

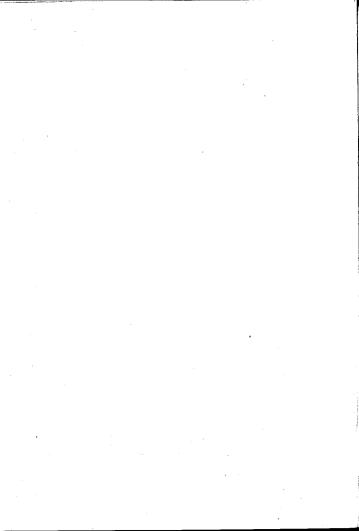
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SUNNY HAIR'S DREAM.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

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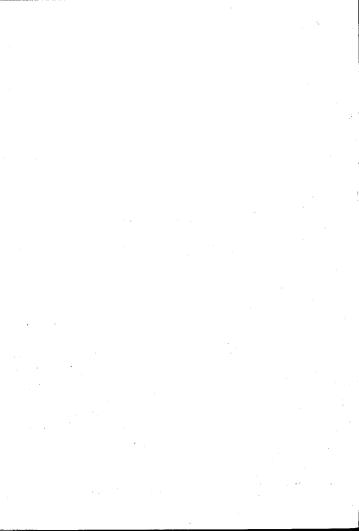
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ON CATS.

By Mrs. R. Lee.

"What a loud cry, Edward!" said Mrs. Stanhope to her son, as she came into the room where he was. "What is the matter?" "The naughty cat has given me a terrible scratch, mamma," answered Edward, his face still red with pain and anger; "see, it does really bleed." "Yes, I see," returned Mrs. Stanhope; "it is a very deep and ragged wound; but we will put a little arnica on it, and it will soon be healed. You could not, however, have made much more noise if you had been clawed by a lion." "It was so ungrateful of Frisket," said Edward, looking very grave, "after I have been so kind to him; and that is worse to think of than the pain." "I have no doubt of it," observed his mamma; "but, from the lion to our favourite here, all cats are treacherous; and although their dispositions may be softened by being tamed, we cannot expect their nature to be wholly corrected, or, perhaps, we should say, altered: for this cunning was given to them in their wild state for their own defence, and to secure their prey." "Why

do vou call lions cats, mamma?" asked Edward, after a pause, during which he had been making up his quarrel with his pet. "Because," replied Mrs. Stanhope, "they, as well as tigers, leopards, panthers, jaguars, cougars, and lynxes, all belong to the same group of animals, called felis in Latin, and cat in English. It is not because they differ in size and colour that naturalists consider animals as distinct from each other. Those which have the same sort of teeth, the same toes, the same habits, and are made within in a similar manner, are all said to be of the same kind or tribe, and bear one general name besides their own. If you are not afraid to hold your cat's mouth open, you will see that he has much the same teeth as those in the tiger's skull in papa's study, and which your uncle brought from India. Go and fetch it, and let us compare them. See, the front of the jaws, or the muzzle, is short and round; the first grinders are very sharp; then we find one on each side much larger than the rest—these are called the carnivorous, or flesheating teeth, and the others have several round, blunt projections on them; the eye-teeth, or tusks, are also large and sharp, and well adapted for tearing flesh. Then look at the hind feet of puss: you see the heel is covered with hair, which is a proof that he, like the rest of his kind, never sets his heel to the ground: his fore paws, his chest and shoulders, are much stronger than his hinder parts; both being well adapted for springing upon and seizing prey. The claws are always kept sharp and ready for use, for when they are not wanted they are drawn back partially under the skin, and the points stick up from the ground; and when we say as playful as a kitten,' we might just as well substitute the word whelp or cub. Did you never hear your aunt talk of the panther she once had, which used to play all sorts of tricks?" "No, mamma, do tell me one of them," said Edward. "One of the drollest," resumed Mrs. Stanhope, "was, when the panther hid himself under a sofa, and watched an old woman who came into the room to sweep the floor with a short-handled brush. This, of course, made her stoop in her work, and the panther, seizing his opportunity, leaped upon her back, where he stood with his head on one side, wagging his tail, looking the very picture of fun. It was no fun, however, to the old woman, who thought she was going to be devoured; she screamed, although she dared not stir; the other servants hastened to see what was the matter, but the instant they beheld the poor creature with her rough playmate on her back, they ran away, and not till your uncle, attracted by the noise, came to the rescue, did

ON CATS.

the animal attempt to come down. The same beast seeing a boy fast asleep on the step of a door, came very softly behind him, gave him a blow with his fore paw, and knocked him down: then ran and hid himself, expecting the boy to run after and find him, and begging play by every gesture into which he could twist himself. But I have now a much more serious story to tell you of a jaguar, or American panther, the heroine of which is, I believe, still living. This lady and her husband were among the earliest settlers in the town of Meadville, and at first lived in a cabin, or small house, made of logs of wood. The luxury of glass was unknown in that wild place among the forests, and, consequently, light and air were admitted by holes which were always open. Both husband and wife had been away from home for a day or two, and on their return they found some deer's flesh, which had been hanging up inside, partly eaten, and the tracks of an animal, which the husband supposed to be those of a large dog. This gentleman was again obliged to leave home for a night, but his lady remained in the house alone. She went to bed, and had not been long there before she heard an animal clamber up the outside of the hut, and jump down through one of the openings into the adjoining room, with which her sleeping apartment was connected by a doorway without a door. Peeping out, she saw a huge panther apparently seeking for prey, and of course very hungry and fierce. She beat against the partition between the rooms, and screamed as loudly as she could, which so startled the panther that he jumped out. He was, however, soon in again, and a second time she frightened him away in the same manner, when she sprang out of bed and went to the fire-place, in the hope of making a sufficient blaze to deter the panther from entering again; but the embers were too much burnt, and would not send forth any flame. She thought of getting under the bed, but the animal could get there also, and tear her to pieces before she could make any resistance. The only plan which then occurred to her for perfect security was to get into a large sea-chest of her husband's, which was nearly empty. Into that she crept; but there was danger of her being smothered, so she put her hand between the edge of the chest and the lid, so as to keep the latter open a little and admit air. Fortunately this lid overhung the sides, which saved her fingers from the panther: he soon arrived. and after snuffing about for some time, evidently discovered where she was, and prowled round and round the chest, licking and scratching the wood close to her fingers. There she lay, scarcely

daring to breathe, and listening intently to every movement of her enemy. At last he jumped on the top of the chest, and his weight-crushed her fingers terribly, but she was brave enough to keep them where they were till the panther, tired of his fruitless efforts to get at her, and finding nothing else to eat, finally retreated. She did not, however, dare to come quite out of the chest until morning, for she feared, as long as it was dark, that the beast might come again; so there she sat, ready to crouch down into her hiding-place if she heard a noise, till daylight, when she dressed herself as well as she could with her lame hand, and ran with all her speed to her nearest neighbours, who lived about a mile distant, where her fingers were dressed, and some of whom made immediate search for the panther. He was soon found close by in the thicket with his mate, and was killed, but the female escaped."

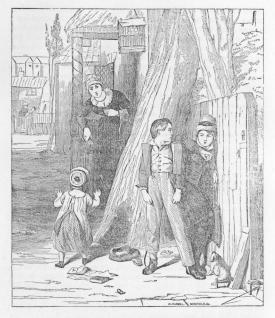
THE DISCONTENTED BITTERN.

A FABLE.

A BITTERN was dissatisfied with his condition. He did not love to be living in swamps, and eating all manner of reptiles. He wanted to live in the orchard like the robin, and be a favourite with every body. "Bitterns can sing as well as robins," said he; "and I have no notion of being confined to a marsh, and catching fever and ague all my days." So he started for the orchard, partly flying and partly running at full speed, and determined to build him a house like the robin, on an apple-tree. He was engaged in this business the next day, when some one from the cottage near by saw him, and shot him, so that his wing was broken. Then he was glad to hobble back to his old home in the swamp, and go to eating frogs and worms again.

MORAL.

Sometimes, when we complain of our condition in life, Providence allows us to change it, but shews us that we were perhaps quite as well off before.—Theodore Thinker.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

Engraved for the "Playmate," with the permission of Messrs. Graves.

The two boys in this picture are not very much alike. One is a quarrelsome fellow, always ready to play the tyrant, and he does so all the more over those boys who are afraid of him. When a boy is not afraid of him, but stands sturdy, then he is much

quieter; indeed he is then rather a coward. Among all his playmates he is called the "Wolf." In this picture he is attacking a boy so quiet and meek, that he is called the "Lamb." The Wolf attacks the Lamb because the latter is so gentle and timid. The Lamb's mother is, as you see, much troubled, and his little sister is very fearful of the Wolf when he is in a passion.

The picture tells this story very clearly. Every one can see which is the Wolf and which the Lamb. The picture was a very great favourite with King George IV., who bought it, and used to carry it about with him to London and to Windsor, and hang it

up near his sofa.

THOUGHTS OF THE LITTLE STAR-GAZER.

By the Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley.

PM looking on the stars, mother, That shine up there all bright, So like a brilliant string of beads Around the neck of Night.

I love to greet their smiles, mother, That fall soft from the skies; They seem to gaze on me in love With their sweet angel-eyes.

It seems to me, sometimes, mother, That they are windows bright, I'hrough which the happy spirits look, And shine Heaven's holy light.

Oh! are they not the gates, mother, Of radiant pearl and gold, By which we enter heaven at last, To rest in God's dear fold?

I often think I see, mother, The angels moving there, And leaving in their circling course Their radiant footsteps' glare.

I doubt not that the sun, mother, In his bold eagle-flight, Hath from his glittering wing let fall Those dew-like drops of light.

I ofttimes look to see, mother, Those sparks flash in the sky, As though Love at his forge had made Their circled radiance fly. Each time I see one shoot, mother, And die in darkening space, I think that some loved light of life Hath left its earthly place.

They look as if they were, mother, Bright golden bells that ring, And make accordant music-tones Whene'er the angels sing.

Oh! I should love to hear, mother, Their notes close to my ears, For I have read full often of "The music of the spheres."

But, ah! the sweetest sounds, mother, Of love and truth are known, Like those rapt songs of morning stars, In that far realm alone.

Yon sky a garden seems, mother, All full of flowery beds, [breath Where sunbeams sleep, and summer's Its incense ever sheds.

Oh! I could almost leave, mother, My happy home and thee, To roam amid that starry field, And in that garden be.

At night I seem to sit, mother, Beneath a great tree's shade, Upon whose limbs grow golden fruits, And buds that never fade. Why doth not that bright fruit, mother, Sometimes to earth fall down? Will never one come near my grasp When 'tis to ripeness grown?

Oh! I do often strive, mother, To catch one glowing gem, And place it with the dearest hearts In Love's bright diadem.

Oh! thus it often is, mother,
The brightest things we see,
Though ever loved and long desired,
Too far from us will flee.

I would be like a star, mother, Far from the touch of sin, And ever own a heart that glows All full of light within.

I love those isles of light, mother, In that wide, shoreless sea, The azure sea, where floats the moon So cloudlessly and free.

Oh! I would joy to glide, mother, A bark of light among Those angel-homes, or moor me safe Where radiant raptures throng.

Oft have I heard it said, mother, That sailors on the sea, [barks By those sweet lights have steered their Safe o'er that billowy lea. Oh! how would I rejoice, mother,
To cheer such lonely eyes,
Or be a star of Truth to shew
The home of Paradise.

Did not so blest a light, mother, Shine on the magi's way, To lead them to the manger where The infant Saviour lay?

Full well do I believe, mother, That on the wall of night, God's pen of fire, in wisdom dipp'd, Hath traced these words of light.

I read in God's dear book, mother, That they whose love divine Turns many unto righteousness, Like stars for ever shine.

Is not each lustrous world, mother, A glorious kingdom given, To all who here by truth and right May win the prize of heaven?

Oh! I will ever strive, mother, To love God and all things, That I may dwell and reign above Where Love's light ever springs.

Yes! I will pray for all, mother, And bless with truth each soul, That, like a star, my name may shine In heaven's immortal scroll.

THE HUNTER AND HIS BOW.

A SPORTSMAN had once an excellent bow of ebony, with which he could shoot very far and with a sure aim, and which, therefore, begreatly esteemed. But one day, when he happened to look at it attentively, he said, "My good bow, you certainly shoot very well, and you look, too, very nice and smooth; I think, however, a little ornament would greatly improve you. I will see if I cannot remedy this defect." To this end he consulted the best worker in ebony he could hear of, and agreed with him that he should carve a picture of a complete chase upon his bow; and what could be more appropriate for a huntsman's bow than such a picture? The man was delighted. "Thou hast well deserved this ornament, my dear bow," said he: "now let me try you." He stretched—and the bow broke!

THE QUEEN-BEE.

Translated by John Edward Taylor, from the German of Grimm.

Two king's sons once went out into the world to seek adventures: but they soon fell into a wild and riotous life, and never came home again. After a time the youngest son, who was called Dummling. went out to look for his brothers; but when he found them, they only laughed at him for thinking that such a simpleton as he could fight his way in the world, whilst they who were so much cleverer could not get on. However they all travelled on together, and at length The two eldest brothers wanted to dig it up. came to an ant-hill. to see how the little ants would run about in their fright, and carry off their eggs. But Dummling said, "Let the little creatures alone; I will not have you disturb them." Then they went further, and came to a lake, upon which there were many, many ducks swimming about. The two brothers wished to catch a couple and roast them; but Dummling again said, "Leave the poor things in peace; I will not let you kill them." At length they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran down the side of the The two brothers would have set fire to the tree, and killed the bees, so that they might take away the honey; but Dummling again stopped them and said, "Leave the poor bees in peace; I will not have you burn them."

