, woman, or child, in the village that I did not familiarly know. Many a baby had I nursed, and for many a little creature's untimely death I had sincerely mourned. These are small things to write about, and I tell them, not to make my young readers think too well of me, but as traits of my early character, training, and life; and if I add that I believe I was generally beloved, let me not be thought vain, but do, my dear young reader, take into consideration that, among the poor people with whom I associated, there was so much kindness, so much patient endurance of poverty and pain, and such unostentatious sympathizing of poor neighbour with neighbour, that no one could have been, as I was, among them daily, nay, almost hourly, without having the heart improved, and the affections and charities of its nature called into activity, and thereby winning their confidence and love. Mrs. Tetty was a most kind-hearted, benevolent creature, and was enabled, by the allowance that was made for my maintenance, and our really frugal way of liv-

ing, to be a general benefactor. I was her almoner, and, through my intimate knowledge of every household, I became acquainted with all its wants and sorrows, which we had often the means and always the will to relieve. Oh, when I look back to those times, and see their happiness, their simplicity, and their humble usefulness, how do I mourn over the one fault which poisoned it all—our ignorance of the true nature of God and religion!

Although I was a considerable heiress in this country district, I knew little of it. There was no parade about anything. The honest farmer who acted as my father's bailiff quietly collected his yearly rents, transmitted them to his agent in town, paid our small though amply sufficient stipend, and there was an end of the matter. Our cottage was on the farm of this good man. It was a sweet little spot embosomed in trees, with a large garden and a small orchard of old mossy trees, which, nevertheless, produced apples so red and so golden, that, in after years, whenever I heard of the Hesperian apples, I saw in fancy those of our own old orchard. Among the branches of the trees, and in their gnarled trunks, the robin, the chaffinch, the missel-thrush, the throstle, and the blackbird, found warm and safe retreats; for in my predatory excursions I never harried the nest of any bird which, as it were, had sought our protection. At the bottom of the orchard ran a small winding brook, with broken banks, mossy, and covered with every graceful and abundant plant that loves the water-side. The stream was shaded by alders, with here and there an immense half-decaying willow, which

formed in itself a picturesque union of old age and vigorous youth. On the orchard-banks grew snowdrops and wild daffodils, flowers which I can never see without the freshness and happiness of my early years returning with the memory of that green, quiet orchard. Under the hedges, among the brown half-dissected leaves of the holly, sprang up the first violets of the year—violets thickly clustered as the stars in the sky, white and blue, an almost inexhaustible succession, though my little basket was filled every morning.

Our garden was as old fashioned as could well be conceived. We had no flowers but of the most primitive kinds, but those in such luxuriant abundance as quite to make up for their inferior quality. Never did I see such clumps of crocuses as ours, nor such roots of polyanthuses, and yellow and lilac primroses. Poor Mrs. Tetty loved her garden next to myself, and was very particular in the management of her auriculas, pinks, and carnations; hence hers were reckoned the finest in the country; and many an old neighbour came in on a Sunday evening, dressed in his best, to walk in our garden, and quietly compliment Mrs. Tetty on the extraordinary excellence of her favourite flowers, or to beg a cutting or root of one or the other, which the kind creature never refused.

It was a happy life I led! I had tame rabbits, pet robins, and a sparrow so remarkably tame as to sit perched on my finger, eat from my lip, come at my call, and nestle in my bosom to rest for hours together. I had a cat and many families of kittens, and a terrier dog, wonderfully ugly, as everybody assured me, but

come, nevertheless, of so good a race as to be in general request for every rat-catching and otter-hunting within many miles. I had strolled the country over in every direction, and was, in my vagrant and out-of-doors life, as bold and independent, and as full of adventurous pleasure, as the most arrant gipsy that pitched her tent in our lanes. This life of freedom gave me the full use of all my limbs, and an energy and independence of character, which I found afterwards extremely useful, and which, in a degree, counterbalanced some of the defects of my early education.

Such was I, when my father announced his intention of visiting us, and for a longer period than usual. The tidings were those of great joy, for dear Mrs. Tetty had always encouraged, in my young heart, the most ardent affection for my father; and, perfectly believing she had entirely fulfilled her duty towards me, she anticipated his coming with impatience almost equal to my own. We talked of it morning, noon, and night; and such was the constant integrity of her conduct, that now nothing was done differently in the prospect of my father's coming, nor was I instructed to do thus and thus, nor to say this or the other before him; for Mrs. Tetty believed everything had been done that he could desire, and exactly according to his wishes.

The first few days of my father's visit were days of unmingled pleasure; he found me grown beyond his hopes, and full of affection and buoyant spirits; and "all went merrily as a marriage bell" till Sunday, when, as there was that day no service, my father took me by the hand, and, seating me beside him on a little

branch in the orchard, began to question me on religious subjects. He had been himself most religiously educated in his youth, and, I have heard it said, performed family worship for many years with wonderful solemnity and propriety, after his father's death, which occurred when he was but seven years old; and he had always thought it of the highest importance that children should receive very early religious knowledge; it may, therefore, be imagined what would be his horror to find me, though a Christian's child, as ignorant as a little Pagan. My answers to his questions, and my remarks, were, I believe, painfully irrational or foolish; and I am ashamed to think how the ignorance which, in the openness of my nature, I fully revealed, must have shocked and wounded his deeply religious mind. Never shall I forget the agony of my spirit when I saw him burst into tears, and bewail over me as a lost, neglected creature. The sudden sense of a great calamity fell upon me, and I felt as if I had, in some way, betrayed a fatal secret, which would bring misery on dear Mrs. Tetty; for I heard my father couple her name with epithets which, though I could not fully understand, I knew to imply indignant reproach. After some time, he took me again by the hand, and returned with me to the house, when he poured out his displeasure against the amazed Mrs. Tetty. She had warm feelings—loved me better than her life; and, believing me so faultless a creature, was no less hurt than angry at my father's reproaches. The result of this strange and distressing scene was my father's determination to remove me from her guardianship; and, spite of my prayers to remain, and Mrs.

Tetty's tears, expostulations, and upbraidings, she was ordered to pack up my little wardrobe, and have me ready for a journey to-morrow. What a sad evening that was! I sat like one stupified with some strange sorrow, and many, many times half believed it a painful dream, from which I tried in vain to wake. Nothing in the world, I am sure, could have prevailed on poor Mrs. Tetty to make the needful preparations, but the knowledge that I must be the sufferer if she neglected to provide comfortably for the journey, which, she was told, would be a long one.

