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FIRESIDE TALES
FOR THE YOUNG.
By Mrs Ellis.

Young Thoughts.

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it may well be deemed altogether superfluous to offer a word in recommendation of a Volume of "FIRESIDE TALES," the title-page of which bears the name of MRS. ELLIS, the value of the present work may, perhaps, be enhanced in the estimation of "THE YOUNG," by the assurance, that its contents are selected *entirely* and *exclusively* from the various JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOKS, which, with a view to their social and "fireside" amusement and instruction, have, of late years, been annually presented to them by that lady; and which, among youthful readers, have been so eminently and deservedly popular.

Those young readers who have been accustomed to welcome "The Juvenile Scrap-Book," with each returning Christmas or New Year, as a familiar friend, will be glad to receive, in a collected and separate form, the best Articles which, from time to time, have appeared in that work; while, to others, the following Tales and Poems will have the additional charm of novelty.

The contents of the present volume will be found to have been selected with a special regard to variety, as well as to individual excellence. Of the papers which have reference to History and Geography it may be observed, that they are no less calculated to excite in the minds of the young the desire to obtain a fuller and more accurate knowledge of the subjects of which they treat, than to refresh the recollection of readers of more mature age, and more extensive information.

INTRODUCTION.

During the happy season of early youth, when the heart is light, and care and sorrow are, as yet, but as sounds without meaning, "it is sometimes," observes the writer of these attractive Tales, "from the very novelty of the occupation, quite a pleasure to be prevailed upon *to think.*"* Subjects worthy of thought are suggested in the following pages in rich variety, and with a benevolence of purpose and a felicity of style, which can scarcely fail to attract and interest the youthful mind. The plates, too, by which the volume is embellished, are numerous, and, in many instances, of a high order of excellence.

In a literary point of view, these "FIRESIDE TALES" will not detract from the well-merited reputation of the Author of "The Women of England;" while, as it respects their moral and religious tendency, they may be justly characterized as breathing "a spirit of hope and trust, of cheerfulness, contentment, and good-will."† Lively and attractive as they are, they are totally free from hurtful or dangerous excitement; and while they are sufficiently entertaining to rivet the attention of the young, they are sufficiently instructive to deserve a permanent place in the juvenile library. It may be hoped, too, that their beneficial influence upon the minds of their readers, whether as communicating positive knowledge, or moral and religious impressions, will be strengthened by the association of ideas which, in after-life, will connect them with the happy recollection of "FIRESIDE ENJOYMENT."‡

* See Preface to the Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1840.

† Preface to Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1848. ‡ Scrap-Book, 1842.

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FIRESIDE TALES

FOR THE YOUNG.

MARY LESLEY;

OR, THE FIRST FALSEHOOD.

MARY LESLEY was the only child of indulgent parents, who, if they erred in treating her too tenderly, were yet so scrupulous and faithful in all that belonged to her religious education, that she must have been perverse indeed, had they failed in their endeavours to make her a good girl. She was, consequently, what is generally called a very good girl; and everything went on in so orderly, quiet, and respectable a manner in her father's house, that she acquired a habit of thinking it was very easy to be good; and, besides, it was so respectable and so praiseworthy, that she could scarcely restrain her surprise and indignation, when she heard of any of her acquaintance being otherwise. Above all other things, she

very properly abhorred a falsehood, and thought that those young people must be wicked and depraved indeed, who could be tempted under any circumstances to tell one.

Whenever this happy and favoured girl felt inclined to have or to do anything that was new, she referred the question to her parents, who were so accustomed to say directly whether they thought it right or wrong, and, if right, to gratify her to the full extent of her wishes, that she had little difficulty in submitting to their decision, when her ideas would otherwise have differed from their own; and if on any occasion she had deviated from the plan of conduct approved by them, her confession of her fault was received with such cordial kindness, and rewarded by such quick and willing forgiveness, that as she grew up from childhood, she learned to wonder more and more how any one could be so wicked as to tell a falsehood. Idleness she thought might be forgiven, for she had some leanings to that particular fault herself; and carelessness, for even she found it more easy to forget than to remember what she ought; but to tell an untruth! she could not believe that anything except real badness of heart would induce any one to do that.

It happened one day, that as Mary Lesley sat in her father's garden, reading a very interesting book, she heard the sound of children's voices behind the hedge, and presently a stealthy step came along the bank beside the arbour where she was seated, and she saw the branches

of a plum-tree that hung over the hedge, and drooped down with the weight of its fine purple fruit, stirred very quickly, as if one after another of the tempting plums had been pulled off.

Indignant, as she always was at everything which she considered wicked and worthy of punishment, especially in children, she ran to the garden-gate; and a dog that had probably heard the rustling in the hedge as well as herself, ran along with her, barking furiously. Hastening with all speed to the spot, she found two little frightened children, who, feeling that they had done wrong, and dreading that judgment was coming upon them in the shape of that angry dog, had retreated from the garden hedge, and now stood trembling and holding fast by each other for help, on the side of the public road.

Their terror of the dog was so great, that they had scarcely time to gain confidence, when Mary asked them if they had not, like very wicked children, been stealing plums!

"No," said the oldest with great embarrassment; and the younger, accustomed to follow her sister's example, answered in the same way, but with more boldness, as if she thought herself quite safe in doing as her sister did.

"Oh, naughty children!" said Mary, "you are telling stories, and adding one sin to another. I will take you to my father and mother, and we shall hear what they

will say; for I see you belong to the Sunday-school, and that makes your case a great deal worse."

So saying, the young lady bade them follow her to the house, which they did very reluctantly, wishing, no doubt, all the way, as many have done under similar circumstances, that they had told the truth at first.

Mary Lesley was a good deal surprised to find that her mother, who was the chief manager of the Sunday-school where they attended, did not treat these children with the same kind of feeling she had expected her to exhibit, for she sat down and talked to them in a manner so kind and gentle, that they soon were induced to tell her the whole truth; but she did not send them away without having taken a great deal of pains to make them understand how one sin persisted in, will inevitably lead to another; after which, she opened the Bible, read to them the history of Ananias and Sapphira, and desired them to repeat the whole to her on the following Sunday.

This was all the punishment she inflicted upon them; and glad and grateful were their little hearts, as they turned away from the house, and strong were their resolutions, often repeated as they went home, never to take that good lady's plums, or to tell a story again as long as they lived.

"You have been very kind to those naughty children," said Mary Lesley to her mother, as soon as they were gone. "I am sure if I had done such horrible things,

as first to steal, and then to tell a falsehood, I should think I deserved punishment a great deal more severe."

"And so you unquestionably would," replied her mother. "At least, I should consider your fault as bearing no comparison with theirs, in its degree of culpability. These poor children have no mother, their father is a man of bad character, and they have been accustomed almost all their lives to hear him call evil good, and good evil. How then can you expect of them that they should be so quick to distinguish what is really right or wrong, as you, who have been carefully instructed from your cradle?"

"But, mother," observed Mary, "I cannot tell why any one should be so greedy as to take without leave what belongs to another; or why, if they had done so, they should not openly and freely confess it."

"Oh, Mary; you have a great deal to learn yet, of the nature and power of temptation. You, who can eat your father's peaches every day, can have little desire to steal your neighbour's plums; nor, happily for you, have you ever felt the terror to which these poor children are exposed. I have heard that their father beats them most cruelly whenever they displease him; and as they do know just enough to be aware that it is wrong to steal, they, no doubt, expected a beating, or, perhaps, a double beating from us, for having taken our plums. While, therefore, you shrink with horror from the sin itself, you must remember there are excuses, which it sometimes behoves

us to make, on the part of those who commit them; and in trying to do them good, allowance must be made accordingly."

"Yes, mother, and if we ever told stories ourselves, it would indeed become us to be lenient to others; but when we live in the same world, and find that we can do without saying what is not true, I think we surely are entitled to be very severe with them."

"You do not understand me, Mary, for I can scarcely say that you do live in the same world as those poor children. The same sun shines above you, and the same verdure blooms beneath; but how different are the feelings awakened in their minds and in yours!—how many things are subjects of dread to them, of which you have scarcely thought! and how much are they constantly desiring, which you perpetually enjoy. Think of these things, Mary, and while you study to avoid all that is evil, as hateful in the sight of God, remember that there is such an evil as spiritual pride, and that although you are not tempted to steal plums, and tell falsehoods, you may be strongly tempted to boast of your correctness of conduct, and to trust in your own strength."

It will readily be perceived that the goodness upon which Mary Lesley was beginning to pride herself, was not the right kind of goodness, because it was not meek and lowly, nor founded upon that charity which vaunteth not itself. Years, however, passed on, and she still bore

an irreproachable character; and no one knew, except her anxious and kind parents, that she was yet far from understanding her own heart, and knowing its real state.

Experience, however, taught her more than all their warnings, and all their lessons; for it happened, when she was about sixteen, that she had to pay a visit to her mother's aunt, who, though a well-meaning woman, was far from conciliatory in her manners to young people: perhaps, because, like Mary, she saw no reason why young people should have any faults, or why they should ever do wrong.

Mary found a great difference between dwelling with her parents, and dwelling with her aunt. Her father and mother had such good judgment, as well as good principles, that if ever, in the secret of her own heart, she disputed their opinion at first, the end of the matter in question so generally proved them to be right, that she had learned to trust them even where she did not fully understand their views. But her aunt was a woman of strong prejudices, of unbending temper, and of a haughty spirit, that would not brook the slightest contradiction to her will, from those whom she regarded as her inferiors.

Here then was a new scene for Mary, with new trials and temptations, such as she had never dreamed of before. Had her aunt been like her mother, she would often say to herself, there would have been no difficulty in submitting to her; but how could there be any breach of duty

in disobeying such a woman as her aunt? And to tell the truth of the old lady, she was sometimes a little unreasonable.

Still Mary thought it was safest and best to keep the peace, and, therefore, instead of letting her aunt know all that she did, she had recourse to many little tricks and contrivances, which she did not consider wrong, because they were, as she thought, quite different from actual falsehood.

Amongst other delinquencies, (for Mary was far from giving satisfaction to her aunt,) she renewed an intimacy with a young lady, who had been taught by the same governess as herself, and who, from the liveliness of her manners, but still more from the fact of wearing flowers in her bonnet, had fallen under the severe displeasure of the old lady.

The establishment of her aunt, however, was a very dull one; and Mary thought the command to give up this acquaintance so very unreasonable, that she still continued to meet her friend in their evening walks; and such was the imaginary interest arising out of these stolen interviews, that they were often prolonged to a later hour than at all accorded with the habits of the early and orderly household of her aunt.

We are not betraying any very important secret of Mary Lesley's, when we say that her friend had a cousin, that this cousin had a brother, and that her evening

rambles were often shared by two or three other companions, who, though by no means incorrect in their general character or conduct, formed altogether a romping, laughing party, such as she knew her aunt would have highly disapproved; and, therefore, on returning home in the evening, if she told the truth about where she had been, she was very far from telling the whole truth about what she had been doing, or who she had been with.

It happened one beautiful summer's evening, when this cheerful party were approaching the residence of Mary's aunt, and quite forgetting themselves, were talking very carelessly, that the old lady, having been tempted by the mildness of the evening to wander along a shady lane adjoining her garden, heard voices in the field, and along the path that led into the lane, which she thought very improperly loud, accompanied with laughter, which she considered highly unbecoming to any respectable young people in the open fields. Standing still to listen more attentively, what was her astonishment to see not only her niece jump over the stile into the lane, but at least four well-dressed females like herself, and after them a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to her.

At sight of the old lady, Mary's countenance changed, and her friends took the earliest opportunity to bid her good-night, leaving her to appear before her aunt alone.

There are few things that provoke so much angry feeling as when we feel, and are ready to confess, that we have

done a little wrong, to be treated as if we had done ten times worse; and Mary was not disposed to make much allowance for the indignation of her aunt, when she threatened to make her parents acquainted with what she called a course of conduct, as dangerous as it was at variance with all that was prudent and discreet. She was willing, however, as she said, to try her for a few weeks longer, in order that she might regain her character before she went home, and with this view, she strictly forbade her seeing any of the party with whom she had so improperly connected herself, or walking out without the attendance of her aunt's trusty servant.

Mary determined to be beforehand with her in writing to her parents, and telling the whole truth to them; and all might have been well, had she not also determined to write to her friend, for her spirit rebelled against the charge her aunt had laid upon her, not to speak to any of the party again; and if she could not actually speak to them, she was the more firmly resolved to converse with them in some other way.

This was Mary Lesley's first trial of what many have to meet with in the world, and she does not appear to have carried out that course of conduct in which she had prided herself at home, in a manner at all consistent with the character she maintained there. The fact was, her aunt was partly wrong, and partly right, and therefore Mary took the liberty of considering her wrong altogether.

In leaving her father's roof for a change of society and scene, she had expected, what many people had told her she would meet with, great temptations and great sins, and those in connection with persons making no profession of religion; but she was wholly ignorant of the fact, that some of our most dangerous temptations arise out of the ill-judged, but well-meant behaviour of those who really desire to do right, and that we are often in the worst state of mind ourselves, when we are indulging in the liberty to do what we call *only a little wrong.*

Mary Lesley wrote, as we have said, to her friend, giving a ludicrous but indignant description of the behaviour of her aunt; and this letter of course she sent privately, with directions how an answer might be privately returned. The answer came accordingly, written in the name of the whole party, by the young gentleman himself, who was extremely fond of a joke, and they had amongst them contrived to make so amusing a letter, that Mary read it many times over, to beguile the wearisomeness of her lonely hours.

It happened one night, when she thought her aunt had been sometime asleep in bed, that she took out this letter again, and was smiling over the closely-written page, when the door opened, by which her room communicated with the dressing-room of her aunt—and the lady herself stood beside her, before she had time to fold up the letter, or conceal it from her view.

"Is that a letter you have received to-day, Mary?"

"No, ma'am."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Indeed! The postman was not here—it is not his day. How did you receive it?"

"By a private hand."

"Is it from Miss Wilson?"

Mary was glad, for an instant, that it was written by another hand, because she was just able to say "no," to this question; but she soon found herself trembling all over, at the thought of what might follow.

"Who is it from, then?" was the next question.

"From a friend of mine," was the reply.

"From a lady?"

"Y-e'-es."

"Is that hand-writing the writing of a lady?"

"Yes!" said Mary, more boldly, for she felt as if she had plunged in, and could not be worse.

"I see you are not in a communicative mood," said her aunt. "I shall speak to you to-morrow about that letter, for it seems to me that the hand is a bold one—and I fear, Mary, you are a *very, very* naughty girl."

Mary sat a long time without moving. All the house was still, and everything in the room and about her was the same as before; but, oh! what a change had fallen upon her heart! What would she not have given at that

moment to have had the kind bosom of her mother to weep upon; and she did weep in true bitterness of soul, but no one soothed her distress. The last words of her aunt were still sounding in her ear, but her proud spirit no longer rebelled against them, for she felt their truth, and was humbled in the very dust. She had told a falsehood—the thing which her very soul abhorred. She had been guilty of a deliberate, wicked lie, for she had repeated it, knowing all the while it was false. At last she was made sensible of the strength of temptation, and the frailty of the human heart, and, in utter prostration of spirit, she fell upon her knees, and confessed that she was a sinner before God and man.

"I can never again," said she, "lift up my voice against my fellow-creatures, let them be ever so depraved;" and in this state of humiliation she met her aunt on the following morning, gave her a long and faithful history of her own conduct since she had been under her roof, both for and against herself, summing up all with the falsehood of the previous night.

This last page in her history was a very sad one, it is true, but her aunt was so struck with her evident sincerity, and with the meek and chastened temper she evinced, that she spoke to her more kindly than she had ever done before, and thinking her present state of mind might require some peculiar treatment, proposed to send her

back to her parents, which Mary agreed to, as the only prospect of obtaining peace of mind.

She had learned a great deal in three months' residence away from her father's roof, and she returned an altered character. She had fallen very low in her own esteem, but the kind soothing of her mother, accompanied by earnest and unceasing endeavours to point out the only foundation on which a weak and erring child may rest with hope of acceptance with God, restored her to the enjoyment of greater equanimity of mind.

Mary Lesley became again a cheerful inmate of her father's household, though she was never, from that time forward, heard to speak harshly of those who had done wrong, or of herself, as if she were holier than they.

YOUNG THOUGHTS.

Tell us, thou child of sweetness,
What are young thoughts to thee?
Are they not in their fleetness
Like sunbeams on the lea?
Are they not like the flowers
Thou gatherest in thy play,
Where the sparkling fountain pours
Its melody all day?

Are they not like the blending
Of odour and of bloom,
When spring's young buds are sending
Abroad their soft perfume?
Are they not like the shadows
Of clouds that quickly go
Across the purple meadows,
When southern breezes blow?

Tell us, thou gladsome rover,
Unwearied all day long,
Like the bee with beds of clover,
The blackbird with its song,

The lamb so lightly bounding,
The butterfly so gay,
What fairy lute is sounding
The music of thy play?

What find'st thou, child of gladness,
Mid those young thoughts of thine,
That scarce one tear of sadness
In thy soft eyes can shine?
Hast thou some hoarded treasure,
Or deeper mine of gold,
Or secret store of pleasure,
To mortal ear untold?

Yes, to thy cheek is swelling
The rosy tide of youth,
Its smile of radiance telling
Thy secret and its truth;
For gloomy fate can never
Thine after-life pervade,
If thou seest the sunshine ever,
Nor murmurest at the shade.

THE CHATEAU OF PAU.

A KING was born in that palace old,
  His cradle a tortoise-shell ;*
And tales of his frolicsome youth are told
  By the people who loved him well.

They say that a hunter's step he had
  When he chased the chamois wild ;
That his eye was bright, and his laugh was glad,
  As those of a peasant's child.

And lightly he ran through forest and glen,
  As light as the bounding deer ;
As full of joy as the woodlark, when
  It sings in the sky so clear.

* The stranger who visits the Château of Pau, is shown the very chamber where Henry IV., then the only child of the Queen of Navarre, first saw the light, on the 13th of December, 1553. From thence he is led to another apartment, where, arranged with a degree of gorgeous splendour, but little in keeping with the massive and venerable character of the château, is the cradle in which the infant monarch was nursed. It consists of one entire tortoise-shell ; and not the least remarkable part of its history, is the fact, that when, during the reign of terror, the furious populace rushed upon the palace, determined to destroy every vestige of royalty, it was secretly conveyed out of their reach, and its place supplied by the generosity of a gentleman of Pau, who happening to have one of the same kind amongst his collection of curiosities, suffered his own to be sacrificed, and afterwards restored the real treasure.

He wore the Bearnais bonnet of brown,
The sabot the shepherds wear,
He bathed in the Gave that comes roaring down
By the track of the mountain bear.

Rough were the paths where that young prince went,
Homely and plain his fare;
Yet perhaps it was seasoned with more content
Than the banquets of monarchs are.

I have walked in the steps he has often trod,
I have wandered where he has roved,
I have seen them point to the mountain-road
Which led to the friend he loved—

I have dwelt in the beautiful scenes that smile
Around his native glen;
I have gazed on the hills, and wondered the while,
If he ever was happy as then.

No; crowns bring trouble to those who wear
A diadem round their brows;
And gold and glory bring sorrow and care,
Which poverty seldom knows.

When first taken from the hands of his nurse, Henry IV., Prince of Navarre, was committed to the

care of Suzanne de Bourbon Busset, baroness de Miossens, a woman distinguished for her many virtues and high intelligence. In order to carry out with better effect the system of education which the queen had adopted for her son, he was sent with his governess to reside at the castle of Coarraze, near Nay; where the purest air, the simplest diet, and the most natural exercise, could be enjoyed, without the interruption of courtly visitors, or affairs of state. The directions of Jeanne d'Albret were, that the future monarch should be trained like a child of the mountaineers; and, faithful to her important trust, the baroness exercised over her pupil a discipline resembling that of a Spartan mother. He was treated like the children of the village, was clothed in the same dress, and partook of their enjoyments and their sports. His food was often the same dry bread; he wore the bonnet of the peasants, the same kind of woollen vest, trod the mountain paths with bare feet — fought not unfrequently with his little comrades—and excelled in many of their favourite games. For many years of his life he knew no other language than the patois of Béarn, and this knowledge contributed much in after life to endear him to the people of this country. It is said of him, that a bon-mot or a lively sally in his maternal language, was one of the most powerful means of influence he could employ over the young men whom he led to the conquest of Paris; and whom, by a happy repartee,

couched in their native tongue, he could beguile into forgetfulness of all their fatigues.

Situated a little higher than the hamlet of Coarraze, and about the distance of two leagues from the village, is still shown a house which the prince was accustomed frequently to visit. It was occupied by a family of labourers, of the name of Gestas, now extinct. When the young prince was obliged to quit Coarraze to return to the Château of Pau, he requested these friends of his infancy to inform him in what he could benefit them, or give them pleasure. They replied, with the true simplicity of peasants, that their only ambition was to be allowed *to pay their tithe in grain, and to preserve the straw.* What a happy ignorance is betrayed, by this reply, of what the world beyond their mountains had to offer!

It is recorded, that long after Henry quitted this castle, he was in the habit of returning to visit his friends the Gestas, and to follow the chase along the mountain-paths which he knew so well. In order to shorten the way, he was accustomed to trace a narrow path along the side of a hill, which still retains the name of the Road of Henry IV. Indeed, the same associations occur almost at every step the traveller takes, so fond are the people of the country of cherishing the remembrance of their 'good king.'*

* See Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

THE AMBITIOUS BOY.

RALPH MILBURN disliked nothing so much as to be made game of by his schoolfellows. He could bear to be reproved by the superiors of the school for doing what was wrong, though, upon the whole, his conduct was not much to be complained of; but to be laughed at, or put down, or even overlooked—these he could not bear.

Without inquiring whether Ralph Milburn differed materially from other boys and girls in this respect, we will go on to explain what means he adopted for avoiding the evils above described. Instead of being doubly careful never to do anything either foolish or wrong, it entered into his head that he would become great, that he would distinguish himself by some extraordinary conduct, follow the example of philosophers or heroes—he could not make up his mind which—and thus compel his fellow-creatures to regard him as *somebody* at least.

No sooner had this idea taken full possession of the mind of the ambitious boy, than it began to help him wonderfully through all the mortification and rough treatment usually belonging to the life of a schoolboy.

"They may treat me as familiarly as they like now," he used to say to himself, "but the time *will* come,"—and here he wisely stopped, for the exact line of distinction which he meant to follow, was not yet very clearly marked out. Still he hoped on, for he had had dawnings and glimpses of the same kind of thing ever since his childhood; and though he was far from standing first in the school as regarded his attainments, and was less industrious and persevering than most of his companions, he hoped on; and still secretly threatened, on every repeated instance of insult or neglect, that "the time *should* come!"

Full of these flattering anticipations, he often withdrew from the sports of the schoolboys, and, stealing away behind a thick yew hedge, would silently seat himself upon a flight of stone steps, which supported the pillars of the vestibule in front of the academy; and as this was a place almost unfrequented by the boys, he spent here many a solitary hour of pleasant musing upon vague plans and schemes for attaining future greatness.

Ralph Milburn was an amiable and kind-hearted boy, when not under the direct influence of wounded vanity, or insulted pride; and it is almost a wonder, that he did not blend together these two peculiarities of character, by planning how he might distinguish himself in the way of doing good to his fellow-creatures. As is too often the case with ambitious people, however, he thought only

W Green T Carter

of making himself great, and then, said he, "the good will come afterwards, for I shall have so much influence, that everybody will be glad to follow my example, and adopt my plans." Thus, then, he used to sit upon the stone steps on fine summer evenings, with a wide expanse of country spread before him, in which towns and villages were thickly scattered, with cultivated fields, and hamlets, and the humble cottages of the poor; without once coming to the conclusion, that it would be a great deal better to study how he could be useful in the world, than to calculate only upon the pleasure of being distinguished.

The ambitious boy might have had some share of reason in his calculations, had they led him to think of the good he might do his fellow-creatures, and especially the poor; for he was an orphan, and an only child, likely, at some future time, to be the possessor of considerable property. At an early age he had been taken under the care of a grandfather, in whose house he lived, and whose kindness of heart had induced him also to adopt another young relative, whose circumstances were different. Ralph and his cousin Mary, therefore, lived like brother and sister under the same roof. But Mary was a poor girl, and, very unlike her cousin Ralph, thought it a great deal better to be quiet, and happy, and little known, than to be talked about by all the world. On this point the two cousins never could agree, though on all others they were

excellent friends; and as Mary had rather a propensity to laugh when she thought anything ridiculous, the ambitious boy was almost as much annoyed at home as he was at school.

It happened one day, while turning over the books in his grandfather's library, that the eye of Ralph Milburn was attracted by an engraving representing a philosopher; and although there was nothing definite in this picture, as to the precise sphere of philosophy which the individual occupied, it seemed to fill the mind, and fire the imagination, of the ambitious boy, with a redoubled wish to look, and to be, like the illustrious personage here represented.

"There, Mary! what do you think of that?" said he, holding up the picture to his cousin.

"I think your philosopher a very fine fellow," replied Mary, after looking at it for some time.