Then the three brothers came to a castle, and in the stables they saw many horses; but all were of stone. No one was to be seen, and they went on and on through all the rooms, until they came to a door at the furthest end, upon which hung three locks. In the middle of the door was a little wicket, through which they could peep into the chamber. There they saw a little grey man sitting at a table; and they called to him again and again; but he did not hear. At last they called a third time; then he got up from his seat and came out. He did not speak a word, but took them by the hand, and led them to a table covered with all sorts of good things. And when they had eaten and drunk their fill, he took each one to his own sleeping-room.

The next morning the little man came to the eldest brother, beckoned to him, and led him to a stone-table, whereon were written three tasks, by which the castle might be disenchanted. The first was as follows, "In the wood beneath the moss lie hid the pearls of the king's daughter, a thousand in number: these must be

sought; and if at sunset a single one is missing, he who searched shall be turned to stone." The eldest of the brothers sallied forth, and looked about all day long for the pearls; but when evening came he-had not found more than an hundred; so it came to pass as was written on the table, and he was turned into stone. On the following day, the second brother undertook the task; but he had not much better luck than the eldest, for he found only two hundred pearls, and so he was changed to stone. At last came Dummling's turn. He searched and searched about in the moss, but, alas! the pearls were hard to find, and the work went slowly on. Then he sat down upon a stone and began to ery. And whilst he was sitting thus, up came the ant-king, whose life he had saved, with a troop of five thousand ants, and in a very short time the little creatures had found all the pearls and dragged them together into a heap.

Now the second task was, to fetch the key of the princess's chamber from the bottom of a lake. When Dummling came to the lake, the ducks, which he had before saved, came swimming up to him, dived to the bottom, and fetched up the key. The third task, however, was the hardest one-to find out the youngest and best of the three sleeping daughters of the king. But they were all exactly alike and in no way differed from one another, except that, before falling asleep, they had eaten of different sweets-the eldest one a piece of sugar, the second a little treacle, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then came the queen-bee, which Dummling had saved from the fire, and tasted the lips of all the three; at last she settled upon the lips of the one who had eaten the honey, and thus the king's son knew the right princess. Then the spell was broken; all were awakened out of sleep, and those who had been changed to stone now returned to their proper form. Dummling married the youngest and best daughter, and became king after her father's death: but his two brothers married the two other sisters.





THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

By Mrs. R. Lee.

No. III. - FALCONS, HAWKS.

THOSE diurnal birds of prey which can be trained for hunting are termed Nobiles, or Noble; and among them are almost all those which form the falcon or hawk tribe. They equal eagles in courage; and although they are inferior in size and strength, they are supeperior in docility, gentleness, and entire obedience to the commands

of those who train them for use or amusement.

The beak of falcons is very strong, and much more curved than that of any other bird of prey; it is also shorter, and has a projection from each edge of the upper part, like a sharply pointed tooth. The wings are long, and end in a point on one side; which shape obliges these birds to fly in a slanting direction when the weather is calm, and if they wish to rise in a straight line, they are forced to fly against the wind. They do not seek dead prey, and pursue their game at full speed, falling down upon it perpendicularly with great swiftness. Old birds differ much from the young in plumage, and the colours are brown, white, black, grey, and occasionally a reddish tint; the female is generally one-third larger than the male; the eye-brows of both project very much, which gives them a very

peculiar appearance, and their eyes are remarkably brilliant. The size varies from that of a large cock to a pigeon; the legs are blue or vellow, and there is great variety of shape in the spots and bands

formed by the feathers.

In consequence of falconry, or hawking, having been in former times a sport among all classes in northern nations, many curious laws were made about the practice of it, as at this day we find for shooting, fishing, or hunting with dogs; and a great deal of money was spent in keeping and training these birds. In those days it was only thought necessary for a nobleman to understand hawking, hunting, and exercises of arms; and he might, if he pleased, leave study and learning to those who were of a rank beneath his own. without being remarkable for his ignorance. There are many old portraits of noblemen and gentlemen, and even ladies (for they used to join in the sport on horseback), with falcons on their wrists; and King Harold was represented with a bird on his hand and a dog under his arm. The chief falconer was the fourth officer in rank at court, at the time when Wales had kings of its own: but he was only allowed to take three draughts a-day out of his drinking-horn, for fear he should get tipsy and neglect his birds.

The expenses of falconry being so enormous, those who infringed the laws respecting it were often severely punished. From a very old book we learn, that to steal a hawk, or even its eggs when found by chance, in the time of Edward II., subjected a person to imprisonment, and to pay a sum of money. It was the same in the time of Queen Elizabeth, with the additions that the offender was obliged to find some one who would answer for his good behaviour for seven years; and if he could not procure any one to do

so, he was forced to remain in prison for that period.

A thousand pounds are said to have been given for a set of hawks, although the birds were procured in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; these large sums, therefore, must have been paid for the trouble of training them. Occasionally they were brought from Norway, and were then so much thought of, that they were esteemed presents fit for a sovereign. King John had two given to him as a bribe for allowing a man to trade in cheese.

Among the different kinds used in the sport, the Peregrine falcon was reckoned one of the best, and is now the only one which is kept for the purpose in England, and that very rarely. Henry II. is said to have sent for some of them every year into Pembrokeshire. It however lives in most of the northern parts of the earth,

and its flight is so rapid, that there are few countries which it does not visit.

The Gyr falcon is one of the largest of the tribe; its legs and beak are yellow, and it was formerly trained to catch cranes, herons, and wild geese. The, Goshawk was also flown at the same prey, but more especially at pheasants and partridges. Among the smaller trained species was the Kestril, which nests in the holes of ruins, high towers, or clefts of rocks; its chief food is field-mice, and it is that hawk which we see remaining a long time in the air in one spot, fanning its wings and watching for its prey. The Hobby, also a small species, was taught to catch larks, and was thrown from the hand near their haunts, when the poor little creatures would crowd together and remain motionless from fear; a net was then thrown over them, and all were secured.

The Kite, the Sparrowhawk, the Hen-harrier, the Merlin, and the Buzzard, do not appear to have been used for sporting. The first builds its nest in large forests, and has a forked tail. It may be known in the air from all other birds by its smooth flight, for its wings scarcely seem to move, and it appears frequently to remain motionless for a time. There is an old saying, that when kites fly high it will be fair weather; and the famous Pliny, who lived in the last times of the ancient Romans, and wrote a great deal about birds, says that the invention of the rudder for steering boats and ships was taken from the motion of a kite's tail.

The Sparrowhawk is a great enemy to pigeons and partridges; and it and the Hen-harrier are very destructive to poultry. When we hear a hen cackle, and see her cower down upon the ground, and anxiously cover all her chickens with her wings, we may be sure that one of these destroyers is in the neighbourhood. The Merlin, although small, is a very courageous bird, flies low, and skims along the tops of the hedges in search of its prey; it kills partridges by one stroke upon the neck.

The Buzzards are much less active than other hawks, cat frogs, hzards, mice, rabbits, birds, worms, and insects; and one of them, which frequents moors and marshy places, never soars into the air. It is a very voracious bird, and kills many young ducks; its legs are longer and more slender than those of hawks in general, by which it is better enabled to find its way through wet places.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear, These words which I shall write: A doleful story you shall hear, In time brought forth to light. A gentleman of good account. In Norfolk dwelt of late, Whose wealth and riches did surmount Most men of his estate. Sore sick he was, and like to die, No help his life could save; His wife by him as sick did lie, And both possess'd one grave.

No love between these two was lost, Each was to other kind,

In love they lived, in love they died, And left two babes behind The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a-year.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:
To God and you I do commend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both, And uncle all in one; God knows what will become of them When I am dead and gone!" With that besplace their mother dear, "O brother kind," quoth she, "You are the man must bring my babes To wealth or misery:

If you do keep them carefully
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kiss'd their children small:
'God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones, Sweet sister, do not fear: God never prosper me nor mine, Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straightunto his house,
Where much of them he makes,
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemouth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong, Which were of furious mood, That they should take the children And slay them in a wood: [young. He told his wife an artful tale, He would the children send To be brought up in fair London, With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes, Rejoicing at that tide, Rejoicing with a merry mind They should on cock-horse ride. They prate and prattle pleasantly, As they rode on the way, To those that should their butchers be, And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speech they had Made Murder's heart relent; And they that undertook the deed Full sore did now repent. Yet one of them, more hard of heart, Did vow to do his charge, Because the wretch that hired him Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto, So then they fell to strife; With one another they did fight About the children's life: And he that was of mildest mood, Did slay the other there, Within an unfrequented wood; The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow 1 im,
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you
When I come back sargin." fbread

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down:
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief.
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their unde fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell: [sumed,
His barns were fired, his goods conHis lands were barren made,

His cattle died within the field, And nothing with him staid. And in the voyage to Portuga.

Two of his sons did die:

And, to conclude, himself was brought To want and misery: He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land

Ere sever years came about.

And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die—
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayd:

You that executors be made, And overseers eke, Of children that be fatherless And infants mild and meek, Take you example by this thing, And yield to each his right, Lest God with such-like misery Your wicked minds requite.

Their uncle having died in gaol.

Where he for debt was laid.



NEVER MIND THE LAUGH OF FOOLS.

From the German of A. L. Grimm. Translated by Madame de Chatelain.

A TORTOISE once lived near a lake, and a very pleasant dwelling it turned out, for it was surrounded by woods and meadows, where she found all that was necessary to support life. As she lived alone, and far from all other tortoises, she had formed an intimacy with two wild ducks, who likewise dwelt on the shore of the lake, and returned there every night to sleep. During the day they swam about on the lake, and picked up their nourishment in its slime.

It happened one year that there was a very dry summer, during whethere was a searcity of rain for a considerable period; so by degrees the lake that the tortoise inhabited was quite dried up, and each day she was obliged to put up with a smaller space, because the water daily diminished. And when the lake had diminished down to the dimensions of a puddle, so that the frogs that inhabited it could skip from one shore to the other, the two ducks came one day to the tortoise and said, "We have bethought ourselves during the night what we had better do. The water and the slime are daily diminishing, and the lake cannot afford us any longer a livelihood, for the little worms are all dying gradually for want of moisture. We have, therefore, agreed to leave this spot to-day, and to go and seek elsewhere for a dwelling; we therefore come to bid you farewell, and to thank you for the friendly intercourse we have enjoyed with you, and for your kind, neighbourly offices."

On hearing these words the tortoise grew very sad, and she gave way to her grief in the following lamentations: - "Alas! what an unhappy creature am I, to be thus forsaken by Heaven! How much happier are you birds than our species! When any spot ceases to please you, or is no longer able to nourish you, you take your flight up into the air, and the whole world lies spread out beneath you, and you can inspect it from on high; and wherever you see a place that takes your fancy, you have nothing to do but to come down and fix your dwelling where you like. How different and how much less pleasant a fate is ours! We are destined to crawl upon the earth, just like the worms, and can see nothing but what lies quite near us; and if we dislike a place, or if it cease to furnish us with the necessaries of life, we are not free to rise above the earth, and look down to seek for one that would please us better. We can only proceed at a snail's gallop, and it depends more on chance than on our own exertions whether we manage to reach a spot that affords us the indispensable necessaries of life, before we sink with hunger and thirst. And then we must take up with what we happen to find. Alas!" continued she, "what is to become of me? The lake will dry up completely, and with it my life must fail; for we tortoises are accustomed from our youth to spend half our existence in water, even more than you aquatic fowls; for you may be said to be able to live in three elements. You swim in the water, soar in the air, and walk upon earth; but as to me, Lord help me! I can only move about in water, for on land I can get on but slowly. My death is therefore certain, for

there is no water for a long way around. I have in my time been some distance about the neighbourhood, and no water was anywhere to be seen: and weak and ill as I now am from the failure of the waters and the heat of the sun, I am little able to run about still further. I know I should faint away before I had gone many steps; and now I shall not even have the comfort of seeing my friends about me, to solace and advise me."

On hearing how desperate was their friend's situation, both the ducks were moved to compassion, and they said to her, " If we were able to help you, sure we would do so with all our hearts."

"Oh, do take pity on me, and don't leave me here to die thus lonely and unbefriended!" said the tortoise. "Carry me with you through the air. I am not so very heavy; and as there are two of you, it might surely be managed."

"But how shall we accomplish it?" asked one duck of the other. "Why," interrupted the tortoise quickly, "if you keep close together, I can then sit half on the back of one and half on the back of the other. Then if you take your flight, and mind and fly quite

equally, I may easily be carried by you both.
"No, no! that will never do," said the ducks; "for how should we be able to flap our wings if you were sitting upon them? And how could we fly so close to each other? We should only beat one another down to the ground, and you would slip down between us twenty times over."

"Then there is no hope for me!" cried the tortoise; and nearly

concealing her entire head in her scaly case, she wept bitterly.

The ducks were again moved to pity, and held council together for a good while, when at last they said to the tortoise :- "Be of good cheer, neighbour; we have hit on an expedient for carrying you away."

