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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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G. Collett



THE SPITEFUL OLD FAIRY AND HER LAZY GOD-DAUGHTER.

My Own Treasury

A GIFT BOOK

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

First Series.



ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.





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CHRISTMAS TIME.



HERE come I, Old Father Christmas,
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope Old Father Christmas,
Will never be forgot.

WELCOME, always welcome, Old Father Christmas! for with you come "the merry laugh and jocund sound," the sparkling yule-log and the mirth-creating misletoe; with you do we have those smoking bowls of hot furmenty, and those ponderous platters of plum-pudding; with you it is that we join in the joyous gambols of the romping blindman's-buff, or in the sly merriment of the more humble hunt-the-slipper; again, with you do we—but stay, little use is it our here detailing the good things Old Father Christmas

brings, or the joyous customs of Christmas time. Well is it known that never is the laugh so merry, or the song so jovial, that never is the plum pudding so good, or are the charms of blindman's-buff, or hunt-the-slipper, so bewitching, as at the time of which we speak; and that never at any other time is merriment half as animating, as the mirth of a merry Christmas: and then there is the misletoe, that merry mischief maker; how many a time when we were young, would we tempt beneath its branch the fair form of some pleasing playmate, and then and there, with one of our blandest smiles, give her one of our sweetest kisses; for although we might disdain to do such an action at any other time, at Christmas it all was fair.

In those days of which we speak, when we were as young, ay, and as happy too as those for whom we now write, well do we remember how long before the time we thought of Christmas and its cheer; how many were the hours that we chatted with our school companion, about the places we should then visit, and the people we should then see; and how for days and weeks we were employed in preparing our tasks for the examination, determined when the holidays did come to take home a good character for perseverance and industry. But the first faint glimpse we had of Christmas, was in that wondrous letter, with its light up strokes and its firm down strokes, with its p's and q's placed in apple pie array, with its "dear papa," and its "dearest mamma," with its "I have the pleasure to inform you," and with its gratifying intelligence as to *when* the school would break up, and *when* the Christmas holidays would commence, with its telling of the progress made in Latin or in French, of the addition to the stores of arithmetic, or of the

new crotchets acquired in music, of the new tune learned to play, or the new song to warble forth, with its "Mr. Smith sends his compliments to papa," or "Mrs. Smith desires to be kindly remembered to mamma," and with its other half dozen tit bits of intelligence. But that letter, that marvellous epistle, the work of many an hour, had but one theme; the music and the song, but one tune.

"Home, home, sweet home,"

pervaded the whole; and when the time *did* come, when breaking-up day *did* arrive, when the boxes were all packed, and the good byes all given, light was the heart, and loud the shout, "hurrah for home!" as crack went the whip and off whirled the carriage, filled with as merry a little cargo as it ever had contained.

Well, well, we doubt not but the youngsters of the present age are as anxious for Christmas to come, and as merry when it does come, as were those of half a century ago. Let us, therefore, take it for granted that their tasks have terminated, at least for the present; that their "breaking-up" letters have been written; that their holidays have commenced; and that they have again reached home, with hearts overflowing with joy; that papa has praised the copy books; that mamma has said a hundred times she never saw children grow so fast; that uncles and aunts have been visited, and each have given a sly hint of the Christmas gift they have in store; that little Bobby has kissed every body, and every body has kissed him; that all the friends who were invited, have arrived; and that all now wait the approach of old Father Christmas, old as the hills

in years, but blithe and merry as the lambkins that skip around them in spring, so now come Christmas :—

“ Come hither with fun and with folly,
Bring icicle gems on thy brow ;
The bright coral beads of the holly,
And pearls from the misletoe bough.”

You have heard, no doubt, of the mode of celebrating Christmas Eve in Germany ; of the fir-tree, with its numerous wax lights and branches of sweetmeats, and toys and gaily coloured ribbons set up in the parlour, and the tables placed round the room with the names of all the members of the family, to which, some how or other, all sorts of pretty things find their way. Nobody you must be aware, is in the secret but the papa and mamma, and now and then an old aunt or so ; and that when the important evening arrives, the children have to wait, generally for a long time upstairs or downstairs, or in some out of the way corner, while the decoration of the room is going on, but that at a given signal, in they rush to be dazzled and astonished at its brilliant appearance, and to wonder at the gorgeous display on each of their tables.

In our own country, we fear not, but that our little friends well know the period when the Christmas presents are dispersed, and that their impatient hearts, anxious to witness the wonderful gifts in store, have many a time longed for the Christmas Morn to arrive. But as in Germany, so is it also in England, on Christmas Eve that the festivities commence, for as night draws nigh merrily peal forth the parish bells, and great is the gathering around every hearth ; the yule log is added to the fire, spreading light and warmth around, and with countenances as cheerful as the fire that so cheerfully burns, blithesome and

gay are all as they wait for the sport and pleasantry to commence, or the bowl of smoking furmenty to come in. With excellent taste, too, has the house been previously decorated with evergreens of every kind, with the victorious laurel, and the bright leaves and glowing berries of the holly, with the unwithering box, the creeping ivy, and the wide spreading fir, as also with the sweet scented rosemary and the single bough of hallowed mistletoe. Work of every kind is now laid aside, and all are anxious to join in the pleasures of the season; and when the supper is over and the wassail bowl has passed round, the happiness of the evening is at its height, as merrily the dance begins.



In Sweden, there is a custom at Christmas of hanging up in front of every house a small sheaf of wheat for the winter pro-

vision of the birds, who would, without this supply, perish with cold and hunger amid the inclemencies of a northern winter. Professor Longfellow, a celebrated American writer, thus describes how Christmas is spent in the country of which we speak: "And now the Northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day, the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! as then for the Swedish peasants there shall be plenty of brandy and nut brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and uphold- ing a three armed candlestick over the Christmas feast."

Hark! what noise is that? It is still the dead of night, the sky has not yet put on the grey tint of breaking morn, no human being can be yet astir—yes! those sweet sounds that appeared as if floating on the distant air must have originated in some pleasant dream—but hark again! the sounds are both nearer and louder than before, and the strains,—

"Christians! awake, salute this happy morn,"

are wafted on the breeze from some wandering choir. In no part of the country is the practice of parading the streets after midnight on Christmas Eve, and warbling forth some Christmas hymn or carol, so common as in Yorkshire. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in alluding to the custom, says: "About six o'clock on Christmas day, I was awakened by a sweet singing under my window; surprised at a visit so early, I arose, and, looking out, beheld six young women and four men welcoming, with sweet music, the blessed morn." Washington Irving also thus beautifully describes this midnight minstrelsy, in his account of a Yorkshire Christmas: "I had scarcely got into bed, when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the *Waits* from some neighbouring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to accord with quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened, they became more and more tender and remote, and as they gradually died away, my head fell upon my pillow, and I fell asleep." On being aroused from his slumbers in the morning by juvenile singing, he thus proceeds: "while I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of singers chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was,—

'Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day, in the morning.'"

In further alluding to the subject, he states, that "even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night, with the effect of

perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, when 'deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight; and connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good will to mankind."

Of course, the good things of life are not forgotten at Christmas time. A Christmas dinner and a Christmas pie are things to be thought of for the year round—turkeys, geese, fowls, the good old English fare of roast beef and plum-pudding, mince tarts, and numerous other dainties and delicacies, all help to add to the hospitality of the time. Around the board at Christmas it is customary for all members of the family to be gathered, a practice which no doubt adds much to strengthen the bonds of affection and friendship.

But it was in olden times when Christmas was kept in all its glory, when

" A man might then behold
At Christmas in each hall,
Good fires to warm the cold,
And meat for great and small."

It was in those times when boundless hospitality caused the halls of the rich to be thrown open to kinsmen, tenants, and friends; when the squire and the servant joined in the general merriment; when the strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; when the servants scampered about here and there; when every one was busy in welcoming guests; and when the lasses were as blithe and buxom as the lasses in good Queen Bess' days. The principal Christmas dish was

then the boar's head, and the bringing of it in, with music and songs, was one of the most important of the Christmas celebrations of our ancestors.

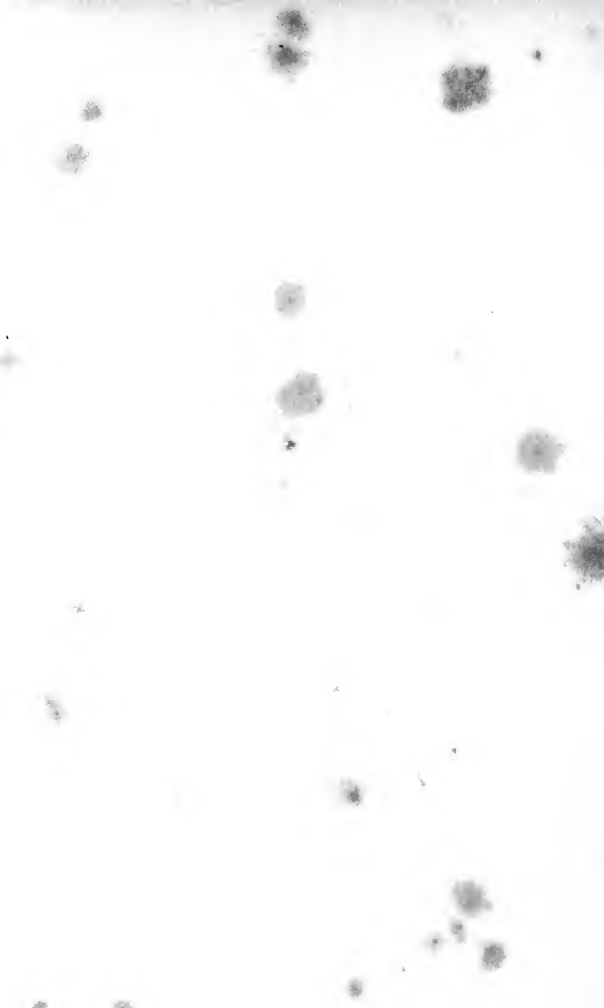
Then there were the maskers of ancient times, who were never failing attendants upon Christmas, and who assumed



various characters, grave as well as gay, and were the source of much innocent merriment and healthful laughter. These mummers are still to be found in some parts of England, visiting the various houses at Christmas time and performing rude plays, one of which, the play of St. George, is always a general favourite with the juveniles : and this our little readers will readily credit from the hearty laughter they always enjoy

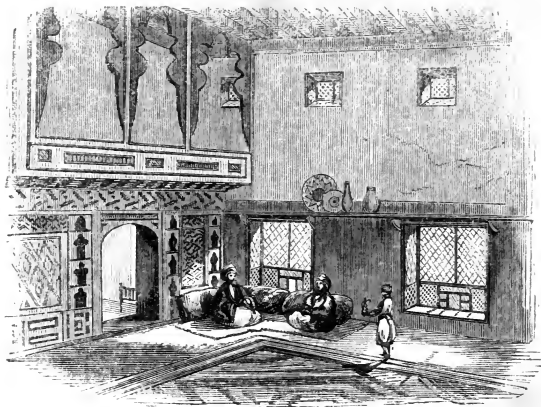
on their annually visiting the theatre to witness the Christmas pantomime, when all applaud the graceful capers of harlequin and columbine, and the boisterous laugh resounds throughout the place at the cunning tricks, or droll grimaces, of clown and pantaloon, and when tier above tier hundreds of merry faces beam forth their smiles from boxes, pit, and gallery.







MOHAMMED ALI, PACHA OF EGYPT.



INTERIOR OF AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE.

MOHAMMED ALI,
AND HIS SON IBRAHIM PACHA.



OUR little readers, no doubt, have latterly heard a great deal said about the illustrious persons whose names are given above, and one of them they perhaps may have seen during his recent visit to this country. Some account of them will, therefore, at the present time be interesting to our inquiring young friends; and as that interest may be increased by a description of one of the chief cities of Egypt, an account of Alexandria is given in a future chapter.

Mohammed Ali, generally spoken of as the Pasha, the title given to the Sovereign of Egypt, was born in the year 1769, and is consequently now a very old man, verging on fourscore years. He is of middling stature, robust and stout in his make, exceedingly upright, and, for his age, hale and active. His features, possessing more of the Tartar cast than is usual among European Turks, are plain, if not coarse; but they are lighted up with so much intelligence, and his dark gray eyes beam so brightly, that we should not be surprised if we found that persons familiar with his countenance thought him handsome. In dress he differs but little, if at all, from any other Turkish gentleman: he has, however, a certain dignity in his manner, which, in the estimation of many, even borders upon majesty. But this dignity seems almost inseparable from the possession of power: the man who can do much good or harm, whatever may be his stature, form, or features, will always appear to exhibit it: as the scorpion, in size no larger than a snail, is viewed with awe, because he is supposed to carry death in his sting.

The manner in which the Pasha spends his time is nearly as follows:—He sleeps very little. Europeans who have happened to repose in the same tent with him, while on a journey, complain of having been often disturbed in the night by his asking them questions, and afterwards continuing to talk on when they wished to sleep. He rises at or before daybreak; and, very shortly afterwards proceeds on horseback to his divan for the despatch of business. Here he receives all memorials, petitions, despatches, &c. Shortly after his arrival, the secretaries walk in with large bundles of letters, received since the day before, the contents of which are read to him. He then commands

and dictates in a rapid manner the necessary replies. Then the answers to letters and papers, ordered to be made on the preceding day, are brought in, and read to him by the secretaries; and when he has heard and approved of their contents, he orders his signet, which he delivers into their hands, to be affixed to them, while he generally paces up and down the room turning over the matter in his mind, and probably deliberating whether there shall any postscript be added. This sort of business usually occupies him till about nine o'clock; at which hour all those consuls and other persons, who desire a public audience, arrive. In an hour or two these individuals take their leave; upon which he retires to his harem, where he remains till about three or half-past three in the afternoon. Even here, however, he is still employed; and his general orders are, that if any verbal message be forwarded to him, it is to be delivered to his chief attendant; but that if any letter or note arrive, whether by day or night, he is to be immediately awakened from sleep. At half-past three o'clock he again returns to the divan; when, except that the order of proceeding is reversed, as he first gives audience, and then enters into the affairs of the interior, the same mode of business is gone through as in the morning. About an hour after sunset he takes a slight repast, and remains in the divan until ten or eleven o'clock at night. During these evening hours, he generally finds time for a game or two at chess, a person retained for the purpose being always in attendance to play with him; and this fellow being his Highness's buffoon as well as companion in amusement, always affects to be inconsolable, and makes a sad outcry, when the pieces are taken from him.

Both the Pasha and his court are very plain at Alexandria;

but at Cairo, where, however, he spends but a small portion of the year, things are conducted with more state, though he is every where extremely accessible. Any person who has leisure, and knows no better mode of employing it, may go every evening to the palace, whether he have business there or not, and, if he does not choose to force himself upon the notice of the Pasha, he can enter into any of the other magnificent apartments, which are lighted up as well as the audience-chamber, and converse, if he pleases, with some of the numerous company there assembled. To show his Highness's close habits of business, it has been remarked, that when accidentally indisposed at Alexandria, and compelled to take exercise in his carriage instead of on horseback, he is known constantly to take out with him the public despatches. Driving to the banks of the canal, he has his carpet spread upon the ground ; and there, while coffee is preparing, he usually sits reading and sealing



his despatches. He will then enjoy his coffee and pipe, and afterwards return directly to the palace. This is one of his recreations.

At other times he is employed in dictating his history, or

in playing at chess, to which, like most other Orientals, he appears to be passionately addicted. In fact, his active, restless temper, will never suffer him to be unoccupied; and when not engaged with graver and more important affairs, he descends even to riddling. Nothing is too minute for him. For example,



EGYPTIAN SCHOOLBOYS.

a young Egyptian Turk, educated in the school of law, now professor of the mathematics, and teacher of the junior officers at Alexandria, is compelled every week to give him an exact account of the manner in which each of his pupils pursues his studies.

During the period in which he was pushing forward the preparations, necessary for putting his fleet to sea, a much smaller portion of the day than usual was devoted to his audience and ordinary business. Indeed, he would often give audiences in the arsenal, where he spent a considerable part of his time; after which he used to step into his elegant little state-berge, and cause himself to be rowed out into the harbour among his ships, to observe the progress of the naval architects and shipwrights, and urge them forward by his presence; and in these little excursions of business he was sometimes so deeply interested that he would not return to the palace before twelve o'clock, thus greatly abridging his hours of relaxation. The accidents of the weather never interfered with his resolutions: he will sometimes set out on a journey in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, or a storm, which has more than once caused him very

serious illness. His movements are sudden and unexpected ; he appears in Cairo or Alexandria when least looked for, which maintains a certain degree of vigilance among the agents of government ; though something of all this may, perhaps, be set down to caprice or affectation. In the gardens of Shoubra there is a small alcove, where the Pasha, during his brief visits to that palace, will frequently sit, about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and, dismissing from about him all his courtiers and attendants, remain for an hour or so. From this alcove two long vistas, between cypress, orange, and citron trees, diverge and extend the whole length of the grounds ; and in the calm bright nights of the East, by moon or starlight, when the air is perfumed by the faint odours of the most delicate flowers, a more delicious or romantic station could hardly be found. In the affairs of the heart, Mohammed Ali is not altogether without delicacy : during the whole life-time of his wife, an energetic and superior woman, he invariably treated her with the most profound respect, and she always retained a great influence over him. She lies buried beside her son Tousoun, in a sumptuous tomb near Cairo.

Ibrahim Pacha, the eldest living son of Mohommed Ali, and heir to the throne of Egypt, is now in the fifty-fifth year of his age. It has been currently asserted, and by many believed, that he is merely an adopted son of the Pasha, but this evidently is an unfounded report, originated by the machinations of some personal enemy. As his education was better attended to than his father's, he is consequently a more civilised man ; and although whilst a youth he was thoughtless, proud, and cruel, he possesses great generosity and principle ; but his personal courage is said to be so great, as frequently to

merge into rashness, so much so, as to have rendered him at times a source of great anxiety to his father, from the fear of his being drawn by it into some fatal scrape. Illustrative of



IBRAHIM PACHA.

his youthful thoughtlessness, anecdotes are told of his practising with his rifle from his windows at the leathern skins of the water carriers as they passed along from the Nile, and of his making a gang of prisoners salt their comrades' ears.

Ibrahim Pacha has frequently led on the Egyptian armies in battle, and has shown himself master in the art of warfare. His successes have proved the superiority of his tactics, and the history of many of his campaigns evince an ardent love of


warlike glory; and though the war in Syria terminated in his defeat, it was not until the artifices of the armies of Europe were arrayed against him.

So similar in personal appearance is the son to the father, that the remarks passed on the latter, are almost equally applicable to the former; there is the same cast of countenance, the same brightness of the eye, the same desire to have curiosity satisfied, and the same dignity of manner. There is, therefore, little fear but that a man so endowed with abilities, as is Ibrahim Pacha, will profit by a visit to this country; will have his mind expanded; and will return to his own country, a still wiser and a better man.

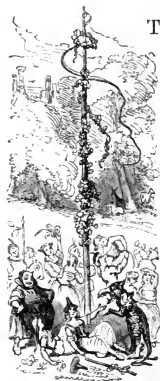




THE YOUNG REBEL.



“Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short but simple annals of the poor.”



T was a bright and cheerful morning—the sunbeams danced merrily on the gay river which skirted the village of Callow—and the dewdrops hung like diamonds round the clustering vine, that, in those days, overshadowed the humble school of Dame Mabel Leigh. Dear Dame Mabel! she was one of the governesses of the olden time, who ruled by the assistance of a large birch rod, and sundry other aids, which are now out of fashion. She was a very excellent old woman for all that; and although she thought it beneath the dignity of a school-mistress to *reason* with her pupils, yet she possessed so many good and valuable qualities, that even the vicar's lady treated the dame with deference and respect. She had held undisputed sway over all the girls, and many of the boys, from two to ten years of age, for more than forty years; but

do not for a moment imagine that the worthy dame kept one of those fine "Establishments," whose blue, green, or red signboards announce that "Ladies and Gentlemen are here taught French and English Education, and all fashionable Accomplishments;"—No such thing; the simple one of Dame Mabel, which was more than half covered with clustering grapes and vine-leaves, only promised that there children were "taught to read:" and the villagers of Callow were quite satisfied if their daughters could read the Bible, sew, hem, and stitch neatly.



Thomas Hill, indeed—the rich, fat, and rosy landlord of the Bull's Head Inn—had only one daughter; and to make her *genteel*, as he called it, he sent her for six months to a boarding-school. When she had been there a short time, such a box arrived at the Bull's Head! every one in the village thought it must be something very beautiful, as it came from Mary Hill's school; and when it was opened, there appeared a piece of embroidery, in a fine gold frame. People were somewhat puzzled at first to know what it was. There was an animal

which might be either a pig or a mule, with its heels in the air; and there was a boy somewhat taller than a tree, and another brown-black looking thing: however, the *poetry* underneath explained the matter,—

“The vicious kicking donkey
Has thrown my brother and Pompey.”

The silly people of Callow (for there are silly people everywhere) thought that Mary must be wonderfully improved; but the wise ones knew that it was not right for a girl in her situation of life to waste so much time on such useless work. Indeed poor Mary was not the better for her six months' trip; she brought home a great many airs; and it was very evident that she had not been properly instructed; for I am almost ashamed to say that she despised her parents, because they were not as rich or as fashionable as the “*Pa's*” and “*Ma's*” of the *young ladies* she knew at school. However, I have said enough about her.

Monday was always a busy day with good Mabel; the little floor of the school-room was fresh sanded; laurel, gemmed with bright hedge roses, graced the chimney; the eight-day clock, towering even unto the ceiling, seemed to tick more loudly than ever; Tom, a venerable old white mouser, had a new blue riband round his neck; and the high-backed chair was placed so as to command not only a good view of the four corners of the room, but of a large cupboard, where books and work were arranged, and where the *very* little people often congregated like a nest of young wrens, and whispered and twittered, whenever the dame's back was turned;—then a little black-looking carved table was placed on the right-hand side of this throne, and on it, ready for use, every Monday morning,

appeared—a new well-made birch rod. The good Dame seldom wore out more than one a week, which, considering all things in those days, was not thought too much. But I wish I could describe the Dame to you, for I am sure you will never see any one like her, as now even the village school-mistresses are very different to what they were twenty years ago: her apron was always white as snow, and round it a flounce full two fingers deep; her neckerchief, clear and stiff, neatly pinned down in front! the crown of her cap in the highest part might measure perhaps half a yard, somewhat more or less, and under it her nice grey hair was turned over a roller! and although her eyes were dark and penetrating, and her nose long and hooked, yet her smile was so sweet that every little child's heart felt happy when she gave a mark of approbation: but there were times when, in very truth, the good Dame's anger was excited; and then she certainly did look what the young ones called "very terrible."

"I'll certainly try this new rod on your bare shoulders, Fanny Spence," said the old lady, one "black Monday morning," to a little arch-looking girl with blue eyes, who amused herself by eating the corners of her spelling book—"I'll teach you how to munch your book as a rabbit does clover. Mercy on me! you have half torn out the pretty picture of 'The Fox and Grapes,' and you have daubed over as many as ten leaves with—How did you get at my rose pink? Oh! you wicked, wicked child!" The dame, I am sorry to say, now lost her temper, and elevated her rod and voice at one and the same moment. Fanny, who had opened her mouth to commence squalling, thought it better to tell the truth; so, keeping as far from the rod as she could, "Indeed, if you please, ma'am, it

was Dick Shaw—he painted 'em for me—and he stole it out of your basket yesterday, while you were taking up the stitches little Kate dropped in the toe of her stocking.”

Before Dame Mabel had decided what punishment to inflict, her attention was attracted by little Kate herself, who crept slowly to her seat with hanging head and downcast eyes.

“This is a very pretty hour for you to come to school, miss!—Why, all your strings are out, and your hands and arms torn and dirty. I see how it is—open your mouth—black, as I supposed—You have been down the lane after the blackberries—Very well—I'll find a way to punish you.” The old lady stooped, and with great dexterity drew off her garter (it was thirty years ago), and was about to tie the culprit's hands behind her, when, in lisping tones, the little thing declared it was all Dick Shaw's fault “He showed me the bush, ma'am, and he promised to hold it; and I did not eat more than two or three, when he pulled it away, and I fell into the ditch.” “And serve you right too,” said the Dame: “Girls have no business to play with boys; but your arm is much scratched just here. Well,” she continued, her tone instantly softening (for she was really very kind-hearted), “give me my blue bag, and I will bind it up with some of the old linen the good vicar's lady gave me.” The bag was brought, and emptied; but no old linen was to be found. The children were severally questioned; and at last little Phœbe Ford, a merry, laughing thing of six years old, who, though she had many faults, always spoke the truth—a perfection which made her even at that age respected—said, that she saw Dick Shaw pull out the roll of linen at twelve o'clock on Friday, and that he said it would do nicely to fether white tom.

“That boy,” said the Dame, “shall be expelled my school ; and I certainly ought not to have kept him since his trick of the spectacles, nor would I, indeed, were it not that *others*”—and her eyes glanced at a red-faced, red-armed girl of ten, with a fuzzy head and little twinkling eyes—“were almost as bad as he. I only said *almost*, Mary,—and you have been very good since.”

By the way, I must tell you that the affair of the spectacles occurred two days after Dick came to Dame Leigh’s school. Dick took a fancy to fit his governess’s spectacles on Farmer Howitt’s big pig—and Mary, romping Mary Green, agreed to hold the pig while they were fitting on. Now as the pig, who in this instance showed more wisdom than either Dick or Mary, could see better without than with spectacles, he soon pushed Dick into a stagnant pool of green water, and left the luckless Mary sprawling like a great frog in the mire ; while he rejoined his brothers and cousins, grunting triumphantly, and curling his little tail, which the fallen Dick had unmercifully pulled in the contest. But nothing could cure the boy’s love of mischief ; and every thing that went wrong in the village was laid to his account. His poor mother’s heart was almost broken ; his father even, a hard-working man as he was, had been seen to shed tears over his son’s wilful ways ; and his sister, a fine, good, industrious girl of sixteen, could have been of great service to her parents, were it not that her entire time was taken up in trying to keep Dick out of mischief, or to repair the mischief Dick had done.

“It was he pinned Kitty Carey’s frock to Aunt Colvell’s red petticoat, and it tore such a great piece ; and Kitty cried, because it was a new London chintz,” said Mary Doyle.

"Hush, do n't speak so loud," said Liddy Grant; "the Dame will hear ye."

"She's not looking, she's mending little Kate's arm; and I just want to show you the bright new housewife my mother gave me, because I would not play at 'touch wood' with Dick Shaw on Sunday;—and I know that no good will come of him or any body else who breaks Sunday."

"I tink," said Anna Miles, who could not speak plain; "I tink Dick very bold; for he"—

"Bless me, look!" interrupted Mary Doyle. "Hark! did ye ever hear such a screaming?—It is Dick Shaw himself; and Patty is dragging him to school; he kicks like a donkey—there goes his shoe."

"His bran new spelling-book—and his hat, that cost his poor father five shillings," said the prudent Liddy—"He has the best of it; Patty will never be able to bring him up."

"She has the best of it now though," cried Mary, who, unable to sit still any longer, got one foot on the lower step, and held fast to the door-post, as if afraid that Dick would break loose and do some more mischief."

Patty pulled—Dick kicked and roared,—no young lady singing the *do re mi fa*, that gives master and pupil so much trouble, ever opened her mouth so widely as Dick—you could see all the way down his throat. And Patty looked quite as calm and tranquil as Dick looked wild and furious. Every body, yes, even the pretty face which is now gazing over this pretty book, looks ugly in a passion. At last Patty's firmness conquered Dick's violence, and she carried him into the school-room.

Here a fresh mortification awaited the Young Rebel: he had

been conquered by a *girl*; that was bad enough; but it was still worse to be expelled a *girls'* school. Dick stood stiff and sturdy, while the good Dame read him a lecture, which, though simply worded, conveyed many useful lessons, and ended by saying, "that evil communications corrupt good manners," and he should no longer remain in her school. Dick was formally expelled; and in a little time Dame Mabel's scholars became as peaceable as they had been, before Obstinate Dick set so bad an example; even romping Mary Green became a very good sort of girl.

Dick, I am sorry to say, did not improve; for poor boys as well as rich ones can never be respected or prosper in their several spheres of life, if they are wilful, violent, disobedient, or Sabbath-breakers.

The Young Rebel's father, finding that he continued so very wicked, permitted him to go to sea; and for many years no one heard any thing of Obstinate Dick. Dear Dame Mabel grew so old that the vicar got a new mistress for the school; but the old woman continued to live there: and though she was blind, and nearly lame, she never wanted for any thing; for the poor are often more grateful than the rich, and the villagers remembered the care and pains the dame took with them when they were little troublesome children.

One fine spring morning, when Patty Shaw was placing her aged friend on a nice green seat at the school door (for old people love to breathe the pure air, and Mabel felt the sun's rays very warm and pleasant, though she could not see its brightness), a young man with a wooden leg and but one eye, in a tatter'd sailor's dress, stopped, and looked earnestly up the village? "Do you want to see any one, young man?" said Patty,

in her clear, calm voice—"or, as you seem very much fatigued, is there any thing I can give you?"—"Is there an old man, a carpenter, of the name of Shaw, in your village?" replied he; "and can you give me a draught of water? for I have walked far, and have not a penny to buy food."

"Patty, Patty!" cried old blind Mabel, "if your brother Dick is a living being, that is his voice."

And she was right. Dick Shaw's temper had prevented his advancement; and he returned in poverty to his native village, where, but for the kind exertions of his sister, he must have become an inmate of the workhouse; for his parents were both dead, and he had not received even their blessing. But Patty was beloved by every one; and poor Dick was extremely sorry for his former obstinate ways: and he now manages to go more quickly on the messages of those who employ him with his wooden leg, than he used formerly when he had two good ones. And, said he, the other day, "If sincere penitence could restore my eye and leg, which I lost through my own wilfulness, I might then be really useful; but that cannot now be; so I must do my best, and be thankful that God did not cut me off in the midst of my sins."





THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.



OW exceedingly beautiful was the weather, for it was summer time; the country looked charmingly; broad fields of yellow corn waved and rustled in the light breezes; the hay-makers were busy in the

meadows; the cattle were standing in the cool shady pools, whisking away the flies with their tails, and staring with their great, quiet eyes at the restless water wag-tails that hopped round them. It was a delightful landscape I assure you. Full in the sunshine lay a substantial old-fashioned house, surrounded with broad trenches or canals, filled with water. It was what is called a "moated grange," and was built long ago, in those turbulent times, when a lonely dwelling was hardly thought

safe from the attacks of lawless men, unless it was encompassed by broad deep ditches, which could only be crossed by a drawbridge. There are many of those old houses still to be found in different parts of England, and in the north of Europe, and very well worth seeing they are.



Close to the water there was a spot overgrown with nettles, hemlock, and brush-wood. Here a duck had made her nest, and was brooding over her eggs at the time when our story opens. She had sat there a long, long while, and was beginning to be very weary of her loneliness. The other ducks seldom paid her a visit; for they thought it pleasanter to swim about all day long, than to sit and chat with her.

At last one egg cracked, and then another, and another, they were all become alive, and "Pee! pee! pee!" out came the heads of the little ones. "Quack! quack!" said the mother, and immediately the ducklings stood up, steadied themselves on their legs as well as they could, and peered about them on all sides among the green leaves; and their mother let them look as much as they pleased, for green is good for the eyes.

"What a very large place the world is!" said the little ones, surprised to find they had so much more room than when they were curled up in the shell.

"You do n't suppose what you see is the whole world," said their mother? "O dear no! It stretches far away on the other side of the garden, right into the rector's field; but I cannot say I have ever been so far. You are all there, are you? Let me see;" and then she got up: "No, not all; the largest egg is not hatched yet. Goodness me! I hope it wo'n't last much longer; I am so tired." And down she sat again.

"Well, my dear, and how do you find yourself?" said an old duck, that just dropped in to make a call.

"I have such a tedious time with one of my eggs," replied her friend; "I do think it will never open! But just look at the others; the prettiest little loves you ever saw in your life, and all so like their father—naughty fellow! he never comes to see me!"

"Let me look at the egg that gives you so much trouble," said the visitor, "I warrant you, my dear, it is a turkey egg! I once hatched a nestful of them myself, and a plaguy time I had with the young ones, I can tell you; they were so afraid of the water, you can't think; and all I could do, I never

could get them into it by fair means or by force. Just let me have a look at the egg. Ay, ay, sure enough; it is a turkey egg to a certainty. Do n't tire yourself to death with it, but go and teach the other little darlings to swim."

"I will try it a little longer," said the brooding duck. "I have sat so long, it is not worth while to leave my work unfinished."

"O well, do as you please," said the old duck, and away she waddled.

At last the egg burst. "Pee! pee!" said the little thing, as it scrambled out; but O, what a clumsy, ugly creature it was! The mother stared at it with amazement. "What a great big lump it is!" she said, "not one of the rest is at all like it. I wonder is it a turkey chick? Well, we shall soon see. Into the water it shall go, or I will know for what."

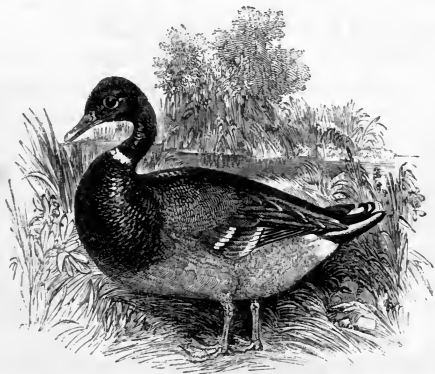
The weather next day was as fine as heart could wish; the air was so clear and the sun shone so pleasantly on the green leaves. Mother duck now went down with all her family to the canal, and flop she went into the water. "Quack, quack," said she, and in tumbled the ducklings one after the other. The water closed over their heads, but they were up again on the surface in a moment, and swam about in capital style; their legs went like paddles of their own accord, without the least apparent effort; and there they were, every one of them, even the ugly gray one, swimming away with the best of the brood.

"No," said the mother, "that is no turkey at all events! Only see how cleverly he uses his legs, how upright he sits! He is my own true child. And really now, if you consider him rightly, he is much prettier than you would fancy at first

sight. Quack! quack! now come with me, and I will show you the world, and introduce you into the poultry-yard; but stay close to me, lest any one tread on you, and be sure you keep clear of the cats!”

And so they came to the poultry-yard, which they found in a tremendous uproar, for two families were striving for the remains of an eel; but after all neither party triumphed, for the cats carried off the whole booty.

