

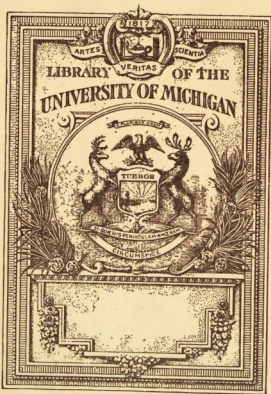
JUVENILE
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1849



THE GIFT OF
Ruth Cattermale

Little Tupper

from

Stunt Elyse



STORIES,
NOT FOR GOOD CHILDREN, NOR
BAD CHILDREN,
BUT
FOR REAL CHILDREN.

THE MOSS CUP.

"The Child is father of the Man ;
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

WORDSWORTH



See p. 79.

THE
MOSS CUP:

BY (Prince)
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

—
"When I was a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a
child."—*St. Paul.*
—

SIXTH EDITION.

BUFFALO:
GEORGE H. DERBY & CO.
1849.

Juvenile
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TO

The Mothers of our Country,

WHO ARE WILLING THAT

NATURE SHOULD DEVELOP HER SWEET WORK
IN HER OWN SWEET WAY, WITHOUT FORCING
IT INTO PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT,

THESE PAGES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

A SOLITARY man, travelling amid the sands and dryness of Africa, found himself, at one time, naked, hungry, and athirst, the night coming on, and he alone, afar from any human aid. Overcome with the wretchedness of his state, he cast himself upon the ground, thinking he must assuredly die. All at once, his eye fell upon a tuft of moss, with the pretty cups ready to be filled with dew. He burst into tears, for the moss cup had brought him a great thought. It was this.

If God, in this wilderness, careth for a useless thing, like a moss cup, to adorn it with freshness and beauty, he will not let me perish for want of succor.

Thus he grew strong and hopeful, and lived to tell how this least of God's beautiful children may bring a great truth to the

heart. Hence our book shall be the Moss Cup, humble in itself, but able to touch the springs of fresh, and generous, and cheering thought.

The writer wishes hereafter to do something more for her little friends, something which may bring her still nearer to their dear hearts. She keeps a child-heart herself, and writes for them out of the love she holds there; she does not feel that any thing, and all things, will do for a child; but she does feel that whatever she may say to such from a pure and loving spirit, cannot fail at some time to please them. She is therefore the more earnest to write out some of the many pleasant fancies which grow upon her mind, whenever she thinks of her friends, the little folks.

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THE MOSS CUP.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHAPTER I.

GRANDMAMMA was looking at a picture of a savage-looking little fellow, who was standing in the middle of the floor and tearing up his Christmas books. She took off her spectacles, and wiped them on the corner of her white muslin handkerchief, put them on again, and murmured, in a quiet, puzzled undertone, "I don't think I rightly understand the meaning of that."

"I think he is very naughty," said

little Eva, and she leaned her head upon grandmamma's shoulder, and the tears swelled one by one from under her lids; for the child distils them as easily and as quietly as a June evening distils dew.

"Very naughty is he, Eva? Then here's at him." And Clarence thrust out a long stick of candy, as though he would poke it into the ribs of somebody.

Eva dodged her head forward, and bit off the end of the candy; and Clarence drew, with his fingers, two long lines down her cheeks.

"That will make the way easy for the tears, Eva. But who is naughty? Tell me all about it. I *will not* read a word to-day; I said I wouldn't, and I won't. 'Tis Christmas day; and didn't the preacher say, this morning, that 'this day delivered us from bondage

of all kinds' ? Of course he meant, in part, such bondage as having to serve little, ugly, black-looking soldiers, called *letters*."

"How you *do* stare, Eva! and those tears are drying upon your cheeks a little saltish. Well, Eva, 'tis a pity you were not just a little wicked,— not much, you know, but so you would need to cry about your own naughtiness, just as I do; and then you would let other folks alone. But I do like a good hearty fellow, that *does* sometimes dash into a scrape, but is man enough to *know* what is bad, and to repent in earnest when he does it."

Eva tucked both little hands under her armpits, as small girls do of a cold morning, and sidled down upon a bench to listen; for Clarence was a terrible boy for making speeches. At this moment, grandmamma laid aside

the picture and her spectacles, saying, with a sigh, "That boy has been treated wrong some way, I'm sure."

"Eva, put that picture so that I can see it," said Clarence. "I won't read about it; I won't break my word of honor this day, nor any day."

Eva put her arm over the reading part, and Clarence gave one glance at the picture of distress and fury presented. "George Vanderlyn!" he exclaimed; and away he burst into one of his most energetic speeches. Clarence never feels nor talks by halves. When excited, all the strong words, not bad words, (for Clarence is a boy of conscience, and a gentleman,) in the language leap to his tongue; and then he seems to feel as if these were flat. He rises from his seat at these times, and stands or steps about very firmly.

Eva listens to his speeches in silence, and then, when she begins to "preach," as he calls it, he kneels down beside her, and takes her pretty little reproofs as meekly as a boy twice as patient might do, for he loves her very tenderly, and Clarence has a fine generous heart.

