



THE  
JUVENILE  
ALBUM.

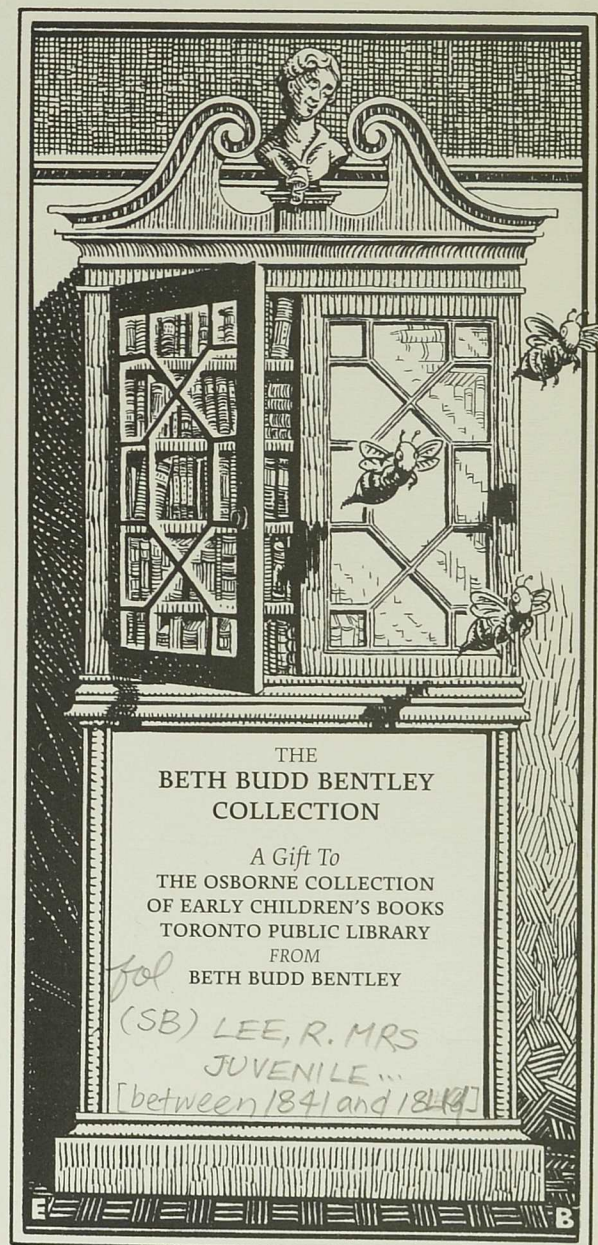


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Juvenile  
& engraved plates

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T. A. WOOLNOTH DEL.

T. WOOLNOTH SC.

THE FIRST LOSS.



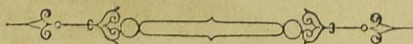
THE  
JUVENILE ALBUM,  
OR  
TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR;

BY  
MRS. R. LEE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT STEEL ENGRAVINGS

BY  
T. WOOLNOTH,

(HISTORICAL ENGRAVER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.)



LONDON

ACKERMANN AND Co., 96, STRAND,

By Appointment to Her Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent.

TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.



THE  
JUVENILE ALBUM

FOR THE USE OF THE  
YOUTH OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY  
MR. J. H. STIMPSON

LONDON :

W. OSTELL, PRINTER, HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY.



TO THE  
PRINCESS ROYAL,

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

AND THEIR JUVENILE ROYAL HIGHNESSES

PRINCESS ALICE, PRINCE ALFRED, PRINCESS HELENA

&c., &c.,

THIS VOLUME,

INTENDED FOR THE SPECIAL AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF THEMSELVES AND THE WHOLE OF THEIR INFANTINE  
FELLOW-SUBJECTS, IS, WITH THE BEST WISHES FOR THEIR HAPPINESS,

*MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.*



## CONTENTS.

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|                                     | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| THE GUARD - - - - -                 | 1     |
| STILL SLEEPY - - - - -              | 9     |
| TRIAL - - - - -                     | 17    |
| NOT QUITE ATTENTIVE - - - - -       | 25    |
| DONT CRY, MAMMA - - - - -           | 35    |
| THE FIRST LOSS - - - - -            | 43    |
| THE FIRST VISIT FROM HOME - - - - - | 51    |
| THE RETURN - - - - -                | 61    |



## THE GUARD.

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WHAT! afraid of a dog! Come here, Chance, and give your paw to this little boy. He will soon see that you do not mean to hurt him. Come, Willy, make friends with poor Chance, and then I will tell you something about dogs, and particularly of our old favourite. The animal came close up to the little boy, who, taking fast hold of his aunt's hand, suffered him to put his paw on the tips of his fingers, and then, as if glad that the danger was over, the child lifted himself upon his aunt's knee, and claimed her promise of telling him something concerning dogs. I suppose, said Mrs. L., you know, that when our wise Creator made man, he gave him power to rule over all the beasts of the earth; not because he was the strongest, or the swiftest, or because he could see, hear, smell, or run better than they, but because he had more sense and reason; and although some

beasts, and especially dogs, are often known to be more generous, more friendly than some men, this is only because men do not make proper use of their reason, and choose to act against God's commands.

The most useful of all the beasts tamed by man has been the dog, which he has either found in or carried to all parts of the world. These valuable creatures will live in all climates, bear fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and in every instance will give up their own enjoyment and comfort for that of their master.

When you think of all the differences made by cold and heat, by plenty or scarcity of food, by living always in warm houses or stables, or running about in a wild and savage state, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that in the beginning of the world there were not so many kinds of dogs as there are



now, and that all came from one pair created by God. Many clever men have tried to find out what this first pair was like, and are not now agreed on the subject; but most of them are of opinion that they were either wolves or jackals. If you were to see a little wolf puppy, you would find it exactly like a dog, and tame wolves have all the actions of dogs; and yet, if dogs are taken to desert islands, and left there for several years to become wild, their young ones are not like either wolves or jackals. So you see the matter is not settled yet to the satisfaction of all, and I do not think it much signifies. It may be difficult for you to understand how they have changed by degrees, but perhaps the example of the sheep will make it clearer to you. You know that their backs are here covered with crisply curled wool, but if you take them to a hot climate, even the Merino breed, which is the most curly of all, this wool gradually untwists till it becomes nearly straight, and their lambs will have long, stiff, lanky hair for ever; so that the inhabitants of those countries do not know anything about that nice, soft wool which contributes so much to our clothing. If each pair of old dogs become different in consequence of

food, heat or cold, and their puppies not only have these differences, but add still more, and give them to their young, you will see, in the course of time, how unlike their first parents dogs may become.

Now I have tried to show you how the numerous varieties in dogs have taken place, let us look at a map of the world, and see what a broad strip of land lies round the North Pole, belonging to Europe, Asia, and America. In all these cold regions dogs are the chief domestic animals, and where the moss no longer grows on which the rein-deer feed, they are the only animals which are of use to men; they drag them through the snow, they defend them against the fierce bears, they hunt and fish for them, and are contented with the scanty food which their masters throw to them out of their own slender meal. Horses belong to warmer climates, but even in the warmest of these, dogs are also useful in order to help their masters in catching their prey. You know, that in civilized countries some are reared and trained at an immense expense, to contribute to the amusement as well as benefit of men; these chiefly consist of stag-hounds, fox-hounds, beagles, greyhounds, and pointers; beside



which, there are some fitted for hunting vermin, and for taking care of property. Many, such as hounds and terriers, after having been taught in this country, are carried to the East Indies, where they hunt the tigers and antelopes, but such hard exercise in so much heat shortens their lives many years. A well trained dog is a beautiful example of obedience, for whether the master is present or not, the dog will behave just as well; if left alone with food close to him, he never touches it, however hungry; if told to take care of anything, he guards it so faithfully, that he would die sooner than suffer it to be taken away. At the voice of the sportsman, the dogs, which are rushing along in full chase, stop short, and the pointer of his own accord never moves till the game is gone. A dog of this kind, belonging to my father, stood with her hind legs upon a gate for more than two hours, perfectly motionless, the partridges in their nest close to her nose, and had she moved an inch they would have been frightened away. My father went on with his gun, and having other dogs did not miss poor Clio for a long time; at length he found she was not with the rest, and neither came to his call or to his whistle, so

he went back to seek her, and there she stood, just as she had got over the gate. His coming up disturbed the birds, and he shot some of them, but Clio when thus relieved was so stiff that she could not move, and her master sat down on the grass and rubbed her legs till she could bend them again.

I am sorry to say, as my eyes again glance over the map, and Africa presents itself, that many barbarous people belonging to this country eat these their best friends. They are of a small kind, with long ears, and are stewed into soup, but a European dog is thought to be a much greater delicacy. Eating dogs seems to me to be next to eating men and women, and the nations who indulge in such food are generally very cruel and savage. In Egypt, and in Lisbon, the dogs act the part of scavengers; in the latter place they are in such numbers as occasionally to make it dangerous to disturb them. This is a very dirty city, and every thing that we burn here, or have carried away at stated times in carts, is thrown into the streets, so that if these dogs did not clear it away the most dreadful fevers would arise from the putrid matter, and probably the plague: they have no masters,



and hide themselves in holes by day, at which time they are never seen. In the most southern countries of the world, such as Australia, dogs are equally useful, and the poor natives who have scarcely any clothing, who scarcely know even how to cook their food, procure it with the help of their dogs; so you see, that from the north to the south, from the east to the west, wherever man exists, the dog is to be found by his side, to love and to help him; and I am sure, when you think of this you will no longer be afraid of them. I should not wish you to touch strange dogs when you meet them in the street, because, very often, when they have been starved or ill-treated, they will be cross, and think that every one is going to hurt them; but although they vary in temper as human beings do, you may be sure, that unless they have had cruelty or unkindness shown to them, they will not hurt you, unless you hurt them. Our friend Chance has always been well treated, and I will now tell you his history.

When your cousin Emily was staying in Dorsetshire, with some of our friends, and was about eleven years old, she was walking by herself, and came to a

pond by the side of the road. On the edge of the pond lay a little puppy, which we suppose had been thrown in, in order to drown it. It was a little fat thing, and much older than puppies usually are when they are drowned, for when we are afraid of having more in a house than we can feed, we have them killed before they can see, or indeed be well conscious of any thing. Emily was much struck with the appearance of this poor little thing, and on examination found that it breathed; so she sat down, wiped it with her pocket-handkerchief, and rubbed it a long time. At last it opened its eyes and licked her hand. She at first was delighted that she had saved its life, but when she began to think what she should do with it, she almost repented that she had restored it: she did not dare take it to the house where she was staying, for the mistress of it, although kind-hearted, hated dogs, and was besides so very strict, that Emily could not ask any favour of her. It was not in her power to place it at any of the neighbouring cottages without paying for its food, and Emily had spent all her money; she was therefore very much puzzled what to do, and walked slowly homewards with it in



her arms, its little nose close to her, and sleeping so quietly that she did not even like to put it down. As she passed a large old barn, full of hay and straw, she recollected that few persons ever entered there, and she for the present determined to lodge the puppy in it: she managed to open the heavy old door, and choosing a snug corner, making a bed of hay for it, and covering it with her shawl, she left it to its fate for awhile; but all the rest of the day she was thinking of the way to feed it. She did not like to trust her secret to any of the servants, for fear their mistress should be angry with them for helping her, and determined to spare part of her own food: the chief difficulty lay in carrying it to the barn. It was fortunately summer time, and she always had permission to take her breakfast of bread and milk, and her draught of milk in the evening, on to the lawn, so she constantly slipped away in order to give some of these to the puppy. Once or twice when it rained, the poor beast was obliged to go without, and Emily could scarcely sleep for thinking of its disappointment; but she then begged for an old broken basin, and afterwards always left enough for a second meal.

Chance, for it was he, was not very particular as to the milk being quite sweet. As he grew bigger, Emily thought he should have some meat, so at luncheon every day she contrived to put some off her plate into a bag; this she afterwards chopped very fine, but the dog ate it so heartily that she soon gave it to him in larger slices. But the more trouble she took, the more did her difficulties increase, for Chance grew so fast, so strong, and active, that she knew she could not long conceal him. The best thing which she thought could happen would be for him to be given away, and they had grown so fond of each other, that this was a great grief to her, and she much wished that she had either me or her papa close by to consult.

