THE

JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK

A Gage d'Amour

FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

MDCCCXLVIII.

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PREFACE.

More than usually rich and select in its embellishments, The Juvenile Scrap-Book *again goes forth,* accompanied by the hopes of the Editor, that it will meet with its accustomed welcome from her young friends. Those who hailed its first appearance have already entered upon the serious duties of maturer life; but, on looking back, they will find, that along with the record of many important facts, this little visitant of the winter's fireside has worn the impress of the same spirit, which it is the earnest desire of all connected with it that it should ever wear—a spirit of hope and trust, of cheerfulness, contentment, and good-will.

Rose Hill, July.

LIST OF PLATES—AND CONTENTS.

THE

JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

THE HEIRESS.

[FRONTISPIECE]

'Twas on a bright May morning, when the birds did gaily sing,
And the waving woods were vocal with the melody of spring,
There stood a youthful maiden before her father's door,
All rich in wealth and beauty—what could she wish for more?

Her father's lands around her stretched far on every side,
His flocks and herds were grazing in pastures deep and wide,
He had grain within his garner, and splendour in his hall,
And she who sighed for something else, was youthful queen of all.

Say, little child of penury, what think you did she wish?—
For the earth to yield her silver dew, th' ocean golden fish?—
For brighter gems around her brow, where health its garland wreathed,
Or food for thee, thou famished one—was that the wish she breathed?

Oh listen, gentle gales of spring; and listen, sweet May flowers!
There are many kinds of suffering in this fair world of ours;
And she who stands in ermine robes beside the rich man's door,
Is sighing to the passing gale—"I wish that I was poor!"

"I wish I was a peasant girl, clad in a russet gown,
And trudging barefoot on my way, along the grassy down;
I'd pluck the wild rose for my hair, the violet for my breast,
And seek the stately halls again, where oft I've been a guest.

"The lady gay with jewels decked — the rich and noble lord,
Who come with all their retinue, and throng my father's board,
They tell me of their constant wish to serve me more and more,
Oh should I not be happy then, if only I was poor?

"They say it is a shame that I should be a rich man's child,
That my looks alone might win a throne, so beautiful and mild;
That one such gift had been enough to make me more than blest;
And thus, I fain would take their word, and throw away the rest.

"Yes, I would be a peasant girl, so pretty, and so poor,
It would be such a pleasant life, to stray from door to door.
The only treasure I would keep, should be my gentle dove,
And that because I have not learned to do without its love.

"Oh I would be a peasant girl, so simple and so neat,
I should only have to tell the rich, I had no bread to eat;
And all the gifts they promise now, would soon be poured on me."
Say, little child of penury, how are they poured on *thee?*

Nay, weep not; there are many tears shed on the rich man's floor;
And she who stands in ermine robe, is wishing she was poor;
She is tired of all the luxury, the fashion, and the form,
That make her father's hearth so cold, while thine is often warm;

She is tired of all the empty words that fall upon her ear,
And fail to make her truly feel to one fond bosom dear.
There is a joy she cannot taste, within her halls of pride,
A love which want and misery have sorely proved and tried.

Oh ! little child of penury, droop not thy lowly head,
Thou hast a thousand, thousand gifts, in rich abundance spread;
Thou hast the warmth of nature's heart, wherever thou may'st go,
And more—thine own to sympathise in every human wo.

Thou hast the song of summer birds, the wild flowers on the lea,
The music of the mountain-rill—these all are gifts to thee;
Thou hast along thy lonely path, a Heavenly Father's love,
His everlasting arms beneath—his canopy above.

DISCONTENT;

OR,

A FABLE OF THE LINNET AND THE TOAD.

Against the wall of an elegant summer-house, built with eight equal sides, and a handsome window in each, around which were trained the rose, the jessamine, and the clematis, there used to hang a beautiful wire cage, and in the cage dwelt a solitary linnet. All day long the poor bird hopped from perch to perch, with just room enough to flutter its wings, but not to fly:—its wings! alas! the linnet had but one entire wing, the other having been clipped by the cruel boy who first caught the bird, and made it a prisoner.

There is hardly any situation so melancholy and uncomfortable, but something or somebody may be found who thinks that situation better than their own. And so it was in this case; for a toad who used to cool herself all day, lying deep amongst the damp weeds that grew on the banks of a neighbouring fishpond, coming out upon her evening rambles over the straw-

berry beds, to taste the ripest fruit, and drink the refreshing dews of night; looked up, as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the golden wires of the linnet's cage: "And surely," thought the toad, "of all earthly things that linnet must be the happiest. High up there in his pleasant house, he can look about him all the day, and how secure at night! Nothing that is hurtful or unclean can touch him through those shining bars; while I am doomed to crawl upon the ground, with so little strength or power to move, that if I attempt to leap over anything that is unpleasant to me, down I come in the very midst, flat upon my body; and when I hear the approach of dogs, or men, or any other enemy, in vain I endeavour to escape. The rustling I make with my awkward gait amongst the leaves betrays me, and my slow pace makes me doubly beholden to their mercy if I escape. Happy—happy bird!" And the toad drew in a long breath, and sighed so deeply, that the linnet awoke from his first sleep, and listened as the toad went on complaining, and envying him the possession of that beautiful cage.

"Alas!" replied the linnet—quite astonished at what he heard,—"how little do you know of my sufferings! Right gladly would I exchange with you, even

though my poor wing would not allow me to fly. I would come down from this high place for the sake of wandering about the garden, picking up what food I liked, and choosing myself a home for the night."

It was not long after this conversation, that the careless boy who was the owner of the linnet, having forgot, as boys often do, to feed his bird in the morning or even in the day, came just as the sun was setting, and being in a great hurry, placed the cage upon the ground with the door unfastened, while he ran for some water from the pond.

"Now," thought the linnet, "or never!" So he popped through the door in the twinkling of an eye; and the toad, who was squatting close by, made almost as much haste to get in. The boy returned, and being, as was just observed, in a great hurry, satisfied himself by seeing that something gray was in the cage, and never thinking it could be anything but the linnet, hung the cage up in its usual place, and ran away.

"How very pleasant!" said the toad as she heaved about from side to side. "Rather confined, though. I wish the light would come, that I might see the brightness of my house, and that all the birds and other animals might see me."

Night not being the time for this good lady to sleep, she thought it rather long, and wished the kind boy had been considerate enough to put in a few strawberries; but the sun rose at length; and, oh! how bright and glorious were his golden beams appearing from behind the purple clouds of morning. Dazzled and confounded, the adventurous toad still persisted in looking out upon such a scene as never toad had beheld before. The whole garden lay stretched before her at one view, bright with the gorgeous colours of an innumerable multitude of flowers and leaves, upon which the dew was glistening in the sunshine. But the poor toad could look no longer, and longing in vain for the shade of overhanging leaves, turned her back upon the sun, as some relief to her aching eyes, that were quite unused to look upon anything brighter than still water in the cool shade. The sun rose higher and higher, and his beams fell full upon the summer-house, and pierced into that cage with intolerable heat. "Will nobody come to let me out?" cried the toad, and in vain she appealed to all the birds that flew past to come and screen her for a moment with their wings. "Let me down from my great height," said she, "and I will never wish to change places with the linnet again." But no one was within hearing, nor perhaps

But where was the happy little linnet all this time? He had just stolen out of the cage at the time of the folding of the wings to rest, and being both alarmed and delighted with his new situation, he wandered about for some time without feeling any want of sleep. The wet upon the grass was cold and heavy, as well as upon the leaves amongst which he made his way, so that his plumage, and the only wing upon which he plumed himself, soon became "bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars." Gladly would he have slept long before midnight, but he found no place secure enough even at that usually still hour, for sometimes he fancied he heard at a distance the voices of prowling beasts, and started as the wind rustled the foliage above his head. "When the sun rises," thought he, "I shall be happy." But the sun rose, and he was more miserable and more frightened than before, for the light of morning showed him a thousand real or imaginary enemies which the shades of night had concealed. No food could he find anywhere like that he

had been accustomed to; and if he found any that was at all palatable, weariness and terror had so got the better of him, that he had no appetite to eat. Sad, sad was the spectacle which the poor little linnet presented in the morning. The feathers of his tail and one wing having swept the damp soil of the garden all night, were hardly like feathers at all; and he had neither strength nor spirit to trim and clean them with his bill. At last he came again to the summer-house, beside which he used to dwell at least in safety, and looking up to the well-known cage, sighed forth in feeble whispers his sorrow and regret that he had ever left his home. "Could I but fly up to that little cage," said he, "I would never, never be dissatisfied again; and then, unable to utter anything intelligible, his voice died away in a low and mournful song, which might have melted any heart but that of his worst enemy the cat, who, having been attracted by the sound, and stealing quietly to the spot, snatched up the linnet in her devouring jaws, and ran off with him to feed her kittens in the barn.

Severe as was the punishment of these two creatures, it was not worse than often falls to the lot of those who give way to discontent. Had the toad been satisfied with her lowly station, she might have lived

on to a good old age in that quiet and fruitful garden; and had the linnet not longed for greater liberty, he might have continued to sing for many a day, a sweet song of cheerfulness and joy.

THE BIRD OF HOPE.

[VIGNETTE TITLE.]

Fear not, little boatmen, the ocean is wide,
No shore in the distance can yet be descried,
The billows are wild, and the tempest is dark,
But hold to the helm of your light little bark,
Keep closely together,
Through stormiest weather,
Breasting the hurricane side by side.

Steer on, little boatmen; the land is not far,
Behold a white seagull gleams forth like a star;
And nearer, and nearer, its wide wings are spreading,
A shadowy speck on the ocean-wave shedding:
Nearer and nearer,
Brighter and clearer,
Even where billows and clouds are at war.

Wherever that signal appears in the sky,
Believe that the land you are seeking is nigh,
And hail the wild bird as a messenger true
Winging its way with glad tidings to you:
Fear then no longer,
For bolder and stronger
Is hope, than the waves that are dashing so high.

