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THE
RAMBLES
OF A
BUTTERFLY.



BY
MARY BELSON.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR W. DARTON, JUN.
58, HOLEBORN-HILL.

1819.

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THE RAMBLES
OF
A BUTTERFLY.



CHAP. I.

I CANNOT doubt but that all my youthful friends are well acquainted with the beautiful insect called a Butterfly; yet, it is not improbable that some are ignorant of the different states of its existence: they have viewed its rich tints with admiration, chased it for such beauty, but never imagined that the object of their pursuit was once an insignificant worm, from which they would have turned in disgust. Such, however, is the

case,—nor let us pass over the useful lesson it conveys. Supposing our form to be as unseemly as the butterfly's in its early state, we have it in our power to cultivate and adorn the mind with beauties far superior to the gaudy insect's, because lasting; their charms are perishable, and fade with the passing hour: the charms of intellectual improvement bloom through life—a constant source of gratification to ourselves, and a certain passport to the esteem of the wise and good. How much more valuable this kind of approbation, than the every-day praises bestowed on a pretty face: who would not prefer being a rational and amiable little boy or girl (though plain in features,) to the gayest attired butterfly that ever sported among the fairest flowers?

The eggs from which these insects proceed, are hatched by the sun,

whose powerful rays, bursting their prison walls, set at liberty the groveling and helpless worm. In this state it exhibits none of that activity so evident in the butterfly: its motion is a slothful creeping pace; its food, green leaves. This change is succeeded by one still more inactive; they fold themselves, as it were, into a kind of case, or covering, and remain a certain time in a complete state of torpidity. From this second confinement they emerge, in all their beauty; no longer the sluggish pedestrian of the earth, but the gay and airy traveller of the atmosphere. There are day and night butterflies: we distinguish the first by the slight texture of its wings, which resemble a thin silk or gauze, well adapted to fly during the heat of day. The night traveller is more substantially clothed; Nature has given it wings resembling velvet;

its little members are enveloped in a kind of fur.

It was on a sultry morning in July, soon after sun-rise, that one of this gay tribe quitted the friendly shade of a laurel, to sip "the sweets of early dawn." His fickle nature led him from flower to flower; scarce had he tasted the dew of one, when his roving eye caught the full drop pending from another; and away he flew to enjoy it.

The garden, however, was not remarkable for the variety of its productions; it was a small piece of ground attached to a neat white cottage, whose owners were too poor to possess a larger one, and too industrious to spare much time in the cultivation of what they had.

To the subject of our history, it was every thing: he had seen no better; here he was born, and here he expected to die; 'tis true he felt the

sameness of the scene ; but, unconscious of the nature of his feelings, he sought not to remedy the evil, endeavouring to make the most of his situation, nor leaving a flower wild, or, otherwise, untasted. Tired, at length, of his own inconstancy, he fixed upon a fragrant jasmine, that crept over the front of the dwelling in wild luxuriance ; and so exquisite were its sweets, that he resolved to make his breakfast of them.

The opening of a casement, just above his head, interrupted the meal ; but, perceiving he was not noticed, he continued his repast ; during which, his curiosity was particularly attracted by the conversation of a chubby boy and girl, who, standing at the open window, were learning their lesson from the same book. Though useless himself, he could not forbear admiring the attention they bestowed on the

allotted task, questioning each other with the greatest exactness, scarcely allowing a minute for breakfast, which they took as they stood; it consisted of a small basin of milk and some coarse brown bread. Homely as such fare would appear to many young folks with whom I am acquainted, these children, unaccustomed to luxuries, ate and drank with the keenest appetite, nor seemed to covet better. A female voice called them just as they had finished; and our butterfly, having nothing farther to divert him, crept under a cluster of jasmine, and sunk into a gentle slumber. How long he continued thus is uncertain. He was aroused suddenly by a rude shock, that nearly threw him from his fragrant bed. Agitated and confused, he flew to the opposite side of the garden; and, resting upon the broken pales, surveyed, with fearful eyes,

the spot he had just quitted, to discover the cause of his alarm. It was, in fact, no other than the hand of the little girl, who, according to her usual custom, had plucked a sprig off the tree, to adorn her bosom, previous to her going to school. Shortly after, she came out of the cottage, accompanied by her brother, he carrying his book, she her knitting; and, opening the gate, they proceeded up the green lane in which the house stood. Their winged admirer looked after them with regret; he had formed a most favourable opinion of them, and wished to be better acquainted with them, and to see where they were then going; his wings expanded with his wishes, he flew after them. The girl stopped to add a hedge-flower to her nosegay: he failed not to follow her example; he stopped, too;—the flowers were wild, but sweet, and, being

a novelty, highly gratified his epicurism.

Keeping at a certain distance, he followed the chearful pair until they reached a very small hut, much inferior to their own; the door was open, and disclosed to our astonished traveller, from fifteen to twenty children, of both sexes, seated in exact order, upon low wooden benches. Near the only window in the apartment, sat the dame, or humble mistress of the seminary; her shrill voice, and the buz of her scholars, somewhat intimidated and checked him. He looked round for a shelter, but no dainty blossom met his eye; a few bushes covered with dust were alone in view. Thus circumstanced, he gladly availed himself of a pot of stone-crop, which stood on the broad window-frame; here there was no temptation for the appetite, but the scene within attract-

ed his notice sufficiently to banish self for a time. The variety of countenances, the studious attention of some, the indolent attitudes of others, and, above all, the proper conduct of his two little friends, amused and excited the liveliest pleasure in the new visitor. Nor did the dame escape his observation; her well-mended gown of divers colours, clean check apron, and lily-white cap, gave him a strong idea of her cleanliness; but there was a certain severity in her features, heightened, perhaps, by her uncouth spectacles, that made him keep aloof from her side of the window: his prejudice, however, was greatly lessened when he heard her bestow unlimited praises on his favorite Phebe and her brother; nay, he ventured to rest a minute on the back of her chair: while in this station, he discovered a large beau-pot of fresh flowers, placed

in a broken red tea-pot, by way of ornament to the smoke-coloured chimney shelf. A butterfly of the *ton* would have shuddered at the idea of sipping the sweets of the loveliest flowers if not elegantly arranged in a china vase; but our novice was totally ignorant of fashionable life: the dame's tea-pot disgusted not his delicate feelings; he flew immediately to the luring spot, and skipped from bud to flower with all the agility of nature.

His sportive movements at length caught the eye of an idler, who directly communicated the intelligence to another dunce: "See what a beautiful butterfly!" cried the latter to a third; and the news spread like wild-fire.

Now, of all the dame's senses, that of hearing was undoubtedly the keenest; the general murmur did not escape her notice; without raising her head, she

looked over her huge spectacles, with an expression peculiar to herself; and those who observed her were instantly mute, and as quiet as mice. Unluckily, all did not profit by the warning: a bold adventurer darted forward, and threw his Primer at the unconscious insect; alas! with aim too sure,—the stunned victim fell senseless on the hearth. This cruelty was beheld with just indignation by the watchful preceptress, who immediately summoned the offender to come forth, in a tone of voice never disobeyed. Cowardice and cruelty usually go together; thus, he who, for sport, had endeavoured to kill a harmless butterfly, now shrank from the just reproof of his mistress. After chiding him for his inhumanity, and inflicting some smart strokes of a small switch upon his right hand, that committed the deed, he was placed in the middle of the room, as an object

of disgrace, with both hands tied behind his back, to prevent his using them improperly again : the good lady further observed, that idle people were always doing mischief, for want of better employment ; while the diligent seldom did wrong, because never at a loss for something useful to fill up time, without hurting themselves or others : as an instance of the last, she named Phebe and her brother Ned, whose behaviour was not only a credit to her school, but a pattern for every child present.

The objects of her praise blushed with genuine modesty, others with shame, yet all appeared to feel the justness of her commendation. She then bade Ned take the butterfly gently by the wing, and place it outside of the window, to try if the fresh air might not revive suspended animation. Ned did so ; and, in a few minutes, the dame's humane intentions

were rewarded by seeing the persecuted insect move and shake its wings, though feebly. A quarter of an hour had nearly elapsed before its strength permitted flight; and then—whither was he to go? his recollection of the morning's route was too faint to venture on retracing it; should he seek a new road, what evils might he not encounter,—how many enemies? all children were not Neds and Phebes: his late narrow escape had proved this truth; and the idea of the past made him shudder at the thought of remaining where he was.

At this critical moment, two of his species flew briskly across the road: his spirits revived instantly; in these, thought he, I shall surely find friends; and, stretching his feeble wings, followed their course.

He was, however, ill calculated for the pursuit: in a short time they

were completely out of sight, leaving him on a bind,* where he was compelled to rest. Fatigue and anxiety produced a drowsiness; and, creeping into the heart of the flower, he composed himself to slumber,—and never had he required it so much.

From this repose, he awoke much refreshed; leaving his couch, he alighted on the grass, to enjoy the cheering beams of the sun, now shining in his meridian glory. The blooming clover, which here and there had escaped the mower's scythe, afforded him a rich repast; nay, he fancied it equal to his favorite jasmine, and was about making a vow never more to seek food from a higher source, when a rude clamour struck his ear; a swarm of urchins leaped a stile into the meadows, among whom he was at no loss to discover his late enemy.

* A bind is the wild *Convolvulus*.

His relish for clover induced not a moment's stay; his flight was immediate, and so eager was he to escape, that, regardless of distance, he continued his route for many minutes, without stopping; but, at length, tempted by the grateful odour of a honey-suckle, whose fragrant flowers hung negligently over a long wall, he descended on the inner side. Attached as he certainly was to the sweets of life, the anticipated enjoyment of this feast was quickly forgotten, from the beauty of the scenery presented to his view. He looked from one charming object to another, only to increase his admiration.

At the extremity of an extensive and tastefully arranged garden, stood a dwelling, now-a-days styled a cottage,—but how unlike the simple one of his morning friends, or the crazy hut of the school-mistress. The

shining white of its stone-dashed walls was agreeably relieved by the shade of several stately elms ; labernums, blending their drooping branches, formed an arched entrance to the house, which was still further sheltered by a green viranda, that extended from one extremity to the other ; a verdant lawn descended with a gentle slope to the garden : this last was adorned with all that elegance could suggest, or wealth procure.

Our amazed traveller knew not how to decide, how to choose, where every thing seemed perfect ; his eye wandered over the luxuriant scene without the power of fixing, till, perceiving several of his kind basking in the broad bosom of the sunflower, he joined the party, desirous of forming an acquaintance, and also of profiting by their superior judgment.

He felt some degree of embarrass-

ment when listening to the conversation of these gay flutterers, who were natives of the delicious spot, and, consequently, well acquainted with all its productions.

His confusion was quickly discerned, and, perhaps, might have exposed him to ridicule, had not the beauty of his form, and the glowing tints of his spotted wings, announced his descent: that he was of the peacock's-eye species, could not be denied, however rustic his manners; nor could some of the group forbear shewing certain traits of envy, highly gratifying to his vanity, and renovating to his drooping courage.

The instruction he had meant to seek now appeared derogatory: he determined to conceal his ignorance as much as possible, and, by following the example of others, to acquire fashionable, if not useful, knowledge,

It was now, for the first time, he heard condemned, as vulgar, those flowers on which it had been his utmost wishes to feed; the bare mention of clover excited disgust in more than one, while a slight commendation bestowed on the simple violet, by an old butterfly, of the skull tribe, caused a general laugh at the speaker's expence. Truth obliges us to confess that such sentiments were perfectly in unison with his own, but the fear of ridicule checked his avowing as much, and he readily entered into the false opinion of his companions: thus, even an insect shrank from sincerity, because he preferred the approbation of the weak and vain.

In the course of a few minutes, he became tolerably sociable with two or three, in whose company he performed a tour nearly round the garden, never failing to extol those sweets

he found were considered as luxuries, yet secretly preferring the cottage jasmine to many of them.

At sight of a delicate female the whole party were in motion, nor was our beau backward in the pursuit. Never had he beheld so much loveliness; her spotless and transparent wings rivalled the snow in whiteness; the easy gracefulness of her flight added to her beauty. Our novice was quickly enamoured. Her modesty seemed unconscious of the power of her charms; and, while she flew from flower to flower, he imagined it was to avoid her followers. In this, however, he was deceived; these frequent rests were made but to lead them on; nor did she fix till assured they were near enough to discern the action. A moss rose-tree was her choice; the colour of which, contrasted with her own exquisite white, dazzled the be-

holders. At length, he descended; but ventured not to approach the fair nearer than three branches' distance.

His temerity was not checked, though he had soon the satisfaction of seeing his companions dismissed with disdain. Upon this he advanced, and was received with complacency, and invited to the same flower on which she sported. Thus honoured, thus distinguished, he forgot all past perils; nay, he looked forward with a feeling of certainty to spending his life with the gentle partner of his love, — the rose-tree their home. But, alas! his vanity exceeded his knowledge of the world.

At the very moment when his glowing imagination was picturing such scenes of bliss, a gaudy rival approached, whose large and glaring yellow wings caught the keen eye of her ladyship. A few circuits round the bush com-

pleted the conquest; his boldness increased, and he alighted upon the very same stem, to the great indignation of our enraged hero, who was preparing to repulse the intrusion, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the fop and fair coquette took wing and fled together. Surprise and mortification prevented a pursuit on his part, while he secretly avowed never more to attach himself to the white-winged species.

Shame forbade his returning to the sun-flower haunt, where he naturally expected to encounter the banter of his late associates. On quitting the scene of degradation, he found himself directly opposite the house he had admired at a distance: one of the rooms opened with glass doors, on the lawn; curiosity induced him to enter,—and well was he repaid for his trouble: the highly-finished furni-

ture, large mirrors, stands of flowers, globes with gold fish, &c. overwhelmed him with their splendour: nor was this all; from the frame of a superb chimney-glass, he first beheld his own personal charms, and, if before he possessed the vanity ascribed to his species, trebly was it increased by the unexpected discovery: again and again he expanded his exquisite wings, and, flying from one end of the mirror to the other, ceased not to admire the superior beauty with which Nature had distinguished him from the vulgar of his kind.