I will not attempt to tell my young readers what a melancholy going to bed mine was that night—how the dear, kind creature wept over me, and kissed me, and folded me in her arms,—looking in my face with the most passionate love, and then hiding hers in her apron to conceal her grief. I laid myself down upon the bed where we had so often lain together; and, burying my face in the pillow, cried myself into an uneasy sleep. In the very early morning I awoke; all was still in the house except the crickets, which I heard chirping on the kitchen-hearth—but no Mrs. Tetty was in bed! I started up half terrified, and, drawing the curtain aside, saw, by the light of the moon, the kind creature sitting, her face covered with both her hands, and presently after heard the sobs which she could no longer restrain. She had been busy all the night making preparations for my journey; and now, while some little dainty was baking for me in the oven, had stolen up, to be near me while I was yet under the same roof. The rest of the night I did not sleep, but at my earnest request, was

carried down to the warm kitchen-hearth, where, dressed with the most solemn care, and wrapped in her best scarlet cloak, we sat down to pass the time together, with protestations of affection and with many tears, till the early hour which was fixed for our journey.

In the morning my father seemed softened towards my poor friend. He allowed our tediously long parting without reproof, and even wept himself to witness the vehement sorrow of the poor old woman, to whom, in truth, both he and I owed so much.

Our journey was a long one; and, finally, I was placed under the care of a widow lady of the name of Herman, an early friend of my father's, and who, having lost several young children of her own, the excellent management of whom had excited my father's admiration, was willing to receive me in the place of a little daughter. I am ashamed to confess that I was so wretched in parting from dear Mrs. Tetty, that I closed my heart against any one who might be chosen to supply her place, wickedly determining not to love her, nor even make myself amiable to her. But the soul of a child so used to affection as I had been, could not long remain insensible to kindness; it instinctively feels it in the tone of the voice and the expression of the countenance, and can as little resist its influence as the opening flower can the sunshine.

Mrs. Herman and myself, in a few days, were therefore better friends than it had been my intention we ever should become. She knew all the circumstances of my young life from my father, and, having won my confidence, soon penetrated my heart and soul, and, so

doing, found much that made her love and admire my poor humble friend. She encouraged me to talk about her, and on this subject I had never done. What was my surprise when one day, after such a conversation, she observed to my father, on his entering the room, that she hoped he would allow Mrs. Tetty to take up her residence with us, and still be my attendant, though under her own inspection. My father seemed amazed; but Mrs. Herman, with that candour which was her characteristic, without even objecting to my presence, pleaded so kindly for the poor woman, setting forth our many obligations to her, and ending by hoping we might be the means of instructing her on subjects she seemed so ignorant of, and yet so worthy of knowing. I was so overpowered by this goodness, that I clasped my arms round Mrs. Herman's neck, and shed tears of joy and gratitude which prevented the utterance of words. My father was a man of the most generous impulses; he soon consented, and the next day I saw him set off again to our village to bring back with him my kind and early friend.

Mrs. Tetty was endeared to me still more by this separation; and, having become a little sensible of my own ignorance, I was filled with the happy scheme of imparting to her information and sentiments which already began to give me infinite pleasure. I thought I knew the dress Mrs. Tetty would arrive in—the handsome chintz gown and lawn apron, the scarlet cloak, and the black mode bonnet, trimmed with old-fashioned lace. I described her over and over again to my new friend,—how happy she looked, how cheerfully she

spoke, and what she would assuredly say at our first meeting. But I was wrong; my father found her ill in bed—ill, as the doctor avowed, from excessive grief; and though she rose up as soon as she heard the glad tidings, declaring she was capable of undertaking the journey that very day, it was too much for her; and I had to receive her a feeble invalid.

All the household were affected by her arrival, and the most unwearied kindness and attention were bestowed upon her. These things all touched the feeling heart of Mrs. Tetty; and she, who, like me, had entered the house with prejudice against its inmates, could not be proof against their kindness.

My father did not stay with us long enough to witness her recovery and establishment in the family. To her was intrusted the care of my person and clothes, to which she had so long carefully attended. She had a little room of her own; and the allowance which was still continued to her, made her a rich woman.

Now began, indeed, the golden days of my life. The Bible, which had hitherto been a sealed book to us both, lay open before us; and the joy of my life was to sit at dear Mrs. Tetty's knee, and read to her the simple, beautiful, and affecting narratives it contains. In her mind there was nothing to counteract the influence of good; she received it with the simplicity and sincerity of a child, and with the knowledge sentiments awoke which hitherto she had but dimly felt.

I recollected that my father, while deploring my neglected state, had said he had seen little children younger than myself, sprung from Pagan parents, in

the lonely islands where God has blessed missionary labours, reading the Bible under their palm-trees. Poor dear Mrs. Tetty constantly reminded me of the old people in those islands, as my father had described them, receiving, as a thirsty soil drinks in water, the knowledge of God, and the blessed means of our salvation, with a comprehension amazing to those who instructed them,—so far did it seem beyond the measured limits of their other faculties. With what amazement and delight did we read the story of Joseph! his being torn from his doting father came home to her heart. The exploits of David—the lives and deeds of Elisha and Elijah—the integrity and wonderful deliverance of the three faithful children from the burning fiery furnace, and of Daniel from the lion's den—but, above all, the history of the Shunammite woman and her little son, and of David and the lost child of his affections,—were full of the most engrossing interest to her; and in all she found something to which her own heart and its experience responded. But if I first pointed out these extraordinary interesting histories to the dear old creature, it was she who first awoke my mind to the beauty, the purity, the benevolence, and the heroism of the character of our Saviour. What a pleasant life we now led! Mrs. Herman ever encouraged me to converse on these subjects, which to me were the most delightful and interesting we ever spoke upon; for she made religion so lovely to my heart by the cheerfulness of her conversation, and the brightness of her hopes, that I could not believe any one could shrink from it as a gloomy subject.

Thus passed over several years. In the meantime I was learning a variety of things which it was necessary for me to know—geography, and the natural history and manners of the inhabitants of the eastern countries, among the rest; these I found wonderfully to elucidate my knowledge of Scripture facts, and I aspired to teach Mrs. Tetty the same. But here, poor thing, she was as dull as a block, and seemed to comprehend nothing about them; her heart was not touched by them, and all Mrs. Tetty's knowledge must pass through her affections. I therefore left her to her Bible alone, while I read and studied various other books, and gained as much knowledge as to satisfy my friends, if not myself.

