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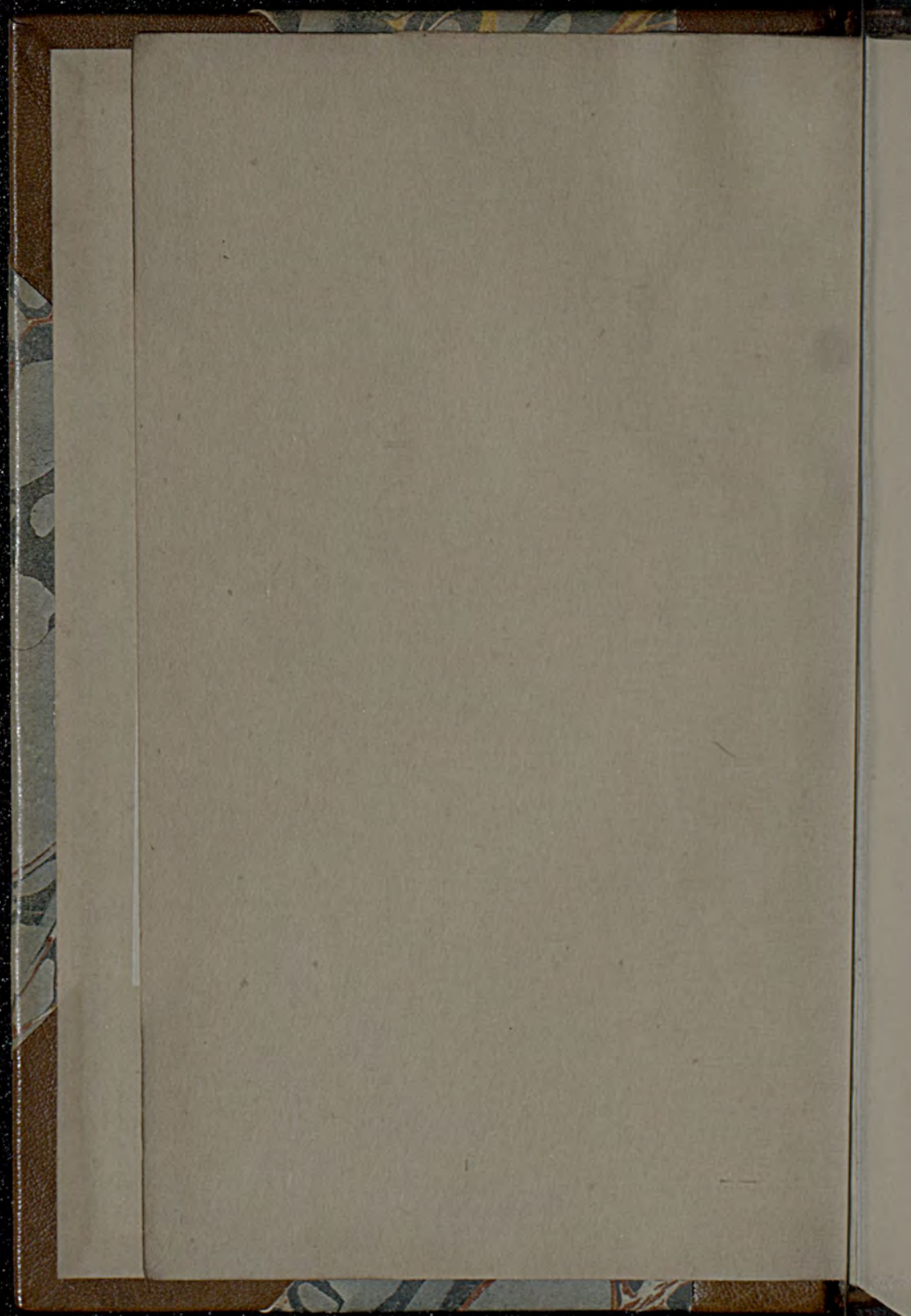


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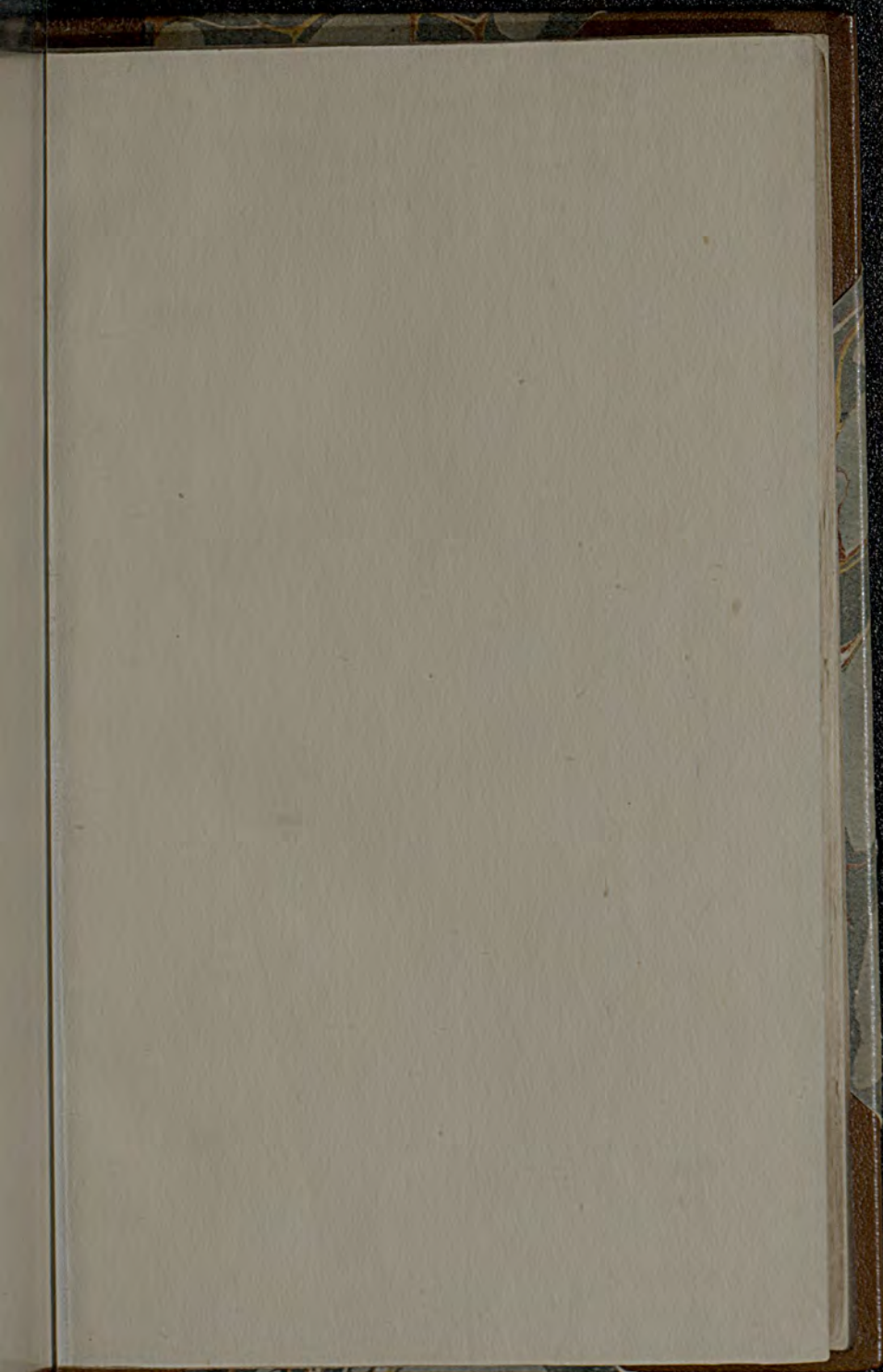
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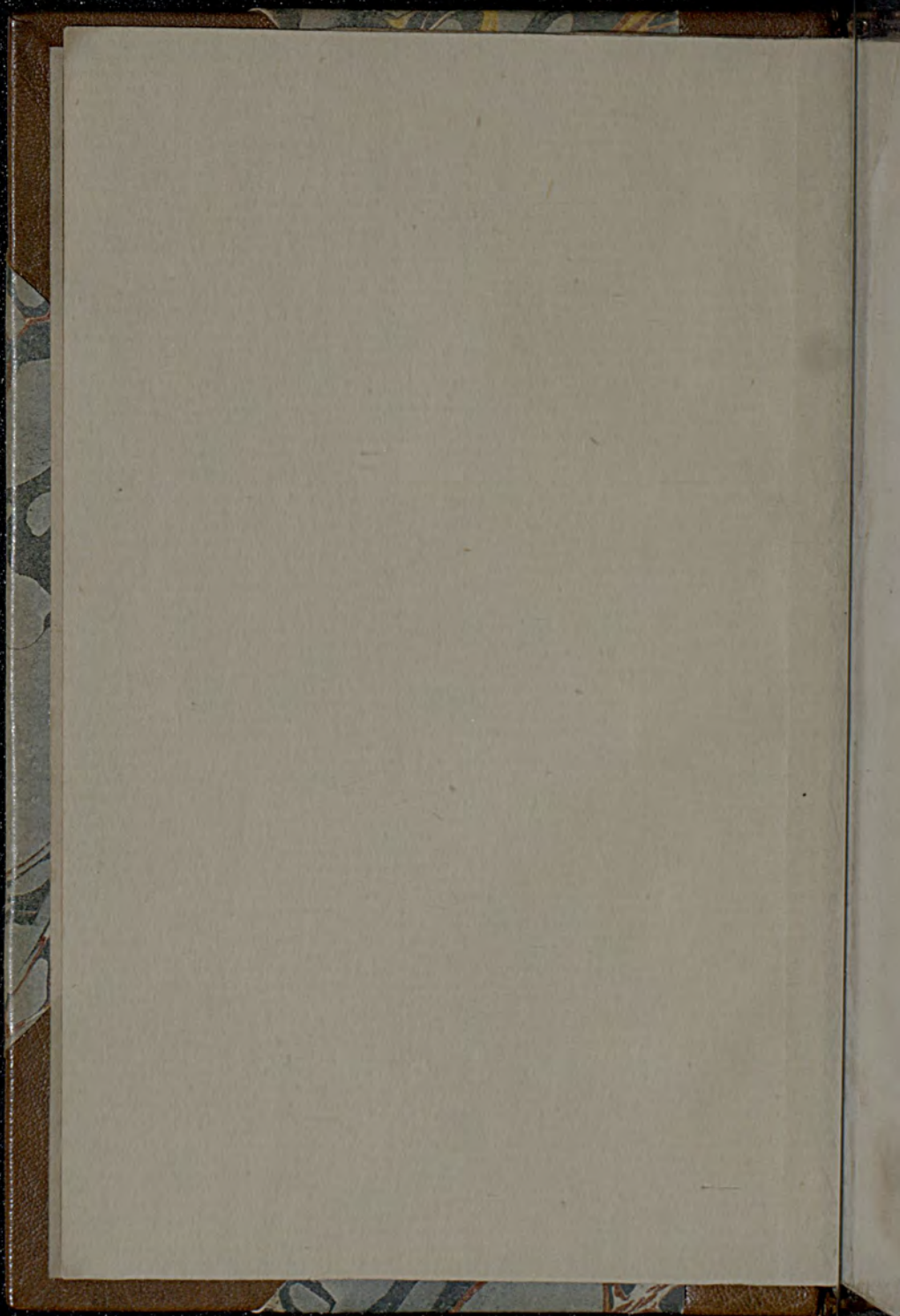
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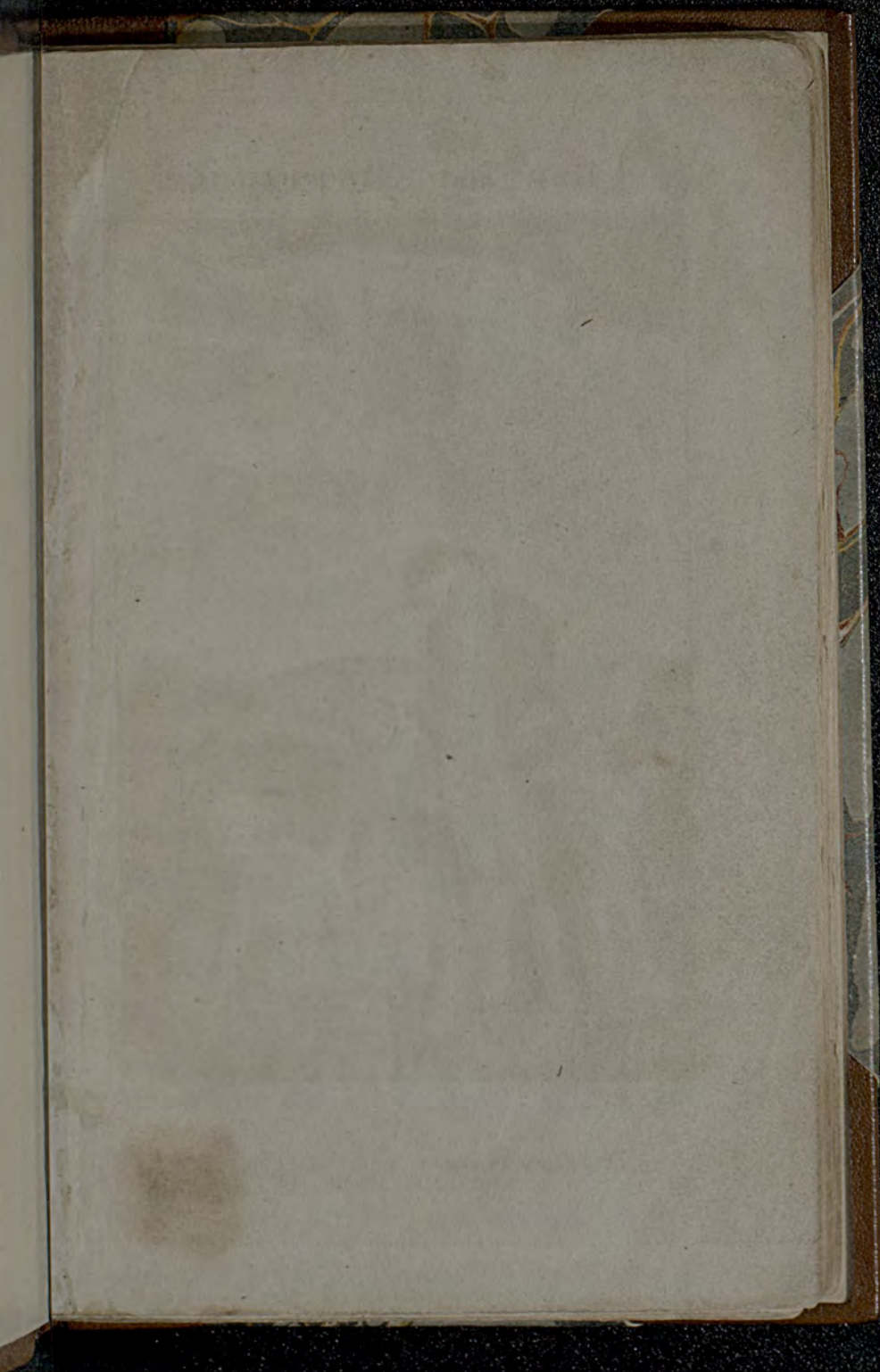