This frivolous employment was interrupted by the entrance of two boys and a girl, who, rushing suddenly into the room, seated themselves at a table, over which was dispersed books, maps, and other symbols of instruction.

The dress and appearance of these children, so different from those he had ever seen, bespoke them of a higher rank in life; and, as external show was just then high in his estimation, he could apprehend no danger from such pretty and well-dressed individuals; nor deemed it necessary to change his situation farther than by retiring to a basket of mignonette, that, with other flowers, decorated a green stand, before the fire-place.

In a short time, the youngest of the boys (apparently six years of age,) crept softly from his seat, and, advancing towards the window, closed it in a moment; then, clapping his hands in triumph, exclaimed—"so, so, I have you at last, Mr. Butterfly!" and, with one sweep of his hand, he secured the unsuspecting flutterer. "See, Mary, (said he,) this is the very butterfly that gave us such a

chase this morning. No, it is not," he continued, (opening his hand, and viewing the nearly senseless insect, extended in the palm of it;) "no, it is one a thousand times prettier; look, Arthur, did you ever see any thing so beautiful?"

"Beautiful, indeed!" replied Arthur; "but your rough usage has nearly stifled the poor fly."

"Stifled!" returned he, "why you don't mean to say that a butterfly can feel pain like us."

"I certainly do mean to say so, Bob; and I am not a little surprised to hear you make so foolish a remark."

"Cruel, as well as foolish, I think," observed their sister; "I know I should be very sorry to squeeze an harmless insect in that way; for one must be silly indeed not to know that a little worm can feel pain as well as men and women."

“ Well, then, I did not know it,” said Robert; “ so there is some excuse for my fault: but pray, Miss Wiseacre, if you were so clever, why did you join me to-day, when I was trying to catch one ?”

“ Because, sir, I wished to give it my uncle Harvey, to put in his pretty glass case;—not to hurt it, I assure you, sir.”

“ Yet, Mary, (interrupted Arthur,) the butterfly would have fared worse with you than with Bob; for, when my uncle had received it, he would have killed it immediately. Did you not observe, when shewing us his collection, the insects were all dead.”

“ Yes, certainly I did, brother. but then I thought he kept them all carefully, and fed them until they grew old and died. After that, you know, there could be no cruelty in shutting them up in a box.”

“Feed them till they die!” repeated Arthur; “no, no, child, that would never suit his purpose; he kills them while their beauty is in its prime, and before age or accident should lessen it.”

“How very very cruel!” returned Mary, shuddering; “I think I shall never again look at his glass-case with pleasure.”

During this conversation, the nearly exhausted insect lay panting upon the table, where Robert had dropped it, when censured by his sister. He evidently desired to retain it, but Arthur combated his inclination, and, at length, gently raising it by the wing, carried it to the window, and placed it on the frame near the ground.

The sun and air quickly restored animation; and, while the young

scholars pursued their studies, it once more took wing.

Flying leisurely down the slope, its fickle nature was attracted by the scent and glowing tints of a rose, whose spreading bush skirted the lawn. Scarcely was the discovery made, ere a gentleman approached, and, taking a penknife from his pocket, separated the identical flower from the parent stem. Many roses yet adorned the bush, but our epicure butterfly coveted that one.

Casting a longing eye towards the stolen treasure, he suddenly determined to pursue the owner, in the hope of snatching a taste of its sweets. His ardour was a little checked, on finding the gentleman enter the room he had just quitted, and he hovered a few minutes near the window. But his fears entirely vanished when perceiving the blushing flower deposited

in a china jar, with a variety of others, equally beautiful. Again he ventured into the apartments, and flew boldly to the tempting spot. He accomplished his wish in safety; for the children were too busily occupied with their lessons, to spare him a portion of their notice.

Had our butterfly possessed much intellect, he had now ample opportunity for improvement: Mary and her brothers were clever children, and, by perseverance and attention, well repaid their father for his kindness in instructing them. But idleness in butterflies is excusable, and cannot injure the human species. On the contrary, in children it is a fault of the greatest magnitude, leading to the most distressing consequences, and a constant source of anxiety to those who have the misfortune to be connected with them.

Our rover, though he did justice to the good conduct of the interesting trio, felt no inclination to profit by their example; and continued feasting until the children concluded their morning studies. He heard the father praise their diligence, and witnessed the blush of pleasure such praise created.

“Pray, papa,” asked Robert, “can you tell me why Charles Maynard, who is not as old as my brother, should know every thing as well as his master?”

“I did not understand he was so very clever;” returned the gentleman, smiling.

“Clever, papa! why he gets through a dozen lessons in half an hour: he has such a way of going from one thing to another, without trouble; and reads, writes, draws maps, and translates French fables,

whilst we should be studying our geography only."

"That is doing a great deal, Robert, but learning little; if he thus hurry over all, he cannot pay proper attention to any, and, of course, is little the wiser for being taught. His studies are like the pursuits of a butterfly,—sipping at every flower without deriving real benefit from one."

"You speak lightly of butterflies, papa; yet bees do the very same; and I have heard you praise their industry."

"And deservedly so, my dear; the bee sips not from a love of change only, nor does she cull the sweets for herself alone; her employment is the source of advantage to others. Arthur has lately been reading an interesting account of this industrious insect, and can give you some useful information on the subject."

“Yes, do, dear Arthur,” added Mary; “for I think their history quite a curiosity.”

Arthur readily assented, and gave the following account of them:—

“It is generally understood that bees are subject to laws and government. There is, in every hive, a certain bee, of larger growth than the rest, who is evidently considered the superior by the community.

“Naturalists are of opinion that this head or monarch is a female, and mother of all the hive. Those we call drones (which are larger, and of a darker colour than the common bee,) are males: they number from four to five hundred in a hive. It is said, the queen has her apartment in the upper part of the hive. She seldom appears in public; but, when seen, is attended by several large bees (probably the drones), who follow

her with respect, or form a circle round her, fluttering their wings, as if rejoiced by her presence. She is their chief concern in cases of danger; and, if deprived of her, by any misfortune, they neglect all business and either fly away at random, or languish and die.

“The hive is a busy and curious scene; business is carried on with the greatest diligence, and complete unanimity prevails throughout the whole community; they sympathize when in danger, and fight for each other with the utmost courage and resolution.

“The interest of the one is that of the whole; their store, the produce of the industrious, is alike shared by all. When alone, and distant from their companions, they are patient of affront; but, when within reach of assistance, will not be disturbed in their labours, without resenting the

insult. Amid plenty, they are frugal and abstemious; among themselves, strictly honest; but apt to plunder their neighbours, when opportunity offers. This often produces wars and tumults betwixt one hive and another. They never suffer any thing offensive to remain in the hive, uniting all their strength to remove the disagreeable object.

“With a prudence not inferior to human foresight, they provide in summer for the necessities of winter. They give no encouragement to idleness; but, as Spring advances, and the young bees are able to provide for themselves, the old ones send out a colony, or swarm of them, to shift for themselves, and find another habitation.

“In building their combs, they separate into four bands; the first of which traverse the fields, to collect

materials for the structure, which chiefly consists of the fine dust they gather from flowers; and which, mixed with a certain gluey substance, is made into wax. The second division work upon these materials, and form them into a rough sketch of the size and partitions of the cells, which are built hexagonal with the nicest mathematical exactness."

"I suppose (observed Mary, to her little brother,) you know that hexagonal signifies six sides."

Arthur continued:—"The third band examine and adjust the angles; remove the superfluous wax; and, in short, complete the work. The fourth class attend as labourers, during the whole process; and such is their diligence, that the hive is fitted with combs in a fortnight. Thus you see, Robert, bees are far more valuable than butterflies, and well deserve the

praises their industry so generally creates. I will take you some morning to see a glass hive, which, I am assured, would much entertain you."

When Arthur had finished his little history of this industrious insect, his brother returned him thanks, observing, "he should never like butterflies so well as bees, although they looked so much handsomer."

"You are right, my dear, (returned his father;) for there is no comparison in the worth of the two. I trust, also, that you will imitate your new favorite in your endeavours to be useful, and pursue your duties with the same activity."

At this moment, Mary's eye fixed on our now-humble butterfly, who, insensibly led to listen to the foregoing conversation, felt truly abashed in learning the general opinion of his inutility, and the superior qualities

attached to the bee ; an insect he had ever held in contempt.

“ See, papa, (said Mary ;) there is one of the idlers you mention !”

“ Yes, Mary, and a very handsome one of its kind ; but, as he can only please the eye, and we are not cruel enough to seek his life, for the gratification of looking at his fine colours, we care not how soon he goes : he is welcome to our flowers, but not our attention.”

Our hero certainly experienced no desire to remain where he was so little valued : he instantly spread his wings, and again explored the garden. Here, every thing offered pleasure ; but, offended by his late reception, he deigned not to continue near his traducers ; but, passing over the wall, opposite to where he first entered, found himself on the high road. Wild flowers alone presented themselves to

his view ; but these were sufficient ;— he was not very hungry, and his last excursion had lessened his love of variety : he began to wish himself in the garden where he first drew breath, and, had he known the way, would assuredly have sought his native jessamine. Several children passed him on the road, but no Phebe or Ned were of the number ; and he was now sufficiently acquainted with the dispositions of children, not to feel tenacious of trusting himself within their reach. “ If they cannot make any good use of me, (thought he,) I will not become the sport of their cruelty ; my vanity shall not mislead me this time.”

This idea had scarcely subsided, when, as he was resting on the blossom of a hedge convolvulus, he was suddenly seized by the rough large hand of a countryman, who had been

for some time watching his ærial movements, and exclaimed, on catching his prize,—“ So, so, I have you at last, mister fine-wings; my little ones will thank me for this, I know.” The trembling prisoner heard him in dismay; for, he naturally guessed, the parent who could take such a present to his child, would think little of the manner in which it was treated. Unpleasant was his situation, but still more so the anticipation of future: half stifled in the closed hand of the unfeeling ploughman, he struggled in vain to get free; every attempt but added to the rigour of his confinement, until, at length, death, in any other shape, seemed preferable.

The loud buz of children announced their journey's end; two girls and a boy ran to meet their father, enquiring what he held so carefully concealed from them. They were bid to guess,

and did so many times, unsuccessfully. The eldest girl, however, catching a glance of its wings, vociferated the truth, and received the trembling victim as a reward for her ingenuity. Followed by the other two, she returned to the house, and began rudely to examine its various beauties ; she was a selfish child, and in her endeavours to keep all the sight to herself, narrowly preserved its life ; as her impatient brother ran from side to side, now and then snatching at the poor flutterer, while Nelly as eagerly drew her hand away, to prevent his seeing it. The youngest child now craved her right to see the beautiful butterfly “daddy brought home ;” and, on being refused, set up a violent scream, which soon drew the attention of her mother, whose pet she was ; and miss Nelly was obliged to display her prize, to please the baby ; who, not content

with viewing, would touch and play with it in a way so rough, that more than once it was in danger of being demolished : the boy took his share of tormenting, and, in order to teaze Nelly, urged the little one to pull off its wings.

This cruel deed had assuredly been performed, had not the mother persuaded them it would be better to keep the pretty creature under a glass, when they might look at it every day, without the fear of its flying away. This bright idea was readily embraced, and the hero of our story once more escaped destruction.

We regret to say, humanity had little share in the mother's decision ; her children were froward, spoilt pets, alive to their own gratification only ; and she, who should have curbed their every wish of doing wrong, was often obliged to submit to their sallies of

passion, for the sake of what she termed "peace and quietness." Unfortunate children! thus fatally indulged, at the expense of future happiness!

A broken wine-glass was placed over the object of dispute, who scarcely enjoyed the unexpected reprieve, while the cross, petulant countenances of his young persecutors assailed him in every direction, as he glanced at them from his transparent prison. With the power of tormenting, ceased their curiosity; and, although they were delighted to quarrel with one another, as to the right of pulling their prisoner to pieces, they cared little to look at the same thing over and over again, without touching it.

At this critical juncture, puss caught a mouse in the barn; at news of which, one and all ran to the scene of

action, leaving our butterfly at leisure to reflect on the horrors of his situation.

All past perils appeared trifling, when compared to the present : in the school of the good dame, he had found more than one protector ; in the beautiful parlour at the cottage, he had experienced much humanity ; little-Robert's rough usage had not proceeded from want of feeling ; and severely did he censure himself for suffering disappointed vanity to lead him from safety and plenty. Happily for the bee, (sighed he,) her beauty does not attract the fickle notice of childhood ; her sting is a sufficient punishment for the bold trespasser upon her freedom ; her labours are attended with little danger, and are usually crowned with success ; my toils are the sport of fancy and cruelty, and, should I escape the ever threatening

evils, tend to no real good in the end ; would I were a bee, an ant, or any insect worth preserving.”

Thus meditated our hero in distress : the lesson but too well applies to many of our own species, who, depending upon outward attraction, never take into consideration the uselessness of beauty, until convinced, by the neglect of the wise and good, that personal charms alone can never gain esteem or respect. Gladly would the humbled beauty in question have exchanged forms with the heavy droning beetle or insignificant moth, for whose flimsy wings he would readily have bartered his own shining spotted ones.

A shout from the children created new terror ; and quickly a huge black cat rushed into the room, pursued by them, all eager to possess the dead mouse he squeezed between his jaws.