But why need I now pursue the subject? my kind young readers who have gone thus far with me, will be sure that the latter days of poor Mrs. Tetty were made as happy as possible—they were so indeed! She lived to a good old age; and then, full of love and peace, passed to that brighter world for which the knowledge of her latter years had so worthily prepared her.

The Nautilus.

BY MARY HOWITT.

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

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

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

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new created seas:

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

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

Then thou saw the settling ocean
Calming from its dark commotion;
And, less mighty than the first,
Forth a new creation burst!—

Saw each created billow rife
With ten thousand forms of life;
Saw the budding sea-weed grow

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

In the tranquil deeps below,
And within the ocean-mines
Hourly branching corallines.

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

A Ghost Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRIVATE LIFE," ETC.

Mrs. Norton, with her two children, had stayed later at the vicarage than usual, looking over a fine collection of engravings which the vicar's son had sent home from London; when, suddenly recollecting the hour of the night, she snatched up her work-bag, and bidding her friends a hasty good night, set off with George and Ellen to cross the church-yard which lay between the vicarage and their own house. The moon was shining full and bright upon the long grass and the white grave-stones; and the shadow on the north side of the church looked so deep and dark, that Ellen grasped her mother's hand, and thought how pleasant it was that their path did not lead them round that way.

The party had not proceeded many yards before Mrs. Norton recollected that they had forgotten to take away the large portfolio, which the vicar had kindly offered to lend them, in order that they might see the engravings by day-light; and she seated herself upon a stone slab, raised above the tomb of a shipwrecked mariner, while her children ran back to the house. They soon appeared again, bringing the large portfolio between them; and having laid upon it their mother's green cloak, which in her haste she had left behind, it struck Mrs. Norton how very much their appearance resembled

that of two persons carrying a bier with a dead body stretched upon it, and she thought how many foolish fears and strange superstitions had probably arisen from circumstances quite as simple and natural as this.

The portfolio was very heavy, and the children had carried it so awkwardly as to make the most of the weight, so that by the time they reached the tomb where their mother was seated, they felt disposed to rest themselves; and George, thinking he could carry it more easily alone, set it up edgeways on the slab of the tomb. While he was endeavouring to adjust it under his arm, he bungled so that the great portfolio fell flat down upon the stone with a noise which, in that still place, and at that late hour, sounded very loud and startling. At last, however, he managed to place his burden more conveniently, and marched away with it, Ellen walking close by his side to assist in case of accident; while Mrs. Norton, who, being dressed in white muslin, had felt rather cold while sitting on the grave, threw her cloak over her shoulders, wrapped it closely round her, and followed her children home.

Shortly after this visit to the vicarage, Ellen seemed to lose all relish for going there in an evening, an indulgence of which she used once to be so fond; and George, though for some time annoyed by his sister's anxiety to leave early, at last seemed to feel exactly as she did about it: while Mrs. Norton was quite at a loss to understand the change which had taken place in her children's tastes; for the difficulty with her had formerly been how to get them away in any rea-

sonable time. In vain she questioned them about the reason of this change. They only looked at each other, as if they both knew very well, but were unwilling to explain it.

It happened, at the following Christmas, that Mrs. Norton had invited a large party of young people to stay with her; and, finding that they were all extremely fond of spending their evenings in telling foolish stories about ghosts, though some of them suffered so much from it that they were afraid to go up-stairs alone, she determined to introduce a conversation that might convince them of the absurdity of indulging such notions. Her daughter Ellen, however, appeared to be quite fortified against all her reasoning, and asked her mother plainly if she meant to declare that there were no such things as ghosts.

"I am not so presumptuous," replied Mrs. Norton, "as to pronounce what may or may not be possible, in a creation where I see so much that I am too ignorant to understand; but if by ghosts you mean those strong figures, sometimes white and sometimes black, which are said by young people to have been seen by their nurses and grandmothers, I must own that I do not believe in them, because I never yet heard a description of any such appearance, that I did not feel convinced it might easily have been accounted for by natural means. But if you, or any of your young friends, will relate to me a ghost story which can, in any such way be accounted for, I will engage to lay aside my incredulity, and be made a convert to your belief."

Ellen looked very much pleased to hear her mother

say this, and many expressive glances were exchanged amongst the deeply interested group, who appeared to have their minds charged with some very weighty matter. At last movements were made indicating the wish of the party that Ellen should speak for them; and without any doubt that her mother would, in the end, be compelled to believe, Ellen began, first requiring that she should be heard in silence till her story was concluded, to which her mother willingly consented.

"It was during the last illness of poor Isabella Grey," said Ellen (after taking a conspicuous place in front of the fire, and in the very centre of the listening circle), "when nurse Witherington had been waiting upon her many weeks, that her sister, the miller's wife, was called in, everybody thinking she must be near her death. Her breathing grew worse and worse, and she wandered very much in her mind, often talking about her brother who was shipwrecked, and pointing with her long thin finger towards the window, as they thought, in the direction for his grave, which stands next to the narrow path, and has a broad slab upon it. Well, it was one night, after she had been rambling in this way, that she fell into a kind of uneasy sleep, and nurse Witherington and the miller's wife sat watching her a long time, until one of them happening to turn to the window, and seeing it was a fine clear moonlight night, they both rose up silently, and looked out upon the church-yard. Poor Isabel Grey still continued sleeping very uneasily, starting, and sometimes moaning as if she was in her last agony; but they were

glad that she slept at all, and, therefore, did not disturb her, but stood quite still, looking out of the window for a long time. Nurse thinks it was just midnight, but the miller's wife says it was only eleven o'clock; however that may be, they are both quite sure it was very late, although the moon shone so clearly that they could see almost as well as at noon day. They had been looking out upon the church-yard, and upon the graves, nurse thinks about ten minutes, when they saw a tall white figure glide slowly on towards the mariner's grave, and seat itself upon the stone slab. They both saw it as distinctly as they saw each other, and exchanged glances, but said not a word. They then turned and saw it again; and, although they looked often at each other, they always saw the white figure when they looked back again to the church-yard. At last something dark appeared moving slowly along the path. It came up towards the tall white figure, which then rose, and they saw that two men were carrying between them a bier with a dead body extended upon it. As soon as they reached the grave, the stone slab was lifted up, and they saw it broad and white in the moonlight. It then fell with a tremendous noise like thunder, while the two men walked away, and the white figure at that moment vanished. In none of these facts could they possibly be mistaken, because they were both looking directly at the same objects. It took some time before all was finished, and in this time they often turned to each other, as much as to say, 'Do you see that?' but they neither of them had the heart to speak. The most remarkable circumstance,

however, is yet to be told. The following night, exactly at the same hour, nay, at the same moment, poor Isabel Grey, who had been growing rapidly worse, breathed her last. Nay, mamma, do not smile. It was exactly at the same hour indeed. They both say it was."

