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Sir Salar Jung Bahadoor G. C. S. I.

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THE
JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

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P R E F A C E.

THE JUVENILE SCRAP - BOOK, embellished with the usual number and variety of engravings, is again offered by the Editor to the notice of her young friends, whose kind welcome to the preceding volumes of this elegant work, leads her to hope that their hearts not unfrequently go along with her, in the pleasing task of preparing it for the amusement of their winter evenings.

If one of the engravings this year should prove to be a little more sad than the eye of youth would choose to dwell upon, it may serve, amongst so many cheerful ones, to exemplify the truth, that “such is life ;” and may it not also serve to remind the young, that there is no cheerfulness so lasting, and so genuine, as that which is derived from relieving the sufferings, or adding to the happiness, of their fellow-creatures.

ROSE HILL, AUGUST 1.

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THE
JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

THE SPARKLING DRAUGHT.

VIGNETTE TITLE.

THE sparkling draught that fills thy glass
Kind stranger, freely sip ;
'Tis not like some that sweetly pass,
But leave a poisoned lip.

That sparkling draught springs where the leaves
In green luxuriance grow ;
The wild-rose there her garland weaves,
And hair-bells droop below.

Deep through yon grove its crystal tide,
With song and music goes ;
The wild-bird builds her nest beside
And warbles where it flows.

No aching brow, no frenzied eye,
Bend o'er that sylvan stream ;
The heavens above—the bright blue sky—
The star's reflected beam.

Within that fountain pure and deep
Dark fearful forms live ~~not~~ ;
But silent dewes at night-fall weep
Bright tears around that spot.

Kissed by the opening flowers of spring,
Fed by soft-falling showers,
Deem not that fresh'ning draught can bring
Sad thoughts for after-hours.

The sparkling glass will cool thy lip,
Nor wake one pulse but joy ;
Drink then, kind stranger—freely sip
Sweet draughts without alloy.

MEHEMET ALI.

FRONTISPICE.

IN the year 1769 were born three men of great distinction—Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, and Mehemet Ali. The first of these characters has already become a subject of history ; and of whatever facts the young readers of modern times may be ignorant, there are few, if any, who have not, from their earliest years, been accustomed to hear of the Corsican soldier, who, after ascending step by step to the summit of earthly glory, spread conquest and terror over neighbouring, and even distant countries, until many an English child, upon its nurse's knee, grew pale at the fearful tidings, that the French were “coming, with Bonaparte at their head.”

Such children, however, knew very little about the character of the English people in general, or they would have said, as many did, “Let him come if he dare.” But we will not attempt, on the present occasion, to enter upon a subject which has probably

occupied more writers, as well as more speakers, than any other of modern interest throughout the whole of Europe. Our present business is to turn to a quarter of the globe, in which our fears have but little concern ; and here we find how much may be done by the energy and perseverance of one determined man, bent upon the improvement of his country, and the people over whom he rules.

Mehemet Ali, the present Pasha of Egypt, was born at Cavala, a village of Macedonia. He soon became an orphan ; and so few were the advantages of his birth or station, that until the age of forty he was unable either to read or write. The most useful and distinguished characters, however, have almost always been those who have contended with difficulties and overcome them, rather than those to whom everything has been made easy all their lives. Thus the young orphan boy of Cavala employed his quick but uncultivated mind, in making observations upon men and things, in acquiring knowledge from everything around him, and forming his own judgment from what he saw and heard.

An attentive and observant child is almost always observed by others. The orphan boy was soon distinguished amongst his companions by his extraordinary quickness of mind, and dexterity in all bodily exercises.

The Turkish governor at Cavala perceiving this, took him under his care; and, after giving him all the education considered necessary there, placed him in an honourable office, and gave him a wife with an ample fortune, which proved the means of farther advancement to the ambitious youth.

But chiefly was the young adventurer indebted to an enlightened French merchant, who traded to Cavala with his goods, and who, struck with the energy apparent in his character, freely offered him the hospitality and kindness of a friend, at the same time endeavouring to give him more correct views of the Christian faith, as well as the importance of religious toleration in general.

When Egypt was invaded by the French, under Napoleon, in 1800, and the grand sultan mustered all the resources of his empire to meet the conquering foe, the bold and manly bearing of Mehemet, and his chivalrous conduct in the field of battle, soon raised him to the rank of a leader amongst the Albanian troops, who followed him no less from duty than affection in all his subsequent exploits.

Thus rose the aspiring young soldier, always maintaining with honour the post he had attained, attracting the observation of all who were capable of judging of

his skill, his discretion, and his bravery, and attentively looking out for every opportunity of advancing in the career of glory on which he already appeared to be successfully embarked.

Success of this kind, however, is seldom unattended by its disadvantages. Envy, like a poisonous weed, is sure to spring up in the path of those who have raised themselves above the companions of their early years ; nor was it long before our young hero found himself on the point of being betrayed into a snare, so carefully disguised, that he might easily have supposed he was receiving honour, at the same time that he was falling into the power of a merciless enemy.

