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MARSHALL'S

CHRISTMAS BOX,

A Juvenile Annual.

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"—— Levying thus, and with an easy sway,
A tax of profit on his very play."

COWPER.

LONDON:

W. MARSHALL, 1, HOLBORN BARS.

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PREFACE.

On the return of the memorable season from which this book derives its name, the Editor presents himself again to his young friends, with very agreeable recollections of their past intercourse. He has collected for them a fresh fund of that admirable combination, instruction blended with amusement—well calculated to neutralize the contagion of lowering skies, and convert the long hours of a winter's evening into a "midsummer night's dream." For all which, however, they have to thank not him—but his good friends and theirs, whose well-remembered names are enumerated in the table of Contents:—benevolent and able persons, who take an evident delight in teaching the young to think and feel correctly, to speak

truly, and to act nobly—who have often performed this agreeable and useful task before, but never—if one that has not yet forgotten the days of boyhood may offer an opinion—with greater probability of complete success than now.

The Editor takes leave of his youthful friends in the belief that, while, in ready compliance with established custom, he heartily wishes them "a merry Christmas," he is affording them matter for mirth, of a description not altogether unsuited to that season of holy rejoicing.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF PLATES.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SON.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

THE morning is beaming;
Its first light is streaming
On the crests of the clouds;—with its beauty they glow;
And soon it will brighten
Those dark cliffs, and lighten
The foam of the ocean-waves breaking below.

On the beach met together,
For fair or foul weather,
The old Fisherman sits with his Son by his side;
Their dog seems exploring
The deep wildly roaring,
While they patiently wait for the flow of the tide.

When it comes they will get up,
Their sail they will set up,
And o'er the wide sea steer their shallop away;
There follow their calling,
Of fishing, or trawling,
In peril and hardship the rest of the day.

Yet think not these only,
Their lot, although lonely
Their life may appear on that bleak ocean-shore,
Much have they to cheer it,
And much to endear it,
And what we might shrink from endears it the more.

Use easy has made it,
And habit arrayed it,
In colours which soften privation and pain;
Its toils and its dangers,
To these fearless rangers,
Are trifles of which they would scorn to complain.

Yet, somehow or other,
Each tar seems a brother
To a warm English heart; and, as these meet my view,
With all my good wishing,
For them and their fishing,
I wish they were safe back again—do not you?

BLACK JENNY:

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"STEENY, are you ready? the boat is waiting. Throw down your books, and make as much haste as you can to the river; or we shall be too late to join Captain Howard's party this beautiful afternoon," cried a fine-looking lad of fourteen, popping his head into the study where Mrs. Risdon's sons were engaged in their lessons.

Stephen Risdon shook his head:—"You must go without me to-day, Walter; I have particular reasons for wishing to stay at home."

"Nonsense: the day is so fine, the water glitters like silver, and is as smooth as glass;—you must come."

"Indeed, I must not."

"Has your father forbidden you to go?"

"No, it is my own choice."

"Your reasons, lad; can you give me a good excuse for declining my uncle's invitation?"

"I hope so; I will walk a little way with you, on your return to the boat, and tell you my motive for refusing to accompany you."

Stephen took down his cap, and, carefully closing

the door after him, put his arm within Walter Howard's, and proceeded towards the Thames, which lay glittering before them, winding its majestic course amongst the meads and groves of Richmond.

"Well, Steeny!" cried his impatient companion, "why cannot you accompany us?"

"My brother Richard was invited by your good Uncle to join your party to-day on the water," said Stephen.

"Well, I know that; but Mr. Risdon told Uncle this morning that Richard had displeased him, and that he had, to punish him, forbidden him to go."

"True; but poor Dick is so fond of the water, and of every thing connected with boating, that he had reckoned for weeks on this water-frolic; and his disappointment is almost more than he has fortitude to bear. Besides, he is very sorry for his past fault, which I thought but a slight one, and feel conscious of often having been guilty of the same myself."

"And what was it?"

"Laughing at Mr. Taylor, our writing-master, for his odd manner of speaking. Papa caught him in the very act, and told him severely of his cruelty in mocking the defects of others; and he ended by saying that, as he did not know how to

conduct himself like a gentleman, he was not fit to mingle in genteel society, and that he should not join Mr. Howard's party in the afternoon, without he begged Mr. Taylor's pardon for his rudeness. Dick was too proud to do this before Mr. Taylor went away, and Papa would not listen to my entreaties for him to forgive my brother and let him go. After Papa left the study, Richard burst into tears, and said he should be perfectly wretched if I went without him; and, as we are not forbidden to walk and play in the garden, I promised him faithfully that I would stay at home."

"And you mean to keep your promise?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Steeny, you are a good fellow; but I think you very foolish for losing such a glorious opportunity of enjoying yourself. So good bye; I wish you a pleasant game at bat and ball, and a very sentimental walk in the garden with Master Dick."

Away ran Walter Howard: Stephen stopped a moment on the brow of the hill to see the party embark. The gay boat was launched upon the crystal tide, amidst the shouts of her joyous young crew. The breeze, which had gently swept over the meadows of uncut hay, giving to them that undulatory motion which resembles the waves of a summer sea, filled the white sails of the little

vessel, and she shot like a swan down the majestic stream, adding another pleasing object to the delightful landscape.

"How beautiful," said Stephen, turning reluctantly away; "how I should have enjoyed the sail!" But there was a something in young Risdon's heart, which more than repaid him for this act of self-denial—the pleasing consciousness of having done a generous action; and, long before he reached the garden gate, all traces of regret had vanished from his smiling countenance. In the garden he met his father.

"How, my boy!—you at home; were you too late to join Captain Howard's party?

"No, Papa; but I preferred staying at home."

"How was that, Stephen; yesterday you were so very anxious to go?"

"Yes—but poor Richard. Dear Papa, I could not be happy at another person's expense. How could I enjoy myself, when I knew that he was alone and miserable?" The tears sprung into Stephen's eyes; he turned hastily from his father, and joined his brother in the study.

Mr. Risdon was much affected at this proof of his son's generosity. He loved them both tenderly, and his severity in the morning had been dictated by the kindest feelings. He followed Stephen into the study, and found the lads with their arms en-

twined about each other's neck, and Richard leaning upon Stephen's bosom.—"Dear Steeny," he said, "I did not wish you to make this sacrifice for me. I was very selfish in wanting you to remain at home; it is not fair that you should be punished for my fault."

"It is no sacrifice, no punishment, dear Richard. I thought it would be at the time; but I am so happy that I staid at home, my heart seems quite full of love to every one."

"My dear boys," said Mr. Risdon, taking a hand of each, "this little proof of your affection for each other has made me happy also. Richard, I forgive you for your past fault, because I believe that your repentance is sincere. Stephen, your kindness to your brother shall not be unrewarded. You cannot now go upon the water; but you shall go to London this afternoon with me, and choose the bows and arrows I promised you, against the next grand archery."

The eyes of the brothers glistened with pleasure, nor were they backward in expressing, with childish eloquence, the joy of their hearts. Their books were speedily consigned to the shelf. The carriage was ordered to the door; and the boys amused their father, during a delightful ride, in describing the pleasure they should feel in learning the use of the bow. This led to a long and entertaining discus-

sion upon the antiquity of the weapon, of the celebrity of the English archers, and the fame of Robin Hood and his merry men, and brought to their remembrance the ballad of "Chevy Chace," and the famous anecdote of William Tell, till the boys, with all the enthusiasm of youth, already, in idea, rivalled those renowned archers, and longed for the time when they should take their places among the young people who had made this, for some months, a favourite diversion in their village. They were impatient to reach London, and, for once in their lives, paid little regard to the lovely scenes through which they were passing.

In their way to the fashionable shop in which these long-coveted weapons were to be procured, Mr. Risdon stopped at a pastry-cook's, in order to give the brothers a little treat after their ride. Whilst they were discussing some excellent new buns, a respectable-looking man, in very mean apparel, entered the shop, leading by the hand a pale emaciated little boy, of six years old: in a subdued voice he asked the master of the shop if he had a stale loaf for him:—"I would not beg of you so often," he said, "but I have had no work this week—my poor wife is ill—the children are crying for food, and we are greatly distressed."

"Had you come yesterday, Copley, I had saved a basket-full of odd scraps for you," said the bene-

volent pastry-cook; "but they were all given away this morning: however, give me your basket, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Oh, sir, I know not how we shall ever repay you for your kindness," returned the man. "My wife was too ill to be left alone, and the children too young to be trusted in the streets without a guide: I could not come out before, and so the poor little things went supperless to bed;—indeed, sir, neither they nor I have tasted food since noon yesterday."

Stephen, who had been listening attentively to every word that passed between the pastry-cook and his pensioner, suddenly put down the cake he was eating, for he felt as though it would choke him, and looked earnestly in his father's face without speaking a word. Mr. Risdon understood the mute appeal to his benevolence; but he was anxious to hear something more from the unfortunate mechanic, for such he appeared to be, before he offered him any pecuniary assistance.

"Copley," said the pastry-cook, "have you got a customer for your horse?"

The man shook his head.—"I have only applied to one gentleman yet, and he answered me very roughly: however, he promised to come up and look at him, but I have seen nothing of him since; and the children cried so bitterly at the thought of

parting with the poor thing, that I felt glad of it. However, I now desire to sell the creature, for it is half starved: it is cruel to keep it any longer; and, in my present situation, I feel that it is dishonest."

"Papa," whispered Richard Risdon, "how can so poor a man afford to keep a horse?"

"That, my boy, is a mystery to me:"—then, turning to the stranger, he said, "My good fellow, is it possible that you can have a horse to dispose of?"

The man looked at the pastry-cook, and a melancholy smile passed over his wasted features.—"You may well be surprised, sir, to hear a half-starved, ill-dressed person like me talking of his horse; but I have as pretty a pony to sell as ever you saw."

"And how did you come by it?"

"Honestly enough," returned the mechanic; "and, although an expense to us now, poor little Jenny was once a great comfort. If you, sir, will condescend to listen to me for a few minutes, I will give you the history of my horse."

Mr. Risdon's curiosity was greatly excited; besides, he felt strongly interested in the poor man and his family, while the boys quite forgot their bows and their buns, in their eager desire to unravel the mystery of how it was possible for a mendicant to possess a horse of his own.

"Six years ago, sir," pursued the poor man, "I came to London with my wife and two small children, to follow the trade of a journeyman blacksmith. I was reckoned a good hand at my business in the country; and, being a strong, industrious fellow, I soon got employed by a master in the trade, who was so well pleased with my method of managing restive horses, that I had to shoe every spirited and valuable animal that was sent to our forge. Besides my skill as a blacksmith, I knew a great deal about horses, and had received from my old master in the country, many valuable receipts for the different disorders with which that noble animal is afflicted. I was requested, one day, by a gentleman's head groom, to go over to Highgate, to dress the foot of one of his master's blood horses, which had been lamed at Ascot Heath races. I complied with his wishes, and accordingly went; and, whilst I was there, a very valuable little mare, and a great favourite with John's master, died a few hours after foaling, leaving one of the prettiest little black foals you ever saw. 'Squire Gerald gave orders for the little orphan to be killed, as it was impossible, he said, for it to be reared without its mother. I thought otherwise, and I told John that I was sure that I could rear the foal for his master. The 'Squire laughed at my wishing to become the crea-

ture's foster-mother; and he said, that if I thought I could rear the foal, I was welcome to keep it, and to make what I could of it, for the benefit of my family. I carried it home in my master's luggage cart; and, as I had no place in which I could rear the little stranger, but the room which I occupied with my wife and children, I carried the foal thither in my arms. I rented a large garret in St. Giles's; and, whilst the place was decently furnished, it possessed many comforts. Poor little Jenny had to travel up four pair of stairs before I could introduce her to my wife and children; and it was really amusing to witness the surprise and pleasure which all of them expressed at this odd addition to our family circle. My wife undertook to act the part of nurse, and Jenny was given her place at the feet of the children's bed, and regularly fed during the day, and several times in the night, out of a small tea-pot. For the first fortnight, she appeared thin and puling, and scarcely took any notice of those around her, though the children were always patting, and kissing, and calling her, their own black horsey, and tendering to her their own scanty rations of bread and butter. But after this period was passed, the little stranger soon grew sleek and strong, and was as playful as a kitten, racing round the chamber, springing over the stools, and tossing her silken mane and tail with all the

pride and wantonness of conscious health and spirits. Her form was perfect symmetry, her eyes large and bright, her skin black and shining; and, from her constant association with human beings, her face had an expression of human intelligence. In all her frolics, she carefully avoided running against the children. If the baby was crawling upon the floor, she would stop in the midst of her maddest gambols, lick its innocent hands and face, and caress it with the utmost affection. It was curious to observe how well she understood the looks and signs of the children; how jealous she was of their regard; how proud she seemed to be when cantering, with one of them on her back, round and round the room; how gently she would throw them off upon the bed, when tired with her burden, answering their boisterous shouts of laughter with a low, whinnying sound, which seemed to laugh to them again. She slept upon their bed, shared their meals, and was an active agent in all their sports. 'I do not know what we should do without Jenny,' was my wife's constant remark: 'she amuses and keeps the children quiet; and they are contented to stay in doors all day, if they can but play and romp about the room with Jenny.' But hard times came on, sir: I broke my arm, and was for many months thrown out of work. I found it a difficult matter to provide bread for the

children; and Jenny, no longer a foal, had grown almost imperceptibly into a fine pony. We talked of selling her to buy bread. The children wept at the intelligence: immured in a garret in St. Giles's, she was the only comfort they enjoyed. They came crying round me: they held up their little hands, and implored me not to part with Jenny; for, if I sold their dear black pet, it would break their hearts. My wife pleaded for the children; and from that time, the subject was, dropped. Jenny, too, seemed to understand our poverty. She was only fed with the scraps that the children could spare from their meals; but she never demanded by her former winning importunities more. I know that the poor little rogues have often starved themselves to feed her; and, when I was forced by dire necessity to sell all my furniture, they would lie down by Jenny on the floor, without a murmur, and fling their half-frozen arms about her to keep themselves warm. A few weeks ago, my wife fell sick; and the death of my master threw me quite out of employ. I felt that something must be done; and I walked to Highgate, in the hope of obtaining a few pounds upon Jenny, by selling her to 'Squire Gerald. But the 'Squire had removed into the country; and his successor, a proud cold man, gave me an impatient hearing, promised to look at the creature, of the truth of whose history

he seemed to entertain many doubts, and, finally, never came near us. If it had not been for the benevolence of this worthy man, who, visiting a poor family in the same house, accidentally heard of our distress, we must ere this have perished for want. This, sir, is the history of myself and my horse; and, should you know any gentleman who wants a gentle animal for the use of his children, I would thankfully part with her for a few pounds."

Stephen and Richard Risdon clung eagerly to their father's arm. "Dear, dear papa, do buy Jenny: we would love her, and treat her quite kindly for this poor man's sake."

"I am willing to grant your request, my boys," said Mr. Risdon; "but, if I buy the pony, I cannot afford to purchase the bows also. Now, which do you prefer, the costly toys you were so eager to possess, or this poor man's horse? The one will be an act of charity, the other the mere gratification of vanity, and, at best, but an unprofitable amusement."

"There can be no choice, papa. We can make a bow out of an ash tree; but we cannot procure for money again a creature so faithful and docile, and whose history is so curious and entertaining," said Stephen.

"Can I see the pony?" said Mr. Risdon, turn-

ing to the man: "perhaps you will bring it hither for us to look at."

"Indeed, sir, that is beyond my power to do; for the animal has never left the garret, since the hour I carried her thither; and how she is to be removed, I scarcely know at present. But, if you can condescend to visit our wretched abode, I will gladly show you the way."

Wishing to be of service to the poor fellow and his family, Mr. Risdon dismissed his carriage, and, accompanied by his sons, followed the blacksmith on foot to the wretched abode of want and misery. The house in which Copley and his family resided, had once been the dwelling of some wealthy merchant; but its numerous stories and apartments, divested of their former comforts, obscured by dirt, and darkened from want of repair, looked more like so many dens for thieves, each separately forming an asylum for the indigent and afflicted poor, whose squalid appearance and tattered garments form, in London, such a shocking contrast to the gay apparel and splendid equipages of the rich and great. Mr. Risdon and his sons followed Copley up the first three flights of stairs without any personal inconvenience; but the last ascent was so dark, and the steps which led to it so narrow and broken away, that they were several times in danger of

falling. A feeble light at length broke from above, and a child, in a plaintive voice, said, "Father, is that you?" This was quickly followed by a low neigh, such as horses accustomed to feed in the same meadow often greet each other with, after a short absence, and a black head was immediately thrust through the aperture.

"You see, sir," said the blacksmith, "that Jenny knows my step, and is among the first to welcome me."

Trifling as this circumstance was, it almost affected the kind-hearted Mr. Risdon to tears. The attachment of the brute creature had in it a touch of human tenderness; and he paused a moment on the threshold of the miserable unfurnished apartment, before he could summon sufficient resolution to enter it.

On a bed of straw, in a corner of the wide desolate apartment, lay a young woman, not exceeding six-and-thirty years of age, covered with an old tattered cloak. Close by her side, and supporting her mother's head upon her knees, sat a tall, pale, fair little girl of ten years old, whose meek and resigned countenance bespoke her early acquaintance with grief. A boy, two years younger, was knitting stockings for sale: and two clean, but half-naked little ones, yet in their infancy, were reclining upon the floor, in the very

act of playing with Jenny, who, having said her how-d' ye-do to her master, was quietly reclining upon the floor, in the midst of the group, suffering the baby to twine its little fingers in her long mane, then shaking it over the delighted infant's face, who laughed and crowed, and talked to the pony in a language more unintelligible to the visitors than that of its black playmate.

With a feeling of reverence, Mr. Risdon approached the bed on which the sick woman was extended, and, giving her his hand, expressed the hope that she was better.

"Thank God, sir, the fever has left me, and I shall feel better when I have taken a morsel of food; at present I am too weak to rise." She cast a wistful look towards the basket of broken cakes and bread, which Copley had received from the good pastry-cook. The children had silently gathered round their father, and each, without speaking a word, was holding up his hand for something to eat. Even Jenny's silence was eloquent, and her hollow temples proved that she was suffering from want.

"Poor hearts," said Copley, as he distributed to each a share, "they are very hungry; you must forgive them, sir, for their rudeness."

"Make no excuses, Copley," said Mr. Risdon, walking to the dusty window to conceal his emo-

tion; "I too am a father." Then, fearing lest the idea of parting with Jenny should distress the children, he whispered to the blacksmith, "I will settle with you the price of the pony elsewhere."

"You may speak out, sir," said Copley: "the children are prepared to part with her. Anne, James, and William," he continued, addressing himself to the three who were of age to understand him: "which would you rather, that this kind gentleman took care of Jenny, and fed her well, and used her well, or that she should remain with us to die for want of proper air and food?" The children looked up with tears in their eyes; but each replied with apparent cheerfulness, "We love poor Jenny too well to wish her to stay with us."

"You are good, dutiful children," said Mr. Risdon; "and you shall neither part with Jenny, nor longer want food, whilst I can procure for you, without injuring myself, the necessaries of life. Copley," he continued, turning to the blacksmith, "can you groom horses?"

"One should not praise one's self, I 've heard, sir," said Copley; "but it is what I have been accustomed to from my youth."

"I want a person to take care of my horses, having just parted with my groom: you shall live upon my estate at Richmond; and, though I mean

to purchase Jenny for my boys, your children shall still enjoy the company of their old play-fellow in fine pastures, where they may run races with her all day long."

The children uttered a shout of joy at this unhoped-for intimation. Poor Copley was too much overcome to speak; and the young Risdons thanked their father in the most lively terms for anticipating their wishes.

How to remove Jenny was the next thing to be thought of; and this, for some time, appeared a matter of no small difficulty. At length, after much consultation on the subject, Mr. Risdon suggested the idea of letting her down into the street through the window, by means of ropes and pulleys; and he told Copley that he would give the necessary orders, and send people on the morrow to assist him in effecting her removal. He then withdrew, leaving Copley and his family quite happy in the possession of fifteen pounds for the pony, and, ordering his carriage, returned to Richmond, not a little pleased at his afternoon's visit to the metropolis.

"Dear Stephen, are not you glad that we did not go on the water to-day?" whispered Richard to his brother, as the carriage stopped at their father's mansion, and they were greeted by the party who had just returned from their aquatic excursion.

Walter was eloquent in his description of their trip, and related with much vivacity all they had seen and heard. The brothers listened to him with interest; but they had enjoyed the pleasure of conferring a benefit on a distressed fellow-creature. Their joy was of a more exalted nature, and they no longer envied Walter his short-lived gratification.

"Walter will forget his voyage before the week is out," said Mr. Risdon; "but you will still be happy in the possession of Black Jenny, and in witnessing the happiness of poor Copley and his family."

The next morning Jenny arrived in a cart, accompanied by Copley and his wife and children, dressed in new clothes, and all wearing smiling faces. The boys ran out to welcome the party, and to caress their new favourite. If the honest blacksmith and his family were delighted with the snug little cottage they were to consider as their future home, the rapture of Jenny, at finding herself, for the first time in her life, in a wide paddock, in the possession of air and liberty, is beyond the power of my pen to describe. Regardless of the voice of her old master, or the children, she bounded round and round the field, snuffing the fresh breeze, leaping and capering with joy; or wheeling about with the velocity of thought, mak-

ing the green sward tremble beneath her hoofs. When tired of these diversions, she cast herself upon the grass, rolling upon it, and neighing aloud in all the wantonness of liberty.

"I fear Jenny will never be tame again, or come when we call her," said James Copley, regarding his frolicsome companion with a sorrowful eye.

"If you had been shut up in prison all your life," said his father, "like poor Jenny, you would hardly know what to make of your liberty."

The next day Jenny came as usual to receive her breakfast from the hands of her old companions, and suffered herself to be bridled and saddled with the greatest docility. Her beauty and gentleness excited the admiration of all who saw her; and few could have imagined, from the fleetness and elegance of her movements, that she had been educated and brought up in a garret.

AN INFANT'S DIRGE.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

SLEEP—behold thy couch is spread,
Early dweller with the dead!
Where the moss is bright of hue,
And the speedwell glistens blue,
And the daisy, trembling near,
Bows beneath its dewy tear.

Rest thou softly—toil and care;
Sorrow's tempest,—evil's snare;
Anguish, inly pining still;
Sin, which stains the holiest will;
And the darkening thoughts which wait,
Shade like, on our brightest state,
Mighty as their force may be,
Ill are armed to trouble thee.

We had hoped, when years should darken,
To thy voice of love to hearken,
As to sounds of promise given,
Telling of that wished for heaven;
But a wiser voice hath spoken,
And the spell of hope is broken.
We had thought to mark thee long,
With thy liquid notes of song,
And those eyes with tears unwet,
Sporting by our threshold yet;
But a blight is on thy brow,
And what boots the vision now?
Every name of former kindness,
Tells but of our heedless blindness.—
Fount—thy little source has failed thee!
Tree—the wild wind has assailed thee!
Flower—thy leaves with dust are blended!
Star—thy course of light is ended!

THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Oh! who would pine to be a lord,
And dine each day off plate;
And see, around a sumptuous board,
A troop of menials wait?
How many share a lot like this,
With far less real joy,
If health, content, and peace are his,
Than this blythe Farmer's Boy.

What dining-room is half so grand,
At Blenheim, Stowe, or Kew,
As Nature for his use hath planned,
Or boasts so fine a view?
Compared with his, each proud saloon
Seems but a tiny toy;
So rich has been kind Nature's boon
Unto her Farmer's Boy.

What liveried menial half so true
As *his* companion there,
Who seems his master's meal to view,
And watch to claim his share?

Meanwhile, in patient gentleness,
Released from his employ,
His horse stands near, whose looks express
He serves the Farmer's Boy.

Further afield the eye may mark
The harrow dragged along;
And, high in air, the mounting lark
Out-pours his merry song;
Around, bees hum o'er many a flower,
Till sweets that cannot cloy
Combine to bless the dinner-hour
Of the glad Farmer's Boy.

AN OLD HEATHENISH STORY.

Once upon a time, when some old heathenish king reigned in Britain, and all his subjects, of course, were heathens, and led sad heathenish lives, there dwelt, near the town of Guldeford, one Goodman Giles, a surly, black-looking fellow, the dread of half the women and all the children in the neighbourhood. He lived with his mother, a hideous crone, in an old tumbling-down house on the lake side. Mother Giles, as they called her, notwithstanding her great age, had a vigorous and fiery spirit of her own, which seemed, in fact, to have preyed upon her frame, and burnt it up into

a little, mis-shapen, shriveled cinder: so that, when in repose, or motionless, she sat doubled up in a corner of the vast and gloomy chimney, she looked like the corpse of a dried up monkey; and, when stirring about, her eyes and limbs, and even her body, moved and worked with the activity of a fiend. They were a fearful pair, this mother and son; for they agreed with no one, and fought with one another. The great brute had been known, on one occasion, to bang his mother on the shoulders with the bellows with such violence, that, after summoning all her neighbours to her help, with screams wild and discordant as the cry of a wild cat, she was found curled up, and, to all appearance, dead, on the stone floor. Giles dropped the bellows as the people entered, and wrung his hands as he looked down upon the work he had done. He stooped, with some muttered words of kindness and regret, to lift his mother's body from the ground, when, suddenly, the little fury, springing up, and darting her talon-like hands into his bushy hair, held and clawed so tight, that she was raised from the ground as he strove to raise himself. There she clung, fixed to his shoulder, tearing his hair, scratching his face, shrieking in his ear, till he was at last almost obliged to shake her off over the large black pot suspended above the fire. From this period Mother Giles was set down as a

witch by her neighbours, some of whom declared, that, when she alighted upon the pot, it suddenly changed into her huge black cat, upon whose back she rode and raced away to the end of the house, and even up the stairs, quite unhurt. Some went so far as to whisper their suspicions, that the hag was neither more nor less than a half-breed between the monkey and human species; and this was the more credited, from the remarkable resemblance of her son's countenance to that of the tall monkey, on the sign-board of "The Wild Man of the Woods," at the hostel in Quarry-street, Guldeford. But witches do not live for ever, though, like their own cats, they may be said to possess nine lives. The real corpse of the old hag was brought out from the cottage one moonlight night, and laid in a grave, which her son had been observed to dig a few days before. Her black cat and a favourite magpie were killed by her son at the grave, and a horrible noise they made. He pretended that they were sacrificed by him in honour of the dead; but every one thought he took that opportunity of paying off an old grudge against the two beloved companions of his mother. He threw the cat and the bird together into the grave, filled up the hole, and returned, for the first time, to a solitary and quiet dwelling.

