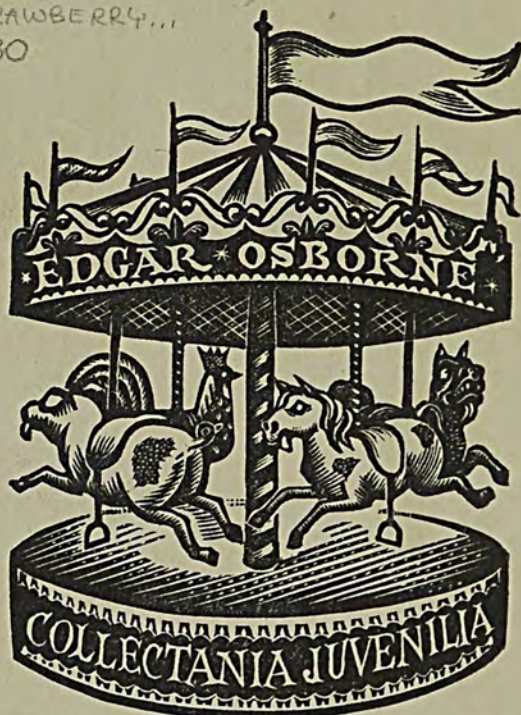




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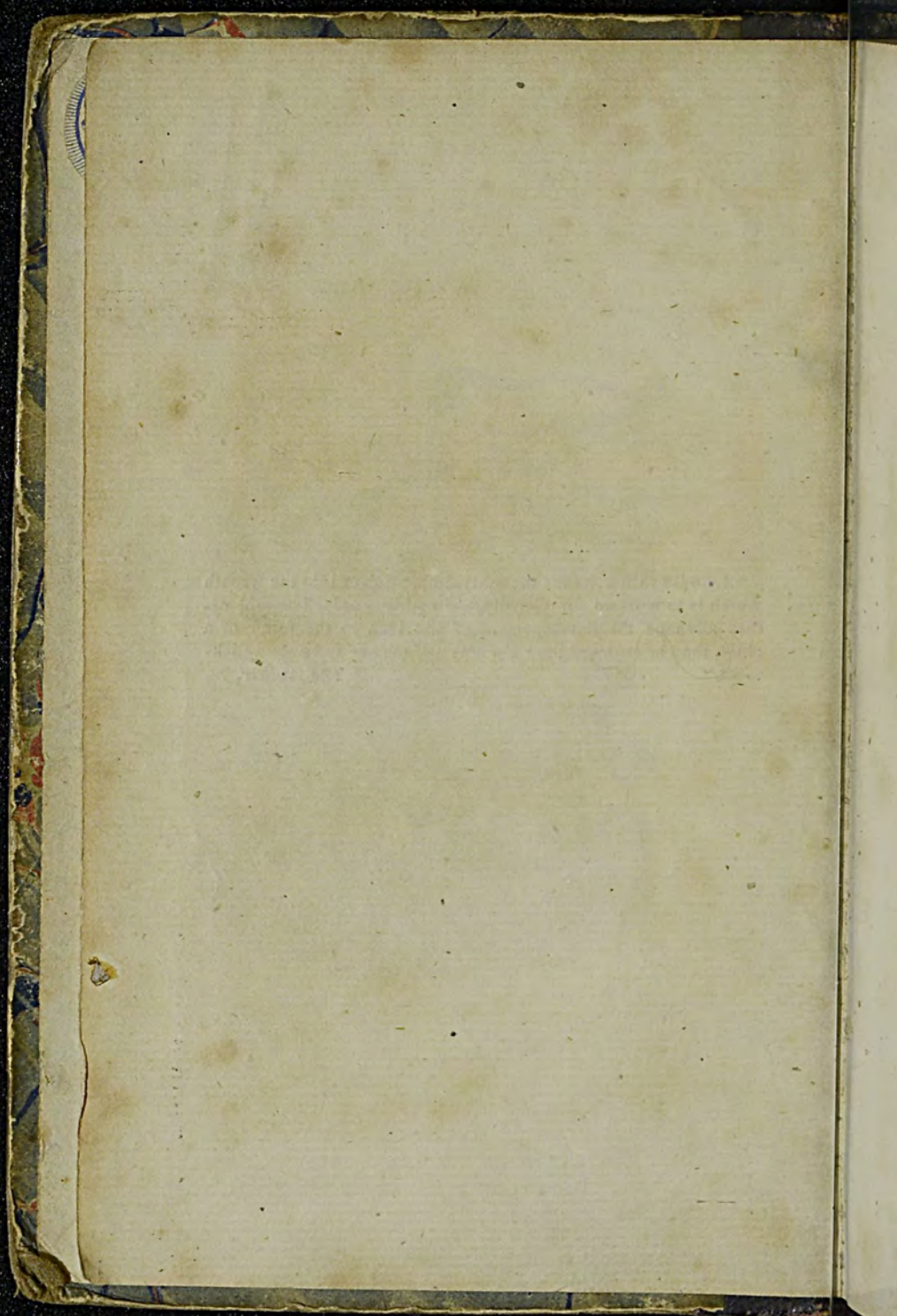


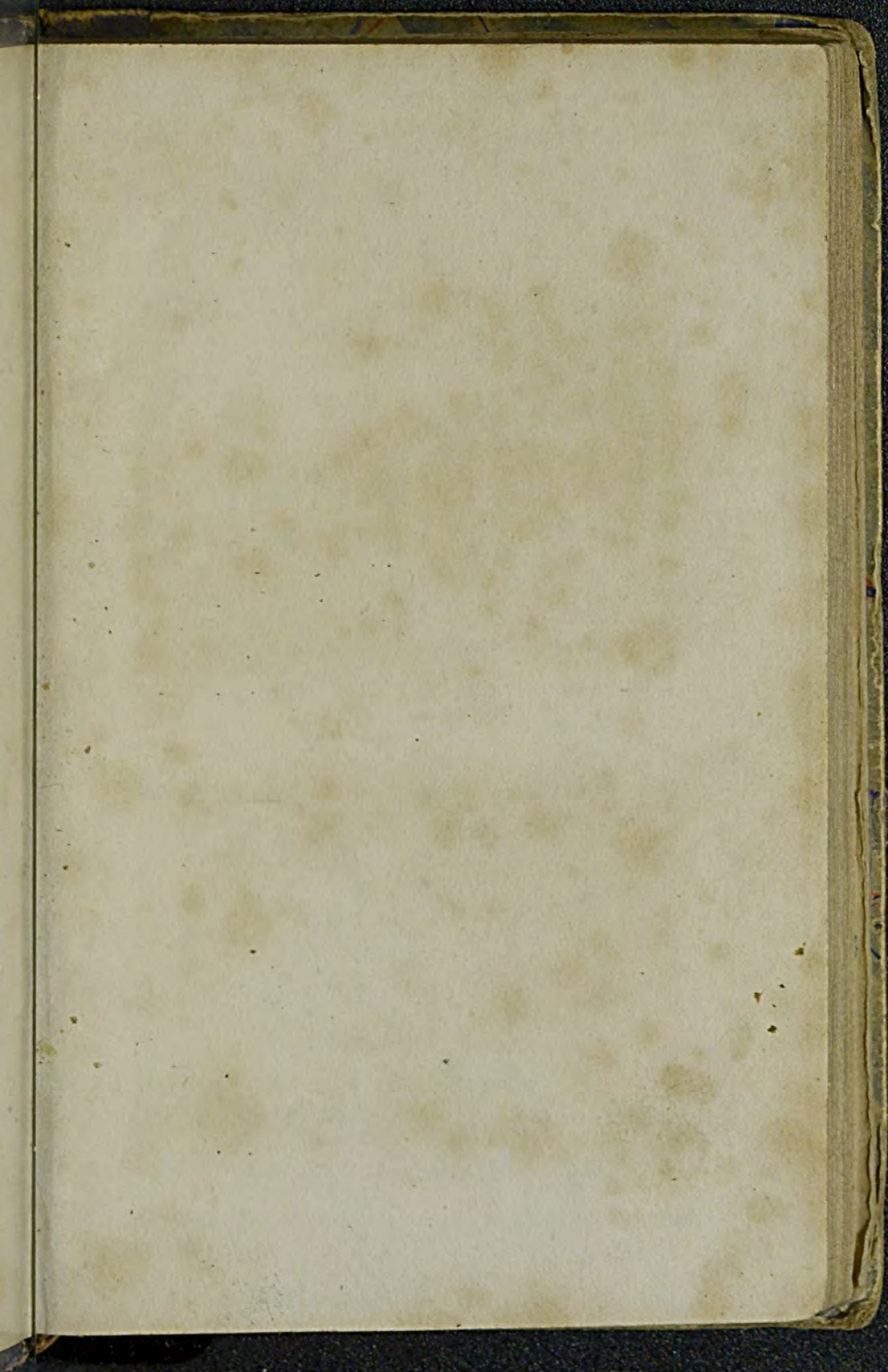
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"I would rather weave the most simple flower into the wreath which is to blossom for eternity,—in other words, I would rather advance the developement of one idea in the mind of a child, than be crowned the "*Cerinne*" of science and accomplishment."

The Author.







THE ARRIVAL.



M^{rs} LESLIE, Tracing on the Globe, the course of the Ship to India.

STRAWBERRY HILL,

AND

ITS INMATES.

By a Lady.



Swaffham :

PRINTED BY AND FOR F. SKILL.

1830.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

DEDICATION.

To my young friends, Anna and Sarah.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I have been asked to write a book for little girls, about things that they can understand, and I have looked forward to the task with much pleasure; nor will it be one of the least agreeable circumstances connected with it, that it enables me to give you a proof of my affection, by dedicating it to you. I need not tell you how very dearly I love the mamma, that is so kind to you, and so anxious for your improvement, nor that I shall be very glad if any information in my book

helps you to recollect things of which she has before told you. You will perhaps discover that my two little girls, Rose and Eglantine, with their cousin Kate, have some resemblance to friends of your own. If you do, you will be able to remark what is good or bad in the description of their characters and tempers, and to imitate or avoid it; and when many years have passed away, perhaps my little book may be remembered by you as having been inscribed to yourselves, and you will have recourse to it, in preference to many that might tell you more, because it was given to you with the love and blessing of

Your affectionate friend,

THE AUTHOR.

Dundee, June, 1830.

PREFACE.

If a fond affection for young people, strengthened by the employment of many years in their tuition, and a delight in the object of my attempt, that of pleasing *them*, could insure success, no preface to my little book would be needful; but while I confess the existence of considerable anxiety that I may be considered to have added, (in however small a degree,) to their instruction by its perusal, I cannot but remember with at least equal anxiety, the illustrious names of a *Barbault*, an *Aikin*, and an *Edgeworth*, with a list of others too nume-

rous to be mentioned, and which might well make me shrink from turning my steps into the same path. But I have entered it, although with timidity and apprehension; and should I receive one word of encouragement from a stranger's pen, I will welcome it joyfully, and endeavour to prove worthy of it, by renewed and strenuous exertion. That encouragement has not been wanting from partial lips, but I dare not trust to their approbation, — my sanction for continuance in the task of writing for youth, must come from those whom affection does not blind, nor friendship mislead. It may appear presumptuous to expect remarks of any kind from other than friendly pens, but it may also be, that my humble offering may attract the notice of some, to whom the smallest effort at assisting the developement of youthful minds is neither indifferent nor distasteful, and it may be thought worthy of attention. If so, the suggestion put into the mouth of

one of my party will be followed up; if not, I shall be the first to acknowledge, that I may safely withdraw from this attractive path, and leave the cause in abler hands.

June, 1830.

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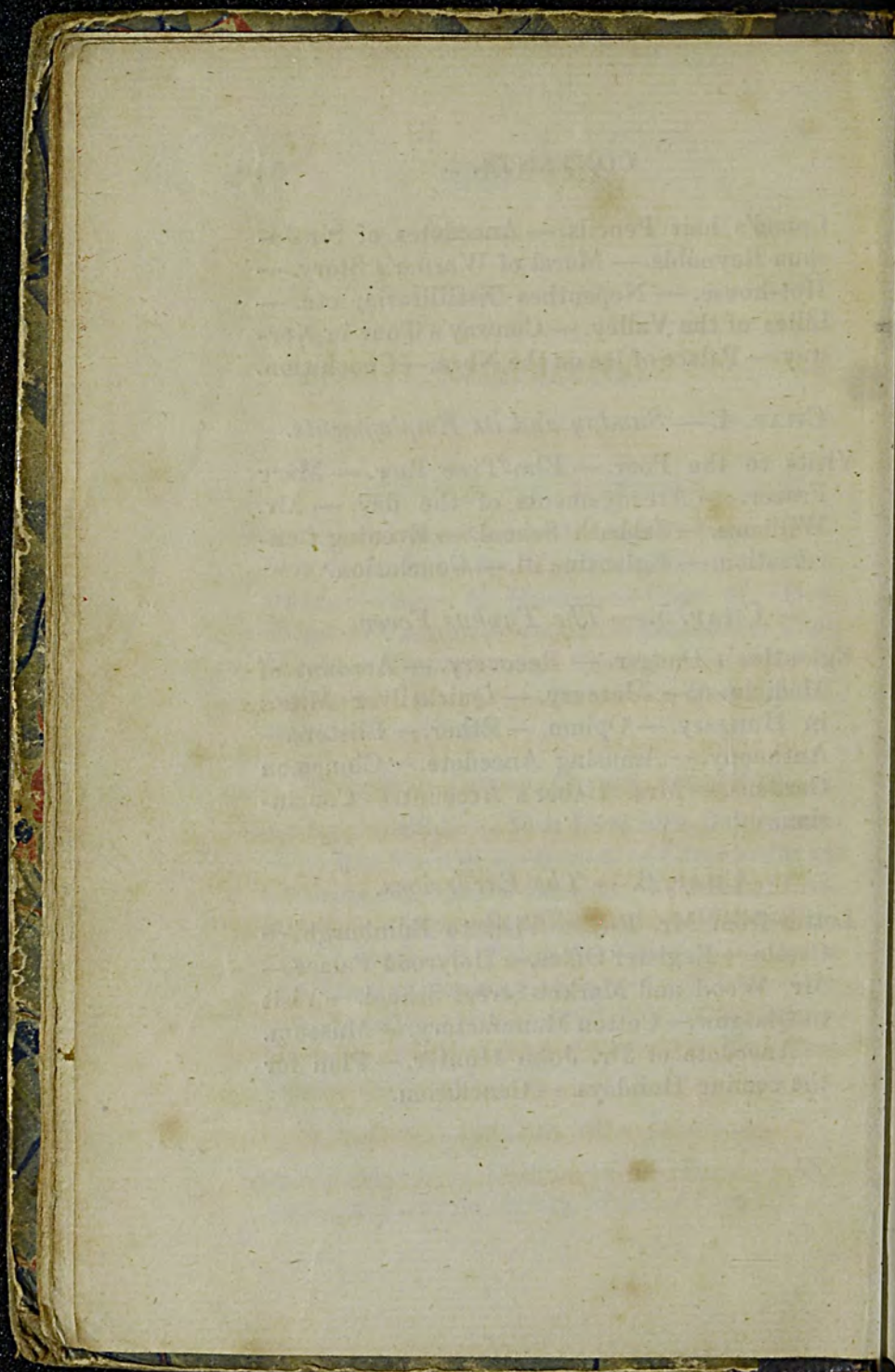
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STRAWBERRY HILL,
AND ITS INMATES.

CHAP. I.

The Arrival.

“MAMMA, mamma,” said Eglantine Leslie to her mother, as she sat at work, “when will papa bring my cousin Kate?”

MAMMA. Remember, my little girl, how long it is since you asked me the same question before, and what I said to you in answer.

EGLANTINE. Why, mamma, you said, “I expect them to-day, but I am not sure at what time; for the letter of your papa from Newcastle did not mention the time he should be at home.”

MAM. And how long is it since I said this to you, Eglantine?

EGL. Only an hour, my dear mother; but I want so much to see Kate, and Tom, and I have put out the plants in the sun, and they look so prettily, I hope they will come before it is dark.

MAM. I scarcely think she will pay the attention to your plants that you expect, my dear Eglantine, for her heart is a very feeling one, and you know she has only been parted from her mamma three days; and when she comes here and sees you all around me, it will put her so much in mind of the kind mother that has been so fond of her, and whom she will not see for so long; that you must not be disappointed if she thinks more of her sorrows, than your geraniums.

“And no wonder, mother,” said Tom, “for though I know when I go to school every half-year, that I shall see you all again in a much shorter time; and though

I am a boy, yet I cannot help crying, and the brightest blue sky in summer, and all the pretty flowers, cannot make me glad. But then, dear mother, when I have been about a week at school, I am so much employed, and have so many companions, that if I think of home, in school time, I say to myself, — If I study hard, I shall know so and so when the holidays come, and papa will be pleased with me; — and if it is in play time that home comes into my mind, I think, — Well, this is a new game to teach little Henry at Christmas; — and so I am very happy. And surely when Kate has been here a little while, and you are her dear mother, and all these children her brothers and sisters, she will soon be happy too, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Lesslie would have answered, but Eglantine's merry laugh prevented her.

EGL. All these children, Master Tom, that is really a good joke; why Rose and I are both older than you, and are we children?

TOM. My little Tiny, (laughing,) it is true, you are older, but do you not know that the Latin Grammar says the masculine is the more worthy sex, and therefore as I am papa's eldest son and heir, (and he drew himself up,) you know you are the same as younger; but it is my duty to be kind to you, and to take care of you, and so I always will, my sweet sister; and I will be kind to you when I grow up to be a man, for you are so good-natured and obliging, and Rose is so useful and so steady —

MAM. That I fancy my eldest son will be glad to acknowledge her superiority in any point of debate; but where is Rose?

EGL. She has been putting every thing in order in my cousin's room; filling the pincushion with pins, and the chimney with nosegays.

TOM. Has she put a Bible on Kate's table, Tiny? Because if not, she shall have the beautiful one that my godmother gave me.

EGL. Why, Tom, do you not think Kate has a Bible of her own? How foolish!

TOM. No, Eglantine, I am not foolish; many little boys at school had not a Bible when they came, and our kind friend, Mr. Wentworth, always gave them one; so perhaps Kate has not one.

EGL. I was rude to call you foolish, Tom, for it was very kind of you to offer your Bible to your cousin; but you know, dear brother, that Kate's mamma is our mamma's sister, and our aunt, so Kate must have a Bible; and I suppose those little boys you mentioned, had come away from home in a hurry, and had forgotten their's; for certainly they could not be happy little boys if they had not one. O dear, I wish Kate would come.

MAM. Could you not go and help Rose, my dear?

EGL. O no, mamma, she likes to do it all herself; and she says I have no taste for putting rooms in order, and I am sure

she is right. Tom and I have been watching from the hall door, to see if we could perceive the carriage coming; I am so anxious to see Kate.

MAM. And so, I dare say, is Rose, but you see she thinks of the comforts of her cousin, and thus makes the time of expectation seem short by employing it. If Tom and you would follow her example, you would not be so impatient as you now are. Here, Eglantine, is a skein of silk, which Tom will hold for you, and you may then have it for yourself.

EGL. Thank you, dear mother, and will you be so good as to answer me some questions that I wish to ask you while I am winding?

MAM. With pleasure, my dear; begin.

EGL. Now, Tom, be attentive; turn your back to the window, or your eyes will wander out of it, and my pretty blue silk (for which I have a use in my mind,) will be spoiled. Look at it, and take care it

does not slip off your hands; and now, mother, where is aunt Mildmay gone?

MAM. She is gone to Calcutta, my dear, to join your uncle, from whom she has been so long separated.

EGL. And where is Calcutta?

MAM. It is in India, my love; but I see Tom's eyes sparkling with the knowledge he has acquired of it, so we will let him tell us.

TOM. Calcutta, my dear sister, is a very large city; it is in Bengal, in the East Indies, and is the capital, (that is, the largest city, or the one of most consequence, you know,) which is in the country, possessed by the English. The nobleman, or gentleman, who is the representative, or instead of the King, lives there in a splendid palace, and he is called the Governor-General. I have learnt that there are 500,000 inhabitants in Calcutta, and that the houses are very beautiful, and many of them are built with white marble.