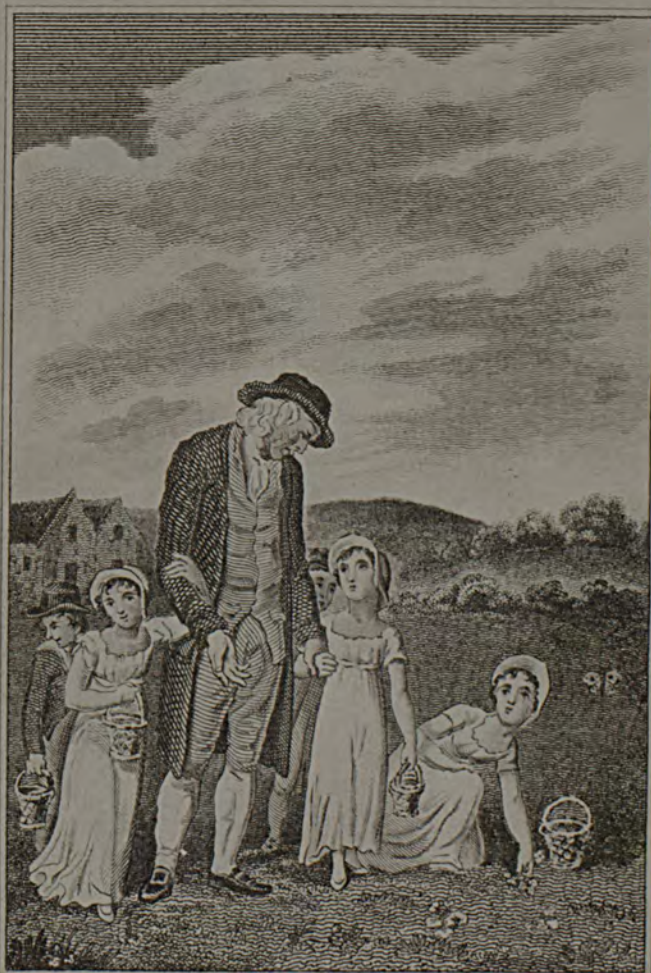








BEE and BUTTERFLY.



*Chap. II.*

*Page 28.*

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73 St Pauls Church Y<sup>e</sup> March, 1819.*



THE  
BEE AND BUTTERFLY;

OR,  
INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS:

In which are delineated  
THOSE SMALLER TRAITS OF CHARACTER THAT  
USUALLY ESCAPE OBSERVATION.

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“The daily labours of the Bee  
“Awake my soul to industry.”

GAY.

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BY MISS SANDHAM,  
*Author of the School-Fellows, the Boy's School, &c.*

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NEW EDITION.

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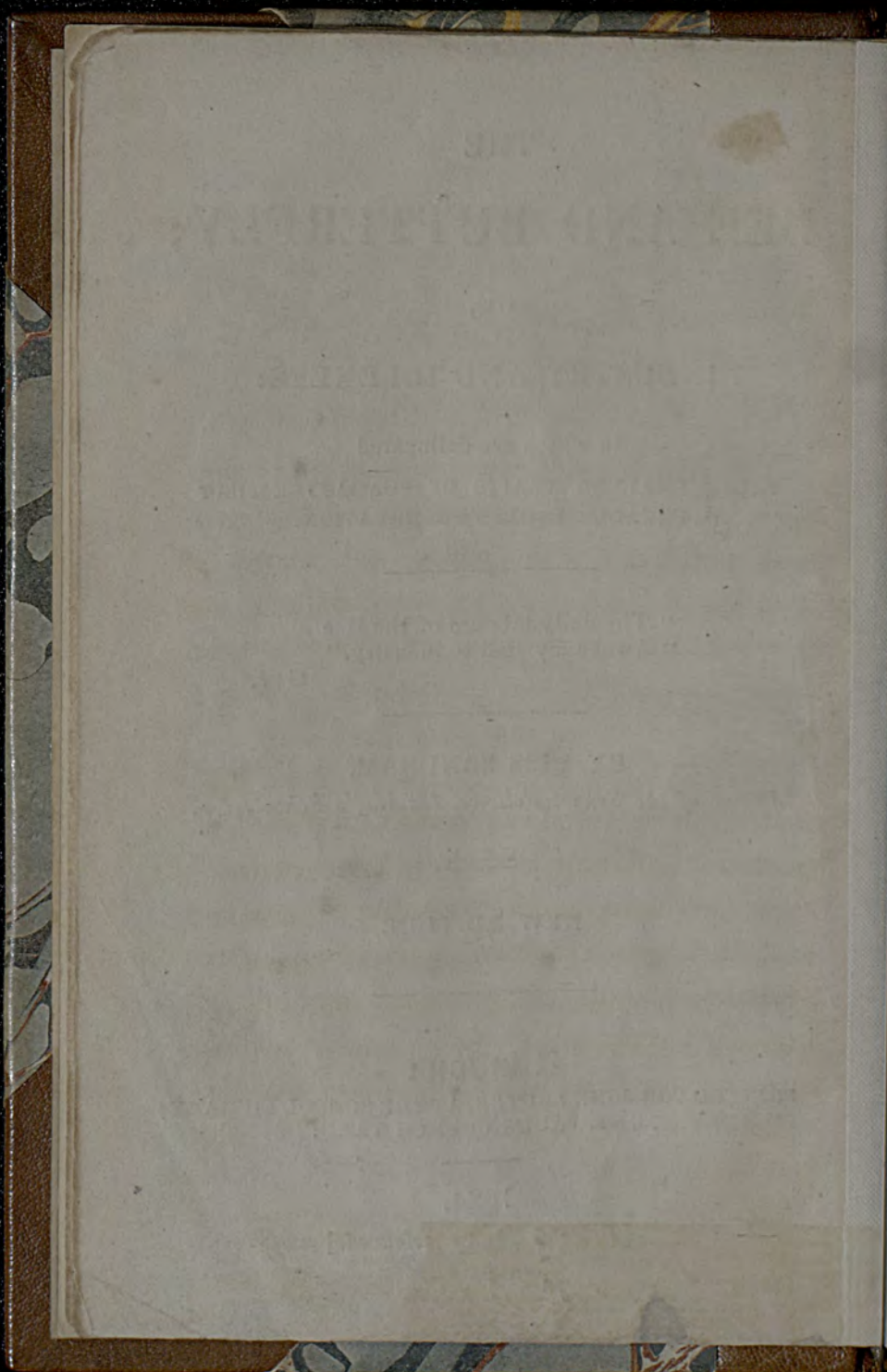
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## PREFACE.

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THE flattering pictures of men and manners, which are drawn in most of the present publications for youth, can alone be well applied, when they are considered not as what mankind are, but what they ought to be ; and, indeed, we may search the world through before we find their likeness.

Such is the simplicity of unguarded youth, that even when disappointed in their expectation of happiness from one quarter, they seek it in another equally fallacious ; and, drawing all their ideas from fancied excellencies, fondly imagine, that while looking only for mental satisfaction, and the pleasures arising from friendship, rational society, and the exercises of humanity, they cannot be mistaken in the pursuit ; though too often the frequent inconsistencies observer-



ble in those whom they have been led most to admire excites a sigh of sad surprise, till from a more enlarged judgment, matured and exercised with a feeling sense of what they view, they learn that continual and glaring absurdities are all the fruit produced in nature's soil.

It is to open this lesson to them, that the following pages are written, and with the hope that if Folly does not blind their eyes, and Prejudice (who, whichever way she turns, chooses to see things *only* through her own medium,) has not yet erected her throne in their breasts, they may receive, even from the limited remarks of a Bee and a Butterfly, a gentle hint or two of what they may expect to meet with in their future walks through life ; and thus warned of the strange contrarities, perceivable in human nature, escape the additional pang their being totally unexpected would produce.



THE  
BEE AND BUTTERFLY.

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CHAP. I.

A BEE who had passed the first winter of his life under the care of his kind mother, though often warned by her not to mistake the fine days early in the spring for summer, was eager to begin his travels; he had heard his companions talk of their flights during the former summer, and had tasted of the honey they had brought home, and laid up in store for food when none other could be procured: he also enjoyed some of those flights with them, and had



helped to gather in the common stock, (for bees, though ever so young, are seldom idle;) but he was not aware that many a cold and wintry day would yet preceede the time of gathering in a fresh store.

During the severity of winter he remained quietly within his cell, rejoicing in the shelter it afforded him, and joined the crowded hive in paying every respect to their queen-mother, who treated them with the care and tenderness of a parent. Every part of her dominions was well known to her, and nothing suffered to remain within them that could annoy her numerous family; she rejoiced in their prosperity, and all were happy under her government, except the little fellow who is to be the hero of my tale.



He would often creep to the entrance of the hive and peep, first on one side and then on the other, of the covering placed before it by its careful owners, while the blustering winds were raging around; but no sooner did the least warm weather appear than it was removed for the inhabitants to have more air, and this, to our young one, was a joyful sight; he looked upon it as the beginning of summer, and running to his companions, "We shall soon be able to get out," said he, "the way is open."

"Be not too eager;" replied one of more experience than himself, "by the time one winter has passed over your head, you may be a little wiser."

"It has passed, I think," returned the young one; "don't you feel the warmth of the sun? It reminds me of



the pleasant flights we took together last summer, and I am impatient to renew them."

"You are very *impatient*," replied the hoary Bee, "but it is time enough yet; don't you know that our habitations are always placed in such situations, that we have the earliest benefit from the sun's rays? but let not this make you suppose the season is farther advanced than it is."