For a short time, and out of sheer contradiction,

Giles chose to look very wretched, and to lament her whom he had done all in his power to get rid of. But this is a common kind of contradiction: we often find persons who will make a pompous funeral for one whom they made no scruple of leaving to perish in want and misery. Long and eloquent epitaphs have been written, and may to this day be read, over the graves of those whose mere mention was once greeted, by the very epitaph-writers, with contempt or unkindness.—Goodman Giles was no exception to this rule of human nature.

Now that his companion was really lost, he began to be out of temper with a solitary life, and determined to marry; but where was a wife to be found? There were several fine, high-spirited damsels in the neighbourhood: perhaps, however, they would not have listened to the proposals of Goodman Giles. He never gave them a thought, but got into his boat and rowed to the opposite side of the lake: he had often noticed a quiet, harmless sort of body, sitting at her wheel before her cottage door, while her mother stood near scolding—nay, even beating her. He had heard the poor maiden pitied as a victim by all the country round;—a poor-spirited lamb they called her,—a drudge that would bear with every thing and every one: this was the sort of wife that Giles desired. He landed

before the cottage door, and had scarcely leaped on shore, when Gillian (so they called the maiden) came running down the cottage garden, making a strange faint cry, very like the faint shriek of a swallow, while her mother, with a hedge-stake upraised in her hands, pursued her. Giles hurried forward, and intercepted the blow; but, lover as he was, he could not resist frowning, and muttering, and grinding his teeth with rage, as the heavy stake fell upon his own head. Gillian looked grateful, and the old dame sorrowful; so, as his cap was tolerably thick, and his skull much thicker, and, consequently, the pain of the blow soon gone, Giles accepted the invitation of the two females, and entered the house. There, over a cup of mead, he told his errand, and there the sandy-haired Gillian smiled upon his suit. They were married in a few days, and Giles rowed his wife home across the lake.

No one could look more demure, more timidly meek, than Mistress Gillian, as she sat in her husband's boat; but Giles began to fear that she was not altogether without a spirit of quiet contradiction, when he found that, notwithstanding his repeated commands, she would not quit the place where she had seated herself at first. The fact was this: the boat was not balanced, because Gillian had seated herself too much on one side.

"A little more to the right, my dear," said Giles, gruffly. "Yes, my love," she answered, and moved half an inch. "A little more!" She moved again; but, though he constantly spoke, and she made a show of moving, she always edged back to the very spot where she had sat down at first. "She is not used to my boat," muttered the bridegroom to himself, as he handed her out: "she did not mean to contradict me, poor meek thing!" and, saying this, he kissed her large freckled cheeks, and Gillian simpered.

This poor meek thing was to teach her husband, that he had, in fact, till he received her into his house, never met with a genuine and consistent spirit of contradiction. She had no bold and boastful love of display in her contradiction: she was not a woman given to the idle argument of many words, when a quiet "yes," or "no," would serve. Her's was the silent argument of actions. Contradiction was not with her the pastime of her leisure hours—it was the engrossing business of her life. Her house was not the scene of violent altercations, at least on her side, though Giles raged and raved as in his mother's time. Gillian bore his blows in silence, or making only the low swallow-like shrieking, which seemed rather in her throat than on her tongue. She contented herself with some little secret revenge, hours, or even days after—cutting

the meshes of his fishing nets, or drilling a hole in his fishing boots, or overturning the great black pot, with all his supper, into the fire, when he had come home hungry, and impatient to eat. She had many such little ways, many more than I can mention; but still she was looked upon by all the country round as a victim, who had been merely passed from the bondage of maternal tyranny to that of the proverbially brutal Giles. She had never been surprised in a rage: her voice had never been heard like that of her sister, the dark and strapping Nancy, who, being at the top of the house when her mother called to her from the kitchen, bawled out at the highest pitch of her voice, "I hears you, mother; but the more you calls, the more I won't come." No, no; Gillian was only to be seen dropping a few small tears, or receiving her husband's blows with the demure air of a martyr, or replying with a few, very few words, which, however stinging to the ear for which they were intended, were too faint and low to be distinguished by any other ears. Such was the poor, meek creature whom Giles had taken to wife.

They had not long been united—united I say—ah! what a word to express what was any thing but union; but it is the common form of speaking in such cases, and, therefore, I let the word pass:—

they had not been long united, when what proved a deadly quarrel, sprang from a trifling circumstance.

On going forth to fish in the lake one winter morning, Giles found that his boat had drifted away from its mooring. Giles fell into a tremendous rage; and he was the more angry because he saw no one to vent his rage upon. At last he grew tired of storming, and stood staring sullenly and silently upon his boat, which every motion of the waters carried farther away. The same wind that helped to drive out his boat far over the water, blowing freshly from the quarter where his house stood, brought with it the following words of a song, with the well-known voice of his wife:—

"Lend a hand to the oar,
And away from the shore,
'Tis calm and pleasant weather;
Where the bright shoals leap
In the waters deep,
We'll cast our nets together."

Giles turned round, and shouted, "Stop that squalling, and get you within doors to your work. Don't you see I've lost the boat? How can you sing as if nothing were the matter?" Gillian ceased for a moment, and called out with a mirthful tone, "I do not hear you; what do you wish?" He shouted again: she put the palm of her hand behind her ear, and bent her head forward, as if to

hear distinctly. "Oh! another verse!" she exclaimed, and, raising her voice to an unusual loudness, she continued singing:—

"Now softly we glide
O'er the crystal tide;
Rest, rest on your oars, and listen;
'Tis the mermaid sings,
As her hair she wrings,
Where the waves in the moonshine glisten."

"No, no!" cried Giles, "I hate your singing: no more of it, mistress; have done with it, or I'll find a way to make you."—"I'm coming, love," was her only reply, and she came forward, nimbly, from the door. "I don't want you: get you back, you plague!" She only quickened her steps. "Dear, dear," she said, as she stood beside him, and looked about for the boat, pretending to miss it for the first time: "why, Giles, you have lost the boat!"—"I have lost the boat!" he replied: "what do you mean by that? I fastened it safely enough to the ring; but the rope has been cut: any one may see that a knife has been at work here." Gillian took up the end of the rope yet remaining attached to the ring; and, looking her husband in the face, and whimpering as she did so, she said, in a piteous voice, "Oh, Giles, Giles, you unkind and deceitful creature! to stand me out that the rope was cut with a knife. I have my suspicions, I have. I have long thought that a certain person, not a hundred miles off (a bold hussey as she is), wished

to set you against your poor, poor wife. She has been making mischief here: she would wish to throw the blame upon me. Any one with eyes," she added in a clear, firm voice, "any one with eyes might see that this rope has been cut with scissors."—"Nonsense, nonsense, woman!" replied Giles: "what idle fancies you have got into your head! Who would think of cutting a thick rope with a pair of scissors? Nothing but a knife could have divided it so cleanly."—"Women use scissors," said Gillian, quietly, but decidedly; "and that rope was cut with scissors." "Well, well," he answered: "never mind how it was cut; I must be after getting the boat to shore again."—"Yes, I see how it is," cried Gillian: "no notice is taken when *other* persons come and do all they can to set a husband against his own wife. Many a time have I been accused of injuring your nets, and your boat, and I have had blows as well as bad words, such as I can't repeat: but, when others come and do such mischief as this, no notice is to be taken forsooth."—"What an idiot you are, woman!" said Giles: "who suspects you, or any one else? Did'nt I tell you I never suspected that scissors had been used? Is it not plain that the rope was cut with a knife?"—"No, sir, it is not plain," she said, drawing herself up, "it is not plain. Say what you like, think what you like; but allow me to hold my own opinion. The rope was cut with

scissors: this I tell you for the last time, scissors and nothing but scissors."—"Let it be the last time," he said, laying his hand on her arm: "you say scissors, I say knife!"—"Then, sir," she replied, drawing away her arm, as if he had hurt her, "you say wrong. I tell you it was cut with scissors."—"How dare you contradict so?" he said, and frowned: "hold your tongue, and don't tell me it was not a knife."—"As for holding my tongue, when I know I am right, and ought to speak, I shall not, though you frown, and double your fist. I have borne many beatings, husband, and do not fear to say, *scissors* again." Giles burst into a violent rage, and concluded with shouting "knife!" in her ears. Gillian looked frightened—nay, scared, and began to shake; yet still the word "scissors" rose trembling from her lips. Giles pretended not to hear her, and was walking away, when she called him back. "Well," he inquired, coldly, "have you any thing more to say?"—"Yes, sir, I have," she replied, coming quite close to him, and putting her mouth to his ear, and speaking in a loud whisper: "I've this to say:—scissors, you great brute!"—"Very well, madam," said Giles, facing her, and putting his hands in his pockets with an air of stern resolution: "say it again, and you shall see what I'll do."—"What will you do, Mister Womanbeater?" she replied. "*Throw you* into the lake, you vixen!"—"Do

if you please," she cried, and sneered, so that the word "scissors," which she did not fail to pronounce, came hissing from between her lips. He caught her up in his arms, but, suddenly recollecting himself, put her down again. "Once more I will try you, he said, sternly: "say nothing—shut your lips, and let me go." With the meekest face imaginable, Gillian looked up and simpered, while the forbidden word stole gently from her lips. He threw her into the lake. Poor Gillian was a plump, little person, and she went to the bottom quickly; but, rising up soon after, and blowing and spitting away the water, she screamed out, "scissors!" Again she sunk, then rose the second time; and, though more faintly, yet most distinctly, she sputtered out the word "scissors!" There was a pause, and Gillian's cap was seen floating away. Giles began to relent: he had thrown off his coat, and was springing into the water to save her, when again the head appeared. He hesitated: there was a great sputtering and hissing made; but the effort to speak was in vain. Slowly, slowly she sunk; but above the water a hand was yet raised—the fingers were closed, all but the middle and the fore finger, which, moving backwards and forwards, apart and together, as the blades of a pair of scissors close and open, the unconquered spirit of contradiction struggled beyond *the last gasp.*

ESCAPE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

To the memory of Mary Stuart, are attached many associations of a romantic, but painful nature. Her rank, her striking beauty, and the series of perils and misfortunes she was doomed to encounter in her mortal career, have invested her name with the deepest interest. She has found bitter enemies and strenuous advocates: probably both parties are in the wrong. Mary was as far from deserving the severe censures of the former, as from meriting the extravagant encomiums of the latter. However, when she is weighed in the balance, every generous heart will range itself on behalf of the unfortunate Princess. Her faults and her follies, be they what they were, certainly met with a retribution above their desert; and the sad chain of her trials and sorrows, no less than the tragical end of the Scottish Queen, has afforded to posterity one of the most moving episodes to be found in the annals of mankind. But among the many adventures which tended to make the life of Mary a continued romance, none perhaps is more striking than her hazardous escape from the Castle of Loch-Leven.

The revolted nobles had succeeded in their plans against their unfortunate Queen. The Earl of Murray's ambition was gratified by the defeat and

hapless fate of his Sovereign; but the safety of himself and his associates could not be considered as insured, unless their victim was deprived of liberty, as well as of her kingdom. The Castle of Loch-Leven was accordingly selected as the place of her confinement. The choice was most judicious, and every conceivable precaution was taken to prevent the escape of the royal prisoner. She was guarded with the strictest vigilance; and her honorary jailor, well aware of the importance of his trust, was indefatigable in the discharge of his duty. Every movement of the Queen was watched; no attendants were allowed her, but such as were absolutely necessary; in fine, no pains were spared to cut off the captive from any correspondence with those generous nobles who remained faithful to her cause.

Mary resigned herself to her melancholy fate. Surrounded with spies, and debarred from every friendly communication, she gave up all hope of regaining her liberty, unless by the consent of her rebellious subjects; and accordingly her situation became one of severe trial and affliction: the days passed heavily away, and the night brought no relief. The desponding captive suffered in her dreams a painful repetition of her miseries. Mary, however, did not yield her mind to a weak and unavailing despair: the pride of her nature refused to afford her enemies the additional triumph of wit-

nessing the success of their efforts to prostrate her royal spirit. She preserved the deportment of a Queen; and, notwithstanding the fight of affliction which she had to endure, she uniformly displayed an outward bearing of dignified composure and tranquil resignation. Her misfortunes, and the wrongs which she had suffered, were, however, destined to plant the germs of pity into the souls of some of the very inmates of the Castle; and an escape was to be attempted by persons and means which should excite the astonishment no less than the delight of the royal captive.

Among the inmates of the Castle, were two members of the illustrious house of Douglas, George and William. George Douglas was a young man of about five-and-twenty years old, full of enthusiasm, and possessing some of the best attributes of a manly disposition. As he had frequent opportunities of seeing the captive Queen, her beauty could not fail to make a favourable impression on his heart, while her misfortunes called forth his warmest sympathies. From the first sentiment of pity and respect, a deeper feeling was soon produced: it was a feeling partaking strongly of the character of love, though, at the same time, tinctured with a sort of enthusiastic and respectful veneration. He dared not unfold his sentiments to Mary Stuart; but he secretly formed a resolution to attempt her

deliverance. He perceived the many and severe difficulties he should have to encounter in the accomplishment of his design; but he did not let them dishearten him, his generous enthusiasm constantly repelling the cold suggestions of fear or despair. He communicated his bold purpose to his brother William, a youth no more than sixteen years of age, who joyfully approved of the design, and eagerly offered his assistance.

George Douglas presented himself to the Queen, and in a candid and impassioned, but respectful manner, expressed the deep interest he felt for her, and informed her that he and his brother were resolved on attempting to rescue her from her cruel fate. The frankness of this declaration, no less than the tone and manner of young Douglas, bore the impress of sincerity; and the Queen, not hesitating to trust implicitly to the professions of her young friends, readily gave her assent to their proposal. After a variety of schemes had been canvassed, a stratagem was at length decided upon, as affording most promise of success: and it was immediately resolved to try the experiment. George Douglas contrived to announce the intended rescue to some of Mary's partisans who lingered about the neighbourhood of Loch-Leven, and desired them to be in readiness to aid her escape. A boat was provided to cross *the lake*; and, all preparations for flight being

made, Mary exchanged dresses with her washer-woman, and, in that disguise, aided by the darkness of night, she boldly left her apartments and attempted to gain the boat. The stratagem, unfortunately, was detected; Mary was placed under a stricter watch, and George Douglas was immediately removed from the castle of Loch-Leven.

The enthusiastic devotion of George Douglas was not diminished by absence: it glowed as fervently as before; and he still cherished the design of achieving the deliverance of the royal prisoner. He kept up a correspondence with her partisans, and buoyed himself up with the hope that William Douglas would be more successful than himself in promoting their mutual wishes. In this he was not deceived—the youth seemed to have been strongly imbued with the noble spirit of his relative. He succeeded in cheering the Queen with flattering promises of a speedy deliverance, although he himself had no conception of the means by which that happy consummation might be realised.

Days rolled on, but without bringing any prospect of success. Nay more, he was obliged to relax in his attentions to Mary, that he might not awake suspicion. Indeed, he was already more than half suspected, and it required the utmost prudence to allay the rising doubts in the mind of the governor. Young Douglas conducted himself with a caution,

shrewdness, and self-command, which seemed incompatible with his extreme youth, patiently awaiting the hour of deliverance.

Fortune at length presented an occasion which could not be missed by a mind so active and on the alert as that of Douglas. The governor happened to mislay his keys one night, and the watchful youth quickly made himself master of them. He hastened to the Queen with the joyful tidings, and entreated her not to lose so favourable a chance—one, indeed, more favourable than any which would probably present itself hereafter. The Queen was not very difficult to persuade: the desire of liberty was very strong, and the fear of detection a second time, together with the fatal results which discovery might produce, was not sufficient to deter her from renewing the attempt to escape. Hasty preparations were made; and with the utmost secrecy she left her apartments, and proceeded to the boat. She was accompanied only by a faithful attendant, a young gentleman of the name of Kennedy, and her gallant young deliverer. She gained the boat in safety: every thing was hushed in silence and repose—the first glimmer of dawn was just beginning faintly to spread over the stilly and tranquil scenery around. Mary stepped into the boat, and, raising her eyes towards heaven, gave expression to the gratitude she felt, for the *goodness* of Providence in preparing a way for her

escape. Meantime, William Douglas was only anxious to gain the opposite side of the lake, where he expected to find some faithful adherents ready to receive their emancipated Queen. But a difficulty arose for which he was totally unprepared. He was so little skilled in the use of the oar, that the boat made scarcely any progress; and he began to apprehend that their flight might be discovered before they were out of danger. Kennedy was not able to remove this ground of alarm: so little do we know the full value of a seemingly unimportant attainment until a conjuncture of circumstances presents itself, in which it is at the same time indispensably necessary, and not to be commanded.

Mary herself endeavoured to supply the deficiency of her young deliverer, and worked the oar alternately with him. Thus, at the risk of being every moment discovered, they at length gained the opposite shore, where they found firm friends waiting their arrival, with horses, ready to convey the Queen beyond the reach of her enemies.

Mary felt a thrill of exquisite delight as she placed her foot on the ground, and experienced the sweet consciousness of recovered freedom. But, alas! her transports of joy were to be of short duration: she escaped from her prison only to undergo a new series of trials and sorrows, and to endure the miseries of a longer and more painful captivity, from which the axe of the headsman set her free!

THE ROSE AND THE DEW.

The Rose, the proudest flower in the garden, was one morning heard to address the new-fallen Dew, in the following terms of haughty expostulation:—"How is it that you, whom I permit to assume my glowing crimson when you repose on my fragrant bosom, are so insensible of that high privilege as to be equally ready to wear the livery of every other flower on which you may chance to descend? I see you, with shameless mutability, become yellow with the jonquil, white with the lily, purple with the convolvulus; and even condescending to adopt the hues of the green leaves, and of the meanest pot-herbs and vegetables."

"Think not, lovely Rose," returned the Dew, "that I am insensible to your charms, or ungrateful for your favours; but it would scarcely be proper to retain your splendid colours when I make my visits to meaner flowers and lowly herbs. It is my practice to suit my appearance to the place of my sojourn."

In like manner will those who wish to be considered agreeable members of society, endeavour to assimilate their dress and the tone of their conversation to the taste of their associates, when they can do so consistently with propriety and virtue.

THE MESSENIAN MAIDEN'S DREAM:

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ANCIENT GREECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIVAL CRUSOES."

THE setting sun sunk gloomily behind the wood-crowned heights of Ira, gilding with a wild and fitful splendour the towers and ramparts of that last stronghold of freedom in Messenia, which its heroic chief, Aristomenes, had so long and gallantly maintained against the superior numbers and approved military experience of Sparta, from whose galling yoke he had been the means of delivering his country, though the changeful fortunes of war had exposed him and his brave followers to those severe reverses which, after the many valiant exploits he had achieved, appeared to render the issue of the glorious struggle for independence not merely doubtful, but desperate.

Rhodope and her young daughter, Ismena, the widow and orphan of a valiant Messenian soldier, who had fallen in the cause of his country, contemplated this spot in the distance from the door of their lonely cottage, with feelings that became the wife and child of a patriot hero, while they lifted up their voices in prayer, for the brave assertors of the liberty of their native land.

The interval between the departing beams of

day and the approach of darkness, is not, as in our northern hemisphere, softened, by imperceptible gradations, into the mellow shades of twilight; but of such short duration, that the last rosy reflection of the sun's disappearing disk, has scarcely faded from the tops of the hills, ere the impending veil of night involves the landscape in obscurity. The Messenian widow and her daughter had not tarried for this moment: they had marked, with some uneasiness, the hurried and portentous aspect of the clouds that over-hung Mount Ira; and the heavy drops of rain that began to patter through the embowering vine-leaves, that entwined the rude pillars, and over-arched the porch of their humble dwelling, drove them within the interior of the cottage for shelter.

Ismena trimmed their red earthen lamp, lighted, and placed it on the rough-hewn tripod that served them for a table, and, with her mother, commenced the task of carding and spinning the fleeces of their newly-shorn ewes, in which the whole riches of the gentle pair consisted.

While thus engaged, the careful mother observed that Ismena was absent and abstracted; that the distaff lingered in her usually active hands, and her youthful brow wore the impress of deep and troubled thought.

"Has my daughter any cause of uneasiness

which she conceals from her mother?" demanded Rhodope, after having watched the maiden's countenance long and anxiously.

"None, my mother, none!" replied Ismena, flinging herself upon the neck of her tender parent.

"Why, then, this silence and abstraction, my child?"

"Mother, I was pondering on my last night's dream," replied Ismena, looking earnestly in her mother's face.

"The dreams of damsels who have scarcely seen their fourteenth summer, may truly be expected to contain something perfectly oracular!" rejoined Rhodope, with a smile.

"Nay, nay, my mother," replied Ismena, blushing: "it was because I foresaw you would treat it as a jest, that I told you not the dream on my first awaking; and, indeed, in the fresh and joyous morning, I regarded the matter more lightly than I can persuade myself to do now. Bear with my weakness," continued the maiden, drawing her stool closer to her mother's knee; "and I will declare it to you: and perhaps your wisdom may afford an interpretation that may satisfy me on the subject."

"You are aware, my child, that I attach little importance to dreams," replied Rhodope: "nevertheless, I am willing to listen to your's, if it will afford you any satisfaction."

"Know, then, my mother," said Ismena, casting a timorous glance round the apartment, "I saw, in my dream, last night, a wild and stormy sky, such as we observed at sunset, and heard, between the angry mutterings of distant thunder and the heavy pattering of the rain, the dismal howling of a pack of wolves that surrounded the cottage, and at length forced an entrance, dragging with them a fettered lion, of the most majestic appearance—only they had deprived him of his claws, and were gnashing upon him with their teeth, and appeared upon the point of tearing him to pieces. Methought, too, my mother, these felon wolves regarded us with ferocious glances; but, though we were thus involved in the lion's peril, I could not think of *our* danger for very pity of the noble beast's distress: and, somehow or other, I was enabled to charm the murderous rage of the wolves, so that they became suddenly quiescent, while I cut the lion's bonds, and furnished him with fresh claws, on which he courageously attacked his base enemies, the wolves, and tore them all to pieces: and with the noise of their growling I awoke, breathless with terror, and much disturbed in spirit, to know what this strange vision might portend."

"If," said the matron, thoughtfully, "your dream proceeded merely from the idle wandering

of the ever-active, but mis-directed, powers of fancy during the hours of slumber, then will nothing eventful follow; but, if it were indeed a revelation from the Gods, you will find that it was not sent in vain: may they grant that it bode no evil to the lion of Messenia, our glorious Aristomenes, who hath already been too often the sport of capricious fortune!"

"Mother," said Ismena, "I blush to acknowledge that I am unacquainted with the early history of the man whom you have so often charged me to pray for, and to reverence as the defender of the liberties of my native land."

"I ought not to be surprised at that, Ismena," replied her mother, "when I remember that you were an infant at the breast when those things took place which led to the long and desperate struggle for the national independence of Messenia, and were too young to notice those momentous events which filled the hearts of your parents, and all around you, with feelings of the most painful interest; and the death of your brave father, who fell covered with wounds, while defending the person of his heroic leader, from the swords of a party of Spartan soldiers, by whom he was surrounded, happened during that thoughtless period of early childhood, when, unconscious alike of your own bereavement and your mother's woe, you smiled upon

my tears, played with my garb of widowhood, and clapped your little hands, admiringly, when the flames arose from the funeral pile on which the lifeless forms of your parent and his brave companions in arms, who had fallen with him, were consumed."

"Alas! alas! my mother, how must my infant glee, at such a moment, have increased your sorrow!" said Ismena.

"You knew not what you did, my child; and it was your innocent caresses that reconciled me to life, and enabled me to support the succeeding years of melancholy bereavement and poverty," said Rhodope, embracing the weeping girl. "Come, dry your tears, Ismena; and I will relate to you the history of this long and bloody war with Sparta, in which is involved an adventure of the valiant Aristomenes, of so remarkable a nature that it rather resembles one of the songs of Homer, than a real occurrence, which happened within my memory.

"Our country, which had for many years successfully maintained its independence, as a nation, among the rival states of Greece, was at length so much harassed by the constant assaults of the jealous Spartans, that both nations, by mutual consent, consulted the oracle of Delphi, as to what course should be pursued in order to restore peace, and received for answer, that whoever should first dedi-

cate one hundred tripods in the Temple of Jupiter, at Ithome, one of our strong-holds, should be master of the country. Our countrymen, being too much impoverished to cast them of brass, began to carve these votive tripods out of wood; but, though this was a tolerable subterfuge, they were outwitted by the superior ingenuity of a Spartan, who, having got into the city by stratagem, dedicated one hundred little tripods of clay in the temple, before our artificers had half executed their task: and our countrymen were so completely paralized at the success of this scheme that they submitted to the Spartan yoke, without a struggle.

"The melancholy effects of their superstitious weakness were too soon experienced by our unhappy countrymen, who were treated in all respects as slaves, by their new masters, and underwent every species of insult and barbarity, till Aristomenes, a man less distinguished by his noble birth, though a descendant of our ancient line of kings, than for his worth and valour, incited his fellow-artisans to a revolt, having privately engaged the Argives and the Arcadians to assist the Messenians against Sparta; but, before the promised succour could arrive, the Spartans attacked his newly raised bands of inexperienced and ill-armed peasants, at a village called *Veræ*, where victory crowned the generous champions of freedom; and so greatly did

Aristomenes distinguish himself, both by his skill and personal valour, that his grateful country, with one voice, saluted him—King. But this title he magnanimously declined, lest his exaltation should create jealousy among his companions in arms; and, as no motives of private interest sullied the brightness of his character, he assured those who pressed him to accept a crown, that "he served his country for her own sake, and preferred remaining her General to accepting of any dignity she might be willing to confer."