"Treated wrong! So poor George Vanderlyn has fallen into the hands of the Philistines! Poor George! He had a heart — was wide awake; no sneaking about him."

Eva drew a trifle nearer to her cousin Clarence, and looked in his face with such sweet credulity, that it made her look a creature that had been sent by mistake to the wrong world. Eva hadn't learned the cunning way to talk, which some children learn, and by which they first begin to grow false. She took every

thing just in the way in which it was said.

“The Philistines, Clarence? Do we have any in the world now? I thought they were all killed, as we read about them in the Bible. Are there any now, Clarence?”

“Yes; that there is, a plenty of them. They call them *New Englanders* now. I would get rid of that name, if I were the people. I wouldn't let the maps call us *New Englanders*. I would have something that belongs this side the water for a name. Look here, Eva; you know George Vanderlyn was a hearty little Knickerbocker, and his aunt has done something with him, I don't know what; but here he is stuck into this book like a scarecrow, to frighten crows, or other little boys — the same thing, you know.”

Sure enough, it was a portrait of George Vanderlyn; and I had often heard, the year before, his aunt tell the terrible story of the destruction of the Christmas gifts, which she told every where as a proof of the badness of poor George, who was more honest than most boys, but not bad. He was only too ready to act just as he felt at the time, without stopping to think; and I must confess that New England children are taught to think so much, that they begin to think it is wrong to feel at all. It is better to feel warmly and rightly, than merely to think rightly, I think.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE was no prodigy, nor ideal of a boy. He was generous, affec-

tionate, well-disposed, and impulsive. He had a boy's devotion to play, and a boy's aversion to books. After the death of his mother, he had been sent to an aunt's, who lived in a pleasant New England village, with its invariable spired church, white academy with a little belfry at one end, and a snug, wood-colored school-house. Then there was the Circulating Library, and the Lyceum, and the "apprentice association," the "mechanic" ditto, besides "encouragement societies," "improvement" ditto, all going to show that every part of the moral and intellectual nature of all kinds of people was well cared for in the place.

George hated humbug in every shape. He hated to be thought better than he was; hence he was apt to make himself appear a little worse

than the reality. He would seat himself manfully to the mastery of his lesson, because it was his duty to study; but if told to study because "other good little boys" did the same, he became nauseated, and flung down the book with contempt.

He used to say he hated "good little boys. A fellow couldn't help going wrong sometimes, but he needn't go twice in the same way. He wouldn't be good because other boys were good, but he would do what was right because he ought to do right."

The ranges of little boys with scanty pantaloons, hands coming a little too far from their jacket sleeves, white collars, and high foreheads, the hair of each brushed from one side to show a large "widower's peak," and all studying away for dear life, had a grotesque aspect to him. He knew the

studying was all right and proper ; he could do that like the best of them ; but then he didn't see how they could help shooting off a paper ball now and then, or nudging the elbow of the next boy to whisper something funny.

He used to call it " a sort of refreshing, letting a boy know that he can do such things, — that the stuff is in him, — when he feels as if his spirit is dying out of him, and he growing a part of the ink-stained desk and the slate and paper about him."

Great was his amazement to find that the boys " down east " didn't talk about Christmas ; that they knew nothing of Santa Claus. However, he was told that Santa Claus would come to him, if he didn't call upon another boy in the village.

George went to bed in the best frame of mind in the world. He re-

pented heartily of all his mischievous pranks, wondering to himself that, when he had resolved never to commit any offence twice, he was so ready to fly off in a tangent, and commit another quite as bad. He began to wish he was like other boys about, who seemed to keep so easily to the respectabilities; who, if they never did any thing especially good, and generous, and hearty, never did any thing very bad, and always did it with a wry face, as if conscience were holding up a whip, which they feared, as cowards do, and yet dared to do what their conscience told them was wrong, which George never did; for his mischief was done in a flash, as it were, and he was sorry for it a long time afterwards.

Well, George thought these things over, till he grew perplexed and weary,

and then he wished his mother was only near, to talk to him of the right and the wrong in this world; and then he wept long over the memory of her sweet teachings, and the pleasant Christmas mornings, when she used to help him unload the stocking filled by Santa Claus; and then the child dreamed of being restored once more to the severed circle of home, and sitting by his mother's knee.

Early in the morning George rushed down stairs to examine the stocking. It had been taken from the wainscot, where he had fastened it as in by-gone days. He looked round aghast. At length he approached the table, on which he espied a variety of beautiful pens, pencils, and papers, and a pile of books. Mechanically he opened one. His own name was written therein — “Presented by his affection-

ate aunt, in the hope he will be more dutiful and studious."

Instantly the leaf was torn from the cover. Another and another followed, and poor little George's rage grew in the ratio of indulgence.

"I won't be wheedled into goodness; I won't be cheated into knowledge," he cried, tearing the books in a manner that showed he was in no danger of being deluded in that way.

"Tear away, my fine lad," cried Clarence, looking at the picture after I told the story. "I like your spirit. *If a body takes medicine, let him do it honestly, and not humbug himself with a lozenge.* Preach or play, one or the other; no sneaking about, and mixing things up."