"Well, now," replied the little chatterer, "only put your head out and feel how very warm it is."

"No, I thank you," returned the other. "I know what it is to trust to appearances, and can feel even here that the cold weather is not gone, and if you go only to the back of the hive you may hear how the wind still whistles there."

"I had rather look at the sunshine,"



returned the simple one, and leaving his sage adviser, he was inclined to think that it was because he was old and lazy that he wished to stay at home, and keep others there also, as an excuse for his own idleness; "let them stay then," thought he, "but for my part I am inclined to make the most of my time, and no doubt shall bring home many a load before these old creepers will believe that there is any thing to be gathered."

This resolution of the young Bee was not long a secret in the hive; he buzzed it about among all his companions; nor was it hid from the queen, who acting in her two-fold character, first warned him of the danger, and then, on pain of their not being re-admitted, absolutely forbade any one's going out of the hive without her leave.



But what can deter the obstinacy of a conceited youngster? Nothing! If experience obliges him to confess that in *one* thing he is wrong, he is still as firmly bent upon another; and if once inclined to think that he must know as well as others, will continue to think so, till experience teaches him that in all things he is liable to mistake. But my little hero was not yet brought to think so, neither perhaps are many who will read his history, but, as our ingenious fabulist tells us,—

“ Every object of creation

“ Can furnish hints for contemplation ;”

and who knows whether something may not be learnt from the history of a little Bee?

In spite of the caution of her majesty, he still wished to get out; and



after daily visiting the front of the hive for nearly a month, during which time the fine weather continued, he began to persuade himself the queen's command could not extend so far as this; "It has been fine a great while," said he to himself, "and if we stay within at this rate, we shall let all the summer pass away;" and again his former surmise returned, "they are old and lazy," continued he, "and while they have any food left, are determined not to seek for more; I will not stay, however;" and he was still farther confirmed in this resolution, when boldly advancing quite out on the block, he saw other Bees, from the next hive, taking the air, and appearing, like himself, to be thinking it high time to get abroad. A swarm of insects also were enjoying



themselves, and frisking about in the warm sun. Struck with shame that these should be on the wing before himself, he at that moment forgot all the kind admonitions of his mother, and the punishment that awaited him if he disobeyed them; and mounting in the air, his loud humming testified his joy at being again at liberty. But, alas! where was he to go? or what flower could he now visit? The fluttering insects he had seen were but the dancers of the day, just born to frisk a few hours, and then return to their original nothingness; and our young adventurer disdained to join the giddy train, or even to appear to notice what was so unlike the character of a busy Bee.

It was now the latter end of April, when the thorn is in blossom, violets



and primroses also decorate the hedges, and the hypatica, and polyanthus "of unnumbered dyes," already appeared in the gardens; but very few leaves were yet on the trees, though the buds were bursting, and many of the fruit-trees were in full bloom; to these our little wanderer winged his way, and as he flew from blossom to blossom, and from one branch to the other, he could not but acknowledge with regret that his limbs felt cold, and very different from the vigour they possessed the former summer. He wished to attribute it to his having been so long within the hive, but a sudden blast soon checked his ardour; a shivering came over him, and a drowsiness, which he could not account for, succeeded; presently a pelting shower



obliged him to creep for shelter to a wall, against which the trees were nailed, and here he began to see his error; "Can I go back again?" said he; "Ah! no, they will not receive me; my absence is by this time known, and I am never to be admitted more. Oh, my mother! would that I had followed your good counsel!"

He had scarcely spoken these words, when a mist spread itself before his eyes; his breath appeared failing, and he found himself still more inclined to sleep, yet instinct told him that in such a state to give way to the inclination was dangerous; he feared the cold would seize him while insensible, and his life must pay for it, but all his efforts to keep himself awake were vain; the rain



continued so, that he could not get out to use his wings, and at length, lost to all recollection, he sunk stupid and senseless to the bottom of his retreat.

How long he continued in this torpid state I cannot say, but the friends he had left, after anxiously expecting his return from day to day, and being disappointed, gave him up for lost ; and though he often awoke during his confinement, it was only to a keener sense of his misery : his limbs were still too stiff to move, his eyes dim, and each time that he closed them to return to sleep, (now the only alleviation of his sorrows,) he concluded he should never open them again ; he breathed a sigh of regret on the remembrance of the home he had quitted, and would gladly have re-



turned, and in the presence of the whole community acknowledge his rashness ; but alas ! he could not now move a wing : yet as the warm weather came on, he felt himself revive beyond his hopes : he could look out from the place of his confinement, and though not so ardent in his expectations as a few weeks before, he began again to feel a pleasure in the rays of the sun, and to anticipate a future enjoyment of them. "I shall not die," said he to himself, "but shall yet be able to accomplish my desire, and shew myself an industrious Bee."

The trees on which he had before observed only blossom were now full of leaves ; where the bloom had first appeared he saw the fruit, yet in its infant state. "This is not now the food for me," said he, and he looked



wishfully around to observe if there were any flowers near, from which he could gather his accustomed nourishment. While thus engaged, a Butterfly, on sportive wing, came frisking by, and though he settled first on one leaf, and then on another, was unmindful of him, till he fixed directly on that which shaded the place from which our poor invalid was examining the neighbouring plants. "Oh!" said he, with a heavy sigh, as he marked the light wing of this new comer, "Oh! that I could fly like him, and ramble from flower to flower, without pain or dread."

The attention of the Butterfly was attracted by the mournful tone in which this was uttered, and, unlike many of his kind, he even stopped to listen to the complaining insect,



and ask if he could relieve him; "Perhaps," said he, "you are entangled in a spider's web; and though I am unused to the art of war, I will endeavour to liberate you."

"An offer like this," replied the Bee, "I should not have expected from one of your nature; but you can give me no assistance; it is not a web that keeps me here, but ill health, and which I have brought upon myself by my own folly: I have no one else to blame, that I am not flying about as you are, though I hope to some better purpose."

"Do not be too sure of that," replied the good humoured Butterfly, "nor despise the help of one so insignificant as you suppose I am; if I can in any way assist *you*, I shall not have been flying about in vain."



"I beg your pardon," returned the Bee, conscious that he should not have answered in such a manner ; "pray let the pain I feel plead my excuse ; I have been confined within this place for I don't know how long, and now I feel the enlivening beams of the sun without being able to enjoy them, and must even starve for want of food, after I have escaped death from the cold that first seized me."

"Do not be discouraged," replied the Butterfly, "look at that border just below you, where there are many of the most beautiful flowers ; surely they will afford you nourishment ; you need not fear starving in the midst of plenty."

"I can't extend my wings," said the Bee, very mournfully.



“If not your wings,” replied his cheerful comforter, “can’t you use your feet and crawl down the wall, and then upon the ground, till you reach the flowers? Don’t be afraid. I’ll venture my life that you will be able to fly after taking a little of the delicious food they offer you.”

Animated by the Butterfly’s words, the poor half-starved Bee endeavoured to follow his advice, and slowly creeping forth, he reached at length the desirable haven of a beautiful convolvulus, whose head rested on the ground, whilst his compassionate adviser waited on the nearest bud to observe his progress. “Did not I say you could reach it?” said he, fluttering his wings for joy, “who shall despise the counsel of a Butterfly?”



"I will not for the future," replied the Bee, as he felt himself reviving from the sweet smell of the flowers, and the warm rays of the sun shining full upon his back; and again he intreated him to pardon the churlishness with which he at first received it.

"Oh, say no more of that," returned the Butterfly, "but tell me if you do not find yourself better already? what, because you could not fly, were you to starve? Though it may be a disgrace for one who has wings to crawl, yet surely it is better to do this than to lie down and die; but I do not despair of seeing you fly to-morrow;" and, as he said this, extended his wings, as if to depart.

"You will not leave me," said the Bee, who the longer he nestled in the bell of the flower, and tasted the



food it afforded, felt his affection increase for the means through which he had procured it; "Won't you stay and see me return to my habitation? I think you'll already observe an alteration for the better."

The Butterfly received this invitation with pleasure, indeed he had only pretended to be going, that he might observe if he was still of so little consequence in the eyes of the Bee, as for him not to wish his stay. He therefore readily accepted it, attended him home, and had the pleasure of seeing him much better able to get up the wall than down it: and from this time a lasting friendship commenced between them, no less singular in its kind than in the cause of it; for naturally these insects do not notice the other.



The Butterfly, after seeing his new friend safely landed at his old resting place, and with him a little store of the delicate food he had been tasting, marked the place, and kindly promised to see him again the next morning, "when," said he, "I hope I shall find you both able and willing to take a short flight with me," and then left him.



## CHAP. II.

THE Bee thus returned began to feel something like pleasure, and as the morning sun lighted the place in which he had been so long a prisoner, his hopes revived that he should yet feel a greater benefit from them.

He had not room to move his wings freely, yet he thought them rather more pliable, and creeping upon the branch of the tree which shaded the entrance of his habitation, he endeavoured to cleanse them from the dirt and stiffness which had encumbered them, and after repeatedly stroking his back with the little brushes with which Nature had supplied his feet, he succeeded, and was able to fly from his station to a neighbouring flower.



He had not forgotten the Butterfly, but he did not suppose that he would remember him or his engagement of the preceding evening; but again he had to acknowledge the mistake of prejudice, for he had not been long upon the flower, (made more sweet by his having found the use of his wings to obtain it,) before he saw his friend approaching, flying through the air, and never fixing till he had found the spot on which he had left him.

The loud humming of the Bee soon discovered that he was not far off, and the Butterfly hastening towards him, congratulated him on having found his liberty. "You are taking your breakfast," said he, "I give you joy of a fine morning," and after the kindest inquiries of how he now found himself, he expressed his hope



that he would be able to accompany him to a field of cowslips which he had passed at a little distance ; “ they smell so sweet, and look so beautiful,” continued he, “ hanging down their yellow heads, that though I certainly admire a greater variety of colours, I could not but be pleased with these, and had I not wished for your company, could have flown from one to the other for some time ; I am sure one day’s feasting on their sweets will restore you to perfect health ; come, shall I lead the way ?”

“ I cannot but be grateful for your solicitude,” returned the Bee, “ and that you should so far forget your nature as to be anxious for me who am of so different an one ; I am able to fly but very slowly, if at all, and *you* will like to extend your rambles



much farther than I can accompany you ; do not, therefore, think of tying yourself to me." The Butterfly was evidently disappointed ; "I know," said he, "that our natures are different ; I am not held in such high estimation as yourself, nor am I half so useful, or my life so long as your's ; ' the creatures but of a day,' is what we are generally called, yet that *day* it is my wish to spend well, and, as far as is in my power, to be of benefit to others ; if it was to one meaner than myself, it would be gratifying, but when I consider that it is to a *Bee* that my services are useful, it is doubly so ; why then will you deny me this pleasure ?"

The Bee could not but be struck with this singular proof of friendship in one from whom he had not deserved



it, and though he might be unwilling that any of his old companions should see him associating with one whom they were mostly inclined to treat with contempt, he could no longer resist his importunity, and therefore promised to accompany him to the place he had mentioned, and where he was amply recompenced by the delicious food he found there, for the fatiguing, though short flight he had taken to procure it, whilst the good-natured butterfly was equally gratified by seeing his friend enjoy the fragrance he had introduced him to. "You will stay here all day," said he, "and by night I expect to see you strong and hearty; if you please, I will fly about a little, and perhaps shall be able to bring you intelligence of food for to-morrow; but promise me to remain here till my return."



“Undoubtedly,” replied the Bee, half lost in one of the sweet recesses he was thus enjoying, “believe me, I feel your kindness! If you had not visited me last night, and encouraged my feeble efforts to move, I should have laid still and died, and all these bounties of Nature would have been spread in vain for me; indeed, I am obliged to you, and feel, that though you may never be of such service to me again, I should be sorry to lose your acquaintance.”

This acknowledgment was sufficient for the butterfly, who fluttered about in grateful joy, and in the course of the day made many excursions, from all of which he returned with good humour and kind inquiries; while the bee continued to fly from flower to flower, and though he was some-



times ready to regret that he had not a hive, to which he could carry the produce of his labours, and receive the commendations of his mother for so doing; he felt that he was yet too weak to work to much advantage, and therefore tried to be content with what was necessary for himself.