"I will reply to the last part of your story first," said Mrs. Norton, who really could not help smiling. "By your own confession, nurse Witherington said the ghost appeared at midnight, and the miller's wife that it appeared at eleven; but they both declare that the poor young woman died at the same hour, nay, at the same minute."

Ellen hung down her head, and had nothing to say to this mistake; but she felt not the less sure that the rest of her story was literally correct, and she ventured at last to hint her belief that her mamma would find it so.

"As to its literal correctness, my dear," replied Mrs. Norton, "I have not much to say against it, except that your historians have given to a solid substance the character of a ghost, and to another substance much less solid, that of a dead body. No sooner had you mentioned the tall white figure seated on the mariner's tomb, than I recollected that on the night previous to that on which Isabel Grey died, I was myself seated there, between the hours of ten and eleven; and I recollect this circumstance more distinctly because of some reflections which passed through my mind at the time, relative to the man upon whose grave I was resting, and his sister whom I then supposed to be at the point of death."

"But the two men with the bier!" exclaimed Ellen, thinking her mother would be quite at a loss how to account for them.

"The men with the bier," replied her mother, "were no other than your brother George and yourself, carrying the large portfolio with my cloak upon it, which I well remember thinking, at the time, resembled a bier and a dead body."

"But you know," resumed Ellen, "the slab of the tomb was lifted up, and fell down again with a noise like thunder."

"I know that your brother George lifted up the portfolio so that the moon shone on its broad side, and then carelessly let it fall upon the stone with a noise, which the fears of those superstitious women were likely to make them think as loud as thunder."

Ellen now began to smile, but suddenly recollecting that there was one thing yet unaccounted for, exclaimed, "But the vanishing of the ghost, mamma!"

"You know," replied Mrs. Norton, "that I was dressed in white; but as you had kindly brought me my cloak, I wrapped it round me when I rose up from my cold seat, and the cloak being dark green, it was very likely I should not be so easily seen as before, nay, become totally invisible to those whose minds were filled with notions of the mysterious appearing and disappearing of ghosts."

The whole party now thought it best to give the matter up, and, laughing heartily, acknowledged that Mrs. Norton had quite spoiled the best authenticated ghost story they had ever heard.

"And since you have to thank me," said she, "for again being able to walk without fear through the church-yard,—yes, even close past the mariner's tomb, I must request, in return, that you spoil this story by accounting for the ghost as I have done wherever you find it has obtained belief. Before we part this night, let me impress upon your minds a piece of very important advice, that in hearing, believing, or reporting any circumstance, you should remember, that to support the prejudices, or confirm the notions of an individual, is not an object worthy of your endeavours; but that the pursuit and the discovery of truth is the grand object for which our faculties were given us; that to listen to the truth ought to be the desire of all rational beings; that to believe the truth is the surest proof that we are rational; and that to make the truth known to others, is one of the first and highest duties which we are capable of fulfilling."

The Happy Trio.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

Ah! sweet and happy are the days when life is in its spring!
To hear the murmur of the woods, the lark at heaven's gate sing,
To roam among the flowery fields where the honied insects hum,
Are pleasures like the better days in a brighter world to come.

The sprig, upheld triumphantly, in infant pride and might,—
The boy, up-borne by sister arms, the smile of gay delight,—
Have more of promise than the bud, the blossom, or the bow;
God guide them through a thorny world in the paths of peace to go!

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

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

A Visit to the Botanic Garden of St. Vincent.

BY MRS. CARMICHAEL,
Author of "Domestic Manners of the West Indies," &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will not say that those two little girls did not both talk and think a good deal of the promised pleasure; but they neither talked nor thought so much of it as to prevent their giving their attention to the instructions of their parents, from the Tuesday until the next Saturday morning. Their papa taught them writing and arithmetic, and their mamma instructed them in history, geography, French, and music; and when they sat down to work, they were encouraged to converse, and ask the meaning of everything they did not comprehend; so that the knowledge they had was not learned like a parrot, by rote; but was understood, and consequently retained.

The two little girls rose very early, and as soon as they were dressed they went to their mamma's room, who read prayers to them; and then they read—sometimes a chapter from the Bible, and at other times only part of a chapter, according to its length, and whether it was difficult or easy to be understood; for Mrs. Maxwell, above all things, never suffered them to read the

n, yet it was a consolation that it was a litt
l, and hope began to revive. When it began t
large sheets had been spread over the car; luckily
owers had been kept to the last, and were only to
anged early in the morning. Towards evening
now ceased to fall, the wind swept the clouds
y away, and just before night-fall a patch of blue
ad been seen; and, before nine o'clock came, the
en had the satisfaction to see the sky studded
innumerable stars, and feel that a sharp frost had
a, and the wind still continued due west, and,
fore, would not snow on the morrow. How de-
ul! With these acclamations of delight, the happy
ares went to bed. At last the day appeared, and
rious day it was—not a cloud to be seen, the air
, and the sun rising in tranquil majesty behind
Alps, whose tops were tinged with the rays of the
g sun, which gave them the hues of the rainbow;
the sun like a globe of fire showed itself entire,
spread its glorious rays all over the country. I do
remember ever having seen anything so beautiful.
snow during the night had been frozen so hard,
you might fancy yourselves walking upon the
st marble. The last finish had been given to the
everything necessary had been put in it; and now
might see farmers, with all their oxen, arriving
a every quarter (for the car was to be dragged by
e animals); and how many pair do you think were
loyed on this occasion? No less than two hundred
fifty! Yes, you may well be surprised, but such
the number. All the surrounding villages had

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Scriptures without endeavouring to explain to them the meaning of what they read, and teaching them to apply it as a rule for their own conduct. Children so carefully educated were not likely to love idleness, rudeness, or prefer a fine dress to a good book. They were, moreover, very tidy and neat—a quality many little girls are deficient in, who, nevertheless, are very particular in having fine dresses.

Jane and Susan had very little room in barracks for their clothes, their books, and toys, for they were old-fashioned enough to have a doll each, and were often very happy in cutting out and sewing baby-clothes, and their mamma encouraged this simple amusement, because it taught them to cut out and work nicely; and in the West Indies the heat is so great, that little girls cannot walk and run about out of doors near so much as in England.