EGL. I should like to go there very much, (interrupting him).

TOM. Pray, miss Eglantine, will you ask mamma to teach you mathematics?

EGL. Why?

TOM. Because I have heard my friend Charles Roberts say, who is learning them at school, that mathematics would teach me to think before I spoke, and I am sure it would do you good to learn that. You have just said you should like to go to Calcutta, and I suppose to leave papa and mamma, and when you get there to have musquitoes stinging you, and the weather to be so hot, that you could only walk in the evening, and I know not how many other disagreeable things beside.

EGL. Really, Tom, you are grown very sensible, but I will thank you to let me hear some more from mamma now, and afterwards you shall lecture me as much as you please. Your remarks shall come like the reflections at the end of our historical

lessons in *English History*. Mamma, tell me something more relating to India, if you please.

MAM. You do not know a great deal of geography yet, Eglantine, but you can tell me how many quarters of the globe there are.

EGL. Yes, mamma, four; Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Why does it seem natural to me to say Europe first, for it is not the largest?

MAM. I should think, my dear, because Europe contains all those countries which you are most accustomed to hear spoken of; and you say America last, and find it placed so in your geographical lesson, probably because it was discovered so long after the others. Well, my dear, India is in Asia; get your map, and we will look at the track, or way, by which your aunt will sail.

EGL. Here it is, open at England, because we must begin from her sailing.

MAM. She embarked or went into the ship at Liverpool, and that is in Lancashire, one of the north-western counties of England.

EGL. There, I see Liverpool.

MAM. Well, from thence the ship would sail down between England and Ireland, and not long after by the side of Portugal: turn to the map of the world, or stay, Tom, give me the globe from that little table.

EGL. Oh, thank you, mamma, I understand every thing better that you show me on the globe.

MAM. Take your pencil, Eglantine; the first place at which the ship will stop will be at this little island: can you read the name of it?

EGL. Madeira, an island, is all surrounded by water; what a little spot it is. How large is it, mamma?

MAM. It is about 150 miles round it, my love, and it is said to have been first discovered by a gentleman of the name of

Machin, who, wishing to take his wife away from her friends, as they were displeased with her for marrying him, sailed from Bristol in a small vessel, and soon after encountered a violent storm, and were driven a great way by the wind, without knowing where they were. The poor young lady was very much frightened, and thought that God had sent this tempest to punish her for leaving her parents, and she became very ill indeed. At last the vessel was carried to the coast of this beautiful island of Madeira; but not all its freshness and balmy climate could cure this poor broken-hearted lady, and she died the day after she landed, and her husband died also soon after of grief. But come, my sad story has brought the tears to your eyes, Eglantine, which I did not mean to do; does the name of this island put you in mind of any thing?

EGL. Oh yes, mamma, of the wine Dr. Bell told you to take every morning; it

comes from thence I suppose; but I think he said to you, when he ordered you to drink it, that Madeira was not so good now as it used to be; why is this, mamma?

MAM. I believe, my dear, that the kind of grapes of which this wine was made many years ago, does not grow in the island now, and as the people of Madeira derive great profits from the sale of this wine, they did not like to lose so advantageous a source of commerce, or trade, and so they brought some vines from another island, not a great way from their own, called Teneriffe, and they planted those vines in Madeira; they grow very rapidly there, and wine is made of them, but they are not thought to be so good or so rich as the vines that were formerly used for this purpose. There are a great quantity of grapes in the island, and there are also many other beautiful and sweet fruits. The climate, by which I mean the air, is never colder there than it is in September here; many of those pretty

flowers that grow in the green-house, and which you hear Watson say require great care, will grow in Madeira in the open air ; the hedges are of myrtles, roses, jasmines, and honeysuckles, always in flower, and there are, or were, so many cedar-trees, that beds, tables, and chairs, have been made from the wood of them.

EGL. What, of cedar ! like that which lines the drawers of your work-table, mamma ? How sweetly they must smell. I should like — But she saw her brother's eye glance at her, half smiling, and she stopped, colouring deeply.

“ Pray mother,” said Tom, “ did not that lady, who was so pretty and so kind to us when I was a little boy, but who looked so pale, Mrs. Lennox, I mean, did she not go to Madeira ? ”

MAM. She did, my dear, because she was very ill, and the doctors thought that if she could live in a place where the weather was not changeable, she might reco-

ver; but she died very soon after she went away, and before the ship reached the island; but do not ask me any more questions about her, for it makes me unhappy, and I wish to look cheerful when your cousin and papa come, so we will go on about Madeira. Your little favourite canary was brought from thence, Eglantine, and a great many fly about quite wild, and goldfinches also. Those fine fruits, of which I told you, are made into very rich sweetmeats. The largest town, or capital of Madeira, is called Funchal, and its appearance is very beautiful from the sea, because most of the houses are built with white stone: but if we do not leave this island and all its beauties, we shall not get to India before bed-time.

“Sail on, then, mother,” said Tom, who, seating himself on a stool at his Mrs. Lesslie’s feet, took up a net, which he was making for his cherry-tree, while Eglantine began to cut coloured paper for allu-

mettes, of which, however, she would cut a slip and then let it fall, in the eagerness of her attention to her mother.

MAM. After leaving Madeira, the ships which are going to India do not often touch (as it is called, and which means stop,) at any land till they come to the Cape of Good Hope, and that is,—where?

EGL. In the south of Africa, mamma; Cape of Good Hope—I am very fond of that name, it has such a pleasant, cheerful sound. Pray who called it so?

MAM. I believe it was a Portuguese, whose name was Vasquez de Gama; he had been ordered by king Emanuel of Portugal to try and find out the way to India, and when he found that this point of land was a Cape, and that he could sail round it, (which sailors call *doubling it*,) he hoped this would prove to be the way to India, and therefore he called it the Cape of Good Hope, as an encouraging name. It was discovered by him in the year 1497. Can

you tell me who was King of England then?

TOM. Let me tell you; the king of Scotland first, mother, for I am a Scotchman you know, and though they call England merry England, yet I like Scotland best.

“Well, my little Scotch laddie,” said his mother, laughing, “I did not mean to offend your patriotic spirit.”

EGL. Patriotic, mamma, what is that?

MAM. I beg your pardon, my dear, for using a word that is not simple enough for you, but you must learn to know the meaning of what your brother so loudly professes. Tom, your Latin grammar will help us; what does patria mean?

TOM. Our country, mother; I know all about it, and will tell Tiny. As patria means country, so people call a man who loves his country, a patriot; his love for it is called patriotism, and he is said to have a patriotic spirit. Our own dear William Wallace was a patriot, and —

EGL. Thank you, Tom, for your clear

definition, as Rose would say, and for allowing me a share in William Wallace, whom you generally call "my hero," as if he were your own.

MAM. Eglantine, write down that definition in your tablets, if you please, and I will go on.

Her little girl then drew out her ivory tablets, which she, as well as her brothers and sisters, was accustomed to keep in her pocket, and to mark immediately any new piece of information: these were on the following day transferred to a commonplace-book, and thus fixed in the memory. After having written Tom's explanation of patriotic, her eyes turned eagerly to her brother, but before he could utter the name she wished to hear, her sister Rose entered the room, and observing their occupations and attitudes of attention, and the tablets in Eglantine's hand, her brow clouded immediately, and she said to her sister, in a cross tone, —

“It is very unkind of you, Eglantine, when you know how fond I am of mamma’s conversing with us, and telling us about different things, that you did not call me.”

EGL. Indeed, Rose, it was very selfish and thoughtless of me, and if mamma will take the trouble to tell you of what we have been talking, I will not ask to hear any more if there is not time.

TOM. Oh, I’ll tell you, Rose, in the evening; so sit down, there is my favourite seat for you, at your mother’s feet; but I must have a kiss and a smile for it.

ROSE. I will give you both, my kind brother Tom, but I will not deprive you of your seat; your holidays are too short to take any pleasure from you, so Tiny, I will help you to cut allumettes.

MAM. And I hope will get on more rapidly, and cut them more neatly than your sister has; see, here is one that will be very clumsy; you must try, my child, to get into the habit of performing mechanical occu-

pations well, (you know what I mean,) whilst your mind is engaged in listening, or you will lose a great deal of time. Rose is very neat, but she is so idle, that she often merits quite the opposite character, for want of taking trouble to do things she thinks trifling and beneath her attention; yet, however well she can do them when she pleases, without industry she will be very useless to me, and I know she wishes to help me. But I must now recapitulate the heads of what I have been saying, that is, I will mention the principal points without repeating every word. And now, Tom, who were Kings of Scotland and England when Vasquez de Gama discovered the Cape of Good Hope?

TOM. James the Fourth was the king of Scotland, mother. Poor fellow, he was killed at the battle of Flodden-field. Henry the Seventh was king of England, and Louis the Twelfth was king of France. Ferdinand and Isabella were king and

queen of Spain, and those are all the kingdoms I care about.

ROSE. (*laughing.*) That means, those are all the kings you remember. Well, mother, are you going to tell us any thing about the Cape of Good Hope?

MAM. Yes, my love; it was conquered from the Dutch by the English in the year 1795, and now belongs to Great Britain; and there is a very flourishing colony, that is to say, a great many people from different countries in Europe have gone out there to live. There, as well as at Madeira, there are many beautiful plants, which are unknown to us, and the climate is very mild; they call it spring time in October, but there are dreadful hurricanes, or great storms, at the Cape, which sometimes throw down houses and do great harm, and the sea becomes very rough, and comes further into the land than usual, and carries away people, and animals, and goods with it.

EGL. Mamma, why does God, who is so good, send such dreadful storms?

MAM. Instead of answering you, my dear, I will ask you a question. Do you remember what Dr. Bell said to me the other day, when he told me Mrs. Johnstone had a fever?

EGL. He said, "this fever will do her good, for although she is very weak and ill now, yet the violence of her present illness has removed many complaints which made me anxious about her before."

MAM. Very well, Eglantine; now when you heard that your kind friend Mrs. Johnstone had a fever, you perhaps wished that God had not sent it to make her ill; but you see it has done her good, and so do these terrible storms at the Cape do good in many ways that you and I cannot know, or understand, but we may be sure that they are for the best. Can you remember, Tom, the name of that large bird which you saw at Captain Edwards's last summer?

TOM. Yes mother, it was an albatross, and I recollect now he said it had been shot by one of his officers at the Cape; did he mean the Cape of Good Hope.

MAM. Yes, my dear, and—

“Hush! hark!” said Eglantine, starting up, “I hear the noise of wheels; I beg your pardon, mother,” she continued, looking timidly at Mrs. Lesslie, “I am very rude, but I will punish myself. Go to the hall door without me, mamma, and Rose, and Tom, and see Kate first. I deserve—

MAM. You are conscious of your fault, my child, and I think will recollect that I might have thus stamped the impression on your mind; but your affection for your cousin makes me excuse it. Come with me and meet her.

Eglantine clung to her mother in grateful joy, and followed to the door. The carriage was now very near. Mrs. Lesslie could feel the heart of her little girl beating fast, as her hand was closely pressed against it.

"Compose yourself, my dear," said she, the tears trembling in her own eyes at the thoughts of the future consequences of the warmth of feeling which her child evinced, "if you cannot do so, I must send you upstairs, to wait till you are calm."

"I am quite calm, mother," she replied, trying to smile, but her lips were white and quivering. The carriage stopped; her father jumped out, and then lifted her cousin Kate in his arms, and put her into those of Mrs. Lesslie.

"Mamma, mamma," cried poor Kate, sobbing "she is gone, she is gone!" Mrs. Lesslie soothed her, and carrying her into the Library, sat down with her on her knee, while Eglantine stood silently watching for permission to offer her consolation, with tearful eyes; but seeing that Kate continued to sob upon her mother's shoulder, she ran to her papa, and joined her brother and sister in welcoming him back, stealing every now and then a glance, in hopes of

catching her cousin's eye; and no sooner did Kate lift up her head, and turn round to see what had caused the joyful exclamation of Tom, into whose hands his father had put several books, than Eglantine ran to her, and clasping her in her arms, said, "Don't cry any more, dear Kate, for we will all try to make you happy."

"Come with me to your room, cousin," said Rose, "and I will help you to take off your pelisse."

"And I," said Tom, "will look out some pretty books for you against your return."

Kate, now restored to smiles, took an arm of each of her cousins, and they left the room together.

"Our little charge," said Mr. Lesslie to his wife, "has been a good deal spoiled. Your sister's health was so delicate, that it became more an object to keep her child quiet, than to improve or correct her as much as she might have done under other

circumstances ; and though older than Rose, she is far behind Eglantine in acquirements. You see she is very pretty, and I fear she has been allowed to consider this as a merit ; but she has an amiable and affectionate disposition, and therefore I hope that the superiority of her cousins in some respects, will tend to stimulate her endeavours to profit by your instructions, and to overtake them ; and with you, my love, she cannot fail to be happy and to improve. She, too, has the benefit of superiority in her turn, in lady-like accomplishments ; for though I am a poor judge, I find she is a very clever young lady at her needle, and she may do our little idle Eglantine good."

" I have no doubt, my dear Henry, that we shall find her a pleasant acquisition to our circle, and my warm affection for her dear mother will double every hour of happiness she gives me, and lighten those of anxiety ; her health seems delicate."

“Not so much in reality as the indisposition of your sister herself has made her imagine, and therefore she is accustomed to think too much of every trifling ailment. This, too, we must endeavour to correct.”

They continued to converse together on their hopes and fears for their young charge; but we will now follow her to the little room prepared so neatly for her by her cousin Rose.

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CHAP. II.

The Indian Voyage concluded.

KATE was so much pleased with the neat little bed-room which her cousin Rose had taken so much trouble in ornamenting, with its small white bed, chest of drawers, and dressing-table, all for her own use, under her own care, and to be occupied by her alone, that she soon seemed to forget that she had any cause for grief; although after expressing her delight, she added with a sigh, "I wish dear mamma could see how kind you all are to me. Indeed, Rose, when I parted with her, I thought I should never be happy again; that it would be naughty in me to be happy; but my uncle

“Oh, yes,” rejoined Eglantine, “papa certainly knows most, but so do all gentlemen; but here we stand talking, and the dinner bell has rung, we are to dine with papa and mamma to-day, because you are here.”

Having dressed, they went down to the dining-room, where Kate soon became as much at home as her cousins could wish. In the evening a lady came to Strawberry Hill, (which was the name of Mr. Lesslie’s House,) of whom they were all very fond; it was that Mrs. Johnstone, for whose fever Eglantine had been so sorry. The little girls were permitted to bring their work, and Tom his cherry-tree net, and to sit round the table and listen to the conversation of their parents with Mrs. Johnstone. They began to speak of Kate’s mamma, and of her long voyage, and Mrs. Lesslie said, “I was giving an account of the track by which she would sail, to the children, when their cousin arrived.”

“If you will finish it, then,” said Mrs. Johnstone, “and take Mrs. Mildmay to Calcutta, I think I can help you to entertain them with some account of the country, for I am reading a book about India, which was written by one of the best and cleverest men that ever lived.”

“You mean the *Journal of Bishop Heber*,” said Mrs. Lesslie, “I have not seen it yet, but I expect to derive much pleasure from it, and, as well as our young people, shall enjoy your anecdotes; but we will first conclude our voyage, though I have little more to tell you about it.

“I heard Tom and Eglantine talking over the part you have already related, at dinner,” said Mr. Lesslie, “but your sister is going to Bombay, and then to Calcutta.”

“Very well,” replied Mrs. Lesslie, “I think we left her at the Cape of Good Hope, did we not?”

ROSE. Yes, mamma, and we hope she

will have no storms to frighten her there.

MRS. L. I hope not also. After leaving the Cape, you can see by this globe that the ship which has been going down towards the south or antarctic pole will go up again, and in a short time will re-cross the equator, which she crossed before, when she was opposite the coast of Africa, at a part of it called Gabon. Tom, tell your sisters what I mean by the equator?

TOM. The equator, or equinoctial-line, is the name given to what is supposed to be exactly the middle of the globe, half way between each pole. See, Tiny, there it is on the globe; you will find out the longitude of a place by that. Sailors call it only the line, and oh, mamma, Master Stephens, one of our great boys, has a brother who is a midshipman, and who went out to India last year, in a very large ship, called the Fort William, and he wrote to Master Stephens such a droll account of what the sailors did when they crossed the Line; may I tell my sisters?



"Crossing the Line."



"The humane Elephant."

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MRS. L. Yes, my dear Tom, you may ; but remember, you must explain all that relates to it, as neither of them have learnt mythology.

TOM. Well then, young ladies, Charles Stevens said in his letter, that when people go across the Line the first time, the sailors are allowed to play some jokes on them, which are not very pleasant, but which, if they are good-tempered, they can easily forgive.

“ But what are the jokes,” interrupted Kate, “ and will they play them on my mamma ?”

TOM. No, cousin Kate ; when I said people, I ought to have said men, for all sailors are civil and kind to women, and would not hurt them for the world ; but all sailors are very fond of fun, and so they make one of the crew pretend to be Neptune, or king of the Sea.

EGL. Why I thought our king, king George the Fourth, that we saw last year

in England, at Ascot Races, was king of the sea as well as the land.

TOM. Oh, Tiny, Tiny, you must learn mathematics, or you will never learn to think before you speak. There are many other kings, you know, besides our king, though there are none so powerful, nor so rich, nor so great as he is; but a great many years ago, people were so silly as to believe that there was a king called Neptune, who lived in the sea, and then they drew his picture like an old man —

MRS. L. Here, my dear boy, take this book, and you can show your sisters what they thought Neptune was like.

TOM. Thank you, mother; now do you see that thing like a fork with three prongs and a long handle to it?

ROSE. Yes, what is it?

TOM. They call it a trident, and that word is so like Latin, that I suppose it is what mamma would call derived from it; but I am making a long job of my story, I think.

“Then go on with it,” said Kate impatiently, “and what do they do with the sailor whom they pretend is Neptune?”

TOM. They make him look as much like that picture as they can, and he goes out in a boat to the bow or fore-part of the ship, and calls out to know what is the name of the ship, — where she comes from, — who commands her, — and where she is going. And then another sailor answered: The *Fort William*, — Captain Neish, commander, — from London, — bound for Calcutta and China. Then Neptune asks if there are any on board who had never been in his dominion before, and they told him, yes, three. So then he came on board and ordered the strangers to come and pay him tribute, and be shaved; (you have seen papa shave, Rose,) but at the court of Neptune, instead of a brush and warm water, and nice soft soap, they put tar on their faces, and scrape it off with a rough piece of iron, and if they complain, or are

cross, they throw salt water over them. Charles Stevens had made himself a great favourite with the sailors, and they let him off very easily ; but there was another gentleman, who had been very surly before that time, and he was very ill-used, and got no pity from any one. I am glad I have done, dear mother, pray go on.

Mrs. L. After crossing the Line, my dear, your aunt's voyage will not be long ; if she had gone to Calcutta, which is on this side of the peninsula of Hindostan, she would have passed through the bay of Bengal, you see, but the sea on that side where the island of Bombay is, is called the Arabian sea. I hope she will reach Bombay at a healthy season, for there are times in the year when the air is very unwholesome ; and then Bombay is not so large a town as Calcutta ; but it is one of the three towns in that part of India which belong to England, that are called Presidencies, and the person who governs there, is called a

President; the town is on a small island, only about nine miles long, and the soil is barren and poor, with but little water in it, and that not good.

“And good cold water,” said Mrs. Johnstone, “was said by a gentleman, who had lived long in India, and was very rich, to be one of the greatest luxuries. Bombay has been much improved under its late governor, Mr. Elphinstone, who was very active in doing all the good in his power. There is a small island about five miles from Bombay, which is called Elephanta, and this name has been given to it, because in the middle of a sandy plain in it, there is the figure of an immense elephant, cut out of black stone, and about three times as big as a living elephant. Do you remember the one you saw at Exeter-’Change?”

“Yes, very well,” said Rose; “I thought it an ugly animal at first, but papa has told me so many stories of the patience and gentleness of elephants, that I liked it better.”

“Mrs. J. I am not surprised at that; Bishop Heber relates a story, which proves that some of them have remarkable natural instinct.