He ran from corner to corner, assailed with balls, sticks, and whatever came in the way of his pursuers; till, with a sudden spring, he leaped upon the table, where our butterfly was placed, and, darting out of the window, over-set the wine-glass, and freed his companion in distress. The mischief was quickly descried by Nelly, who shrieking out, "Oh! my butterfly, my butterfly!" mounted the table to prevent its flight; but, notwithstanding her activity, the object of it was yet more nimble, and, vaulting over her out-stretched hands, passed the casement again, to breathe the air of freedom. On the thatched roof he took rest, too far removed from danger to dread pursuit; and listened, with allowable pleasure, to the bewailings of his late unfeeling mistress, who traversed the garden round and round in search of

her captive, threatening the cat with her utmost vengeance for letting it loose.

Puss had fled as high as one pair of stairs into a large walnut-tree, regardless of Nelly's commands to come down and be beaten; and, while she enjoyed her meal, but encreased the rage of the little tyrant. Her brother now appeared with a hat full of stones, with which he proposed pelting the cat, until they forced her from her new abode. Nelly, pleased with the proposal, joined in the cruel attempt, but soon had reason to repent her malice; for John, selecting a large flinty stone, threw it with all his force, it struck one of the lower branches, and fell with violence on his sister's head. The blow was indeed severe, but the action merited the punishment; and, as the poor butterfly viewed her bleeding and led

into the house, he experienced but trifling pity for her, and still less for her brother, who received from his father a complete thrashing, for the mischief he had caused.

It may be supposed the present scene possessed no attraction to induce the persecuted insect to remain in its vicinity; on the contrary, every object excited terror; and, weak as he felt after so much ill-treatment, he exerted himself to the utmost to fly from all he had so lately witnessed. His progress was slow, but every movement of his wings gave him new strength, and the hateful habitation was soon out of sight.

After various determinations as to the road he should take, he suddenly lighted on some green paling, enclosing a small, but neatly arranged, garden. The appearance of the place was promising; but, upon inspection,

the produce was rather useful than luxurious. All was quiet, however; and, a meal unmolested, he now considered a treat: a sweet-pea was his choice, but not his alone,—for, at the moment he fixed on its blushing blossoms, a huge bee came humming round the spot, and shortly took up her quarters on the very same stem.

The high character he had so recently heard of her, added to her formidable sting, made him feel rather shy of her acquaintance, and he quickly retreated to a neighbouring carnation, at the same time watching the progress of the intruder's pursuits. A feeling strongly resembling envy, pervaded his breast, as he reflected on the utility of her employment; and he sincerely regretted that equal power was not given to his species. A cucumber glass at this moment raised his drooping pride, by

reflecting his handsome form ; but his vanity was certainly not so keen as in the morning ; and, after a short inspection of his beauty, he sought other objects. A house, nearly concealed by lofty trees, next drew his attention ; and, although it was far from his intention to enter the dwelling of man, he was led towards it by the soothing voice of childhood,— tones so mild, that he could not believe danger existed within sound of it. In a bed-room, (whose half-closed shutters admitted a partial light,) he discovered the fair speaker, an interesting little girl, who, leaning over the pillow of a sick brother, endeavoured to amuse and console him ; her kindness seemed to rouse the young invalid, who repeatedly, though in a languid voice, declared his Susan was the best nurse in the world.

“ I am glad you think so, my dear

Charles, (said Susan;) because it is my wish to please you; and I well remember how good you were to me when I had the measles."

Here Susan kissed his pale cheek, and dropped the tear of recollection. Charles too seemed affected, and returned her caresses with equal warmth.

"Will you read to me, Susan?" (asked he.)

"Willingly, my dear brother; but first let me give you the medicine Jane left in my care."

Charles shook his head in disapprobation, and confessed he did not like taking physic.

"Nor do I, (returned Susan;) but, however disagreeable it may be, I think pain is a great deal worse; and, when we know a little of this bad tasting stuff will cure us, it would surely be folly to suffer illness,

rather than take what is necessary to prevent it."

Charles was silent;—and his kind nurse arose to prepare the dreaded dose.

When she approached the bed-side, with the glass of medicine in her hand, he shrank back. Susan looked disappointed.

"What shall I say to mamma when she returns? she supposes I am filling her place, and tending you as she would do if at home. I never saw you refuse physic when she offered it; and I hoped you loved me too well to do so when I became your nurse: but, perhaps, I do not understand how to make you happy, or give you what is proper, as I flattered myself I did. Tell me, dear Charles, what I have done that does not please you."

"Oh! you never do wrong, Susan;

it is not with you I am displeased ; only, as I said before, I cannot bear to take physic."

"Then you will not take it, brother ; shall I do so, in your stead?"

(Charles smiled.) "Why, you don't want it ; you are very well, you know, and I dare say it would do you more harm than good."

"Perhaps so ; but no matter,— you will not get well, and may wish me to be ill, to keep you company."

"No, that I am sure I do not, (returned he ;) I would sooner be ill a hundred times, than your head should ache once : so, come, mistress nurse, bring your nasty physic, and let me swallow it quietly."

Susan was not long in performing this part of her duty ; and, although Charles still asserted it was very disagreeable stuff, he emptied the glass in a minute. His thoughtful nurse

had a lump of sugar at hand, and soon made him smilingly confess the task he had performed was trifling compared to anticipation.

Susan now settled his pillow, and smoothed the bed-clothes to his satisfaction; and, then going to a book-shelf, selected a volume, such as she guessed would please him; and, seating herself by the bed-side, commenced the following story:—

THE PATCHED COAT.

It was Sunday, the bells of the village church rang their usual peal for morning Prayer. Young and old heard the summons, and, dressed in their neatest array, hastened to join in thanksgiving and supplication.

The appearance of the villâgers was more than commonly striking,

for the day was Easter Sunday, and the youthful inhabitants generally put on some new garb on this day. The industrious parent often sacrificed self-comfort to procure an article of dress for their offspring. It was not a desire for finery, but a proper regard to decency, respect, and gratitude for the blessing this day had procured.

One family had ever been remarkable for the neatness of their clothing, and, until this year, considered an example to the rest of the village, not only in outward appearance, but for general good conduct. But, alas! adversity had changed their prospects, and their dress likewise.

The father, an industrious farmer, by a series of misfortunes, had been obliged to quit his farm, and submit to the daily fatigues of a labourer. His wife, equally deserving, and once

the active partner of his exertions, lost her life in attending two children in a dangerous fever, from which they recovered, though she fell a sacrifice. One short year deprived him of these comforts, and reduced him from comparative affluence to poverty: but he was a good and religious man, bore his sorrows with fortitude, and endeavoured to make his children do the same. His greatest trouble arose from the infirmity of a little girl, about eight years of age, born deaf and dumb: her affliction endeared her to the whole family, and her gentle disposition well repaid their care; but her favourite brother, two years older than herself, was her principal companion and helpmate.

Joe possessed one of the best hearts in the world; his disposition was cheerful and conciliating, the cause of pleasure to others, and never

so happy as when so employed. His sister Fanny was his idol; he was ever inventing something to amuse her, taking her pleasant walks, or culling the best flowers, nuts, or ripest blackberries, for his pet. His exertions were always crowned with success; for Fanny was pleased with all he did, and the time he spent at school seemed the most irksome of her life; while his presence instantly created the smile of delight, and she would throw her arms round his neck, and weep with joy on his return.

Poor Joe's coat was not so lasting as his spirits and good temper; his sister Martha had mended it over and over again; and, at length, in defiance of her own wish, and Joe's entreaties for the contrary, had been obliged to patch it with another colour.

“ I don't see people wear blue

coats, with brown patches," said Joe, examining his sister's workmanship.

"Nor I, brother; but any colour is better than a hole: I am sure you would not like to go in rags."

"No, certainly, (replied he;) but to-morrow is Easter Sunday, and every one will have a new coat, while I wear an old one of different colours."

"True, Joe, but then every-body is not so poor as we; in better days we did not need such contrivances; when father had the power, he always gave his children the best he was able to earn: his misfortunes are not of his own seeking; and, while we see him wear an old jacket, like his present one, I think the least we can do is to be content with our own."

"Oh! I know father can't help it, (said Joe;) and I would not say a word to vex him, for twenty shillings;

but I do wish, Martha, that my coat had lasted whole until after to-morrow."

Martha smilingly added, "Ay, and until this time next year, for all our sakes."

Joe smiled too, owned it was silly to mind a patched coat, and went whistling away, to pick cowslips for little Fanny.

"I think (said Joe, on Easter Sunday,) that I will go to church by the road-way, the distance is much the same."

"Not much difference, I believe, (answered his father;) but methinks, boy, the fields would be more pleasant; and, beside, you would join many of your companions by going the latter way."

"I don't much care for company, to-day," observed Joe, looking at the brown patch on his elbow.

“Why not to-day, my dear? (returned his father, noticing his son’s glance;) I don’t see why that patch should lower you in the eyes of your playfellows; they all know I gave you a better when I had the power: go, boy, go to church the old way, the fields will look just as green as ever; and, be assured, your prayers will be acceptable in an old coat as well as a new one. I never knew dress make the heart better or mend the temper: so the conscience be whole, no matter how many holes in the garb.”

Poor Joe felt ashamed, not of his coat, but of himself; he tried to speak his feelings, but tears prevented him: kissing his father hastily, he snatched up the Prayer-book, ran through the garden, and was over the first stile in five minutes.

“How do you do, Joe? (exclaimed two boys, in a breath;) are you not

going to church, and this Easter Sunday?"

"Yes, to be sure I am," answered he, a little confused.

His young companions exchanged looks, and immediately fixed their eyes on the brown patch.

"What do you think of my coat? (asked the elder one;) and my hat and waistcoat?" added the younger.

"They are very good, very pretty," replied Joe.

"Don't you wish you had such?" enquired the last speaker.

"No—, yes, (answered he;) because, then father would be better in the world than he is now; otherwise, I don't care much for new coats."

"Then, you are not ashamed of that patch on your elbow?"

"Ashamed! why should I be ashamed? It is no crime to wear an

old coat : as father says, new clothes neither make us better nor wiser."

"But you look so shabby, Joe ; I am sure I should blush to go to church in such a coat as that ; I dare say every one will stare at you : you will be the only boy who has not new clothes."

"I cannot help that, (replied Joe ;) I hope I shall not be the greatest dunce or the worst-tempered."

"No fear of that, (cried a good-natured, rosy, girl, tapping him upon the shoulder :) what makes you look so serious, Joe?"

"It is enough to make him look serious, (said James Evans, the eldest boy ;) here, he is going to church on Easter Sunday in that old patched coat, and we, and every-body else, have nice new ones."

"Well, and will your nice new coat give you nice new ways of saying

your lessons to-morrow? Joe need not mind his brown patch, while he can read better than all the boys in the village: I would sooner wear his old coat to-day, than your crying faces to-morrow, when you go to school (as you always do,) without learning three words of your task."

James muttered something about being as clever as Joe, and that Hannah had no business with his lessons; but, perceiving the arch girl was half-inclined to laugh at him; and well knowing how much Joe was his superior in learning, he slunk behind with his brother, and left his companions to proceed alone.

Joe felt relieved by their absence; and, although grateful for Hannah's interference, could not help watching, to discover if she noticed the brown patch. Hannah, however, was a girl of too much discernment to value

people for their dress ; and, as she was well acquainted with Joe's good qualities, never thought of the colour of his coat.

At the church-door they parted ; Joe took his usual seat near the clerk's desk ; and, notwithstanding, he saw many eyes fixed upon his brown patch, that should have been directed to their books, he never blushed but once, and that was when a gentleman in the best pew, looked earnestly at him, and appeared to examine him from head to foot. " He does not know any harm of me," thought Joe, and he again turned to his Prayer-book, forgetting every thing but the place he was in, and for what purpose he came there.

When the service concluded, Joe was surrounded by his young acquaintances, who, while they asked some trifling question, or made some

frivolous observations, evinced by their eyes that his coat alone was the object of their attention. His glowing cheek betrayed him not quite at ease, but his father's words still dwelled upon his memory, and he determined to conquer the silly pride he felt arising.

At this moment, the gentleman who had before noticed him, (and who was Lord of the Manor,) approached with the parson of the parish. The little groupe gave way, each making a bow or curtsy, all eager to catch the eye of the squire, who graciously nodded to them; but, pointing to Joe, enquired who the little boy in the patched coat belonged to.

Poor Joe once more looked at the brown patch, nor was he the only one who did so.

“He is the son of Farmer Hastings, (replied the parson;) one of

the best children in the village, and well worthy so good a father.”

“Farmer Hastings! (repeated the gentleman,) I remember him well; but I fear, from the appearance of his son, times are not so well with him as heretofore.”

The rector assented to this; and, as they walked through the church-yard, gave a slight detail of the honest farmer’s misfortunes.

Joe heard enough to make him proud of his father, and regardless of his patched coat.

On reaching the turn-stile, Joe was about to proceed his usual way; when Mr. Martin, the rector, called him back, and presented him by name to the Squire. “My good little fellow, (said the latter,) I have taken a great liking to ... patched coat of yours, which, I am told, is worn by an excellent boy: you, however, may



"My good little fellow, I have taken a great liking to that patched coat of yours, which, I am told, is worn by an excellent boy."

Rambles of a Butterfly; see Page 64.



not be so partial to it, so take this, (he added, putting a bank-note in his hand;) and let me see you next Sunday in a new one, but retaining your present good character."

Hardly could Joe believe his senses as he viewed his newly-gotten treasure. His thanks were warm, but brief; for every moment seemed an hour, until he had imparted his good fortune to those he so dearly loved. In vain, James Evans, and many others, shouted after him, to learn what the gentleman had given; smiles and nods were his only answers. Swift as the wind, he crossed the fields, and reached home, just as Martha was taking the pudding out of the pot.

"Just in time, my boy, (said his father;) here is your favourite pudding, all smoking, and ready for you."