Fear not, little boatmen; your vessel runs fast,
All life is a tumult of billow and blast;
But ever, and ever, the hope-beaming eye
May find a white bird in the stormiest sky;
While hoping, and steering,
And constantly nearing,
Brings the tired seaman to safety at last.

THE PRIDE OF THE FOREST.

A SUMMER DREAM.

"DON'T you hear how still it is?" said an old servant to me, once when I was a child; and I have ever since fancied that kind of silence the most still, or at least the most calm and soothing, which one may imagine oneself to *hear*. The stillness of a deep forest, for instance, where there is a slight rustling of the interwoven boughs; or the stillness of a summer's noon spent in the green fields, when nothing can be heard but the hum of the wandering bee, the soft tread of the lazy cattle as they seek a shady resting-place upon the green turf, or the short quick sound of the timid deer as they rush away from the tormenting flies, to slake their thirst in the woodland brook. All these sounds, mingling perhaps with the caw of the distant rook, or the flapping of its heavy wing high overhead, seem to make the silence of the woods more still than if there was no sound whatever to be heard,

because they remind us every moment how calm the general state of nature must be, to allow such trifling movements to disturb the air, so as to strike upon the ear; and like the low monotonous song of the nurse to the tired child, such sounds are generally found to make us more composed and dreamy, than we should be if surrounded by unbroken and absolute silence.

It was once upon a summer's day, a long time ago, that a wanderer in the woods sat down upon a bank, to listen to this stillness in earth and air, with his eyes fixed upon a magnificent oak, which stood like a sentinel on the outskirts of a forest of noble trees like itself. The sun had passed his meridian glory; the haymakers had finished their noon-day repast, and were plying their busy tools in a distant field—too distant for their merry voices to be heard; a crystal brook wandered lazily over its bed of shining gravel; and the laden bee had already begun to think of returning home from the adjoining common, when the wanderer felt that the world was growing dim before his eyes; and whether he slept or not, he surely must have dreamed. He *must* have dreamed; for though the noble oak, with his brethren of the forest, stood before him still, there came a mistiness

over everything beyond. The fields were not the same, nor the hedge-rows, nor the distant church, but strange things flitted before and around him, and voices seemed to speak out of the air, in tones of anger too, which might have startled him out of his dream, but that he soon discovered their anger was not against himself. It was against each other, and, wonderful to tell, each angry voice spoke out as if it claimed sole mastery over that stately forest with all its venerable oaks, the growth of hundreds of years.

"They are mine—they are mine;" said a voice like the mingling of winds and waters. "They are mine, in their glory and their power, and who dare dispute my right? From the first canoe that was launched upon yon flowing river, to the British fleet that sails upon the bosom of the ocean, claiming sovereignty over the wide seas, all are mine; and I come with my hosts to fell, to hew, to scatter, and to bear away; and those who would rob me of my ancient possessions would do well to listen to the roar of my cannon, to try if they can stem my course upon the waters, or walk along the foamy track which marks, for a moment only, my path upon the mighty deep. Cease then your infatuated presumption. Lay

down the axe, and leave me to the sole possession of my own. Every oak in the forest is mine—mine to cut down, and to carve into the timbers and the keels of England's busy ships, that fly from port to port, bearing her merchandise to distant lands, and bringing rich treasures back into her bosom. By this constant traffic her busy children are maintained. It constitutes alike their industry, their glory, and their power. Without it, they cannot live. Leave me then alone to my sovereignty over the oak forests wherever they may grow, for all are mine, and I submit to no intermeddling with my rights."

The voice had spoken fiercely, and with the rush of a wintry blast; but it died away like the breaking of billows on a pebbly shore. If one word seemed fainter than another, it was but as one wave amongst many stronger; but the rush and the roar, though they ceased not, became less distinct; so that the dreamer at length could hear that another voice more solemn and commanding, though less boastful than the last, was asserting a prior claim to the sole possession of the oak forest.

"I come," said the second voice, "from the ancient plains of Mamre, where the faithful patriarch found shelter beneath a stately oak; and ever since the first

temple was reared for the solemn purposes of worship, I have claimed the oaks of the forest as my own—my own for the timbers, the flooring, and the carved work. It is true that a base and a false worship here in Britain, as in other lands, has laid claim to the same rights, but still it *was* worship, the best which men in their own darkness knew how to offer; and therefore I lent to the ancient Druids the use of my oak forests, again to be claimed when the stately cathedral was reared; and many a solemn and venerable church at this day bears witness to the right I possess to every oak which grows upon British land. Therefore, in the name of everything sacred and solemn, I command every intruder to begone."

"I come," said a third voice, and it spoke with the sound of home; but its tone was loud and strong when it told of the old panelled parlours and oak tables of England's ancient halls, of the arm-chair by the open fire-place, the rafters, the blackened beams, and the carved work of the mullioned windows through which the stately dames of old looked out upon the terraces and lawns, the clipped yew-hedges, the peacocks, and the fountains;—"and all these," said the voice, "belong to the merry homes of Old England; all these are mine; and therefore I alone am master

of the oak forest, and no one has a right to dispute my claim."

A softer voice spoke next; and now there were seen dim forms emerging from the shadowy mist which had enveloped the wide forest; and he who rushed forward was a passionate youth, at one time advancing with a hasty and determined step, at another hesitating, with his finger on his lip, and his fine eyes wandering here and there, now fixed upon the noblest tree, the pride of the forest, with a thoughtful and earnest gaze, now flashing onwards into the depths of the wood, as if in search of something which it could not find. At last, the youth retreated indignantly from that majestic tree, exclaiming as he went—"Take then the noblest, and the best. I own them not. When the canker-worm has eaten off the topmost bough, when the storm has twisted the knotted trunk, when the blight has fallen, and the leaves are yellow with decay, then, and then only, I claim the oak as my own."

These words were spoken with a proud sadness in their tone, as if he pitied himself for a sorrow which he did not like that any one else should soothe or take away; and as he spoke, he placed himself beside a stunted tree, for whose gnarled and twisted boughs it

seemed unlikely that any one besides himself should by any possibility find a use. The ship-builder could have made nothing of them. They would have served neither for post nor pillar, screen nor carved work, in the solemn church; nor could the mason have employed them for the beams or rafters of his noble mansion. Surely the poet might lay claim to such a tree without danger of offence to any one in the whole world.

But, no. A voice, in tone and accent like a brother's, claims that twisted and distorted tree. A form, which is also like a brother's, stands beside him; nay, thrusts him back, as if he had no business there. "I have been," said this voice, "through the length and the breadth of the whole forest. I have gazed upon the stateliest tree. I have stood before the strongest, and the richest in foliage and colour; but one was too massive, another was too green, a third was too straight, and a fourth was too full of leaves. I want the yellow tint which this alone wears. I want the twisted bough, and the knotted trunk, and therefore, though all the forest be mine, and I might possibly be induced to grant you any other tree, never, never will I yield to you, or to any one, my claim to be the sole proprietor of this."

Gentle as these two disputants had at first appeared, their voices soon grew sharp and loud, and their words taunting and bitter, the more so, perhaps, that they were brothers, and knew each others feelings so well, that they understood better how to give pain. And thus, as some other brothers have done—yes, and sisters too—they went on, and on, saying sharp cutting things that just hit the weak places of both, and neither of them would give up the right to that poor old torn and twisted tree, nor allow the other to call it his own.

By this time, however, the discord and quarrelling had become so general, that few voices could be distinguished amidst the universal uproar, nor could the forms be distinctly seen, though, from such as were fully visible, it appeared as if they came from all parts of the world, and, what was still more extraordinary, belonged to all ages. One, for example, took a very humble place, though he was as boisterous and as full of bustling self-importance as any. He wore an old-fashioned Saxon dress, and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, he drove a herd of swine before him, declaring loudly that every acorn which fell upon the ground was his; that he and his ancestors had held hereditary right to the whole of those noble trees; and that the liberty of feeding swine on the acorns beneath them,

had been reckoned one of their family possessions which no one presumed to dispute.

Loud and commanding as this voice had sounded at first, it was evidently that of some aged person, for it soon grew husky, and indistinct; and mingling with the tumult of the swine, it was overpowered by the unanimous outcry of the other disputants, who agreed on this one point—that claims so antiquated, and rights of property belonging so entirely to the feudal times of England, were no longer worthy of attention for a single moment. And thus when the aged Saxon and his herd were driven from the field, the quarrelling again commenced with double rancour; no one content with a portion of the forest, but each laying claim to the whole.

"Is this what man calls wisdom?" exclaimed the astonished dreamer, "and has Nature no voice in the matter?"

"Hush!" said the poet, who stood near him, for he was the first to perceive that the dust and the tumult were beginning to subside. "Be still," said the painter as he retreated from the disputed ground, for he also was willing to hear what Nature had to say; and as they both stood aloof with parted lips, and earnest eyes, they looked like two kind-hearted brothers, who, in

their unwonted anger with each other, had been startled by the gentle tones of their mother's voice.

Suddenly detected in what they knew to be wrong, and felt to be abhorrent to that mother's heart, the poet and the painter began to excuse themselves by saying they had resigned the whole forest of oaks, but only that one stunted tree—a tree that was of no use to the builder, either for shipping, or for architecture; that they had left the pride of the forest untouched, and contented themselves with what no one else desired to possess.

"Ah, my children," said the voice, for it was Nature that now spoke, "deceive not yourselves with the pretence that you have been more reasonable, or more generous, than others. You have, it is true, claimed less than the whole, and so far you have been less covetous, but you have each claimed exactly that which the other desired, and therefore you have each done all which envy and selfishness combined could prompt. Take care that in the world, that fame which you seek, does not become to you a source of contention and strife, because each cannot possess the whole."