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

mamma could teach them ; and at that time there were no teachers in St. Vincent, beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic. But a woman may be a good, useful, character, with no better learning than what the Pophams had got, if she has been brought up with good religious principles, and taught to be self-denying, gentle, humble, and careful not to waste time.

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

I have told you how busily the little Maxwells went on with their usual lessons ; but it was far otherwise with the Pophams. Wednesday morning, about seven, it began to rain very heavily, and Mrs. Popham happening to remark, that if it rained so much next Saturday they would not be able to go to the Botanic Garden, Lucy pertly replied, " Mamma, you promised we should go, and it's a great shame to break your promise. We need not mind the rain ; we can take a change of dress."

" But," rejoined Mrs. Popham, " Mr. Elliot said

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

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

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

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

Soon after breakfast a general survey commenced of Lucy and Harriet's frocks ; and as they both severally declared that they had not one fit to visit in, nor a bonnet that they could put on (though they had plenty of nice white muslin frocks, but then they were of last year's fashion, as were their bonnets), this sinfully indulgent mamma sent to the stores, and bought them each a

new bonnet and a handsome frock, covered with expensive embroidery, which their papa could very ill afford to pay for. Saturday morning at length arrived. Never had the sun shone more brightly; and as for the sky, it was far bluer, and more cloudless, than any little girl can conceive who has never been out of England.

Jane and Susan Maxwell were very happy when their papa came into their room in the morning, before he went to parade, and told them he had ordered the gig to be got ready for them as soon as parade was over. They went to their mamma's room, as usual, to their religious duties; for the performance of our duties, either to God or man, makes pleasure even to a child far more delightful.

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

as he had been in the West Indies before, and knew what was safe for them to have.

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you know," said Mrs. Maxwell, "that while we are feasting our eyes with this beautiful landscape, time is running on, and we promised to be at Mr. Elliot's be-

fore eight o'clock?" So they drove steadily on, and soon reached the Botanic Garden. Mr. Elliot assisted them in alighting, and conducted Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell, and the two little girls, into the hall, as the dining-room in the West Indies is usually called.

Here they were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Popham, and their two daughters, who, when Jane and Susan Maxwell came up to speak to them, looked quite shy, and did not utter a word in answer that could be heard. Their mamma, indeed, had lectured them long and loud as to the dread she had of their becoming boisterous and rude in the presence of company, so that they unfortunately conceived it was the height of good breeding to speak in a whisper, and, when asked what they chose to eat, to hesitate, be silent, and make no choice at all. The little Maxwells knew too well the respect children ought to show in the company of their elders, to chatter in a half whisper to each other, or, indeed, either by talking or anything else, engross the time or attention of others. But when a question was put to them, or when asked to make a choice, they were not afraid or ashamed to answer in such a tone of voice as could be distinctly heard. At breakfast, indeed, where much of the food placed upon the table was as yet new to them, when asked, "What they chose to eat?" they referred it to their mamma, who indulged them with a bit of cold fowl, and some nice roasted yams and coffee; for they had been up early, and their drive down from the fort had made them very hungry. To their utter astonishment, the little Pophams seemed to be permitted to eat of every dish that Mr. Elliot's most hos-

pitable breakfast-table afforded: salt-fish, ham, cold fowl, yams, bread and butter, plantains, and alligator pears. One thing seemed plain—if they could not talk, they could eat.

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

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

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

"Not often," said Mr. Elliot; "but they may be attracted to a person by the perfume of anything they like; and a friend of mine, who was dining in the country, in a house where the roof was full of nests, was a sad sufferer from them lately. He got in very hot, just in time for dressing, and rubbed his hair with honey-water; immediately after he sat down to dinner; but

the perfume of the honey-water attracted the Jack Spaniards to such a degree, that, in a second, they all pounced upon my friend's head, and stung him so severely that he was nearly frantic, although he plunged his head in cold water as quickly as possible.

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

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

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

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

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

Jane and Susan were looking attentively at the many new flowers and trees they saw, and were trying to hear all Mr. Elliot was talking of to Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell, when Lucy Popham said, "Come away with me, Miss Maxwell, and I'll show you something nice." But Miss Maxwell thanked her, saying she did not like to leave her mamma, as she wished to hear all Mr. Elliot was telling them about the plants. Lucy Popham looked at her with stupid surprise, as if she could have said, "What fun is there in hearing Mr. Elliot talk about plants?"

"And now, young ladies, I am going to show you

what I won't call an ugly, but certainly one of the most troublesome weeds in the West Indies."

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

"Touch it," said Mr. Elliot.

"It is covered with thorns," said Jane.

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

The leaves all closed.

"How curious!" said the children.

"What is it?" said Mr. Elliot.

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

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

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

"I daresay you think so," said Mr. Elliot; "but I

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

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

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

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

fruit sometimes grew so immense as to weigh thirty pounds." This tree in the botanic garden was the only one in the island.

They now returned to lunch, when they had abundance of fine fruit, which was very acceptable after their hot walk. After lunch Mr. Elliot showed his visitors some beautiful coloured botanical plants, which had belonged to the late Dr. Anderson, the excellent and learned superintendent of the botanic garden; and they were all, not only amused, but much instructed, if we except the little Pophams, whose noise and rudeness had rendered them a torment to each other and every one else; until, yawning from idleness, and incapable of relishing the useful conversation of Mr. Elliot, which he made extremely plain, on purpose that the children might understand him, they slyly stole out to the mangoe-trees, and, though they had had more than was good for them of pine, water-lemons, and mangoes, they ate them as greedily as if they had not had one. At last their mamma observed they were absent, and calling Therese, she told her "to go and find the picaninnies, and bring them to be dressed for dinner." Had she not added this, Therese would have found it impossible to persuade them to obey. To the hall she brought them; and their mouths and frocks all stained over with yellow juice, plainly told what had been their occupation. Neither of them seemed the least ashamed; and as for Mrs. Popham, she only thought how cruel it was in Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell to keep their children so strict, and oblige them all day long to listen to the conversation of grown people, instead of running and play-

ing about. Both she and her daughters thought that the Maxwells could not play; but they were quite mistaken—they could enjoy a game of fun as much as any boy or girl, but they had also a strong thirst for knowledge, and that, combined with true good-breeding, taught them that going off to play at such a time would have proved them to be very silly. There are few days in which little girls and boys may not have time and opportunity to play; but it is not every day they can have the opportunity of hearing the conversation of a learned man, who has also the real kindness to explain himself in such language as they can clearly understand.