“Ah, my dears, just what is the way of the world,” said the mother duck, licking her bill, for she, too, longed for a dainty morsel of eel. “Step out now, mind what you are about, and make a bow to the old lady duck yonder; she is the person of most consequence amongst us. She is of



Spanish descent, as you may perceive by her dignified demeanour; and then you observe she has a strip of red cloth fastened round her leg; that is an amazingly pretty thing, and

the greatest mark of distinction that any duck can aspire to, for it signifies that she is not to be parted with, and that she is to be known and respected by birds, beasts, and men. Don't put your toes together in that manner. A well-bred duckling walks with its legs wide apart, just as father and mother do. Look at me. Now, bow your head and say, Quack!"

They did as they were bid; but all the other ducks in the yard stared at them with no friendly looks, and some of them said aloud: "Pretty times these! As if there were not enough of us already, here comes a whole swarm to eat us out of house and home! and only look at that horrid ugly one; it is not to be endured!" and instantly a duck made a pounce upon it, and bit it in the neck.

"Let him alone, will you," said the mother, "he does no one any harm."

"Ay, but he is such a great awkward fright, he deserves to be pecked."

"Very nice children those the mother has got," said the old lady duck, with the red cloth on her leg. "Very pretty, indeed, all but one; she has not much to boast of there; I wish she could hatch it over again."

"That is not possible, please your ladyship," said the mother; "and, to be sure, the poor thing is not as handsome as it might be; but then it is such a dear good child, and it swims as well as any of the others, or may be a trifle better. I do hope it will turn out better looking as it grows up. It was an uncommonly long while in the egg, and that's why it is a little out of proportion." And then she fondled the duckling, scratched the back of its neck, and stroked it down with her

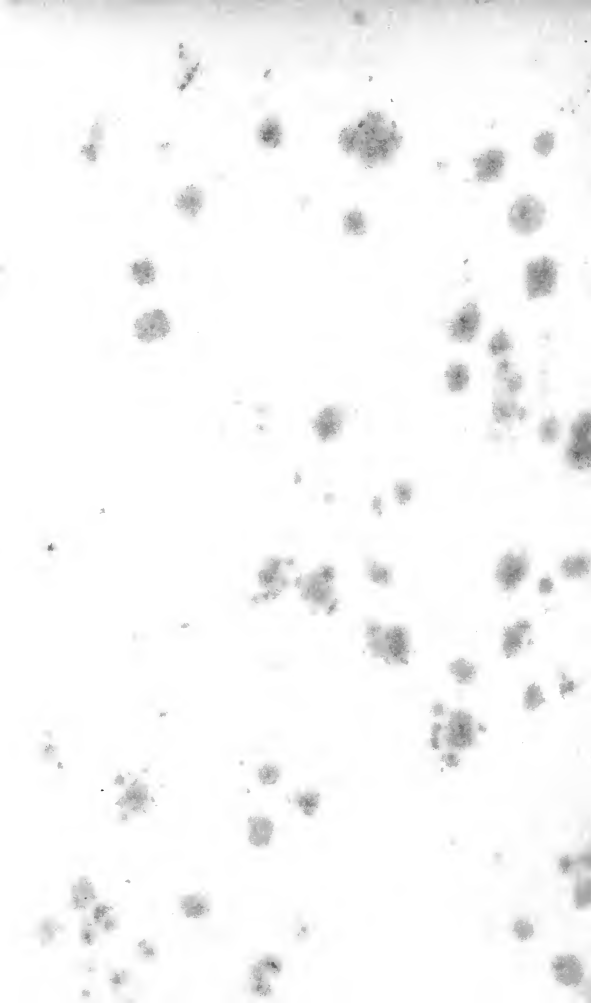
bill. "Besides," she added, "it is a little drake, so its looks are not of so much consequence; bless its little heart it will be a fine strong fellow one of these days, and will make its way bravely in the world."

"The others are pretty little things, and very nicely behaved," said the old lady; "now, my dears, make yourselves quite at home, and if you pick up an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And thenceforth they were quite at home.

But the poor young duck that was last hatched, and looked so ugly, was chased, and thumped, and pecked by ducks and hens. "Such a great awkward lout!" they all said; and the turkey cock that had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore imagined himself an emperor, spread himself out like a ship in full sail, made a rush at it, and gobbled till he was as red in the face as a pickled cabbage. The poor little duck hardly knew what to do with itself, and was sorely distressed at being so ugly, and finding itself the laughing-stock of the whole poultry-yard.

Thus passed the first day, and afterwards things grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was persecuted on all sides; and even its brothers and sisters were spiteful to it, and were always saying, "I wish the cat would take you, you nasty creature;" and its mother said, "Oh, I wish you were far away from here;" and the ducks bit it, and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that brought food to the poultry kicked it out of her way. So at last the poor duckling made a spring and flew over the hedge, and all the little birds in the bushes started back in a terrible fright. "That is because I am so ugly," said the duckling to itself, closing its eyes, but still continuing





THE SHOOTING PARTY.

its flight. At last it came to a great marsh, where wild ducks lived, and there it lay all night, so weary and unhappy! In the morning the wild ducks got up and saw the new comer.

“Hollo, who are you?” said they, and the duckling turned in every direction and saluted as mannerly as it could.

“Well, you’re a precious fright; there’s no denying that,” said the wild ducks. “However, it is all the same to us, provided you don’t marry into our family.” Marry! The poor thing had certainly no thoughts of marrying; all it desired was leave to lie among the rushes and drink a little marsh water.

Two whole days it stayed in that place; on the third day came two wild geese, or rather goslings, that had not been a very long while out of the shell, and were, therefore, so much the more silly and conceited.

“Hark ye, old fellow,” said one of them, “you are such a precious ugly quiz that I have taken a monstrous liking to you. What say you? Will you come with us and be a rover? In another marsh, not far from here, there are some charming young lady geese, the prettiest creatures you ever set eyes on. Now’s your time to push your fortune, for all you are so ugly——”

Bang! bang! went two shots at that instant; both the wild geese lay dead in the rushes, and the water was blood-red. Bang! bang! it went again, and whole flocks of wild ducks flew up out of the sedges, and the firing was redoubled.

It was a great shooting party, and the sportsmen had posted themselves all round the marsh; the blue smoke spread like a cloud through the dark trees, and sank down upon the water; the dogs splashed about in the mud and slime, and the reeds and rushes were shaking on every side. You may fancy

the terror of the poor duckling ! It turned its head round to hide it under its wing, and just at that moment there stood close



by it a horrible big dog, with fierce eyes, and with its long red tongue hanging out. The dog opened its wide mouth as if to swallow our little friend, showed its sharp white teeth, and then splash, splash, away it went without touching the poor thing.

“Now, thank goodness,” said the duckling, “I am so ugly that even the dog does not choose to eat me;” and then it lay quite still, whilst the firing continued and the shot pattered like hail among the sedges.

It was not until late in the day that the shooting ceased ; but even then the poor little thing did not venture to stir. At last, after the lapse of several hours, it looked cautiously round, and then made off from the marsh as fast as it could, and flew and flew, but the wind was so strong it could scarcely make any way.

About nightfall it reached a miserable little cottage, that seemed as if it would rather tumble down than remain standing, but did not exactly know how to set about it. The wind was so violent that the unfortunate duckling was obliged to squat on its tail to resist it, and it grew worse and worse every minute. At last it perceived that the door hung aslant, having dropped out of one of the hinges ; so it wriggled itself into the cottage through the gap.

The cottage was inhabited by an old woman, her tom-cat, and her hen. The cat could bend up its back like a horseshoe, and pur like a spinning-wheel; nay, it could even crackle and sparkle, if any one stroked its back against the grain. The hen was a plump and rather fussy little person, with short legs. She laid an egg every day, and the old woman loved her as if she had been her own child.

Next morning the stranger was quickly perceived, and the tom began to mew and the hen to cackle.

"What's the matter?" said the old woman, looking all round; but her sight was not good, and so she mistook the duckling for a good fat duck that had gone astray.

"I'm in luck this morning," said she; "I shall have duck eggs now, if it is not a drake. We must see how that may be. Time will tell."

And so the duck was taken on trial; but for three weeks no egg made its appearance. And the cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, "*We and the rest of the world*;" for they thought they were themselves half the world, and that too by far the better half. The duck ventured to hint a different opinion, but the hen fired up at him in a moment.

"Can you lay eggs?" she said.

"No."

"Then hold your tongue!"

And the cat said, "Can you bend up your back like a horseshoe, and pur like a spinning-wheel, and crackle and sparkle?"

"No."

"Then you should not presume to offer your opinions in the presence of people that have more sense than yourself."

The duck went and sat in a corner in no very good humour. All at once a thought of the fresh air and the sunshine came across it, and it was seized with so extraordinary a longing to be on the water that it could not help mentioning it to the hen.

“What an odd freak to enter your head!” said the hen; “you have nothing to do, and that is why you come by such whimsical fancies. Lay eggs or pur, and you will think no more about them.”

“Oh, but it is so delightful to swim on the water!” said the duck; “it is such a pleasure to plunge head foremost into it, and dive down to the very bottom!”

“A pretty sort of pleasure, truly,” said the hen; “you are mad, I do think. Ask tom there, he is the most sensible gentleman of my acquaintance; ask him if he would like to swim on the water, or to dive under it, not to speak of myself. Or go and ask our mistress, the old woman; a wiser body there is not in the world. Do you suppose she has any fancy for swimming on the water, or for plunging head foremost under it?”

“You do n't understand me,” said the duck.

“Hoity toity, not understand you! And if we do n't, who can? You will not pretend to be wiser than tom and mistress, to say nothing of myself. Do n't let such thoughts enter into your head, child, but thank your stars for all the kindness bestowed on you. Are you not lodged in a warm room, enjoying the society of persons whom you can look up to for instruction? But you are a silly, stupid thing, and it is quite a bore to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I have your good in view. I tell you unpleasant truths, and that is a mark of real friendship. Now do just take the pains, and learn to pur or to crackle.”

“I think I will go away into the wide, wide world,” said the duckling.

“Well, go then,” replied the hen.

So away went the duck; it swam on the water, and dived under it, but was disregarded by all creatures on account of its ugliness. November came at last, the leaves were yellow and brown, the wind caught hold of them and danced about with them, and the air was bleak and chilly; the clouds hung low, charged with snow or hail, and the raven sat on the bare branch, and croaked with cold—it was enough to freeze one, only to think of that bitter weather; you may be sure the poor duck had a very hard time of it.

One evening the sun set splendidly, and a great flock of beautiful large birds came out from among the bushes, on the water side; the duck had never seen any thing to equal them; they were brilliantly white with long slender necks—they were swans. All at once they uttered a strange sound, spread their sailbroad wings, and flew away in search of warmer lands and opener lakes. They mounted up in the air so high, so high! and a most extraordinary feeling came over the ugly little duck; it spun round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched up its neck after the flock as high as ever it could, and sent forth a cry so loud and strange that it was itself quite astonished and frightened! Oh! it could never forget them, the noble birds! the happy birds! and as soon as they were no longer to be seen it dived down to the bottom, and when it came up again it seemed almost beside itself. The duckling knew not the name of the birds, or whither they flew; but it loved them as it had never yet loved any living being. It did not even envy them; O no! how could it ever dream of coveting such beauty? It could

have been abundantly content if it might only be tolerated by the ducks in the poultry-yard, poor, little, ugly wretch that it was!

And then came the dreary, dreadful winter. The duck was obliged to swim about continually in order to keep the water open; but every night the opening in which it swam grew smaller and smaller; a thin sheet of ice gathered on the surface and crackled as the duck moved; the poor thing plied its legs well; but at last its strength was exhausted, it remained motionless, and was frozen up fast in the ice.

Early next morning, a labouring man saw it as he was going to his work, broke the ice from about it, and carried it home to his wife.

The duck gradually recovered under the good woman's care. The children wanted to play with it; but not understanding their intentions, and supposing they wished to torment it, it flew right into the milk dish, and spattered the milk all over the floor. The woman screamed and clapped her hands together; duckling then flew into the butter pan, and then into the flour tub and out again—you may guess what a pickle it was in! The woman bawled and struck at it with the tongs, and the children tumbled one over the other laughing and shouting, and trying to catch the duck. Luckily the door was open, and the frightened creature darted out, flew through the bushes, and lighted in the new fallen snow, where it lay as if in a dream.

It would be too sad a tale to relate all the hardships and wretchedness it had to endure in that bitter winter. At last, as it lay among the sedges in the marsh, the sun began again to shine more warmly; the larks sang, and pleasant spring was come again.

Our duckling suddenly unfurled its wings ; they whirred more strongly than formerly, and carried it onwards with more force ; and before it well knew how, it found itself in a large garden, where the apple trees were in blossom, and the air was full of the perfume of lilac flowers, that hung down from the long green branches over a broad, winding expanse of water. Oh, it was so beautiful ! so full of the genial freshness of spring ! And, behold, out came three fine white swans from the thicket, and swam so lightly along, with necks proudly arched, and wings partly spread, and feathers rustling. The duckling knew the magnificent birds, and was seized with a strange melancholy at sight of them.

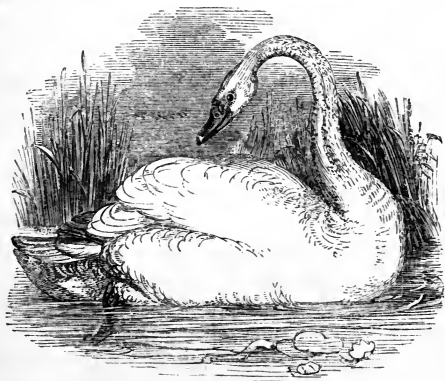
“I will fly to them, to the kingly-birds,” it said ; “they will kill me, for daring, ugly wretch that I am, to approach them. Well, be it so ! It is better to be put to death by them than to be bitten by ducks, pecked by hens, kicked about by the girl that feeds the poultry, and compelled to endure such dreadful hardships in winter.” With that it flew into the water, and swam towards the stately birds, that instantly shot forward to meet it with whirring pinions. “Kill me,” said the poor creature, as it bent down its head towards the water to receive the death stroke—but, only think what it saw in the water as it stooped ? Its own reflection ; but it was no longer that of a dark gray fowl’s misshapen and ugly—it was a swan’s !

What matters having been hatched in a duck’s nest, if one has lain in a swan’s egg !

The good creature felt itself really much the better for all the vexations and sufferings it had undergone ; for now it knew how to prize its good fortune, and duly to esteem all the

advantages that opened upon its delighted imagination. And the great swans swam round and round it, and fondled it with their bills.

Some little children, that were playing in the garden, came and threw bread and corn into the water, and the youngest cried out :

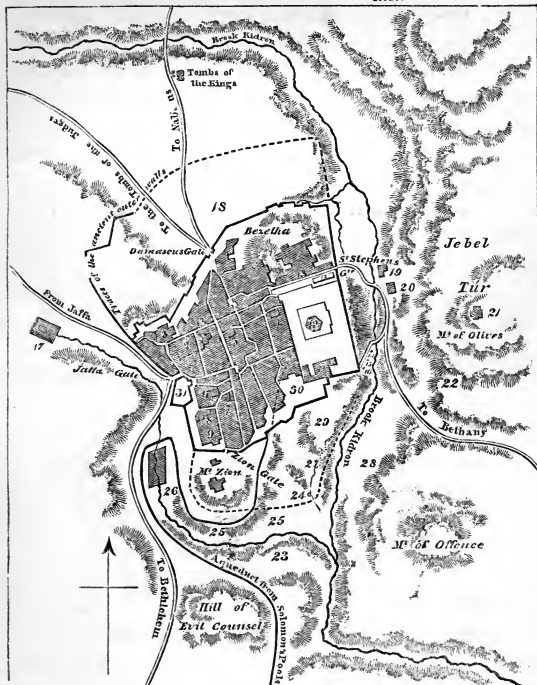
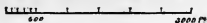


“There’s a new one!” and the other children shouted for joy : “Yes, yes, there’s a new one come!” and they clapped their hands, and danced, and capered, and ran to papa and mamma ; and then more bread and cakes were thrown into the water, and every body said, “The new one is the best of all ! so young and handsome ;” and the old swans bowed to him. This made the young one feel quite ashamed, and he hid his head under his wing, and did not know what to do with himself ; he was too, too happy ; but he was not proud, for a good

heart is never proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and scorned, and now he heard every one say he was the handsomest of all handsome birds; and the lilacs nodded their blossoms, and the willows waved their soft green branches to him with an air of welcome, and the sun shone so cheerfully, that he clapped his wings, lifted up his long graceful neck, and exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "Oh, I never dreamed of such happiness as this when I was an ugly little duck!"

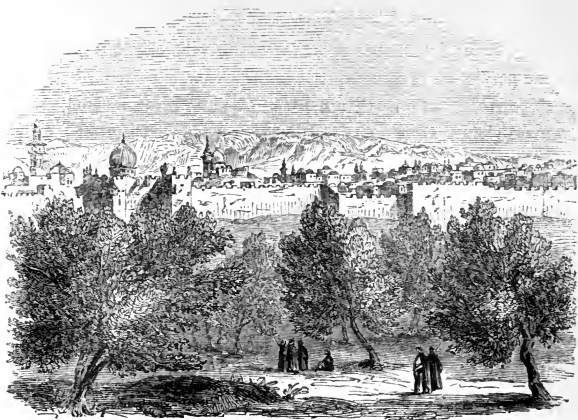


PLAN OF JERUSALEM.



REFERENCES.

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| <p>--- Circuit of the ancient outer walls of Jerusalem, according to Dr. Robinson.</p> <p>1. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.</p> <p>2. Greek Convent.</p> <p>3. Latin ditto.</p> <p>4. College of Dervishes.</p> <p>5. Hospital of Helena.</p> <p>6. English Church.</p> <p>7. Syrian Convent.</p> <p>8. Church of St. James.</p> <p>9. Armenian Convent.</p> | <p>10. Mosque of Omar.</p> <p>11. Mosque of Aksar.</p> <p>12. Pool of Bethesda.</p> <p>13. 13. Via Dolorosa.</p> <p>14. Tomb of Absalom.</p> <p>15. Ditto St. James.</p> <p>16. Ditto of Zachariah.</p> <p>17. Upper Gihon Pool.</p> <p>18. Grotto of Jeremiah.</p> <p>19. Tomb of the Virgin Mary.</p> <p>20. Garden of Gethsemane.</p> <p>21. Church of the Ascension.</p> | <p>22. Tombs of the Prophets.</p> <p>23. Accldama.</p> <p>24. Pool of Siloam.</p> <p>25. Valley of the Sons of Hinnom</p> <p>26. Lower Gihon Pool.</p> <p>27. Subterranean Watercourse.</p> <p>28. Village of Siloam.</p> <p>29. Fountain of the Virgin, or King's Pool.</p> <p>30. Remains of an ancient bridge.</p> <p>31. Citadel.</p> |
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VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

THE CITIES OF THE EAST—JERUSALEM.



THE road leading towards Jerusalem from the west is rocky, the scene wild and cheerless, and no object presents itself to arrest the traveller's attention, or to beguile, for a moment, his impatience for the first sight of the Holy City. At length it opens upon him at the issue from a defile. The view of it from this approach is sudden and near, and for that reason, perhaps, more impressive than if the mind had been prepared for it by a more distant vision. The first involuntary exclamation that bursts forth, is that which prophecy has said shall be in

the mouth of "all that pass:" "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" It is impossible that any delineation can be more just, or any image more vivid than is contained in these few words: "How doth the city sit solitary!" The sight, carried across a tract of gray, desolate, and barren rock, and the ruins of the Muslim burial-ground, with crumbling tombs on every hand, rests upon a bare dead wall, above which little is seen but the graceless domes of houses, and the tops and minarets of a few mosques, and the wild hills in the distance beyond Jordan, at the foot of which lies the Dead Sea. Scarcely a sign of vegetation can be traced, with the exception of the leaden green of a few ragged olives; and the city, placed on the brow of the hill, as if an object for observation, looks as if a portion of it had fallen down the steep, and presents one of the most gloomy and melancholy spectacles that imagination can conceive. But, on entering the gates of Jerusalem, apart from the overpowering recollections which naturally rush upon the mind, the stranger is, in many respects, agreeably disappointed. From the descriptions of various travellers, one would expect to find the houses of the city miserable, the streets filthy, and the population squalid. Yet the first impression made on the mind is of a different character. The streets, it is true, are narrow and very rudely paved, like those of all cities in the East. The houses are of hewn stone, often large, and furnished with small domes on the roofs, which seem to be not merely for ornament, but to be intended, on account of the scarcity of timber, to aid in supporting and strengthening the otherwise flat roofs. There is usually one or more over each room in a house; and they serve also to give a greater elevation, and an architectural effect to the ceil-

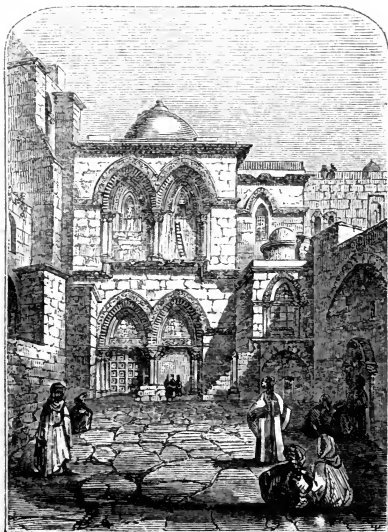
ing of the room which rises within them. The house-tops are the constant retreats of the people, and many of them are covered with awnings. Portions of the parapet walls are curiously constructed of small cylinders of red crockery-ware, piled up in a pyramidal form, and forming a kind of open work that allows the air to blow through, and produces a most refreshing current. The inhabitants say that this construction has also the effect of preserving the wall from being blown down by the many sudden squalls and tempests common to this country at particular seasons. Besides this, it is useful in permitting the ladies to observe unseen what is going forward in the neighbourhood.

Ancient Jerusalem was built upon several hills, the names of which must be familiar to every reader: they are easily distinguishable, though the natural surface has undergone great changes. We learn from Josephus that some of these elevations were cut down, and the valleys between them filled up by the Asmonean kings; whilst the decay of ancient buildings and the accumulation of rubbish through so many ages, have probably done yet more to encumber and conceal the original features of this site. The present town is full of inequalities; you are ever ascending or descending. There are no level streets; and houses are built upon mountains of rubbish, which are probably twenty, thirty, or fifty feet above the original soil.

The first and most interesting object within the walls of the holy city, the spot to which every pilgrim first directs his steps, is the Holy Sepulchre.

The approach to it, from every direction, lies through narrow, filthy lanes, and small bazaars, generally filled with ragged Arab women, the vendors of vegetables and snails; the latter of

which are much eaten here, especially during Lent. After many crooked turnings we arrive in the large square court in front of the church.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The key of the church is kept by the governor of the city; the door is guarded by a Turk, and opened only at fixed hours, and then only with the consent of the three convents, and in the presence of the several dragomen; an arrangement which often causes great and vexatious delays to such as desire admit-

tance. This formality was probably intended for solemnity and effect, but its consequence is exactly the reverse; for as soon as the door is opened, the pilgrims, who have almost all been kept waiting for some time and have naturally become impatient, rush in, struggling with each other, overturning the dragomen, and thumped by the Turkish door-keeper, and are driven like a herd of wild animals into the body of the church. The turbulence of the scene may not be equally great in all years, for the number of pilgrims fluctuates annually from three thousand to perhaps twenty thousand; but when they muster in full strength, we may believe that the traveller will have reason, like Mr. Stephens, "frequently to consider it putting life and limb in peril to mingle in that crowd."

Supposing then the rush over, and the traveller to have recovered from its effects, he will find himself in a large apartment, forming a sort of vestibule; on the left, in a recess in the wall, is a large divan, cushioned and carpeted, where the Turkish door-keeper is usually sitting with half a dozen of his friends, smoking the long pipe and drinking coffee, and always conducting himself with great dignity and propriety. Directly in front, within the body of the church, having at each end three enormous wax candles, more than twenty feet high, and a number of silver lamps suspended above it, of different sizes and fashions, gifts from the Catholic, Greek, and Armenian convents, is a long flat stone called the "stone of unction;" and on this it is said the body of our Lord was laid when taken down from the cross, and washed and anointed in preparation for sepulture. This is the first object that arrests the pilgrims on their entrance; it is a slab of polished white marble, and only does duty as a substitute for the genuine stone.

which is said to be beneath it. As you advance towards the stone you have Mount Calvary immediately on your right hand.

Beyond the stone of unction the traveller finds himself in the body of the church. In front his progress is arrested by the southern exterior of the Greek Chapel, which occupies more than half the great area: on his left, at the western end, is a circular space, surrounded by clumsy square columns, which support a gallery above, and a dome of imposing appearance and effect. This is the Latin Chapel, in the centre of which, immediately below the aperture that admits light through the dome, rises a small oblong building of marble, surmounted by a small cupola, standing on columns. This little building is circular at the back, but square and finished with a platform in front. Within it is what passes for the Holy Sepulchre.

In the arcades round the Latin dome are small chapels for the Syrians, Maronites, and other sects of Christians, who have not, like the Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians, large chapels in the body of the church. The poor Copts have nothing but a nook about six feet square, in the western end of the sepulchre, which is taudrily adorned in the manner of the Greeks. The Syrians have a small and very shabby recess, containing nothing but a plain altar: in the side there is a small door opening to a dark gallery, which leads, as the monks say, to the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, between which, and that of the Saviour, there is a subterranean communication. The tombs are excavated in the rock which here forms the floor of the chamber.

But let us return to the great object of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem,—the Holy Sepulchre. Taking off the shoes on the marble platform in front the visitor is admitted by a low door, on entering which the proudest head must needs do reverence.

In the centre of the first chamber is the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre—a square block of marble cut and polished; and, though the Armenians have lately succeeded in establishing the genuineness of the stone in their chapel on Mount Zion (the admission by the other monks, however, being always accompanied by the assertion that they stole it), yet the infatuated Greek still kisses and adores the block of marble as the very stone on which the angel sat when he announced to the women, “He is not dead; he is risen; come and see the place where the Lord lay.” Again bending the head, and lower than before, the visitor enters the inner chamber, the holiest of holy places. The sepulchre “hewn out of the rock” is a marble sarcophagus, somewhat resembling a common bathing-tub, with a lid of the same material. Over it hang forty-three lamps, which burn without ceasing night and day. The sarcophagus is six feet one inch long, and occupies about one half the chamber; and one of the monks being always present to receive the gifts or tribute of the pilgrims, there is only room for three or four at a time to enter. The walls are of a greenish marble, usually called verd antique, and this is all. And it will be borne in mind that all this is in a building above ground, standing on the floor of the church.

On the night of *Good Friday*, the monks of the Latin Convent herein perform the ceremony of the crucifixion; of this ceremony the following account is given by Mr. Stephens:—“The doors were open at an early hour for a short time, and then closed for the night, so that we were obliged to be there two or three hours before the ceremony began. Most of the pilgrims had prepared against the tediousness of waiting by

bringing with them their beds, mats, and coverlets ; and all around the floor of the church, men, women, and children were taking an intermediate nap. "The proceedings commenced in the chapel of the Latin Convent, where priests, monks, and prior with his gold mitre and black velvet cloak trimmed with gold, and some other dignitaries of the church, were present, all very richly dressed.

"On a large cross was a jointed figure representing the Saviour, the crown of thorns on his head, nails in his hands and feet, blood trickling from them, and a gaping wound in his side. Before setting out on the procession, the lights were extinguished ; and in total darkness a monk commenced a sermon in Italian. After it the candles were relighted, banners and crucifixes raised, and the procession moved round the church towards Calvary. Stopping at the pillar of Flagellation, at the prison where they say Christ was confined, where the crown of thorns was put upon his head, where his raiment was divided, &c., and giving a chant and an address by one of the monks at each place, they wound round the church till they came back to the staircase leading to Calvary, and leaving their shoes below, mounted barefoot to the place of crucifixion. Here they first went to an altar on the right, where, as they have it, Christ was nailed to the Cross ; and laying the figure down on the floor, although they had been bearing it aloft for more than two hours, they now went through the ceremony of nailing it ; and returning to the adjoining altar, passed the foot of the cross through the marble floor, and with the bleeding figure upon it, set it up in the hole in the natural rock, according to the tradition, on the very spot where 1800 years ago Christ was crucified. At the foot of the cross a monk

preached a sermon in Italian, warm, earnest, and impassioned; frequently turning round, and, with both hands extended, apostrophizing the bleeding figure above him. In spite of my scepticism and incredulity, I could not behold this scene unmoved. Every attendant upon the crucifixion was represented; for the governor of Jerusalem was present, with a smile of scorn upon his handsome features, and Turkish and Mussulman soldiers breaking the stillness of the scene with loud laughs of derision; and I could almost imagine that I heard the unbelieving Jews with gibes and sneers crying out, 'If he be the king of Israel, let him come down from the cross!'

"After the body had remained for some time suspended, two friars, personating Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, approached the foot of the cross; and one of them on the right, with a long pair of pincers, took the crown of thorns from the head, waved it around slowly with a theatrically mournful air, kissed it, and laid it down on a table before him; he then drew the long spikes from the hands and feet, and moving them around one by one slowly as before, kissed them and laid them also on the table. I never saw any thing more affecting than this representation, bad as it was, of the drama of the crucifixion; and, as the monks drew out the long nails from the hands and feet, even the scoffing Mussulmans stopped their laugh of derision. I stood by the table while they laid the body upon it, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth; followed them when they carried it down from Calvary to the stone of unction; and stood by the head of the stone while they washed and anointed it, and prepared it for burial. As soon as the image was deposited on the slab, numbers of pilgrims came and prostrated themselves before it in the lowliest posture of

Oriental abasement, rubbing their foreheads in the dust of the pavement, and imprinting kisses on the image and the marble on which it lay, with crossings, prayers, and tears, evincing every mark of sincerity. A Franciscan then came forward to address the surrounding multitude in Arabic.

“When this discourse was brought to a close, the monks bore away the body to the sepulchre, where it was deposited till Easter-day, when the ceremony of the Resurrection is performed.”

But enough of these scenes of fraud, folly, and shame; let us turn to purer objects of contemplation. Let us issue from St. Stephen's gate, and pausing for a moment among the tombs in the Turkish burial-ground, cross the bridge over the Brook Kedron, and the mysterious Valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascend the Mount of Olives. At the foot of the hill we come



MOUNT MORIAH AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

to a small enclosure, supposed, with great probability, to be the Garden of Gethsemane. It contains eight olive trees, whose age is incalculable, and which are fondly imagined to have been standing in the time of our Saviour. One of these, the largest, hacked and scarified by the knives of pilgrims, is revered as the identical tree under which Christ was betrayed; and its enormous roots, growing high out of the earth, could induce a belief of almost any degree of antiquity.

Above the garden is a paved alley about four feet broad, walled off from the other parts; for they say it is accursed by the footsteps of Judas Iscariot, and held in abhorrence by the followers of every creed.

The garden of Gethsemane occupies the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was very near one of the most thronged and busy parts of Jerusalem, and yet lay so low in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, that not a sound from the busy hum of life could have reached its profound depth. On the west, the city walls and high battlements of the Temple almost overhang the garden, while on the east the still loftier heights of Olivet cast their dark shade over the scene of the divine agony. Fitly had Judas chosen this gloomy scene for the perpetration of his black crime.

The monks have here a grotto, which they show as the scene of the "agony and bloody sweat."

The Mount of Olives consists of a range of four mountains, with summits of unequal altitudes. The highest rises from the garden of Gethsemane, and is the one fixed on as the place of our Saviour's Ascension. About halfway up is a ruined monastery, built, according to the monks, over the spot.

where Jesus sat down and wept over the city, and uttered that prediction which has been since so fearfully verified.

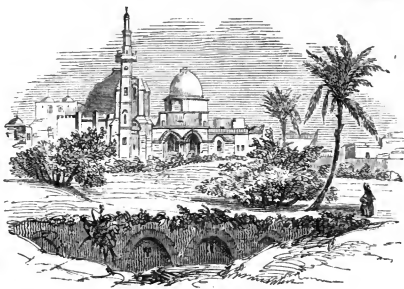


GROTTO OF THE AGONY.

On the top of the mountain is a miserable Arab village, in the centre of which is a small mosque, enclosing the stone which bears the foot-print shown as that of our Lord. From here the Ascension took place. An Arab keeps the key and allows you to enter. After the kissing and mumbling of paternosters have subsided, he opens a store of little square stones that are picked up about the hill, and rubbing them on the foot-print gives you all one apiece. The pilgrims receive them as invaluable testimonies of their pious journey. Although, within a Turkish mosque, the Christians have always had free admission to visit this relic.

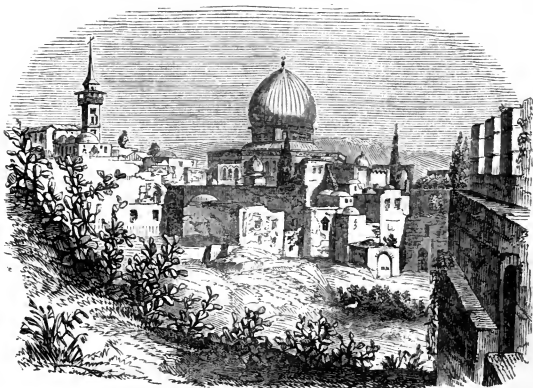
Descending again to the ruined monastery, let us sit down and survey, and muse over, the favoured and fallen Jerusalem. From this spot is obtained the best view of the city, the one from which the traveller receives his final and remembered impression. Next to the large mosque, the most conspicuous

objects are the two domes of the church of the sepulchre—both of them extremely ugly—one is black and the other white.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

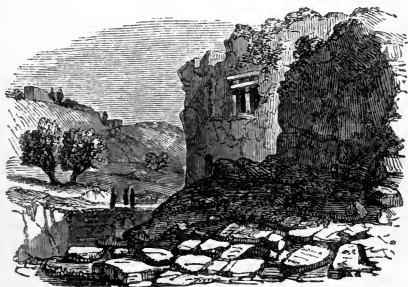
The town is a singular confusion; the houses are white and irregularly built, intermingled with minarets, and countless



VIEW OF THE GREAT MOSQUE FROM THE CITY WALL

little domes. The Mosque of Omar, like the great mosque at Mecca, is regarded with far more veneration than that of any other edifice of the Mohammedan worship; and to this day the Koran, or the sword, is the doom of any bold intruder within its sacred precincts. At its northern extremity is the Golden Gate, for many years closed and flanked with a tower in which a Mussulman soldier is constantly on guard; for the Turks believe that by that gate the Christians will one day enter and obtain possession of the city—city of mystery and wonder, and still to be the scene of miracles.

Returning along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and passing along its eastern sides, we come to the great burying-ground of



JEWISH BURIAL-GROUND.

the Jews. Among the monuments are four, unique in their appearance and construction, and known from time immemorial as the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and the prophet Zachariah. All are cut out of the solid rock. The tomb of Absalom is a single stone, as large as an ordinary two-story house, and ornamented with twenty-four semi-columns of the

Doric order, supporting a triangular pyramidal top. The top is battered and defaced, and no one, whether Muslim, Jew, or Christian, ever passes through the Valley of Jehoshaphat without casting a stone at the sepulchre of the rebellious son. No regular entrance to it has ever been discovered; and the only way of getting into the interior is by a hole broken for the purpose in one of the sides.