"My children," she continued;—and though she had at first spoken only in whispers, to be heard alone by those who were the children of her love, her voice now

swelled like a wave over the green tops of the oak forest, wakening sweet echoes from every leaf and spray that glittered in the golden light of the evening sun.—"My children," she said again, more earnestly, and then her face looked forth like the moon when it breaks into silvery light from amongst the parted clouds of a subsiding tempest—"My children, for ye are all mine in your first outset in life, from the simple boatman when he starts on his first enterprise upon the water in the rude canoe which he has hewn out of the trunk of the forest-oak, to the great navigator who ploughs the far-off ocean in his stately vessel, intent upon the discovery of new people, and new worlds—My [illegible] all mine, from the first poor w[illegible]tly builds himself a temple to a false or to a[illegible]own God, to him who reverently adorns the edifice erected for the worship of the true—ye are all mine, and not least the lover of his old ancestral house, with its roof blackened by the glowing fires of a hundred winters; its old arm-chair, the father's favoured seat through successive generations; and the oaken table, around which the hospitality of the olden times left no place unfilled—ye are all mine, and the trees of the oak forest are mine also, from the noblest monarch of the woods, to the tree of

blighted bough and twisted stem, of which the poet sings, and which the painter also loves; all these are mine, and these I give to you for purposes of utility and ornament, and for each there is enough. Why then should these disputes arise, creating discord and tumult where all might be harmony and peace? Why should the builder of churches not be satisfied to take what he wants for his own purposes, and leave the remainder for the builders of houses and ships, assured that if the human family must be deprived of their homes, and of the commerce which by the use of shipping brings plenty to their doors, there will soon be few worshippers resorting to those stately edifices, for the ornament of which he claims the whole forest as his own.

"But least of all should I have expected that the poet and the painter, lovers of the same tree, should have quarrelled with each other for the entire possession of the object of their mutual admiration. Come hither, child of the smooth-flowing verse;" and at these words the poet, with his burning cheek and flashing eye, stepped forward in front of the twisted oak—"Come hither, child of the gifted hand;" and the painter also stood forth. "Now, why," continued the voice of Nature, "should not the beauties of that

tree be sung and painted at the same time, without injury to either party? or rather, why should not those beauties be more enjoyed, because beheld together? The rich green foliage where it glitters in the sunshine, will not be less bright because a brother's eye beholds it beautiful; the yellow of the faded leaves, the twisted boughs, and the knotted stem, will not be less lovely in a picture, because a brother makes them the subjects of his song; the aged aspect of the oak, the shadow which it casts upon the ground, the shelter which it yields in sunshine and in storm, will not be less welcome, because a brother has sat down to rest beneath its shade. Henceforward, in your angry moments, think of what I say; and when you would seize upon riches or enjoyment for yourselves, first ask, if you are not taking that which another has an equal right to enjoy; and whether, in the great kingdom of nature, there has not been provided a sufficiency for all?"

MY SISTER'S PEARLS.

I HAD a little sister once,
So loving and so gay,
The lambs upon the sunny lawn
Were not more fond of play;
Her voice was like a tiny flute—
I think I hear it yet;
The music of her merry laugh
We never shall forget.

They told me I should guard her well,
And keep her safe from harm,
Should wrap my kerchief round her neck,
And hold her with my arm;
In summer I should pluck the bough,
Her fairy face to fan,
And watching her so tenderly,
Should grow into a man.

It happened once upon a time
When meadow-grass was long,

We sat within a leafy bower
Listening the cuckoo's song;
My little sister said she heard
It three times more than me.
I said she did not; and there grew
A strife for mastery.

I know not how I could be wroth
With such a tiny thing;
So like a flower upon its stalk—
A snowdrop in the spring—
A lily with its dark green leaves—
A little fairy-bell;
So much like smiles, and yet like tears,
We loved her, too, so well.

It seemed as if within my breast
An evil spirit woke;
A string of pearls was round her neck,
I snatched them, and it broke.
And now, the merry laugh is still,
My little flower is gone;
And I have but the scattered pearls
To play with all-alone!

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

They played together many an hour,
In youth's bright sunny weather,
And when their sky began to lower,
They still were friends together.

They bore undaunted many a blast,
A dreary world before them ;
His post was at the straining mast,
When stormy waves rolled o'er them

And she, a sailor's faithful bride,
Knew many an hour of sorrow,
Her heart by every hardship tried—
Dark night, and gloomy morrow.

Had silken ties been o'er them thrown,
And luxuries scattered round them,
Perchance their love had weary grown,
Or time had faithless found them.

But Heaven, more just, more kind, than we,
Looked on their lowly dwelling,
And gave them, in their poverty,
A wealth beyond all telling;

A love that changed not, though they bore
Wild storm and wintry weather;
And thus the smile of youth they wore,
When old friends together.

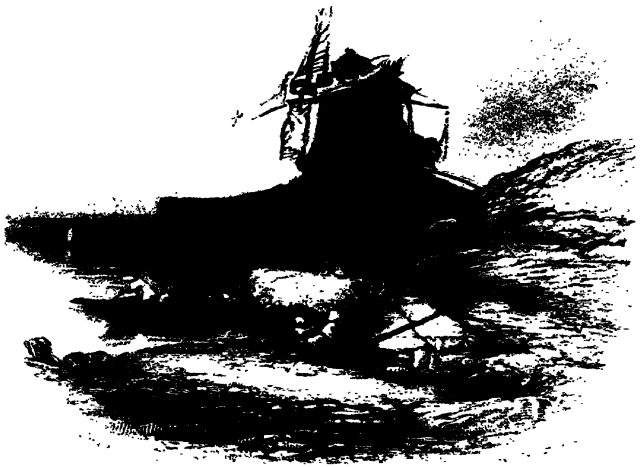
YOUNG THOUGHTS.

"I AM so puzzled," said a very knowing little boy to his sister, one day — "so puzzled I cannot describe to you;" and he half closed his eyes, and looked away from the objects that were nearest to him—away into the distance, as people do sometimes who are feeling very wise; and yet he continued to acknowledge himself puzzled about something which he could not account for, or understand.

"I dare say I can help you," observed his sister, with a very knowing shake of a little head that set in tremulous motion a profusion of graceful curls. "I dare say I can help you, if only you will tell me what it is."

"Look here, then;" said the boy, placing before his sister the picture of an old black windmill, at which she exclaimed, without a moment's hesitation— "How beautiful!"

"There now!" said her brother, rather impatiently —"that is just what I exclaimed myself, and what



I feel at this moment; but *why* the thing is beautiful—that is the question which puzzles me;" and he threw himself back upon the sofa, with so much of the feeling of being defeated, and at the same time of the *greatness* of the defeat, that his head went back, and his feet went up, in a style described by some writers as peculiar to the Americans, though by no means confined to the habits of gentlemen across the Atlantic.

Lucy, for that was the sister's name, having little sympathy with such ebullitions of feeling, especially when exhibited in such a manner, took up the picture very gravely, believing herself fully competent to solve the mystery. "*Why*, this is beautiful?" said Lucy, thoughtfully, and viewing it first in one position, and then another—"because—because it *is* beautiful, to be sure."

"Thank you;" replied her brother, rising from the sofa, and recovering his dignity with his erect position. "You have thrown a great deal of light on the subject, certainly?"

"It is so soft;" suggested Lucy.

"Soft!" exclaimed her brother. "Who ever heard of a windmill being the better for being soft? Besides which, I have seen a picture something like this, all

in coarse lines, harsh, and strong, and still it was beautiful in a certain way; more beautiful as a picture than a well-built house, for instance. The same may be said of a poor cottage. Any old tumble-down place—the poorer and meaner it is, the better it looks in a picture."

"Oh! I know the reason of that, decidedly;" said Lucy, with an air of triumph. "Strange-looking places of that kind are so much more *interesting*."

"But what do you mean by *interesting?*" asked her brother, rather sharply. "Young ladies are always calling things interesting. I heard of an interesting head of hair, the other day, and now you talk about an interesting windmill. Just be kind enough to explain to me what you mean."

It was Lucy's turn to be puzzled, though she seldom acknowledged that she was so. Had the question been about the nose of a Byron, the lip of a Hebe, or even the beard of a Patriarch, she might have found some way of escape from her difficulty; but why an old black windmill, or even a mud cottage, should be interesting, she was wholly at a loss to explain; and therefore she did as many persons older than herself are apt to do—she continued repeating what she had said, that such pictures were to her very interest-

ing—extremely interesting—so interesting, that she preferred them to scenes of the greatest magnificence and splendour.

It was perhaps fortunate for the brother and sister that their father entered the room at this moment; for, like some other disputants, they were by this time growing warmer and warmer, in proportion as they had nothing to dispute about; and louder and louder in their words, as they had less reason in what they said.

"What is it all about?" asked their father, surprised at beholding their warm faces, and agitated manner; and this simple question, coolly and quietly asked, seemed to produce the instantaneous effect of restoring them both to their right senses, for they looked exceedingly ashamed of being detected in a half-quarrel, they did not know what about.

"Well," said their father, after both had told him they did not know that anything was the matter—that in fact it was nothing—nothing in the world—"so much the better," he continued, "for if you must quarrel, let it always be about nothing; and then there will be the less cause for complaint against each other."

"But we were not quarrelling at all;" said the

brother, anxious to vindicate his character on this point; "only I have been very much puzzled about something, and Lucy, by endeavouring to make the matter clear, has talked the greatest nonsense you ever heard."

"Then I should be sorry to have it repeated to me," said the father. "Let us try again what can be done with your difficulty. What a charming thing," he added, taking up the engraving, and "what a delightful picture this crazy old windmill makes!"

"That is exactly my difficulty," exclaimed Henry. "Every one sees directly that that picture is beautiful, and I have been puzzling my brain to imagine *why* it is so. It is neither grand nor graceful, lovely nor sublime—a little black, old wooden mill! What *can* it be, father, that makes it beautiful?"

"I am sure papa will tell you, as I did," interposed Lucy, "that it looks beautiful, because the engraving is so soft."