While she thought of all these things, Chance began to think it dull in the barn by himself, and to Emily's dismay, he found a hole in one of the sides, got out, and followed her one evening after she left him; she took him back, talked to him, tried to show him that it was very wrong to get out at the hole, and as he did not appear to heed her, she at length scolded him well, and even gave him a few



smart raps on the head; but all to no purpose; the moment her back was turned, out came Chance. After various endeavours to stop up the hole, she at length found a piece of an old fishing-net, and getting some nails and a hammer; she fastened this over the hole. She was now perfectly happy, and could not help laughing as she frequently turned her head, after leaving the barn, to see Chance standing with his nose through one of the meshes of the net; she was however so frightened at the risk she ran, that she wrote to me to ask what to do with her favourite. As I delayed answering for several days, the grand discovery was made before she received my advice, and as she was sitting with the severe lady of whom I have already told you, she heard some little feet trotting along the hall, raised her eyes, and who should walk in at the door but Mr. Chance, as impudent as possible. He was so pretty, so droll, and walked up to the lady with such an inquiring look, as much as to say, 'Are you Emily?' that she could not help laughing; she turned to the poor girl who was the colour of scarlet, and inquired if she knew anything about the dog. 'Yes, ma'am,' said Emily,

and burst into tears; but the sound of her voice was enough, for Chance immediately knew it, and bounding towards her, scrambled up into her lap, and began licking her face and whining with delight. 'Oh! Chance,' she said, 'how could you serve me so, how did you come here?' She then answered all the lady's questions by telling her every circumstance, how she found him, how she had kept him, and earnestly begged of her not to order the dog away till my letter arrived. The lady was so pleased with the whole history, and with the appearance of Chance, that she not only gave her leave to keep him, but to the surprise of every one became herself fond of the dog. My letter arrived, which enclosed money for Chance to come to us in a basket, either by coach or waggon, when Emily returned; but when that time came, the lady suffered Chance to travel in her carriage, and accompanied herself and Emily, and here he has been ever since. We have never been able to find out what sort of dog he is; some say he is a sort of setter, others call him an Albanian; inquiries were made about him in the village where Emily found him, but no one could ever tell where



he came from, or who left him to die in the pond, so that Emily's name of Chance has been the best she could give him. He is not only one of the sweetest tempered creatures possible, but one of the most faithful, for he fancies that it is his place to guard every thing in the house. He believes it, however, to be his particular duty to watch over all the babies, and I can only account for this from one day leaving one of your cousins, when she was very little, on the floor, while I went out of the room; as I passed the dog I said, 'Chance, take care of baby,' and pointed to the child; when I came back I found him sitting close beside her, looking at her with great gravity, and when I praised him for it, he seemed to be quite delighted. From that time he finds his way to them as soon after they are born as he can get into the room, and takes his station; and as the nurses know him now, they give him his way. When the little things go to sleep, he creeps very softly towards the head of the bed, and rests his chin upon the pillow; his eyes never close, but he does not move, unless any one approaches whom he thinks is not entitled to do so, he then

erects himself, and gives a low growl. The children who are older, roll over him, drag him about, pull his tail, sit upon him, even ride upon his back, and he seems to consider himself as one of them; for when they cry he tries to comfort and console them, and when they are full of spirits and joy, he frolics about, and appears to share their mirth; he occasionally goes with the bigger boys when they play at ball, and by the earnest gravity with which he watches the bat, and the running backwards and forwards, you would think that he was there in order to judge the game. Great as is his affection for all of us, however, his love of his mistress exceeds all others; we in vain try to make him play the tricks she has taught him; if several of us call him at the same time he goes to her in preference; if she be absent he is restless and uneasy; and when we tell him she is coming home, he lies close to the door to watch for her. He is very jealous if she notices any other dog, or even any young child which does not belong to the family, and when she was ill last winter, he could scarcely be prevailed on to leave the room. If while he was on the staircase he saw



any one approach her door, he would rush forward, push it open with violence, and before they could seat themselves, place himself at her feet on the sofa, for fear they should occupy his place ; and no longer

ago than yesterday, when she was leading your little brother by the hand, he went behind, and putting his nose also into her hand, walked with them across the garden.











T. A. WOOLNOTH DEL.

T. WOOLNOTH SC.

STILL SLEEPY.



## STILL SLEEPY.

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"MAMMA! Mamma! baby's awake; she is going to cry," said little Edward to his mother, Mrs. Maitland. "Then you must have awakened her," was the reply, "for she has not been long asleep." "No: indeed, dear mamma, I only opened the press where the toys are, and the doll only fell upon the bed as I passed." "That is," said Mrs. Maitland, "you only did that which could not fail to disturb your sister." She then went to the bed, and taking the still sleepy child in her arms, tried to soothe her to rest again; but she would not compose herself except on her mamma's lap, while Edward seated himself on a little stool at her feet, promising not to make any more noise. After a short period, however, he looked most piteously up in her face, and with evident symptoms of being tired of keeping his promise, intreated his mamma would talk to him, "but in a low voice, for fear it should

wake baby." Complying with his request, she asked him if he had ever thought about sleep, and how happy those persons are who can take regular rest, and are not obliged by important and painful duties to rob themselves of the quantity necessary for their health. "There are, however," continued she, "many who indulge in a great deal too much, but they are generally persons of idle habits, or who are made indolent by having some bodily cause for inactivity. Of these, many could conquer the propensity if they would but be courageous enough to exert themselves. The few who cannot rouse into energy, on account of bodily infirmity are much to be pitied. A certain quantity of sleep seems to be necessary to every one, but it varies in different individuals; and the small portion, required by some, is often a matter of astonishment to others. Like all rules made by God,



this cannot be altered without injury; we therefore see those who sleep too much become full and indolent, and are apt to have diseases of the head and heart; while those who take too little, become worn out, or have inflammations of the brain. All those, at least with very few exceptions, who have lived longest, have been early risers; and I need not tell you, Edward, that they generally do much more than those who indulge in bed in the morning; the body is fresh, and it is the opinion of many that they are more clever at that hour of the day than at any other. Do you recollect what a difference there was between your two cousins, John and Frank, when they passed the holidays here last winter? One was always ready, always cheerful; and the other never came down to breakfast at the proper time; was cross whenever he was told he was to rise, and kept us waiting whenever he went out with us, because he had lost that hour in the first part of the day, which his brother gained, and which he always seemed to me to be looking for. There is one sort of sleep which I consider to be a great blessing, and that is what is generally called light sleep; it not only means being easily awakened,

but the being able to do that which is wanted of you, the instant you are awake. Sailors and travellers often acquire this from the habits of their lives, and in many instances it has saved life. An example of this occurred in one of your uncle's passages from Dublin to England. All the passengers were sleeping soundly, and also part of the crew; too many of them I believe, for the ship was going fast upon some rocks: your uncle was awoke by a peculiar motion of the vessel, and being an old sailor, he was sure that there was something wrong; he jumped up in a moment, half dressed himself, and rushed upon the deck. The first thing he saw was the man who steered, fast asleep as he stood, and the foam of the waves (which, when they dash over rocks, are called breakers), flying over the bows, or front of the vessel: he instantly seized hold of the rudder, and with it turned the ship's side towards the rocks; the men were roused, and put her into proper trim; but by this action, by his light sleep, his quickness in knowing what to do, upwards of a hundred persons were saved from drowning. One minute more, and the ship would probably have been broken to pieces."



After sitting sometime silent, thinking of what he had just heard, Edward asked his mamma if she had ever been shipwrecked. "No, my dear," she replied, "although I have often been in great danger at sea, and in many heavy storms; but our friend, Mrs. A., was, and as you have never heard the history of her adventure, I will tell it to you now. She was coming from a place a great way off, in the South Sea, to England, with her four children, and a young lady whom she had promised to take care of. They had fitted up their cabins very beautifully, provided themselves with all sorts of comforts for their long voyage, had an excellent captain and sailors to direct and work the ship, and had some very agreeable fellow-passengers, so that all seemed to promise a pleasant expedition. They sailed along the Southern Seas, and came round that point of South America called Cape Horn, where it is generally very windy and cold, and where the ice hung upon the ropes of the ship, and they played at snow-balls to keep themselves warm. When they had passed this place it began to grow very hot, for they came between the tropics, and if you look at a map of the world, you will see, that all the very warm

countries lie between these two lines, which mark the distance to which the sun goes to the north or the south. Here some of the gentleman began to fancy that they had not quite so many luxuries as when they first started, and to please them, the captain put into a port on the coast of South America, where English and Portuguese resided, in order to procure what they wanted. Having laid in a stock of all sorts of nice things they again set sail, but never having been in that part of the world before, the captain was obliged to trust to the charts and maps in order to know which way to steer. Unfortunately these were wrong, and a ridge of rocks was laid down, as much as six miles out of its proper place; so one night, as they were sailing peaceably along, the ship struck upon them with such violence, that they every moment thought she would go to pieces. You will easily imagine the distress and alarm of every body; but sailors are particularly kind to women and children, and the first thought was how to save those on board. The captain and some of his men twice ventured to try the small boats, but the breakers would not suffer them to remain in the water; they were



upset, and broken to pieces, and those in them were obliged to swim for their lives ; one man was borne by the waves towards the shore, where he was thrown upon the sand, and remained senseless and stiff from bruises for a long time ; it was, therefore, out of the question to think of this method. The long boat, which is generally placed in the middle of the deck when not wanted, was then proposed ; but the live stock, or sheep and goats, which they meant to eat upon the voyage, had been kept in this, and it was so full of holes, that the carpenter said he could not make it water-tight. A raft was therefore thought of, which you know, consists of a number of pieces of wood, strongly fastened together, so as to form a flat surface, which, being lighter than water, will always swim on the top. To this each female was to be tied, and some men were to guide it with long poles ; but the waves were so high, and dashed with such violence over the ship, that it was next to impossible that five poor females could reach the shore in safety upon so unsteady a conveyance. There seemed, however, to be no choice, and the carpenters set to work with all the spare masts and planks they could find. All

this time the night was advancing, every instant the ship was so battered, that they thought she must split ; and amid thumping, knocking, cracking, the hallowing of the men to each other, and the roaring of the waves, the groans of the masts and timbers were heard, while the darkness increased the horrors.

When there is anything to be done, men can be actively employed, but all that women, generally speaking, can do is to be ready, but quiet. On this occasion, Mrs. A. tied all her important papers and money round her waist, and filled her pockets with light useful things ; she instructed the others to do the same, for it was a barbarous country where they were wrecked, and it was afterwards delightful to see what sensible things these poor children secured. None of them added to the confusion by going on deck, or asking any questions, but being ready to start at any moment, they then began to prepare themselves for the worst, and try to reconcile themselves to a fate which every moment seemed to become more probable. They first prayed aloud, and Mrs. A. read passages of Scripture to them by the glimmering light of a small lamp, and then they



silently lifted their hearts to their Father in Heaven. One dear little girl was heard to ask God to make her an angel in heaven ; and then, worn out by fatigue and excitement, she leaned her head upon Mrs. A., and went fast asleep. In this manner was the night passed, and the dawn of morning so fully exposed the dangers of the raft, that the carpenters again went to the long boat. A fresh examination made them think that she might be caulked, or have the holes so stopped up as to prevent the water from coming in : accordingly they did their best, and at eight o'clock, after ten hours of suspense, all was ready. The ladies were brought on deck, and desired not to take any loose parcels : one little girl, who had tied her Bible and Prayer Book in her pocket-handkerchief, and slung it upon her arm, pleaded that she might make an exception ; but of course it was taken from her, because, if it were not right for the others, it was not right for her to have a bundle. The children were made to lie down at the bottom of the boat, and the ladies were ordered to hold themselves in as tightly as possible : the ropes were pulled, the boat was lifted over the side, and as she descended and alighted on

the foaming waters, the noise of the voices ceased and all watched with breathless anxiety, for they feared she might immediately sink : however, when they saw her ride safely on the tossing element, a general shout of joy was uttered, the men in her pulled away at the oars, and after rowing for several miles, they landed at a village, inhabited by Indians, Negroes, and one or two Portuguese. The boat returned afterwards for the rest of the crew, and whatever could be gathered together amidst the confusion ; but was too much shattered to be of use afterwards. A small Portuguese vessel, which had tried to approach the English ship after she was wrecked, but could not get near her on account of the rocks, now came closer to the shore, and two of the gentlemen went in her to the port which they had just left, in order to get assistance for the rest. In the meanwhile, the natives thought that the wrecked vessel and her contents were fit objects for plunder, and they seized on every thing, refusing to lend their canoes to the shipwrecked sailors, that they might not take their booty from them. One voyage to the ship was made by the captain, and he then found her



nearly stripped, the chests and boxes too heavy for removal, having been broken open, and rifled of their contents. There was too much reason to believe, that the Portuguese who lived there were concerned in this, as the gentlemen afterwards saw some of their property at the houses of these residents, in use for their own purposes. When it was too late to do any good, a guard of Portuguese soldiers came to take care of life and property, from the nearest settlement; but all were too grateful for their preservation, to care much for anything else. One droll thing has always made us laugh when we think of it; a canoe was seen coming from the vessel, and one of the Indians alone in it, standing upright, and paddling himself along; he had no clothing on, except a pink bonnet belonging to Mrs. A., the ridiculous look of which was increased by a wreath of flowers, which had escaped at one end, and was streaming in the wind. The poor creature had tied it under his chin, and nothing could exceed the pride and satisfaction with which he wore his finery, one of the sailors, however, was so indignant when he saw him, that he snatched it off his head; and this same pink bonnet served Mrs. A. for

her voyage home, and is now carefully preserved as a relic.