TOMB OF JEHOSEPHAT.

South of Jehoshaphat, and east of Hinnom, is the Aceldama, or Field of Blood, said to be that purchased by the Jewish priests with the thirty pieces of silver. There are here shown the decayed remains of a stone building, arched at top, and excavated within to a considerable depth, belonging to a cemetery built by the empress Helena for the reception of the bodies of Christian strangers. A tradition exists that the soil at the

bottom of this pit possesses the strange property of reducing the flesh to dust within twenty-four hours, and does not lose its decomposing virtues when carried to a distance; for, by order of the same queen, two hundred and seventy ship-loads were transported to Róme, and deposited in the Campo Santo, near the Vatican, where it was wont to reject the bodies of the Romans, and only consumed that of strangers.

We must not omit to notice the sepulchre usually known as the Tombs of the Kings, a highly interesting relic of the olden time, situated a short distance to the north of the city.



TOMBS OF THE KINGS, OR OF HELENA.

Sallying forth at the Damascus gate we pass through olive trees and cultivated enclosures, which are more frequent on this side of the town than any other, for about three quarters of a mile, when we reach a number of sepulchres hewn in the rocks

around, containing one, two, or three chambers. The entrances, almost universally, are of a square or oblong form. About a quarter of a mile further on are the Tombs of the Kings, as they are called, though the sepulchres of David and his descendants, as we know, were upon Zion; it is therefore probable that the tomb we are now speaking of was that of Helena, queen of Adiabene, and her children.

The population of Jerusalem has been variously estimated, according to the fancy of different travellers, from 1,500 up to nearly 30,000. No doubt the number has varied much at different times; and entire certainty can never be hoped for where a census of the whole population is a thing unknown. After a careful inquiry instituted by Dr. Robinson, the information he found most worthy to be relied on led to the following conclusions:—Number of Mohammedans in Jerusalem, 4,500; of Jews, 3,000; of Christians, 3,500: total population, 11,000. If to this we add something for possible omissions, and for the inmates of the convents, the standing population of the city, exclusive of the garrison, cannot well be reckoned at more than 11,500 souls.

The Jews inhabit a particular portion of the southern part of the city—the Harat-el-Youd—between the foot of Zion and the Mosque of Omar, and are not the least interesting of the objects presented to the traveller in the Holy City. This extraordinary people, the favoured of the Lord, the descendants of the Patriarchs and the Prophets, and the aristocracy of the earth, are to be seen in Jerusalem to greater advantage, and under an aspect totally different from that which they present in any other place on the face of the globe.

Independently of that natural love of country which exists

among this people, two objects bring the Jew to Jerusalem,—to study the Scriptures and the Talmud—and then to die, and have his bones laid with his forefathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, even as the bones of the Patriarchs were carried up out of Egypt. No matter what the station or the rank; no matter what or how far distant the country in which the Jew resides, he still lives upon the hope that he will one day journey Zionward.

In the western exterior of the area of the great mosque, there is a spot approached only by a narrow, crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall in a very small open space. The lower part of the wall is here composed of stones evidently older than the rest, being much larger, measuring nine or ten feet long; it is unquestionably a remnant of the ancient Temple. This is the nearest point in which the Jews are allowed to approach that revered site, and, fortunately for them, it is sheltered from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead-walls around. Here, bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which so many of their forefathers once moistened with their blood.

Every Friday in the year travellers may see all the Jews in Jerusalem, clothed in their best raiment, wandering through the narrow streets of their quarter, and under the hallowed wall, with the sacred volume in their hands, singing, in the language in which they were written, the Songs of Solomon and the Psalms of David. White-bearded old men and smooth-cheeked boys lean over the same book; and Jewish maidens, in their long white robes, stand with their faces against the wall, praying through cracks and crevices. The

tradition which leads them to pray *through* this wall is, that during the building of the Temple a cloud rested over it, so as to prevent any entrance; and Solomon stood at the door and prayed that the cloud might be removed, and promised that the Temple should always be open to men of every nation desirous of offering up their prayers; whereupon the Lord removed the cloud, and promised that the prayers of all people offered up in that place should find acceptance in his sight: and now, as the Muslim lords it over the place where the Temple stood, and the Jews are not permitted to enter, they endeavour to insinuate their prayers through the crevices in the wall, that thus they may rise from the interior to the Throne of Grace. The tradition is characteristic, and serves to illustrate the devoted constancy with which the Israelites adhere to the externals of their faith.



TOMB OF ABSALOM.



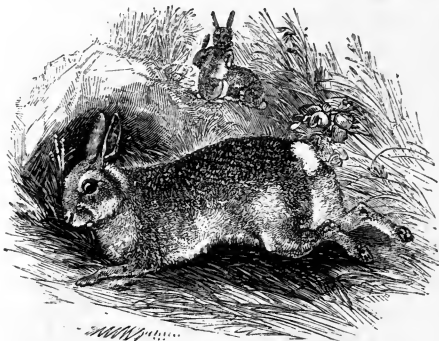
Rabbits, Hares, and Ferrets.



OUR kinds, or varieties, of the common rabbit are specified by rabbit fanciers, viz., warreners, parkers, hedgehogs, and sweethearts; but the endless diversities, known to those who take an interest in these busy little animals would fill a volume to describe. The greatest variety is found in the domesticated rabbit, or sweetheart. It is of this kind from which is fattened the *prize*, or *monster rabbit*, that has been known to exceed fifteen pounds in weight, on singular occasions; and which *often* weighs ten pounds. Of the warrener we have seen the largest specimens in the Isle of Wight, where, in the lonely districts around Alum Bay and Freshwater, these creatures appear to enjoy an Eden of their own: their innumerable little heads and ears peeping forth from the close, swart herbage, as thickly as kingcups in a June meadow. The parker, as its name intimates, frequents parky uplands and open enclosures; the hedgehog kind, like the hare, will take shelter under the hedge-bushes, or short woods and plantations; and these two sorts make no burrow subterraneously, but breed in the most convenient places of their chosen locality.

Some ancient authors have deemed the hare and rabbit but varieties of one species, an error quickly discovered by modern naturalists. The similarities of structure are certainly great ; but the dissimilarities are equally so.

The counties of England, in which the rabbit is most plentiful, are, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, with the Isle of Wight ; sandy soils, it will be seen, are most favourable to its burrowing habits. But when we speak of numbers, our mind naturally reverts to Spain, the native country of the rabbit, where its habits are as peculiar as its



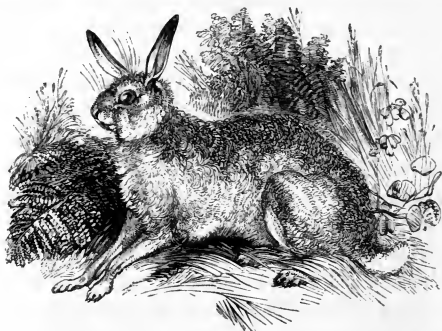
THE RABBIT.

flesh. Without speaking of the prodigious quantity of rabbits, killed under the denomination of *bunnies*, it is not an exaggeration to describe most of the provinces of the kingdom as swarming with them. The Balearic Islands are celebrated for the number of rabbits they contain. In colder climates they are kept within doors, somewhat like our pet lop ears. The

islands above-mentioned were once as infested with these animals, as some German districts have been with the great water-rat; and in the time of the Romans, they petitioned the emperor for the means of extirpating them. In these hot climates they are unclean animals, their flesh becoming so rank and tainted as to preclude its use as an article of food. We need say nothing more of the fecundity of an animal so well known, than that it will breed six or seven times in the year, and produce four or five young at each successive breeding. This amazing increase would truly soon over-populate the district, but that, in the wise ordinations of Providence, the rabbit is usually molested by enemies that almost equal its ratio of propagation. When this is not the case, it is found to do but comparatively little injury: and in poor countries, becomes invaluable as an article of food for the lower orders. When this animal lives above ground, its fur becomes more hairy.

Among swift-footed quadrupeds, we may claim precedence for the hare. The mechanism of its frame is such, that every joint and muscle tends to promote the rapidity of its locomotion on the grounds to which its instinct confines it. Its loins are extremely nervous and muscular; and these act upon the hindermost limbs, whose length and power render them capable of immensely rapid contraction and expansion: its fore-legs are in proportion short; thus enabling the creature to form that succession of leaps, which is its real mode of progression. "It is this curtailment of the fore-legs, in comparison with the hinder, that directs the hare instinctively to seek a rising ground, when flying from its pursuers." The under-surfaces of its feet, are, furthermore, provided amply with protecting

hair: it has five toes to its fore-feet, and only four behind. The mean length of the hare, when full grown, is about two feet; its weight is various: five, six, seven, eight, nine, some even have been known to weigh twelve pounds. The colour of the fur of the hare varies with the climate, and with the season. Even in England, black and milk-white hares have been met with: pied ones have been talked about; and every gradation



THE HARE.

of grey is incident to the animal. The ordinary tint is, however, an iron grey; the chin white; the throat of a rusty yellow hue; the belly white; the breast reddish; its facial extremity black. Thus, in harmony with the tints around her, is she clothed, in the coldest regions, ever with the lightest hues. It is forcibly remarked, that the want of the elastic padding, which bounds the soles of the feet of some animals, as dogs, for instance, is unfavourable to the progress of hares on fallows, and also on all wet and deep soils, which it is well

known, they constantly avoid when they can. When left to choose their own track, they always take a dry one for treading on; and it is plain, that their woolly sacks admirably adapt their feet to resist the ill effects of pressure from the rough surfaces they must pass over by this preference.

If we examine both the eyes and the ears of the hare, we shall be at once struck by their adaptation to the purposes of its existence and of flight from danger. Its eyes are prominent, the balls half out of the head, and so placed, that without any alteration of position, the circle of vision is remarkably large; commanding an extensive field of view, before and behind. That she cannot see *at once* in both directions, is often the cause of her capture. Her ears can be thrown back to the very base, at will; thus enabling her to drink in, as it were, the very faintest sound of pursuit. The eyelids of the hare seem to be seldom or never used, as her eyes are always unveiled, even in sleep, like those of fishes. The tail, or seat of the hare, is black, and white on the under part, short, and in the male usually whitest. The form of the ear favours its acceptance of sounds generally, but particularly for receiving such as come from behind. Thus the hare lays one ear forward and one behind, hearing, it is said, more perfectly, the sounds that issue from her back than those that are straight-forward. It is believed that the age of the hare is from nine or ten to twelve years: it is like the rabbit, of extreme fruitfulness. Hares have enemies so numberless, that were it not for their prolific generations they would soon become extinct. At Fonthill, during its occupation by the eccentric Mr. Beckford, hares swarmed to such an extent, and had become so tame, in consequence of their never being molested under any circumstances

whatever, that they might be seen parading the alleys and green avenues of the park, in files, as the Guards march the streets of London.

We have read an account illustrative of their tameness, wherein it is stated, that a hare was so domesticated as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear in every other respect as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lapdog. It now and then went out into the garden; and after regaling itself with the fresh air, always returned to the house, as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound and a spaniel, with whom it spent its evenings, the whole three sporting and sleeping together on the same hearth; and it is a curious fact, that the same greyhound and spaniel were both remarkably fond of hare-hunting, and often went out coursing together, without any person accompanying them.

Another anecdote of a tame hare is related by Dr. Townson, the traveller, who states, that he brought a young hare to such a degree of frolicsome familiarity, that it would run and jump about his sofa and bed; leap upon, and pat him with its forefeet; or whilst he was reading, knock the book out of his hands, as if to claim, like a fondled child, the exclusive preference of his attention.

The geographical range of the hare is great; its varieties, in consequence, are numerous: the Alpine hare; the Baikal hare; the changing hare, that of Brazil; the Cape; of North America, are among them; the minute hare of Chili being the most diminutive, and said to be little bigger than the mole; the latter is reported to be fine eating, and is called by the Chilians, "cuy."

The flesh of both the rabbit and the hare is of great use as food for man, and both animals are either killed by the use of the gun, or hunted down by dogs. The coursing of the hare with the greyhound, is considered to be one of the most manly of British sports.

Rabbits, hard pressed by the sportsman, almost invariably make for their underground habitations, from which they are ejected by the agency of the ferret, a small, but very bold

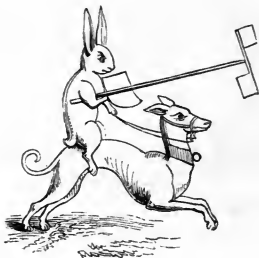


THE FERRET.

animal, and an enemy to all except its own kind. In ferreting, these animals are generally muzzled, as otherwise, upon one meeting with a rabbit, it would immediately seize it by the neck, wind itself round it, and continue to suck its blood till satiated. Such inveterate enemies are they to the rabbit kind, that if a dead one be presented to a young ferret, it bites it with the utmost rapacity—in fact, the appetite for blood is so strong, that they have been known to attack and kill children in the

cradle. They are very soon irritated, and the bite is difficult of cure.

The ferret breeds in the various countries of Europe; its eyes are fiery, and in appearance it is not unlike the weasel. The tame ones are fed with milk, bread, and similar food; but the wild ones subsist on the blood of rabbits, hares, and various other animals, which they capture and destroy.





THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF
TOM THUMB.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.



It was one afternoon in winter that Mrs. B. and her children were seated round a cheerful fire. The boys had been rather noisy and restless, and when their mother begged them to be more quiet, they replied that they wished they had something to do, or something to look at, or something to listen to.

“Now, Mamma,” said John, “if you would tell us an amusing story, I’m sure we should all be quiet.”

“O yes, Mamma, that we should,” cried several voices at once. “Do tell us about Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer, or Hop-o’-my-Thumb, as you used to do last winter during the dusk hour.”

Mrs. B.—But, my dear children, I have repeated those stories so often, that you must know them as well as I do myself.

Edward.—Can’t you remember a new tale?

Richard.—Or invent one, Mamma? I think you used to invent sometimes, for you did not always tell the same story the same way, although it was about the same people.

Mrs. B.—That's certainly true, and I will try what I can do for you. Although you have asked for one of these strange tales, you will not dislike to be made acquainted with some truths, particularly if I can contrive to dress them in the disguise of fable. Of course you already know that there were no such little people as Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer.

Richard.—Oh yes, Mamma, we have always known that, and though we like a true story, yet there is something very amusing in these strange, wondrous tales of giants and dwarfs and fairies.

Mrs. B.—I quite agree with you: but, as I before told you, some part of my story will be true, and I think I can convince you that there are as many and more wondrous realities going on around us, than those inventions which have already pleased you so much.

Mary.—And will your wonders be really true, Mamma?

Mrs. B.—Yes, Mary, quite true.

Mary.—Then pray begin directly, Mamma, for I think I shall like true wonders better than false ones.

Mrs. B.—Well, give me a few minutes to think, and I will see what can be done for your amusement.

The children were all silent and still for full five minutes, and then Mrs. B. began:

Tom Thumb was, as you already know, a hero of the olden time, and like most other heroes, has been as much distinguished for his misdeeds, as for his wisdom or virtue.

Tom Thumb, though little, was great; indeed he was great because he was little; by great I do not mean large in stature, on the contrary, his diminutive size was a strange matter, therefore he was talked about, inquired for, wondered at, and written about; hence he is considered one of the great men of antiquity. Strange histories and adventures have been related and written of this great little being: there are still, however, many events of his life untold. It has been my good fortune to get possession of the unknown details of Tom Thumb's wonderful and adventurous life, and I am happy to add, that they confer an additional lustre on his name.

I can find no account of my hero before he was four years old. He was then living with his father and mother in the country; the former being a small farmer, and the latter, though very proud of her little son, was so afraid of his being stolen from her, that she endeavoured as much as she could to conceal her treasure from every eye. And, indeed, she had good cause for alarm; for his diminutive stature (he was then three inches in height) rendered him such an object of curiosity, that many attempts had been made by dishonest persons to steal him from her, in order to make a show of him. Mr. and Mrs. Thumb had formerly lived in another part of the country, but these attempts to deprive the fond mother of her son made her so unhappy, that she persuaded her husband to sell his farm and remove to a distant county. When settled in her new home, she concealed from every body that she possessed so wonderful a child. This was not difficult, as it was easy to hide up little Tom when any body approached the house; and his voice was so small that his cries were never understood by ears not used to the sound. I must confess he took pains enough

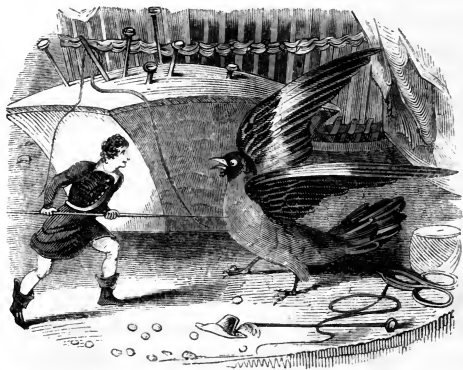
to make himself heard, as he was very fond of his liberty, and liked to know what was going on in the world. The dredging-box was a very capital place of concealment for him, the lid being full of holes he was in no danger of suffocation from want of air. Once, indeed, he had like to have been killed, for in her haste, on the sudden entrance of a stranger, Mrs. Thumb popped her son into the pepper-box, by mistake; fortunately there were only two or three grains of pepper in the box, and Tom escaped with only an alarming fit of sneezing, and a slight inflammation in his left eye. The noise he made on this occasion attracted the notice of the visitor, whose curiosity was, however, satisfied by Mrs. Thumb's assurance that this was only one of the many strange noises often heard in her house.

You will perhaps wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Thumb did not themselves make their fortune by showing their wonderful little son through the country: but they were industrious people, and proud withal; for the Thumbs were of an ancient family, and Mrs. T. herself was allied to the Fingers, a race remarkable for their active habits. Mr. Thumb himself was too proud to turn mountebank; and if Mrs. T. was ever tempted to forget her high descent in the desire of acquiring gain, her husband used to observe, that a small sum would be a large fortune for Tom, so little being required to maintain him, and this he hoped to save out of his earnings: then Mrs. T. would add, that if they could get an audience of the king, he might perhaps one day grant him a pension, a boon which would be no stain to her ancient blood.

Tom really was a wonderful fellow: although small he possessed a large share of brains; indeed his abilities were superior to those of many thicker headed folks, and he had that

sort of cleverness which, when found in birds, insects, &c., is called instinct; for, like them, he was not taught the things he knew, nor to do the things he did. He was not learned, but learning does not always give wisdom; and Tom certainly became wise in the end, for he observed much, and thought much. When he was young, he was as fond of play as all other children are, but, as you will suppose, he had no play-fellows; his pastimes were like himself, strange and uncommon, though some of his sports much resembled those of other boys. Marbles, for instance, was a great game with him; he did not use the enormous hard globes you play with; no, no, these are toys for giants, my pigmy hero's marbles were mustard seeds. He discovered this use for them while sitting one day upon a stone watching his father sowing seeds; and, indeed, I am not quite sure that he was not the original inventor of an amusement, which has, like all other species of knowledge, gone on to increase and improve. So delighted was he with the discovery, that he never was without marbles in his pocket, and, like all people possessed of property, he found others inclined to share it with him. Once or twice midnight robbers attacked his hoard, in the shape of mice, who gnawing a hole in his pockets, devoured their contents. On other occasions, he met with more audacious thieves—birds, who did not scruple openly, in broad daylight, to dispute with him the possession of his wealth. Indeed, on one occasion, he had an encounter which had nearly terminated fatally. He was enjoying his favourite diversion of ring-taw, and had formed a large circle, whence he had, with consummate skill of hand and correctness of eye, knuckled three marbles, when a goldfinch, who had for some time been eyeing him from the window-sill, bounced in

at the open casement, and without leave asked, or apology made for the intrusion, proceeded to devour the objects of Tom's dexterity with a dexterity which proved he could cram in at least as well as Tom could knock out. Indignant, but undismayed, Tom doubled his fists, and dashing into the ring with a determination of a gladiator of old, planted a hit full on Goldy's left eye, which considerably injured the latter's vision; but Tom had met with his match in courage and determination. Goldy flew at him, endeavoured to strike him down with his pinions, and to peck at his head and face with his beak. Tom made a noble fight, but he soon felt that unless he had some



other means of defence than his fists, he might succeed for a while to keep his enemy off, but could not finally conquer. He cast a hasty glance around, and beheld, opposite to him, at the other end of the table, his mother's pincushion, in which a

large darning-needle stood erect. Scorning to turn his back, he retreated towards the spot, contenting himself with parrying the attacks of his assailant. He reached the mound, sprung upon it, wrenched the needle from the spot where it was embedded, and presented it at the breast of his enemy, who rushing rashly and impetuously on, received the point in his breast. Terrified and disabled, the goldfinch gave way, and Tom had little difficulty in completing his victory, by inflicting two mortal wounds on his adversary.

A few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Thumb arrived at the scene of action, where she beheld her heroic son breathless and flushed with exertion, leaning upon his spear (needle I mean), and contemplating the remains of his late insolent and powerful foe.

Mrs. Thumb had a taste for the drama, in other words, she was fond of going to the play; and her son's attitude and situation strongly reminded her of Harry, Prince of Wales, looking on the dead body of Hotspur, whom he had slain in single combat. However she said nothing about it, dreading that Tom's curiosity would be aroused to a desire to see the play. She contented herself with throwing the dead goldfinch to the cat, wiping her darning-needle, and giving Tom the necessary refreshment of a cup of beer.

I may as well remark here, that he usually drank out of an acorn cup, and eat off a silver sixpence, bent up round the sides; his knife, fork, and spoon his father had made for him.

It was not till after this event that Tom found he was possessed of a faculty, which, cut off as he was from all intercourse with the human species, proved an inestimable source of happiness to him. He was one day walking in his father's garden,

when he was overtaken by a sudden shower of rain ; as he was at some distance from the house (about fifty yards), he looked round for shelter, and perceiving one of those fungi we call a toad's stool, he took advantage of its broad penthouse top to screen him from the wet. He stood hearkening to the drops, as they fell pattering on the dome above his head, when he thought he heard voices near him, and listening more earnestly, the following conversation became distinctly audible :

First Speaker.—Well, Slime, what news? have you found a new feeding-ground?

Second Speaker.—Yes, and one that will make your mouth water only to think of.

First Speaker.—Let's hear it then. Don't keep one in suspense.

Second Speaker.—Old Thumb's garden wall is the place. It's full of fruit. Such plums! such greengages!

First Speaker.—How far is it off?

Second Speaker.—It is distant about five hours march.

First Speaker.—Let's be off at once, then, and secure the goods at early dawn, or we shall be caught. That old Thumb is a desperate enemy to our race. My father and youngest son both fell victims to his avarice.

Tom turned hot and then cold. To hear his father spoken of in such terms made him angry; but the next instant he feared that these midnight robbers, for such they must be, might in the end plan an attack on the house, although at present their designs seem confined to the fruit. He kept still, almost afraid to breathe, lest he should be discovered in his retreat. He listened, and again the conversation was resumed.

Second Speaker.—We may as well call on Slowpace and Creepsome, in our way, and invite them to join us.

First Speaker.—No, no, let's get all we can, and keep all we get—I don't like companies.

Second Speaker.—Nor I, when there's only enough for myself, or I should not have let you into the secret: but here's more than we can make away with in a month, and we may as well have the credit of being liberal, when we can obtain the character without any loss to ourselves.

First Speaker.—True, very true: will you take a part of my supper?

Second Speaker.—What! you can't eat any more I suppose! No, I shall save my appetite for old Thumb's plums. Let's be off.

Tom now ventured to peep from his hiding place. Expecting at least to see the backs of these plotters, he stretched up his neck as high as he could, to discover what he supposed the huge forms of men—no, all was clear around; he listened for the heavy tread of feet; no, there was nothing of the kind; he only saw two snails proceeding as fast as they could over the mould; and heard nothing but the decreasing murmur of distant voices. He left his retreat, and took his way in the same direction as the snails. As he approached them, the voices again became distinct, he walked on; one of the snails stopped, and Tom heard these words, and the sounds evidently came from the spot where they stood:

“Hush! did not you hear footsteps?”

Tom concealed himself behind a nettle, but so that he could see through the spaces between the leaves. One of the snails turned round, extended all its horns, and lifted its head as if taking a general survey.

Can it be? thought Tom. Is it to these creatures I have been listening in such alarm. I'll watch them, and make sure whether I am deceived or not. Dodging the snails silently, but intently, he followed them to the foot of a large cabbage, where they stopped, and Tom distinctly heard them call the name of Slowpace, and give the invitation to join them in the foraging party, which being accepted, another snail emerged from the cabbage leaves, and joined their march. Convinced that he was not deceived, Tom sat down quite overpowered with his discovery. After much reflection, he came to this conclusion:— I have no playfellows, and there seems to be no other creature like myself in the world; but now I shall find plenty of companions and plenty of amusement: the words these snails used are like mine; so I have not to learn a new language. I see how it is (and Tom jumped up in great satisfaction at the thought); their voices are too delicate for the organs of hearing possessed by the giant lords of the world; but as my senses are constructed in proportion to my stature, I can hear the minutest sounds. Now, said the little creature, as he strutted along importantly, now I shall see, hear, and understand what these mountains of flesh, in spite of their boasted powers, are ignorant of. Whoever before heard snails talk?

Tom was so elated with the thought of his wonderful talent, that he could not condescend to look where he was going, or to cast down his eyes upon that ground above which he seemed to rise. He was, however, soon made sensible that he still had earthly difficulties to avoid and to overcome. His foot became entangled in a strawberry-runner; he stumbled, fell, and rolled down a steep descent. After sundry thumps and scratches, his farther progress was arrested by a lump of soft earth, round

which a small pool of water had settled: he arose and shook himself; his face was most unbecomingly bespattered, and his clothes in a most disorderly trim. However, none of his bones were broken. He looked round to see what sort of place he was in, and clambering up the mound of earth which had stopped his downward course, he perceived what to him seemed a vast lake, looking very green and disagreeable. He congratulated himself upon his escape from a watery grave, and felt conscious that his sudden descent had at the same time lowered the dignity of his elevated notions, and of his position.

He was about to endeavour to regain the latter, by ascending the hill, down which he had rolled, when he perceived, at a little distance, three remarkably unpleasant looking creatures, with yellow shrivelled skins, wrinkled faces, wide mouths, skinny arms, and bright glassy eyes, staring full at him. Though his heart sunk at the horrid sight, he resolved not to seem afraid, and assuming somewhat of the bully, as cowards are apt to do, he exclaimed: "What are you about, you staring, starving, bilious frights?" This address produced a strange effect on his auditors. Their bodies swelled, their eyes started, and they croaked forth, in hoarse husky tones, one after the other, "Oh! oh! oh!"

Although they looked sufficiently horrible, these exclamations seemed no declaration of war, and Tom's courage revived a little. Again he addressed them: "Speak, if you can:—What are you?"

The three wide-mouthed monsters again extended their throats, and uttered, what at least sounded like the following warning,—

“Take care! take care! take care!
You had better have stayed where you were;
You may stick in the mud,
Or be drowned in the flood;
The fish with a gill,
Or the her'n with a bill,
 May swallow you in a trice;
For when times are so bad,
And there 's nought to be had,
 We 're none of us very nice.”

As these probable dangers were successively uttered, Tom felt his heart grow heavier and heavier. The words were chanted in a continued monotonous tone, which gave them an additional doleful and miserable effect. Poor Tom was so overcome, that he began to weep, and felt inclined to express his complainings in the same melancholy strain (so infectious is dissatisfaction), when, without notice or warning, one of the monsters made a sudden spring, and, followed by his companions, leapt into the pool, and was out of sight in an instant. At their unexpected disappearance, Tom jumped to his feet, and scrambled up the hill without looking behind him; fear gave strength to his exertions, and he reached the top breathless with terror and haste. Nor even here did he think himself safe, so he struck into the first path which presented itself, and fortunately for him it led to his own house. He crept in at his usual entrance, namely, at a crevice between the door and the floor, and found his father and mother at supper. Cold, wet, hungry, and frightened, he joyfully received his share of the meal, accompanied as it was by a long lecture from Mrs. Thumb, on the impropriety of his staying out so late, and spoiling his clothes by playing in the mud—for so she interpreted the cause of his dirty appearance. He did not dare to relate his adven-

tures, lest he should be prevented going out again by himself: for though he had suffered great alarm, yet he felt an intense desire to see and know more of the wonders of the world, and as he laid down in bed (which, by the way, was a wren's nest), he said to himself,—Although frightened I'm not hurt, and I see, very plainly, I must meet with many difficulties and dangers as a traveller, and a traveller I am determined to be. There are strange things to be seen and learned; a spirit of inquiry is roused within me, which will be gratified; but I must keep my own counsel, or my mother will soon crush my spirit, by fastening me down in the dredging-box, or tying me by that horrid long rope to the nail in the ceiling, which just lets me go far enough to make me wish to go farther, and then gives me a pluck back, as soon as I attempt to indulge my inclination.

Richard—Thank you, mamma, for your story; but I hope it is not finished.

Mrs. B.—Finished for this afternoon, my dear boy.

John—I like your description of the greedy snails; if they could really speak, I believe they would only talk about eating, for they are very voracious creatures.

Mrs. B.—I think we generally form some idea of the character of an animal from its habits, and perhaps we may sometimes imagine a little too much. Nevertheless, it is an agreeable, and I hope not a useless, exercise of the fancy; for what we really see, or think we see, if good, we shall admire, and if bad, we shall dislike. An admiration of what is excellent is to be encouraged, because it leads to the practice of what we admire; while an aversion to what is bad or disagreeable, will

naturally lead us to avoid the faults we dislike. When little boys and girls, who hear my story, are talking with delight of the nice things they are to eat, or have eaten; or when they are inclined to devour greedily and wastefully, perhaps they will think of the snails, and forbear: for if greediness is so hateful in a creature who only obeys its instinct, and knows not good from evil, how must we look upon the same fault in rational beings, who have been taught, and who indeed can, in many cases, decide for themselves between right and wrong.

Mary—Mamma, I can't find out what those skinny yellow frights were.

Edward—Why, frogs to be sure.

Mary—Oh yes, yes, certainly. And those long "Ohs!" are their croaks.

Mrs. B.—Perhaps you do not know that when people are continually discontented and grumbling about trifling inconveniences, or complain without any cause at all, they are said to croak. And now ring the bell for candles, and let us go to some more serious employment.





THE BUSTARD.

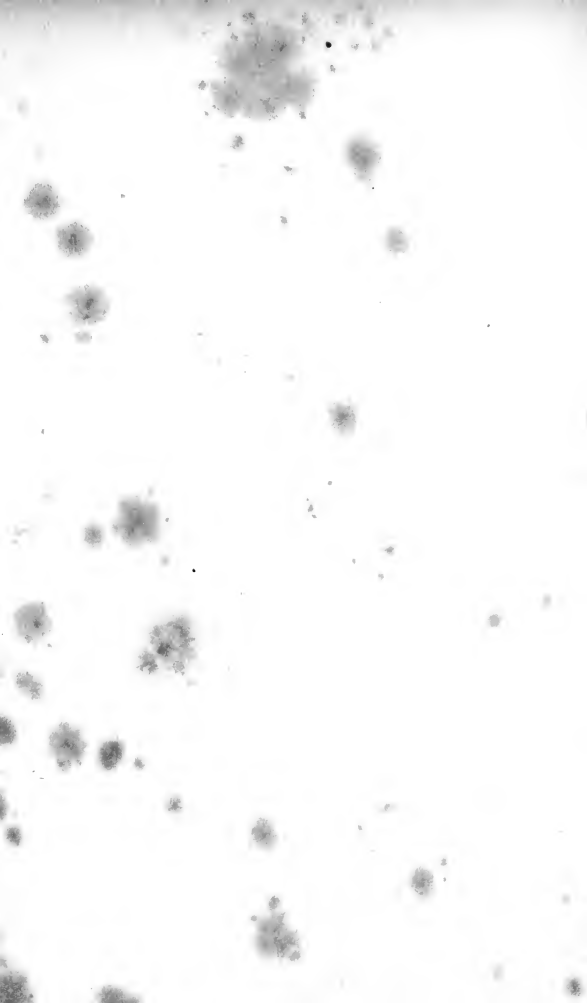


HUR young reader's acquaintance with this bird, once the pride of our wild feathered tribes, will now be confined to such specimens only as may be met with in a museum. It is very long since bustard-shooting was common to our island; and we must now speak of this bird rather in the past than in the present tense. It is one of a class that have fled before population and agriculture.

The Great Bustard, the largest of our land birds, was formerly seen in flocks of fifty, or more, upon extensive downs or heaths—such as Salisbury Plain, the heaths of Sussex, the Dorsetshire Uplands, Newmarket Heath, and the like; and as far north as East Lothian, in Scotland: but their appearance has become almost a tradition. In the year 1800, we learn there was one shot, which measured six feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other; and three feet from the point of the beak to the extremity of the tail. Mr. Yarrel states, that nineteen were seen together at Westcape, in Norfolk, so late as



THE GREAT BUSTARD.



1819 ; and that they were carefully preserved by the proprietor. Royston Heath, Devonshire, Wiltshire, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire have been mentioned as localities from whence occasional specimens are procured. In Ireland they seem to have existed, although now extinct. The bustard is found in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and inhabits open plains and flat countries where vegetation is rankly luxuriant.

The male bustard will be found generally to weigh about twenty-seven pounds, if a fine bird ; the neck to be about a foot long, the legs a foot and a half, and the wings short in proportion to the body, the latter measuring about four feet from the tip of the one to the other. This bird is powerful in flight, but extremely slow in rising ; its preservation was, therefore, chiefly maintained by its great range of sight, living in open plains where it was almost impossible to approach it without discovery. Without a hedge or fence to screen them, how could the sportsman mark his game ? or, how could the fowler creep among them ? It is recorded, however, that the bustard was coursed by greyhounds. After feeding voraciously on the large heath-worms of their native plains, and upon the berries of the plants incident to their localities, they become so pursed out and fat, as to be unable to fly without great difficulty. Thus flapping its wings, in order to get enough air underneath them to permit its rising, it would run before the enemy, and often be caught. The male bustard will stand two feet six or eight inches in height, and when the lengthened feathers, which most of them possess on the throat, or sides of the jaw, are raised, they have a very bold and commanding appearance. The female is not above half the size of the male ; and another essential difference between them is, that

the latter is furnished with a sack, or pouch, under the tongue, capable of containing about two quarts. It is supposed that the bird fills this reservoir with water as a supply in the midst of those dreary plains where it is accustomed to wander. It likewise makes a further use of it in defending itself against the attacks of birds of prey, by throwing out the water with such violence as to baffle the pursuit of its enemy. The female builds no nest, but making a hole in the ground, drops two eggs, about the size of those of a goose, of a pale olive brown, with dark spots. These she immediately abandons, should any one handle, or even breathe upon them, during her absence in quest of food.