"I do not think I shall;" observed her father, very quietly, "because I have seen the same kind of object represented in the coarsest manner, and yet made beautiful in a certain way. I have even stopped to gaze upon a real windmill—an old rude object like this, which I frequently pass on returning from my

sister's house, and never look at it without admiration, especially when a bright light is on the sails, and there are dark clouds beyond. Let me see," he continued, thoughtfully: "I am not sure that we should do well always to ask ourselves *why* anything is beautiful, before we admire it; but after having given it our cordial admiration—after having thrown our hearts open to the full enjoyment of this feeling until it has become a habit, there surely can be no harm in going a little farther, and asking why certain things are beautiful; more especially in those cases in which all mankind are agreed. Let me see, then, again. Now, Lucy, you shall help us. Tell me first, then, why you think those immense flounces beautiful, which you saw the other day upon Lady Longford's and Miss Austin's dresses?"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lucy. "How can you be so absurd! Lady Longford, you know, is a lady who has everything in the first style; and Miss Austin gives a grace of her own to whatever she wears. I did not say the flounces were beautiful; but that I admired them. What can that have to do with an old black windmill?"

"It can certainly have little to do with the mill itself," replied her father; but with your admiration

of it, it may have a great deal to do. As the flounces derive their grace and their charm from the wearers—and this, by the way, is the secret of our admiration of all absurd fashions—because we fancy them associated in some way or other with the habits of the high-born, and the distinguished; so the simplest objects in art or nature may become interesting to us, and even beautiful, from being associated with circumstances in the history of our fellow-beings, which excite our curiosity, our interest, or our sympathy. They may even mark some stage of civilization strongly contrasted with our own, or—"

"That may all be true enough," interrupted Henry, "with regard to great or magnificent objects—old castles, for instance, and things of that kind; but who cares anything about what has taken place in an old mill?"

"Many a hard-working hungry family," my boy, replied his father, "have cared a thousand times more what was taking place in an old mill, than in an old castle. You forget that the great masses of mankind are not made of lords and ladies; nor even of heroes and heroines; and that there are feelings as strong in the cottage, as the palace. It is necessary too, in order to render any object generally interesting, that the feelings it calls forth should be widely

spread, and understood by the whole world. Now, what subject do you think more likely to be understood and shared in by whole communities of the human race, than the grain which forms their daily food, its growth and progress, from the first appearance of the tender blade, to the ripening of the full corn in the ear; the gathering in of the produce of a plentiful harvest; the thrashing of the wheat, and its separation from the straw, and chaff; and lastly, the grinding of the corn, so as render it fit for the purposes of food? It is not a difficult thing to imagine how, in patriarchal times, different families in the neighbourhood would meet around the thrashing-floor, to witness what was of infinitely more importance to them than the most splendid exhibition of human greatness—the amount of produce upon which their health, comfort, and prosperity were dependent for the coming year. We need no greater proof of the intensity of this interest, and its prevalence amongst mankind in the early stages of society, than the frequent allusions made in the Scriptures to those familiar transactions which were necessarily connected with the preparation of the soil, the scattering in of grain, reaping, thrashing, grinding, and any other process necessary for the preparation of bread."

"But they did not use mills of this kind in the days of the Patriarchs?" asked the young inquirer.

"No, certainly;" replied his father. "But the very simplicity of this structure proves its near connection with the actual wants of man, and thus renders it a more interesting object than it would be, if its use remained doubtful to the observer."

"I was just going to say," observed Henry, "that if its great use to mankind be a reason for anything being beautiful, the steam-mill must be an object of superlative attraction; and yet I don't see that a steam-mill has any beauty at all."

"A steam-mill!" exclaimed Lucy, indignantly. "The most hideous object in creation! Whoever thought of anything but ugliness, disgust, and horror, connected with a steam-mill?"

"Not so fast, not so fast, Miss Lucy;" said her father. "Never affect to despise that which thousands upon thousands of your fellow-creatures live by. Henry has started rather a puzzling inquiry, but yet I think I can solve his difficulty. In the first place, the steam-mill, or factory, with its tall chimney, does not convey to the observer any clear or distinct idea of its actual use. The real purpose of all its machinery is lost sight of amongst the many im-

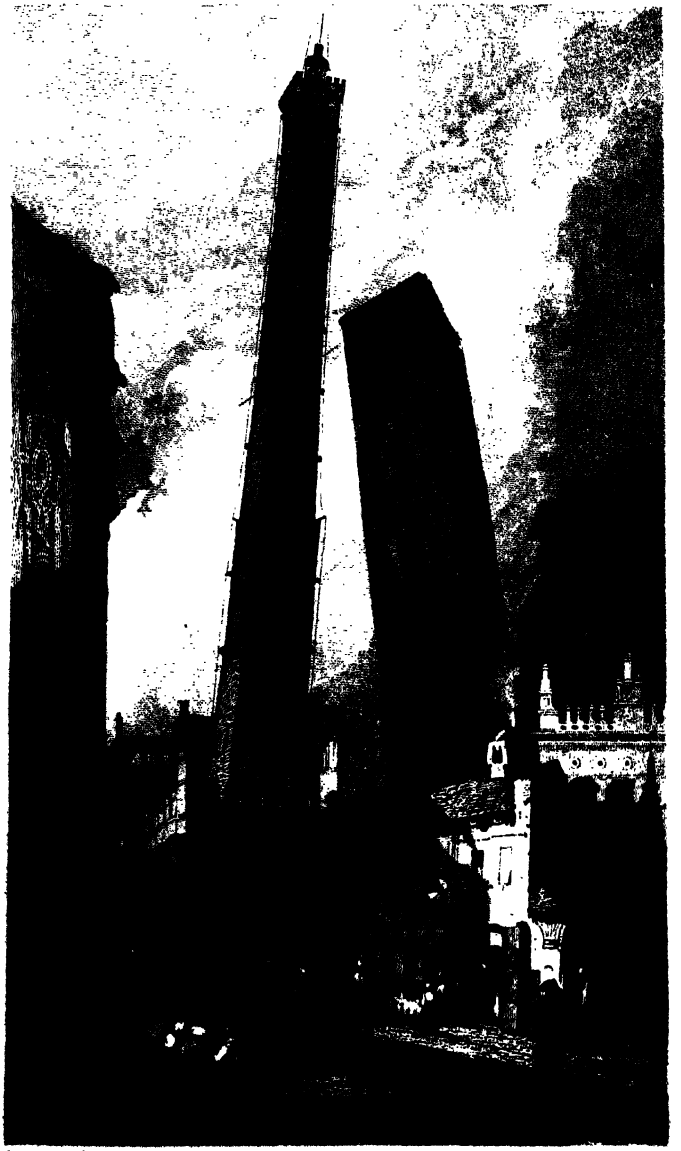
provements introduced by modern science, and industry; and therefore it is so far removed from the actual pressing necessities of man, that we cease to think of the corn-fields, the labourers, and all the picturesque aspects of husbandry, when we look at the mighty and complicated operations by which the manufacture of grain as well as other things is now carried on. In the pressure and bustle of business, as it is now conducted, none but the parties concerned observe the arrival of grain at the warehouse in which it is stored, or if they did, the very circumstance of its arrival in great masses, would prevent any thought about the fields in which it was grown, and the patient toil of the reaper. It is a very different thing to watch the peasant himself with his mule or his ass, trudging thoughtfully along the path to the mill, with his one sack of corn, perhaps his only wealth; and it is a very different thing, to think what must have been the labour and hardship of those, who, in the early stages of civilization, knew of no method of reducing the grain to flour, but by the act of beating or pounding."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Lucy, "to adopt so tedious a plan."

"I should like to know," replied her father, "if you and I were cast alone upon a desert island, how long it would be before you found out a better plan. I recollect being much struck with the simplicity of a flour-mill, left standing in a very perfect state amongst the ruins of Pompeii. It consists only of too large stones placed one upon the other, the under one slightly hollowed to hold the grain. The upper one was moved round and round in this hollow by sticks fitted into holes in the sides, and had been worked by slaves. And yet this simple kind of mill, and most probably no other, was in use after the time when Greece and Rome had attained their greatest splendour.

"I suppose," observed Henry, still pondering upon the subject which had first occupied his mind, "there is a beauty of grandeur, then, and a beauty of simplicity."

"You are quite right, my boy," replied his father; "and if you can find any object which combines both, you will have found the highest kind of beauty. And if this be true of one branch of art, it is equally true of all—of painting, sculpture, architecture, and even poetry and music. All, how-



ever, are subject to certain arbitrary rules which must on no account be violated. Even the simple windmill must be placed in an advantageous situation, and the artist must not throw light upon one part, and shadow upon another, without regard to the actual form and body of the object itself. There are many subjects too, however well delineated, which never can be rendered pleasing in a picture, because they deviate in some way or other from the exact rules of art. I will give you an instance of what I mean. You have heard of the two leaning towers of Bologna. However curious these towers may appear to the traveller, and curious indeed they are in a picture, but they never can be rendered beautiful. They rather pain the eye, and disturb the mind, by that departure from the true perpendicular which appears every moment to threaten their downfall."

"And yet," observed Lucy, "they are the very things I have so often wished to see."

"They are indeed curious," said her father, "as well as the leaning tower at Pisa; and the numerous discussions they have given rise to, with regard to their present position, sufficiently proves how many minds they have interested as well as yours."

"I never cared a straw about them;" said Henry, very contemptuously. "I hate all such monstrosities."

"Perhaps you would be more moderate in your disdain," observed his father, "if you saw the beautiful architectural work which adorns the leaning tower of Pisa. Those of Bologna appear to be more rude; but from the summit of one, the Torre degli Asinelli, is seen a splendid landscape, stretching below, in which Imola, Ferrara, and Modena, may be clearly distinguished, with the first range of the Appennines. This tower, the loftier of the two, is four hundred feet in height, and leans over its base more than three feet. Both are supposed to owe their present inclination to the distorted and volcanic state of the soil of Italy, so often shaken by earthquakes, as to have presented, at different times, aspects of sudden and extraordinary change, unknown in our colder climate. But another interesting circumstance attaching to these towers, is their original design, which has evidently been for purposes of security, watch-towers having been considered necessary as a means of detecting the advance of a hostile force, during those times when every man's hand might almost be said to be against his neighbour;

and where, in Italy, perhaps more than any other country, the fruitfulness of the soil was continually in danger of being laid waste by the sword, or sacrificed to the rapacity of lawless marauders."