The tortoise popped her head out of her scales again, and inquired, joyfully :- "How so? How will you manage it? I will

be grateful to you as long as I live."

"We have turned the matter over," said the ducks, "and we have found out what to do. It is not that you are too heavy, but the difficulty is, how to take hold of you firmly, without hurting you. Your horny scales are too thick, and we couldn't open oubeaks wide enough to hold you firmly by them. Then nothing remains but your head, and feet, and tail, and we could not take hold of any of these solidly enough without hurting you. We have, therefore, thought of the following means. We will hold a stick

at each end in our beaks, and you will bite firmly into the middle, and support yourself by your teeth, and thus we can carry you with us as we fly up into the air with the stick. It is true we shan't be able to enjoy any friendly chat on our way, and you too must keep very quiet, for if one of us was to let the stick go, you would of

course fall to the ground."

The tortoise was highly delighted with this scheme, and so the ducks flew away to look for a lake which should become their future residence; and when they returned they brought with them a stick, the end of which each duck grasped in her beak: they then stooped down to the tortoise, who readily bit into the middle of the stick; and the ducks having taken a still firmer hold, up they flew, and directed their course to the well-supplied inland lake that they had chosen for their dwelling.

They had not gone far before they met a troop of magpies and other frivolous scoffers. When they saw how strangely the tortoise was carried through the air by her friends the two ducks, they burst into loud laughter, and flew all round them, and made game

of her in all sorts of ways.

"So, mistress tortoise," said they, "how nimbly we fly through the air, forsooth! and that, too, without wings! And, prithee, why have you left your wings behind?"

"But," observed another, "why do her eyes seem starting out

of her head?"

"She need not close her teeth till one row laps over the other," said a third; "for though we fly too, yet we open and shut our beaks fast enough."

"Oh," cried they in a body, "I shouldn't care to fly if I must

be dumb, and not enjoy any thing!"

These remarks chafed the tortoise exceedingly, still she remained silent. But the mischievous birds could see by her sparkling eyes that she was in a passion; and highly delighted at their success, they kept calling out:—

"Birdie, birdie, light and gay, Drop no feathers by the way; Taper are your legs and sleek, And so elegant your beak!— Sure your singing must be choice: Come, let's hear your witching voice."

The tortoise could scarcely contain herself any longer, on hearing the magpies singing epigrams upon her, and her eyes flashed with rage. But her termentors only continued their gibes with fresh pertinacity, and sang:—

'A tortoise there flies, Who mounts to the skies. Four legs, say, Whither away? Scaly fowl, Why dost scowl? Horny back, thou Art angry, I trow! Wings hast none, Yet canst fly. Speech too is gone,— Prithee, say why?"

The tortoise could not stand this in silence, and forgetting in her anger that her whole safety depended on holding fast with her teeth, she exclaimed in a tone of exasperation:—"I am dumb in order to vex you! I fly without wings in order to provoke you!"

But on saying these words she lost hold of the stick, and down she fell, and before the words were completely out of her mouth she had already reached the earth below. Unluckily she lit upon a rock; and her fall was so hard, that it broke her scales and caused

her death.

The two ducks rose higher in the air on losing the weight that clogged their flight; and when they heard the tortoise speak, and saw her fall and die on the rock, they mourned their excellent friend, and let fall the stick on which they had uplifted her and flew away to the lake, where they took up their abode, and often wished the tortoise were alive again, and with them; and then they would say to each other, "She was such a good, hearty neighbour! What a pity she was not wise enough to despise the laugh of fools!"

ENIGMA.

Can you guess what flower am I,
That in the spongled mend do lie?
Seek for me in the unmown grass,
But over it lightly and softly pass;
Seek for me first by the milkmad's side,
When she milketh her kine at eventide;
Seek fer me next when little boys pout,
And nobody knows what 'tis all about:
Then hie thee down to the shady vale,
And you'll surely meet with a flow 'ret pale.

THE INFANT NEPTUNE.

Designed by A. J. Townsend. Manufactured by Messrs. Minton.



This beautiful little ornament, designed by Mr. H. J. Townsend, is one of a series of Art Manufactures that are being produced under the superintendence of our friend, Felix Summerly. It is made in a beautiful kind of china called "Parian," from its resemblance to the old Parian marble, and is intended to be used either as a salt-cellar, or, with a water-lily in the shell, for a taper-stand.



HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

By Mrs. James Whittle.

No. III.—THE GIUSTINIANI.

In the fifth century after the Christian era, when Italy was exposed to the continued invasion of the northern barbarians, a band of fugitives, closely pursued by Attila, the fierce king of the Huas, took refuge in the small swampy islands lying in the north

western corner of the Adriatic sea. They found in this shelter the security which they needed. Whilst they rejoiced in the asylum afforded by their isolated position, they little dreamt that they were laying the foundation of one of the most wonderful and powerful states that have arisen in modern times.

As succeeding swarms from the "Northern hive" descended into Italy, they drove the affrighted inhabitants before them, who fled in crowds to the islands. They quickly formed themselves into a state, established a system of government, and elected a chief for life under the title of Doge. Gradually they erected houses and churches on the numerous little islands, and connected with bridges those which lay nearest to each other. A palace was erected for the doge, and the city of Venice claimed a place amongst the na-

tions of Europe.

In the time of the Crusades, we find the Venetian amongst the wealthiest and most important of the Italian republics; already the Eastern ports were filled with her merchant vessels, and the pirates of Istria and the Greek coast, who infested the Adriatic and Levant, had learned to tremble at her name. Treaties and negociations had been successfully entered into by several doges with the Greek emperor and the sultans of Constantinople and Egypt. As the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was then unknown, all the Eastern luxuries, so much sought after by the sovereigns of the West, were to be transported to Venice, which thus became the great emporium of trade-the connecting link between the East and the West. When Christendom began to arm itself to drive out the Turks from the Holy City of Jerusalem, the scene of the life and death of our Saviour, Venice assumed a still higher position. She fitted out fleets manned by her bravest sons, and conducted by the doge himself. By her deeds of valour she gained, not the laurels alone, but the more substantial benefits of victory. We read, that after the capture of Acre, one quarter of the city was apportioned as her share of the booty, besides securing many most valuable commercial privileges and immunities. In A.D. 1122, a fleet of two hundred vessels sailed from her port, under the command of Domenico Michieli, the doge, by whose skill and bravery many Syrian cities were taken, and wealth and fame flowed in a full tide into the rising republic. These brilliant conquests, and the consequent increase of power, created for Venice many enemies; and amongst them, the Greek emperor regarded her with a jealous eye. Faithless as he was impolitic, Manuel Commenus seized upon the

Venetians resident at the ports of Greece, and threw them into prison. Some few fortunately escaped, and bore the news to Venice. The Venetians, unused to such indignities, were incensed at the insulting conduct of the emperor. In a short time the streets were thronged with people, crying aloud for vengeance, and demanding to be led against their foc. The nobles and governors, no less eager to redeem their honour, arranged for an instant attack upon their treacherous enemy. Orders were issued for the equipment of a large armament, and although the coffers had been drained by recent wars, money was readily advanced by the nobles. Were we not acquainted with the internal arrangements of the Venetian arsenal, we might listen incredulously to the fact, that in three months one hundred and fifty galleys were ready for action; but Venice, recognising in her navy the most important element of her national safety, watched over it with the most jealous care. The arsenal was so capacious that it resembled a town: it was surrounded by solid walls and fortified by strong towers, so that it was capable of resisting the attacks of an enemy. Hundreds of workmen were constantly employed in building ships, and manufacturing every article necessary for their equipment-stores of arms and ammunition for a considerable army were always ready. Huge dismantled vessels filled the docks, which were surrounded by store-rooms of masts, cordage, anchors, and arms. Thus, the Venetians could never be found unprepared, and much of their naval glory and commercial prosperity is attributable to this forethought. The moment the expedition against the Greek emperor was decided on, the arsenal became the scene of incessant bustle and activity; day and night all hands were in requisition, for idleness in the service of the republic was deemed a crime. Every one capable of bearing arms sought admission into the ranks, and those who were compelled by age and infirmity to remain at home, bewailed their sad fate which left them useless to their country at such a crisis. Foremost in the expedition there was one family remarkable for its enthusiasm in the cause, the antiquity of its descent, and its sad The family of the Giustiniani had frequently filled the highest offices of the state, and in worth and honour were unsurpassed by any of the Venetian aristocracy. Stung to the quick by the insult offered to their country, they swore to avenge it or die. Not a single member of this noble house could be prevailed on to remain behind; young and old, all insisted on their right to fight for their country. Thus was the armament freighted with the whole illustrious race of the Giustiniani. Rarely had such a noble fleet sailed

from Venice; and whilst Manuel believed his enemies quailing before his imperial anger, they were already rapidly approaching his kingdom, thirsting for vengeance. The emperor, alarmed at this formidable fleet, pretended the deepest regret that such an insult should have been inadvertently given to his dear friends and allies, entreated them to grant him time to explain the affair, and promised to give them the most entire satisfaction. Had Manuel risked the chance of a battle, he would, most probably, have been entirely defeated: for the Venetians were not only indignant at the insulting conduct of the emperor, but were possessed of great courage and much maritime skill. The wilv emperor hoped, by deferring the attack, to gain time to rally his own forces, and allow the Venetian ardour to cool in the meantime. Deluded by his excuses and promises, they agreed to withdraw to Scio, and there abide the issue of the negociations. It was a fatal step for them; during the winter the plague broke out, the Venetians were attacked by the disease, and perished by hundreds: of all the brilliant array which a few months before had quitted Venice, elated by the prospects of speedy triumph, but few remained when spring returned, and this miserable remnant so feeble and dispirited, that all thought of pursuing the expedition was utterly abandoned. To conduct the remains of his panic-stricken army back to Venice was the doge's only aim; but on mustering his followers, the number was found to be so small, that it was impossible to man all the galleys; many were, therefore, burned, and the rest steered for the Adriatic. A deep gloom had settled on the survivors: they had scarcely power left to work the vessels, as with heavy hearts they entered Venice. Their arrival spread dismay through her streets. Could the few shattered galleys, now slowly moving through the waters, be indeed all that remained of that proud armament which had so lately sailed forth triumphantly?—where were the brave hearts that then beat high with hope? Alas! few returned to tell of all they had endured. Not a family but mourned the loss of some member, and wailing and sounds of sorrow re-echoed through the streets. In the Giustiniani palace there were proud matrons watching with anxious hearts the approach of that mournful fleet. Where was that self-devoted band of brothers, who had bound themselves to redeem their own and their country's honour? All, all had perished—not one returned to tell the mournful tale! They had died, not in the field of battle, freely and joyfully giving their life's blood for Venice, but miserably smitten down by the hot breath of pestilence, their proud hearts crushed beneath the languor of illness, far from their homes, and

their bones resting, unhonoured, on a foreign strand. The illustrious race of the Giustiniani seemed now extinct; all its branches had united in the act of patriotic sacrifice, and all had perished. It was not, however, so decreed. In one of the monasteries of Venice, buried from sight and almost forgotten, resided a monk,

whose life flowed on in one monotonous stream, and who scarcely cared to claim kindred with the family from whom he had for vears been separated. At this moment, when annihilation threatened the noble stock, this solitary branch was remembered; he was entreated to quit his cloister and return to the world; a dispensation was obtained from the Pope, which freed him from his monastic vowsand, taking his station as head of his family, he became the regenerator of his race. The Giustiniani again rose to be powerful in the state, and the annals of Venice record the brave and wise exploits of senators and doges of that name.

The miseries of the un-



the Greeks had not yet ended. The infection which had destroyed the army was conveyed to Venice by the returning vessels, and raged in her narrow canals and streets with a fury unparalleled;—thousands perished daily, and the people, exasperated by the destruction of their fleet and army, and writhing under this new and heavy visitation, looked about for some victim on whom to wreak their vengeance. Unjustly, attributing their disasters to the misrule of the doge, they surrounded his palace, dragged him forth, and murdered him in the public streets.



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

By Mrs. R. Lee.

No. IV .- OWLS.

Owls are nocturnal birds of prey, and several peculiar characters shew how admirably they are fitted for the place which they take in creation. The pupils of their eyes are enormous, and admit so much light that they are dazzled by day, and are better able to distinguish objects at night. The eyes look forwards, and are surrounded by circles of feathers; the beak is curved the whole way, and the opening of the ears has, in almost every instance, a piece of skin going half round it, like what is called the flap or conch of a man's ear. The head is large, the skull thick, and hollow places in it most probably increase the power of hearing, which is very great, and capable of detecting the slightest sounds. The plumage is loose, soft, and fine, so that these birds make little or no noise when flying. They can bring their outer toe backwards or forwards as they please. They very seldom feed on dead prey, and eat small birds and mice, particularly preferring the latter, of which they devour immense numbers. When they have young, they will bring a mouse to the nest every twelve or fifteen minutes. They do not stop to pluck off hair or feathers from their prey, and

with the bones, these form lumps in the stomach, which they throw out by the mouth when they please. The ridiculous gestures of an owl are most laughable when attacked by day, or when it sees any thing new in a full light; and nothing can be more melancholy than its cry in the silence of the night: the sound heard so often near their nests, which has been taken for snoring, is only the cry of the young birds for food. These peculiarities, and especially the noiseless flight, which orings an owl close to you before you can be aware that it is even in existence, have probably caused the numerous superstitions respecting it, and which we find in most countries frequented by them. Among these is the idea that they foretell approaching death, and are said to look into the rooms of sick persons, and then converse with some one outside. Mr. Waterton, who is so learned in the habits of birds, and in fact of most other animals, and has written such interesting accounts of them, built a house for owls over a ruined gateway, close to his dwelling, and in spite of the fears of his neighbours, and their assertions that he would bring ruin and destruction on the whole place, has succeeded in rearing several families of them; so that he watches, and has made a number of interesting observations concerning them.