For ten days did our friends live in this wild spot, the natives brought them a sufficiency of provisions, an empty hut was appropriated to the ladies, but the gentlemen slept round it in the open air, wrapped up in their cloaks. They contrived to get some rude seats, and some mats to sleep on, but the reptiles and vermin were so numerous, that the ladies could not all go to sleep at the same time; the serpents and scorpions crawled from under their pillows, and some watched while the others rested. I had a letter from Mrs. A., in which she said, "I cannot write any more, for my stockings are almost black with vermin as I sit, and the snakes are crawling out from the crevices of the hut in the most frightful manner, and I can do little else than watch their movements." They were, however, providentially preserved from injury, and they were taken away by a vessel sent on purpose for them by the English consul from the port I have already spoken of. They had, indeed, reason to be thankful that they were not murdered; probably they would have been so had



they resisted the plunder of the ship, for here, as well as in more civilized parts of the world, those who live on shore think that a wreck belongs to them; and on the western coast of Africa, those who escape drowning are marched across the desert, and sold as slaves, if they are capable of the fatigue; if not, they are generally killed. After a short interval a ship sailed for England, which could accommodate the ladies; but the gentlemen, who could better put up with hardships, came back in any way they could, by way of Lisbon, or in small vessels; and, as they passed within sight of the spot where they met with

their misfortunes, there was not even a plank left of their once noble dwelling. You may suppose that we all hailed them with joy, and that they set their foot on their own shore with great thankfulness. I have not told you of half their sufferings, because I do not like to tire you; but I hope you know quite enough to feel how wonderfully we are supported in the hour of danger, and how we may be saved, even when we think there is no hope. When you are older, and reflect on this, it will be one among many lessons teaching you wholly to trust in the mercy of the Almighty.















WOOLNOTH, Engraver to Her Majesty.

Painted by T. WOOLNOTH.



## TRIAL.

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“JUMP, Trial, jump! Not so hard though; you will have me down;” and as little Harry spoke thus to his favourite Trial, a large Newfoundland dog, and held the ball as high above his head as his arm could reach, the animal leaped up, and the little boy rolled upon the grass. He thought this was rather too rough, but scorning to cry, he got up again, and turning his back to Trial, refused to play any more. “I shan’t speak to you, Sir,” said he; “you knocked me down.” Trial for a moment looked sorry, and then seizing the ball in his mouth, scampered round and round the child, till he had gained his attention, then seeing a faint smile upon his countenance, he laid the ball at his feet, wagged his tail, and looked in his face. The little boy’s heart was softened, and throwing his arm round the dog’s neck, and kissing him, the reconciliation was

complete. These two friends often had little quarrels, but they were soon over, and certainly they did not begin on the part of the dog; his strength, for he was a very large animal, and his broad paws sometimes did mischief when he did not know it, but no sooner was he sensible that he had done wrong, than his head would drop, his tail hang down, and he would creep to his mat, and look so very miserable, that no one could be angry with him for a long time. A punishment which Mrs. F., Harry’s mother, used to practice upon him, proved how sensible he was to disgrace, for there was neither pain nor hardship connected with it. It was simply to banish him to a recess, formed by the window in the back drawing-room, and he was so honourable, that he would remain there, even for hours, till his mistress gave him leave to come away. Like many children,



his feelings would frequently get the better of him, and he did wrong without knowing it. I believe him to have been so good a dog, that he never would have offended his dear mistress if he could have helped it. One of the worst things I ever saw him do, was to dash through a window; he fancied he beheld some one whom he knew, for before he gave this jump he wined and wagged his tail, and I suppose he either forgot, or did not know that there was glass between him and the road. He had no sooner done it than he felt that he had been naughty, and when his mistress opened the shattered window, he walked to the recess of his own accord, where, seating himself, he seemed to wish to undergo his punishment. Mrs. F. rung the bell for the housemaid to come and clear away the broken glass, and as the woman smiled when she looked at Trial, his mistress also turned her head that way: there was the poor dog, sitting quite upright, looking very solemn, with a pair of Harry's slippers in his mouth, which had been accidentally left in the room, and which Trial had picked up on his way, as if they could beg pardon for him. Mrs. F's. gravity was disturbed, and the animal saw

by her countenance that he was forgiven, and venturing across the room, he came humbly to his mistress, and resting his chin on her knee fixed his eyes on hers; he listened attentively to the lecture that was given to him, and seemed so perfectly to understand it, that whenever any one pointed to the window, he looked quite ashamed. He was very fond of collecting round him the clothes of any of the family who happened to be absent, and was frequently found lying upon their various articles of dress, which was no improvement to their appearance. One day, when she returned from church, Mrs. F. met him coming down stairs, dragging a new silk gown along by the sleeve, and which he had found in her dressing-room.

The country where Trial's parents came from is very cold, and borders on the sea; dogs as well as men there live upon fish, and seem to serve their masters faithfully wherever they are. There is no end to the stories told of their attachment, of the lives they have preserved, and the property they have saved, by their power of swimming, their courage, and their sagacity. They, in common with other dogs, will select friends



according to the expression of countenances, and after examining them attentively form a resolution to follow their favourites, and die sooner than alter their determination.

Trial had been given to Harry when he was quite a puppy and evidently considered himself as one of the family: he made a point of seeing that all was safe every night before the household went to bed, and went round the premises to inspect them: he slept in the hall, and no stranger would have dared to approach the house with evil intentions. There was a long avenue belonging to his master's house, so overgrown with trees, that unless the moon shone very brightly it was too dark in the evening to distinguish any object clearly. Through this avenue Mrs. F. frequently went at a late hour to visit her mother, whose grounds were close to her own, and one evening, as she was returning, she heard footsteps behind her; she was a little startled, and quickened her pace. It was of no use, for they evidently came nearer and nearer; at length a heavy hand she thought was laid upon each shoulder, and a face approached hers; but immediately a long tongue touched her cheek, and she

knew that Trial was standing on his hind legs, and on finding out who it was had given her this sign of recognition; she spoke, and he then walked quietly by her side. The next time she went the same way Trial attended her unasked, and awaited her return; and never, if he could help it, suffered her to go this way alone, as if he thought some danger were attached to this dark and lonely place. As little Harry grew bigger he went every day to school, on which occasion Trial carried his books or his luncheon for him; and was always to be found at the door when it was time for him to come away. If Harry had not said his lessons properly, and looked sad when he came out, Trial never offered to play any tricks, or jump about; but, on the contrary, when Harry looked cheerful, there is no telling all the frolics in which he indulged. When Harry went to a big boy's school, and Trial saw him get into a carriage to go away, he seemed perfectly to understand that his master was going to a distance, and that his own daily journeys were at an end, for he was never seen to go near the day school again.

Trial was, however, destined to perform still



greater services for Harry. In a part of his father's grounds was a large pond, near which the children had been desired not to go. I am sorry to say, that Harry (I suppose thinking himself a man because he went to this big school) disobeyed, and would have been drowned had not Trial saved him. His mamma was one day showing the grounds to a friend with Trial sauntering behind, and when they came close to the pond, the friend thought he saw a shoe in the water: looking still further, he did indeed see the sole of one, and a leg beyond it, sticking in the mud. Guessing that it was one of the children, he said to the dog, at the same time pointing to the spot, "Fetch him, Trial." The noble animal instantly jumped in, and dragged out poor Harry, almost suffocated, and to all appearance dead. The affectionate creature set up a fearful howl, and licked the boy's face, and the gentleman and the unhappy mother carried him to the house; poor Trial evidently also in the greatest distress. The doctor was sent for, but for a long time there seemed to be no hope that Harry would revive, and even after he had given signs of life, they thought he never could recover the chill

he had received. Trial was kept out of the room while all these efforts were making to restore his master, although he frequently whined and scratched, asking to be allowed to come in; at last the door was left open for a minute, and making his way to the bed, he put his fore paws on it, and pulled Harry's hand gently with his teeth, as if to see whether he were alive. The doctor instantly thought that the warmth of this large animal's body would do more good than all the endeavours he had been making; so, putting him under the bed clothes, as close as possible to the boy, and desiring him to lie quite still, they continued to rub the hands and feet. The dog never moved, until Harry, after some time opened his eyes, when he seemed to rejoice as much as all those who were standing round the bed; and if it had been possible the two seemed from that time to be more closely attached than ever.

Let us now see the fate for which Harry had been preserved by his faithful friend. After growing up to be a tall lad, he went to the army in India, where he was to remain for many years. Trial at this time was fourteen years of age, and dogs by that period become



old, although they frequently live to be twenty. Harry loved his father, mother, brothers, and sisters very dearly, and to part with them was a very great affliction: no wonder then that he was so overpowered that for a moment he forgot his poor dog, who was standing in one corner of the room looking sadly on, for dogs never intrude when they see any one in grief. When, however, he had got half way down stairs, to get into the carriage which was to take him to the ship, he recollected the faithful creature to whom he owed his life; he returned, and found him at the drawing room door, watching for the last glimpse; his poor heart was ready to break as he carressed him. "Good bye, my dear old dog," said he; "I shall never see you again, for you will not live till I come back:" and, in fact, from the moment of Harry's departure, Trial gradually declined; he seemed perfectly to comprehend that his beloved master was gone, not to return, and never sought him anywhere. Once or twice, when a smart knock at the door was heard, something like that which Harry used to give, he started up, and listened with the most intense anxiety; but no sooner did the footsteps

ascend the stairs, than he would lie down with a heavy sigh, as much as to say, that is not my own master. In all the letters which Harry wrote home, he mentioned Trial, even long after he received the news that his old friend was no more. The animal never recovered his vivacity; he took possession of an old cloak of Harry's, placed it in a corner of the hall for a bed, and in about two years he was one morning found dead upon the precious relic.

And what became of Harry, who was thus left alone to guide himself, and make his own way? It was a fearful trial; but he had been brought up to love and fear God, and to serve him above all others; and as he never forgot this great principle, he never committed any great errors. He was very soon sent with his regiment to the city of Benares, on the banks of the Ganges, that great river of the Hindoos, which they hold sacred, to which people from the furthest parts of Hindostan resort to bathe in its waters, or to die on its banks, that their bodies may be thrown into it. In Benares are a great many palaces belonging to great Rajahs, or Princes, all of which have small windows and flat roofs, as in all



eastern countries; the latter afford a walk in the cool evenings, and are frequently covered with gardens, which have a strange effect to Europeans. There is often a great want of regularity in these large oriental cities, which destroys their beauty; the streets are narrow, and the ground on which they stand is left broken and uncleaned.

Harry relating many of his adventures to his friends, among them was that of his first meeting with a tiger. One evening as he was returning from a dinner party to his house, or bungalow, as it is called in India, his servants met him, and told him to make haste, for a large tiger had been seen prowling about the neighbourhood, and they believed it to be close to the garden. Harry, who was very courageous, told them all to go in again if they were afraid; but that he should wait for the tiger, as he wanted to see one. They in vain tried to dissuade him, but fancying they heard the beast, they all ran away and left him. He sat down quietly on the bank, and had not been long there when the animal really did appear. On seeing Harry, he stopped short, and standing erect looked very grand and beautiful; but presently

crouched down, evidently prepared to make a spring. Harry almost gave himself up for lost, but taking off his grenadier's cap, which was large and covered with bear's skin, and putting it before his face, roared in it as loudly as he could. The noise and the action so surprised the tiger, that he turned round, and leaped into the neighbouring thicket; and now that the danger was over, the servants came out with drums and torches to protect their master.

At one time Harry was sent with some soldiers to catch a robber chief and his men, who watched for travellers, and plundered and murdered them. He pursued the banditti in every direction, and sent out spies into every place to find out their movements; but no sooner did he arrive, after a hasty march, at the spot pointed out to him, than the robbers were in another. He wrote to his mother that this was very hard service; for he and all those under his command were obliged to march through narrow paths, made through grass, which in that country grows twelve feet high, the sun scorching their heads, no water to be had, and every instant expecting the wild beast to rush out upon them. After several



weeks of this unpleasant and dangerous duty, he was however, fortunate enough to catch the chief and some of his companions. At another time Harry went to fight in the beautiful island of Ceylon, and was so constantly engaged in warfare, that he never found an opportunity of returning to his native country. He was many times severely wounded, and once lost a part of the skin of his head: he was walking on the outside of the lines occupied by the English army and near some stockades belonging to the enemy. These are wooden stakes, driven into the ground so close to each other, that they form a sort of wall. He was in regimentals, as he was on duty, and his cap just appeared over the top of the stockades; the natives behind thought him a fair mark, they fired at him, and a bullet touching his cap, carried it away, and with it the skin, or scalp of the head. He suffered

from this a long time, and afterwards was in great hopes that he might obtain leave of absence in order to come home; but the Burmese war then broke out, and he was too good a soldier to come away when there was any fighting going on, so he staid to die the death of a brave man: he was severely wounded on the field of battle, and in two days after he died in his tent, far away from all those he had most loved, and having served his country actively and incessantly for nineteen years.

Such is the true history of little Harry and his dog Trial; and if we could trace the fate of many others whom we see sporting in the same way, we should probably find many such proofs of fidelity on the part of the dumb animal, and of faithful services on the side of the master.