"Those were the times for me!" exclaimed Henry, leaping into the centre of the room, and placing himself in a warlike attitude. "I should have gloried in the danger—and—and—"

"And have been a very brave fellow, no doubt;" observed his father. "But you were just now exclaiming against monstrosities. You surely forget that in such times there were human monsters abroad, and even at home, whose habits, I imagine, could they now be brought back into society, would be more offensive to your taste than the most shapeless or distorted piece of architecture that was ever put together. Why, even in Venice, your favourite Venice, 'Mistress of the sea,' as you are fond of calling her; look only at her dungeons, her tortures, her bridge of sighs; think of all the horrors transacted within those stately buildings that look so splendid in the sunshine, reflected back again from the surrounding waters, and ask yourself whether a lowly cottage, with the enjoyment of equal and protecting laws, is not happier

than the richest palace in a splendid city, where justice, and property, and even life itself, are disregarded. The world seems to have agreed upon giving a sort of enchantment to the very name of Venice. In connection with that name, we think of a sea-girt city, sleeping on the bosom of the ocean —we think of her palaces, her gondolas, her ancient pomp, her luxury, and the wealth that gave her power over the surrounding nations, and the independence which obtained for her the respect and admiration of the world. Standing alone, as a self-formed republic, and almost inaccessible, from the nature of her position, to any but the most experienced rowers, and to the shallow vessels plying along the canals which constitute her streets, Venice has not unfrequently been compared to a "queen enthroned." And such indeed was the majesty she boasted in her more prosperous days. The history of her glory and her fall, were both the more striking, because of her loneliness, and separation from other states: but it was the common history of mankind; of power abused, and converted into the means of oppression, cruelty, and wrong; of wealth misapplied, and consequently growing into luxury, frivolity, and weakness; and then of both power

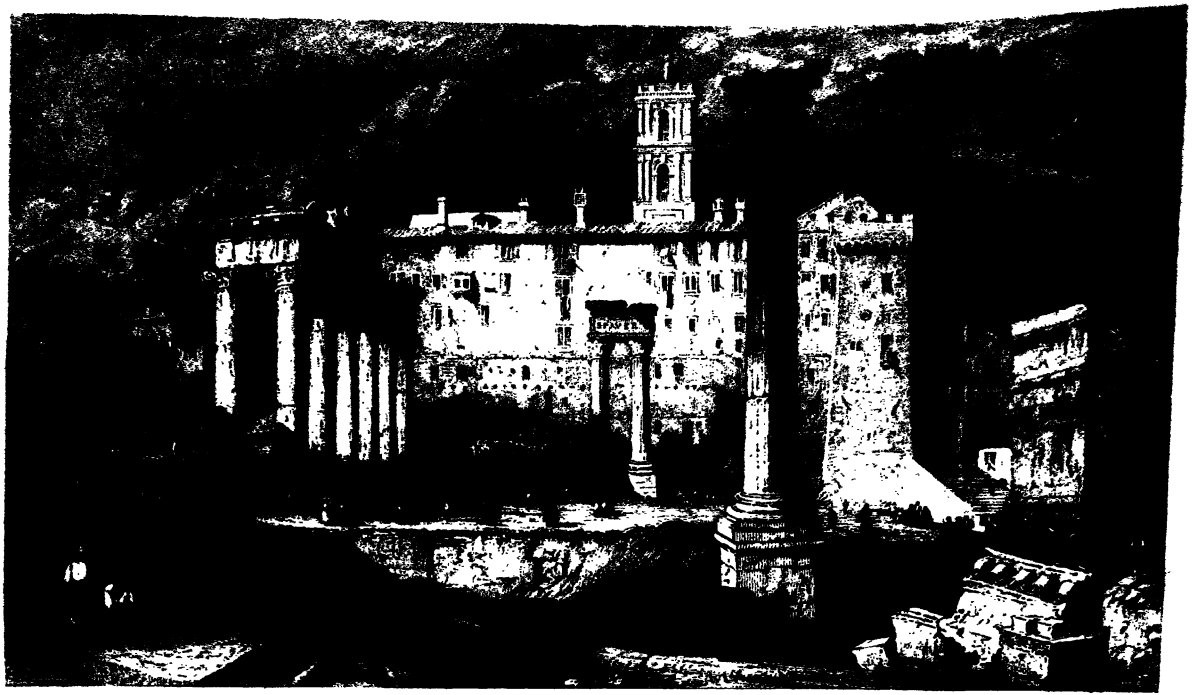
and wealth falling into ruin and decay. The very picture still presented by this celebrated city, ought to be considered as a warning to the world. Look at the palace of her princes—that which ought to be the cradle of a nation's prosperity, the nursery of its heroes, the centre of its glory, its happiness, and its power. What should we naturally imagine of that splendid edifice to the right, separated from the palace only by a narrow canal, and, as if that separation was too much, brought nearer by a direct communication through a covered gallery or bridge? Should we not think it was the home-dwelling of the Doge, or sovereign; a place of peace and security to which he might retire into the bosom of his family, when wearied with his public cares? So far from this, it is a prison; and down, far down, even below the water, are those gloomy dungeons to which the living, more wretched than the dead, were consigned. Travellers have told us how the walls and ceilings of these gloomy cells were scrawled over by those who had no light to guide their hands, for they were dwellers in darkness, as well as loneliness. And when they passed along that fatal bridge, so well known as the Bridge of Sighs, the victims of that cruel tyranny knew but

too well, that, should they survive the agonies of torture, or escape the hand of the executioner, it would only be to perish unheard of and alone in these hideous dungeons.

"I would have roared, kicked, shouted!" exclaimed Henry, who by this time had worked himself up to an almost intolerable state of pugnacity.

"Ah! my dear fellow," said his father, "no doubt there were shoutings and kickings enough in those horrible places; but the worst of it was, they were so deep down, and so far from the walks and habitations of men, that there was nobody to hear or feel."

"Let us turn to something else;" interrupted Lucy. "I cannot bear these shocking histories. I do not like Venice, and I never did, after I heard that the water, up to the doors of the houses, was dark and disagreeable; and that the musquitoes at night were intolerable. And, after all, Venice was only supported by its trade and commerce. Rome is the city for me—imperial Rome, with its temples, palaces, and forums, all sacred to the past, and not converted to the vulgar purposes of modern times. These men, with their vessels lying against this place like a wharf at Venice, must be busy buying and selling still. The banks of



Old Tiber for me, where I picture nothing but marble columns reflected in the water."

"Then your picture is a very false one;" replied her father, "for the banks of the Tiber are about as dirty and common-place as any banks can be. I question whether at the best they are adorned with anything more classical than gardens of cabbages and leeks, or washerwomen hanging out their clothes. Many of the palaces, too, you would find occupied as barns with hay and provender for cattle. The very Via Sacra, skirting the Golden Palace of the Cæsars, is converted into a common cow-market. The Pantheon stands in a dark and vulgar locality, surrounded by the peasantry, and the common people, bartering—not for merchandise—but for their daily food; and, looking down into the Roman Forum, I remember to have seen a dead cat amongst heaps of dust and rubbish."

"Oh, papa!" said Lucy, very much disgusted. "You must be joking. I thought these beautiful ruins had all been of marble, polished, and glittering in the sunshine."

"Ah! my dear," replied her father; "the polish of to-day that glitters in your eyes, may wear a very gray and dingy look before a hundred, or even fifty, years have rolled away. Besides which, you will perhaps be

mind at once with wonder and with awe. It is only the glitter and the polish of the marble, however, Lucy, that I am anxious to warn you not to expect. The exquisite form and proportions of many of the columns, particularly, nothing ever can do justice to, but actual observation, and that only with time enough to study them, and feeling and knowledge enough to appreciate their beauty. We owe to a distinguished lady, the Duchess of Devonshire, while resident in Rome, the enterprise of laying bare the foundations

of some of the most beautiful of these columns in the neighbourhood of the Forum. For you must know, there are curious facts connected with the age of great cities, one of which is, that the surface of the ground keeps always rising, probably from the accumulation of dust and other things; so that even in London, walls and parts of buildings have been discovered at a considerable depth below the surface of its present streets, which sufficiently prove that surface to have risen rapidly within the lapse of a hundred years. The Roman Forum, therefore, having been excavated to the base of its pillars, occupies at present a deep hollow, like most of the ancient buildings of Rome, fourteen or fifteen feet below the present surface of the ground. It is situated on celebrated ground, between the Capitol and the Arch of Titus, and is supposed to have been originally more than six hundred feet in length. Although at present used, as I have told you, by troops of peasants and their herds, who hold their markets here, it is surrounded by noble vestiges of ancient greatness. The most conspicuous to the right, I have already said, is the Palace of the Cæsars: to the left, is a gigantic ruin—a temple whose very history and purpose are now forgotten, different writers having given it different names. Facing the Via Sacra stands

the Arch of Septimus Severus, and, facing that, at the opposite end of an avenue of trees, is the Triumphal Arch of Titus, so remarkable for its sculptured representation of the humility of the captive Jews, as they passed, with weary and reluctant feet, over the very stones which still pave the road beneath, for they are known as the old Roman pavement by their size and flatness, and they bear, too, the deep marks of wheels—the very ruts which the cars of the Roman emperors must have passed over. From this arch the traveller comes out upon the full view of the Coliseum—fallen columns still strewn on either side; the Palace of the Cæsars still on the right; and a ruined temple of Venus, with a beautiful arch, or half-remaining dome, on the left."

"Let us go, and see it for ourselves!" exclaimed both Henry and his sister at once: but their father, eager to escape from their entreaties, proposed a scamper in the adjoining hayfield, where they soon ceased to think that anything in the world could be more delightful, than heaping upon each other the greatest quantity of hay which they could manage to collect, and hold, in that agreeable position.

LOST, AND FOUND.

Lost—lost—is Isabel,
Since the toll of vesper-bell.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All are greeting one another,
Asking each, what none can tell,—
Where is wandering Isabel?