The colour of owls varies from white to a very dark brown, grey, and buff, and most are beautifully marked with small or large spots. The legs of the greater number are feathered to the toes, and several species have tufts of feathers, called egrets, just over their ears on the top of their head, which they can raise or depress at pleasure. Among these is the Grand Duke, the largest of all nocturnal birds

of prey, which has a very wise and majestic appearance.

Owls inhabit most parts of the world, make their nests in ruins, high towers, and old trunks of trees, and that called the *Chat-huant* in France (in England, Screech-owl) often lays its eggs in the nests

of other birds.

There is a prejudice against owls, from the story that they get into pigeon-houses and destroy the young birds; but Mr. Waterton thinks, in most of the instances which have been brought before him, that rats have been the murderers, and not the innocent owl. Certain it is, however, that all little birds have a great enmity towards owls, and will assemble in numbers, and fiercely attacking their foes, drive them away; for no creatures fight more fiercely than many small birds.

The owl was the favourite of the heathen goddess Minerva, and has, in consequence, been often called the bird of wisdom Notwithstanding which, it is a frequent saying that persons are as stupid as owls. On the ancient seals and rings, Minerva is constantly represented either with an owl by her side, or in a small car drawn by two of these birds. In several of the fables of heathen times we find offenders punished by being turned into owls. Among these was Ascalaphus, who was desired by Pluto to watch Proserpine after he had run away with her and taken her to his kingdom. She was to be restored to her mother, provided she had not eaten any thing in Pluto's dominions; and when she was anxious to conceal that she had done so, in order to get away, Ascalaphus said that he had seen her eat some pomegranate seeds. This made Proserpine so angry that she sprinkled some water over him from the river Phlegethon, and turned him into an owl.

A young lady, who lived in the country, '13d an owl brought to her by the gardener, which had been lamed by some accident; she petted this bird, made it a sort of nest in an old apple-tree, and fed it every day: she did all in her power to tame it, sat in the appletree with it, trying to make it understand all her kindness, but it continued fierce and unsociable till the last few days of its life. when it appeared, after two months' trial, to know and expect her: but one morning when she arrived at the tree she found it lying dead on the ground. A friend, who saw how sorry she was to lose her pet, skinned and stuffed it for her; but there were no birds' eves to be had in the next town, and the only substitute for them were two black cut-glass beads belonging to the young lady's mother. These were inserted, and the owl was placed on a bracket in the dining-room. Some weeks after, when at dinner, a guest, who was laughing at the ridiculous appearance of the owl, which appeared to be looking all ways at once, owing to its strange eyes, exclaimed, "The bird is come to life again!" All looked up in astonishment, and beheld the feathers move. The young lady rushed to her favourite, mounted a chair, and found the owl teeming with life which was not its own, for it was full of maggots. The inexperienced stuffer had not sufficiently prepared the skin, and the end of the owl was a watery grave; for it was thrown into the river before the house, as the quickest mode of getting rid of it and its devourers.



Myrtil and Chloe.

MYRTIL AND CHLOE.

A Pastoral in one Act .- From the French of Florian .- By Robert Snow Esq.

PROLOGUE.

OLD CHRISTMAS, in long stockings, and round hose, Cross-garters, high-peaked hat, and doublet close. Is coming through the rawish, dark, dank night: Yet what cares He? He is all joy and light! He calls but once a-year; and now is come:--Listen; he knocks! Come in / we're all at home: Come in! Now not alone will we regale Our Visitor with mince-pie, wine, and ale, But with a Play! and, kinglike, he shall sit In our best box; the groundlings in the pit. But come, be frank; what think you of our Stage? Our Actors too are of a pretty age; Pretty, and apt soft feignings to conceive; For children ever love to make believe. Nav, there be children of a larger growth, Men, who to make believe are nothing loth In Theatres:—turn they to children then? Or shall we children grow to-night to men? No matter. But thus plead we for our Show: That sport most pleases which doth least know how. Yet hope we, not to perish in our birth; Although, confounded, we might make you mirth. You must imagine in this narrow room, Arcadia's ancient scenes, and pastoral bloom. In this our Play's dependence chiefly lies ; Breathing Arcadia's air, the critic dies.

CHARACTERS.

Myrtil, a Shepherd, Lysis, a Priest of Love. Lamon, an Old Shepherd. A young Priest attendant on Lysis. The God of Love. Chloe, a Shepherdess.

Scene-Arcadia.

Scene-A Pastoral Landscape. Before a Temple, in Arcadia.

Enter Myrtil and Chioe meeting: Myrtil bearing a nest of turtle-doves, and Chioe a crook adorned with flowers.

Myrtil. My dearest Chloe, are you already risen? Whither are you bound so early in the morning?

Chloe. I was going to look for you, my dearest Myrtil. It seems a great while since we parted, and yet it was but yesterday evening.

Myrtil. O, what a beautiful crook that is! I never saw you with it before. Who gave you that, Chloe?

Chloe. That's a secret, Myrtil. But O, what pretty doves those are! You never told me whereabouts their nest was. Whom are they for, Myrtil?

Myrtil. That's a secret, Chloe!

Chloe. How you are looking at my crook!

Myrtil. How you are looking at my doves!

Chloe. Well, my dearest Myrtil, I will tell you all about it.

Myrtil. And as for me, I will hide nothing from Chloe.

Chloe. This is a present for you.

Myrtil. These are a present for you.

Chloe. Listen. For a whole month have I been working at this crook. The wood is very hard, and my hands are very weak; but because I was working for you, Myrtil, I was determined no one should help me. Besides, look here! I have cut in the bark, at the top of the crook, your initials. They are the only letters I know how to write. Yesterday evening it was quite finished, and I could scarcely sleep all night for joy. With the first song of the lark I rose to gather flowers to hang on the crook, and meant to lay it at the door of your cot. But it was in vain that I rose betimes; Myrtil was up before me. In vain I try to keep anything from him; he knows all my little secrets as soon as I do myself.

Myrtil. And what do you think, Chloe? A fortnight ago I found this doves' nest in the little wood on the side of the hill; but the birds had built on the top of a young oak too weak to bear my weight. So what did I? Why, I fastened one end of a cord to the leading shoot of the young oak, as high as my hands could reach, and the other end to the root of a neighbouring tree. Every day I went and shortened the cord, and every day the nest was brought nearer and nearer to me, without the tree breaking, or the birds discovering what I was about. All this time the young doves were growing, and my hopes growing with them. But when the nest was brought low enough for me to reach, I took it, and was going to set it at the door of your cot. But I don't know how it is, Chloe; we are sure to meet; and it's of no use planning a surprise for you.

Chloe. Well, my dearest Myrtil, let us suppose our mutual intentions to have succeeded. Take you this crook, and give me

your tortle-doves.

Myrtil takes the crook, and gives Chlor the doves.

Myrtil. Ah, Chloe! all the shepherds will envy me the possession of this crook; and I shall say to them, You would envy me still more, if you knew who gave it me.

Chloe. Your turtles are charming, dearest Myrtil; they are as white as the lily you gave me the other day, and as sweet as

yourself.

Myrtil. Well, my dearest Chloe, promise me never to part from them.

Chloe. With all my heart! But you must promise me, in turn,

never to part with my crook.

Myrtil. Listen to me, Chloe. Here is the Temple of Love. Within that Temple receive my promise, and give me yours.

Chloe. No, Myrtil; my mother has forbidden me to enter it, excepting under her guidance. I cannot disobey my mother.

Myrtil. You are right, Chloe. I, for my own part, would rather die than disobey my father. But without entering the Temple, here, where we stand, we can swear, in the hearing of the God of Love, never to part with these dear and precious gifts.

Chloe. Very well; I agree: but we must not swear; we are not

old enough for that.

Myrtil kneels, and turns towards the Temple of Love.

Myrtil. O tender Love! Ruler of all Nature! do thou render Myrtil the most unfortunate of Shepherds if he ever parts with this dear crook. I am yet too young to have a flock of my own; this crook is my sole treasure: but when I am older, my father has promised me twelve goats, and this crook shall guide them; and when I shall have grown an old man, like my father, this crook shall sustain my feeble steps. So, in youth and in age, this crook shall be the dearest thing I have.

Chioe kneels, and turns towards the Temple of Love.

Chloe. O Love! terrible Deity! do thou suffer thy vengeance to fall on the head of hapless Chloe, if ever willingly I part with these birds that Myrtil gave me. They are young, and so am I; but they and I will grow old together: they in loving one another; I in loving my dearest Myrtil.

Myrtil. Thanks, thanks, dearest Chloe! But I see Lysis, the Priest of Love, approaching. How sadly he looks! I fear he is

about to relate to us some afflicting news.

Enter Lysis, with a young attendant Priest.

Lysis. My dear Myrtil, I can hardly refrain from tears at the

news I bring you.

Myrtil. Ah, Lysis! I tremble at your words! I trust you do not bring me any bad tidings of my father? I have more fears for him than for myself.

Lysis. Your father woke this morning with a burning fever upon him. The unfortunate old man, weak with age, and bowed

down with suffering, lies at death's door.

Myrtil. O heavens! my father will be snatched from me. (Weeps.) Wretched, wretched Myrtil! My father is ill—dying perhaps—without my having embraced him. Lysis! Chloe! pray to all the Gods—pray to the God of Love—to restore the best of fathers to me. I cannot remain with you—I must go—must run to visit my poor father!

Chloe. Ah, Lysis! you, who are Love's minister—you, through whom that puissant Deity informs us with his will, ask, obtain of him the recovery of Menalcas—obtain of him that the most virtuous of our shepherds may long live to instruct his children in the

ways of virtue.

Lysis. Is it the mere love of virtue that makes you take so

tender an interest in the father of Myrtil?

Chloe. No sentiment is so just, so sweet, as that of gratitude. You know not what I owe to the good Menalcas. When that terrible hail-storm last year destroyed all our little harvest, Menalcas replaced what we had lost, twice over. Since that day, my mother and I have never retired to rest without invoking a blessing on the name of Menalcas. Ah, Lysis! join your vows to mine: supplicate the God of Love to restore us our benefactor!

Lysis. Vows, Chloe, suffice not. The Gods will have sacrifice. Chloe. Alas! I have no offering to present. My mother keeps no flock: had we but one single lamb, I would already have run to fetch it.

Lusis. Whose are these two turtle-doves?

Chloe. Mine.

Lysis. Turtles are the birds of Love. Whenever I wish to propitiate the Deity, it is my custom to sacrifice a pair of them on his altar.

Chloc. What, Lysis! do you imagine that in sacrificing these birds I could obtain the recovery of Menalcas?

Lysis. It were clearly the surest method.



Chloe. O my poor turdes! You are condemned to die. Alas, alas! I had hoped—I had promised—never to part from you. But for Menalcas—for the father of Myrtil—for my benefactor! Yes, gratitude should outweigh all selfish considerations. Poor, poor birds! I must weep over you, but I am not able to save you. [Much affected.

Lysis. Well, are you decided?

Chloe. Yes, yes; I am.

Lysis. Then we must not lose a moment. Come with me, and assist at the sacrifice.

Chloe. No, Lysis, no: spare me that spectacle. Here are my turtle-doves; I deliver them up to you. Kill them, if through their

death Menalcas may recover. But let me be absent. Let me go and weep alone, at a distance from Love's altar. (Weeps.) O, if you did but know how dear these birds are to me! If you did but know from whom I received them, and the promise I gave! But the God of Love knows it; he reads it in my heart; and the more grievous this sacrifice is to me, doubtless the more beneficial will it be to Menalcas. Farewell, Lysis! I must needs weep, and my sobs would but interrupt your prayers. Farewell, ye too, hapless birds! farewell! Ye cannot suffer more than I now endure. [She kisses the turtle-doves, put them into the hands of Lysis, and Exit.

Lysis. O virtuous Chloe! thy mother ought to be a happy woman; and proud, indeed, of such a child as thou! But I see Myrtil advancing yonder. (He addresses the attendant Priest, and puts the doves into his hands.) Go and wait for me at the Temple, and make ready the fire upon the altar.

[Exit the attendant Priest, bearing the doves.

Enter Myrtil.

Myrtil. I have been seeking for you, Lysis; come and rejoice aith me, for there is hope that my dear father will be restored to us. Lusis. Would to Heaven he were! But tell me, what power has

interposed in his behalf?

Myrtil. He was almost at the last gasp when I arrived at his bedside. My brothers were all kneeling about his couch, lifting their hands to heaven. I burst into the midst of them, and threw my arms about his dear neck! Whereupon he began to come to himself, and rallied all his remaining strength to press me to his bosom. You are come then, Myrtil? said he. I could not have died in peace had you remained absent. I could only reply by pressing him to my breast, and sobbing aloud. But on a sudden, some God seemed to have inspired me with a thought. I recollected to have heard you speak of an ancient shepherd named Lamon, who lives in a cave on the summit of the mountain that overlooks our pastures,



who is reported to have learnt of Apollo himself the art of curing all manner of sickness.