“Mamma,” said Eglantine, “what is instinct?”

Mrs. L. It is that sort of sense which God has been pleased to give to animals, my dear, which makes our large dog Lion know *us* all so well, and be so gentle to *us*, while if strangers were to come near the house at night, he would hold them so fast with his teeth, that they could not get away; and if they attempted to hurt any of us, I believe Lion would kill them; and yet he lets your brother George beat him, and put his little fat hand into his mouth. Instinct in animals is not like sense in men and women, because it never improves: it is instinct which makes birds build nests, to hold their young ones; but the birds that are building their nests this spring do not build them any better than the birds

that built nests an hundred years ago; do you understand me?

EGL. Quite well, mamma: now the story of the elephant.

Mrs. J. An elephant having been made angry, had in his passion killed his keeper, who was a married man, and had a little baby a few months old. The wife of the man was almost frantic, and so wretched at the death of her husband, that she scarcely knew what she was doing, for she threw down the poor little baby before the elephant, and told him to kill it too, as it had now no father, but the elephant looked at the baby very sorrowfully, and took it up with its long trunk as gently as its mother could have done, and placed it on its own neck, where the keeper used to sit, and when that baby grew up, he was the keeper of the elephant, which was always very gentle to him.

ROSE. That is a very pretty story; and who cut out the monstrous black elephant in that island?

Mrs. J. I do not know, my dear; but the Portuguese, who discovered the island, found it there. Its shape is now much spoiled by the weather, and there was once the figure of a tiger on its back, but it is quite disfigured. There are also a great many curious caves in this island; that is, there are high rocks and large holes or rooms in them; some of these caves are as big as a church, and have beautiful pillars and ornaments cut out in them; but the weather and the climate have injured them so much, that Bishop Heber thinks they are not so old as the people in the country seemed to think them.

“Pray, mamma,” said Rose, “why did Bishop Heber go to India, and why did he travel about so very much, for I heard you say you were so sorry he died, and that you thought it was the climate and fatigue that killed him.”

Mrs. L. Why, my dear, you know that India did not always belong to England,

and the people who lived there before, were called Hindoos; they did not know many things that we do, and they did not worship God as we do. I will not tell you about their religion, and how they worshipped Him, for you would not understand me; but after part of India belonged to England, and a great many people went from thence to live there, they wished to have churches and clergymen, and then they wished for a Bishop, to be at the head of these clergymen; and when Bishop Middleton died, Bishop Heber went to take his place; and he travelled so much, that he might visit all the churches that were under his care. Every one loved him, for he seemed to try to be like our Saviour, who, you know, went about doing good. He was kind and gentle to every body, and he was very anxious to teach the poor Hindoos to worship God as he did, because he thought it would make them a great deal happier: and as he was both clever

and good, it seemed likely that he would have persuaded many of them to do so; but it pleased God that he should not live long, for which I cannot help being very sorry, for he had a wife and two dear little girls, whom he tenderly loved; but I have no doubt he is quite happy now, because he knows much better than we can, how well God loves them, and takes care of them. But suppose we ask Mrs. Johnstone to tell us something more.

Mrs. J. There are some parts of the country in India where the land is quite covered with what is called jungle; that is, a long, thick grass, that grows as tall as your papa, and taller; and sometimes there are a great many wild beasts, and snakes, and scorpions, amongst it. In the Bishop's *Journal* there is a story of a lady, at a place called Patna, who one night fancied she felt her pillow move, and when she took it away from her head in the morning, she found a large snake, called a Cobra de

Capello, under it, and with its head nearly touching her throat. Fortunately she had not pressed it, nor made it angry, it only seemed to be enjoying the warmth, but I dare say you would not like such a bed-fellow.

EGL. No indeed, Goody, (a name by which Mrs. Johnstone had allowed the children to call her,) and yet do you know, I was so foolish as to wish very much the other day to go to India; but then are there not beautiful fruits there, and a great many servants to wait on people, and very handsome houses.

Mrs. J. The fruits are not so fine as we are inclined to fancy them; the oranges are not so sweet as those that come here from Spain and Portugal; the plantains are like a pear that is too ripe, and few Europeans like the guava. The pine-apples are cheap and common, but they are not so good as those in your papa's pinery, and the melons are also inferior to our's; and though

there are certainly a great many servants, yet as the most of them are natives, or, people of the country, you would be no better served with several of them, than with one here, because each only does one particular service; for instance, one cleans your shoes, another brings you water, a third carries a parasol or umbrella over your head, when you are out of doors; but not one of these would do what another does; so you are obliged to have all of them, and a great deal of trouble they must be, I think.

TOM. The weather is sometimes very hot there; are there many trees to shade them?

Mrs. J. In some parts of the country there are a great many very fine trees, but the great heat of the sun often withers their leaves; there is the peepul-tree, which is very large, and the palm-tree, which is tall, and has no leaves except at the top, and there is a tree, called the banyan,

which grows in such a way, as to form a covering that would hold a great many people, for the branches grow downwards, and fasten themselves into the ground and form other trees, from which other branches do the same, and thus one tree becomes very large, and quite a grove in itself. In Ceylon, an island at the south of Hindostan, (see, your mamma has her pencil on it on the globe,) there is a kind of palm-tree, called the Talipot-palm, the leaves of which are so large, that fans are made of them, and there are a great many cocoa-trees in Ceylon, and the poor people of the island are so lazy, that it is said if they have a cocoa-nut tree they care for nothing else; they live under it, or make huts of its branches, and thatch them with its leaves; they eat the solid part of its nuts, and drink their milk in bowls made from their shells, and sleep away great part of their time.

“What idle beings,” said Tom, “I dare say they cannot read.”

Mrs. J. No indeed, my dear; they are generally very ignorant, but I am glad to say that there are some good men who have gone from this country, and from North America, and other countries, to Ceylon, for the purpose of teaching them, and who have schools there, where the children of these poor people are taught to read and to write; so in a few years, perhaps, they will be wiser, and happier, and more industrious.

“You told us,” said Eglantine, “that there were tigers in the jungles; are they as large as the royal tiger? How afraid I should be of them, they are so savage and cruel.”

“No, my dear,” said Mrs. Johnstone, “I do not think they are always so cruel as they are represented to be; indeed they are sometimes very cowardly: when they are very hungry they are certainly fierce and terrible; it is their nature to be so, and I will tell you another story from the

Journal, which made me shudder. An English officer wanted to travel very early one morning with some soldiers through a country where there were a great many tigers, and he asked a native of the place, called a Bheel, to be his guide. The man told him it was dangerous to travel so early, and seldom done, and begged him not to go then. The officer thought this was from idleness, (as the Bheels are often very lazy,) and insisted on his going, so the poor fellow dared not disobey, and he took a sword and a shield, and crept along very carefully for some miles, and the officer and his soldiers followed on horseback. All on a sudden, they heard a most horrid growl, and the officer saw a large tiger spring past him so close, that he almost touched his horse. The poor Bheel lifted up his shield, but in an instant he was thrown down under the monster's feet, and immediately after the tiger turned round with him in his mouth, growling like a cat

over a mouse, and looked the officer full in the face. He and his soldiers attacked the tiger and wounded him, so that he let the man drop, but he was dead, and the officer said long afterwards that he could never forgive himself."

"It was indeed a dreadful lesson," said Mr. Lesslie, "and should teach us all not to fancy we know better than those who have had more experience than ourselves."

The children were serious and silent, and listened attentively to their father's remarks; and Mrs. Johnstone, wishing to draw their attention from the subject, said, "You called the people of Ceylon idle, my dear Tom, but some of the natives of India are very ingenious; this gown of mine was worked by them, and this shawl was also worked there, and is both of a brighter colour and finer texture, than any that are made in this country. In many parts of India they cut marble very beautifully, and in Burmah, a kingdom

which is not very far from Hindoostan, and which we lately conquered, the people had the art of polishing marble, chiefly with their hands, in a superior manner to any method we use, making it look almost transparent, like alabaster. In the ruins of the city of Delhi, (there it is in a province of the same name,) which was once of great extent and magnificence, there are still some buildings which are described as extremely beautiful; the walls being of pure white marble, into which are inserted, or inlaid, wreaths of flowers, or the figures of birds and animals, composed of precious stones, something like, perhaps, the wreaths of flowers and fruit on my little cabinet at Grove Place; round the ceiling also were two lines of Persian poetry, which have been borrowed by a gentleman who writes very beautifully of these countries; and there are baths of marble, and many other things which prove their skill in ornamenting their dwellings to have been very great.

ROSE. Did not your fan, and your work-box, and chessmen, come from India?

MRS. J. No, they were brought from China, where I think your aunt Mildmay is also going with your uncle. There the people are very neat and active, but they are of such suspicious dispositions, that they will scarcely allow any person to see much of their country; and their skill in carving ivory, and other arts, somewhat resembles animal instinct, because, as they have so little intercourse with other nations, they do not improve in what they knew many years ago. They are generally ignorant, and consequently vain. Their language is very difficult to acquire; still I owe them so much for sending me my favourite liquid, that I hope we shall never be prevented trading with them.

“You mean tea,” said Rose, “what kind of plant is it when growing?”

“It is a small shrub about the size and appearance of a gooseberry-bush. I have a

little plant of it in my hot-house, which I will show you one day. There are many kinds of tea, you know, but I believe they are all from the same plant, and that the difference is occasioned by the leaves being gathered at different seasons. The best tea, which is called Imperial, I am told, is never sent out of China; we have tea that has the same name, but it is not the first gathering."

EGL. And are the Chinese fond of tea themselves?

MRS. J. Yes, very fond of it; but as they have so much of it, they use it more extravagantly than we do, and they make it in a different manner, putting a little tea into each cup, and pouring boiling water on it; they then cover it with a saucer, and in a few minutes drink it, but sweetened only. The leaves are then thrown away, and fresh tea put for the second or as many cups as they like.

"Is it long, mamma," said Eglantine,

“since people in England learned to drink tea?”

MRS. L. It is not two hundred years since it was first introduced into England, in the reign of Charles the Second, and it was long ere it became general or common, and in Scotland still longer. I have some old friends who have told me they well remember the time when it was considered a rare luxury. I have heard an amusing story of the consequences of a poor woman's ignorance how to make use of the first she ever saw, which was a pound that was sent her by a kind and dutiful son, who was abroad. I am not sure if she was an English or a Scotch woman, but she must have been kind-hearted and generous, for she resolved that this new and valuable luxury should be tasted by some of her friends, so she invited them to her house, and boiling the whole pound of tea, chopped it up with butter, I believe, and set it before her guests. As you may suppose,

they wondered at the admiration it had excited among great people, and I dare say, thought their porridge much better. I think it was added that the poor woman, disappointed of her dish, afterwards tried the water in which it was boiled, but of this I am not sure, only I know that in the few years that have passed since, every body has learned to like and to drink it, and the poorest old woman would rather be deprived of any thing, than of her cup of tea.

EGL. Mamma, did not my cousin Captain Leyden go to China?

MRS. L. He went as far as Canton with your uncle Mildmay, my dear, after the Burmese war, but he was in ill health, and saw very little of the country; the climate near Rangoon had almost killed him.

EGL. That is in Burmah, then, the country where they polish marble so well. I remember you read some of my cousin's

letters from Rangoon, and he said the Burmese were very brave, though they fought almost naked. Mamma, why did the English go to war with the Burmese?

MRS. L. I am glad that I have lately read an amusing book, my dear Eglantine, by which I can tell you more about the Burmese war than I ever knew before; it is the account that was written by a gentleman whose name is Colonel Symes, and who was the first Ambassador that was ever sent by our government in India, to that country. Tom, tell Eglantine what an Ambassador is?

TOM. An Ambassador is a gentleman who represents the King of any country from which he is sent, and other Kings treat him with as much respect as if he were the King of that country; if they do not, his King goes to war with them. Is that right, mother?

MRS. L. Pretty well explained. In this book, I find that long before Colonel

Symes went there, Burmah was but a small kingdom; but when a king called Dweepdee was on the throne, in the year 1752, who was a very weak man, he was conquered and taken prisoner by the Siamese, or people of Siam; and there was a very clever man, called Alompra, who was one of his generals; and as he was also a very ambitious man, he persuaded the Burmans to make him King, which they did; and though he did not gain his kingdom very honestly, he made a good and brave sovereign. While he was endeavouring to be made king, he had reason, I am afraid, to think that the English behaved deceitfully to him, and he always disliked them, though after he was king he was at peace with them, but still he was greatly prejudiced against them, as were also his successors. He had made the kingdom of Burmah much larger and more powerful; and when Colonel Symes was there, the nephew of Alompra was on the throne, who

was a wise and powerful prince; but he and his subjects were so foolishly proud and haughty, that it is quite amusing to read the account of the way in which they treated the Colonel. I admire his conduct very much, for he showed so much patience and good-humour, and yet made these conceited people respect him. The present King of Burmah is the grandson of the King whom Colonel Symes saw, and he thought, like his grandfather, that he was the greatest King in the world, and that he might treat the English with insult if he liked. Lord Amherst, who was then the Governor-General of India, tried to prevent going to war, because he knew the Burmese could not oppose us to any advantage; but the foolish king was persuaded by some wicked men at his court, not to make peace, and so then Sir Archibald Campbell sailed from Calcutta here, and went down this way to Rangoon, which you see here. The poor natives had all

left the city, and he found it quite empty when he arrived, and many curious things were taken from the houses by our soldiers and sent to this country. Although we conquered the Burmans completely at last, and went as far up the country as to make the King afraid that his capital city would be taken, yet it was not without a great deal of hard fighting with the natives; and what was worse, we lost many men by the bad air, or climate, which at that season was very unhealthy.

TOM. I am astonished the Burmese could dare to fight so long against the British, not English, mamma, if you please, for Sir Archibald Campbell is surely a Scotchman.

MRS. L. You are really amusing with your irritable feelings of national pride, Tom; I sometimes wonder where you can have learned them, but though I laugh at you a little, I am not at all displeased, only pray take care that they do not make

you illiberal; but in answer to your remark, I confess that at the time of the war, I was almost as much astonished as you are, at some accounts of the desperate and obstinate valour of the poor Burmans, but now I have read Colonel Symes's Embassy, I am no longer surprised, for I find that there is a very cruel law, by which, whenever a Burman becomes a soldier, his wife and family are considered as hostages by the King, that is, their safety depends on his behaviour, and if he shows any signs of desertion or cowardice, they are immediately put to death; so the poor men dare not refuse to fight, and they certainly did so very bravely in the late war, till their best general, whose name was Maha Bandoola, was killed by the bursting of a rocket, at a fort called Donoobew, (there it is,) and after that, they seemed to lose courage.

TOM. And so the proud King was glad to make peace, and I fancy will treat our next Ambassador more respectfully. And

pray mother, did we get nothing for the trouble of fighting them?

MRS. L. Yes; the king promised to pay us three lacs of rupees, and he gave up to us three provinces called Tavoy, Mergui, and Tenasserim, (here are the names of all three,) I hope now that we shall continue at peace, for it is of importance to both, even to us, Tom, although you smile; for we get a great deal of valuable wood for building ships at Calcutta, from the kingdom of Burmah, it is called teak wood, and the ship which you were talking of, the Fort William, is built of it. But now I think you have heard enough of India for this evening, and there a great many things for your tablets. To-morrow you are to spend at Grove Place, with your kind friend, Mrs. Johnstone.

MRS. J. And we will look through the hot-house at several pretty and curious plants; the garden also begins to be gay and pretty with crocuses and snow-drops.

“Oh yes!” said Rose, “our little gardens are very bright, and I have some double violets that will soon blow.”

“I love spring better than any other time of the year,” said Eglantine, “every thing is fresh, and sweet, and new to us, after the long and cold winter, and the grass is so green, and the hedge in the garden so clean in its new leaves, and after a little while it gets all dusty, and does not look nearly so well. I wish May were come, and all my favourite flowers.”

“All these,” said Mrs. Lesslie, opening Cowper’s Poems, and reading his elegant description of spring treasures to the children, who were delighted. “And now,” said she, “take poor Kate to bed, for she looks very tired, and her little eyes are almost closed. Good night; and be glad you are not in India, but can have nice white curtains to your bed, instead of nets to keep off flies, that would sting you.”

“Yes, Tiny, or a charming snake under

your pillow ! Oh ! what a delightful evening this has been," said Tom, "and how kind it is of you and Mrs. Johnstone to tell us so many amusing things. We are very much obliged to you."

"You have indeed many causes for thankfulness, my children ; do not forget to pray that God may enable you to appreciate them, and to reward our trouble with you by being good and dutiful. The silent kiss which each gave seemed to promise they would remember the words of their mother and aunt, and they went quietly to their separate rooms, and were soon sound asleep.

CHAP. III.

Visit to Mrs. Johnstone.

The morning came, as bright as the young hearts that looked for it could wish. Before day had dawned Eglantine was up, but Kate was half inclined to complain at being obliged to rise so early as seven, and declared that she could dress in ten minutes, so that there could be no occasion for her to allow an hour for preparation.

“Why yes,” said Eglantine, laughing, as she tried to pull down the bed-clothes which her cousin had wrapped tightly round her, “you might dress yourself in ten minutes, but then when you are dressed, there’s your religious reading, which must

occupy some time ; but after all, I am sorry I have waked you so early, perhaps you are tired, so I will run away, and let you sleep ; shall I close the shutters ? There, now your room is dark again, and if the carriage should come round at eight o'clock, we will keep it a little while till you are ready."

" Yes, cousin, but my eyes will not remain shut now," said Kate, good-humouredly, " so I suppose I must try to be as industrious as you are."

" There's a dear, good Kate," said Eglantine, throwing back the shutter, and once more admitting the bright light of the sun, " I will help you to dress."

" And will you read with me," said Kate, " for though I promised my Aunt last night that I would read my bible to-day the first thing, I do not know where to read in it, and it makes me so dull to read serious books."

Eglantine looked at her cousin with sur-

prise, but she was a very well-bred little girl; that is, she had been taught not to call other little girls stupid, or strange, because they did not know every thing that she was accustomed to do. Sometimes she found that other little girls did much better, and sometimes she thought they had not been taught so well, but she generally found out that their mammas had not taken so much pains with them, and she used to say to herself—"If they had so good a mamma as I have, perhaps they would be better girls than I am, and know more than I do,"—and then she did not laugh at them, but was very sorry for them; for she knew that her aunt had been often very ill, and obliged to lie in bed for many weeks, and was not able to teach Kate; but she saw that her cousin tried to do every thing that she was told, and she had always loved Kate very dearly, so she did not say, "You are wrong Kate," but she answered her mildly, and said, "When you are dressed,

cousin, we will go to Rose's room and read the Bible together. I have read a chapter alone already, but I shall be very happy to read more with you. Tom has been up, and is at his Latin with papa; but Rose does not like rising early any better than you do, though she is up to-day, because we are going to Mrs. Johnstone's, but I am sure she will not be ready to read before you are." So after Kate was dressed, and had said her prayers, they went to Rose's bed-room, where every thing was in its place, and not a pin to be seen on the ground. The window was open, and the violets which grew beneath it were smelling sweetly, and a blackbird was singing merrily on an old apple-tree, which grew near.

"We are come to read with you, Rose," said Kate, after bidding her cousin good morning, "but pray do not read much, it will make me dull, and this bright sunshine inclines me to be cheerful."

“Why Kate,” said Rose, “who makes this morning so fine?”

“God, to be sure,” said Kate.

“Then surely, dear cousin,” said Eglington, “you must love God, who is so kind, and you must like to read about him in the Bible; would you not like to read a book that told you of all that your dear mamma has done for you since you were a little girl, and how well she loves you.”

“Yes, very much indeed,” said Kate.

“Then,” said Rose, “in a little while, when mamma has talked to you about Him, who is the source of all good, and which she can do so much better than I can, you will find that you love no book nearly so well as that which tells you how this world was made, and how well its divine Maker loves every body in it, if they are good, and how well he will love you; for he loves you much better than your papa or mamma can. They cannot keep you from being ill, nor make you well again, but

God can. Come now, sit down, and we will read about our Saviour restoring the poor widow's son to life after he was dead."