"Under his auspices the dying spirit of Messenia revived, the days of our ancient glory were restored, and the eyes of all Greece were upon the struggle for freedom, which was so undauntedly maintained, sometimes in the brightest smiles of victory, and, but too often, under reverses that might have quelled the courage of a mightier nation. But Aristomenes was the leader of the Messenians, and his resolve to purchase liberty for his native land was unconquerable. When the treachery of his feeble-minded allies, seconding too well the martial skill and overpowering numbers of Sparta, had frustrated his most promising designs, and his once formidable army was reduced to three hundred men, and every town in Messenia was in the hands of the foe, he did not then despair, but, refusing to accept the advantageous

terms that were offered him on condition of laying down his arms, he fortified Mount Ira, which he held out for years against the combined force of Sparta. From this place he occasionally issued forth with a party of his valiant followers, and pillaged the Laconian frontiers: by which means he procured food for the garrison that continued to defend Ira in his absence. At length, becoming bolder, he surprised and took the city Amzelæ, in which he found a rich booty, not only of provisions, but of silver and gold and other precious things. Unfortunately, the cupidity of his little army induced them to load themselves so heavily with these fatal spoils, that, before they could reach Ira, they were taken by the whole of the Lacedæmonian army, under the two kings of Sparta; and, though Aristomenes performed prodigies of valour, he, after having had the mortification of seeing the greater part of his brave followers slain, fell covered with wounds; and, while in a state of insensibility, was carried off the field of battle by his victorious enemies, with about fifty of the Messenians, who survived the slaughter, to experience a more dreadful fate: for no sooner was the valiant Aristomenes in some measure recovered from his wounds, than the ungenerous Spartans basely decreed that he, with the rest of his captive countrymen, should be cast into a deep

and lothsome cavern, which was the common punishment of those who had been guilty of the most infamous crimes.

"This cruel sentence was executed with the utmost severity; and the only indulgence that was allowed Aristomenes, was leave to put on his armour. The unfortunate hero remained for three days in this dismal place without food, surrounded by the dead and dying, and almost suffocated with the noxious effluvia from so many putrefying bodies; when, on the third day, just as he had sunk in a state of exhaustion on the lifeless bosom of one of his last surviving companions in calamity, and, enveloping his head in his mantle, was preparing to die, he heard some animal gnawing near him: and, uncovering his face, he perceived a fox just by him; and with that presence of mind which never deserts persons of superior minds even in the worst extremities, he seized one of its hind legs, and with his other hand defended his face, by catching hold of its jaw when it attempted to bite him. The fox then made desperate attempts to escape; and Aristomenes, being assured that there must be some aperture by which the animal obtained ingress to this doleful abyss of misery, followed, as well as he could, his reluctant guide, till, at length, he thrust his head into a small hole in the side of the cave. Aristomenes then let go his

hold, and the fox presently forced his way through the aperture, and opened a passage to the welcome rays of light, from which our heroic chief had been so long debarred.

"Bodily exhaustion, loss of blood, sorrow and hunger, were alike forgotten at that blessed sight; and Aristomenes hastened to enlarge the outlet with his nails, till he had worked a sufficient opening to allow his wasted form to pass through: and, travelling all night with all the expedition that his newly recovered energies allowed him to exert, he arrived at Ira by break of day, to the great joy and amazement of his surviving countrymen, who had mourned over his supposed death with a grief to which no words could do justice. The Spartans, who knew they had every reason to reckon Aristomenes among the dead, treated the report of his being again in Ira with contempt, till he sufficiently proved his identity, by falling upon the posts of the Corinthians, who, as allies of Sparta, were assisting at the siege of Ira; and, having slain all their officers, and a considerable number of their men, he pillaged and burnt their camp; and, on the Spartans themselves, so deeply avenged the treatment he had recently received at their hands, that they were fain to sue for a forty days' truce, that they might have time to bury their dead."

Ismena, who had listened with breathless inter-

est to her mother's narrative, now broke in upon her with a sort of stifled cry, exclaiming, "May the Gods protect us! I hear the steps of armed men approaching the cottage."

"It is only the rush of the blast, and the distant roar of the thunder," said Rhodope, taking up the lamp, and approaching the door, as if with the intention of convincing her timorous child that their solitude was not likely to be broken in upon; but the next minute the frail portal was assailed by so heavy a blow from the butt-end of a lance, that its insecure fastening gave way, and allowed free entrance to a company of Spartan archers, who rudely impelled forward a captive Messenian of majestic port and sad, but intrepid, countenance, whose hands were bound behind him with leathern thongs.

"The lion, the captive lion of my dream!" exclaimed Ismena, losing all terrors for herself in the absorbing interest which the noble prisoner excited in her young generous heart.

"It is the valiant Aristomenes, my child!" murmured her mother in a low guarded tone, impatiently pressing her arm to enjoin caution. Then stepping before her young and blooming daughter, as if to shield her from the bold glances of the rude soldiery, she demanded what was their business at that unseasonable hour, at the house of a lone widow.

"We require food and shelter from the storm, mother," replied the leader of the party; "and, unless you bring forth all that your house contains peaceably, we will take it by force."

"The household Gods judge between ye and me," replied the widow, pointing to the images of the Lares and Penates, that were placed near the hearth, according to the custom of these times: "I am in no condition to resist your robberies. Ismena, produce our little store of bread, of honey, cheese, and mead."

The alacrity with which Ismena obeyed her mother, appeared to have a great effect in restoring their unwelcome visitors, who had taken some umbrage at her mother's words, to good humour; and, when she proceeded to broach a skin of excellent mead, with which, and other ingredients, she prepared for them a drink of potent strength and sweetness, they bestowed upon her the highest commendations, compared her to Hebe, and protested that she was worthy of the honour of becoming the wife of a Spartan.

Ismena listened to these compliments with apparent satisfaction, and continued to ply them with the highly praised beverage, regardless alike of her mother's looks of wonder, and the awful glances of reproof with which the stern and silent Aristomenes watched her proceedings. She had, how-

ever, infused the narcotic resin of poppies into the drink, of which the Spartans swallowed such deep draughts, that, soon overpowered by its oblivious influence, they successively sunk into an inebriate slumber, till all were in a state of stupefaction. Ismena then softly arose from her seat; and, drawing a poignard from the belt of their leader, she cut the thongs that confined the wrists of the noble Aristomenes, and, placing it in his hands, she whispered, "Lo! I have severed the bonds of the captive lion, and furnished him with claws, and it now rests with him to destroy the wolves, according to my dream."

The unconquered spirit of the mighty Messenian was aroused by this unhoped-for prospect of deliverance. "I never slew a sleeping foe before," he exclaimed: "but the fate of my country is bound up in mine; and these men treacherously made me their prisoner, in defiance of the sacred obligation of a truce: therefore have I the less scruple in destroying them."

The next minute the seven Spartans laid helpless in their blood.

"Maiden," said Aristomenes, turning to the pale and trembling Ismena, who, though her patriotism and generous sympathy for the unfortunate had impelled her to perform the part of a heroine for the deliverance of the defender of

her country, had now, since the perilous adventure was achieved, forgotten every thing but woman's softness and compassion, and, shuddering at the sight of blood, was weeping on her mother's bosom; —"Preserver of Aristomenes and of Messenia, name thy reward for what thou hast done."

"The love of my country, the gratitude of Aristomenes, and the remembrance of posterity," replied Ismena, with a kindling eye and flushing cheek.

"Thou shalt have them all," returned the mighty Messenian; "and more," continued he, taking her by the hand, and regarding her sweet and modest countenance with a paternal smile: "for thou shalt go with me and thy mother to Ira, where thou shalt wed my eldest son Gorgus; for thou art worthy to become the wife and the daughter of heroes."

Those of my young readers who are familiar with the pages of Grecian history are aware, that, wonderful and romantic as are the incidents of my tale, they are strictly compatible with truth; and those who are not, will do well to read the life of Aristomenes, the brave deliverer of Messenia, which I promise them they will find more truly interesting than any tale of fiction I ever yet perused.

THE YOUNG PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

Happy Portrait-painter thou!
Gay of heart, and light of brow,
Thou requir'st no easel's aid,
Strained canvas, or parade
Of palette—with all colours dyed,
And store of brushes by thy side:
Humbler implements of art
Best befit thy boyish part.

Thou, upon thy form, with glee
Mak'st an easel of thy knee;
And thy slate, from figures freed,
Serves for canvas in thy need;
Palette, pencils tipt with hair,
Happy artist! thou canst spare;
But one tool thou deign'st to own,
Earth to earth, and stone to stone!

Little reck'st thou whether fame
Blot, or blazon forth thy name:
Exhibition's proud display;
Right to sign thyself R.A.;
Art's prescribed and classic rules,
All the jargon of her schools;—
Youthful artist! can but be
Tweedle-dum, or Tweedle-dee.

In thy smiling playmates round,
Not one rival can be found:
Admiration, mixt with mirth,
Every touch of thine gives birth;—
Better meed their praise sincere
Than the critic's scornful sneer.
Health and happiness to thee!
Fame to Martin Archer Shee!

THE TURKISH ORPHAN:

A TRUE STORY.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

DURING the struggle for the independence of Greece, I happened to visit its capital city, Tripolizza, that had been taken by assault a few months previous. The greater part of the population was put to the sword, for the conquerors did not spare. The dwellings of the Turkish nobles were ravaged; and the blood, even of ladies and children, was shed in their very chambers. There was a palace at the extremity of the town, whose apartments were richly gilded, and its windows looked over the plain beyond, and the lofty chain of mountains. In this luxurious home had lived a Turkish nobleman, greatly esteemed by the people; for he was generous, and kind to the poor. He was slain,

with all his family, save one beautiful boy, of about seven years of age. I sometimes entered this desolate home, and saw Grecian soldiers there, gaming, drinking, and seated on the rich floors. And there was also seen, at times, the orphan child, wandering amidst the rooms where he had been reared in luxury, where he had known a mother's tenderness, and where the blood of father, mother, brother, and sister, had been poured forth like water. Two of the former servants of the family always attended him, and watched over his safety; but there was no danger—even the ferocious soldiery looked on him in pity, and spoke kindly to him. There was in the boy's aspect an expression of fortitude and patient suffering, that was enough to touch the hardest heart: if he had wept and mourned, the stranger would not have felt half the interest in his favour. But there he stood, or sat, silently, his slender form clothed in a light pink robe and tunic of silk, and a white turban on his brow, gazing sadly around, or lost in his own reflections. His complexion was very fair; but his beautiful eye was perfectly dark, as was also his hair. His father had been general of the garrison, and was a man of high rank, as well as wealth; and the spirit of a soldier seemed to be in the boy's look, as he surveyed the weapons ranged against the walls, or handled the silver-hilted daggers that

lay on the floor. Many of them were his father's arms, that he remembered well. But when he entered the harem, or ladies' chamber, where he had been nursed, it was almost more than he could bear; for the windows of richly stained glass, the words from the Koran, in letters of gold, with which the walls were covered, the fountain, and the garden beyond—all these things were familiar to him from infancy: thither the women fled when the Greeks entered. It might be said, in the words of Scripture, "Death entered into all their pleasant chambers, suddenly." The orphan had no friend left on earth: he told me, that, could he get to the sea-shore, and embark, there were relatives at Constantinople, who would show him kindness.

Could any thing be more desolate than his situation? but "God will surely not forsake the fatherless," and in Him the Turkish boy, young as he was, put his trust. We need not observe that the Mahometan religion, in which he had been brought up, is one of error: the poor child knew little of its delusions; but he knew that in Alla, or God, there was mercy and power, to protect the helpless; and he resolved to be faithful. The Greeks, who greatly admired him, tried every method, both of persuasion and menace, to induce him to abandon his faith and embrace their own. It is true, the Greek religion has more of Christianity,

but it is also full of superstitions, even more dark and weak than the Roman Catholic: besides, it was the religion of the murderers of his family; how could it appear to the noble Selim to be one of love and peace? There never was more heroism and fidelity displayed in one so young. "No," he replied, "I will never forsake the faith of my dear mother: her hope was in Alla; when she was dying, I heard her call upon His name, and consign me to His care; and has He not kept me, and shall I desert Him for a new religion?" They offered him rewards and patronage, and that he should be taken from his present destitute state—he was immoveable: they threatened him with death—he told them calmly he did not fear to die: and then they ceased to trouble him. Poor child! What hopelessness was before him! Who was there to counsel, or to aid, or guide him? to take the thorns from his way, and scatter a few roses there? No one, even of the savage conquerors, took him for a servant or a slave; they saw that his heart could not bear it, and would break in the trial; but they let him wander about the town with his two faithful attendants. A few of the wealthier Greeks gladly gave him food, and invited him, at times, to make their homes his own. To my home, which was a dwelling that I had hired, he often came; but no entreaty could induce him to

sit down at table with me; whether it was pride, or a deep sense of his altered circumstances: but he would stand with his arms folded on his breast, and his look bent on the ground, and wait till I had finished eating, and then he would sit down alone to his repast. His expressions of gratitude were warm and heart-felt; and, though he never was seen to weep by the Greeks, yet, when he spoke to me of the dreadful doom of his family, he often shed a flood of tears. He told me with what indulgence his mother had always treated him—the rich dresses, the beautiful dagger that he wore, and the milk white poney that he used to ride into the plain, and even to the foot of the mountains. Often she sat at her window, watching his return; for he was her youngest child, and she loved him the most. Poor Selim! those days were never more to come. More than a week he lived beneath my roof; for, as the Turkish army drew near the town, in order to besiege it, the Greeks became exasperated, and it was not safe to allow him to go abroad. At this time, he would sit for hours during the day in the corridor, that looked into the garden, and to the plain beyond: he longed, it was evident, to escape from the town. More than once I endeavoured to effect his passage to the sea-shore, a journey of three days; but the danger was too great, for the Greek

officers refused to allow him to depart: so that the fond hope of once more finding friends, beyond the sea, was closed. At last, I succeeded in placing Selim under the care of an aged Greek, a humane man, but who dearly loved money: the small sum given with the orphan was an additional claim on his kindness.

During several months he lived in the family of the Greek: as time wore on, his sorrows seemed to press less heavily on his mind; but he never joined in the sports or amusements of the Greek children. Perhaps it was because they often took occasion to abuse his country and his people—a Turk was a bye-word in their mouths: his little hands were clenched, and his eye flashed, as he felt the iron enter his soul. Oh, how miserable is captivity at every age! We know not what it is to depend on the kindness, and hang on the smiles, of the stranger! never more to see the faces of parent or friend, or hear the sound of their voices. Can we be thankful enough to God, while they are spared to us—can we value too highly their care and love?

Sometimes his companions tempted Selim to go with them to their places of worship; but he would not, and preferred to wander forth alone, without the walls, where no eye was upon him. And here there was a ghastly scene, which he could not

always avoid: it was a narrow glen or dale, very near the walls, to which the cruel Greeks took numbers of the inhabitants, and put them to death. Their bones were still scattered all around, for no burial had been given to the slain; and the boy's feelings were harrowed when he looked on them. About five hundred of the unfortunate Turks were yet suffered to live within the town; not in wealth, or comfort, or luxury, as many of them once had done, but in secret poverty and misery. To visit these people was the sweetest business of Selim's life. When the gloom of evening came on, he would steal through the streets to their poor homes, up a narrow or broken flight of steps, or through dark avenues, that led to desolate abodes. My foot also had been familiar with these places; for I admired the constancy with which these Turks suffered, and strove to lighten their poverty. But the coming of the orphan child of their Prince and General, the man they had so loved and esteemed, was welcomed by these people with tears and blessings; they gathered round him, and kissed the hem of his robe, and his hands and feet. This was rich consolation: his spirit was lifted above his fallen condition, for they spoke in rapture of those he had lost; and then they spoke of brighter days to come, and the proud hopes he ought to cherish.

At last an opportunity came for his escape. A small party of European officers, who had come to Greece to fight for its liberty, was to set out in a few days for the coast with some Greek soldiers. Selim was disguised, in the European dress, as one of their servants; for they felt an interest in his fate: and, provided he could bear the fatigue of the way, there was every prospect of success. The hope of liberty, of being once more among his own people, and treated according to his rank, was inexpressibly sweet:—the old Greek, who had sheltered him so long, would fain have persuaded him to remain.

The day had scarcely broke when the party left the town on foot, and proceeded rapidly over the plain, of several leagues in extent. The heat was very great, for it was now the middle of July: the party could pause but little, on account of the dangers of the way; parties of Turkish soldiers scoured the country on every side, and, should they fall in with them, they could expect no mercy. The night was far advanced ere they halted, beside a well, sunk deep in the earth, close to the path. These wells are frequent in Greece, as well as in the East, for the solace and refreshment of the wayfaring man, when no habitation is near, and he is ready to faint by the way. In Greece, as in Palestine, there are few rivers or

streams: by digging a few feet deep in the earth, a fountain of water, always deliciously cold and fresh, is thus opened: a stone covering, or arch, is placed over the mouth. Was it not thus in the times of old, when Jacob journeyed into the land of Laban, and the stone was rolled from the mouths of wells of a similar kind, when the shepherds and their flocks gathered round to drink? After resting a few hours here, the party pursued their march; but, ere noon of the second day, Selim's strength began to fail: his steps faltered, and he was unable to keep up with the pace of his companions, who resolved to halt awhile beneath some trees, and wait till the noon was past. It was a welcome relief: he drank some wine from the flask of one of his companions; and they said that, by to-morrow's eve, they should be on the sea-shore: so that, when the heat was somewhat abated, he was able to set out again. Soon after sun-set they entered a forest, on the mountain side: there was no longer any immediate danger of falling in with the enemy; but they could hear, at intervals, their cries and shouts from the plain beneath. Late at night they came to a cottage in the wood, inhabited by a Greek family, where they procured some refreshment. As the people were civil and attentive, and seemed to look with pity on the child, the Greek soldiers of the party said it was better to leave him

behind, as a further delay might cause the ruin of them all. Even the European officers seemed to be of the same opinion; but, as Selim declared he would proceed till he sunk by the way, they refused to desert him. He begged to be allowed a little slumber, and lay down on the bed of the cottagers, and sought to close his eyes in sleep; but his delicate frame was overwrought. The burning heats of the way, and the great rapidity of the march, had fevered his blood; but the thought of liberty, now so near, and of soon being in the loved land of his people, nerved his spirit to the last. The women of the family asked him of his home and his parents: he said that he had no home, that he was born to be a prince, and his native roof was a palace; but God had taken all from him, and made him desolate. They smiled at his words, and bade him try to sleep, that he might get strength for the march. At midnight it was resolved to proceed, for this was the last halt they intended to make; and the third morning broke as they descended the lofty hills, and saw, afar off, the bay of Calamatta, and many a vessel anchored on its bosom. A cry of joy was raised by the band, and Selim looked to heaven with a beaming eye, and repeated the words which, during the journey, were often on his lips, "that the spirit of his mother watched over him."

They gained the foot of the hills, and were just advancing on the rich vale that stretches to the sea, when a small troop of Turkish cavalry, that had watched their descent, suddenly issued from a wood at a short distance: a few Greeks, who had joined the party on the march, instantly fled up the declivities, where they were safe; but the Europeans stood their ground, and fought bravely. After a short and desperate action, the few yielded to the many: the Turks dismounted to strip the wounded and slain, and, to their great surprise, recognised a boy of their own people, bleeding to death from the wound of a pistol-ball; and, when he told them, in a faint voice, the name of his father, they raised him from the ground with the deepest pity and regard:—there were those among them who had served the noble Aga, before the storming of Tripolizza; and the fierce soldiery cursed the deed they had done. They would have lifted him on one of the horses, to bear him gently to the shore; but the orphan boy felt that the angel of death was at hand:—from the few words he spoke, and from his gestures, it seemed he was glad that it should be so, that his path of suffering was near its close. In his little life, of seven years, he had known more sorrow and anguish, more loneliness and horror, than generally falls to the lot of man. He said he was going to join his

beloved parents, and he smiled faintly as he said it; and his beautiful dark eyes flashed brighter as life ebbed away. The Turkish officer stooped and kissed his brow and his cheek, and wept over him; and Selim feebly lifted his clasped hands, and blessed God that he died among his own people, and not among the murderers of those he loved. He paused a little, and then he said that he had never, even in his extremity, forsaken Alla, in whom his mother taught him to trust, and whose mercy had been with him. He pointed eagerly to the shore:—they understood the sign, and raised him in their arms; and he gazed intensely on the sea and the ships, some of which were now spreading their sails to the wind:—"Oh, I had hoped," he muttered, but the words died away; and he fell back, with a deep sigh, in the arms of the soldiery. When evening came, they covered the corpse with flowers, and wrapped it in a white shroud; and they said it should never rest on the Grecian shore. It was borne to the town of Calamatta, and enclosed in a rich coffin. A vessel, bound to Constantinople, carried the remains of the orphan to the relations of his father. As the vessel bore out to sea, the Turkish soldiers stood on the shore, and beat their breasts, and rent their garments, and lifted up their voices, and wept.

MY FIRST MISFORTUNE.

When, as a child, I made my way into my father's office in search of my kitten, or of any ball or shuttlecock that might have bounded in through an open window or door, I commonly took the liberty of staying a little while to make my observations on the mighty apparatus for law business there stored up. After a peep into some enormous law books, I once very innocently asked how many laws of England there were which people must not break if they wished to be safe. My father's answer threw me into great trepidation; and I presently determined, that, if I passed through life without being brought before a jury, it would be by a lucky chance, and not by integrity founded on civic knowledge. I little thought, at that time, how much easier it was to evade the pains and penalties of positive, written laws, like those laid down in my father's books, than of those the limits and application of which must be determined by every one for himself. In proportion as my terror of civil laws has abated, my anxiety about the rules of conscience has increased. I have long perceived, for instance, that I, a young lady of good family and fortune, stand in no particular peril from the laws against poaching, or fraudulent

bankruptcy, or sedition and rebellion; while I see more and more, as I gain an insight into the complicated relations of society, how difficult it is to determine the exact bearing of some rules of social morals.

Of these none are more difficult to fix (to say nothing about obeying them, when they are fixed) than the laws of the tongue. On this branch of morals my attention has been peculiarly fastened, from "My First Misfortune" having happened through ignorance and carelessness respecting it. I am not going to offer the results of my experience and reflections, but to relate the event to which I refer.

It is the lot (favourable or unfavourable) of few to reach the age of nineteen, without a misfortune; but it was mine. I was as happy, I believe, as children ever are. What little troubles I had were chiefly of my own making; and I was indebted to every body about me for a great many pleasures. My brothers romped with me till they went to college: my sisters, who were much older than myself, taught me to garden, and led me with them to the village school, and to the cottages, and whithersoever they knew I should like to accompany them: my father took me on his knee when he left the office for the drawing-room, and told me stories in my childhood, and held conversations with me in

my youth: my mother—I cannot say what she did for me; all that I learned was from or through her, all that I enjoyed was under her sanction, all the alleviations of my little troubles I owed to her. Nobody found me intractable; but my mother's slightest wish was law. In only one instance do I remember having rebelled, and then not in word or deed, only in thought: it was because she declined inviting to the house a girl nearly my own age, who would, I thought, be a charming companion for me, and whose grandmother (with whom she lived) was very anxious that she should be received among us for a long visit. Why my mother's hospitality, usually so free, should not be extended to Jane Mornington, at the hinted desire of her guardian, who was a distant relation of ours, I could not understand; and, not understanding, was displeased. How long my displeasure lasted, I cannot recollect; but I do not think I quite got rid of it till my mother's reasons were gradually disclosed by circumstances.

In those days it was our custom to pass the summer afternoons in the shaded bay-window which opened into the garden; and there, while sitting at work, to hold conversations, which, however well they might begin, sometimes went beyond the *utile*, if not the *dulce*. Sometimes, when we had done with things in general, we dwelt a little too

long on people in particular; and, though I believe as little nonsense, and less scandal, was talked than commonly transpires in families residing in a retired village, it seems to me, now, that it would have been wiser occasionally to proffer a book to the general reader of the party, or to forestall the evening's music or chess, than to exhaust our subjects of conversation, like the child who squeezes his orange till the bitter of the rind mingles with what, in its first flow, has no taste of bitterness. When I now see the afternoon shadows stretching over the little lawn, or when the scents of our clove-pinks are wafted in through that window, remembrances, not wholly pleasurable, flit before me, and I become aware that our happy family intercourse was not altogether so happy or so profitable as it might have been. As far as Jane Mornington is involved in these remembrances, they are certainly far from pleasing; for I can never think of her without considerable pain.

This Jane Mornington was one of the unprofitable subjects of our conversation. We lamented her grandmother's blindness to her faults, since there was no one else to take care of her. We found, by comparing all that we knew and all that we heard of her, that she was not only extremely giddy, but careless about truth. It was undeniable that she practised petty cunning occasionally;

for she herself betrayed this by subsequent indiscretion. She had made a gross misrepresentation to such a one; she had deceived and offended such another; she had misled or deluded her grandmother on such an occasion, and, not having been rebuked, would be encouraged to do worse another time: and as for her impetuosity of manner, if it did some service by betraying her little sinister designs now and then, it did much more harm by putting people off their guard, and winning them by an appearance of simplicity. Her conduct towards Harriet Evans was enough of itself to condemn her:—to allure the poor girl into a desperate friendship by her frank condescension, and, after having accepted all her confidence, and influenced her to break off an engagement nearly concluded, to discard her and betray her secrets—what could be worse? It was certain that Jane was a very dangerous person for any girl to associate with, and not to be trusted in any matter whatsoever.

Now, how true soever all this might be, it was no business of ours, as Jane was not likely to fall in our way, and as we had no influence, direct or indirect, over her conduct, or her grandmother's methods of domestic government. It served, however, to enlighten me respecting my mother's motives for having declined bringing us together; and I rejoiced that I had not had, and was not

likely to have, any acquaintance with Jane Mornington.

When I was nineteen, I went to London, for the first time, to spend the Christmas holidays at the house of an aunt, who had kindly invited a young friend of her's to meet me, as all her children were too young to be companions to me. The first fortnight of my visit was blissful. I was somewhat afraid of my aunt, it is true; but I loved the children, and Isabella was exactly the girl I could make a friend of;—so generous in her feelings, so frank in her manners, so much of my own way of thinking in every thing. With these pleasures at home, and abundance of gaiety abroad, the days flew away like a happy dream; and the accounts of them that I sent home caused no little amusement, as I afterwards found, in the family circle. At the end of a fortnight, Isabella was obliged to leave us; but she went no further than the next square, whence she could come and see us very often, and whither I failed not to go every day. Our confidences were all the more intimate from our not being perpetually together; and not even over our own fire at night had we enjoyed our conversations so much as now, when her grandfather was asleep in his easy-chair, or engaged in his study with his lawyer.

On one of these occasions, Isabella told me that

a very agreeable thing had happened since she saw me:—she had been brought acquainted with one of the pleasantest people she had ever seen; so clever, so open-hearted, so like me, that she had taken to her at once: she believed they were likely to meet very often; and it would be the fault of neither if they did not, for the inclination was strong on both sides. Of course, I was anxious to know who this delightful person was, and to be allowed my share of the privilege of her acquaintance. It was Jane Mornington.