Lysis. I know not if he be still alive.

Myrii. Well, I tore myself from my father's arms. I ascended the mountain, and made all the caves re-echo with calling on the name of Lamon. I found him at last, seated under an aged oak, sorting the simples he had that morning been gathering on the mountain wilds. I threw myself at his feet. My father is dying, I cried aloud; save him, save him, by your art! Lamon answered me as follows, as nearly as I can recollect his words: My son, it is my profession to do good. I will do all that I can to cure your father; and if the God Apollo grants me success, I will receive no other guerdon of you than the crook which you carry in your hand: and I will hang it up, as a votive offering, upon an ancient bay-tree that I have consecrated to Apollo.

Lusis. Lamon is always himself. His piety towards the Gods

equals his charity towards his fellow-creatures.

Myrtil. Most true. But, alas! in asking for my crook, he asked me for the dearest treasure I possess. That crook was the gift of my dear shepherdess, and I made a vow to die rather than part from it. But no: not even my vow, nor my crook, nor my shepherdess herself, are so dear to me as my father. On hearing Lamon's words, I kept down my tears; I even forced a smile; and though I would rather have yielded up ten years of my life, yet without a murmur I yielded up my crook into the hands of Lamon.

Lusis. And will Lamon restore Menalcas to health?

Myrtil. Lamon saw him—questioned him—and examined him in profound silence. At length he bade us hope. We fell on our knees, and would have adored him like a divinity. Lamon was himself affected to tears. He required us all to leave the apartment, and remained alone in attendance on my father. I profited by this opportunity; and came to announce the good tidings to you, and to ask you to make interest with the Gods for our success.

Lysis. I will to the Temple. I must there perform a sacrifice that will make you shed tears of gratitude when you shall have

Exit.

learnt who it was that offered it.

Myrtil. Ah, Lysis! I will accompany you. But here comes Chloc. I wish her to hear of my happiness, and partake in my joy.

Enter CHLOE.

Chloe. I know all, my dearest Myrtil. I have just come from your father's house. I have seen Lamon—have spoken with him—his hopes are strengthened every hour.

Myrtil. Ah, my dearest Chloe! to hear this from your sweet

lips, makes the good news ten times the sweeter.

Chloe. O Myrtil, it was you that saved your father: it was you that thought of seeking out Lamon in his retirement on the mountain-top. I would fain love you more and more for this: but my poor little heart has already done its utmost, and, I fear, can do no more. But, Myrtil, what has become of your crook?

Myrtil. Of my crook? [In confusion.

Chloe. Yes. Have you lost it? Myrtil. No, indeed I have not.

Chloe. Surely, you have not given it away?

Myrtil. Why, yes, I have. In confusion. Chloe. Had any other than yourself told me so, Myrtil, I would not have believed it.

Myrtil. Ah, Chloe, if you did but know all!—But what have

you done with your nest of turtles?

[Weeps. Chloe. They are no longer mine.

Myrtil. Why, what has become of them?

Chloe. They are about to be killed, even now. . Weeps

Murtil. And what barbarous hand would do such a deed?

Chloe. The deed is mine.

Myrtil. Yours, Chloe?

Chloe. Yes. I gave the birds to Lysis, to sacrifice them to the God of Love, to propitiate the divinity to accord us your father's

Myrtil. O my dearest Chloe! I breathe again. You are a thousand times more dear to me than before; and never-[Pauses from emotion.

Chloe. And did not you offer up my crook to the God of Love? Murtil. No. But Lamon demanded it of me, on the condition of his intercession with the God of Love for my father's recovery. Could I refuse it, Chloe? O, no! I hid my grief-bestowed one kiss upon my beautiful crook—and delivered it over to Lamon.

Chloe. Ah, how you have comforted me, Myrtil! I do believe you have discovered the only means there were in the world of

making me love you yet more dearly than before.

Myrti. I have done no more than my duty. But my crook

was so beautiful!

Chloe. I would have laid down my life for Menalcas. But what charming pets my turtle-doves were !

Murtil. Although our consciences approve of what we have

done, how is it that we cannot suppress a murmur? Murmuring is not only wrong, but now all too late; for the turtles are already sacrificed—the crook is already consecrated to Apollo: we shall never see either one or the other more.

Enter Lamon, Lysis, and the attendant Priest, bearing the turtle-doves and the crook.

Lamon. Yes, my virtuous and tender-hearted children, you shall see them once more. The God of Love restores you both your offerings. I, Lamon, the physician, who by the help of Apollo restored your father to his wonted health, will take no guerdon in earnest of my services. Lysis has told me all. He was officiating in the Temple, and was on the point of sacrificing the doves, with the sacred knife in his hand just about to be stained with their blood, when, on a sudden, a sweet low voice issued, as it seemed, from the statue of the God of Love. Go, it said; go, carry back to the young shepherdess Chloe, the tender birds she has offered up to me. Tell her that, without the completion of that sacrifice, Menalcas shall be restored to health. Go, assure Chloe, and assure Myrtil, that I watch over their destinies; that they shall speedily be united; and that I will render them as happy as I render all those, who, whilst they reverence me, reverence virtue.

Myrtil. Ah, Chloc!

Chloe. Ah, Myrtil!

Lamon. Lysis will confirm my words, that it was at the very moment that the voice ceased, that I arrived with the tidings of the perfect recovery of Menaleas; and brought Myrtil's crook with me, and put it into the hands of Lysis. Be thankful, all; the Gods have shewn much mercy.

Lusis. Be thankful, all; and never fail your loves.

Take back your crook: [to MYRTIL]. Take back your turtle-doves [to Chloe].

'Tis duty's path alone (of this be sure,) Conducts to happiness that may endure. Would ye, his Votaries, this more clearly prove,

Accept an omen from the God of Love!

Lysis withdraws the curtain of the Temple and discovers the statue of the God of Love, bearing in his right hand a flaming torch, and holding a scroll in his left with the names thereon of Mynyil and Chiloe, in letters of gold, encircled with wreaths of myrtle, orange-flower, and white roses.

Exeunt.

SEPTEMBER.

By Mary Roberts.

Well, this is a sight worthy of a holiday! You, Charles, have never been in the country at the threshing season, and Augustus is just arrived from the land of rock-giants and icebergs. What a cheerful scene!—the large old barn, with its wide doors thrown open, and apple-trees beyond, loaded with ripe fruit; threshers eagerly at work; winnowing going on in the open space, and a heap of corn piled upon the floor. I love to listen to the sound of the flying flail, to watch the dividing of the chaff from the wheat; the bringing out from its rough close husk that brown ripe grain, with which so many interesting associations are connected.

The barn itself is well worth noticing. Close at the furthest end grows a fine walnut-tree, of which the branches droop over a pond where ducks resort; pigeons are flying in and out of the ample dove-house affixed to the wall; and waiting patiently before the open door, in expectation of a few chance grains, is a fine barndoor fowl, with a family of half-grown chickens. Truly an English homestead seems to betoken peace and abundance. Look about you, playmates; you have never seen any thing of the kind before. All round the farm-vard are cow-pens, with their unwieldy occupants-quiet, meditative creatures, chewing the cud and looking as if all pleasant and soothing memories were within them, of green fields and clear streams, and thoughts of sweet fresh hay, should snow lie deep upon the ground. Yet, meditative as they seem, when Tom the farmer's boy passes beneath a trailing load, with which to fill the racks, first one and then another stretches out her neck to catch a sweet morsel.

Holloa, here they come! what a brotherhood of pigs, rushing full tilt from the wood, and scampering headlong to the sty, grunting as they run! They must have heard Tom's voice speaking to the cows, and this has brought them in such a wondrous hurry. Here, too, is Chanticleer, with his feathery dames; the old turkey-cock, gobbling and strutting with his helpmate, a fantastic, consequential sort of personage; and waddling and quacking, a company of ducks from off the pool. Tom is a great favourite with all his master's dependants, whether four-legged or feathered, and the

sound of his voice reminds them of the evening meal.

Now let us go into the barn and watch the threshing; the men will not leave work for some time, and there is plenty of room for us.

My father was some years since in Palestine, and he told me that the ancient custom of treading out the corn with oxen, instead of threshing, still prevailed in the East. A smooth flat piece of ground was selected for the purpose, and across it a primitive-looking machine, with a wooden chair, on which a man sat, was driven backwards and forwards among the sheaves, till they were broken into small pieces. The whole was then collected into a heap, and shaken against the wind by means of a small shovel, the chaff flying rapidly away, while the corn remained. You, Charles, who are better acquainted with the practices of ancient than modern husbandmen, can repeat the passage in Homer, which aptly describes this custom:

"As with autumnal harvest cover'd o'er, And thick bestown, lies Ceres' sacred floor; When round and round, with never-wearied pain, The trampling steers beat out the unnumber'd grain."

Horace, too, speaks of the same custom. He tells us that the threshing-floor was generally a level, smooth area, enclosed by mud walls, with a garner on one side.

How brightly shines the setting sun into the barn, tingeing every object with a golden hue! The flying flails, the workmen, the heap of corn, even the old winnowing machine, seem as if a sudden change had passed upon them. One round more and the work is done. The threshers are preparing to depart, and we must be gone.



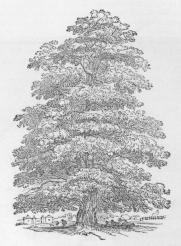
LESBIA. 41



LESBIA.

From a Drawing by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In vain my Lesbia weeps: those tears are vain— Thy piping charmer rests for ever mute. No sighs, nor tears, can him restore again To sing responsive to thy tender lute.



THE HORSE CHESNUT.

This tree, which is originally a native of the East, has two very long been naturalized in England. Its introduction here has been solely owing to its beauty, in which, at the flowering season, it certainly excels every other tree of its bulk that bears our climate. In early spring it puts forth large buds, which burst into verdure among the first greens that enliven the year; and its ample palmated leaves have an appearance both uncommon and nandsome. Not long after, it puts forth its long upright spikes of white and variegated flowers, generally in such number as to cover the whole tree, and give it the resemblance of one gigantic bouquet. No flowering shrub is rendered more gay by its blossoms than this tall tree; hence it combines beauty with grandeur, in a degree superior to any other vegetable of these climates. The head is also shapely and regular in its growth, and well adapted to the symmetry

required in walks and avenues. It has the defect of changing and losing its leaves early in autumn, the natural consequence of its early spring verdure. It is also accused of not well resisting tempestuous winds. The wood of the horse-chesnut is of little value; it is, however, of some use to the turner. Its fruit or nuts are of a farinacious quality, but so bitter as to be unfit for human food. Deer are said to be fond of them, and sheep will eat them; and when boiled, they have been used to fatten poultry. When left to decay, they turn into a kind of jelly, which has been employed like soap in washing linen. The bark has considerable astringency, and may be used for tanning leather.



THE WOLF AND THE KID.

A VERY stupid wolf (they are not all so) found a strayed kid. "Little friend," said the rapacious animal, "I have met you very seasonably; you shall make me a delightful supper, for I have neither breakfasted nor dined to-day." "If it must be so," said the kid, "grant me at least one small favour. I have heard say that you are a perfect musician; give me, I pray thee, a song before I die." The foolish wolf agreed to the request, but in attempting to sing he began to howl in a most horrid manner, which immediately drew the shepherd with his dogs to the spot, and he was obliged to take to flight with all speed. "Very well," said he to himself as he ran away, "this will teach me a good lesson: I see now that I had better confine myself to the trade of a butcher, instead of imitating that of a musician."

THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN.

PROM ANDERSEN'S "PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES."

Translated by Meta Taylor.

I will tell you a circumstance which occurred a year ago, in a country town in the south of Germany. The master of a dancing-bear was sitting in the tap-room of an inn, cating his supper; whilst the bear, poor harmless beast! was tied up behind the woodstack in the yard.

In the room upstairs three little children were playing about. Tramp, tramp! was suddenly heard on the stairs: who could it be? The door flew open, and enter—the bear, the huge, shagey beast with his clanking chain! Tired of standing so long in the yard alone, Bruin had at length found his way to the staircase. At first the little children were in a terrible fright at this unexpected visit, and each ran into a corner to hide himself. But the bear found them all out, and put his muzzle, snuffling, up to them. but did not harm them in the least. He must be a big dog, thought the children; and they began to stroke him familiarly. The bear stretched himself out at his full length upon the floor, and the youngest boy rolled over him, and nestled his curly head in the shaggy, black fur of the beast. Then the eldest boy went and fetched his drum, and thumped away on it with might and main; whereupon the bear stood erect upon his hind legs, and began to dance. What glorious fun! Each boy shouldered his musket; the bear must of course have one too, and he held it tight and firm, like any soldier. There's a comrade for you, my lads! and away they marched-one, two,-one, two!

The door suddenly opened, and the children's mother entered. You should have seen her—speechless with terror, her cheeks white as a sheet, and her eyes fixed with horror. But the youngest boy nodded with a look of intense delight, and cried, "Medaled, we are

only playing at soldiers!"

At that moment the master of the bear appeared.



CHRIST AFTER HIS CRUCIFIXION.