THE LITTLE BUSTARD.

The Little Bustard measures about seventeen inches in length, and is also an unfrequent British visitant. It is subject

to a very great change of plumage, and is a very shy and cunning bird: if disturbed, it flies a distance of two or three hundred yards, near to the ground, and then runs away much faster than any one can follow on foot. The female lays, in June, three or four eggs, of a glossy green, and as soon as the young are hatched, she leads them about as the hen does her chickens. They are able to fly generally about the middle of August.

Bustards feed on green corn, turnip-tops and other vegetables, as well as on worms; and they have also been known to eat frogs, mice, and even young birds.






THE SPITEFUL OLD FAIRY,

AND HER LAZY GOD-DAUGHTER.

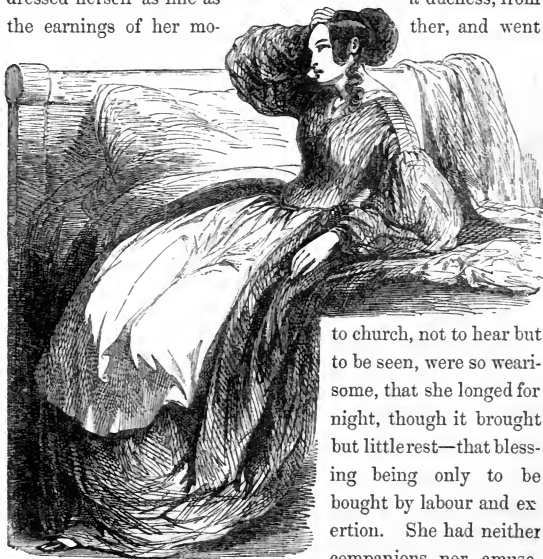


NCE upon a time—we cannot specify the precise year, or whether it was any particular year or not—when the little fairy imps danced merrily by moonlight to the music of the murmuring brook, undisturbed by the din of steam-engines and spinning-jennies—there lived a little old woman, in a little bit of a house, by the side of a limpid stream. The old dame was very poor but very honest, and would not have robbed her neighbour of a pin, though she had been sure of escaping discovery. She was, moreover, industrious as a bee, and might be seen from morning till night turning her spinning-wheel, whose humming was heard in the lonely quiet of the scene as loud as a whole hive. She had an only daughter, the most beautiful damsel in all the country round, who went to church every Sunday only to be admired, and spent all the rest of the week in the laborious task of killing time. Her name was Phillida, and she was very proud of it, because it sounded so

poetically. She was now eighteen ; and though she might have taken the place of her mother at the spinning-wheel, she preferred idling away the whole day long, admiring herself in a neighbouring crystal spring (for the little old woman was too poor to buy a looking-glass) thinking about princes and lords—and building castles in the air.

By degrees, Phillida discovered that the heaviest of all burdens is idleness. Her days, except Sunday, when she dressed herself as fine as a duchess, from the earnings of her mo-

ther, and went



to church, not to hear but to be seen, were so wearisome, that she longed for night, though it brought but little rest—that blessing being only to be bought by labour and exertion. She had neither companions nor amuse-

ments, and her mind became at length completely absorbed in foolish dreams of future happiness, founded on anticipations of marrying some high-born prince or mighty lord, who would fall in love with her beauty. But the mind cannot always live on dreams, or banquet on visionary fare, and Phillida every day became more discontented and unhappy. Her mother observed it, and often asked what was the matter; but she only replied, "I don't know;" and the little old woman soon drowned all her anxiety in the humming of her spinning-wheel.

It was the universal custom in those days for every child to have a fairy godmother, if possible, and she was always invited to the christening, where presents were bestowed on her, in return for the blessings she promised her godchild. The little old woman was so poor, that all the fairies declined,



under various pretences, to stand godmother to her daughter; but the truth was, the selfish little varlets were afraid they would get no present worth having. The only exception was a malicious old fairy, who, though she had the reputation of a sensible body, was considered excessively ill-natured, and no better than she should be. She conde-

scended to stand godmother, and being complimented by the little old woman with a skein of fine thread of her own spinning, went away in a great passion, muttering something

that nobody could understand, about glass slippers and pumpkin coaches.

For a long time afterwards, the little old woman could never get on with her spinning. Sometimes the band would fly off the wheel; at others, the flax would curl up all in a snarl on the distaff; and as sure as she attempted to draw out a fine thread it would break in the middle. The poor soul was fretted and vexed beyond measure, for now she could not do half a day's work; and, as her husband was always so sick and could do nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, the family were sometimes in want of the common necessaries of life. The good woman was convinced there was some foul play in the business, and, there never being any witches where fairies abound, was convinced in her own mind that she had somehow or other offended one of these testy little bodies, who had taken revenge by spoiling her spinning. All at once it occurred to her recollection that Phillida's malicious old godmother, had gone away from the christening in a great passion, and it came into her head that the bitter old thing had done her this ill turn, because she had not made her a proper present. She accordingly determined to make all the amends in her power, and taking all the money out of an old stocking, she had been saving for a month, she put on her hood, toddled away to the little town, not many miles distant, and having bought one of the most fashionable bonnets she could find, carried it straight to the old fairy, who lived in a hollow tree on the top of a high mountain. The old body at first fell into a terrible rage at seeing what kind of a present had been brought her.

“Hoity-toity!” cried she, “do you take me for an opera

dancer, that you bring me such an enormity as this? A pretty figure I should cut to-night at the great ball on the banks of the stream that flows at the foot of the mountain, with this thing on my old grey head. Away with you, and bestow it on that vain, idle, good-for-nothing god-daughter of mine, that she may make a greater fool of herself than ever, if that be possible." But when the spiteful old creature—who, except her stinginess, had nothing very wicked in her—recollected that the poor woman did not know any better, and brought the present out of pure good will, her heart relented, and she added—"Well, well! go thy ways, Goody, thou art an honest, industrious body, with a good-for-nothing husband, and a daughter not much better. Go thy ways, and I promise thee thy wheel shall hum more blithely than ever." And, sure enough, from that day, it spun two threads at a time, and the little old woman won several premiums from the "Society for Encouraging Domestic Industry."

Phyllida continued to grow more miserable from day to day, for want of something to do, which never occurs to those who mind their own business, or attempt to be useful to others. She pined, and sighed, and moped about, indulging a thousand foolish conceits, and finally fancying herself going into a decline, or, at all events, under the untoward influence of some malignant fairy. She had never thought of visiting her god-mother, whom in truth she seldom recollected till she wanted her advice and assistance; but now she resolved to go and consult her about the unhappy state of her mind and body. So she dressed herself in all her finery, and paid the spiteful old body a visit.

She found her sitting at the door of the old hollow tree,

smoking her pipe very comfortably. "Heyday! madam Phillida, my loving and affectionate god-daughter, what brought you here?" said the old spite, rising to meet her. "Art thou come to ask me to thy wedding? Thou lookest for all the



world like a bride, dressed in her finery, and frightened half to death at the prospect of realizing what she has been dreaming about for years! What brings thee here, thou paragon of duty and affection?"

Poor Phillida was almost struck dumb by this outlandish

welcome, but summoned sufficient courage to tell her story, and ask the aid and advice of her godmother.

“Go SPIN!” cried the spiteful old fairy, with great emphasis, drawing herself up to her full stature, and then turning round she jiggled herself into the old tree in a great hurry. Phillida could not get another word out of her, and turning about, pursued her way home disconsolate, till she came to an old elm, which overshadowed the stream that gurgled at the foot of the mountain, and whose mossy roots afforded a comfortable seat. Here she sat down, and it being a solitary place, and she in a sorrowful mood, beguiled her thoughts with a simple, melancholy song, often sung in long-past times by the love-lorn shepherdesses of the plains :

“There lived a lass in fairy land,
Oppressed with secret, silent woes,
Whose case none else could understand,
Nor she, herself, alas! disclose.

She wandered lone, the livelong day,
Like some pale spectre, sad and slow,
And pined her youthful bloom away,
For what, not she herself did know.

‘Ah! would I were myself again!’
She sighed, in whispers soft and low—
‘Would I could cast this lingering pain,
Or else its secret sources know:

For then, perhaps, I might endure
The nameless grief that wastes me so;
But none can ever find a cure
For that, whose cause they never know.’”

She had no sooner concluded, and echo finished repeating her song, when she was startled by the sweet sounds of a shep-

herd's pipe, which after playing a wild, delectable prelude, was succeeded by a voice discoursing in the following manner :

There lives a lad in fairy land,
That ne'er knew secret woe,
And yet can make you understand
The cause you wish to know.

'T is not disease that makes you pine,
Nor any secret woe,
The grief that wastes that frame of thine
Full well, full well, I know.

'T is idleness that weighs you down—
And if the blessing you would win
Of rosy health's enduring crown,
Go take thy mother's place and spin!

The surprise which Phillida might otherwise have felt at this unlooked for response to her complaint, was overpowered by vexation at this impertinent piece of advice.

“Spin—spin—spin!”—muttered she—“nothing but spinning. If I ask my cross old godmother's advice, she tells me to go spin; and if I complain to the rocks and woods, echo answers nothing but go spin. I can't spin—and I wo'n't spin; so there is no use talking or singing about it.”

It will be perceived that Phillida mistook the voice for an echo, having probably heard of Irish echoes, which report says, instead of repeating what is said to them, return very sensible, judicious answers. But she was soon undeceived, by seeing a handsome youth emerging from among the woods and vines that skirted the murmuring stream, who, modestly advancing toward her, presented a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, without saying a word. Phillida was very much tempted to accept it

with a blush and a smile, when suddenly calling to mind that this was doubtless the person she had mistaken for an echo, and who had given her such an impertinent piece of advice, she rejected it scornfully, at the same time exclaiming, like a pert little hussy as she was,—

“No thank you, sir. You have favoured me with such a valuable piece of advice, that I can't consent to rob you of any other treasure.”

The youth bowed, and passed on without uttering a word, but he could not help thinking what a pity it was that such a lovely girl should not only be idle, but ill-natured. As to Philida, she thought of him for several days after, and was sorry she had not accepted the flowers. The next Sunday, and for several Sundays in succession, she saw him at church, gallanting the only damsel of all the neighbourhood who could dispute the palm of beauty with her, and soon after heard they were married. Then it was she wished more earnestly she had accepted the nosegay, and became more idle and depressed than ever.



Not knowing what else to do, she determined to go once more and consult her god-mother, the spiteful old fairy; though, in truth, she expected nothing but a good scolding, and some advice which she was determined in her heart not to follow. So she got her mother to spend all her money in buying a great plumcake of a confectioner in the neighbouring town. She found the old body

sitting as usual at the outside of the hollow tree, smoking her pipe.

“ Well, Mistress Lazybones, what do you want now, and what have you got in that basket? Come here this instant. What a plague are you lagging behind so for? Do you think I am going to eat you?”

The old creature was almost dying with curiosity to see what was in the basket, which she snatched away as soon as poor Phillida came within reach of her.

“ O!—oh!—hum—a fine plumcake! Well, you are a good girl after all, though I did call you lazybones,” quoth the old spite, who liked plumcake above all things; and forthwith cut off a slice, which she began to eat as fast as her crazy teeth would permit. In doing this she unluckily closed on a hard cinder, which the careless baker had let drop into the cake, whereby she received a shock that almost jarred her head off her shoulders. This put her in such a passion that she threw the cake, and then the basket at Phillida’s head, and bade her go about her business. The poor damsel in vain attempted to excuse herself for the fault of the careless baker, and begged her godmother’s good offices, or, at least, advice on the subject of her low spirits and declining health.

“ Go SPIN!” cried the spiteful old creature; and this was the only reply she would give.

Phillida took her basket and her unlucky cake, and proceeded disconsolate towards home. It was a delightful spring morning; the birds carolled in the tender foliage of the woods and briery dells; the flowers breathed their young perfumes to the balmy air, and all nature, animate as well as inanimate, seemed rejoicing in one full chorus of happiness. But the damsel

shared not in the general joy; for she had not the capacity of sympathizing with the beauties of creation, and was sinking under the leaden burden of idleness, which is worse than a millstone about the neck. As she approached her home, Phillida heard the humming of the old spinning-wheel, which sounded harshly in her ears; partly on account of the advice of the young shepherd and her cross old godmother, and partly because she could not help reproaching herself for idling away her time, while her aged mother was toiling from morning till night.

She continued to pine away every day, for want of something to do, and spent most of her time roaming about, either in the lonely wood-paths, or along the spritely gurgling stream; feeding her vain and idle fancies, with visionary anticipations of one day or other captivating some great lord, or, perhaps, prince, by her beauty, riding in a coach and six, and living in a fine house with folding-doors, and marble mantel-pieces. Being so very handsome, she had many admirers among the neighbouring swains, who, whenever she went to church, flocked around, and gallanted her through the churchyard; where they read all the epitaphs, wondering at the number of excellent people buried there. But though Phillida had no objection to flirt a little with them, and indeed encouraged their attentions, she would

have as soon thought of marrying the old man in the moon, as one of these ignoble clodhoppers. She aspired to princes and lords, and a squire was the lowest point of her ambition.



was favoured by Phillida with such marked encouragement,

that he fell violently in love with her, and made proposals, which were laughed at and scorned. His affection as well as pride being thus deeply wounded, the poor youth pined away in hopeless sadness for awhile, and then disappeared from the country. In process of time the news came to his parents that he had died of a broken heart; and while every body cried shame on Phillida, she for a long time reproached herself for deceiving the poor lad, and almost regretted that she had not accepted his vows. One day, as she sat musing on the past and the future, the thought of her victim came over her mind with such a cloud of sadness, that she could not refrain from mournfully chanting an old ditty which she remembered, that seemed expressive of her own condition, and ran as follows:

“ Would I were yonder murmuring stream,
That flows in joyous melody,
Now glittering in the sunny beam,
Now shadowed by the waving tree.
And would I were yon waving tree,
Whose leaves returning spring renews,
Whose whispers always seem to me
Returning thanks for showers and dews.
Would I were yonder twittering bird,
That nestles in the scented thorn,
And when the evening comes, is heard
As blithesome as at early morn.
Would I were yonder buzzing bee,
That honey sips in dell and bower,
And in one round of ecstasy,
Hies him away from flower to flower.
Would I were any thing, alas!
But what I am, and still must be,
As down the vale of years I pass,
The sport of care and misery.

But fitting 't is that she who spurned
The heart whose worth she ne'er denied,
Should have the poisoned shaft returned,
And die the death her victim died."

This homely ballad, sung to an old air, one of those immortal melodies which still survive in the feelings and affections of the children of nature, though the names of their composers are long since buried in oblivion, soothed the sorrows of the disconsolate maid, and the warm weather co-operating with her languid spirits, she fell asleep, with her head resting against a venerable mossy tree, the extremities of whose branches indicated the progress of that decay which soon would reach its heart. How long she slept she could not tell, but the first object that met her opening eyes was a young man hovering over, and contemplating her with intense admiration.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed Phillida, half awake, and rubbing her eyes, as if to ascertain whether she saw clearly or not.

"I am a prince in disguise," answered the stranger, in a stately voice, and with an air inexpressibly noble. "I am travelling in disguise, to see with my own eyes whether the people, I am destined one day to govern, are contented and happy. I heard your song, and sought this cool shade to escape the burning heat, little expecting to encounter a pair of eyes brighter than the sun, and more warming than his mid-day beams. Art thou a goddess, a chanting cherub, or a mortal?"

Phillida had never heard such an elegant speech before, and blushed, not in modest diffidence, but proud exultation, at this compliment to her beauty. She simpered and bridled, and smiled and distorted herself into a variety of affectations,

while the disguised prince continued gazing on her with silence. Phillida had at this moment but one feeling, that of gratified vanity. The illustrious stranger inquired her name, and where she lived; but she was ashamed of her parents and her home, and answered, that her father was a barbarous, cruel man, who robbed and murdered all travellers that came near his castle, and that she had an old spiteful fairy godmother, who turned all the young men, whom she saw in company with her god-daughter, into baboons and monkeys with tremendous whiskers.

“Alas!” exclaimed the prince, casting up his eyes in despair; “alas! then, I shall never see thee more—unless—unless—you will sometimes condescend to meet me here to charm my ears with thy divine song, and ravish my eyes with thy angelic face. Wilt thou, sweet?—may I not ask thy name?”

“Phillida,” replied she, for it was a pretty name, and she was not ashamed of that.

“Phillida! Oh! what a sweet name. It breathes of love, music, and poetry. Wilt thou meet me here to-morrow at this hour, most enchanting of all the fragrant progeny of spring and summer?”

The excitement of vanity was too delicious to the heart of the silly maiden to be voluntarily relinquished, and, after some little affected hesitation, she promised to comply with his request. The prince then persuaded her to sit down on a neighbouring bank, and, reclining at her side, charmed her listening ears with mingled compliments to her beauty, and grand descriptions of the splendours of his father’s court; where he protested, however, there was not one of all the maids of honour whose eyes would not look like those of a dead fish,

when brought into contact with those he was then contemplating. Hours passed away in this delicious conversation,—and it was



almost sunset ere Phillida returned home, with her heart infected with vanity, and her head addled by foolish anticipations. Her dreams that night were of nothing but princes and palaces, pumpkins turned into gilded coaches, mice into stately horses, and old rats into goldlaced coachmen. The only present ever made her by her spiteful old godmother, was a little book of fairy tales. Her head had been continually running for years on the adventures of the Little Glass Slipper; but she forgot that Cinderella had merited her good fortune by sweetness of temper, and patient industry.

In the morning Phillida dressed herself in all her finery, and could hardly wait the hour appointed for meeting the prince in disguise. She was in such a hurry that she arrived at the old tree some time before the disguised prince, who apologized carelessly, by saying, that his mustaches had been very refractory that morning, and taken a longer time than usual to bring to proper subjection. The damsel was not a little mortified at his thinking more of his mustaches than his appointment, but a profusion of high-flown compliments soon restored her self-complacency, and she talked and listened to as much nonsense as could well be crowded into the same space of time. The prince did not absolutely declare his love in words, but he expressed it through his eyes, and certain expressive evolutions of the hand, which Phillida felt at her very fingers' ends. They parted, after the prince had twice opened his mouth for a yawn, but substituted a compliment in its place; and the foolish girl, at parting, said to herself, "I wonder if he will offer himself at our next meeting."

In this way matters went on day after day; the prince yawning and complimenting, and Phillida bridling and blushing, and expecting every moment he would propose to carry her to the court of his father, for the purpose of presenting her as a daughter-in-law. But his royal highness seemed in no great hurry, and, instead of becoming more ardent, by degrees relapsed into a careless sort of indifference that was very provoking! He every day brought a little pocket-glass with him, which he would place against the old tree, and, turning his back to Phillida, spend half an hour or more in adjusting his mustaches. In short, he seemed to take much greater pleasure in admiring himself than the beautiful maiden; and as

for talking, he would hardly let her slip in a word edgewise. This was very provoking, but Phillida reconciled herself to being treated as a nobody by supposing that this was the fashion at court. Still she fretted not a little when they parted; and became so testy and cross-grained, that her simple parents thought she had certainly taken a leaf out of the book of her old godmother.

One day, after the expiration of a fortnight, the prince was more than usually pressing for an early meeting the next morning, having, as he said, something very interesting to communicate. Phillida thought to herself, "He is certainly going to pop the question. But why can't he do it now, as well as to-morrow?" She passed the night without sleep, and was early at the place of meeting. But she waited hour after hour and the prince did not appear. At first she became fidgetty, then anxious, next fretful, next unhappy, and, lastly, she burst into tears, not of love, but of mortified vanity. "He has been fooling me," she exclaimed, "and is now gone to divert the court of his father at my expense." She threw herself despondingly at the foot of the old tree, and casting up her eyes in despair, discovered through the mist of her tears, a little letter, suspended from one of its knotty projections by a silken thread. She snatched it with avidity, and breaking the seal, which was a splendid coat of arms of enormous size, surmounted by a crown, devoured its contents with irrepressible avidity.

It informed her, that soon after they parted, an express had arrived with a peremptory command from his royal and illustrious father, countersigned by her serene highness his mother, to repair forthwith to court, for the purpose of marrying the Princess Rosa Japonica, sole heiress of three continents, five

peninsulas, and seven islands. It concluded by assuring Phillida that he should obey his parents so far as to proceed to court, but as to wooing the princess, if she were a bottle of otto of roses instead of a Rosa Japonica, and heiress of the seven planets instead of seven islands, he would not resign his dear Phillida for a dozen such princesses. The letter was written in a shocking bad hand, the words one half misspelled, and the grammar bid defiance to moods, tenses, and conjugations. But Phillida was no great scholar, and the contents put every thing else out of her head. She pursued her way slowly toward home, sometimes wishing herself the Princess Rosa Japonica, at others that the Princess Rosa Japonica was married to the man in the moon. It should here be mentioned, that the letter concluded with a promise that as soon as he could get away, he would fly on the wings of the wind, and throw himself at her feet, never to rise again till she lifted him up with her own lily hand, and received him for ever into her alabaster heart.

Phillida waited with anxious impatience for another letter or another visit from the prince, but a whole month elapsed without seeing or hearing from him. In the meantime her father died, and was only remembered by his wife and daughter by the trouble he had given them. Phillida was somewhat cast down on the occasion, as she recollected it would be indecorous to marry the prince under a year, people of high rank being very particular about mourning. The prince had related to her many curious stories of the severe code of etiquette that reigned at the court of his father. She would have written to him, only he had never told her his name, that of his father, the place of his residence, or the kingdom over which

he reigned ; for whenever she asked any information on these matters, he shook his head, looked mighty mysterious, and excused himself by saying, that he was travelling in disguise, and could not disclose these matters without a breach of faith.

The summer passed away in dreams, hopes, fears, and disappointments ; the melancholy autumn followed, and the dreary winter set in, without any visit, letter, or message from the prince in disguise. The little industrious old woman, her mother, was smitten with palsy, and lost the use of her right side, so that she could no longer ply her spinning-wheel ; and as Phillida could not, or would not supply her place, they might have perished for want, had not their kind neighbours supplied them from charity, though, while doing so, they did not fail to reproach the vain and foolish girl for her idleness. She resolved once more to visit her godmother ; and one cold, frosty day sought the old fairy, whom she found seated in the hollow tree, hovering over a miserable fire of dry leaves and rotten wood, that produced a great smoke and little flame. She related the lamentable condition of her mother, and besought the advice or assistance of the fairy.

“GO SPIN !” cried out the old beldam, as before, and bade her depart and mind her business.

Phillida returned home in despair, and almost determined to try what she could do at the spinning-wheel ; when, suddenly, the thought of how much it was beneath the chosen one of a prince in disguise, to labour for the support of an aged parent, came across her mind, and she went forth among her neighbours to beg for what she was too proud and lazy to earn. Every new demand on our charity has a natural tendency to diminish its fervour, until it finally subsides into indifference

or aversion. By degrees these good people, who had little to spare from their own necessities, with few exceptions, declined affording any relief, frequently reiterating the advice of the old fairy, "Go spin!"

Thus passed the winter away, and the spring that brought with it the flowers, the zephyrs, the buds, and the birds, afforded little relief, except that the aged mother could now crawl out of doors, and warm herself in the beams of the sun. The bloom of Phillida had gradually faded away, and the loss of her beauty afflicted her more than the sufferings of her parent. She had almost given up all hope of ever seeing the disguised prince again; and though ambition and vanity, rather than love, were at the root of her attachment, she persuaded herself she should die of a broken heart if she never saw him more. Now the pleasant weather invited her abroad, she left the poor little old woman, her mother, to take care of herself, and passed much of the time under the old tree, where she had been first seen by the prince. Every day she still cherished a lingering hope of his coming; and recollecting, one afternoon, that he had first been attracted by her singing, she struck up a melancholy ditty in a voice so low and mournful that it seemed a sigh rather than a sound, and echo did not hear enough to repeat it distinctly; it ran as follows:

"Ah! what to me the flowers of spring,
 The music that salutes mine ears;
 The birds but funeral dirges sing,
 And dew-drops seem but briny tears.

In vain the balmy zephyrs blow,
 In vain soft airs and genial skies,
 To one whose spirit is laid low,
 Whose truest hopes were naught but lies.

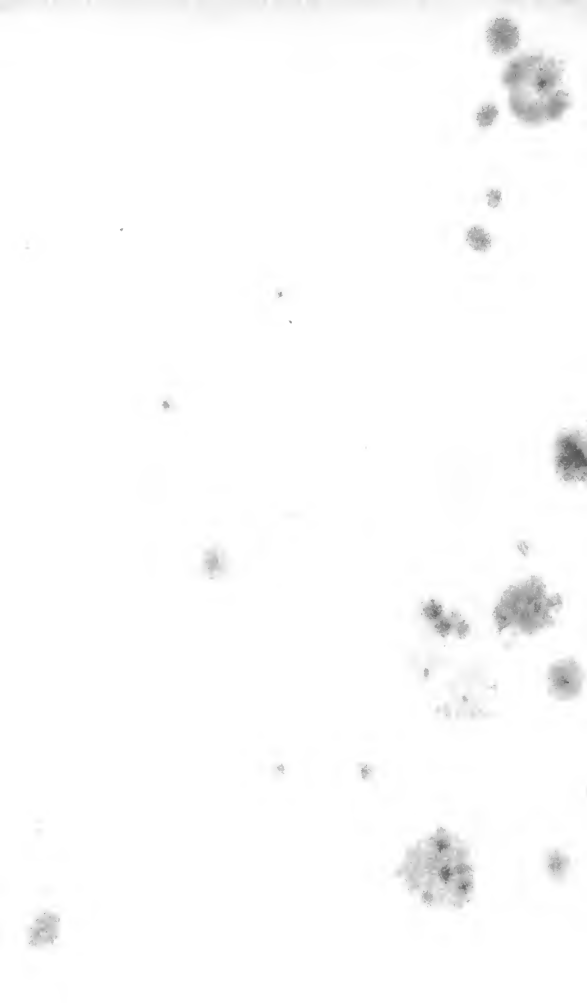
In vain the gentle river glides,
 Its murmurs bring no peace to me,
 For, bending o'er its flowery sides,
 Naught but a care-worn wretch I see.

What dismal, deep perplexities,
 Beset this world of sighs and tears ;
 What strange cross-purposes arise,
 What empty hopes, what brimful fears !

Ah ! would it were the will of Fate,
 That both were bound, or both were free,
 And I forget the cold ingrate,
 Or he, alas ! remember me !”

Thus sung the disconsolate damsel, but no prince appeared. Phillida returned home, where she found her mother sitting in the old chair by her spinning-wheel, and expressed her wonder. But the little old woman returned no answer, and on further investigation she was found to be dead and cold. The good neighbours bore the expenses of the funeral, followed her to the grave, and, on her next application for charity, told Phillida plainly, that now she had no one else to take care of, she might provide for herself in future. “Go spin,” was the cry from one house to another. The poor girl, who had only herself to blame, was tempted to apply once more to her godmother, but when she recollected her former ill-treatment, and more especially her disagreeable advice, she determined never to go near her again.

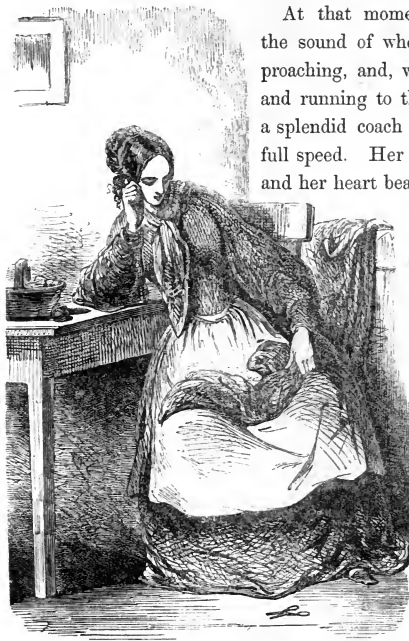
The third day after the burial of her mother, she sat all alone in the cottage, sometimes thinking of the disguised prince, and wringing her hands ; at others, looking at the spinning-wheel, over which a spider had woven its web, as if to give her an example of industry and perseverance. She was tempted to try her hand at the distaff, but laziness and vanity combined





THE PRINCE.

in dissuading her, and, in the depression of unresisting imbecility, she burst into a flood of tears.



At that moment, she heard the sound of wheels rapidly approaching, and, wiping her eyes and running to the door, beheld a splendid coach approaching at full speed. Her limbs trembled and her heart beat with anticipa-

tion; the carriage stopped at the door, the steps were let down, the prince, no longer disguised, but magnificently dressed, stepped forth, and, advancing in all haste, seized the hand of the delighted maiden.

“I have not a moment to spare,” said he, “come with me, my Phillida, for the fates have decreed we must wed before the setting sun, or never. Come—don’t mind your dress, I have robes of silver tissue and cloth of gold, and jewels to deck thy flowing hair. Be quick, for every moment is precious.”

“But—but,” replied Phillida, with a little hesitation, “I have just lost my mother—what will the world say?”

“Oh! never mind the world and your mother. I am above the one; and, as for the other, her death was a godsend, for she would only have disgraced us.”

Phillida thought a bird in the hand was worth two dozen in the bush, and that she might never have such another



chance of becoming a princess. Accordingly she gave him her hand, vaulted into the carriage, and away they galloped, making the sparks fly like a steam engine. Just as they entered the high road, their course was arrested by the old spiteful fairy, who, with a crabstick in her hand, and a stump of a pipe in her mouth, both black as ebony, planted herself right before the carriage, and bade them stop at their peril.

“Hoity-toity! madam, my dutiful god-daughter, where are you going in such a mighty hurry, I should like to know?”

“To be married,” said Phillida.

“To whom?” said the other.

“To a prince,” answered Phillida.

“To a fiddlestick!” screamed the fairy. “I’ll teach you to marry without the consent of your godmother, and before your poor mother is cold in her grave. See! what a great prince you have chosen for a husband!”

Thereupon, the spiteful old fairy, who, in truth, had laid this plan to punish Phillida for her idleness and vanity, waved her black crabstick, first up and then down, then to the right and left, and, by a magical process, in a moment changed the coach into a great pumpkin, the horses into white mice, the coachman into a venerable gray rat, the prince into a travelling tinker, and Phillida into a beautiful yellow spider.

“There,” said her old godmother, “there, now GO SPIN. When you can produce a thread as fine as a spider, you shall resume your shape once more.”

The pumpkin fell a victim to a herd of hungry swine, the white mice scampered off to a neighbouring wheat stack, and was followed by the old rat, the tinker went off singing, “There was a jolly tinker once,” and Phillida very industriously set about spinning a web to catch flies instead of princes and lords.

[From an American Magazine.]





FOUNTAINS ABBEY.



HIS magnificent structure ranks among the most picturesque and interesting of the monastic ruins of England. It rears its ruined tower in a luxurious vale, having its walls washed by the waters of the little river Skell, and is situated in the centre of a beautifully wooded country. It is but a pleasant afternoon's walk distant from the city of Ripon, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and is found a most noble ornament in the charming and artistically diversified grounds of Studley Royal.

The Abbey was founded early in the twelfth century for monks of the Cistercian Order; the locality being then a desert, which supplied no better shelter than seven yew-trees, under which the monks made their habitation while their magnificent house was erecting. Yet, long after the stupendous

structure was deserted and unroofed, their first dwelling continued in existence; for, so late as the year 1810, six of the seven trees were flourishing above the ground where the



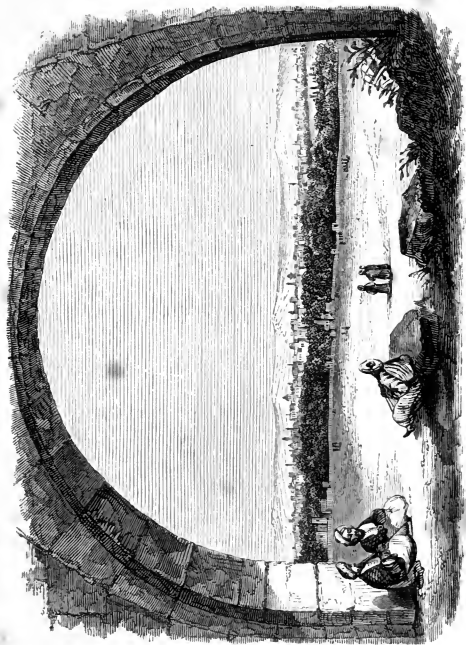
builders had congregated centuries ago. In process of time the Abbey became richly endowed: such was its repute for sanctity, that princes and nobles “purchased with immense donations” the right of burial within its walls; the most illustrious of the northern families were among its benefactors; and “popes and kings seemed to emulate one another in granting to the monks privileges and immunities.” This monastery is built in the most elegant style of Gothic architecture, and originally covered about twelve acres of ground. The present remains abound in objects of great curiosity, and are said to

be the most perfect of any monastic edifice in England. The tower and all the walls are still standing, the roof alone having fallen to ruins.

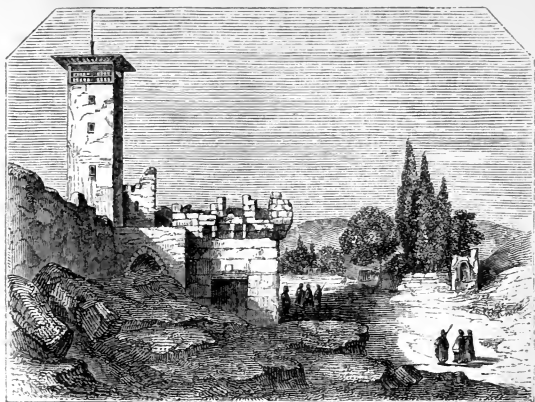
Within two hundred yards distance stands Fountains Hall, erected from the ruins of this time-honoured structure; and near this spot the Friar of Fountains encountered the daring Robin Hood, whom he threw into the river Skell; an action for which he soon had to repent, as, in the contest that ensued, he was quickly compelled to call in the aid of fifty strong yeomen, at whom little John let his arrows fly so fast as speedily to bring the Friar to his senses and a truce.







VIEW OF DAMASCUS.



ONE OF THE GATES OF DAMASCUS.

THE CITIES OF THE EAST—DAMASCUS.