In this strait, Mehemet did perhaps the noblest thing he could. He boldly appealed to the affections of the Albanian troops. His cause became that of the people in general ; and while many of the great men of the country, convinced of his abilities to govern, and indignant at the treatment he had received, were interceding for him at the court of the grand sultan, the soldiers and the armed multitudes who were on their side, at once elected their favourite to the office of chief governor, without waiting for the reply which was expected from Constantinople.

Here we see, perhaps, more than on any other occa-

sion of his life, the extraordinary wisdom and self-possession of Mehemet. Instead of rushing wildly forward at the head of a furious rabble, whose feelings were likely at any moment to take an opposite direction, he carefully abstained from assuming any of the outward dignities of the high office to which he had been called by the voice of the people; though at the same time, he continued privately to direct the affairs of the country with so much justice and good sense, as to give satisfaction to all parties. His bravery and his noble bearing deservedly won the admiration of the Turkish monarch, who graciously confirmed him in his office as governor of Egypt, under the title of Pasha of Three Tails.

Great, and unexpected as this elevation must at one time have been, the best feelings of Mehemet were not lost in his new dignity. He still remembered with gratitude the kindness of the French merchant, his early benefactor; and assuring him of safe protection, he invited him and his family to trade and settle in the land of Egypt. The intercourse which subsequently subsisted, without interruption, between these two friends, was highly creditable to both; and the after-circumstances of their lives afforded each an opportunity of effectually serving the other.

But the sunshine of Mehemet's reign was not without its shadows. A Mussulman from his birth, and naturally fond of arbitrary rule, he had been brought up with the idea, that whatever the sword *can* accomplish, it *may* ; and that the will of the sovereign is law. His country had long been subjected to the tyranny and misrule of the Mamelukes—his people had long been their slaves. Determined to free himself at once from their presence and their power, he formed a cruel and perfidious scheme for their entire extermination. On the occasion of a public festival, they were treated with the accustomed respect. The officers of distinction amongst them were introduced as usual to the grand saloon, served with refreshments, and received with smiles. The splendid pageant was then ordered to proceed with these men at its head, and they accordingly moved on from the citadel with their usual state. One particular part of the road is cut through a rock, and forms a passage so narrow, as only to admit a single file of men, with no possibility of escape up the sides. As soon as the Mamelukes had completely filled this passage, the gates at each end were ordered to be shut, and the work of slaughter then commenced, not to cease until every single victim was destroyed ; nor was it within this awful passage of death that the massacre was confined.

Total extermination was the object upon which Mehemet's heart was set, and all the tribes throughout the country, with the exception only of the French Mamelukes, suffered the same fate.

The sons of Mehemet Ali, inheriting the undaunted bravery of their father, and brought up to the profession of arms, extended his dominions by their conquests on almost every hand; while the viceroy himself, seated securely on his throne, directed his endeavours with more unremitting attention to the introduction of those arts and manufactures, which a life of warfare is but little calculated to promote. One important step adopted by the Pasha, was to send more than a hundred of his subjects to be educated in Europe, and trained to those useful occupations to which the Egyptians are unaccustomed. The superior discipline of his army and navy, has also given to the viceroy a superiority, both by land and sea, which the grand sultan himself is unable to attain.

A personal description of any great man seldom fails to be interesting to juvenile readers, we shall therefore add to the admirable portrait which adorns this volume, a short account given by a recent traveller, of his visit to the viceroy. "Mehemet Ali," says this writer, "is now in his seventy-second year. He is hale and strong

in his appearance, somewhat bent by age; but the energy of his mind, the vivacity of his features, and the piercing lightning of his glance, have undergone no change since I first saw him, nearly fifteen years ago. He is about five feet six inches in height, of a ruddy fair complexion, with light hazel eyes, deeply set in their sockets, and overshadowed by prominent eyebrows. His lips are thin, his features regular, extremely changeful, yet altogether agreeable in their expression when he is in good humour. At such times his countenance is that of a frank, amiable, and highly intelligent person.

“His palace at Alexandria is elegantly furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables, looking-glasses, several pictures, and a large bust of himself. A magnificent four-post bed stands in his sleeping room, but is never used, as he continues the old Turkish habit of sleeping on a mattress on the floor. He rises early, generally between four and five, receives every one who comes to him, dictates to his secretaries, and has the English and French newspapers translated and read to him.”

Another intelligent traveller remarks of this extraordinary man, that with a general expression of firmness and penetration, “he bears himself with easy dignity,

without the smallest approach to hauteur or reserve, and for a Turk is remarkably social and communicative ; his dress is usually plain, the only expense which he indulges in matters connected with personal decoration, being lavished upon his arms, which are richly studded with diamonds. His appearance and demeanour altogether immediately impress strangers with a conviction that he is no ordinary man ; whilst his eager and inquisitive curiosity, continually on the alert in quest of information, shows that he has not only appreciated the importance of knowledge in general, but learned that it is the only solid basis of power."