Kate read with her cousins, and thought she had never liked the Bible so much; they then went into the garden, and at eight o'clock to the breakfast-room, where they found Mrs. Lesslie with a large parcel before her, and a letter sealed with black in her hand. They went up to kiss her, and were going to speak, when Tom came into the room, in very high spirits.

"Good morning, mother, good morning young ladies; so you are all ready; what a fine day; Mrs. Johnstone told me last night that she had a present for me, which she was sure I should like; I wonder what it is. Cousin Kate, you will be charmed with Grove Place; it is such a beautiful house, and—"

"Stop, my dear boy," said his mother,

“your spirits run away with you; I am sorry to tell you that your expectations of pleasure in seeing Mrs. Johnstone to-day, are disappointed from a very painful cause; soon after she reached home last night, an express arrived from Edinburgh, with the intelligence that the eldest daughter of her sister, Mrs. Murray, died yesterday of a fever; that Mrs. Murray and two of the younger children had it also, and were considered in danger. Poor Mrs. Johnstone has set off to Edinburgh this morning to be near them, though she dares not go to the house. I am sure you must be sorry for her, and regret Anne Murray, whom you remember at Grove Place last winter: she was a very beautiful and good girl, the darling of her mother and aunt, and was to have lived with Mrs. Johnstone when her education was completed.”

The children all looked sorrowful, and Rose said, “We are disappointed, mamma, but our disappointment is of little conse-

quence compared to poor Mrs. Johnstone's sorrow ; she is so kind, and was so fond of Anne."

Mrs. L. Indeed my dears, she is kind ; in all her grief she has not forgotten that this is her birth-day, and as usual, has sent presents to all of us ; to your father, some fine engravings ; to me, a copy of *Bishop Heber's Journal* ; for Tom, there has arrived a very pretty pony, with a new saddle, which I know will delight him ; for you, Rose, this useful and elegant work-box ; for Kate, whom she found out last night was so fond of flowers, this pretty book for drying them, some botanical books, and a magnifying-glass ; and for Eglantine quite a library of charming little books, *The Toy-Shop*, *Juvenile Rambles*, and *The Killarney Poor Scholar* ; besides some pretty toys for George and Henry.

"Oh ! mother," said Tom, "how can we thank our kind friend for so many presents ?"

“ There is still another, which I fancy you will value more than any, and which your friend says, is sent to all the family. Follow me to our favourite parlour;” and opening the door, the children saw a full-length picture of Mrs. Johnstone, who was reading a letter from their mother; she was smiling as sweetly as they were accustomed to see her, in the picture, but when the little girls looked at it, and remembered how full of sorrow she was then, they all burst into tears, and Tom ran out of the room. Mrs. Lesslie took no notice of their grief for a few minutes, but returned to the breakfast-room, where they soon joined her, and became more composed. After breakfast they went steadily to their lessons, and Kate found her aunt’s manner of teaching so pleasant, that it was easy to learn. She was not clever, but she took pains, and her cousins were always ready to help her at her tasks, while she was as willing to teach them many pretty kinds of

work in which she excelled. At first she was sorry to find that they both knew so much more than she did, but as they never seemed to think so, she forgot it, and she found that she knew more every day, and this made her happy, while her good temper made every body like her.

Two months passed quickly away, and Mrs. Johnstone came home in better spirits, for she had left her friends all well again. In the mean time Tom had gone to school with a heavy heart, for he was very fond of his home, but in a few days he wrote them a letter, in which he said he was quite happy, and then his sisters and cousins thought they might be happy too. After Mrs. Johnstone had returned home for a week or two, she came to see Mrs. Lesslie, and the next day the children went back with her to Grove Place, accompanied by their dear mother. Grove Place was a very old and handsome house, with many large rooms in it, and a picture-gallery, and a

conservatory. Some of the rooms were not painted or papered, the walls being covered with oak in panels, finely carved or polished; and as they were ornamented with beautiful pictures and large looking-glasses, they had a rich appearance; but the favourite room with the children was one which Mrs. Johnstone called her boudoir, where they sat with her all the morning, while she assisted their mamma to hear their lessons. Mrs. Johnstone had a great many pictures there, all painted by herself, and were likenesses of her friends. In one corner there was an ebony cabinet, lined with crimson velvet, which was filled with small miniatures of those she loved. Eglantine was one morning looking at a picture of a little boy who was painted in the clouds, whose face was very beautiful; it was the picture of her brother Tom, when he was a baby.

“How gratifying it must be to be able to take likenesses,” said Rose. “Mamma, may I learn to paint?”

MRS. L. Yes, my dear, if when you are a little older, you still wish it, and give me reason to think you have patience for it.

ROSE. I wonder who first found out painting.

MRS. L. The art of taking a likeness, my dear, originated, or began, by the attempt of a young girl who lived at Corinth, a city of Greece, (come to this folding screen of maps, and I will show you Corinth—there it is.) This girl had a friend of whom she was very fond, and who was obliged to go away from her; she was sorry to part with him, and on the night before he went she sat watching him while he was asleep. A lamp was burning in the room, and its light threw the shadow of the side of his face, which is called the profile, on the wall opposite to her. As she sat looking at this shadow, she thought that if she could mark out these lines on the wall, it would remind her of her friend's face when he was gone, so she took a piece of burnt

stick and traced the lines of the shadow, and that is the first instance known of taking a likeness.

ROSE. Thank you, mamma; miniatures are painted on ivory, are they not; an elephant's tooth must be very large.

Mrs. Johnstone opened a volume of engravings, and showed them first a picture of Corinth, and then a picture which represented the story that their mother had been telling them, and then she asked Kate Mildmay if she would sit down and remain quiet a little while, and she would take her likeness.

Kate promised to do this, but begged some one would read, and Mrs. Lesslie read to them the lines of Cowper upon the picture of his mother, with which they were much pleased.

"What little delicate brushes these are," said Eglantine, taking up one of those which Mrs. Johnstone was using.

"So delicate," said her friend, "that we

call them pencils, and yet they are made of hair that grows on that great animal, the camel, which is a clumsy awkward creature."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lesslie, "but a very useful and good-tempered one; they are among my favourites, for we read of them in Scripture, and every one who has travelled in the countries where they are used, speaks highly of their docility and gentleness. The little tuft of hair from which these pencils are made, grows beneath the neck of the camel, the other part of it is a short rough hair."

ROSE. Is it true, mamma, that they can carry water in their necks to serve them when they do not find any?

MRS. L. It was always believed to be true, my dear, till some late travellers have said it was not really the case, but that the idea had arisen from the extreme endurance of the camel. These animals, you know, go long journeys with heavy loads in sandy

deserts, where scarcely any water is to be found, and they will travel so far without water, that it has been supposed they had the power of keeping some in a sort of second stomach; which are right of the ancient or modern travellers, I do not know.

EGL. It is strange how they can bear their feet so long upon hot sand, for in these deserts it is sometimes very hot, you have told us.

MRS. L. Travelling is not so painful to them as it would be to any other animal, as their feet are of a very particular kind. Rose, give me that small book from the reading-table, and you shall read us an account of the camel's feet in it.

ROSE. (*taking up the book.*) *Diversions of Hollyert*; that must be a very amusing book, I think; may I read it? Mrs. Johnstone told me she had brought it from Edinburgh on purpose that we might all read it, as she knew we should find in it

many things to entertain and instruct us : so Rose read the account of the camel's hoof, and then they found that its form made it more easy for them to go a long way without being tired than a horse could do.

Kate Mildmay's patience was now nearly exhausted, but she did not like to complain. She put on, however, such a sorrowful look, that Eglantine burst out laughing, which made Mrs. Johnstone look up, and then she saw Kate's grave face.

" My poor little girl," said she, " I am very careless to forget that you may be weary ; come and sit on my knee, and I will tell you a story of another little child, who was not so quiet as you after she got tired of sitting for her picture. Some years ago there was a gentleman whose name was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted very beautiful pictures ; he was besides a very amiable and benevolent man, and very fond of the art which he practised so well.

He had the habit of observing all the men, women, and children he met with, to see if he thought their faces would suit any picture that he might be painting. He lived in Devonshire, and the common people there are often very pretty, particularly the little children; they are rather ignorant people, but most of them are very kind, hospitable, and generous; I have never met with any in their class as much so. Well, one day, Sir Joshua saw a pretty little girl playing before the window of his house, where he sat busily painting, and he thought her face would suit his picture very well, so he opened the window and asked her if she would come in and he would give her a cake, for I suppose she was not old enough to understand what sitting for her likeness meant, but she consented very gladly, and when she got the cake, he asked her to sit down on a little stool which he placed for her, and to remain quiet till he should tell her she might

go away. The little girl sat still she thought a long time, but Sir Joshua was so pleased with her face, that he forgot how long it was. At last she said, very low, almost in a whisper, 'I am tired.' He pretended not to hear her, and told her she was a very good little girl, and gave her another cake. This satisfied her for some time longer, but again she grew weary of sitting still, and said, rather louder, 'I am tired.' Still he pretended not to hear her, but praised her as the best little girl he ever saw; till supposing that he must be deaf, she resolved that he should hear her, so she jumped up, and going close to him, screamed out as loud as she could, 'Yes, but I'm tired.' Sir Joshua could not help laughing, and was then obliged to let her go. I do not know whether she came back again the next day, but people who are fond of painting are very apt to forget the time they spend in it, as I have been doing with poor Kate."

“ Can you tell us any thing more of Sir Joshua Reynolds,” said Kate, “ did you know him ?”

MRS. J. “ No, my dear, I was not born when he lived, but when I was a girl, I once knew a lady who was his niece, and who had been a very beautiful woman, and she told me many anecdotes or stories of him. There is a window of painted glass in one of the colleges at Oxford, called New College, which was painted by him. It is divided into two parts; in the upper part is the picture of the wise men of the east, coming to worship our Saviour, and the likeness of Sir Joshua himself is in it as one of them; in the lower part are some beautiful figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and I think Truth and Justice: the lady I knew sat for some part of all the figures, and that is her likeness, as a country girl, in that pretty picture of the Fortune-Teller, which your aunt has copied so well, and which hangs in your little parlour.

I have told you that Sir Joshua Reynolds was a very kind-hearted and amiable man, and yet if a story that I have lately read of him be true, he once made a poor young man very miserable, but he did not know it.

“O! tell us the story, dear Goody,” said Eglantine.

MRS. J. This young man had learned to paint, and he was very fond of it; so fond that he used to sit many hours every day painting, and he had allowed his love for it to become much too strong, as some little girls, who fancy they like some studies better than others, and would neglect those that are most useful, perhaps, for those that are not so; but this is not right. He was an amiable young man, but his thoughts were so much occupied with painting, that he could scarcely think of any thing else, or talk on any other subject, and I am afraid he had not been taught to pray to God to make him wise, and to enable him to regulate his mind well; he lived, too, with an

old grandmother, (his only relation,) and she was so fond of him, and had seen so few pictures, that she thought nobody ever had painted, or could paint so well as he did, and Warner, (which was his name,) learnt to think more highly of his own talent than was right or just; so he got tired of copying from the pictures of other painters, and thought he could paint one from his own fancy, such as that I painted of the *Nursery in an Uproar*. I can hardly say mine was *all* fancy, because you know I once saw something like the story of my picture, but that is long ago now, Tiny, and you need not blush; some of it is quite fancy, you know; but Warner's picture was of a much grander subject than mine; it was from history, but I do not know where. After he had finished it, he thought it very beautiful, and so did his grandmother, and it was really very well done for a person who was so young, and who had never had an opportunity of studying from the pic-

tures of those painters that are called the great masters of the art, nor had ever gone to Italy to see many there which are superior, it is thought, to all the pictures that have been painted since. Every one who wishes to be a great painter, and who can afford it, goes to Italy, and those who cannot, try to get some of the pictures which have been sent to this country to study from, but Warner had not money enough to go abroad, so that there were of course, some great faults in his own. At this time Sir Joshua Reynolds was considered the first, that is, the best painter in England, and Warner took it into his head that he should like to have his opinion of the picture. A gentleman who knew him offered to invite Sir Joshua to his own house, to show him the picture, and request his opinion of it, to which Warner joyfully consented, but insisted that he should hear the remarks of this great painter, without being seen himself. His friend endeavoured

to dissuade him from this, as he was fearful of the consequences, for he knew the susceptibility of poor Warner's mind; that is, he knew that any faults which Sir Joshua might find, would make Warner very unhappy; but Warner was obstinate and vain, and was sure that he should hear only praise, and so he concealed himself when Sir Joshua came. This good and kind man had no idea of giving any pain by his remarks, and therefore pointed out the faults freely; he allowed that there was the promise of good, that the artist was evidently young and unexperienced, but he thought if he would go to Rome and study, he might in time succeed well. The gentleman, at whose house he was, knew what poor Warner would suffer from these observations, and kindly endeavoured to lead Sir Joshua to say something more soothing, by asking him if this picture had not sufficient merit to be retained as a proof of what the artist had done, without the advantages he might afterwards

attain, but Sir Joshua very mildly said,
'No! he had better burn it!'

"Oh! poor Warner," said Eglantine,
"how did he bear this sad disappointment?"

Mrs. J. Alas! very ill; instead of being at all obliged by the advice which he had thus heard, the indulgence which he had long allowed his feelings over his judgment was so great, that he was almost crazy; he took the picture and went home, would scarcely speak to his poor old grandmother, but to her terror and astonishment, cut the picture to pieces and burnt it, and then he became very ill. After he became a little better, the friend who had shown his picture, very kindly gave him money to go to Rome and study, and his poor grandmother went with him, but it was too late, he did not live long, and he and his aged relation are both buried in a church-yard near Rome.

"Now my dear children, I have told you

this story to show you that there are many things required to be clever, and to succeed in what you undertake, besides a strong inclination to do them, which is called genius. Unless you pray to God to give you strength to subdue your feelings, and to improve and increase your reason, you may be told, and you may think yourself that you have a great genius, but you will never be really good and accomplished women; and I assure you that there have been many women who were really clever, and yet, because they did not read their bible, and try to do what they are there told they ought to do, are so wicked, that I would rather be as good as Betty Haynes, whom you saw yesterday, and as ignorant, as they would call her, than I would be as clever as they are, and not good. But come, you must all be hungry, so we will take some luncheon, and then Kate shall have her reward, and we will go to the conservatory and the hot-house."

The gardens of Grove Place were very large and well kept, and in the conservatory and the hot-house there were many plants which the children had never seen. Mrs. Johnstone called them to look at a plant which they did not admire much, "but," said she, "it is very curious, it grows in the East Indies, in a part of the country where there is very little water, and this cup-like part of the plant is filled with clear cold water, and this other part which is like a lid, covers the cup over, and keeps the water from evaporating. Many a hot and tired traveller is very thankful when he sees this plant."

ROSE. What is its name?

MRS. J. Its Latin name is *Nepeuthes Distillataria*; I do not know if any common name has been given it. Here is another as curious, but less kind in its nature; it is an American plant, and is called *Venus' fly-trap*; look under the leaves, there are small points which are very sharp, and there

is a glutinous, that is, a sticky substance, over them, which has a sweet taste. Flies, you know, are fond of any thing sweet, and when a fly settles on the leaf to eat this, the leaves fold in and crush the poor thief with their sharp prickles, which perhaps are venomous like those of the nettle.

Mrs. L. What an elegant plant is this *Nuinosa*, its leaves so regular and delicate, but it is like some little girls, Rose, and does not like to be touched.

Eglantine put her finger on it, and the graceful leaves curled themselves up, as if offended.

"It is indeed a sensitive plant," said her mother, "but do not touch one of the leaves, Tiny, for they frequently die in consequence of it. See, this is the tea-plant from China, but it looks rather sickly."

KATE. I wonder, aunt, that people do not have some of the pretty flowers that grow in the fields, and by the side of the

barn, planted in their gardens; I am sure there are many that are here, that are not so pretty as some of my favourite harebells, and wild strawberries, and bird-weed, and crow's-foot, and bird's-eye, and forget-me-not, and meadow-sweet.

MRS. L. Yes, they are all very pretty, my love, but as we have plenty of them in the fields, we need not take the trouble of cultivating them in our gardens. The exotic plants in this hot-house, that is, the plants that come from foreign countries, are not cultivated in their own with as much pains. But it is very agreeable to become acquainted with the flowers and fruits of other countries, some of which are very useful, others only ornamental; some will grow in the fields, others must be shut up, and require additional heat, which we give them by means of the glass and the fires in hot-houses; even your favourite vegetable was brought from a great distance across the Atlantic Ocean.

“What! the potatoe!” said Kate, “pray tell me who brought it, for I shall like him very much.”

“It was Sir Walter Raleigh, my dear, in the reign of the English queen Elizabeth, who first introduced the useful potatoe, tobacco, and the delicious mulberry, into England, from America

“There is an ugly plant,” said Eglantine, as they left the green-house, “but how sweet some flowers smell, which one can it be; these lovely waxen flowers perhaps?”

MRS. L. No, Eglantine, go and smell that ugly plant, as you called it; ah! you see it will not do to judge by appearances; the *heliotrope* is one of the most fragrant flowers we have; but see, Mrs. Johnstone calls us.

They followed their friend to a stand of auriculas, tulips, anemonies, and polyanthus, and stood in silent admiration of their extreme beauty.

"You have indeed a splendid show, gardener," said Mrs. Johnstone, but there is a cold wind, this morning; replace their matting, and we will have a quick walk round the garden."

Eglantine stopped them, however, at a bed of the lilies of the valley. "Ah! my sweet flower," said she, "look, mother, at the white bells peeping under these dark green leaves; why do you not put these pretty lilies out of this dark shady place, where the sun cannot see them, into that border, where his rays might shine on them."

Mrs. J. If I were to do so, Eglantine, they would soon die; elegant and fragrant as they are, my modest lilies like the shade best, and could not endure the bright glare of the sun-beam.

ROSE. Pray mamma, is there any country where these flowers grow wild, it must be a very beautiful place.

Mrs. L. Did you observe me reading a

small green book last night, Rose, it was the account of a tour in Norway and part of Sweden, by a Mr. Conway, and is very interesting: he says that, in that northern country, in a part through which he travelled, between Christiana and Ostervalden, (I will show you these places on the map, when we go home,) he met with the lily of the valley growing in such abundance, that he could not help walking on them and scenting the air around him.

"Dear me," said Rose, "I always fancied Norway must be a cold and bleak country, and I never heard before of any one going there for pleasure."

"Very few travellers have done so," said Mrs. Johnstone, "but I find that Mr. Conway liked it very much, and recommends people to go there, and that they will be much delighted. They have certainly a very short summer, but what they have seems to be warmer, and more settled weather than it is here in Scotland. Some

travellers have said there was but little fruit of any kind, but he says, there is every kind of common fruit, and in great plenty, particularly cherries, which are very fine and very cheap; in short, his account of the country is so engaging, that I should like very much to go there. The Norwegians are as fond, too, of their country, as Tom is of Scotland."

"Ah! but then these cold winters and long dark days," said Kate, "and the deep snow for so many months."

"That is true," said Mrs. Lesslie, "but there are many pleasant amusements for winter, and when the spring does come, it is so rapid in its advance, that, as Mr. Conway says very beautifully, 'the snow disappears as if you had lifted off a veil from the ground, and there were bright flowers and soft green grass under it; and even in winter, the appearance of the forests is very grand.' Do you not remember the trees in the wood last Christmas, how you ad-

mired them when their branches were loaded with snow; the birch-trees looking like plumes of feathers, and Tom will tell you there is no summer amusement he prefers to skating.

EGL. Do you know, mother, that Tom wanted to make me believe that there was once a palace built all of ice, and furniture in it, and a cannon that was fired, and all were ice; but I was not so silly as to believe him.

MRS. L. You had better have asked me or your papa, Eglantine, before you were so ill-bred as to contradict your brother. Tom is a little boy, who is remarkably careful of speaking correctly, for he knows that a lie is one of the greatest faults he can commit, both towards God and towards man. It is wicked towards God, because it is saying that we do not believe that God can read our hearts, or that he will not punish us for speaking falsely, and it is mean and dishonourable towards our fellow-

creatures, and foolish towards ourselves, because, if found out, we can never expect to be believed again; and yet, my child, you suspected your brother of this fault, nay, accused him of it.