"Found!—found!"—a tiny voice
Bids the fairy throng rejoice,
Wakens music soft and sweet,
Chiming in with tinkling feet:
While from woods and waters round
Fairy echoes answer—"found!"

Lost—lost—within her home
Lamps are lighted, guests are come.
Busy feet are trampling there—
Smiles and welcomes everywhere;
Yet the secret none can tell—
Where is wandering Isabel?

"Found—found!" the sea-bird screams-
"Child of fancy, child of dreams,
Welcome to the winds and waves,
Beetling crags, and ocean caves;
Child of nature, ever thus,
Come, and make thy home with us."

Lost—lost—and twilight's hour
Falls within the maiden's bower,
Falls upon her father's hearth,
Stays the laughter, stills the mirth,
With the shadows on the ground
Spreading holy thoughts around.

Found—found—the setting sun,
Ere his western race is run,
Glancing o'er the maiden's hair,
Shines upon her forehead fair.
Listen, wandering Isabel,
Listen to his kind farewell.

"Lost—lost"—the whisper came,
Breathed along a line of flame;
"Listen, gentle Isabel!"
Long experience truth can tell—

"Ever lost is she who strays
From the path of duty's ways."

"Found—found—is she who brings
Kindness with an angel's wings,
Where her father's board is spread,
Shadowing o'er the hoary head;
Faithful, at her mother's feet
Scattering gladness pure and sweet."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

How beautiful a mother's love!
All other love beyond;
Unchanged, though others faithless prove,
Though sorely tried, still fond.

See, where the infant Saviour lies,
A heavenly light is shed;
The shepherds strain their wondering eyes,
And bow the reverent head;

But she, whose mother's heart runs o'er
With floods of tenderness,
Kneels humbly on that stony floor,
And asks her God to bless.

MAY MILLINGTON.

Oh ! tell me, sweet May Millington,
What makes you look so gay ;
While the early dew is on the grass,
And the mountain-peaks are gray ?

I've seen a smile as bright as thine,
I've seen a brow as fair,
But I met them in the evening throng,
Where jewels deck'd the hair.

I never saw the same soft smile
So bright at morning's dawn ;
Nor the feet that danced at midnight's hour
So light upon the lawn.

Oh ! tell me, sweet May Millington,
Where hast thou found the rose
That o'er thy gently rounded cheek,
Its crimson beauty throws ?

I've seen a blush as deep as thine,
But, oh! not half so pure.
The flattering lip had called it forth;
How should such bloom endure?

It passed—I saw an altered thing
Of every charm bereft,
That flattering breath had scorched the bloom,
A withered flower was left.

Then tell me, sweet May Millington,
Where hast thou been to-day;
To drink of some enchanted rill,
With fairies at their play?

Or hast thou been where summer flowers
In rich luxuriance grow?
And, gazing, brought their gladness back,
Reflected on thy brow?

No answer has May Millington:
Her secret let me tell;
And would, that every blushing cheek,
Could bear the truth as well.

For she has been where want and wo
Their dismal curtain spread,
To cheer the peasant's heart with hope,
His scanty board with bread;

And she has spoken gentle words
Of kindness, warm and true;
Where thoughts of kindness seldom come,
And gentle words are few;

And she has told of lowly prayers
Ascending up to Heaven,
From rich and poor—both welcome there—
Both rich—if both forgiven.

And thus she treads with lightsome foot
Along the dewy lawn;
And thus she smiles with heart of hope
To meet the early dawn;

And thus a radiance gilds her brow
More glorious than the light;
A beauty beams upon her cheek,
More lovely and more bright.

Thus, gentle reader, if thou lov'st
The admiring glance to win,
Think—think of sweet May Millington,
Like her the day begin;

Go forth like her at early dawn,
On earnest thought intent;
Thyself a lowly messenger
On kindly errands sent.

For even the slighted child might own
Some beauty if she would;
And forms less fair this charm might wear—
The charm of doing good.

PREJUDICE.

Prejudice is often supposed to be a disagreeable peculiarity belonging only to the old; and certainly, like many other faults, it is much more difficult to correct when age has confirmed the bad habit of forming hasty and obstinate conclusions, without knowledge, and often without reason. It is of very little use talking to the old about the evils of prejudice, because they generally reply somewhat to this effect—"It is *my* way of thinking, and that is enough." It is of little use, either, telling them how many pleasures they deprive themselves of, by their prejudice, for they tell you, they are quite pleased; and that also is enough. How many good feelings they are thus content to shut up in their hearts without exercise or use, they do not tell us; and it is only by their wasted kindness, and scanty means of enjoyment, we discover how great has been their loss, in a world where there is so much to be enjoyed.

Incurable as the old may be in this respect, the

young are not so; and it is a great pity to set out in life with our eyes wilfully closed to anything which it would be an advantage to ourselves or others that we should see:—the good qualities of our friends, and acquaintances, for instance; the agreeableness even of occasional companions; and the information, intelligence, and superior merit of those who have it in their power to instruct, improve, and enlighten us.

Caroline Bentley had often been told by her mother, that she was foolishly making up her mind to dislike people who were really worthy of her esteem; but to this admonition she paid very little regard: she thought it clever to make up her mind, to make it up at once, conclusively, and not to allow it to be unmade again for any purpose of kindness, or good will; not even for the sake of letting in a greater amount of light, to show her what she ought to like, or dislike. Like most other persons under the influence of strong prejudice, she appeared to find it easier or more pleasant to make up her mind *against*, than *in favour* of things in general, particularly against persons who were introduced to her as being in any way superior; though at the same time she adhered almost obstinately to those she did like, maintaining that they had not a single fault, and that they and their connections were superior

to all the rest of the world. This was the case with one of her schoolfellows, Ellen Manners, with whose family history she had made herself intimately acquainted; and on returning home, so often was the name of Ellen Manners upon her lips, so constantly were the opinions and habits of her friend's family referred to, as the highest authority on all occasions, that her own family, her brothers in particular, began to be a little annoyed to hear so often of this wonderful Ellen Manners, whom they had never seen. This, however, was not all. Ellen had an uncle—"a dear Uncle Granville—such a charming name, and such a dear man—quite a philosopher—a travelled man, who had seen the world, and knew everything."

"I wish you would never speak of that old uncle again," said James Bentley, one day to his sister: and he spoke so sharply, that the tears started into her eyes; for Caroline was a very sensitive young lady, and could feel very sincerely for those whom she really did like, though they were but few.

"I am sure Ellen's uncle is not old," said she, half crying, as if that had been a most injurious charge; "and besides, he has gone through so much. Oh! I could tell you such a history of his griefs—only you don't deserve to hear it."

"Did you ever see this uncle of Miss Manners?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"No," replied Caroline, rather hesitatingly. "I cannot say that I have exactly, but I know all about him just the same."

"And pray what do you know?" asked Mrs. Bentley, "that you consider him so much more interesting than your father's friend, Dr. Grant?"

"I am quite certain," replied Caroline, "that Dr. Grant is some dry pedantic old gentleman, because he talks about chemistry, and goes knocking about with a hammer amongst rocks, trying to find out the different strata of which they are composed."

"And if you associated with men of science and general intelligence," said her mother, "you would find many of the greatest philosophers of the present day engaged in the same manner."

"Oh! my friend's uncle," said Caroline, "is quite a different man from that; though, as he understands everything, there is no doubt but he has studied geology amongst the rest."

"Pray describe him to me," said her mother.

"I should say, in the first place," observed Caroline, "that he was a man of feeling—quite a martyr to his affections; and yet so desolate—so lonely.

Ah, dear mamma, he has suffered so much, and yet no one ever hears him complain. He has such a beautiful calm on his countenance—such a resigned manner, you cannot think!"

"What is the nature of his affliction?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"He has lost all!" replied Caroline, "everything in the world—wife—children—property—everything!"

"He is a widower, then," observed Mrs. Bentley, rather more indifferently than her daughter liked.

"I suppose so," replied Caroline, "for he lost his wife in early life; indeed, he is himself still young, to have suffered so much. Oh, you never heard of such afflictions borne with such noble fortitude and Christian patience. I will endeavour to tell you, but really it distresses me almost too much. Ellen and I have cried ourselves to sleep many a time after talking of his afflictions."

Here followed a history, by no means uninteresting, though scarcely peculiar to this distinguished man. It consisted of an early marriage, a settlement in India, wasted wealth, and the melancholy return of the wife with two children to her paternal home, where, after the lapse of some tedious years, her strength appeared to be so far restored as to

justify the attempt to join her husband again in India. His anxious expectation of the arrival of the vessel in which his wife and children had embarked, was dwelt upon with thrilling emotion by the young narrator; his feverish restlessness when the expected time passed by without the eagerly anticipated arrival; the alarming rumours that spread on every hand, of the wreck of an East India vessel, and the loss of nearly all the crew and passengers — the name of the vessel, which was told to the husband just at the very moment when he was watching a distant sail upon the ocean, and hoping it might be the long expected ship with his wife and children. Nor was this all. Caroline had also to tell of loss of property, and almost loss of life, in consequence of an alarming fever with which the poor sufferer was attacked after this heart-rending intelligence of his heavy loss had been fully confirmed. There was then the loss of a lucrative and honourable situation to tell of, the return of the lonely man to his native country, and his feeble and emaciated form to describe, his melancholy circumstances, without a home, or any nearer connections than a married sister, the mother of Ellen Manners; in whose family, however, he refused to become an inmate, but rather, with a nobility which

was described as peculiar to himself, struggled on, a stranger in a harsh and cruel world, devoting himself to literary pursuits, and thus earning a scanty and meagre subsistence. After all which, Caroline wound up her history by saying—"Is it not shocking, mamma, for a man with such a mind to be compelled to earn his daily bread?"

"I should think it much more shocking," replied her mother, "if, with such a mind, he was content to eat the bread of idleness and dependence."