“O, I can't eat pudding, or any thing else, just now, (returned Joe, panting;) see, father—see, Martha—and all of ye see, what the squire has just given me, because my coat was patched with brown.”

Joe then related particulars, clear as his agitated spirits would allow; produced his One Pound Note, and, kissing Martha, declared he liked her mended coats better than new ones.

The farmer, smiling, congratulated him on his good-luck, and observed, that a fair name was better than fine cloathes, as the event of the morning had proved.

Joe could eat little dinner for talking of the squire, and his new coat; until, perceiving his father unusually thoughtful, he forgot all his fine projects, and enquired, with real anxiety, what he was thinking about?

I will tell you, my dear, (replied

he;) during the time you were at church, neighbour Simms called to tell me, that a great doctor was come to Ludlow, famous for curing the deaf and dumb; now, I have more than once been told that our sweet Fanny might be cured, if I had proper advice."

"Well, father, (interrupted Joe,) and you will now, surely; oh, what luck that would be!"

"It would, Joe, be the greatest happiness of my life; but then Ludlow is thirty-six miles off, and the expence of such a journey is more than I am worth in the world."

Joe's color rose to crimson, joy sparkled in his blue eye, he clasped his hands in extasy. "Oh, father, my money, my bank-note, would perhaps—"

"Yes, child, that is what I am thinking of; but then, Joe, the new

coat for next Sunday, and that old one, with the ugly brown patch, my boy !”

“ But, (exclaimed Joe, in tearful rapture,) my own Fanny to hear and speak ; to call me her dear brother ; to hear me tell her how much I love her ; understand all I could say to her !—ah, father, it would be too much !”—Here, overcome by his feelings, Joe hid his face on his father’s shoulder, and wept aloud. The good farmer, while he pressed him to his heart, gave loose to similar feelings ; and poor Fanny, the unconscious cause of them, ran to share the grief she witnessed, without knowing why.

Joe raised his head, looked in her intelligent face, and almost fancied her cure already began. In the most affectionate manner she took his hand ; and, in a kind of mournful tone, endeavoured to console him. Joe put

his arms round her neck, kissed her again and again, uttering a thousand expressions of pleasure : she smiled to observe, though she understood him not.

“ When will you set off, father ? ”
(enquired Joe.)

“ To-morrow morning, by the heavy coach, if the passengers be not too many ; it will pass here about five o'clock, and I doubt not we shall all be up early enough to secure a seat on the top for my poor girl and myself.”

“ I don't think I shall go to bed to-night, (said Joe ;) for, perhaps, we might over-sleep ourselves ; and really I feel too happy to sleep much now, but I might get heavy towards morning.”

“ Never fear, (returned his father ;) we shall all be up in time ; and I advise you to go to bed earlier than usual, instead of sitting up all night ;

for you will have more to do to-morrow, on account of my absence.”

Joe readily agreed to change his plan, and retired soon after sun-set, happy as virtue and innocence could make him.

My readers will not be surprised to learn he was the first stirring in the cottage on the morrow ; helped Martha to prepare breakfast, cleaned Fanny's Sunday shoes, and, without being told, ran half a mile to borrow dame Hudson's big shawl, to wrap round his darling, lest the dew should give her cold, for it was early in April.

The farmer witnessed these affectionate attentions with a pleasure none but parents can feel ; and, as he placed the bank-note in an old leather purse, prayed Heaven to bless his generous and dutiful boy.

Martha, her two youngest brothers,

and Joe, walked to the end of the lane, to see the travellers depart; Joe continued kissing his hand while the coach was in sight; his heart beat strong with hope, though Martha more than once suggested the probability of their being disappointed.

Joe had double work to do on this day; yet, notwithstanding his constant occupation, the time hung heavy, and he longed for night, to forget in sleep the doubts and fears to which suspense had given birth. He had, at first, imagined that a single day would perfect Fanny's cure; and, when undeceived by Martha, experienced sad mortification: he learnt with dismay, that, should the doctor even prove successful, weeks, months, nay years, might elapse ere their wishes were realized.

“It is a very long while to wait for such happiness, (said he;) but, come

when it may, it will be the greatest joy of my life."

On the following day, at noon, the good man returned with his charge. Joe was hard at work when he heard the distant sound of coach-wheels; throwing down the spade, with which he had been digging the field, he hastened up the lane, shouting to Martha all the way.

The moment he discovered the dear objects of his search, he stopped, and fixed his eyes on the countenance of his father, the expression of which could not be mistaken: "all is right;" (thought Joe,) while his heart palpitated as if it would burst through his breast. Fanny looked pale from fatigue, but her cheeks reddened with delight when she perceived who came to meet her.

His clamorous joy had brought the rest of the family to the garden, and

all pushed forward to hear the first news ; but Joe suggested their assembling round the dinner-table, before his father began the interesting detail ; for Fanny had already warned him of her hunger.

The meal was speedily concluded ; and their delighted parent then informed them that the doctor was of opinion she would recover both her hearing and speech ; but time only could evince the wished-for success, and the distance from Ludlow was too great to allow of so constant an attendance as was necessary.

“ I have no more pound-notes, (sighed Joe ;) I wish the Squire had given two instead of one.”

“ Then you would have had a new coat into the bargain ;” (observed Martha, looking significantly.)

“ A new coat ! (answered Joe, somewhat indignantly,) No, I am not

so selfish as to wish for more money on that account: I meant, it would have paid father's journey another time; and two trials must be better than one."

Martha, taking him affectionately by the hand, owned her belief of his good intentions; and told him, if he would assist her in spinning, during the next week, she doubted not earning sufficient for a second journey.

Three weeks passed away in anxious expectation; Farmer Hastings had been several times to Ludlow, little Fanny underwent an operation, which produced a slight sense of hearing, and the joy of the whole family was sincere as ardent.

On the fourth Sunday, Joe went to church in his old jacket; a second patch was no improvement to its appearance; but he saw not its defects, he only remembered it had been the

means of sending Fanny to Ludlow, and, moreover, she had given proofs of hearing the church bells that morning; their sound now seemed the sweetest music to his ears, his spirits became elated as he listened to them. He was stripping a bunch of May from the hedge, to place in his breast, when he heard his name pronounced, in a tone of surprise; he raised his head, and beheld the squire, his eyes steadily fixed on his party-coloured jacket. Joe instantly understood his thoughts, but had not the immediate power of speaking; his eye fell on the same object, and glanced from the patch to the squire alternately.

His confused manner, and blushing cheeks, gave the squire an idea that all was not right; and he, rather abruptly, enquired why he again saw him in his old coat?

“ Because, sir—because I thought it best—kindest, to spend your money on something else that I could not help wanting, much more than a new coat.”

“ I think you could not want any thing so necessary, (returned the squire;) you have a good father, who feeds and maintains you, and I hope you are too good a boy to throw away such a sum on trifles, or in purchasing anything without your father’s knowledge.”

“ O, no; indeed, sir, that would be very wicked; I have certainly spent the note you were so kind as to give me, but I am sure, that is, I think, you would not say I had done wrong, if you knew all.”

“ Well then, tell me all; I am inclined to think well of you, from your seeming good conduct, and the good character parson Martin gives you;

but I do not like concealment : if the money has been disposed of properly, you need not be ashamed to own the manner of laying it out."

So Joe thought ; but his natural modesty made him averse to disclosing an action in which he was the principal person concerned ; and, in proportion as the squire pressed for an explanation, his reluctance increased : at length he stammered out the truth, attributing the whole to his father's suggestion ; but his gratified auditor readily understood the merit of the action was entirely his own, and bestowed the warmest commendations on his dutiful conduct ; he added, "I shall call on your father this evening, and talk to him on the subject."

The naturally sanguine disposition of our rustic hero attached much good fortune to this promised visit,

and he hastened to impart his hopes to his parent and sister.

Joe thought evening would never arrive ; it did, however, and with it came the squire and his lady.

The neatness so evident in the farmer's cottage and family, made a most favourable impression upon his guests, who condescendingly noticed all they saw, and enquired minutely into their tenant's affairs. The squire heard, with real pleasure, a confirmation of Joe's good qualities ; and, at the conclusion of the father's recital of his generous offer of the bank-note, took him by the hand, and promised to befriend him through life.

“ Then, perhaps, (exclaimed Joe, joyfully,) I shall be able to earn enough to get dear Fanny quite cured.”

“ We shall not wait your future

exertions, my worthy boy, (answered the squire ;) Fanny has found a more able, though not a better, friend in this lady, who has come here purposely to offer her services, on her account solely.

“ Yes, (said the lady, smiling, and drawing the interesting little girl towards her,) I mean to take your favourite under my particular care ; I shall send her to Ludlow, at my own expense, to reside with Doctor Mason, who has several other unfortunate children under his care ; and I doubt not, from your father’s favourable report, she will return as well as we could hope her to be.”

Poor Joe could only turn up his hands and eyes in wonder, at such goodness ; while his father and Martha returned more audible thanks.

A small but compact farm was offered farmer Hastings, at a rent not

exceeding his present humble one ; and the squire's lady assured Martha she would furnish her with many comforts and necessaries for housekeeping, such as they had been deprived of, from change of fortune.

They at length quitted the cottage, overwhelmed with the gratitude of its worthy inhabitants, whose coming prosperity soon spread through the village, to the mutual pleasure of all ; for farmer Hastings was universally respected and beloved.

In the course of the following week, little Fanny was completely equipped for her new residence. The parting between her and Joe was truly affecting ; though the latter, convinced of its necessity, endeavoured to suppress his feelings, and to make her comprehend it was for the best. Never had Joe shed so many tears as on the morning of her departure ; it seemed

he lost half himself, in losing his darling, and the poor little girl suffered still more, from her ignorance of all which occasioned the separation.

As the summer advanced, happiness once more beamed upon this worthy family. They had removed to the new farm; the bountiful hand of their landlord rendered every thing complete; Martha's dairy and Joe's garden were the admiration of the village; every Saturday, Joe was allowed to accompany the squire's housekeeper, in a chaise-cart, to Ludlow, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing his sister, who rapidly recovered, under the skilful management of Doctor Mason. This weekly holiday was procured by extra labour on other days, but the toil was a pleasure to our tender-hearted Joe.

As he had been the chief object of her love, in the days of affliction, so

he became the dearest one as she gained sense, and power of expressing the same. Every month, he had some instance to relate of her improvement in speech; and, when she first addressed him, (though imperfectly,) as “dear Joe,” his heart seemed too full of delight to be borne, and he threw himself on her bosom in an agony of joy.

As he reached the farm, on this memorable evening, he exclaimed, “Oh, my dear father,—oh, Martha, she said—would you believe it?—she said—”

Here, his throat swelled, and he could say no more.

“Who do you mean, my child?” asked his father, noticing his agitation with anxiety.

“Mean! why I mean Fanny, our Fanny, my own Fanny; yes, dear father, she spoke to me, called me *dear Joe*: such sweet words, I never

heard in my life ; they have sounded in my ears all the way home ; every tree, every bush, seemed to repeat ‘ dear Joe ;’ I shall never think of any other words as long as I live.”

“ Yes, my dear boy, you must think of, and repeat, other words— words of grateful praise to the Merciful Power who has restored our dear Fanny, and loaded us with benefits ; nor let us forget his agents in the good work, whose charity, guided by His All-Powerful Hand, has brought things to this happy conclusion.”

“ O, I shall never forget them or their goodness, (returned the tearful boy ;) and, as to thanking God for all he has done for us, I think it would be almost impossible, for he sends new happiness every day ; but indeed I do think of him, and say my prayers with all my heart, because I always fancy he is listening to me, and it

makes my heart feel light ; especially when I have been to see dear Fanny, and find her better, for I am sure it must be His Power that makes her so.”

“ I believe you, my child, (said farmer Hastings ;) and may His Goodness ever inspire you with the same confidence.”

Autumn passed laboriously, but happily ; every thing prospered, all their efforts succeeded ; but Winter was destined to complete their felicity ; little Fanny came to spend a fortnight at the farm, remembered each individual, and the scene of her early habits, called her brothers and sister by name, heard most of what was said to her, and listened with rapture to Joe's attempt to entertain her with his fife, which the squire's butler had given him.

Joe was half wild with pleasure ;

he escorted her throughout the village, busied himself in forming new plans of amusement, and read himself hoarse, to divert her, with Red-Riding-Hood, Mother-Goose, and every book he possessed, or could borrow from his young companions.

Joe had long since owned a new coat; likewise a jacket for days of labour; but he yet retained the patched one, which he esteemed a relic, and termed it "the lucky jacket." On the day of Fanny's return, (the jubilee of his life,) he appeared in the patched garb at dinner. On Martha's joking him, he observed, "No matter; I would not affront my brown patch, by letting it lie unnoticed in the old chest, on such a day as this, when I remember that all our good fortune comes from its colour. Ah, Martha, I don't forgot old friends; and, although I certainly like to wear

my new coat best, and go to church like other boys of the village, yet I have a great respect for this workmanship of yours."

"*Blue jackets and brown patches for ever!* blue jackets and brown patches for ever!" repeated the laughing Fanny; not quite perfect, indeed, but intelligibly enough to be understood by all.

"I will wear this dear patch all the rest of my life;" sobbed Joe, (as he kissed her round blushing cheek.)

"Wear the same heart, my noble boy, (said his father,) and you *must* be happy."—

"Thus ends my story, (said Susan, closing the book,) and I hope it has entertained you?"

"O, very much indeed, (returned Charles;) I am quite delighted with Joe; and, as to poor little Fanny,

do you know I could not help crying, when you described her misfortunes.”

“ My eyes don't feel quite right, (observed Susan,) but I believe you are as much the cause as poor Fanny ; for, while I read of Joe's affectionate conduct towards her, I could not but fancy, that you would just behave as kind to me, had I been as unfortunate as the poor little girl.”

Charles felt she did him but justice ; and squeezed her hand gratefully, as she patted his pale cheek.