"Fine fellow! what can you mean?" exclaimed Ralph, with indignation—"My opinion is, that he looks above all common people—in short, above the world."

"And so I suppose you intend trying to be like him," observed Mary, with a smile in one corner of her mouth, which Ralph Milburn never liked; but he soon forgot this in the interest of the subject, and went on to say more seriously—"I wish I could be like him, Mary—I only wish it were possible to be like him."

"Let me see," said Mary, speaking in the same serious

Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Engraved by W. [illegible]

The Philosopher

tone, though with that naughty smile still playing in the corner of her mouth, "I don't think it would be very difficult to be like him, if you were old enough, and had a black wig. You would want a great chair, to be sure, but perhaps grandpapa's would do; and I could fasten a counterpane up against the window, and get you a foot-stool, and"—

"Don't say another word!" exclaimed Ralph, now really angry. "I won't hear you, if you do. I will keep all my thoughts to myself. I have known pretty well what it was to bear being alone, and I can bear it again."

With this indignant speech, Ralph Milburn walked away; but he soon heard a gentle step coming after him, along the garden-walk, and before he had time to look round, his cousin Mary was again beside him, now really serious, and without the least propensity to smile apparent on her face.

Their conversation now turned upon other subjects, but Mary could not feel quite right, and therefore she was more silent than usual; she knew she had been wrong, for little good is ever done by directly turning into ridicule what other people are very serious about; and she knew also she had been unkind, because she had treated with contempt a subject which, whether right or wrong, lay very near her cousin's heart.

"I have been very thoughtless to you, Ralph," she began, "I fear I have been very rude."

"No, Mary; you have not been rude," he answered kindly, and promptly, "but I think you have been, and are often, more thoughtless than you ought to be, about things of consequence."

Mary shook her head, and sighed in acknowledgment of this assertion, for nothing could be more true; but when her cousin went on to explain what *he* meant by things of consequence, she had very nearly allowed that provoking smile to come again; for he spoke of it as a thing of the greatest consequence, to be talked about, and looked up to, for having paid attention only to great and uncommon things, though Mary could not help thinking it was better to try to do good, without being talked about at all.

From the time when Ralph Milburn happened to discover the picture of a philosopher, a new turn seemed to be given to his ambitious thoughts. He now wished to be studious, and sought out in his grandfather's library, what are called deep books; which were in reality a great deal too deep for him to understand. In fact he had begun in the wrong part of his ambitious career; and by reading difficult books before he was well acquainted with simple ones, he spent a great deal of time to no other purpose than that of confusing his ideas, and fancying words and sentences had different meanings from the true. Nor was this all. Philosophers did something more than read. They sometimes solved problems, but that was an

occupation he did not like. They sometimes turned their attention to science, but that, too, was troublesome. They sometimes studied the course of the heavenly bodies—Ah! that he thought he should like; and then of course they sat up at night—that also suited his taste, provided he might sleep the time out in the morning; and as to dressing in a costume, and looking different from other people, that he could do when he should be a man.

Again Ralph Milburn looked at the picture of the philosopher, and he looked at it so often, that he persuaded himself the illustrious individual it represented was himself a star-gazer; that the paper he held in his hand contained calculations upon the course of the planets; and that there could be no doubt but he sat up a great part, if not the whole, of the night. It was easy to imitate him in this respect, and as the nights were now mild and clear, Ralph sometimes threw open his window, and sat gazing on the stars, without, it must be acknowledged, growing much the wiser as to their relative position in the heavens.

There is something very attractive, to a contemplative mind, in the stillness of a summer's night, especially when the moon is shining; and Ralph Milburn looked so long upon the dewy grass, the deep shadows of the stately trees, and the dark and glossy ivy leaves, which hung in thick festoons over the adjoining wall, that he determined at last to make the experiment of leaving his bedroom by

a window, which communicated with this wall, and seating himself amongst the ivy boughs, to watch the stars to more advantage. In scrambling along, however, to gain this situation, he had to hold by the branches of a pear-tree nailed against the house; and as the building in this part was old and dilapidated, and the mortar loosened from the stones, he was very nearly being precipitated from his dangerous height, and only saved himself by laying fast hold of the ivy boughs, by which means he gained at last the top of the wall. Altogether there was a good deal of noise occasioned by the falling of pieces of stone and mortar, and the sudden rush by which he attained a place of safety. Ralph fancied for a moment he must have been heard, for there seemed to be whispering overhead; but as he had now passed the corner of the house, and could no longer be seen from the side on which his own room was situated, he felt perfectly easy about being discovered.

"Grandfather—grandfather!" said a low but earnest voice, close beside Mr. Milburn's pillow. "I think you had better get up. We believe there has been a man trying to get into the house."

"*Has been?*" exclaimed Mr. Milburn, starting up in some confusion, "what has become of him then, and where is he now?"

"Gone away, I have no doubt;" replied Mary, for it was she who had disturbed the old gentleman. "I have

no doubt but he has gone away faster than he came; for what do you think Betty and I did? We saw him so distinctly upon the wall, that Betty took a pail of water up into the attic, and we both together emptied it upon his head."

"Bravo!" exclaimed her grandfather. "That was cleverly done. That the fellow is gone now, there can be no doubt; but we must go and see what mischief he has done. You don't think he had really entered the house?"

"That is what I am afraid of," replied Mary, "and really now that the thing is done, I am in such a flutter! far more terrified than before we emptied the pail, though I dare say there is less real danger."

"Just like a woman!" murmured the old gentleman to himself, as he walked along the passage. "They must fancy they are afraid some time or other; and if by chance they happen to do the right thing at the right time, they are sure to make themselves silly about it in some way or other."

"But, grandpapa," interrupted Mary, "we did give him *such* a bath!"

By this time they had arrived at the door of Ralph's chamber, where the terrified Betty was standing; and, after knocking for some time, were at last admitted.

"Why dear me! you are dressed," exclaimed the old gentleman. "I suppose you have heard the noise as well

as these women. Your window is open, too. Perhaps you have seen the fellow escape. Which way did he run?"

"I don't know anything about any fellow," replied Ralph, rather sullenly.

"Have you heard nothing?" exclaimed Mary. "Oh, we have had such an affair! I am really in such a fright, I can hardly tell you; but come here! and I will show you where he was."

"I can look without your pulling me," said Ralph, as his cousin stretched out her eager hand to draw him towards that part of the window from whence he could best see the ivied wall.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mary, for she had forcibly laid her hand on his shoulder, "he is wet through, and through! What can be the matter with you, Ralph! I do believe it must have been you!"

"Oh dear," exclaimed Betty in her turn, "I might have got the water warm, and the night so chill. Whatever shall I do! but, indeed, I had not the least idea—not the least in the world. I am so sorry."

"I dare say you are," murmured Ralph, "and Mary seems to be sorry too."

He said this with some bitterness, for Mary had actually fallen into one of her uncontrollable fits of laughter; and sorry as she would at any other time have been to give pain to her cousin Ralph, the affair altogether presented itself to her in so ludicrous a point of view, that

the excitement occasioned by her fears assumed a different character, and she now laughed without restraint.

Mr. Milburn, of course, inquired seriously into the cause of this strange affair, and Ralph told him all without attempting to conceal anything, though he would much rather his cousin had not been present. A lecture followed very naturally upon the folly and impropriety of doing what was liable to occasion such disturbance and alarm. "It might have happened under such circumstances," said he, "that a man would have discharged a gun at the supposed housebreaker, instead of a pail of water."

"Oh! dear, yes," exclaimed Betty, who could not bear to think of what she had done, though from her own showing it might have been worse. "It was the greatest chance in the world that I took the pail of water instead of the whitewash, which the men had left beside it, for in my fright I cared little what it was."

It is not to be supposed that Mary laughed much less at this suggestion, but she had the good sense to retire to her own room, leaving her cousin to the care of Betty, who thought she could never do enough to atone for the unprecedented act of pouring a pail-full of water upon dear young Master Milburn.

Mr. Milburn, who was a remarkably kind old man, felt afraid on the following morning lest his grandson had suffered too severely for what had really been no crime. Nay, rather, he thought the object a praiseworthy one,

provided he took the right means to pursue it. "I have always been fond of astronomy myself," said he to Ralph, "and if you would really like to make it your study, we will begin to-day; but you must remember there will be a great deal of reading and thinking, to go through, before you can derive much benefit from gazing at the stars yourself."

Ralph did not like to tell his grandfather that his love of astronomy had all been washed away on the previous night, but he felt very much inclined to give up the study altogether, and when in the library, looking for the books which were necessary for commencing his labours, his heart was heavy, because he thought it would be very difficult to attain greatness in that line, especially after so humiliating a commencement.

Mr. Milburn soon discovered that his grandson had no real inclination for the task he had undertaken, and though he often gave him lectures which Ralph thought very dull and dry, upon the importance of adopting the right means before calculating upon the end, as he never knew exactly what the end really was, which his young relative had in view, his remarks were in a great measure thrown away.

With his cousin Mary, Ralph was less communicative than he had been before the affair of the shower-bath; for though he felt that no one understood him half so well as she did, there was so often that provoking smile about

her mouth, when he talked over his favourite schemes for future greatness, and she was evidently so tempted to make uncomfortable allusions to the dangerous consequence of star-gazing, that Ralph thought it better to have no confidant at all, in short to keep all his romantic ideas to himself, than subject them to the common-place remarks, and mischievous laughter, of his cousin Mary.

The evil was not done away with, however, in the mind of the ambitious boy. Not that it would have been an evil to wish to rise above others in what was really great, and especially in what was good; but to desire to be great without taking the necessary pains to be wise, has ever been one of the most dangerous errors into which the vanity of human beings has betrayed them.

On returning to school, then, Ralph Milburn returned to his old habits of thinking, and scheming. He still hated ridicule, and shrunk from neglect as much, if not more, than before; and heartily glad he often felt that the tale of the pail of water had never reached the ears of his schoolfellows. "But never mind if they do hear it," he would sometimes say to himself, "the day *will* come when they will acknowledge that I am *somebody*."

The following summer, when the holidays came round again, Ralph Milburn had conceived a very different project from that of being a philosopher. The idea had taken possession of his mind that he would distinguish himself by his knowledge of different countries, by his exploits

as a traveller, and by the wonderful stories he should bring home to astonish the ignorant, and interest the wise. He had been reading Mungo Park's travels in the interior of Africa, and a plate representing a bold adventurer mounted on a wild horse, with a spear in his hand, forcibly arrested his attention, and again fired his imagination with an ambition to risk the dangers, and win the glories, of a similar career.

"I don't think I should much like that tall giraffe looking out at me from the jungle," said he, as he gazed on the picture; "but very likely that belongs only to travellers' tales, and I could put it in after I came home, by saying, when everybody was listening to me, 'Suppose, now, a giraffe looked out upon you in such a place, what would you do?'"

In this manner does a foolish ambition often lead people on to make more of what has happened to themselves, than a strict regard for truth would permit; and such is the love of distinction in many minds, that they cannot tell a common story about themselves, without giving it an exaggerated colouring, if not an entirely different character from what truth would dictate.

It was the custom, with Ralph Milburn's grandfather, to make him a summer and winter allowance of money to spend upon his own pleasures, when he came home for the holidays; and though the sum was not very large, Ralph thought, if his grandfather would only double it,

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by the addition of his winter allowance, it would be all the same in the end, and would afford him the means of putting in execution a scheme, which had lately taken entire possession of his mind.

"But what will you do when the winter comes, and you have no money?" asked his cousin Mary, for to her his schemes were always confided.

"I shall be on the high road to greatness, and shall not care for it then," was the answer Ralph would have made, had he spoken the genuine language of his heart; but the odd little smile had begun to appear about the corner of Mary's mouth, and he kept his thoughts to himself. Still he was not to be convinced, by any reasoning of hers, that his scheme had better be deferred until he should be older, more his own master, and possessed of competent means to ensure the benefits he sought.

Mary reminded her cousin, too, that their grandfather had also *his* schemes; that she knew he had been intending, on purpose to please Ralph, who talked of being an architect, to have a village-school planned out, and begun during the summer holidays; and for Ralph to absent himself at such a time, would place him under the twofold disadvantage of losing an excellent opportunity for improvement, and of disobliging the best friend he had in the world.

To these arguments the ambitious boy answered very contemptuously, for his architectural fit had so entirely

gone off, that he cared no more for a school-house, than he did for a rabbit-warren; and he consequently did little else than expatiate upon the delights of his anticipated tour, which was to be made on foot through the lake-district, in company with one of the young gentlemen who gave lessons in the school, and who, like himself, had not much money at his command.

Mary could not at all understand how a journey to the English Lakes should satisfy a desire excited by reading descriptions of the interior of Africa; but her cousin explained to her, that it would be a beginning, that people would see what he could do, that he believed there were very high hills and great lakes even in Cumberland and Westmoreland; and—but the fact was, it was all he *could* do under present circumstances, and therefore just so much better than nothing.

With a great deal of difficulty, Ralph at last obtained his grandfather's permission to make this eagerly anticipated tour. The good old gentleman knew it would be a waste of money, of time, and perhaps of health: he knew also that for the last half year he had been pleasing himself with the idea of how much pleasure and instruction Ralph would derive from the building of the school, which was to take place under his eye, and respecting which, he had offered a handsome premium for the best plan, secretly hoping that the successful candidate would be his own grandson. These hopes, however, were all defeated

by the eagerness of Ralph to carry out what he considered just now as a far more interesting, as well as manly project. To every argument about waste of money he answered impatiently, that it would cost a mere nothing, as he should travel on foot. When told that it would be waste of time until he was older, and better able to derive benefit from what he saw, he answered still more indignantly, that he considered it the best possible use he could make of the time upon his hands, in fact, quite making hay while the sun shone; while, to all that was said about health, he turned a deaf ear, or, what was worse, an extremely scornful one.

So at last, as the companion with whom Ralph had promised to go was a highly respectable man, it was agreed that the young adventurer should set out on his journey; and though old Mr. Milburn knew that it would be a great help to him in his undertaking, to pay for his travelling by coach for the first few stages, he deemed it best, his grandson having chosen to act in contradiction to the advice of his friends, to allow him to feel by experience all the consequences of the choice he had made.

On a fine hot midsummer morning, then, the young traveller rose at five o'clock, almost hoping his cousin Mary would not be up, to prepare him his breakfast; though, on second thoughts, he wished she might, for on looking out, he saw the fresh dew was still heavy on the grass, and that the deep shadows in the avenue looked

cool and inviting. Nay, he almost wished Mary was going too, for it seemed rather lonely setting out by himself, to walk at least ten miles to the place where he was to meet his companion.

Mary would have been sorry indeed not to have prepared Ralph's breakfast, for though far from approving of his exploit, she had done all in her power to render it more easy, by supplying anything she thought he could possibly want on the journey. Here, however, she had committed a blunder to which kind-hearted persons are very liable—she had provided so much, that the obliged person would almost rather have suffered hunger, and walked barefoot, than have carried the monstrous knapsack she had prepared, with a basket, "just a small basket," she said, "to carry on his arm, because the bottle would not go into the knapsack, on account of the shoes and the rais'd-pie."

"What basket? what bottle? what rais'd-pie?" exclaimed Ralph, indignantly; for the importance of a travelled man was already upon him, and he was too dignified to laugh; though the excessive size and roundness of his bursting knapsack, to which Pilgrim's bundle on his back was a mere trifle, might under other circumstances have called forth a smile—"What shoes?" he continued, tearing out the contents, and scattering the whole upon the floor. "Do you think I am a pedlar, to carry all these? One shirt, I have told you again and

again, is all I want; and the knapsack should hang flat to the back, as you see it now;" upon which, the young hero turned round before the looking-glass, and thought he should do very well.

"And not the chicken?" asked Mary meekly, "nor the tongue?"

"Chicken, and tongue, and rais'd-pie!" exclaimed Ralph, with the utmost contempt; "what ideas you have about travelling!"

"At least there is one thing you must take," said Mary, snatching with alacrity a little packet from the floor.

"What is that?" asked Ralph.

"A huswife;" replied Mary, "with needles, and all sorts of thread, and"—she might have gone on to describe the treasures of the huswife, had not the ineffable scorn depicted on her cousin's face convinced her, that the less she said on such a subject the better; though, not until they had begun their breakfast, did he condescend to notice it, by just murmuring, with half-closed lips — "needles, and thread, indeed!"

"Yes, needles and thread," replied Mary, plucking up a little spirit; "they are no trouble to carry, and you know buttons will come off sometimes, as I can testify; and you may not be able to get them set on again without paying for it. You must remember, *I* shall not be with you."

"I wish you were going to be with me," said Ralph, for the warm coffee and excellent breakfast had improved his temper.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mary, trying to laugh, "I am sure *I* don't." And yet when she walked out with Ralph down the avenue, and along the adjoining grass-field, when she smelt the sweet perfume of the honeysuckle in the hedges, and heard the merry birds singing overhead as if they too were keeping holiday, she could not resist that natural instinct which makes all young, happy, and healthy people, think it must be pleasant to be going somewhere, and to the very young it scarcely matters *where*, in such weather.

"You will take care of my dog," said Ralph, as they drew near the stile at which they were to part; and Mary immediately took up the dog in her arms, and held it closely to her breast. "You will like my little huswife after all," she said in return; and Ralph, without any farther symptoms of contempt, put the little packet in his knapsack, and, after an affectionate and cordial farewell, trudged on along the high-road.

Mary stood for a long time looking over the stile with the dog in her arms, for it was eager to follow its young master; and perhaps she *did* wish then that she was her cousin's companion on his adventurous journey, for Mary liked adventure as well as he did, only her parents had been poor; and she had learned in early childhood to

deny herself everything which they thought unreasonable, so that self-denial was now no hardship to her. She therefore walked back again through the avenue with her accustomed smiling face, and met her grandfather at his breakfast, quite prepared to make the best of everything which had occurred, or which was likely to occur, in connection with this walking tour.

A walking tour is often a very pleasant thing amongst mountain-wilds, and magnificent scenery: but upon a much frequented English high-road!—We will spare the ambitious boy the mortification of describing how hot that summer's day became, how long the way appeared before he met his friend, how his shoes filled with gravel, how the strap of his knapsack hurt his neck—what would it have done had all Mary's provisions been there!—and how all the horses and carriages which passed, seemed to flounder and kick up the greatest quantity of dust exactly when they were in a line with the tired and heated traveller.

The first thing people do under such circumstances, is, generally, to begin to look whether the carriages which pass are full or empty; and to form conclusions not always very amiably, as to whether their occupants would not be quite as much in their proper place walking on the public highway, and allowing the foot-passenger to ride in their stead. Ralph did this again, and again; but it was of no use. No kind gentleman or benevolent lady

invited him to make the exchange; and by the time he reached the appointed place of meeting, he had the mortification of finding that he had not only kept his companion waiting half an hour, but that his feet were so blistered he absolutely could not walk any farther that day.

"This is a bad beginning," said his companion, not in the best humour, for to him time and money were both valuable, and fatigue was nothing in comparison with the object he had in view; he therefore asked, not in the most conciliating manner, what Ralph intended to do?

"I intend to have something to eat and drink," said Ralph, "and to get my shoes off, and then I will tell you."

"I beg your pardon," replied the young man, "we must decide first. Whatever *you* do, *I* must be at Buxton to-night. To-morrow I commence my geological researches; and if you will look again at our plan of route, you will see that the deviation of a single day will make a very material difference in the end, and occasion incalculable waste of time." So saying, he unfolded a large paper, in which their journey was marked out with as much exactness as if had been a county map.

"To Buxton to-night?" exclaimed Ralph, with a rueful countenance, in vain endeavouring to put on his shoes, after he had sat without them half an hour. "That is quite out of the question for me, at any rate."

"Then I am afraid," said his companion, taking out his

watch, "I am very much afraid I must go without you. Let me see; the Buxton coach passes this way: suppose you were to follow me to-morrow?"

Ralph had tried to get his shoes on, (they were new ones!) until he had made up his mind that no misery could be so great, as walking ten more miles that night; so he reluctantly consented to be left alone at the inn, and to follow by the Buxton coach the next day. All this, it is true, would cost money, but there was no alternative. He could not walk, and his fellow-traveller could not wait.

To have spent so much of his time in a woodman's cottage, or even in a bandit's cave, or to have been disabled by some extraordinary adventure, would have commended itself, in some degree, to the mind of the ambitious boy; but to be arrested in his manly career at a little way-side public-house, by nothing more or less than new shoes, was far enough, he thought to himself, from the path of distinction; which, however, he still hoped to attain.

So great had been the disappointment of Ralph Milburn in accomplishing the first stage of his journey, and so entire his conviction of the impossibility of performing the whole of it on foot, that on meeting his fellow-traveller they entered into very serious calculations as to the desirableness of performing the intermediate stages to the lake-district by coach. Of course the geologist had his objections, on the score of expense; and as he felt himself

fully equal to the fatigue of walking, he did not see the justice of his being thus compelled to deviate from their original agreement. These ideas were very frankly communicated to Ralph, who, half piqued at being looked upon as an incumbrance to the movements of a stronger party, and more than half convinced there was reason in what his friend alleged, proposed, perhaps without sufficient consideration, to pay the whole expense of coach-fare for both; an offer which, though it occasioned some hesitation, was at last accepted, because it was well known that the Milburns were wealthy people; and because the young man, in accepting this offer, knew that an application to the grandfather on their return would set all things right.

Imagine the ambitious boy, then, whirling through a cloud of dust on the top of the Keswick coach, with his companion by his side; in reference to whom, he felt a proud conviction that he was an obliged person, and that he himself had conferred the obligation. There was something almost great, he persuaded himself, in this, and Ralph began to look up.

Imagine him then, in the next place, sailing in a boat upon the beautiful lake of Derwentwater, listening to the echoes, which from one part of the shore are repeated seven times, and occasionally gazing around him upon those picturesque and lovely hills, which form so suitable a boundary to this noble sheet of water.

Amongst these the rocky height called Eagle Crag is one of the most conspicuous; nor is it less interesting to the juvenile enterpriser, from the fact of deriving its name from the number of eagles which build their nests amongst its almost inaccessible crags.

The waterfall of Lowdore, however, had been fixed upon in the mind of the ambitious boy, as the scene of his most elevated sensations; and to this spot he directed his most ardent search. In vain he had been warned at different times not to separate himself from his companions, and especially to follow in the track pointed out by their experienced guide. "Greatness," Ralph said to himself, "was generally attained alone;" and therefore he struck off by himself, and began to climb the most difficult side of the waterfall, entertaining not the smallest doubt that he should attain the summit of the rocky height from which it descends by a path upon which few would dare to venture. But Ralph was neither accustomed to climbing, nor possessed of the necessary bodily strength. Besides which, he had never seen so stupendous a waterfall before, and the splash of its white foam, as it dashed from rock to rock, and the thundering noise above and below, with the startling and tremendous leaps which the water seemed to make from one precipice to another, altogether confused the young traveller to such a degree, that he became literally terrified, he scarcely knew why; and would gladly have given the last

few shillings in his purse (for alas! it was come to that!) to have had beside him a trusty guide. In vain he called to his companions. His voice was but as the chirping of a sparrow amidst all that roar, and strife, and tumult. In vain he attempted a return. When he looked down, the abyss of boiling waters was so frightful, that he scrambled on again after every attempt with fresh alacrity, as if to escape from some pursuing enemy.

But what can be the matter now? Poor Ralph has trod upon a piece of loose shingle—he catches at the branch of a withered tree, it snaps asunder, and down he goes!—not quite into the bed of the stream, but so near it, that he stops to breathe, and to assure himself that he is alive, before he dare even stand upon his feet again.

But what can be the matter still? that he does not hasten away from his perilous situation? that he stands so long upon the flat rock beside the water, looking round and round, and then feeling whether his clothes will actually hang on? Alas, for the dignity of the ambitious boy, that cruel and mischievous tumble has raised up a new enemy—a rent in his garments, which can only be settled between him and a tailor at Keswick, and then there will be the bill to pay!

As not unfrequently happens, the last enemy took possession of the field previously occupied by another; and Ralph, now more indifferent to the terrors of the foaming water, could clearly see that the way down

again would not be so difficult as he had apprehended. He therefore determined to descend, and soon found himself seated on a green bank beneath the shade of a tree, with the waterfall directly before him. It was in reality a most enchanting situation, but Ralph was too much occupied to observe it, bemoaning his own folly in not having brought the needles and thread with which his cousin would have provided him; for he had entirely forgotten the fact of having accepted her treasure as a parting gift.

"Oh!" said he, in a perfect agony, for his case was really a desperate one, "if I had but a needle and thread!" and he actually plucked a long piece of dry grass from the ground, wondering whether he could not bore holes, and draw it through. All his attempts failing, however, he gave himself up to despair: for even if he should walk into the town of Keswick the spectacle he now was, how was he to defray the expensive tailor's bill, which he knew would be incurred. It was not the least part of his distress, that his money was now nearly expended; and that, after paying the coach-fare of his companion and himself, which he had done at the coach-office with a good deal of swagger, that he should now be under the necessity of borrowing, for the rest of the journey, of the very person who had witnessed so many of his assurances that the payment for both would occasion him no inconvenience whatever.