It must not be supposed, however, that Mehemet Ali is, strictly speaking, what in England would be called a gentleman. "In the usages of his table," it has been observed—"he is still an Osmanlee ; knives, forks, and other useful appendages, never make their appearance at his meals. On one occasion, some English travellers were graciously received by him, and pressing invited to dine. But not even in compliance with the taste of his guests would he depart from his own habits ; for, wishing to show a noble lady particular attention, he took a large piece of meat in his hand, and politely placed it before her. Perfectly dismayed at the compliment, and the sight of the

savoury morsel which rested on her plate, she turned to her companion, who was more used to Oriental manners, and earnestly asked what she was to do. "Eat it, to be sure," was the reply. She looked at the Pasha; his fine dark eye seemed to rest on her with a most kind and complacent expression; and there was no help for it, but to follow the advice of her more experienced friend."

In describing the character of Mehemet Ali, strict justice requires that the agreeable features should not be recorded without those indications of undisciplined temper, and barbarian habits,* which on so many occasions have rendered him an object of terror, rather than of admiration. The passions of the viceroy are said to be violent in the extreme, and instances are not wanting in which his own hand has been employed as the instrument of cruelty, even amongst the circle of his followers and friends.

Such then is the man, who from the most obscure parentage, has raised himself to the position of absolute sovereign over an immense tract of territory, comprehending the whole of Syria, with a great portion of Asia Minor, and southward as far as the foot of man has followed the windings of the Nile, the extensive borders of the Red Sea, the confines of Persia, and the

Indian Sea, Candia, and the whole upper border of the Mediterranean, besides the many wandering tribes which people the plains of Petra, and Babylon, and from Bagdad to Medina; so that scarcely can the fame of Sesostris, the Pharaohs, or Zenobia herself, exceed that of the modern ruler whose power extends over the same quarter of the globe.

For the true source both of the success and the glory which has attended the steps of Mehemet Ali, we look especially to that quickness of penetration which has throughout his life enabled him to take advantage of existing circumstances, and to lay by for future use, a store of wisdom gathered from the past. The periodical overflowings of the Nile are well known to be the great source of plenty to the dry and thirsty land through which it flows. Indeed so seldom is Egypt visited with showers, that but for this river, and the many canals with which it communicates, the country would be one universal desert. These canals, by which water is conveyed to the corn-fields and gardens, are liable to constant neglect from the indolence or carelessness of the inhabitants; nor has any great amount of effort been employed to make the most of the advantages they afford.

The present viceroy, alive to all the interests of his

country, first conceived the idea of forming the great navigation which connects the Nile with the harbour of Alexandria, from the following circumstance which occurred in the year 1817. In the winter of that year, a scarcity of food prevailed all over Europe, and multitudes of vessels resorted to Egypt, where the crops had been unusually plentiful. Owing to the difficulty of the navigation at the mouth of the Nile, during the tempestuous weather which then prevailed, so little grain could be conveyed to Alexandria in time, that most of the ships were obliged to return empty. The viceroy saw at once how this difficulty could be obviated in future. In his accustomed arbitrary manner, he ordered all the labourers in Egypt to make ready for immediate service, and, giving them a month's payment in advance to provide for their necessary wants, allotted to the inhabitants of each village the extent of work they were expected to perform in the construction of a canal—forty-eight miles in length, and ninety feet broad. It is said that as many as two hundred and fifty thousand men were at one time employed at this work, which was completed in less than two months.

In the improvement of agriculture, and the general produce of the land, the viceroy has been equally successful, though at the same time equally arbitrary ; for

he has constituted himself the great Farmer of the nation, the people receiving from him a price fixed by himself for what produce they raise. In the same manner he has also dictated what land should be cultivated ; and, although this method of managing a people and a country might not suit very well with English habits, it has worked wonders amongst the poor ignorant Egyptians.

The vigour with which the plans of the viceroy were early carried forward was such, that raw silk, sugar, opium, indigo, and many other useful things, rapidly became articles of Egyptian produce, in the cultivation of which, improved systems of labour were introduced from distant countries. Buildings were then erected, machinery imported from France, cotton-spinners procured from Malta, and silk-spinners from Italy ; and so eagerly were these improvements pushed forward, that in 1829 there were 31,000 natives employed in the cotton-works alone, and 40,000 more employed in erecting new factories.

By the Pasha and his sons the horticulture of Egypt has been much improved. His own gardens, under the management of Scotch gardeners, are extremely beautiful. With a view to the increased manufacture of silk, extensive plantations of mulberry-trees have been made ;

and the olive-trees which he has also introduced are expected to yield considerable revenue. The cultivation of the sugar-cane has lately become an object of great importance, while that of the date-tree, which spreads almost all over Egypt, affords to the natives a plentiful supply of refreshing and wholesome food.