In a few minutes subsequent, Susan's patient was slumbering ; and our butterfly, concluding the careful nurse would remain too quiet to afford him further entertainment, set off, in quest of new adventures.

In making a sudden turn to the left, he found himself in a much busier scene than any he had hitherto witnessed ; it was a country town,

and the bustle of business and clamour of tongues overwhelmed him with surprise and confusion. The shops were gay, and every countenance looked cheerful ; yet, however amusing the novel spectacle to our winged traveller, he beheld no promise of sustenance ; but one source met his view, and that was a honey-suckle, creeping round the door-frame of a dirty shop, and so discoloured by dust, that he felt his appetite must be keen indeed, ere he could venture on such food. The glowing colours of some ribbons in a haberdasher's window attracted him ; but, alas ! they were articles only pleasing to the eye. The next shop was a pastry-cook's and decorated in a most tempting style : few juvenile observers could have viewed it without a wish for some of its contents ; but children and butterflies differ in point of taste ; cus-

tards, jellies, and cakes, had no charms for our butterfly, who flew from house to house—street to street—in search of the beauties of nature.

A row of small houses, with flower-gardens in front, presented a more pleasing prospect ; and he determined to avail himself of the opportunity. There was no great variety, but rose-trees were not wanting, and he quickly selected the most blooming.

At the moment of his choice, a mischievous boy, who was passing through the garden with a basket containing eggs and butter, perceived his manœuvre, and threw his hat with so good an aim, that the rose-taster fell direct to the earth, and was taken prisoner without a struggle. Held by the wing, he was carried to a shop in the town, where the urchin placed him on the counter, and began to amuse himself by roughly checking

his progress, whenever renovated strength permitted him to crawl. He continued this employment, in spite of his master's repeated orders to go on a second errand ; and at length roused his employer to give him a smart rap on the head. Insensible as he was to the sufferings of the poor insect in his power, he was perfectly alive to his own ; and quickly retreated from a second blow, leaving his victim at liberty, but half dead from fright and ill-usage.

The shop-keeper discovering the cause of the boy's negligence, brushed it hastily from the counter, and with a force that sent it into the street. This new shock had nearly proved our persecuted hero's last ; he just retained strength enough to creep to the wall, where, sheltered from the foot of the passing passenger, he slowly recovered in a degree ; but his

wing had received too much injury for present flight, and he felt all the horrors of approaching annihilation ; but fate had other evils in store ; and shortly after, he was raised gently by a soft careful hand, while a still softer voice uttered exclamations of real feeling for his unfortunate situation.

The fair speaker was one of a large party, forming a young ladies' school ; and, with a companion, being the last of the train, had leisure to rescue the poor butterfly, exposed to the danger of being crushed by some heedless footstep. After a short walk, they stopped at a large house at the extremity of the town ; and our butterfly was taken into the school-room, and exhibited to the youthful circle, by his new mistress, who suffered not a finger to touch her prize,—whose weakness, she observed, but too plainly shewed how harshly he had been used.

“What will you do with it?” asked one.

“Set it at liberty when it is strong enough to fly, (returned she ;) I am sorry evening is so fast advancing; had it been earlier, I would have attempted to copy its pretty form and bright colors, for I never remember to have seen so beautiful a butterfly.”

“Well, cannot you put it in a box until to-morrow morning, (said Harriet Jones ;) no harm could happen to it there, and I really think it would make a pretty drawing; and you are so clever at mixing your colors, and laying them on smoothly, I am sure you would succeed in this.”

“But how cruel it would be, Harriet, to confine the poor thing in a close box a whole night, for the chance of copying it to-morrow; and I am sure a very poor chance it would be, for I doubt if it will survive many

hours : if any thing can save it, air and freedom will ; and I should be sorry to deprive it of the only remedy.”

“ What a fuss about a butterfly, (cried a new voice :) Jones is right—I would put it into a box ; if it is past recovery, there can be no cruelty in confining it.”

The butterfly owner turned with quickness to the last speaker, and addressing her, in a tone of feeling, said, “ When your father was so severely wounded in battle, think what would have been his fate, had those around him shut him up in a close room, without the benefit of air, or necessary assistance ! he must, in that case, have died. I have heard him tell papa, how the freshness of the breeze, and warmth of the sun, contributed to his recovery : and yet you, knowing this, would unthinkingly

deprive a living creature of both, because it cannot tell you how necessary they are to its existence !”

Miss Simpson blushed, and looked a little angry ; for she valued Lucy’s good opinion, and felt that there was truth in what she said. “ But there was a great difference (she observed,) in killing a soldier and a butterfly.”

“ Certainly, (replied Lucy ;) and I would rather a thousand of the handsomest were destroyed, than a single human being ; but, I don’t see why we should shorten the life of any thing God has created ; nor would you, I am assured, give pain to a living creature, if you took time to reflect.”

Miss Simpson stammered out a kind of apology for what she had said ; but, it was evident, she was more mortified by her friend’s rebuke, than sorry for her own want of humanity.

Not so the rest of her companions, who were unanimous in advising Lucy to give the butterfly its liberty; adding, "she always acted for the best."

"To the best of my weak judgment, you mean;" returned the blushing girl.

"What are you saying to Miss Saville, that occasions her to blush so much?" enquired the governess, advancing to the gathering circle.

"Only giving her due praise, madam;" answered one, and, of course, speaking the truth.

"That is a handsome compliment, my dear, (returned the smiling preceptress,) and must be as grateful to my young friend, as it is honorable in you to acknowledge her merits; but, may I ask, what was the circumstance which gave rise to your eulogium?"

Here Lucy stepped forward with her butterfly, (fearful lest her partial

friends should mention Miss Simpson in an unfavorable manner,) and simply related the cause of her school-fellows' approbation. "It was but a simple act of humanity, madam; and I really do not feel deserving the praise bestowed."

"You could not do other than what you have done, (replied her governess;) and with you, I think, it is not an extraordinary act of humanity; but, my love, it is the remembrance of your usual good-conduct, which this circumstance brought to recollection, that excited the commendation of your friend Martha; and you now feel the pleasing consequences of being uniformly kind and humane."

Lucy blushed, and was silent; her companions thought they never saw her look so pretty, (for she possessed little of personal beauty.)

Mrs. Bedford seated herself, and

the delighted girls gathered round her.

“ Humanity (she continued,) is so natural a feeling, and so constantly brings its own reward, it seems strange that any human being should resist its call. Few, I believe, are entirely void of it; but we often confine our sympathy to the sufferings of the human species alone: this is certainly selfish; for, while we sympathize with our fellow-creatures, we, in a great measure, lament the pain we are liable to experience ourselves. The brute-creation are entitled to our pity and forbearance in a particular degree; for they want intellect to discern danger, and are even in our power, and, consequently, at our mercy.

“ I never knew a cruel child make an amiable man or woman. To hurt a dumb animal, or crush an inoffensive insect, betrays cowardice, as well

as cruelty; because the perpetrator knows the victim cannot contend with the ingenuity of man. You may remember, my dear Miss Simpson, the post-boy who beat his horses so severely, the day you returned to school: I then felt assured inhumanity was not his only failing, and have since learned, that, from his repeated ill-usage of his master's horses, he was discharged; want of character prevented his entering a new service; idleness led him into bad society, and he is now in the county gaol, for robbing a shop in this town. His friends are to be pitied, for they are honest and laborious people; but you or I can feel little pity for him, when we recollect his savage treatment of the poor fatigued animal, who had travelled so far for his and your convenience."

Miss Simpson readily assented to

this, though she cast her eyes fearfully around, to observe if her companions were making comparisons: several eyes were turned towards her, but quickly withdrawn, when they noticed her confusion.

Mrs. Bedford went on:—"You must all notice the particular confidence I repose in Hannah, the servant who attends you while at meals, and when sick. I do not, however, believe that the whole of my young friends are acquainted with the circumstances which first gave me a knowledge of her. She is the daughter of a poor, but worthy, cottager, in the neighbouring village, and from infancy inclined to habits of industry and docility. That her heart is tender and affectionate, I imagine I need not add, for many present have experienced her kind attentions in sickness."—

“Yes! Yes! (exclaimed several voices together;) she is indeed a tender-hearted nurse, as we can prove.”

“Well, my dears, this kindness of nature extended to every thing living, that was not hurtful to mankind; and few little girls treated dumb-animals better than Hannah Bennett. She was nearly eleven years old, when, coming into the town one morning, to dispose of her mother’s knitting, she saw some boys engaged in earnest conversation near a pond: they appeared to be examining something, and curiosity led her to cross the road to discover the object of their attention. Her feeling heart recoiled, on perceiving it was a poor frog, whose death they were planning, with every species of cruelty; she pleaded strongly for its release, but they laughed at her humanity for a *frog*, and desired

more, she quitted the admiring circle ; and, with more philosophy than might be expected from so youthful a heroine, set forward on her journey.

“ She stopped but once more, and that was to spend the shop-keeper’s halfpenny in liquorice, for her grandmother’s cough. In passing the church, she noticed, with pleasure, that only half an hour had elapsed since she quitted the boys ; and she flattered herself it could not be too late.

“ Her hopes somewhat diminished as she drew near the pond, and saw no one in sight ; it might be, however, they were in the adjoining field, and she hastened to where there was a gap in the hedge, to ascertain if it were so ; but, alas ! no boys were there. She approached the pond, and with horror discovered the mangled remains of a frog, which, she felt convinced, was the

poor victim she had wished to preserve. Indignation, pity, and self-reproach, combined to overwhelm her with regret; and she burst into a violent flood of tears.

“ The remainder of her journey was slowly performed; she accused herself of inhumanity, and sincerely regretted she had been tempted to stop for the foolish grotto.

“ Within a few yards of home, she overtook one of the hard-hearted party, and reproached him for his conduct.

“ ‘ I can't help it, (replied he;) I wanted them to wait for your penny, but they all agreed you were only joking, and would not be so foolish as to give a penny for the sake of an ugly frog.—Why, you were not out of sight when they killed it.’

“ Hannah turned from him in dis-

gust ; but felt relieved in learning her dilatoriness had not accelerated the cruel deed.

“ She was now a penny the richer ; but her wealth gave her no pleasure ; and, although the showman passed through the village on the succeeding day, she experienced not the slightest inclination to peep at the grotto ; on the contrary, it only awakened fresh regret. Her luckless penny was bestowed upon a poor blind man, and her heart felt lighter when it was gone.

“ Hannah’s grandfather, who occasionally worked in my garden, told the story to one of the servants, and, in course of time, it reached my ears. I was pleased with the child’s character, and requested to see her. Still more was I won by her modest recital, and ingenuous condemnation of herself. I immediately took her into the

house, had her instructed in useful knowledge for her situation in life, and she has ever since remained with me, and is, at this time, a pattern of domestic fidelity, and a treasure to my establishment. I was convinced a heart so good might be trained to the best principles, and the trial has more than fulfilled my hope.

“ This morning she informed me of a circumstance that shocked, though it did not surprise, me ; one of the frog-tormentors was no other than the unfeeling post-boy we were speaking of just now.”

Her youthful auditors listened with the greatest interest and attention ; and, while they did justice to the merits of Hannah Bennett, expressed their abhorrence of the post-boy's character.

“ But where is your beautiful butterfly, Miss Saville ?” exclaimed a

little girl, perceiving it was no longer on the table.

“Gone, I protest, (answered Lucy, looking round the room :) no matter; it must have recovered its strength wonderfully to have flown away. I rejoice the poor thing revived; it was not my intention to keep it a moment longer than its weakness required. He was too proud to be nursed by me; and all my good intentions are now vain.”

Our butterfly, however, was not so far off as Lucy imagined: he had certainly regained his strength in a greater degree than might be expected, but was yet too weak to fly, and had only crawled to one of the windows, on whose sill he rested while Mrs. Bedford related Hannah Bennett's history.

In a few minutes subsequent, the good lady bade her pupils adieu for

the night: their respectful affection towards her, bespoke how much she was beloved: and our flighty traveller was half inclined to tarry a little longer with this amiable family; but it is the nature of butterflies to rove, and the ensuing breeze helped to expand his wings,—he made an effort, and reached a bed of mignonette growing beneath the window: here he was joined by a grave-looking brown-and-yellow insect, whose external appearance was not particularly striking, but there was much courtesy in his manner, and the two strangers quickly entered into conversation.

“My friend, (said the yellow butterfly,) you appear to be in a weak state; is it from natural infirmity, or from recent misfortune?”

“Alas! (returned our hero;) my weakness arises from the cruelty of

the human race, and not from any affliction of nature; I have but just escaped the most barbarous treatment, and it is only by the most unexpected kindness of a young lady, that I am so far recovered as you see me."

"Well, (replied the other;) you see the wisdom and kindness of Providence, who sent you a benefactor in one of the same species as your persecutor. I should imagine (he continued,) that your adventures have not been of a common description: butterflies of your colour and form are highly estimated; your beauty must have attracted mankind very often, and this sort of admiration must have led you into danger and circumstances highly interesting: true, you are young, but I doubt not have witnessed more of the world than many double your age."

“ Why, to speak the truth, (answered the flattered beau,) I have seen a little of life, but my knowledge is rather confined, for I have moved in a limited sphere. I am not more than three miles from my native home; a garden so humble, you would smile to see its produce: at the same time, experience has fatally convinced me, that neither wealth nor luxury can insure happiness. In the course of this day, I have revelled among the finest flowers,—have sported round beautiful china vases, and contemplated my own form in mirrors of magnificent structure; but my enjoyments were not perfect,—constant and fearful interruptions destroyed the pleasure within my grasp, and I have suffered a martyrdom in escaping the mischievous and inhuman pranks of children: more than ever, I now regret leaving the peaceful spot

that gave me birth; the humble cottage of my first friends was a complete sanctuary, and the natural goodness of its youthful inhabitants would never have subjected me to personal danger."