Several Bees came to this field of sweets, in which he was thus reveling; but none of his old acquaintance were among them, and he forbore to speak to them; "Though idle myself," said he, "I will not make others so by engaging them in talk with me;" and indeed so anxious was he not to disgrace the character of what a bee should be, that if he thought any of them were noticing him, he would pretend to be earnestly at work also, lest they should suppose him an idle drone.



In his next visit, the Butterfly brought him such intelligence as he thought would be agreeable to him; "We are in the land of plenty," said he, "every thing is flourishing, and innumerable flowers are every where to be seen."

"I shall soon be able to visit them," returned the bee, "and after one more night's rest, I shall almost forget that I have been ill; I have already recovered my spirits, and my health will soon return."

As they were thus talking, they observed a troop of children, with baskets in their hands, and an old man at their head, who seemed to be directing their steps to the field they were in.

"These are some of my tormentors," said the butterfly; "though they ap-



pear to admire me, and to wish me no harm, they are, in reality, my greatest enemies; even the sound of their voices puts me in a fright: Oh! how sick I am of hearing them singing, 'Butterfly, butterfly, come to me;' though you may be very sure I never accept their invitation; once I was shut up in a box for nearly a whole day, by one of these kind admirers, with a few green leaves for me to eat and sleep upon; and I suppose she thought she was doing me a very great favour to procure me such a residence; but I was much more obliged to another little girl, who, in her absence, let me out of my confinement, and since that time, I have been more than ever anxious to escape their notice."

"I know nothing of an alarm of that sort," replied the bee; "children are



in general afraid of me, and I have sometimes been half inclined to regret it, though in reality I believe it is the best thing that could happen; but these," continued he, "if I am not mistaken, are going to be otherwise employed than in admiring either you or me, for I think we shall see them gathering the flowers on which we have been feeding." And this was actually the case, for as they entered the field, the old man encouraged them to begin by promising that when the wine was made for which these cowslips were to be gathered, they should all have a glass of it.

"What devouring creatures are these men," observed the bee, "every one of these sweet flowers will be destroyed to make their wine; but they are the 'Lords of the Creation,'



and take away at one stroke what would satisfy us more moderate creatures for months and months; but see, the children are coming, had you not better take to your wings."

"Not yet," replied the butterfly, "they are going to be otherwise engaged; 'tis when they are idle or at play, that I have most reason to be alarmed; besides, here are a great many more of my race frisking about, though among ever so great a number, I am the most admired."

The Bee smiled at this discovery of vanity in his friend, though he made no reply; and as the children began clearing the field at the other end of it, they continued a little longer to enjoy the sweets they were so soon to be deprived of, till the shades of evening began to advance, when



the bee proposed returning home, and bade adieu to those charming flowers from which he had gathered health and strength, and a sufficient stock of honey to take home with him.

"Where do you repose for the night?" said he to his friend; "have you no settled place of abode, or do you rest upon the first flower you meet with?"

"I generally pass the night under a green leaf, or in the cup of a flower," replied the Butterfly, "and may this evening find a place to repose in near *your* habitation, if you have no objection."

"I should be glad of your company within it," returned the bee, "were it large enough to admit us both; but what do you live upon? cannot you



taste some of the provision I am going to carry home? you shall be very welcome."

The butterfly testified his thanks by a fluttering of his wings; "but I do not particularly relish that food," said he, "and you would perhaps wonder what it is we do eat, for it is no uncommon opinion that we live upon air; however, in our reptile state, we make up for our little eating now; were you to see the devastation we make in the vegetable world, you would be surprised; three or four dozen of us will destroy a bed of cabbages in an hour or two, and we often strip a shrub of all its leaves in the course of a morning."

"And do you boast of this?" replied the Bee; "surely it is exulting in mischief."

"It is our *nature*," returned the



thoughtless Butterfly ; “ and what is the mischief as you call it, compared to that which men are daily doing ? do they not destroy us by thousands, whenever they have an opportunity ? and why should *you*, of all others, plead for them, who, when you have spent your lives in their service, and procured for them those sweets which they can obtain from no other quarter, burn and destroy your hives and yourselves too ? Oh ! I have passed one of these monuments of their ungrateful cruelty, and seen the manglep remains of your fellow creatures till my wings have quite trembled again, and yet you never do them harm ; they form your habitation, and encourage you to build in them by pretending to shelter you from all evil, yet after all this fancied kindness, if



they think you are too old to labour for them any longer, they set fire to your houses, and destroy thousands of you in the flames ! talk no more of mischief in eating a few cabbages, or devouring the leaves of a tree."

"These are shocking truths," replied the bee, "my blood runs cold to think of it; and yet, such is my nature, that though I know I am safe from such devastations where I now am, I would rather add my labours to the common stock of my native hive, could I but find the way to return to it, and share the fate of my fellow-labourers, *if* such a fate awaits them; but who knows that *we* may not escape? it is not every bee that is thus destroyed."

"Nature," returned his friend, "has armed you with a defensive weapon,



with which I think you might destroy your destroyers; but as for us, poor *butterflies*, we can do nothing to defend ourselves."

"'Tis true," returned the bee, "we have this weapon, and we have often made our enemies fly by using it; but you must know, such is their cunning cowardice, that they will not attack us on equal terms; they must have the covert of the night for their cruel work, and when we are all in our hives, each enclosed in their waxen cell they begin the horrid massacre. I should feel it more, but that I believe they take as great delight in destroying each other as they do in killing us; for I have heard them rejoicing together that so many of the *enemy* were slain, and I know they mean their fellow men by this appel-



lation, for they don't *dignify* us with that title. Their great enmity to insects arises from what they destroy; and yet, in one day, they themselves devour more than any of them, but then they think every thing that can be useful to them was only made for that purpose, and no one can say they do not take care to make it fulfil that end, whatever else is left undone."

"But the question is, whether they have any right to destroy you, after that is done?" rejoined the Butterfly.

"A question too hard for me to answer," replied the Bee; "but this I know, that we have a right to defend ourselves against them whenever we can; and I know also, that for the kindness you have shown me, I'll defend you from their at-



tacks as long as I am able; but we are arrived at my dwelling, let us rest upon this tree while the sun is taking its last peep at the horizon."

After refreshing themselves with a little of the honey the Bee had brought home, and of which the Butterfly just tasted a little, because he would not appear to refuse what was kindly meant, they parted for the night, the Bee resolving to travel farther the next day, and, if possible, to find out his old habitation, though not without assuring the Butterfly that if he should be so happy as to be re-admitted, it should make no difference in his friendship for him.



## CHAP. III.

THE next morning our two friends awoke with the sun, and before half my readers are out of their beds, their peregrinations commenced, one in quest of whatever he could turn into something useful, the other to find what was new and entertaining. When they met, the Bee was still desirous of finding his old habitation. "But why?" said the Butterfly, "surely the little cell you now live in will do very well for the summer; you are in no danger where you are, and have the delightful privilege of calling it all your own."

"All this is true," replied the Bee, "but what a life am I now leading; adding nothing to the general stock;



while all my brethren are busily employed in gathering what will be of equal benefit to each : no, no ! there is a pleasure in thus mutually assisting each other which only those who have experienced it can know ; and I am resolved, if possible, to enjoy it again."

The Butterfly looked surprised, for though capable of that attachment which proceeds from finding an agreeable companion ; and with some idea of the services bestowed upon those we love, and which endears the name of friend, he could not imagine that any pleasure could arise from spending his time in labour ; but as long as his friend had assured him of the continuance of his regard, he was desirous that he should obtain what he wished, and willingly offered to assist him in the search.



During their airy rounds they often stopped to refresh themselves on some favourite flower, though seldom fixing on the same, and to a casual observer did not appear to be at all connected, they were never out of sight of each other. It was from one of these resting places, in which the bee was delightfully employed extracting sweets from an "extended field of blossomed beans," that the butterfly stretched his wings to a neighbouring garden ; here such various beauties met his eyes that he could not help returning to call his friend to enjoy them with him. "Such a bed of tulips, I have met with," said he, "whose splendid colours can only be equalled by my wings ; pray come, and see what lovely flowers."

"Have you not yet learnt that



there is something more valuable in a flower than its colour?" returned the bee, with a smile; "for my part, I would prefer these honeyed beans, though I suppose you would think them hardly worth looking at; but of all other flowers tulips have the least sweetness about them, and are fit to please the eye of those men and butterflies who judge only by appearance; but though I have seen the former admiring a bed of tulips, I have often observed that if they wish to ornament themselves, or their houses, the flowers which we chiefly prefer are also the objects of their choice! As for these beans, though I believe they admire their smell, men are, as I said before, such destructive creatures, that while they are enjoying what is sweet, they are at the same



time destroying it ; and as they expect something still more valuable from these flowers, they are content to let them remain upon their stalks ; but we can have our fill of their sweets, and yet not injure what they will hereafter produce. Oh ! had I but a hive to go to," continued he, as he stretched his wings to accompany his friend, "how many times should I have gone thither yesterday and to-day from the cowslips and the beans, and what repeated loads should I have carried home."

"Surely, surely," thought the idle butterfly, "you need not regret that : to fly hither and thither as you like, with no incumbrance of any kind, and no care beyond to-morrow, is far better." So thought the butterfly, and so perhaps think many butterflies



of the human race ; but he forbore to repeat his sentiments on this subject, for, unconscious to himself, he was awed by the superiority of his friend, while he felt no wish to be of the same opinion.

“ And so these are the flowers you admire,” continues the Bee, as they alighted, “ and which can only be equalled in beauty by *your* wings ? Ah, my dear friend, would not your wings be just as useful if they were not covered with red and purple ? look at the plain white ones of numbers of your race, who are now flying around us ; *you* cannot extend your flight farther than *these* ; but see, some children are entering the garden, I question if you will not soon have a greater cause to regret the beauty of your wings than to admire



it, and that you will be the object of their pursuit as soon as you meet their eyes, while your plainer brethren will pass unregarded."

This prediction was soon verified, for no sooner did the little ones perceive this self-admiring Butterfly than they all exclaimed, "Oh! what a beauty! let us catch it."

"If *you* get on that side of the bed, and *I* on this," said a boy, who appeared to be the eldest of the party, "I will throw my hat at it, and we shall soon have it in our possession."

"Not for the world, master Henry," said the maid who accompanied them; "you would destroy those beautiful flowers at once if you did and your papa would be so angry."

"The flowers then are more admi-



red than you are, my friend," observed the Bee, "for you see the maid will not let them be injured, not even to procure a sight of your still *more* beautiful wings."

"Don't laugh at me," replied the Butterfly, somewhat mortified; "I am glad, however, that I have found a place of safety; if I take care not to quit this station, they will not be able to get at me."

Although it was his intention to remain there, his young pursuers would not let him be at rest, but with one thing and another so contrived to shake the flowers upon which he settled, that at last, wearied out with these repeated removals, he took to his wings, and flew to a neighbouring rose tree.

Now, now, cried all the children,



we shall have it; don't let it get upon the tulips again, and we shall certainly catch it.

The Bee lay all this time in the bell of a hyacinth, not unmindful of his friend or his pursuers, but thinking his present alarm might be an useful evidence of what he had been saying, and a check to his vanity, he resolved to let him feel a little more of the dangerous effect his much-admired beauty was likely to produce; but after the young folk had given him one or two hasty flights round the garden, he came forward, and appearing in front of all the young ones, soon checked the eagerness of their chace.

"A bee, a bee!" exclaimed they, "take care or it will sting you;" while the poor trembling Butterfly began



to take fresh courage on seeing his friend approach ; and, seating himself on the branch of an honey-suckle, endeavoured to regain his breath.

The oldest boy was now resolved to make one more effort, and creeping slowly to the place, put forth his hand to reach the prize, when the bee perceiving his intention, again darted before his eyes, and made him retreat. "Thank you, thank you, my dear friend," said the poor butterfly, "surely they will not attempt to pursue me any more ; you must have sufficiently frightened them."

"I'll do something more than frighten them if they do," replied the bee ; "they shall feel what it is to enrage one of us ;" nor would these children, animated by the presence of each other, give up their chace, till the



bee had absolutely fulfilled his threat, by just touching the hand of one of them with his sharp sting ; and, Oh ! what a clamour was instantly raised by the whole party for this cruel act, as it was called ; the child cried, and the maid declared it was a shame of the *nasty* bee to sting one who never thought of hurting *him* ;” while all the others gathered round their *wounded* brother to express their pity and abhorrence of the deed ; and while they retired from the garden to get something to alleviate the smart, our two friends were left to recover themselves and congratulate each other on their safety. “I never was so near being taken in my life, and escaped at last,” said the butterfly ; “but to *you*, my friend, I am indebted for my present liberty ; if you had not exer-



ted yourself in my behalf I must have been in their possession; I tremble at the thought of it, and am completely tired out in the chace they have given me."