At dinner the Miss Pophams made their appearance in their finely embroidered frocks and pale blue shoes; as for the little Maxwells, their visit being in the country to an old bachelor, their mamma wisely thought a clean, plain, white frock, with their usual black shoes, was change of dress sufficient. At dinner the Pophams could eat nothing, having fairly stuffed themselves with mangoes, as greedily as if they had been pigs.

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

And a very nice pudding it was. Mr. Elliot told them after dinner that the first bread-fruit tree was brought to St. Vincent from Otaheite, by Captain Bligh, of the royal navy, on the 23d of January 1793; and that in a few years it became common all over the island. It was first, however, planted in the botanic garden by Dr. Anderson. As soon as the Miss Pophams had

eaten an additional supply of fruit, and had a glass of wine, they went out, blue kid shoes and all, to run races down a slope not far from the house. At the bottom of this slope there was a ditch to receive a drain from the stables and cow-house; it was full of mud and mire; and running down, Harriet came against her sister, and both fell up to the waist in the mud. Pretty figures they cut, dripping with wet out of a dirty ditch! their finery had got them no admiration; and as to loving such selfish, ill-bred, little girls, no one could do so.

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

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

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

"Do they sting?" said Jane.

"No," replied Colonel Maxwell; "they are perfectly harmless."

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

When they got home there was no light in the room. Colonel Maxwell taking the fire-flies out, placed them under a crystal finger-basin, and pulling out his watch, to the astonishment of Jane and Susan, they found that they could tell the hour precisely from the light of those three little brown creatures, not longer than an inch and a half. Colonel Maxwell then ordered the lamp to be lighted, and taking out one of the fire-flies from underneath the finger-basin, he made his little girls feel the joint, or articulation, as it is properly called, in the centre of the back, which enables them to leap like a frog. Jane and Susan held them between their finger and thumb, and felt the jerk, and heard the snap distinctly as they leaped from them on the table; and had not mamma reminded them that it was time to retire to rest, they would never have been weary of

looking at them walking along the table with their bright light, that seemed, they thought, like a fairy carriage driving along with its lamps.

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

The Donkey-Boy and the Dog-Rose.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," "MORNINGS WITH MAMMA," ETC.

Do you know, my dear young friends—from your dictionaries alone you probably do, as well as from the frequent allusions of older persons—that there was once in fashion a science called "physiognomy," by which its inventor (a Swiss physician named Lavater), and his followers, among whom I believe we may all more or less be reckoned, professed to discover the characters of individuals from the features and expression of the face? And are you aware, that to this somewhat exploded theory has succeeded, in our times, another styled "phrenology," exemplified, I daresay, to yourselves sometimes by the gentleman at whose knee you stand thumbing your little heads all over, according to which many think they ascertain, by the bumps raised by nature (not falls or fisty-cuffs) on the tender skull, what sort of persons you will all turn out in after life, and what sort of lessons you will take most kindly to in the meantime?

But there is a third sort of divination, not only more amiable, but infinitely surer and safer than the ones I have mentioned, in which my grand-aunt, one of the best and cleverest of women, professed herself an adept; and that is, the guessing at or rather forming an entire character out of the glimpses afforded into its hidden

economy by slight, and to many persons insignificant *traits*. My aunt, it is true, was not infallible ; she had no window, to be sure, that looked *directly* into that dark "chamber of imagery," the heart, but she was seldom wrong in it ; and that you may be aware how favour worth having may be sometimes won by trifling marks of a good heart (as I am sure you all are among yourselves, how easily it may be lost by even slight tokens of a bad one), I shall tell you, as she has often told me, the story of the Donkey-Boy and the Dog-Rose. These are not fine materials to found a tale upon. Yet from nothing more exalted than the former, or more rare than the latter, sprung the whole train of grateful prosperity on the one hand, and gratified benevolence on the other, which forms the subject of the following pages.

My aunt, a widow lady of large fortune and influence, was walking late on a summer evening in the neighbourhood of a beautiful village in the Isle of Wight. Her sympathy for everything that lived and had a capacity for enjoyment, and more especially for those creatures to whom it was a rare luxury, led her to pause, and even turn back a few steps in the pretty lane along which she was sauntering, to share the delight with which a couple of donkeys (after either standing all day in the sun in the dusty town, or being hard ridden and well thumped by reckless little visitors to the place) were returning to their pasture, and one of them to her colt, whose impatient bray at her approach was, no doubt, music to the mother's ears.

The animals were ridden a-field by two little boys, to

whose parents they probably belonged, as they were furnished with a key to the carefully locked gate of the paddock, which, after having turned in their happy beasts, they endeavoured (with an attention that betokened creditable bringing up) to fasten again. But the rusty key refused to move in the coarse ponderous padlock, which (the gate being a very high one) swung far above the little urchin, who, when he had unlocked it so cleverly, forgot he was exalted on the back of the now far distant donkey. In vain did he clamber even to the top of the gate itself; the more he twisted and turned at the unlucky key, the more stubborn did it seem to grow.

My aunt was not one to see childhood in distress, even of this trifling sort, without stepping in to remove it. One turn of her dexterous hand, exerted from the proper position, on a *level* with the refractory lock, settled the matter at once; and released the boys (as ready, it was evident, for their play as the emancipated donkeys for their supper) from all further cares for the evening.

Now, most children, and many good children too, in a far higher rank of life than these poor donkey-boys, and older too—for the eldest seemed hardly eight—would have been quite content with the "thank'ye, ma'am," and pull of his little ragged cap, with which the party *most* obliged got over his obligation to my good aunt and ran off to his sport. But to her surprise—and she was not ashamed to own, her delight—his little companion, a year younger (and hardly looking, as he was, seven years old), turned back from following his

brother, and shyly but yet confidingly looked up in her face and offered her a white briar-rose he held in his hand.

Now, it was not only the first of the season (at least my aunt, who loved them, had been searching the hedges in vain), brilliant and new blown, without a speck of dust on its snowy petals or deep green glossy leaves, but evidently dear to its little owner's heart and fancy; and *that* it was which, with the grateful feeling evinced by parting with it, as well as the pretty manner of the action itself, gave it its value in my aunt's discerning eyes. Her divining faculty was immediately at work, and told her—how could a dog-rose say so much, and that in five minutes?—that, in the little sickly bud of humanity before her lay folded up the precious elements of gratitude, and taste, and feeling. Gratitude to acknowledge and requite even a trifling favour; taste to select and value an elegant, but simple flower; feeling to discern that it would be equally appreciated by another; and, above all, that most winning of human qualities, disinterestedness, in giving his pet rose away.