As these mortifying reflections passed through his mind, each time with unabated poignancy, Ralph determined to examine again every pocket, and every nook, to see if a morsel of string could not be found; when, lo! to his inexpressible delight, the actual little huswife, and all the strong thread, both white and black! How could Mary have been so thoughtful as to put black? With busy fingers he now sought out the largest needle. Perhaps there was one larger still in the pocket of the huswife. "Whatever can Mary have put here? Actually a five-pound note!" And seldom, it may fairly be imagined, has the discovery of an equal sum conveyed for the moment more real satisfaction.

Ralph Milburn was thus enabled to return home, if not actually great, at least more respectably, than he would have done with his ragged clothes, or even with borrowed money; and having learned in his little tour some lessons of useful experience, he felt less sense of self-importance than he had done on setting out. The school-house, he found on reaching home, was begun. Many plans had been submitted to his grandfather's judgment; and the successful candidate, who gained the prize, was the son of a poor carpenter in the village, a youth, who, from his steady conduct, industry, and right application of talent, was already on the high-road to greatness.

PARTIES OF PLEASURE.

WHAT *is* a party of pleasure? That all parties are made up with a *view* to pleasure, might be very reasonably supposed, did we not sometimes hear the complaints that are made beforehand, both by those who have to provide entertainment for their guests, and by those who partake of such entertainment. Parties given at home, judging from the manner in which they are spoken of, may therefore be generally considered as parties of duty—parties that must be given, in order to keep up some acquaintance, to maintain some appearance, or in some other way to answer a particular end, which is not always a very pleasant one, however important it may be considered by those whom it most concerns.

A party of pleasure then, strictly considered as such, is most frequently something out of the ordinary line of duty—something undertaken for the express purpose of giving pleasure, and that not to one individual only, but sometimes to a great many. A party of duty, if not altogether agreeable, might perhaps answer the purpose for which it was intended; but a party of pleasure, if by any chance it should fail in enjoyment, might become a

very pitiful affair indeed. Nay, worse than that—it might become actually a party of pain, and the numbers collected together for the purpose of being happy, might increase each others unhappiness to an amazing extent.

"But how should that be?" exclaimed a young lover of pleasure who listened to the foregoing sentence, "unless there came a rainy day, or something of that kind; and even then a party might have capital fun, if they were all of the same mind."

"Ah! now," said his mother, "you have hit upon the right idea. It is this being *all of one mind* which makes in reality a party of pleasure. I have known the best party spoiled by one wanting to go one way, and one another, and so on, each thinking they knew best, and thinking differently from the rest. In this manner the time has been wasted, while servants and carriages were kept waiting, and sharp words and angry looks took the place of what ought to have been good-humour, and general enjoyment."

"Then you think," said Henry Gray, the inquiring boy who had just spoken, "that in parties of pleasure, one person ought to take the lead, and direct everything."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Gray, "if that person is one not only capable of judging how far the undertaking is practicable, and likely to give pleasure, but also of entering into other people's feelings, so far as to understand what will please them."

'Ah! that is the part I should like!" exclaimed Henry, jumping from his seat, and clapping his hands. "If only Papa would leave all that to me, when we go into Derbyshire, how I should like it!"

Mrs. Gray laughed heartily at the fancied capabilities of her boy; and by way of convincing him of the difficult task he appeared so willing to undertake, she asked him in the first place, how he would manage to please his Aunt Fletcher, a lady remarkable for her habit of converting molehills of inconvenience into mountains of impossibility.

"Oh, never mind Aunt Fletcher;" replied Henry. "Nobody can please her. I should never attempt that."

"And your cousin Charles," said Mrs. Gray, "over whom she exercises all the care of a mother. How do you think he would be made happy under your direction?"

"Charles is a very odd fellow," replied Henry, looking as if he could have said more, had he chosen. "I don't think I should trouble myself much about him either."

"And your sister?" asked Mrs. Gray, "you know she is so delicate, and cannot bear much fatigue."

"What, little Jessy?" exclaimed Henry, laughing at the idea of her being consulted at all. "Jessy might be left behind at the hotels. She would be sure to find somebody to be kind to her."

"You have still your father and me to dispose of," said Mrs. Gray.

"I should have no difficult with you, at any rate," said Henry. "You would stay with Jessy when you were tired, and at other times I dare say you would like to go with me. As for Papa, you know if he once agreed to let me rule the party, he would submit to all that I wished if it was but reasonable, and therefore he would let me do everything I liked, and perhaps take his own course—call upon some old friend, or study geology when I took a day's fishing."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Gray, again laughing, "that your *party* of pleasure has dwindled down, even in idea, to pleasure for *one*, with the rest taking their chance. But as you are not very likely to be entrusted with the office of director, I will not alarm myself too much about the consequences of your mistake."

"Mistake! do you call it?" asked Henry, looking very much surprised, "I am sure I know what pleasure is, if anybody does."

"Your own pleasure, perhaps," replied his mother; "but we were speaking of *parties* of pleasure, in which many different characters, with their various tastes and inclinations, have to be taken into account."

"But one cannot please everybody," observed Henry, very naturally.

"No," replied his mother. "But having collected a number of persons together for an express purpose, the next thing to be considered, is, how to meet their dif-

ferent views as nearly as possible. Suppose, for instance, two delicate persons travelling in a carriage together, one distressed by heat, and the other by cold. The contest ought not to be, which of these two shall have their entire wish about the windows of the carriage being all up, or all down; but which shall give up most to the other, by which means, they will arrive at a medium course, and thus adjust the matter in the fairest manner, by having half the windows closed, and half open.

"It is precisely the same with regard to parties of pleasure, for enjoyment admits of calculation as well as other things. Where a number of persons meet together for the express purpose of enjoying themselves, that course will always be found the best to pursue, which affords the greatest amount of pleasure to all, not even leaving out the unreasonable and capricious, for if they are not to be pleased as well as others, why are they invited?

"These remarks, however, apply only to persons who have the general arrangement of parties of pleasure. After doing the best we can, there may still be some unfortunate marplot of the party—some selfish girl, or wayward boy—or, not to be too severe upon the juvenile class, some fanciful lady, or arbitrary gentleman, who may spoil the pleasure of the whole."

"Yes, and I am sadly afraid about Aunt Fletcher," observed Henry, shaking his head with a very knowing

look, as if he understood all about it. "But we shall soon see," he added, "for to-morrow—to-morrow we go!" And he flew into the garden, where he found his sister Jessy, and snatching her by the arm without a moment's warning, wheeled her round, and then made her run over the lawn with him until the fever of his anticipations had in some measure exhausted itself.

A few days after this conversation had taken place, the happy party were on their way into Derbyshire, to visit some of the most remarkable scenes in that interesting county. Their first halting-place was at the house of a friend of Mrs. Gray's, where Henry and his sister were neither of them quite sufficiently at home to exhibit their peculiar views of what properly belongs to a party of pleasure, though Henry often thought, in the secret of his own mind, that his mother had been both too strict, and too calculating, in her definition. "Pleasure," he said to himself, "should be something that arises on the occasion, that cannot properly be prepared for beforehand. To enjoy oneself thoroughly, is to do exactly as one likes." Nor, in this respect, was Henry's definition very different from that which would be given by many older persons than himself.

An opportunity soon occurred for the young traveller to bring his opinions on this subject to the test. The friend of Mr. Gray had at that time more than one party staying in his house. The weather was delightful, and the scenery

A Party of Pleasure

around much celebrated for its beauty; particularly one romantic valley, or cleft amongst the neighbouring hills, the frequent resort of visitors who usually took with them provisions for the day; and, dispersed amongst the rocks and hanging woods, or along the banks of a picturesque stream, pursued their different tastes, some preferring to explore the surrounding crags, and others to repose in the soft green valley, listening to the murmur of the brook as it mingled with the song of birds.

Henry was soon lost to the rest of the party, but his disappearance had occasioned little observation, until he came running back with breathless earnestness, to persuade his mother and sister to accompany him along a delightful path which he had found—so delightful, indeed, that nothing else was to be compared with it, nor worth looking at in fact. "So come away," said he, "for I have seen such a view! just what you like, Mamma; far away along the valley, where the stream winds like a serpent, and other valleys branch out, and hills beyond hills—Oh, such a view!"

Mrs. Gray, who was naturally rather enterprising like her son, felt half-tempted to go with him; but looking at her daughter's pale cheeks, and slender frame, she answered—"It will be too difficult for Jessy, I am sure, and I should not like to leave her behind."

"Too difficult!" exclaimed Henry. "It is close by"—

for boys can sometimes measure distances according to their wishes.

"And not difficult?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Not in the least," replied her son.

Mrs. Gray was just preparing to accompany her son, but again stopped to inquire more earnestly about the way, reminding him that it was not exactly as if they were at home, but that torn dresses and disfigured bonnets, might be a serious inconvenience under present circumstances.

"I do assure you," replied Henry, "there is nothing of the kind to fear."

"And you *know* the way?" asked his mother.

"Oh! trust me for that;" he replied again, looking rather taller than before, and turning round, and walking on with the air of a person whose guidance might be relied upon all the world over.

For some time there was really no difficulty beyond a gradual ascent, which however proved sufficiently trying to poor Jessy's strength. But soon a considerable height was gained, and then a sheep-track became their path, Henry leading on with unabated self-complacency, sometimes encouraging Jessy by the offer of his hand, and then politely disengaging his mother's scarf from the bushes by their side. And still the way was pleasant, and Henry never doubted its being the same as he had

trod before. At last, however, he stopped suddenly to take a general view, but only, as he said, "to admire the scenery."

"It does not seem to me so very beautiful yet;" said Jessy, panting for breath, and gathering more closely round her the flounces of her muslin frock; "but I suppose the view will burst upon us all at once."

"It seems to me that we are getting deeper and deeper amongst the tangled brushwood," observed Mrs. Gray.

"Wait one moment," said Henry, evidently a little disconcerted, and he scrambled up the side of a steep crag which hung above them. Here he looked around him with considerable anxiety depicted on his countenance, but soon came down again exclaiming, "I see exactly where we are. I have deviated a little from the path, but it is all the same. We are in the right line, only follow me."

Not knowing what else to do, Mrs. Gray and Jessy went on, though without that perfect satisfaction in their own minds, which is a desirable, if not an absolutely *necessary* accompaniment to a party of pleasure. At present, however, they had enough to do to keep clear of the briars and bushes on either side, which seemed to grow thicker and thicker, so as almost to obscure the path; and had not Henry manfully made way before them, and resolutely assured them that it was so, they would sometimes have doubted whether there really was a path at all.

"I am very much fatigued, Mamma," said Jessy, after a while, in a more than usually mournful voice.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Gray; "but what is to be done?"

"We shall soon be out of this entanglement," said Henry, spreading out his arms to make a passage, and breaking off the boughs on either side.

"We are losing sight of the valley;" observed Mrs. Gray.

"Here it is, here it is;" exclaimed Henry; and there, in very truth it was, down a precipitous descent at a great depth below them; but as to path, there was none, only a wilderness of brushwood all around, and trees towering up from the side of the hill, through the tall stems of which they could now and then discover the party they had left far down below.

"You do not mean that we should descend this frightful place!" exclaimed Jessy; and she grew pale at the thought.

"And the view?" asked Mrs. Gray. "I see nothing but this wilderness, with little glimpses of the very spot we were in before."

"Once for all," said Henry, looking rather abashed as he made the confession, "I must own that this is not the path of which I spoke, though I felt sure at the time that I could find it again."

"And I," said his mother, "must not be very angry

with you, since I yielded so readily to your guidance, and yet was old enough to have known better. What is best to do now, becomes the most important question, for I really cannot see the way to return."

And so it was. The little party had completely lost all trace of any path; and, what was very tantalizing, they could frequently see glimpses of their friends enjoying themselves in the quiet security of the little valley, some seated on the rocks, others wandering along the side of the stream, and all looking happy in some way or other.

"I am the most sorry for Jessy," said Mrs. Gray, supporting the faint and trembling girl in her arms, for to her the sight of that precipitous descent had been frightful in the extreme; and under the influence of her fears, all strength seemed to have failed her. She lost even the power to laugh at the little disasters by the way, which had deprived her of many portions of her dress. Indeed, the case was becoming serious even to Henry himself, for after exploring as well as he could the steep hill-side, he was convinced, that though, in monkey fashion, a nimble boy might let himself down by catching at the branches and roots of the trees, to his mother and sister this mode of escape would be quite impracticable. At last, however, he found a safer passage down into the valley, but how to reach it through the thickly-tangled briars, was a difficult and serious question.

Alas for Henry's party of pleasure! This, his first experiment, was a mortifying failure; for the spectacle of his mother and sister emerging from the wood, which they did only just in time to prevent the serious alarm of their friends who were preparing to return home, however laughable it might have been under such circumstances, was sufficiently humiliating in the presence of so many strangers.

Mrs. Gray being a lady of considerable presence of mind, endeavoured to put the best face she could upon the matter; but she felt at the same time how very difficult it is to look either dignified or graceful in a bonnet from which the crown has been torn away; and as for poor Jessy, she was weeping bitterly, with a thorn in her foot, and only one shoe.

All was done, however, which circumstances would allow, and done promptly; but there were so many strange servants about, and the company altogether looked so grave, and so little accustomed to such disasters, that Henry acknowledged to his mother, on retiring to his own chamber that night, that he had seldom spent a more uncomfortable day; so much so, that he did not care how soon he left the place.

"Then you think your plan for improving a party of pleasure," said his mother, "has not proved a very good one to-day?"

"It has been a very bad one," sighed Henry, "and

I am heartily ashamed of it. Did you see how the servants tittered when you stepped into the carriage with that frightful bonnet?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray, smiling, "but I could willingly have forgiven them if I had. Let us learn," she continued, "a little wisdom from this failure, and endeavour the next time we go out, to contribute something to the amount of general enjoyment. If we fail then, we may at least escape the mortification of having sought enjoyment for ourselves alone."

Henry was not to be liberated from his mortifying situation for some days to come. Other excursions were planned to different places in the neighbourhood; besides which, Miss Fletcher and her hopeful nephew Charles, were expected every day, to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Gray to Matlock. In the mean time, the party were to visit Rooter Rocks, a celebrated scene in Derbyshire, and one which was quite new to Henry and his sister.

These rocks are situated in the midst of a wild moor, and are supposed from their peculiar appearance to owe something to the labour and ingenuity of the ancient Druids, who always preferred conducting their strange worship in places which had about them a certain kind of mystery and awe; and, to add to the solemn feelings with which their temples were visited, they chose also the same wild and gloomy situations for their barrows, or places of burial for the dead.

It was in the midst of a desolate waste, that Henry first caught a glimpse of these wonderful rocks, so abrupt and peculiar in their form, as to represent to the imagination of strangers many different objects both in nature and art. There is one, for instance, rudely cut into the figure of an arm-chair, and another so nearly resembling a house, that beggars are said to approach it, believing they shall find a human dwelling.

Many of these rocks, of great magnitude, are balanced upon each other in such a manner, as to move, it is said, by the wind, or with the pressure of the hand. Amongst the most remarkable of these, was one of fifty tons weight, which the peasants in the neighbourhood regarded with peculiar awe, as being the seat of the chief demon of the moor; for it was a part of the superstitions of former times, to associate the idea of evil spirits with everything wonderful, mysterious, and grand, particularly with such things as were difficult to be accounted for by natural means. Hence so many bridges called Devil's Bridges, so many rocks, narrow passages, caverns, and strange places, known by the same name.

The great and irregularly formed rock of which we have just spoken, it is said, was formerly almost constantly rocking to and fro, moved by the slightest agitation of the air, and thus adding greatly to the wonder of the neighbourhood. Some fifty years ago, however, at one of the rustic merry-makings at Whitsuntide, some sturdy youths, who

might have employed their strength to better purpose, managed to heave this stone a little out of its former position, and it has ever since remained immovable.

Amongst these wild and wonderful rocks, Henry Gray walked silently beside his father, listening to his history of the Druids and their worship, and to his descriptions of other scenes in England presenting the same features, perhaps in a more remarkable manner.

"But how," said Henry, quite absorbed in the subject, "have these rocks ever come into this state? Nobody could lift them, and yet they seem so nicely balanced as if arranged with the greatest care."

"It is supposed by some," replied his father, "that such abrupt masses of disjointed rocks have been occasioned in this instance, by the sinking of the roof and sides of some vast natural cavern, with the surrounding strata; and the hollow sound often heard here, and known to proceed from an opening called the Echo Cavern, would lead us to suppose it more than probable there may have been others, and much larger caverns in the neighhourhood. Some other rocking stones I have seen resembling these, and particularly those called Brimham Rocks in the neighbourhood of Harrowgate, appear to me more likely to have been left as they are, by the gradual washing away of the soil around them from the side of the hill on which they are situated; more especially as there are other crags and rocky ridges presenting something of the same appearance

amongst the surrounding hills, and all forming the same kind of rugged edge to some abrupt descent, down which the winter rains have been sweeping ever since the Flood."

"When one thinks of that," said Henry, "it is no wonder that strange things should be left. For do you know, in my little garden at school, the great storm I told you of the other day, made a perfect river, sweeping all my annuals away; and the next morning, instead of the good soil I had taken so much trouble to collect, behold! there was a thick bed, a foot deep or more, of the gravel from the upper walks. If such things take place in a little garden like mine, what changes there must be amongst the great hills!"

"Yes," said his mother, "and that, year after year, for centuries."

"You will find, some day," continued Mr. Gray, "as your studies proceed, that many interesting thoughts will arise out of subjects of this nature; and you may be thankful that you live in an age when science has thrown so much light upon the structure of the earth in general."

Henry did not like very much to hear his father talking about *science*, because it had been foolishly put into his head by some idle boys, that science was something intolerably dry, and not suited to spirited young gentlemen like themselves. He was delighted, however, with the

new scenes he beheld this day, and the new thoughts which they occasioned to arise in his mind; nor was he the less happy, because he entirely forgot *himself*, neither trying to gratify his own whims at the expense of other people's safety, nor doing anything which interfered with the general comfort of the party. So far from that, indeed, he had unconsciously contributed to the satisfaction of many; for, seeing the earnest attention with which he listened to his father, other young people drew around them, and, joining in the group, led on by their eager inquiries to a great deal of useful and interesting information; the more likely to be remembered, from the place and the scenes amongst which it was listened to.

"Then is this the way to enjoy a party of pleasure?" perhaps some young reader will inquire, with the scornful curl of a pouting lip—"listening to a prosing old gentleman, instead of scampering over rocks and moors at one's own free-will?"

My dear young friend, all gentlemen are not prosing, even amongst the old. And throughout life you may take this rule—that the speaker who obtains a crowd of listeners, neither invited, nor compelled, and who induces them to say beside him of their own accord, is not a *very prosing* speaker; more especially where those who prefer scampering at large, or even speaking for themselves, are free to *go*, at any moment they may choose.

Still, there are different ways of enjoying parties of

pleasure, as Henry was soon able to observe, without being himself the principal actor in the scene. It was on the evening of the same day, when the party had returned from Rooter Rocks, and were enjoying themselves after dinner on a beautiful green lawn, that the carriage of Miss Fletcher was seen advancing up the road; and, as it wound in amongst the shrubs immediately encircling the open space where the party were seated, many of the company arose to offer their kind greeting to a lady, who was known to be a little particular about receiving such attentions as were due to her "position in society"—an expression so familiar to her lips, that her nephew, who was brought up as the heir to her property, and the object of her fondest and most anxious care, learned very early in life to suppose there was something very peculiar in this position—something in fact which entitled him to the privilege of having his own way wherever he might be.

Unfortunately, Miss Fletcher before him had been brought up with the same idea about *her* title to pre-eminence, arising out of this "position in society;" and so long as the point of distinction was occupied by *one* individual, and *one* will, the case was not so bad for the individual herself; but now that another and a stronger will was growing up—alas for poor Aunt Fletcher!—there were symptoms of her having to be pushed from her position altogether, unless she and her nephew could always manage to think the same thoughts, and wish the

same wishes; which, at the present moment, was far from being the case.

Charles Fletcher was four years older than his cousin Henry, and that important space of time had added much to what he most prided himself upon—his knowledge of the world. He could now both ride and drive to his own heart's content, though not always to that of his Aunt's; he had therefore room for another attainment, and in preparation for the coming autumn, the ambition of being a sportsman had taken possession of his mind. Indeed he would scarcely have consented to accompany his Aunt into Derbyshire, except from the hope of being able to make some satisfactory inquiries about "shooting in the moors."

Let no spinster-lady, however, of delicate nerves, have anything whatever to do with a nephew possessed with the feverish ambition of being a sportsman. In the first place, Charles had bought a gun, and this gun might almost have been his wife, so determined was he that it should be the companion of his journey. No matter whether he ever used it or not—the gun should be in the carriage—Aunt Fletcher might sit beside it, or remain at home, just as she thought best. One concession the coachman was determined to obtain, and in this he succeeded—that the gun should not be charged; but Aunt Fletcher was as much afraid of a gun without powder,

as with; so that made very little difference to her, whatever it might to the coachman.

Nor was this all. An important part of the young gentleman's sporting establishment, was a young, untrained, but full-grown dog of the pointer species; and any one who knows what a young pointer is, just let loose after months of close confinement, in the hands too of a youth as untrained as himself, will easily suppose that with this travelling companion, added to the gun, Aunt Fletcher had no very pleasant time of it by the way.

Indeed when the party of friends already alluded to, waited for the opening of the carriage-door, and when there first bounded forth the great tumultuous dog, and then the nephew, speaking to no one, and noticing nothing, but "Pedro, Pedro!"—all over the garden, the flower-beds, and then the green-house; some of the party, and especially the ladies, had enough to do to take care of themselves, without thinking any more of Aunt Fletcher, and her *position in society*.

Alas! poor lady! she was at last lifted out of the carriage in a state of great exhaustion, many handkerchiefs bedewed with the tears she shed by the way, remaining in the place she vacated. A sad history too she had to tell, and she would have told it then and there; but her maid judiciously stepping forwards offered her arm

to be leaned upon, and conducted her mistress up stairs, not without the fragments of a beautiful scarf, literally half eaten by the dog, remaining scattered upon the different steps, as, bending on the arm of her maid, she pursued her slow and difficult way.

"Has this been a party of pleasure, do you think?" said Mrs. Gray, in an under-tone to her son.

"To Charles and his dog, perhaps;" replied Henry, smiling.

"The dog would have been happier at home," observed Mrs. Gray; "and as for Charles, I do not believe that he himself could be satisfied, while acting so selfish and unkind a part."

The day after the arrival of Miss Fletcher and her nephew, was one of great interest to many of the party, for it was to be spent at Haddon Hall, in examining one of the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful, of those old baronial residences, of which but few specimens now remain, kept up exactly in the olden style, without the addition of modern ornament; and it is in this respect especially, that Haddon Hall is considered so highly picturesque, and interesting. It must be confessed, however, that much of the beauty of this antique structure is derived from its situation, being surrounded by scenery which can scarcely be surpassed, gently undulating hills on each side of a green and lovely valley, through which a gentle river winds its way amongst overhanging woods

and higher up the hill-side on which the Hall is situated, the most noble trees, with varied foliage, surrounding the old towers, and lending a cool and grateful shadow to the green turf, which remains almost untrodden around the venerable walls.

On entering the great court-yard by a flight of gray and time-worn steps, the stranger is struck with the solemn stillness which reigns around, and this stillness becomes the more striking, when contrasted in idea with the stirring scenes which must in bygone days have been witnessed there. It is thus throughout the whole range of those stately rooms, and venerable towers, all remaining as they might have been in the feudal times, when trod by the haughty step of plumed knights, or echoing to the music of some rude minstrel, proud to sing of the glory of his master's house.

Very little is now known of the ancient history of Haddon, except that it belonged for many years to the family of Avenell, on whom it was bestowed by William Peverell, owner of much of the surrounding neighbourhood in the time of William the Conqueror. The first event which brings these Avenells more immediately under our notice, is the marriage of one of the daughters of their house to Richard Vernon, who in right of his wife took possession of Haddon Hall. The Vernons through successive generations held high offices under the crown, and the last of these proprietors of Haddon

Sir Henry Vernon, was so celebrated for his magnificence and hospitality, as to obtain the popular name of "King of the Peak." The sumptuous and costly style in which he lived, may be supposed from the fact recorded of his keeping no less than eighty servants in his house, besides a great body of retainers, and guests who resorted to this hospitable mansion.

Dorothy Vernon, one of the daughters of this gentleman, has given a romantic interest to a part of the building still known as "Dorothy Vernon's room;" and from whence, it is related, that she eloped with her lover, Sir John Manners, son of the first Earl of Rutland of that name. In this manner the property of Haddon Hall fell into the possession of the Earls of Rutland, who for many generations made this delightful spot occasionally their place of residence. For more than a hundred years, however, the mansion has now been entirely deserted by its noble owners, though they have still the good taste to keep it in a state of perfect repair; and it is often visited as a beautiful memorial of former times, not only by the passing stranger, but by parties from the immediate neighbourhood, who sometimes make the ancient walls re-echo with the appropriate songs of former days.