ALBERT DURER, the author of this picture, was one of the earliest and most famous of the artists of Germany. He was the son and grandson of a goldsmith, but he left his father's craft in his sixteenth year, to become a student of painting under Michael Wolgemuth, and a most indefatigable artist in all branches of art up to the time of his death. We find his well-known monogram on paintings, sculptures, engravings, etchings (which process he is said to have invented), drawings on wood, ornamental designs of all kinds. Albert Durer was born on the 20th May, 1471, and died April 6, 1528, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Nuremberg was the place of his birth and of his death.—Felix Summerly.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

Bu Mrs. James Whittle.

No. IV.-GUSTAVUS VASA.

THE title of Hero is one which has by general consent been given to men whose military deeds and success in battle have rendered them famous; to such we may yield the palm of valour. skill, and personal courage; but the name of hero should alone be given to men who unite to these other and, as it seems to me, far nobler attributes. He alone is worthy of a hero's fame whose motives are high and pure; who, revolting from scenes of bloodshed and slaughter, takes up the sword in defence of his country's rights and liberties, whose actions have nobler aims than selfish ambition or worldly glory, and who fights that others may live in security and peace. Such we rarely find amongst the warriors of antiquity. Alexander of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Xerxes, and, in modern times, Napoleon, scrupled not to shed the blood of thousands of their fellowmen, to add one province to their empire. But history's "ample page" records many examples of heroes truly worthy of that high name, and such a one was Gustavus Vasa, the subject of our present sketch.

Sweden was one of those northern countries which remained in a semi-civilised state long after the more southern provinces of Europe had assumed a regular form of government, and adopted the manners and usages belonging to a more advanced state of In A.D. 1388, the thrones of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway were united in the person of Margaret Waldemar, the ambitious wife of Haguin king of Norway, and daughter of Waldemar king of Sweden, who from her talent and daring has been called the Semiramis of the North. She convoked at Calmar an assembly of the nobles of the three nations, and appointing her successor, claimed for him the crowns of all the kingdoms. Charmed with her eloquence and grace, they yielded a ready assent, and ratified the famous treaty of Calmar, by which these northern states were declared indissolubly united. As long as the powerful hand of Margaret held the reins of government all went on smoothly; but under her successor the strong national antipathies which had been repressed for a time burst forth with increased violence. The Swedes revolted, and, declaring themselves independent of Denmark, elected a sovereign from their own nation.

In the bosom of the community however lurked one who, beneath his archbishop's robes, concealed a traitor's heart. Gustavus Trolle, the primate of Upsal, had found in Christiern the Second of Denmark an able abettor of his own ambitious views, and vielded a ready ear to his proposal of delivering Sweden once more into the hands of a foreign ruler. Christiern's tyrannical temper led him to oppress all who came within his power; raised by the perfidy of the archbishop to the throne of Sweden, he scrupled not to imbrue his hands in the blood of those who opposed his elevation, and endeavoured to secure his newly acquired crown by the sacrifice of the principal nobles of the realm. The cruelty of this act was heightened by the base treachery which accompanied it: he proclaimed a grand banquet in honour of his accession to the throne: and when mirth and festivity had disarmed suspicion, a band of soldiers rushed into the hall, seized ninety-four of the guests, and led them forth to instant execution. Among these was Eric Vasa, the father of Gustavus. This wanton and wholesale massacre of his enemies failed to establish permanently the throne of the tyrant. Gustavus Vasa survived to avenge the wrongs of his country and the murder of his father. Christiern suspecting him, gained possession of his person by artifice, and Gustavus was loaded with chains and thrown into a dungeon. A Danish noble. touched by the manly bearing and early sorrows of the youth, besought and obtained permission to become the keeper of the prisoner, binding himself, should be escape, to forfeit a large sum of money to the king. Though freed from the close confinement of a prison, the spirit of Gustavus chafed under the inactivity of his life: a sense of injury rankled in his breast, and he longed impatiently for the moment when he might rise and call on his country to free itself. He watched anxiously for some means of escape, and at length cluded the vigilance of his keeper, and in the disguisc of a sailor fled to Sweden. It seems an ungenerous return to the Darish nobleman who had shewn him so much kindness to leave him thus exposed to Christiern's anger; but Gustavus was not one to forget benefits, and when fortune favoured him, he failed not to testify his gratitude by substantial marks of his regard. The state in which he found his unhappy country grieved him to the soul. Christiern's cruelty had spread terror throughout the land; not a home but had been invaded, not a hearth but had been desolated, by his ferocious soldiery. The Swedes, sunk in misery, dared not even murmur for all complaints were regarded as

rebellion, and every sound of woe was stifled by fear. None ventured to appear in mourning for those relatives who had fallen victims to the despot's sword, and even a silent look of grief became a cause of suspicion. Gustavus felt himself avoided by all whom he had trusted; and, hopeless of arousing his panic-stricken countrymen to immediate action, he wandered from place to place exposed to danger at every step, and seeing in every town and village the proclamation of rewards for his capture, dead or alive. He encountered a thousand perils, and met with so many hairbreadth escapes, that it seems a miracle he survived. One day, being closely pursued by the soldiers who were scouring the country in search of him, he eluded them by concealing himself under some bundles of hay riled on a cart; and thus hidden he passed through the midst of his enemies. At another time, worn out with fatigue and hunger, he begged for shelter in the house of a peasant, named Peterson, who readily opened his doors to the fugitive, resolving basely to sacrifice his guest and secure the promised reward. He placed refreshment before the wearied traveller, and urging him to partake freely, he secretly left the house, and hastened to the nearest encampment of troops, to report the prize he held in his Happily for Gustavus, however, the wife of his betrayer scorned her husband's ungenerous act, and warning him of his danger led him to the stable, and pointing to the fleetest horse bade him mount instantly and fly. Peterson, on his return with the soldiers, was furious at the escape of his victim; but pursuit was useless, as Gustavus was already far beyond their power. These constantly recurring dangers at length induced Gustavus Vasa to fly from society and seek refuse in the remotest corner of Sweden.

There lies between the lofty mountains which separate Sweden from Norway, a district called Dalecarlia, inhabited by a simple and half-civilised race, whose principal occupation consists in working the copper-mines which abound in that country. Thither Gustavus fled, and assuming the dress of one of these labourers, he submitted to all the deprivations of their life, and worked with them in the mines. In this obscure retreat he deemed himself safe from his enemies, and patiently awaited the moment when he might excite his countrymen to throw off the tyrant's yoke.

In spite, however, of all his caution, Gustavus was discovered. The woman in whose house he lodged perceiving that the linen he wore under the coarse and ragged dress of a miner was of the finest quality, imparted the discovery to her friends, and Gustavus

became an object of wonder and suspicion. It was rumoured that he was a foreigner of distinction in disguise, whilst some said he was one of Christiern's spies. At length the news reached the ears of a nobleman, who had met Vasa in Stockholm; he immediately recognised him, and, aware of the risk he ran by acknowledging such a dangerous acquaintance, he invited him by night to his house. After much conversation, Gustavus, overjoyed at. being once more in the society of his equal in rank and education, disclosed to him his plan for the delivery of his country. But he found in his auditor no friend to so bold an undertaking; timid and irresolute, the nobleman was terrified at the proposition, and declined all participation in so perilous a scheme. Vasa then entreated him to keep silence on the subject, and by the advice of his friend, who was glad to be rid of so dangerous a guest, he took up his residence with a clergyman in the neighbourhood. The zealous pastor welcomed him with open arms, and when Gustavus unfolded to him his schemes of redceming his country from servitude, the old man's eyes overflowed with tears of joy; and, though his obscurity and poverty debarred him from affording any more substantial assistance, he willingly proffered his advice, and gave his house as an asylum to the proscribed Vasa. At length, weary of the long delay, and seeing no hope of rousing the wealthier and more influential Swedes, our hero, with the courage and determination characteristic of a great man, determined to avail himself of the means within his reach; and rude and uncultivated as the Dalecarlians were, he resolved to bend them to his purpose, and make them the first instruments in the great struggle for liberty. While working in the mines, he had gained the admiration and respect of his fellow-labourers, by his courage and recklessness of danger, and they already looked up to him as a superior. From his friend the curate he learned that in a few days the peasantry would assemble in large numbers for the celebration of an annual festival; and he at once determined to avail himself of this opportunity, and endeayour, by an earnest appeal to the sacredness of the cause, to arouse the ardour of the people.

On the day of the festival he appeared among his former companions, no longer the poor and ragged miner, but as the people's friend, the injured and proscribed noble, who burned to average his own and his country's wrongs. In a few words he made known his intention to the assembled multitude, and forcibly representing the degraded state of Sweden, and the atrocities of Christiern, he called upon them to rise and join his standard, and offered himself to be their leader. He was listened to with breathless attention, but although his eloquence touched their feelings, no voice raised a cry of assent. Gustavus felt the silence fall heavily on his heart; when suddenly an old man exclaimed, "Let us follow him! God, you see, favours the design—the wind blows from the north, and success must attend the enterprise."

Thus superstition accomplished what the feeling of injury and the impassioned eloquence of Vasa failed to effect. A tradition existed amongst this poor and rude people, that if at the commencement of any undertaking the wind should suddenly veer to the north, it was a sure omen that God would approve the design. The voice of the old man was drowned amidst the acclamations of



the surrounding crowds, and Gustavus immediately found himself the leader of an immense though wholly undisciplined army. Onwards they marched, gaining fresh reinforcements at every step; for the Swedes. though cautious in compromising themselves by joining an unknown individual, no sooner saw this immense host descending from the mountains like an avalanche, sweeping all before it, than they flew to arms and joined the throng.

The fury of the Danish monarch passed all bounds when the news of the insurrection reached him, and, with his characteristic ferocity, he caused the unoffending mother and sister of Vasa, who were unhappily his prisoners, to be cruelly murdered. This

new act of barbarity only imparted increased vigour to the efforts of Gustavus and his followers. Every day he was joined by fresh adherents; as he approached the towns, the inhabitants rose to arms, and driving forth the Danes, slaughtered them in the open country. Stockholm was the last town they captured: here the flower of the Danish forces was collected; but Gustavus blockaded

the city, and soon caused it to surrender.

Gustavus entered Stockholm in triumph, at the head of his brave soldiers; his first act was to repair to the principal church and publicly to return thanks for the deliverance of his country: his next impulse was to remember all who had been kind to him in adversity,—the Danish nobleman, from whose castle he had first escaped, -Peterson's wife, by whose timely warning his life had been preserved,-and last, though not least, the venerable curate who had sheltered him after his discovery at the mines. When he was told that the good old man was dead, he caused a crown of gold to be placed on the church of his village, that all might see how gratefully his kind acts were remembered, even in death.

With one voice Gustavus was elected king; and, yielding to the entreaties of the people, he consented to guide and govern the country he had saved. Great as he was as a general, whilst fighting bravely at the head of his army for the freedom of his country, he proved himself a still nobler hero when, raised to the throne, he cast aside all personal ambition, and wearing his new dignity with modesty and discretion, devoted his energies with single-hearted patriotism to promote the welfare of his people and the greatness of his country. We cannot pursue his history further, and will leave him in his glory, content to know that under his wise administration Sweden threw off all remains of barbarism, and rose to the rank of one of the civilised kingdoms of Europe. He lived to the advanced age of seventy, retaining his vigour of mind and body, and devoting himself to the last moment of his existence to the service of his country. He died amidst the heartfelt lamentations of his people, who regarded him as a father.

THE CLOUD.

Translated from the German by Miss Margaret Taylor.

ONE sultry summer's morning a little cloud rose out of the sea, and glided lightly, like a playful child, through the blue sky and over the wide earth which lay beneath it, gloomy and parched

saved.

by the long drought. As the cloudlet sailed along, she saw far beneath her the poor labourers toiling in the sweat of their brow, whilst she was wafted gently along by the soft morning breeze, without either care or toil. "Ah!" said she, "could I but do something to lighten the labours of these poor men upon the earth, drive away their cares, give food to the hungry, and refreshment to the thirsty!"

The day advanced, and the cloud grew bigger and bigger; and as she grew, her desire to devote her life to mankind grew likewise stronger. But the heat waxed more intense upon the earth; the sun's rays burned like a very fire, till the wearied labourers nearly fainted in the fields; and yet they worked on and on, for they were very poor. From time to time they cast a piteous look up at the cloud, as much as to say, "Ah, that you would help us!"

"I will help you," said the cloud; and she began to sink gently down. But presently she recalled what she had once heard when a little child, in the depths of the sea, that if a cloud ventures too near the earth, she dies. For awhile she wavered, and was driven hither and thither by her thoughts; but at length she stood still, and with all the gladness of a good resolution she cried, "Ye weary men who are toiling on the earth, I will help you."

Filled with this thought, the cloud suddenly expanded to a gigantic size; she had never imagined herself capable of such greatness. Like an angel of blessing, she stood above the earth and spread her wings over the parched fields, and her form became so glorious—so awful, that she filled man and beast with fear; and the trees and grass bent before her, while yet they well knew that she was their benefactor.