"But think of the nice books, dear Clarence, and the kind aunt," said little Eva, taking things in detail.

"But think of the cheat about Santa Claus, Eva, and having a reproach written out in a Christmas gift. Think of having a book which would be always reminding you of the mischief you had done, and telling you that people think you bad. It's enough to make a fellow bad."

"True, Clarence, you are right," I said; "I never blamed George Vanderlyn much in this matter. Children are half the time taught evil by having it so often forced upon them in the way of reproach and counsel. It is better to trust something to impulsive goodness of nature. Foster the good, and the evil will die out."

George felt himself aggrieved. He was too young to respect the pious scruples of his aunt, who saw a relic of Popery in this homage to Saint Nicholas. Suspecting every thing not graced

with the palpable odor of morality, reverencing intellect as all New Englanders do, she was apt to question the most harmless geniality, and to consider all time as lost, that did not, directly or indirectly, minister to the growth of knowledge.

Hence she could have no perception of the mysterious visit of Santa Claus, the genial friend of children — the stocking crammed with nuts, and candies, and toys, and knick-knackereries in every shape; the well-dissembled surprise of the household, the merriment, the noise; the universal hurry and good-will; the cracking of candy, and firing of pea-nuts; the squeaking of tin trumpets, and the beating of drums.

“Great, glorious!” cried Clarence, discharging a volley of nuts, kissing Eva, and striking up a march all in a breath. “Santa Claus doesn’t come

to preach sermons, but to impart happiness. He is a big boy himself, ready for a freak when it will harm nobody, and a downright lover of fun and geniality;" in confirmation of which faith he gave Eva another kiss, pinched Carlo's ears for the sake of caressing him afterward, and in a fever of goodwill looked out of the window, where, seeing a half-frozen girl creeping by, with a dirty basket upon her arm, he raised the window by stealth, and tossed in a handful of crollers, dodging his head so quickly that the child never knew whence they came.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Clarence thought the girl must have gone by, he lifted himself up, and looked out of the window, and

Eva came and stood beside him. They both had their eyes fixed upon the windows of a house opposite, where a very pale lady was leaning just inside of the curtains; and once or twice she put a handkerchief to her face, and they knew she was weeping. At last she saw Clarence and Eva, and she kissed her fingers to them, and moved away.

Clarence's heart beat quick; he breathed heavily; and then, seeing Eva with her eyes full of tears, he dashed one from his, and tried to whistle. It would not do, and he ran out of the room. There was a grief even in such a Christmas, bright as was the sun, and joyful as every thing looked, and plentiful as were the presents and the kind wishes.

The lady in the house upon the

opposite side of Broadway, was Mrs. Clide, a widow, with but one child in this world, her oldest, a fine, frank boy, having died, since the last Christmas, of a brain fever.

Clarence and Henry Clide had been congenial friends; and many were the country tramps they had had together, in the vacations and holydays, and many the boy-secrets imparted by each, and the generous sacrifices for each other. They were rarely apart. With them joy could not be joy unless both shared it. They read, studied, and played together. Either would have suffered any thing to ward suffering from the other.

The three days that Henry was ill, Clarence never left him; and when he died, poor Clarence came near dying from grief. I dare not tell how Henry

breathed his last, with his arms about Clarence, and how very much Clarence suffered; the story is too painful; but a journey was necessary to restore his health, and bring him to think more calmly upon the separations in this world.

When Eva and Clarence next met, they each tried to talk cheerily, and they did not speak of their tears, for they knew it was wrong to mar the cheerfulness of others.

At the time that Clarence left the window so suddenly with Eva, he went to his room, and wept very much; and then he took a pen, and wrote some lines, because he found comfort in putting his thoughts into shape. I will give them here, they are so like Clarence's own dear self:—

THE DEAD PLAYMATE.

I'm weeping for thee, Harry Clide,
Thou boy so smart and full of fun ;
A dozen others might have died,
Nor had I missed them every one,
As I miss thee, dear Harry Clide.

It might have been poor Sammy Grey, —
For Sammy is a weakly boy,
Who never seems to laugh and play,
As if his heart were full of joy, —
And then, I had not wept to-day.



Poor Sam, I'm sure, was never known
To get in any sort of scrape ;
The good with him is always done,
And mischief spurned in every shape :
He never has a heart for fun.

Well, somehow, I can't hardly tell
Why every pale-faced, moping boy,
Ready at stroke of school-house bell,
Who never whistles down his joy,
Is always liked so very well, —

And lads like Harry Clide and me
Are told to be like Sammy Grey,
Who sits about with book on knee,
And yawns and mopes the blessed day,
As crooked, too, as he can be :

A boy has much to learn, I think,
That is not found in any book,
From mountain breeze and water brink,
From forest way and running brook,
And music of the bob-o-link :

It makes him feel so stout and strong,
So full of life and all good-will,

To leap the rocks, the sea along,
And climb the rocky, steep-side hill,
Up where the wild bird weaves his song!