In his connection with other countries, the Pasha has studied to make such an exchange of produce as may insure the commercial interest of both. By this means a friendly intercourse is maintained with European nations, which greatly facilitates the introduction of improvements in arts and manufactures; while the sandy plains of his territory are crossed by caravans conveying rich merchandise from the south. About the time of the Mohammedan lent, the sacred caravans of pilgrims bound to Mecca reach Egypt; others, later in the year, bring dates from Mount Sinai, and from the oases of the Desert; and others, from Abyssinia, come laden with ostrich feathers, and with slaves.

Mehemet Ali, thus situated, appears to be one of those partially enlightened men, who, to the best of their knowledge, urge forward the progress of civilization in the space of one life-time, farther than it would be advanced by common minds in that of a century.

That he does not advance still farther, and by more safe and equitable steps, is not so much the fault of the man, as of the state of society in which he lives, the materials he has to work with, and the influences by which he is surrounded. Perhaps the best feature in the administration of the Pasha, is the religious toleration by which it is distinguished from the general system of Mohammedan rule ; and among the different schools which he not only permits, but protects, it is to be hoped that those of the Missionaries will be the means of introducing a higher degree of moral and religious intelligence, than the viceroy himself in all probability anticipates.

Among the many interesting transactions which, during the last half century, have taken place throughout the world, those of Mehemet Ali in Egypt ought by no means to be regarded as inferior in importance. The brilliant exploits of foreign conquest are apt to look more glorious at first sight, but the silent progress of civilization is more sure, and more glorious in the end.

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 ?



NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

Young Thought

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.

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.



Richmond, Virginia.

W. H. Burleigh, F. & A.

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 accus-

tomed 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 by 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 also 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 acquaintances, 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 government

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 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.

FIRST GRIEF.

MARY, I would not ask that joy
Should wake thy smile of gladness yet ;
Could lighter thoughts thy heart employ
'Twould be in some sort to forget :
The bird that knows no sheltering wing,
How should it love to soar or sing ?

When time has touched the weary brow,
And stained the cheek with many a tear,
We weep, perchance, but not as thou
Art weeping now—sweet Mary dear—
Thy first deep grief—thy morning shower—
Thy spring's young blight—thou drooping flower !

I know that in thine altered lot,
Full many a blessing yet may lie ;
Nor be that fostering care forgot,
That watched thy helpless infancy ;
But one thing wanting still must be,
A parent's love to comfort thee.



I know that when the gales of spring
 Blow sweetly o'er thy garden-flowers,
When summer birds shall gaily sing,
 As oft they sung in childhood's hours,
Sad, sad will be thy lonely heart,
And many an unseen tear will start.

They say that youth can soon forget,
 That girlish tears are quickly dried,
That ere a few more suns have set,
 Will joy be dancing by thy side ;
So let it be, but not the less
The orphan feels her loneliness.

Oh ! not the less, when life looks fair,
 And haply 'mid some social scene,
Too quick to meet the gladness there,
 Too bright thy sunny smile has been ;
Her mournful tale will memory tell,
Of one who watched that smile so well—

Of one who in thy youthful form,
 Could read thy mother's ardent mind,
And round thee placed his sheltering arm,
 And won thee with his counsels kind.

Ah ! who will watch thy wanderings now,
With half the love he used to show ?

But droop not, Mary, thus, nor deem
Thy only rock of safety gone ;
Cold, cold the world around may seem,
But lift thine eyes—there yet is One
A parent's arm of strength to lend—
The orphan's Father, Guide, and Friend.



SCRIVELSBY HALL.

A CHAMPION of the olden time, when the only kind of glory with which men were acquainted, was connected with feats of arms, appears to have been a warrior who undertook to defend a cause, whatever it might be. But the name of Champion, more strictly used, was given to any one fighting instead of another, who, having accepted a challenge, had some just reason for declining it, such as age, illness, or other disqualification.

The king, however, had his own proper champion, frequently called the Champion of England; and the title has descended as a family distinction, through many generations, from the time of William the Conqueror. The duty of the king's Champion, now nothing more than a mere form, was formerly attended with great ceremony. On the day of coronation, when the king is at dinner, it is the business of this personage to ride into Westminster Hall in full armour, and to make

his challenge, by the proclamation of a herald, that "if any man shall deny the king's title to the crown, he is there ready to defend it in single combat." After this, it has always been the custom for the king to drink the health of the champion from a gilt cup, which was given him as his reward.

The office of king's champion has been connected with the manor of Scrivelsby Hall, in Lincolnshire, ever since a grant of this manor, along with the castle and town of Tamworth, was bestowed upon Robert de Marmion, a distinguished follower of the Norman conqueror. On the coronation of Richard II., the title was disputed by two rival descendants of this house, but being adjudged by right to Sir John Dymoke, then holding the manor of Scrivelsby, it remains in that family, whose representative has been from that time the hereditary Champion of England.