Eglantine's eyes filled with tears.

"I am very sorry, mother, and Tom was so good-natured, he said he would bring the book next holidays, in which he read it, but indeed, I thought it was impossible, for I could not understand how it could be done."

MRS. L. Ah! my child, if you will only believe what your little ignorant mind can understand, you will find that it is very little indeed; however, I allow this does sound strange, and yet it is quite true, and this evening you shall read an account of it in a book which is translated from the French of Mdme. de Genlis, and is called *Tales of the Castle*. In the same story which tells you of this, we shall find many other wonders, which are all true. This

palace was built by order of an Empress of Russia, of the ice of the river Neva, which is a large river that flows near Petersburg, the capital of Russia; but even in England, Eglantine, in a severe winter many years ago, the river Thames at London was frozen so hard, that there was a fair held on it, and oxen roasted whole by fires on the ice: but I hear the first dinner-bell, and we must go in.

Rose and Kate ran off with Mrs. Johnstone, who promised a penny for a poor person, to the one who should first reach the hall-door, and both were there together. Eglantine lingered behind, and timidly taking her mother's hand, begged for forgiveness.

"You have it, my dear little girl, for I am sure you now regret that you for an instant, supposed that Tom would tell a falsehood; but do not forget to put it down in your journal, under the head of thoughtlessness. Are there many more instances

this week, Tiny, for remember, my pardon will not remove the fault; you must pray to God earnestly, to help you to correct it, make it a particular subject of prayer to-night, and I will pray for you also, and I hope our prayers will be heard."

EGL. There are two less than last week, mamma, but oh! there are a great many yet; shall I ever be a good girl, I am sometimes afraid not.

MRS. L. If you mean, will you ever be without fault, no, my child; but I hope that you will be wiser and better than you are now, but remember, you require great watchfulness over yourself, and as Tom says, 'to think before you speak.' Now, go and dress.

EGL. Yes, dear mother, I will wear blue, for it is Goody's favourite colour.

She ran off, her heart now light and happy, as her mother had kissed her. The day soon came that they were to leave Grove Place, they were sorry to part from

their friend, Mrs. Johnstone, but she promised to come and see them soon, and they were comforted and rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing their papa and their little brothers, Henry and George. "Sweet home," said Rose, as she jumped out of the carriage, and into the arms of her father, "Oh! papa, we have been so happy, and have so much to tell you."

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CHAP. IV.

Sunday, and its Employments.

THE day after their return from Grove Place was Sunday, a very happy day to all the children. Their first employment was to go with their nursemaid Jeanie to the cottages of some poor people, who were the tenants of their father; that is, the cottages in which they lived were built by him, and upon ground belonging to him, and they paid him rent, or money, for them. Many of these people were very poor, but they were good, and well-behaved, and contented people; for Mr. Lesslie was very particular whom he accepted as tenants, 'for,' said he, one day,

before the children and their mother, 'when they are my tenants, they are as part of my family. I do not mind their being very poor, but they must be sober and religious, that any help I may give them may be really of use.'

Mr. Lesslie had a large estate, and there were some very neat cottages on it, and it generally happened that after they had lived there a little while, the poorest families became better able to support themselves, and recovered heart or inclination to work, knowing that if they were industrious and frugal, they were sure of assistance and encouragement from their landlord.

About a mile from Strawberry Hill, there was a large green field, through which ran a bright, clear stream, and round the sides of the field there were high hedges like those in England, and a broad, dry gravel walk, bordered by two rows of fine old elms. In this field there were six

small cottages, and each had a little garden full of bright flowers before it, and a small green, with a well, behind; and further back, along the row of cottages, was a large kitchen-garden full of cabbages and potatoes, and peas, and beans, and gooseberries, and all kinds of useful vegetables, and common fruits. In these cottages there lived six poor old women, who were widows; and those who had no children, nor grandchildren, who could afford to spare their time to wait on them, had each a young girl about twelve years old to attend to her, to keep the house clean, and do any thing that was required. These poor old women were all very good and very pious. Mrs. Lesslie had known them all for many years, and now she was very happy in taking care of them.

To these cottages the children went first every Sunday morning, and Jeanie took her basket, and there was a piece of meat for each of them for dinner, and some su

gar and tea to last them for the week. It was considered a very heavy punishment indeed, when they were not allowed to go to Elm-tree row, as these cottages were called, and the poor women were very happy to see them.

Mary Fraser, who lived in one of these cottages, was a blind woman, and a granddaughter lived with her, who took great care of her, and made her very comfortable. She had been struck blind by lightning after she was a wife and a mother, but she had never murmured, and she had always a smile on her face.

"Come in, my dears," said she to them this morning, "it is a warm, fine day, and the flowers are smelling sweetly; but who is with you? I hear a step that I do not know."

"This is my cousin Kate," said Eg-lantine.

"Kate Mildmay! what the daughter of my dear miss Ellen?" said Mary. "Oh!

come close to me, darling, that I may feel your features, and if they are like your mother's. Yes, there is her nose, her high forehead, and her lip; may God make you as good a child as she was, and then you will be happy."

"Did you know my mamma," asked Kate, "when she was a little girl?"

"I was her nurse for many years, my dear," answered Mary, "and I loved her as well as if she had been my own child. The cover of my bed was made by her, before she was ten years old, and she sends me money every year. Now let me hear if you can read, for your mamma read well when she was only six years."

"I do not read well," said Kate, "for mamma has been almost always ill since I can remember, and could not teach me often, and I did not like to leave her, so she did not send me to school; but I have been trying to take pains since I came to Strawberry Hill, for my aunt has been so

good as to teach me; but though I am older than Rose, I cannot read so well as Eglantine. But, however, I will read to you as well as I can, and I hope soon to read better."

"Oh! Mary," said Rose, "my cousin has improved so much since she came to us, though her health has been rather delicate, and that is the reason you have not seen her sooner. She had never been accustomed to walk far, and so this is the first time she has visited with us."

"I hope the good habit of taking exercise will soon make her a strong and healthy little girl," replied Mary. "Now, Kate, read me the ninth chapter of the gospel of St. John."

Kate did so, and found that it related the account of our Saviour's restoring the sight of a poor man who was born blind. This man's name was not mentioned in that chapter, but Mary Fraser told them that by comparing it with the tenth chap-

ter of St. Mark, at the forty-sixth verse, she thought both passages related to the same person, and in the latter he is called Bartimeus. As Kate read this account, she often looked up at poor Mary, but she did not say a word, though she sighed as she closed the Bible.

“Now you have finished, dear Kate,” said Eglantine, “we must bid Mary good bye, and make haste; for see, it is eight o’clock, and we must be at home at nine; and we have some poor people to see yet, that live about half a mile from this.”

“Good bye, Mary,” said all of them, “we shall see you at church. Our friend, Mr. Williams, preaches to-day.”

“God bless you, my children,” said the blind woman, “I shall not SEE YOU there, but I shall pray for you to Him that seeth all things.”

They now walked quickly, and went to some cottages where the rooms were very small, and the people seemed very

poor, for they had only lately come to live there. They gave these poor people some clothes for their children, which they had made, a little money, and some good books to read; and by the time they reached home, breakfast was ready. After breakfast, Mr. Lesslie enquired after their health, and that of all their poor friends. Then the little girls went to prepare for church, and when they were dressed they sat still in their own rooms till Mrs. Lesslie called them to go with her, and they walked very quietly, and did not talk much.

At church, they listened very attentively to the minister, and followed him in all the places of the bible where he read, or where he made references in his sermon. When they came home, they were glad to hear their father say, that Mr. Williams was to dine with them, for they were very fond of him; he was very clever and knew a great many things, and he was also very good and kind to young people. All the family

dined at one o'clock on Sunday, and the dinner was always cold, that all the servants might go to church, excepting the nurse, who went in the afternoon only, when Mrs. Lesslie took her place in the nursery, and the children went to church with their father. At five o'clock they drank tea, and then their mother and Mr. Williams went with him to the Sunday-school, which was at the bottom of the elm-field, and where a great many little girls are taught to read the "book that maketh wise," and to understand it. Rose and Eglantine had each a class of six little girls, to teach their letters, and the meaning of little words in a book which was written about the power and goodness of God, and about the things mentioned in the Bible, all put into easy language, that very young children might understand it; and this book, and all the other books which Mrs. Lesslie used for the elder girls, were written by a gentleman whose

name is Wood, who lives in Edinburgh, and who is so good as to spend many hours every day in teaching poor children to read, and to write, and to cipher. Mrs. Lesslie had been taken by a friend to see the school taught by Mr. Wood, and though she knew that she could teach only a small part of what he did; she was very thankful for the kindness with which he explained his manner of teaching to her, and she tried to imitate him in the school which she had long established for the poor girls in her neighbourhood and of the tenants.

She had brought a young woman from Edinburgh, who had been taught in Mr. Wood's school, to teach these girls every day in the week, and Mr. Lesslie had also brought a young man, to teach a school of boys, that was on another part of his estate, but their own children were only allowed to help to teach on Sunday, as a great favour, if they had so conducted themselves as

to deserve it. They would have liked to be there every day, but Mrs. Lesslie said, "No! you are very young and have need of much time to learn yourselves; and besides, if you went every day, instead of being a favour, it would become a burden, and a task, and that I should not like, for it is a very great privilege to be allowed to teach others, and Miss Millwood is quite able to teach the day-school time, as there are not many: when you grow older, perhaps I may allow you to come, at first, once in the week; and afterwards oftener, but not for sometime yet."

All these employments made Sunday a very delightful day to these happy children, and they agreed that it was always the shortest of the seven. Mr. Williams was well known in Mrs. Lesslie's school, and every face in it grew brighter when he came in, for he was very intimate with Mr. Wood, as he spent part of every year in Edinburgh, and he had learnt that gentle-

man's manner of putting questions to the children, and they were always much pleased and took great pains in answering him.

"Will you hear my class, sir," said Rose, putting the little book into his hand, "there is a lesson they have not read, you know; I have only been allowed to teach them since this year began, and this is May."

Mr. Williams then sat down, and the little girls read the following passage clearly and well:—"God bids the sun to rise, and he bids it set; he doth give the rain and the dew to wet the soil, and at His will it is made dry. The heat and the cold come from him; he doth send the snow, and the ice, and the hail; at his word they melt away. He now bids the tree to put on its leaf, but ere long, he will bid it fade, and make the tree to be bare. He bids the wind to blow, and it is he that bids it to be calm."

There the children stopped, and Mr. Williams asked them to spell the words; sometimes the one that he asked did not spell the word, but the others never opened their lips, though some little faces were glowing with eagerness to be allowed to speak; then Mr. Williams asked the next, and she did not spell it right either, and then the next, and she was right, and he put her into the place of the one whom he had first asked. The little girl that lost her place, did not look cross or sulky, she looked up at her kind friend Rose, and sighed, but at the next word, she tried hard, and soon after, she was at the top of the class. After they had spelt the words they were asked who God was, and the first little girl said, "it was God who made every thing, and every living creature in the world and kept them all alive, and took care of them."

"And where is God?" said Mr. Williams, to the second girl, a very clever and

intelligent child, but who had not been taught to read, though her mind had learnt to think, for she had been employed in herding a cow, as it is called in Scotland, and had been a great deal out of doors, both by day and in the evening, when she was very fond of looking down on the grass, and looking at the stars as they twinkled brightly above her: she now looked earnestly at Rose, and at Mr. Williams, as if she had an answer ready but did not like to say it.

“Speak out, my love,” said her kind questioner, and his look of affection said more than his words.

“I do not know,” said the child, “where God is, because I have been told he is everywhere, so I did not know where he is just in one place; I know he is in all places, in heaven and in earth, and I heard my mother reading last night that, ‘God is a spirit, and those that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.’”

Mr. Williams and Mrs. Lesslie were both much pleased with the answer, but they did not praise the little girl very highly, for she was already inclined to feel that she knew more than most of her class, while in reading she was behind many of them, so they only said, "That is very right, and we are glad you have a mother who reads to you, and that you try to remember it."

"And when does the sun rise?" was the next question.

"In the morning," said the third girl.

"And what happens then?"

"It is day-light, and I get up."

"Rose," said Mr. Williams, "what is the sun said to be like when he rises, in the nineteenth psalm?"

ROSE. "In the heavens hath God set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course; it goeth forth from the end of heaven, and

his circuit is unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

MR. W. And what does man do, and should do?

ROSE. "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." This is in that beautiful one hundred and fourth psalm.

"And when does the leaf of the tree fade?" asked Mr. Williams, of the fourth in the class.

"In autumn," she replied, "the season that comes after summer, and before winter, when pears and apples are ripe, and the corn is all off the ground."

MR. W. What is ice?

"Frozen water," said the fifth.

MR. W. Tell me, Eglantine, that fine passage which speaks of the power of God in forming the hail and the frost, in the psalms.

EGL. It is in the one hundred and forty-seventh psalm, at the sixteenth verse;—

“He giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; he casteth forth his ice like morsels, who is able to abide his frosts; yet he sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.”

“Oh! mamma, that reminds me of what you told us of the snow going away so ast in Norway, “God blows with the wind and the snow melts.”

“That is very beautiful,” said Kate Mildmay, “I wish I knew as much as my cousins do.”

The little girls of Rose’s class looked at Kate, as if they agreed with her wish, but Rose blushed, and whispered to her cousin,—“If you knew how you vex me, Kate, and how you make me feel that I am very ignorant, you would never say so again; but I must not talk with you now;” and she returned to her seat, beside Mr. Williams.

“Now, my children,” said he, “tell

me, who does all the things mentioned in this passage?"

"God," said the youngest of them.

MR. W. Then should you not fear God, who is so great and powerful?

"Yes, sir."

MR. W. And who gives you health and strength to run about, and power to hear me speak, and to know what I say, and gives the sun to keep you warm, and kind parents to give you food, and makes the fields give you corn to make bread, and vegetables, and fruit?

Answer. "God."

MR. W. Then should you not love God, who is so kind, very much?

"O! yes," said all of them.

MR. W. And if he is so powerful and so good, are you not very glad that you are allowed to pray to Him to take care of you, and those that you love; and that our Saviour, when some children were brought to him, and his disciples would have sent

them away, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not?"

"Ah, I have heard of that before," said Effie Gray, (the child before-mentioned,) and her little eyes filled with tears.

"Where did you hear it, Effie," said Rose.

"It was what my mother said when poor little Jemmy died, and neighbour Brown came in and said she was come to comfort mother, and that it was very hard to lose such a pretty boy; and then mother answered, 'Oh, Mrs. Brown, do not say so, I loved my Jemmy, and prayed to God, if it was his will, to spare him to me; but now he is gone I must not mourn for him, for Jesus says to me in my Bible, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and I hope my Jemmy is gone to Him, and is one of the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"You have a very good mother, my child," said Mr. Williams, "and I hope

you will do all she tells you, and try to be a comfort to her."

"O yes," said Effie, "indeed I do, Sir, for I love her dearly."

The elder girls were now examined by Mr. Williams, many of whom were more forward in the knowledge of the Bible than Rose and Eglantine, and they with their cousin Kate stood by during this examination and listened attentively. After this was over and the children had together sung the evening hymn, Mr. Williams said a prayer, and then with Mrs. Lesslie and the children he left the school and they returned to Strawberry-Hill; as soon as the chairs were drawn round the table and all the business of the day talked over, Kate Mildmay had been sitting silent for some time till Mr. Williams asked her what she was thinking of.

"Why," said she, "I am thinking that twice this day, I have wished very much that I had lived a long time ago."

“How long, my dear?” said her aunt.

KATE. As long ago aunt, as the time when our Saviour Jesus Christ was upon the earth, for I might perhaps have been one of those children that were brought to him and then I am sure I should have been a good girl.

MRS. L. I am not so sure of it, my dear; we do not read that any of those children became afterwards particularly good people, and besides, Kate, you have been brought to Jesus Christ and blessed in his name, and that obliges you to be a good girl quite as much as if you had been so honoured as to be taken in his arms.

KATE. Me! brought to Jesus Christ, aunt! when? for I never heard mamma say so, and though that all you say is true, yet I cannot understand you.

MRS. L. Ask Rose to tell you, my love, what I mean.

ROSE. I think mamma means that you have been christened, Kate, and then, you

know, your papa and mamma promised that you should be brought up to be a Christian, and the minister blessed you in Christ's name, and sprinkled your face with water; and though you and I were babies when this was done for us, yet it is just the same obligation, and papa says if we do not try to be Christians, we break a promise with God and with our Saviour; and you know it is wicked to break a promise even with one another, and it must be more so with God.

KATE. Thank you, Rose, I understand you quite well; but, Aunt, being christened has not made me a good girl. I remember when I was in Liverpool, that my mamma took me to see a Mrs. Pierson, who had two little girls, and Anne, my maid, said they were not Christians, for they had never been christened; yet they were very good little girls indeed, much better than I am.

MRS. L. They were probably Baptists,

my dear, and will be Christians when they grow up; now do not ask me any questions why this is, for I cannot explain it to you so correctly as Mr. Williams can, and therefore beg of him to tell you.

MR. W. It is very true, my dear little girl, that being christened has not made you good, though it has obliged you to try to be so, as far as God has given you reason to know what is right and what is wrong. Your mother and father are Christians, and they know that to be so is the only way to be happy here in this world, and to be happy in heaven, which is of much greater consequence; and so they determined, that as you were their child, and God had given you to them, that you should be christened, and thus obliged afterwards to try to be a Christian, and this was the greatest proof of their love that they could give you; and you will make a poor return for it if you do not pray to God to help you to be good, for I know you cannot always be so. You

have read in your Bible, that when Adam and Eve were in Paradise, they disobeyed the commands of God, and therefore He was angry with them; for by this disobedience they made not only their children, but their children's children, and all mankind, wicked. Tell me, Kate, do you not sometimes feel as if you wished to be a good girl, and attend to your lessons, and yet at the same time you feel that you would like to be idle and play, and for a little while you try to forget that you want to play, and sometimes you do conquer and overcome this inclination, and continue to learn your lessons; sometimes you let this inclination conquer you, and you are idle and careless and inattentive; is not all this true?

KATE. Yes, Sir, quite true; but I wonder how you know it?

Mr. W. My dear little girl, every person living has the same feelings, only for a different cause; not a day passes but your

uncle and aunt, and I, and all mankind, feel so; but when Christians have this feeling, they pray to God to help them to conquer it, for they know that he only can help them, and they pray because they know that the Divine Being loves them, and wishes them to be good and happy. Rose, tell us what great mark of his love our Creator has given us.

KATE. He so loved the world that he gave his only son Jesus Christ to die for us, that the world, through him, might be saved.

MR. W. Very well, a mark of love, indeed! Pray, Kate, if your mamma was to consent to be ill, that you might not be ill, would it not be very kind of her?

KATE. Yes; very kind, Sir.

MR. W. And if she were to die, that you might not die.

KATE. Oh, Sir! that would be good indeed, but I hope she will not die, I had rather die myself than my mamma should.

MR. W. So you think, my little girl, because you love your mother very dearly; but believe me, that if you were tried, you would not be willing to do so; but now, Kate, there is a Being, who has died that you may be pardoned by your Maker, for being so often a naughty girl, and that you may go to heaven when you die.

ROSE. Ah! that is our Saviour; oh! sir, sometimes when I think on what my aunt has told me, and how good, and gentle, and kind he was, how many poor people he cured, and how he never was cross, nor unkind, nor cruel to any one, I cannot bear to read how much he suffered, and how wicked men treated him.

MR. W. I do not wonder at that, Kate, it is very dreadful; but do you remember when you are inclined to be naughty, that it was because all people are naughty, that he suffered this; and do you remember that he is alive, and that he sees and knows all you do, and that it grieves him when you are not a good girl.

KATE. Indeed I do, sir, sometimes, after I have been naughty; and then I cry because I am so ungrateful to Him who constantly provides for and protects me, and to my aunt. Do you know that when I came here, I thought it would make me dull to read the Bible so often, and now I like it better than any book, but perhaps it is because my aunt tells me so much about it; but, oh! I wish I could always be good without any trouble.