I'm graver than I used to be,
Dear Harry Clide! Another lad
I'll never love as I loved thee,
For things that once looked bright and
glad,
Now thou art gone, are changed to me.

GEMS AND REPTILES.

AN OLD STORY TOLD OVER.

CHAPTER I.

Was the Child evil?

O DEAR! what a naughty girl I am! I must be naughty, for nobody loves me, and nobody speaks kindly to me. My aunt and cousin tell me, every day I live, I am the worst girl in the world. It must be true, they say it so much; and yet I don't know what it is that I do so very bad."

Little Blanch looked round, for she thought somebody said, close to her ear, "Nothing, nothing." But she must have been mistaken. There was no one in sight, and she could

only hear the wind kissing the daisies
and laughing in the willows, and teas-
ing the long, slender branches, that
tried to dip down and play in the
fountain.



Blanch set the pitcher upon the
green bank, and bent over to look
down, down into the clear waters, as
they bubbled up in the shadow of the
hill, and then trickled away over the

pebbles, eddying around the roots of the old trees, and slipping over the spotted backs of the trout as they hurried with them, and then hid under the shelf of an overarching rock.

Blanch began to feel quite happy, though she couldn't tell why; and then she looked down into the fountain, and saw her own eyes peeping up, and she laughed; and the girl in the water laughed; and both laughed together, till the old woods took up the chorus, and the hills and rocks sent it back again.

“O dear! what a noise I am making! and my aunt will be angry with me for staying so long.”

Blanch looked once more into the water, but the little girl from beneath did not laugh this time; on the contrary, her face was quite pale and sad, and Blanch looked into her melancholy

eyes till the tears gushed to her own, and fell into the water. The drops circled away in dimpling lines, growing larger and larger, and completely hiding the face of the little girl in the water.

Blanch rubbed her eyes, and looked again, for she saw something exceedingly beautiful, stirring the pebbles at the bottom of the fountain. She held back her hair with both hands, and looked down close and still; for there, right beside her own face, she saw a most lovely being, smiling, and holding up its small, pale hands.

Blanch let her hair fall, till it almost blinded her eyes, and even dipped into the fountain, while she held out both hands to the little lady of the water.

“Thank you,” said the beautiful creature, springing lightly on the bank,

and smoothing her long curls, and smiling in the eyes of the little girl.

“You are a good girl, Blanch, and I mean to be your friend; that is, if you are always good — for should you become sinful, you couldn't look upon me, or I speak to you.”

She said this in a low, sad voice, and the little girl thought she was then even prettier than when she smiled.

The lady sat still a while, plaiting the pretty flowers that grew around into a coronal; for it is likely she knew the child was so curious to mark her strange dress, that she would hardly hear a word that might be said.

Blanch had heard of water nymphs, but she had been told they had sea-green skin and eyes, and hair hanging like the sea-grass all about their shoulders. She thought they must be very ugly, and was quite certain the beauti-

ful creature beside her could not be one of these.

The lady's cheek and neck were of the pure color of the inner lip of the ocean shell, growing of a brighter and brighter hue, till, just below the eye, it became of that rich beautiful tint we find upon the shell as we look in, in, to its very heart. Then her hair was soft and bright, like long threads of amber, waving and glittering in the light. Her eyes were of the deep, deep blue, seen upon the surface of the muscle-shell, but so soft, so liquid in their lovingness and beauty, that Blanch thought she could never tire in looking at them. Her voice was like breathed melody; soft and murmuring, like the sound of the shell when held to a human ear.

She had a coronal of pearls about her head, and bracelets of the same

upon her arms. Her robe was curiously wrought of exceedingly small shells, like gold and silver, all strung together. It was fastened at the shoulder with a large emerald, and her girdle was of amethysts and diamonds. Her sandals were of pearly shells, streaked with pink — the tellina, I think — and were fastened with a fillet of the sea-weed.

CHAPTER II.

Did Blanch have a bad Heart?

“You may call me Fontana, Blanch,” said the lady, placing the chaplet of flowers upon the brow of the child.

Blanch smiled, and pulled the little daisies, for she couldn't just think what to say.

“Would you like some of these pearls and diamonds, Blanch?”

“O, they are very beautiful,” said the child; “but I should have no time to play with them. Dear, dear! how long I have staid! O, my aunt *will* scold.” She took up the pitcher, and was hurrying away in great trouble; but Fontana stopped her.

“You must not go yet, Blanch. I will see that your aunt doesn’t scold you; so sit down, and let us talk a while.”

Blanch was very loath to stay; but Fontana was so gentle, and promised so earnestly that all should be well, that at last she sat down again by the fountain.

“If you don’t want pearls and diamonds, Blanch, what do you wish for? What shall I do for you? Shall I

punish your aunt and cousin for treating you so ill?"

"O, no, no," said the little girl, very earnestly; "they treat me so because I am so very naughty. How could you think of such a thing? I'm sure I never did."

Fontana smiled, and kissed the cheeks, and eyes, and lips, of the child.

"I love you dearly, Blanch, and do wish you could think of something I can do for you."