"It is a common fault (observed his new acquaintance,) not to estimate true happiness until it is out of our reach. I regret one so young as yourself should find the truth thus early: I must acknowledge my curiosity is not a little raised, to learn the nature of your perambulations, and, if the relation be not too painful, I would solicit to hear them.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, (returned our adventurer;) but I feel no hesitation in complying." He then related the history with which our readers are already acquainted, and received the thanks of his hearer,

for what he was pleased to term an interesting detail.

“Perhaps, (said the narrator,) you would oblige me with a similar account; your knowledge of the world seems infinitely superior to mine, and, from your age, I should judge you must have much more to recount.”

“My life has been pretty well chequered, (answered the stranger,) but I doubt if its incidents would afford much entertainment, as you may perceive my beauty is not very remarkable. I belong to a common tribe, and of course have never attracted the notice of your peacock’s-eye folks: at the same time, I am aware, this want of personal charms has proved a blessing to me in many instances. Children are usually attracted by shewy objects: my dull colours have often passed unheeded,

where your brilliant ones would have invited a chase. To tell you every event of my existence, would give you very little satisfaction: my connections are very different from your's; I can boast little of ancestry,—the head of our family was of the skull tribe, and you may suppose not an Adonis; however, I believe he was a well-meaning butterfly, and less frivolous than we are said to be in general. I received a hurt in one of my wings, when in infancy, which has greatly retarded my flight ever since, and frequently placed me in danger I should not otherwise have encountered,—once, indeed, it had liked to have ended fatally: I had entered a room on the runner of a honey-suckle that grew over a trellis, and so occupied by my pleasure that I did not perceive several young ladies drawing at a table: when I first made the dis-

covery, I was somewhat alarmed, for I was ever afraid of the human race; but, as they pursued their study very quietly, I took courage, and, by degrees, ventured to the edge of a glass in which one of the party occasionally dipped her camel's hair pencil; she was painting a group of flowers, and imitated nature so well, I could not help watching her delicate fingers in admiration: while thus employed, another young artist twitched me from the glass, exclaiming, 'Louisa! here is a young gentleman wishes to sit for his likeness,—cannot you introduce him in your group of roses?' ”

“ I don't think he would much improve the beauty of my drawings, (answered she, smiling;) for I will do him justice,—he is the plainest butterfly I ever saw, his wings look so mean, and his colours so dead.”

“ Aye, poor thing, (said another,)

and I dare say he is almost dead with fright."

"I am not hurting him, I assure you, (said my keeper) I hold him as lightly as possible; he would intrude himself as a beau, and I wish to mortify his vanity;—but, since Louisa has not taste enough to admire him, I will send him adrift immediately; yet, really I do not think it would be but kind to alter his dress a little, and, if we cannot make him handsome, make him gay at least:" so saying, she took a dip from every colour on her *palette*, and spotted my dead-looking yellow jacket, (as she called it;) the process was gently performed,—all the injury I sustained was mortification: never was a beau more completely humiliated. Her companions laughed most heartily: I endeavoured to get away, and she instantly released me, but my wings

were heavy with my new habiliments ; and this, added to the natural infirmity before mentioned, checked my motion materially. At length the paint dried, I felt lighter, and was able to fly : you may judge I soon quitted this scene of ridicule, and, to me, vexation. I heard the laugh at my expence, long after my departure, and certainly owed the origin of my disgrace no good will. In defiance of the young artist's assertion, I must assert, I never was vain, or the least inclined to be a beau ; yet, strange to say, I felt a kind of fluttering pleasure, when I observed the notice my new dress created among our own species ; various were the opinions as to my origin :—‘Most extraordinary!’ said one.—‘What tribe does he belong to?’ asked a second :—‘I really cannot say, (returned the insect applied to,) I never beheld any

thing like him before :—“ Depend upon it, (observed one of your class,) he is a foreigner ; I have heard there are some of us of strange shape and colour in other climates, and I declare he is not the least like any of our English butterflies ; I begin to think he is of French origin,—you know they are reckoned rather whimsical in their dress, and like variety of colours ; only that I am ashamed to betray my ignorance of the language, I would address him.” Flimsy, you must know a little of it, born as you were in a garden attached to a French boarding-school.

“ True ; but my accent is so indifferent.”

“ Never mind your accent,—a truce with conceit : go to this singular stranger, and address him boldly.”

“ All this conversation I heard as I rested on a wall-flower, and must

own, I never was better entertained; I was aware, that too close an inspection would betray the real quality of my attire, and therefore determined to act accordingly.

“Mr. Flimsy flew round and round my resting place several times, ere he had courage to open his negotiation; at length he approached, and began, — ‘*D’où venez vous, Monsieur?*’

“I am no French scholar, but I just knew enough for my purpose: stretching out my wings, I answered as I bounced by the astonished ambassador, *Bon soir, Monsieur; bon soir.*

“Never did I behold a butterfly so disconcerted, — all his learning fled at once: slowly he returned to his expectant friends. I did not wait to witness their surprise; but, taking a different direction, was soon out of sight.”

Our hero laughed heartily at the whimsicality of this adventurer, and enquired how he lost his painted adornments.

“The worst part of the story is to come, (replied the other :) after shewing off in borrowed colours, I entered a curious building, decorated with various specimens of natural curiosities ; among the rest was a glass-case, containing a most beautiful collection of our kind,—golden-wings with variegated borders, peacock’s-eyes of wonderful brightness,—though, I assure you, I do not flatter when I assert, you are one of the rarest of your kind.”

(Here *our* butterfly, of course, made his bow.)

“I stood looking at the interesting spectacle, and not a little amused by my own grotesque appearance, which the lid of the case reflected ; when,

raising my eyes, I beheld a thin, bent, little old gentleman, pale as that lily ; his features were harsh and disagreeable ; his dress had once been fine, but then wore a tarnished and shabby hue ; his large wig nearly reached to his nose, on which was placed huge spectacles ; through them he was steadily gazing at something in—what I afterwards learned was—a microscope.

“So extraordinary a figure I had never seen, and I could not help indulging myself with a survey of his person. No doubt you have guessed his pursuits and his title : he was a *virtuoso* ; to us, a dreadful name. When the truth presented itself to my imagination, I instantly determined to retreat ; but, alas ! it was too late : he had already discovered me, but so cautiously did he set about securing me, that I was perfectly unconscious

of his purpose, until I felt the excruciating torture of a silver pin through my lame wing, which fixed me to the frame of the glass-case. He raised and wiped his spectacles a dozen times ere he inspected me, smiling with the most malignant joy, as he viewed my painful struggles.

“ ‘ Bless me, bless me ! what a treasure have I found ! all my years of travel, and vast sums expended, never procured its equal ! Here is every color of the rainbow combined ;—wonderful phenomenon of nature !

“ ‘ Well, *now* I would not give my collection for any other in Europe. My Lord Moth-head will be quite astonished when he sees this curious insect. Really I have a great mind—yes, I think—nay, I positively will—offer this to the British Museum ;—I shall make my fortune : no sum would be too much for such a unique.’

“ He then examined me anew, and repeated his admiration in terms so extravagant, that, had I not been suffering the most torturing agony, I must have laughed at his folly. I verily believe he thought himself the most fortunate of the human race. Little did the merry girl, who thus embellished my external appearance, imagine the distress her freak had brought on me.

“ The delighted virtuoso was interrupted, in the height of enthusiasm, by a person equally remarkable with himself, though in a different way. His figure was immensely tall and thin; his face, the longest I remember to have seen; his coat was evidently a cast-off one of his master’s, (for he was an assistant, and kind of secretary to the old gentleman,) and, of course, the habit of a little man could not suit a very tall one; the sleeves

did not reach to his wrist by some inches, and the collar corresponded with the sleeves; he carried a small board, on which were fastened a number of beetles, he had been polishing.

“ ‘Come hither, Nathaniel Lapwing, (cried the master;) here is a sight you could never have hoped to see; such a butterfly, man! such a natural curiosity, that I am almost wild with joy when I reflect I am the happy naturalist to whose lot it has fallen.’

“ ‘Curious, indeed, (replied Nathaniel;) it is of a garb I never beheld: what does your honour mean to do with it?’

“ ‘Aye, my friend, that is the question; I am rather undecided how to act—whether to keep it for my own rare collection, or present it to the President of the British Museum.—

I might surely ask a handsome price for it.’

“ ‘So it should seem, (returned the other, drily;) but you may remember they did not receive your offer of the wonderful cockle-shell to your liking, and pronounced it a common shell, although you declared it was found on the shores of the Gold Coast in Africa.’”

“ ‘Yes, yes, I know that—I remember that very well, Nathaniel: not that they doubted my judgment, even then; but any-body might be mistaken in a cockle-shell, as you find the managers of the Museum were; but I defy all the learned, and the greatest naturalists in Europe, to disavow their belief of this insect being a real curiosity. Here are wings, Nathaniel: blue, red, yellow, stars, spots;—in short, all that can astonish and gratify the eye of taste.’”

“ Nathaniel agreed to this, and added, the wings were entirely different. ‘ This (pointing to the pinioned one,) has but three spots ; the other has four—nay, five.’ As he spoke, he touched the admired spot with the end of his finger ; when, behold, the chief part of the fine red came away on his nail ! He stood aghast ; then touched it a second time, and in so doing removed the whole of the color. ‘ Why, what is this ? (exclaimed he, in dismay ;) can it be possible that all these fine tints are put on !’

“ ‘ Put on ! (repeated the virtuoso,) no, no, it is impossible ; let me see—let me try.’ ”

“ He did so, and the imposition was too palpable to admit of a doubt.

“ His rage now equalled his late admiration, and he vowed vengeance against me and those who had played

the trick ; for he fully believed it was done to deceive him alone.

“ Nathaniel experienced much of his master’s mortification ; but he possessed more humanity, for he instantly released me, and blew me off his hand into the garden.

“ You may conceive my feelings on this unexpected deliverance ; I felt grateful to the man, while I despised his master ; and sincerely prayed I might never again come within sight of a virtuoso.

“ The cause of my calamity had nearly disappeared from the rough experiments of Nathaniel ; and I took care to rub myself well among the dewy grass, so that the remainder of my painted finery was soon effaced.

“ Not so my poor wing ; the injury it had received has never been entirely remedied, and I am at this

time, I believe, the worst æronaut among our species. This incident, my friend, is an excellent lesson to the vain; and, if ever I had been of the number, could not fail of making due impression."

"It is indeed a lesson, (returned our peacock-butterfly,) and one that I feel particularly; for, I must confess, beauty has ever possessed too much of my consideration, and I have brought myself into more than one dilemma, through this same weak feeling."

"It shows your good sense to acknowledge it, (said his new friend;) and I only wish all our race were as sensible of their errors. We are generally remarked for conceit, and I am afraid with truth enough; but I trust there are some exceptions."

"I envy you your discernment, (observed the other;) you see every

thing in its proper point of view ; it is doubly hard you should have suffered for wearing the semblance of attraction, when you were wise enough to be happy without the reality.”

“ Perhaps so ; but I assure you I am not so faultless as you imagine. If I have disregarded appearance, I have thought too much of my appetite ; or, to speak more plainly, I have been a complete epicure ; for it was not the quantity so much as the quality of the food that I considered, and I have frequently turned in disgust from what I now blush to think did not perfectly satisfy me. Nothing like experience, my friend : I now enjoy the humblest food far more than ever I did the rarities once so coveted. I shall never forget my first meal on a potato-blossom ! You smile, and no doubt think little of my taste ; but I positively affirm it is a delicious

food. Like you, I once held it cheap ; but, meeting with a butterfly of Irish extraction, he undeceived me ; it certainly required some persuasion to induce a trial, on my part, but I was amply repaid by making it.

“ I had one morning over-feasted myself on a sunflower, and, like epicures of greater magnitude, felt disagreeable consequences, and loathed all food during that day. The sight of luxury disgusted me, and I quitted a rich flower-garden, to wander through dusty roads and grass-worn fields. I became drowsy, and indulged myself with a nap. On awaking, I found my appetite reviving, and looked sharp around, to discover if food was at hand.

“ The prospect was barren indeed ; and I was regretting my precipitancy in quitting the comforts of my morning’s residence, when a stranger-but-

terfly accosted me. There was a civility and agreeableness in his manner, which invited confidence; and I readily returned his salutation. He told me his parents were natives of Hibernia, and that he entertained a great respect for their country, from his knowledge of their worth; he did not account for their coming to this country, which circumstance I own surprised me, for I could not conceive how they travelled, knowing there is a vast extent of water between Ireland and England: however, curiosity is not one of my failings; consequently, I did not enquire too minutely into his family affairs. He had seen much of the world, and had been by no means an idle spectator of its scenes. His observations were remarkably shrewd, and I really enjoyed his society; the anecdotes he related would form a very amusing history; I sug-

gested this to him, and advised him to publish his adventures.”

“ ‘ And who would read the adventures of a butterfly? (answered he;) no, no,—mankind have too many trifling pursuits of their own, to be interested in those of a wandering insect. Bless you, my friend; this is the age for scribbling; and, if a man but take a walk in his own grounds, he sits down to write a foreign tour, performed at home.’

“ I smiled at this account of the human race, for I had never made such deep observations.

“ He noticed my weakness, and enquired the cause. I was ashamed to confess the source of my indisposition, and merely said I had been ill from indigestion, but was just then suffering from hunger.

“ ‘ We will soon get rid of the latter complaint, (answered he, laughing ;)

just cross the road with me, I will ensure you a treat for an emperor.'

"You may suppose I did not hesitate to accept this invitation: but, judge my surprise, when I found the blossom of his country-fruit was to be the royal food.