All dispositions are not equally subject to be affected by these associations, and there are persons who prefer, even in such a place as Haddon Hall, to bring them-

selves into notice, rather than the surrounding scenes. Such was the disposition of Charles Fletcher. Little interest for him had the ancient banqueting-room, so illustrative of feudal times, with its *dais*, or elevated part, for the lord of the mansion and his distinguished guests; and with one of its long tables still standing, at which even the stranger and the wayfaring traveller were ever welcome to find a seat, and to partake of the plentiful provisions so freely dispensed.

Little interest for the young sportsman had this or any of the other apartments, the adjoining music gallery with its gothic carving, or anything, in fact, except himself, and his dog, who must needs be the companion of his pleasures, simply because it was a recent possession, and because he thought it manly to be the master of a dog, and a pointer especially. For one moment, it is true, his attention was attracted by a curious kind of handbolt fixed to a door-post, and said to be the instrument used in former times for the punishment of refractory domestics. In the banqueting-hall too, he felt no reluctance to remain, so soon as the provision baskets were brought in, for it is here that parties generally dine; and here, thought the young sportsman, Pedro shall dine too. Perhaps Pedro was of the same opinion, for no sooner were the baskets unpacked, than, seizing his opportunity while the servants were spreading the cloth, he made himself master of a fine chicken, and galloped

off with it, to the dismay of the butler, and the infinite delight of master Charles, who laughed, and shouted, "Well-done, Pedro," not regarding the grave looks of the rest of the party, and the evident dissatisfaction felt towards him and his dog.

Nor was the dinner without its triumphs to Pedro and his master. Poor Aunt Fletcher was fairly thrown from her seat while lifting to her lips a glass of champagne; and another lady, not less fastidious, had the horror of feeling the great paws of the dog upon her shoulder. And all this was what Charles Fletcher called "capital fun," for the ladies shrieked, and the footmen ran, and some angry gentlemen ordered the dog away; and all the while Pedro was making an excellent dinner: so his master laughed on, and enjoyed the joke exceedingly.

"Now this, Henry, is pleasing one's self," said Mrs. Gray, in an under tone to her son.

"And spoiling a party of pleasure," replied Henry, who now fully understood his mother's meaning. "Is there no one to put an end to such absurdity? I am absolutely ashamed of my cousin."

"In cases like this," said Mrs. Gray, "you see the value of thinking beforehand, and making up one's mind to contribute something to the general pleasure; or if we cannot contribute, at least to do nothing to destroy it. I too am ashamed of your cousin; but as we have all

come here on equal terms, I suppose each person who may *choose* to be disagreeable, has a *right* to be so."

There was one of the party, however, who could not patiently witness the conduct of Charles Fletcher and his dog, without a remonstrance; and Mr. Gray, assuming all the authority which his relationship gave him, determined no longer to allow the comfort of the party to be sacrificed to one unthinking and selfish individual. Taking his nephew aside, he reproved him in a manner not very flattering to his vanity; the consequence of which was, that the young gentleman made his escape from the party altogether, leaving Miss Fletcher to fret herself into hysterics at the idea of his being drowned in the river, or lost among the neighbouring hills.

To the whole party this trouble was if possible worse than the former; none could be so unfeeling as not to pity the distress of this really kind-hearted, but most injudicious lady; and when the hour of departure arrived, and no hopeful nephew appeared, there were others besides the tender aunt, who secretly suspected that some mischief had happened. To all it was a severe trial of patience; for the day, unusually warm, had been gradually darkened by heavy clouds, and already there were distant peals of thunder heard echoing amongst the surrounding hills, and threatening no very pleasant conclusion to this day of enjoyment.

At last, after large drops of rain had begun to fall, the servants who stood beside the impatient horses, descried the figure of a boy running down the side of one of the opposite hills, and exclamations of joy were heard from all the party. Charles Fletcher made but little apology. Most probably he had scarcely once thought whether he was keeping his friends waiting or not. He repeated that he had had a delightful stroll with an old game-keeper; and, patting his dog, he took his seat in the carriage beside his now rejoicing aunt, with the utmost composure and self-satisfaction.

But whatever might be the satisfaction of Charles Fletcher with himself, and his own mode of proceeding, his feelings appeared not to have been participated in by the rest of the party; for, on the following morning, when a proposal was made to visit a neighbouring valley, there was a general declaration (Miss Fletcher and her nephew being out of the room,) that each would rather remain at home "if that intolerable boy and his dog must be of the party."

At home, therefore, they all remained, though many would gladly have gone, had it been possible to get rid of Charles and his dog; and not until Miss Fletcher had settled herself at Matlock, would the company venture upon a similar experiment to that which had failed so memorably at Haddon Hall. Even then, on the first mention of an excursion, there was a general proposal

to have "no boys;" and it was only on the promise of Henry to give no trouble, that he was permitted to go. It is true his pride was a little mortified at having to submit to such a condition; but he soon forgot his mortification, and everything else that was disagreeable, in the pleasure of looking around amongst scenes of a character so entirely new to him as the caverns of Derbyshire, some of the largest of which the party visited, and had the satisfaction of finding that Henry not only kept his word by giving no trouble, but that he actually added to the pleasure of others by the many kind attentions he was happy to show, the real assistance which from his strength and agility he was able to render, and the pleased attention with which he listened whenever there was anything curious to be described.

One of the most important of these natural hollows, situated at Matlock Baths, is called Rutland Cavern, and is beautifully ornamented by varieties of metallic ore, and those brilliant crystallizations which abound in this neighbourhood, formed by the dripping through the roof and sides of water impregnated with minute particles of crystal.

To Henry's observant eye, this was indeed a most astonishing scene; and the more so, when, a lighted torch being drawn up to the roof of the cavern, all these shining particles glittered like thousands of gems; while the deep shade of the inner recesses, the strange

forms assumed by the rocks, the vaulted arches, and the mysterious echoes, gave the place altogether a character so much like what he had imagined of enchantment, that he scarcely liked to hear his father delivering a lecture on geology amidst such a scene. Recollecting, however, that although he did not like it, some others might, he stood very still, determined not to interrupt what was going on, and by degrees he too became attentive like the rest.

The next excursion of the party was to one of those deep narrow valleys so peculiar to Derbyshire; and this time, Henry was not only permitted to go, but actually voted in, some of the ladies declaring that they should have been unable to climb the rocks without his assistance. It was a proud moment for Henry, and repaid him for a great deal of trouble. His mamma, too, looked very much delighted when she heard this; but Mr. Gray, casting a grave look at his boy, said it was all nonsense, and the ladies would make a simpleton of him. So Henry thought to himself he would help them all the same, whenever an opportunity occurred for being useful, but, above all things, he would not appear to do so for the sake of being praised.

It was well for Henry on this day that he had made two good resolutions — first, never to spoil a party of pleasure by trying to please himself alone; and secondly,

never to pride himself too much upon the flattery of fine ladies. But for the first, he would this day most certainly have rowed about in a boat which lay so temptingly by the side of the river, but which no one of the party appeared to trust but himself; and but for the second, his head might have been turned with conceit, for the ladies being really afraid of slipping from the rocks into the water below, said all manner of kind things to him just at the moment he was helping them, and in probability forgot them the next.

It was indeed a pleasant day to all; and evening found the party still lingering on the banks of the little river, where, pent up between rugged cliffs, it forms the well-known valley called Miller's Dale.* All enjoying the same view with the same feelings of admiration, no rude or selfish one amongst their number, Henry said to himself at the time, "I will set

* Manufacturing enterprise has recently erected a cotton-mill in this delightful valley, speaking of which, a fair tourist observes—"When darkness pervades the Dale, and the innumerable windows are lighted up, it might be thought to be an illuminated palace raised by the power of magic."

"The moon is up, love, and the mill,
Lit with its hundred lights, is still:
One might believe, by the Wye's fair stream,
Fairies had wove a magic dream,
With floating threads of thought, as close
The cares of day in calm repose."

Minstrel of the Peak.

this down as a party of *real* pleasure. There has been no one thing particular to make the day so happy, except that all have been of the same mind: and so long as I remember this day, I think I shall never be guilty of converting a party of pleasure into a party of pain."

JUST COME FROM SCHOOL.

She has just come from school—and the pretty young thing
Sits and simpers when visitors call;
Or she rings for the maid to come up stairs, and bring
The music she left in the hall.

She has just come from school—and she wonders to see
Mamma look so homely and old;
She asks if they pour boiling water on tea,
And thinks it would answer with cold.

She has just come from school—and she cannot tell how
People manage a lemon to squeeze;
She supposes that cucumbers come from the cow,
And cheesecakes, in some way, from cheese.

She has just come from school—and she sits down to sing
When the household are busy below;
"Mamma—dear mamma does all that sort of thing;
For she really enjoys it, you know."

She has just come from school—and her stockings to mend,
" Oh, what an unspeakable bore !"
Is there no one to help her: no cousin—no friend?
" Hark! sure there's a knock at the door!"

She has just come from school—and she must go and walk
On the grand promenade for an hour;
Or call on her milliner, where she must talk
About trimming her cap with a flower.

She has just come from school—and she thinks it so mean
Of money and clothes to take care;
It may do for the poor to keep tidy and clean,
But what does it matter to her?

She has just come from school—and the bills are all paid
Forty pounds from the last quarter-day;
But has it e'er entered her light little head
That SHE has her parents to pay?

She has just come from school—and their fond hopes are set
On the comfort she brings to their home.
She has just come from school—and she must not forget
What she owes them for long years to come.

VESUVIUS.

To see a burning mountain, was, in the days of my childhood, one of the highest objects of my desire; and I confess that, as years passed on, this desire remained almost as strong as ever. To enjoy then, at last, the near accomplishment of my wish, produced a state of excited feeling, which the young reader may perhaps imagine, better than I can describe.

For a whole day's journey before reaching Naples, I imagined every mountain I saw in that direction to be Vesuvius; and every cloud which settled upon the hills, to be the smoke issuing from its crater. What then was my disappointment, as we drew nearer to the scene of interest, to find these mountain-peaks one after another left behind, and the shades of evening closing in, without the slightest appearance of a burning mountain either before or behind us—on the right hand or the left. It was true we were approaching the city, as the busy crowds perpetually coming and going in the vicinity of Naples sufficiently indicate; but the great volcano, with its smoke, and fire, and its terrible rumblings, which I had so often listened for during the

day—where was *it?* Nowhere to be seen, or heard; and we entered the crowded suburbs of Naples, without any signs of its existence.

To describe the city of Naples would require a whole chapter, or more; and, therefore, we will leave for the present that most amusing city in the world; and, returning to the volcano, state what seems scarcely to be believed, that such was the impression produced by the strange and novel scenes we saw in passing slowly, with tired horses, along the almost endless streets, narrow, and filled with life and business, and fun of almost every description, that I actually forgot Vesuvius until the next morning, when, on first walking out along the shore, one of our party exclaimed—"There it is!"

And there it certainly was—a fine blue mountain, standing alone, about six miles from the city, with two great peaks, from one of which a distinct stream of white smoke was pouring out, curling for a short distance down the side of the mountain, and then mixing with a long range of fleecy clouds, which rested upon the hills on the southern side of the bay.

"Yes! there it is!" we repeated one to another, for it often happens, when there is most to see, or hear, there is the least to talk about; and so we all stood and gazed without saying whether we were disappointed or not. For my own part, I believe I *was* a little disappointed, for I had wished for a great deal more smoke, and flame,

and noise, than there seemed likely to be; forgetting that if the eruption had been so great as to satisfy my wishes, it must have spread alarm and anxiety throughout the surrounding country.

Although in the month of February, the weather was extremely fine at Naples, much as we have it in England in May or June, and we therefore determined, if there was no change on the following morning, to make that the day for our long-anticipated ascent of Vesuvius; and many times before retiring to rest, did we look out over the quiet sea, where the moon was shining without a cloud, to see whether we might hope for a morning propitious to our wishes. Nothing could be more lovely than the scene which lay spread before us that night—a sea without a tide, just breaking in little silvery waves upon the shore, the vast city, range above range of streets and houses, churches, and palaces, piled up magnificently behind, and in many situations looking as if they frowned over the silent sea. It was then that my hopes of the burning mountain revived, for then we could see fire as well as smoke issuing from the crater, and we knew that there must be a considerable eruption, for it to be seen from that distance, and at the height of three thousand seven hundred feet.

The morning, as we had hoped, was beautiful, almost without a cloud, except that now and then a few thin mountain-mists floated over the highest peaks in the

distant horizon, serving to keep up an excitement by no means disagreeable, arising out of the hopes and fears we entertained about the prospect, both of the volcano itself, and the surrounding scenery.

We had been told that we could go to the foot of Vesuvius by railway; but whether we thought that mode of travelling would be attended with inconvenience, or whether it seemed to us to take off from the romantic pleasure of the excursion, somehow or other we preferred a carriage; and rolling smoothly along that regular pavement which covers the streets and roads of Naples, occasioning no jolting, and very little noise, we had time to make many observations upon the aspect of the mountain, as we skirted along its dark and barren sides. We knew that, on reaching the busy town of Portici, we should have to travel over the buried ruins of Herculaneum, which have never been very extensively excavated, in consequence of their being immediately beneath this town; and it was a wonderful sight, to trace the track of those broad floods of lava which had poured down upon this ancient city, in their destructive course towards the sea. It was an interesting sight, too, to behold the beautiful gardens, the orange and lemon groves, and all the other proofs of fertility and luxuriance which abound along this beautiful coast, so near to those vast tracts of lava, and

still threatened by the perpetual fires from whence they issued.

We had been told the ascent of the mountain would occupy above three hours to the hermitage, which appears to stand about half-way up its perpendicular height; and two of difficult climbing, from the hermitage to the summit. What an interesting spot then did this solitary hermitage become! Here we were to leave our horses, mules, or whatever we might ride. Here our difficulties were to commence; and steep and dark, indeed, did that part of the mountain look, from whence the column of smoke was issuing, and whence we could distinctly see the rugged edges of what is now the crater.

Before reaching the inn where our carriage was to be left, we were assailed on every hand by guides, and people offering horses, mules, and everything we might be supposed to want in ascending, all promising to accommodate us for at least half the sum they intended in the end to demand. A guide was soon engaged, and before we were aware of our position, horses, and other animals of a nondescript appearance, were placed ready for us to mount, with many assurances that, in spite of their unpromising looks, they were the very best that could possibly be obtained. The saddles, too, were quite as extraordinary as the animals themselves; but it was no use complaining, for when we insisted upon their being

changed, worse were sure to come. So away we went, some on horses, and some on mules, with a guide to each animal, if, indeed, we may call them guides, when, instead of leading the animals by the head, they twisted up their tails, as men sometimes do in driving calves; and whenever they came to any difficult part of the road requiring care, thumped upon them behind with a great cudgel, until the poor animals had no time to pick their way.

This was not a very romantic way of ascending a mountain, but it was a very amusing one; more especially, as the mules were very cunning animals, so that when they had got a little in advance of their drivers, they knew their advantage too well to give it up; and thus, when they heard their tormentors coming, they squatted down their ears and tails, and ran off over the rugged lava in a manner that looked exceedingly ridiculous. One of them, a tall, lank, and solemn-looking old mule, which walked along a good deal like a sober cow, had probably been planning in its quiet way how it could escape the laborious journey before it, and the many twitchings of its tail, which, under no circumstances, could be very agreeable; for after going along so soberly that no one took any care about it, it was suddenly seen to shoot down a narrow lane which led from the path, at a quick, launching trot, with its nose thrust out, and evidently intending to go anywhere, rather than up Vesuvius.

Mules and men, however, though sometimes said to resemble each other, have different ways of thinking; and ours was with some difficulty brought back, and driven with more care, and more frequent applications of the cudgel, along the right path. For nearly a mile, though the path itself was nothing but a bed of black lava, often extremely rough and difficult, the ground on either side presented a succession of vineyards, orchards, and cultivated fields, whose produce showed into what excellent soil the lava may be converted. Vines we had seldom seen to grow more thickly, and the grapes in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius are many of them celebrated for their richness, and excellent flavour.

On leaving these cultivated spots, we entered upon a tract of bare black lava, without either tree or plant, and though the road here was less difficult, being worn to a kind of sand, the scene all around us was dreary in the extreme, except indeed that in picking our zig-zag way, Naples and its lovely bay, with the surrounding scenery, was sometimes presented to our view in so magnificent a picture, that we could not help loitering by the way, and calling to each other to look upon the splendid scene which lay as it were mapped out beneath us. Fearing, however, lest the floating mists should come and settle upon the summit of the mountain, we hastened on, looking with a kind of lingering interest upon the hermitage when we passed it by, as the last

human dwelling we should behold before standing upon the brink of that abyss, around which our hopes and fears alternately hovered. We were told at the hermitage, that we might ride for half an hour longer, and were directed to a kind of rocky plain at the foot of the actual peak of the mountain, where our horses were to be left. All now appeared solitary, and sublime. The rocks, to which our course was directed, were at the entrance of a vast plain of sand, once the great crater of the mountain. To the right of this plain is the present volcano, rising like a distinct hill; to the left, abrupt and almost perpendicular crags, forming another hill, now called Somma, and wearing every appearance of having been forcibly rent away from the original mass, by one of those tremendous convulsions, which have so often changed the whole aspect and outline of this extraordinary scene. Indeed the opposite side of Vesuvius, seen as we beheld it on the following day from Pompeii, shows plainly that was is now a valley filled with sand, has been originally a crater, or cleft, violently made in the mountain; for there, exactly in a line with that once buried city, and issuing from the margin of the sandy plain, is the broad sheet of black lava which poured its desolating flood upon the neighbouring valley, driving out the sea to the distance of a full mile, from what had previously been its shore.

I have said the scene was one of silence and sublimity,

not unmixed with a strange mysterious kind of awe; for it is impossible to forget, while travelling over such a path, that where so tremendous a power as that of fire is still in action, near the surface of the earth, and where it has already done so much to overwhelm and destroy, it may, without any reason that we see to the contrary, do as much again; nor can we discover any cause either, why it should not, on the very day we happen to be on the spot, be in such a state as to burst through the natural boundaries which time had fixed to its destructive operations. It is true, I believe, that there never has been any great eruption of this volcano, within the memory of man, without its having been preceded by certain indications of the impending calamity; and consequently those who live in its immediate neighbourhood, appear to feel little anxiety about their safety, from this cause: but with a stranger the feeling is widely different; just as it would be if one had never heard the wind blow in one's whole life, and a strong breeze should spring up in the night, it would be very natural to wonder where that wind would stop, or what there could be to prevent its destroying the whole world.

This train of reflections, arising out of our new and extraordinary situation, was instantaneously interrupted on arriving at the rocky part of the mountain, where our horses were to be left until our return; for here were stationed thirty or forty men and boys, with about

half the number of horses, mules, and donkeys, belonging to travellers who had gone before us up to the summit; and here we were consequently assailed by applications of every description, to allow ourselves to be carried, or done something for, as a means of obtaining all it was possible to get from us in the way of payment. Here, too, are soldiers stationed by the government, in order to protect the travellers from robbery, or injury; as to protecting them from imposition, that seems out of the question; for our chief guide, who had declared, again and again, when we engaged him, that a certain sum, specified in Mrs. Starke's valuable book on Italy, would cover all expenses, and that no other demand would be made; now, when we could not help ourselves, told us there was so much for the soldiers, and so much for other purposes, until the original sum was very much increased. Still, he was a good-natured guide, and made the little English he had picked up from different travellers very amusing, frequently applying the words, "very good guide," to his own person, by laying his hand upon his breast, and looking as if he exulted in the conviction that he really was what he described.

One of the modes of ascending the steep part of the mountain, and that which is often adopted by ladies, is by a sort of chair placed upon poles, and carried by eight men, with eight others following to take their

turn when the first set are tired. A lady, carried in this manner, passed us as we were scrambling up on foot, and the guide who took charge of me, happening to hear her attendants say something about that being the only proper way for ladies to ascend, he immediately began to boast that some ladies could ascend much quicker, and more pleasantly, on their own feet; and, much to my discomfort, determined to prove his words, by dragging me up before the chair with its eight bearers.

When any one climbs the mountain who particularly requires assistance, the guides use a leathern belt fastened around their waists, to which is fixed a strong strap with a loop at the end, by which the traveller pulls behind. At first I thought this method of obtaining assistance extremely comfortable; for though the footing is neither difficult nor dangerous, like that of some other mountains I had ascended, yet two or three hours of incessant climbing is at best rather laborious; but when I found that my companion, to whom I was attached, much in the manner of holding by a tail, was fired by the ambition of being first at the summit; and when, with this intention he leaped from rock to rock, frequent custom rendering it no difficulty to him, I began to think my situation not a very desirable one; and as no entreaties of mine could prevail upon him to give up the race; I suddenly left hold of him, and sunk down amongst the masses of lava, to recover breath for

a renewal of effort. Whenever I did this, he very politely came back, and presented the strap for me to lay hold of again; but no sooner did the chair and the eight bearers approach, than he shot again up the mountain with his former speed, until again convinced by the sudden slackening of his strap, that I was left behind.

In this manner we reached the extreme summit of the mountain, after a somewhat fatiguing scramble of about two hours; and it was then that those sounds first assailed my ears, for which I had so long been listening, and which I had rightly supposed would add so much to the general grandeur of the spectacle we were approaching. Nothing of the volcano could yet be seen, for the mists we had so much wished to avoid were gathered thickly around it, and clouds of sulphurous smoke were at that moment driven directly in our faces; but there was that terrible furnace at work, as we could distinctly hear, not only by the loud and hollow sounds which rolled as it were from beneath our feet, and around and about the mountain; but there was also a sound which I had not anticipated—a working as of some mighty engine, accompanied by a sort of steamy rush, and the crackling and falling of loose stones, as if descending from a perpendicular height. I had not expected either, that the great thundering detonations which sounded so deep and so hollow, would occur almost at regular intervals; but so it was, and the whole so resembled what we

might suppose of the operations of giants toiling in the bowels of the earth, and working some monstrous forge, that I could no longer wonder at the ancients supposing such to be the workshops of mighty and supernatural beings.

On approaching what is now the crater, the mists cleared away, the wind at the same time turning the great volume of smoke in another direction, and we could then see that we were looking down into a basin or hollow, floored, at the depth of a hundred and fifty feet, with lava which had recently cooled, and which still exhibited a ribbed or wavy surface, something like water when slightly ruffled by the wind blowing over it. Imagine then, this floor of lava, and rising from it all around, high walls of variously-coloured rocks, sloping outwards, and terminating at their outer edge in a sharp and craggy outline about three miles in circumference. This circle, with its hollow centre, may be distinctly seen in the distance, particularly from the Naples side, as it lies rather in that direction, and it is this hollow which is properly called the crater.

"But where do the flames and the smoke come out?" I think I hear some young inquirer ask. You must imagine the scene again. Imagine us sitting down, a little within the rocky outline I have described, with the floor of lava one hundred and fifty feet below us, and an almost perpendicular descent to that awful-look-

ing place. Out of the centre of this floor of lava, imagine then an immense black cone rising almost as high as the craggy edge of the extreme summit—a cone shaped very much like a clumsy sugar-loaf, and composed entirely of black stones, ashes, and fragments of lava thrown up out of the furnace within. Out of the extreme point of this cone—out of such a red-hot fiery opening as it is scarcely possible to imagine, without having seen it, comes the great column of white and sulphurous smoke, with a body of fire that shot straight upwards, and sent up higher still great masses of red-hot lava, which fell heavily, and blackened as they fell, upon the sides of the cone, thus adding to the mass of what will probably be again swallowed up, and mixed with the tumultuous elements within. But the force and the heat of the fire within that cone—I know not how to describe. We were high enough almost to look into it, and we could see at intervals the thick black crusty edges of the cone curling over an abyss of fire, whose raging fury seemed to find a fit relief in those thundering detonations I have described, and which it seemed to hiss and labour to throw off.

I recollected, as I stood upon the brink of the crater, more than once having wished the smoke and fire and tumult to be greater than I believed it would be, when looking at the mountain from below. I recollected also that when the guide had told us, as he did on setting

out, that there had been a slight eruption in the night, and that we should consequently behold the whole scene in great perfection, I had said to myself in relation to the eruption, "Not half enough." But I now felt, that had it been twice as much, it would have been a spectacle almost too terrible for me to contemplate; and while I felt it to be altogether a scene of the most astonishing beauty I ever had beheld, I was compelled to acknowledge that it was quite *terrible enough.*

Some of our party, either less fatigued, or more adventurous than the rest, descended from the craggy ridge where we had stationed ourselves, to the floor of lava, from the centre of which the black cone rises. They were induced to do this, chiefly from having learned that a small crater had recently opened in the opposite side of the cone, from whence liquid red-hot lava was at that time issuing. Their scramble down into the crater was rather difficult, but they were amply rewarded by the curiosities which met their view in walking round the foot of the cone. Many small craters had been thrown open in different places, all quiet then, though we could see, even at a distance, their yellow sulphurous incrustations presenting an immense variety of beautiful colours, which looked extremely brilliant, when contrasted with the black and gloomy lava. From out the rocks on the left side of the crater, too, were issuing immense clouds of steam; and here again the crevices

from whence it came, were beautifully variegated with every tint of yellow, from the most delicate brimstone colour, to the richest brown. Our companions reported that the beds of lava over which they walked, were in many places still hot, while out of the crevices burst forth such currents of sulphurous air, as to render it almost dangerous lingering amongst them. The recent crater, though small, they said was extremely curious. It had opened near the summit of the black cone, and was at the time they saw it sending out a thick stream of red-hot lava, some of which they brought away with them, after it had had time to cool.