"Now, then, I hope you will acknowledge that your beauty is no real advantage to you," replied the bee; "but till you are recovered I will visit yonder beautiful acasia, which seems to court my notice; besides, I am not without a hope that from it I shall see my ardently desired home; I seem to remember its being near it."

Our airy traveller spoke this with peculiar animation: but on reaching the tree, his pleasure was still higher, for, from thence he beheld the spot he was in pursuit of; although many hives were near it, he could distin-



guish his own from all the rest by a thousand little marks known only to those who inhabit it. His heart beat with transport; it appeared to him the abode of peace and plenty, and it was within his *reach* also; the flowers on which he had rested were entirely disregarded, and he stood gazing on the well-known spot, "stung with the thoughts of home."

The endearment of his mother returned to his mind with double force, nor could he fear being well received by her, and if by her, all the rest he knew dared not use him differently: "I will acknowledge my disobedience to her commands," said he, "and when she knows what I have gone through she will forgive me; I shall again receive her commendations, and repose myself under her mild and equitable government."



With these thoughts he could scarcely forbear flying away, and rushing at once into the presence of his friends; but he recollected the poor butterfly, and though there was nothing in their natures which could assimilate, he still remembered that in a great measure he owed his present health and strength to him; "when first we met," continued he, "there was nothing in me to induce his affection; I was poor, sick, and helpless, and yet *he* was interested for me, and shall I leave him now? No, I will return and tell him what I have seen, and that, though for the future I shall reside with more suitable associates, we may still often meet."

Thus determined, he hastened back with all the liveliness of joy, to inform his friend, who observed his



coming, and the cheerful air with which he approached. "I have seen my hive," cried the bee, without giving him time to make the inquiry; "I have seen it! come, won't you go with me, and at least see the place to which I am going to return, and though I cannot ask you to enter with me, (none but bees being permitted to come in there) I shall never see you when I am out of it without pleasure."

"My dear friend," replied the Butterfly, "after the kindness you have shewn me this morning, it would be ungrateful not to rejoice in what gives you pleasure; I think I am now able to use my wings again, and will readily accompany you; and though I know I must stand at an humble distance while you enter, yet I shall be



anxious to hear how you are received, and whether your old companions will forgive your leaving them."

"I have but the displeasure of *one* to fear," replied the Bee, "and if she forgives me, the rest have nothing to do with it, nor have I much to apprehend from that quarter, since the authority of a sovereign is tempered by the affection of a parent."

Thus conversing they pursued their flight till arriving at a short distance from the well-known hive, "Don't you see it?" said the Bee, fluttering his wings for joy; "don't you behold the welcome spot?"

"I see a number of hives," returned the Butterfly, not quite so enraptured as his friend, "but which is your's I cannot tell."

"Mark the one into which I fly,"



said the Bee, "and then you'll know it."

"But when shall I see you again?" inquired the Butterfly in a melancholy tone, on seeing his friend preparing for flight; "to-day?"

"Perhaps not," replied the other; "I may not be permitted to come out again, or I may be indulged with a day's rest, and conversation with my mother, but do not suffer yourself to doubt my friendship for you, because I do not fly out every hour and repeat my professions of it; to-morrow, at farthest, I shall renew my labours for the general good, and then if you like to accompany me in my flights, I shall be glad of your company."

With these words he stretched his wings, while the Butterfly bade him



farewell, and watching his approach and entrance to the hive, resolved to hover round the place in hopes of learning what reception he had met with.

As the returning vagrant advanced towards the centre of all his hopes and fears, he felt the latter sensibly increase, yet he could not but advance; at first he settled on the block upon which the hive was placed, every part of which was perfect in his recollection; he observed no one near, for as it was now the middle of the day, almost all were out, busily employed, except a few, whom he knew were always on the watch to keep out every intruder; at length he ventured within the hive, and immediately all the humming inmates which were then at home flocked



around him ; some concluded that he had mistaken his hive, while others imagined they could recollect his form and figure. "Do you not know me?" said he, "I once belonged to your fraternity, and my heart is still knit towards you."

On hearing an unusual murmur the mother-queen appeared, with all her attendant train, to inquire who the bold intruder was. The way was cleared for her approach, and a solemn silence prevailed, while the stranger, with unfeigned humility, answered to the question. No sooner did her majesty know her returning child, than in one loud hum she expressed her satisfaction, and this was heard and attended to by all around, and presently the general voice was that he should be re-admitted.



"I am not returned unto you sick, or unable to work," replied the delighted Bee, after he had expressed his thanks for their generous reception of him ; and then related to his attentive and sympathizing parent all he had gone through since he had so rashly left the hive, whilst the rest waited till the close of the day before they indulged their curiosity by hearing it ; nor did he forget to acknowledge that it was to the attention of a Butterfly that he owed his life.

"A Butterfly," returned the queen, whose dignity felt hurt that any of her race should be indebted to so trifling a creature, "sure you must have been sunk very low indeed, to need the assistance of a Butterfly."

"I have learnt, my dear mother,"



replied the young one, "that there is no creature, however mean, but may be of service some time or other; the Butterfly is well aware of the great difference there is between us."

"And sensible, I hope, of the honour done him, in being permitted to assist a Bee?" rejoined the mother.

This important affair being settled, though not entirely to the satisfaction of the queen, who while she forbore to say more upon the subject, resolved narrowly to watch the conduct of her son, fearing he would gain too much of the frivolity of the Butterfly if he long associated with him: and after shewing him a cell in which he might for the future reside, she left him to prepare it for his reception.

Chap. II.

Publication





*Chap. IV.*

*Page 62.*

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## CHAP. IV.

As the winged inhabitants flocked towards home, laden with their honeyed store, the return of the wanderer was announced to each; and the labours of the day being ended, they all gathered round him to hear the account of his adventures.

In the mean time the Butterfly continued without the hive not unpleasantly situated, as a number of flowers were about the place, had he not been yet in suspense respecting his friend, when, as he was just going to give up all hopes of meeting with him till the next morning, he had the pleasure of seeing him come out upon the block, in company with two or three other Bees, "Will he speak to



me now that *these* are with him," thought the Butterfly, and he fluttered round the place, half afraid that he should find the promises of his friend forgotten; but not so, the Bee, (though perhaps he might feel a little at the opinion he judged would be formed by his present associates on seeing him speaking familiarly to one so much beneath them,) flew towards him, to tell him he had been well received, directing him to a place of safety in which he might pass the night; "to-morrow," said he, "we shall meet again."

The Butterfly was much pleased at this unexpected interview, and after thanking him for his attention, promised to join him in the morning. The Bee then returned to his companions, and the Butterfly retired to



the place which had been pointed out to him, and from whence he could see the the entrance to the hive, and watch the coming of his friend when they were next to meet.

I shall now proceed to acquaint my reader with the future travels of our two friends, and without attending to the minute occurrences of each day, enter at once upon those events which more particularly belong to my design.

As soon as the sun was sufficiently above the earth, the inhabitants of the hive hastened forth, eager to pursue their daily task---

“Around, athwart,

“Thro’ the soft air the busy nations fly.”

And among the first came our young adventurer, whom the Butterfly immediately prepared to accompany;



though till he saw him a little separated from the others, he did not presume to approach. "How do you do, my friend?" said the Bee, as soon as he drew near; "are you inclined for a long flight to-day? I have now a double motive to work hard, having a wish to make up for my lost time, as well as to shew my sense of gratitude for the reception I have met with from the friends I have returned to."

"I am willing to accompany you," replied the Butterfly, "and am glad to see you in such spirits; but you are already eyeing some of those beautiful flowers, and while you are engaged with them I will visit the nearest cottage, and return before you have finished your task."

"That's right," replied the Bee, "and tell me if you find the inhabi-



tants as well, or as busily employed, as I am going to be."

The Butterfly departed, and on entering the window of the humble dwelling, he perceived a woman sweeping out the lower room, "which served them for parlour, kitchen, and hall," and preparing the breakfast; three or four children were entrusted to the care of another somewhat older than themselves, and who was endeavouring to keep the little ones from entering, and interrupting their mother. The Butterfly was unnoticed by the woman, but no sooner did the children see it, who (like all others, wanting what is denied them) were peeping in at the door and inquiring when they might come in, then a little boy begged to enter, promising to catch it in a minute, and



his intreaties at last prevailed, though he did not find it quite so easy to take the nimble creature as he had fancied. He had again and again to watch its settling, and to experience disappointment in his endeavour to secure it; while the rest of the little ones were at the door eagerly looking on, and the mother sometimes fretting, and sometimes laughing at his fruitless efforts; when all at once the eldest girl gave notice of her father's approach to breakfast.

No sooner was this intelligence heard than the Butterfly was suffered to rest in quiet; the mother declared that "nothing was ready;" she scolded the child, and blamed herself for being so foolish as to be stopped in the middle of her work by the chacing of a Butterfly, and,



before any thing was in proper order, the *master* entered, who, by his rough voice and peremptory manner, seemed determined to keep up the authority of that title. While he was grumbling at not finding his breakfast ready, and his children standing silent around the table, the Butterfly, happy to escape, extended his wings, and returned to his companion, whom he found still employed at his accustomed task.

“Well, what discoveries have you made,” inquired the Bee, “have you seen any one so busy as me?”

“*One* was,” replied the Butterfly laughing, “till I put an end to her work; an over-indulged little boy was suffered to enter into the midst of it, and hunt me from one side of the room to the other, and this foolish



pursuit took the attention of the woman, who stood with the broom in her hand, admiring the dexterity of her awkward boy, I suppose, till the approach of the father was announced; then the scene was entirely changed, the hunt was given over, and she was cross with herself and every one else, because she had been interrupted, which after all was her own fault; the man came in still more out of humour, and thus the house which at your first entrance you might have imagined the abode of peace and domestic comfort, was made directly otherwise; and *my harmless* visit, I dare say, they would say was the cause of it; when to a reasonable observer it would be plain that the whole of this disturbance arose from the wayward fancy of the child, the



indulgence of the mother, and the ill temper of the father: however, such is my happy lot, having wings, I could fly away from all their troubles; but those are to be pitied who cannot escape them."

"During your absence," said the Bee, "I have seen two friends in this garden, who appear so happy in the society of each other, that I am anxious to see more of them, such friendship being rather rare among the human race, and as soon as I have carried home this load of honey, I intend to visit the house I saw them enter."

"Do, do," replied the Butterfly, pleased to find his friend could attend to any thing besides his work, "and while you are thus engaged, I will amuse myself with an old acquaint-



tance or two whom I see yonder." With these words they parted for a little while, promising to meet again in the same place, and to which the Bee returned long before the fluttering Butterfly, who had flown to a neighbouring field, and there among the daisies and king-cups, with which the ground was nearly covered, he continued with his former associates nearly the whole morning, idly chancing each other in airy rounds till he had almost forgot the engagement he had made, and was still less inclined to regret his living an idle life. "I am not born to work," said he, "and if the place I fill in the world is not of such importance as my friends, as a Butterfly I have an equal right to live, and to follow my own inclination;" he therefore returned to meet



him without an apology for being behind the time, and on finding him busily employed, and nearly ready to take home another load, "What," said he, "you could not leave your favorite work to make your intended visit? surely you are too intent in gathering that food which I fear you will never be allowed to enjoy.

"You are mistaken," replied the Bee, "I have been and seen the two ladies, but they are no longer friends. Oh, what fickle creatures these men and women are! young and old, they are all changeable alike. One was sitting at an open window, and the other walking up and down the room apparently much distressed; "What not one word?" said she to the other; "I did not mean to offend you."

No answer was returned, and she



continued to express her sorrow, which was received with the utmost indifference; at length she made another attempt, and offering her hand to her offended friend, she said, "Come, Charlotte, will you not be reconciled?"

This also was equally disregarded, and the feelings of the poor offender seemed entirely altered; she no longer solicited forgiveness, but left the room, saying, "It is not necessary for me to acknowledge more; you do not treat me like a friend; talk no more of your regard for me."