"He saw my astonishment, but was not at all offended; on the contrary, I could perceive he enjoyed my embarrassment; he flew merrily from blossom to blossom, humming a lively air, which he called 'Shamrock for ever.'

"I was a little mortified by this indifference, and inclined to scorn the vulgar feast; but, whether it was shame, hunger, his good-humour, or all combined, I know not; certain it is, I changed my mind, and never was more satisfied with a meal, before or since. From that time, I lost my relish for luxuries, and soon acquired a

rational and humble appetite. I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of my shamrock friend, (as I now call him;) for I may thank him for many a pleasant unmolested meal, and better health than I enjoyed previous to our meeting.

“We afterwards journeyed together several minutes, during which I heard several curious particulars respecting his family: his father was remarkable for the beauty of his form and colours, a distinction that cost him his life; he now adorns a celebrated nobleman’s collection in London. His mother met a melancholy end, likewise: she was skimming the surface of a bowl of milk, when her feet sank in too deep to be extricated, and the fair Hibernian was drowned. It is rather a singular circumstance, that the lady butterfly’s grandmother

lost her life in a similar way; viz. in a bowl of butter-milk.

“ Had you heard the feeling and interesting manner in which he recounted these sad events, you would have felt the most lively sensibility; I really never sympathized with any one, (out of my own connexion,) so sincerely. But I remember, while he was on the subject, our ears were attacked by the most extraordinary and alarming sounds. I fluttered every limb. He listened awhile, and then jocosely said, it was only the voices of some Irish labourers returning from work. I was glad to find it was no worse; but could not divest myself of alarm; any thing so harsh I never heard. He said the language was expressive; but to me it was past expression: I was a stranger even to the brogue. He understood much

of what they said, and followed to hear more.

“ I loitered behind, in the hope of his return, for I felt a great desire to be better acquainted. But all my wishes died away, on perceiving the old virtuoso, leaning on Nathaniel, turn the corner of the lane, within a few yards of me. Horror seized my every nerve, and I exerted my strength to the utmost to get to a distance, not daring to look behind, until compelled to stop, from weakness. I then discovered my enemy at too great a distance to allow of fear, and began to lament the separation from my entertaining acquaintance, whom, I regret to say, I never saw more. I sometimes fear he might fall into the hands of my cruel enemy, for his appearance was certainly much in his favor ; but it is to be hoped my fears are unfounded, and that he is now enjoying

the benefit of his good qualities and lively disposition. I am not very gaily inclined, and do not covet much society: but, it is pleasant, now and then, to meet a kindred mind, such as yours and Shanrock's."

"I feel obliged by the compliment, (returned our hero;) and must beg leave to say, the pleasure is chiefly mine, for, until I met you, I never knew the sweets of friendship; reciprocal communication is certainly one of the sweetest delights of life."

"You are right, such communications are a treat; but how surfeiting the common-place conversations of butterflies in general! I remember, in an excursion I once made, meeting a troop of our species, on a tour of pleasure, as they termed it: nothing would satisfy them, but my joining the party; I did so, reluctantly, wanting courage to repress their urgent

entreaties. They were most of them of your kind, and certainly made a dashing appearance. I was rather surprised my plain person should have attracted the notice of such gay folks ; but, I soon discerned that it was my homely figure that produced the invitation ; two or three fancied themselves wits, and were determined to divert them at my expense.

“ However mortified I might feel in making this discovery, I had prudence enough to conceal my feelings. One enquired if shabby brown and dingy yellow were the most fashionable colors ; to which another replied, there had certainly been an attempt to make them so, but it had failed, and the offended class were about to emigrate to some newly-discovered island, where the sun never shined, and where the dimness of their charms would not be so easily discerned.

“This specimen of butterfly-wit greatly charmed the party, who, one and all, joined in the laugh, begging I would not control my merriment, out of good-breeding.

“To this I answered, I could not enter into the joke, because I did not believe the report; I was myself one of the tribe described, and, so far from being fashionists, we always laughed at the ridiculous figure other classes made, in endeavouring to ape mankind.

“‘What classes do you mean?’ (asked a pert beau.)

“‘More than one, (replied I;) but, I leave it to your own conscience, whether *yours* be included in the number.’

“He looked a little abashed, and, indeed, they all seemed the graver for my retort; but, vanity is not easily quelled, though it may be often checked.

“ We entered a beautiful garden, belonging to a lady of high rank, who, with some friends, was enjoying the fragrance of the various gifts of Flora.

“ Some of our youthful companions were desirous of showing off on this occasion ; and, quitting the party, advanced towards the great folks, before whom they flew, to and fro, in all the pride of conscious beauty.

“ Their gratification, however, was short ; the charms they prized drew the attention they desired, but the result was not of so pleasing a nature. Two young gentlemen commenced a chace after our stragglers ; they were not novices at the game, for they soon caught and destroyed four of the fairest.

“ You may imagine the effect such a scene caused in the survivors, who quickly left the hateful place, in d.s.,

tress of mind that erased all my former contempt; but, I had no desire to continue the association, and took the first opportunity of changing my quarters.

“ Except in this one adventure, I never mixed with butterflies of rank; nor can I say, a desire for high life was the consequence. Observe, I do not wish to treat the great with disrespect; but, I own, I look for something more than ancestry, where I wish to esteem.”

“ And you are right, my friend, (replied our hero;) for myself, I knew not the value of my own descent until I heard the remarks of some strangers I met this morning.—Nor can I say the knowledge of it has increased my happiness, for it created a vanity I never should have felt, but for the injudicious admiration. I cannot express how much I am bettered by

your good sense and just observations. O! how I wish we might pass the remainder of life together, I really feel we were born for friends."

"I see no possible objection to your wishes, (said the yellow butterfly,) nay, I am assured we shall both be happier by joining society; and, while we enjoy ourselves, be enabled to assist the young and giddy, by warning them of evils we have escaped, and teaching them how to profit by our example."

"Agreed, (returned the other;) from this time let one common fate unite us, and let our interests and pursuits be the same."

Each flapped his wing three times in token of agreement, and the matter was settled.

Night now drew on apace; and, as our butterflies were not of that species

who travel in darkness, they retired to rest: the tulip afforded a comfortable shelter, where they enjoyed a repose kings might have envied.

Our friends were awakened early the ensuing morning, by the clamour of many tongues, the noise of which rather alarmed them, but the subject of these memoirs soon discovered the truth; and, in the busy group approaching, recognized Mrs. Bedford's pupils: he imparted this to his companion, and they both emerged from their couch, to observe the pursuits of the juvenile party; whose characters were high in the estimation of each, from the event of the preceding evening. As it will be necessary to distinguish the two butterflies (thus united) from one another, we shall call our own hero, by the name the yellow-and-brown one bestowed on

him, "friend Peacock," from the peculiar beauty of his coat, as before observed.

Peacock pointed out to his friend the amiable Miss Saville and her young advocate. They were together, and examining every new blown flower with the greatest interest. "O! Lucy, (exclaimed the young one,) look at this beautiful moss-rose, how it is broken: who can have done it?"

"I hope no one intentionally, (answered Lucy,) for we all admired it so much yesterday, I should think it impossible any lady would destroy what they so lately prized. All in a breath denied having injured the flower, but Miss Saville's discernment induced her to suspect the sincerity of one, and she proposed asking each separately; the supposed aggressor looked a little confused, but, assuming courage as her turn drew near, bold-

ly denied the action. Miss Saville fixed her eyes on the countenance of the young Julia, and begged her to reflect a little, ere she answered in the negative.

“Why so, Miss? (returned the other pertly.) I can give no other answer, and I think it is very spiteful of you, to fix it on me.

“No, not spiteful (cried several voices). Lucy is never spiteful.

“I hope not, (said Miss Saville, gently.) Nor do I think Julia would say so, if she was not angry with me. However, as I have certainly raised suspicion against her, I feel in honour bound to give my reason for so doing. Well, then; yesterday, when we were quitting the garden, Julia wished to pick a nosegay; and, among other flowers, selected a rose from this tree. Now, we all know it is a favourite of dear Mrs. Bedford’s, and I therefore

objected to her taking one, observing there were plenty of other roses to suit her purpose. She was offended with my interference, and said, if she must not have the moss-rose, she would have none. She swung her bonnet in anger as we left the spot, and, when I cautioned her as to the mischief she might do, she repeated the action with more violence, and bade me trouble my head with my own affairs, for the rose-tree was not mine. At that moment the dinner-bell rang a second time, and, as we were the two last in the garden, I was obliged to hurry in-doors without ascertaining if she had really hurt any of the flowers. We walked into town in the evening; therefore we must be certain no one has been here in the mean time."

The fact spoke for itself; and, if a doubt had remained, the sullen and

guilty countenance of the mischievous girl told sufficient, to remove it. Censure was unanimous, but the kind-hearted Lucy, unwilling to mortify her more than was necessary, expressed her belief, that she was not aware of the consequences, when she gave way to her temper the day before.

Julia caught at this leniency, and answered, pertly, "To be sure she was not."

"I would not give much for your regret, (said the little Mary,) if you speak in that sharp way."

This was a new offence to the pettish girl, and she withdrew from the circle in great anger. Miss Saville followed, and tried to soften her; but she would not listen to any advice, and fixed herself against the trunk of a walnut-tree, in obstinate inactivity. The spot was near the tulip

bed, so that our butterflies had full opportunity of observing her conduct. The rest of her companions had joined in play at a distance, and thither the winged friends would willingly have followed to view their innocent sports, but they dreaded exposing themselves while Julia was in sight: her disposition had sufficiently evinced her capability of hurting them, if in her power; and they, therefore, carefully avoided the danger, by keeping close in their hiding-place, where they had full opportunity of watching her actions.

Children are not always sensible of the disgust they create, when under the influence of malignant passions. Here was a fine and clever little girl, exciting the contempt of two insignificant butterflies, instead of sharing the amusements and regards of her

school-fellows : her feet, which should have been employed in a healthful race, were shuffling on the gravel, to the detriment of a pair of new kid shoes, while her fingers were plucking and destroying every leaf within her reach ; many times her eye turned to the rose-tree, but fears prevented revenge.

The tulip prisoners longed for her departure, and sincerely rejoiced when the breakfast-bell summoned the children to their first meal : at this moment, Julia made a snatch at something, and kept it fast in her hands ; — Miss Simpson observed her as they all returned down the great avenue, and exclaimed, she hoped Julia had not spoiled another rose.

She made no answer, but placed her hand behind her.

“ O ! she has, for certain, (cried

Mary;) I wonder she is not ashamed to go in-doors, and meet my govern-ness."

"Is this the rose?" said Julia, bringing forward and opening her hand.

All pressed forward to look. It was not a flower, but a butterfly crushed to death. A look of pity passed from one to another, and they retreated from the cruel girl as though her company were contagious.

"Shame on you, unfeeling child! (said Miss Saville,) be assured your conduct will meet punishment, nor shall I endeavour to screen you, for you well merit it." Saying this, she withdrew, and the young criminal slowly followed, despised and shunned by all.

The sympathising breasts of our two friends longed to afford assist-

ance to their poor fellow-creature, if indeed, he still existed ; and, as soon as the children were out of sight, they repaired to the spot ; but, alas ! their humanity was unavailing,—life was extinct.

As they bent over him with sad regret, a sudden exclamation from his companion startled the Peacock, and he enquired the cause.

“ Behold ! (cried the other,) behold ! in this unhappy victim of human passions, my valued friend Shamrock.”

“ Is it possible ? ”

“ But too true, indeed. I perceived the likeness the first moment I looked at the body, and a close inspection places the fact beyond doubt. How I lament we did not meet before he fell into the hands of that cruel girl,—how much entertainment and instruction have we not missed by his

unexpected demise? This is another proof of the uncertainty of butterfly happiness; I tremble, my dear Peacock, lest our separation be near at hand, and perhaps from a similar fate."

"Say not so, (returned the other,) you make me shudder at the bare idea of such a thing: I believe I never possessed great fortitude, and am assured, should such a fate be in store for one, and I the survivor, I should prove a bad philosopher."

"Pray, gentlemen, (said a brisk young butterfly, whose white wings seemed to float in the air,) have you met, in the course of your morning rambles, one of us with scarlet wings, spotted here and there in a curious manner, though not so handsome as that gentleman's?" meaning our hero.

Now, it may be remembered, Peacock had no partiality for ladies of

the white robe ; he remembered the flirtation of one, and doubted the sincerity of this ; his vanity was not so alert as heretofore, and the compliment to his beauty produced no gratification.

His sage friend took upon himself to answer, seeing his reluctance to notice the lady. “I cannot say, madam, that we have noticed a butterfly answering your description.”

“Dear me ! it is very strange, (returned she,) he is a particular friend of mine, and promised to meet me this morning to conduct me to a garden not very far from this, where I am to join a large party at a sweet-pea feast. I am but a novice in travelling, and so fearful of children that I tremble at the sight of one, and just now I stumbled on half a hundred in these very grounds ; I really thought I should have fainted ;

however, I escaped unperceived by any of them."

"I am happy to say, (answered our Peacock,) that your fears were groundless; for, excepting one child, the rest were too amiable to hurt a worm."

"I wish it were more often the case, (observed the stranger,) for really I have heard terrible accounts of them."

"Ah! my dear Lily, (cried a scarlet-winged butterfly, approaching the trio,) I have been looking for you these five minutes past."

"And I have been waiting for you, (replied she,) it is past the time appointed; I began to fancy some mishap had befallen you, or that you had changed the route, and was enquiring of the good strangers if they had seen one of your kind."

"Well, I am here at last, and ready to attend you to our party,

who anxiously look for your presence. Perchance these gentlemen will be gracious enough to join us, and share the delights of a pea-feast; —I will ensure them plenty, and a welcome.”