A gentleman from Naples who remained upon the ridge of the crater while our companions were exploring below, said, that was the twentieth time he had ascended Vesuvius; that he had seldom seen the Volcano in more violent action, and that he had more than once seen it perfectly quiet, when there was neither noise to be heard, nor fire nor smoke to be seen. When the time came for returning, we all felt it difficult to turn away from so splendid and wonderful a scene. For my own part, I felt as if I would rather have staid there, and watched it all night; and I almost envied other groups of travellers, whom we met in our descent, who were going, as many do, to see the Volcano by night. Their attendants were bearing torches, which indeed they must have needed,

both in ascending the mountain, and in returning from its rocky height.

This descending was truly a strange and laughable affair, well calculated to take off the effect of any sublime associations we might have formed on the summit. We had expected to retrace our steps, but instead of that, our guides took us to the side of the mountain more immediately overhanging the plain of sand. Here the whole side of the hill appeared to be composed of loose black sand, probably the remains of that deluge of ashes which fell upon the ill-fated city of Pompeii. How to get down, where there was no apparent footing, and nothing to lay hold of, seemed rather puzzling at first; but our guides soon put an end to all vague surmises, by each of them laying hold of one of our party, and plunging at once into the deep sand, where we sunk almost to our knees at every step. The plan of descent, however, was to run as fast as we could, and having once attained a considerable speed, it became much more easy to go on, than to stop; the descent being so steep, that before one foot was extricated from the sand, the other had gone forwards an unusual distance. In this manner then, plunging and leaping, without the power to stop, and placed in such extraordinary positions that in time the foremost foot began to feel at each bound as if it would fly off like a loose boot, we reached the plain of

level sand, and soon sat down to breathe, and laugh, at the foot of the rocks where our horses had been left. Nor was the necessity of taking time to breathe, all we had to consider. The sand was so exceedingly sharp, and the exertion had been so violent, that our boots and shoes were nearly cut in pieces; and when we took them off, to empty out the sharp black ashes with which they were filled, they presented a curious spectacle, some with half the sole turned back, others with toes peeping out, and altogether not unlike such as are frequently seen in heaps of rubbish by the wayside.

With the last clearing away of the mists from the summit of the mountain, the sky had been left without a cloud; and as we retraced our difficult path along the beds of lava, the setting sun, without a cloud to hide its beauty, was glowing in the west directly before us. There was not a breath of wind, and from that far height we could see a vast expanse of ocean, with here and there a little vessel floating on its surface, where all was so still and so glowing in the golden sunlight, that the ships and little boats, with their white sails spread, looked as if they were sailing on a sea of air, and sometimes as if suspended between earth and heaven.

All that beautiful coast, too, with its promontories, bays, and islands, lay spread out before us, each object now much more distinct than in the morning; and all, even the tender spring green of the wide lands which

lay beneath us on the opposite side to the sea, all tinged with the same hues as the western sky, and reflecting every variety of colour from the deepest purple to the liveliest yellow.

An object of peculiar interest in this varied scene, the thickly-peopled city of Naples, rose to our right, as if emerging from the soft and silvery ocean; and such was the clearness of the atmosphere, that we could distinguish its palaces, its churches, and its terraces of houses, with the ancient Castle of St. Elmo rising in majestic height far above them all. We could distinguish, too, the different cemeteries, already green with their weeping willows, which stretch along a line of adjoining hills, and all the hanging gardens, and golden orange groves, and massive pines rearing their venerable heads above every other tree. Then tracing the borders of the sea by the blue line which marked its peaceful shore, we saw beneath us again the busy town of Portici, and, onward still towards Pompeii, villages and houses thickly strewn, and orange groves and gardens still, in rich abundance; until, more distant, and gleaming out as it were from the sides of the range of mountains which form the opposite boundary of the beautiful bay, Castel a Mare and Sorento were distinctly seen, the latter perched upon its rocky and almost perpendicular cliffs, overhanging the loveliest and bluest waters of the Mediterranean.

All these our eyes again and again wandered over, and up the purple mountains whose peaks were white with snow; until gradually soft twilight fell upon the scene, and before we had retraced the last portion of our rocky pathway, the sun had sunk below the horizon; while we, tired with our day's excursion, and almost exhausted with enjoyment, returned to Naples, to enjoy the refreshment of a night of rest, before visiting Pompeii, as we had planned for the following day.

AUNT EMILY'S VISIT.

Aunt Emily's visit was sure to come
When my brother and I were both at home,
In the holiday time of the year,
When fruit was mellow,
And grain was yellow,
And days were bright and clear.

Aunt Emily's visit—Oh dear! what a fuss!
No rest was there for kitten, or puss,
In parlour and kitchen the same,
Such baking, and brewing,
And steaming, and stewing,
Whenever Aunt Emily came.

For days beforehand we spoke and thought
Of nothing but how the things were bought,
And made, and managed, the best.
Such shaping, and trimming,
And tasting, and skimming,
To please our favourite guest!

Aunt Emily's Visit

"Make haste!" cried one, "we shall all be too late!"
"Oh dear!" said another, "I've broken a plate!"
"Never mind," cried a third, "hear me;"
And through the hot weather,
We altogether
Were busy as busy could be.

My brother and I were rather too small,
But we ran, and we rummaged at every call,
And hunted up things new and old;
And touched, and tasted,
And scatter'd, and wasted,
And nobody staid to scold.

And nobody knew the things we did,
The lids we opened, the strings we untied,
The corks we managed to draw;
The wonderful places,
Our curious faces
Peeped into when nobody saw.

Aunt Emily's visit—Oh was it not fun?
To see them all scamper, and hurry, and run,
Maidens and mistress too;
Father, and mother,
And sister, and brother,—
All had something to do.

Aunt Emily's visit—at last when she came
Then was the height of the flurry and flame,
The boiling of kettle, and pan,
The "how d'ye do?"
And, "pray how are you?"
And, "Oh dear! I have not paid the man!"

"Run Mary, run Ellen, and tell him to stop,
See here is the money—You've both let it drop.
I am so delighted you're well!
What can they be after,
The maids with their laughter,
Ring louder; they don't hear the bell!"

"Now take up the parcels, and see they are right;
And don't stay a moment out of my sight;
But bring in the teapot again.
Look! look! at the cover,
The water runs over,
What can you be dreaming of, Jane?"

Aunt Emily's visit—'twas thus it began,
We bought, and we bargain'd, we rush'd and we ran;
In kitchen and parlour the same.
Oh was it not funny,
To see how the money
Was spent when Aunt Emily came?

And all was to comfort, and all was to please
The guest that we loved so, and make her at ease.
Mamma said it was "such delight!"
No trouble whatever,
When servants were clever;
But hers—they never did right.

Aunt Emily dwelt in a pleasant old house,
As snug as a pigeon, as still as a mouse,
As quiet as woman could live.
Eating, and drinking,
Without ever thinking
What trouble a welcome could give.

Oh! could she have known it, what grief had been hers,
The turmoil she made us—the wonderful stirs,
Whenever our visitor came;
The snatching, and holding,
And screaming, and scolding,
The fuming, the flurry, and flame.

And all the world through, is there not this desire
To make more display than our friends would require;
And to murmur beneath the disguise?
But would not the kindness
Which fosters such blindness
Be *kinder* to open our eyes?

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

Of all the cottages which stood on the hill-side in the little village of Oakton, that of James Pattison was the most neglected and forlorn, without being absolutely dirty. The little garden at the back, or, rather, the plot of ground which should have been a garden, was entirely uncultivated; and in the narrower strip before the door, separated from the road by a broken fence, there was nothing left but a withered and stunted rose-tree, of what the neighbours said, had once been the gayest flower-garden in the whole place. One recommendation, however, this habitation possessed over many others in the same village—its door was almost always closed; and whatever the mistress of the house might be in other respects, she had the singular merit of being almost always at home. Indeed, Mary Pattison was a singular woman altogether, in such a place as the village of Oakton, for she never spoke of her own domestic affairs; and though some of her trials were well known, and often hinted at, by the people of the place, she never lingered about after such hints had been dropped, as if she wanted to say something that would make her appear more pitiable still; but she used to turn instantly away,

and walk quietly home, or else change the subject by entering at once upon other business.

"Ay, she may keep her troubles to herself," was the frequent observation, as Mary walked down the lane; "but we know what makes her look so pale."

And pale, indeed, poor Mary did look, though she wore an old black bonnet drawn so far over her face, that to see her countenance at all was no easy matter; yet the neighbours were accustomed to tell how she was the blithest bride in Oakton—and the prettiest, too, when she first came home with James Pattison from her father's house. And a sweet garden she had, and such blooming flowers; and James and she used to be seen, late on a summer's evening, tying up the pinks, and watering the balsams, while the scent of their roses and sweetbriar used to make every one turn as they walked past, to see what could be so full of perfume in a simple cottage-garden like that.

Nor was the cottage within, less inviting than the flower-beds without, and the well-stocked border which ran along the wall. A queen might have sat down in Mary's parlour without finding a speck of dust upon her clothes: and then that clean fireside and tidy hearth, with the tortoise-shell cat, asleep on the outside of the fender, and the cradle for the baby, with its snow-white counterpane on one side, and the oak table, with a large bible in its green baize cover, on the other; while, opposite the fire, stood the large mahogany table, with its let-down leaves, and the

tea-tray reared up against the wall, and polished caddy, a bridal present to Mary, in front! All these, so neatly arranged, so polished, and so clean, made up the household picture of the interior of Mary's happy home. Nor should the well-timed handsome clock be forgotten; for it, too, had been a wedding-present from James Pattison's former master, whom he had faithfully served from his sixteenth year until the day of his marriage. Mary used to say of this clock, it was excellent company when her husband was away; but, somehow or other, she never heard it either tick or strike after he came home. The fact was, they had so many pleasant things to talk about, they heard nothing but their own voices, or that of the child when it laughed and crowed, and would not go to sleep for very fun and glee.

Yes, they were a happy trio—James, and Mary, and that one child. It would be a difficult and painful task to tell by what slow degrees this happiness melted away, as if it had never been. Yet so it was: and, as we said before, there was not a more wretched-looking cottage in the whole village of Oakton than that of the Pattisons, at the time of which we speak. And that frightful-looking man, too—was that man ever respectable, or beloved? Yes; and there is a stranger fact in his history than that—he is beloved still. What, that horrid man? Why, even his own children are afraid of him, and one hides its head in its mother's apron, and the other buries its face in the hand-

kerchief around her neck, while a third holds up its hands to be taken out of the cradle before he comes near. And yet this man is beloved. He is beloved, because Mary is a true-hearted woman, and she thinks if all the world abhors him, there is the more need for her to be his friend. He is beloved because she prays for him night and morning, and many times during the day; and we naturally love those whom we are in the habit of imploring our heavenly Father to take into his keeping—to reclaim, to purify, and to save.

Whether the pale and haggard appearance of Mary Pattison arose from the sufferings of her mind or her body, was often a subject of curious and not very delicate investigation and comment amongst her neighbours; and one thing only remained certain—that she never complained: no, though she sometimes went about with her face so muffled up that a black mark upon her cheek could only just be seen, she never told how it had come there; and though she sometimes sat down on the side of her bed, while the children ate their supper of bread and water, that she might not long for the morsels they put into their mouths, she never owned that she knew what it was to be hungry and have no food, nor sunk down with faintness when a neighbour came in; though she did, more than once, say to a lady who visited her cottage, that wages were very low, and that she thought one of her children, who was ill, would be better with better food.

effort, and reinstates them in their own self-respect, as well as in the respect of others.

It is not to be supposed but that many hard things were said of Mary Pattison in relation to the appearance of her children, by those who had well-stocked drawers and closets to go to, when they wanted a tidy piece of stuff or print, to patch up an old frock with; but had they gone into the cottage of the Pattisons, they would have seen that the very drawers themselves were gone. Yes, and the handsome clock too, and the large mahogany table, long ago; and that nothing was left but a wooden stool, round which the children sat when they ate their slices of dry bread. They would have seen, too, that the bed on which they had all slept in infancy was gone, and nothing but a heap of old clothes and one blanket left in the corner of the room where the bed used to stand. All these facts, however, Mary took good care to conceal, by always, as we have observed, keeping her door closed, and by never allowing any curious neighbour to come in and talk, and saunter her time away, as they were accustomed to do in other people's houses, often telling again, to the injury of the owners, what they had seen, or had not seen, there.

It was strange, that amid all this want and desolation Mary Pattison still seemed to care for that one rose-tree, almost the only plant that remained in her garden. It

was a poor, frail, sickly-looking thing; and when her youngest baby died, before it was carried to its long home, when it lay so pale and still in its little coffin, while all the other children were playing around, peeping in sometimes, to see if it had not stirred, and growing grave, and whispering as if a sudden awe came over them whenever the cloth was lifted from its little white and withered face; it was strange to see the pleasure Mary seemed to have in plucking from that rose-tree a young half-formed rose, almost as pale as the lifeless form it was intended to be placed beside.

"There is just one left," said Mary, as she snapped the rose from the stem, and with a smile more mournful even than tears, she placed it in the coffin close beside the baby's hand, as if it had been gathering flowers, and had died in the act.

But, to return to the oldest children: They grew, and grew, and looked happy, and almost healthy, in spite of frequent hunger and want. It is true they had kindness and love, from their mother at least, to cherish them; and perhaps it was because their hearts and their affections were thus kept warm, that their bodies prospered too. One great reason was, no doubt, because they never heard their mother complain, and children are very apt to think that when other people speak cheerfully, and make the best of things, they are not unhappy at all. The character of their father, it is true, puzzled them a good deal; for,

though they were constantly witness to that in him which they knew must be very wicked, they never heard their mother call it so, or speak a word of reproach, or even answer him in an unkind voice, when he was as disgusting and as unreasonable as a drunken man could make himself. Nay, they sometimes almost thought, perhaps it was not in reality so wrong in him as they had been taught to think it in others. At all events, their mother kept such strict silence on this subject, that they learned to be silent too; and, except that the younger children were almost terrified out of their senses when their father gave way, as he often did, to the most violent passions, he was a person whose name was never mentioned in his own family, and whose existence was scarcely alluded to, except as one whose wishes must never be thwarted, whose will must never be crossed, and who was to have everything done to make him comfortable, so far as it was possible for him to be so.

The first hope which Mary Pattison indulged of placing her children out, was from a neighbouring farmer, who agreed to take William on trial; and if he found him a useful, likely lad, a prospect was held out that Martha might find a place in the same establishment, as an assistant to the farmer's wife.

William was now elated beyond measure, not only at the thought of being better clothed, and better fed, but because the occupation proposed to him was exactly in that line

for which he fancied he had a particular calling. He, therefore, entered upon his pastoral life with as much real enthusasm as the sailor feels on first embarking on the sea, or the soldier when he first fastens in his cap the gay cockade with floating ribbons. It was, however, a very quiet life, and one in which William soon discovered, that, except when his master was in the field, he might often be idle if he liked, without any one knowing that he was so; and, like many other boys, William was not conscientious enough to do his duty when he was not observed, just the same as when he was. He had, besides, a passion for music, and though the birds sang all day over his head, some of them such sweet and merry songs as might have made any heart rejoice to hear them, William was possessed with the desire to produce some music of his own; and as his voice was somewhat rough and cracked, he set his heart upon purchasing some instrument with which he might amuse himself while tending the sheep on the common, or in the fields.

The first money which William received, therefore—the first actual money which was really his own—he laid by for this purpose; and though he went home in the mean time, and saw how wretched they all looked in his father's cottage, and knew that his mother, his kind mother, was faint and feeble for want of better food, he kept back the small sum he had received from the farmer, simply, as he told Martha when she remonstrated with him for doing so,

because it was his own, and he had a right to keep it. Still, when he bid his mother good-by, and turned away from the village of Oakton that night, he was not very comfortable in his own mind, though conscious of a sort of greedy satisfaction in not having taken the money with him, because he could say to himself, whenever his conscience pricked him, "I have not got the money, and therefore I could not give it to them if I would."

There is, however, no real happiness in acting a selfish part, whatever we may gain by doing so; while, on the other hand, there is always some enjoyment in being generous, whatever we may lose.

A few days after William's visit to his father and mother, he had an opportunity of laying out his money in the way which he imagined could procure for him more enjoyment than any other. It was all the money he had in the world —all he had ever had—and it is a point of great importance to know how to spend our money, whether it be much or little, in the wisest manner; or, in other words, to do the most good we can with it. William never asked himself whether he was going to do the most good he could with his money. He simply set his mind upon one thing, and, whether right or wrong, was determined he would have it. Need we ask whether William was the only boy who ever did this?

It was at a great cattle-fair, held in the neighbourhood, where William had the long-wished-for opportunity of

making his purchase. The act of going to the fair was not wrong in him, because he was sent there by his master, to help to take care of a flock of sheep; and as he was there, he thought he should be foolish, indeed, not to look in amongst the shops and stalls, where other young people were anxious, like himself, to lay out their money in that which would make them most happy—at least, for a time; for it is more than probable very few of them bestowed a single thought upon whether or not their happiness would last.

Strong as William's determination was to purchase an instrument of music, by which he might delight himself, and, as he imagined, everybody else, he was more than once tempted to deviate from this resolution, by the sight of things which he had never either seen or thought of in his whole life before, and which, therefore, could not have come into his calculations as bearing any comparison with that which he desired so much to buy. It was, however, greatly to the advantage of his stability in keeping to his original plan, that he was not long in casting his eyes upon the very thing he wanted; and what appeared to him most lucky, as it does not always occur in the experience of young purchasers, the price was just within his means.

A happy boy was William, therefore, as he trudged home that night; or, at all events, he thought himself so, though he feared he should have no opportunity of practising upon his flageolet before the next day. Tired as he was, however, when he went up to the attic where the servants slept, he

sat a good while on the box which contained all his worldly possessions, hoping his companion at the fair would be so soundly asleep that he might try a few notes of his music. With this intention he applied the instrument to his lips, when, though he blew very gently, a sound so shrill and discordant was produced, that he was glad to hide his treasure once more in his box, and jump into bed before his fellow-servant had growled out a few words of astonishment at what he could possibly be doing.

It was on the following morning that William expected his happiness to be complete; and waking, as the young are apt to do, with an indistinct idea that something pleasant had occurred, or was about to occur, he suddenly remembered his flageolet, and, starting out of bed, was in the field, that day, at least half-an-hour earlier than usual.

"That's right," said the farmer, who was himself an active bustling man, "That's right," he repeated, commending William's industry. "I like to see a young man move briskly in a morning; it's a sign that the evening won't surprise him before his work is done."

William blushed deeply at this compliment, knowing how little it was deserved; and, turning away his head, wished, heartily, the farmer would go home to his breakfast, and not take the trouble to look at one sheep after another, as if he meant to stay amongst them all day.

At last the farmer went away, and William, taking good

care that he had turned round the corner of the barn which concealed from his view the front of the farm-house, betook himself to a shady spot, where a cool stream lay as if it were asleep, under the shadow of a lofty and spreading tree, and there taking the flageolot from his pocket, the young musician began to sound those notes in which he expected to find the most enchanting music.

Had William not been naturally gifted with what is called an ear for music, he might perhaps have been satisfied with the noise he made—all shrill and discordant as it was—simply because it was his own making; but, unfortunately for him, he had a very clear perception that it was not what it ought to be, and in his eagerness to govern the notes so as to make it better, he forgot his flocks, his master, his duty, and everything else. At first this appeared to be of little consequence, for the animals were evidently attracted by a sound so strange and new—especially the dog, who looked up into William's face, as if to see whether he was really in his senses or not. In process of time, however, as the novelty wore off, they all strayed away in different directions, according to their several tastes and inclinations, until the minstrel was left entirely alone—so much so, that not a single bird remained in the trees beside him: the lark ceased to sing over his head, the wood-pigeon hushed its soothing note, and the blackbird and thrush flew away to the cherry-tree in the farmer's garden.

And this was the young shepherd's woodland music.

Perhaps, had he been asked, he could not have said that he thought it very sweet; but it was his own, and we fancy there are other minstrels, besides William, who have liked their own discord better than the melody of others.

"I will just try these three notes over again," said William, talking aloud in the height of his enjoyment; "they seem to come quite right for the beginning of 'In my Cottage near a Wood.'"

"Hey-day! hey-day! What's all this about?" exclaimed the rough voice of the farmer, as he looked over the hedge; while William stood still, as if rooted to the spot, and evidently too much appalled by a sense of his delinquency, to venture a single word in his own defence.

"Here, give that gewgaw thing to me," said the farmer, stretching out his arm.

William dared not make the least resistance, and, placing the slender instrument in the hand of his master, he had the mortification of seeing it snapped in two, and deposited in one of his wide pockets, as if not deserving of another thought.

"Now fetch back the sheep," said the farmer, lifting up the riding-whip which had been held under his arm, "and see to it that I don't find you after any of this kind of nonsense again. I suppose that was your fairing, and if your place had been in the cornfield, to scare away the birds, it might have done very well, for I was nearly frightened myself as I came up the lane. But I'll tell you

what, my boy, I would rather have seen you bring home some nuts, or some gingerbread, for your little sisters, or half-a-pound of tea for your mother, than such an empty piece of folly as that."

William had been too much accustomed, from his childhood, to disappointment of almost every kind, to make a heart-breaking matter of what had passed; yet he felt deeply the reproach which his master's words conveyed, for it had never once occurred to him, in his whole life, to think that he was of a selfish disposition. He knew that he hated selfishness in others; but this the selfish always do, because it robs them of many chances of self-indulgence, at the expense of their friends; and William implicitly believed, that, if an opportunity should ever occur to him of acting with generosity, especially towards his mother, that he should do so without hesitation. He did not know, what is really the truth, that the generous have always opportunities of being so, and that one of the great points of difference between them and the selfish, is, that the latter are always thinking they cannot, or do not, find occasions on which it would be possible to act with generosity.

So well, upon the whole, did William Pattison suit the master whom he served, that his sister Martha was, in process of time, engaged by the farmer's wife as a sort of under-help—a servant of servants—to be employed in the house, or in the fields, as the exigences of either might

require. Although Martha was in herself a brisk and tidy little person as ever had set foot in a farmer's kitchen, it had been a difficult matter to get her so dressed as to render her appearance respectable, even there; and had not the kindness of her mistress advanced a few old clothes on her behalf, out of which her mother managed to make some which looked almost as good as new, it is probable that no step of promotion from the wretchedness of her father's home would ever have been hers to enjoy.

As William had his fault—already named, and perhaps many more besides—so Martha had hers; and it was chiefly discoverable in her high opinion of herself, of her own cleverness, and of the position she was calculated to fill. Thus, though her situation was, above all others, one which subjected her to familiarity and disrespect from her fellow-servants, amongst whom she was the youngest and the latest comer; she, nevertheless, held up her head amongst them with astonishing self-possession; and a very pretty head it was, somebody told her one day, as she tossed it back with a more conceited air than usual—only there was a danger of its being completely turned.

Mary Pattison, broken-spirited as she was herself, was almost as much surprised as grieved to see these indications of vanity in a daughter, "who," as she said, "one would have thought, might have had enough to humble her;" and many and frequent were the lessons of humility which she sought to impress upon the mind of her child. "You

should remember, Patty," she would often say, "that we are not to be holding up our heads in the world like other people; or, at least, like those who have no stain upon their family, and their name. As for myself, if they were to make me Queen of England, I could not wear a crown, while—while"—

Mary was unable to finish the sentence which trembled on her lips, and she was equally unable to make Martha understand how her own pride brought painful and unnecessary remarks upon her father, and upon her family altogether; for if there be anything low or mean connected with an individual, nothing is so likely to make every one remember, and speak of it unkindly, as to see them haughty in their conduct, and evidently thinking much of themselves; while, in those who are meek and lowly, and respectful in their own conduct, any family disgrace is apt to be forgotten, or spoken of with gentleness and moderation for their sakes.

Thus Martha Pattison heard many a bitter taunt thrown out against her father, which might have been avoided; and even her poor mother was not altogether exempt from reflections, in which it is the peculiar misfortune of every wife to share, who is faithful to a bad husband.

"Oh, that anything could make my father better!" Martha often used to exclaim in secret, with a feeling of mingled impatience and mortification. How different from that of her uncomplaining mother! Martha would have

she had run, was scarcely more audible than that of a little bird in its nest.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed William, when Martha, making the most of her panting, declared she could not tell him—that it was quite impossible—that she was almost killed with running so fast, and a great many other things about her own feelings, when, as William said, she might just as well have given him the letter at first, and have kept all that nonsense to herself.