The days of chivalry; in which the name of Champion was held in much higher esteem than it is now, are often supposed to have been days of more real courage and bravery than those in which we now live. Ancient poetry, and particularly ancient ballads, did much towards inspiring feelings of admiration for the distinguished characters of those times, many of whom, though well acquainted with all that belonged to the

laws of war, chivalry, and knighthood, were unable to read or write. And yet these men, mounted on noble chargers, clad in complete armour, brandishing the lance or the sword, rushing into single combat either with friend or foe upon the slightest pretence for a quarrel, or riding at the head of a wild and lawless band of followers, bent only upon plundering those whom they might surprise or conquer—these men are still described by poets and romance writers with such force and spirit, that from not having known them, and from being fascinated with some fanciful idea about the splendour of their arms and equipments, both young and old are disposed to think they must have been raised above the common order of men, and greatly superior to the kind of people generally met with in ordinary life.

The worst effect of this kind of fascination, is, that the young, and those who are not accustomed to think very deeply, sometimes imagine that where there is no fighting, there can be no bravery; and that because a real champion, clad in complete armour, is not wanted in the present day, the fine bold spirit of a champion is equally useless. The circumstances of daily life prove quite the contrary of this.

The greatest charm connected with the institution of

chivalry, was that of serving to keep up a spirit, which, in its best sense, will be wanted to the end of the world—a spirit to uphold what is right, and to put down what is wrong—to risk personal safety and convenience for another's benefit—and to be deterred by no consideration from defending a worthy cause.

In its idea of what *is* a good cause, and what are the right means of defending it, the world is greatly altered, and greatly improved. It has ceased, in its opinion, to be glorious to fight upon every trifling pretence. The man, or even the boy, who does this, is now considered little wiser than a madman, and little better than a dog. But it does not follow that we must fall into the opposite extreme, and grow indifferent and inactive when any case of injustice or oppression is presented to our notice; when we see the poor taken advantage of, simply because they are poor; or the weak because they are feeble, and cannot help themselves. There are thousands of instances occurring in the experience of every one, in which a good bold spirit may be of use, without having recourse to blows or violence.

There are some boys who consider themselves fine spirited fellows, because they are ready with uplifted fist to strike their comrades on the slightest provoca-

tion, whether right or wrong ; but the same individuals are not always the most ready to defend a little helpless sister, or to protect a silly boy from being made the butt of his playfellows.

There is an admirable piece of advice given by Mrs. Grant to her son when at school, "never to lead other boys into a scrape, and, when detected, to leave them to get out of it as they can." He who does this, would in the olden time have merited the greatest disgrace of knighthood, that of being deprived of his title, and his spurs.

The spirit which induced the champions in the days of chivalry to offer themselves to fight instead of those who could not fight for themselves, arose unquestionably from a generous impulse, though the practice in itself was bad, and capable of the lowest abuse. While renouncing the practice, let us retain the generous impulse, and try if we cannot accommodate it to the more enlightened times in which we live.

Boys, as well as men, have a strong impulse to be doing something, implanted in their nature. They would rather be contending with difficulties, than doing nothing ; and they have more delight in a dearly bought victory, than in the quiet of security and repose. Let them work on then, there is plenty to do in this

world, and noble work too. Let them learn to overcome difficulties, for they are sure to fall in their way. Let them conquer too, and great will be their triumph if it celebrate a victory over their worst enemy—over the evil that is in the world, and in themselves.



· Sir W.C. Ross B.A.

Engraved by ·

ENGLAND'S HOPE.

SAY not that England's glorious days
Were those that live in poets' lays,
With tales of armed or conquering host,
Of battle won, or banner lost ;
When scarce a mountain, field, or glen,
Was free from bands of lawless men ;
Nor sturdy hand could guard the soil
From tyrant's grasp, or ruffian's spoil.

What though from many a stately hall
Loud clang of arms—shrill trumpet's call,
And tramp of war-horse thundering deep,
Broke on the warder's fitful sleep !
What though through many a fertile vale
Swept the broad pennon on the gale,

And castled crag, and turret high,
Stood threat'ning forth to sun and sky,
And pomp of triumph far and near
Showed waving crest and glittering spear !
As if man's glory was to hoard
Rich treasure won by fire and sword ;
As if his business, hope, and joy,
Was but to conquer and destroy.

Where laws were feeble, rights were few,
Great then the name of Champion grew,
And he who donned him for the fight
With plumed helm, and armour bright,
And bore him in the battle-fray
Like courtly knight in proud array ;
Or he who came, his glittering shield,
And polished lance, with grace to wield,
Dashed on the ground a warrior's glove,
And murdered man for woman's love ;
Or he who fought he cared not why,
Save that his creed was—' fight or die,'
Who knew no learning, art, or skill,
Save that which taught him how to kill ;
These were the hero-champions then,
The flower of knighthood—glorious men !

But England needs no champion now,
No helm to bind her patriot's brow,
No polished lance, or glittering shield,
Or tramp of war-horse in the field.
Hushed is the trumpet's brazen call,
And echo from the castle wall
No longer tells of gathering bands,
Of burning homes, and wasted lands.