"Ah! I find you do not quite appreciate him yet, or you could not speak of idleness," sighed Caroline. "But must I really go this journey, mamma? Is there no chance of my being excused? I could go and stay with Ellen, you know, during the time of your absence, and perhaps I should then realize the great wish of my heart by seeing her dear Uncle Granville."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Bentley, rather seriously, "the journey your father has so kindly planned for us, is not one of pleasure merely, or I dare say you might be excused; if, indeed, under such circumstances, you could excuse yourself. With his accustomed desire for your improvement, your father has arranged, that, while he makes a little journey of business and of

philanthropy together, we shall enjoy the advantage of a journey of observation; and, in order to render it both instructive and interesting to the younger portion of the party, he has engaged for us the companionship of Dr. Grant, a gentleman well known in the scientific world."

"We are to go to Dublin, I think?" said Caroline, with a sigh.

"Have you any objection to Dublin?" asked her mother.

"No," replied Caroline, "not particularly. Only I should prefer seeing some of the distressed parts of Ireland."

"So should I, if we could render any assistance, or be the means of doing any good," replied her mother. "The mere contemplation of distress as a picture, I confess, has no charms for me. If we attempt to remove or alleviate it, without efficient means, we only defeat our own ends, and become vexed, disappointed, and sometimes bitter;—if we look upon it without attempting any relief, we grow hardened, and indifferent, and learn in time to make excuses for not attempting to do the good we can."

Ten days from the time of this conversation, the travelling party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Bentley,

their two sons and Caroline, a maiden Aunt, and Dr. Grant, arrived in Dublin. It was rather a large party to travel much together, but as some were able to bear more fatigue than others, and as the objects of Mr. Bentley were different from those of the rest, they frequently separated, Dr. Grant and the boys making longer excursions into the country than the ladies were equal to.

Agreeably located in a pleasant hotel in Dublin, it was not difficult for this portion of the travelling party to amuse themselves in that beautiful city, and it so happened that the maiden aunt, who was Caroline's most frequent companion, had as strong prejudices as her niece, always opposed to those peculiarities of dress and manners which she considered indicative of persons not having been originally associated with what is called high life. Judging in this manner, Dr. Grant had become a very questionable individual to Aunt Harriet. He wore a hat which Caroline thought perfectly hideous, and, instead of the little pinched-up old man she had expected to see, he was tall, active, and energetic, not having yet attained more than the age of forty.

"A low man, I have no doubt," observed Aunt Harriet, when alone with her niece; for they had

peculiar pleasure in discussing this subject when alone, in laughing at what they called his awkwardness and want of knowledge of the world, and in finding every little fault they could with his dress, manners, and appearance, from the tie of his cravat, to the thickness of the soles of his boots.

Alas, for the unconscious doctor! how little did he dream of being thus the object of such minute and curious observation! He and the boys were so busy, and apparently so happy, they had so much to do, so much to see, and so much to talk over when all was done, that whether they wore shoes or boots, or tied

year at school; and then so pleasantly! Oh! he is a charming fellow; so funny, too, I never once thought he would turn out funny; but he tells such droll stories, and talks so pleasantly with the country-people,

drawing out all their oddities, that we seem to know more of the Irish character in a week, than by all the books we could read in a year."

Caroline heard all this with a very scornful expression of countenance; but she was naturally kind-hearted, and fond of her brother, and did not like to damp his ardour by any ill-natured remark. She could not, however, withstand the temptation of asking Frank where he thought Dr. Grant had bought his hat.

"Ah! yes, to be sure," said Frank, "it is a little peculiar; but, do you know, I never thought about the hat before you put it into my head. I see it now. It *is* rather droll."

"And his cravat!" observed Caroline.

"Tied so;" said Frank, laughing heartily.

"And his boots!" added Caroline.

"Large, and easy," said Frank. "All the better for the miles we walk, and the hills we climb. Still I do think he has large feet, as you say. And now I think of it, his figure altogether is rather clumsy. Is it not?"

"Not *rather*;" said Caroline. "I should say *very*. Aunt Harriet thinks there is something of the village apothecary about the cut of his clothes."

"Now you talk of it," observed Frank, "I do think there is. But never mind that, Carry. Do come with us. I do assure you we have capital fun."

"What *you* call fun, perhaps," said Caroline; "but for my part, I could never endure the society of that man. He seems to me to talk of nothing but strata."

"Oh, but he does, though," said her brother, hastily. "Indeed, he talks about everything, and he talks well too. He has told us all about the history of Ireland, the places where battles were fought, the old families, the rebellions, and all that—as if he had been an Irishman himself; and then he is quite an artist. You should see how he sketches! and he tells us about the fine arts."

"Perhaps he is a travelling artist himself, or a manufacturer of oil-paints, or something of that kind;" suggested Caroline, with a sleepy yawn.

"Well, now again," said her brother, "what odd things you put into one's head! for he was actually describing to James the other day, how the ancients managed their fresco painting, and when they found out the use of oils. How strange it is that I too begin to see Dr. Grant very differently from what I did! but he is a glorious fellow after all, and James won't hear a syllable against him."

Rather from weariness of her present situation, than from any desire to associate herself with such society, Caroline was brought at length to express a wish to accompany her brothers on a short tour through the county of Wicklow; and the weather being just then extremely favourable, Mrs. Bentley fell in with the wishes of her children, and the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Bentley, set out together. Even Aunt Harriet, having endeavoured in vain to persuade her sister and niece to remain in the city, was brought to a reluctant consent, though evidently indulging a secret determination not to join cordially in any of the enjoyments in which Dr. Grant held a prominent part. "Gentlemen," she said, "might associate in the way of business, or even science, with whom they would. Who knew but Dr. Grant might settle near them in England, and marry, and expect Mrs. Bentley and herself to call upon his wife? No, no, it might do for the boys; but Caroline and herself must be careful what they did."

Caroline thought so too; but somehow or other, she found herself listening day by day more to the conversation kept up between Dr. Grant and the boys, than to the chatterings of Aunt Harriet, whose

conversation seldom went beyond the cut of a coat, the price of a fashionable silk, or, at its widest range, the visiting circle to which any one was accustomed. All this might do very well in the drawing-room of a little country town, but even Caroline felt it to be a little out of place while gazing upon the bay of Dublin, so justly admired by all travellers; and, weary as one always is of being fastened down to an extremely small talker, when there are great things to be admired and thought about, Caroline more than once exclaimed—"Ah! if I had but my friend Ellen Manners beside me, I do think I could be happy!"

"And what in the world makes you otherwise than happy?" said James Bentley, who had very little patience with his sister's prejudices. "Do you see that glorious sight?—the sea rolling in at the foot of those gigantic rocks, the white sails of the little fishing-vessels sparkling here and there like the wings of sea-gulls, and that steamer dashing in as if she tore up the sea below?"

Caroline, in spite of herself, caught something of her brother's enthusiasm. It was impossible to help it, for she was young, and they were happy; but still whenever Dr. Grant took the lead in conversation, she

managed to show by signs, a little too plain to be consistent with kindness or good breeding, that she did not always think it worth her while to listen to what he had to say. Nor was this all. There is a manner of refusing kind and almost necessary assistance, by which the feelings even of a stranger may be wounded; and Dr. Grant, perceiving that Caroline would stumble over the roughest stones—nay, even run the risk of falling down a steep and slippery rock—rather than accept the guidance of his hand, soon ceased to offer her that attention which the nature of the path frequently rendered so desirable. By this means, she lost not only the benefit of his help where it was really needed, but the advantage of his conversation, which was still more important; while Dr. Grant, who had far too much to think about to trouble his head for more than a passing moment with the rudeness of a prejudiced and pettish girl, gladly offered his assistance to her mother; and not unfrequently Caroline found that she was left so far behind as to be entirely deprived of the amusement which was shared by the rest of the party.

How often is the loneliness, as well as the neglect, which young people feel so severely, entirely of their

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own choosing—the result of prejudice which closes their eyes to the merit of others, or of self-love which gives an undue importance to their own! There is no doubt but Caroline, little as she admired Dr. Grant, would have liked very well for him to have gone back to fetch her, when she staid behind; but he was not the kind of man to have done that, even if she had been older and more important. As it was, he most probably forgot her altogether. Indeed, all the party appeared to forget her, they were so intent at one time in collecting geological specimens to take home with them, at another in making sketches of the outlines of the distant mountains, at another in exploring the cottages of the poor, and always in seeing and hearing everything that was interesting around them.

The great inducement with Caroline to make this journey, was to see the celebrated Powerscourt Waterfall. She had never seen a waterfall of any kind, and she had great expectations of enjoyment from the sight of this. As they approached the scene of her eager anticipations, the great black rock over which the stream precipitates itself, was pointed out to her, and —"there—there is the waterfall!" was exclaimed by many voices at once.

"I see nothing," replied Caroline, "but a thin

creamy-looking line creeping down the side of the rock."

"That is the waterfall," replied Dr. Grant.

"That?" exclaimed Caroline, and she sunk back in the carriage, overwhelmed with disappointment.

"It will improve, I dare say," suggested Frank, "as we get nearer; and after all, I don't care so much for the waterfall itself, as for climbing up the steep rocks beside it."

In fact, the two boys were still buoyed up with hope, for they had commenced their journey with a wise determination to make the best of everything, and not to think of being disappointed, as James expressed it, until they found something that was "really a *take-in*." He might have found such things, had he travelled far enough.

On the present occasion, it was not so. The stream appeared to swell and widen as the travellers advanced, dashing here and there in its descent upon masses of black rock which threw the water off on either side, until at last it reached the boiling caldron into which it fell in one vast sheet of snowy foam, so dazzling, and yet so beautiful, that even Caroline exclaimed with ecstasy, she wanted nothing but her friend to make her happiness complete.

"And her Uncle?" said James, very saucily peeping over his sister's shoulder, and smiling in her face; but before she could reach him with the chastening slap on the cheek which was to correct his folly, he was gone, bounding like a deer over the green sward; for one great beauty of this waterfall, is the smooth green turf, and the shadowy trees amongst which it falls, and which, so strongly contrasted with the barren heights where it first commences its descent, present a picture of no common beauty.