"Like me!" cried I: and I suppose my countenance fell; for Isabella looked at me with astonished silence. In a few moments I ran over in my mind all I knew of Jane,—the relative position of herself, Isabella, and me, and the duties of friendship that I owed to Isabella,—and resolved, without delay, that I ought to warn her against the dangers of intercourse with one so deceitful as I believed Jane to be. Without waiting for encouragement, I began my disclosures. They were coldly received. Still I went on. At the first pause, Isabella tried to introduce another subject; but it was never my way to leave any matter only half discussed. When I had, with all possible earnestness, and in stronger terms than I should now use in any affair short of one of life and death, related my facts, mingled with comments, and exhortations, and *warnings*, I perceived with consternation that Isa-

bella was not at all moved in the way I wished, but very much in some other way for which I could not account. I pressed for an explanation, when Isabella merely said that she had frequently heard of Jane Mornington before she met her, and that all her prepossessions respecting her were of an opposite character to mine; and that when she had seen more of her, which she now more than ever should take care to do, she should be better able to form an opinion for herself.

"You do not suppose," said I, effectually quieted, "that I wish to prevent your seeing her, and forming an opinion for yourself?"

"What is it, then, that you do wish?"

"To prevent your being won upon by her manner; to prevent your being involved before you are aware, and betrayed and discarded as others have been."

"I do not know what you mean by being involved; and as for being discarded, that is impossible in any state of the case."

"Isabella! I do believe you are offended."

"Your opinions of me certainly are any thing but complimentary. To suppose that I am to be at once wrought upon, that I must necessarily receive any impressions any one wishes to make upon me; that I am to be patronised and discarded at the pleasure of any person whatever, that ——"

"*Oh!* no, no, no," cried I. "I am sure I see

plainly enough that you do not receive any impressions one may wish to make. But you do not know how insinuating Jane Mornington is, how she takes every body at first, how impossible it is to guess from her manner what she really is."

"I would rather you should not try to repair a bad compliment to me, by saying what is of much more consequence against somebody else."

"Oh! I wish I could make you understand me," cried I. "It is because of the very qualities I admire most in you that I am so anxious to put you on your guard. You are so generous, so unsuspicious, so frank, that you might go further than is safe before you were aware. However, now you have only to judge for yourself."

"I intend to do so," replied Isabella, "as I did before I saw you this morning."

We were very flat for the few minutes we remained together after this; and, on Isabella's being summoned to her grandfather for a moment, I rose to go. Isabella did not refuse to shake hands; but her farewell was cold.

"What have I done?" thought I, as I quitted the house. "I have offended Isabella most certainly: is it because I have mortified her self-complacency, or because she thinks me a backbiter? Am I sure, quite sure, that I have done no injustice to Jane Mornington?" What would

I have given to have the last half-hour blotted from her memory and my own! A thousand schemes of explanation, of reparation, occurred to me; and by the time I reached home, I was convinced that I had so far done wrong that I ought to enjoin silence on Isabella, till I could consider what course I must next take. I turned back suddenly, and was walking at my most rapid pace, when I met my aunt at the end of the street.

"My dear, where are you going? Do you know it is dinner-time? I am late home to-day."

"I know it," said I; "but I must just speak one word to Isabella. I will follow you instantly."

"You had better send a note," said my aunt; but I was gone.

Isabella was not alone when I entered the drawing-room again: a youth, whom I had never seen before, was standing by the mantel-piece, reading the newspaper, while Isabella was at the piano. Not bestowing any thought on her companion, further than a vague notion that his presence did not signify, as he was reading, and did not know what we had been talking about, I made my request that Isabella would repeat nothing that I had said till she saw me again.

"Come again soon, then," said she; "because my principle is to learn, at the fountain-head, the truth of all such representations as you have made

to me, and that before they have had time to make any deep impression on my own mind."

I could not stay to discuss the merits of this principle; but, hastily giving the reasons of my request, which involved the mention of names and circumstances, I turned homewards again, being far from certain that I had not made matters worse by this last proceeding.

My being late for dinner accounted to my aunt for the flatness of my spirits at first; but, when she found that I was lost in thought the whole evening, and that I had brightened but little by the next morning, she became uneasy and suspicious that something uncomfortable had happened, but could learn nothing from me further than that I was quite well, and had received very pleasant accounts from home.

I grew more and more unhappy. I had thought so intensely on all the circumstances of the case, that I had lost the power of judging of them. I really could not at all decide whether I had done only what my friendship for Isabella required, or whether I had really made myself a scandal-monger; and I had become so confused between what I had said, and what I now thought I ought to have said, that, if challenged to give a report of our conversation, I could not have done it. My best resource was to go to Isabella; but she was out.

I called again: she had not returned. Fairly tired of pondering so disagreeable a subject, I determined at last to drive it from my thoughts, and to leave it to Isabella to seek me, if she wished for further explanation.

She did not come during the next two days. When the third morning was wearing away without relief, I became impatient; and, my aunt being out, I hastened to make one more attempt to see Isabella. At the entrance of the square I met my aunt, who, guessing my destination, gravely advised me not to proceed till I had had some conversation with her. I turned back in silence, and was in a state of indescribable irritation till relieved from suspense; that is, till the children were dismissed after dinner. I then learned that Isabella had, as she was wont, opened her mind to her grandfather, who had taken upon himself to repeat the whole to my aunt, out of a friendly concern for my moral welfare. Isabella hated nothing so much as a spirit of uncharitableness from woman to woman. She could not resist the impression my vehemence gave her that I spoke through jealousy; and she was besides personally offended at what seemed my mean estimation of herself, insomuch that she declared to her grandfather that she had no wish ever to see me again.

How these words pierced through my soul!

Their sharpness made me comparatively careless about my aunt's opinion, which was humbling enough, I saw, though she was not unkind. I thought it impossible to be more wretched than I was that night; but I found myself mistaken. The next day I was terrified at every sound, and dreaded the appearance of any new face; when suddenly a carriage stopped at the door, and the face which of all faces I had rather not have seen, presented itself. The old lady with whom Jane Mornington lived, had heard, by some unknown means, (I suppose through the stranger whose presence I had disregarded, during my explanations with Isabella,) that I had aspersed her grandchild's character; and she came to demand reparation. It was impossible to enter into explanations with her: it was impossible to disprove, or even to doubt, the history she gave of the breaking off of Harriet Evans's engagement, with which it appeared that Jane had really nothing to do. I did not know which way to turn. I was as firmly convinced as possible that my general estimation of Jane's character was a right one; yet I had no means of proving it: and, as I had been mistaken in one point, I could expect no credit on others. In utter despair, I wrote to my mother to entreat her to take me home, that I might hide my face in retirement, which was fitter for me than London. By way of obtaining present relief, rather

than from any definite hope, I related the whole story, as well as I could remember it: and a happy thing it was for me that I did so. An answer came sooner than I had thought one could arrive: it was as follows:—

"My Dear Child,—I need not say how grieved we are for your present distress, and how earnestly desirous to help you if we could. We all agree, however, in thinking that any interference of ours would only injure your cause. You have strength enough to extricate yourself honourably from your difficulties, if your intentions have throughout been as good as we are convinced they have been. I do not mean that you will satisfy every body; that is too much to expect: and, indeed, a certain share of blame is the natural penalty of such imprudence as you are aware you have been guilty of. But if, as I am convinced, your statements are substantially true, you will recover Isabella's friendship, and the esteem of your other friends, by acting and speaking with fearless, yet temperate, honesty. I shall not prescribe your line of conduct, for you know as well as I what is right; and, indeed, much better, from being on the spot. Be frank, and keep up your spirits and temper, and think not of consequences; and all will yet be well.

"I have not adverted to your wish to return home, because I trust and believe that the wish

was uttered under an impulse which has long since passed away. I hope, my love, you will remain as long as you planned at first, and that your mind will soon be sufficiently at ease to allow of your enjoying the many pleasures within your reach. We shall be anxious to hear from you as soon as you may be disposed to write, and are obliged by the full confidence you have placed in us. Your father and sisters join in kind love to you with your affectionate mother."

After reading this, I felt myself equal to any thing; and, under its immediate inspiration, determined upon a proceeding which I was afterwards very thankful for having been led to adopt. I demanded of Isabella that she should go with me to Jane Mornington, which she was ready and even eager to do, when she knew what my purpose was. When admitted to Jane's presence, I requested Isabella to give an exact account of the whole of our conversation. Isabella did this with many blushes, but with admirable fidelity.

"Now," said I, addressing myself to Jane Mornington, "I acknowledge myself mistaken respecting the breaking off of Harriet Evans's engagement, in which I am convinced you had no share. I acknowledge that I put other facts in the strongest light, and that my comments upon them were somewhat severe: and as to the imprudence of mention-

ing any of the circumstances in the presence of a stranger, there can be no doubt. But here end my confessions. I now put it to your honour to say how far my remaining statements are true, and beg to remind you that your best method of disproving my remarks upon you is, to be as open as I am, in a matter in which the reputation of both is involved. We will give you our word that what passes here shall be known to no one; my object being merely to regain Isabella's confidence, which will be a sufficient justification of me to others."

Jane was much struck by my method of proceeding, and, for a time, moved to a reciprocation of frankness: but her habits of equivocation soon resumed their power; and she disappointed and disgusted me by the shabbiness of some of her replies to my questions, and by the resentment she affected when the impulse of good feeling had spent itself. My purpose, however, was answered: Isabella understood her thoroughly, in a very short time; and, as I did not wish to expose Jane unnecessarily, I rose to go as soon as I saw that my point was gained.

"You have disappointed me," said I, "by the disingenuousness of some of your conduct to-day; but this does not lessen my desire to do you justice. I wish you to point out the mode in which I may make reparation for the error I have acknowledged

here, and which I am ready to acknowledge elsewhere."

Jane answered haughtily, that she required me to contradict, wherever I had made it, the statement which I acknowledged to be false. This was done easily and immediately, as the stranger youth and Isabella were the only people who had heard me speak on the subject. We could never learn from this youth to what extent he had spread the report; but, notwithstanding his assurances that he had set the matter right every where, I have ever since been subject to a heart-ache when I have thought of the probability that I have been the means of propagating an injurious charge.

Isabella offered me her entire confidence again; owning that she had been hasty in attributing my warnings to jealousy. Our friendship has never since been interrupted. Her grandfather was quite satisfied with seeing us happy together again, and asked me, that very day, to drink tea and play backgammon with him. My aunt, therefore, concluded that all was right, and took care to change the subject whenever Jane's guardian directed her discourse towards me or mine. As for myself, I avoided all means of knowing what Jane might say of me, and can only hope, that if she ever thinks of me, amidst the novelties of her life in India, it is

with less pain than that of which I am conscious on every remembrance of her.

Surely there is no exaggeration in calling this adventure a misfortune. I believe that none of the trials I have since undergone have harassed me so deeply, or so long, as the apprehension that I might have been a back-biter; the overthrow of my confidence in my own discretion; and, more than both these together, the self-reproach for being more affected by this event than by many in which I know myself to have been much more guilty. I did not entirely recover my gaiety till long after my return home; and my impressions of my first visit to London are all tinged with sadness. My mother's sole apprehension was that I should be made cowardly by this painful experience; but against this danger, her influence and my temperament have prevailed. I am still disposed to rashness rather than caution, and have alarmed myself repeatedly by the earnestness of my expostulations with my friends. But serious consequences follow our indiscretions less frequently than we deserve; and whether or not I have erred, I have never again been afflicted in the manner I have related. It was, of its peculiar kind, my *last* as well as MY FIRST MISFORTUNE.

THE RELEASE OF THE CAGED LARK.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE season of gladness and flowers is returning;
The bright eye of day in the blue sky is burning;
The meadows with gold the gay crowfoot is flushing;
To the wind's plaintive murmurs the clear streams are gushing;
The desolate earth, her green mantle renewing,
Now smiles like a maiden just decked for the wooing;
The violets, like gems, on her bosom are lying;
'Mid the young tender blossoms the zephyr is sighing;
The leaf from its shroud in fresh verdure is springing;
In the branches above me the small birds are singing;—
Whilst here, all the day,
I pour my sad lay;
And whilst I complain,
So tender's the strain,
That my mistress looks up to rejoice in my pain.

You smile, lovely tyrant! your light task resuming:
For you all the flowers of the season are blooming.
The apple-bud's tint on your soft cheek is lying;
The snow of your brow with the lily's is vying;

The ringlets of gold, round your white temples
twining,
Like the graceful laburnum's long clusters are
shining;
Beneath their black fringes your sweet eyes are
beaming,
Like the violet's blue crest 'mid its dark foliage
gleaming;
Your full, parted lips, like twin rose-buds, are
blowing,—
The deep damask rose in June's diadem glow-
ing;—
But, ah! though more fair
Than blossoms so rare,
Your bosom is cold
When my sorrows are told;
And your poor little songster in thraldom you
hold!

Oh, call it not music! when sorrow is pouring
Her sighs to the breeze, in low accents deploring
The loss of that liberty—life's dearest blessing—
Which renders me cold to your playful caressing.
Oh! think of that hour, when, my free wings un-
furling,
The blue waves of ether around me were curling,
My bed of heath-blossoms and clover forsaking,
I mounted aloft when the morning was breaking,

To the gates of the East on the fresh breezes sailing,
Earth's joyous ambassador, heaven's monarch hailing!
Must this cage bind the pinion
That scorned earth's dominion,
And silence the song
Which once floated along,
Where the anthem of seraphs the breezes prolong?

Ah, no!—you have pity:—the bright tears are stealing,
Unsullied and warm, from the fountain of feeling;
With painful emotion your young heart is throbbing:
Far dearer than music, to me, that low sobbing,
Which tells that compassion your bosom is heaving,
That your spirit is moved by the voice of my grieving.
With eyes raised to heaven, on the gay sunshine glancing,
With tremulous step to my prison advancing,
You open my dungeon, your soft hand enclosing
The fluttering wings on your bosom reposing;
And now with a kiss
You the captive dismiss,
And bid me away
To the regions of day,
To pour at heaven's portal for you one sweet lay.

THE FOUNDLING'S TALE.

A CASTAWAY forlorn am I,
  A happy home was ne'er my lot;
A father's care, a mother's joy,
  If ever mine, are now forgot.

The stranger asks in vain of me
  The village where my parents dwell,
Or whether in the grave they be:—
  I never knew—I cannot tell.

Upon the world's unfeeling breast
  They cast me, to endure the scorn
Of haughty pride,—to be oppressed,
  And wish I never had been born.

How savage is that mother's heart,
  Inhuman to the very core,
Who from her helpless babe can part,
  To never, never see it more!

I've seen the fowl unfold her wing,
  And try to shield her tender young;
The desert-haunting brute will cling
  Her offspring to, though hunger-stung:

My mother could not e'en compare
With savage beasts that prowl the wild;
They guard their young with fostering care,
But she could leave her new-born child!

Before a rigid master's frown
I toil all day, yet cannot please;
On my hard couch at night lie down,
When slumber brings me transient ease.

The Sabbath gives a rest from toil;
And now and then a holiday
Will brighten faces with a smile:
But I am sad amongst the gay.

I mingle with the joyous crowd,
Alike unknowing and unknown,
And hear their mirth and music loud,
Yet seem all strange, and feel alone.

Where'er I am, corroding thought
Invades, and preys upon my mind,
To see myself esteemed as nought
Amongst the rest of human kind.

Where art thou? source of all my woe!
Does keen remorse thy bosom wring?
Think'st thou of what I undergo?
What years *have* brought, what years *may* bring?

Or is thy heart so flinty yet,
That through it pity cannot flow?
Thy eyes with sorrow never wet?—
I will not even deem it so!

Methinks I see thee sunk in grief,
And unavailing tear-drops shed,
And heave the sigh, and shun relief—
Refusing to be comforted.

And at the solemn midnight hour,
Thy wretched fancy paints the deed,
Whilst conscience strikes with double power,
And makes thy heart with anguish bleed.

Oh, that we might but meet again!
Those sighs should cease, those tears be dried;
The past might dart a transient pain,
But that could ne'er our hearts divide.

It may not be—my lot is cast,
And I must with the world contend,
And journey on while life shall last,
Without a guide—without a friend.

S. P.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

I KNEW a little cottage maid,
An orphan from her birth;
And yet she might be truly called
The happiest child on earth.

As guileless as the gentle lambs
That fed beneath her care,
Her mind was like a summer stream,
Unruffled, pure, and fair.

'Midst all the hardships of her lot,
Her looks were calm and meek;
And cheerfully the rose of health
Was blooming on her cheek.

The merry sports which childhood loves,
To her were never known;
Yet Ellen, in her lonely hours,
Had pleasures of her own.

She loved her peaceful flock to lead
To some sweet wooded hill,
That over-hung the flowery plain
And softly-gliding rill;

And, couched amidst the blossomed heath,
From that delightful spot,
To mark the distant village spire,
And many a well-known cot:

Whence watched she oft the curling smoke
In misty wreaths ascend,
And, on the blue horizon's verge,
With loftier vapours blend.

She heard a music in the sigh
Of streams and waving trees,
And sang her artless songs of joy
To every passing breeze.

She made acquaintance with the birds
That gaily fluttered nigh;
And e'en the lowly insect tribes
Were precious in her eye.

She saw a glory in each cloud,
A moral in each flower;
That all to her young heart proclaimed
Their great Creator's power.

Nor looked the little maid in vain
Some kindly glance to meet,—
One lowly friend was ever near,
Reposing at her feet:—

A friend whose fond and generous love
  Misfortune ne'er estranged;
In sunshine and in storm the same,
  Through weal and woe unchanged.

The dreary heath, or barren moor,
  Or park, or pasture fair,
Are all alike to faithful Tray,
  If Ellen is but there.

His joys are centred all in her;
  His world's the lonely wild,
Where he attends, the live-long day,
  That solitary child.

THE RULE OF MERIT.

A SOOTY sweep one day passed by,
Whom Harry marked with scornful eye.
Lo! 'twas a neighbour's kidnapped son,
With whom he'd ofttimes jumped and run!
To accidental states pertain
No praise, if high—no blame, though mean:
By virtue raised, to him be fame;
To him by vice degraded, shame.

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THE EMPRESS MATILDA;

OR, THE CROWN OF ENGLAND WON AND LOST.

BY JANE MARGARET STRICKLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE FATE OF PRESUMPTION," &c.

THE untimely fate of her brother, Prince William, failed to humble the pride of the daughter of Henry I. of England. Even the arduous struggle she maintained with her cousin, Stephen, Earl of Blois, for her just rights, did not teach her affability; for the hard lessons of adversity were thrown away upon one who would not profit by their use. The very necessity of the times required her to be courteous, and to establish her rule with gentleness, as well as firmness. This unbending Princess refused to hearken to the counsels of her father's old and faithful servants, and scorned to yield the least part of her prerogative. In fact, she considered her English subjects slaves, and treated them as such. Scarcely did William the Conqueror exercise his power with more severity than his granddaughter during her day of "brief authority."

Success, for a while, shone upon this daughter and mother of kings: for the citizens of London had thrown open their gates to receive her as their

sovereign; and her rebellious cousin was a wounded and fettered captive in her hands,—his consort a suppliant at her feet, soliciting for the pardon and release of her imprisoned lord.

The imperial Matilda, arrayed in the sumptuous robes of regality, was sitting under a magnificent canopy, at the upper end of Westminster Hall, when the wife of Stephen entered it, clothed in the mourning weeds she had worn ever since her husband's captivity, and, advancing to the elevated dais where Matilda was seated, knelt on the lowest step, and would have unfolded her mission; but, overpowered with fear and apprehension, she could only utter her consort's name.

The misfortunes that had befallen the Princess since last she entered that hall, oppressed her mind, and presented a sad contrast to the time when she had been crowned with royal pomp, and hailed with acclamations. She remembered too that she could offer no costly jewels—no rich ransom for the liberation of her husband; and, as she bent her head to kiss the hand which Matilda frigidly extended towards her, her fortitude entirely forsook her, and she bathed it with her tears. The Empress deigned not to notice the agitation of the noble lady; and, assuming a yet colder air, she said, "What does the Countess of Blois require of the Sovereign of these realms?"

"Royal Matilda, you hold my lord in durance," replied the suppliant, "and I come to implore your clemency on his behalf."

"Our dealings with our traitor kinsman have been most merciful," said the Empress, "or he had stooped his guilty head on the block ere this. His life is safe,—what would the rebel have more?"

"Release from hard captivity, liege lady," replied the gentle pleader; "your irons gall his wounded limbs, and 'enter into his soul:' his heart pines to be free, and breaks beneath its chains. Have pity on his miserable consort, and give him back to her for whom you once cherished a sister's love."

"Nay," said the Empress Matilda, in an angry tone, "let the traitor perish who broke his oath of fealty to his sovereign's daughter, and seized upon her heritage. Methinks his punishment is little when weighed against his treason. Countess of Blois, your husband is a rebel, and, as a rebel, must be kept in durance."

"Oh! weigh not your mercy according to the measure of his sin, for he is guilty," replied the Princess: "God hath already requited him for that! Is he not humbled to the very dust? Sovereign Queen of England! clemency is the best, the noblest jewel in the crown! Oh! wear it in your diadem. Have pity, then, upon your con-

quered foe. Exchange a guarded rebel for a faithful friend; for well I know the heart of my brave lord will glow with gratitude and love towards his great deliverer, and he will faithfully devote his life to her service."

"What pledge can our false cousin give us, to ensure his future loyalty?" demanded the Empress, in an ironical tone.

"A near and dear one," replied the Princess, eagerly: "I will remain a hostage in your hands, and answer for his fealty with my life. Bind me with fetters, confine me in Bristol Castle, consign me to the damp dungeon-cell where now he lies; but restore my lord to liberty: permit him to dwell at large, and view the light of heaven once more. Gentle cousin, release my wedded consort, and accept me for a bondswoman and prisoner in his place."

The Empress remained silent for a few moments, but her's was a sullen silence that deprived the suppliant of the last ray of hope; for her ungracious denial flashed from her haughty eye before her lip could utter it; and she turned its scornful glance full on her cousin's mild countenance, as she said, in a tone of great displeasure, "Thou answerable for the loyalty of Stephen of Blois! Countess, you entertain too lofty an idea of your own pretensions. Landless and shorn of rank as

you are now, the forfeit of your life would be a poor reprisal for his rebellion. We rate not Stephen's conjugal affection, perchance, so highly as you do, cousin. It were easier to win a second consort than to gain another crown."

This taunt covered the fair face and bosom of the Princess with indignant blushes. She knew that she was dearer to her husband than even his ambition: she felt that his affection for her would have bound him to the ungenerous Empress's service with a bond stronger than adamant, since with her life she must then have answered for his breach of faith. She controlled her displeasure, and cast her eyes down; but the proud Norman, perceiving her emotion, continued in the same sarcastic tone:—"We, perhaps, forget to pay fitting reverence to King Stephen's Queen,—to her who lately claimed the homage, and bore the title, due to King Henry's daughter, and meanly shone with lustre not her own."

"Alas! I was constrained to wear the diadem. I never wronged you, even in thought; but, rather, I warned my rash consort to avoid ambition's treacherous paths," replied the weeping Princess: "it is not for the attainted traitor, but for the wedded lord, I plead."

"You plead in vain: he is doomed to life-long bondage," said the Empress coldly.

"Then be compassionate if you cannot be great," replied the Princess. "Command your warden to unbind the heavy chains that gall his limbs. Forget not the woman in the queen. Remember that, friendless, landless, though I be, I am still your royal mother's niece, and your next kinswoman—that he is still the Conqueror's grandson."

"Urge not such a plea," replied the Empress; "we have acknowledged the kindred ties that bind us to you, traitors though ye be! They alone prevent us from using the cord and axe, but not from fettering the rebel who usurped our kingdom. We hold him in chains, as wounded hunters hold some evil beast in toils, whose teeth and claws they dread to feel again, and whose seeming submission, they know, serves but to conceal the real contemplation of a new attack. Countess of Blois, you have your final answer."

"Gentle cousin, be not so harsh, so pityless," replied the persevering Princess, clinging to the knees of the haughty Empress in an agony of grief. "He will die, unless you show him this trifling mercy. His wounds are not only still unhealed, but festering: your irons gall him sorely. Escape is now impossible, as you cannot doubt, knowing his weak state. Sweet cousin, grant my prayer—loose his chains."

"Presumptuous kinswoman, no more!" ex-

claimed the Empress, in a peremptory and an angry tone. "Question not our royal pleasure: Stephen of Blois is our captive; and it is our will that he should feel the pressure of our chains. Learn more respect, and intrude no longer on our privacy."

"Name but his ransom," continued the Princess with unfailing earnestness, "and I will seek it from every court in Europe, rather than permit him to groan in bitter thraldom."

"Not all the gold in Christendom or Heathenesse should bribe me to enlarge the traitor," replied the unfeeling Empress. "Depart, traitress, for this time in safety; but dare not again to enter our imperial presence, lest we command our attendants to thrust thee forth;" and, as she spoke, she motioned to her menials to remove the suppliant from the hall without further delay.

The Princess arose from her knees; and all the pride of her high birth and the conscious dignity of her character were apparent in the sudden flush of her pale features, and the indignant fire of her eye, as she firmly exclaimed,—"Proud Empress! Unfeeling woman! The flood-tide of fortune, perchance, may ebb again, and bring you shortly the bitter experience of sorrow which you now scorn."

She quitted the presence-chamber, but it was to summon her friends and levy a considerable force;

and this lrdy, lately so feminine and gentle, obedient to the call of duty and affection, placed herself at the head of an army, resolving to accomplish by military strength that which the inexorable Matilda had so peremptorily refused to her lowly entreaties.

A few days after her interview with the consort of Stephen, the Empress Matilda received a deputation from the citizens of London, praying her to annul the severe enactments of the Conqueror, her grandfather, and to substitute in their place the equitable laws of Edward the Confessor. This reasonable request the daughter of Henry I. refused with the most offensive haughtiness, which so displeased the petitioners, that they suspended the magnificent preparations they were making for her coronation, and flew to arms, exclaiming one to another, "We will not have this proud Norman woman for our Sovereign. This arrogant female, who treats us already like her bondsmen, shall not reign over us." The Empress, attacked in her very palace, had no resource but flight, and finally quitted, as a fugitive, the metropolis which she had so lately entered with the state of a queen. Stephen was again proclaimed King, and the haughty Princess retired, for safety, to Winchester Castle, where she was soon after closely besieged by the wife of her prisoner. But she escaped through the self-devo-

tion of her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, who covered her flight at the expense of his own liberty. The Empress, who tenderly loved her brave kinsman, felt herself compelled to purchase his enlargement by setting free the formidable claimant to her crown; for the heroic consort of Stephen would not accede to any other terms. Thus, the fortune of war wrung from King Henry's daughter concessions which repeated appeals to her compassion had failed to obtain. In vain, with the unbending pride that marked her character, she strove to maintain her rights, against the unlawful claims of her exasperated and warlike enemy. She was driven from city to city, from castle to castle, and finally escaped from Oxford in disguise, accompanied by only four attendants, a few minutes after Stephen had entered that city as a conqueror. What must have been the feelings of this haughty Princess, as she traversed the country, then covered with deep snow, on foot, expecting, every moment, to fall into the hands of her foes, whose hot pursuit, however, was successfully eluded, through the precaution which she and her companions observed, of arraying themselves in white garments. Did she not accuse herself as the cause of her own misfortunes? Did she not reflect, when it was too late to benefit by the conviction, that kindness, and affability of manner, while she was in power, would

have confirmed her sway, and fixed it on the firmest basis for a cordial and lasting union between the sovereign and the people; namely, on those two pillars of a state, justice and moderation?