Yes, England owns a wiser creed,
Her fattening flocks now safely feed,
Her fertile vales, with plenteous grain,
Pour forth their produce not in vain.
But chiefly where her thousands meet,
With ready hand and busy feet,
Intent—industrious—watchful—true—
Labouring, the many for the few,
With earnest care of actual things,
Behold ! a present glory springs.
And pride, which boasted feats of war,
Now tells where richer trophies are ;
Points to the teeming human hive,
Where thousands meet to toil and strive ;
Not with that combat, fierce and bold,
Which stained the battle-plains of old ;

But with the mastery of skill—
The power of well-directed will—
The strength of numbers, when combined
To work with harmony of mind.

Behold them, there ! a countless host,
And let them glory in their boast
Of space contracted, time outrun,
Of lamps that dim the noonday sun,
Of tools invented, patents gained,
And labour to its utmost strained ;
With wealth of produce pouring forth
To distant countries—south and north—
And far as rolls the circling sea
Bearing the palm of industry.

So let it be. But is this all ?
Shall never more the glorious call
To loftier thoughts and nobler deeds
Ring through our country's verdant meads ?
Shall never more the pulse of life
Beat higher than with sordid strife ?
Nor purer bond, nor holier tie,
Than interest, bind our destiny ?

Forbid it, honour—virtue—truth !
Forbid it, ye whose generous youth
Gives promise fair of wider scope
And loftier range for England's hope.
To you we look, nor look in vain,
Whose souls unstained by selfish gain,
Whose fearless step, and dauntless brow,
And lips that no mean flattery know,
Whose ardent will, and purpose high,
Beam forth from every sparkling eye,
And tell—for these are pledges true—
That England's hope may rest with you—
With you, her champions bold and free,
Sons nobly born of liberty.

Yes ; let the shuttle freely fly,
The able hand its labour ply,
The sturdy hammer faster fall,
And conquering steam its thousands call
From town and hamlet, hill and plain,
A life-long conflict to maintain
'Twixt fear of loss, and hope of gain.
We would not hold one active hand,
Nor bid one vast machine to stand,
But something we would ask of you,
Young British Champions, bold and true,

Now that no more the lance and shield,
Or warrior's sword, ye need to wield ;
Now that a nation's trusting eye
Looks to the throned majesty
Of Her who reigns, all fears above,
So safely in her people's love.

Yes ; something we would ask of you,
Young British Champions, firm and true ;
We ask that from the greedy throng,
Where love of gold leads hosts along ;
We ask that from the selfish herd,
Where sordid claims are most preferred ;
Ye stand apart—a separate band,
With manly heart, and generous hand,
To guard the feeble from the strong,
And stay the oppressor's guilty wrong.

Not only when a foreign foe
With pomp of arms shall menace throw ;
Not only when rebellious bands
Shall waste our homes, and spoil our lands ;
Not only when a sovereign needs
The patriot heart that burns or bleeds ;



Is English valour called to be
The heroic theme of history.

There is a valour nobler still ;
Of that deep glory drink your fill ;
And tire not till the land is free
From Mammon's servile slavery ;
Tire not till men have learned to feel
That something for the general weal
Is wanting yet. And more, and more,
That want will press at every door,
Unless some power like yours combined
Shall wake the moral pulse of mind,
And teach that man may something be
Above his own machinery.

Bold British youths, we look to you !
Your hearts are warm, your lips are true ;
The generous blood that fills your veins—
Oh ! keep it from ignoble stains.
Awake !—arise ! Look forth, and see
The *soul* has need of liberty !
And never yet could dare advance
While chained to earth by ignorance.

Look forth. Man's labour is not all—
His skill may paint the princely hall,
And looms may weave, and workmen frame,
What brings a richly purchased fame.
But higher yet—ye British youth !
This is not greatness—virtue—truth.
Up higher yet, your aim must rise.
Say—work these looms beyond the skies ?
Or lives there one of meanest birth
Whose soul is satisfied with earth ?
Who never, when oppression pressed,
With iron hand upon his breast,
Has *felt* there was a place of rest ?
Who never at the close of day,
Has bent his bruised knee to pray
Thy kingdom come, with inward trust
That come that kingdom would, and must ?

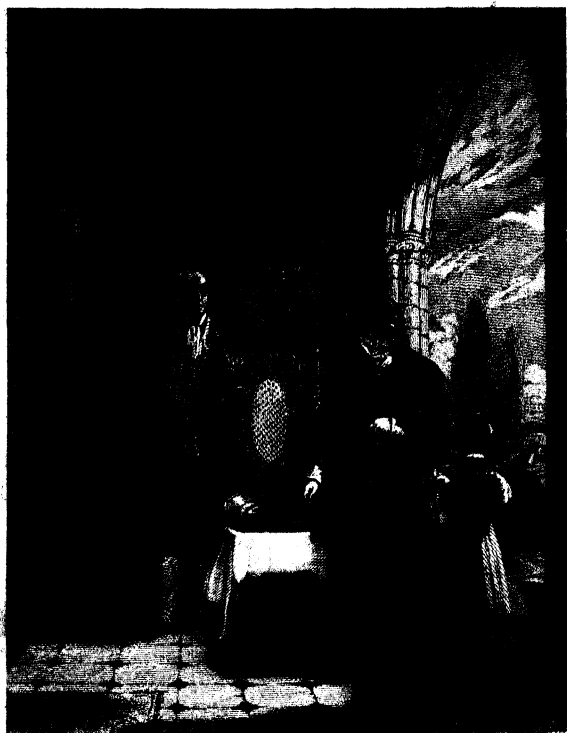
Yes ; higher yet. The world's great rule,
Untaught in many a worldly school,
Is—onward ever—more, and more !
Have ye not felt upon the shore
Of the great sea, when wave on wave
Has swept the sand your feet to lave,