Even when the letter was fairly placed in her brother's hand, Martha was not willing to relinquish her share in the surprise she knew he would feel in its contents; but looking over his shoulder, she added her orthography to his, not unfrequently supplying him with a word from a different line, when he seemed to be particularly at a loss with the one he was upon. By this method of making out its meaning, the letter turned out altogether a very different affair from what it had promised to be at first, and each time it was gone over, it was still unlike the last. Upon the principle of two heads being better than one, the brother and sister did, however, in process of time, make out something between them, and that something was so satisfactory, that they had enough both to talk about, and think about, for one day at least.

"Only think of poor old Uncle George being dead," said Martha.

"And having left us the money, after all," added William.

"We shall all have to go into mourning," observed Martha. "But see! William, what is this? Mother says father has taken something, and is quite an altered man, and that home is so comfortable now."

"What can he have taken?" exclaimed William, "to make him better? I always thought what he took made him worse. Let me see, Martha, what it is."

It was a thing quite new to both. "Temperance," they could, by much painstaking, make out, but "pledge" was a word they could neither understand nor pronounce, until, by comparing it with hedge, they got hold of something which they thought would do, at least so far as to ask the other servants about; and Martha consequently trudged back to the house, her mind more than filled with the good tidings conveyed by her mother's letter.

A severe reprimand for allowing the calf to escape, and then for absenting herself, was the first salutation she met with there; but even this was arrested in its violence; by the information she was not backward to impart, that her family had had money left them. Some of the servants, however, perhaps a little more envious than

the rest, affected to sneer at the uselessness of money to the family of such a man as James Pattison; when Martha, blushing with indignation, declared that her father was no longer the man he used to be—that he had taken the temperance pledge, and was now as respectable as any person's father.

At these words, so loud a laugh burst from the by-standers, that Martha stood astonished, not knowing what to think, and afraid she had cast the credit of her family into deeper shade than before.

"Temperance pledge, indeed!" said the men, who were coming in to their dinner; and seating themselves on the bench alongside of the kitchen-table, they quaffed their accustomed draughts of beer, turning occasionally to William, with some rude jest upon his father's temperance, and then laughing again, as if the poor man had been guilty of the most egregious folly.

All this was very hard both for William and Martha to bear, more especially when the farmer himself undertook to explain to them what the temperance pledge was, by saying it was a vow extorted from poor men that they would never again drink either ale, or beer, or anything stronger than cold water; "and all is a system," he added, "got up my a mean set of fellows, the enemies of their country, who would deprive the working man of that which gives him strength, and lay waste the barley land,

and reduce the farmer to nothing. I'll tell you what, my boy, if I thought you would ever be brought over to that nonsense, I would pay you off to-morrow."

"No fear of me," said William, applying the can to his lips; and, with a murmur of applause, the company rose up from table.

All this was not only hard, but strange, to Martha—strange beyond her powers of comprehension, that that which had made her father respectable, and her mother happy, should be spoken of in such terms; yet convinced, by what she heard from the whole family, that the temperance pledge must be a very mean and disgraceful sort of thing, and not only mean, but wicked, if it really did hurt the country so much, Martha determined to say no more about it, but to keep her own counsel, until the day of her uncle's funeral; on which occasion, it had been promised to her and William, that they should go home the night before, when, she doubted not, all these seeming contradictions would be clearly explained.

A happy couple were the brother and sister, as they walked along the fields that night towards the village of Oakton, for the uncle who was dead had never been known to them, and like many others of their relatives, had been induced, by their father's misconduct, to withhold from them that assistance which the circumstances of the children so urgently demanded. Thus the small property bequeathed to them, came, in their opinion, rather as a

right than a favour; and thus the conversation with which they beguiled their evening's walk of its length, was not tinctured with any of the sadness which the loss of a relative more intimately known, would have occasioned.

At the stile nearest to the village, William and Martha found a group of little faces peeping at them through the hedge, and a full burst of home-tidings was soon poured forth, from lips unused to tell of pleasant things connected with their own fireside.

"Father is all right," said one. "We are never frightened of him now," added another: and thus the little party went on, each talking and telling as much as they could, and, at the same time, running round in front of William and Martha, to look up into their faces, that none of the good effect of their intelligence might be lost.

"There's father!" exclaimed the youngest, clapping his hands in a perfect ecstasy of delight; when, suddenly recollecting himself, he turned round, and speaking in an under tone to the rest—"Hush! hush!" said he, "mother says we are not to speak a word how father is now, or take any more notice than if he had always been good and kind. But I must run to him," he added, bounding off like a young deer; and in another moment he was caught up in the arms of his delighted father, and pressed to his bosom with a fondness which none of his younger children had ever known, until the happy change which had so recently taken place.

"Is that my father?" said Martha, turning round, and whispering to a little girl who held her hand.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, answering also in a low but earnest whisper. "He looks always in that way now; but don't mention it," and she put her finger up to her lip, to enforce her charge.

"And my mother?" asked Martha.

"Oh! mother is so happy!" said the child, actually jumping from the ground as she uttered these words, as if to indicate the lightness of heart which her mother now enjoyed, and to which she had so long been a stranger.

Well might the children say of their mother, that she was happy; for when Mary Pattison came to the door that night, to welcome in her son and daughter, her heart was too full for words: and leaning her head upon her husband's shoulder, she covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears.

"It is not sorrow," said she, as soon as her sobs allowed her to speak; "I am so glad to see you all: but—but I am too happy to-night. I cannot tell you what I feel."

"Never mind, dear," said James, taking the apron from her hand, and wiping off the tears which trickled down her cheeks: "I will tell all. It is fitter for me than for you. So sit down, children, and before we talk of anything else, I will explain to you all that has happened, to make this great, this happy change."

The children now sat down in the little room, which

had already begun to look as neat as in former days; and Mary, still leaning on her husband's shoulder, took the infant in her arms, and hushed it to sleep, while its father spoke.

He was beginning with a description of his past life, for he felt it his duty to lay all his conduct bare before his children, when Mary interrupted him by saying, "We know all that, James. There is no occasion to go so far back."

"Ah! yes," said James, sighing deeply, "you know it, I dare say, too well. I had forgotten what cause you all had to know it."

"I did not mean that," said Mary, looking imploringly in his face. "Go on with it all, if you like, I can bear it now. Only there is no good in reminding the children."

"True, true," observed her husband, and he then went on with his story.

"Perhaps," said he, addressing himself to William and Martha, "you have heard of such a thing as a temperance society?"

"Indeed we have," replied the Brother and Sister, exchanging looks with each other.

"And what have you heard about it?" asked their father.

"Nothing good," they both replied again.

"Perhaps you do not understand what it is," observed their father; "shall I explain it to you?"

"If you please," said Martha, looking rather contemptuously.

"A temperance society," resumed James Pattison, "consists of a number of persons who agree together to give up every kind of intoxicating drink, in order that their habits, by continuing to take such things moderately, may not bring temptation before those who are too weak to resist it. You know that persons differ very widely in their constitutions, as well as in their inclinations; and the same quantity of intoxicating liquid which one man can take without any danger, will sometimes make another quite foolish, or worse. As soon, therefore, as he begins to be silly, it is a proof that he is losing his reason; and having lost that, he does not care what he does, or what becomes of him. The only safe plan therefore, for persons thus inclined, is never to take anything of the kind at all."

"But why cannot intemperate people," asked William, "take this pledge, without others putting the same restraint upon themselves?"

"Because," replied his father, "the temperance society would then be a very disgraceful one, if composed only of those who had been almost lost characters; and those who were not so bad, or who were only just beginning to find out their weakness, would not like to join it on account of the disgrace. But thanks be to our friends, and thanks be to the Father of all mercies for putting it into their hearts, they have now formed themselves into a respectable

society, composed of members, many thousands of whom have never transgressed the bounds of moderation, and with whom there can therefore be no disgrace and no shame in uniting.

"But I will speak of facts, and then perhaps you will understand me better. You know what a temperate woman your poor mother has been. Well, you know too, that once a fortnight, when she went out to wash at Squire Granby's, they used to give her a bottle of spare table-beer to bring home with her, and that the day after the wash, she used to sit down to her dry bread, with a draught of this beer, which made her stronger, we fancied, for a day or two afterwards; though she always argued with me, that she felt more tired on that day than any other, but supposed it was the wash. Now, when I saw your mother drinking the beer, more especially when I tasted it with her, I confess to you it always set me off wanting more; and I believe there was hardly a day when I did so, that I did not finish at the public house. Well, we heard of these temperance societies. There was to be a meeting held in this place, and I, like many others, went to make mischief, and to put down the speaker; for we thought, as we had been told, it would ruin the country, and that it was a hard and cruel thing to deprive the working man of his beer. What then was my surprise, to find that instead of being hard upon any one, the intention of this society was all kindness—kindness to the poor drunkard—to the outcast—to

me! and I declare to you, my dear children, that so long had it been since I had heard the words of pity and kindness from any human being except my poor wife, so accustomed had I been to be shunned and despised, and even insulted, by all my acquaintance, that while I stood and listened to that speaker, the tears trickled down my face as if I had been a child; and I knew not, and cared not, who saw them.

"This, however, was not all. When the speaker was done, one came forward and signed, and then another; and none of them, I believe, were persons who were under the least temptation themselves; but, as I said before, they did it out of kindness to those who were, that their habits and their example might not be the means of leading them into sin."

"And did they all make a solemn vow?" asked William.

"No," replied his father; "it is a great mistake, to think that the temperance pledge is a vow extorted from people without their own desire. It is purely voluntary; and they make no vow at all, only write their names in a book, by which it is understood they sign a declaration that they will not drink any kind of intoxicating drink, nor be the means of inducing others to do so. If, after this, they fall under temptation, or change their minds, as many do, they can at any moment have their names crossed out of the book, when they will again be free to do as they think best.

"But to return to my story. I was watching the people who came up to sign, and who should I see amongst them but my poor wife, so thin and pale, and such a hand! it was like the hand of a skeleton, when she held it out to take the pen. 'And this poor woman,' said I, 'is going to give up her little portion of beer, the only thing comfortable she ever gets, and that which she gets for nothing; yet, this she is going to give up for my sake!' I never shall forget what I felt at that moment. I think my senses left me. But whether mad or not, I walked straight up to the table, and took the pen from the hand of my wife, who stood back like one before whom a grave had opened and given up its dead. Indeed, they all stood back, and little children pulled their mothers' gowns; and yet there was such a silence you might have heard the beating of a heart. It was done, however, and, hard as it was to keep my resolution at first, I have never broken it since; and, blessed be the Power that makes every duty light—it becomes easier and easier to me every day.

"And now, my dear children," said the father, after a short pause, "I want to know whether you will join me in the resolution I have made? I want no hasty decision. I give you at least a day to consider of it. To-morrow we have the duties of the funeral to attend to. Before another night you will have had a better opportunity of seeing how you like your new home; for new indeed it is, in its decency, its comfort, and its peace."

The proposition which James Pattison made to his children, notwithstanding the altered character of their home, was more trying to the two elder ones than might have been expected, simply because it interfered with the selfishness of the one, and the vanity of the other.

"We shall be so laughed at," said Martha, "when we go back to the farm."

"That would not trouble me," said her brother; "but I don't like to give up my own beer, because other people take too much."

"I don't think the temperance society *is* very respectable either," observed Martha.

"I am quite sure the beer does *me* good," responded her brother, "whatever it may do to others."

And thus the Brother and Sister argued, until they grew stronger and stronger in their inclination to do what they still believed was not right. And so the day passed on without their having come to any decision at all, for neither their father nor their mother wished in the least to persuade them to take the temperance pledge, unless their hearts went along with what they did. At last the evening came, and the family all sat down again, as they had done the night before, and William and Martha felt very uncomfortable, because they had not yet made up their minds, and they were to leave at a very early hour the next morning. It is true, they had seen much that day to induce them to think favourably of the change which had been

wrought in their parents' circumstances. They had seen their garden cultivated, their table supplied with plenty, their mother smiling, grateful, and happy, their father clothed and in his right mind, and their little brothers and sisters playing about without fear; yet the hardness of their hearts remained, and one thought he could not give up his indulgence, and the other that she could not bear to be despised.

Instead of questioning his children about their intentions, James Pattison took the family bible—almost the only relic of better days which had remained unsold—and opening at the parable of the prodigal son, he read it through in a distinct and feeling manner; after that, he turned to that epistle, in which the apostle says, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more while the world stands.'

"Now, my children," said he, in a broken, but yet earnest voice, "I wish to begin the habit of family prayer. It is not fit that I, who have so long disgraced myself and my family, should lift up my voice in supplication before you; but there is one who has often prayed in secret for you and me, and for her sake, rather than my own, I believe she has at last been heard.

Mary was not backward to comply with her husband's wishes. It was what she had often desired to do; but modesty had kept her silent. Now, however, she hesitated no longer; but poured out from her full heart such an

appeal as her children had never heard; and while they almost wondered whether it was their own meek and quiet mother, to whom they listened, they thought how severe must have been her sufferings, and how deep her gratitude, to call forth such language from one who was so little accustomed to speak of what she felt.

When this solemn but simple service was ended, a little girl, who was next in age to Martha, came forward. She was a delicate and sickly child, and had suffered much from a blow inflicted by her father some years before, when he was not the master either of his own passions, or his own powers. From long acquaintance with privation and pain, this little girl had acquired a serious and almost sorrowful look; and with this peculiar expression she now looked up into her father's face, and asked him for the book.

"What book?" said he.

"The book to sign the pledge," replied the little girl. "Mother will guide my hand, and I can write my name quite well."

The father was for some time unable to speak, but dashing a tear from his eyes, "My poor child," said he, "thou art the only one of my family, whom my brutal violence has really injured, yet thou art the first to come over and help me in my weakness."

"Where is the book?" said the child, still intent upon her purpose. "Give me the pen. Now, mother, hold my hand. Father shall never have to say, that none of his

children would help him to be a better man. Doctors may say what they will about wine and ale being good for me, but I am sure it can never be right for me to take what has done my father so much harm, and made you, my mother, so wretched as you were."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say, that the name of this little girl was not the only one added to the temperance list that night. William and Martha were unable to resist the force of an example so powerful, and they never afterwards regretted that they had taken the temperance pledge.

FABLE OF

THE INDEPENDENT BEES.

THERE was once a beautiful garden—no matter where—containing a number of beehives, each with its little community of busy, working bees, and each governed by its own sovereign, who made laws for the benefit of the whole population within the hive.

It would, in all probability, puzzle the wisest of our modern entomologists to say to what species these bees belonged, for they were all of a pale, or rather pinkish kind of yellow colour, esteemed by them as the exact colour which bees ought to be; though the tinge of this yellow was so very varied, approaching so often to white, and then to the opposite extreme of black, that the most knowing bee amongst them had never been able to say which particular degree of black or white approached the nearest to perfection. The fact was, they believed themselves *all* to be of the right colour, and therefore they made no difficulty about the matter.

Had these bees possessed a little more modesty, they would have had the candour to take into account, that they were not the only bees in the whole world; and some of them knew this very well, for on taking a distant flight,

they had discovered another garden quite as beautiful as their own, and quite as full of hives, where the bees were all brown—poor despicable things! It is impossible to say how much the yellow bees looked down upon them for being a different colour from themselves. It is true they had as many wings to fly with, nor were they deficient in the number of their legs; they had eyes, too, and built their cells, though not with the same exactness, yet in a manner which satisfied their wants; and altogether, though not quite so bustling or so skilful as the yellow bees, they had at least as great a right to please themselves.

All might have been well, however, if the yellow bees had been satisfied only to *despise* the brown. But what did they do besides? They rushed in amongst them, seizing all they could secure, and carrying them home to their own hives, portioned them out amongst their friends in exchange for certain quantities of wax and honey, and then flew off again to fetch more. The brown bees having slender hives, and not being accustomed to think much about danger, were very little prepared to defend themselves from such merciless enemies. All they could do was, to endeavour to escape by flight, and to hide themselves as well as they were able amongst the shades and the hollows of their own garden.

But the yellow bees were not satisfied with merely hunting their prey, and snatching single victims wherever they could. They devised plans for accomplishing their cruel

purpose on a larger scale, by making the sovereigns of the different hives quarrel and fight amongst themselves, and then persuading those who gained the victory to sell them all the brown bees which were taken captive. Thus a regular supply was obtained to a very great amount; and as the difficulties of getting them away from their own garden was great, hundreds and thousands died by the way, in the most cruel manner, and thousands more endured sufferings a great deal more terrible than death.

All this while, the yellow bees were as proud as ever. They were proud of the fruits and the flowers of their garden, of the firm and skilful construction of their cells, of the quantity of honey they were able to lay by for winter use; and, what is rather remarkable, they were proud of being *good*, at least, a great deal better than the brown bees, and they called themselves by a good name, and gave it out amongst all the bees in the world, that they were more just and more merciful than those who were not called by that name.

It may reasonably be supposed from this, that they took the brown bees to their own hives, to teach them knowledge, and to do them good. But, no. The truth soon came to light. The brown bees were to do all the hard work for the yellow. They were not only to be seized by violence and carried away from their own garden, but they were to be made to work in all kinds of weather, while a great many of the yellow bees were idle—they were to be

tied together, made to carry heavy burdens, whipped, and abused in many ways, until the general opinion amongst the bee-population was, that it was better to die than to be a bee with a brown complexion. It is easy to imagine that of these, neither the brown nor the yellow were the independent bees.

No; the independent bees lived a great way off, in a very large garden, very fruitful, and watered by broad streams, and in many places covered with such thick shrubberies, that the first yellow bees which flew over were afraid to venture far into the garden, lest they should be lost. They came back, however, with such wonderful descriptions of what they had seen, that other bees flew over, and more, and more, in such numbers, that they in time called the great garden their own. But chiefly one very old hive, with a powerful sovereign, laid claim to a large portion of it; and being a little too full, sent out a great many of its inhabitants to live there entirely. This hive took the liberty of making laws for the bees of the new garden, and of sending them messages what they were to do, or not to do, though the distance at which they lived rendered it very difficult to have the messages always delivered in time.

It would have been strange, had any one discovered so wide, so fruitful, and so flowery a garden as this, without any bees at all; and here was found a kind of red bee, very wild, and very much disposed to sting when hurt; so the yellow bees thought it best to let them pretty much

alone, and only took their garden from them, and drove them away, without attempting to seize and compel them to work, as they had done with the brown.

All this while the very old hive was becoming exceedingly full of bees, and the garden, too, people said, was beginning to be a little worked out. Indeed all sorts of complaints were constantly made, some not liking their sovereign, and some not liking his laws; besides which, others, who had fallen into disgrace, naturally liked to fly away from their old acquaintance, so they flew over faster and faster into the new garden, where there was no queen-bee, but every hive managed its own affairs without.

Under these circumstances, it was scarcely possible that the messages from the old hive should be very acceptable. Indeed the bees of the new garden, grown great in their own esteem, began to think they could make their own laws, better than a sovereign a great way off could make them; and perhaps they were right: but, more especially, when the king of the old hive sent over for some of their honey and wax, they grew extremely indignant, many of them venturing to declare that kings were of no use, especially so far away from their people.

Great was the buzzing in all the little hives of the new garden about this time, for they had grown a very independent community, and as proud as the yellowest bee in the old. It is true, they also had bought brown bees in great numbers, and compelled them to work;

but what of that? They had a right to do as they liked, and they *would* do so too. So they stretched out their wings, and sharpened up their stings, and prepared to fight for the privilege of doing as they liked, with any one who should attempt to control them.

Great was the conflict which followed this independent resolution on the part of the bees of the new garden—great was the fighting, the boasting, and the destruction on both sides; and great was the astonishment of the old hive, that the rebellious bees held out so long. The fact was, they were very wise bees, and they had a right to be so, for many of them had gone to that garden from a great distance, and had gone purely because they were dissatisfied with old things, with what they believed to be bad laws, or at least laws which did not suit them, with oppressive rulers, and with a wrong system of things altogether. So they had gone to a new garden to set themselves up in new hives, and to make new laws, all of their own choosing, and to have everything as it ought to be, and just as they liked. It was nothing less than presumption in the old hive to pretend to meddle with them. *They* were the independent bees, and they would teach the world what independence was. They would have no king to rule over them—not they. No bees with proud names, to give themselves airs. The beauty of their government was, that all should be considered alike—all should have equal rights, and the power of sharing in the govern-

ment should rest only with those who deserved to be trusted.

After a great deal of fighting and disputing, it was at last agreed, that some at least of the hives of the new garden, should possess this independence for which they strove so nobly; and as disappointment often brings men, as well as bees, to think seriously, the bees of the old hive began to consider what independence really was, and how far all had a right to enjoy it.

Now this was a very respectable old hive. The bees in it were hard fighters, and hard workers too. In their industrious avocations they were accustomed to look abroad upon the world, and consider what was right, and what was wrong; but what is still more to their credit, when they saw distinctly what was right, they sometimes set about as a body to do it. We have said that these bees, amongst other wise thoughts, took up the idea of independence. But they did not therefore, as some hives have done, murder their king, and seize each other's property, calling *that* independence. They did not set about to destroy all who were above them, and trample on all who were beneath, calling *that* independence either. They thought very seriously, and very wisely, and they saw that independence is, to a certain extent, a sort of natural right, belonging equally to the bees of all gardens, and of all hives. They saw that the life and the property of one bee, were as much to be respected as those of another; and

consequently that no hive, however powerful, had a right to seize upon other bees by violence, to make them do its work.

What then did the noble bees of this old hive resolve to do? They determined from that time forward never to steal any more brown bees from their distant garden, and they used all their influence to induce other hives to adopt the same noble resolution. Nor was this all. As time passed on, and good thoughts grew amongst them, they saw that to do right, they must not stop here. They had been great stealers of brown bees for some of their own hives at a distance, where much honey was made by the work of these bees alone, and they did not know but that by declaring all these to be free, the honey-making would cease altogether. They had many other difficulties also to meet, as every one has who resolves to do right after having for a long time done wrong; and the greatest of them was a question of property, for the brown bees had been bought like cattle, and it is easy to see, that a family whose father had bought a flock of sheep and bequeathed it to his children, would consider it very unjust to be deprived of the possession of the flock all at once, even by his sovereign.

So the bees of the old hive were quite puzzled what to do, the more so because all were not of the same mind, because some received a great deal of honey from the work of the brown bees, and did not like to give it up, and

because they and others raised up the cry of danger against meddling with what had gone on very well for so many years.

But the wisest bees in this hive knew very well that things had *not* gone on well—that they never can go on well, where one portion of a community is oppressed and ill-treated to serve the purposes of the other. They knew also, that if the brown bees were mean, and stupid, and deserved to be despised, they would remain so as long as they were bought and sold, and in all respects treated like inferior creatures. What, then, were they to do? Must they still go on doing this great wrong, and was there really no escape without doing another? When either men or bees set about, in good earnest, to do what is right, they always find out a way; and a plan at last was formed, though it cost them a great deal of honey, for making all their brown bees equal to the yellow, giving them the same privileges, allowing them a fair remuneration of honey for their labour, and an equal chance with themselves of becoming wise and happy. This was understanding independence in the right way. Of course the bees in the new garden understood it quite as well, or better.

Not they, indeed! They looked upon this great giving up of the old hive, for the sake of doing what was right, as a most absurd and foolish act; and if any wandering

bee did but venture to mention to them such a thing as the desirableness of setting all their brown bees free, they grew quite furious, and sharpened their stings in a most alarming manner. And so they go on to this day. And yet they are the independent bees; and whenever the day is mentioned, the great day when their own independence was settled, they throw up their honey and wax into the air, and flutter their wings, and hum, and buz, and cry, "We are the bees, and there are none like us! we understand what belongs to bee-liberty and bee-rights!" and then they cry "equality! equality!" as loud and as long as they can. But as to setting their brown brethren free, they will not hear of that.

Yet very beautiful is the garden in which these oppressed and pitiable members of the community are toiling in such multitudes, that, did they but know how, they might soon make themselves free. Beautiful and fair is that rich garden, watered by swelling streams, and crowned by the richest of ancient woods. Beautiful are the noble habitations built on the banks of its broad rivers, and beautiful the wise and benevolent institutions starting into life on every hand. Beautiful is the industry, the action, the quick spirit of enterprise, which hoists the sail and plies the ready oar, and the swift transit of merchandise across its great waters, from fruitful shore to shore. A proud and a boastful community they have right to be, for all


W H Brooke del & S A
W H Capone

this greatness and prosperity is but as the work of yesterday. Long may it last, and much honey may they gain! but of one thing we would venture to remind them—there can be no real sweetness in the produce of cruelty and oppression.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A MERRY boy and idle girl
Sate one day in a bower;
They laugh'd and play'd till, strange to say,
They talk'd of kingly power.
Then voices loud, in angry tones,
Rang through each garden walk;
One might have thought them bitter foes,
To hear those children talk.

"I love a man—not born a prince,
But kingly in his mind;
And such a man," the youth exclaim'd,
"In Cromwell bold we find.
I love a man who wins his way
By greatness of his own;
And such a man was Oliver,
And fit to fill a throne."