History does not tell us whether the Empress Matilda reaped any durable advantage from this humbling lesson; but, at least, she has left a warning example to all princes of succeeding times (and the case is not less instructive to those whom Providence has appointed to lowlier stations in life), to avoid the rock on which her bark was shipwrecked; for, as it is written in Scripture, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

WEBSPINNER, JUNIOR, TO HIS CAPTORS.*

BY ISABEL HILL.

Oh! spare the prisoner in your power, ye heroes young and bold!
I fear you've read the clever tale of Webspinner the old:
Ye have pulled down my curious house, which I had built with care,—
'Twill cost me pains enough to frame another half as fair.

* In answer to a Poem, by Mary Howitt.—See Ackermann's *first* "Juvenile Forget Me Not."

Then, ere ye doom your slave to die, pray put
him on his trial,
And hear if to your charges he can make no brave
denial.
Nay, pass not sentence hastily: two sides hath
every case;
And truth may give my chance with you a very
different face.
Think first, if it be possible for person of my size
To slay the handsome harmless moths, those even-
ing butterflies;
And say if I have injured you, by feasting upon those
Who ruin all the costly furs that trim your winter
clothes.
Unto the death of Bluebottle most proudly do
I own!
He had no parents, wife, nor child, over his loss to
moan;
No baron he,—a spoiler foul of all your dainty meat—
A noisy, odious wretch, corrupting more than he
could eat:
Nor owned he friends,—his greedy kind with one-
another ne'er
The meals the useless idlers thieve in charity would
share:
Friendship by selfish churls like those was never
understood;
It is the tie of honest hearts, who labour for their food.

That race was made, like lazy swine, their betters
but to feed:
No other purpose can I see for such a loathsome
breed.
If I have killed the buzzing Gnat, that small but
vicious thing,
Full many a pretty face I've saved from his enve-
nomed sting:
The coward waits not for a cause, but, unprovoked,
delights
To stab ye, sleeping innocents! and haunt your
summer nights.
I have not feared a furious chief with valour to
attack,
Sir Wasp, who wars on all the world, in armour
gold and black,
And carves away the ruddiest streak from necta-
rine and peach,
Which should be yours:—Oh, never let him come
within *my* reach!
If e'er I trap the honey-bee, who keeps his store
for you,
Unto my wanton cruelty fierce vengeance will be
due;
If ever I drop poison on those cheeks so fair and
fresh,
Or seek to mar your guileless mirth by crawling
o'er your flesh;—

Then crush me without more ado; aye, tear me limbmeal, when
You feel that *conscience* warrants you: but spare my days *till* then!
For I am of a cautious mind, and love to stay at home,
And to do justice on your foes when near my web they roam.
If ever *you* are thus arraigned, be your defence as plain:
Rather to make your motives clear, than save yourselves from pain.
So may ye 'scape with brightened fame, if that your judge be just!
If not, fear none but God; and so, die firmly when ye must!
The hot hands part, the soft hearts melt!—I 'll climb the wall amain,—
Oh, thank ye! now I 've only got to build my house again.
And Heaven will bless ye, gentle boys, with far more true delight
Than if ye wreaked your giant strength on such a helpless wight.
No laurels could have sprung for *you* from a poor *spider's* grave;
But the least creature God e'er made, man should be proud to save!

THE LOCUST.

FEW thinking persons can look at this insect without remembering those words of Scripture,—"God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong;" because this seemingly insignificant creature in his hands becomes a dreadful scourge, and goes forth to execute his vengeance on the nations of the earth. The young reader will doubtless recollect, that the plague of locusts was one of those signs and wonders wrought by the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, to humble the pride of its impious and unbelieving monarch.

Locusts were seen in different parts of Britain in 1748, and great mischief was apprehended; but the coldness and humidity of the climate prevented them from increasing, and they all perished.

The annals of most warm countries contain frightful accounts of the devastations committed by locusts. Those which appear in Europe are supposed to be bred in the interior parts of Asia and Africa. This insect is about three inches long: the head and horns are of a brownish colour; but it is blue about the mouth and the inside of the larger legs. The shield that covers the back is of a greenish hue, and the upper side of the body brown, spotted with black, and the under side purple. The upper

wings are brown, with some small dusky spots, and one large spot at the tips. The under ones are more transparent, and of a lighter brown, tinted with green, and a dark cloud of spots near each tip.

These insects are said to take the field under the command of a general, to whose flight and motions they pay the greatest attention. Their appearance, at a distance, resembles a cloud; and, as they approach nearer, they obscure the light of the sun.

The following interesting account of the ravages in Spain, committed by the red-winged locust during 1754, and the three succeeding years, was published in Dillon's Travels through that country:—

"In these years the locusts were continually seen in the southern parts of Spain, particularly in Estremadura. In 1754 their increase was so great, from the multitude of females, that all La Mancha and Portugal were covered with them, and totally ravaged. The horrors of famine were spread even further, and assailed the fruitful provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia. These locusts seemed to devour not so much from a ravenous appetite, as from a rage of destroying every thing that came in their way. It is not surprising that they should be fond of the most juicy plants and fruits, such as melons and all manner of garden fruits and herbs, and feed also upon aromatic plants, such as lavender, thyme, and rosemary,

which are so common in Spain that they serve to heat ovens; but it is very singular, that they equally eat mustard-seed, onions, and garlic, nay, even hemlock, and the most rank and poisonous plants, such as the thorn-apple and the deadly night-shade. They will even prey upon crowfoot, the causticity of which burns the very hides of beasts; and so universal is their taste, that they do not prefer the innocent mallow to the bitter furze, or rue to wormwood, consuming all alike without any apparent predilection or favour. Out of curiosity I examined the stomach of the locust, and found a soft, thin membrane, containing a liquid with which it dissolves all kinds of substances equally with the most caustic and venomous plants, extracting from them a sufficient and salutary nourishment. I next examined its head, which was about the size of a pea, though longer: its forehead pointing downwards, like that of the handsome Andalusian horse; its mouth large and open, and its eyes black and rolling. In its two jaws it had four incisive teeth, whose sharp points traversed each other like scissors, their mechanism being such as to gripe or cut; and its wings were of a fine rose-colour. When these formidable insects rise, they form a black cloud that intercepts the rays of the sun: the clear atmosphere of Spain becomes gloomy, and the finest summer's day of Estremadura more

dismal than a winter's day in Holland. The motion of so many millions of wings in the air, seems like the trees of a forest when agitated by the wind. The first direction of this immense column, (which is commonly five hundred feet in height,) is always against the wind, which, if not too strong, will extend the army of locusts a couple of leagues in length. The insects then make a halt, when the most dreadful havoc begins, their sense of smell being so delicate, that they can find at any distance a corn-field or a garden, and, after demolishing it, rise again in pursuit of another: this may be said to be done in an instant. Each is endowed, as it were, with four arms and two feet: the males climb up the plants, as sailors the shrouds of a ship, and nip off the tenderest buds, which fall to the females below.

"The female locust generally lays about forty eggs, which her sagacity teaches her to screen from the intemperature of the air, by forming for them a retreat underground:—the manner in which she constructs this cell is very surprising. In the hinder part of her body, nature has provided her with a round smooth instrument, which, at its head, is as big as a writing quill, diminishing to a hard, sharp point, hollow within, like the tooth of a viper, but only to be seen to be so with a lens. At the root of this vehicle there

is a cavity, with a kind of bladder, containing a glutinous matter of the same colour, but without its consistency or tenacity, as that of the silk-worm, as I found by an experiment made for the purpose, an infusion of vinegar for several days without any effect. The orifice of the bladder corresponds exactly with that of the instrument which serves to eject the glutinous matter: it is hid under the skin of the belly, and can partake of its motions, forming the most admirable contexture for every part of its operation. She can dispose of this fluid at pleasure, which has three very essential properties: first, being indissoluble in water, it prevents the young from being drowned; next, it resists the heat of the sun, otherwise the structure would give way and destroy its inhabitants; lastly, it is proof against the frosts of winter, so as to preserve a necessary warmth within. For greater security, this retreat is always contrived in a solitary place: for, though a million of locusts were to alight upon a cultivated field, not one would deposit her eggs there; but, whenever they meet a barren and lonesome situation, there they are sure to lay their eggs. In June the young brood begin to make their appearance, forming many compact bodies of several hundred yards square, which afterwards climb the trees, walls, and houses, devouring every thing that is green in

their way. Having lived nearly a month in this manner, they arrive at their full growth, and throw off their worm-like state by casting their skins. To prepare themselves for this change, they affix their hinder part to some bush, or twig, or corner of a stone, when immediately, by an undulating motion, their heads first appear, and then the rest of their bodies. The whole transformation is effected in seven or eight minutes, after which they remain for a little while in a languishing condition; but, as soon as the sun and air have hardened their wings, and dried up the moisture that remains after casting off their former sloughs, they return to their wonted greediness with an addition both of strength and agility.

"Locusts are the prey of serpents, lizards, frogs, and carnivorous birds. They are used as an article of food by the inhabitants of Barbary, and are publicly offered for sale in Tunis, and other places."

CHARADE.

THE dance is merry to-night, I ween,
In Gonsalvo's hall of pride—
Why loves not Inez the festive scene?
Why leaves she her father's side?

She has gone to muse in her lonely bower—
What scroll is on the floor?
Ah! my First she does in that silent hour;
For she reads it o'er and o'er.

She reads it o'er and o'er again,
Till each dear word she knows;
And she tries to hide the joy in vain,
Which her laughing eyes disclose.

—What may that sound of footsteps mean?
Who breaks on her retreat?
Ah! my Second has not fruitless been—
The writer is at her feet.

He has fondly sought her in hall and tower,
And anxious his search has proved,
Till now at last in her lonely bower
He has found his own beloved.

My tale of rapture is well nigh done—
They have met, no more to part;
Nor need I tell, how my Whole she won
O'er his young and noble heart. A.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Ah! five-and-twenty years ago,
How well that name I used to know!
I see the volume still:
Its cover, gold and purple bright,
Its daubs, its nonsense, yet delight
My memory, 'gainst my will.

Little Red Riding-Hood! the sound
Hath borne me back to holy ground,
And years of stainless glee;
I 'm in the nursery once more,
And choose a tale from out the store
My sister hoards for me.

O'er Goody Two-Shoes' *turn-up book*,
Oft mine adventurous head I shook,
And, lisping, used to say,
"Rather than teach those brats, I own
I 'd walk through *fifty* woods alone,
And meet a wolf a day!"

Then, trembling for my future years,
Dear Mary, laughing through her tears,
Would reason with her Bell;
"Which most becomes a maid," she 'd ask,
"To fail in such romantic task,
Or do plain duties well?

"*Your* favourite, though sent with speed
To her poor grandmother, must need
There loiter with a stranger;
Trust him with all her thoughts, and stay
To gather flowerets by the way,
Her friends, herself in danger!

"No, darling! if you *can* be brave,
Be it your kind to serve and save,
Which more is in your power,
Upon the Goody Two-Shoes plan,
Than by thus chattering with man,
Who, wolf-like, may devour.

"Where'er you roam make God your guide,
And all your parents may confide
Obediently respect:
Be prompt on offices of love,
Nor let the sighs of age reprove
One moment's wild neglect!"

Such was *my* childhood's lore. To-day
The Sister Arts, with taste, purvey
Spring buds from Wisdom's bowers.
High task to rear them for the young,
To teach the unpolluted tongue
The sweets of Virtue's flowers!

PRINCESS FRANCESCA.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Sweet as the desert fountain's wave
To lips just cooled in time to save—
Such to my longing sight art *thou*;
Nor can *they* pour at Mecca's shrine
More thanks for *life* than I for *thine*,
Who blest thy *birth* and bless thee *now!*

LORD BYRON.

Do any of you ever tell your dreams, my young readers? I dare say you do! 'Tis long since I told one of mine, to little folks. Indeed, that *I* should be requested to tell you even my waking thoughts, was an unexpected pleasure. As a single woman, unaccustomed to children, and so long used to scribble for my own amusement, or that of other grown people, I was amazed at being invited to write for the instruction of my youngers, and half despaired of ever succeeding in this labour of love; but the delight of doing good gave me spirit, and now I am told by *my* elders that I know pretty well how to talk with you.

But, my dream: well, you shall hear it. Yet first let me ask, did you ever see that interesting child the Princess Victoria? You must have seen her portraits; and, I hope, think, as I do, that the sensible, candid, sweet-tempered look of that noble face, is worth all its beauty.

Methought I sat beside this truly royal girl. She bade me tell her a story, and I obeyed. Proud of paying my duty to so dear a mistress, the most and the best I could do for *her* entertainment I should attempt with all my heart. Now, as stories written for children in *your* station, may be of use to *her*, so the tale I told her Royal Highness may prove serviceable to *you*, for whom the title of "Miss" is almost a compliment—used, in earnest, only by servants and strangers; sometimes, perhaps, in jest, by Papa.

While *awake*, I never tell any but true anecdotes; yet this bit of history, related in my sleep, I will not answer for as a fact: though I certainly once heard of a few circumstances *rather* like those of my vision, and have more than once seen their heroine, who, if not a princess, is at least as good as princess need be, and worthy the friendship of the best queen in the world. So listen!

The king of a certain Italian state, a wise and virtuous man, was early left a widower, with one child, named Francesca, whom his amiable sister, the Lady Pauline, guarded as if they had been mother and daughter. The *salique* law, which prevents women from reigning, did not exist in their dominions; though the succession had never yet fallen upon a female. Francesca, therefore, if she survived her father, was to become Queen regnant,

governing the realm alone. The best instructors, who could fit her for her high destiny, strove to render her studious and affable; but, as an ambitious kinsman, called Enrico, had long plotted to dethrone his sovereign, and take prisoner the heiress to the crown, she was strictly watched, and kept within the palace, while too young to understand why. Indeed, her father loved her too well to alarm her by hinting at her danger. Clever, generous, and full of feeling, yet wild, haughty, and violent, the reckless manner in which she retorted all advice, gave her relatives great uneasiness, and made her the terror of her servants. She hated to be constantly followed and forced to behave by rule; fancying that no one loved her, and that the peasants must be far happier, and enjoy much more liberty, than herself.

Of the many daring misdemeanours into which her adventurous spirit led her, I select one, as that which most influenced her future life. She had been permitted to adopt, as her playfellow rather than attendant, the daughter of a poor gentlewoman, who lived about a mile from the Palace. The character of Laura di Mancini was strongly contrasted with that of her young protectress. Her extreme timidity rendered her sometimes insincere. The Lady Pauline had detected her in aiding Princess Francesca to disobey some ne-

cessary order. Laura had denied her transgression. The King, unable to endure a falsehood, especially from one so near the person of his darling, dismissed her instantly, though with a liberal present, bidding her find one of the household to conduct her home. At this intelligence, her little mistress threw herself into a vehement passion. "What!" she cried to her aunt, "is it not enough that I must be lectured by those grave professors, kept prisoner to that formal garden, and dressed no better than my maids; but must the only creature who loves me be sent away? I will not brook it! As I am a princess, I will have my own way—my freedom to choose a friend."

"Your Highness forgets what is due to yourself, and to the sister of his Majesty."

"Highness and Majesty!" repeated Francesca, stamping her foot at the gentle Pauline. "Oh that I belonged to people who would scold me, beat me, do any thing but mock me with a show of respect, while my heart is breaking! but I will shut myself up in my chamber, and see no more of your cold civil faces to-day."

"Till the Princess Francesca can conduct herself as the King commands, I agree that she had best retire for reflection," answered Lady Pauline.

Francesca fled to her apartment, where Laura was waiting to take leave. "Ah! my dear bene-

factress!" sighed the flattering girl, "I have loved you too well: that is why I am sent from your Highness. My mother believed my fortune made: now I must return to her in disgrace; and who is left to serve my Princess as faithfully as I did?" Francesca, colouring with pride, returned, "Your mother shall never see you disgraced for *my* sake. *I* will be so for *your's*. Wait here, and be silent!" Then, seizing Laura's hat and cloak, she darted from the room, locked the door after her, carried away the key, hid her face in her handkerchief, ran past the porters, mistaken for the girl whose dress she had assumed, and was soon mistress of the liberty she had so long coveted.

Whither to go and what to do, was now the question. The country people, ignorant of her rank, thrust by her, some without notice, others with a rude laugh and a passing stare. Francesca had hitherto believed that she possessed an air of elegance which must every where command respect. She now discovered that, state and title once lost, a princess had need be *truly* dignified, to extort deference from strangers; and that no girl, hurrying along in a fury, deserves to find herself an object of admiration. She soon reached a wild plain, quite unknown to her, and perceived two men approaching; one a very black-looking fellow, the other smooth and quiet enough. Francesca bravely

accosted them, but without the precaution of disguising the style in which she had been educated.

"Friends," she said, "I can reward you if you will escort me to the house of Signora Mancini."

"Are you her daughter, lady?" asked one.

"No, but I bear news from her."

"You belong to the Palace, then? What is your name?" inquired the meekest-looking man.

Francesca replied proudly, "That can be of no consequence to you: so that I requite your trouble, I am not bound to satisfy your curiosity."

"Oh ho!" cried the fierce-looking stranger; "then we will conduct you in silence; but we must settle some business of our own first: so stand you behind these trees, we will be with you instantly; don't stir, don't speak, and fear nothing." But Francesca *did* fear. Their malicious and triumphant looks perplexed her. Heartily did she wish herself once more in safety with her father and aunt. She determined at least to attempt escaping from these men; and, seeing a cottage at a short distance, ran at full speed towards it. Arriving there, she found, instead of the guards and the ceremonies to which she had been habituated, an open door, and a pair, not many years above her own age, apparently the only occupants of the humble abode. One was a girl, singing as she plied her distaff, while a lad sat beside her making

nets. The Princess could not help feeling that they looked as handsome in their simple, picturesque attire, as she had ever done in her richest array. "Haste, Giovanna!" said the youth, "while our parents are toiling out of doors, we must not be idle at home. We shall not be allowed to join the evening dance till we have fulfilled our tasks."

"So then," thought Francesca, "even peasants have duties to fulfil, before they are permitted to do as they please; and parents will rule, whether they are kings or no." She entered the cottage, and begged leave to rest herself. Giovanna frankly welcomed her. "Pietro, bring wine here!" she cried. Her brother did so; but such sharp, meagre drink, compared with what the runaway daily tasted at home, that, with tears in her eyes, she requested a glass of water. It was given to her; and the rustics pursued their avocations, not even looking from them when they addressed their visitant. The novelty of the scene drove out of Francesca's head her intention of confessing her station, and begging concealment. She believed herself quite safe as she was, and observed, "Oh! how I pity you poor people, forced to work, and for such black bread as I see yonder."

"We are thankful we can earn even that," answered Pietro: "being used to it, dainties would be lost on us, lady."

"I should like to be tried," Giovanna remarked: "I wish I was a princess, to be waited on, dressed well, and have no menial offices to spoil my hands, but lie on a soft bed, get up when I pleased, and be called Your Highness!"

"Sister," rejoined Pietro, "we all ought to be content with our lot, or strive to mend it by honest industry. Our Princess, I hear, hath as many tasks and restraints as ourselves, though of a different kind. Were I a prince, I could not be the son of my own dear parents."

"True," answered Giovanna, "thank you for setting me right. Royal relatives can't love each other as we do; at least, some of them take strange ways to prove it." Francesca hung her head in shame, as Pietro replied.

"Nay, I'm sure our good King dotes on his daughter; for once, when she was ill, he saw a woman, who did not know him, bearing in her arms a sickly little girl, about the Princess's age. With many kind words, he gave the mother gold, to buy medicines. 'You must be a parent yourself, sir: you have a father's heart,' said the cottager: 'may *your* child live to be your comfort and blessing!' 'Yes, pray for *her*!' replied he, with tears in his eyes; 'my life is entwined with Francesca's.' He left her, but from the by-standers she learnt *who* had been her friend. Alas! she has taught her

children to love their king better than his own child does; for *you* were that poor little girl, Giovanna: our mother told me this herself; but Heaven have mercy on the people who are to be governed by *such* a princess!"

Francesca, touched to the heart by this report, was still ashamed to confess her penitence, even to herself; but was just about to confide in the young peasants, whose conduct had set her so bright an example, when the two men from whom she had fled hastily entered the cottage.

"Why did not you stay where we placed you?" one of them asked her.

"Because I changed my mind," said Francesca: "my friends here will lead me back to the house from whence I came."

"They are too young to take care of you," cried the fierce stranger: "you have eloped from your family; and, as we are stout enough to carry you, you will arrive sooner at your house in our hands, than you could under the guidance of those children."

"If that be true," returned Pietro, "pray be quick! How anxious they must be! Oh that she should have had the heart so to alarm them!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Francesca. Then, feeling that she had no right to repulse this unconscious familiarity, she relentingly added, "You are but just; yet come with me, both of you."

"We dare not," replied Giovanna: "our parents bade us remain at home; we never disobey them."

"How happy you must be, then!" sobbed Francesca, as the men bore her away.

She had not long departed when the husbandman and his wife returned, in deep consultation, followed by a neighbouring villager. Arming himself, his friend, and son, he said, "Stay with our girl, Brigida! Pietro, come with us. Concealed by yonder trees, I overheard a most traitorous plot. I was alone; and the ruffians, doubtless, had weapons about them, though unseen. They are bribed by Enrico to entrap our Princess. They hurried towards this place."

"What!" burst forth Pietro, "and have I given up my future Queen to her enemies?—but I knew her not, and staid here at my father's bidding."

After a brief explanation, these loyal creatures set forth, calling on all they met to take different routes, in search of the fugitives; but with little hope indeed of being able to overtake them. Poor Francesca! a few hours ago fancying herself wronged and wretched in the very lap of love, now a prisoner to low villains, never more, perhaps, to behold the parent from whom she had so rashly and ungratefully fled.

We must now return to the Palace. A few minutes after the supposed Laura's departure, his

Majesty inquired for the Princess, and heard, from Lady Pauline, that her Highness, in a fit of sullenness, had retired to her room. The fond father went himself to the door, and, finding it locked, called on her in kind tones. No reply. "Come, all is forgiven, dearest," he said: "your aunt pardons you; be happy, my Francesca!—speak to me!"

Still all was silent; and the King, calling in dismay for assistance, continued to his sister, who joined him, "Her fatal temper has destroyed her! Force the door, and let me know the worst at once."

The servants obeyed. He rushed forward. On the floor lay the form, he believed, of his child; till, clasping it in his arms, he recognised Laura, who, alarmed at her mistress's conduct, and still more by the voice of the King, lay half fainting at his feet. When she could speak, her words but created more cruel apprehensions. The Palace was searched—guards dispatched in all directions—the King himself was mounting his horse, to pursue his lost treasure, when, overpowered by his feelings, he sunk on the arms of his attendants, in a swoon. His distracted sister exerted every art to revive him; but it was long before he unclosed his eyes, demanding, "Where is *she*?" and, receiving no satisfaction, again relapsed, with only enough of reason left to pray that he might not be

driven mad. "Gone, gone!" he murmured: "how could she desert me? What must be her sufferings now, if still she lives? Why did I ever trust her from my sight? My life's best joy, my only love! Unkind, unfortunate Francesca!"

After six hours of suspense, these terrifying agonies settled into a gloomy, desperate certainty that his child was torn from him for ever. Lady Pauline still bade him hope. He sighed and shook his head.

"Pray that I may be taught to submit, to resign her," he said; "but I feel that I cannot long survive my girl."

At this moment the sounds of "Room! make way there, to the King!" rang through the Palace. His Majesty started up, exclaiming, "They may have found her body; they may at least bring me the corpse of my child."

"Nay, there is triumph in those voices!" interrupted Pauline. The next instant, Francesca, rushing in, fell at her father's feet, sobbing forth—"Pardon, sire, pardon!"

She expected severity—how much more heart-rending was her real reception! Unable to raise her, the King fell on his knees by her side, and, embracing her with transport, articulated, "Oh! blessed be Heaven! My God, I thank thee!" then burst into a passion of tears.

"My dear lord," whispered Pauline, "here are

strangers—you are before your subjects. I implore you to be calm!"

He rose, but, still weeping, replied, "If they have saved their Princess, they deserve to witness a father's joy. Let not my paleness, my tremor, scare ye, friends! In another hour my daughter might have been an orphan."

"Then I should have been a murderess!" uttered Francesca, shuddering; "but from this day I will atone for all."

She now presented to the King the courageous peasants who had rescued her, just within sight of Enrico's castle, from the ruffians, who awaited without under strict guard. His Majesty mercifully spared their lives, but banished them for ever from his dominions. He munificently rewarded all the preservers of his child—received Pietro, Giovanna, and their parents, into his service, and even retained the contrite Laura.

The Lady Pauline instantly proposed public rejoicings for the restoration of the Princess; but Francesca, with a mild and thoughtful aspect, replied, "No festivities on *my* account, dear madam, till I have deserved them. If it please his Majesty, let alms be distributed among the poor, and prayers put up in the churches, that I may be enabled to persevere in my resolves for reformation."

This address, from a girl not yet twelve years of

age, and *such* a girl too, astonished all hearers; and her requests were punctually observed. Six years rolled away. The Princess lived in extreme seclusion, consoling her father for the loss of his sister's society; that lady having married, and removed to the distant territories of her husband. Whatever cares of state oppressed the royal parent, he could now find comfort in the conversation of Francesca. She became steady, reserved, diffident of herself, and so lowly-minded, that some people hinted, "in becoming a *good* woman, she had given up all her chance of being a *great* one;" but she now understood what *true* greatness meant.

Meanwhile, Enrico had not abandoned his ambitious schemes. Though a dissolute man, he was a brave soldier; and, being wealthy, could easily raise a powerful army to further his aims of usurpation. The people, however, though dazzled and intimidated by his character, would countenance no violence against their peaceful and excellent monarch. They proposed that Enrico should demand Francesca in marriage, and reign, on the death of the King, with her, as his consort. Enrico, accordingly, offered this condition, as the only alternative to an open civil war.