There was something almost infectious to the heart of Caroline, in the joy with which her brothers anticipated scrambling up the side of the mountains before them; and though Dr. Grant strongly advised her not to attempt so difficult an exploit, yet, possibly for that very reason, she determined not to be left behind. How far she afterwards repented of her decision, no one except her friend Ellen Manners ever knew.

Had Caroline been encouraged to make this attempt by the hope of being through the day a distinguished person, she would have been grievously disappointed. She was the only lady of the party, her mother and aunt having more prudently determined to remain below; and poor Caroline soon found that she was

sadly out of place amongst those who were eager and intent upon seeing all that could be seen, and carrying back with them all the different specimens of plants and pebbles which would be likely to aid their future studies. In botany, as well as geology, Dr. Grant was an able assistant; and, pleased with the intelligence and earnestness of the two boys, he spared no pains to give them whatever information they desired.

Amongst Caroline's many prejudices, she entertained a very strong one against science in all its practical forms. She thought philosophy ought to grow up in the human mind of itself, and she almost persuaded herself that it did so with those persons who were really worthy of admiration—her friend's Uncle Granville, for instance. She felt perfectly sure that he never used those hard-sounding and repulsive words, so familiar to the lips of Dr. Grant, and for which she disliked him so much, and thought him so vulgar and commonplace.

On the day of their ramble amongst the mountains, Caroline was particularly struck with this disagreeable peculiarity in her brothers' friend. While she was breathless with fatigue, they were discussing the classification of a plant; and while she was exclaiming with terror at the rocks they were surmounting, and the

precipitous descent below, they were examining the nature of those rocks, and listening to descriptions of the situation in which they were generally found.

"I will never go with you again," said Caroline to her brothers that evening, "so long as Dr. Grant is of our party."

"I am afraid you will have but little chance of doing so," replied her brother James, "for I find he is expecting letters to-morrow which may render it necessary for him to leave us immediately, and then I don't care how soon we return home, for there will be no more good to be done here."

It was true as James had said. On the following day the expected letters came. Dr. Grant read them with much apparent interest, but made no remark upon their contents until he met the anxious and inquiring looks of his two young friends. He saw plainly what they were so much wishing to know, and slightly shook his head. James was really distressed, and poor Frank betrayed his more susceptible feelings by the weakness of a veritable tear. Caroline expressed her astonishment by a contemptuous curl of her upper lip.

"I should not have wondered at you so much," said she to Frank, after Dr. Grant had left the room, "if he

had any heart; but for a mere man of flints and pebbles, so much feeling is perfectly absurd."

"Oh, Caroline!" replied her brother, "you should not speak in that manner of one who has been so kind to us. You should have seen him on that unfortunate day when I sprained my ankle. He sat beside me, bathing it, until ten o'clock at night, and nothing could induce him to go out with James the next day, because he would not leave me alone at the inn."

"Probably he was tired," said Caroline, "and preferred avoiding any more fatigue."

"That could hardly be," replied Frank, "for he never spared himself if there was any place we wished to see. Nor was it to us alone that he was so kind. I do believe he walked three miles one day to see the poor sick mother of a little girl we found crying by the roadside. James and I thought she was only pretending; but he listened to her so patiently; and when she had led us to her mother's cottage—oh, Caroline! you never beheld such a scene of want and misery! If you could have heard the kind tones of his voice when he talked to the little girl and her mother, and the pains he took to mix the old woman some medicine for her fever, you would never say again he had no heart."

"I *thought* he was a village apothecary," exclaimed Caroline. "Aunt Harriet found him out at first."

"Well, all I can say," continued Frank, "is, that I never was half so sorry to part with any one in my life. And now we have but one day left, and then all will be over."

This one day was a more than usually pleasant one. The travellers spent it on the coast, amidst a wild and mountainous scene;—some in violent exercise, exploring lofty heights; others in wandering at the foot of the hills which they wanted strength or energy to climb. It happened once, towards the close of the day, that Caroline wandered along the shore almost alone with Dr. Grant, for her brothers sometimes scampered off and left them, and once they did not return until she found herself actually in conversation with the person whom she had thus far considered so repulsive. On the present occasion her companion was very grave; and, apparently occupied with his own thoughts, he sat down beside her on the rocky beach, while a smooth sea rolled up towards their feet, with a silvery line of foam to mark the edge of every wave.

Caroline did not much like her situation, seated so near to such a man, and she looked earnestly after her brothers.

"They will soon return," said Dr. Grant, in a voice unusually deep and serious. "And in the mean time we can watch yon distant vessel, and calculate upon where it can be going, upon what it bears along with it, or whether those who stand upon its deck are pleased or sorry to be borne away."

"Or," said Caroline, who appeared to have caught the same idea, "we can imagine with what feelings some are awaiting its arrival on a distant shore."

Her companion sighed deeply, and then looked earnestly into her face. "How came you to think of that?" said he.

"Ah!" replied Caroline, "I know such a sad, sad story of one who waited for an India ship, arriving with his wife and children."

"Who told you such a story?" asked Dr. Grant.

"My dearest friend, Ellen Manners," replied Caroline.

"What? my niece Ellen?" exclaimed her companion.

"And pray who are you?" asked Caroline, suddenly startled by his manner.

"My niece," he answered, "always calls me Uncle Granville, and not unfrequently her *dear* uncle, with many other flattering epithets, which it would not become me to repeat."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Caroline, her face covered with blushes.

"I do assure you it is the truth," replied Dr. Grant, with a smile a little more sarcastic than Caroline liked, playing upon his lips. "You thought Ellen's boasted uncle had been a very different person from me. Now tell me honestly, did you not?"

"I cannot tell you what I thought," said Caroline, "but now I know that I have been a very foolish girl, for I have allowed a silly prejudice to deprive me of the opportunity of enjoying your society, which I had expected, if I should ever have the privilege of meeting you, would be the greatest pleasure of my life. And

almost unnecessary to say, that Caroline Bentley never forgot the feelings which accompanied those *parting hours*.

THE HAPPY TRAVELLERS.

Oh the joys of early morning!
Purple light the hills adorning,
Beetling crag, and foaming spray,
'Mid the mountains far away.

Take the fashion, take the state,
Take the titles men call great,
Take the weary toils of life,
All its bustle, all its strife;
I'd not ask for gold or treasure,
Give me but the genial pleasure—
Give me but the power to stray
'Mid the mountains far away.

Hark! the merry bells are ringing;
Hark! the muleteers are singing;

Who on such a morn would sigh ?
Horses neighing,
Donkeys braying,
Gravest faces joy betraying,
Laughter pealing to the sky.
Riders mount who ne'er have ridden,
Beasts of burden ne'er bestridden—
Off with rattling hoofs they go,
Where the torrents foam and flow,
Down, a fearful depth below.

Upward straining, mounting, climbing,
Still the merry bells are chiming ;
Still the sound of waters falling
Mingle still with voices calling ;
Softly first, but louder now ;
As they gain that lofty brow
Wonder fills them,
Horror chills them ;
Guides are wanted here, I trow.

Hark ! the cry of timid maiden.
See the fall of donkey laden !
Guides are wanted—nearer—nearer—
O'er that fearful summit steer her—

Hold her mule one moment longer;
Now she feels her breath grow stronger.
Now the scene her soul amazes;
Now she pauses, thinks, and gazes;
Valleys sink, and mountains rise,
Far into the distant skies.
What a world beneath her lies!

Hark! the whip again is sounding;
See, the nimble guides are bounding.
Look! your altered course is now
Where the boiling torrents flow.
How they thunder,
Caverns under,
"Can we—must we—really go?"
Come then all, no time for doubting,
Bells are ringing, guides are shouting;
Like a gathering host to battle,
Downward now, they rush and rattle;
Down, where fountains foam and spatter,
Down the steep descent they clatter;
All must go, whate'er betide;
Strong or feeble, all must ride—
Fearful sister, cockney brother,
Laughing each to see the other.

Oh! what tales will some be telling
When they reach their native dwelling—
Tales to cheer a winter's day—
Of the mountains far away.

But the beauty of that scene,
Hid within the deep ravine!
And that depth, how cool and solemn!
Rocks with many a marble column,
Rising like some temple hoary,
Sacred fane of classic story.
Will the waters never cease?
Boiling—boiling,
Hurrying—toiling,—
Oh for but one hour of peace!

Peace? Thou child of want and folly;
Soon thy peace is melancholy;
Soon thy calm would fail to bless,
Thou wouldst call it loneliness.
Onward then, and cease to ponder—
Onward ever—yonder—yonder!
Round yon mountain's rugged peak—
Onward still, fresh joy to seek!

Such is life—a journey ever;
Home of peace! oh, never—never!
Therefore be, thou youthful rover,
Thankful when thy toils are over,
When the shades of night begin,
Thankful, if thou find an inn.

Morn, or evening—which is sweetest?
Which hath joys that fly the fleetest?
Which hath beauties deepest—strongest?
Which in memory lives the longest?

Now the crags, so wild and hoary,
Touched with day's departing glory,
Glowing in the sunset light,
Seem to smile a kind good-night.
Softening shadows o'er the mountain,
Hide the glistening of the fountain;
But the darker depths below
Lose not yet their wreaths of snow,
Marking where the pent-up tide
Foams in all its rage and pride.
Half the loftier peaks have faded,
Half by silvery clouds are shaded;

Nought but rushing streams are heard,
Not the wing of fluttering bird,
Nor the hum of wandering bee.
Oh! this evening-calm for me!
Happier far than morning's glee.
Patient herdsmen, tired with tending,
From the pastures homeward wending,
Drive their playful goats along.
Friends are meeting,
Lambs are bleating,
Milkmaids sing their evening song.
Ah! what pictures, pure and bright,
Rise upon the traveller's sight!
Visions fair at close of day,
'Mid the mountains far away.

Will they vanish? Never—never!
Beauty lives "a joy for ever."
Wintry winds may howl around us,
Scenes of sorrow oft surround us,
Care may canker, sickness sadden,
But remembrance still shall gladden,
Bringing back that morning's light,
Merry laugh, and sunshine bright,