"Ay, I will help you," said the cloud again: "receive me—I die for you." A sudden will at this moment darted through her whole form; a brilliant flash gleamed across her, and the thunder reverberated around. Strong was that will, and stronger still the love, penetrated by which she fell, and dissolved in a shower that dropped blessings upon the earth. The rain was her work—the rain was also her death, and the act was glorious. Far over the land, as wide as the rain extended, a brilliant bow arose, formed of the purest rays of heaven's height: it was the last greeting of that pure and self-sacrificing spirit of love. The rainbow vanished, but the blessing of the cloud long rested upon the land which she had

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

By Mary Roberts.

HERE we are at length, in the depth of Hertley Wood! What a wild and beautiful spot!

And here is the deserted house, concerning which we have heard so much; and this wild heathy space, that reaches to such a distance, was once an extensive pleasure-ground. An old man dwells near, a charcoal burner; he lived with the last owner of Hertley park when a boy, and can tell us a good deal about the family. He will pass in a few minutes, for he is as punctual in his movements as a clock, and this is the way to his cottage.

And the old man did pass, bowed under the weight of ninety years. His hair was white, his dress such as belonged to a generation of forgotten men; but his clear blue eye told that, however bent and battered might be the outward frame, the mental faculties

remained unimpaired.

"Good day, master," said Augustus. "I have brought my playmate to look at the old house; will you tell us why it is shut up?"

"Ah, lack-a-day!" replied the old man: "it makes me sad to think about it; and yet, somehow, I love to talk of the family—it brings up pleasant memories now and then, and makes the past seem present. Well, then, young gentlemen, to begin my story: my master, Lord Loftus, for so I used to call him, being his coachman's son, though I was but a stripling at the time, ordered several hogsheads of beer to be brewed on a fine October morning, about the time his heir was born. Three of the best were stowed away in a large cellar, and his lordship said that the light of heaven should never visit them till his son came of age. One-and-twenty years passed on, and plenty of cobwebs, as you may well suppose, were in that dark cellar when the old oak door was thrown open, and the bright warm sun streamed upon the three hogsheads standing side by side.

"I warrant you plenty of folks were there on the morrow when the barrels were tapped on the young heir's birthday. First came my lord himself, with his lady and grown-up son—they never had but him—and a sight of company. The cellar had been well cleaned the day before, the walls were covered with oak boughs, over which hung long trailing wreaths of hops, and on each barrel was placed ears of barley, with such flowers as grew in the field. All the men-servants were in attendance, and standing next my

lady was young master's nurse, with the housekeeper and lady's maid. A most grand looking personage, truly, was that same nurse; and what with her towering cap and high-heeled shoes, she was forced to stoop pretty low under the arched doorway. She was dressed in a stiff brocaded silk, and from her elbows hung such fine lace ruffles as the grandest lady in the land might have worn. Didn't she look proud and pleased! When all had taken their standing right and left, the butler came forward with two men and tapped the barrels. An old silver tankard, which some said belonged to the family ever since the Conqueror came into England, was filled and handed to my lord, who poured out a power of glasses, which the livery servants carried round to all the guests, great and small. The old nurse was honoured that day, for my lord drank to her, and thanked her for the good care she had taken of his son; my lady did the same, and all the gentlefolks. The old dame curtsied and curtsied, and we thought that she scarcely knew whether she stood on her head or her heels. Next day, old and young came to look at the cellar and barrels, and I myself tapped one barrel and gave some of that famous beer to my little brother and sisters. Ah! well do I remember that day.

"Now as to the mansion itself, and how it came to be shut up, 'tis no good to make young hearts sad, and my own would half break in telling it. Pleasant evening to you, young gentlemen; may you grow up good and happy, and never know what it is to

look upon a deserted home."



LITTLE LIZZIE AND THE FAIRIES.

By Dinah Maria Mulock.

Or all the sweet little cottages that ever were seen, little Lizzie's was the very prettiest. It was far in the country—in the very middle of green fields. The nearest high road was at least half-amile off, and the rest of the way to the cottage you had to come by a narrow foot-path, through fields, across a creaking plank-bridge, beneath which a little stream ran; over great high stiles, such as none but country children could possibly climb; and through gates that nine times out of ten were fast locked with an immense padlock, and had to be crept under or clambered over, in the best way you could.

There was a very little garden round the cottage; for Lizzie made the fields her garden. There, on the sunny green slopes, she found flowers in every season of the year; first, daisies and white cuckoo-flowers; then primroses, cowslips, orchises, and numberless other flowers of summer. Autumn brought foxgloves, cranesbill, and purple vetches; so that Lizzie's garden was always in bloom, without any care of her own to tend it. All summer long the child wandered about the fields, learning all country lore from flowers, and birds, and insects. In the winter-time, when the snow covered up the green grass, and the rivulet was frozen, and the only cheerful-looking object in the fields was the hawthorn-hedge, with its scarlet berries, Lizzie used to sit by her mother's side and

learn to spin flax.

It was by flax-spinning that the widow maintained herself and her daughter. Little Lizzie lived nearly two hundred years ago, when there were no such things as looms and weaving-machines, and all the linen and woollen garments of the country people were spun by their own hands, from the fleece of their own sheep and from the hemp and flax that grew in their own gardens and fields. This was what Lizzie's mother did. Close by the cottage was a flax-field, where each year she sowed the seed, and when the plants were ready to be gathered she took them to be prepared and made into flax for spinning. This she brought home and spun into garments, which people were glad to buy, for they were evenly and beautifully woven.

Did you ever see a flax-field? It is indeed a pretty sight—a waving mass of bright green leaves and bright blue flowers, in colour and shape something like barebells; those beautiful deep

azure flowers that you find in autumn on wild heaths, only that the harebells droop their heads, while the little flax-flowers hold theirs up boldly. Fancy how very pretty a whole field of them must look, growing as high almost as wheat, and each plant bearing numbers of these blue blossoms, with small leaves of the tenderest green! No wonder that all summer the flax-field was Lizzie's admiration and delight. She would creep through the narrow walks that intersected it, too narrow for even her tiny foot, and watch the plants spring up from the brown mould, and gradually grow higher and higher, until by summer-time they absolutely overtopped her head, and Lizzie in her walks was completely buried between two long alleys of blue flax-flowers.

Many and many a time when the plants were young and feeble did Lizzie go all over the field, carefully taking away the worms and noxious insects from the stems, and watering such as looked delicate and drooping. Her mother joined in this care of the field, for she knew its value, and how important to them it was that

each year the flax should yield an abundant harvest.

It seemed as if the plants themselves requited this tender care, for they grew tall and thick with blossoms, and were the prettiest sight all summer; and when autumn came there was not a flax-field for miles round that brought such an abundant harvest as the widow's little field. And she well deserved it; for she was a pious gentle woman, who had the kindest heart in the world, who out of her own poverty found means to help those poorer still, and who brought up her only child in all good ways.

The summer was waning fast into autumn, the blackberries and nuts were ripening on every hedge, and already a few fields of golden wheat had fallen beneath the sickle. Lizzie's mother watched her flax-field with anxious eyes, but no thunder-storm came to break the plants, and they were strong and healthy. Every morning, as soon as the sun was up, the mother and child went

together to look at the beautiful flax-field.

One morning, Lizzie woke very early—so early, that what she took for daylight was only the light of the bright harvest-moon that peeped through her curtains. She lifted her head and looked at her mother; the widow still slept the heavy slur ber of weariness, for she had walked many miles the day before, and she was never very strong. Lizzie watched her, and thought how tired she was, and what a pity it would be to wake her.

"Poor mother! I will go alone to the flax-field this morning,"

thought the child; "and then I will come back and light the fire, and go to the well for water, before she wakes. Dear mother! I wish I were old enough to work, and then she should never be so

wearv as she is now."

So Lizzie crept quietly out of bed, and put on her few clothes—no bonnet covered her fair curls, and her little white feet always went quite bare. Yet she was a pretty, graceful child, as ever danced over green meadows. When she had noiselessly closed the cottage-door, and was out in the open air, Lizzie felt much surprised to find how very early she was up. It was almost dark, for the moon had just glimmered in at the child's window before setting, and the stars only remained to give light. Lizzie felt almost disposed to go to rest again, but that would be sure to awaken her mother. She looked to the cast, and saw there the first streak of dawn; so the little girl knew that day-break was coming, and determined to go to the flax-field by starlight and wait there to watch the sun rise, a sight which her little sleepy eyes had seldom beheld.

Lizzie had hardly come to the gate when she saw there was a bright light all over the field, so that she could distinguish it as plain as if broad daylight. She looked up to the sky, but the day-break was still like a faint line on the horizon, and the stars were yet shining overhead. Lizzie opened the gate and went into the field, and there she saw the most wonderful and lovely sight

that ever little child beheld.

All over the field, in countless myriads, were troops of tiny creatures, like men and women, but so small that Lizzie could have held one of them in her little hand. On the head of each glimmered a star, like that which the glow-worm carries, and this light it was that illumined the whole field. They were dressed in garments which seemed like dragon-flies' wings, of every imaginable colour; and they crept in and out of the flax-flowers, and danced about the stems as light and agile as bees and grashoppers.

The child knew that they were the fairies, the "good people" of whom she had heard many a time, and whose rings she had seen on the grass of the meadow, shewing where they had danced the night before. Lizzie felt rather alarmed, and would have ran home again very quickly, but that the gate of the field had closed behind her of its own accord, and she could not open it without turning her back upon the fairies—a piece of rudeness which Lizzie had heard always made the little people very angry. So she stood quite still, and in a few moments she heard a whizzing and buzzing

like a dozen cockchafers at once, and Lizzie was surrounded by a whole troop of dapper little elves. One of them, a queer little fairy, dressed in bright green, with a blue flax-flower on his head that fitted like a soldier's helmet, climbed to the top of a tall foxglove that grew beside the child, and there, standing on the highest bell, he made a graceful bow, and said in a tone, faint indeed, but perfectly distinct,—

"Little lady, we are glad to have the pleasure of seeing you

here."

"I am not a lady," answered the child, a good deal frightened and almost beginning to cry. "I am only little Lizzie, and I came to look at my mother's flax-field; pray do not be angry with me, kind 'good people.'" Lizzie knew that the fairies did not like to be called by their proper name, but only "good people."

"We shall not do you any harm," said the eff, with a merry smile, that made the other attendant fairies laugh in a musical chorus, which sounded like the tinkling of tiny bells. "We only came to amuse ourselves, and your mother's field will not be any the worse for our visit, but the better. Look there, little Lizzie—you see I know what your name is—and tell me what you see."

Lizzie looked, and there were hundreds of fairies busied about the flax-plants; some carrying the largest foxglove bells full of clear water, which they emptied at the roots; others bearing large dew-drops, which they shook on the leaves in a refreshing shower; others creeping into the flowers, painted them a beautiful blue, with pencils made of the feathers on butterflies' wings—what skilful artists they were! others gathered all the withered flowers and dead leaves that lay on the ground or injured the plants, and then called a whole army of beetles and insects of every kind to bury them in the mould, where they would only make the flax grow more abundantly. And all this time the fairy-gardeners sang so aweetly and merrily, that while she listened the child's heart danced with joy, and all her fear passed away.

"How good you are to take such care of mother's field, beau-

tiful 'good people!'" cried Lizzie.

"Thank you, little maiden," said the fairy-king, for so he seemed to be, and he bowed again very politely. "And do you know the reason why we do so? It is because she is so good. But I am too busy to stay and talk longer with you, little Lizzie; I have to hold a ccuncil of state on a wasp which has been robbing grapes in a garden that we take charge of, so I will send my

daughter, who will talk better with a little girl than I can. Lord-chancellor Beeswing," said his elfin majesty, turning round with a

dignified air, "call Princess Woodbine hither."

And in a minute there stood on a lower foxglove a beautiful fairy-lady. Her hair, bright and wavy, was bound with a floronet of honeysuckle buds, of that tender pink with which they are tinted before they open into flowers. For her wand the princess bore one of the largest wide-opened woodbine petals, whose delicious perfume was wafted to Lizzie where she stood. The fairy-lady addressed her in a voice of silvery sweetness:—

"Little golden-haired child, what do you wish to know of me?"
"The reason why you come to our flax-field, and make it so

beautiful," answered Lizzie.

"Because your mother is one of the mortals whom we love. She never speaks an ill word of any one, and her wheel is never still. She labours night and day to bring up her little girl in comfort, and be able to provide her sweet bread and milk, so that Lizzie may grow strong and healthy. She is never slow to give to the poor, so the fairies take care that she has always wherewithal to give. Therefore, every night, when her poor tired eyes are closed, and all the world is sleeping, we come and tend her flax-field, and make it grow fresh and beautiful."

"And does she know this?" asked Lizzie. "She and I have come here together many a time just after sunrise, and we have never seen you, nor has she told me that you came here. Why is

it that I see you, and mother cannot?"

"Because, Lizzie, you are a Sunday-child," answered the Princess Woodbine; "all children that are born on Sunday can see the fairies: that is, all good children. You rose to-day, thinking to make all things ready for your poor tired mother before she awoke—that was good; when you found it was so early in the morning, you would not go to rest again, lest you should disturb her—that was good, too; so, when you came here, you were allowed to see us."

"And may I come again, dear 'good people,' and see you

whenever I like?"

"No, little Lizzie, you can only behold us once a year; but whenever you see the flax-field looking blooming and beautifut, you will know that the fairies have been there. And when you grow up a woman, if you are as diligent and as kind to others as your good mother is, we will come and tend your flax-field likewise, and

make all things prosper with you. But if you are idle and extravagant, or so hard-hearted that you will not shew kindness to others, then the fairies will go away from you, and you will never see them more."