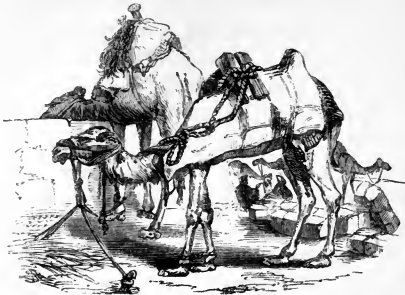


DAMASCUS is, perhaps, the most ancient city in the world, and the only one that has enjoyed a continued, though not undisturbed, course of prosperity through so vast a succession of ages. It existed in the days of Abraham, and before them we know not how long. Founded before almost all those that afterwards rivalled or eclipsed it, it has seen them perish one by one, and sometimes so utterly as to leave no memorial to mark the place on which they stood. And yet

Damascus has had its full share of the buffetings of war and civil violence. It became the capital of the kingdom of Syria, founded by Rehsin, was taken and sacked by Jeroboam, King of Israel; but soon recovered from the blow, for it was once more the metropolis of Syria, long before the Seleucidæ had transferred the seat of their empire to Antioch. Under the Saracens, in the brilliant period of Arabian history, Damascus became, like Bagdad, the residence of the Caliphs. After this, sieges and disasters were no rare occurrences in its annals. Repeatedly was it swept with fire and sword, but never did it sustain so fearful a calamity as towards the close of the fourteenth century, when it was beleaguered by the ferocious conqueror Timur Lenk (Timur the Lame, or Tamerlane). For several days the black flag floated in vain on the Tartar's tent; and never had that signal of desolation been hoisted for three days on the same spot without the fulfilment of its fatal presage. At length the city was taken by storm, and the streets were deluged with blood. They still show, near one of the gates, the spot on which stood a pyramid of heads, the horrible monument of the victor's ferocity. Timur Lenk carried off with him the ablest artizans, after butchering the rest, desiring to enrich his capital, Samarcand, with all the arts of which he robbed Damascus.

Damascus is a true oriental city. The aspect of its streets certainly does not meet the expectation excited by its romantic appearance as viewed from a distance: they are narrow and irregular, and flanked with ugly dead walls: but broad streets are no luxury in a warm climate; those of Damascus are seldom of a width more than sufficient to allow two laden camels to pass each other without crushing the pedestrians,

and many are of much narrower dimensions. They are the most noiseless possible : there are no wheeled carriages rolling



BAGGAGE CAMELS.

along them ; and the occasional step of a Christian's ass, a camel, a mule, or more rarely of a horse, does not much disturb the mysterious stillness in which the city appears wrapped, until you approach the bazaars, and other places of busy resort.

The city contains a great many fine mosques, and, it is said, not less than five hundred private dwellings that might rank as palaces : but the interior magnificence of the houses adds nothing to the beauty of the streets, to which they present no more than dull mud walls, with one or two ill-made lattice windows at a considerable height. The houses are sometimes constructed on arches that hang across the streets, making it quite dark. Wooden rafters, too, when the arch has not been turned, are visible frequently from below, and render the way still more gloomy.

All great eastern towns are difficult to thread, but few in so great a degree as Damascus, from the perplexing intricacy

of the narrow streets, and of the many winding bazaars. Sometimes you are pinned up in a corner by a long string of camels, that fill the whole breadth of the way; and sometimes you are run down and covered with filth by a whole line of donkeys, that trot heedlessly on with noiseless tread over the sandy soil. However leisurely these animals may move, when the road is plain and open before them, they are all possessed with an insane propensity for rushing forwards whenever the passage is narrowed by any casual obstruction; and when there happens to be several of them together on these occasions, a race ensues, which ends perhaps in two or three of them becoming fast wedged together, and then their kicking and pushing only make the case more desperate.

The streets have a large barrier at each end, which is always closed at sunset, or very soon after, as a protection against thieves, but a very small bribe will open the barrier at any hour of the night, for there is always a gatekeeper at hand. These impediments to free circulation through the streets by night are not felt as an inconvenience by the Orientals. The shops are all closed at the approach of dusk, and every true believer goes home to his own house, which he does not quit till the following morning.

Damascus possesses fewer authentic antiquities than might be expected in one of the earliest cities mentioned in the Bible: the most ancient remains are some of the lower portions of the walls, built with square stones, and in some instances blocks, of which the height exceeds the breadth. Some of the block measure from six to eight or ten feet, by four, six, or eight. They are united without cement; and many have Arabic and Saracenic inscriptions on them. This style

of building is one belonging to a very ancient period. The castle, like every place of strength in this country, has been destroyed, rebuilt, and altered at various periods. The oldest part, near the foundation, is formed of stones of a very great size; and the broad ditch, which surrounds it, is built in the rustic masonry of the Romans. Its extent is considerable. Erected before the invention of gunpowder, it could offer but little resistance to artillery; but, being constructed with large diamond-cut stones, and including eleven bastions within its circuit, some of them mounted with cannon, and all supplied with a guard, it is still capable of overawing the factious inhabitants of the town.

The direction of the street, called "the Straight," corresponds, contrary to Turkish custom, with its ancient name, and leads from one of the gates to the citadel, which has probably always retained its present position. The dwelling of a rigid Mussulman covers a spot in this street, venerated as the site of the house of Judas, where Saul of Tarsus lodged. In a different quarter, a curious substructure, resembling the crypt of a primitive church, is reputed to be the house of Ananias, who restored the Apostle's sight. A broken staircase descends through a great deal of rubbish to a spacious vaulted chamber, in the form of a Greek cross, which receives no other light than that from the entrance. A strange notion seems to prevail throughout the country, that, in earlier days, people burrowed in the earth; for all the houses exhibited as the abodes of celebrated or pious men, are in grottoes, or caves below the ground.

The eastern gate, now walled up, is memorable as the place where the Apostle was let down by the wall in a basket. They

pretend to show the very house from which he thus made his escape ; and whatever faith we may put in this tradition, it is, at least, a curious fact that, in a fortification of the present day, houses still stand on the walls with their windows towards the country, and immediately overhanging the ditch in a manner so likely to facilitate escape, and even to afford entrance to an enemy. This, at any rate, proves how little Damascus has changed from its earliest days.

The Christians have here a large unenclosed cemetery, much visited by them ; and near it is a tomb, enclosed in a wooden cage, and said to be that of a warder, traditionally called St. George, who, having become a Christian, allowed the Apostle to escape, and afterwards suffered martyrdom for his zeal and humanity. There is an arch in the burial-ground, where, it is pretended, St. Paul hid himself after his descent from the wall.

In a wide, open road beyond the cemetery, about a quarter of a mile from the gate, is a place still highly venerated as the supposed scene of Saul's miraculous conversion. The present track deviates now from the straight line, leaving a few yards to the right, the precise spot believed to be that where he fell to the earth.

The other principal gates are, the gate of the Camels, leading to the rendezvous of the Arabs ; the Paradise gate, a large one, with a gloomy archway, leading into a bustling bazaar, near the centre of the south wall ; and the greatest thoroughfare of all, the gate of Thomas, so called, probably, in memory of the brave Christian champion, who so nobly, but fruitlessly, withstood the Saracen besiegers.

Among the whimsical works in the city and its neighbour-

hood, there is one carried on at this gate to a great extent. Several men, with their arms bare, are pulling with all their strength, for several hours a day, at what appear at first unusually long hanks of white yarn: at length you discover that the cables are made of flour and sugar, which, when well kneaded together in this manner, are allowed to grow crisp, and sold as the favourite sweetmeat in the bazaars.

The bazaars of Damascus are very agreeable lounging-places, and offer an endless fund of amusement to the European stranger, whose eyes are bewildered amid the gay colours of the various articles exposed for sale, and the groups that are seen passing and repassing in all the different costumes of



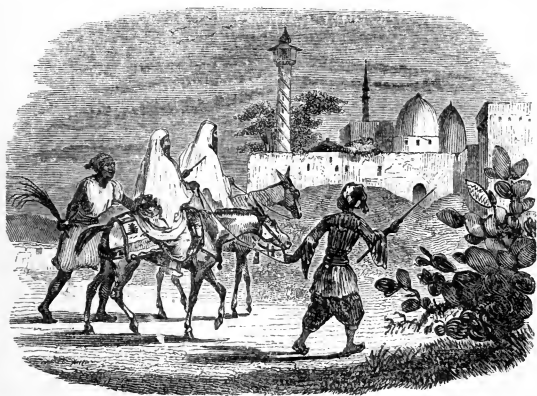
HAWARA ARAB.



BEDOUIN ARAB.

Syria and of many other Eastern lands. Here you meet agas, moving with slow and stately tread, dressed in white turbans

and crimson and scarlet silk cloaks, edged with costly fur, with diamond-hilted khandjars and yataghans gleaming in their girdles. They are followed each by five or six obsequious retainers, and a black slave carries their pipes and scarlet and blue cloth tobacco bags, adorned with sprigs and fruit embroidered in gold. Swarthy and grim-visaged Hawara Arabs, and Bedouins from the Great Desert, with their coarse cloaks hanging upon them like the drapery of an ancient statue, congregate around the shops of the tobacconists, the saddlers, and the armourers. Sometimes the crowd is obliged to fall back and open a passage to a procession of great men on horseback, or of culprits led about the streets as an example to the people.



LADIES OF DAMASCUS.

The latter are preceded by a man shouting out their crimes, and calling upon all to take warning. Women are as nume-

rous as men in these places, and make all the household purchases. The shopmen have an air of gallantry in their way of dealing with their muffled customers, that seems to invite them to linger about their purchases; and frequently one may notice groups of fair ladies remaining an unconscionable time to listen to the soft tones of the shopkeeper.

The women of Damascus are esteemed the handsomest in the East; and though the fame of their charms has, no doubt, been much enhanced by the difficulty of seeing them, they sometimes, from behind their tantalizing clouds, pour forth a light that might dazzle the most discreet beholder. Black slave-girls generally attend the better class of women in the bazaar, as carefully veiled, however, as their mistresses; and it is only by the peculiar white of the eye they can be distinguished.

The shops of all kinds being open, every thing is done in public. Each commodity has its own peculiar mart; if you chance to want boots or shoes, you will be directed, on inquiry, to a bazaar filled from end to end with piles of red and yellow boots, shoes, and slippers for both sexes. There are always very entertaining doings to be witnessed in the ready-made clothes' shops, where cheapness is more regarded than fashion; and the poorer classes dress themselves in all the costumes of the East. They try the articles on, either in the midst of the thoroughfare or on the board of the tailor, and loungers stop frequently to offer their opinions on the style and fit. There is a singular ostentation in the display of new clothes in the East, from some superstitious feeling perhaps, for the ticket is never taken off the turban, or the shawl round the waist, until their novelty is completely worn away. The gayest Turks in

Damascus strut with greater pride when the mark of the shop dangles from their heads. Sometimes, you observe the corner of a piece of Manchester manufacture spread over the folds of the turban it composes, and showing the name of the makers stamped on it in large blue letters: an English firm is thus converted into a decoration for a Turkish beau.



SHOP OF A DEALER IN CLOTHES.

But if you would see all the humours of this perennial fair in their highest perfection, go between ten and twelve o'clock, when the auctions are going on. The bazaars are then crowded

to excess, and the noise is prodigious. The staid Orientals quite forget all their usual gravity and sedateness, and run about and bellow like bedlamites. Secondhand goods, old clothes, and bedding are sold in this way. Men hurry through the crowd with the different articles hoisted on their heads, or flourish them about in their hands, and the seller screams out the bidding, whilst crowds of women are bidding with all the keen relish for "a bargain," confessed by thrifty housewives all the world over.

The manufacture of the celebrated Damascus swords no longer exists. The weapons now offered for sale by the armourers are of a very ordinary character. Some specimens of the old manufacture are still met with; but they pass as heirlooms, from hand to hand, and are esteemed exceedingly precious.

Among the lost arts of Damascus appears to be the manufacture of splendid silk damask interwoven with gold, which is seen in some of the richest houses, but is not easily to be found in the bazaars. The present manufactures are red leather shoes and slippers; a variety of silver work; a very durable mixed stuff, of silk and cotton, in general wear throughout Syria, some of the patterns of which are remarkably handsome; and some very neat cabinet work, chiefly in the form of boxes and coffers. This latter is a particularly important branch of trade, since the principal furniture of an Arab family consists in one or two chests, in which they keep their clothes and other movables. Most of these boxes are of cedar, painted red, and studded with gilt nails in various devices. Some are inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, or finely carved in relief. The smell of cedar wood pervades the whole bazaar, and mingling with the thousand different perfumes exhaled by the shops of

the grocers and the druggists, and with the incessant smoking of countless pipes, fills these places with a peculiar atmosphere of their own.

The Armenian gold and silversmiths carry on their trade in what was once a Christian church; it is parted off into alleys, where the workmen sit with fire, bellows, anvils, hammers, pincers, drawers, and so forth; and the ear is stunned with the incessant clattering on all sides. Old men with sallow faces and gray beards, are seen poring over ingots of gold and silver, melting the metal in pots and pans on charcoal fires, or drawing it out into long wires, and hammering it into different shapes; and people are constantly coming in with rings, bracelets, silver filigree baskets, and various kinds of jewellery, to be repaired, or to serve as patterns for articles to be made to order. The jewellers display little taste or skill in setting their precious stones or pearls; but the stocks they possess are considerable. These men are a numerous class: they make no great display of their tempting wares, but lock them up in small caskets, only bringing them out when a customer calls for a jewel.

The saddlers are the most numerous and the most ingenious workmen in Damascus: they occupy a long handsome bazaar at the northern end of the town. The floor is covered with skins on which men, horses, and dromedaries walk, and which are placed there to be turned into leather, after having been steeped in an astringent liquid made from the husk of the pomegranate. The scarlet and blue housings, embroidered in gold and silver; the gay bridles, martingales, breast and head pieces, decorated with beads, bits of silver, silk, shells, or tassels; the saddles, some of red leather, and some covered with purple and

blue velvet, brocaded with silver and gold thread, either finished and exposed for sale, or in the act of being made, give this bazaar a very gay appearance. Nothing can surpass the beauty and splendour of the trappings made to be worn, on state occasions, by the horses of the Arab chiefs, or of the Agas. The prices of all these rich articles are greatly below the European standard.

A variety of other manufactures of minor importance are met with ; but British goods have now taken the place of many of the inferior native fabrics ; and many articles which used to be brought from India by the Persian Gulf, and reached Damascus by the caravans from Bagdad, are now imported direct from London and Liverpool to Beyrout. The principal articles of import are cotton goods, cotton twist, iron, hardware, West India produce, indigo, and cochineal. The bazaar of the mercers displays an extensive assortment of Manchester and Glasgow calicoes, muslins and printed goods, and a few articles of Swiss manufacture.

Among the shopkeepers, we must not forget the barbers, those dear old friends with whom the Arabian Nights have put us on so cordial a footing of intimacy. With that easy suavity for which their fraternity is renowned all the world over, they invite the passers by to enter and submit their heads and faces to their beautifying fingers. Their shops are always full of customers. They are long narrow rooms, with benches on each side, on which a dozen Turks may sometimes be seen squatting in a line, with their bare heads, already shaved, poked out in the most patient manner, to be kneaded between the hands of the barber, who rolls them about as if they were balls, quite unconnected with the shoulders they belong to. The

barbers of Damascus are celebrated for taste and skill in all the mysteries of the toilette, including the art of imparting to the beard and mustachios that dark, glossy hue so anxiously and universally coveted. The important affair of arranging the turban is their daily business, and the becoming variety displayed in the disposition of the turbans worn by the gallants of the city, does infinite honour to these meritorious artists.

Of all the shops in the city, those of the apothecaries afford the most whimsical, and those of the dealers in eatable commodities the most agreeable, spectacle, both from the excellence



APOTHECARY OF DAMASCUS.

of their dainty stores, and from the neatness and elegance with which they are arranged. Fruit and vegetables are found in abundance. The peaches, nectarines, and apricots, are excellent; a species of the latter, called *loosi*, possesses the most exquisite flavour; and the various conserves prepared here are marvels in their way.

No people in the world seem so curious in their bread as those of Damascus; its flavour is very agreeable, and it costs

almost nothing: some of it is in the form of flat thin cakes, big enough almost to serve as a carpet. Those who are fond of pastry may regale themselves at any hour in the day; a great variety of it is always to be had hot from the oven. But the greatest treat to the stranger is the delicious iced sherbet, which is here a very important article of consumption. It is made in various ways, from the juice of figs, lemons, grapes, and pomegranates, and the petals of roses and violets. The last, which is the most esteemed kind, is prepared from a hard conserve, made by pounding the flowers, and boiling the pulp with sugar. The sherbet, in whatever way made, is mixed with iced water, and there is generally a lump of ice floating in the crystal or porcelain cup from which it is drunk. The cup is usually presented on a tray covered with a fine muslin napkin, embroidered with silken and golden flowers; and on the right arm of the person who carries the tray, is hung a long napkin with a rich embroidered border, with which you make a fashion of wiping your lips.

The bazaars, like the Palais Royal of Paris, have their restaurants, where the merchants or the loungers may find dinner. Tables and covers are, of course, out of the question. The purchaser provides himself with one of the cakes we have mentioned, which serves him at once for bread, plate, and napkin, and the cook supplies him with little pieces of baked mutton, about the size of nuts, stuck on a skewer, somewhat in the fashion of our cat's meat.

The wholesale merchants of Damascus have their warehouses in the great khans or caravansaries: that built by Assaad Pacha is the handsomest in all the East. The following highly characteristic sketch of the manner of doing business in this

merchant's exchange, is given by Major Skinner, in his amusing account of his overland journey to India :

“ In the front of each store, into which no person is ever permitted to enter that is not connected with it, is a platform, where the merchant reclines on his carpet until customers come to interrupt his meditations. Business never begins till near mid-day ; the great doors are locked till that hour ; and a porter, who is paid by a small tax on each store, is responsible for the safety of the property within them. The great occupation seems to be smoking. A man stands by the reservoir with a pan of charcoal, ready to give light to the numerous pipes around, and lets out water-pipes to the servants of the merchants, and those loungers who come in for no other purpose than to indulge in them.

“ The utter apathy of all is striking in a commercial mart. You may visit it at all hours and never observe the least appearance of activity. The manner of dealing is the most tiresome that can be conceived ; a conversation must occupy at least a third of a day before a bargain can be struck. The intended purchaser, after wishing peace, jumps up and seats himself by the side of the merchant, who, perhaps, immediately offers him his pipe. The goods are then displayed, and a price named, that seems, without reference to the value of the article, to be merely thrown out as a challenge to argument. The debate soon grows loud ; the greatest anger seems to exist between the parties, and an instant rupture to be about to take place, when, “ Come nearer,” one cries to the other, and they draw as close as possible, and continue some minutes whispering in the same mysterious manner. Suddenly the muezzin's call to prayer breaks upon their ears ; up they rise, and shuffling

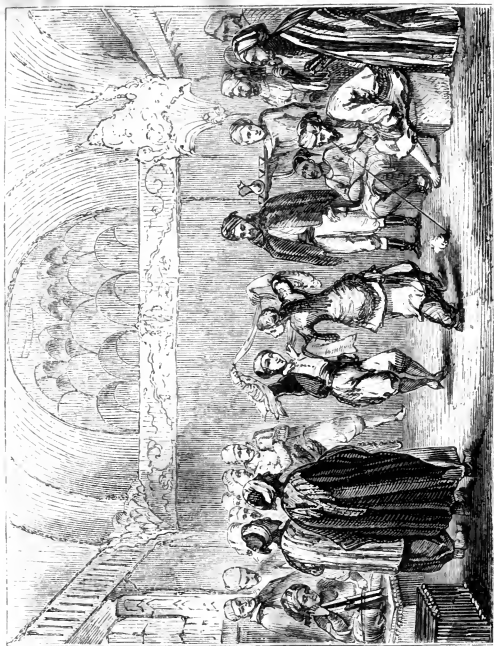
away to the basin, squat on its brink to perform the necessary ablutions; then returning to their carpets, they pass half an hour in prayer. A stranger to an Eastern city would, indeed, be confounded on entering the great exchange, to find all the merchants on their knees, their heads bowed in adoration towards the same point. The ceremony over, they return to their bargains with clear consciences, at any rate upon one score. The gravity of the scene is sometimes disturbed by the cries of itinerant bakers, who carry most excellent bread in trays upon their heads, and dealers in sherbet, who attract notice by clinking their brass cups like cymbals."

Damascus is celebrated for the number and elegance of its coffee-houses; they are for the most part built of wood painted different colours, green and blue predominating, and open on the sides, except where partially closed with plants coiling up the slender columns that support the roof. The softened light, that makes its way through the leafy walls, forms a charming contrast with the intense glare of the sun glancing upon the waters, or reflected from the whitened walls of the houses of the town. Nor are they more remarkable for their picturesque appearance than for their happily-chosen position, being generally situated on the border of some running stream, the view opening out on a pretty cascade, with gardens and orchards lying on the opposite bank. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform, just above the surface of the river, on which and its foaming cataracts the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard, you fancy that if ever the enchantments of eastern romance are to be realized, it is here

The pleasures enjoyed in these places are usually of the silent kind ; but sometimes they are enlivened by the performances of professional dancers, story-tellers, and singers.



The recitation of eastern fables and tales partakes somewhat of the nature of a dramatic performance. It is not merely a simple narrative ; the story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker. A variety of other story books, besides the Arabian Nights, furnish materials for the story-teller, who, by combining the incidents of different tales, and varying the catastrophe of such as he has related before, gives them an air of novelty even to persons who at first imagine they are



COFFEE HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.



listening to tales with which they are acquainted. He recites, walking to and fro, in the middle of the coffee-room, stopping only now and then when the expression requires some emphatical attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention; and not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape from the room, leaving both his heroine and his audience in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near the door endeavour to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs; but he always makes his retreat good; and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are reduced to return at the same hour next day to hear the sequel. He no sooner has made his exit than the company in separate parties fall to disputing about the characters of the drama, or the event of the unfinished adventure. The controversy by degrees becomes serious, and opposite opinions are maintained with no less warmth than if the fate of the city depended on the decision.

The vocal music, to a European ear, seems at first not less uncouth than the Arabic language; and it seldom happens that time, which by degrees reconciles one to the language, does more for the music than to render it merely tolerable. There is, in particular, one species of song, between an air and a recitative, named *Mowal*, which is universally held in the highest esteem. It is performed by a single voice, unaccompanied by instruments, and the singer placing a hand behind each ear, as if to save the drum of that organ from destruction, exerts his voice to the utmost stretch. The subject of the poetry is generally of the plaintive kind. Some hapless wight laments the absence of his mistress—recalls the memory of happier

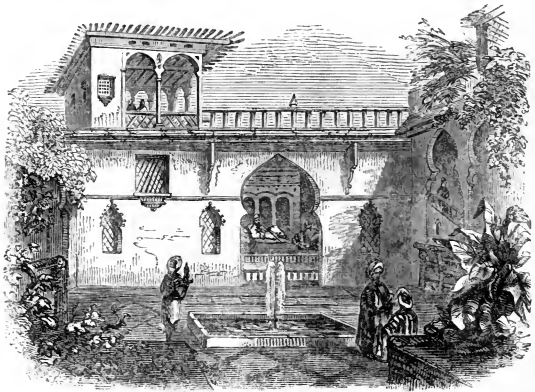
times, and invokes the pale moon, or the listening night, to bear witness to his constancy. The performer frequently makes long pauses, not only between the stanzas, which are very short, but in the middle of the line; and taking that opportunity of recovering breath, he begins anew to warble, swelling his notes till his wind is quite exhausted. Fond as the natives are of this Mowal, there are few strangers who can hear it with any patience, or without lamenting the perversion of voices, which often are strong, clear, and wonderfully melodious.

The mosques in the city are numerous, and the principal ones are very fine; but they lose much of their effect from the confined space in which they stand. Christians are not allowed to visit their interior, nor is it safe for them even to pause too long in passing before them. The great mosque was once the cathedral of St. John, and is said to be the largest and most splendid of all the churches erected by the early Christians in this country. Many of the mosques were built by the caliphs as mausoleums; they possess courts, porticoes, and fountains, and some are overshadowed by a few green trees, among which sacred doves may be heard cooing.

The great mosque stands on an elevated position, nearly in the centre of the city. It was once surrounded by an open area, but this is now so encumbered with buildings that the gate can only be approached through a bazaar, filling up an arcade of ancient columns, perhaps the remains of a stately entrance.

The entrance to some even of the finest houses is by a low mean-looking door in a great blank wall, little according with the luxury and splendour within, and seeming more likely to lead to a cow-shed than to a luxurious mansion. This unpromising entrance admits you through an outer court, occupied

by the porter and some other domestics, into a spacious quadrangle paved with marble, in the middle of which a fountain throws up a continual shower, cooling the atmosphere, and refreshing the evergreens and flowering shrubs, which are placed around it. In one corner stands a tall slender pole like a signal-staff, for the purpose of hoisting up an earthen jar full of water, which is cooled by the evaporation that takes place through the porous sides of the vessel. An arcade, supported by low slender columns, runs round the quadrangle, giving



admission to the lower apartments; these are elaborately painted and gilded, and the cornices are ornamented with Arabic inscriptions. Rich carpets and deewans, and cushions of damask or velvet, embroidered with gold, cover the floors; and china plates, jars, basins, and bowls, are advantageously disposed in niches in the walls, or on shelves. In one of these

apartments the stranger is generally received on his first introduction ; but the places of common reception are the arcades, one of which is furnished with a deewan, which is shifted as the sun comes round. Here, as the Turk reclines upon the softest cushions, the mild air that fans his cheek, the delightful mel-
lowing of the light by the evergreens, the fragrance of the blossoms, and the splashing of the fountain, all weave round him a charm of the most voluptuous repose. Even here the



same mysterious solitude prevails as in the streets ; the sound of your own footsteps echoing over the marble pavement, seems a rude intrusion on the genius of the place ; and you almost fancy yourself in one of the enchanted palaces of the Arab romances.

All the courts and the open rooms are frequented by swallows and tame pigeons. Towards evening, the whole town is

in a flutter with innumerable flights of the latter, on their return to roost: men stand in the neighbourhood of the city whistling the birds in, or waving white pennants attached to poles to lure them to alight, which, after many graceful sweeps round the decoy, they accomplish.

The palaces of the Agas, the aristocracy of the city, surpass, in the splendour of their internal decorations, any thing of the kind to be seen elsewhere in the empire, and seem to realize to our imagination the magnificence of the days of the caliphs, the Saladins, and the Solymans. Many of their divans are fitted up at immense cost, and in some palaces there are as many as eight or ten of these lordly halls. One gorgeous apartment in the house of Ali Aga Kazini-el-Katabi cost upwards of 200,000 piastres, more than £2000 sterling.



LADY OF DAMASCUS.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE above view represents the cathedral church of St. Paul, as seen from Ludgate Street. This magnificent edifice stands on high ground, in the centre of the city of London, and is a noble object of admiration for miles around. It is one of the largest buildings dedicated to religious purposes in the world—being second only to the Roman Catholic cathedral of St. Peter at Rome. The present church occupies the site of an ancient

cathedral of the same name, which, after having weathered the storms of several centuries, was so severely injured by the great fire of London, in 1666, as to be deemed insecure. It was therefore removed, and the present noble pile erected,—“a lasting memorial of the genius of its great architect, Sir Christopher Wren.” It is a fact, worthy of notice, that the erection of this cathedral, which occupied thirty-five years, was performed under the superintendence of *one* architect, the work undertaken and prosecuted entirely under *one* contractor, and the whole completed whilst *one* bishop occupied the episcopal chair. It cost the country a million and a half in its erection, which sum was raised by a small tax on coal.

The building covers an area of two acres sixteen perches, and is erected in the form of a Greek cross. Over that part where the lines of this cross intersect each other, a stately dome towers to the skies; this is surmounted by a lantern, embellished with Corinthian columns; and above the whole is placed a ball of gilt copper, terminated by a cross likewise gilt; the weight of this ball is five thousand six hundred pounds, and of the cross three thousand six hundred. At the foot of the lantern is a balcony, from which the dizzy eye can survey the magnificent wonders of the great metropolis below.

The principal entrance to the cathedral is that given in our view. It is ornamented by numerous lofty pillars of the Corinthian order, and colossal figures of the four Evangelists, together with St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. James. The clock is also situated here; the dial is fifty-seven feet in circumference, or nearly twenty feet in diameter; the length of the minute hand is eight feet, and of the hour hand five feet five inches, and the pendulum is forty feet long, carrying at its extremity

a weight equal to one hundred and twelve pounds. The marble statue in front, represents Queen Anne in her robes of state, holding in her hands the emblems of royalty. In the interior are found numerous monuments, erected to the memory of the great and brave—of men who have bled for their country, in battles by sea and land, and of others who have carved out for themselves niches in the temples devoted by fame to the votaries of art, of science, or of literature. But the most noble monument is that dedicated to the memory of the master spirit, who designed the wonderful work we now describe. His worth is told in Latin, on a marble slab erected over the entrance to the choir. Translated into English, it reads thus:—

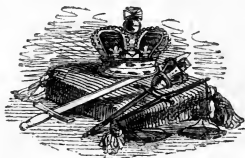
“Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument, look around!”

The interior surface of the dome is beautifully embellished by a series of paintings, by Sir James Thornhill, illustrative of the extraordinary events in the life of St. Paul. An anecdote is related, that when the gifted artist was painting this cupola, a gentleman of his acquaintance was one day with him on the scaffolding, which, though wide, was not railed; he had just finished the head of one of the apostles, and, running back, as it is customary with painters, to observe the effect, had almost reached the extremity; the gentleman, seeing his danger, and not having time for words, snatched up a large brush, and smeared the face—Sir James ran hastily forward, crying out, “Bless my soul! what have you done?” “I have saved your life!” replied his friend. Within this dome is the whispering gallery, long famed for its extraordinary reverberation of sound;

it is reached after ascending two hundred and eighty steps, and from it you have the best view of the paintings which adorn the interior of the dome.

The great bell weighs four tons and a quarter, and is ten feet in diameter. It is tolled only on the death of a member of the royal family, the lord mayor, the bishop of the diocese, or the dean of the cathedral.

In the crypt under the church are deposited the remains of many who in life were the wisest or the bravest of their age, and whose deeds are inscribed on the marble monuments in the sacred edifice above.





THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF
TOM THUMB.



CHAPTER THE SECOND.



It has been stated in every previous history of Tom Thumb, that he was swallowed by a red cow, and again restored safe and sound to the tender care of his mother. I have found the history of this circumstance, and am happy to be able to account for it scientifically. The facts are these :

Mrs. Thumb, on the morning after the events related in the first chapter, was more than usually attentive to her son's movements, and that she might not lose sight of him, desired him to go with her into the yard, and remain with her while she milked the cow. Tom made no objection to this, and while his mother was performing her morning's task, she placed him on the cow's head, just between her ears, where he amused himself by banging and kicking the flies which ever and anon settled on the animal's nose. He had been very successful in his attacks, and had either maimed or killed outright several of these tormentors; one fellow invariably eluded his blows,

and yet with obstinate impudence continually returned and placed itself just within Tom's reach. The latter resolving to do for him, sidled after him down the cow's nose: the cunning insect, as if foreseeing the result, enticed him step by step down the dangerous pass; Tom's ardour in the pursuit blinded him to the dangers of his position; he had reached the very edge of the cow's nostril, and whether he tickled that irritable membrane, or whether she only followed her usual habits, certain it is, she put out her long tongue, curled it upwards over her nose, licked Tom off the end of that feature, and withdrawing her tongue into her mouth, swallowed him at one gulp. Fortunately for him she made no use of her grinders.

Our hero now felt himself very unpleasantly situated, for the temperature of the cow's stomach was too warm for comfort, and there was some danger of suffocation amidst the chewed hay, straw, and grains, which kept entering the stomach through the gullet. Indeed, the process might not unaptly have been compared to pitching hay into the wicket of a hayloft. Tom derived some consolation from the fact that the cow was an herbivorous, not a carnivorous animal. Although greatly discouraged as to his probable fate, he would not resign himself to despair without an attempt to save his life, and he was the more encouraged to this, as he was at present uninjured, he only endured inconvenience; he therefore tried to creep out through the aperture by which he had entered, but without any other result than being forced back by every fresh importation of grass. At length the animal's appetite seemed satisfied, for the supplies ceased. Tom had carefully sought to keep near the entrance, to avoid being buried under the heaps of food. All was quiet for a while, and he began to wonder what would

happen next, when suddenly, and without any effort of his own, he was raised up through a long dark passage which terminated in the cow's mouth. This was the crisis of his fate: the action of the animal's jaws was such as to incline him towards her grinders, where he would have been crushed like a bushel of corn between two mill-stones.

The skirts of his coat were already caught between these engines of destruction—he made a desperate effort—the clothes rent—the hold relaxed—he perceived a glimmering of light—he threw himself forward, and performing what is called a summerset, tumbled head over heels from the open jaws of the red cow. Science has thus thrown a light upon this extraordinary deliverance. The fact is, that the cow is a ruminating animal, by which is meant, that her digestion is carried on by means of more than one stomach: from these she brings the food again into the mouth, to undergo a second and third mastication, or chewing; and, but for this peculiar faculty, Tom Thumb would have undergone all the process of digestion. Thus then the wonder is accounted for scientifically. Had he been swallowed by a sheep, or deer, or a camel, the result would have been the same, for these are all ruminating animals, having two, three, or more stomachs, from which the food returns into the mouth to be remasticated. Tom alighted unhurt, though much shaken, upon the soft, thick, grass of a meadow. How delightful was the fresh air after the close atmosphere he had been breathing. He swallowed it down gulp after gulp, and acknowledged he had never before sufficiently valued the comforts of pure air. Having removed himself to a sufficient distance from his living prison, he sat down in the grass to consider how he should get home, for the meadow was a long way from

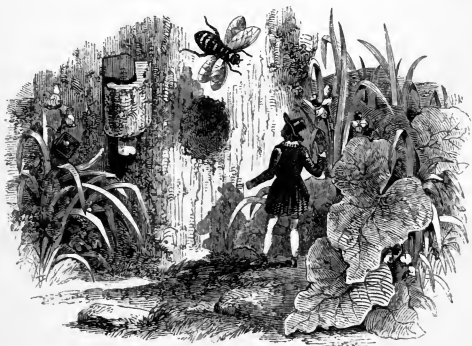
his father's house ; he had often been carried thither by his mother, but had never performed the journey on foot. At first he thought it would be better to wait in the field, keeping near the cow, so that when his mother came to fetch her up for the evening's milking he could return with her ; but, on second thoughts, he gave up this design, because she rarely came farther than the gate, where she stood and called the cow, who always obeyed the summons. To the gate then he must make his way, and as he was now somewhat refreshed and recovered, he set out, threading his path among the tall grass, the daisies, and the buttercups. After some labour and fatigue he reached the gate (for he was a persevering little fellow, and did not mind trouble), and resolved to wait his mother's coming. He rested upon a little lump of grass lying near the gate-post, and diverted himself by gathering some of those very small blue flowers with yellow eyes, which grow on warm dry banks, and twining them into little wreaths and crowns. While thus employed he sung the following fairy song, which his mother had taught him :

“ Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

Ah ! said Tom (for he had a great habit of talking to himself), those faries were wonderful folks. Little people it is said, like me in that respect ; very clever too—there again like me ; and doing what the great people of the earth can't do—like me again ; for what man ever went down a cow's throat and

came out safe. I should not be surprised if some of these fairies were my great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers. Folks say there are no such people to be seen now-a-days, but I'm not sure of that. I often hear my mother wonder how things are done, and what they are done by; once I remember all the nuts were bad, and each shell had a little hole bored through it as round as if a carpenter had bored it with his gimlet, and the kernel was all gone. I dare say the rogues of fairies had been at work with some of their little tools, and — hark! what noise is that? they seem as if they were at something of the kind now, for I'm certain that's the sound of a saw.