As soon as she was gone the other began singing as loudly as she could raise her voice, though the words she uttered now, so far from being in unison with her mind, as expressed in her countenance, that I could not help



smiling; they were descriptive of content and self-satisfaction, neither of which I think *she* could at that time feel.

“On leaving her, and entering another window, I was sorry to see the one I had been interested for in earnest conversation with a third person, who, pitying her dejected and melancholy appearance, asked if she might not attribute it to the ill-humour of her friend, and while her mind was thus hurt with the treatment she had received, drew from her a complaint which perhaps she would not have made at any other time. “She does not deserve your regard,” said the stranger, “and you give up too much to her;---if you continue to do so, she will by and bye expect you to say or do nothing but as she directs; and her



friendship for you can never be real, if she requires such subjection."

"These are very odd things," observed the Butterfly; "we poor insignificant creatures never have any thing of this sort; if we associate together, we do not spend our time in complaining of each other."

"I have not done with them yet," returned the Bee, "but mean to pay them another visit, and I fancy shall see still more reason to conclude that these wonderful creatures, whom the animal race hold in such respect, are not so steady and constant in their conduct and pursuit as either they, or we, the still meaner insect tribes, are, though I must say those of the latter order are not in so much awe of them. We do not fly from them if they come in our way, but in many



things consider them as subservient to us, and that which *they* look upon as exclusively their own, and which a cat or a dog would not venture to touch, *we* have most likely made many a meal from before it comes to their table."

A few days after this, the Bee renewed his visit, as he had proposed, and there was astonished to see the very same third person now engaged with the other lady, and relating to her with many exaggerations all that her offending friend had repeated to her, while smarting under the effect of her ill-humour, though all the pains she took to draw it out of her, and the encouragement with which she listened to her complaint, were entirely omitted in the recital. "Only think of this," said the Butterfly, on hearing an account of his friend's second visit.



“Is this the use they make of the power of speech, and which they imagine sets them so completely above the animals? surely they had better be without it, than use it to such a purpose; but what will be the end of this? will not the eyes of the two friends be opened, think you? and they will leave the acquaintance of that mean girl, who, under such a show of friendship, endeavours to widen the breach between them?”

“Perhaps not,” replied the Bee; “their conduct may yet want that consistency; I hope they will be reconciled to each other, but I doubt whether they will give up this perfidious acquaintance, though the more their regard for each other increases, the more must their contempt for her be increased. I question, also, if the tale *she* has this day told will not rankle in



the breast of the hearer for many future years, and whether there will ever again be that mutual confidence in the two friends which once appeared."

The next house they saw, the Butterfly entered alone, as the Bee observed some flowers at a distance which appeared more worthy of his attention. While he was busily employed in extracting their sweets, his friend returned laughing: "Oh!" said he, "I wish you had been with me. Smile no more at the regard I shew to outward appearance; why, there is a young man who is storming and raging about the house because his neck-cloths are not brought home so nicely ironed as he expected, and he is throwing them from one end of the room to the other, while the poor woman, who has, perhaps, been working hard



to make them what they are, stands trembling before him, as if she had committed the greatest trespass in the world. The beauty of my wings, if once destroyed, is lost for ever, but these evils, if they are any, are soon remedied; and, at the next house," continued he, "is another instance of the vanity of the sex; *there* is a boy who has got a new coat just brought home from the tailor's, and because the day is rather lowering, and his father won't let him wear it to go out, he is determined not to go out at all, and he is now sitting in his own room with the coat on, though there is no one but himself to admire it. I have seen females carry their fondness for dress as far as this," continued he, "but I thought men and boys were above such vanity; I declare I am half ashamed of them."



At this moment a heavy shower came on, and the Butterfly hastened to the shelter of a large leaf on a cucumber bed, where also the Bee was obliged to secure himself, nor could he take home the honey he had gathered till the rain had ceased.

On his return, he found the Butterfly just ventured from his retreat, and stroking his wings, he was inquiring of one of his own species, "if their colours had received any injury?"

The Bee heard the inquiry, and though he believed his friend would not have made it had he thought him within hearing, he was not now so inclined to laugh at him as formerly on account of it, "for," said he, "since I have heard such instances of vanity in a race so superior, I can forgive it in a Butterfly."



On finding that the drops still continued on the flowers, so as to prevent his gathering any thing from them, he determined to return to the hive, and there assist in forming some cells with the wax he had been busy in procuring, though the Butterfly was earnest in desiring him to take an afternoon's flight with him, "and enjoy a little pleasure."

The Bee smiled at what his friend called by that name; "my enjoyment is to be usefully employed," said he, "and to receive my mother's approbation; but as I know this is a pleasure *you* cannot understand, I would not wish to deprive you of what you can enjoy; go, therefore, and take your fill of it while you may, and to-morrow perhaps we may meet again."



His friend departed with this encouragement, yet not able to comprehend why all creatures did not find a pleasure in the same thing, though to the eye of reason such a distinction of enjoyments in the various objects of creation, is an evident token of the Wisdom with which they are formed.



## CHAP. V.

THE next day the Bee had taken home two or three loads before his friend made his appearance, who, when he came, expressed his surprise at finding him where he was. "I have been in such a beautiful conservatory," said he, "and surely I saw *you* there, almost buried in the heart of a flower; and so intent were you upon your labour, that you would not even answer me when I called; there must certainly have been something very attractive to have kept you there so long, but how you got here before me is what I most wonder at."

"I don't understand you," returned the Bee, "I have been in no conservatory, the utmost of my flights to-day have been from the hive to this place."



“And have you *really* been no where else?” said the Butterfly in astonishment; “why I never saw any thing so like you in my life; I concluded that you were so buried in the flower that you did not hear my call, or was unwilling to move, lest you should alarm some ladies and gentlemen who were very near you.”

“I think I can tell what has deceived you,” returned the Bee, “you have seen a bee-orchis, as they are called, a flower which bears both the form and resemblance of *our* species. And so you really took it for *me*?”

“If it was *not* yourself,” replied the Butterfly, “and you wish to see your *own* likeness, pray come with me, and behold it; for never did I see one Bee so like another, as that flower is like you.”



“ I have known many of our young ones who are not acquainted with it,” said the Bee, “ so deceived by the resemblance, that if they happen to meet with one, they pass it by, thinking that one of their fellow-labourers is engaged there already ; but if you will shew me the spot, I will not be so put off.”

So saying, he followed the Butterfly, who was immediately on the wing ; and soon arrived at a very large house, one end of which formed the conservatory. The fragrancy of the flowers it contained, the great variety of them, and those of the most delicate nature, made the Bee clap his wings for joy.

“ Why, my dear friend,” said he, “ you have brought me to a treasure-house indeed ; a store of sweets, I can hardly forbear returning to call all my



companions to share it with me ; I am sure there would be work enough for the whole hive were they here."

While he was thus expressing his delight, the Butterfly was searching for the flower he had noticed before, hardly satisfied, till he had the testimony of his own eye-sight in seeing them together, that his friend had told him the truth ; however, when he discovered it, and saw the Bee still flying about in admiration, he was obliged to acknowledge he had been wrong.

The Bee employed himself here for some hours, during which he had gone to and returned from the hive several times, bringing with him a few of his companions, who were attracted by the account he gave of this charming place ; the Butterfly also met with much to amuse him, and



they continued to enjoy themselves, till, as the evening advanced, they resolved to visit some other part of the house, and the Butterfly led the way to the dining parlour, where some ladies and gentlemen were sitting after dinner, with a variety of fruit and wines before them. The attention of the Bee was immediately attracted by a very fine peach one of the ladies had just taken on her plate, and little thinking of the consequence of his temerity, he flew towards it: the lady screamed, and pushed back her chair, while the company eagerly inquired the cause.

"Oh, a Bee!" exclaimed she, "I am frightened to death if I see one."

"And I," said another, who sat opposite to her, "shall faint if it comes near *me*; I really cannot bear it in the room."



At this moment the Bee, as if desirous of seeing whether she spoke truth or not, flew directly across the table and alighted on her head.

"Oh, where is it?" said she, jumping off her seat, "I am sure it is on me! dear Mr. W.," addressing the gentleman, who sat next her, "for goodness sake take it off! what shall I do?"

While the other lady sat fanning to recover her alarm, and the rest of the party with anxious looks watched the motions of the bold intruder, the gentleman, proud of his superior courage, "begged them not to be alarmed, for he would destroy it in a moment!" and giving it a gentle touch to drive it from its present station, he began the attack with a knife he held in his hand, professing, that he would



cut it asunder at one blow; his blows, however, were not so decisive, for though he aimed several, the Bee contrived to escape them all.

At this one or two other gentlemen, with more regard to the imaginary feelings of the ladies than to the reality of those belonging to the Bee, raised the same weapons in their defence, but all their efforts served only to exasperate the object of their rage, while the Butterfly sat trembling under the most cruel apprehensions of his friend's safety.

During this alarming battle the ladies were happy to leave the room; and no sooner were they retired than the fight was over, the weapons of war were laid aside, and the enraged Bee suffered to rest upon the table, and recruit his strength: his



fierce opponents declared they were never so *foiled* before, till one less courageous than the rest, wisely, as he thought, turned an empty wine glass over him, and thus was our unfortunate adventurer again in a close confinement. The Butterfly was now alarmed for his friend from another cause, and feared the want of air would be too much for him.

“Cruel monsters,” said he to himself, as he observed the gentlemen draw their chairs closer to the table, and filling their glasses, appeared determined to suffer no other interruption to their cheerfulness; “do they call themselves humane, who can leave a poor creature in that situation, and after they have cut and slashed at him in such a manner, that if their dexterity had been equal to



their will, they would not have left a whole bone in his skin. Oh ! that I had the sting of a thousand Bees, I would use them all in his defence."

With these words he fluttered round the table, and viewed his friend (who lay motionless at the bottom of his transparent prison) on every side; "he will certainly die," thought he, "if he is not dead already. Oh my friend ! would that I could release you ! but the attempt would be fruitless."

The gentlemen were too agreeably engaged to observe the anxious Butterfly, who every time he saw them extend their hands towards the place, hoped some little compassion had touched their breasts, and, that they were going to liberate his friend ; but no such thing, the evening closed





*Chap. V*

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in, and he was yet in confinement, till the tea being announced, the gentlemen jumped up to attend the ladies, and soon after the servants entering to take away the bottles and glasses, gave the poor prisoner an opportunity to escape. The window was still open, upon the edge of which sat the expecting Butterfly, but it was some time before the bee, who had been insensible the greatest part of the time, could so far recollect himself as to know where he was, or who was waiting for him. On seeing him slowly crawling on the table, the Butterfly concluded he was too much hurt to fly, and coming towards him, with the utmost tenderness, he said, "Oh! my friend, are you not cruelly wounded?"

"Not so much as I expected," re-



turned the Bee, greatly revived at the sight of his old companion ; “ I am very stiff from the blows I have received, but luckily my wings are not hurt ; pray lead the way from this detested spot, and I will follow with the greatest pleasure,”

With this request the Butterfly gladly complied, rejoicing to hear his friend speak so cheerfully, who was no sooner out of the house than he begged to rest upon a neighbouring tree.

“ You have been very roughly handled,” said his friend, “ by these *superior* sort of beings ; I had hoped better things of them, because they are called superior people but I do not find their hearts are better, or their conduct towards us less reprehensible, than those of a lower order ;



but why did you not use your sting, my friend? I think it then would have made even those courageous gentlemen sound a retreat."

"I am very careful of extending that," replied the Bee, "as it is very seldom we can use it to any advantage without leaving it in the wound, and that in general is fatal to us; a gentle touch is sufficient in our defence, but *here* it would have had no effect but to enrage them still the more; and I must either have died by their hands, or soon afterwards by losing it; but what a fuss the ladies made at my approach, did they not? did you ever see any thing so foolish, as all to run away from my presence? Why many of their fellow-creatures, whom they judge inferior in education and intellect to themselves, would have been ashamed to have acted so."



"If you are inclined to put them to flight again," said the Butterfly, "I think I see the same party in the room above."

"No, I thank you," returned the Bee; "I must hasten to the hive as fast as my bruises will let me; they will be quite alarmed at my being out so late, 'or fancy that my old fondness for wandering is come on again, and I should be sorry that should be their opinion; besides, continued he, I have had enough of the company of ladies and gentlemen for to-day, though no doubt I lost much entertaining conversation during my captivity."

"I believe not," replied the butterfly, "for my part I heard them say very little else than "the bottle is with you, sir," and "let us have another;" and "will you give us a toast, sir?"