T.A. WOOLNOTH DEL.

T. WOOLNOTH SC.

NOT QUITE ATTENTIVE.



## NOT QUITE ATTENTIVE.

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“WELL, Louisa, will you not tell me in which part of the world that great river the Niger flows? That river, the course of which has so much puzzled all the geographers; to find which, so many lives have been lost, so much money has been spent, and about which there have been so many disputes! You said you knew your lesson perfectly, but ever since Poll perched herself upon the window-sill, and screamed out to the gardener, you have forgotten the name of her country. This is the last question you have to answer, and it would be a pity to tell you. Just collect your thoughts for an instant, shut your ears to Poll, and then tell me where she came from.”

“Africa!” cried Louisa triumphantly. “Yes,” replied her mamma, “and as I am not very strong yet, I will give you leave to run in the garden for half an hour. By that time I shall have rested and

then instead of giving you any more lessons, I will tell you something about parrots, and the other birds which come from the same country.”

Louisa was true to the time, and her mamma then told her as follows: “Those learned men, who have studied birds, have divided them into different sets, which they call orders, according to the likeness which they bear to each other, in their outer and inner forms. They are much more easily divided in this way than any other animals, because their great differences are more distinct. For instance some have a membrane or skin between all their toes, their feet are set very far back in the body, their breast-bone projects forward, their necks are generally long, their plumage is close, shining, and thick, all of which fit them for swimming birds; such as Swans, Ducks, &c. Others have a very



small portion of membrane between their toes, their legs are long and naked towards their lower part, their necks are also long, their body is slender, and they are thus fitted for wading on the banks of rivers, the sea-shore, or through the soft deep sand. Of these, the Ostriches and Flamingoes are examples. A third set will be heavy in shape, their wings short, their beaks moderately long, the upper jaw arched, the nostrils partly covered with a scale, almost all the toes toothed at the edges, and a very short membrane between the two front toes. These birds principally live upon seeds, and among them are all our farm-yard fowls. The birds of prey have their beaks hooked, the point sharp and curved downwards, the nostrils pierced in a membrane which covers the bottom of the beak, and their feet armed with very strong claws. Most of these have also a short membrane between the outer toes. Vultures, Eagles, Falcons, and others belong to this division; and I must further tell you, that they are again divided into those which prey at night, and those which prey by day; the former have very large heads, and the pupils of their eyes are so

large, and admit so much light, that they are dazzled by day; their hearing is remarkably quick, and when attacked they stand upright, and make the most ridiculous gestures, all of which you may yourself see, if you examine the owl which comes so often into the garden.

I shall stop here to tell you of an old favourite of mine, which was caught for me in a trap by one of the servants. I kept him in an old apple tree, and being at that time a little girl, I used to clime up to him two or three times a day. I fed him with pieces of raw meat, dead mice, and dead birds; but I believe I used to tease him, for he often bit me. At length he died, and I was very anxious to have him stuffed, but we were living in a quiet country place, where bird-stuffers never thought of coming, and a friend of my father's who was a doctor, very kindly offered to skin my favourite, and set him up in the best way he could. We could get no proper bird's eyes, so we were obliged to use two cut glass beads of my mothers. At length he was finished, and put in the oven to dry; when this was done he was placed upon a stand in the dining-



room, and then we perceived the effect of the cut glass eyes, for my owl looked all ways at once. He remained for some time upon his stand, till one day I thought I saw him move; I looked again and again, and certainly I did see his feathers heave up and down; jumping on a chair to reach him, I took him in my hands, and surely there was a reason for his moving, for the maggots were crawling about him in every direction, and the only thing to be done was to throw him into the river which flowed past the house.

Now we will go on with our account of birds, one set of which is called the Passeres, which are more numerous than all the others, and vary so much in size, strength, form, and colour, that the best thing which I can say of them is, that they are not like the other divisions or sets. Lastly come the Climbers, whose outer toe turns back like our thumbs, which enables them to climb along the upright trunks of trees. All these orders are again divided, according to the form of their beaks, but it is very difficult to distinguish them clearly, and you are scarcely old enough to feel interested if I were

to attempt to teach you; I shall therefore chiefly confine myself to those birds which belong to Africa. Come here, Poll, and let us examine your beak: look, Louisa, how thick, hard, and solid it is, rounded in all parts, and at the bottom a membrane in which the nostrils are placed; her tongue is thick, fleshy, and round, which, with a peculiar form of throat and jaws, enables her to imitate the speech of human beings. You see by her feet that she belongs to the Climbers; but besides her toes, she uses her beak as she ascends the trees to her nest in a hole. All live on fruits of almost every kind; their natural voice is harsh and screaming, and I cannot describe to you the noise they make when assembled together on the tops of enormous trees; their cries reach you from the highest branches, and often prevent you from hearing yourself speak. There are several different kinds, all of which come from hot countries; but as they cannot fly far on account of their short wings, the same sort is never very widely spread. The gray and red parrot, which talks the best, is peculiar to Africa. The smaller species are called by us Per-



roquets, which is the general French name for Parrots. One of these is named after Alexander the Great, because it was first brought to Europe by him from India; the two middle feathers of the tail are much longer than the others; it is of the most beautiful light green colour, and has a ring of red feathers round its neck. Some of these speak very distinctly, and one, called Cocotte, was a great pet of mine: she could only speak French, as she had been taught by a French gentleman, and whenever she saw any eating going forward, she would ask us if we had breakfasted. We suffered her to fly about the room as she pleased, and frequently, when writing, she would come very softly over our heads, then suddenly seizing hold of the pen, draw it out of our hands, and bear it away to her perch with a chuckling noise. When we put on our bonnets and went down stairs, if the window were open, she would fly down and meet us at the door, wheel round our heads for a little while, and then fly back again. You have seen the Cockatoos with the yellow tufts on their heads, and you have heard of, if not seen, the Loris, as they are often mentioned

in Eastern fables and stories. They are more splendid in their colours than any of the others, and are said to talk very plainly. Two very small Perroquets come from the western coast of Africa, where they are sold in great numbers to sailors; they are called Love-birds, from their always sitting close to each other in pairs. The parrots of the river Gabon are procured by barter, that is, the exchange of one thing for another; the natives there place no value on gold and silver, but give away these birds for stockings, knives, shoes, and other articles of clothing: they are caught in traps, and fastened by one leg to stakes, driven into the earthen floor of the huts, and long before you approach the place where they are confined, you can tell that the parrots are there, from the noise they make. They frequently shown a sort of instinct, which looks as if they were able to think; one belonging to grand-mamma, would make horses stop before the door when they were going past, and set them off again when they were stopping, by imitating the noises of the drivers; and when the latter were angry, the parrot screamed with delight. This same bird, when



he could not eat the food given to him, used to call the cat under his cage, and drop it down to her. But the cleverest parrot I ever saw belonged to a lady, who had taught him a great many tricks, and who called him Jacko. He would come upon the table after dinner, and his mistress emptying a fruit dish, would desire him to die; he then stepped into the dish, laid himself flat on his back, his head on one side, and on being covered up with a D'Oyley, lie perfectly still till he was told to be alive again. When sleepy, he would ask to be covered up, saying, "Jacko wants to go to bed;" and when thus in the dark he talked himself to sleep, and was sure to repeat all that he had learned in the course of the day. He was one morning let out of his cage by a new housemaid, before the family assembled, and took that opportunity of indulging his favourite propensity of tearing books. When his mistress came down, she found the rug covered with the fragments of a beautiful volume, and Jacko standing and screaming in triumph; he was not only scolded, but beaten with the covers of the book, and put into his cage. The whole of that

day he was perfectly silent, and when his fault was told to any of the visitors who chanced to come, he evidently knew what was said. When night arrived, he, as usual, asked to go to bed, the baize was thrown over him, and then, to our great amusement, he repeated to himself the whole of the scolding which he had received, such as "Naughty Jacko! what a wicked bird you are! how did you dare to bite that book! bad bird! you deserve to be well punished;" and varying it with, "What do you think that naughty Jacko did this morning?" &c., thereby proving that he had listened to all the conversation during the day.

The birds which live in warm countries never sing so well as those of temperate climates, but they have the superiority in plumage. Among the birds of prey are Vultures, which you know the Egyptians used to worship. On the western side of Africa they are not worshipped, but no one is suffered to kill or to hurt them; probably from their usefulness in eating up the remains of animals, which would otherwise become putrid. They are cowardly birds, and their wings very long in pro-



portion to their bodies. When they have made a full meal, they sit in a state of stupidity, and I have even had difficulty in dislodging them from their place, after pushing and dragging with all my strength, for they used to come and sit on the ramparts of the fortress where I lived, just opposite to my window, and make a disgusting appearance. Their necks are always either partially, or wholly, bare, and those which live in America, have their naked skin coloured in the most brilliant manner. The large black and brown, and black and white eagles seem to extend over the most of the continent of Africa, and with the former the Ashantees make their war-caps, and these noble plumes, waving with every motion of the head, have a grand and formidable appearance.

The whole tribe of King-fishers are more beautiful in Africa than elsewhere. The shape of this bird is always clumsy, and its large thick beak adds to its heavy appearance; it is, however, covered with what appears to be shining metals, interspersed with blue of all shades sometimes spotted with black. Naturalists say, that there are no Humming-birds

in the Old World which you know consists of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but in their place are some of the very small tribes belonging to the birds of Paradise, Sugar-birds, Fly-eaters, and others of the order of Passeres, which are equally brilliant, and when they rush past you, they look like flying precious stones. One of the most extraordinary of the feathered inhabitants of this country is the Calao, which is a bird of moderate size, but with a beak nearly as long as its body, and on the top of it a huge excrescence, which begins to grow when they are quite young, and were it not hollowed out into little cells, the bird would not be able to move under its weight. The appearance and habits of the Calao approach it to the Crows, and the feet are like those of the Wasp-eater and King-fishers; the tongue is very small, and it eats fruit, mice, little birds, and even dead bodies; and although we may feel sure that this beak is given for some wise purpose, no one has yet been able to find out what that purpose may be. Some of the Cuckoos of Africa are very brilliant in colour; among them is that interesting bird the Honey-guide which I be-



lieve you have read of, and already know that by its cries it attracts the attention of men, and flying before them points out the nests which contain honey; its skin is remarkably hard and tough, to defend it from the pricking of thorns, but it is often attacked with great fury, and stung so severely by bees about the eyes, that it dies. The Jays of Africa, instead of having only a few blue feathers on the wing like ours, are covered with bright blue, green, and reddish brown.

You have seen Guinea-fowls, which make such an unpleasant noise about the farmyards, constantly crying, "Come back! Come back!" they also come from the western parts of Africa, and with the speckled partridges, abound in such numbers, that I used to be afraid of crushing them with my horse's feet as I rode along. Some of the pigeons of this part of the world are of a bright green, and have pale blue eyes.

Of course you have read a great deal about the Ostrich, the egg of which will often weigh three pounds, and which are left in the sand to be hatched, the pace of which is so swift, and which, although

it lives on herbs and seeds, swallows flints, pieces of iron, and other hard substances without doing itself any injury. I sent an account of one to the Editor of the Magazine of Natural History; but as you have never seen that book, I will repeat it to you. A female Ostrich, living in the Menagerie of the Garden of Plants, in Paris, swallowed a large triangular piece of glass, which the glaziers had unconsciously let fall when they mended a window; she was quite well one morning, and was found dead the next. Not being able to account for this, the gentlemen belonging to this place opened her body, and found that the glass, with its sharp edges, had so torn and cut her throat and stomach, that she had died in consequence. I happened that same morning to visit the Menagerie with the celebrated Baron Denon, who, you know, travelled a great deal in Egypt, which is on the eastern side of Africa, and who wrote some delightful books about his travels; and he foretold that the husband of the Ostrich would soon die from grief. I laughed at him, because I did not think that Ostriches had sufficient feeling, but it proved to be the case; the poor bird



gradually lost his spirits, refused to eat, and pined himself to death.

It would seem as if all the birds, which live on dead as well as living animals, belong to Africa, for besides Vultures and Eagles, we find Crows and almost every species of Stork and Crane; of the latter, the Crown Crane is the most beautiful, with its splendid tuft on its head; its cries are like those of a small trumpet, and its eye is remarkably brilliant and quick in its movements. The Numidian Crane, called by the French the *Demoiselle*, or young lady, is a very entertaining bird. I hope the French did not bestow that name from its apparently affected gestures. Sometimes it will walk upon its toes as you have seen ladies do when picking their steps, then, suddenly wheeling round, hop about in the most fantastic manner, and afterwards, setting both feet together, dance from side to side, its head hanging over one wing, and both the latter a little spread out, as you would spread your frock, and keeping time by clapping its jaws together, with a clucking noise. The Adjutant birds, or Marabouts, are very singular in their movements; their

gait is so slow, that it seems to be assumed to give consequence, and they are to all appearance exceedingly conceited; they may be easily tamed, and when I used to walk up and down the verandah of my house, they would stand in the garden, and poke their long beaks between the railings, and wait for food and caresses: they are, however, great thieves. Another of the birds worshipped in Egypt, the Ibis, is to be found in most other parts of the Continent, but nowhere else is it held sacred.