That scarce that mighty booming swell
Which on the wide beach echoing fell
Was sound enough, but more, and more,
You wished the hollow waves to roar ?

And ever thus, in peace or war,
Man's natural aim is—more and more !
More gold—more glory—more to have—
To be, or do—to spend, or save.
Then stand ye forth, brave youths, nor try
To still this bold—this onward cry—
This natural impulse, kindly given
To help man's upward course to heaven—
To teach him not to fail or pause
When Champion in a righteous cause.

Then onward move, still firm, though few ;
What power so vigorous, or so true,
As that which in one brotherhood
Binds all the generous, and the good ?
Onward—for youth beams on your brow,
And life's quick pulse is beating now ;
And age will come, to steal away
The freshening impulse of to-day.

Laugh then, for your's was meant to be
The season bright of hope and glee ;
But let your frolic, let your fun,
These sober facts be stamped upon—
That seldom follow words of truth
From lips which have been false in youth—
That seldom dawns a glorious day
On him who loves a treacherous play—
That England's hope can only rest
With safety in a generous breast—
And youth its high behest obey
As virtue's Champion, guard, and stay.



Drawn by A. Chokolov

Engraved by S. Kurbayev

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 won-

der 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.

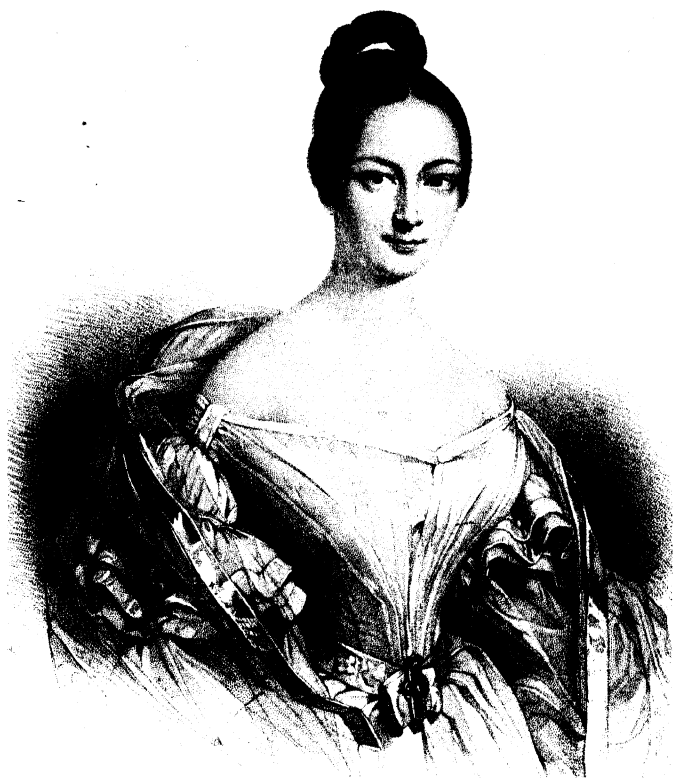
One thing is very remarkable in their character. It is the extraordinary generosity of the poor in comparison with that of the rich—not of the poor who want bread, for it would ill deserve the name of generosity, to give one day, knowing that they should have to beg the next; but such gifts as the widow's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



Charles, Phosphorus.

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 the 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 housekeeper 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 there 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 teasing 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 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 irre-

solute 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 trotting 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-storms 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 returned⁴

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."

"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



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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 intention 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?"