“And is it thus these men of *education* converse together?” replied the Bee; “I am astonished at it, but were we to sit and talk of it the whole of the night *we* should not make them better; we will therefore go home; I have only to say that I am glad I have escaped their malice, and am obliged to you, my friend, for the affection which prompted you to stay for me;” and now extending their wings they soon arrived at the hive, which the Bee entered and accounting for his late return received the congratulations of all his companions on his safety.

The Butterfly found a resting-place near it, and the next day met his friend with anxious inquiries of “how he found himself?” The Bee was still stiff, and felt too much of the ill effects of his last visit to wish to accompany him on another, at present; therefore he re-



mained but just without the hive, and left the Butterfly to make the voyage of observation by himself. In the evening, as they again met, he inquired into the result of his rambles.

“ I am more and more astonished at the weakness of mortals,” returned the Butterfly, “ and am convinced that a *fine lady* will believe any thing, and will be pleased with the greatest nonsense, if said to her by way of compliment; though I have visited but one house to-day, and that was with one of my old acquaintance, with whom I flew about till we chased each other in a spacious drawing-room, in which sat a young lady, who was endeavouring to lay the imitation of flowers upon a small table; I believe they call it *painting*, and it was nearly finished; a gentleman sat by her, and seemed to admire every stroke of her



pencil, though for my part I could not see any thing so very admirable in it; the colours, to my eye, were put on very roughly, and I could not have thought he would have paid so ill a compliment to her understanding, as to suppose she would have believed him, when on our settling on them after we had sported round the room, he declared that we took them for natural flowers."

"And did she believe him?" asked the Bee.

"She smiled," returned the Butterfly, "and seemed very much pleased; and it is certain that she did not contradict him, though she soon drove us off again, fearing, I suppose, that we should discover the deception; but we had done that long before, and only fixed ourselves there because it was the nearest place to rest on. After this we



flew out, and met with other companions, and I don't know how it was, but the day seemed gone before we were aware; however, we have enjoyed ourselves without interruption, and *you*, I hope, are better able to pursue what affords you pleasure, than when I left you in the morning?

"I am recovering very fast," returned the Bee, "and it is quite necessary I should, for I believe a wonderful change is soon to take place in my circumstances, and you must not be surprised if you should not see me in this neighbourhood much longer."

"What do you mean?" inquired the Butterfly, half alarmed, though he knew not from what cause; "you are not going to hide yourself from me, are you?"

"No," returned the Bee; "*our* movements cannot be hid, we shall



make noise enough about it, but I am not at liberty to disclose the secrets of the hive; to-morrow, perhaps, if you keep a good look-out, and the weather is fine, you may see what will unravel this mystery; in the meanwhile assure yourself of the continuance of my friendship, and do not think, after the attention I experienced from you last night, and on a former occasion, I can forget you."

With this assurance the Butterfly suffered his friend to depart without making any farther inquiry, and sheltering himself for the night under a large holly-hock, resolved not to let the sun arise without his awaking to observe the movements of the Bee and his companions; and, if possible, to find out the meaning of what he had heard.



## CHAP. VI.

THE next morning all was bustle and activity in the hive at a very early hour, and the Butterfly also arose, and shook his wings, determined to let nothing escape his observation which could discover the occasion of it: but though there seemed much noise within, no one came out; and, after waiting a great while, he began to think that nothing particular was intended by what his friend had said, or that some confusion among themselves prevented their putting it in execution. He frisked about among the flowers, yet still contrived to keep the hive in view; till at length he saw a Bee advance, whom, from her majestic appearance,



he concluded was the queen; a number of attendants immediately followed her; and, among the rest, his friend. She turned as if to take a last look at the home she was about to leave for ever, and on seeing multitudes of its inhabitants flocking out, as fast as the narrow entrance would allow, appeared to glory in the exulting throng; till raising her wings she led the way to seek some other habitation. Immediately all the train followed her example, and the air was filled with the numerous retinue, who by the noise they made, appeared to vie with each other in paying her respect. All were earnest in their endeavours to get near her, and to the eye of the Butterfly, who followed at an humble distance, they appeared a formidable phalanx; eager not only



to prevent the approach of danger, but that even the eye of a stranger should be fixed upon her. Presently a crowd of people, from the neighbouring houses, came running towards them, with potlids in their hands, with which, as the whole body were slowly hovering round the trunk of an old tree, they endeavoured to drown their humming noise with a much louder one of their own; and this, from what they said, and their calling for the hive, the Butterfly learnt was to make them sooner settle. All this time it would have been difficult to have said who watched their motions most attentively, the men and women, or the Butterfly. As soon as her officious attendants would give her an opportunity, her majesty fixed her feet upon a projecting branch, and happy



were those who could cling the closest to her. All were now as desirous of fixing with her, as before they were of flying; and when they could no longer see or touch this sole object of their attention, they were still eager to press, and hang upon each other, as if pleased to touch but the back of a bee, who perhaps touched another that had hold of their Queen.

The noise now ceased, and the bees were suffered to hang, unmolested, for nearly an hour, in a large round cluster, still and motionless, as if no life or power was in them. Their proceedings were so entirely new to the Butterfly, that, had not his friend been amongst them, he should have wished to see the end; but he saw a man approach whose face and arms were entirely covered, and placing a new hive



under them, he shook the branch till the whole united body fell into it. A cloth was then thrown over them, and he bore it away in triumph.

“And will they suffer themselves to be thus taken?” thought his attentive observer, as he eagerly extended his wings to follow the man; “will they be content to remain in that desolate habitation without a cell, or any provision in it? no, no; the man will soon perceive his mistake,” continued he, as he saw him place it on a block, which had been before prepared for it, “as soon as they can get their liberty, they will return from whence they came.” However, it was himself, and not the man, who was mistaken; on the whole, the Bees liked their new abode very well; and it was not till the next day that he



saw any of its inhabitants coming out in search of food; when he met his friend, who asked him "if he did not think he had given him notice of something worth seeing?"

"I think I see that you have changed for the worse," returned the Butterfly; "you have left a full hive with comfortable cells, and plenty of food, for one which is destitute of both!"

"We shall soon get this as well stocked as the other," replied the Bee; "but did you not see our Queen; a sight of her is seldom had; were you not charmed with her majestic appearance?"

"Upon my word, no," said the Butterfly with a smile; "but you must recollect that I am not one of her numerous progeny; and to the eye of a Butterfly she is no more than another



of her species ; but why did you leave your home ? is it grown old and crazy ; or does it let the rain in ?”

“ I fancy we understand building better than for that to be the case,” answered the Bee, somewhat offended ; “ but we were too full ; we increased so fast that there was not room for us all in one hive. We have therefore chosen another queen, in whom, by the bye, I am astonished that you see nothing to admire ; and we young ones are come forth with her, to form another settlement. Happy shall we be to contribute to her tranquillity and comfort, and to supply her every want ; while she is kind enough to permit us to call her ours ; for the present, therefore, you must not expect to see me one moment at leisure ; till we have, in some



degree, given our abode the appearance of an habitation, we cannot be comfortable ; we have already formed a cell for our beloved Queen, and a few others for her principal attendants ; among which number, I am proud to say, I am ; you must excuse me if I now leave you abruptly, as I am on the search for something nice for her to eat."

"Proud, indeed," thought the Butterfly, as he saw his friend hastily depart. "Why, I am hardly spoken to now this new queen is come in the way. Well," continued he, "I am glad *we* have no sovereign, in whose service we might spend our lives. Our time is our own, and we enjoy it as we like," added he, clapping his wings, and flying off in pursuit of some companion as thoughtless as himself. The next



morning he returned very early to the hive in hopes of seeing his old friend, though he did not suppose he would allow him his company for more than a minute.

“We can converse together as we fly,” said the Bee, who advanced to meet him, “but I must fetch some honey for her majesty’s breakfast; won’t you accompany me? We still go on building very fast, and wax is brought in great abundance for that purpose.”

“While you are thus employed, I do not expect to have much of your company,” said the Butterfly, “and have therefore made an agreement with some of my old acquaintance to take an excursion into the country, and enjoy ourselves there for a few days. The summer is passing quickly away, and our lives, supposing no accident



cuts us off, must end with it; we must, therefore, frisk while we may."

"Certainly," replied the Bee, "*you* were made for that purpose, and by the time you return I shall probably be more at liberty; we have a great deal to do, but there is likewise a number of hands, all able and willing to assist;" and directing his friend to find out the hive when he came back he wished him much pleasure, and thus they parted for a short time, the one to play, and the other to work, though both equally pleased with the pursuit they were about to follow.

The butterfly soon after joined his gayer friends, and sailing high in air, they winged their way, to "range the forest's green retreat."

"These thro' the tangled wood-walks play,

"Where no rude urchin paces near,



“Where sparely peeps the sultry day,

“And light dews freshen all the air.”

Thus sported the happy party, uninterruptedly enjoying the live-long day, and resting at night within “the lily’s bell!” they skimmed the purple heath, visited the rivers’ brink, and each day brought some new pleasure in their view, till at length the weather began to change, a cold wind blew, and there was every appearance of an approaching tempest; and now it was that the Butterfly began to think of his friend the Bee, and of his warm comfortable hive; though he knew he could not be admitted there, he felt that it must be very pleasant to have such an asylum to retreat to. Every one of his fluttering companions were now flying away, each desirous of finding a place of safety for himself; and *he*



still bent upon returning to his more *steady* friend, endeavoured to gain the way which led to his abode, though the wind was now so powerful that he could scarcely bear against it, or see the way he was taking. At this moment a stage coach passed him, and though he did not know it would convey him from the place he was then in, he was glad to take the shelter it afforded, and flying in at one of the open windows he soon found a resting-place. After recovering from the disorder and confusion the rough wind had put him into, he had time to examine where he was, and noticed two young ladies, and an officer very gaily drest, apparently confined within this very small space.

“What’s this?” exclaimed the gentleman; “a Butterfly! we want no such



intruders here ; ladies, are you alarmed ? is the creature disagreeable ?”

“ Let the poor thing alone,” said an elderly man, whom the Butterfly had not observed before, “ its as free to live as you are ; ’tis true we have *fri-volity* enough in our cargo, but the horses won’t feel this addition to it.”

“ It has taken shelter from the storm,” said one of the ladies, not at all regarding what he had said ; “ and if it does not settle on *me* it is welcome to remain.”

The coachman now got off his box, and opening the door, begged to know if there was room for a young woman, who was on the outside. “ It rains hard,” said he, “ and she will be wet to the skin if she stays there.” Instead of answering his inquiry, the officer, in a low voice, replied thus : “ I say,



who is this old fellow in the corner?  
any one of consequence? hey?"

"Oh, bless you, no, sir, *he* won't  
mind her coming in, if you don't."

"Mind her coming! no, I suppose not," replied he, "but the ladies are to be consulted; what say you, ladies? have you any objection?" They looked at each other as if hesitating for an answer, which the old gentleman observed, and immediately offered to get out, and let her have his place; at this the whole party seemed rather ashamed, and one of the ladies replied, "Oh! dear no, we only thought her clothes might be wet."

"And spoil your's, I suppose?" returned the old gentleman rather roughly; "but I dare say you will have no objection to this young officer's sitting between you, and then she can take his place, and you will be in no danger."



This proposal was readily acceded to, and the young woman came in with many thanks, while the gallant gentleman seated between the two ladies declared, that "if he did not incommode them he was the happiest man alive, and only wished that they were going to travel hundreds of miles together."

"An enviable situation, truly," said the old man, with an air of contempt, folding his arms, as if preparing to sleep. "I," said one of the ladies, "shall soon be at my journey's end," naming the place at which she was to be set down; "and I," replied the other, "am to go but one mile farther."

"Oh, Heavens! and what shall I do then?" returned their admiring beau, "shut up in this place by myself; I shall certainly hang myself if



I have an opportunity! what, lose such charming companions so soon?" At this the ladies both smiled, and seeing such sort of conversation pleased, he plied them with it very freely, while the old man slept, or pretended so to do, and the young woman looked rather inclined to blush for those of her sex who could receive such flattery.