MR. W. Never indulge yourself in idle wishes, my child; that is what you cannot be; all your life long you will find it a trouble to be good, and the older you grow, perhaps, the more difficult; but you must pray that you may become so, and you will find the blessings prayer imparts. Could you live and grow strong without eating and drinking? Well, then, prayer is the food of the soul, as much as meat and other things are food for the body; therefore, in future, my little Kate, when

that inclination to be idle or disobedient comes into your mind again, I would advise you to leave what you are about, and go into your room, and there kneel down and pray to the Providence that never slumbers, and that He may help you to conquer this wrong inclination, and I doubt not you will find yourself more able to forget it when you go back.

ROSE. Yes, Kate, that you will; for I used to think I could never cure myself of being sulky, till mamma told me to do as Mr. Williams has told you, and now I have only been sulky once for a very long time, and I am sure you are not as idle as I was ill-tempered. But, mamma, (Mrs. Lesslie having come in while Mr. Williams was speaking,) is it not a good thing that we have the Scripture to teach us the will of God, and in English too; I wonder what people did before there were books; is that long ago?

MRS. L. Not very long, my dear; the

art of printing is not so old as you may perhaps imagine, only three hundred and seventy-nine years ago. It is said the first Bible was printed by a person of the name of Faustus, who had lived at Mentz, in Germany, and it was not for some time afterwards that it was printed in our own language. The New Testament was printed first in the year 1526, and the Old Testament in the year 1535, both in the reign of Henry the 8th of England and James the 5th of Scotland.

ROSE. You have said, mamma, that the first Bible was printed by a person of the name of Faustus, but did he invent the art of printing?

MRS. L. I believe not, my dear; it is rather uncertain who was really its first inventor, for it is so great and glorious a discovery, that the people of Germany are very anxious to claim the honour for many towns; but the more generally-believed origin of it is, that a rich citizen of the

name of Laurence Zanssen Koster, of Haarlem, in Holland, is entitled to the honour of being the first inventor of printing, of which he has been unjustly deprived by others who have enjoyed the praises due to him alone. As he was walking in a wood near the city, which was the general custom of the richer citizens and men of leisure in the afternoon and on holidays, he began to cut out letters on the bark of the beech, (or more probably from a piece of the inner part of the wood cut for the purpose); with these letters he enstamped marks upon paper in a contrary direction, in the manner of a seal, until at length he formed a few lines for his own amusement, and for the use of the children of his brother-in-law. This succeeding so well, he attempted greater things, and being a man of genius and reflection, he invented a thicker and more adhesive ink, as the common ink was too thin. With this ink he was able to print blocks and figures,

to which he added letters. When he first began he printed on one side only. This was a Dutch book, and that it was one of the first books printed after the invention of the art, appears from the leaves, which are pasted together that the naked sides might not be offensive to the eye; and none at first were printed in a more perfect manner. This species of traffic attracted numerous customers, and the profits arising from it increased his love for the art, and his diligence in the exercise of it. He engaged workmen, and amongst these was one JAN, or FAUST; this man, who assisted at the printing-press under oath, after he had learned the art of casting the types, setting them, and other branches of the trade, and thought himself sufficiently instructed, having watched the opportunity, as he could not find a better, packed up the types and other articles on Christmas eve, while the family was engaged in celebrating the festival, and stole away with them.

He fled first to Amsterdam, thence to Cologne, until he could establish himself at Mentz, as a secure place, where he might open shop, and reap the fruits of his knavery. The precise time in which printing was discovered by Laurence is not ascertained; but from circumstantial evidence it is collected, that the first idea must have been suggested to Laurence about the year 1428, or 1430.

ROSE. And now, mamma, will you tell us by whom the art of printing was first introduced and practised in England?

MRS. L. It is handed down to us by our historians, that William Caxton, a mercer and citizen of London, who, by his travels abroad, and a residence of many years in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, in the affairs of trade, had an opportunity of informing himself of the whole method and process of the art; and by the encouragement of the great, and particularly of the abbot of Westminster, first set up a press

in that abbey, and began to print books soon after the year 1471. There he printed a book on the game of chess, and ornamented it with some pictures, which are called wood-cuts, because they are cut out on wood. These wood-cuts of Caxton's would seem very strange and rough to us now, but at that time they were thought very fine specimens of engraving. But it is late, Eglantine; you have been very quiet all the evening, are you not well?

EGL. I have a very bad head-ache, mamma, but I did not like to say so, because I knew it would make you sorry.

"Indeed, my dear, I am very sorry," said Mrs. Lesslie, and as she took her hand its burning heat distressed her much. At this moment Jeanie, the nurse, came into the room. "Oh, ma'am," said she, (looking anxiously at the children,) "Mrs. Smith has sent to beg some medicines for one of her girls, who has got the Typhus fever and is very ill." Mrs. Lesslie's heart beat quickly.

“Were you at her cottage this morning, Jeanie?”

“Yes, ma’am, and one of the children was in bed; she belongs to Miss Eglantine’s class at school, and before I knew it, she was beside her scholar’s bed; but I hope no harm has come of it.”

“I am afraid so,” said Mrs. Lesslie, “but we will put her to bed, and I hope she will be better in the morning.” Mrs. Lesslie carried her to bed; Rose and Kate went sorrowfully to their pillows, and cried themselves to sleep, for Eglantine was the darling of the house, and every one was delighted with her affectionate anxiety to keep from others the danger she had herself incurred.

CHAP. V.

The Fever.

The following morning confirmed the worst of Mrs. Lesslie's fears, poor Eglantine was pronounced by Dr. Bell to have caught the Typhus fever, nor did he disguise from her mother that it was of a dangerous, as well as a contagious kind. Mr. Lesslie immediately resolved to take the other children with the nurse-maid to Grove Place, where he knew they would be safe and happy, but Rose entreated earnestly to be allowed to remain.

"Indeed, papa," said she, "I will not once enter even the passage leading to Eglantine's room, I will not touch any

thing that comes out of it, but do not take me away from the house, where I can hear many times a day how she is, and besides poor mamma will require my help; pray let me stay, dear mamma plead for me."

"I cannot refuse you, Rose," said Mr. Lesslie, "and I hope we shall not have cause to regret it; but remember you must resolve in this case, to be really a help and not a hinderance to your mother; you must try and command your feelings, and though you are sorry for your sister, you must try to be cheerful, and keep up your mother's spirits; this is an opportunity in which you may learn many a useful lesson, and I hope it will not be unimproved. Mrs. Johnstone received the charge entrusted to her by her friend, with the kindness of a mother, she was very sorry that she could not go and help Mrs. Lesslie to nurse Eglantine, but her own health was always very delicate, and she was particularly inclined to take infection, so she thought it her duty not to

go. When Mr. Lesslie had stayed a little while he took leave of Mrs. Johnstone and the children, and returned home as fast as possible.

In about a fortnight Eglantine continued to be in great danger; on the fourth day of her illness the little girl from whom she caught the fever died, two or three more in the neighbourhood followed soon after, and this made her parents very much alarmed; but though Rose saw her mother more anxious than ever she had seen her before, yet Mrs. Lesslie had always a smile on her face, and she told Rose that she thought it most likely that God would take away her sister, in a very low but calm tone.

“Mother” said Rose, “may I not see Eglantine once more, if you think she will die?” “No my child, said Mrs. Lesslie,” poor Eglantine would not know you, for she knows no one now, nor does she recollect any thing or any body rightly; if you

were to see her, you would perhaps catch the fever, and that would be a great deal more care and sorrow for your papa and me, you know: and if she should die, remember that you must endeavour to be a good girl, and then you will see her again in a better world, where she will know you, and where you will never be parted, nor either of you ill again."

"But mother," said Rose, sitting down on a footstool at her mother's feet, and hiding her face on her knee, for she found she could not stop her tears, "if I prayed I might not catch the fever, perhaps I should not, you know; and you have not caught it." "It is true, my love, that if God pleased, you might not catch the fever, but it is not right to place ourselves in danger, and then expect that we are to be saved from it; could you do your sister good it would be your duty to run some risk, but you cannot, and you are more likely to take infection than I am, because you are

younger, and if I were as likely, it is still my duty to nurse her, because I am her mother. But be satisfied, my dear Rose, that you have been a great help and comfort to me, and now go to your room, and pray for Eglantine, and I will go to her bed-side, and let the nurse get some sleep."

This was a very sad fortnight, but not one day did Rose forget to write to Kate, though she felt sometimes as if she wished that she was not obliged to write that her sister was so very ill, and that there was so little hope of her recovery. One day, about a fortnight after she was taken ill, Dr. Bell told Mr. and Mrs. Lesslie before Rose, that there would be a change he thought in the afternoon, but he could not tell if she would die, or if she would be much better; but he begged that if she fell asleep, as he expected she would do, that her parents would prepare their minds for the worst. They both thanked him for telling them what he thought, and told him

they had endeavoured to look upon their little girl as dying.

At three o'clock Rose was sitting in the library with her papa, when her mother came in and told them that Eglantine had fallen asleep. Mr. L. went away to his study without answering her; Rose clung to her mother in silence, who kissed her, and whispering, "Put your trust in God, my child," left her to return to the sick room. For three hours Rose sat quite still on the stool by the window. She had her Bible on her knee, quietly looking at the little plot which was called Eglantine's garden, and which was opposite to that window. It was a fine day, and the flowers looked bright and pretty, and there were no weeds in it, for Rose knew that her sister liked to see her garden neat, and she had risen early every morning, to pull up all the weeds since Eglantine had been ill. She looked at it and thought how happy it would make her, to see her sister well, and

able to admire the beautiful flowers of her moss-rose tree, which was then full blown. Soon after, her mamma came into the room, much agitated: "Rose, my love," said she, "Eglantine has waked, and is much better, and I have reasonable hope of her being out of danger."

ROSE. Oh, mamma, I am so happy, I will run and tell papa.

"Are you come to tell me of your sister?" said Mr. Lesslie very sorrowfully.

ROSE. Yes, papa, Eglantine is awake, and mamma thinks her better, and out of danger.

From that evening Eglantine got better every day, and when a fortnight had passed away, Mrs. Johnstone brought all the children home, and promised to remain a week. On that day the invalid was allowed to take her tea in the little parlour, and every one was happy to see her there again.

"Oh, mamma," said Eglantine, "what a beautiful evening! and how pretty the

lawn looks after the shower that has just fallen; the grass sparkles, the flowers are so sweet, and the birds sing delightfully. I never observed the sky nor the earth look so beautifully as it does to-night."

Mrs. L. That is because you have been ill, my child; and now you are getting stronger every day, and this soft summer air seems as if it blew health to you; you see there is some advantage in being sick, although it is painful, and I hope you will never forget those feelings.

"Oh no, mother, I shall never forget my illness, nor your kindness and attention to me; for Dr. Bell said, that, under divine favour, your care had saved my life; nor shall I ever forget how happy I felt when I awoke and saw you looking so kindly at me, for I had been in a disagreeable dream so long, and I used to fancy such frightful things, and all that I touched seemed hot to me, and that day when I woke, every thing was cool and comfort_

able, and I knew you were near me, and that I was in my own little bed; but I have a great many questions to ask you, mother, if you please, that I have been keeping for this last week in my mind, till we should be all together again, and now that tea is over, may I ask them?"

"Yes, my love," said Mrs. Lesslie, "pray begin."

EGL. I want to know what my medicines have been made of, where they come from, and all about them, if you will take the trouble to tell me.

MRS. L. You have had a great many different medicines, do you know how many, and all their names?

EGL. Not all, but some; there were rhubarb, calomel, castor oil, camphor, laudanum, ether, bark, manna, and some others.

MRS. L. We will begin with the medicines, my dear. Rhubarb is the root of a plant that comes both from Arabia and

Turkey, but the latter is thought the best. It is of a dark reddish brown colour, has a strong smell, and is a very valuable medicine.

“We had some rhubarb puddings at Grove Place,” said Kate, “but that did not look brown, it was green, and I never tasted any physic so good.”

Mrs. L. I dare say not, my dear; that is not the root of the plant, it is the stalks of the leaves cut into small pieces, and stewed with sugar; the leaves are very large, something like dock leaves, which you have seen growing in the fields. Calomel is a preparation of quicksilver, or mercury, and quicksilver is a metal, one of those called imperfect metals, because its appearance is changed by heat or other means; there are only two metals that are perfect or unchangeable, and not to be lessened or dissolved by fire, and they are gold and silver. Quicksilver resembles melted silver, and is found in mines, in



"The ruins of Delhi"



"The discovery of the Quicksilver Mines of Idria"

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large quantities together, under ground. There are mines of this valuable metal in Hungary, Italy, Spain, and South America.

Mrs. Johnstone here stopped Mrs. Leslie, to tell the young people that she had lately been reading a very amusing account of the discovery of the quicksilver mines in Hungary, written by a Mr. Russell, of Edinburgh, and he said they were discovered by accident.

ROSE. Will you tell us how, dear Goody?

MRS. J. With pleasure. These mines are in a part of Hungary called Idria, or Carmola : a peasant of that country, who made wooden tubs and vessels for sale, was in the habit of going to the valley, where these mines are, and which was then covered with trees. There he cut down the wood he required, and frequently worked at his tubs, and finished them on the spot. He had placed some pails one night in a

small pool, in a rivulet, which came out of the mountain, for the purpose of seasoning them; and to keep them under water, he put into them a quantity of sand taken from the bed of the stream. In the morning he found all his strength scarcely sufficient to lift one of them out of the water; he supposed this must be from the weight of the sand which he had thrown in the preceding evening, but he thought this was very wonderful, and he carried the pail just as it was to the parson of the village. This clergyman was a clever man, and suspected what might be the cause; so he sent it to the person who had the charge of some other mines in Hungary, and who was called the Imperial Director, and it was found to contain half its weight of quicksilver; and then the Emperor declared that all that part of the country belonged to him, and several people tried to find out the mine for a long time, but they could not, and all of them got tired excepting

one man, who spent many months and much money in the attempt, but at last he died without succeeding, and left his wife and family very poor. The workmen he had employed being sorry for the family, made an offer to continue to work for fourteen days longer without being paid for it, and during that period, just as they were on the point of giving it up in despair, a shout was heard at the end of the shaft, or place to which they had dug, and where they had at length discovered the quicksilver.

EGL. Oh, I am glad of that, for the sake of the poor widow: and what did she do with it?

MRS. J. She sold her right to the Emperor, my dear, and ever since that time, which is more than four hundred years ago, these mines have been worth many thousands every year to the government; for quicksilver is used in a great many ways, in medicine, in making money; and it is

that which being put behind common glass, makes you see yourself, and is what we call looking-glass; but working in these mines is very hurtful to the health of the poor labourers, and Mr. Russell tells a story of two ladies, who went down to the mines not long ago, and when they came up the gold watch of one of them was spoiled, and looked as if it had been made of tin, and the face and neck of the other were all black, for she had been so foolish as to put on paint, and these are always the effects of quicksilver. But now we must go on to some other medicines, for Eglantine must go to bed early.

“Castor oil,” said Mrs. Lesslie, “is extracted from a tree that grows both in the East and West Indies; I believe the former is preferred, as it is there extracted by a cold preparation, and in the West Indies by a hot one. Camphor is a white gum, brought from Turkey and Arabia, and has a very powerful smell. It is sometimes

thought to prevent infection, but I am not quite sure that it would do so. Laudanum is a preparation of opium, which is the juice of a white poppy; you have seen scarlet poppies among the corn, and there are some pretty yellow ones in the portico at Grove-Place. These white poppies grow in Turkey, in Egypt, and the East Indies, and when they are gathered, the juice is squeezed out, and it is made up into cakes, to send to Europe, after being thickened. The opium sent from Turkey is the best. In the countries where it grows the people eat a great quantity of it; it has the effect of making them go to sleep; and as the climate is very hot, they spend many hours of the day asleep; but if a person in this country were to take as much as they do, it would kill them. I once knew a little girl, whose mother gave her a large dose of laudanum, instead of the medicine which would have been proper for her, and she went to sleep, but she never woke any

more. Ether is made by distilling acids with spirits of wine, and spirits of wine is brandy distilled over again, or rectified, as it is called. Ether is very inflammable; Mr. Thompson's son Charles was in his father's surgery one night, and happened to break a large bottle of ether, while the candle which was burning in the room ignited and set fire to it instantly; the whole room was soon filled with smoke and flame, and poor Charles was obliged to dash his hand through the panes of the window to admit the air, or he would have been suffocated.

EGL. Oh, mamma, pray tell me what that horrible blister is made of, that you put upon my side, and that gave me so much pain.

MRS. L. I think, my dear, that before I tell you, we may finish the account of the other medicines. Bark, as you will guess by the name, is the bark of a tree called the Quinquina; it comes from South

America, from a country called Peru, and was long called Peruvian bark. Some years ago there was a way of preparing it discovered in France, which makes it easier to take, being in powder ; it is called quinine.

EGL. There is only one more medicine, mother, and that is manna.

MRS. L. That is a kind of gum which comes from a tree resembling an ash, that grows in the southern part of Sicily, the little island at the bottom of Italy.

ROSE. At the toe of the boot, mamma, as we call it, since you shewed us how much Italy was like the shape of papa's boot ; pray is that the same kind of manna as the Israelites had for food in the wilderness ?

MRS. L. No, my dear, for that was like a small seed, we are told ; the manna you mean almost resembles crumbs of bread. But there is another medicine, which you have forgotten, which made you very sick, do you know which I mean ?

EGL. Ah, mamma, that is the greyish powder, and I think you called it ipecacuanha.

MRS. L. Yes, my love; it is the root of a tree found only in a part of South America, called Brazil. Its use, as you well know, is to produce sickness. Antimony is a mineral substance of a metallic nature, and is found in mines as well as quicksilver, but generally in the mines of other metals, such as gold or silver mines; but there are some mines of itself in Hungary, Germany, and France. In Dr. Johnson's Dictionary you will find a curious story told as the origin of its name. A German monk, called Basil Valentine, having thrown some of it near his pigs, he observed that they ate it, and after being very ill, they became fatter and better than ever. So he fancied that his brother monks would be the better for a dose of it, and he gave it to them; but they all died, and the medicine, it is said, was afterwards called antimoine, an anti-

monk, (*moine* being the French for monk).

EGL. Mamma, will you tell me about my blister?

MRS. L. Your blister, my love, was made of flies, not like those you see flying about this room; but of a large green fly, found in Spain; they are called cantharides. A great many of these flies are pounded in a mortar, and made into a paste; and being of a poisonous nature, they raise blisters on the skin. It is, indeed, a very painful remedy, and I was glad to see you bear it so patiently.

ROSE. What makes this fly poisonous, mamma?

MRS. L. It is supposed to be from the food it eats when it is a worm or caterpillar; it lives on the leaves of the wild fig and other trees, which have a corrosive or biting nature. Now that we have talked over the unpleasant remedies which you have been obliged to make use of, what have you to

ask me about your food that you liked and found pleasant?

EGL. Oh, I have had puddings of sago, and millet, and vermicelli, and jelly, and blanc mange, and tamarinds to eat, which I am very fond of, and many other nice things.

MRS. L. And do you know where that favourite spice of yours come from that you like in all your sweet dishes, and which flavours your puddings?

EGL. What, cinnamon? It is part of a tree, I know, and grows somewhere in India, for I have read something about "spicy fragrant gales from India," which they said came from cinnamon gardens there.

Mrs. Johnstone told her that these cinnamon gardens were in the island of Ceylon, at the south of the peninsula of Hindoostan.