"I will try to be good," said little Lizzie, "only do not go away from me;" and two bright tears came to her eyes, and she sighed very heavily, until the foxglove-bell whereon the fairy princess stood shook so much, that the little lady was forced to spread her butterfly wings to keep herself from falling to the ground. At this, Lizzie's tears were changed into a merry laugh; but Woodbine was not angry at her mirth, for she was a gentle fairy and meek-hearted, though she was daughter of the great elfin-king.

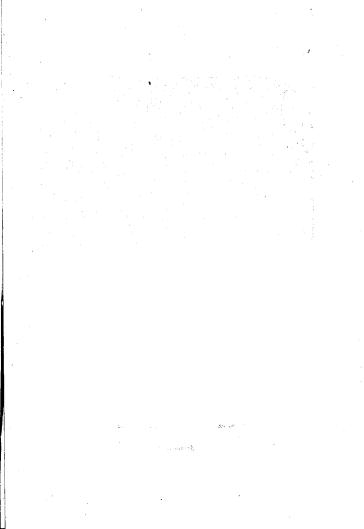
"Tell me beforehand the next time you sigh, little child of earth," she said gaily; "for we fairies are not so robust as you. And now I cannot stay to talk with you any more, for the stars are setting, and we have a long way to journey before sunrise; only you must promise not to tell any one, except your mother. that you have seen us, or you will look upon us no more: also, you must always come alone to the flax-field at the time when you are allowed to behold us. And now good-by, good-by, little Lizzie, until next vear."

While the fairy spoke, the eastern clouds were growing brighter and brighter, until the dawn, the shadows of morning twilight, grew less and less; and as Lizzie looked, a faint ray of sunshine lit the summit of the distant mountain: nearer it came, still growing brighter, until it touched the valley beneath. When Lizzie turned, the fairies were all gone; the flax-field looked fresh and lovely in the faint light of morning, and a skylark rose singing from the midst of it. Afar the child saw what seemed like a swarm of gnats sailing away in the air, and she knew that it was the "good people" going home.

Lizzie grew up to be a woman, and year after year she saw the fairies, and talked with them. All people loved her, for she was good, and kind, and loving, to every one. The flax-field grew more productive year by year, and Lizzie never knew what it was to be poor. There seemed a blessing upon all that belonged to

her, and she lived long and happy, and died beloved by all.

Shall I tell you the names of the true fairies that brought such good fortune to the widow and her child? They were Industry and Patience, Benevolence and Household-love.





Sunny Hair.

SUNNY HAIR'S DREAM.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

"A DAY in the woods!—a whole, long, happy summer-day!" cried a little boy, as he bounded over the stile, and laughing, clapping his hands for very joy, danced down the green lane until he had lost sight of home.

I will not tell you the child's real name, for it was so plain and simple that my scornful little readers might perhaps think it unworthy to be brought into a story of the kind I intend this to be; but I will call him by a pet name which he bore, and liked much better than his own—Sunny Hair. Now in far countries, of which I could tell you, it is still the custom to give every one a name from some personal or mental quality which he possesses; and therefore this appellation was not so strange, after all. The boy had long, beautiful, golden curls; and one day, as his mother was caressing him, she called him her "little Sunny Hair." Ever after he bore the name; and it was most appropriate to the child's bright face, and open, joyous nature.

It was a lovely autumn morning when Sunny Hair set forth to enjoy his woodland holiday. A light faint mist still hung over the fields, like a silvery veil, through which the stray sunbeams pierced, weaving it with threads of gold. From hedge to hedge across the narrow lane stretched the dewy, glittering threads of the spiders, and on prominent branches hung their lace-like webs, so fairy-like and beautiful! There is nothing disgusting or unpleasing in country spiders. Sunny Hair was not in the least afraid of them, (pretty, graceful insects!) though their fine fantastic webs swept in his very face sometimes, as he ran along. After a time he slackened his pace, for he saw that the thick thorn-hedges had given place to blackberry-bushes, with their tempting purple fruit, which is to England what the grape is abroad.

My little readers, is there one among you who does not like blackberries? I do, I confess it. Many and many a time, now the year brings round the autumn season, when I walk through the city of cities, and a brown leaf from some chance tree drifts at my feet; when the twilights close in soon, but the little hit of sky that I can see looks golden and purple, and I feel must be bright with one of those rich sunsets which are peculiar to autumn; then I think of some dear old lanes which I know, how richly laden they must be now, how pleasant to saunter through them in the soft,

wol evening, and hunt for blackberries!

With a child's eager delight did little Sunny Hair do this, until his rosy lips were purple with the luscious juice! The richest branches of all hung above his head, far out of reach—alas! they always do, like this world's pleasures—but Sunny Hair was of that sweet, happy nature which does not sigh after impossibilities. He enjoyed to the full all the blackberries within reach; and if, now and then, his eyes wistfully turned to the higher branches, he quickly looked away.

"They will remain for the birds, the pretty little birds, who want them far more than I," cried Sunny Hair; "so, perhaps, it

is well that I cannot get them!"

Dear little children, how much useless pining for unattainable pleasures would you save yourselves by a thought like this!

On went the child, until the lane deepened and darkened with overhanging trees; and though the sun grew higher, its rays could not enter through the boughs. The blackberry-bushes came to an end, and now each hedge grew white with the large blossoms of the convolvulus, as, one by one, they opened to the day. How beautiful they were - so pure-looking, so graceful, amidst their masses of dark-green leaves! Sunny Hair rushed, with sparkling eyes, to gather them; but he pulled, and pulled, and though he tore away many leaves and flowers in so doing, he could not break off a single white garland, the stems were twisted so closely and firmly round each other. When he had untwined them, and severed them one by one, he felt almost sad to see how the poor flowers drooped. instead of holding their snowy heads upright to the sun. But he mixed them with some other flowers which he had gathered on his way, and went deeper and deeper into the greenwood, for the lane had now merged into a forest. Not a wild, gloomy forest, such as you hear of in tales of robbers, but a lovely and lonely wood, full of glancing lights and shadows, and of pleasant sounds. Once upon a time it had been a place where kings and barons hunted; its still depths had echoed the noise of hounds and horn, and many a wild beast had made its den there. But these times were all gone by, and the forest was only inhabited by harmless and innocent creatures. As Sunny Hair passed under the trees, sometimes he disturbed a hare crouching on her form, or a hind looked at him with her large soft eyes from between the green bushes where her young fawns lay; but neither feared the beautiful child.

All the long morning did Sunny Hair stay in the pleasant wood. When noon came he found a green bank, out of which bubbled a little rivulet. He was very thirsty, so he lay down and drank, and then amused himself with dashing the silvery water about with his rosy hands, and frightening the water-spiders that danced over the tmy stream. After a while he began to feel hungry; so he gathered more blackberries and wild raspberries, and making himself a fairy goblet out of a large foxglove-bell, he ate and drank like a prince. Then he lay down and listened to the birds singing and the insects

humming, and thought how very happy he was.

When the shadows deepened in the forest, and the sunshine became less warm, Sunny Hair began to think of turning homeward. He had no fear of losing his way, for he was not a rich man's child, never suffered to go any where unattended, but had been all his life at liberty to run about as he liked, and, therefore, he knew every nook in the wood. So he gathered up his flowers, which he had dipped in the cool water to freshen them, and then remembered the purpose for which they were plucked.

"I must not forget little sister and her garden," said the boy to himself, with a smile that was rather sad. And as he passed through the wood he sought about for flowers of every kind, for to him all were beautiful, from the little daisy at his feet to the fragrant woodbine that climbed over the bushes; he even stayed to gather and admire the purple flowers of the thistle, and thought what a graceful plant it was, though very dangerous to approach carelessly. And so, in truth, we may find beauty in the wildest and commonest of

nature's gifts, if we only wish to do so.

Through the long green alleys, that gradually became more and more open to the daylight, went the boy, until he reached the boundary of the wood. The sun was near its setting, and a dark purple shadow had already gathered over the valleys, while the far-distant hill was still bright with sunshine. Often and often had Sunny Hair watched this hill, behind which the sun erept day after day, and thought what a lovely spot it must be. It was many miles from his home, and he thought if he once got there he might see where the sun went and hid himself at night. Sunny Hair had even ventured to express as much at home; but his father had laughed, and his mother had said he could not understand this as vet, but that she would explain it when he grew older. So he was content; but still he watched this great mystery of sunset with something of awe.

The sun went down, and, from the weeded hill where he stood, Sunny Hair beheld the twilight steal over his native village, that lay in the pleasant valley at his feet. On the side of the hill were the church and churchyard, with its white gravestones studding the green slope, looking in the dim light almost like a flock of sheep.

Sunny Hair came to a green mound which he knew well, for it was the garden of his little sister, who had gone away in the spring. He did not call it a grave, though her name was upon the white stone-it was a garden, and every day throughout the summer he had covered it with fresh flowers. He knew that Lilly was not there, -his mother had said so amidst her tears, - but still he thought that perhaps she might look down sometimes upon a spot where they had played together so often, and be glad to see her garden blooming so fair. The boy sat down beside the mound, decked it all over with flowers, and then leaned his head against the stone and thought of old times, when his sister was with him, until he could almost have fancied he heard her ringing laugh by his side, and saw her sunny face peeping at him from behind the stately monument of the great family at the Hall. At last, overpowered by weariness, the child's fancies became confused, and he fell asleep amidst his flowers.

In his sleep there came to Sunny Hair a strange and beautiful dram. He thought that he saw the flowers move, and from each of them there sprang a tiny form, until hundreds rose up, like may-flies over the meadow, and floated over the grave in a sort of airy dance. The child heard their voices singing a music so fine and delicate that it might have been only the whispering of the wind in a bed of lilies, or the ringing of blue-bells, for the fairies to dance to; and yet little Sunny Hair, in his dream, heard every word distinct and clear. Gradually the chorus ceased, and the boy distinguished only one sweet, low voice—it came from a daisy, on whose petals stood a being clad in garments that seemed like the wings of a white butterfly. The child knew it was one of the flower-angels—the spirit of the daisy. Thus it sang:—

I am beautiful yet meek;
Thorny bank, or lone way-side,
Is the only throne I seek.
If the foot of seorn or pride
Crush me-ho! I rise again;
Lift my fair face without stain
Up to heaven, through storm and shower,
Thankful, joyful, every hour.
Child, throughout life's gloomy road,
Ever look thou up to God,
If winds blow, or sunbeams shine,
With a grateful heart, like mine.

As the song ended the boy saw a quivering among the white bells of the convolvulus, and in one of them stood three angels,



wreathing round each other their delicate arms, while their voices blended in melodious unison.

Twining, closely twining—
Though the loud winds call,
Nover harm comes near us
In our leafy hall:
Twining, closely twining—
Though the hot sun glows,
In a cool green shelter
We our buds enclose.
If one frail shoot wander,
Soon it droops and dies,
All our strength and beauty
In close union lies.
Child, the world's storms cannot move
Hearts safe linked in household love.

Again the song rose up—it was from the blossoms of the thistle.

Within my deep and purple flowers, In safety rests the wandering bee: None else, 'midst odorous summer bowers, Regardeth me. When autumn winds arise, I trust
My winged seeds unto their care,
To float, as Nature wills they must,
I know not where.

They will spring forth to air and sun When I in mother Earth's warm breast, Having my course allotted run, Am laid to rest.

Thus, child, in coming manhood send
Thy good deeds forth — words pure and wise,
Although thou knowest not their end,
Nor destinies.

The child listened, and his awakened soul drank in the spirit of the strain, though it was solemn and earnest above his years. Once more the song changed; and this time it came from the bunch of poppies which he still held in his sleeping hand. Tiny laughing faces peeped from under the bright red petals, and the music they sung was so light and dreamy, that it seemed to overpower the boy's senses with a rapture delicious and yet calm.

We are poppies bright and gay, All the live-long summer day In the sun's smile basking; And his rays, gold-luminous, Dews and zephyrs, come to us, All without our asking.

Over earth chill Night falls down; Then we fold our purple crown, Spread our crimson pinions, And away to dream-land bright, Where nought mars our deep delight In those blest dominions. Our seed-caskets, each small cup, Thus we fold securely up, At bright Hesper's warning. Safe from blight and freezing air, Till again they open fair, To the glorious morning

To the glorious morning
Child, oh, read the lesson thus:
If God give such powers to us,
Of those powers unwitting,
Will He not on thee bestow
Shelter through the night of woe?
Strength to meet it fitting?

Thus, with a sweet and solemn pensiveness, ended the melody, and then all the flower-angels sang together in a chorus of divinest music, weaving their fantastic dance above the head of the sleeping child. They sang to him of the beauty of Nature—of the excellence of all her works—and of the deep wisdom that lies hid in the low-liest flower of the field. The boy, in his dream, felt and understood it all. And while he beheld, the beautiful vision grew dim, the chorus died away like the last breathing of an Eolian harp, when the wind is lulled,—and the dream was gone.

When the boy awoke, the shadow of the church tower, cast by the newly-risen moon, fell darkly upon his sister's garden. The flowers lay beside him, but the flower-angels were seen no more. Sunny Hair rose up and went home through the still moonlight, with his child's heart, full of pure and holy thoughts, awakened

by the memory of his pleasant dream.