Painted by A. [illegible] — Engraved by F. Lightfoot

"What! Cromwell!—mean and low-born wretch!"
'Twas thus the quarrel ran;
"Could any nation, not insane,
Be ruled by such a man?
A vulgar spendthrift in his youth,
A hypocrite in age;
His vices—nay, his very name
A stain on history's page."

"What vices, pray? In early life
There might be some, I own;
But these were all repented of
When better thoughts had grown.
Nor prayers, nor tears, alone were his,
Nor sober look and state;
But debts were paid by industry,
While prudence conquer'd hate."

"Call prudence, art—call tears, deceit;
Both these he used with skill;
His prudence served his selfish ends—
His tears he wept at will.
And then he was so coarse of speech,
Walk'd with a clumsy gait,
And had a large red nose—could *he*
Be either good or great?"

"What childishness! what prejudice!
What folly thus to talk!
As if a man should reign because
He has a graceful walk.
No: Cromwell, by what you term art,
All different minds could rule;
And often acted wisdom's part,
When weak men call'd him fool."

"Ah! but the worst is yet to come—
A deed to tremble at!
He plann'd the murder of the king—
There is no jest in that.
And such a king—so wise! so good!
Whose inborn majesty
Could change his enemies to friends,
And make the treacherous flee."

"And had that king been just in deed,
As he was wise in speech,
There never would have needed such
As Oliver to preach.
There never would have needed war,
To shed the people's blood;
And Cromwell never would have ruled
With counsels wise and good."

"That he was prudent none deny,
Much given to counsels wise;
And why?—he had, both far and near,
Well-paid and trusty spies.
Thus, when a plot was brought to light
Against his lawless power,
He had his victim dragg'd to death,
Or prison'd in the Tower."

"Yet must you own him kind and good
Amidst his family,
Where one could soothe his sternest mood,
A much-loved daughter she.
Nor all the pomp of princely state,
Nor all the din of war,
Could move him from his purpose bold,
Or touch his heart like her."

"Yet heavy was the punishment
That on himself he brought;
For that loved daughter pined away,
From cruel deeds he wrought."
"Now more I will not, cannot hear"—
The impatient youth exclaim'd;
"I still maintain that Cromwell was
The best man ever named."

"Hush! hush!" a kind voice softly said,
Beside that garden bower;
"What mean these angry words, to spoil
The sweet, still, evening hour?"
"My sister says"—the boy began;
"My brother"—cried the girl;
While with a fever of its own
Each little brain did whirl.

"Hush! hush!" the mother said again,
"I've heard your foolish strife;
And now I bid you listen, while
I talk of human life.
You know that joy and sorrow mix
With every day we live;
And good and ill to all mankind
A blended nature give.

"Why should not Cromwell have his faults
As well as other men?
But that he had his virtues too,
Is yet perhaps more plain.
You know he lived in troubled times,
When furious parties strove;
And hard it is, amid such scenes,
Without offence to move.

"A mighty man, all nations own—
An instrument of God
To overthrow a tottering throne,
And wield a chastening rod.
In history Cromwell stands apart,
Form'd for a purpose high;
A hero in his moral power,
Whose name can never die.

"Then take this warning from my lips,
When arguments arise,
Perchance for each to yield a point
Would be more just and wise.
For seldom to opposing eyes
The same, one object seems;
And truth, that treasure, often lies
Half-way between extremes."

THE ISLAND QUEEN.

The Pacific ocean is studded with groups of beautiful islands, among the largest of which are the Sandwich group, discovered by Captain Cook, and so called by him in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, his patron. The scenery of the whole cluster is exceedingly beautiful: though the summit of some of the mountains are for the greater part of the year covered with snow, yet nothing like winter is known in the valleys, the most luxuriant foliage everywhere abounds, flowers of great loveliness grow wild in the country, and birds of the gayest plumage dwell among the branches of its ever-green trees. In the principal of these islands, which is called Hawaii, there is an immense volcano, being the largest of which we have hitherto had any account, presenting the appearance of a lake of fire, with a number of craters, of different sizes, continually emitting bright red, blue, and amber flames, with fragments of rocks and red-hot stones. At a short distance from the shores, reefs of coral, supposed to be formed by multitudes of very minute insects, rise from the bed of the ocean, breaking the force of the waves. In these reefs there are generally openings left, sufficient

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to admit of vessels passing through to the still water within their boundary. Streams of water flow down the sides of the mountains, and along the valleys, sometimes forming beautiful cascades, and at other times meandering on with an unruffled surface.

But while the aspect of the country is thus varied and delightful, we find, on turning our eyes from the face of nature to that of man, that the deformity of sin is visible even here. Its inhabitants were, not long since, in all the darkness of heathenism, worshipping gods of wood and stone, which their own hands had made, and, in compliance with the requirements of these imaginary deities, sacrificing the lives of their fellow-men. Fathers and mothers, forgetting the ties of relationship, buried their helpless children alive; and sons and daughters, instead of being the solace of their parents in sickness and old age, took them to some uninhabited place, and there left them to perish from starvation. The same groves which were vocal with the songs of birds, often resounded with the sounds of war and conflict, the groans of the languishing and the dying. On one occasion a man and his wife quarrelled about their child, a fine little boy. The wife refusing to comply with the wishes of her husband, he took up the child by the head and the feet, broke its back across his knee, and then threw it down in the agonies of death before its mother. More than half the children born in the country were murdered by their own parents,

whose only reason for conduct so unnatural, seemed to be, to avoid the trouble of their maintenance.

Keopuolani was the daughter of the king and queen of Hawaii; but as it was not customary for the high chiefs to bring up their own children, the young princess lived with her grandmother at Maui, where she was consigned to the care of numerous attendants and followers. Here she was taught to worship the idols of the country; and from a very early age, she paid great attention to the duties enjoined by her religion.

While she was living quietly at Maui, an energetic and enterprising chief rose up, who ultimately became a great warrior. This chief, whose name was Tamehameha, fought against her father, and killed him, and thus made himself king of Hawaii in her father's stead.

Some time after this battle, Tamehameha invaded Maui, and, as its chief happened to be at another island, he experienced little difficulty in making himself master of that place. Keopuolani fell into his hands as a prisoner; but being very beautiful, and of a gentle disposition, instead of treating her with the cruelty generally shown to captives taken in war, the king took her for his wife, and she accompanied him to his favourite place of residence at Hawaii.

Tamehameha continued his career of conquest, invading successively the other islands of the group, until at length he became king of the whole, with the exception of one island called Tauai.

The queen was very much beloved by her people, for she manifested great kindness and compassion towards them. When any of her subjects had broken the laws, or otherwise incurred the king's displeasure, if they had a reasonable excuse to offer, which, as the laws were many of them very severe, was often the case, they fled to Keopuolani, and made known their grievances to her, in the assurance that she would plead with the king on their behalf. Many of the high chiefs who pursued a very different course of conduct themselves, afterwards said, to Keopuolani's praise, "She was never the means of any person's being put to death."

About seven years after her first coming to Hawaii, and while she was on a visit to Oahu, Keopuolani became dangerously ill. Various means were tried for her recovery, but without any effect; and her friends, imagining that this illness was the result of the anger of their gods, sent immediately to a priest, who at once pretended to know the cause. He said some men had been eating cocoa-nuts, which the common people were forbidden to eat, and therefore the gods were angry; and unless these men should be offered up in sacrifice, the queen would not recover. Accordingly ten men were taken prisoners, and placed under the charge of the servants of the priest, till the time appointed for offering them up. Just in this interval, the queen's illness began to abate, and it was thought likely she would recover. The priests were immediately informed

of this, and seven of the poor men who were condemned to death, were unbound, and returned to their homes in safety. The remaining three were offered up in sacrifice, Keopuolani being quite ignorant of these proceedings till they were all past.

Some years afterwards, her husband Tamchameha died, and her son Riho-riho became king in his stead. One of his first acts was to abolish the whole system of the idolatry of the country; and this not in consequence of having been told of a religion better adapted to the wants of his people, but because he felt that in which he had been brought up, to be both cruel in its requirements, and degrading in its influence on the people. Among the prohibitions it enforced were these:—

No one was allowed to eat cocoa-nuts, except a priest or chief; no woman was allowed to eat out of the same dish with her husband, or any other man, or even to prepare her food at the same fire; no one was at any time permitted to be in a tree, or anywhere, above the king's head, nor to have his hand above the king's head. The punishment for the commission of any of these acts, though they might be accidentally done, was death. If a human sacrifice was wanted, and no one could be found guilty of any of these things, other laws were made, which the people did not know, and which they could hardly fail to break. Once there was a canoe seen sailing out in front of several houses; it was upset by the surf. Presently

one of the men belonging to it seemed to be drowning; an old man, who had been watching the canoe, in compassion to the drowning man, came out of his house to save him. He was immediately seized by the servants of the priests, led to a temple near, and there put to death, while the man who had pretended to be drowning got into a boat and rowed away.

But cruel as these practices were, it required a great deal of courage and determination on the part of the king to abolish a religion which the people had always been taught to venerate, and which had been, for so long, that of their forefathers. The supporters of idolatry took up arms in defence of their gods, and a bloody battle ensued, in which Riho-riho proving victorious, the idolatry of the country was effectually destroyed. At the consultation of the king with the principal chiefs about the abolition of idolatry, Keopuolani not being present, two of the chiefs were sent to ask her opinion. At first she seemed reluctant to give up the religion of her fathers, and asked what evil their idols had done them, that they should now forsake them. She was reminded of all the cruelties enjoined by the priests, and, after thinking awhile, she said, "You indeed speak very properly—let the king's wish and yours be gratified."

Soon after the abolition of idolatry in the Sandwich islands, some good people in America sent missionaries to those islands, to teach the people about the true God.

These missionaries expected to find the people still worshipping their dumb idols; and their joy and wonder were very great, when they learned that the people had of their own accord abandoned them, and were so far ready to listen to the better way they had come to make known to them. Keopuolani in particular soon began to be very attentive to the new teachers, and was very anxious to learn to read and write. None of the inhabitants of those islands could either read or write till the missionaries taught them. The queen was very diligent indeed in learning, and would constantly have her slate, or her book, in her hand, trying to make out the letters and words by herself. Thus she made great progress, and was soon able to read very well.

She was very anxious that the people of Maui, where she had passed her childhood, should receive the instructions of the missionaries, and wished much to visit them herself. Accordingly, accompanied by some of the teachers, she left Hawaii for Maui, at which island she remained till her death. She was particularly solicitous that after her death, none of the bad practices they had been accustomed to should be allowed, and gave orders to that effect, and that her funeral might be conducted according to Christian custom. It had been usual at the death of a chief, for the people to give themselves up to all kinds of wickedness, stealing, fighting, and drunkenness, and these were the evil practices to which she referred. During

the whole of her last illness she manifested great patience under suffering, and great kindness to all around her. She died on the 16th of September, 1823. For two days after her death, scarcely any other sound was heard but wailing and lamentation, every one crying, "Keopuolani was a mother to everybody! We have all lost a mother!"

Her funeral, according to her desire, was conducted as in our own land. Between four and five thousand people were present on the occasion, yet the most perfect order and propriety were maintained during the whole time.

Some of the people have a superstition that the queen still visits her island, and has been seen by several among them, but most of them are convinced that she was a child of God, and has gone to heaven.

A. D. E.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HALL.

I REMEMBER the sweetest of evening hours
Were spent in an old-fashion'd hall;
A garden grew round it, all spangled with flowers,
And ivy crept over the wall.

People said it was haunted—that old-fashion'd place,
By things that were frightful to see;
But I saw nothing worse than my grandmother's face
Peeping out when we climbed the oak tree.

People said it was gloomy; but never did fire
Burn brighter than ours on the hearth,
When we piled up the faggots still higher and higher,
And the Hall echoed loud with our mirth.

Ah! welcome was spring-time and summer to those
Who dwelt in that old-fashion'd home;
When gaily we wander'd to pluck the wild rose,
And gather the hawthorn in gloom.

The Old Haunted Hall

But lovelier still was the moonlight that fell
So soft on the gray mossy wall;
When we tried not to hear the loud nursery bell,
Nor anwer'd my grandmother's call.

For, oh! it was pleasant to wander along
That terrace all shaded by yew,
To listen the nightingale's happiest song,
And see the bright moonbeams shine through.

A splash in the water, a rush of the wind
As it swept through the high sycamore;
How it startled the one that was loitering behind,
Though laughing the moment before.

Then half in our terror, and half in our fun,
We ran to the window, and tried
To see if the servants their supper had done,
By the light of the kitchen fireside.

And pleasant it was at the close of the day,
When the moon shone alone in the heaven,
To lie down to slumber, and think as we lay
That our mischievous pranks were forgiven.

Yes, those were the days when we dream'd not of care,
When pleasure still came at our call;
For warm was the greeting that welcomed us there,
In my grandmother's old-fashion'd Hall.

RICH AND POOR.

It is a common observation, and a very true one, that "one half of the world knows not how the other half is living." To some very poor people, it would be a wonderful sight, could they obtain access to the interior of a princely mansion, and not only behold the size and the furniture of the rooms, but the services of the table, and the gay and elegant company who seat themselves there with so much familiarity and ease, having never been accustomed to anything else. Still more astonished would they be, could they listen to the conversation, and understand it all; for they would discover that scarcely anything in life was esteemed as they esteem it, or calculated by the rule to which they had been accustomed.

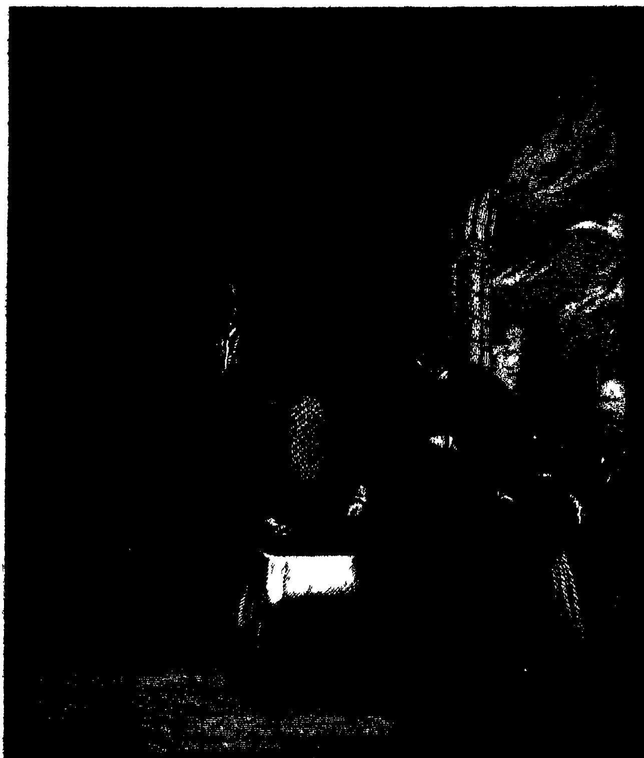
It might happen, for instance, that a young lady, throwing herself listlessly upon a couch, would exclaim—"I should like to be poor, and live in an old thatched cottage, it is so delightfully picturesque!" or, "I wonder why poor people can't be satisfied without shoes. When I can do as I like, I shall have all my working-people wear a costume, with sandals, or wooden shoes, pointed and turned up at the toe. And then they eat such shocking things, and

keep pigs, and make everything look so horrible around their cottages! *My* people shall live in the open air, and eat chestnuts, like the peasants in the south of France."

What would a poor cottager think to hear this, or a similar speech, from so benevolent a being, especially if the poor woman was one of those whose greatest glory was the possession of a pig, and the privilege of wearing a slouched bonnet, and a pair of leathern shoes?

On the other hand, how exceedingly ignorant are most of the children of affluence of what is going on within the habitations of the poor! Even if they look in occasionally, it is but for a passing moment, during which the poor people, embarrassed by the presence of their distinguished visitors, seldom talk or act like themselves. At all events, the actual means of their humble existence are not brought forward, nor is the wealthy stranger capable, from such limited intercourse, of forming any distinct idea of their actual mode either of living or thinking. The fact is, they *could not* understand it. The language of poverty is an unintelligible language to them, because they have no feelings in common with those who lie down at night not knowing from whence to-morrow's food is to come.

One thing is very remarkable in their character. It is the extraordinary generosity of the poor in comparison with that of the rich—not of the poor who want bread, for it would ill deserve the name of generosity to give one day, knowing that they should have to beg the next; but



Drawn by A. Chisholm. Engraved by [illegible]

Rich and Poor

such gifts as the widow's mite, cast into the treasury, do indeed deserve our admiration. Yes; the poor widow, with a child dependent on her labour, sometimes comes forward with her little gift, and casts it in, perhaps when no one sees her; and she does this out of pure benevolence, knowing that her name will not appear upon the printed lists of subscribers, and that her single mite will only be counted in as a penny, or a shilling, amongst hundreds of pounds. Nor is this all; she gives her mite, knowing, and perhaps her little boy knows too, that in consequence of giving it he will have to wait a whole week longer for his new pair of shoes, or that his mother will have to give up her ride in the passing coach on a little journey they were about to have taken together, and that they must therefore walk through the middle of the day along the hot and dusty road.

Such items as these have to be taken into account in all the little givings of the poor; and yet they do give in a manner which swells the charitable funds of the country at large to an amazing extent, considering that nothing they do in this way can be done without the giving up of something pleasant or useful to themselves.

How different are the feelings with which the wealthy give! and how startled many a kind-hearted young lady would be, if told that because she had given a few shillings to some useful institution, she must walk five miles along

the highway, or wait a whole week for the possession of a piece of music upon which her heart was set!

Helen Grafton was the only child of very wealthy parents, and so little accustomed to anything but the enjoyment of the indulgences which money can so easily procure, that she thought very little of it. Indeed, she had rather a fancy for being poor, as *she* regarded poverty; and talked a great deal about her love of the country, and rural scenery, and *rusticating*, as she was pleased to call it. Thus, when she went to stay with an aunt who lived in rather a quiet sort of rural way, she wrote long letters to her friends, sometimes under a tree, and sometimes with her shoes quite wet with the long grass, and called *this* doing as the poor people did in the country—living almost entirely in the open air, as they did, and enduring hardships like them.

If Helen Grafton possessed many of the faults to which youth is liable, idleness was certainly not amongst the number, unless a sort of busy idleness might sometimes be laid to her charge; for out of the various occupations to which her attention by turns was directed, very few useful results were ever brought to light. It is true, her property increased, her portfolios grew thicker and more numerous, and fresh means of accommodation had to be procured, year after year, to make place and room for the vast accumulation of papers and patterns, of things bought

and things borrowed, of things lost and things found, which were accustomed to slide down in avalanches from the chairs and tables on to the floor of her apartment, whenever a pencil had to be sought for, or even when a seat was required. And Helen was so busy, too—so fully and so earnestly employed, that whenever she darted in amongst this accumulation of property—as she often did—with full and flowing dresses, some corner of a luckless drawing was sure to be caught, or some portfolio having arrived at that state of repletion when it could bear no more, and then down went the sliding masses, like the waves of an advancing tide, each particle extending farther than it was possible for human calculation to suppose it should.

Helen was a great sketcher. She drew from nature, but having never taken the trouble to acquire a knowledge of perspective, she found herself perpetually in the uncomfortable predicament of seeing that her drawings were wrong, without being able to make them right. Thus, there naturally resulted an immense number and variety of *beginnings*, with very few conclusions, and such as there were, proved for the most part extremely unsatisfactory.

Indeed, Helen never could tell exactly how it was that no part of her buildings would *stand back*, that the recesses sometimes came out, and even stood before the parts which should project most. She was angry with her paper

on some occasions—with her pencils on all; and the money that was spent in buying more of different kinds, would almost have satisfied the hunger of some of the poor families around her; while the vexation she endured tended very much to ruffle a temper naturally mild and sweet.

Perhaps Helen was too ambitious—perhaps, like some *two* or *three* other young people, she wanted to arrive at once at the end, without the means. At all events she had an eye to see that her own drawings were not what they ought to be; and thus, when any of her friends, knowing the time she spent in sketching, and observing the thickly-filled portfolios which lay about her room, expected a rich treat in seeing the result of so much labour, a thousand excuses had to be made, such as—"Oh! these are not set"—"That is merely a beginning"—"I had no time to finish this;" and many other apologies of a similar nature, all cause for which might easily have been obviated by a little attention to perspective, a little perseverance, and a little common sense.

Helen certainly must have been ambitious, for she liked to go at once to some difficult subject; and having heard much of the ruins of an old priory in the neighbourhood of her aunt's residence, she lost no time in setting out with paper, pencils, and all necessary things, to make a sketch of it, which was to be framed in the wood of an old oak growing hard by, and taken home

to her parents as a proof of her industry and skill in the fine arts.

The scene of Helen Grafton's eagerly anticipated success, was in Devonshire; and it consisted of a little village church connected with the ruins of a small priory, originally attached to Hartland Abbey; but the most striking features in the scene were the extremely picturesque effect of the ancient walls and windows of the priory, richly hung with ivy, and in some places almost grown over, so as to form masses of green and beautiful foliage.

Helen believed she could draw this part of the picture well, for she had studied foliage attentively. Indeed, it is probable she could have drawn any single portion, for she was by no means deficient in the use of her pencil. The unlucky part of the business was, that she could not put the different portions together for want of a knowledge of perspective. She never took into account, that there is a certain rule by which objects become lessened in the distance, and enlarged when near the eye; and that when we thus speak of the size of a thing, it is not the size it appears to us of itself, but the size it is proved to be when measured by another object placed at an equal distance from us.

"Let me see," said Helen, "I will draw the church first;" and she drew it so large, that when she came to the ruins, there was scarcely room for them, unless they were placed higher up in the picture, so they went

back in consequence of being too small, and the church came forward, and stood upon the foreground. Helen saw it was not right, but concluded, as she had often done before, that shading and filling up would help it; so she turned her attention to the cattle, and to an old man who happened to be passing at the time. Recollecting she had often been so far wrong in the perspective of her figures, that sometimes they had turned out giants, and sometimes fairies, she exclaimed to herself, "I will be right this time, however, with my old man; for I see he looks just about as tall as that window in the ruin." She therefore marked out his size upon a piece of waste paper, and let him pass on while she finished the cattle. This, it may readily be supposed, was not fully accomplished before the old man had found time to walk past the priory and church, even at his slow pace, and to get across an adjoining field, at the extremity of which he was still distinctly to be seen, when the artist wanted him again.

"And now for my old man," said Helen, with a good deal of satisfaction, for she had done the cattle, as she thought, *well;* and, taking up the piece of waste paper, she compared the measurement of the man with the tiny little figure now a great way off.

"How strange!" exclaimed Helen, as she looked first at one, and then at the other. "I suppose this is what people mean by perspective, for I find my old

man in the distance is scarcely so long as the head of a cow which is near. How very strange!" and she took up a book and held it edgeways near her face, and saw that to her eye, in that position, it was a great deal longer than the church was high.

"I see then," said Helen to herself, "that the size of every object depends upon its distance from our eyes, and that our only rule in measuring, is by some other object placed at exactly the same distance. I do think I will set about learning perspective, it would be so useful to know, when I have drawn one object, exactly how large to make all the rest, so that they may appear to be in their proper places."

With this new idea, and this laudable resolution, Helen was returning to the residence of her aunt; when, having to pass along a very pretty valley, she was struck again with the picturesque effect of a number of cows standing idly in the bed of a broad and shallow stream, lashing the flies from their sides, and cooling themselves in the fresh clear water.

Having failed in her sketch of the priory, Helen determined to make one more attempt, in order that she might have something to show on her return, for she had been a long time out; and besides detaining her aunt's servant, who waited patiently beside her, she knew that her aunt was never so dissatisfied as when, at the close of a day, she was unable to say that she had really

accomplished any one thing. Seizing a happy opportunity, therefore, she seated herself beneath the shade of a tree, and had begun the second cow, after pleasing herself very well with the first, when the loud shouting of a boy on the bank of stream, startled the cattle from their luxurious enjoyment, and reminded them that they were expected to return to their accustomed evening milking in the village.

It was an interruption not to be borne by one in Helen's situation, for she was one of the rich, and the cows belonged to the comparatively poor, on whose behalf this boy was employed to bring them home from their pasture twice every day. It was an interruption not to be borne, either, by one who had never given herself the trouble to think whether cows were created for any other purpose than to be sketched. So Helen set about to reprimand the boy very severely, and having *settled* him, as she thought, most effectually, she turned again to her delightful occupation, which she enjoyed all the more from the beautiful situation in which she was seated, the repose of everything around her, and the consciousness that she herself was no unlovely picture, with her dog sleeping at her feet.

It was not many minutes, however, before Helen was interrupted again by the boy.

"If you please, Miss," said he, "I am behind my time, and the people will all be waiting for their milk."

"Never mind!" said Helen, deeply buried in her occupation—"Let them wait."

"But they *won't* wait," remonstrated the boy.

"They *must* wait," said Helen. "It can make very little difference to them, I should think. At all events, I mean to finish my drawing, so you may go about your business."