"Bishop Heber went to this island," said she, "and Mrs. Heber accompanied him; and she has written a journal of their visit

there, which is very interesting. They went in the carriage of the governor of Ceylon one day, to see these cinnamon gardens, and Mrs. Heber says that they contain seventeen thousand acres of land, an immense place on the sea-coast, near the city of Colombo, which is the capital of Ceylon. The plant thrives best in a poor and sandy soil, and in a damp climate; when it grows wild, it is about the size of a large apple-tree, but in these gardens, where it is carefully cultivated, it is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet high. The leaf is something like that of the laurel, but more pointed, and of a lighter colour. When it first comes out, it is red, but afterwards turns to green; the flowers are white, and there is a great profusion of them. Mrs. Heber also says that she was much disappointed that she could perceive no fragrance from the plants, in passing through the gardens; when she was there they were not in blossom, but

she was told that the flowers are not very fragrant either ; but if a leaf be pulled off, the perfume is strong and sweet. The cinnamon we use, you know, is the bark of the tree ; not that which you would see growing on it ; that outer coat is taken off first, and the second bark is a pale brown, or almost pink colour. This is also taken off very carefully, and laid in the sun to dry, when it rolls up in small pieces, and in this state is packed up and sent to Europe. There is a kind of fruit in the cinnamon tree, which when boiled down, is squeezed hard, and a wax of a greenish colour comes out of it ; and this wax is whitened, and made into candles which have a very pleasant smell."

" Thank you, Goody," said Rose, " now that we know what gives the puddings that nice flavour, will you tell us about the sago and the other things that puddings are made of ?"

MRS. L. Millet is the seed of a plant

that grows wild in the West Indies, but will grow very well in this country. Sago and Tapioca are preparations of the pith or the inside of the stalk of a plant also in the West Indies. Vermicelli is a composition made in Italy with flour, cheese, eggs, sugar, and saffron; your sister likes it made as a pudding, but its chief use is for soups; and I remember once reading a story of a poor man who was begging at the kitchen door of a great house, and the cook thinking he was hungry, gave him a basin of vermicelli soup, where you know the vermicelli is in small white morsels. The poor man looked at it and after taking up a spoonful two or three times and putting it back again, he sighed and returned it to the cook saying, "No! I am very poor, certainly, and very hungry, but I cannot eat anything with maggots in it."

"Poor man," said Kate, "I hope the cook ate some to shew him it was really good."

MRS. L. That I do not know, my love, but what would all these nice things be without sugar; and how do we get that?

ROSE. I have often intended to ask you to tell me about sugar, mamma, for I remember to have heard that it is made from a plant, but really it seems very strange that this pretty, hard, white substance should grow.

MRS. L. And yet it is quite true, my dear, and from a plant called a sugar-cane. I have been told that a field of sugar-canes in flower is a very beautiful sight; for the flowers grow at the top of the plant, and they are like a bunch of white feathers tipped with lilac, which when waved by the wind, have a very graceful appearance; and this plant is as useful as it is elegant, for there is no part of it which is not of use. The sugar we use is contained in the pith of the cane; the juice of which is carefully squeezed out, and then boiled, and made to go

through a great many different processes before it becomes fine as you see it there, and which will be best explained by taking you one day to a sugar-house, where it is made. From the dregs of sugar, which is called molasses, a spirit called rum is distilled, and from the scum that floats at the top while boiling, they make an inferior spirit; the tops of the canes and the leaves make excellent food for cattle, and the canes themselves, when all the piece is out, are very useful for fire-wood.

Rose said this history of the usefulness of the sugar-cane reminded her of what Mrs. Johnstone had once told them of the many uses of the cocoa-nut tree to the inhabitants of Ceylon.

EGL. How very good God is to give us so many useful trees and plants, mamma; but there is a question, I must not forget to ask. I wanted Jeanie to tell me about blanc-mange and jelly, and she said blanc-

mange was made of milk, and jelly of wine; but how could they be so stiff and solid, and put into such pretty shapes?

MRS. L. In blanc mange the milk is boiled in isinglass, which is part of the inside of a fish made into a sort of glue, and that gives the milk its solidity. Jelly is made by boiling the feet of a calf in water, and the substance in the feet makes the water thick and glutinous; this is then flavoured with wine and sugar, and boiled with egg shells, and sometimes isinglass also, to make it clear. You shall see the cook make some to-morrow.

EGL. Thank you, mamma, and where do these delicious tamarinds come from?

MRS. L. From trees that grow both in the East and West Indies, where they are preserved as a sweetmeats and sent here; they are very pleasant for cooling the thirst when parched with fever. But we have talked enough for to-night. Go to bed,

my children, and to-morrow we will pay a visit to Elm-tree row, and see the school, for your friends there are very desirous to see us.

CHAP. VI.

The Excursions.

“It is a very long time since we have heard from Tom,” said Rose to her mother one morning, as she took her place at the breakfast table.

“Yes, a whole three weeks since my letter came,” said Eglantine; “that is a long time, for Tom is so fond of writing to us. Ah, there is papa with some letters, and perhaps one from Tom.”

“Not from Tom himself, my love,” said her father; “but I have a letter to-day from Mr. Ray, his master. Poor Tom has had the measles, but very favourably; and he persuaded Mr. Ray not to write to us

till he was nearly well; because, he said, we had been anxious about you, and needed nothing more to give us pain."

"But he is better?" anxiously enquired Mrs. Lesslie.

"Much better; but still as measles so frequently do, they have left a cough, and some weakness of body, which makes Mr. Ray desirous that he should return home for a week or two, to regain his strength."

"And will he come?" said Kate, joyfully; "oh! I shall be so glad; he will help me with my garden, and hear me say my lesson, and do all I ask him, Tom is so kind."

"I do not think I shall allow him to come home," said Mr. Lesslie.

"O, papa! O, uncle!" exclaimed the three girls, and they looked at him with dismay; but there was a smile on his face that they could not understand.

"No, I do not intend he should come home, but I think we will go and see him.

Eglantine's health will be strengthened by air and exercise; your mother and Rose require a change almost as much, and my other child, my little Kate," he continued, fondly patting the head of his niece, "must not be left behind, or Tom would think his pleasure incomplete. We will go to Edinburgh, and stay there a day or two. If Tom is able, we will then go on to Glasgow, where you will find many things to please and amuse you, and then take Tom back to school, and return home by a different road. What say you to this plan?"

The children waited patiently till their mother should speak; and they saw by her look that she was pleased with the proposal.

"We are really much obliged to you for thinking of all of us," said Mrs. Lesslie; "I shall have great pleasure in seeing several dear friends in Edinburgh, and these young ones will, I am sure, enjoy the excursion; but I own it will be a considerable

addition to our enjoyment if we can prevail on Mrs. Johnstone to accompany us."

"O, we will go and ask her," said Eglantine; "come, we will take her by surprise in her dressing-room."

"Yes, but Eglantine," said Rose, "we must give her time to think of it, you know; it may not be convenient, and we must not be selfish."

"No, dear Rose, you are very right, but let us go and ask her to think of it. Come, Kate;" and they went to the door of Mrs. Johnstone's dressing-room.

"Come in little girls," said she, opening the door in answer to their knock.

"We are three little beggars, Goody," said Kate, "come to beg a favour."

"What, for some poor person," said their friend, taking her purse from the table, "how much shall I give you?"

"No, not for a poor person, but for ourselves, and our petition is for your company," said Eglantine.

“Dear Goody,” said Rose, “Tom has been ill, and papa thinks change of air will do him good; so he is going to take mamma, and all of us to Edinburgh, and afterwards to Glasgow. He says we shall be away about a fortnight, and that he should like to go to-morrow. Mamma thinks, and we all think, that if you would go with us, we should be a great deal happier, and that is our petition; but we have agreed not to ask you to answer us immediately, but to give you time to think of it. So good-bye; we will go down and leave you, and when you come to breakfast you will perhaps tell us if you will go.”

“Dear, dear Goody, pray say yes,” said Kate, and she ran away.

Eglantine looked at Mrs. Johnstone, took her hand and kissed it heartily. “Consent to our wishes, if you can,” said she in a whisper, and followed her cousin.

“I shall be down in five minutes, Rose,” said her friend, “but I am much obliged

to you for giving me time to consider. I am just as ready to decide without thinking long, as Eglantine is; but I must think now for a short time; so good-bye."

Rose went down stairs without again enforcing her request, but she watched attentively for the appearance of Mrs. Johnstone, who soon came down, and said to Mr. Lesslie, "If you will defer setting off till Wednesday, my dear sir, I shall be happy to accompany your party, and then we can divide in two carriages. I must go home this morning, and will return to-morrow night, that we may start early."

This was joyfully agreed to, and now nothing but the delights of expectation were talked of.

"I see," said Mrs. Lesslie, "that I have little chance of attention at lessons, and so we will give them up; but there is much to do that cannot be left. Your wardrobe, your rooms, and the study, must be all put

in order before we leave home; and you must assist me to give out the articles for the pensioners, and work for the children at the school. You must visit the latter, and Elm-tree row; leave lessons to your classes, and bid them farewell. So you need not be idle."

In these occupations, all of which were enjoyed, because all had a reference to, or reminded them of their journey, the two days passed quickly away, and Wednesday morning came, very fine and very warm.

They set off, and went first to D—, near which town they lived, and there they got into a steam-boat and crossed the river Tay, one of the finest rivers in Scotland. "This river," said Mrs. Lesslie, "divides what is called the Lowlands of Scotland from the Highlands. All the countries to the north of it are really in the Highlands; but I have often observed that the people are never so willing to allow that they live in the Highlands, why, I do not know,

as I think the character of the Highlanders, generally, a very noble and generous one. But, when I was travelling with your papa, two years ago, even in the wildest glens, I always found in answer to any remark of mine on the beauties of the Highland scenery, which I made to the inhabitants, that they considered the Highlands still far away from them."

After crossing the Tay, they went through the county of Fife, and as there was not much to engage their attention on the road, and they began to talk about the harbour of D—, and the many large ships that were there.

"Where do they all go to?" said Kate Mildmay, who was very fond of seeing ships and boats, having lived long in Liverpool.

"To a great many different places, my dear," said her uncle, "that large ship with three masts, which you saw going out of the harbour, is bound to, that is, she

is going to North America, and she has a great deal of coarse cloth on board, that has been manufactured in D—. This cloth is made of hemp, that has been brought in other ships from Riga, or Petersburg, in Russia, and it is called cotton-bagging, being intended to make bags into which the Americans will put the cotton which grows there in great abundance, and they will send us the cotton to be made into gowns and frocks, like these.”

“And the smaller ship with one mast, and the sails in that pretty shape coming to a point, uncle?”

“That is a smack; she is going to London with salmon from the river Tay, for the market in London, and some manufactured goods, and some passengers, who like to sail to London better than going in the stage-coach, or who go because it is cheaper; and these smacks have two pretty little rooms in them, and neat but very small beds. I will take you to see the

cabins, (as they call the rooms,) of the smack called *The Sovereign*, one day, for it is very handsome; the walls of the large cabin are of polished mahogany, and there is every comfort on board, only they will not keep you from being sea-sick."

"Then, uncle," said Kate, "when I go to London to meet papa and mamma, we will go in *The Sovereign*, if you please."

"Very well, Kate, you will find Captain Wishart very good-natured and attentive to you, and he will tell you about the names of the ropes and the sails."

"That will be charming," said Kate. "Pray aunt, is the cotton-tree large?"

MRS. L. I believe not, my dear, the fruit is about the size of a walnut; when it is ripe it bursts open, and the cotton is taken out of it; when we are in Glasgow you shall see a cotton-manufactory, that is, a place where they spin it from the rough state into one fit for weaving; it is now all

done by the power of steam, and is very wonderful.

“That is just what I have long wished to see,” said Rose, “I like that kind of sight as well as cousin Kate likes ships.”

In a few hours they arrived at the coast of the Forth, and they left the carriages again for the steam-boat. After they were all on board, Mr. Lesslie told them, that on a hill near the village where they had stopped, one of the kings of Scotland, Alexander the Third, was killed, his horse having gone over the precipice in the darkness of the evening; and by his death, as he left no children, many years of war and disturbance were caused in the kingdom.”

The children were fortunate in escaping all sea-sickness from the motion of the boat, but poor Mrs. Johnstone was very ill; she remained on the sofa of the cabin during the whole of the passage, and Mrs.

Lesslie sitting beside her; the little girls gathered round Mr. Lesslie, who was always ready to listen to their remarks, and to answer their questions.

“What a wonderful thing a steam-boat is,” said Kate. “Pray, uncle, who first invented or thought about one, and how long ago was it?”

MR. L. The first idea of the power of steam was started by a nobleman, in the reign of Charles the Second of England. A marquis of Worcester published a book called *The Century of Inventions*, in the year 1693, two years after Charles was restored to the throne, and in that book he gave the first idea of it, under the name of *A way to drive up water by fire*. There were several improvements suggested on his ideas by a Captain Savery, in 1698, and by others in the following year, and in 1713; but the greatest improver of any faint notion of the power of steam that might have existed before his time, and

indeed the man who may be called its original inventor, was Mr. James Watt, who was born at Greenock, near Glasgow, which you will see in a few days, and then I will tell you more about him. The first steam-boat that was ever made in this island was tried upon the river Clyde, in 1802, now twenty-eight years ago, but it was long before they came to be as well made as they are now. We will go down to Greenock in the *Venus* steam-boat, which is very elegant; but there is a much handsomer one, which sails from Leith to London, called *The United Kingdom*.

“I should like to know,” said Rose, “what first made Mr. Watt think that steam had so much power.”

MR. L. I have been told it was from observing the boiling tea-kettle, my dear, but I am not sure that this was the case.

“He must have been very clever,” said Eglantine.

MRS. L. He was both a clever and a good

man, and it pleased God to make him a great blessing to his country, and to all the world, yet he was always a man of simple and unaffected manners. But here we are at Newhaven.

“And there is Tom coming to meet us,” said Kate. “Oh, uncle, what a dreadful noise; what is it?”

MR. L. That noise is occasioned by the escape of the steam, and you may judge of its great power by the loudness of that noise. But come, jump on shore; Mr. Ray will help you.

Tom’s kind master had brought him to meet the party, and he seemed to enjoy the happiness of the children almost as much as their parents. Eglantine and her brother were rejoiced to see that neither of them were much changed by their illness.

“But,” said Eglantine, when they were all seated by themselves in Mrs. Johnstone’s barouche, “we were very sorry you were not at home to be nursed, dear Tom.”

“ Ah, but you need not have been sorry, Miss Tiny, for though I certainly did wish once or twice I could have seen our mother’s sweet smile, she could not have been kinder nor more attentive to me than Mrs. Ray was; one of her own little boys had the measles at the same time, and I am sure she paid me more attention than she did him, because she said I was away from my own mother.”

“ Then I will love her very dearly,” said Kate, “ for being so kind to you, Tom. Are you not happy that we are to go to Glasgow, and to see some manufactories there ? ”

TOM. Yes, Kate; we ought all to be very happy, for I think no children have such kind friends as we have. Now here we are at the Waterloo hotel, girls; is not Edinburgh a beautiful place ?

“ We can scarcely tell yet,” said Rose, “ but we have passed a beautiful church and some very handsome houses and shops.”

The afternoon was spent in walking to the castle, and when they had mounted to the half-moon battery, they all stood in silent admiration of the splendid view, which was seen to great advantage, the sky being clear and cloudless.

“ This is certainly the finest fortress I have ever seen,” said Mrs. Johnstone, “ I am not able to say if it be the most regularly built, or most according to the rules of military art, but its grandeur of situation, the stern simplicity with which it seems scarcely to rise from the rock, but to be a part of that rock itself, the majestic prospect of country around, and the striking contrast of the two towns on which it looks down; the long, tall, narrow-windowed houses of the old, and the elegant uniformity of the new town, all combine to make Edinburgh castle the object of unrivalled admiration; and I have often walked for hours on a moon-light evening in Prince’s Street, to observe the picturesque effect

which that light gives to its frowning battlements, and the solemnity of the shadow it throws down on that fine terrace. What is my little friend Eglantine thinking of so earnestly?"

"How very great God is," said she almost in a whisper, "this wide view reaching so far away, and making the buildings look so small; it is so grand; so much grander than any thing I ever saw before!"

"I am not surprised that it should," said Mrs. Lesslie, "this castle is finely situated, but its beauties are the extensive display its elevation affords of the works of God: but come, we will go through some of the interior of the castle."

In one small room Mr. Lesslie told them that James the Sixth was born, and there was in this room a picture of his mother, poor Mary Stuart, which they all admired, for the face was very beautiful.

"Will you see the regalia, sir," said the man who showed the castle.

“If you please,” said Mr. Lesslie, but I am not sure if these young ladies know what it means.”

“Oh yes, papa,” said Eglantine, “I have seen an amusing account of the regalia in a book I was reading the other day, and of a clever woman, the wife of a minister, who managed to save it when it was in danger.”

The children were much pleased with the sight of the jewels, but wished they had been put into a room where the daylight was admitted, as they could scarcely see the precious stones by the imperfect light in the room where they were. Their brother told them that the sword was the same which had been worn by James the Fourth, who was King of Scotland in 1488. He was a brave and high-spirited, but a very thoughtless King, and in a battle which he would fight against the English, contrary to the advice of some of his best and wisest counsellors, at a place called

Flodden field, he was killed along with a great many Scottish noblemen. His body, it is said, was never found, but this sword was taken from the field the next day, and there it now lies.

"Father," he continued, "I wish we had a King of Scotland now, and a court, and a parliament of our own, and that you would let me fight for my King, by and by."

"Hush, hush, my boy," said Mr. Lesslie, "do not talk treason here, if you please; when you are older, you will learn to think that it is far better for your country, that England and Scotland should only have one king; and you will find that Scotland has been much richer and happier and quieter since the union of the kingdoms."

"I had rather be poor and independent though," said Tom, marching out of the room very proudly.

"How long is it," said Rose, "since the Union, papa?" as they walked back to the hotel.

MR. L. If you mean, how long have England and Scotland been governed by one King, it has been ever since James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, who was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and who succeeded the English Queen Elizabeth in the year 1602 ; but they were more closely united by the Act of Union in the reign of Queen Anne, and we have had no parliament since that time. Here we are at the Register office ; we will go and look at the Act of Union which is kept there.

They went in, and the children saw this act, and many other curious old papers, and some letters in the handwritings of many of the Kings and Queens of whom they had heard and read.

“ Dear me, aunt,” said Kate, “ Queen Elizabeth did not write much smaller nor much better than I did when I came to Strawberry Hill ; and yet I remember you told me, she was very clever, and knew a great many languages.”

MRS. L. So she did, my love ; but writing was not so common an accomplishment for ladies then, as it is now ; no ladies, I dare say, wrote any better. You see the paper, too, is very common ; not like the fine, soft, white paper, that I use to write letters.

KATE. No, nor the beautiful coloured paper, smelling so sweetly, on which Captain Sydenham writes notes to my uncle. I dare say Queen Elizabeth would have liked that, as she was so fond of fine dress and ornaments.

“ Ay,” said Tom, “ and it would have suited Queen Elizabeth better than a British officer, I think.”

MRS. L. I agree with you, my dear, but we are all tired now, and must go and rest. To-morrow you shall see Holyrood Palace, and the camera obscura, and Mr. Wood’s school, and on Friday morning we shall go to Glasgow.

The morning soon came, and they were

quite refreshed, and enjoyed going over all the rooms of Holyrood Palace very much. Rose did not like the room which had been fitted up for the King, when he came to Edinburgh in 1822; she thought the scarlet cloth must have looked very warm, and not at all fit for summer. The rooms they all liked best were the bed-chamber and dressing-room of poor Mary Stuart; but they could not understand how there had been room to have a supper party there, for Tom told them that in that closet, Lord Ruthven came and seized David Rizzio, who was secretary to Mary, and who was at supper with her and the countess of Mar, and dragging him into the next room, with the help of some more noblemen, murdered him there.

They then followed their mamma to the gallery, and having walked along it, they went down stairs, and drove to the Calton Hill to see the Camera Obscura. With this they were astonished and delighted, and

their father explained to them its construction. They then went to Market Street, to Mr Wood's school, and here they were quite at home. Their friend Mr. Williams introduced them to Mr. Wood, who spoke very kindly to the little girls, and took the trouble of hearing some classes while they were there. Among the many scholars, a blind boy attracted their particular attention; and they listened with astonishment to his answers, displaying a range of information, which, from his years, would have seemed impossible, had they not witnessed it. He appeared to be one of the happiest there, and to listen to Mr. Wood's voice as he questioned him, with the greatest delight.

Eglantine would not leave that gentleman's side an instant. She remained modestly a little way behind him, but she continued to look at him so earnestly, that after they had left the school, and were walking back to the hotel, Mrs. Lesslie

said, "My dear little girl, do you not know that it is very ill bred to stare at any one so much as you did at Mr. Wood this morning?"