Tom listened earnestly, and was perfectly convinced it was the noise of a saw he heard.



Now, said he (getting up very softly, for fear of alarming the fairy carpenter, for such he was certain it must be), now I shall see some of these wonderful folks at work!

He looked in the direction of the sound; it came from the gate-post—it ceased for a minute, then went on, then ceased again. He stretched up his neck, and from a hole, about a foot from the ground, distinctly saw some sawdust fall; to make quite sure, he went to the spot where it fell, there lay a small heap of sawdust. Now then to see the fairy workman. Tom got a few flat pebbles out of the bank, and piled them up till he had erected a platform, high enough to raise him on a level with the hole. He saw something move, and more sawdust fall from the hole. Was it then a fairy that was shovelling it out?—No, not a fairy—but a bee! Tom was much more surprised, though just at first not so well pleased; and he resolved to watch the busy insect, who did not appear to notice his presence. The hole in the gatepost was evidently bored by a bee, and he was now at work in the inside, for Tom heard the sound of the saw, and then the bee appeared shovelling out the dust, after which it went back into the hole, and again the saw was heard. Tom's curiosity was roused to know what was going on in the inside, but he could not see how this was to be managed; and while he was considering, the bee sang the following song, to a humdrum sort of a tune:

The carpenter bee is a workman good,
His tools are sharp and strong,
He can bore a hole in the dry old wood;
And he labours hard and long,
To build a house both dry and warm,
That will keep him safe from rain and storm.

Soon after the song had ended, the little workman came out of the hole, and alighted upon the heap of sawdust that lay at the foot of the gatepost. Tom, desirous to have some talk with him, but fearful of alarming him, began to whistle, hoping

thereby to attract his attention. In this he succeeded, for the bee turned its head round, and looked at him.

“How d’ye do?” said Tom.

The bee only nodded his head, and again turned to his employment.

“You’re very busy,” observed Tom.

He was answered by another silent nod.

“Too busy even to speak to a friend;” again said Tom, not daunted by the bee’s taciturnity.

“That’s more than I can say,” replied the bee; “friends are not so plentiful that I wish to affront them, but I don’t think I ever saw you before.”

“Perhaps not,” said Tom: “but that’s no reason why we should not become acquainted. You seem to me to be a very industrious fellow.”

“How should you know any thing about me or my character?” inquired the bee. “I’m not fond of flattery, and have no time to spare in listening to it. So if you’ve nothing better to say, I beg to wish you a good afternoon.”

“To speak the truth,” said Tom, “I have a great curiosity to know what you’re about there. I have been listening to your saw for some time, and watching your shovelling the sawdust out of that hole; and I can’t, for the life of me, guess what you’re after.”

“If you ask for information,” said the bee, “I’ll tell you, for I don’t think you look like an enemy. I’m building my house, and the first thing was to saw a hole in that old post. You may see that I have bored straight for a little distance, after which I have worked upwards, shovelling out the sawdust as fast as I made it.”

“How high is this hole of yours?” asked Tom.

“About twice as high as you are,” replied the carpenter.

“But what do you want such a tall narrow house for?” again asked Tom.

“When my hole is bored as high as I wish, I then begin to lay the floors of the different rooms; and to do this I glue these grains of sawdust to the side of the walls, working round and round till they meet in the middle, and form a solid floor: upon this I place a lump of bread, the materials for which I gather from flowers, and on this bread is laid the egg which is to produce one of my children. Over all I place a roof, which roof forms the floor of my next chamber; this I fill in like manner with bread and another egg, and so I go on till my house is full.”

“Give me leave to ask one more question,” said Tom; “what is the use of putting your children in a place where they must be either suffocated, starved, or imprisoned for life?”

“No such thing,” replied the bee. “It is the nature of our species to pass through two or three different states or forms before we reach perfection: the egg is the first, next a little worm, and this is maintained by the bread I place upon the floor. The worm spins a garment around itself, within which it requires no food, but gradually acquires wings, legs; in short when it has attained a shape like my own, it eats its way through the floor, and leaves its nursery. Now, as the eldest are at the bottom, and the youngest at the top of the house, they come out through each other’s empty rooms without any disturbance or confusion. This is my method of rearing a family, and I have many connections, whose plan is very like mine; only as their trades are different, their houses are not

fitted up in the same way. Some are masons, some upholsterers, and some mere country folks, very humble, good sort of people, but less ingenious than we artisans. However, I must wish you good day, not having much time to spare in gossiping."

Tom began to express his thanks in the most polite language he was master of. This the honest carpenter did not stop to hear, but nodding his head, directed his flight towards a bank at a little distance, which, from its colour, Tom concluded to be covered with red poppies.

He was beginning to soliloquize upon the extraordinary qualities and habits of his new acquaintance, when he heard his mother approaching the gate, and scrambling out of the way, lest she should set her foot upon him, he contrived as she passed through, to hold with one hand by the post, and to catch at her gown with the other. Thinking her petticoats had caught on a nail, she stooped down to remove the impediment, and perceived her son.

"Where have you been all day, you good-for-nothing little rogue?" she exclaimed, in no very amiable tone. "You contrived to run away while I was milking. I shall have no peace till I find some means of keeping you at home. I am determined I'll lock you up in"——

"Ah! mother," said Tom, interrupting her threat in a half pathetic, half reproachful voice, "you would not scold me so if you knew where I had been."

"Well, where have you been?" asked Mrs. Thumb, sharply; "doing no good, I'll answer for it."

"If not, I've been where a great deal of harm might have been done to me. I've been in the cow's stomach."

· Nonsense !” said Mrs. Thumb, “ I don’t believe a word of it.”

Her son in vain tried to assure her of the fact ; she would hear no more about it, but, desiring him to hold his tongue, carried him home, and locked him up in a closet, to punish him for what she called playing truant.

Master Thumb was very indignant at this unceremonious treatment. He had within the last few hours begun to consider himself a person of more importance than ever. He imagined that his adventures were of so uncommon a nature, and his discoveries so wonderful and valuable, that he not only felt himself personally aggrieved by the confinement to which he was now sentenced, but believed that the interests of society were injured by thus preventing him from indulging a love of inquiry, which would hereafter advance the welfare of mankind. Swelling with indignation, he strutted up and down the shelf on which his mother had deposited him, venting his anger in hasty and rapid strides, and vowing, that whenever he might be released, he would hereafter devote his life to the search after knowledge, nor remain with one whose mind was so narrow as to doubt the truth of his statements, or to wish to limit the efforts of his inquiring mind, by laying him on the shelf.

I have never been able to ascertain where Tom learned all these fine words and grand ideas, but truth obliges me to confess in plain language, that though my hero wished to learn, he was rather an idle, curious, prying little fellow, very fond of his own way, and very angry when not permitted to indulge his humour.

The old saying, “ Pride will have a fall,” was strictly

verified in Tom's present case. As he fumed and fretted, and strutted up and down the shelf, forgetting its narrow limits, and not being very well able to see (for the only light entered through a crack in the closet door), he approached too near the edge, and setting his foot down with all the determined dignity of firm resolve, he stepped upon nothing, and fell headlong from the shelf.

His fall was broken by a basin of soft sugar; soft to our enlarged senses, but to the pigmy frame of Tom Thumb, hard, rough, and unyielding as a heap of macadamized pebbles. But though pride caused his tumble, pride also supported him under its effects; he uttered no cry, scorning to call out for aid; no groan, no sound of pain escaped him, but with true philosophy he drew sweet consolation even from the rugged couch of adversity: to speak more plainly, he eat the sugar on which he lay, and felt the smart of the external cuts and bruises it had occasioned so much relieved by its internal application, that he ever afterwards recommended sugar as a sovereign cure for all wounds and hurts.

While reposing on his bed of sweets, his ears were attracted by the following conversation, which seemed to be going on between two individuals:

"I am old and unable to spin; my age gives me a claim upon the industry of the young."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Pinchfly, but if I am continually giving away my labour, I don't see how I am to live myself. Besides, you were settled very comfortably only two days ago, and if you can't take care of your property, you must always be in want."

"Ah! my dear Cobweb, you speak with the inexperience

of youth. You yet know but little of the misfortunes of life ; the broom of the housewife, the finger of mischief, the huge form of the stinged honey-seekers, the thieves and robbers of our own kind,—these and many other enemies destroy our houses, break in upon our means of livelihood, ruin all our hopes. The house in which you lately saw me, I have inhabited for some months, for my materials have just been sufficient to repair the injuries caused by time and accidents. 'Tis true, that in this retired spot I get a scanty and uncertain living, but I selected it, trusting to its seclusion for greater safety, knowing well that I was growing old, and that my powers were fast failing me. But, unhappily, the ruthless owner of this domain, this morning wiped away my habitation, asserting as she did so, that the spiders and flies were enough to craze her. Ignorant tyrant"— [‘That’s my mother,’ said Tom to himself with an assenting sigh],—“thus classing together her friends and foes.”

“But, my good Mr. Pinchfly, do you mean to say, that you are too old and weak to spin a new web?”

“Are you so ignorant of our nature as not to know that when old, the supply of gum from which we spin is dried up? You look as if you doubted my words, as if you thought the inclination, and not the means were wanting.”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Pinchfly, your suspicions do me great injustice. I hope you do not really imagine I could be guilty of such” —

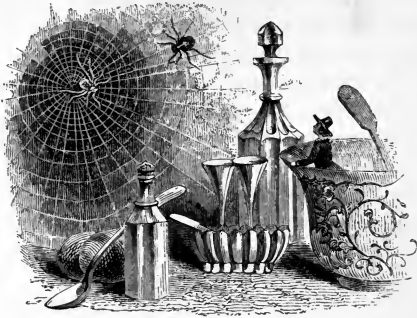
“I trust I am mistaken,” sharply interrupted Mr. Pinchfly ; “but I must add, that if charitable feelings will not induce you to give me the assistance I need,—in short, if you will not spin me a web, or yield me the one you inhabit, I must appeal

to your fears, and have recourse to that strength which I am happy to say years have not deprived me of."

Here Tom heard Cobweb mutter to himself: "His pincers don't look very weak, they'll give a good gripe, old as he is:" then, speaking aloud,—“Well, Mr. Pinchfly, your appeal to my feelings is not made in vain; if you will point out the spot where you wish a web erected, I shall be happy to give you my assistance; but you must allow me to add, that it is a service which I expect not to be called upon to repeat.”

Here Tom raised himself upon his knees, and looked cautiously over the edge of the sugar-basin. His eyes had become accustomed to the dim light of the closet, and he now clearly perceived two spiders crawling up the wall into a corner under the shelf above his head. He then saw the smallest spider press the end of his body against the wall. Our hero's ears were, as we have seen, wonderfully acute, and his eyes were not less sharp; indeed they must have been microscopic, for he discovered four little nobs on the end of the creature's body, from each of which several threads issued and united at a small distance, twisting together like the strands of a rope. Taking the thread in one of the many claws on its foot, to prevent it from sticking to the wall, the spider proceeded to the opposite wall, where it glued the thread: close by this it fixed another, which it carried across, running along the first like a rope-dancer; from these threads others extended, which were doubled and trebled in order to give strength to this outer edge or border; from these more threads again were crossed and re-crossed, forming the net or web, destined to catch and entangle the prey, which must supply Mr. Pinchfly's necessities. When all this was completed, the old gentleman compli-

mented his young friend on his skill and activity, and requested him to perfect the work by the erection of a den, where he



might hide, and whence he might pounce on his prey. Mr. Pinchfly's judicious flattery softened Cobweb's heart, and he not only spun a thick silky apartment under the web, but connected it with the latter by a few threads which would vibrate when the prey was taken, and thus not only give information of the event, but serve also as a bridge between the den and the net.

Cobweb wished to impress Pinchfly with the idea that this was a recent invention, but the old gentleman insisted it was a mode of architecture practised long before either of them were born. Pinchfly then gave his young friend a liberal invitation to visit him whenever he pleased, assuring him the contents of his larder should always be at his command—but Tom heard Cobweb mutter to himself, as he crawled away: "I

shall take pretty good care how I travel in this direction. Pinchfly's larder will never be so well stocked as to make me risk being set to work again."

Tom Thumb was quite delighted with this addition to his stock of knowledge.

"What matters imprisonment, falls, and bruises, while I have such a reward?" And, with this heroic exclamation, he again resolutely attacked the sugar in the basin.

Mrs. Thumb began to wonder that she had not heard the kicks, thumps, and outcries, which usually marked her son's impatience under confinement, and recollecting that his silence at such times generally proceeded from some mischievous occupation, she determined to see what he was doing. She opened the closet door very softly, and felt a slight alarm on finding the shelf whereon she had deposited him vacant. She turned her searching eye down upon the lower shelf; after peering in vain into all the corners her alarm increased. She raised her voice, and in shrill accents of mingled fear and anger, called upon her son's name: "Tom, Tom, Thomas Thumb! I say, where are you? come here this instant!"

"I can't," he replied, the sound of his voice plainly denoting that his mouth was full.

"You can't," she repeated, "what do you mean by you can't?"

"I'm in the sugar basin, and I can't get out without help."

"Pray how did you get in then?" inquired his mother.

"I tumbled off the shelf, and fell in; pray take me out, for I feel very unwell."

"Ay, no wonder! no doubt you have eaten 'till you're sick. But I'm not much surprised, for I dare say you were hungry, seeing that you've had no dinner. Come, come along,

and let me wash you, and give you some clean clothes, for you 're not fit to be seen."

Richard.—You were quite right, Mamma, when you said that you would tell us of more real wonders than those which have been invented. What a clever little carpenter the bee was.

Mrs. B.—Was and is, for these things not only were but are.

John.—I wish I could see one at work. But, Mamma, he spoke of masons and upholsterers, how do they build?

Mrs. B.—Have you never seen small lumps of mortar sticking upon a garden-wall? Many of these are the habitations formed by the mason bee, who chooses from sand and gravel such sized grains as may suit his purpose, cements them together, with a sticky liquor ejected from its mouth, into a small ball, which he conveys to the place in the wall where he intends to build, and where he lays a circle of these balls as a foundation, returning to the same spot to form each pellet; he then erects a circular hollow or tower, taking care to make the inside smooth and even, that the young insect may be uninjured. In this house he makes eight or ten cells, in each of which is placed an egg, and the bread necessary for the food of the young insect, when it shall quit the egg. The whole is then covered over, and the parent dies.

Mary.—Poor thing! Then he does not live to see his children.

Mrs. B.—No, my dear, it has not been so ordained. But although the insect apparently lives only to provide a house and food for its young (and it does this with an instinct which seems to approach the power of reason), yet it is spared the pain of mind that would afflict me in my dying hour, were I to

know that I must leave you all now in the time of your early youth. Though animals are subject to bodily labour, they are spared all mental cares; their gratifications seem confined to the fulfilment of their instincts, and they are alike debarred the pains and pleasures of memory and anticipation, and are spared all the miseries of disappointment, and all the delights of hope. If (which I cannot believe) they are sensible of the approach of death, it has no terrors for them, since they have not immortal souls to rejoice or tremble at the prospect of another world, nor any anxieties for those they leave behind. Therefore, my dear Mary, you need not pity them.

John.—Now just tell us how the upholsterer makes his nest.

Mrs. B.—After boring a hole in the ground, it lines it with circular or half oval pieces of leaves, which it clips out as neatly as a dextrous milliner uses her scissors. The pieces are so rolled that the edge of one overlaps that of the next, and the ends are turned up to form the bottom. The bee puts three thicknesses one within the other, and when the egg and some nearly liquid food have been placed in it, he stops up the opening with several circular pieces cut out of a leaf to fit the mouth of the cell. The second cell he places on the first, and so on till the whole, when completed, has been compared to a set of thimbles put one upon another and enclosed in a large pick-tooth case. There is another bee which lines its nest with the petal of the red poppy, forming but one cell, and covering it over with the earth he had at first shovelled out to form the hole.

Edward.—Where should we look for their nests, I should so much like to see one?

Mrs. B.—The last is found usually on the side of the paths

leading across corn fields, and, of course, you must seek for it just when the poppy is coming into flower.

Richard.—Now, Mamma, answer me a question about the spiders. Do they spin as Tom Thumb saw them?

Mrs. B.—The spiders do all that I have described, except talk; they certainly have some means of communicating with each other, but, of course, not in the language here set down. They are wonderful creatures, and of many kinds, each having a different mode of taking its food. Some weave no webs, but pounce upon their prey, and catch it in their claws, which, like all other parts of the animal frame, are adapted to the task to be performed. But it is time to break up our party.





HOW PEOPLE TRAVEL IN IRELAND.



AT a time like the present, when the mode of transit from place to place is, in many countries, almost already, or about, to be monopolized by the powerful agency of steam, when every town will have its main line of railway, and every village its branch; it is interesting to think of those vehicles which are thus being fast driven from off the road. A journey by the old stage coach is always refreshing—of course supposing the weather to be fine, and you have a pleasant country to travel through. Perhaps you get the box seat, the outside place beside the coachman; it is always the most sought after; it is also the most comfortable, because, of course, more pains are taken to provide for the accommodation of so important a personage as the coachman, than for that of the passengers. The box is covered with a soft cushion, while the other outside seats are bare wooden benches. The coachman has a leathern covering to protect his legs from rain and cold, of which, if he is good-natured, he will generally spare a corner for the traveller next him; while the other outside passengers may put their

legs in their pockets if they like, but can expect no further accommodation for them. Then there are the four fine-spirited horses right before one, which alone furnish inexhaustible sources of interest during the journey; and, lastly, there is the great potentate himself, the coachman, beside one, who knows all about the places one passes, and has plenty of anecdotes and jokes about every mansion, park, or village on the way. If, by chance, he should happen to be a surly fellow, of taciturn disposition, little inclined to answer the questions and satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive traveller, the latter may derive a great deal of entertainment and information, from watching the ways and movements of the "driver" himself.

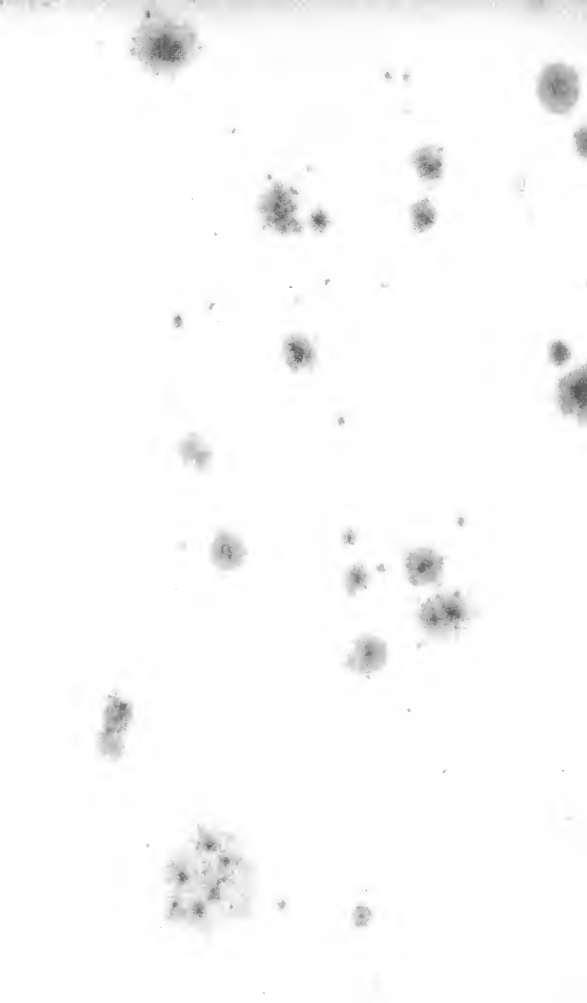
See how majestic and pompous looks the broad and comfortable stage coachman, upon his broad and comfortable box; and what a dignified and commanding air he assumes towards his passengers! How respectfully and humbly the whole public behaves towards the great man who rules, with such calm and undisputed sway, four fiery and spirited horses!

The art of driving four-in-hand is so favourite a pursuit, that the place of stage-coachman is mostly filled by a respectable man, one somewhat of a superior class. He is well paid, and can often, from the liberal perquisites received from the passengers, lay by small sums. He is, therefore, generally, tolerably well dressed, wearing an ample water-proof great-coat, of light colour, buttoned up from top to bottom, and is invariably furnished with white leather gloves. He seats himself on the box, and the ostler stands ready to hand up the reins, the insignia of his office; and at the end of his journey he levies, in lordly style, his tribute from the passengers. He always understands every part of his business to perfection, and

all his proceedings are carried on with an astonishing regularity. The four horses are of so fine a quality, the harness so admirably simple and complete, and kept in such perfect order, and the whole equipage is guided and directed with such nicety and rapidity by the slightest motions of the coachman's fingers, that the outside passenger on a stage-coach will find inexhaustible sources of entertainment in watching and inspecting all this, and will, perhaps, feel much inclined to join in the lamentations often made by the coachmen and their partisans, over the present declining state of stage-coach travelling. For, it is true, that stage-coach driving is fast losing its character of importance, and is falling into the hands of a different set of people. The railroad and the steam-boat are continually advancing upon the territory of the stage-coachman, and depriving him of his ancient consequence in public estimation.

On one account, however, all friends of humanity cannot but rejoice at these innovations; for the furious driving of the old stage-coachmen was a system of most destructive cruelty to their splendid horses. The heartless principles which regulated their behaviour to the poor animals, led them to regard them as mere machines, to be used up in whatever way was most profitable to their masters. It was a regular maxim of some, that no horse was fit for use after four years' stage-coach driving; for that four years of that tremendous labour, rendered him fit for nothing else but to be sold to a hackney-coachman, or to be slaughtered for dogs' meat.

The usual way of travelling in those parts of Ireland where there are no public conveyances, is by the aid of a jaunting car. This is a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one horse, with a seat for two persons on each side. In the centre, between the seats,





AN IRISH TRAVELING CAR.

is a cavity called a well, in which the traveller's luggage is deposited. The shaft is fastened, not to the axle-tree, but to the body of the carriage, and the passenger, in consequence, is obliged to accompany the horse in every movement he makes. The machine is, of course, uncovered, and, as it generally rains in Ireland, few travellers neglect to pack themselves and their goods up in some water-proof tissue or other. The price charged for such a car is sixpence for an English mile, just half what is paid in England for a one-horse conveyance. These cars are very much to be recommended to a traveller who wishes to see something of the country he is passing through. He is not bound to any particular line of road, and may travel whither he will, so he pay but his sixpence a mile; and then, as his feet are never far from the ground, he can step on and off at all times with very little trouble, and need pass nothing unexamined by the road-side. Then in his driver, he has always a talkative Paddy, who, duly to balance the vessel committed to his pilotage, rarely sits on his box, but rather on the opposite seat, back to back with his passenger, ready to give him the benefit of his experience, and show him "a bit of the country." Having himself an abundant stock of curiosity, he is ready to sympathize with curiosity and desire of information in another. He stops when his passenger wishes it, drives slower of his own accord when he sees him taking notes, not forgetting, when he thinks he has said something witty or clever, to add, "and wo'n't your honour please to put that down too?"

In some parts of Ireland, diligence cars are employed as means of public conveyance from one town to another. These cars are built upon the same principle as the jaunting cars, except that they run on four wheels, and are drawn by two, or

not uncommonly four, horses. The seat on each side is long enough to accommodate eight persons, and between the two seats they have also a kind of abyss called the "pit," in which the luggage is deposited. This pit is generally too small for all the boxes and trunks which it is intended to contain, and the remainder are piled up into a high wall that forms an effectual partition between the two divisions of passengers. Each traveller, therefore, sees only one side of the road; and when the vehicle stops to change horses, or to rest them, the one party is sure to have a deal to tell to those who have been looking only into the opposite half of the world. The number of passengers by one of these cars is very undefined; for when all the seats are occupied, it is nothing uncommon to see people sit in each other's laps, or place themselves upon the luggage, or hang on to the carriage in a variety of ways.

In travelling in Ireland, you are often followed by a crowd of little children, continually crying, "Ha'-penny," a word which seems to have become so natural to their tongues, that it drops out spontaneously the moment they open their lips. They do not care what you say to them, but keep up one incessant cry of "Ha'-penny! ha'-penny!" until a piece of copper is thrown towards them, when the whole troop fall to, grubbing in the dirt, and scrambling for it.

The principal owner and improver of cars in Ireland, is an Italian, called Bianconi, whose extensive speculations have made his name so famous, that he well deserves mention, especially as he is one of the rare instances of a foreigner whose speculative ingenuity has beat the English within their own territory. This remarkable man, whose horses and cars now occupy almost all the roads in Ireland, was originally one of

those little Italian boys who abound in all the towns of the kingdom, and who wander about either with barrel-organs or with plaster images. As he was a frugal and industrious boy, he soon prospered with his images, and was able to buy other kinds of merchandise. To carry about all his goods on his own back soon became too troublesome, and he bought a little donkey and donkey-cart. When the donkey became unequal to the increasing press of business, he bought a horse. This horse he did not, however, always use, and when he could spare it, he let it out on hire for money and civil words. He soon found that the hire of the horse brought him in more than the profit on his wares, and he therefore bought another horse, in order to let one out on hire, while he continued his business with the other. At the same time he improved his cart, so that he could transport a few passengers in it along with his goods. In this manner he gradually established himself as a car driver in the town of Clonmel, which lies north-east of Cork.

At first he drove only to and from places at a little distance from Clonmel, such as Cork, Kilkenny, &c. For this purpose he built large, open, convenient cars resting on springs, such as I have above described. In these long, narrow vehicles, which are capable of containing a great many travellers and goods, he was enabled to transport passengers at a very low price. He promoted, also, the establishment of many other conveyance-cars, and drove, or rather had carmen who drove, on many roads where, till then, no regular modes of conveyance had existed. While thus he bought horse after horse, built car after car, and took carman after carman into his service, he gradually intersected all Ireland with his conveyances, and established his business on a grander scale than had ever

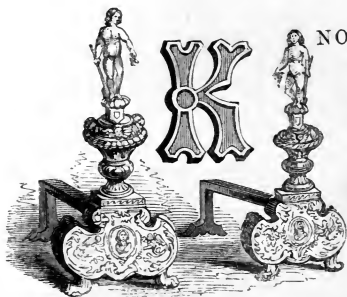
before been seen. He now possesses no less than 600 large cars, and 1,500 horses in constant employment. He has become not only a very wealthy, but quite a great man in the country, and his countrymen by adoption, praise his benevolence no less than his sagacity.

Mr. Bianconi has had little maps of Ireland engraved, on which are traced the routes pursued by all his cars, and he has employed artists to illustrate his enterprises. There is a whole series of engravings, known by the name of the "Bianconi cars," which are met with in all parts of Ireland. One represents the packing up and getting ready of one of these singular conveyances; a second, its arrival at one of Bianconi's inns; a third, Bianconi's passengers surprised by a shower of rain; a fourth, a whole car with its four horses, and all its goods and passengers, briskly traversing a mountain road; a fifth, a car changing horses in the midst of a wide, dreary wilderness of bog and morass, while the passengers are dismounting to take a little exercise, &c., &c.





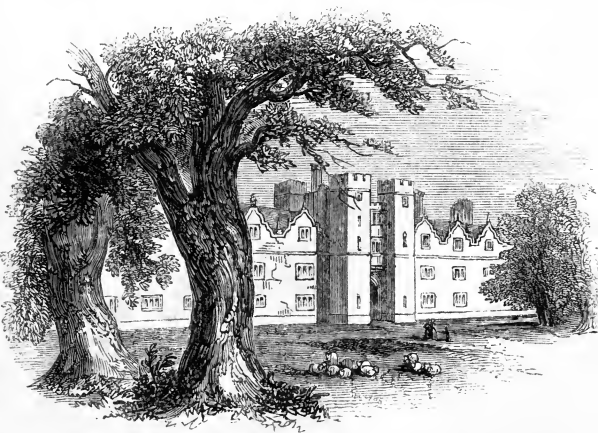
SOME ACCOUNT OF KNOLE HOUSE.



NOLE HOUSE, one of the stateliest of the Baronial Mansions of England, is full of highly honourable and deeply interesting associations with the past. Some account of it will give our young

readers an idea of the stately splendour of the mansions of olden times. It adjoins the pleasant town of Sevenoaks, and is agreeably situated in a picturesque part of the charming county of Kent, a district not inappropriately known as "the Garden of England." The house stands in a park of great extent, its circumference exceeding five miles, and is ap-

proached by a long and winding avenue of finely-grown beech trees, the road sloping and rising gradually, and presenting frequent views of hill and dale, terminated by the heavy and sombre stone front of the ancient and venerable edifice. The park is well stocked with great numbers of the nimble deer, and is equally distinguished for its stately oaks and noble chestnuts, and for the grandeur and diversity of the scenery around. The neighbourhood, as well as the house, is suggestive of many sad or pleasant memories, as from the summits of the many hillocks are seen the tall spires of scores of village churches—the villages themselves being, in days long past, the scenes of numerous events recorded in the pages of history.



Passing under an embattled tower, the first or outer quadrangle is entered; hence there is another passage through

another tower-portal, which conducts to the inner quadrangle, and so to the

“Huge hall, long galleries, spacious chambers,”

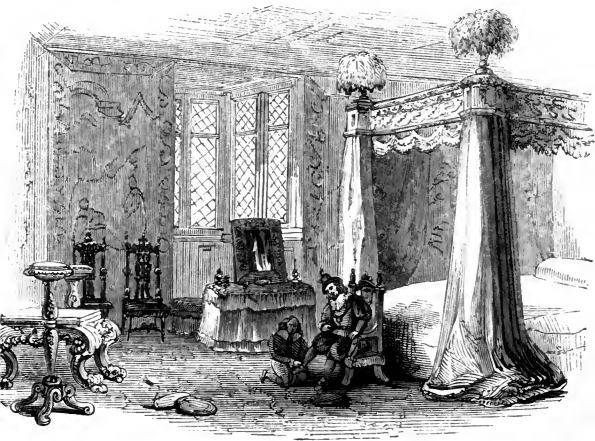
for which Knole, one of the stateliest of the baronial mansions of England, has long been famous. No precise date can be assigned to the structure; it is certain that so far back as the Conquest there was a residence here; we have, however, no authentic records of its occupants until early in the reign of John, when the manor and estate were held by Baldwin de Bethune, from whom they passed by marriage to the Earls of Pembroke, one of whom—a “rebellious baron”—forfeiting, the lands were bestowed upon Fulk de Brent, a low soldier of fortune—a desperate fellow, whose arms had been useful to the King and his son, Henry III. Upon the subsequent disgrace of this mercenary, the lands reverted to the Earl of Pembroke; from whom they passed into various hands, and, in the reign of Henry VI., to James Fienes, summoned to Parliament in the twenty-fourth of that monarch’s reign, as Lord Say and Sele, and murdered in Cheapside by order of “Jack Cade.” His son and heir conveyed the estates to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, who having “rebuilt the Manor-house, and enclosed a Park round the same,” bequeathed it, in 1486, to the see. Knole thus became the dwelling house of the several archbishops, until the twenty-ninth of Henry VIII., when Cranmer, willing to surrender a part of the possessions of the church to preserve the remainder, granted Knole and its appurtenances to the King. By Edward VI. they were given to the Dudleys, and on the failure of the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, they reverted to the Crown. By

Queen Mary they were presented to Cardinal Pole. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after having been held for a brief time by the Earl of Leicester, they were bestowed upon Thomas Sackville, created Baron Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, in whose family they have ever since remained. Thus it will be seen that Knole House can boast of having had, in days long past, a numerous array of royal and noble owners.

The walls are hung with authentic portraits of the great men of various epochs, who, when living, flourished here; not alone the noble and wealthy owners of the old Hall, but the worthies who sojourned there as guests—to have sheltered, aided, and befriended whom, is now the proudest, as it will be the most enduring, of all the boasts of lordly Knole.

Visitors are generously admitted into the more interesting and attractive of the apartments; and they are full of treasures of art,—not of paintings alone, although of these every chamber is a store-house, but of curious and rare productions, from the most elaborate and costly examples of the artists of the middle ages, to the characteristic works of the English artisan, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, when a vast amount of labour was bestowed upon the commonest articles of everyday use. The chairs and seats of various kinds, to be found in all parts of the house, are beautiful in the extreme. The best are placed in “the Brown Gallery”—a long and narrow apartment, paneled, roofed, and floored with oak. Here the antique fastenings to the doors and windows are preserved in their early purity; the stained windows are fresh as if painted yesterday; while the walls are covered with historic portraits, giving vitality to the striking and interesting scene—and seem-

ing to remove two centuries from between the present and the past. Similar wealth is to be found in every chamber. The Great Hall has its "dais," or raised gallery for the principal table at the banquet, its "minstrels' gallery," and even its oak tables, where retainers feasted long, long ago. The bedrooms are distinguished as "the Spangled," "the Venetian," "the King's," &c., &c. Of the last-named we give an engraving.



The furniture here is entirely of silver; the state-bed is said to have cost £8,000. The room was prepared and furnished for the reception of James I. Of the several galleries, and the drawing-rooms, it is sufficient to state that they are magnificent in reference to their contents, and beautiful as regards the style of decoration accorded to each. The collection of

fire-dogs at Knole is singularly rich; those which adorn "the Cartoon Gallery" supply us with our initial letter; but every room throughout the Mansion contains a pair equally curious and fine—the greater number being of chased silver. These fire-dogs were used as supports for the large logs of burning wood, the fuel of our ancestors; and in former times, either occupied the place of our modern fire-grates, or were placed in the centre of the hall, beneath a lantern in the roof, which permitted egress to the smoke.

There is, indeed, no part of the noble building which may not afford pleasure, particularly to those who delight to ponder over the grandeur of olden times.





AN ENGLISH FARM-YARD.



LET me go and stay with Lucy Blossom, dear mamma, and learn to be a farmer. When I went there with Jane to-day, she gave me strawberries and cream; and I saw the pigeons and the poultry—such darling chickens—little tiny ones, mamma, just out of the egg; and pigs—

grunting pigs—lambs, foals, calves—Oh! do let me go and stay with pretty Lucy Blossom, and do all she does!”