When one of the ladies left the coach, the other seemed fearful that their complimenting admirer would hurt himself, in straining his neck to look after her, as she ran through the rain to a house which stood at a little distance from the road. On drawing his head in again, he praised her beauty exceedingly, till, fearing he should carry his encomiums too high, so as to offend the other, whose countenance already bespoke an approach-



ing gloom; he dissipated the very appearance of it in a moment, by "begging to know if they were not sisters, their likeness to each other was so great?" This had the desired effect, for though she assured him they were not, yet if her companion was handsome, and they were alike, she must be so likewise. "To be handsome is as much as some people desire," thought the Butterfly, on observing her face resume a smile, "no wonder that we butterflies should wish it." After some more conversation equally foolish, she also arrived at the place of her destination, and the gentleman, not at all regarding his other companions, again deplored the melancholy situation he should be left in.

As soon as the lady was gone, the old gentleman thus addressed him,



“young man, I think you have shown your folly whilst you have been attempting to hoax those women; *that's* the word, is it not?”

“Poor country girls!” replied the officer, laughing, “how pleased they were; they believed every word I said; they look as if they had never been beyond their own country-town, and yet I made one of them think that I supposed she had lived in London all her life.”

“And where have you lived?” replied the old man, “to learn that there is any wit in making people appear more ridiculous than they really are?”

“Oh,” said the other, “they’ll go home and talk of me for days to come; I should not wonder if they expected to see me returning in search of them within a short time,



as not being able to live out of their company." The old gentleman then turned to the young woman, who had sat a silent spectator like the Butterfly, and bade her take a lesson from what she had seen and heard, not to believe what was said to her; "*you* may perhaps one day or other meet with an idle fellow," continued he, "who may think proper to amuse himself by talking thus, but do not you pay so ill a compliment to your own understanding, as to sit with a simper on your countenance at whatever nonsense he may chuse to utter."

The young woman expressed her thanks, while the disconsolate beau sat with his head half out of the window, as if wishing to avoid any farther conversation.

The weather seemed now cleared



away, the wind and the rain had ceased, and the Butterfly began to prepare for flight. On seeing this the old gentleman said, "Ah, go, poor harmless creature, I am glad for your sake, and this young woman's, that I have travelled this way to-day, or neither of you would have been admitted."

Our adventurer would have thanked him if he could, and leaving the window had the pleasure of seeing he was very near the place he wished to be in; he saw some hives at a distance, and among them was his friend's abode, who, on seeing his approach, came to meet him, and to whom the Butterfly, after they had expressed their pleasure at again being together, related the adventures he had met with, particularly the way in



which he had been brought back, and many were the moralizing remarks occasioned by the recital of what had passed during his ride.

“The race of human beings must certainly be degenerated,” observed the Bee, “since all other creatures were first put under their subjection, and in no other way can I account for the superior conduct, and in many respects the superior wisdom also, of those whom they think so much below them.”

The Butterfly then asked in what state of forwardness the new hive was in, and was happy to learn, that, during his absence, they had nearly completed the building within it, and that his friend was now ready to accompany him on his flights as usual.



## CHAP. VII.

IN the course of the next day the two friends met again, and while the Bee did not forget the more important work of gathering food for the approaching winter, he did not so earnestly pursue it as to make him unmindful of other things.

“See here,” said he to the Butterfly, as they flew towards a house whose open windows seemed to invite their entrance; “let us go in, I think we shall meet with something worth our notice.” The Butterfly hastened on, but no sooner had he reached the window than, turning back, he winged his flight another way, with much greater speed, calling to his friend to follow him.

“What have you seen that has so



alarmed you?" inquired the Bee, as he hurried after him, "what is in that house so very frightful?"

"It belongs to a *naturalist*," replied the Butterfly, "and don't you know what detestable creatures these are? had he seen me I should have lost my life in the cruelest manner."

"A naturalist!" returned the Bee, "I never heard of one, what does he do?"

"Do?" replied the trembling Butterfly, "why, he would tear me joint from joint if I was in his power, and yet endeavour to preserve my life only to try how much he could make me suffer; did you not see how many of my species were pinned up against the walls of his room, whose peculiar form or colour had attracted his attention? He thinks nothing of taking the life of



any thing he admires. Oh ! it turns me sick to think of it ; had I flown one inch farther I might have been thus impaled, and *you* also ; no doubt you would not have escaped his observation, and for the sake of your sting, or examining what you carry your honey in, you would have been quickly dispatched ; various are the instruments he has got about him, and numberless insects does he daily destroy."

"These are cruel creatures, indeed," said the Bee ; "what, can't they be satisfied with viewing our forms as we pass along, but they must pull us to pieces, by way of admiration ? I fancy when they have taken the most accurate survey, they could not make either a Bee or a Butterfly ; it is a pity therefore that they should destroy that life which they can never give. I de-



clare the more I see of these human beings, and think of their cruelty, as well as absurdities, it makes me almost determine to quit the haunts of men, and if it ever should be my lot again to seek another habitation, I would use all my influence with my fellow Bees in order to remove to some wild wood where they might never find us."

"You would be perfectly right," returned the Butterfly; "as for us, if we escape them one summer, we willingly resign our lives at the end of it, and led by instinct seek a place in which we die unlamented, and forgotten; but this is not the case with *you*; while you live you are useful, and at your death a whole society feels your loss; but look," continued he, pointing towards a bottle that hung tied to



the branch of a fruit-tree, in which were several wasps decoyed thither by the liquid it contained, and dying in the sweets they sought, "there is another instance of their malice, don't you see those poor creatures?"

"Oh! yes," returned the Bee, "and though I am no friend to wasps, who are often wishing to share the fruits of our labour, without having any right to them; and in many things are striving to imitate us, though I believe their chief aim is to do mischief, yet I cannot justify men who use such *mean arts* to entrap them to their destruction; but what is that I see in yonder window?" continued he with a hurried air, "something that more particularly demands my attention, a bee in distress; and hark, he calls to me for assistance." So saying, without waiting for the but-



terfly to accompany him, he flew towards the place, where was a bee nearly drowning in a pot of honey. "And one of my own hive too!" exclaimed he, as he drew nearer; "my dear brother, how came you in such a situation?"

"Surely we are to see nothing but shocking sights to-day," observed the compassionate Butterfly, who had hastily followed his friend, half afraid that something still more terrible had happened, "but," said he, on seeing the struggling captive, "he will not die; 'tis certain he can keep his head above the edge till you have procured more assistance; I fear I am not strong enough to help to pull him out."

While he was speaking, his companion had flown to the hive, and with incredible swiftness returned with



more of the community, who altogether lent their aid, and after much toil and pains extricated the poor exhausted Bee from the ill effects of seeking too large a share of those sweets which only prove so, when moderately enjoyed, 'safe in themselves but dangerous in the excess.'

"I only rested on the edge of the pan," said he, as soon as he could speak, "and after an unsuccessful flight was glad to see a store of that which I had been so long searching for in vain; I thought I would just take a sip or two, and perhaps bring home a little of it to the hive."

On hearing this, one of the oldest of the throng thus addressed him: "Know, my brother, that what we make ourselves is only welcome there, and that food for which we labour



hârddest, is the sweetest to the palate of every industrious Bee; idle drones and wandering wasps may sip the honey which others have prepared, but let the danger you have escaped to-day teach you to use the powers nature has given you, and taste the sweets of your own procuring rather than that of others."

The trembling Bee thanked him for his advice, and promising to follow it; he was escorted home by all the train, where he met with other assistants, who cleared away the clammy substance that still encumbered him, and he was suffered to rest within all that day to recover himself. Meanwhile, the Butterfly waited without the hive, till his friend returned, and they renewed their flight.

Nothing particular met their eye



till they passed some flies, who were round a piece of horse-flesh, the smell of which discovered where it lay, and its half devoured state shewed the avidity with which these buzzing insects fed upon it. "See," said the Bee, "what opposite natures are within the circle of creation. These devouring flies find as much pleasure in eating from this stinking carrion, as from the choicest honey ; nay, perhaps *this* is more agreeable to them, though nothing in which they can thrust their devouring trunks escapes their taste, but with this *delicious morsel*, that really poisons the surrounding air, they are so delighted, that they even chuse it for a habitation likewise. Here they lay their eggs, and bring forth their young, and having no trouble to hunt for food for



them, they spend their time in flying round it, till their abode and provision being exhausted together, they seek another residence equally convenient. Though you bear the same name, my friend," continued he, "I am witness that you have not their nature."

"Their nature!" interrupted the Butterfly, half offended, "no! I hope not, or there name either! what, shall the beautiful-winged tribe of Butterflies be put upon a footing with these carrion-eaters, who live upon what, even in our crawling state, we should reject with disgust. If I may speak my opinion, I think their form, and the noise they make while flying, is more like your race than ours, though, alas! in one respect, I feel myself too closely allied to them, that is, I must shortly resign my being; the date of



my life will soon be ended ; I have felt the chilling blast of the morning air long before you are out of your hive, and if you are not already aware of it, can give you notice that winter is approaching."

"Indeed," replied the Bee, "I have seen some tokens of it myself; the flowers are not in such plenty, and as their faded leaves fall off, no young buds are seen to supply their place; however, such is the use which we have made of the summer, that we are not afraid to look forward to the time when every outward resource shall fail: but, my friend, I fear you are of too delicate a frame to live through the winter, though the place of your retreat be ever so warm; but have you not thought of where you will retire to?" continued he.



“A place to die in is easily found,” replied the Butterfly, “and you must not be surprised if you see me no more; the damps of the night will soon prove fatal, and I know not if I shall survive another.”

“Do not speak so,” returned the Bee, “how gladly would I afford you an asylum if it was in my power; however, I cannot let you resign your life so easily; green leaves are yet to be found, and now, within our reach, I see a convenient crevice into which you may creep; *there* cherish life as long as you can, my friend, and by only venturing out when the sun shines brightly, you may perhaps extend your days beyond their usual period, and have your name recorded as a Butterfly who has survived the summer.”



"Thank your kindness," returned the short-lived insect, "my life has been already lengthened through your means, but you cannot renovate my nature, may your's be extended."

"As long as it can be useful," said the Bee, interrupting him, "but to you I owe all that I have gathered this summer," added he; "for had it not been for your friendly encouragement, when first we met, I should have sunk a victim to the consciousness of deserved destruction; say not, therefore, that you have been of no use in the world."

"I will not," returned the Butterfly, faintly fluttering his wings, as if with his last breath he was desirous of rejoicing that it had been in his power to do good.

From this time the poor Butterfly



was still more sensible of the weakness of his frame, and flying towards the place his friend had pointed out, he entered, never to quit it more, "self-buried ere he died," for in the morning, when the Bee visited the spot, he was deaf to his voice, and his pitying friend had to lament the sudden change in one he had so very lately see frisking about in all the gaiety of health and spirits:

"Poor fly," said he, "thou has been faithful to me, and hast even forgot thy wonted pleasures to afford me assistance; I will not leave thee to the devouring jaws of thy fellow insects, at least thy little body shall be preserved from being so destroyed," and with this resolution he spent one whole day in gathering wax, and stopping up the crevice which con-



tained the remains of his friend---all the return he could now make for his former kindness. After having given this last proof of affection, he returned to the hive, and there, in the busy labors of the Commonwealth, soon forgot the shock which the unexpected death of his airy companion had occasioned.

During that winter they were suffered to remain unmolested, and as the ensuing summer approached, (according to the plan he had formed so long ago,) he proposed their taking a farther flight, and seeking a refuge in some solitary wood; "I have seen more of mankind than you have, my friends," said he, "and have observed both their customs and manners; believe me, they are inconsistent fickle creatures; their conduct to-



wards one another shows that they are not to be trusted; much more, then, have *we* reason to be afraid of them. You very well know it is in our power to live without their assistance; what is it which they procure us but an empty shell for our habitation? for this they expect our stock of honey, and to obtain it scruple not to take our lives! We have already seen, in the destruction of one or two of our neighbouring hives, the fate which awaits us; but could I persuade all of my species to wing their flight beyond their reach, they might be taught a little more humanity, and would perhaps spare our lives, if we were again in their power. Content to share with us what our labours have produced, they might then leave us to die when our exhausted nature



fails, and for their own sakes also would not cut us off in the prime of life, and while we have health and strength to add to the stock, which would be as much for their benefit as our own."

This speech had the desired effect ; the whole community seemed roused by it, and entering into his scheme, on the appointed day not a Bee was left behind, but altogether mounting the air, they winged their flight far beyond its usual extent, nor could all the clattering of pots and kettles make them settle, till, clear of the noise and out of the sight of man, they found a habitation for themselves, and under the covert of a thick wood passed the remainder of their days in peaceful industry.

THE END.



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