Blanch dropped her eyes, as if thinking earnestly; and then her face dimpled all over with smiles as she said, —

"I wish you would help me to be *good*, so that my aunt and cousin, and every body, will love me. I should be quite happy then."

"What, don't you want to be rich

and ride in a coach, and have servants, and dress grandly; and then let your aunt and cousin be poor, and go with bare feet, just as you do?"

"O dear, no," said Blanch, turning quite pale: "how could you think of such a thing?"

"Well, let your aunt and cousin be rich, too, — then wouldn't you like to dress grandly, Blanch?"

"O dear! I only want to be good, and be loved," said the poor girl, turning her head away quite sorrowfully.

Fontana took her in her arms, and kissed her many times, and Blanch felt the tears upon her cheek; she heard sweet, far-off melody; the sky seemed brighter than ever, and she thought she must be dreaming, she felt so happy. Then the lady placed her upon the green bank; and when the child looked around, there was nothing

to be seen or heard, but the birds singing in the trees, and the water leaping over the white pebbles.

“O dear, dear! my aunt will scold me.” And she filled the pitcher and ran home just as fast as she could go.

Her aunt met her at the door, and had opened her mouth to utter hard words, and raised her hand to give her a blow on the ear, when the sight of the coronal upon the girl's head arrested her.

“Blanch, where did you get this? Was there ever any thing so beautiful!” And she tore it from the child's head, and held it to the light, where it did look truly exquisite; for every little leaf, and bud, and flower, was made up of innumerable small gems of the purest water.

“Come in, child, and tell me all about it.”

Blanch did tell every word ; for there was something within, that told her she ought to tell the truth, and the whole truth. Sometimes her aunt laughed, and sometimes she frowned ; but when she came to that part where the lady would have given her fine clothes, and a coach to ride in, her cousin called her " a poor, mean-spirited fool. So then you only asked to be good, you precious little fool, did you ? " she said, scornfully.

The tears came into Blanch's eyes, and fell upon her lap.

" What is that rolling about in your lap ? " said Adeline. " I never saw such tears before ; they don't soak in. " And the heartless girl shook them upon the floor. Sure enough, they rolled away, clear, brilliant diamonds, large as peas.

Adeline laughed, and scabbled after

them, and told Blanch to "cry away;" she liked such tears. But the little girl laughed as well as her cousin, and scrabbled too for the diamonds, it made her feel so happy to see smiling faces.

"I will go down to the well, too," said Adeline, "and see if I cannot get something handsome."



She soon came back, flushed and angry; she declared there was nobody

to be seen at the well, and Blanch must have found the gems, and then have made up the story as an excuse for staying so long. She struck Blanch upon the shoulder, and shook her rudely.

“Don’t be angry, cousin; you shall have all the pretty stones,” cried the child, offering those she had picked up.

But she had no sooner opened her mouth to speak, than pearls and diamonds, and all precious stones, fell therefrom, and rolled upon the floor, and flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, till the room seemed all paved with jewels.

For many days Adeline said nothing further about going to the well; for both she and her mother were so busy in fastening the gems upon their dresses, that they had no time even to scold poor little Blanch. She was now the happiest child in the world. She smiled and sang all day, and was so attentive to all

the wants of her aunt and cousin, that she seemed to know what was desired even before they spoke. She wished, in the guilelessness of her young heart, that she only had a whole mine of gems to give them, so thankful did she feel for gentle words and kind looks.

It was soon found that jewels came from the mouth of Blanch only when *she returned a gentle reply to the harshness of others ; her tears were gems only when they were tears of compassion or of sorrow.*

Adeline was making a lily, all of pearls ; she hadn't quite enough to finish it. Half in earnest, half in sport, she gave Blanch a blow, saying, "Cry, child ; I want some more pearls."

Blanch had never felt just so before : her face reddened, and she was about

to make an angry reply, when she felt a dash of water all over her face. She stopped short, and looked about, but no one was near but Adeline. Then she thought of the sinful feeling within, and knew it must have been Fontana, that sprinkled the drops in her face. Blanch knew she had felt wrong, and she shed tears of *penitence*: *they were pearls.*

CHAPTER III.

Never despise the Aged.

“COME, Blanch,” said Adeline, “take the pitcher, and I will go down to the well with you; — I like the lady’s gifts vastly, and shall know better what to ask for than you did.”

The child did as she was bid, stepping, with her little bare feet, lightly

over the stones and brambles, and prattling all the way about the beauty and dress of the lady, and wondering she had never seen her but once.

When they came to the fountain, all was still; the waters looked clear and cool, and they peered down, down, but nothing was there but white stones, rounded by the water flowing over them, and the small fish darting about in the sunshine. They sat down upon the bank, hoping the lady might appear. But she did not: no one approached, but a little old woman, with a lean, wrinkled face, who came from the woods, leaning heavily upon a staff; for she was bent nearly double with age.

Both girls looked earnestly at her till she drew near, and sunk down upon the grass beside them.

“I am faint and weary, ladies. Will you give me to drink from the fountain?”

said the old woman, in a low, trembling voice.