Our friends at first refused, but Scarlet was pressing, and Lily was engaging, so between both they gained their point; and, after a pleasant flight, they descended to a bed of sweet-peas, whose beautiful tints and delightful fragrance might have tempted any butterfly in the universe; it may be, that Brown-and-yellow experienced a slight return of former epicurisms, for his spirits exhilarated as he viewed the luxurious scene.

They were received with every mark of respect by the gay party assembled. Our hero's rank and beauty entitled him to attention; and, notwithstanding the inferiority of his

companion's appearance, they imagined he must be *somebody*, by sharing his friendship, and they perceived he treated Brown-and-yellow with regard and deference.

Good humour was the order of the day,—they met for enjoyment, and all appeared satisfied.

Lily was a great favourite with her friends, and could lead them to what she liked: she proposed a short excursion after the repast, which was readily agreed to, and she spread her white wings as guide: they followed, and entered a delightful green-house; it was the first our hero had ever seen internally, and excited his warmest admiration: the warbling of birds in an adjoining aviary added to his pleasure, and he proposed to his friend their taking up their residence in the charming place.

“ I admire its beauties equally with yourself, (answered he,) but should be sorry to decide on your plan: no, no, it is too near the habitation of man,—I should never feel secure a moment; it is very well to visit such a place occasionally, but I have no desire to make it my home.”

“ You are right, no doubt, (returned Peacock;) I spoke at random; you always reflect ere you utter your sentiments’

Lily now advanced, and informed them that she had discovered a most elegant apartment at the extremity of the green-house, decorated with shrubs, orange-trees, and, in short, every thing they could fancy as beautiful; and added, there were two ladies in the room, one shewing the other some curious stuffed birds in glass cases.

“ I dont like the last part of your account, (said Brown-and-yellow ;) I fear she is a virtuoso.”

“ What ! a female virtuoso ?”

“ Yes, Miss Lily ; no uncommon thing, I assure you. Her fancy may not stop at birds ; and I should regret to see any of my fair companions fall a sacrifice to her good taste and discernment.”

“ But she is such a sweet-looking lady, her dress is so elegant, and every thing looks so enticing around her—”

“ That you would have us fall into the snare, to admire the bait that caught us. I speak disinterestedly, for my class is not one to claim her notice ; it is more than probable I am safe, but ye young and lovely would for certain meet danger, and I dare not let my dear friend encounter the evil while I can possibly prevent it.”

Several agreed with the last speaker, but more with Lily, who whispered our hero, that his friend was jealous of their superior charms, and, because he could not shew himself off to advantage, wished to keep them all in the back-ground.

Our butterfly had too much sense to attribute such motives to his friends; but example is a dangerous thing; he could not divest himself of Lily's wish; and, at length, openly espoused the same side of the question. It was at last decided, that six of the party should visit the charming apartment; and, after satisfying their curiosity, return, and despatch the others on the same errand.

Lily had gained an influence over our peacock, of which he was not conscious; and, although it was arranged he should not be one of the first party, she soon persuaded him to

be so; and, against the advice of Brown-and-yellow, he actually set forth on the hazardous expedition. His friend, however, followed at a distance, in the hope that, should he perceive danger approaching, he might induce his volatile favourite to return.

Lily had not said too much of the scene they were to witness; the apartment was indeed elegant, and the ladies did honor to the apartment: they were yet looking at the birds.

“Well, (said one of the fair examiners,) I am infinitely obliged to you for this exhibition; I have seen many birds preserved in a similar way, but never such beautiful ones;—it is really quite a treat. Have you any insects, or shells and fossils?”

“Some few of the latter; but, I think there is much cruelty in collecting insects, as, I know, they are generally killed for the purpose; and,

for this reason, I never wish them to adorn my cabinet.”

“ I told you there was no danger, (whispered Lily ;) did you ever hear sweeter tones of humanity ? ”

“ You are very tender-hearted, (said the other lady, smiling ;) it really never entered my head ; I have been so accustomed to view them in all stages, and I certainly do admire them—butterflies for instance.”

Here our travellers halted, and listened eagerly for the remainder of her speech.

She continued.—“ Butterflies, for instance ;—what can be more beautiful ? My father has some in his collection, that are quite wonderful.”

“ I know he has, but can never reconcile myself to such things. I declare, when I go to Mr. Snakehead’s Museum, I never enjoy the scene, for reflecting on the means he has adopted

to procure many of the harmless creatures before me.”

Charmed as our party were with the sentiments of the last speaker, they did not feel quite at ease in the presence of her companion. “Perhaps, (said one,) she may be in the habit of collecting insects, and killing them, for her father. I am frightened out of my wits lest she should discover us.”

“Never fear, (answered Lily;) her friend will protect us; in my mind, we are safer here than any where. I have a great desire to see these birds, and shall venture to the table, assured our fair advocate will not suffer harm to befall me.”

It was in vain the rest opposed this bold intention; Lily was a positive butterfly, and made her way to the table, as she said.

A sudden and violent storm of thun-

der and rain startled the two ladies, who quitted their employment. The tender-hearted one let the case fall suddenly from her hands; the fate of Lily was decided—its weight crushed her to atoms, as she was creeping on the table beneath. The act was perfectly unintentional, and the perpetrator remained ignorant of the death she had occasioned.

Not so the horror-struck party of her own species, who had gathered in a circle to witness her Quixotism, and, consequently, all beheld her melancholy end.

Our hero felt particularly affected, and hastened from the lately-admired spot as fast as possible. He felt ashamed, on perceiving Brown-and-yellow closely watching him. “You know all that has passed, of course;” (said he.)

“I do, indeed, (returned his

friend ;) and, much as I lament the fate of our pretty Lily, am thankful for your escape : this is no place for us ; let us return to the green-house, thank the good folk for their hospitality, and again seek the regions of air : freedom is every thing to us, who are Nature's children ; in future, we will content ourselves with her simple produce, enjoy it in its natural state, and not hazard this constant peril, by seeking more refined food."

Peacock had nothing to offer in contradiction to these truths, and readily agreed to quit the green-house, as soon as the forms of civility were over.

Their intention was, no doubt, prudent ; but the plan was far more easily concerted than executed ; for, during their absence, the windows of the green-house had been closed by the careful gardener, when the storm commenced ; and, as it yet continued, the whole party were detained prisoners.

There did not appear much danger in the situation, but Lily's catastrophe had a material effect on their spirits, and all seemed anxious to be off.

It should seem that patience is a desirable quality, even in a butterfly; for, in the present case, no other remedy was at hand.

While flying from shrub to shrub, anxiously awaiting the re-opening of the windows, Peacock discovered an opening in one of the sashes, sufficiently wide to allow of escape. With joy he communicated the same, but, to his great surprise, many preferred remaining until the storm was over. A few were wiser; and, with Brown-and-yellow, availed themselves of what they deemed good-fortune.

On regaining their liberty, our friends took a grateful leave of their new acquaintance, and directed their flight towards the garden of Mrs. Bed-

ford, where they hoped to enjoy a quiet repose ; for, they flattered themselves, Miss Julia would be very cautious in showing her ill-temper in future. Unfortunately, they had not a just idea of the distance, and supposed themselves near their former residence, when they were wide from it.

Peacock observed a garden-wall, which looked very like Mrs. Bedford's, and they quickly descended on the other side. It was not the spot expected, but there was a similarity in the laying-out the flower-beds, and they concluded it was a different part of the same grounds ; and they doubted not, by perseverance, arriving at the tulip-bed.

The farther they went, however, the more they found themselves astray ; and, despairing of gaining the desired haven, they were beginning to

consider if it were wise to take up their abode in this new place, when a hubbub of many loud voices made them start with surprise ; and, in a few seconds, the green lawn before them was covered by a number of boys, buoyant with youth and spirits. They now no longer doubted their mistake, and, guessing that a boy's seminary was no place of security for butterflies, they again took their departure as speedily as possible.

Wishing to avoid the public road, they turned into a long narrow lane, shaded by trees, affording a delightful shelter, and leaving them at liberty to enjoy a little private conversation.

“ How much I regret (said Brownwings,) our foolish acceptance of the strangers' invitation : we have lost our quiet and pleasant home, have suffered much unnecessary anxiety, and witnessed the melancholy death of a

lovely female, who, perhaps, in her wish to entertain us, hastened her own fate."

"Alas! I fear so, (returned the other;) but my share of blame is far greater than yours; for, had I resisted poor Lily's proposal, she might have desisted, in compliment to us, as strangers."

"Well, it is now too late to repair the error, (observed Brown-wings;) we must be more cautious in time to come: I only wish we could find our old haunt; I felt attached to it, and am persuaded the amiable pupils of Mrs. Bedford would never have molested our sports. But see, what have we here? look through this gap, there is a fine house, and spacious grounds; what a beautiful border of flowers round that lawn, it is quite tempting! But I fear it is too public; we will just take a survey of the place, and

pursue our journey, for retirement is now our first and most desirable object."

"True, (answered Peacock;) but methinks we could meet no harm in taking a nearer view of this fair scene."

His friend thought so too, and they accordingly went through the opening, over a low paling, and approached the enticing flower-border. The house, at some distance, was a magnificent ancient structure, and; they guessed, belonged to some nobleman of high rank; a fine park lay to the right; in short, the whole formed a spacious demesne, which they admired some time, unmolested. At length, they heard approaching steps, and shortly beheld a female servant with a young child; it was just learning to walk, and looked so pretty and innocent, that our butterflies rested on a

briar, to watch its interesting motion. The nurse was not one of those careful attendants who may be trusted with their charge out of sight of the parent; in fact, she was any thing but Hannah Bennett.

Holding the babe carelessly by the arm, she let it slip; and the helpless little creature fell on its face on the gravel walk. As may be supposed, loud cries followed the blow, and Mrs. Nurse used all her powers of coaxing, to quiet the young lord, (as she called him;) but, he was not so easily pacified, and the woman appeared frightened lest his shrieks should reach the house. She picked flower after flower, which he threw from him indignantly. Nurse was more alarmed. At length, her eye caught the two spectators of the scene, when, forgetting every thing but her young master's cries, she grasped Brown-and-yellow, who was

nearer than our hero ; and, holding him up by the wing, cried—“ See, see, my sweet darling, here is a pretty creature, a nice fine butterfly, all for my own child : shall nurse beat the naughty thing, for making dear Lord Charles fall, and hurt his pretty face ? ”

Lord Charles now held his tongue for a moment, and stretched out his chubby hands for the naughty butterfly ; but, no sooner was it in his power, than the unconscious babe tore the unfortunate insect into a dozen pieces.

Gentle readers, imagine the feelings of our hero, while beholding the horrible transaction ! Grief, indignation, despair, each took possession of his breast ; in a paroxysm of wretchedness, he flew over the bush, and lighted at the feet of the unfeeling woman, in the hope she would seize him, as a second sacrifice ; but, whether she overlooked

him, or the sound of voices now induced her flight, we know not; but, suddenly snatching up the child, she hurried down a serpentine walk, and soon disappeared.

Sincere and bitter were the lamentations our solitary wanderer poured forth over the mangled relics of his disinterested friend. "Never, never more, (cried he,) shall I meet with such a true friend! in thee I have lost all that made life desirable! no longer will I shun the haunts of man; I will present myself to his view at all times, and seek the death I have hitherto avoided. Accident I may escape, but the cruelty of human nature is certain."

We are all apt to forget past good, when evil presents itself: just so with our broken-hearted butterfly, in his grief for this heavy loss; he forgot the humanity of the gentle Phebe and

Ned ; the kindness of Lucy Saville ; and the feeling of Lily's unconscious destroyer. It must be allowed, his conduct was censurable ; but, if we feel that intellectual beings are capable of the same, we may assuredly be lenient to a despairing insect.

Scarcely knowing how he flew, he approached the house, and entered the first open window. He saw a male and female, but he did not, as heretofore, shun them ; the gentleman was reading, and the lady lolling on a sofa, half asleep. A moment's view of the latter, discovered to him the fair virtuoso who acknowledged her admiration of dead butterflies to her friend, in the green-house apartment.

A moment before, he had desired death ; now, he shrank from the chance of his wish being realized ; yet, like the moth and the candle, he hovered round the flame, wanting power

or resolution to escape. The indolence of the lady prevented her rising to look about her ; but his terror was not abated by her inactivity, for he guessed the sour-countenanced gentleman reading was no other than her father, whose collection she had so praised.

In truth, he was right : the noble lord was no other than the celebrated Earl of Moth-head, whom, our readers may remember, was mentioned by the old virtuoso to Nathaniel Lapping.

Suddenly laying down the book, he exclaimed—“ Lady Amelia ! secure at beautiful butterfly at your left elbow ; he is worth preserving.”

Her ladyship endeavoured to do as desired, but our nimble hero avoided her slender fingers, and flew to the opposite side of the room.

The earl jumped up, his daughter

did the same, and a complete chace ensued ; during which, the persecuted insect received many severe contusions, though eventually he escaped the snare, and made his way into the grounds, by another window. But freedom was all he gained ; his sufferings were acute, and strength seemed fast decaying. With much difficulty, he reached the opposite side of the lawn ; and, crawling up the low walk, descended into the lane from which he first entered.

How unlike his entrance was the departure ! Alone, in pain of mind as well as body, it seemed of little consequence where he went next ; but all sense left him was horror of the earl, and his grand estate ; and, he fancied, if he could once lose sight of it, he should die content. A long time elapsed before he did so, for life was fast wasting.

Who shall speak his joy, when, turning the corner of the green lane, he beheld the humble cottage, the home of his earliest favourites?—Yes, the much-regretted spot was now before him—his native jasmine; source of his happiest meals! The sight renovated his drooping spirits: he flew to the open casement,—saw the rosy features of Phebe, resting on her brother's shoulder,—crept to the nearest branch of jasmine,—dropped on one of its fairest blossoms, and—**DIED!**

SO ENDS THE RAMBLES OF A
BUTTERFLY.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

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