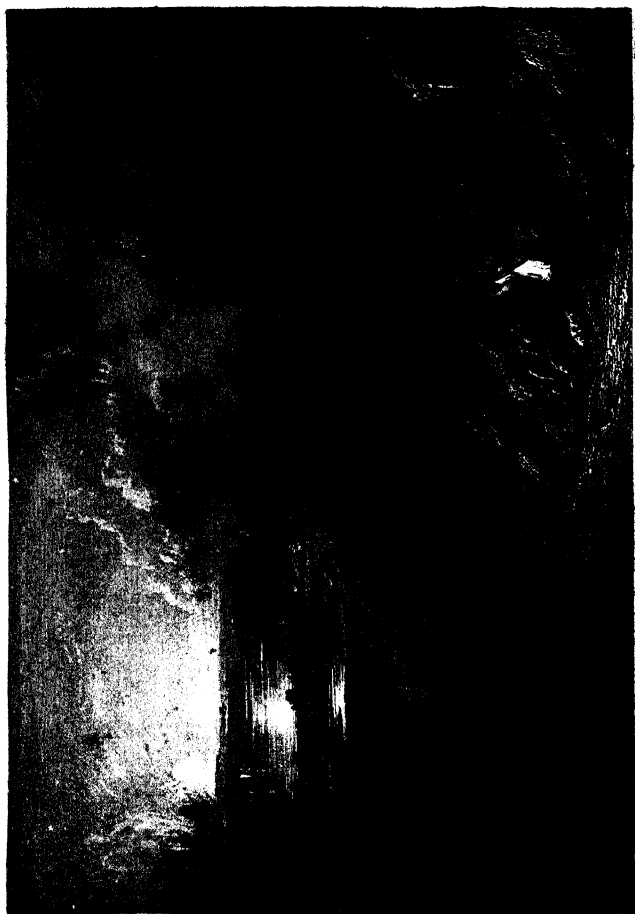
“Because I have no other roof to shelter me,” replied the man.

“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 followed
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 happened in the winter,
While December's blasts did blow,
Here and there, in hedge and hollow,
Lay the drifts of melting snow ;

Maggie and her brothers planned 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 stationed
Crouched among the withered grass.

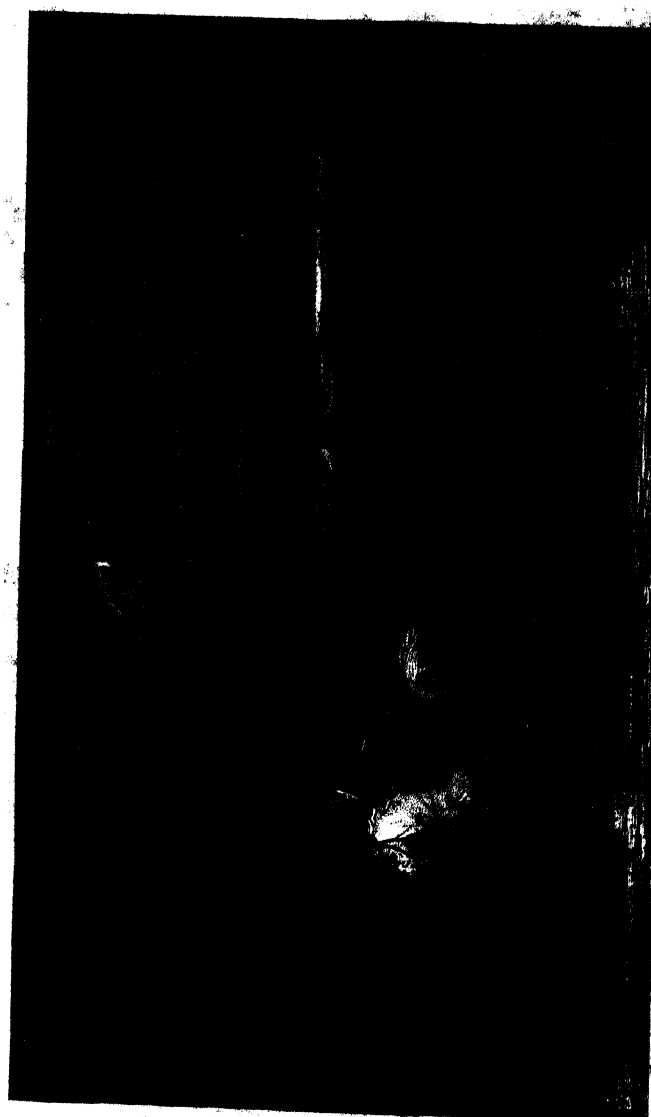
Maggie had a hat and coat on,
And the part she meant to play
Was to mount behind her Uncle,
Spur his steed, and ride away.

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 galloped
Swift as lightning o’er the ground.
“Hold!” the brothers cried, and quickly
Stopped 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 arm she drew.



Bounding went the frightened 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 spoke Uncle David—
Faster flew that steed of fire.

Faster still, and still more furious,
O'er that waste so wild and black,
Flashed the hoofs on ridge and causeway,
Yelled 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 pressed her Uncle’s side;
Not a word spoke Uncle David;
Faster still he seemed to ride.

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

Then a bridge both old and shattered
Spanned 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,
Answered 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 seemed to answer,
“ Speak to me for pity’s sake ! ”

Silent still was Uncle David ;
Faster yet his steed he spurred ;
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 seemed to taste.

Little wish had Maggie Mayflower
Now to clasp that speechless sprite.
Little thought of fun or mischief,
Filled 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 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 asked ; but Willie
Cried, “I know no more than you.

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

“ First some wild and furious fellows
Stopped 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 gathered
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
Turned the ruffian to a child.

“ Now it cried, and now it pleaded,
Now it shrieked—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.

THE END.