His Majesty received the message while his daughter stood beside him, and replied, "Tell your master I should not hope that the Lord of

lords and King of kings would defend my rights, could I stoop to such base terms for their preservation."

"And tell him from *me*," added Francesca, firmly, "that he has named the *only* way in which I could refuse to sacrifice myself for my father."

The people, disappointed that their sovereign would not allow them to pacify Enrico in their *own way*, now became almost universally the partisans of that dishonest and disloyal man. Those who remained true to their allegiance, could do no more than moderate the measures of their opponents. Enrico now insisted on the King's publicly naming *him* as his successor. This was signified to his Majesty in council. "And where," asked he, with proud composure, "where is the rebel who insults us by his threats? Since he dares not meet our eye, let him be informed that, had we not a child, whom we will never wrong, we would not so injure our misguided people as to bequeath them to an extravagant and selfish traitor. Were Enrico our heir, we would do our utmost to disinherit such a tyrant."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the good King fell bleeding beneath the stiletto of a cowardly hypocrite—one of those who had been so leniently treated after the capture of the Princess, he having returned from exile, in defiance of his sentence, ungratefully to attack the life of his monarch.

The terror and anguish of Francesca may be well imagined, though her father was not hurt to danger. This outrage roused all the dormant loyalty of the state. Enrico, in hopes to convince the world that *he* had not influenced the assassin, condemned him to instant death, as if he himself had been already ruler there; and thus addressed the Senate:—"Could my royal kinsman have met me here to-morrow, we might have decided this cause to general satisfaction; though my peaceful offers have been twice rejected. As it is, I shall present myself, at noon, for your fiat on my claims. If you prefer a young warrior to a dotard or a girl, we need fear no further opposition. My cousin, and his daughter, shall have safe conduct to the court of his brother-in-law, unless he prove still so regardless of his own safety as to *oblige* me to enforce your wishes and my own."

This sounded fair and impartial enough. Victory appeared certain for Enrico. "Alas! Pietro," said an attendant of the Princess, as her young bridegroom brought her these tidings, "although our honoured master might soon revive, under the care of such a nurse as my dear Lady, yet, if she must lose her rights, it will break her father's heart. Her Highness, calling herself the cause of all these troubles, prays God to inspire her how to remedy them."

"I have no such hope, my Laura!" answered

her husband; "but go you, and relate what I have told you: attempt not to conceal the truth."

"Ah no, you have made me as sincere as yourself," she replied; and sought her lady, beside the couch of the royal sufferer, where Laura detailed these facts. His Majesty heard them, and sighed forth, "Ruin is inevitable. My poor Francesca! —must it even be so with thee?—for myself I care not."

The daughter mused awhile in silence. Then, as if speaking to herself, she said, "I must gain *his* permission—never more will I act without my father's sanction. Be not alarmed, sir," she continued, "at what I am about to propose. I know your sentiments: you are too weak even to write them; yet they must be made known to your friends and to your foes. Allow me, as your representative, to meet the assembly to-morrow."

The tender parent shrinking with dismay, exclaimed, "*You*, my child? Impossible! Your youth—your sex ——"

"Will be my protection, sire. The fate of the wretch who wounded you, will prevent any repetition of violence. I will throw myself on the generosity of my countrymen. As a child, I was brave to a fault; let me, as a woman, atone by rendering my courage of service to my father. When I placed myself in peril from a *wrong* motive, my confidence

might desert me; but now, with the *same strong feelings, better directed*, I feel sure of the Almighty's support. With your consent and blessing, I should fear nothing."

The King, with much emotion, replied, "Go then, my angel! and may Heaven reward thee with success!"

Nothing could exceed the surprise with which the announcement of her intention was received by all who heard it. That a girl, never but once before exposed to any other eyes than those of affectionate relatives and faithful dependants, should brave a multitude, composed chiefly of men hostile to her father and herself, was looked upon as a miracle. The Hall of Council was crowded to excess, long before noon. Enrico seated himself among the other nobles, that, as his person was unknown to his young kinswoman, he might look on her without being distinguished. He proposed that her message should be heard ere he himself spoke, or received the final answer of the people, making sure that she came submissively to beg for mercy. As the clock struck twelve, Francesca, followed only by the mother of Pietro, tottered into the assembly. The suddenness —the silence—the simplicity of her entrance—the sight of her extreme agitation, created a general sense of amaze and pity. The shout of "Long live the Princess!" which the people, regardless of En-

rico's presence, sent forth, tended but still more to confuse and overpower her. Yet, though unable to stand without support, she looked as if indignant at her own weakness, and resolved to scorn—to subdue it. A second glance, and the watchful crowd were ready to give her credit for both *will* and *power* to do so. In a few moments, she raised her young head, and, with a queenly gesture, exclaimed, "Subjects of my father, hear me!"

For an instant, there was a dead pause: then *one* voice (could it be Enrico's?) was heard to cry, "Glorious girl!" and again the clamorous acclamations of delighted wonder increased the blushing tremor of Francesca. Old men, who remembered her parents in their youth, and her in her childhood, wept with proud joy. Their sons, who had never before looked on her, fell on their knees, and waved their hats in the air.

> "With all to hope and nought to fear,
> My Perie, ever welcome here!"

was the sensation of every heart.

Perhaps you are fancying now that my heroine must have possessed a very beautiful face, and a most commanding figure; or that she dazzled her beholders by the splendour of her dress. No, indeed: she was but a little dark thing, with eyes swollen by watching and by tears, attired in plain white, with not one curl upon her brow; but there

was a modest dignity in her air, a holy expression on her varying countenance, which was perfectly lovely: and then her voice! it sounded as if seraphs had tuned it, that it might prove irresistible when pleading for her father.

"Friends," she resumed, "many here may deem the chamber of my suffering parent a fitter place for me than this. As a daughter, as a woman, I should in truth prefer it; but, having been bred to know that I might be your Queen, I can sacrifice my natural inclinations for the welfare of my sovereign and his people. A traitor's blow hath disabled him from speaking for himself; and, from whatever *motive* the Lord Enrico avenged my father's blood, I *thank him*. His Majesty harbours no wish, but, by his pardon, to convince our cousin of his errors. When *he*, or his adherents, can prove the *justice* of his claims, or his equality in wisdom and in goodness with our rightful King, *then* let Enrico dethrone him. But, *till* then, it need not be forgotten, that, for more than twenty years, my revered parent has forbearingly denied himself the usual luxuries of a prince, devoting his time and wealth to render his subjects virtuous and happy. Enrico's life may be more easily imitated; but, unless reformed, it must end in disgrace and misery. When the learned and pious men who early taught *me* to *command myself*, shall pronounce that noble-

man *as* competent to govern his own passions, I will yield to him my lawful heritage; but, till he shows himself the possessor of those qualities—which are stronger claims to a crown than even that of birthright—we stand prepared for war. Our cause is just. God will defend the right; and I now demand of ye—*Who* are for *us?*"

She looked around her, with a sweet and noble smile. A unanimous cry of "*All! All!*" burst from the crowd. One nobleman rushed towards the heroic daughter, and, throwing himself at her feet, exclaimed with ardour, "Ay, *all!* even the guilty Enrico. Forgive, forgive thy convert!"

The heavenly eloquence, the filial piety, the mild decision and confiding innocence of Francesca, had touched his heart with remorse. The people found that they might be ruled by her, with a wise and brave, as well as a gentle hand. *Alone*, this *almost child*, had turned the tide; and *virtue triumphed.* Instead of being forced to fly from the defiance of a powerful foe, this admirable girl, amid the cheers of the populace, now led her penitent kinsman to receive the pardon of his king; before whom he renewed the vows of a loyal subject and an affectionate relative.

How different were the tears which the proud father "shed upon his duteous daughter's head," from those she had cost him in her childhood! "I

thought," said he, "that thou would'st soon be left my only treasure, to solace me in poverty and in banishment by thy tenderness. I have found thee the preserver of my realm, the best support of my throne!"

"Ah! sire," sighed forth the now subdued and exhausted Francesca, "believe me, that to have toiled for you in obscurity would have been light to this day's task. My own rights were as nothing: had *they* alone been invaded, I could not have indulged the spirit of adventure which I have so long controlled. Not even a princess has any excuse for masculine boldness; but the humblest female, inspired by the voice of nature, and by the command of duty, ought to surmount, for a while, that timidity which, in a proper degree, and in its befitting season, is the brightest ornament of our sex."

The King recovered, to reign for *many* years, in peace and glory, over a grateful people; *at last*, bequeathing his crown to his beloved Francesca, who well deserved to rule, the empress of all good hearts, and to have her spotless name handed down to posterity by a far abler pen than *mine*.

THE COUNTRY DOG IN TOWN.

AN ORIGINAL FABLE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

A FARMER, of the name of Brown,
Took a huge mastiff up to town,
To guard his sheep from each marauder,
And help him keep the pigs in order,
Which he to Smithfield drove for sale,
From Romney Marsh:—so goes the tale.
Now Chowder, who had never been
Before in such a busy scene,
Was quite bewildered with surprise,
And stared about with both his eyes,
And seemed to want another pair,
To look at all the wonders there;
And, like most country dogs, no doubt,
Was rudely squeezed and pushed about,
And much annoyed in every street
By people treading on his feet.
While he was pausing in amaze,
At London's famous sights to gaze,
And barking, which he deemed his duty,
At the ill deeds of Punch and Judy,
Amidst the bustle, crowd, and rattle,
He lost the farmer and the cattle:—

"But that," thought he, "is no disaster;
A dog like me can get a master
At any time in this fine town,
Superior far to Gaffer Brown!
'Twixt him, his pigs, his sheep, and wife,
I've led a stupid sort of life;
But now I've got the chance and leisure,
I'll see the world and take my pleasure.
This is a place, where, I suspect,
My race is held in great respect;
Here, in a carriage, one may see
A dog upon a lady's knee;
And curs, so small they look like cats,
Wear scarlet coats and gold-laced hats,
And on their hind legs skip about,
Like lords and ladies at a rout:
But what would people say—my eyes!—
To see a mastiff of my size,
Stand up erect, in cap and frill,
To dance a hornpipe or quadrille!"
Just on that spot, with fife and drum,
A band of Savoyards had come,
With pugs and poodles, all arrayed
In red, like soldiers on parade;
And, at a signal of command,
They danced a reel and saraband,
At which the people gave a shout;
And Master Chowder thought, no doubt,

That he could bear a worthy part
In this admired and graceful art:
So seized the moment to advance,
When they began a country-dance,
And, with his sudden rude intrusion,
Threw the whole figure in confusion;
On which a monkey who was near,
Jumped on his back, and bit his ear
So sharply, that he yelled with pain,
And fled, pursued by all the train
Of poodles, monkeys, men, and boys,
'Midst bites, and barks, and angry noise,
Thinking, meantime, that sheep and hogs
Were more polite than dancing-dogs.

Chowder's next project was to wait
Before a wealthy lady's gate,
In hopes she'd take him in the stead
Of Moppet, who was lately dead.
So when she came, he ran to meet her
With awkward bounds, and barked to greet her;
At which the lady, in a fright,
Exclaimed, "The monster means to bite!"
Her footmen whipped him from the door,
And cried, "Get hence, and come no more!"
Hungry, and sad with humbled pride,
He now for meaner places tried;
But when he slily strove to pop
His nose into a butcher's shop,

The butcher cried, " You thief, get out !"
And all his curs raised such a rout
About his ears, that, in dismay,
The wretched Chowder sneaked away.

Hunted, and beat from place to place,
He felt ashamed to show his face,
And gladly would have crouched him down,
To lick the feet of Farmer Brown.
He begged to all the town, but none
Would give the famished dog a bone;
And found, like others, he could faster
Lose one kind friend and worthy master,
Than find another at his need,
That friend and patron to succeed.

VERACITY.

Would you always keep hold of a light, merry heart,
And a conscience that ne'er would reprove you,
A memory that only would pleasure impart,
And parents that could not but love you ;—
In youth would you still be caressed as a child,
In manhood as blest as in youth :—
Above all things, from heaven would you not be exiled ?
Through good and through ill, speak the truth.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

BY ISABEL HILL.

He's a very good child who will own himself wrong;
I mean he's a brave one, and sure of improving:
And just such a boy is the theme of my song,
Whom, tho' I ne'er saw him, I cannot help loving.

When Harry was little and pretty, (he now
Is a fine, tall, and, what's more, a *worthy* young man,)
He was oft'ner rewarded than punished; but how
Did his parents control him? Nay, guess, if you can!

Indulgence ne'er spoiled him; they held him too dear
To bribe him with toys, or to fright him with blows:
Yet Harry had causes for hope and for fear,
To him of far greater importance than those.

If steady, obedient, industrious, and mild,
His prize was at night to sit up for Papa;
And if he had been *two* whole days a good child,
He'd a walk in the Park with his darling Mamma!

But if he was naughty, as sometimes he might,
He lost their caresses, so earnestly craved;
And his parents would say, "You've done wrong:
quit our sight,
Until you resolve to be better behaved!"

The loss of *their* presence, *their* kindness, is pain,
Which, e'en for *worse* faults, well might chastisement prove:
Such penance can ne'er be inflicted in vain
On hearts that, though erring, like Harry's, *still love!*—

Who, feeling they had no excuse to offend,
Guess in sorrow and fear what they *ought* to expect,
Yet read in the eyes of their parent or *friend*,
That, though forced to be *just*, he is *loth to correct.*

One day, as Mamma Harry's early meal shared,
He forgot that he risked his desert, her fond kiss,
Forgot e'en their walk, altho' drest and prepared,
And, somehow, conducted himself much amiss.

I don't know in *what* way he proved such a sinner—
If 'twas humming a tune with his lips to his cup,
Or listlessly playing the fool with his dinner,
Or if 'twas too eagerly eating it up;

Or whether 'twas sullenness, mischief, or passion
(The friend who has told me the story ne'er says);
Yet I can't think sweet Harry was wrong in *that* fashion:
I don't know where *he* could have *learnt* such ill ways.

His mother cried "Don't!"—"I shall don't, if I like!"

"Obey me, Hal! won't you?"—"No."—*Enter Papa,*

With tones that smite sharper than birchen rods strike:—

"*Who* dares, in *this* house, answer *No* to Mamma?

"Can that be my Henry?—I'm shocked, sir, I'm grieved!

We *both* are too apt to give *you* your own way:

If you think you can conquer Mamma, you're deceived:

Sit down, and behave like a gentleman, pray!"

But Harry, all blushes, with fast-swelling chest,

And tears in his eyes, which he bent on the floor,

Not daring to utter the thoughts of his breast,

Marched off from the table, and opened the door.

"Come, do as you're bid!" *Pa* said; "give me your hand!—

No humours, I beg; take your seat, child, d'ye hear?—

Still silent?—these airs, love, I don't understand;—

You struggle!—say where are you going, my dear?"

Poor Harry, who dreaded, and knew he deserved

To be banished, there still conscientiously stood,

And sobbed forth, at last, by contrition unnerved,
"*I shall turn myself out of the room till I 'm good!*"

What followed? O Nature! an exquisite sight:—
"This candour, this courage," Papa cried with joy,
"Proves you know you 've been wrong, and *desire*
to be *right*;—
God bless you!—There, go kiss your mother,
my boy!"

And Harry, they tell me, at eighteen years old,
(May he keep the same heart when that age he
shall double!)
Still knows when he 's wrong—never waits to be *told*,
And corrects himself now, to save others the
trouble.

When companions would lead him from study to
stray,
Or he feels a return of his mad, childish mood,
He flies from temptation (for *that* 's the *best* way),
And *turns himself out of the room till he 's good!*

THE PICTURE LOST AT SEA.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"I CANNOT part with that picture, Florence," said Ludovico Arretti to his wife, after she had been urging him for some time to part with a fine painting by Annibale Carracci.

"It would fetch a better price than the rest," said his wife with a sigh. "Ah, Ludovico! when we want bread, it is time to suppress these fine feelings."

"Let us trust in Providence, and all will yet be well."—"It has provided for our necessities in that picture," returned Florence, "the sale of which would free us from all our difficulties."

Ludovico folded his arms, and looked long and earnestly upon the picture. The tears swelled in his eyes. He hastily brushed them away, and said in a softened tone,—"Florence, it shall be sold: I will take the necessary steps to-morrow; and so, *mia cara*, give us something to eat."

They sat down in silence to their scanty meal. Arretti's heart was too full to eat. After making several ineffectual attempts, he turned from the table and drew his chair to the fire. His son, an amiable lad of fourteen, placed his stool close to his father, took his hand, and looked anxiously up in his face.

"You weep, papa; the prospect of selling that picture distresses you. Is it so much better than all the rest?"

"Yes, my boy; but it is not alone the value of the picture, as a work of art, that makes me so reluctant to sell it. Listen to me, Carlo; I will tell you the history of that painting, which is so strangely connected with that of your own family, that it cannot fail to interest you." The Italian then proceeded in the following strain.

My father was the son of a rich jeweller, and a native of Milan, and was early apprenticed to the same business. Julio Arretti possessed an elegant mind, and a great taste for the fine arts, both of which he endeavoured to cultivate to the best of his ability—secretly, however, for Signor Arretti had an eye to the main chance, and, like most prudent men, rather wished to see his son distinguished for his wealth than for his literary talents. Anxious to shine in the world, Julio pursued his studies during those hours which should have been devoted to sleep. This lasted for some years, till the young artist produced a picture which so elated and puffed him up with vanity, that he must needs exhibit it to all his acquaintance. His mother was delighted with this astonishing proof of her son's genius; but Signor Arretti, after viewing the performance

for some time, with sovereign contempt exclaimed, —"Is it of this daub you are so much enamoured? If I have not grown marvellously near-sighted, I should pronounce it only worthy of being suspended over some petty house of entertainment by the road-side."

Julio was too proud of his painting, and too choleric, not to take an affront so pointedly levelled against his genius. He could not—or rather, my dear boy, he would not—overcome his indignation: he flung off the yoke of painful obedience, abandoned his home, and became a pensioner upon the bounty of a neglectful world. Poverty and ruin were the result of this rash and criminal step; for Julio never gained that celebrity as an artist which his talents deserved. Signor Arretti left his wealth to strangers; and his son continued to toil in obscurity to maintain a large family of small children, of which I was the eldest, and inherited my father's taste for polite literature.

Julio repented of his folly, when it was too late to be remedied, and sighed for the possession of that wealth which, in the wild romance of youth, he had rejected with scorn. The art which fascinated him so much when carried on by stealth, lost much of its attraction when he was forced to pursue it to earn his daily bread. In this state of mind and feeling he was invited by a house-painter

to assist him in colouring some apartments in the Farnese Palace; and necessity compelled the young artist gladly to accept the offer.

In this splendid receptacle of the works of many eminent painters, all Julio's enthusiasm for the arts revived; and every moment that he could steal from his abhorred task was spent in the picture-gallery. Here, lost in delightful visions of the genius of past ages, he formed a thousand wild dreams of future glory and advancement. He sighed to behold one of his own pictures gracing those princely walls, and, forgetful of his present poverty, imagined that the period when this ambitious wish should be gratified was not so very distant. There was one painting, however, which most engrossed his attention, and before which he lingered of an evening till the shades of twilight concealed it from his view: it is this identical picture on which we are now gazing, which realised all his ideas of harmony and beauty.

The Prince of Farnese was a proud man, but a great lover of the arts; and, walking every day through the gallery, he was amused by the devotion of the young painter, and the statue-like position in which, night after night, he found him before Annibale's picture.

"You admire that painting, young man," he said one evening, abruptly addressing the enamoured student.

"Your Excellency, I feel it!"

The Prince smiled at his enthusiasm. "Tell me, Signor, what you think of this," putting his hand at the same time on the head of his only son, a most beautiful child, whom he held against his knee with paternal pride and tenderness.

Struck with the uncommon appearance of the little Prince, Julio cried out in an ecstacy, "'Tis Nature's master-piece!"

"Take him for your model, young painter; and if you succeed in procuring a likeness, I will give you a hundred gold crowns, and the picture a place in this gallery."

Overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, Julio could only sink at the Prince's feet, and murmur in incoherent sounds his grateful thanks. The next day he was conducted by one of the Prince's gentlemen to a pleasant room, which communicated with the garden, furnished with the needful apparatus; and the lovely child was brought, and seated on a gold-fringed cushion before him. Anxious as Julio was to succeed in the work he had undertaken, the beauty and playfulness of the boy often diverted his attention from the canvas, and he laid aside the pencil to press him in his arms, and load him with caresses. By thus entering into the sports, and studying the character, of the little Prince, Arretti succeeded in obtaining

the peculiar expression which gave the greatest charm to his face. The likeness was perfect; it only wanted motion to convince the spectator that it lived:—there was the rosy mouth with all its dimpled sweetness; the velvet cheek; the deep azure eyes, laughing from beneath their long silken lashes; and the white temples gleaming like alabaster from among his golden locks. Rubens never drew such a head among all his cherubs—Rubens never had such a model.

Julio was delighted with the work of his own hands: he touched, and retouched, and lingered on every feature, loth to part with the portrait and the beautiful original: the Prince was not to see the picture till it was completed. Arretti was busy giving the finishing strokes: the doors that led into the garden were open, and the child was playing about the room, when the voice of the Prince was heard on the lawn below, calling, in playful tones, to his son. The child bounded down the steps of the terrace like a young fawn; and, running with all speed towards the spot where his father stood, he passed too near the margin of the fountain, lost his balance, and was precipitated with violence into the spacious marble basin. A cry, a fearful cry, burst from the lips of the distracted father, —"My son!—my only son!" It reached the ears of Arretti—the next moment he was at the

Prince's side, in another had lifted the lovely boy out of the basin: but what the waters could not have effected in so brief a period of time, the blow against the hard stone had accomplished:—the beautiful heir of that splendid domain, the child of so many prayers, hopes, and promises, was already numbered with the dead.

My father wept. The Prince was torn from the body of his son, and led from the spot in a state of mental abstraction. Julio packed up the painting, and returned to his humble home overwhelmed with grief.

It was some days before the artist could summon sufficient resolution to look upon the picture. My mother wished to see it; and with a trembling hand my father removed the envelopes. When the beautiful face smiled upon him with all the reality of life, he sighed and turned away: we all gathered round the table;—exclamations of surprise and admiration burst from our lips. "How lovely he is!" cried one: "What a face!" said another: "What eyes! What lips!"—"So beautiful, and so soon dead!" said my dear mother, wiping her eyes with the corner of her muslin apron: "this is not the portrait of a human creature, but the face of an angel!"

"Let me, too, look at the picture," said a deep, touching voice, which made us all start and draw instinctively back.

"It is the Prince," said my father, as a tall majestic man joined himself to our group. We retreated from the table with feelings of deep respect, occasioned less by the high rank of our visitor than by the magnitude of his misfortune. I was but a boy, Carlo; but I never shall forget the expression of that noble mourner's countenance whilst gazing upon the portrait of his son. For a long time he continued to examine it with stillness and composure; but what appeared to us calmness, was the intensity of grief too deep to reach the surface: at length his features relaxed, his lips quivered, the veins rose like cords upon his temples, and the big tears fell fast upon the canvas.

My father motioned to us to leave the room; but not a foot stirred: at length my mother led out the little ones, and I retreated into a corner to watch the close of this sad scene. The Prince, finding himself alone, drew near Arretti, and, grasping his hand firmly, said,—

"Signor Arretti, in that picture you have restored to me my son: had not Heaven decreed otherwise, your prompt assistance would have placed him warm and breathing into these arms. God has taken away the desire of my eyes, for I loved him too well; but when I look upon this exquisite portrait, memory will recall the original, and I shall no longer feel myself a childless and widowed man.

Place the picture in my gallery, and to-morrow I will amply reward the artist."—Before my father could express his thanks, the Prince had quitted the apartment.

In the evening, Julio placed the portrait in the splendid gallery, but with feelings very different from those which had given rise to the ambitious wish of beholding one of his own works suspended there: though his desire was so soon gratified, there was no joy in the artist's heart.

The next morning the Prince's house-steward waited upon my father, and presented him with a purse of a thousand gold crowns, and Annibale Carracci's picture, which had been the idol of his imagination: at the back of the canvas these words were traced in the donor's hand:—"To Julio Arretti, as a slight token of gratitude for the service he vainly rendered to a bereaved father!"

My father was deeply affected by this proof of the Prince's esteem; and the picture acquired a tenfold value from the circumstances connected with it. Arretti did not long enjoy the patronage of his noble friend: the Prince died shortly after; and Julio, having, like most of his fraternity, made small provision for the future, and unable to obtain work in Italy, determined to try his fortune in London. He sold every thing he could convert into money, but this picture, on the exhibition of

which he depended for support on his first arrival in England. He embarked, with all his family, on board a trading vessel, on the 4th of September; and we had a very pleasant voyage till within sight of our destined port, when the equinoctial gales suddenly set in with unusual violence. A heavy storm succeeded; and, in spite of the exertions of the crew, the vessel was wrecked off Falmouth, and the lives of the passengers saved, with the greatest difficulty, before the ship sunk.

We, of course, lost every thing, but fifty gold crowns, which my father carried about him in case of any accident. Thus scantily provided, we reached London; and Julio procured a mean lodging for his family in an obscure street. The loss of the picture he prized so highly, cast such a damp upon my father's spirits that it brought on a nervous fever; and he was unable, with his pencil, to supply us with the necessaries of life. He had early instructed my sisters and myself in the technicalities of his art; and, though our pieces were merely copies from the masters, and consisted of heads and single figures, they were finished neatly, and in a manner which did credit to our tender years. Our father's malady increased, and our small funds were nearly exhausted; and my sister Laura and I determined to paint a few chimney ornaments, and offer them for sale, at a moderate price, in the

public streets. We soon produced some natural and tolerably well-painted figures, which Laura neatly arranged in an open basket; and I daily took my stand in one of the chief thoroughfares. It was not long before my small venture attracted observation; and I returned home with an empty basket and a full purse. For some months I continued this traffic with success, till the death of my father deprived me of the means of procuring materials, and reduced my poor mother to a state of despair.

At this critical juncture it pleased God to put it into our landlady's heart, a kind motherly woman, to assist us. She had, for many years, been housekeeper in the family of the Marquis of L——, and was highly respected by that distinguished nobleman, who was a great lover and patron of the arts.