“Stay with Lucy Blossom, you could, my dear,” replied Lady Mandeville to her little daughter Annette; “but I doubt the possibility of your doing all she does.”

“Then, mamma, I do not,” said the young lady, with a contemptuous smile, very unbecoming a young lady’s face; “I have been much better educated, you know, and so I ought to be able to do every thing.”

“ I very much doubt, my love, if you have been at all better educated, if we take into consideration the different stations you are to occupy.”

“ Goodness me, mamma! how can you say so? have I not learnt drawing, and dancing, and French, and music, and a little poonah painting, and calisthenic exercises, and”——

“ Stop, Annette, and do not overwhelm me with a list of your accomplishments; you have learnt, as you call it, all these things, though you cannot put any of them in practice unless your governess is at your elbow. Whereas poor Lucy can practise all she knows without any such help.”

“ She told me she could do nothing but read and write.”

“ She underrated her acquirements, while you overrate yours; she can do many other things.”

“ Can she, mamma?”

“ Indeed she can; she can wash, and sew, and iron, and make butter; and she understands the bringing up of ducks, and”——

“ My dear mamma, do you call these accomplishments?”

“ They are the acquirements necessary for the condition in which she is placed. But I will let you go and spend an entire week with Lucy Blossom, on these conditions:—that you engage to assist Lucy in all she does; that you expect to have nothing done for you; and that you take half her work off her hands, while you are at Bloom Farm.”

“ Oh, my dear, darling mamma, how good you are, to be sure! I shall be delighted! When may I go?—may I go now, or this evening! pray let me go before to-morrow, do, dear, dear mamma.”

“ You shall go this evening: I will take you myself; but

remember you are to take half Lucy's work off her hands, and you are to do every thing for yourself."

"Depend upon it;—but," said Annette, after a pause, "must I lace my own stays, and dress my own hair?"

"Indeed you must; and get up at five, as Lucy does."

"I am sure Lucy *can* do nothing which *I* cannot do," replied Annette, with her usual self-conceit; and immediately Lady Mandeville sent the footman to Bloom Farm to apprise the good dame of the visit the young lady of the manor was about to make, for she desired not to inconvenience her tenant's wife, who was, moreover, her own foster-sister—a plain, well-educated woman—rustic, but not vulgar. She knew that Annette could with her learn nothing ill, or even unladylike, and might receive a lesson in the correction of her superabundant vanity. Miss Mandeville had been but little with her dear and amiable mamma, who had accompanied her husband to India, and been obliged to leave her child behind her. Lady Mandeville returned a widow, and immediately took Annette from a fashionable school, and kept her under her own eye. Weeds grow more rapidly than flowers; and Annette had imbibed a more than ordinary quantity of extravagance and self-opinion—a habit of thinking that she could do all things, and every thing well. When Lady Mandeville arrived at the farm, she told the good dame her object in (as she kindly termed it) taking the liberty of sending her daughter to learn wisdom and industry at Bloom Farm, and requested Mrs. Blossom to assist her plan, and to offer no aid either at Miss Mandeville's toilet, or in the varied occupations she would have during her week's residence at an English farm-yard.

The evening passed delightfully: Lucy's work was finished,

and she had ample time allowed for recreation ; the cows were in the byre, and every thing ready for the morning's milking ; and Lucy showed Miss Mandeville her garden.

“ You have not a great many pretty flowers, Lucy ; I will give you some balsams, and some of our hothouse plants.”

“ Thank you, miss,” replied the farmer's daughter ; “ but we have no hothouse, and balsams require much care, and more time than I could give them. I have fine roses, and plenty of sweet pea and mignonette, of which the bees are very fond : and here is thyme, and sweet marjoram, lavender, and mint, and sage ; all of which I dry for winter use.”

“ For winter use ? what do you mean by that ?”

“ Thyme, marjoram, sage, and some others, are used in stuffings and potted meats ; mint is excellent in pease-soup ; and lavender makes our linen smell sweet without any expense.”

“ Mamma was right,” thought Miss Mandeville ; “ she does know more than I do. What quantities of currants and gooseberries you have !”

“ We cannot afford foreign wines, miss ; so my mother makes us wine of our own fruit—you shall taste it on Sunday ; we always have a glass of either gooseberry or currant wine on Sunday.”

“ Wine only on Sundays !” again thought Annette ; “ and yet how rosy she looks !”

“ The sun has set, and the candles are lit ; so we must have supper, prayers, and then to bed,” said the farmer's wife.

Annette's walk had given her an appetite ; so she managed a slice of home-baked bread, and a draught of exquisite fresh milk, as well as her new companion, Lucy ; and, young as she

was, there was something she thought very good in the farmer's calling his two men and one maid-servant into their clean, small parlour, and reading in a gentle voice a portion of Scripture, and a few of our beautiful church prayers; while the very rose and woodbine outside the latticed window, and the sweet nightingale on the old thorn-tree, offered their perfume and music as an evening sacrifice to that God from whom all blessings are derived.

“ Good night, young lady,” said Farmer Blossom; “ my Lucy, here, has a way of always kneeling for her father's blessing; it makes her sleep the sounder-like.”

Annette's heart filled with sorrow, and her eyes with tears. “ I have no father to bless me,” she thought; “ and though I am rich, and a lady, Lucy Blossom is happier than I am!” Miss Mandeville ought to have remembered that she had a most kind mother, and been thankful; but the young are too often forgetful of God's goodness.

The next morning, before Annette was out of her first sleep, she was awakened by Lucy.

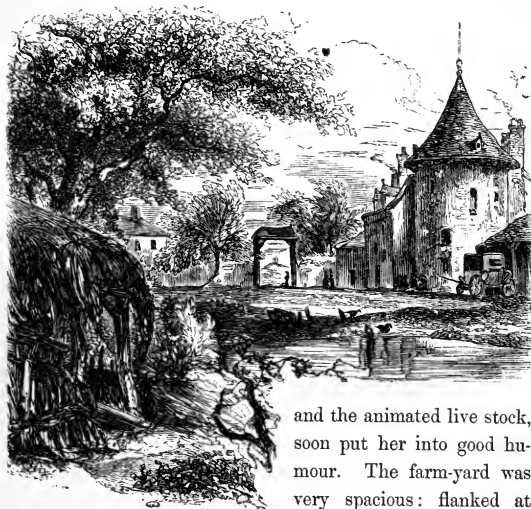
“ You really must get up; my two cows have been lowing for these ten minutes, miss; and it does these poor things a great deal of harm to keep them waiting.”

“ Lowing! mooing, I always call it,” replied Annette, rubbing her eyes; “ but do you really milk two cows yourself?”

“ This morning I am only to milk one; for my mother says you are to have Snowdrop, and she is now waiting to show you how to manage.”

Annette remembered her promise to her mother, and, notwithstanding her other faults, she was both too honest and too

proud to break her word. She missed two of the holes in lacing her stays, which, consequently, felt very uncomfortable; and her hair became sadly tangled, for she had curled it badly. It must be confessed, that she went into the farm-yard with a very ill grace; but the kind smiling face of Mr. Blossom,



and the animated live stock, soon put her into good humour. The farm-yard was very spacious: flanked at

either side with lofty barns and spacious outhouses; there was a deep pond at one end—the end at which the rick or stack-yard began—and many young and old ducks were delighting themselves therein. A company of, at least, twenty geese had taken their morning bath, and were cackling, wriggling, and wagging their tails with great good humour and enjoyment.

Several turkeys, headed by a gabbling, gobbling, old turkey-cock, the personification of self-importance, came running towards Lucy, giving her a gay good-morrow after their own fashion. Then the flock of cocks and hens, and their numerous half-grown families, paid their respects; while the air was absolutely darkened by the flocks of pigeons, which forsook the dovecot on the appearance of their friend and favourite.

“But they must all wait till my poor cows are done with,” said Lucy.

“I am sure, Miss Annette,” exclaimed the servant-maid, “it’s a credit to any one to milk Snowdrop, she’s so good-tempered; mistress and I have milked a dozen this morning, but there’s none of them like Lucy’s Snowdrop and Roseleaf. There, miss—here’s the stool and the pail,—lawk, you mustn’t sit so, or you’ll be over!”

“How can I sit?” exclaimed Miss Mandeville, half crying with vexation, and, it must be confessed, with terror also; for she had been hissed at by the gander, gobbled at by the turkey-cock, and almost fancied herself exalted on the horns of the white cow, that turned her head round to look at the new milkmaid, who, at least, in her humble opinion, knew nothing of the employment.

“She’s as gentle as a lamb, miss,” said the servant, who was an Irish girl, “barring she’s given the laste morsel in life to kicking; but that’s nothin’ when you’re used to it—Oh, miss, darlint, mind yer *fut*, mind yer fut, or she’ll tramp on it!” And as she spoke, Snowdrop did really place her foot on Miss Annette’s black satin slipper.

“Why did you not tell me to remove my foot?” demanded Miss Mandeville haughtily of the poor girl, who *had* warned

her, but in so rich a brogue, that the young lady understood it not.

“ Mistress, dear, sure you heard me tell her to mind her fut?—’tisn’t much hurt, only a taste scruged.”

And the good-natured creature commenced rubbing it, while Mrs. Blossom continued instructing the young heiress in the art of milking.

“ How my arms and fingers ache!” said Annette, with a heavy sigh, when she had finished.

“ ’Tis nothin’ when yer used to it,” repeated the Irish girl.

“ After we have strained and put our milk into the pans that were scalded for the purpose last night, we must go and feed the calves,” said Lucy. “ Roseleaf had such a beautiful calf, but her milk was too good to be long spared; so her little one, and another I will show you, are beginning to eat a little, and we feed them from the pail.”

“ Poor stupid-looking things!” exclaimed Miss Mandeville, “ have they any sense?”

“ Enough for their purpose, my dear,” replied Mrs. Blossom, who accompanied the young lady on her mission; “ here, dip this piece of twisted hay in the milk; now that the calf has it in her mouth, pull it so, under the milk,—you see the creature will not let it go, and you must hold the hay under till she has had enough: when they are delicate, we always give them fresh eggs beat up; but these are strong, and do not need it.”

“ She has got my hand down her throat, the horrid beast!” exclaimed poor Annette; who, like many young ladies of my acquaintance, was much too fond of dealing in epithets and exclamations.

“ Well, pull it out again, miss, honey ; it’s the easiest thing in life to get your hand up a *cauf*’s throat, if it’s ever so far down,” exclaimed the Irish servant ; “ sorra a tooth that crathur has, but two : ah ! you’re not used to feeding caufs, miss. There, you see, your hand isn’t a taste the worse,” she continued, as poor Annette looked upon it, and, bursting into tears, declared it could never be clean again.

“ Is it clane ?” replied the girl ; “ bless ye, your hand was never so clane in its life ! If you’d just let Strawberry lick your face every morning at sunrise, and before the good of the dew is off her tongue, you’d be as white as snow, and as bright as a sunbame, by the time you went to my lady’s.”

Mrs. Blossom and Lucy could not avoid laughing at the idea of Miss Mandeville’s adopting the poor Irish girl’s singular cosmetic ; but the young lady was in no laughing humour. “ I wish Mrs. Blossom,” she exclaimed, “ you would send for the carriage to take me home ; I shall never be able to get through the week, and I *won’t* submit to this any more ;—I never intended to be a drudge.” Tears prevented further words ; and Mrs. Blossom conducted her to their little parlour, until her grief had subsided.

“ Have you sent for the carriage ?” she inquired, when her tears were dried.

“ No, miss,” replied the farmer’s wife, “ I have not ; my lady’s directions were, ‘ that you were to remain here, and share all Lucy’s employments for a week :’ I am sorry you find the task so irksome, but it was self-imposed ; and, moreover, I know my duty to her ladyship too well to disobey her. Nothing remains for you but the acquirement of patience to discharge your task ; it was of your own seeking ; you thought,

being born a lady, that all things might be learnt by intuition—that it was only to look and learn; but the poor cow, you could not milk, and the calf, you could not feed, have already taught you the difference.”

“It is not necessary for young ladies to milk cows, and feed calves,” replied Annette.

“No, my dear, not at all necessary; but it is very necessary that they should not imagine they could milk cows and feed calves, without any previous consideration how cows are to be milked, and calves fed. Natural occupations of life (if I may so call them) require patience, industry, and knowledge. Look, my dear young lady, from this window; do you see that poor old woman who is hobbling along, and whom you would hardly suppose worthy to hold a place in the list of human beings? yet your honoured mamma calls old Mary the village benefactress. She is low and poor—dependant, in a great degree, for her comforts, and entirely for her few luxuries, on her ladyship’s liberality; but her *usefulness* in rustic matters commands respect. If a brood of young turkeys do not exhibit their red heads in proper time, but peak, and pine, and refuse food, who so well as old Mary understands the mingling of the nettle-tops and hard egg, which restores them to health and spirits, and sends forth the ruby coronet above their little brows? If a chicken is too weak to chip the shell, with which God has protected its feebleness until the proper time of coming forth, who so tenderly disentangles it from its covering and nurtures it, until the little trembling thing is able to take place with the juvenile cocks and hens, whom we shall presently go and feed? But old Mary has even more wisdom than belongs to the ‘farm-yard.’ Though she can neither

read nor write after *your* fashion, nor—thanks and blessings on the memory of your grandmamma, Miss Annette—after



my fashion either, yet there is *one* great book old Mary can read better than either of us. Can you guess what book it is?"

"No—or perhaps it is the Bible?"

"No, young lady; it is what my old mistress used to call the Book of Nature: this evening, when your work is over, we will take old Mary to the large hedge in the nut-copse. She will gather for us herbs that you have never deigned to look

upon, and explain the virtues inherent in their leaves and flowers, and which she knows so well how to extract for the benefit of our neighbours, who are too poor to buy medicines, as your mamma does when she is ill. From the blue violet Mary makes a delicious syrup, which cures many a cough in the cold winter. The small celandine affords her a liquid that relieves inflammation in the eyes; robin-run-the-hedge, who twined so disrespectfully in the tucks of your frock to-day, cures the scurvy, she will tell you; and if you cut your finger, old Mary could prepare a balsam that would heal it in twelve hours!"

Annette looked pleased and interested; Mrs. Blossom had acted wisely in teaching by example. Annette was again interested in the business of the farm-yard; she saw that Mrs. Blossom was resolved she should not return until the time first requested by herself, and afterwards fixed upon by her mamma; and so she wisely left off crying, and went with Lucy Blossom to inspect the hen-roost, and feed the poultry. I am happy to say, that she derived a good deal of knowledge from old Mary that evening; it might truly be called a knowledge of practical botany, although Mary did not know that leaves were ever called *petals*, or that the proper name for the flower of a plant was *corolla*. But my dear young friends will be happy to hear, that Annette, before the end of the week, had learnt another lesson: she had the generosity to acknowledge her belief, that there are many things of which a "very accomplished young lady" is totally ignorant; and she assured Mrs Blossom, when taking her departure from Bloom Farm, that she had learnt to value the acquirements appertaining to humble life, from her week's residence at "the farm-yard." She

also very much urged her to permit Lucy to accompany her back to the hall, kindly saying, "My dear Mrs. Blossom, *she* has taught me a great deal; can I teach her nothing in return?"

"Miss Annette," replied the farmer's wife, "I will tell you a little fable:—

"A wren was very happy and contented in its nest in an ivy-tod; and one day a poor canary, who had foolishly escaped from its cage, was driven by a storm to seek shelter in the ivy; and the wren took pity on it, and brought it into its nest, and plumed its feathers, and acted towards it as a sister. Well, the canary was very grateful to the wren; and when the storm had quite subsided, the canary said, 'I will go back to my aviary and my companions, and get in at the wire where I got out; and, Mrs. Wren, you must come with me and spend a few days in our aviary.' Jenny Wren made a few apologies, because of the plainness of her dress, and the homeliness of her education; but the lady canary overruled them all, and they set out together for the aviary.

"The other canaries, I am sorry to say, did not behave as they ought to have done, which was a very great shame, as they knew better. One said, 'What a little, brown, dumpy thing that is, with her cocked tail sticking so vulgarly on the end of her back, so different from the way in which we wear ours!' Another exclaimed, 'Look at her feet—ugly things, with black claws! I wonder what Lady Yellow-breast could be thinking of, to bring us such company! but she was always eccentric.'

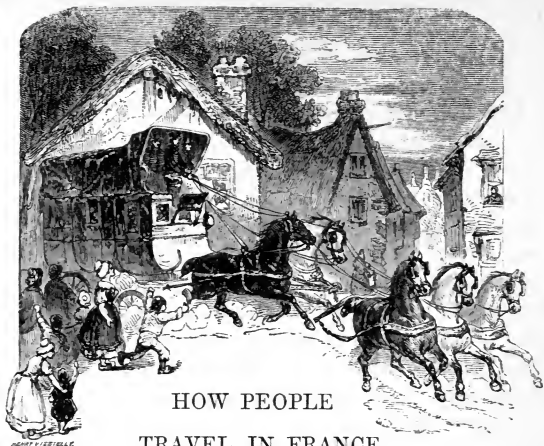
"Poor, little, Jenny Wren! Miss Annette, she was not proof against those taunts; and, instead of either learning to bear

them patiently, or returning to her own nest and quiet circle of Redbreasts and Mrs. Linnets, where she was esteemed for her good qualities, she got behind a great bunch of chickweed; and having previously picked up the cast-off feathers of the canaries, she stuck them all over her back, and tied a great pebble to her pretty little tail to keep it down. How the fine birds laughed at her for aping gentility!

“Go home to your companions,” murmured an old wise canary; “to your companions—your finery may astonish them, *here* you can be nothing.”

“Poor Jenny Wren sculked home; but the love of finery had taken possession of her little heart, and she could not avoid retaining some of her secondhand plumage. The grove was in an uproar, the plain dressed birds felt themselves insulted, and Mrs. Wren would have been torn to pieces, had not an old kind-hearted thrush interfered on her behalf, saying at the same time, that ‘it was only right for plain birds, particularly female ones, to avoid the temptation of fine feathers’—and so say I to my Lucy, Miss Annette. At present she is thankful and contented, a visit to the hall might create desires which would ill become the daughter of an English farmer.”





HOW PEOPLE
TRAVEL IN FRANCE.



IN a former chapter we described the various modes of travelling as adopted in Ireland, and there spoke in eulogistic terms of the four-horse stage-coach, of its completeness, and its speed. We will now talk of travelling in France; but how differently they manage things there! for the particularly fast going coach of one country, we have the particularly slow and cumbersome diligence of the other. The engraving, at the head of our article, will give our little reader some idea of the appearance of the latter. It is composed of three bodies joined together, of which, the front division, called the *coupé*, is shaped like a post-chaise, and holds three persons, who are quite separated from the rest of the passengers, and travel as comfortably

as in a private carriage. The fare in this part of the vehicle is more expensive than in the other compartments. The centre division, called the *intérieur*, ranks next, and holds six passengers; and behind it is the *rotonde*, the most disagreeable part of the diligence, and the cheapest, except the *banquette*, or *impériale*, the outside seat on the roof of the *coupé*, by the side of the conductor. This latter place is rarely filled with the better class of Frenchmen, as they do not like outside travelling; but is generally preferred by the English, as from it you have a good view of the country, and the advantage of fresh air. It is protected from rain and cold by the hood and leather apron, but somewhat difficult of access. The diligence is less fatiguing than the English stage-coach, as the passengers are allowed more room; but the pace is much slower. As a set off against this, it must be considered that the fares are not half so much as in England.

The diligence is placed in the charge of the *conducteur*, or guard, who is paid by the administration, and is generally an intelligent person; often an old soldier, from whom the traveller may derive much information relative to the country he is passing through. The vehicle is drawn by five or six horses driven by a post-boy, and to each passenger is assigned a place in the order in which he is booked.

An astonishingly large quantity of luggage is enabled to be stowed away on the roofs of these monstrous vehicles, and, layer above layer, are piled the numerous boxes and bandboxes, desks and dressing cases, with the various other travelling requisites, of the accompanying *voyageurs*. The larger diligences carry fifteen passengers inside and four out, including the conductor, and weigh, when loaded, nearly five tons. Besides

passengers they carry a great deal of heavy merchandise, such as in England, before the introduction of railways, would be sent by the stage-wagon or canal boat.

Those diligences that traverse the cross-roads of France are mostly of the worst kind; of the comfort of such a mode of transit, an Englishman, who had occasion to travel a great distance in one of these vehicles, speaks in the most rueful terms; his aching bones, constantly reminding him that he was not on, or in, an English stage-coach; and for three days and nights he could not allow himself to sleep, for fear of either knocking his luckless head against a suspicious looking wooden bar that formed part of the coach, or of tumbling off his seat. No public conveyances in Europe, taken as a whole, are equal in comfort to those of our own kingdom.

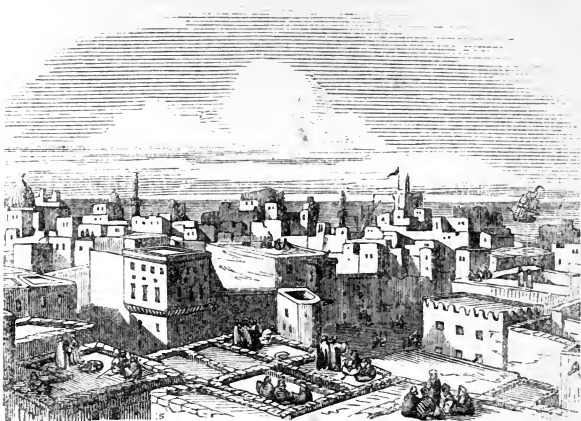
Another mode of travelling in France is by the *malle postes*, which are equivalent to our mail coaches, and kept up at the expense of government. They travel along the great roads at a much swifter speed than the diligences, and carry the mail and two or three passengers. As they take so few passengers, the only chance of obtaining a place is by an application some days before hand. These mails consist of a stoutly-built barouche drawn by four horses, having a seat before for the postilion, and one behind for the conductor. The fares are about double those of the diligence.

The carriages usually kept for hire in France are the cabriolet, or small *calèche*, a heavy lumbering vehicle holding only two persons, with little room for luggage, and the *patache*, a rustic cab, something like, but far less easy than the covered cart. Both these vehicles are very clumsily built, and those who ride in them must be prepared for a good jolting.

But, on the continent, as well as in our own country, the introduction of railways is fast changing the routine of travelling, and people will not now be so content to be slowly and joltingly conveyed along the stony roads, but consider it far more pleasant to glide along the railway with the swiftness of an arrow, and so smoothly as to be almost unconscious of motion; and the time is not far distant when the musical cracking of the coachman's whip will have to give place to the screaming of the fiery steed as it puffs along its iron way.

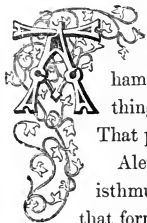
Omnibuses are used in the towns of France, as in our own country, as conveyances from the railway stations to the houses of the inhabitants; but to the former country must be credited the merit of the first introduction of these convenient vehicles.





ALEXANDRIA—TERRACE ROOFS.

THE CITIES OF THE EAST—ALEXANDRIA.



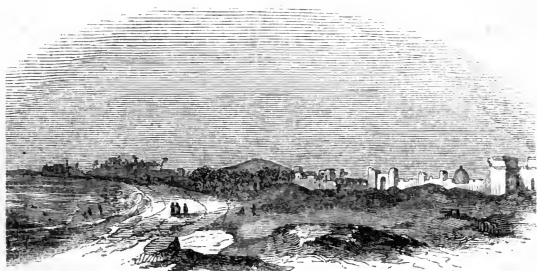
PROMISE was made in a former chapter, in which a sketch was given of the life of Mohammed Ali, to let our little readers hear something about the capital of the Pacha's country.

That promise shall now be redeemed.

Alexandria is situated near Lake Mareotis, on an isthmus, which connects with the land the peninsula that forms the two ports. The new port on the east is very open, and does not afford secure anchorage in stormy weather. At the extremity of the mole which protects it, the

fort of the Pharos is built on the site where anciently stood the celebrated lighthouse of the Ptolemies. The old port on the west offers to ships of all sizes a deep and safe basin, though the entrance is difficult for such as draw much water. Before Mohammed Ali's time, Christian vessels were forbidden to enter the harbour, being compelled to content themselves with the dangerous road on the east; a prohibition that probably traced its origin to a prophecy which foretold, that upon the entrance of the first Christian ship into this port, the empire of the Mussulman in Egypt would be at an end.

Surrounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by the sands of the desert, Alexandria is placed, we may almost



OLD HARBOUR OF ALEXANDRIA.

say, in an insular position. The present city, as has been often remarked, has inherited scarcely any thing from the ancient one but its name and its ruins. The original city was built by the architect Dinocrates, after plans sketched by Alexander. According to Pliny, its circuit was fifteen miles, and it contained a population of 300,000 citizens, and as many slaves. A street, two thousand feet long and one hundred broad, tra-

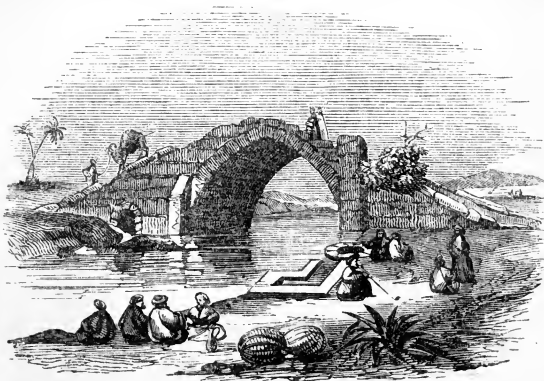
versed it from north to south, and was crossed by another nearly as beautiful. Magnificent palaces, temples, gymnasia, circuses, theatres, and monuments of every kind, were crowded in the circumference.

When Alexandria was taken by Amrou, it formed, according to the Arab historian, three cities, Menne, Nekite, and Iskanderia. In his report to the Caliph Omar, Amrou says, that it contained 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres or public buildings, and 12,000 shops. About the year 1212 of our era, a successor of Saladin surrounded it with a wall two leagues in length, flanked by a hundred towers, which still exist, and have been repaired by Mohammed Ali. Under the yoke of the Mussulmans, but principally under that of the Mamelukes, Alexandria declined rapidly; and, at the time of the French invasion, was nothing but a large straggling village, and a resort of pirates. Its population amounted scarcely to 8,000 souls, its fortifications were crumbling to decay, and such was the audacity of the Bedouins, that they frequently rode, with impunity, up to its walls to commit their ravages.

The ports of Alexandria are the only ones possessed by Egypt; and if fleets are necessary to protect the independence of this country, which European powers can only attack from the sea, Alexandria affords a vast and well-defended retreat. Mohammed Ali has availed himself of all the natural advantages of the place. He has made of Alexandria a military port, and has there established his arsenal.

In antiquity, Alexandria communicated with the heart of the country by a branch of the Nile, at the mouth of which it was placed; but this branch being gradually filled up by the deposits of the water, the first Arab conquerors were compelled

to dig a vast canal, of which Eastern historians give a magnificent description. But under the administration of the Mamelukes, this canal gradually deteriorated, and soon became a mere ditch, completely dry during the greater part of the year. Upon this Alexandria lost its commercial importance, which was transferred to Rosetta. But Mohammed Ali has restored it to its rightful uses, by opening the navigable canal, called



BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL, ALEXANDRIA.

Mahmoudiyah, in honour of the Sultan Mahmoud; and the whole commerce of Egypt is now concentrated at Alexandria.

Thus regenerated, the population of Alexandria is rapidly increased, amounting now to 60,000 souls, including the crews of the fleet and the workmen of the arsenal, forming about one-third. The other two-thirds include 20,000 Arabs, 6,000 Turks, 10,000 Jews and Copts, and 5,000 Europeans.

The aspect of the city, it will be easily imagined, has been

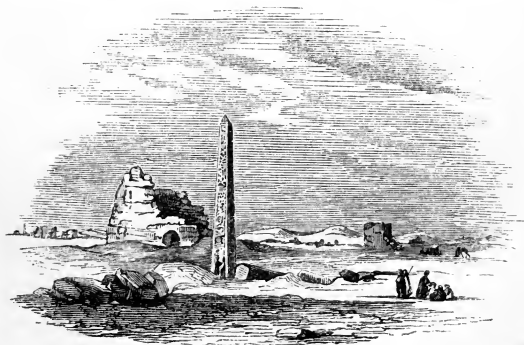
greatly changed within the last few years. The immense cemeteries, which were once within the walls, have been removed without. The sheets of stagnant water, which formerly gave rise to noxious exhalations have been dried up, and the hollows filled. The streets have not been paved, it is true, but they are clean, which was not formerly the case. Buildings of all kinds, arsenals, palaces, barracks, manufactories, hospitals, &c., have been erected; and a considerable portion of the wall near the shore has been thrown down to make way for the growth of the city.

The environs of Alexandria are covered, for the space of two leagues, with extensive ruins, which prove that there is nothing exaggerated in what historians have related of the wonders of the ancient city. The materials with which the Arab town is constructed, were furnished by such ruins as were scattered near the surface; but vast remains may still be found even at the depth of sixty feet.

In the midst of the prostrate remains of the ancient city we find, thinly scattered, the modern dwellings of the actual lords of the soil, of which some are fine large houses, in the Turkish style of architecture, situated for the most part in gardens, or rather small groves of date palms; which, with their lofty columnar trunks, and long pendulous branches waving and trembling in the breeze, constitute one of the most interesting objects in an African landscape; for nothing in the vegetable creation can be more beautiful than a date palm, a hundred feet in height, loaded with ripening fruit.

The marine arsenal is built on the peninsula called Ras-el-Tyn, the Cape of Figs, together with the palace of the Viceroy and many other edifices belonging to the government. The

isthmus which unites Ras-el-Tyn to the land is covered by the Turkish town, built on the ordinary plan of Mussulman cities. Then comes the European quarter, formerly called the Frank quarter, which has long been superior to those parts of the town occupied by the natives. But it is more especially since the establishment of Mohammed Ali's government, that it has begun to assume an imposing aspect; and since 1825 the quarter has entirely changed, having extended from the New Port to Cleopatra's Needles—those beautiful obelisks of rose-granite, which are supposed to have adorned the entrance to the palace of the Ægyptio-Macedonian kings. Of these the one towards

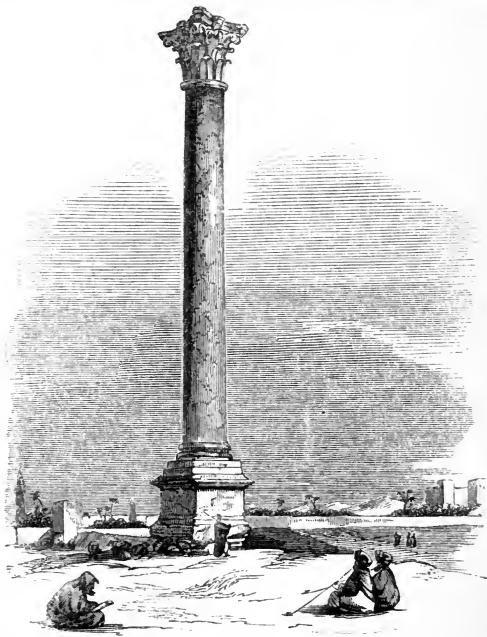


CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

the east is still standing; the other has been overthrown, probably by an earthquake, and lies partly buried in the sand. In the neighbourhood of these monuments there exists at present a sort of square, about 800 yards long and 150 broad. The houses which surround this place are built after European de-

signs, and are very elegant. Some of them belong to Ibrahim Pacha.

Amongst the wonders situate in the vicinity of Alexandria, prominently stands the far-famed Pompey's Pillar, the appear-



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

ance, dimensions, and history of which, have frequently engaged the attention, and excited the controversial propensities of tra-

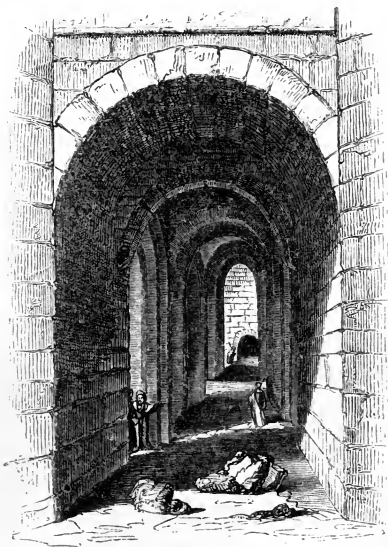
vellers : but it may be worth remarking, that monuments which, from the frequent mention made of them, seem hackneyed and common-place in books, by no means appear so when actually beheld. You for the time forget the dissertations of the antiquarian, the measurements of the mathematician, the spruce trim copy of the artist, and yield up your mind to the romantic enthusiasm inspired by grand historical associations. There is a pleasure, altogether independent of antiquarian erudition, derived from the contemplation of the monuments of past ages,—vague, shadowy, composed of many mingled sentiments and feelings, but sweet to the mind, and, perhaps, the only adequate compensation which the traveller can ever receive for his toils and privations.

The height of Pompey's Pillar, including that of the pedestal and capital, is ninety feet. Some travellers have inferred, on account of its rough workmanship, that the capital is extremely ancient, whereas its coarseness of execution, and bad taste, prove it to be the production of a very late period, when the arts had all degenerated in Egypt. The shaft, of rose-coloured granite, was exceedingly beautiful before it had been disfigured by the absurd vanity of nautical travellers, who have daubed it all over with their barbarous names. A young Irish lady, who ascended with a party of officers to the summit, is said to have written there a letter to the consul, which she dated:—"From the top of Pompey's Pillar." That gentleman, then at Cairo, very wittily, in replying to her, dated his epistle:—"From the bottom of Joseph's Well." That the column had no reference to the Great Pompey may be very confidently assumed. Though by whom it was erected, and in honour of what emperor, if of any, are points scarcely capable

of decision. At any rate, they are not worth all the learning which has already been expended on them. Objects of this kind have in all ages most amazingly puzzled the Arabs. One of their writers, who visited the pillar in the thirteenth century, tells us, that there then existed a cupola on its summit, and that, strewed around in confusion, were the fragments of other columns, which, along with it, had supported the roof of a vast portico, erected, he surmised, by Alexander the Great for the accommodation of Aristotle, who there taught philosophy to the Egyptians!