Among the shore birds, are the Pelicans and Flamingoes. I have seen them sitting in long rows on the banks of rivers, watching the water with the most profound stillness, and if their eyes were not open, you would fancy they were asleep. Nothing calls off their attention; they walk gravely to their place, and seem to be assembled to consider the state affairs of the tribe. Presently one darts its beak rapidly into the water, and returns to its solemn position, then another and another. After this has been going on for some time, the skin under their beaks and of their throats swells out, and when they have as many fishes in their bags as they



can carry away they all fly to their nests in the marshes, where they disgorge their prey, and feed their young with it. From this have arisen the fable of their plucking their breasts, and feeding the little pelicans with their own flesh and blood. Only poets now preserve this fable, but they are very fond of keeping whatever will sound romantic. The Frigate birds frequent the neighbouring seas, and have such powerful wings, that they fly to immense distances from land, and feed on flying fishes. They beat the birds called Boobies, in order to make them let go their prey, of which they instantly take possession. These Boobies, have all the appearance of deserving their name, not only because they never resist the attacks of the Frigate birds, but when they have eaten so much as to become stupid they perch upon the ropes of ships, and suffer the sailors to take them with their hands. They sometimes have a very impertinent look, and in one of my voyages they used to come and seat themselves on the cabin

windows, and holding their heads one one side, seem to listen to the conversation.

There is a curious goose belonging to the Gambia, and further to the south, and if it were not for the shape of its skeleton, and other characters, which only those who understand anatomy can tell, you would hardly suppose it to be a goose. It has long legs, a lump of flesh on the front of its head, two large spurs on its wing, and its feathers vary from brown to a blackish purple, and only its throat, breast, and under part of its body, are white. I brought a live one on board with me the last time I returned to England, intending to make a present of it to a friend of mine who was fond of collecting curious poultry, but we met with a dreadful storm between the Bay of Biscay and the English channel one night, and the sea washed over the decks with such fury, that when daylight came, we discovered, that not only my goose, but my remaining goat and sheep, had been swept overboard, leaving me only a few half drowned fowls.













T. A. WOOLNOTH DEL.

T. WOOLNOTH SC.

"DON'T CRY, MAMMA."



## DON'T CRY, MAMMA.

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MR. CLEVELAND was a gentleman who possessed large estates in the West Indies, and having received some letters from thence which contained unfavourable news, he determined to go there himself, and arrange his business; but as he was to be absent only a short time, he left his wife and family in England. It was the first separation between him and Mrs. Cleveland, and of course they felt the parting very much; the latter, however, was generally cheerful when her friends and children were with her, but she frequently indulged her grief when retired to her room. One day, in the midst of dressing, having thrown herself into a large chair, her thoughts dwelt upon a letter which she had that morning received from her husband, and unconsciously the tears trickled down her cheeks. From the moment that his mamma had seated herself, and

appeared to be sad, little George, who was allowed to come to her at all time, had ceased his noisy play, and when he saw the tears fall, he jumped upon her knee, threw his arms round her neck, and kissing her, exclaimed, "Don't cry, mamma, papa will soon come back." "No, dear boy," said Mrs. Cleveland, returning the kiss, "he will not; the letter which came this morning tell me that he will be obliged to stop much longer than he at first intended." "Why must he stop, mamma?" asked the child. "Because there has been a hurricane," returned his mamma, "in the island where he is, which has done so much mischief, that he wishes to stay to see the damages repaired and help the poor negroes who work for him." "Tell me all about hurricanes, if you please mamma," said George. "Not now, dear child, I must finish dressing, that



I may be in time for dinner: ring the bell for Shepherd to braid my hair, and after dinner I will describe a hurricane to you, your brother, and sisters."

Dinner was over, and having gathered her children round her, and stirred the fire to make a cheerful blaze, little George upon her knee, Mrs. Cleveland told them that their papa's letter was filled with the account of a tremendous hurricane which had taken place in the island in which his principal estate was situated, and which had not only destroyed most of the crops, but blown down houses, and caused much loss of life. "Before I repeat to you what he says," she continued, "I wish to give you an idea of the manner in which the wind blows. Look at this circular card, into the middle of which I have stuck a pin; I whirl it rapidly round, and as it is whirling, I carry it in any direction I please. Such is the motion of storms; by blowing round and round a certain point, called by philosophers a nucleus, because it is the Latin word for the kernel of a fruit, you will easily understand the immense force which it must have, and by the motion of my hand,

you will comprehend that while it is thus whirling round its nucleus it travels north, south, east, or west, as the current in the air may take it. I have often stood to watch the travelling of a storm; at first the horizon would look black and appear to be joined to the great mass of clouds; then a narrow, whitish line would appear underneath, and get bigger and bigger, till at last the rain fell so heavily where I was that everything was obscured by it; but a very few minutes would elapse between the first appearance of a point of land thus left clear, as the storm advanced, and which was sixty miles distant, and the presence of the storm where I was. But I shall now proceed to your father's account.

"On the evening before the hurricane came it was remarkably sultry and calm, and so oppressive that even to breathe seemed difficult; there was also a white, shining light all over the heavens, and the sun, when he set, instead of displaying his usual glory of crimson, violet, and gold, appeared to be covered with dazzling, liquid silver. Several persons who noticed these circumstances were so uneasy, that they did not go to bed, but took all the



precautions they could think of. These, however, were of very little use, for the violence of the storm was such as to defy all human endeavours to evade its effects. It began about midnight, and many left their sleeping rooms and assembled together in the lower apartments; but the wind soon roared so furiously that they could hear no noise but that—not even hear each other speak when they were close together; no light would burn, and the only sign the inhabitants could give to those next to them was by the touch, or when the fierce lightning gave a momentary illumination to the room. Four hours passed without any abatement, and then the storm began to subside; the first care was to seek those who had been up stairs; but, alas! in almost every instance there was no up stairs, for the upper parts of the houses were gone, and hundreds killed who had been forced into the street, or crushed by the ruins; dear little children were found far off in the country, stripped of all clothing and bruised to death; leaden roofs were taken off entire, and sent hundreds of yards, and for miles round the ground was strewn with fragments of every description.

The cause of this destruction to the upper stories of the houses lay in their being built of wood, while that next the ground consisted of stone. The effect of the lightning in the principal street of the town was very curious, for it had shattered every other house, on each side, thereby marking its zigzag course. An earthquake evidently accompanied the hurricane, for several wrecks, which had been lying at the bottom of the sea for many years, were thrown on to the shore, and also a large bell which had belonged to the Spaniards who visited it in 1504, or some few years later."

"And how did papa escape?" said one of the children. "Happily, my dear," said Mrs. Cleveland, "he was not in the town, but at a distant part of the island; the roof of his house was destroyed, and his windows and doors burst open; in order to secure one of the latter, at the end of a long passage, he, with the efforts of several of his servants, pushed an enormous and weighty chest against it; however, in the morning, they found the door was gone, and the chest pushed yards up the passage, till it was stopped by the stairs. One



very sad event happened in the house of a neighbour of papa's. When the doors and windows were gone of course the wind rushed in at the openings which they left and broke the furniture, the pieces of which flew about with great violence in all directions. Two young ladies tried to make their escape from one of these rooms, and were holding each other by the hand, when one of them fell and dragged the other down. To rise again was impossible, and there they lay till daylight and stillness came. You may suppose the horror and distress of one sister when she looked at the other, for the latter was quite dead, in consequence of having been struck with a piece of wood with a sharp nail at one end; the nail had entered one of her temples, and probably caused immediate death. We can none of us be too thankful that papa escaped without any other injury than loss of property. Not only are the plantations laid level with the ground, but the largest trees on the estate are torn up by the roots, and the sugar-houses completely shattered to pieces. Many of the Negroes who work for him are dreadfully wounded, and their limbs broken, and although

they are all free, and have to take care of themselves yet papa never ceases to watch over and help them, and thus you see he will have plenty to keep him there for a long time." "Shall we not go to him?" asked the eldest boy. "No Edward," said his mother, "there is no house fit for us to live in, and I must try to manage our affairs here as well as I can, for you are not yet old enough to act for papa during his absence." "Were you ever in a hurricane, mamma?" inquired one of the little girls. "No, Fanny," said her mother, "never in such an one as this which I have been describing; but your aunt, who followed her husband wherever he went, encountered several; none of them as bad as those of the West Indies, where they are particularly fatal, and at one season of the year frequent." "Can you not tell us something which she told you?" said one of the children; "we are so happy, mamma, when you tell stories to us because we know that they are all true, and it puts us in mind of papa, who used so often to talk to us after dinner."

Complying with the general request, and seating little, but heavy George, on an ottoman by her side,



Mrs. Cleveland went on with her conversation in the following manner. "The first hurricane which your aunt witnessed was in that beautiful island of Madeira, which is not often so visited, and consequently greater consternation is produced, for we always fear that most of which we know the least. Her husband was gone into the interior to inspect one of the military stations, and she was staying at the house of some friends in the city of Funchal. "The wind is rising," said one of the two gentlemen present; "I should not wonder if we had a hurricane; it is seven years since the last came, and I have thought all day that there was a strange feeling in the air." The ladies for a time went on with their work, but the mistress of the house was evidently much alarmed, and when the wind rapidly increased she became quite powerless. Belonging to this house, as to most of those in Funchal, there was a tall turret, from which the merchants look out for the arrival of their vessels. In this turret slept a child and her nurse, and when she found that the hurricane was really come, your aunt proposed that they should descend to the lower part of

the house. The propriety of this was assented to, but as no one else ventured to move, your aunt took a lamp and went for them herself; she with difficulty mounted the stairs, holding by the bannisters, and when she reached the top, she found the poor things sitting up in the bed, half dead with fright. Desiring the nurse to throw on some of her clothes as quickly as possible, and to take charge of the lamp, she wrapped the child up in a cloak, and took it in her arms; but when she came to the stairs, large pieces of mortar, tiles, bricks, and wood, were flying about, having entered at the window, which had been completely blown in; the lamp went out, but to stay there was so very dangerous, that she determined to try and get down. Bidding the nurse take care of herself, and sitting on the stairs, she slipped down one at a time, holding the bannisters with one hand, and with the other hugging the child as tightly as possible. All three reached the lower story in safety, the little thing quite delighted with its novel method of coming down stairs and chattering all the way; she was laid upon a sofa, where she soon fell asleep again. On return-



ing to the drawing-room, your aunt found that every shutter had been wrenched off its hinges, every window destroyed, and the gentleman and lady sheltering themselves in the most distant corners: the room was deluged with rain, the furniture was broken, and they were with difficulty persuaded to retreat to a passage in the middle of the house: the greatest obstacle lay in opening the door, or shutting it when it was open. Taking advantage of a momentary abatement of the storm your aunt however contrived to close it, and to prevent the wind from rushing into the passages. This hurricane only lasted two hours, but you will suppose how anxious my sister was about her husband, who happily returned in safety early the next morning. The wind had chiefly attacked one side of the island, and he had been comparatively in tranquillity; he was therefore surprised to find marks of the storm at every step as he proceeded. He was told by those whom he questioned that its force in some of the ravines, or narrow vallies between the mountains, had been such as to sweep away the cottages of the peasants, and themselves in them; and several, who

at the beginning fancied that they should be safer in the town, had left their homes to proceed thither. Finding themselves taken off their legs, they mostly sought snug nooks or clefts in the rocks, where they laid down flat on their faces, and so evaded the fury of the wind. One poor old woman was not so fortunate; she had mounted her horse, and was scrambling along as fast as possible, when she was taken off her saddle, and carried down the ravine, riding on the wind." "Why, mamma," cried Fanny, "that is the way the witches are said to ride." "Yes," said Mrs. Cleveland, "but you must recollect that their steeds, the broomsticks, go with them, whereas the horse and the poor old lady in Madeira were, I dare say, very much surprised at their sudden parting. I never heard whether the horse suffered, probably not, for animals have, generally speaking, an instinct which leads them to insure their own safety; but his mistress was dreadfully bruised and sore for many days, which, I think, would save her from the reputation of being a witch." "But no one now believes that there are such things," said Fanny. "The ignorant and



the superstitious retain their absurd notions a long time," observed her mamma; "and in a country like Madeira, where the lower classes of Portuguese are wholly unenlightened, and are not improved by intercourse with wiser persons than themselves, I am not sure, if the old lady had escaped without injury, whether she would equally have escaped the character of being a witch.