"My business is to fetch the cows, Miss."

"How troublesome you are!" exclaimed Helen. "There, take that," she added, throwing the boy a sixpence.

This procured her a little quiet, but the boy, calculating the consequences to himself of any farther delay, wisely concluded that it would require a much greater sum than sixpence to remunerate him for the loss of his situation."

"I cannot wait any longer," said he. "I am bound to get the cows in at five o'clock, or I lose my situation, and I know there's Jack Milford ready to catch it any day."

"Then I'll make a bargain with you," said Helen. "If you will leave me alone, and not frighten the cows for half an hour, I'll give you half-a-crown. See, there it is."

The half-crown looked large—much larger than the sixpence. The annual village fair was about to take place. The boy already held his sixpence—half-a-crown more

would make a rich man of him. It was too great a temptation. He advanced to receive his bribe, with awkwardness and confusion, for he knew he was doing wrong; and then throwing himself down upon the bank, endeavoured to go to sleep, and forget the impending consequences.

As ignorant as the pencil she held in her hand what those consequences would be, Helen Grafton went on with her sketch, and many a one besides Helen has gone on in a much worse manner, gratifying the whim of the moment at the expense of others, simply because they were rich, and had never been acquainted with the necessities of the poor.

But what, all this while, was taking place in the village, and what were the people saying and doing to whom the cows belonged?

Great was the consternation of many of them, when, at the close of a busy day, they were about to prepare for their evening meal, and saw not the accustomed welcome sight of the patient cows wending their quiet way up the shady lane which led from the green pasture to the village green. Once or twice a little girl was sent out to see if they were not coming, and then a little boy was sent after the girl, and both staid out upon the brow of the hill, having no doubt whatever but the cows would appear every moment. Then came the elder maiden, on her way from the pump, setting down her pail of water,

and running to see what the children were about; and then peered out from the cottage-door the angry matron, asserting her belief that as a last calamity she should have to go too, and never doubting, if she did so, but that cows and children would all come home together, just as they ought.

Nor was this all. The want of milk began to be felt by many different portions of the community. Mrs. Staines, the dressmaker, had a few friends to tea that afternoon. The kettle was boiling on the fire; the tea had been made half an hour, and the milk had not come So she sent out her apprentice with orders to seek up the milk-boy, and scold him well, and to tell his mother she should have no more of her custom; but as it only amounted to half a pint a day, the calamity was not of the magnitude which might have been supposed, from the manner in which the threat was given.

Then there was her next-door neighbour, the solitary schoolmaster, a poor little sickly man, who had waited for the milk so long that there was no time to make his tea at all; and he, having an engagement to wait upon a rich gentleman, was obliged to go, faint and hungry as he was, and to receive a good scolding from the footman into the bargain, for being ten minutes behind his time.

Then again, a little lower down the street, was a whole family of children, cross and hungry, and consequently in a state of uproar and rebellion, when their father's house-

keeper rushed in, after having looked in her turn down the lane; and she, having nothing else to do, and being a rigid disciplinarian, thought it best the children should be all well whipped, and sent to bed without their suppers, in order to teach them better manners, in case the milk should fail to come another time.

Nor was the calamity of the non-arrival of the milk confined to this class of the community alone. Hard by that village stood a little parsonage, and the pastor, though a very worthy man, was a little apt to be put out when anything went wrong. Old-fashioned and early were the habits of the parsonage, and even here the milk was wanted for the pastor's tea long before it came. So, what did the worthy pastor do? He went out himself to meet the milk-boy, and told him to tell his mother—she was a poor widow—that he should have no more milk from her—that he knew those who would serve him better; and that if poor people would not take pains to accommodate their friends—their *real* friends—they must expect to want.

But the worst consequences fell upon the sick and the suffering; and amongst these was a poor consumptive girl, lying in an attic chamber, upon which the afternoon sun shone fiercely all that summer time. This girl had been ordered, by the parish doctor, to take milk; and as it was the only thing she took with pleasure, her mother worked hard to pay for it; and a great luxury it seemed to them

both when the pure fresh draught came in, for the girl was very feverish; and, though a good and patient child at other times, she was, as the fond mother confessed, a little teazing about the milk, when it did not come in time. And this day she was more restless and impatient than usual, until at last she grew so fretful, that her mother, who was sorely tried, spoke sharply to her, and then the big tears rolled fast from her large blue eyes; and the mother wept too, and begged her for forgiveness, for she knew that the time was fast coming, when her child would be no more there to receive her tenderness, or to bear with her rebuke.

And what was Helen, the child of wealthy parents, and the unconscious cause of these and many more disasters, doing all this time? She was shading off the shoulder of a cow, and adding a little depth to the shadows in the water, and tipping some foliage by the side of the stream, and holding up her drawing this way and that, and pleasing herself with the idea of the praises she would hear on her return. Thus, then, with her head full of the importance of her own occupation, and her heart full of self-satisfaction, she rose up from her pleasant seat beneath the tree, and giving the boy her gracious permission to drive the cows away, walked cheerfully home, esteeming herself quite as highly as if she had been the benefactress of the whole parish.

To Helen's great delight, she did receive that day a great

deal of praise, not only for the really pretty drawing she had brought home, but for having persevered in a second, after she had failed in the first. Of course her aunt knew nothing of her plan of detaining the cow-boy, for Helen attached no importance to it whatever, until a few days afterwards, when speaking of the impertinence and unreasonableness of this class of people, she detailed the whole affair to her aunt, simply as an instance of the daring presumption of a vulgar little fellow, who knew no better than to disturb the cattle she was sketching.

It is needless to say that the elder lady took a very different view of the subject from that taken by her niece, for she was one whose pleasure it was to go much amongst the poor, and to make herself really acquainted with their circumstances and sufferings; and although, in the present instance, it was impossible for her to know the extent of the inconvenience which Helen's want of consideration had occasioned, she clearly understood how this kind of ignorance on the part of the niece, might lead her in after-life to do many things absolutely cruel and unjust in her transactions with the poor.

In order to prevent such consequences, Mrs. Grafton became more frequently the companion of her niece, and even accompanied her in many of her rural rambles, often sitting patiently beside her while she made her unsatisfactory sketches; but always endeavouring, as far as she could, to lead her to think more about others, and less

about herself; but especially to remember, that the poor are as deserving of consideration as the rich, and often need it a great deal more.

"Now this is exactly what I like!" exclaimed Helen, one day, stopping suddenly on the edge of a wild common, just as there started into view a little cottage with a most ruinous gable, and broken thatch, over which had been laid some loose beams, and branches of green wood, as if to secure more effectually the little shelter which remained. "This is exactly what I like," repeated Helen, as her eye revelled amongst the "choice bits," as she had heard other young lady-sketchers call the rugged edges and shady hollows of the picturesque subjects from which they drew.

The "choice bits" in this instance, were such as required the eye of an artist to appreciate, for they consisted chiefly of holes in the wall without windows, and a yawning gap in the gable, overhung by black rafters and broken thatch, the whole building looking so unlike a human habitation, that when a little child, suddenly startled from its play amongst the furze of the common, ran hastily in, Mrs. Grafton was inclined to think it must belong to some wandering tribe of gipsies, who had made the hut their shelter for the night.

The dwelling, however, was not altogether so ruinous as the first aspect, so enchanting to the eye of our artist, would have led the observer to suppose. Another view of it gave a somewhat different character; for here one

window at least had been repaired, the thatch renewed, and other proofs of care were not wanting, to show, to a certain extent, what the necessities of human life require.

"How shocking!" exclaimed Helen, quite indignant at the building up of a new piece of wall, "I have no patience with people who spoil everything in this manner. And see here! Actually a square window-frame painted white! I will have no windows in *my* cottages, when I am mistress of my own affairs."

"Nor inhabitants either, I should think," said her aunt, "if such are your plans."

"Oh yes," replied Helen, "I will have such cottages as Gainsborough always painted, really wretched, and such children too."

"Always orphans, I suppose," observed Mrs. Grafton.

"Always ragged, at all events," said Helen. "But do let us go round again to that charming gable, for I see there is nothing to be done here." And saying this, Helen seated herself upon a high green bank, and opened out her portfolio, while her aunt stood a little way off, musing, and thinking very deeply, about what might possibly be the circumstances and situation of the inhabitants of that miserable dwelling.

"Hark," said Mrs. Grafton, advancing, after a few minutes, towards her niece, and stooping down so as to whisper near her ear; "did you not hear a low moan?"

she asked; "I am sure there was something like a human voice."

"I heard nothing but the moan of the wind," said Helen, "through the old broken wall. I delight in such sounds. They add so much effect to a scene like this."

"Again!" said Mrs. Grafton. "I cannot be mistaken. There must be some one in distress." And the kind-hearted lady would have made her way into the interior of that comfortless dwelling, had not the figure of a man, accompanied by a fine white dog, at that moment approached, walking across the common with an air of gloomy despondency, as if too much absorbed by his own thoughts to observe that any one was near. This man laid his hand upon the latch of the door, and stood still for some time, evidently irresolute whether to enter or not; or as if wishing to assure himself, by some sound or sign, of what was going on within, before proceeding farther. At last the door opened, then closed upon his receding figure, and for a moment all was still. Loud voices, however, were soon heard, and angry threatening tones; while Mrs. Grafton, who had approached nearer to the window, could discover that something had been eagerly expected by those within the cottage, which the entrance of that man had failed to realize; and the bitter reproaches which now and then reached her ear, deterred her from making any nearer approaches at so unpropitious a time.

It was not long before the unwelcome guest again left

the house, taking with him the dog, which he called to his side, and ever and anon stooped down to caress with a fondness which appeared somewhat extraordinary in one of his firm and manly aspect.

"I must know what is the matter with these people," said Mrs. Grafton; but her niece, who was seated farther from the cottage, still deeply absorbed in her occupation, made no reply; and she entered alone, with her accustomed kind and sympathizing manner, which seldom failed to win the confidence and respect of the poor.

The history of the interior of that cottage was soon told; and, oh! how unlike it was to anything which a delicate and refined young lady would wish to portray! It was a history of want—perhaps of wickedness; but that Mrs. Grafton did not ask, for she could see at one glance that the last moments of life were ebbing fast away from one, who, evidently in the prime of life, lay stretched upon a bed of suffering, and, it might soon be, of death.

What a contrast did this scene present to the ideal pictures Helen Grafton was perpetually drawing of the beauty of poverty, and the poetry of wretchedness and ruin! It is well enough in its way, to look at the picturesque effect of everything; but it is a very inferior way to that in which a benevolent and thoughtful mind will regard even a forlorn cottage on a wild common; and more especially, a cottage in which sickness, suffering, or death, are occupying the attention of its inmates. Not that young ladies

are called upon to run headlong into all wretched-looking hovels, to relieve the immediate wants of the poor. Until they know how to relieve them in the best manner, they are, for the most part, much better occupied on the outside, even in making drawings of ruined walls, and broken thatch. But they need not go so far as wholly to overlook the suffering which they are unable to relieve, and still less to settle it in their own minds, that poverty must be agreeable, because it makes interesting pictures.

Mrs. Grafton had learned enough in the interior of that humble dwelling, to know that the extreme of want--nay, that absolute hunger—was wasting away the gaunt forms of its cheerless occupants. And in addition to this, she had learned that the worst accompaniment of want, a murmuring and reproachful disposition, had turned the spirit of the daughter against the father, and sometimes that of the husband against his wife. In the present instance, however, the father, that solitary and friendless-looking man, who had entered, and gone forth again with his dog, was the offender against whom the heaviest complaints were laid; for he had again and again been urged to dispose of his dog, and bring home the profits to share with the famishing family; and after repeated promises that he would comply—after even confessing that he had had a very respectable sum of money offered for it — he had returned with the unconscious animal still cheerfully trot-

ting by his side—the only living thing in the whole world, as he often told them, that followed him for love.

In fact, he was about as lonely in the world as a man could be, his wife having died young, and his only daughter being married to a man of low and selfish habits, who scrupled not to tell him he was an unwelcome guest, except only when he brought an unusual amount of profit to the general stock; for they all lived together in their miserable way, regarded as the very offscouring of society, and but seldom employed in any reputable manner. The father was certainly the best of them, though somewhat idle and improvident; but he was a man who had seen better days, and had known what it was to have a decent home, a warm hearth to call his own, and a table to which he could even ask a friend. He had a certain softness of heart too, which had made him indulge and spoil his only child, mistaking that for true kindness; and he had so neglected her education, that all the family had gone down together, and no respectable person liked to have anything to do with them.

A great lover of dogs and horses, and well skilled in his management of both, this poor man had earned a precarious livelihood by wandering about the country, sometimes employed by the farmers, and sometimes not employed at all; but always to be seen in company with his dog, whether facing the wild snow-storm on the bleak hill-side, lounging

idly through the summer's evening about the door of the village inn, or creeping in, when his slender means were all exhausted, beneath the shelter of some cow-shed or hedge-row, in the fields, where his untiring friend—for even *he* had *one* friend—would nestle closely by his side, as faithful and as happy as if it shared the cushion of a queen.

Many were the tales this poor man would tell of the wonderful sagacity and attachment of his dog, and not of this dog alone, but of its mother before it; for it had a long line of ancestry to boast of. Indeed it was no common dog. It could perform wonderful feats of dexterity, and understood the language of man, or, at least, the language of its master, almost as well as if it had been human; for they had lived so much together, and shared and felt so much in common, that a look or a signal was enough from the man, and the dog would catch the sign, and obey, with a willingness and alacrity almost incredible to those who had never witnessed this kind of instantaneous and sympathetic understanding.

Ignorant of all that was going on within and about the cottage, and equally uninterested in the situation of its inmates, Helen proceeded carefully with her sketch, for she had been wise enough to pay some little attention to perspective, and was thus able to prevent her picture looking absolutely distorted, and offensive. Her only cause of dissatisfaction in the present instance, was, that all parts

of the cottage were not equally ruinous—that a portion of the newly-built wall would force itself into sight; and, in short, that so barbarous an idea as that of repairing, and rebuilding, should ever have got abroad in the world.

While the mind of Helen was vaguely wandering on subjects like these, her aunt was very differently occupied. Having hastened home without a moment's delay, after discovering the sad condition of the sick man, she now returned with a servant carrying a basket well laden with different kinds of provisions, and things necessary for sufferers in so pitiable a situation; and having seen some of the provisions well bestowed, and having given directions respecting others, she then sat down to talk on subjects of a different nature, hoping that under the pressure of sickness and affliction, the hearts of those miserable people might be softened, so as to listen to the important truths she made her constant study to communicate in such a manner as neither to weary, nor offend.

Having spent as long a time in the cottage as she thought prudent for a first visit, Mrs. Grafton returned to her niece, with her own mind so full of what had passed, that she began, without a moment's hesitation, to relate the history of all she had heard and seen.

"How charming!" exclaimed Helen, interrupting her aunt. "I never dreamt I should have been able to make that wall really stand back so well as it does."

T Aikin

The Visit of Charity

"I don't think," continued Mrs. Grafton, "the poor man will continue many days."

"Just wait one moment, if you please," said Helen.

"And that hungry mother, with her young babe!" said the aunt. "I never saw a famishing infant before."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Helen; "really, that I should never have taken up perspective before!"

"I am afraid the man is insensible to his situation," observed the aunt. "He shows no sign of feeling beyond the suffering of the moment."

"I wish they would leave their door open," said the niece. "Don't you think, dear aunt, we might ask them to leave it just half open, you know?"

But by this time the patience of the elder lady was quite exhausted, and in an unusually prompt and decided manner, she desired her niece to put away her pencils, and return immediately home. Their walk was a silent one, for their minds were so differently occupied, that it would not have been easy to carry on any connected conversation; and besides this difficulty, Mrs. Grafton was thinking very earnestly how it would be possible to impress the mind of her niece with any right conviction, that there were other things in the world of quite as much importance as herself, and her own trifling affairs.

The grave thoughts of the aunt, however, were suddenly interrupted by an exclamation of delight from her niece, on coming suddenly in sight of a man seated on the

knotted roots of an old tree, with his arm resting over a dog, which seemed determined to steal up and lick his face, as if in the superabundance of its affection and its joy.

"What a sweet picture!" said Helen. "And that dear, lovely dog! Do you think the man would give it to me?"

"Perhaps he would *sell* it;" replied Mrs. Grafton, recognizing in the person of the man, the same individual who had left the cottage.

"Do you want to part with your dog?" asked Helen, without a moment's hesitation, as soon as she had reached the spot.

"Not exactly *that*," replied the man.

"You want to *sell* it, I suppose," said Helen, "at the best price you can get?"

"That I *want* to sell him," said the man, "is not quite the truth—that I *must* sell him, would be nearer the mark, Miss."

"Suppose I give you half-a-crown," said Helen.

The man shook his head; and Mrs. Grafton looked on in silence, determined to see what her niece would do, before she interfered.

"The dog is worth a million of money to me," said the man. "He once saved my life."

"I should be enchanted with a dog that would save *my* life," said Helen. "Suppose I give you five shillings?"

But the man still shook his head; and Helen went on

to ask him how he could afford to keep a dog, and to tell him how much better off he would be without it, provided he was poor, as indeed he seemed to be.

"I know all that," said the man; "or, at least, if I don't know it, it isn't for want of having it told me. To cut the matter short, I'll take a guinea for the dog—not a farthing less. No, I'll drown him first."

"I have a great mind to give the man a guinea," said Helen to her aunt. "He looks extremely poor, and he must be a good kind of man, or he would not be so fond of his dog."

"Do as you please," said Mrs. Grafton.

"There, then," said Helen, holding out the gold. "Now the dog is mine!"

"Not yet," murmured the man, bending forward, and stooping over his dog, so as to conceal the workings of his face from observation. "You and I, old fellow," he continued, "were never parted before. How do you think you shall like it—eh?"

"He is shedding tears, I do declare!" whispered Helen to her aunt. "Oh! I am so glad I have bought his dog! We *ought* to be kind to such people, ought we not, dear aunt?"

But the kindness of the aunt was of a very different description from that of the niece. "Come, come!" said she; "we have let this folly go on a little too far. Keep your poor dog," said she to the man, "we have no inten

tion of depriving you of the only friend you seem to have in the world."

"I *must* part with him," said the man. "I have not a farthing, and they will never let me take him within the door again."

"Don't go within their door yourself," said Mrs. Grafton. "Why should you?"

"Because I have no other roof to shelter me," replied the man.

"Do you think you would work if you had a chance to do better for yourself, and keep your dog?" asked the lady.

"Would I not, ma'am!" said he. "Ah! you don't know all!"

"But I know a great deal," replied his benevolent friend; "and I am determined to make the trial if you will but work, and keep away from bad company, and give up your wandering, idle habits. If I find you industrious and honest, I will give you wages that will enable you to live decently, and to keep your dog into the bargain."

The man uncovered his head, and with clasped hands, poured forth such a torrent of eloquent but genuine gratitude, that Helen could not help wishing she had remembered at first, how much kinder it would have been to assist the poor man, without at the same time depriving him of his dog.

MAGGIE MAYFLOWER.

Maggie Mayflower loved a frolic
Better than she loved a book,
Many a scholar has grown wise with
Half the pains that Maggie took.

Pains to cheat, and pains to puzzle,
Pains to make herself believed;
For, when Maggie meant no mischief,
Others thought she still deceived.

Not a guest, and not a neighbour,
But her tricks they all had tried;
Seldom felt they safely seated
Maggie's blooming face beside.

Seldom knew they but some trifle
Might awake her ready laugh,
Broken chair, or crazy table,
Spill the draught they meant to quaff.

Sober talk, or solemn lecture,
All alike on Maggie's ear
Fell unheeded, or forgotten
When some pleasant fun was near.

Maggie lived where rock and river
Spread their beauties far and wide;
Blooming vale, and purple heather,
Rippling stream, and swelling tide.

Lonely stood an ancient ruin
Near her father's peaceful home;
Scarce the shepherd-boys at evening
Near that ruin liked to roam.

Maggie cared not. Fear had seldom
Blanched her cheek, or bent her knee.
Stealing forth, she often rambled
Where no lonely maid should be.

Sometimes when an aged matron
Homeward trudged at close of day,
Maggie, with her mother's cloak on,
Went and met her on the way.

Tones of grief she well could mimick,
Tales of hardship quaintly tell;
Thus with plaintive suit she follow'd
Many a wanderer through that dell.

Maggie Mayflower had an uncle,
Kind, but somewhat hard to please;
Well she loved her Uncle David;
But she better loved to tease.

Once, it happen'd in the winter,
While December's blast did blow,
Here and there, in hedge and hollow,
Lay the drifts of melting snow;

Maggie and her brothers plann'd it—
Such a scheme it was to be;
Uncle David, dear old fellow!
Was to come that day to tea.

O'er a tract of dreary moorland
Uncle David had to pass;
Here the youthful party station'd
Crouch'd among the wither'd grass.

Maggie had a hat and coat on,
And the part she meant to play
Was to mount behind her Uncle,
Spur his steed, and ride away.

Not as in her own fair person,
Not his kind and loving child,
But a robber fierce and furious,
Muttering threats and menace wild.

"Hark! he comes," the brothers whisper,
"Now your time is—Maggie, fly!
From yon rock you mount the pony,
While we hold it—James and I."

Sure enough a horseman gallop'd
Swift as lightning o'er the ground.
"Hold!" the brothers cried, and quickly
Stopp'd the horseman at the sound.

Maggie was a skilful rider—
Well her Uncle's horse she knew.
In a moment she was mounted,
Round his waist her arms she drew.

Bounding went the frighten'd pony,
Over brier, and over heath;
Not a word spoke Uncle David;
Maggie held her fluttering breath.

Once or twice she tried to murmur
Threats of terror, fierce and dire;
Not a word spake Uncle David—
Faster flew that steed of fire.

Faster still, and still more furious,
O'er that waste so wild and black,
Flash'd the hoofs on ridge and causeway,
Yell'd a fierce dog in their track.

Fast they flew, and darker—deeper
Closed around the dismal night;
Soon was lost each rock and headland
Lost to Maggie's wondering sight.

"Uncle David"—softly—kindly,
Now she spoke in accents sweet;
Not a word said Uncle David;
Faster flew the horse's feet.

"Uncle David"—softly, kindly,
Maggie press'd her Uncle's side;
Not a word spoke Uncle David;
Faster still he seem'd to ride.

Wind and water—night and blackness—
All seem'd gathering in their path;
Loud they heard a wintry torrent
Rolling in its swollen wrath.

Then a bridge, both old and shatter'd
Spann'd this wild and furious stream;
Not a word from Uncle David—
Not a sound, save Maggie's scream.

What she thought, and what she fancied,
Vain would be the task to tell;
Frightful voices seemed around her,
Witches laugh, and demons yell.

Worst of all, her Uncle David,
Answer'd not her piteous cry;
Could it be some hideous goblin?
Once again she yet would try.

"Uncle David! Uncle David!"
Hark! what dismal echoes wake!
Rock and river seem'd to answer,
"Speak to me for pity's sake!"

Silent still was Uncle David;
Faster yet his steed he spurr'd;
Rushing water, dismal echo,
These were all that Maggie heard.

Ah! what thoughts had Maggie Mayflower,
Riding o'er that dreary waste;
Deepest grief, and wildest terror,
Each by turns she seem'd to taste.

Little wish had Maggie Mayflower
Now to clasp that speechless sprite.
Little thought of fun or mischief,
Fill'd her breast that awful night.

Once again could Maggie safely
Stand beside her father's door,
Never should the love of teasing
Lead her forth—"no, never more!"

Queerest neighbour, quaintest matron,
Should securely come and go;
None in all her native parish,
Ever more her mischief know.

Blessed sight! some spark is gleaming
Through the dismal shades of night!
Brighter still the light is streaming
As they near it—still more bright.

Horse, and dog, and furious rider,
Slacken'd now their desperate speed;
Hope once more to Maggie Mayflower
Comes to serve her utmost need.

"Welcome, Willie!" cried a matron.
"Welcome!" shouted children too.
"What is here?" she ask'd; but Willie
Cried, "I know no more than you.

"Never tale of ghost or goblin,
Witch or wizard, I believe;
But to ride as I have ridden,
None could well have been deceived.

"First some wild and and furious fellows
Stopp'd me on yon dismal heath;
One, at least, behind me mounted,
Ere I well could draw my breath.

"Off we flew—the robber-ruffian
Held me in his giant grasp,
Growling, muttering, till I gather'd
Soon my throat he meant to clasp.

"On we flew, the night grew darker,
Louder blew the tempest wild;
Strange to say, some strong enchantment
Turn'd the ruffian to a child.

"Now it cried, and now it pleaded,
Now it shriek'd—the goblin sprite!
Here it is, and may I never
Ride as I have ridden to-night!"

Maggie Mayflower!—Maggie Mayflower!
Was not that a crimson red
On thy cheek, thou silly maiden,
Stealing up those stairs to bed?

With her brother's hat and coat on,
Such a figure Maggie made!
All agreed, that for her frolic,
She had richly been repaid.

Worst of all, that desperate rider
Was her uncle's foreman, Will!
Well might David think he never—
Never should have laughed his fill.

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