In their description of Alexandria, travellers would frequently appear to have been more intent on indulging their genius for satire or exaggeration, than of conveying a correct idea of the place. No two accounts resemble each other; but, as the city itself has undergone innumerable revolutions and changes of fortune, much of these discrepancies may, perhaps, have arisen from this circumstance. At present it is a respectable, if not a handsome city. The number of spacious residences inhabited by European merchants; the new detached houses erected in various quarters by Turks and Franks; the elegant well-furnished shops; the mosques, convents, villas, and palaces, situated within the walls—render its aspect gay and agreeable. As a place of residence, it is undoubtedly preferable to any other city in Egypt; indeed, it would, in many respects, bear a comparison with some of the seaport towns of Italy and France. Two small theatres, with temporary decorations and scenery, and supported by amateurs, have been established by the French and Italian residents; and the performances, though no professed actors are employed, are far from being contemptible. Other amusements, adapted to the

taste of civilized nations, are likewise obtainable ; music parties, conversazioni, soirées, balls, routs, dinners, wine, dancing girls, &c. A book-club, consisting of the most respectable residents, has been established ; and a newspaper, in French and Arabic, is published by the Pacha. Both here, and elsewhere in Egypt,



TOWER IN THE WALL OF THE ARAB QUARTER.

the dwellings of the poor, unworthy the name of houses, are inferior in comfort and appearance to dog-kennels or pig-sties ; but these constitute no part of the city, being merely a straggling suburb attached to certain quarters.

Nothing can more forcibly exemplify the frailty of the Arab tenements in the Alexandrian suburbs, than a circumstance which occurred during a recent winter, which being more rainy than ordinary, between three or four hundred of them were washed down in the course of one stormy night. On the morrow the wretched inhabitants, fathers, mothers, and children, were beheld sitting in the most forlorn and pitiable state, on the vast heaps of mud to which their dwellings had been reduced. In many cases they had not even time to carry out the few earthen pots and mats which constituted their whole worldly substance, before the walls fell in and smashed or buried them. Here, then, was occasion for the exercise of charity. Nor was the occasion neglected. First, the Europeans came forward, and, in the course of a few hours, subscribed a large sum, which, however, knowing the character with whom they had to deal, they did not venture to distribute without having first obtained the Pacha's permission. Upon their application it was peremptorily refused! His Highness, shamed by their alacrity, or jealous of the influence they might thus obtain over the Arabs, said he would provide for his own poor, and advised them to bestow what they had collected on the European hospital. This of course they did; and, to the honour of Mohammed Ali be it said, the sufferers by the storm were provided for, and had new huts erected for them, better in all probability than those which had been thrown down.

Though nearly surrounded by water, Alexandria, in the time of Strabo, was esteemed a healthy city; and for this phenomenon the geographer accounts in a satisfactory and philosophical manner, by explaining the peculiar nature of Lake Mareotis. Other lagoons, he says, from the effects of evapo-

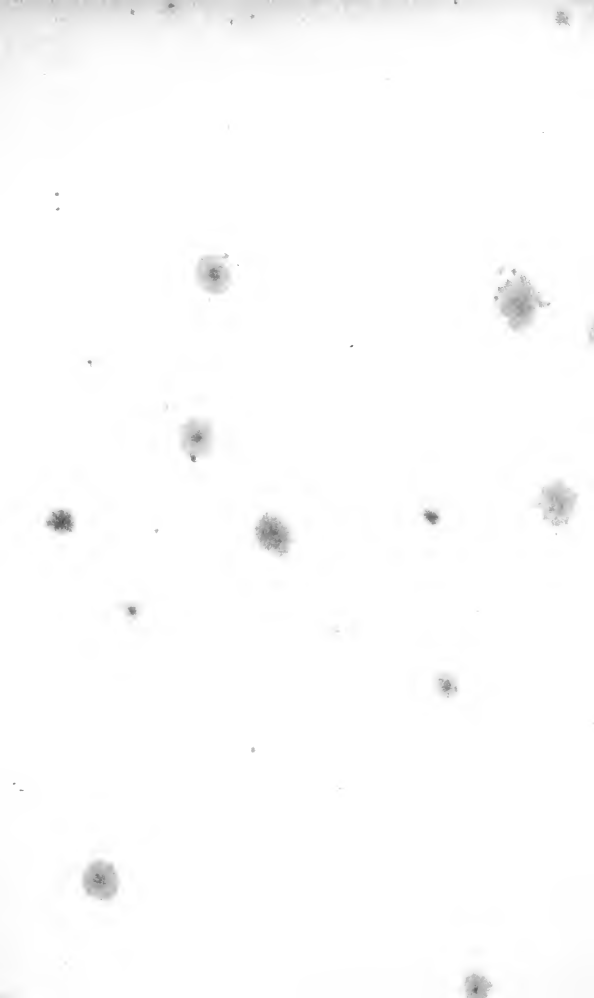
ration, become half dry in the season of the greatest heat; and their shores, converted into so many swamps or morasses, exhale effluvia, which corrupt the air and engender disease. Mareotis, on the contrary, being filled by the influx of the Nile, whose inundation occurs in summer, instead of retiring within its bed, and exposing a marshy, slimy margin to the action of the sun, rises above its ordinary level, and abundantly irrigates the neighbouring fields, thus effectually preventing all pestiferous exhalations. In the time of the Mamelukes, when this lake had been in a great measure dried up, the effluvia arising from it, though the land was partly brought into cultivation, seem greatly to have accelerated the ravages of the plague; which, since the sea was introduced into it, has been much less frequent and destructive. At present Alexandria appears to be a salubrious city, though the atmosphere in winter is, perhaps, too moist and cold.

Though the bazaars of Alexandria, compared with those of some other Oriental cities, may be regarded as insignificant, they have still preserved much of their Eastern character, and therefore deserve to be visited by the traveller; at least, if he arrive from Europe.

The buildings, which in England go under the name of bazaars, in no respect resemble those of the East, which consist of a number of narrow streets covered above, generally crossing each other at right angles, and having on each side shops open in front, like the booths in a country fair, with floors raised about three feet and half above the level of the pavement, projecting a yard or so beyond the wall of the house into the street, and forming a broad bench, which, joining with that of the next tenement, extends the whole length of the bazaar. Both the



PRINCIPAL BAZAAR, ALEXANDRIA.

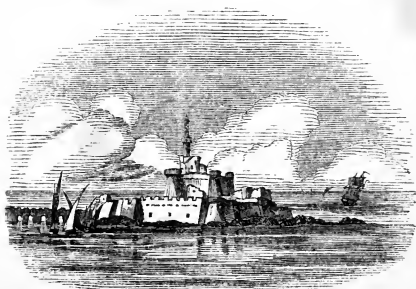


bench and the floor are covered with neat mats or carpets, and the walls with deep shelves, divided into large compartments, in which the various kinds of merchandise are arranged with little attention to display. The shopkeeper, with nargeel or chibouque in his mouth, sits cross-legged on the bench in front of his wares. When a customer presents himself, he lays aside his pipe, receives him with a smile and a bow, but continues sitting. In these narrow and crowded passages, while prying into the mystery of buying and selling, the safety of your head is frequently endangered by the passage of a string of loaded camels, which go shuffling along with burdens of grass, or vast panniers, reaching nearly across the street. The appearance and arrangement of the shops often recall to one's mind the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights." Here the barber, the draper, the money-changer, the jeweller, and even the school-master, exercise their various arts and mysteries in the view of the public, and all, to judge from their appearance, conduct their business with a dignity and self-satisfaction which must contribute greatly to their general happiness.

Among the many attractive objects in Alexandria and its vicinity, the most interesting, perhaps, is the Castle of the Pharos, situated on an islet, where once stood the famous lighthouse, enumerated as one of the seven wonders of the world.

It is stated of this lighthouse, that on the summit bright fires were kept perpetually burning, so that on that low shore, where there is no hill or mountain for many days' journey, the Pharos was ever the first object which presented itself to mariners at sea, where its light, we are told, was visible at the distance of 100 miles. Occasionally, however, from its great size

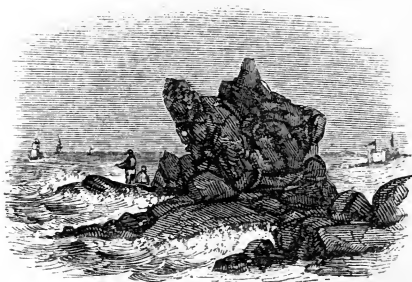
and brilliancy, it was mistaken for the moon, as this planet itself, rising behind the domes and towers of a great capital, has suggested to distant beholders the idea of a conflagration. The Arabs pretend that there was on the top of the Pharos a huge mirror, so marvellously constructed, that you might behold represented on its surface, the image of all ships which issued from the ports of Greece.



CASTLE OF THE PHAROS.

The castle of the Pharos is a large square lofty building surmounted by a lighthouse, in the shape of a minaret. It is encircled by a line of fortifications, erected by the Pasha, and these are mounted by numerous guns, mortars, and other agents of destruction. No portion of the islet is at present uncovered; whatever remains of the Pharos it may formerly have contained, have therefore been buried beneath the foundations of the fortress. From the summit a magnificent prospect is enjoyed over the Quarantine Harbour, the palace on the Cape of Figs, and a large portion of Alexandria; numerous ships, with their white sails bellied before the wind, being visible in

the offing. And here and there, between the Pharos and the Pharillon, and along the shores, the existence of numerous sunken rocks is indicated by breakers incessantly dashing over them in snow-white foam.

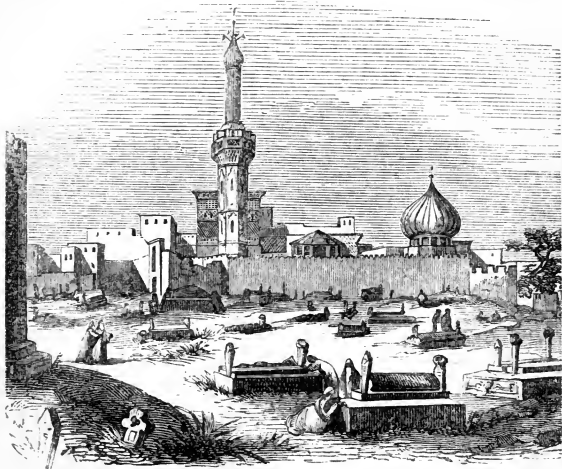


DIAMOND ROCK. PHAROS IN THE DISTANCE.

A view, very different in character, was commanded from this spot in the time of the Ptolemies, when each harbour was crowded with elegant Greek galleys, and the shores, as far as the eye could reach, lined with obelisks, palaces, and temples.

The manner of interment prevalent among ancient nations, more particularly in the East, was far better calculated than that which now obtains in Europe, to reconcile the imagination to the sepulchre. In the vicinity of all great cities there was another city, inhabited by the dead. And how serene and solemn was its aspect! Thither the living might repair, when desirous to subdue and soften their minds; and in the gloom of twilight, or beneath the calm radiance of the moon, imbibe the chastening influence of the place. No spot, in the whole valley of the Nile, seems so sweet or beautiful as the abodes of the

dead. There, the Egyptian sleeps with his fathers; there, distant generations have been brought together; there, the subjects of the Pharaohs, ay, and the Pharaohs themselves, slumber calmly in odoriferous coffins, in spacious but dark halls, adorned,

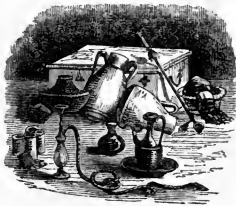


CEMETERY OF ALEXANDRIA.

nevertheless, with paintings as gorgeous and elaborate, as though the eye were expected to dwell on them daily in the most brilliant light.

Squinting is a very common affection among the people of Alexandria, and the greater number of the lower orders are what would be termed "blear-eyed;" and in all parts are discovered lamentable traces of ophthalmia. Numbers of blind

people are met at every turn: the majority have but one eye, but many others grope their way through the streets in perfect darkness. Prosper Alpinus, who resided many years in Egypt during the sixteenth century, accounts more satisfactorily, perhaps, than any writer for the extraordinary prevalence of ophthalmia in that country. The causes he assigns are three:— First, the prodigious quantity of nitre mingled with the soil, which, ascending in dust, injuriously affects the sight; second, the hot winds, which, blowing for a length of time in summer, suffice of themselves to produce inflammation; and third, the sands carried through the air by those burning blasts, which, sometimes, in the course of a few minutes, produce the most painful effects. In this way, he observes, at least fifty persons out of every hundred are afflicted by ophthalmia. In the desert tracts of Scinde, immediately on the banks of the Indus, ophthalmia has been found to prevail in an almost equal degree, and is there chiefly attributed to the immense clouds of dust which at certain seasons of the year are continually driving before the wind, penetrating tents and houses, and covering the very meat upon the table, as though it were dredged with flour.





THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF

TOM THUMB.



CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHILE the cleansing was proceeding, which Tom required after his exploits in the sugar basin, Mrs. Thumb talked very seriously to him upon the propriety of being more steady, and less disposed to rove away from home, assuring him, that he thus exposed himself to many risks and dangers. Tom ventured to hint, that he was very desirous to improve himself by seeing the world, and that although he certainly had encountered danger, his sagacity had brought him off in safety. To this self-commendation Mrs. Thumb appeared to pay little attention, but after her son was gone to bed, she talked to her husband upon the subject, and he thought that Tom, like all other children, wanted companions ; that they could not expect such a spirited little fellow to remain cooped up at home, like a bird in a cage, and that if more freedom were allowed him,

he would be less likely to roam away without permission. To all these remarks he added, that he was going down to the river side next day, to cut rushes, and that Tom should be his companion. Mrs. Thumb spoke of her fears lest he should be drowned, or devoured by water-rats; but his father promised to watch over his safety as carefully as she herself could do. In the morning Tom was informed of his promised expedition, which he hailed with peculiar satisfaction, the banks of a river being a new world to him.

Mr. Thumb placed his son on the rim of his hat, where he had a fine view of the surrounding country. On arriving at the spot, he looked about for a convenient place for Tom, and at last fixed upon the stump of a large tree, where he could run up and down, climb about, and look around him without risk. It stood high and dry, although the river flowed at a little distance on one side, and on the other lay a sort of marshy pool, the remains of an overflow from the river. Mr. Thumb begged his son not to leave this tree, and promised every now and then to come and see that he was safe; he also took the precaution to tie one end of a very long string to a projecting knob of the stump and the other end to his own finger, and this string Tom was to pull in case of any danger, since he could not call loud enough to be heard at the distance even of a few yards, particularly amidst the noise made in cutting the rushes.

Tom jumped about, sang, climbed up and down, enjoying the fresh air, and all the advantages of his liberty; for the space allotted to him was quite large enough even for his ambition. At length, tired with exertion, he sat down to rest, and to look about him. After a while he began to long for some acquaint-

ance as communicative as the carpenter bee ; but finding no one, he turned his attention to the pool of stagnant water, where he saw many objects of curiosity and amusement. Indeed, these were so numerous and so rapid in their motions, that he was at first quite distracted, and could not fix his attention long enough upon any one of them to ascertain what it might be. At last, however, one more attractive than the rest fixed his eye. At first, it appeared to him like a little boat floating on the water, with a mast and a sail. Every now and then, when the breeze ruffled the surface, the mimic bark was impelled more swiftly along, and spun round and round with a force which seemed to threaten its safety. So light and fragile it appeared, yet so graceful, that Tom became as much interested in its fate, as if it were really a living thing ; what then was his surprise to see the mast and sail rear themselves more erect from the hull of the vessel—quit their perpendicular for a horizontal position, the sails expand in the form of wings, and, in a few minutes, rise into the air in the form of a gnat. Tom could scarcely believe his senses, but after watching the flight of the insect till it had disappeared, he turned his eyes again to the pool, and perceived many more of these little barks floating on its surface. The fate of all was not, however, equally happy with that of the first which had attracted his notice. Some were blown on their sides, and perished in the waters ; some were wrecked against lumps of grass, on leaves or rushes ; while others were devoured by the swallows and martins, which were perpetually hovering over the water. A great many, however, escaped all these dangers, and left their watery dwelling to enjoy the delights of a winged existence. As soon as old Thumb came

to the tree, to ascertain his son's safety; the latter begged him to get for him some of the things which were floating on the top of the water. Wondering, why he wished for such rubbish, his father complied with his request, and Tom was left alone to examine his treasures. He soon found one of the objects of his late curiosity, and perceived that the hull of the vessels he had been watching, was no other than an old skin, from which the gnat emerged, to assume a new shape; and he was the more convinced that it must be so, by finding one, from which the insect had not begun to seek its release. Although very unlike the perfect insects, there was sufficient resemblance in the empty, dry skins to prove they were originally the same. From this "heap of rubbish" he next picked out a lump of eggs, shaped something like a *magnum bonum* plum, and adhering closely together. They were arranged in the most regular order, the small ends laid uppermost, the whole united mass being oblong in its form. The upper surface was concave, the under convex. "Ay!" said Tom, "I see what all this is; these eggs are packed together in the shape of a boat, in order that they may float, but I wonder what creature has been ingenious enough to do this! Perhaps as there are so many gnats here, these may be their eggs!"

While he was thus thinking, his attention was attracted by an insect with six legs, a long body, three tails, and very bright eyes, which had fixed itself upon a small twig. Tom looked particularly at its shiny eyes; as he did so, he observed a sudden rent take place along the upper part of the back to the head, and then another across the face from eye to eye, exposing a new head, back, and breast. Six new legs were then drawn forth, and the insect bending back the new-born

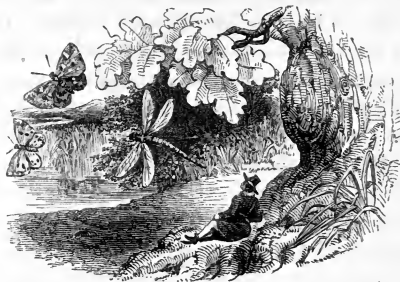
portions of its body, next drew out nearly the whole of a long tail, and remained a few minutes hanging downwards. Tom feared it was exhausted by its efforts to release itself, and had almost made up his mind to touch it, when it upreared itself; and reversing its position, extricated the end of its tail, and entirely freed itself from the old garment in which it had been enveloped, after which it again remained motionless; the transformation was not yet complete. The hitherto small wings, after a while, unfolded and expanded themselves in all directions, displaying at last four beautiful glistening transparent wings, shaking and quivering as if the insect trembled with pleasure at its release, and the anticipations of its future bright and joyous existence. Then, bounding from the twig, it hovered a while over the scene of its late transformation, and darted away in all the pride of strength and beauty.

Tom Thumb watched it as it flew from one bush to another, now alighting, now hovering, its bright colours and glittering wings glancing in the sunshine.

“I wish I were such a gay thing as you,” he said, “free to go where I pleased. Ah! here comes another beautiful, winged thing, a painted butterfly, with its gay and gaudy companion. There are many of you, but there is nothing like myself in this great world!” His reflections were here interrupted by a piercing scream. He discovered that the fearful sound proceeded from one of the butterflies.

“The dragon fly! the dragon fly!”—it screamed again, and Tom beheld the object of his late curiosity and admiration, in full pursuit of the pretty butterflies, who flew, terrified and screaming, hither and thither, to elude the pursuit of the terrible dragon fly; which now no longer appeared to Tom the

beautiful creature he had wished to resemble, but a hideous destroying monster. He shouted and waved his cap to scare away the enemy, but, in vain! poising itself upon its outspread wings, it for an instant hovered over its prey, as if to strike



it with greater certainty, then pouncing upon the helpless, unarmed victim, seized and crushed it in its formidable fangs.

Poor little Tom hid his face in his hands; he could not bear to witness the murder of the gay, happy butterfly. The screams had ceased, and then came a soft, sorrowing sound, like the sighing of the evening wind in summer, accompanying the following lament:—

LAMENT OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Pretty playmate! dearest friend!
 Thy joys, thy life, are at end!
 Thou ne'er shalt roam, in frolic free,
 O'er sunny banks and flowers with me!
 The honeyed sweets of bower and field,
 The treasures which the gardens yield,
 Are tasteless, joyless, withered, flown,—
 For thou art dead—and I alone!

Little Tom wept: his face buried in his hands, while the tears forced themselves through his tiny fingers: he now grieved for the widowed butterfly, even more than he had pitied the murdered insect; and felt angry with himself for having admired the light, sparkling being, who had caused all the misery. "I might have known," he said, "that this creature was like those men my father talks of, who array themselves in glancing steel and shining brass, to go forth to kill and destroy, who make children fatherless, and homes desolate. This way comes a fresh troop of you, decked out in your brightness; a few minutes since, I should have admired your fine colours, and your winged beauty; but now I know what errand you are upon, you seem more ugly and hateful than the worms. I wish father would come and take me away, for I'm not at all happy amongst all these cruel creatures."

The little fellow's cheeks were still wet with tears, when a party of young ducks came waddling with their mother down to the pond, into which they splashed, gabbling to each other, in a language almost unintelligible even to Tom's ears; but their actions were very easily understood, for they commenced such an attack upon the insects and weeds, floating on the surface, that it was very certain a speedy destruction awaited those who had not yet assumed their winged forms. After listening with great attention, Tom Thumb made out, that the young duck's discourse was something after the following manner:—

"O, what nice green fat! it makes me quite hungry only to see it."

"You're always hungry, Gobble; why it is not long since you swallowed up a young frog."

"That was because I had such a bad breakfast, Diver, and felt faint."

“ I don't know what you call a bad breakfast, but you eat up half my share of the barley-meal, just while I turned round to see if there was any more coming. I say, Cram, don't push me away, I got here first. You've no right to all those caddis-worms, Miss, I found them first, you're always so greedy.”

“ Not so greedy as you are, for you're the greatest glutton of us all ; mother says so.”

“ My dears,” said Mrs. Duck, speaking with her mouth full, “ don't quarrel, but eat ; there's plenty for all of you, so lose no time, but eat as much and as fast as you can. This is a delicious spot, and full of beautiful things.”

At this the young ones' discord was a little appeased ; they ceased talking, fell to in good earnest, followed their mother's advice and example, and devoured much and eagerly. Their selfish, greedy natures, however, occasionally showed themselves in a shove or a sly peck ; now and then two got hold of the same morsel, for which they fought till a third carried it off, or until the object of their contention was pulled in halves between them. While all were thus busily engaged, thinking only of stuffing and cramming, to the infinite amusement, and some little disgust of our diminutive friend, he perceived, partly hid in the sedges, and partly in the water, a brown animal with a bright eye, watching the ducks with full as much earnestness as himself. It followed their motions, half swimming, half wading, half creeping, till fixing its glancing eye upon Master Gobble, who had withdrawn from the rest, to devour without molestation a tempting morsel, it made a sudden spring, seized the ill-fated duck by the neck, and quickly but silently dived with its prize, and disappeared. So rapidly and dextrously was this abduction effected, that

the mother and the rest of her offspring, engaged as they were, did not notice the attack; nor were they sensible of their loss. In a few minutes more, Tom again perceived the same bright eye sparkling, like a star, amidst the weeds and rushes—watching for the moment when it might make its *one* duck a *couple*. Emboldened by success, the enemy now kept nearer, and just as Master Diver was seeking to pull a lump of toad spawn from Miss Cram, it made a jump at her extended wings with



which she was about to box her brother's ears, but missed its aim, and the frightened duck set up a scream which was echoed by Diver, and chorussed by all the rest. Mrs. Duck, hearing the outcry, boldly advanced, with outstretched neck to the rescue, but the cunning thief dived underneath her, and rising suddenly behind her, succeeded in carrying off one of the young ones, amidst the terrific screams and yells of the whole brood.

After the first effects of the panic had a little subsided, Mrs. Duck perceived that her beloved Gobble was also missing;

she called loudly upon his name; in vain! her voice was only echoed by the afflicted young ones, who faintly repeated, "Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!"

"It is useless," she at length said; "no doubt the water-rat has taken him also. Come, my children, let us get home to the farm-yard as fast as we can, there we shall be safe. Alack! alack! alack!" and this cry she continued as long as she was within hearing; a syllable which you will observe is very like the sound usually uttered by these bipeds. "Alack! alack! alack!" responded the young ducks in softer accents; but Tom overheard Miss Cram whisper to Diver, as she affectedly poked her head amongst some water-cresses, as if to wipe her tearful eyes, "We shall have a deal more to eat, now Gobble is gone, he was always so greedy."

"Well," said Tom, when the ducks were out of sight and hearing, "here have been more murders, but they have not grieved me as the death of the butterfly did, and yet the ducks seemed quite as happy as the poor insects. Why then do I not feel sorry that they should die? Because the ducks were selfish, greedy creatures, thinking only how they might indulge their appetites, and having no regard for any body but themselves. Certainly I can't pity them. That rat is a cunning fellow! I should not like to come in his way, for I do n't believe he'd have any more respect for me than for the ducks; indeed, he may be lurking about now watching me, with his shining eyes for aught I know, I'd best pull the string for my father." No sooner said than done, and Mr. Thumb was with his son in an instant. Tom stated the near neighbourhood of the rat, and his own fears: the worthy man applauded his son's prudence, and declared his intention of returning home to dinner.

Tom was accordingly again deposited on the rim of his father's hat, and conveyed back to his mother, who received him with great good-humour, and gave him for dinner two or grains of roasted wheat, and the thigh of a lark, promising to save the other thigh for his supper. The rest of that day Tom remained quietly at home, and diverted himself by making a whistle out of a fine straw, and blowing upon it, producing a sound which his mother mistook for the humming of a gnat.

Richard.—I think I like this part of the history more than all the rest. It makes me wish I could be such a little thing as Tom Thumb, to see and hear all that he did.

Mrs. B.—You may see all that he saw, but the hearing is a matter of fancy. I am glad that I have succeeded in pleasing you here; for we may rank the pleasures of imagination very high amongst the delights of reason, although not so high as those derived from the truths which science has discovered, and which have been so wonderfully applied to increase the comforts and the wealth, and to elevate the mind of man. The same benevolent Creator who gave to man the mental power to discover and apply the wonders of His Hand, also bestowed the fancy, to invent and enjoy the gratifications derived from imagination. By these I chiefly mean poetry, painting, and the relation of events which have not happened but which might occur.

John.—Your history of the butterfly's death, and its companion's singing that lament, is the work of your fancy, Mamma?

Mrs. B.—Entirely so; but founded, as you must see, upon my knowledge of the fact that dragon-flies prey upon butter-

flies. I have personified these insects, as indeed I have all the creatures introduced; that is to say, I make them talk and act as if they were gifted with faculties approaching those of mankind.

Edward.—I am sure I shall never see a pool of stagnant water now, without wishing to observe what is going on upon its surface.

Mary.—And I never again shall think it a disagreeable, ugly-looking place, not worthy of notice.

Mrs. B.—Then I shall be repaid for the trouble this tale has cost me: for I am desirous you should know and remember, that every part of the world is full of animal or vegetable life, and every object so admirably fitted for some end, that you cannot contemplate any one of them without feeling wonder and admiration for the power, wisdom, and benevolence of their great Author. It is time to separate, and ——

John.—Just answer me one question. Was the lump of eggs really the eggs of the gnat?

Mrs. B. Yes, my dear, it really was.





A VISIT TO OXFORD.



ALFRÉD THE GREAT endowed at Oxford, three colleges, which have now gradually swelled to twenty-four. Each of these colleges has its own buildings, its own gardens, its own antiquities, its own magnificent Gothic chapel, its own splendid library, its own peculiar constitution, laws, privileges, and festivals. Yet in spite of this isolation of the several colleges, they are by no means separate schools. The chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford, form one united corporate body, who decide all their proceedings in two houses of assembly, called the Houses of Congregation and of Convocation. To detail the respective offices, duties, and privileges of these two houses—their relation to each other, to the university, and to the state, would be here impossible. The constitution of the English universities compared to those of others, is that of a complicated Gothic cathedral, to a simple Grecian temple. The

supreme power of the university rests, however, with the chancellor, and after him with his representative, the vice-chancellor. These offices are always filled by persons of high rank, generally by distinguished laymen. The two most remarkable chancellors of Oxford ever heard of, were Oliver Cromwell, who held that office in 1650, and the Duke of Wellington, who holds it at present. The vice-chancellor, however, who is a resident member of the university, is the sovereign in reality, and to his authority is subject, not only the university itself, but the whole city of Oxford. The mayor of the city does homage to the vice-chancellor every year; and the authority of the latter great man is said to be by no means a nominal one. Next in dignity to the chancellors and provosts of the university, are the heads of the different colleges, who bear different titles in every college.

The head professors of the university, are called regius professors, their chairs having been founded by royal grant. All the other professorships were endowed by private persons, and are named after their founders. These are remunerated and chosen, according to the wishes of these founders; so that the manner of their appointment is often very eccentric and complicated.

Besides the professorships, there are lectureships, fellowships, and scholarships, differing from one another in various particulars, which cannot here be circumstantially detailed. The course of study at the university is divided into terms, of which there are four in the year. Every student must have studied for a certain number of terms, before he can take any degree at the university. This taking of degrees is the immediate object of endeavour with all. Those who have taken their

degrees, are called graduates, those who have not, undergraduates. The students are divided into two great classes: the members on the foundation, who are supported partially or entirely from the funds of the colleges; and the members not on the foundation, who pay, and often very enormously, for their instruction and accommodation. This last class has many subdivisions. There are the "noblemen," the sons of nobles, who pay the highest price, and who are accommodated and instructed accordingly; the gentlemen-commoners, who are the sons of the gentry and poorer nobility; and, lastly, the commoners, the plebeians of the university, who pay least, and are accommodated in an inferior manner. In some colleges there are also poor students, called, servitors, who, although not on the foundation, pay little or nothing for their education, but perform various services for their colleges.

The richest, most distinguished, and most celebrated of the Oxford colleges, is that of Christ Church. Here are educated the sons of the highest English aristocracy. This college boasts of many celebrated names among those of its former students; among others, that of Sir Robert Peel.

The internal arrangement of the collegiate buildings closely corresponds to that of the old monasteries. Each college has its own church, its own library, and its own "hall," or refectory, where the members of the college dine, and which is often very splendid. Though the members all dine in the same hall, however, the distinction of ranks is, even here, very strongly kept up. There is the high-table, where the masters, fellows, and gentlemen commoners sit, and which is a sort of raised platform at one end of the hall; the commoners' table is in the middle of the hall; and there are lower tables at the other end

for the servitors. All the arrangements of the university are made in the same stern and exclusive spirit. The guest of a student takes rank with his entertainer; so that the parents and uncles of the commoners sit at a lower table, and look up from a respectful distance at the high-tables of the aristocratic youths. Many of the colleges have beautiful gardens, which



BOTANIC GARDEN.

are open to the public on certain days. We must, however, request our young readers before proceeding further, to accompany us on a visit to some of the principal colleges.

It is Sunday morning. The numberless bells of Oxford

are ringing a cheerful yet solemn peal. The streets are filled with elegantly dressed students, masters, bachelors, and doctors. The commoners may be distinguished by their simple but stately black togas, and their square-topped, long-tasselled, black caps; the gentlemen-commoners, by the lace, embroidery, and red silk linings of their robes; and the noblemen, by the addition of a quantity of gold lace.

Over the gates of Christ Church towers the belfry, containing the great bell, the pride of the university, commonly called "Great Tom of Oxford," which every evening summons together, by 101 strokes, the 101 students of the college. The colleges are closed at a certain hour, and every student who does not come in at the right time, is subject to a certain penalty. The door-keepers mark the names of all who are not within at the closing, as well as of those who are absent from church, at morning and evening service.

Another remarkable part of the college is its kitchen. It is said to be the largest kitchen in England, much larger than that of Windsor Castle, or even that of the Reform Club. It is, of course, very splendid and complete in all its arrangements.

The New College is one of the handsomest in Oxford. Its gardens are splendid, commanding wide and beautiful prospects of the surrounding country. How luxurious must be study and meditation among the ivy-clad ruins, and rich verdant groves of these antique gardens! The church of the New College is very beautiful, and rich in magnificent sculptures, and stained windows. In the church of Magdalen College, hangs a very fine old picture representing, "Christ bearing the cross." The origin of this picture is disputed; but whoever the painter may

have been, his inspiration can have been of no common order. This church is splendidly decorated with antique stone and wood carvings of the most curious and interesting forms. The reading-desk is in the shape of a great bronze eagle, with outspread wings, upon which the prayer-books are placed. In the



MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

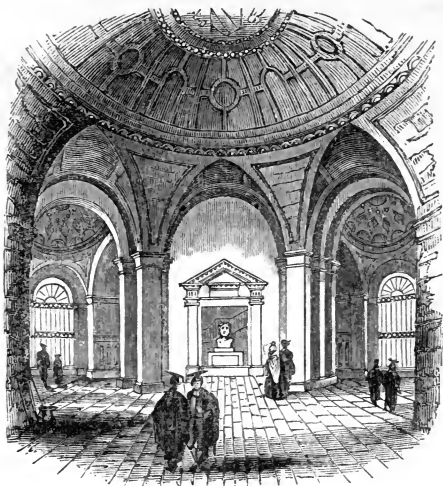
great quadrangle of Magdalen College, round which run the cloister-walks, the stone arches and pillars are carved with grotesque and monstrous shapes. Our view represents its beautiful tower, as seen from the bridge, at the approach to the city.

Every thing about the luxurious retreats of Oxford, its delicious gardens, its antique libraries, its stately old Gothic churches, its sumptuous kitchens and refectories, the monastic habits of its inmates—all remind one strongly of the wealthy abbeyes and monasteries of olden times.

The Oxford students have various associations among themselves for other purposes than those of study, such as archery clubs, hunting clubs, fishing clubs, &c. Their favourite amusement, however, seems to be rowing. They have numbers of beautiful little boats on the river, and frequently have rowing-matches, or regattas, among themselves. The most important rowing-matches, however, are those which take place on the river Thames, between the students of Oxford, and those of Cambridge.

After the colleges themselves must be mentioned, the libraries and antiquities. The great Bodleian Library contains, besides great numbers of older works, a copy of every book published in the British empire, during the last hundred years. The division, which is most interesting, is that of British geography and history. Every shire has here its own department, and one is astonished at the minute accuracy, with which the petty history and geography, of every village, hamlet, and parish in England is here detailed. In some cases the history of every family of any importance is given. "The Humanities" are very much prized at Oxford and Cambridge, and although at these universities every attention is paid to studies and examinations in the Greek and Latin Grammars, yet all the most learned and valuable works of classical philology are also known here.

The Radcliffe Library is not so extensive as the Bodleian,



VESTIBULE OF THE RADCLIFFE LIBRARY.

although it is placed in a far more splendid building. It is particularly rich in books of medicine and natural history, and was originally called the Physic Library. The founder, Dr. John Radcliffe, was a most extraordinary character; he was a member of the university, in which he took the degree of doctor in medicine. He was remarkably candid with all his patients, of whatever rank they might be, and, in some cases, predicted their deaths with singular veracity. The printing-house of the University of Oxford is one of the greatest in the kingdom, and is one of the three printing-houses in

England which are alone authorized to print the Bible, without comment; the Queen's printer at London, and the printer of the Cambridge University, being the other two. The theatre of the university is a large and splendid saloon, of which portraits of the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance form the principal decoration. In this building the prize poems are recited, and the high officers of the University are installed.

The church of St. Mary's, in the middle of the town of Oxford, belongs to no college in particular, but only to the university in general. Here all religious solemnities are celebrated, and here divine service is also held twice every Sunday.



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