A much more serious misfortune happened to this island many years before this hurricane, in the shape of a flood. You know, that in the mountainous countries, the rivers suddenly swell and rush upon the lower lands like mighty torrents, arising from the accumulations of waters above, suddenly (from their weight) bursting their limits, and joining the streams below. There had not been any rain for many months, and the people on the island began to be very much inconvenienced, and, as they do on all such occasions, made processions in honour of their favourite Saint, in order to induce her to help them. At last it came, and began to pour at about mid-day, and by eight o'clock in the evening the torrents rushed down. At that time

the banks of the rivers were only three feet above the level of the water, and several houses were built on the sides, the upper parts of which projected over the banks. A gentleman, known to your aunt, told her, that he and some other were engaged to dine with a friend in one of these houses, and they all assembled in spite of the rain. His uncle being uneasy at the state of the weather, entreated him to come home early, and he determined to take his leave almost immediately after dinner. He felt very uncomfortable all the time he staid, and when he got up to come away, he tried to persuade all present to go home with him, and finish their evening; they, however, laughed at him, and he alone left the party. He had not proceeded many yards, when, from the quantity of rain which was falling like a broad sheet of water, uniting the sky and the earth, he felt persuaded that the rivers would swell, and endanger all the houses in their neighbourhood; he therefore went back to try again to persuade his friends to come with him, but they still persisted in thinking his fears were absurd, and he left them a second time. He crossed the bridge, and had



scarcely reached his own door, when he heard the most dreadful roaring noise, accompanied by screams of alarm; he rushed back towards the river which he had just crossed, but the bridge was gone, and, with most of the houses, including that of his friend, swept into the sea; the lights were seen burning in the upper stories of the latter for several minutes as it floated on the waves; it then sunk, and with it all its inmates. The scene next morning was most horrible; the waters had subsided, but the streets were choked with mud, ruins of building, and dead bodies of men and beasts. The former were carried by the survivors to the doors of the churches to be owned, and nothing was to be heard but the wailing of distress. As they were so numerous, they were afterwards all burned together, and the streets cleared and purified. The lower classes sunk into a state of despair, believing that the end of the world was come; but when the rain again began to fall, they seemed to become frantic, and the town's-people, with torches in their hands, rushed towards the country, and the country people fled for safety to the town.

I have told you some very shocking things this

evening, not to make you melancholy, but to show you the way in which God is sometimes pleased to show his power. It is not for us to wonder why he should do so; but, relying on his unerring wisdom in all things, be thankful that we, and those dear to us, have been spared from destruction. In many cases, if we choose, we may trace some general and immediate good arising from such catastrophes. In the present instance, the harbour was greatly improved by the quantity of earth carried into it by the floods, and the shipping consequently better able to anchor there; a part of the town was washed away, which frequently, from its filth, engendered fevers, which spread like a pestilence all over the island; since then, no more houses have been built at the edges of the rivers, and the banks have been lined with stone and carried up eleven feet higher. As to the human victims, such destruction of the innocent with the guilty is a mystery too great for us to penetrate; but we may hope that its influence on the survivors was lasting and improving, such as misfortune, when properly considered, will be sure to bestow.





T. A. WOOLNOTH DEL.

T. WOOLNOTH SC.

KEEPING GUARD.







## THE FIRST LOSS.

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"DID I not hear some one crying?" said Mr. Stanhope to his lady, as they were sitting one evening after dinner in a room looking on to the garden. "Can it be Edith?" "I think not," said Mrs. Stanhope, rising, "for I heard her but an instant ago singing at the top of her voice, and saw her scampering across the lawn with a basket of flowers in her hand." It, however, proved to be Edith, who had come from the lawn into the corridor, and there beheld what would have drawn tears from many a heart, much older than her own. By some accident the door of her Canary's cage had been improperly fastened, for it was open, and the poor little creature lay panting on the floor in the agonies of death. Edith took him in her hands, warmed him, rubbed him, breathed into his mouth, but all in vain; he opened his beak, his head fell back, and all was

over. "Who can have done this?" said Edith, sobbing; "his feathers are all ruffled, and some torn off!" As she said these words, Puss darted from a corner, and rushed across the corridor. Her guilty looks would alone have betrayed her, but her fault was made still plainer by a feather which hung upon her lower lip. "It was you, wicked Puss!" exclaimed Edith, and burst into a fresh fit of crying. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope had watched her, but thought it better to let the first feelings of grief have full vent before they attempted to console, or even soothe her. When these had a little subsided, they began to caress and to reason with her; they assisted in smoothing the poor bird's feathers, and laying him in a box, Mr. Stanhope promised to bury him the next morning under a little tree near the fountain. They made Edith walk out with them,



called her attention to the last rays of the glorious sun, tinting the trees with his purple, crimson, and golden hues, to the smell of the night-scented flowers, to the moths, which, shunning the broad glare of day, sport about at dusk, to the bats wheeling round and round, to the merry chirping of the crickets in the grass, and bade her think, that night or day, all creatures have a season of rejoicing. The sight of so many happy creatures could not but stifle some of the sad thoughts in Edith's heart, for she was a merry being herself, and so full of love that she was never so glad as when she saw others enjoy themselves. She felt that to indulge her sorrow was but selfishness, and she tried to be cheerful, in order to show her papa and mamma that she was grateful for their attempts to lighten her burden. The next morning she had a mournful pleasure in putting away the cage, and attending the funeral of poor Canary; she and her papa proceeded to the spot, the grave was dug, the box laid in it, and Mr. Stanhope took care, as he replaced the turf, to raise it, so as to point out the remains of the favourite. Edith's tears fell faster and faster, and her papa,

taking her by the hand, instead of proceeding directly to the house, led her to a shady seat, where, placing her by his side, he said, " You bring me back to my youthful days, Edith, when I was in great trouble about the loss of my pet. I had a terrier dog, whom I had reared from a puppy, and before I went to school I had trained him to obey my every word, look, or gesture. I had a great fancy at that time to be a doctor, as I called it, and had ground a number of flints into what I termed my surgical instruments. This dog, Pincher, was the object of my fancied operations, and laying him on his back on a table, I used to pretend to bleed him, to set his broken limbs, bandage his wounds, draw his teeth, and various other manœuvres, and very often ended by cutting him up entirely. To be sure this was done very much in the manner I had seen practised on pigs, but it was all the same to Pincher. No sooner was he laid on the table than he stuck all his legs out, and made himself as stiff as possible. I then pretended to cut off his head, and as soon as the flint passed across his throat, his head fell on one side, and you would



have thought that the dog fancied it was really off, so entirely did he let it lie without motion. I then carried the flint round his legs, each of which fell down and also lay without motion by his side as I finished with it, and I generally ended by drawing a line from one end of his body to the other; still he would lie till I said, 'Jump up, good dog,' when in an instant, he bounded off the table, shook himself, and frolicked about as if to show that he was glad to come to life again. When I and my brother were at school, our parents being absent from home during the Easter holidays, and we, consequently, not allowed to return, ordered some of the servants to come and see us. They were to journey in the cart which was used for taking them to church; they filled a basket with cake, and all sorts of good things, and by way of increasing the treat, Pincher was added to the party. I cannot describe to you how anxiously we looked for their arrival, how lightly we walked as far as we dared to meet them, and with what increased joy we hailed them when Pincher sprang out of the cart, and jumped about us with frantic delight. We showed them the won-

ders of the neighbourhood, went to all our favourite haunts with them, and at night we accompanied the coachman to the stable to see the horse made comfortable. Pincher was to have his bed there also, but as the building was full of holes, we feared he might make his escape and be lost; he was therefore tied up with a cord. We rose at the dawn of day, and our first care was to release our dog. Alas! when we entered the stable, Pincher was dead—we suppose that when we left him he had jumped after us, and in so doing caught the rope upon a bar which divided the stall, for he was found hanging over it, quite cold, and the sole consolation we had was, that he must have died immediately. Thus was this happy visit turned into mourning; instead of feasting with our companions, we gave all our provisions away, and refused to partake of them ourselves, for we could not enjoy them; we packed poor Pincher into the empty basket, and never shall I forget my feelings when I saw his four white paws hanging out at the side. I was getting a big boy, but I sat down by the roadside and wept like an infant. My brother was scarcely less affected, for



it was our first loss, the first time death had come home to us; and there is no sensation so utterly chilling to the youthful heart as the first bereavement. Happy are those to whom it only comes in the loss of a favourite animal! Our servants carried the dog home, and according to my directions laid him in a grave at the top of my little garden. I was not satisfied with this when I went back, so I dug him up again and removed him to a larger place, close by, where I put a stone over him, and planted flowers round, of which my sister always took care in my absence. Four or five years after, we all left the place and most of our family circle are also dead; very probably the strangers who succeeded us scattered poor Pincher's bones, for when I returned to England and visited the spot, after many years absence, I could not find any traces of him; but his memory is always fresh with me, and I never see a white terrier with brown spots, but I think of this, my first loss."

Days elapsed, and Edith gradually recovered the death of her bird; it is true that she thought of him very often; she would have been a flighty,

inconstant little girl if she had not; but she was able to talk about him, and one day, after having enumerated many of his perfections, she asked her mamma where Canary-birds came from. "From the Canary Islands," replied Mrs. Stanhope, "as their name implies, and also from other islands in that part of the Atlantic, where they fly about as sparrows do here. They are not as yellow in their wild state as they are in captivity, but are of a greenish hue; they are easily tamed, but I am afraid that those which are made to perform so many tricks, are urged to them by hunger, or even sharp, bodily pain." "Does anything else come from the Canary Islands, mamma?" asked Edith. "Yes, but the principal is wine, one sort of which, like weak Madeira, is named after the island of Teneriffe," answered Mrs. Stanhope. "Oh, that great mountain which I have heard papa talk of," cried Edith, "and which rises out of the sea, is one of them?" "It is so," continued Mrs. Stanhope, "and may be seen at an immense distance; you shall one day read an account of a journey up to the top and back again, for there are many such published. A little



girl, whom I knew, was sailing past it one day, and nothing would persuade the child to leave the deck of the vessel as long as she could see it, even to have her dinner; and although she was not more than four years old at the time, and she is now a woman, she has never forgotten it. The region of pumice stone, or that portion of the mountain at the top, where the pumice stone lies, looks at a little distance as if it were divided from the rest by an even line, and this young lady perfectly recollects asking her mamma if this part had been cut with the scissors. The most remarkable things found in these islands are the mummies." "Mummies, mamma," interrupted Edith; "I thought all mummies came from Egypt?" "No," resumed Mrs. Stanhope, "the people who are supposed to have been the first inhabitants of the Canary Islands, and are now called Guanches, also embalmed their dead, and buried them in caves. I have seen some of them, and the bodies themselves wore the same appearance as those of the Egyptians: where they came from has never yet been decided by learned men; but most probably they were Phenician adventurers,

who settled there. They were evidently not Negroes from Africa, from the shape of their skulls." "Are not all skulls alike," said Edith, after people are dead?" "No," said her mamma; "they vary, not only in different nations, but in different individuals of that nation. Those of Africa are very strongly marked; the forehead leans back, and the jaws project forward, so that a Negro's skull may be instantly recognized."

The only portion of her feelings which Edith could not conquer was her resentment towards the cat, who had been the cause of so much sorrow. She had once been a great favourite, and Mrs. Stanhope, thinking it wrong that she should cherish anger, reasoned with her. Edith could scarcely feel that the cat had not been wicked to kill her bird. "If she had known that it was wicked," said Mrs. Stanhope, "then you would be right in thinking her so; but as it is in her nature to eat birds, and the Canary hopped in her way, I dare say she thought she had a right to feast upon him. If you ever have another bird you must watch her narrowly, and every time she looks at the cage with a



longing eye you must punish her; some persons say that if you rub her paws violently against the bars, so as to hurt them, that that will teach her to avoid it; but I do not like to treat any animal roughly if it can be helped. I cured a dog once, by a different method, of a sad trick which he had of eating the young chickens the moment they could run about. The woman who managed the poultry, or the hen-wife, as they call her in Scotland, could not imagine why all the little chickens died so fast; and at first suspected that they picked up and swallowed something which poisoned them; she however opened one, and did not find anything in it which confirmed her suspicions; but the feathers were ruffled on the back of the neck, and she was then convinced that they were killed by a much larger animal. She watched for some days, and at length saw Mr. Bruin, my dog, creep through a little hole in the palings of the yard, and squat himself down very gravely as if he had not a thought of mischief in him; presently a little chicken ran past him, snap went Bruin at the back of its neck, and giving it a toss over his head as he would a

rat—the little thing was dead. Another was served in the same way, and I was then called to inflict the punishment I thought most proper. I was averse to beating him at first, so I pointed to the chicken, and scolded him so much that he appeared to be very sorry for what he had done. But he was then a giddy young dog, and in two or three days he returned to his old tricks. I was then obliged to chastise him more severely. I tied a dead chicken round his neck, beat him with a little stick, and shut him up all day in a tool-house, in the garden; and for fear he should forget why, I went to him several times, pointed to the chicken, and told him how naughty he was: he was so ashamed that he could not look me in the face, and in the evening, when I released him, he would not eat any food. He recovered his gaiety in a day or two, because he was quite forgiven; but as long as we lived in the country, which was two years after this, he never again went to the poultry-yard; and if by chance he saw a chicken he would hang his head and his tail, and walk round it at such a distance, that he evidently recollected his former conduct.”