Little Blanch descended the bank instantly, to do as she was desired ; but Adeline cruelly spurned her with her foot, saying, " Get up, you old hag ; I wouldn't give you a drink — not I."

The old woman glanced at the hard-hearted girl with a severe and searching look, and slowly rose from the ground.

The old staff became a wand of ivory ; the lean face became soft and round ; the bent form erect and graceful ; and the beautiful lady of the fountain stood before them. She was even more splendid than before, and her look more sweet and tender.

“Dear, dear Fontana,” said Blanch, springing toward her. The lady took her to her bosom, and again and again kissed her cheek ; then the child heard once more that low, sweet melody, as if the very air, and every thing about, were full of it. Again all was still ; and now the two girls stood alone by the fountain.

“How strange !” said little Blanch. “When she is gone, I can hardly think I have seen any thing in reality, it seems so like a dream, or the pleasant thoughts I have when I am all alone.”

“Pretty well, too !” said Adeline.

“She could only frown upon me.” She stopped short, for just then a small green lizard hopped from her mouth, and the terrified girls ran home as fast as they could go.

Adeline struck Blanch, and said she had bewitched her ; and every time she spoke, small snakes and toads darted from her mouth. Then she would cry with horror and vexation, when bugs and spiders fell from her eyes.

Poor Blanch stood by, weeping and wringing her hands ; and the pearls and precious stones rolled all about the room, for no one heeded them. She thought of a thousand things, but not one that had any prospect of relieving her cousin.

“O dear, dear ! I wish Fontana were only here !” cried Blanch. She felt a slight sprinkle upon her face, and she knew the lady must be near. Then

she began to think Fontana very cruel to punish her cousin thus, and wished she were only visible, and she would tell her so. All at once some one whispered close to her ear, and said,—

“Are not pride, and anger, and cruelty, like lizards; and toads, and serpents?”

“O dear, dear! try to feel gentle, cousin Adeline. Perhaps they come because you are angry.”

“Angry,” cried Adeline, stamping with her feet; “isn’t this enough to make any body angry? I wish I had hold of that old woman, and I would tear her all to pieces.”

Just then a large serpent sprang from her mouth, and both her mother and Blanch ran out of the house.

Years passed away, and Blanch had become an exceedingly handsome maid-

en. She was still gentle and loving, like a little child, with a smile always ready for a cheerful look, and a tear for a sad one. Some thought it goodness alone that made her so beautiful; others thought it the kisses of the lady of the fountain; for she sometimes appeared, when Blanch was sad or unhappy, and spoke words of hope and love.

Adeline, too, had grown a tall, proud girl, with large black eyes of glittering brightness, and a step like a queen. There were yet times when the reptiles sprang from the mouth of the violent girl, in her moments of pride or anger. Sometimes, amidst the splendor and triumph of a ball, she would be obliged to go out in the greatest confusion; for pride, and envy, and malice, would bring the reptiles to her throat.

Blanch still wept her pearls, and spoke

all sorts of precious things; and the fame of the two girls spread far and wide. Many came to see them, hoping they might witness things so very strange. But the girls didn't speak gems or reptiles just to please strangers; they came unbidden, showing always the exact state of their hearts.

In spite of the reptiles, Adeline had many suitors, for her beauty was of the noblest kind. She contrived to keep Blanch out of sight, and so obscured in old, uncouth garments, that her beauty was only noted by those who observed her closely, or saw her often.

So Adeline had all the lovers and all the company to herself; and poor Blanch wore old clothes, and worked all day for her aunt and cousin. She gave them all her jewels, and tried to make them look beautiful whenever they went to the grand balls and parties

to which they were invited ; while she staid at home, and did all the work, and then got nothing in return but blows and harsh words.

In this way, though Blanch was much talked of, very few had seen her.

At last, a gentleman began to build a delightful little cottage close to the dwelling of the two girls. The gardens were laid out with the greatest taste, and bowers with vines and shrubbery of every kind, and ponds filled with fish, and brooks with rustic bridges thrown over them, made all seem the work of enchantment.

Adeline did nothing but dress, and put on jewels, and play upon her harp close to the window where the stranger directed the laborers ; and when he would look up and smile, or present her flowers, she was good-natured all day.

Blanch was delighted, and tried very hard to make her cousin look beautiful, and did just as she was bid, which was to keep out of sight of the strange gentleman. Blanch thought it an easy matter to do this, for she did not much like his looks, and thought he was not half so pleasing as a young servant, who worked amongst the flowers, although he was very awkward in moving the pots and setting out the roots, spilling the earth and breaking the pots, so that she couldn't keep from laughing to see him work. Then the master would come and scold and rave, and Blanch would find her eyes filling with tears in spite of all she could do.

She one day told Adeline she thought the servant was much handsomer than the master, and there was that about him that appeared much more noble.

Adeline said she was no judge, and many other things, such as foolish, vain girls say, who are in love.

CHAPTER IV.

The Good sometimes made happy in this World.

POOR Blanch was greatly distressed at all this art in her aunt and cousin, and grew every day more pale and gentle, and a great deal more beautiful too; for love always softens, as well as exalts, the style of beauty.