All this passed quickly, as everything did, from my kind aunt's head to her heart. Indeed, I rather think that in this instance the sagacity was of the heart altogether; and she not only followed the boys with her eye up the lane to a very small cottage at its further end (whose cleanly aspect and show of flowers she had often remarked), but walked off herself after them, to see what pretext she could make for learning something more about the family.

They, however, so far outran her (my aunt was on

the shady side of fifty), that before she reached the cottage the eldest was riding on the gate, for which his late clamber had probably inspired him with a relish ; while the youngest (young enough, she perceived, to be yet wearing a pinafore), who had his floricultural propensities "finely developed," helping his mother to water her pinks and gilliflowers.

"Your son seems fond of flowers, I think," said my aunt to the pale, mild-looking woman, with *widow* written as plain on her face as her cap ; "and a judge of them, too ; for this rose he has just given me might sit for its picture any day, it is so perfect."

The widow coloured, just about as faintly and prettily as the fading "May" bush under which she was standing, and said, "Jem takes after one that's gone, my lady—his father was a gardener ;" and the poor woman brushed her eyes with the corner of her little boy's pinafore.

"And you would like to be one too, I daresay," said my aunt, stooping over Jem to give his mother time to recover herself. The child only blushed, the same pale tint as his mother ; and she answered for him, "*That* he would, my lady ! he's just wild for it. From the cradle he liked roses better than rattles, and put down his little face to smell them long before he could speak ; and now you see he'd rather help me water than ride or play with Bill."

"There may be more than love of flowers in that," thought my aunt. "Love to his mother may have something to do with it, and, perhaps, love to his father's memory too—who knows ?"

"And do you think to make a gardener of him?' asked she, to draw out further particulars.

"No! please your ladyship," said the mother, firmly, yet reluctantly, glancing at Jem as if sorry to blight the hope she knew was at his young heart. "He that's gone warned me against it. 'No lone woman,' says he to me, poor fellow! 'can afford to breed a son a gardener now-a-days; for even if one could scrape the 'prentice fee (and it's a mortal high one), they won't take little boys now, as they used to do, but must have great lads that can dig as well as learn;'—so that poor Jem there (who's like to be smally) couldn't hope to do for me or himself even for ten good years to come. Now, Master Thorpe, the shoemaker in town, says he'll take him, for poor James's sake and mine, for nothing, and give him a bite and sup with his own to save him coming home to dinner with me."

"A lover of roses—one of Nature's florists to be bred a town shoemaker!" thought my aunt; and poor Robert Bloomfield, the poet, of whom you must all have heard, sat in imagination before her—creating a world of beauty for himself and others in a dingy garret, among rude, unpoetical journeymen! But though she blessed God in her heart for endowing him with this possibility of mental enjoyment in despite of physical obstacles, and recollected that among the most successful of our florists are the mechanics of smoky Sheffield and Manchester, she yet felt inclined to save Jem the struggle between his nature and destined vocation.

The boy who weeded the grounds at her beautiful

place in Hampshire had been lately transferred to *his* natural element, the stable, his bent for which was testified by breaking the shrubbery for whips, and bestriding every ridable and unridable animal in the parish. And here seemed a present opening, at least, for Jem, if his mother would let him go so far, on the mere chance (if deserved) of future favour; for my aunt, kind and warm-hearted as she was, had not romance enough in her to adopt a *protegé* for life on one briar-rose's testimony.

"My good woman," said she, "I am a widow myself, and can feel for such; and, having no children of my own, am the more disposed to help those of others. If you will trust me with Jem to S—— (only across the water, you know), he shall weed the grounds under my gardener till he is big enough to go to his trade, and perhaps longer, if he behaves as well as so kind a mother's son ought to do. He shall have decent clothes to work in, schooling after work-hours, and good wholesome food to strengthen him for whatever may be his lot in life. Remember, I promise no more, and even this will depend on his own good behaviour."

The poor woman was overjoyed, of course, for, like little Jem, she was not selfish; and the thought of her boy's present gratification and possible future welfare far outweighed in her mind the pain of parting from him. Some boys would have made their best bow to the lady—even Bill would have tugged his cap and said, "Thank ye!" But Jem's feelings lay always too deep for words; and, having no rose in his hand to

convey them by to a stranger, he sidled up to his mother, hid his face in her apron, and began to cry. "Oh! Jem, Jem!" cried the mortified woman, "how can you make such a return to so kind a lady?"

"I like him all the better for it," said my aunt; "joy and grief both at once are too big for his little heart, and I should be sorry he left his mother with dry eyes. But, by Monday, when my servants leave this to go home before me, Jem will step with a lightened heart into the boat with them; and by evening he will see flowers enough to reconcile him to S——, not to mention old Wilks, the gardener, who is a friend to industrious little boys."

To shorten a long story (about nothing, too, I am afraid some will think), Jem arrived safe at S——; and if he cried for grief to leave his mother, he cried again for joy when he first saw the beautiful garden in which he was to live all day long. By the time Mrs. S—— got home (which, having visits to pay, was not for a month, though her directions about Jem had been minutely attended to), Wilks reported that the little island boy was the steadiest at a job of weeding of any chap of his years he ever saw. "He does it, ma'am, as if he loved it—as if his heart was in the business."

"That is just the case, Wilks," said my aunt; and she told him the story of his brother gardener's orphan boy, and his strong wish to be a gardener, like his father.

"It shan't be my fault, ma'am, if we don't make him one," said the good-natured Wilks, whose soul was in

his profession also ; "he takes to it mighty natural for such a hop o' my thumb as he is !"

But a hop o' my thumb (thanks to fine air, gentle exercise, and wholesome food) Jem did not long remain ; for he grew and throve under them as a plant that has languished in a poor, ungenial soil, expands when brought into one adapted to its nature. Many were the suits of neat drab working-clothes which Jem had out-grown before the time came when, being too old for a weeding-boy any longer, his kind mistress asked Wilks, before him, whether his conduct and docility had been such as to justify her in keeping him as an apprentice, and future journeyman, instead of making shoes in a garret, his only alternative.

It would be hard to say whether the tear sprung fastest, at this last supposition, to the eye of the boy (by whom it had long been lost sight of in brighter anticipations), or of the old gardener himself, over whom the sad prospect of being prematurely invalided by rheumatism had for some time been impending with cruel certainty. "Keep him, by all means, ma'am," said he, warmly ; "I'd rather trust him now, child as he is, to lay a lot of carnations, or pot a few tender cuttings, when my back won't let me stoop to it, than either of the two hulking lads, who eat twice as much victuals, and have journeymen's wages besides !"