“ Well, mamma,” said Edith, “ I suppose I must take Puss into favour again, and really I could scarcely help doing so this morning, she was romping so funnily with her kitten. I never shall bear to have another Canary; but if I should have any other bird, she must be taught not to go near it, and if she won’t mind, she must be sent away for ever.”

A few months after the death of her bird, Edith saw, in a menagerie, some remarkable instances of the power which may be acquired over the nature

of animals by man, thereby fulfilling one of the first laws of Creation,\*which gave “ dominion ” to him over all other creatures of the earth. In one cage were cats, dogs, birds, and snakes, living in perfect harmony; the effects of plentiful food, patient treatment, and habit. No fear could have operated on them so constantly as to produce this mutual safety, and it was one of the many proofs that harshness and violence, which are too often exercised against animals, are not of half so much avail as kindness and gentleness.















WOOLNOTH, SC. Engraver to Her Majesty.

Painted by T. WOOLNOTH.

THE FIRST VISIT FROM HOME.



## THE FIRST VISIT FROM HOME.

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MRS. MURRAY had been several years a widow, and had retired to a house situated near the beautiful lake of Windermere, in order to devote herself to the education of her children. Her sons were now old enough to go to a public school; the eldest girl, who was fourteen years of age, was making great progress in all that her mother wished her to learn; but Agatha, the youngest, neither learned nor did anything but that which she chose at the moment. This was rather the fault of circumstances than of her mother or herself. She was so much younger than her brothers or sisters, that when they began to learn she was unable to share their occupations, and this difference of age made her so much their plaything, that even when she had reached her tenth year, they could not cease to treat and sport with her as an infant; they could not bear to see

their darling Agatha tamed by the discipline of the school-room, and during much ill-health on the part of Mrs. Murray, they had taken such complete possession of her, that the latter was hardly conscious how completely unfit she was for anything like steady application. Her brothers frequently mounted her on their shoulders, and bearing her like a little queen to the side of the lake, they would place her in their boat, and row her about by the hour together; then they would seat her on a pony, and proceed with her to the higher parts of the mountains, where the pure air invigorated her, and made her as strong and as active as themselves. Sometimes she accompanied them in their search after the wild and beautiful flowers which grow in those mountain passes, and when she was tired, they took it in turns to carry her; at other times



she would clamber with them up the bare and rough crags, her step as sure as that of the kid of which they were in search; and while they were at their lessons, she would be feeding her pets, or mending their fishing tackle. Occasionally she would attempt to study also, but this generally ended in a most unceremonious tossing of the book upon the floor, and a romp with Frolic, the poodle dog; and no sooner did the study door open, and the boys issue from it, than the ready Agatha was seized upon by them, and borne away to share in their recreations. Such a life, in every way contrary to the quiet pursuit of learning, rendered her very impatient when it was imposed on her, and the lessons were seldom accomplished without weeping. Many were the endeavours of Mrs. Murray to conquer this repugnance; she made her instructions as entertaining as possible, she taught her wayward little scholar at various times of the day, she explained everything to her with the greatest patience and gentleness, and as long as she conveyed information in the form of a story, Agatha would be attentive; but it is not possible to turn everything into

stories, therefore in what she considered the uninteresting part of her mother's communications, if a kitten but passed the window, or if a bird hopped upon the lawn, her mind wandered, and Mrs. Murray might just as well have attempted to teach the bird or the kitten. If Agatha were persuaded to try and occupy herself with a book, she would, in a few minutes, begin to yawn as if she were overcome with fatigue, cross her feet various ways, hang her head on one side, and at last fall down as if exhausted with the exertion.

To make learning a punishment when it ought to be considered a happiness, to have tears shed over that which was intended to give pleasure, was contrary to Mrs. Murray's ideas of right and wrong, and she became quite puzzled to know what to do with her dear child. She was sorry she had not made efforts to subject her to control before these feelings became so deeply rooted in her, and she thought long and often about the means she must adopt for her reformation. Besides this dislike to learning and application, there was another feature in Agatha's character which caused uneasiness to



her mamma; she had run about so wildly, and acquired habits so very different to those of her station, that when any visitors came to the house, Mrs. Murray was almost ashamed of her. These visitors had always imposed a degree of restraint; that is, she was obliged to be handsomely dressed when they were there, and therefore could not run about in the wet and the mud; she was obliged to appear before them and behave sedately, and was detained in the drawing-room many a half hour which would otherwise have been passed in her favourite occupations. The consequence was, that she began to hate all strangers, and to avoid them; and from shunning and hating them, she began to fear them; so that at last she became awkward, shy, and embarrassed to every one out of her own family; and every stranger who saw her was apt to conclude that she had passed her whole life among the sheep, the horses, and their attendants.

United to these defects there were some great redeeming qualities in Agatha's character: her temper was good, she was very honourable and open, above every little meanness, very kind to all living

beings in distress, and full of observation and natural talent. On these Mrs. Murray thought she might rest the most sanguine hopes of improvement, but felt that it was necessary to make a complete change, and present new scenes. Her sister was the mother of several children, who were chiefly educated at home; they resided in London for more than half the year for the sake of masters, and the rest of their time was spent, either in travelling, or at their country house. A steady system was pursued with them, intercourse with society was encouraged as far as was consistent with their age and pursuits, and as much rational amusement was given as could be allowed with propriety. It was impossible to find a happier family than that of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney; they rose early, and went cheerfully to their occupations; the hours of exercise were thoroughly enjoyed; they loved their governess and their tutor, as well as their parents and each other. When those who were at school returned home, their happiness was complete, and when mingling with the visitors who came to the house, they listened to the general conversation, and modestly, but with-



out embarrassment, replied to all that might be addressed to them. Into this circle Mrs. Murray longed to send Agatha, and wrote to her sister on the subject; Mrs. Sidney, delighted, acquiesced in the desire, and it was accordingly settled that Agatha should proceed there in a very short time. This was a terrible trouble for the poor child; to be torn from all she loved and delighted in was a dreadful thought, and she cried, pleaded, and promised; but so thoroughly convinced was Mrs. Murray of the prudence of the step, that she remained firm in her resolution, although it cost her much suffering thus to afflict her child, and to part with her for six long months. "I do not send you away in disgrace," she said; "I know that a great many of your faults arise from peculiar circumstances, but you are now nearly eleven years old, and all you can do is to read and write. I send you to those who will love and will watch over you, and among those whose habits I wish you to acquire. Your brothers are all away: Blanche is so much older than you are, that here you have no example to imitate; besides which, you have here every temptation to

bound about like a fawn upon the mountains, and here you see so few persons, that I can scarcely convince you of the necessity of acquirement and good manners. When the time comes for you to mix with those who are in your own station, how unfit you will be to take your place among them! How should I have been able to educate Blanche in this retired spot if I had not studied in my youth? How should I have been able to manage my affairs, and those of my children, if I had not acquired knowledge when young? and how should I be able to receive and entertain my friends if my manners were like yours?" To all this Agatha could make no reply, and all she could do was to mourn her hard fate, as she thought it, and cry herself to sleep for several nights.

But a fortnight elapsed between the resolution and the departure, and the last days of Agatha's residence at home were passed in taking leave of her favourite walks, in giving farewell looks at the lake, in watching the clouds on the summits of the mountains, in recommending her pets to the care of those who were to take charge of them during



her absence, and in saying good-by to them and to her friends in the neighbouring hamlets. She saw her trunks packed without the slightest interest, and loading her sister Blanche with messages for her brothers, "who," she said, "would be so happy as to return at Christmas when she was far away," she seemed as if she could never tell all that was passing in her mind.

It was late in November when the sad day arrived; an early dinner was served, as Agatha was only to proceed to Kendal the first night; it was eaten in silence, for neither Mrs. Murray nor Blanche could trust themselves to talk much for fear of betraying their own sorrow, and so rendering the little traveller more unhappy. The carriage drove to the door, and all was ready; Turner the maid who was to go with her took the band-box in her hand, which contained her best bonnet, and announced that she only waited for Miss Agatha. Blanche tied together the last China roses which yet lingered in the garden, to make a parting nosegay; and in order to distract her attention from the misery of this moment, Mrs. Murray mingled her last injunc-

tions with recommendations to deliver a letter to the friends at Kendal, at whose house she was to pass the night. Agatha fixed her large intelligent eyes on her mother's face; she felt the gratification of being entrusted with a letter, but when the farewell words came, they found no utterance; tears and kisses were all that could be given by any one of the three. Mrs. Murray herself put her into the carriage, the door was closed, and off went the travellers; at the last turn of the road from which the house was visible Agatha waved her hand to those left behind, then throwing herself back did not look out again.

As there are few joys so pure as those of childhood, so are there few griefs so utterly hopeless as that of an affectionate child, when parting for the first time from all the objects of its love. The mind is not sufficiently matured to seek consolation from the highest sources, and all its sensibility is directed to the one overwhelming feeling—the bereavement of all that is dear. The maid was wise enough to suffer Agatha's grief to have full vent, and to this first burst of grief succeeded a view of



all the trials which she most dreaded; the sight of strangers seemed to be the worst, because it was the most immediate; but it is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be always at the elbow of children in order to prompt them how to behave. The youthful mind, when left to itself, rises to meet the occasion, and the consciousness of self-responsibility often inspires a courage which would not be felt if there were any one by to consult or to rely upon. Mrs. Murray would have been surprised could she have seen the self-possession with which Agatha stepped into the room at Miss T—'s. It must be confessed that it was a little formidable, for the servant threw open the door, announced her as "Miss Agatha Murray," and she suddenly found herself in the presence of five strange ladies; the colour rushed to her cheeks, but presenting her letter to one of the party she waited to be acknowledged. The kindness with which this was done soon relieved her; the younger ladies took off her bonnet and began talking of her hitherto short journey, and the tea-table soon increased their sociability. When they led her to her bed-room, one

of them said, "Do you know that our house has something famous belonging to it? The room, which I now show you, is the very same in which the Pretender held his little Court, when he passed through Kendal." Agatha's face became the colour of crimson, and for the first time she felt ashamed of her ignorance; she did not know who the Pretender was, and certainly dared not ask. When her maid was putting her to bed, she said, "Turner, do you know who they mean by the Pretender?" "Yes, Miss," returned the nurse, and then told her the outline of his history. Oh dear! thought Agatha, even Turner knows more than I do. She was not aware that this attendant had been plainly but well educated, and had been chosen by her mamma on account of her superiority.

The next morning her kind friends took Agatha to the ruins of the castle, where they showed her the spot which had been the keep, and where the chieftain and his family always lived, which was the strongest part, and of course the safest in the time of war. They then showed her where the dungeon had been in which the prisoners were confined,



and they traced to her (for the ruins were not sufficient in themselves) what had been the outer keep in which, in time of a raid, or robbing and fighting expedition, the cattle and the country people took refuge. As she stood on a heap of stones, they bade her look round and see what a commanding situation it held, and also bade her fancy a band of Scotch borderers coming across the dark hills between them and Penrith. By these means she would have a very good idea of a border castle when she was old enough to read Sir Walter Scott's beautiful descriptions of them; "and, perhaps," they continued, "you already know all about them from reading Scotch history." Agatha's cheeks again tingled, for she knew that she had never read Scottish history, but she knew what a border castle was, for she had often heard her brothers talk of such things.

Agatha again pursued her journey, and passed through the famous old city of Lancaster, and now that her curiosity was awakened, she cast a longing look at its fine castle, and regretted that she was unable to stop and see it. She slept that night at Preston, her mind much occupied by what appeared

to her to be the most incomprehensible thing she had ever heard of. It was the going under the Preston Canal; as she did so, the boat, which plies backwards and forwards between that city and Kendal, passed over her head, and she could not understand how this could be, for she had never heard of an aqueduct; it was beyond Turner's power to explain, and she determined it should be one of the first things which she would endeavour to learn. She sighed when she thought of the immense load she had to acquire, and felt as if she should never get through it.

In the afternoon of the following day the travellers reached Liverpool, where Agatha could not tear herself from the window of the hotel which looked up the principal street. A friend of her mamma's came to see her, and promised to put her and Turner into the train the next morning at six o'clock.