She sometimes wished she had never seen the stranger, for she couldn't help looking through the lattice where the vines grew thickly, to see him at his work among the flowers; and he would sometimes look up, too, and she was certain he was becoming pale and melancholy,

and she thought it not unlikely that he might be in love with her cousin Adeline, and growing sad because there could be no hope for him. And Blanch wept in holy compassion for the poor young servant.

So she took her pitcher in her hand, and went down to the fountain. She wept a long time, she could hardly tell why. Fontana came and kissed her cheek, and wiped her tears with gossamer muslin. Blanch saw that she smiled faintly, and looked quite sad; so she tried to talk of pleasant things.

"How I love you, Blanch!" said Fontana. "You must have all you desire. What shall I do for you?"

"Smile upon me, dear Fontana; there is no one else to love me; and when you smile, I am quite happy."

There was a rustling in the bushes. Blanch looked up. Fontana was

gone; but the young servant stood beside her.

Blanch, hardly knowing what she did, darted away; but the stranger seized her hand, and begged she would stay just for a moment.

“I know you are unhappy, Blanch. I have often seen you weep; and even now, I heard you say there was no one to love you. I love you, Blanch, more than I can express —”

His voice trembled, and he pressed her fingers to his lips. Blanch looked up, and the kind, earnest look of the stranger, and the gentle tones of his voice, so wrought upon her young heart, all unused as it had been to kindness and sympathy, that she covered her eyes with her hand, and burst into tears.

They were not pearls; they were the

natural tears of a young and trusting heart.

All at once she remembered that her cousin was waiting for the water; and she ran home, leaving the pitcher at the fountain.

When she reached the house, both her aunt and Adeline were at the door, angry at her long stay; for the stranger had that very morning offered his hand in marriage to her cousin, and she was impatient to be dressed in her best style.

"Where is the pitcher, you idling hussy?" they both cried in a breath.

"I left it at the well," replied Blanch, trembling and blushing.

"Left it at the well!" said Adeline, striking her on the face.

Blanch hesitated, but she felt the drops upon her face, and knew she

ought to confess the truth. So she told all.

Adeline's anger gave way to the triumph of malice, for she was delighted to think Blanch would marry the servant of her own husband. So, while she talked, the toads and snakes sprang from her mouth; but the family were so used to them, that they took no notice of them; only they put them aside, or moved out of the way of them.

Poor Blanch covered her face with her hands, while the pearls fell from between her fingers, and dropped among the grass at the threshold.

At this moment, the young servant appeared at the door, bearing the pitcher of water; and he looked as if he knew just what it meant, when he saw the pearls and reptiles all about.

For many days, nothing was seen of

the stranger, and poor Blanch grew quite pale and dispirited. Adeline was in high spirits ; she teased and scolded Blanch all in a breath, and then, when she wept, she laughed, and said she should have the more jewels for her bridal. Blanch disliked Adeline's lover more and more every day ; for, though she thought he might be rich, he seemed low-bred and as ignorant as any dolt could be. And then he was so loaded with finery, he must, at the very best, be a conceited coxcomb. But as long as her cousin was pleased, she had no right to say a word.

The day for Adeline's marriage came ; and after Blanch had dressed her cousin, and done all the work she could do before the arrival of the guests, her aunt took her and thrust her down into an old cellar, half filled with mire and

water, that she might not be seen by any of the company.

Adeline looked splendidly, with her proud beauty and magnificent dress. The ceremony was just over, when they all heard the sound of carriage wheels and the trampling of horses. The bridegroom looked from the window, and was the first to go out and kneel to the stranger. All was awe and amazement. The people had just time to observe the splendor of the carriage, and the rich livery of the servants, and the six snow-white horses, when a gentleman dressed in velvet and cloth of gold entered the room.

"Where is Blanch?" he inquired, looking sternly round.

"Blanch is dead," replied the aunt, solemnly.

"Dead?" repeated the stranger, turn-

ing pale, while the bridegroom stared with astonishment.

"Dead?" he again repeated: "it cannot be. Ho, here, search the house!" he cried to his servants.

The bridegroom would have gone out to obey the order, but the aunt rose in great rage. "I demand, sir, by what right you order my house to be searched."

"The right that the king has over the lives and property of his subjects," answered the stranger with great majesty. Then taking off the plumed cap and velvet cloak, the young servant of the new cottage stood before them. Every head was uncovered, and every knee bent. It was the king. Adeline and her mother turned pale. The king went on.

"The fame of the goodness and beauty of Blanch had reached even to

our palace, and I came here disguised as a servant, that I might learn the truth. I find the half has not been told me, and I have now come to claim her for my bride."

At this moment the door opened, and Fontana led Blanch, pale and trembling, but more lovely than ever, into the room. She was dressed in white, with a girdle of pearls, and her eyes were bent meekly downward.

Fontana laid the hand of Blanch within that of the king, who knelt to receive it, while the fair girl blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Thus," said the lady, "are the good sometimes rewarded even in this life."