Mrs. Longley drew up a petition, stating, in simple language, our distressed condition, not forgetting to speak, in very high terms, of the talents of the poor orphans whom Providence had thrown upon her care. I remember standing beside the worthy woman while she drew up this memorial, and, as she read aloud every word as she composed it, thinking it the prettiest and most moving tale I had ever heard; for I was not sufficiently master of the English language, though I could speak it pretty fluently, to be able to judge grammatically of any composition either in prose or verse.

Mrs. Longley's son was my Lord's valet; and through his influence the good woman easily obtained permission to present me, one morning, during breakfast, to the Marquis. Many were Mrs. Longley's admonitions to me on this eventful morning, such as—"Now, mind me, Ludovico, and hold up your head like a young gentleman, and make a nice bow at the door, and then walk two or three paces forward with a genteel air, and make another bow to my Lord, and then one to my Lady; and, when my Lord asks you any questions, don't stare about you, but keep your eyes modestly fixed upon the ground."

I promised obedience, took the petition, carefully folded up in an outer sheet of white paper, and, with a beating heart, followed my conductor. I believe I acquitted myself with tolerable ease, on my introduction to the nobleman and his lady; and the Marquis received my petition very graciously, and the Marchioness gave me an encouraging smile.

The Marquis seemed much amused by the petition; and, after he had finished the perusal, he turned to me, and said: "You are the son of an Italian painter: from what part of Italy do you come?"

I heard, but returned no answer:—my eyes were riveted upon a picture which hung over the

mantel-piece; nor could I pay attention to a
thing else. "Yes!" I exclaimed, in my nati
language; "it is the same—the very same—it
my father's lost picture: but how came it here?"

The Marquis understood Italian; and, surprised
at the exclamation, he replied in the same language,
"You are mistaken, my good boy: that picture,
though it came oddly enough into my possession, is an
original painting by Annibale Carracci, which never
could have belonged to a poor artist like your father."

"Ah, Signor!" I replied, my eyes filling with
tears, "that picture was given by the Prince
Farnese to my father for endeavouring to save the
life of his son: the vessel in which we came to
England was unfortunately wrecked, and the loss
of that picture broke my father's heart. I know
not by what miracle it is here; but the powers of
memory must cease before I forget that picture."

The Marquis was convinced, by the earnestness
of my manner, that there was more in my state-
ment than could be gathered from a few broken
sentences. He, therefore, requested me, while he
and his lady took their breakfast, to relate to him
all I knew about the picture. I instantly com-
plied, and told him the same story which I have
just communicated to you. He was much inter-
ested in the recital; and, when I concluded, he
ordered two of his footmen to take down the pic-

ture, and examine the back part of the canvas, to ascertain if the writing, of which I spoke, corresponded with my relation. Finding that it did, he took my hand and said, "The picture is yours, Ludovico; nor will I withhold from you what is so justly your due. Some months ago a vessel picked up a flat deal box at sea, opposite an estate of mine, upon the coast; and the captain, being ignorant of the value of paintings, out of compliment, presented it to me."—He paused, and, looking at me very attentively, said, "Did you ever hear your father name any particular sum as the value of the picture?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "he would not have parted with it, out of his family, for untold gold. But we are poor—we must sell it!"

"I will manage that matter for you," said the Marquis; "the picture shall be put up to public auction, when it will fetch its full value: so go home, and comfort your mother; and I will let you know the result in a few days."

He put two guineas into my hand; and I went home so full of joy that I could only fling myself into my mother's arms, exclaiming, "I have found the picture!"

"What picture?"

"The one we lost at sea."

My mother smiled and shook her head incredu-

lously; but I soon recovered myself sufficiently to give a distinct account of all that had passed at L—— House: and her joy, if any thing, exceeded my own.

"Who will doubt, in future, the goodness of that gracious Providence," she said, "who so marvellously provides for the children of the distressed?"

A few days after this adventure, the kind Marquis called upon us in person, and put into my mother's lap a draft for four hundred pounds; the sum for which the picture had sold. My mother would have sunk at his feet; but he prevented her.

"The picture," he said, "was the reward of a good action—it ought to be an heir-loom in your family. I purchased it that I might enjoy the pleasure of bestowing it upon your son. The painting is in the next room: keep it, Ludovico, for my sake, and believe that an English nobleman feels as much satisfaction as an Italian prince in rewarding honest merit."

"This, my dear boy, is the history of the picture," said Arretti, again looking anxiously upon it. "Do you wonder at my regret in parting with such a memorial?"

"Dear papa, you must not sell it!"

"It is the path of duty, my son: whilst I am

in debt, Carlo, I cannot honestly keep what is money's worth."

As he finished speaking, Carlo rose to answer a knock at the door, and announced Colonel Grant, a gentleman who owed the artist a large sum of money, and whom he supposed to be abroad.

"Arretti," said the officer, "I am come at last to pay my debts; what do I owe you for that splendid landscape of Tivoli?"

"Fifty guineas," said Arretti, his wan cheek flushing to crimson.

"I suppose you thought I never meant to pay you," said the gay officer. "My uncle is just dead, has left me a fine fortune; and I can afford to encourage the arts." He laid the draft for the money upon the table. "Arretti, you must paint me a companion for Tivoli, and get it done as soon as possible. As to Annibale Carracci, I suppose you don't mean to part with that idol?"

"Not whilst I can get bread without," said the delighted Arretti, viewing the picture with greater pride than ever.

"Well, well, Ludovico, I do not blame you," said the Colonel, laughing; "but when you are reduced to starvation, you will know where to find a customer."

When the Colonel left the house, Arretti turned to his son with a countenance bright with hope, as

he said, "See, my dear boy! Providence never forsakes those who are true to themselves:—the picture is still ours, and we have many happy days in store!"

THE PAUPER AND THE SPARROWS.

On observing a female inmate of the workhouse of a Parish in the City of London, daily feeding the Sparrows with crumbs of bread.

The Widow, in the Gospel, gave
  Her two mites to the poor;
And yet the rich will often turn
  The needy from their door.

And is it still from those who scarce
  Have for themselves enough,
That such as might abundance spare
  Receive a just reproof?

Each day from her hard-measured dole,
  Yon aged pauper leaves
A portion for the household birds,
  That chirp upon the eaves.

And will not He, by whom unmarked
  A sparrow does not fall,
His humble delegate reward
  When her, too, he shall call?

DISTURBED BY THE NIGHT-MARE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

LITTLE Henry and Charles were two sad idle boys,
As my story may show in the sequel:
They were dull at their books; but, for mischief and noise,
Very few their achievements could equal.

Nor need they desire it; for frolic and fun
May be carried too far to be pleasing;
And what may *appear* such when only begun,
In the end may prove ill-natured teasing.

And many a freak, planned in merriment first,
Turns out no great joke to the urchin
Who contrived it for fun, but who comes off the worst,
When his mischief has left him the lurch in.

Young Harry and Charles learned that this was too true,
When one night, in their frolics so idle,
They found an old mare, and, without more ado,
Clapped on her a halter or bridle.

And by it they tied her as fast as they could
To the door of the worthy old Doctor:
Then they rapped, and they rung, as a messenger would;
Poor grizzle! the din must have shocked her.

And it shocked the good Doctor; for down stairs
he came,
With his blunderbuss, roused by the clatter;—
But he soon laid a plot, these young urchins to shame,
When he found what in truth was the matter.

He quietly shut to the door and went in,
While he sent his man John round the corner,
Where Harry and Charles, each in frolicsome pin,
Were hid:—then *their* plight was forlorner
Than *his*—when he woke in alarm at their noise;
For John had a whip worth the using,
And so soundly he horse-whipped these mischievous
boys,
That they found their fun far from amusing!

And they learnt, when the story got wind, and
was told,
The truth of an adage long written,
That all things which glitter are not always gold,
And the biter, at times, may be bitten!

True, it went for a bye-word, when folks ate too much,
And afterwards woke with affright there,
That perhaps, after all, it was only a touch
Of the good Doctor's old friend the Night-mare!

But the boys had the worst on't; for every one said,
Though they wish'd no such palfrey assign'd them,
They would sooner by half have the Night-mare
in bed,
Than old John with a horse-whip behind them!

THE ORPHAN OF BATTERSEA;

OR, THE JUDGMENT OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN."

In the pleasant fields of Battersea, near the river side, on a spot which is now covered with houses, dwelt, three hundred and ten years ago, the blind widow, Annice Collie, and her orphan grandchild, Dorothy. These two were alone in the world, and yet they might scarcely be said to feel their loneliness; for they were all the world to each other.

Annice Collie had seen better days; for she was the daughter of a substantial yeoman, and her husband, Reuben Collie, had been a gardener in the service of good Queen Catherine, the first wife of King Henry the Eighth; and Annice had been a happy wife, a joyful mother, and a liberal housekeeper, having wherewithal to bestow on the wayfarer and stranger at their need. It was, however, the will of God that these blessings should be taken from her. The Queen fell into adversity, and, being removed from her favourite palace at Greenwich, to give place to her newly exalted rival, Anne Boleyn, her faithful servants were all dis-

charged; and, among them, Reuben Collie and his son, Arthur, were deprived of their situations in the royal gardens.

This misfortune, though heavy, appeared light, in comparison with the bitter reverses that had befallen their royal mistress: for the means of obtaining an honest livelihood were still in the power of the industrious little family; and beyond that their ambition extended not.

Reuben Collie, who had spent his youth in the Low Countries, had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the art of horticulture, an art at that time so little practised in England, that the salads and vegetables with which the tables of the great were supplied, were all brought, at a great expense, from Holland, and were, of course, never eaten in perfection. Reuben Collie, however, whose observations on the soil and climate had convinced him that these costly exotics might be raised in England, procured seeds, of various kinds, from a friend of his in the service of the Duke of Cleves, and was so fortunate as to rear a few plants of cabbages, savoys, brocoli, lettuces, artichokes, and cucumbers, to the unspeakable surprise of all the gardeners in London and its environs; and honest Reuben narrowly escaped being arraigned as a wizard, in consequence of their envy at the success of his experiment. He had hired, on a long

lease, a cottage, with a small field adjoining, at a reasonable rent, of Master Bartholomew Barker, the rich tanner of Battersea; and this, he and his son, Arthur, had, with great care and toil, converted into a garden and nursery-ground, for rearing fruit-trees, vegetables, costly flowers, and herbs of grace: and this spot he flattered himself would, one day, prove a mine of wealth to himself, and his son after him. That golden season never arrived; for Arthur, who had, during a leisure time, obtained work in a nobleman's garden at Chelsea, for the sake of bringing home a few additional groats, to assist in the maintenance of his wife, Margaret, and his little daughter, Dorothy, who lived with the old people, was unfortunately killed by the fall of an old wall, over which he was training a fig-tree.

The news of this terrible catastrophe was a deathblow to Reuben Collie. The afflicted mother and wife of Arthur, struggled with their own grief to offer consolation to him; but it was in vain, for he never smiled again. He no longer took any interest in the garden, which had been before so great a source of pleasure to him: he suffered the weeds to grow up in his borders, and the brambles to take root in his beds. His flowers bloomed unheeded by him, and his fruit-trees remained unpruned: even his darling exotics, the very pride

of his heart and the delight of his eyes, whose progress he had, heretofore, watched with an affection that almost savoured of idolatry, were neglected; and, resisting all the efforts which his wife and daughter-in-law could make to rouse him from this sinful state of despair, he fell into a languishing disorder, and died a few months after the calamity that had rendered him childless.

And now the two widows, Annice and Margaret Collie, had no one to work for them, or render them any comfort in their bereavement, save the little Dorothy: nevertheless, they did not abandon themselves to the fruitless indulgence of grief, as poor Reuben had done; but, the day after they had, with tearful eyes, assisted at his humble obsequies, they returned to their accustomed occupations, or, rather, they commenced a course of unwonted labour in the neglected garden, setting little Dorothy to weed the walks and borders, while they prepared the beds to receive crops, or transplanted the early seedlings from the frames. And Dorothy, though so young, was dutifully and industriously disposed, and a great comfort to them both: it was her especial business to gather the strawberries and currants, and to cull the flowers for posies, and carry them out to sell daily; nor was she afraid to venture, even to the great City of London, on such errands, though her only companion and guard

was a beautiful Spanish dog, called Constant, which had been given to her, when quite a little puppy, by her royal mistress, good Queen Catherine, who was wont to bestow much notice on the child; and she, in her turn, fondly cherished the dog for the sake of her former benefactress. But Constant was, for his own sake, very deserving of her regard, not only for his extraordinary sagacity and beauty, but for the faithful and courageous attachment which he manifested for her person, no one daring to attack or molest her while he was at her side. Constant was, moreover, very useful in carrying her basket of posies for her, while she was loaded on either arm with those which contained the fruit; and so they performed their daily peregrinations, each cheering the other under their burdens, with kindly words on the one part, and looks and gestures of mutely eloquent affection on the other. Very fond and faithful friends were this guileless pair; and they were soon so well known, and excited so much interest, in the environs of London, that they were treated and caressed at almost every gentleman's house on the road: and the little girl found no difficulty in disposing of her fruit and flowers, and was as happy as a cheerful performance of her duties could render her. But these pleasant days did not last; the small-pox broke out in the neighbourhood:—

Dorothy's mother was attacked with this fatal malady, and, after a few days' severe illness, died; and the very night after the melancholy and hurried funeral of her beloved daughter-in-law took place, Annice Collie was laid upon the bed of sickness with the same cruel disease, and Dorothy was roused from the indulgence of the intense sorrow into which she was plunged by the unexpected death of her last surviving parent, to exert all her energies for the succour of her aged and helpless grandmother. "I know not how it was that I was enabled to watch, day and night, beside her bed, without sleep and almost without sustenance," would the weeping orphan say, whenever she referred to that sad period; "but of this I am assured, that the Lord, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto him, had compassion upon us both, or I never could have been supported, at my tender years, through trials like those. 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, his comforts refreshed my soul;' and it was through his mercy that my dear grandmother recovered: but she never beheld the light of day again, the cruel disease had destroyed her sight." Yes, in addition to all her other afflictions, Annice Collie was now blind, a widow, childless, and destitute; yet was repining far from her: and, raising her sightless orbs to heaven, when she was informed

by the sorrowful Dorothy of the extent of the calamity that had befallen her, in the loss of her daughter-in-law, she meekly said, with pious Eli, "It is the Lord, and shall I complain or fret myself because he hath, in his wisdom, resumed that which, in his bounty, he gave? Blessed be his holy name for all which he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away; though these eyes shall behold his glorious works no more, yet shall my lips continue to praise him who can bring light out of darkness."

But the illness of herself and her deceased daughter-in-law had consumed the little reserve that poor Annice had made for the payment of their rent; and their landlord, a hard and covetous man, who had, ever since the death of Reuben Collie, cast a greedy eye on the garden, which he and his son had made and planted with such labour and cost, called upon the poor widow on the quarter-day, and told her, with many harsh words, that, unless she resigned the lease of the garden to him, he would distrain her goods for the rent she owed him, and turn her and her grand-daughter into the street.

"It is hard to resign the lease of the garden, which has not yet remunerated us for the sum my poor husband laid out upon it, just as it is becoming productive; but I am in your debt, Master Barker,

so you must deal with me according to your conscience," said the blind widow; on which he took the garden into his own hands, and made a merit of leaving the two forlorn ones in possession of the cottage.

And now Dorothy betook herself to spinning, for the maintenance of herself and her helpless relative; but it was not much that she could earn in that way, after having been accustomed to active employment in the open air: and then, her grandmother fell sick again of a rheumatic fever, and Dorothy was compelled to sell first one piece of furniture and then another to purchase necessaries for her, till at length nothing was left but the bed on which poor Annice lay; and, when Dorothy looked round the desolated apartment that had formerly been so neat and comfortable, she was almost tempted to rejoice that her grandmother could not behold its present dreary aspect.

Winter again approached with more than ordinary severity: quarter-day came, and found the luckless pair unprovided with money to pay the rent; and their cruel landlord turned the blind widow and her orphan grandchild into the street: and, but for the benevolence of a poor laundress, who, out of pity, admitted them into her wretched hovel by the way-side, they would have had no shelter from the inclemency of the night that fol-

lowed. Annice, helpless as an infant, sunk down upon the straw, whereon her compassionate neighbour had assisted in placing her, and, having fully expressed her thanks, turned her face to the wall; for she could not bear that her son's orphan should see the tears which she vainly strove to repress: but she could not hide them from the anxious scrutiny of the weeping girl. Dorothy did not speak, but looked very earnestly on the pale cheek and sunken features of her venerable grandmother, while she appeared to hold communion with her own heart on some subject of very painful interest. At length she rose up with the air of one who has effected a mighty conquest, and exclaimed, "Yes, dearest grandmother, it shall be done: the sacrifice shall be made!"

"What shall be done, my child?" inquired Annice in surprise: "I have asked nothing of you."

"Not indeed with your lips, dear parent of my departed father," said Dorothy; "but your pallid cheek and tearful eyes have demanded a sacrifice of me, which, however dearly it cost me, shall be made—I will sell Constant."

"Sell Constant!" echoed her grandmother; "can you part with the gift of our royal mistress?"

"Not willingly, believe me," said Dorothy, throwing her arms about the neck of her mute favourite, and bursting into a flood of tears; "but

how can I see you want bread? It is not long since that I was offered an angel of gold for him by a servant of the Duchess of Suffolk; and this I selfishly refused at that time, saying, I would rather starve than part with my dog. Alas, poor fellow! though I have shared my scanty pittance with him, since your illness he has suffered much for want of food: famine hath touched us all; and I have reason to reproach myself for having retained a creature I can no longer maintain."

The next morning she rose at an early hour, and, accompanied by her faithful Constant, took the road to Westminster, to inquire if the Duchess of Suffolk were still disposed to purchase him at the price she had named; but she returned, bathed in tears, and in great distress, having encountered two ruffians, in a lonely part of the road at Knightsbridge, one of whom claimed Constant as his property, violently seized upon him, and, in spite of her tears and remonstrances, carried him off, threatening her with very harsh usage if she attempted to follow.

Poor Dorothy! this appeared one of the severest trials that had yet befallen her: at any rate it was one of those drops of bitterness which make a brimful cup of misery overflow; and, regardless of the soothings or expostulations of her grandmother, she wept and sobbed all that night,

refusing to be comforted. She rose the following morning with the melancholy conviction that no resource now remained but the wretched one of supplicating the alms of the charitably disposed in the streets and highways. Nothing but the imperative urgency of the case could have reconciled the meek and timid Dorothy to a mode of life so every way repugnant to her feelings. "We wept when we saw my dear mother laid in the cold and silent grave; but now I rejoice that she was spared the grief of seeing this day," said the sorrowful orphan, when she commenced her unwonted vocation, and experienced the bitter taunts of the pampered menials of the great, the rude repulses of the unfeeling, or the grave rebukes of the stern, but well-meaning, moralists who, though they awarded their charity, accompanied their alms with reflections on the disreputable and lazy trade she had adopted. Some there were, indeed, who, touched with the sweetness and modesty of her manners and appearance, spake the forlorn one kindly, relieved her present wants, and bade her call again; but the number of these was comparatively small: and the bread which she earned so hardly for herself and her aged relative, was, literally speaking, steeped in her tears. While pursuing her miserable occupation, she sadly missed the company and caresses of the faithful Constant.

"He would have been kind and affectionate," she said, "if all the world had frowned upon her. Her change of circumstances made no alteration in his regard; and, if she were in sickness or sorrow, and others chid or scorned her, he appeared to redouble his endearments; and, while he was by her side, she did not feel so very lonely—so sweet it is to be assured of the love of one friend, however humble." Sometimes, too, she thought she should feel less sorrowful if she were assured that he had fallen into good hands.

Meantime, days and weeks passed away, her clothes grew old and her shoes were worn out, and Dorothy, who was accustomed to appear so neat and nice in her attire, was reduced to the garb of the most abject misery; but, though barefoot and sorely pinched with cold and famine, she thought less of her own sufferings than of the privations to which her blind grandmother was exposed.

One evening, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and Dorothy had been begging all day without receiving a single penny in alms, neither had she tasted a morsel of food since a very early hour in the morning, her strength failed her; and, overcome by cold, hunger, weariness, and sorrow, she sat down on a heap of frozen snow by the way-side, and wept bitterly. The river Thames was then frozen over; and she had walked across it on

the ice, and was now in the parish of Chelsea. She regretted that she had ventured so far from her home, for she was oppressed with fatigue; and, though she saw the trees and houses on the opposite shores of Battersea so near, she felt as if she could not reach them that night. A drowsy feeling, the fatal effects of cold and hunger combined, was stealing over her: she tried to rouse herself, "for," she faintly whispered to herself, "my poor grandmother will be so uneasy if I do not return: but then," she thought, "how pleasantly I could go to sleep here, and forget all my troubles! I am not cold now, only so very, very drowsy;" and, though aware that, if she did yield to these lethargic feelings, her sleep would be the sleep of death, she required some stimulus, more powerful than even that conviction, to dispel the soporific influence of the deadly cold which had seized her tender frame, like a withering blight, and benumbed her faculties. But at the very moment when the shores of Battersea, with their snow-clad trees and houses, were fading before her closing eyes, and she was sinking passively and almost pleasingly into that slumber from which she would never have awaked, she was roused by a dog bounding suddenly upon her with a joyful cry, and licking her benumbed face and hands with the most passionate demonstrations of affection.

"Ah, my dear, dear Constant! is it you?" she exclaimed in an impulsive burst of delight at this unexpected rencontre. The icy bonds of the death-sleep that had enchained her were broken; and she returned the eager caresses of the faithful animal with the rapture of one who is suddenly restored to a long-lost friend: and, starting from the ground with renewed strength and spirits, she exclaimed, "I shall be able to reach home now I have found you, my pretty Constant, my own dear dog!"

"Your dog, hussey?" interposed a serving-man, rudely separating the re-united friends, "I 'd have you know that this dog belongs to my Lady More, whose footman I have the honour to be."

"Indeed, indeed, it is my dog that was stolen from me, on the Knightsbridge-road, by a hard-hearted man," sobbed Dorothy; she was going to add, "just such a one as yourself," but she stopped short.

"And pray, my sweet mistress, may I ask how a beggar-wench, like yourself, came in possession of a dog of such a rare and costly breed?" demanded the man with a sneer.

"He was given to me, when quite a puppy, by my sovereign lady, good Queen Catherine, who was ever gracious unto me," said she.

"Ho! ho! ho! was she so?" responded the man, bursting into an insulting laugh: "a likely

tale, forsooth! you look like a Queen's minion, my mistress, do you not? Well, well, it is not a small lie that will choke you! Good night, my fair courtier, 'tis too cold to stand parleying with you on the matter." So saying, he laid violent hands on Constant; and, in spite of his resistance and Dorothy's tears and passionate remonstrances, he tucked him under his arm, and trudged off.

Cold, hunger, weariness, and dejection, were alike forgotten by the bereaved mistress of Constant at the prospect of a second separation from this faithful friend, whose affecting remembrance of her, after so long an absence, had endeared him to her more than ever; and, without a moment's hesitation, she followed the servant as quickly as her naked and lacerated feet could carry her over the frozen snow, till he arrived at the gates of Sir Thomas More's mansion, which she essayed to enter with him.

"Why, you saucy young jade!" exclaimed he, thrusting her back: "this is a pass of impudence beyond any thing I ever heard of! Don't you know that I am my Lady More's own footman, and Sir Thomas More, my Lady's husband, is the Lord High Chancellor of England?"

"I pray you then to bring me to the speech of her ladyship," said Dorothy, "for the higher she be, the more will it behove her to do me justice."

On this the serving-man, who was aware that his lady was a proud worldly woman, and by no means likely to resign her favourite dog to a beggar-girl, laughed immoderately. Some of his fellow-servants, who were standing by, joined in his mirth, while others were so cruel as to address many jeering remarks to Dorothy on her dress and appearance, all which she heard patiently, and meekly replied, "The fashion of her clothes was not of her choice, but of her necessity, to which she prayed that none of those who reviled her might ever be exposed:" and, when none would undertake to bring her to the speech of Lady More, she seated herself on a stone at the gates of the court-yard, to wait for the appearance of some of the family, though she was exposed to the inclemency of the snow-storms, which beat on the uncovered head of the friendless orphan.

At length she heard the sound of wheels, and the servants came hastily to throw open the gates, crying, "Room, room, for my Lord Chancellor's coach;" and all the daughters of Sir Thomas More, with their husbands and children, came forth to welcome him, as was their custom; for that great and good man was very tenderly beloved of his family, to every member of which he was most fondly attached: yet, when he saw the half-naked child sitting so sorrowfully at his gate, he looked

reproachfully upon them all, and said, "How now, have ye all learned the parable of Lazarus and Dives to so little purpose, that ye suffer this forlorn one to remain without the gates in such an evening that no Christian would turn a dog from the fire?"

"Noble Sir," said Dorothy, making a lowly reverence to Sir Thomas, "none of this good family wist of my distress, nor have I applied to them for an alms: the cause of my making bold to come hither was upon another matter, on which I beseech your worshipful Lordship to do me justice."

"Well, my little maiden, it is cold deciding on causes here," said Sir Thomas: "so thou shalt step into my kitchen with the servants; and, after thou art fed and warmed, I will hear thee on thy matter."

Now, though the words "fed and warmed" sounded pleasantly enough in the ears of the cold, half-famished child, yet her attachment to her dog prevailed over every other consideration, and she said, "Alack! noble sir, though I stand greatly in need of your hospitable charity, yet would it be more satisfaction to me if you would be pleased to hear me forthwith on the matter of my dog, which is detained from me by one of my Lady More's serving-men, under the false pretence that it belongeth to her Ladyship."

"Go to, thou saucy vagrant! hast thou the boldness to claim my favourite dog before my face?" exclaimed a very sour-spoken and hard-favoured old gentlewoman, whom Dorothy had not before observed.

"Craving your honourable Ladyship's pardon, nay," replied Dorothy, curtseying, "I do not claim your ladyship's dog, for that would be a sin; but I demand my own to be restored to me, in which I hope I wrong no one, seeing he is mine own lawful property, which a false caitiff took violently from me three months agone."

"That agreeth well with the time when your dog Sultan was presented to you, Mistress Alice," observed Sir Thomas significantly.

"Tilley-valley! tilley-valley!" ejaculated Lady More in a pet; "that is ever the way in which you cross me, Sir Thomas, making out withal as though I were a receiver of stolen goods."

"Nay, patience, my lady; I went not so far as to decide the cause before I had heard both sides of the question, which it is my purpose to do without farther delay," returned Sir Thomas, smiling: "so follow me into court, both plaintiff and defendant, and I will give judgment between the parties before I sup;" and, with a merry air, he led the way into the servants' hall, where, placing himself in the housekeeper's chair, and, putting on

his cap, he said, "Beggar versus my Lady, open the pleadings, and speak boldly."