If Agatha had been surprised at what she had seen the previous day, it may be readily imagined that she was still more astonished at the train of carriages belonging to the rail-road. She could not understand how so many could be filled with pas-



sengers at one time; and when she knew that they moved along without horses, or any visible means, she almost fancied that she was guided by some supernatural power. This feeling amounted very nearly to alarm when she found herself proceeding along a dark passage, called a tunnel. One good quality resulting from her wild habits was, that she had more courage than most girls of her age, and instead of screaming or crying in her fright, she merely whispered to Turner, who sat opposite to her, "Is there any danger?" Somewhat satisfied by the negative she received in reply, she kept silence till they reached the station outside the town. A gentleman in the same carriage, who had watched her countenance when she first got in, had heard her question to her maid, and being pleased with her quiet behaviour when evidently frightened, asked her if she had ever been on a rail-road before. Agatha's short trial had already improved her, and instead of hanging down her head, and remaining silent as she had always done at home when strangers spoke, she answered immediately, and he then began to talk to her about it, and told her that the

tunnel through which they had just passed had been dug under a part of the city of Liverpool, and that hundreds of human beings had been walking, talking, laughing, crying, sleeping, and working at their different employments over her head as she came along: that the whole train had been drawn through it by ropes fastened to wheels and pulleys, but that now they should have the engines hooked on. Accordingly Agatha heard hiss, hiss, hiss, puff, puff, puff, and in about a minute they were all going at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. Till she became accustomed to the motion, she fancied she could not see anything, but she afterwards found that she could perceive all distant objects, and even distinguish most of those which were nearer. When she arrived at Chat Moss, her kind neighbour told her, that this extensive bog had been a source of great trouble and expense in making the rail-road across it. In order to form a firm ground for the trains to pass over, they began to throw on it load after load of rubbish, but no sooner was this lodged than it disappeared and spread into the neighbouring mud; at length some hurdles



were made of the heath which grows there abundantly, and laying those on the top, they poured the rubbish on to them; the hurdles supported it, prevented it from spreading, and formed, as it were, a foundation, and thus the road was accomplished. Since its completion it had sunk twenty feet, but had been easily repaired. Some one had proposed to drain this bog in five years, and the gentleman showed Agatha the little ditches into which the water ran from the land, and several spots where crops were growing, but as those who grew them did not find sufficient sale for their articles, they were likely soon to be abandoned. Agatha's companion amused her by telling her of the different places through which they passed, took care of her at Birmingham, where they stopped for refreshments, put her into her uncle's carriage at the station in Euston Square, and bidding her good-bye, wished her a very pleasant visit in London. Not till he was gone did she recollect that this gentleman was so great a stranger that she did not even know his name; and yet from him she had received such kindness and amusement, that she wished she

had been going to his house instead of Mr. Sidney's. As the carriage drove through the streets, the numerous lamps attracted Agatha's attention; she had once seen an illumination at Kendal, and asked Turner if all London were illuminated on this evening. On being informed that it was only the usual portion of light, her idea of its beauty was much increased. At length she stopped before a large house, the door seemed to fly open and she was lifted out as if by magic. In the hall stood a lady so like her mamma, that she at once recognised her as her aunt. "I meet you alone to-night, my dear child," said Mrs. Sidney, "because I think you must be too tired to see many strange faces. Come to your own room, where you will find tea waiting for you, and your bed ready." She accordingly led her up stairs, saw that she had everything she required, and then left her. Agatha perceived with great pleasure that Turner was to sleep in a room opening into hers, and she laid her head upon her pillow with a deep sense of thankfulness to her Creator, that this dreaded journey had been passed over without even one of the horrors she had anticipated.













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THE RETURN.



## THE RETURN.

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THE limits of this story will not suffice to give an account of all the changes which took place in the mind of Agatha, when introduced to new scenes and new faces. There was everything to interest her, and that which must necessarily be painful was softened by the kindness of those around her. As the mingling with those who are superior to ourselves cures us of conceit, so does it teach us the value of acquirement, and it was not long before, child as she was, such conviction was brought home to Agatha. The eager curiosity with which she listened to the conversation of those who had travelled, often attracted their attention, and led them to address themselves especially to her, which at first abashed, but after a short time gave her courage to ask questions. One gentleman, after gratifying her in this manner, asked her where she came from, as

she was not one of the Sidney family; on her replying Windermere, he began talking of this place, and although he had never been there, he knew a great deal more about it than she did. It was new to her that her own lake was the broadest sheet of water in England, but she in her turn was sure she could puzzle him, and on his encouraging her to try, her first question was, "Which are the mountains oftenest seen in the whole neighbourhood?" "Langdale Pikes," said the gentleman. "And what is that very high one, which you only see sometimes?" continued Agatha. "Sca-fell," was the reply, "and it is the highest mountain in England; it is to be seen very clearly sometimes on the road between Kendal and Bowness, but does not look so high even as the Pikes, because it is more distant. But this is not all I know, for I am sorry



to say there have been so many larch trees planted about the lake and its vicinity, that in many places the outline looks all points, and greatly spoils the effect. Then you have some very beautiful flowers, among which is the white-blossomed grass of Parnassus, which is a very scarce plant in other parts of England. Moreover, I can tell you that your beautiful fish, the Charr, with its brown, pink, and golden hues, comes to your lake only in the autumn, when it begins to grow cold, because it finds the deep waters the warmest, and that it will only lay its eggs in the river called the Brathay, although it will swim up both that and the Rothay; and this is supposed to be on account of the rocky bed of the former." "How can you know all these things," said Agatha, "without having been there?" "By reading and asking others," he answered. "I know that travellers are very apt to disagree when they describe what they have seen, for they not only see with different eyes, but with different thoughts; for instance, you think Sca-fell a wonderfully high mountain, because you see it above the clouds occasionally; whereas I, who have seen the highest

mountains in the world, called the Himalaya, deem it something like a mole hill: we must therefore be cautious enough to make allowances for these things; but when all men of veracity tell me that there is a mountain on which the clouds often rest, I know that there must be one of a certain height; and when clever men, who take great pains to get at the truth, relate histories of fishes, or any other animals, I believe what they say; so, by reading, talking, comparing, and recollecting, I am able to ascertain even what those countries are like which I have never visited. In some old books, you will find some very silly fables told with the greatest solemnity, such as men with tails and long ears, and serpents with women's heads, living in Switzerland; but men know better now, in consequence of the progress of learning; and you may depend on it, my dear little friend, that the more we know, the greater admiration shall we bestow on that omnipotent Creator who has fashioned all things for the purposes for which he intended them, and who is consistent in all his wondrous works." The next morning Agatha was found poring over the Atlas to



find Switzerland and the Himalaya mountains; but being rather puzzled in which country to look for the latter, she was assisted by one of her cousins, who was delighted to see even the wish to do things for herself.

With such lessons as these, opportunities for which were daily occurring in a house where all was activity and progress, Agatha soon became convinced of the advantage arising from such a system: in time she longed to try it herself, and begged to be admitted to share some of the tasks given to her cousins, who were all ready to help her, and were proud to contribute to her improvement. Her aunt, however, knowing that a change must take place when she left them, thought it might unsettle her if she formed her habits of study then, and kindly undertook herself to give her as much instruction as she thought fit for her to have while in London. She rather kept her back than pressed her forward, and thus, very probably, strengthened her desire to make the attempt when she should reach home; and many were the sleepless moments which she passed in thinking of the agreeable sur-

prises which she meant to give to her mamma and Blanche.

As the season advanced, a little of the close study of the school-room was relaxed, in order to give the pupils an opportunity of seeing the various works of art and nature exhibited in London during the spring. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney thought that instruction might be conveyed in many ways, and most things be made a source of information and improvement; therefore the oftener it could assume an agreeable form the better. Some days were spent in visiting places within a few hours' reach of London, or even within a walk; the antiquities were pointed out, the old Roman roads traced, the sites of ancient monasteries and wells, called Holy, from the medicinal nature of their waters, inspected; and even the flowers peculiar to certain spots, as they came into season, were looked for at Hampstead, Blackheath, &c., and health and learning were imbibed at the same time. Agatha longed to carry these researches into her own country, and began to think how much better such objects were than seeing how high she could clamber, and roll down again



without breaking her neck. "I will have such a hunt," said she to herself, "in the ruins of that old abbey; I will find those yellow violets which people talk of, and which I never saw; I will see whether my own mountains are made of granite, and I will catch all the butterflies I can, and send them to Mr. Samouelle."

Among the sights in London itself, none interested the children more than that of the Guiana Exhibition. Before they were allowed to go, they were all desired to make themselves acquainted with the position of Guiana, the nature of its climate, its history, and that of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose numerous plans, schemes, and adventures, connected him so closely with it; he having, in common with the highest of the land, fancied that enormous quantities of gold were to be found in this, the El Dorado of the Spanish discoveries. The gentleman who had travelled through it, had formed the collection, and brought over three Indians from three of the nations of the interior, visited at Mr. Sidney's, and as he was equally intelligent and good natured, he answered all the questions which

the children put to him. They were too well bred to annoy or to tire him, and he was therefore the more willing to indulge them. Having made an appointment to meet them at his Exhibition, and himself show and explain all that it contained, they proceeded thither with a carriage full. They laughed and talked incessantly as they went along, but no sooner had they entered the room than all were silent, forming themselves into little groups, and listening intently to that which Mr. Schomburgk said. They first saw the three Indians, who were sitting in what was an imitation of one of their huts; one was weaving mats in difficult patterns, and the others were squatting by the fire: they had on a woven dress, fitting them very closely, and as nearly resembling the colour of their skin as possible; on their heads was a cap made of feathers, and the rest of their dress consisted of beads, strings, pieces of cloth, and feathers. The first way in which they displayed their talents was by playing on their various musical instruments, most of which were formed of bones, and had but two or three notes; and then they went to dance, one playing a



pipe, two singing, and one of these beating a drum, and the other carrying lances in his hand: two of them laughed at frequent intervals, and their motions were little beyond a walk round a small circle, their heads being far more active than any other part of their body. The Macusi Indian was very quick and intelligent, and so fond of learning to read that he frequently sat up late at night to pursue it; one of the others would hardly try at all, and was scarcely prevailed on even to learn English: all had been very anxious to come to England; and and so many natives had offered themselves as companions that Mr. Schomburgk was puzzled which to choose. They were remarkably well behaved, but never expressed any astonishment. Mr. Schomburgk thought that they would not be able to control their surprise when they got into an omnibus to come from the Docks, but to his great disappointment they never uttered a word, even to each other; they passed St. Paul's Cathedral, and were made to look out at it, but they merely tossed up their chins, and then sunk back into their seats as if it had been a matter of course. Savages frequently do this from

pride, for they think it degrading to show either great pleasure or great grief before white men.

After the Indians had played, danced, and showed the manner of packing all their worldly goods upon their back when they go a journey, they shot their arrows into a target, by the force of their breath alone. They place the arrow, which is generally poisoned, in a hollow tube, collect their breath in their cheeks, then applying their lips to the end of the tube, give a sudden puff, and the arrow flies out with immense force. The poison used for these arrows is made entirely from plants, with much ceremony, probably for the sake of mystery, as well as from superstition; the chief of these plants is like a vine, the others have a very bitter taste; the whole is called Wurali, and causes almost instant death.

An enormous fresh-water fish was found by Mr. Schomburgk, resembling the salmon in taste, and sometimes measuring twelve feet. Several of the principal ornaments of the Guianas are made of the feathers of the Toucans, which grow in a small yellow and orange tuft on their breasts; there are so



few of these in each bird, that the race would soon be destroyed if the Indians killed the creatures for the sake of this little patch; they therefore ensnare them, pluck out all the feathers which they require, and let them fly again till there is another growth.

But the most extraordinary discovery made by Mr. Schomburgk was the gigantic flower, called the *Victoria Regia*, after the Queen of England. He and his companions were weary and hungry, and required something to reward them for a great deal of suffering, when they suddenly, in a large expanse of water, saw this majestic plant, rearing its head, and covering the whole surface with its noble leaves. The flowers of the *Victoria* in shape resemble those of the water lily, the outer part of which is of a pure white, and the inner of the richest crimson, with a violet hue over it. The leaves are oval, sometimes nineteen feet in circumference, and turn up all round like a tray. It is but little probable that this plant can ever be reared in England, for it requires so large a body of water, at so high a temperature, that the liquid cannot be kept sweet,

and one of the same family, called the *Euryale*, has been already tried without success.

It was now time for Agatha to return to Windermere. She had become attached, with all the warmth of her nature, to the family around her, and her heart was very full at the idea of leaving so many kind friends. With her love for them was mingled a species of gratitude, which made the tie stronger, for she felt, that by their excellent example, by their endeavours, and their attentions, she had become a new creature; that they had awakened her, not to a sense of the propriety of following her mother's wishes—that she had always felt—but to a sense of their value. Six months' residence with her cousins had thus enabled her to unite inclination to duty; she longed to return, in order to show the alteration to those who would witness it with such pleasure. Her regret at going away was also somewhat lessened by the promise made by Mrs. Murray, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney, that no year should elapse without some meeting between the two families, either in London or Westmoreland; and Agatha now looked forward to an autumn,



passed in the delight of showing the beauties and wonders of her home to her dear friends. She returned by the railroad as far as Liverpool, and starting again very early the next morning, reached Windermere the same evening. Her impatience did not allow of her stopping at Kendal longer than was necessary to change horses, but she promised soon to pay a visit to the first kind friend who had met her on her journey of reformation. Eagerly

were Mrs. Murray and Blanche watching at the window for the carriage; they saw it descend the hill, and quick as thought Blanche flew to the door; her mother, scarcely less active, was but a step behind her; but the impatient girl, catching Agatha in her arms, seized the first kiss, although the arms of the dear child were extended towards that mother who was the first object of her affection.





