And a journeyman in due time Jem became, too ; requiting the old gardener's protection in the way most congenial to his grateful disposition, by being literally "feet to the lame," and enabling his old teacher, by the skill and care with which he executed his orders, to

retain his valuable place some years longer than would otherwise have been the case. And when at length the faithful servant, yielding to age as well as infirmity, was with his own consent pensioned off, he resigned his beloved garden to his youthful deputy, not only without repining, but with a secret pride in the superior skill and ability of his pupil and successor.

The first thing Jem did on being installed in the pretty garden-house, whose roses he had tied up so many years before he dreamed they could ever be his, was to fetch his mother to inhabit it with him. Bill's settlement in life had just left her alone in her own humble dwelling; and Jem, from whom, at every annual visit, she had felt it more painful to part, carried her off in as much triumph (the old neighbours said) "as if the dear old woman had been a bride." "And no bride," thought he to himself, "shall I ever carry home who would wish it otherwise!"

His good mistress, I am sure, did not. She knew that dutiful sons not only make kind husbands but faithful servants also.

The fidelity of Jem was soon put to a trial very different from those to which all in his station are liable. Not only would he have scorned to wrong his employer by selling or giving away (as many gardeners do) what was not his to bestow; not only would he prevent any one else from wronging her at the risk of all the ill-will it might draw down upon him, but he really showed himself ready, which is not often necessary for servants in modern times, to hazard his life for his benefactress.

Civilized as these times are called, and in some respects are, many of you, my young friends, are quite old enough to remember the rick-burnings and other sad doings by which ignorant and misled people, a very few years ago, outraged Providence and destroyed their own means of subsistence, while they madly injured the property and sometimes lives of others.

My aunt's house, in consequence of the partiality of her late husband for agricultural pursuits, was more nearly attached than is usual in country seats to the farm-offices; and as these were again surrounded by huge ricks of corn and hay, Jem, during the fires, could get no sleep at night thinking of the danger his dear lady would run should the bands of incendiaries (who seemed in their blind rage to spare neither friend nor foe) make their way to her premises. If *they* could lose sight (as was then too often the case) of her many benefits, Jem could not. Gratitude was still, as at seven years old, the prevailing sentiment in his breast; and for nights together, after all the toils of the day, did he keep guard (unknown to all but his approving mother, whose prayers, you may believe, went with him to his midnight watch) through all the long dark hours, with his loaded sparrow-gun, over his mistress's valuable farm-yard, and yet more precious person.

And was he not rewarded, think you, my young friends, when (having succeeded in apprehending, after a desperate scuffle, one of the ringleaders in the very act of setting fire to the wood-stack in the court-yard, *behind his lady's dressing-room*) the cuts he received in the struggle, from a scythe-blade the ruffian

carried, were first carefully dressed by her own hands; and when, some days later, at the trial, he was told by the judges on the bench that they scarce knew which most to admire, his veracity in the witness-box or his courage in the fray?

"*I* could have told them," said my aunt, who was in court; "it was his *gratitude* which I thought most of."

Jem loved her gratefully to the close of her life—followed her reverentially to the grave—served her successor, for her sake, with equal fidelity—and brought up a fine flock of children in hereditary devotion to her memory.

The Little Teacher.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CONSTANCE SPEAKS.

Now, brother Claude,
  Sit down on this seat, I pray;
Sit down this very minute,
  For you've learnt nothing to-day.

There's a good little brother!
  Now we'll turn the book through,
And I'll find some pretty pictures,
  And explain them all to you.

Now listen to every word I say—
  That's a dear little fellow;
But don't you call green blue,
  And red, yellow.

Listen with both your ears, Claude,
  And look with both your eyes:
Green, you know, is for the trees,
  And blue is for the skies.

And these butter-cups are yellow,
  And this rose is red;

It's no use talking at all
If you don't remember what is said.

And now, love, this is water,
With a dog plunging through;
And he frightens those two geese
Till they don't know what to do.

And there's an old-fashioned lad
Laughing as loud as he can;
Like Tommy Merton in a cocked hat,
And with a coat and waistcoat like a man.

And that fat woman in the yard
Has been washing, you may see;
She is hanging out the clothes to dry
As busy as a bee.

"Marget!" shouts the magpie in the cage,
And his chattering will not cease;
So she never hears how the dog
Is barking at the geese,

Or else she'd off with her pattens,
And out in a famous hurry,
To drive those lads up the road
Away with a hurry-skurry

Now, if you turn your eyes
To the farm-yard over the way,
You may see the cows ready for milking,
And a waggon-load of hay.

If you want to know the farmer's name,
It is "Jeremiah Stack;"
I can read it on the waggon-side,
Painted in letters black.

And there stand the bee-hives under the wall,
Four of them in a row,
And look at that little bantam!—
Can't you hear him crow?

But there's nobody about the house,
Either behind or before;
So now, Claude, we'll turn on
And look for something more.

And next are tall cameleopards,
See how stately they stand!
Not in this country, you see,
But in their own native land.

This is a peep into Africa;
See what great trees are there!
Palms as high as church-steeples,
Towering up into the air.

I'm sure to be in such a country
Would fill one with amaze;
Only look at that cameleopard
Stooping his long legs to graze!

And that other, with his long neck,
Just going to brouse,

Half way up that huge tree,
  Upon its thick, leafy boughs!

And, I daresay, not far off,
  There are elephants, if one could see:
I should not wonder if a great bull elephant
  Were just behind that tree,

Lifting up his great trunk
  To reach something for himself,
Or else resting his heavy tusks
  As if upon a shelf.

Yet big as these creatures are,
  They are so tractable and mild,
That a great black elephant
  Has often been led by a child.

Now let us see what comes next:—
  Oh, here's a summer day,
And there are the country people
  All busy making hay.

What a very different scene
  Is this one from the other!
A hay-field is a pleasant place,
  I can tell you, little brother.

I've been in a hay-field
  All day, from morning till night!
And, dear me! what things I saw
  That filled me with delight!

There I saw the nest of the field-mouse,
So snug and so round,
Full of pretty little young mice.
In a hole in the ground.

And there I saw dragon-flies,
Some purple and some gold;
And flowers, like garden-flowers,
As many as my hands would hold!

Then we had dinner—such a dinner!
All of us under a tree;
You shall go to the hay-field, Claude,
And what fun it will be!

Nay, I declare this very minute
We'll go, for I heard say,
That the people were haymaking
Down in the meadows to-day.