But poor Dorothy, instead of speaking, hung down her head, and burst into tears.

"How! speechless!" said Sir Thomas: "then must the court appoint counsel for the plaintiff. Daughter Margaret, do you closet the plaintiff, hear her case, and plead for her.

Then Mistress Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas's eldest daughter, with a benevolent smile, took the abashed, trembling girl aside; and, having, with soothing words, drawn the particulars of her melancholy story from her, she advanced to the front of Sir Thomas's chair, leading the weeping orphan by the hand, and attempted to humour the scene by opening her client's case in a witty imitation of legal terms, after the manner of a grave law-serjeant; but, as she proceeded to detail the circumstances under which the dog was lost, recognized, and again taken from the friendless orphan, she, by imperceptible degrees, changed her style to the simply pathetic terms in which the child had related the tale to her—the language—the unadorned language of truth and feeling, which never fails to come home to every bosom. All present, save my Lady More, who preserved a very *aigre* and impenetrable demeanour, were dissolved in tears: as for the poor plaintiff, she covered her face with a

part of her tattered garments, and sobbed aloud; and the counsel herself was compelled to pause for a moment to overcome her own emotion, ere she could conclude her eloquent appeal on her client's behalf.

"Thou hast pleaded well, my good Meg," said Sir Thomas, smiling through his tears on his best beloved daughter; "but now must we hear the defendant's reply, for the plaintiff ever appeareth in the right till after the defendant hath spoken: so now, my Lady, what hast thou to say in this matter?"

"My Lady hath to repeat what she hath too often said before, that Sir Thomas More's jests are ever out of place," replied my Lady in a huff.

"Nay, marry, good Mistress Alice, an' thou have nought better to the purpose to respond, I must be fain to give judgment for the plaintiff in this case."

"Tilley-valley, Sir Thomas! thou art enough to provoke a saint with thy eternal quips and gibes," replied her Ladyship: "I tell you the dog is my property, and was presented to me by an honourable gentleman, one Master Rich, whom you, Sir Thomas, know well; and he said he bought him of a dealer in such gear."

"Which dealer probably stole him from my client," said Mistress Margaret Roper.

"Nay, but, daughter Margaret, how knowest thou that Sultan was ever this wench's property?" retorted Lady More sharply.

"Well answered, defendant," said Sir Thomas: "we must call a witness whose evidence must decide that matter. Son Roper, bring the dog Sultan, alias Constant, into court."

The eyes of Dorothy brightened at the sight of her old companion; and Sir Thomas More, taking him into his hands, said, "Here now am I placed in as great a strait as ever was King Solomon, in respect to the memorable case in which he was called upon to decide whose was the living child, which both mothers claimed, and to whom pertained the dead, which neither would acknowledge. This maiden saith the dog which I hold is hers, and was violently taken from her three months agone: my Lady replies, "Nay, but he is mine, and was presented to me by an honourable man," (one of the King's Counsellors forsooth). Now, in this matter, the dog is wiser than my Lord Chancellor, for he knoweth unto whom he of right pertaineth; and, therefore, upon his witness must the decision of this controversy depend. So now, my Lady, you stand at the upper end of the hall, as befits your quality, and you, my little maiden, go to the lower; and each of you call the dog by the name which you have been wont to do: and to which-

soever of you twain he goeth, that person I adjudge to be his rightful owner."

"Oh, my Lord, I ask no other test!" exclaimed Dorothy joyfully.

"Sultan! Sultan! come to thy mistress, my pretty Sultan!" said my Lady, in her most blandishing tone, accompanying her words with such actions of enticement as she judged most likely to win him over to her: but he paid not the slightest heed to the summons. Dorothy simply pronounced the word "Constant;" and the dog, bounding from between the hands of Sir Thomas More, who had lightly held him till both claimants had spoken, leaped upon her, and overwhelmed her with his passionate caresses.

"It is a clear case," said Sir Thomas: "the dog hath acknowledged his mistress, and his witness is incontrovertible. Constant, thou art worthy of thy name!"

"Hark ye, wench!" said my Lady More, whose desire of retaining the object of dispute had increased with the prospect of losing him, "I will give thee a good price for thy dog, if thou art disposed to sell him."

"Sell my dear, beautiful, faithful Constant! Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Dorothy, throwing her arms about her newly recovered favourite, and kissing him with the fondest affection.

"I will give thee a golden angel, and a new suit of clothes to boot, for him, which, I should think, a beggar-girl were mad to refuse," pursued Lady More.

"Nay, nay, my Lady, never tempt me with your gold," said Dorothy; "or my duty to my poor blind grandmother will compel me to close with your offer, though it should break my heart withal."

"Nay, child, an' thou hast a blind old grandmother, whom thou lovest so well, I will add a warm blanket, and a linsey-woolsey gown for her wear, unto the price I have already named," said the persevering Lady More:—"speak, shall I have him?" pursued she, pressing the bargain home.

Dorothy averted her head, to conceal the large tears that rolled down her pale cheeks, as she sobbed out, "Ye—es, my Lady."

"Dear child," said Sir Thomas, "thou hast made a noble sacrifice to thy duty: 'tis pity that thou hast taken up so bad a trade as begging, for thou art worthy of better things."

"It is for my poor blind grandmother," said the weeping Dorothy: "I have no other means of getting bread for her."

"I will find thee a better employment," said Sir Thomas, kindly: "thou shalt be my daughter Roper's waiting-maid, if thou canst resolve to quit

the wandering life of a beggar, and settle to an honest service."

"How joyfully would I embrace your offer, Noble Sir, if I could do so without being separated from my aged grandmother, who has no one in the world but me," replied Dorothy, looking up between smiles and tears.

"Nay, God forbid that I should put asunder those whom nature hath so fondly united in the holy bands of love and duty," said Sir Thomas More, wiping away a tear: "my house is large enough to hold ye both; and while I have a roof to call mine own, it shall contain a corner for the blind and aged widow and the destitute orphan; that so, when the fashion of this world passeth away, they may witness for me before Him, before whom there is no respect of persons, and who judgeth every man according to his works."

A MELODY.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE."

THOU great Supreme! who gavest birth
To Time, and all we know and see!
Are not yon heavens, and this fair earth,
Full of thy wonders and of thee?
Who can view nature, wild or fair,
Nor see thy glories mirrored there?

When Morn unveils her smiling face,
And hills are revelling all in light,
And woods burst forth in song, we trace
Thy goodness in that full delight,
Adorning earth, as in her prime,
And blessing man, in spite of crime,

The tempest on its wings of gloom,
The rising ocean's hollow dash,
The lowering cloud, from out whose womb,
Mid rolling thunders, lightning's flash,
Proclaim how awful is thy power,
Who rul'st the terrors of that hour.

At daylight's close, when, soft and still,
The dew refreshes flower and tree,
And sweetly smiles the gold-tipt hill,
And man and beast from toil are free,
And in her covert sighs the dove;
That scene of beauty speaks thy love.

The blue, eternal vault of night,
The thousand rolling worlds on high,
That awe, yet charm the wondering sight,
All emblem thy immensity.
Who can view nature, wild or fair,
Nor see thy glories mirrored there?

MINNA, THE BROOM-GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS."

"And buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom,
Buy a broom, buy a broom!"

"ISABEL, you told me yesterday, that if I were diligent, and learned my French lessons well this week, you would take me to the Bazaar, that I might lay out my savings in buying some nice toy. Now I have resolved to buy a doll; not a common doll, like those we see in the baskets in Oxford-street, but an elegant lady-like doll, such a one as Lady Eltham brought Miss Caroline from Paris. I saw such a pretty one at the Soho Bazaar, better than Miss Caroline's French doll; such a darling, and—"

"Well, Adela?"

"Well, sister Isabel, I mean to buy that very doll; and, as I have been a *very* good girl, I suppose you will walk out with me, that I may lay out my money."

"Let me hear how good you have been," said Isabel.

"In the first place, then," replied Adela, with a satisfied air, "I have written a French exercise, translated two fables from La Fontaine, learned a tense of a verb, and practised my music for an hour.

Besides all these things, I have nearly hemmed three sides of this cambric handkerchief for Mamma."

"Well, Adela, all this was very well; and I will say you have been a diligent girl this morning;—to be a *good* girl something more is required, and to be very good, you ought to have done some good and kind action. There is a great difference between being good and being diligent. We are commanded to assist our fellow-creatures in all things, when they stand in need of our help; to be patient, meek, and humble, in our own eyes; to be dutiful to our parents, to be kind to those that hate as well as to those that love us: in short, my dear Adela, to do many things that you neglect to do,—before the term good can rightly be applied to us:—do you now think you deserve to be called a very good girl?"

After a short pause Adela said, she thought she saw a difference between her sort of goodness and that which her sister described, and so she supposed she was not really good.

"Your's is comparative, not positive goodness, Adela," observed Isabel; "that is, you are a good girl compared with one who has not performed her allotted tasks. Now put on your bonnet, and we will go to the Bazaar."

As the sisters were passing through Charles-street, in their way to Soho-square, the attention

of Isabel Summers was attracted to one of those German girls who come yearly from the neighbourhood of Frankfort-on-Maine, and from different parts of Bavaria, with those curious little brooms, which are formed of the sticks of a species of osier, shaved in a peculiar manner.

These Germans, generally speaking, are a simple-hearted, moral people: the parents remarkable for tenderness to their children, the children for duty and affection to their parents.

The national dress by which these foreigners are distinguished is a tight bodice, or little jacket, and petticoat of dark blue, grey, or russet cloth, set in full plaits round the waist, and made very short, according to the fashion of their country; a small quilted-mob cap, without any border, which scanty covering supplies the place of a hat or bonnet. Their light brown hair is either rolled quite back from the forehead, or parted in smooth bands across the brow. On the left arm they carry their brooms, which they offer with a winning smile and in a peculiarly pleasing tone of voice, for "only two pennies, or creat proom for saxpennies, ver cheap; or von large, creat proom for von Englis skilling (shilling)." Their countenances usually express candour and simplicity. In height, complexion, and colour of the eyes and hair, they are all so nearly alike, that a person unused to these

foreigners, would be tempted to imagine them all members of one family.

There was an unusual air of sadness in the meek blue eyes of the young German girl that accosted the sisters, which excited a considerable degree of interest in the mind of Isabel. The crowd hurried on, regardless of the gentle appeal of the young foreigner, "to puy proom of a poor German maid."

Disappointment and dejection sat on the brow of the wanderer at each rejection of her humble appeal; but hope again brightened in her eyes, as she caught the expression of kindly interest with which Isabel regarded her.

"Puy a proom, tear laty," she said, "of a poor stranger maid."

"I do not want one," replied Isabel; "neither could I carry it through the street, if I were to buy one of your brooms."

"Myself will carry it for you," returned the broom-girl quickly: "Minna has not earned von single penny to-day, and de moder pe sick, and vant food. Ah! laty," she continued, her blue eyes filling with tears as she turned them anxiously on the face of Isabel, "you know not de crief of seeing a tear moder sick, and without food, in a strange country, far from friends and de faderland (native land), or you would pity a poor proom-girl, and not turn away from her sorrowful cry."

Isabel was touched by this appeal to her filial feelings. "Well, Minna," she said, "you shall go home with me, and I will buy some of your brooms;" and Isabel turned to retrace her steps to Oxford-street, when Adela forcibly pulled her sleeve, and whispered, in a whining tone, "You have forgotten my doll, sister."

"Cannot you defer buying your doll till to-morrow?" asked Isabel.

"No, I do not like to wait another day; I want her this very afternoon: and you know you did promise," said little Adela.

"I know I did promise to go with you to the Bazaar; but, if I do, I cannot go home with this poor girl: but, perhaps," she added, "you will not mind carrying the brooms I intend buying of Minna yourself."

"You are joking with me, Isabel," said Adela, resentfully: "finely it would look, indeed, to see Miss Adela Summers carrying brooms on her shoulder, like a poor German broom-girl."

"Perhaps you would prefer seeing me carrying them through the streets," observed Isabel, drily.

"No, I should not like it at all; but you need not buy these ugly brooms. I am sure they will be of no use to you; for you never sweep the house," replied Adela, pettishly.

"Dey pe nice proom for sweeping dust from pic-

ture-frame or ped-hanging, and little proom pe coot ting for sprinkling linen, young laty," said Minna, who had lent an anxious ear to the dialogue between the sisters.

"Well, Adela, will you not give a trifle to this poor distressed foreigner?" said Isabel.

But Adela could not part with her savings, she said, till she knew exactly how much her doll would cost; and she pouted and regarded the poor sorrowful Minna with looks of evident displeasure from beneath her down-cast eyelids.

"Adela, shall I buy Minna's brooms, and enable her to carry home money to buy food for her sick mother; or shall I go with you to the Bazaar?" asked Isabel, looking steadfastly on the face of her little sister.

Adela did not answer: she felt ashamed to say, "Go with me to the Bazaar;" and she could not resolve to overcome her selfish inclination. She stood scraping her shoe along the edge of the pavement, looking very cross and sulky.

Isabel guessed what was passing in the mind of her little sister; and, thinking the present opportunity a fitting one for proving to her how really weak she was, and hoping to convince her of this great error in her character, by making her feel the pain of self-reproach, that painful, but wholesome, corrector of our faults, she put a trifle, un-

seen by Adela, into Minna's hand, and, having ascertained where she might be found, she continued her walk to the Bazaar.

Adela hung down her head during the rest of the way, for she was ashamed to look up; but, when she saw all the pretty toys and dolls at the Bazaar, her uneasiness vanished, and she quite forgot Minna and her brooms.

After a long time spent in walking through the rooms, and examining the separate merits of dolls with blue eyes, and dolls with black eyes; dolls with flaxen, auburn, or black ringlets; wax or composition; Dutch, English, or French dolls, with other points of equal importance to a doll-buyer, Adela at length purchased a very beautiful wax doll, very elegantly dressed in white muslin with pink trimming, for which she gave the sum of ten shillings, the whole of her half-year's savings. The purchase of this doll left Adela with an empty purse—she had not so much as one single sixpence remaining.

Adela was so charmed with her beautiful doll, that she resolved on carrying her through the streets in her arms. Isabel advised her to consign her to the care of the porter who attended at the Bazaar with his basket; but Adela persisted in declaring she should take more care of her treasure than the porter would.

"Please yourself, Adela," replied her sister; "but remember of what frail materials this dear doll is composed." Regardless of this remonstrance, the perverse little girl proceeded homewards, hugging her doll in her arms, and congratulating herself on having gained her own way. But her joy was of short duration; for a careless baker's boy, with a basket of bread on either arm, pushed so rudely past Adela, that the corner of one of the baskets came in contact with the doll's head, and gave it so rude a shock that the wax doll's head, with all its adornments of blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and luxuriant flaxen ringlets, fell from its shoulders, and rolled along the pavement at her feet. Adela held in her arms only a headless trunk. Her distress was unspeakable—she wept floods of tears; and, with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks, she angrily reproached the author of the mischief: but the baker-boy, without appearing at all moved by her distress, trudged across the street, saying, "I'm sorry, little Miss, the baby's head was so brittle it wouldn't stand a knock: them kind of gimcracks arn't very strong, a wooden one will outlast ten such."

This speech added not a little to Adela's mortification; and she continued to cry aloud during the rest of the walk. Isabel spoke not one word of consolation, but preserved an unbroken silence till

they reached home; and Adela, overwhelmed alike with chagrin and anger, retired to the nursery, to mourn over the disasters of the day, and to regret her own selfishness and wilful folly, which had terminated in so melancholy a catastrophe.

The following morning, after Adela's governess had dismissed her from the school-room, Isabel bade her put on her tippet and bonnet, as she intended taking a walk. In the course of conversation, Isabel said, "Adela, do you feel satisfied with your conduct yesterday?"

"Indeed, dear Isabel," replied the little girl, blushing, "I was very naughty: I wish I had not persisted in carrying home the doll, and then the accident would not have happened—I am very sorry I did not do as you bade me."

"Is that all you are sorry for, Adela?"

Adela's eyes sank abashed beneath the searching glance that Isabel fixed on her face; and, in a low voice, she said, "No, not all: I am sorry I persisted in going to the Bazaar when you wished me not; and—"

"And have you no other cause for regret?"

The little girl did not speak; but her eyes filled with tears, and she sighed very deeply.

"Were you not grieved, Adela, that you refused to give a trifling sum to preserve a distressed fellow-creature from want and sorrow? Would not the

satisfaction arising from the performance of an act of kindness and benevolence have far outweighed the pleasure of playing with a new doll, even if you had brought her home in safety ?"

"I wish I had not bought the doll," whispered little Adela. "If I had given all the money to Minna, I should not have been poorer than I am now: for I hate my doll now that she is without a head, and I cannot play with her, or show her to Miss Caroline."

"You would, at all events, have been much wiser and far happier, my dear sister; for you would have been doing your duty to your neighbour, and fulfilling the words of our Lord, who says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The sisters now approached a narrow alley, that led through a close, dark street, into a sort of court, which was composed of dirty, shabby houses; at one of which Isabel stopped, to the no small surprise of Adela. The door was opened by a woman of harsh and unpleasant aspect. She appeared astonished at the appearance of her visitors; and, curtseying very low, inquired what they wanted. Isabel said, she had been told some poor distressed foreigners lodged in her house, and she wished to speak with them. The woman replied, "There was a poor German buy-a-broom girl and her mother in the house; but they were very poverty

sort of folks, and not fit to be seen by ladies. But, I suppose, Miss," she added, "you will excuse their condition."

"The distressed need no excuse for their poverty," answered Isabel.

"Well, Miss," said the woman, "if you do not mind going among such shabby kind of folks, you may step down and see them."

"Isabel, I do not like going into such a dirty house," whispered Adela, drawing back.

"I should have enough to do, little Miss, I think, if I were to clean after my lodgers: going out and coming in, never stand for the dirt they make," muttered the woman of the house, as she proceeded to show Isabel the way down a flight of narrow steep stairs into an under-ground apartment of the most forlorn description.

This miserable apartment was almost destitute of furniture; containing only a wretched mattrass, which occupied a distant corner, a stool, and an old deal box, which served the place of a table, and contained the only articles of apparel belonging to the unhappy inmates of the room.

By the dim rays of light which were partially admitted through the broken panes of a narrow casement, half crusted over with mud, and obscured by a variety of rags and paper, Isabel was enabled to discern the objects of her solicitude.

On the side of the wretched bed sat Minna Weber, supporting the drooping head of her mother on her bosom, while she tenderly strove to soothe the sorrowful moanings which pain and misery wrung from her lips. So intently was this poor girl engaged in watching the pale countenance of her suffering parent, that she did not, at first, perceive the entrance of the strangers, till her attention was directed towards them by the sharp tones of the landlady's voice: and in broken English she expressed her gratitude for "de goodness of young laty, who come to see poor German girl:" at the same time apologising, in the most intelligible manner she could, for not having two seats to offer for the accommodation of her visitors.

Isabel was moved to compassion on perceiving the miserable condition to which illness had reduced the mother of Minna, who was unable to raise herself in the bed, from complete exhaustion. "Your mother seems very ill," she said, turning to Minna.

"Minna's moder have pad cough ever since she come to dis country, laty," replied Minna.

"And how long have you been in England?"

"Petter den tre mont! tre long mont!" replied the young German, who evidently measured the length of time by the sorrow she had endured since her sojourn in England.

"From what part of Germany did you come?"

"From a village near Frankfort—Frankfort-on-Maine: dere pe many mile and moche sea from England."

"And what induced you to come so far from your own land?"

With some vivacity Minna replied, "Dere pe moche money in England, put no proom: in Germany dere pe moche proom and little money. At Frankfort-on-Maine and in Pavaria men make de proom, and German girl and woman come over to dis country and sell dem."

"And how do you reach England from Frankfort?" asked Isabel.

"We travel through Franche Compte to seaside, and den come over in de fire-skip."*

Isabel was puzzled for a moment to know what Minna meant by a fire-skip; and she felt half inclined to laugh at this droll, but not unnatural, definition of a steam-vessel: but she checked her risibility, lest she should vex the poor foreigner, whose ignorance of the language had caused her mistake. "And can you sell your brooms in Franche Compte?"

"In Franche Compte I sell de proom, but not

* The reply of a poor German woman on my asking how she came over to England:—"Me come, coot laty, in de fire-skip;" meaning the steam-packet.

so well as in England. I sell de small proom for une sous, deux sous, tre sous," replied the young foreigner, counting on her fingers the numerals. "In Lonton I sell dem for quartre sous, six sous; and de creat proom of all for von skilling. Put England pe pad place for sick folk," she added, turning with tearful eyes towards her mother.

She then informed Isabel, that, being very poor, her mother and herself had been induced to join some of their country people, and come over to England to earn some money by the sale of their brooms: and, for this purpose, they laid out all their savings in buying a stock of brooms from the proprietors of the osier-grounds, near Frankfort; and, with many others from their village, they travelled through Franche Compte to the sea-side, where they embarked for England. That every thing went well with them, and they were very comfortable, till they came to London, when her mother fell sick with a bad cough and rheumatic fever, which entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs, and finally reduced them to their present state of distress. The trifling sum for which Minna sold her brooms was insufficient to supply their wants; and they had often been without food from one day to another.

One circumstance Minna seemed particularly to regret, which was the loss of her Bible, which had

been given her by the Protestant pastor of the village, and which Minna had been obliged to sell to buy food for her mother. This book had been the constant companion of her travels, and her solace under all her trials. "Minna could not see her moder starve," she said, sobbing; "and Oh, tear laty!" she continued, weeping, "Minna thought God had forsaken her quite. When she saw you yesterday, she had no food, no money to puy pread; and de woman of de house told Minna, if she did not get one skilling to pay de week lodging, she and her poor sick moder must go into de street. Vat vould have pecome of us Minna do not know; put coot young laty have pity on poor Minna, and den she pay rent and get pread."

"Do you not see, my poor girl, that God does not forget us, though we too often forget him? He is ever ready to help those that put their trust in him. Fear not, Minna: God will in no wise forsake you, though, for some wise end, he suffers you to be brought very low, and to endure affliction for a season." Saying this, Isabel put into the broom-girl's hand a piece of silver, bade her be comforted, and, promising to see her again shortly, proceeded homeward.

Adela had been very silent during the visit to the poor foreigners; but now she said, with a tone of much regret, "How I wish I had some money

to give poor Minna! Sister Isabel," she added, "will you give me some money to give Minna when we go to see her again?"

"No, my dear Adela: it will not then be your gift, but mine; you must earn the pleasure of doing a good action yourself."

"I wish I were rich, and had plenty of money of my own," sighed Adela.

"It is better not to be rich, than, having riches, to make a bad use of them," observed her sister. "You were rich yesterday: ten shillings for a little girl of your age was a great sum, and yet you would not spare one single sixpence to relieve the distress of the poor broom-girl. See, Adela, how difficult a matter it is to do good, when our own selfish inclinations stand in the way, and lead us into temptation."

Adela was very sorrowful, and she said, "I wish I had not bought the doll: if I had not been so selfish, I should have had money to give to Minna for her poor sick mother."

"You would have been laying up for yourself treasure in heaven, my sister, of which no casual accident could have deprived you."

Now Adela's Papa had promised to take her to see the Diorama; and she had reckoned for some time on the pleasure she expected to derive from the sight of that interesting exhibition: and her

eyes brightened with joy when Mr. Summers proposed taking her with him the following day. But suddenly she became thoughtful, and, approaching her sister, whispered some words in her ear. "I do not doubt it, Adela," was her sister's reply; then, turning to her father, she preferred Adela's petition, that the money which would have been appropriated to the purchase of the ticket for admission to the Diorama, might be given her to bestow on Minna Weber.

"Do you not wish to go to the Diorama?" asked her father.

"Yes, dear Papa," answered Adela, colouring with some little emotion; "but Isabel has convinced me, it is better to do good to the poor than to gratify one's own wishes. God does not love those that are selfish, and do not endeavour to help their fellow-creatures."

Adela's request was immediately complied with by her father; and the following day Mr. Summers gave directions for Minna and her mother to be removed to healthier and better lodgings; and, learning from Minna that she could sew neatly, he desired his daughter to supply her with needlework, that she might be enabled to support her mother during her sickness.

The heart of the grateful Minna overflowed with joy at this unlooked for change in her condition:

and she acknowledged the superintending care of that merciful Being, who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded, and watcheth over us, even as a tender father over his children.

Not many days after their removal, when Isabel came to visit Minna, she found her seated beside her mother's bed, reading to her from the German Bible, the loss of which she had so greatly lamented. Surprised at this sight, Isabel asked by what means she had regained the book; and Minna, with tears of gratitude, informed her Miss Adela had sent it to her some days since by the hands of Evans, her nurse.

It was for this purpose Adela had given up the pleasure of visiting the Diorama; and, having learned from Minna the name of the person to whom she had sold the book, she took the earliest opportunity that occurred, to go with Evans to obtain it from Mr. Saunders, who gladly parted with a book which he had regarded as an unsaleable article.

Minna's joy, at the restoration of her treasure, was only equalled by that experienced by little Adela when folded in the arms of her affectionate sister, and assured that with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

ALFRED AND HIS DOG.*

BY ISABEL HILL.

When Cooper paints, mine eye forgets
That it surveys Art's mimic line;
I often pity children's pets,
Yet, Alfred! almost envy thine.

That dog, a happy slave to thee,
If cruelty or cowardice
His recompence could ever be,
Might fiercely punish such caprice.

But thou, dear boy! not e'en in sport
Would'st torture the brave, faithful friend
Thy fearless arms so gently court—
He 'd die, such master to defend.

What a sweet contrast! "May I ride,
Papa?" thy soft eyes seem to ask,
While his say, "If *I* 'm satisfied,
Who dare defeat my pleasing task?"

For dogs have seldom more to do
Than just to eat, drink, sleep, and play;
Thou look'st as if thy spirit knew
Far better how to pass the day.

* See the Frontispiece.

To thee, blest child! was wisely given
High reason's power, thy mind to guide
Towards knowledge, such as bounteous Heaven
To brutes, as wisely, hath denied.

Yet ne'er may'st thou unlearn thy taste
For friends who serve, forgive, obey,
Guard, champion thee, with zealous haste,
And not one flattering word to say.

Comrades be thine, nor strangers—foes—
Can bribe to act the inconstant part,
Who 'd follow thee, through want and woes,
Heir of true wealth—an honest heart!

Soon may'st thou learn thy books to love,
As now thou lov'st each harmless game,
And, by thy filial duties, prove
Worthy so good a father's name!

THE END.

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