EGL. I am very sorry if I was rude, mamma, and I hope Mr. Wood did not observe me; but indeed I could not help it, for I wanted to fix his face in my mind, that when I am at home, I may recollect him, for I think he is a greater man than all the kings and queens in the world.

"Why you little Paddy," said Tom, laughing, "Mr. Wood cannot be compared with queens, for they are women, you know."

EGL. Yes, I know that, Tom, and I spoke too hastily; but why do you call me a little Paddy?

TOM. I will tell you why, if you will tell me what makes you think Mr. Wood so great a man first.

EGL. Ah, Tom, because what you and papa tell me about kings and queens is ge-

nerally about their going to war, and fighting great battles, where a great many men are killed, and taking crowns and kingdoms from other kings, and they all the time are living in great houses covered with gold and silver, and full of fine furniture, and only thinking how to make themselves happy all their lives; and Mr. Wood is teaching all these poor children, (whose parents could never have been able to teach them, nor to send them to a school where they paid much,) a great many useful things, which will enable them to support themselves in this world, and he is also teaching them to be good, and to love God, and to go to heaven. You say, the King could make papa a lord here, but when he dies, he will only be the same as one of these poor children, and Mr. Wood's instructions may perhaps make them greater and happier than the King himself in another world, so I think he is a greater man than the King.

MR. L. He is a greater man, Eglantine, than a king who only does as you say, but remember, all kings are not of that kind; none of those poor children can ever do as much good as kings and lords can, if they are good, because they have more power and more money; and if the King gives money to build houses for schools for poor children, and pays many people to teach them, he does a great deal of good, and God will love him as much as your favourite Mr. Wood.

EGL. Ah, papa, but no king would teach the children himself.

MR. L. It would not be right of him to do so, for his time and thoughts must be very much engaged in considering how to rule his kingdom. But do you know, Eglantine, who was one of the first persons that took pains to have Sunday-Schools for poor children established in England?

EGL. No, papa; was it any one I have ever heard of.

MR. L. Your friend Mrs. Trimmer, of whose little books you are so fond, was one of the first who endeavoured to introduce them; but she could never have done so much good as she afterwards accomplished had it not been for the help and patronage of one, who was both great and good.

EGL. O papa, was it the Queen?

MR. L. Yes, my child, it was the good Queen Charlotte who asked Mrs. Trimmer to come and live at Kew, where there is a royal palace, and to help her in forming Sunday-Schools. There are not many women so good and so charitable as that Queen was, and for her sake, and that of some others I will tell you of another time, I hope you will speak more respectfully of Queens in future. But we are at the hotel, and it is dinner-time; this evening you must rest quietly, for I must not shew you too many sights at once; I should wish that what you see should leave some impression upon your mind, and that you

may be able to recollect and speak of what you have heard in Market-street; then you must go to bed early, as we shall set off at seven o'clock in the morning.

Fast flew away the night, and again the sun shone bright and clear upon the happy party, as they left Edinburgh, where they intended to make a longer stay on their return.

"Now, Tom," said Eglantine, "why did you call me a Paddy, yesterday?"

TOM. Because you made a droll mistake, and Paddy is a name given in joke to Irish people, who are very apt to make mistakes like that; so at our school, we call each other Paddy when we do it.

"That is both a silly and a vulgar habit," said his mother; "all nicknames are vulgar."

TOM. O mother, no! I beg your pardon for contradicting you, for the Romans used nicknames, there are Rufus, Varus, Fronto, Caligula, Pætus, all these are nicknames,

and the Romans were such a great and clever people.

MRS. L. Notwithstanding your classical defence, my boy, with its high-sounding proofs, I assure you the practice among school-boys is very apt to become vulgar, and may lead you into unpleasant consequences.

TOM. Well, I believe you are right, mother, for we have two Irish boys at school, and they have fought with almost every one of the boys, for calling them Paddy, and saying that they made bulls; they like me, and say they do not mind my doing it, but they are very angry with some of the others.

MRS. L. Then I am sure you would not be so ungrateful for their regard as to take advantage of it, by joining in insulting them; besides, Tom, it is quite certain that people of other nations are as ready to make blunders as the Irish: Sir John Carr, who wrote an account of his travels in Ire-

land, and who visited many other countries, has taken the trouble to fill some pages of his Irish Tour with several strange blunders made by the natives of other countries, and I was so much amused with some of them, as to copy them; they are a collection which I believe would equal any that could be brought against the Irish.

“Why I remember,” said Mrs. Johnstone, “when I was a little girl, that I had a book, which had originally been lent to me by a friend, but so long a time passed, and the book remained in my possession, that I began to fancy it was my own; but having still some conscientious scruples about it, I wrote my name, with this curious reservation, “*The unintended gift of Miss —.*” Now could any Irish girl have done worse?”

The children laughed heartily, and their papa amused them with some more anecdotes of a ridiculous nature, so the hours passed merrily away. It was late ere they

reached Glasgow, for they had dined by the way, and had occasionally left the carriage, and walked to gather a flower, or to admire a prospect. They were thus a good deal fatigued, and retired early to bed.—Immediately after breakfast on the following morning, a gentleman called on their father, and told him he had one of the largest manufactories for spinning cotton in Glasgow, and that he should have great pleasure in shewing it to the young people. They followed their parents and this obliging friend with high-raised expectations, and these were all fulfilled even beyond their hopes. In the first room they entered they saw large bags filled with cotton, others empty and the cotton lying on the ground; this looked dirty and dusty, and there were two women in this room, putting it through a frame, where it was pulled to pieces by an instrument with strong iron teeth, and the dust flew out of it. Then they went upstairs into several

rooms, where there were a great many stands of machinery, all moving at once, and making a great noise, on which the cotton was wound of different sizes, till in the highest room it became quite small, and fit for weaving into muslins. Rose thought it looked best when it was about an inch wide, coming through the tubes and falling gently down, as if it had been one continued flake of snow. The gentleman who had brought them took a great deal of trouble in shewing and explaining every thing to them, and he was so kind, that they were not afraid to ask him questions.

“And now,” said he, “we will look at the engine which puts all these machines in motion;” and he took them to a small room, in which was the largest steam-engine they had ever seen, and they gazed on it with wonder and admiration. It was almost as bright as silver in those parts which admitted of being rubbed, and the force of

its movements astonished them. "That is James Watt's real monument," said Mr. Lesslie to his friend, "they need not make him one of marble." Thanking their polite and friendly companion, they now took leave of him and left the manufactory.

"There is only one drawback to the gratification of observing this curious process," said Mrs. Johnstone, "and that is, the extremely dirty state of the rooms; the floors are quite saturated with oil, which, added to the heat, must make the atmosphere unwholesome, and its effects are perceivable in the pale looks of many of the poor girls, while their voices are rendered thick, and their lungs loaded with the particles of cotton flying about."

"It is, indeed, truly melancholy," said Mrs. Lesslie, "but it might I think be partly remedied. Last year, when we were in Norwich, I was taken by a friend to see the manufactory of crêpe lisse, gauzes, &c.; I think you will tell me the material was

more favourable to neatness, but I scarcely think the manufacture itself gave me equal pleasure with the admirable order and regularity of its management. They use a great deal of oil, as well as in the spinning of cotton, but there was none on the floors, which are regularly washed every day during the dinner hour. Every Monday morning a bell rings at ten, and two girls clean each window, which are thus all cleaned in five minutes, and were as bright as those of our dining-room. Another bell tells them all to oil their spindles at once; and at the end of each stand of machinery a small slate hung up was marked with the kind of silk, the time of its putting on, and when it should be removed, and the names of the girls employed. Not a word is permitted to be spoken unnecessarily during the work hours; any misconduct at the manufactory is punished in the elder ones by small fines, which are at the end of the month divided among those who have

behaved well; — in the younger, by putting on a paper cap, which is seldom required twice. It was a very intelligent and obliging gentleman who told me all these details, and I assure you I admired their effects highly.”

“I am sure,” said Kate, “I shall never again use a bit of cotton without thinking of the trouble and expence of making it. But where do we go next, aunt?”

MRS. L. To the Museum, my dear, and I am sure you will there see much to delight you. We will take a general glance to-day, and return to examine particular objects more minutely.

“I heard you call it the Hunterian Museum, papa; what did you mean by that?”

MR. L. It is so called, my dear, from the name of the gentleman who first began the collection, and who left it to the Glasgow University,—Dr. John Hunter. He and his brother William were both very clever medical men, and there is an anecd-

dote told of John Hunter, which contains so much instruction to young people, that I will tell it you while the man is gone for the keys. Besides forming this Museum, Dr. Hunter completed a great many useful and important undertakings ; and his success in all that he attempted was so great, that a friend once asked him, how he managed thus to succeed in every thing. " Why," said he, " my rule is, never to begin any thing till I have considered well if it be practicable ; if it is not, I do not attempt it : if it is, I can do it, if I take sufficient pains ; and having begun, I never stop till I have accomplished it. To this rule I owe all my success." His picture is in the Museum ; look at it, remember my story, and try to imitate him.

The children were highly interested with the many novelties in the Museum ; they saw some curiously-shaped vessels and temples made of clay, that came from Rangoon, and reminded them of what they

had heard of the Burmese war; and Eg-lantine having wandered into another room, where there was a large table covered with glass, called out, "O, Tom, Rose, Kate, mamma, come here, pray come here; here are some things brought from the Holy Land, from the country of Judea, from the land of the Bible. O, mother, there is water from the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah once stood, and crosses, and a great many things from Jerusalem, presented by Mr. Rae Wilson; how I should like to have been with him, would not you, papa?"

MR. L. I do not know, my little Tiny, if I should have strength enough to undergo the fatigue of so long a journey, but I think it was very kind in Mr. Wilson to send these curious things here, where many people may see them.

They spent some hours in the Museum, and the children would gladly have remained longer, but their mother and Mrs.

Johnstone complained of fatigue, and they were then anxious to return to the inn.

The fortnight, which was all that Mr. Lesslie could spare, passed rapidly away. In the middle of the second week they had returned to Edinburgh, and spent some days with Mrs. Murray, who was a sister of Mrs. Johnstone. She took them to a great many pretty places, and they were very happy with her children, for she had a large family. But at last the evening came that Mrs. Lesslie told them they must bid Tom good-bye, as he must return to school. Change of air and scene had made Eglantine and her brother quite well and strong again; and they had seen so many new sights, and enjoyed so much pleasure, that they would have thought it very ungrateful to murmur at returning home; indeed, they agreed that they were very happy to go back to their little brothers, their pensioners, their scholars, and their gardens.

As they sat all round in a large circle on the evening before they left Edinburgh, Mrs. Lesslie told them that Mrs. Murray had promised to bring Tom in October to Strawberry Hill, and that Maria, and Fanny, and Charles Murray, would come with her, while their sisters and brothers would go to Grove Place, so they would all meet very often.

“How charming,” said Kate Mildmay, “and it is only three months to October, and then we shall be so happy, and have so many questions of an evening.”

“Mamma,” said Eglantine, “Tom and I have been thinking of a nice plan for our evening questions. You know you often say we are little ramblers, flying off from one subject to another; now we have been consulting together how to alter this, and will you let me tell you?”

MRS. L. Well, my little girl, unfold your plan and we will say if we agree to it.

TOM. Yes, mamma, and if you do con-

sent you will say, "*La Reine le veut*," for that is the royal way you know.

Eglantine stood up in the midst of the circle, looking a little timid at first, but caught the smiling faces of her elder friends, and the eager looks of her young companions, and Tom came and stood by her, with his arm round her neck, so she went on more courageously. "Why, mamma, as Mrs. Johnstone and Mrs. Murray will both be with us in that happy six weeks, and as we little girls and boys are many of us about the same age, and know much about the same of most things, and have been taught by the same books, the plan we proposed is, that the three hours we spend with you each evening, should be passed in asking questions, mostly on one subject, and that will inform us more clearly of all of them. On a Monday, perhaps, you will let us ask you about History; on Tuesday about Geography; on Wednesday something else, and then we will write

down the heads of all you tell us, as much as we can remember, and there will be six nice little volumes, each about one sort of knowledge or science; this is my scheme.

MRS. L. So good a one, Eglantine, that I say without hesitation, "*La Reine le veut*;" you shall all keep a little account of our conversations, and I will keep a longer one, and some day, perhaps, we may get our remarks printed. But it is eight o'clock. Now, my dear boy Tom, may you be blessed, now, always; say farewell quickly, and be off. Good bye, good bye, ladies and gentlemen.—Hurrah for the first of October!

THE END.

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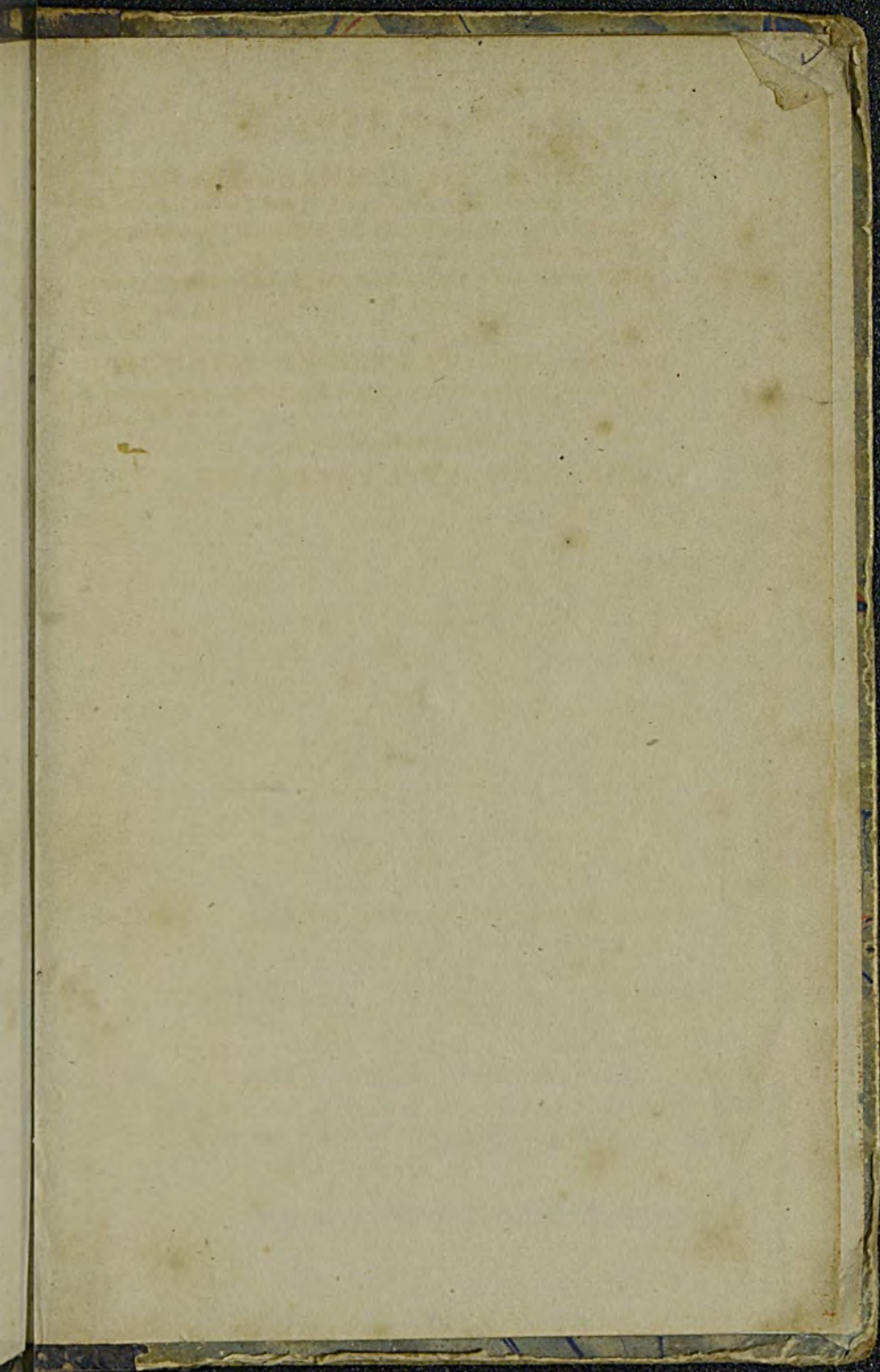
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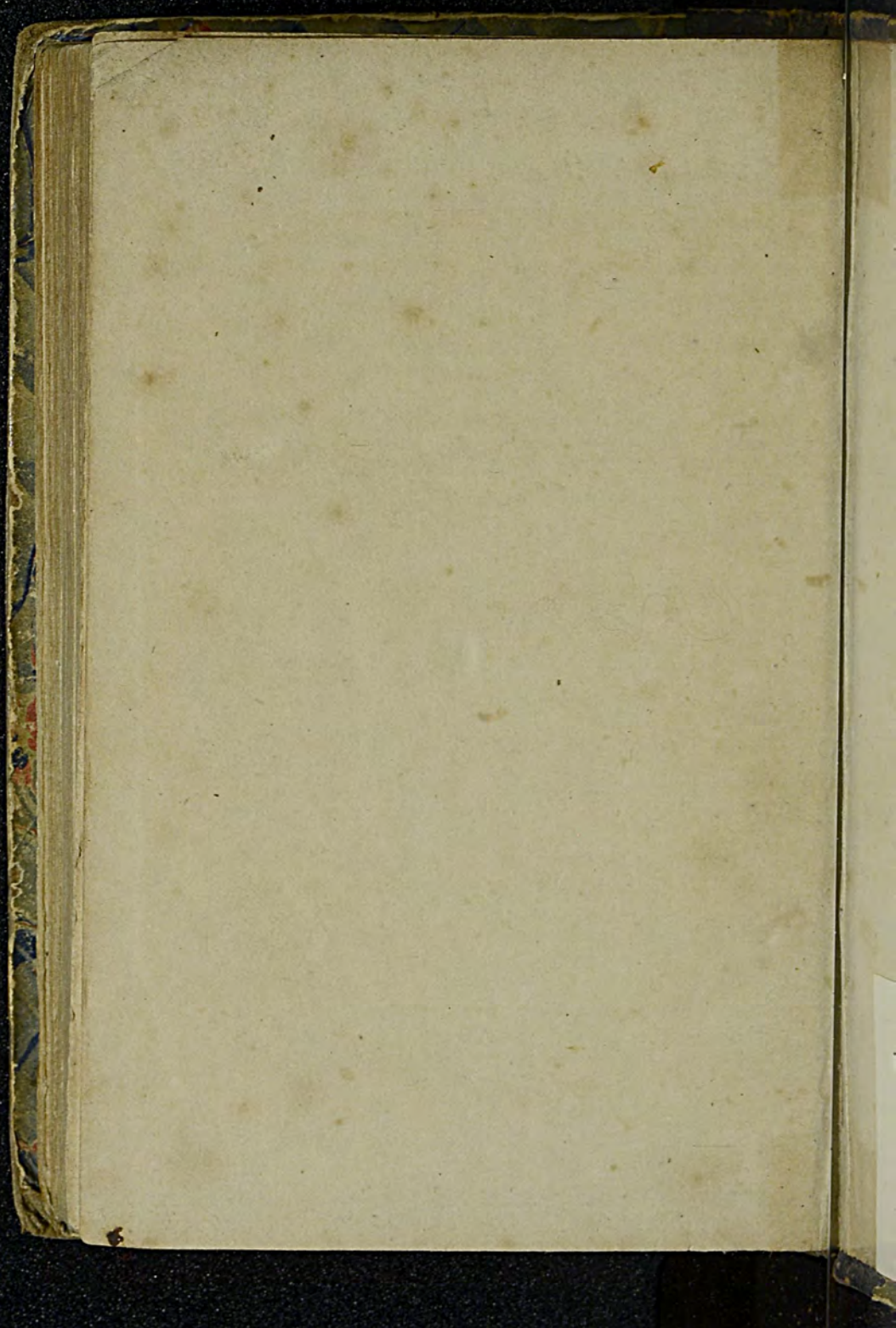
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