Then, turning to Adeline and her mother, she said, "I leave you to the punishment prepared in your own

hearts — to the envy, and malice, and hatred, that torture more than the fiends of darkness.”

The same priest, who had married Adeline to the servant of the king, performed the ceremony for Blanch and her royal lover.

Fontana pressed the bride to her bosom, and Blanch heard again that sweet, low melody, as the beautiful lady of the fountain disappeared.

We need not say that Blanch was gentle, and loving, and good, when she became a queen. Her subjects almost adored her, and the king used playfully to say, “they were dutiful subjects to him only from love to his wife.”

Blanch did all in her power to make her aunt and cousin happy, and even sent for them to court; but their evil dispositions produced so much disorder,

that the king banished them to the cottage he had built beside their old dwelling. Blanch often wept for them, and sent them many proofs of her kindness and remembrance.

THE CHARM OF HOME.

It is not wealth, nor is it pride,
That can claim from us a tear;
Holier are the things that make
Childhood's home so very dear.

'Tis the memory of words,
Kind and loving, uttered there,
Twining arms and peaceful smiles,
Household looks, and love, and care.

Thence the fervent prayer went up,
When our hearts were pure and young,
And the Bible words of truth
Lingered often on our tongue.

Talk who may of stately halls,
Homes where callous pride may dwell;
But the low-roofed, moss-grown cot
Many a heart hath loved as well.

Loved? Ay, loved it even more
For its hearty, kindly mirth;

For affections always grow
Stronger round the lowly hearth.

Fondly still we backward turn,
While in life's long path we go ;
And that home, through dim, cold years,
Fresh in beauty seems to glow.

Clinging to its love we turn,
When the storm grows fierce and cold,
As the ivy closer clings
Round the fabric worn and old.

THE LITTLE WITCH.

CHAPTER I.

SARAH BENSON had been for many days ill from a slow fever, contracted by a cold, in part, and partly from grief at the sight of her mother, who grew every day thin and pale, and was often discovered by Sarah upon her knees at prayer; and at such times she was weeping very bitterly. Sarah knew there was much trouble in the country, and much talk about evil spirits and witches; but as they lived in the outskirts of Salem, which at that time was a very small place compared with what it is now, and she was but twelve years old herself, she did not understand very much about it.

One night, while Sarah was yet ill,

her mother seemed more pale and sorrowful than she had ever before been; and after they were in bed, she raised her head from the pillow at the least sound, and trembled violently. The wind was cold and gusty; and as it whirled down the great stone chimney, it sent the ashes about the hearth, and blew the embers up almost to a blaze.

Sarah was lying with her eyes half open, and she could see, as the back-log lighted occasionally under the heap of ashes, the Bible, where it always lay, upon the little pine table; the old English chest of drawers reaching to the top of the room, and standing upon small round legs, high enough for a large trunk to stand beneath. A tall, straight-backed arm-chair, in which her grandfather had died some years before, was in the corner, with her mother's serge dress lying across it; and Sarah raised

her head, and looked at it sharply many times, to be sure that it was her mother's gown, and nothing else.

The child grew fearful, she could not tell why; and when a stronger blast of wind roared through the tall tree and down the chimney, she drew her head under the sheets, and wished, she hardly knew what, but for some great, good-hearted giant, who would hug her and her mother up in his arms, and carry them off where every thing would seem safe, and cheerful, and good.

Then the wind grew louder, and sounded like the yell which she had heard the Indians make, and she started up and looked around the room. The log had become a strong blaze, and made the whole room light. Near the corner was a basket of chips, which a kind youth in the neighborhood had gathered for them that very afternoon. Sarah was

ill and fearful, and two or three times she was sure that something lifted itself from the basket, and then dropped back again. At last she saw a large snake stretch itself towards the fire.

Sarah uttered a loud scream ; and her mother, who had fallen asleep, was very much shocked. She seemed greatly relieved to find it nothing worse ; for, in that early time of our country, these creatures were much more numerous than now. She allowed the reptile to lie by her fire, and did not rise to kill it ; but she said, " Sarah, you must not tremble at a poor harmless snake, for we have more deadly foes to fear."

" Dear mother, can we not go away from this terrible country ?" cried Sarah ; " and why did grandfather always seem to be in fear ? and what have we done, that people hate us ?"

Mrs. Benson did not speak for some

minutes, and then, in a low voice, "Your grandfather was a deadly enemy to King Charles. I can tell you no more; but that is why he staid here, and why I would be near him, and leave home and country to comfort him. But, dear Sarah, since you cannot sleep, I will tell you that we have greater perils in the future."

Little Sarah was ill; she felt as if she could bear nothing more, and she clung to her mother's neck, crying, "O dear, dear! what shall we do? Let us get up now, in the night, and go away, and live in a cave in the woods, where no bad people can find us."

"Ah, my poor, dear child, this cannot be done; people will take us away to a prison, and God only knows what they will do with us."

Sarah saw that her mother was very pale, and her voice low, and she felt

that she ought to comfort her. She remembered how her grandfather had often been in great fear and grief, and that her mother at those times had been calm and tender; and she felt that what her mother had been to her father, she, child as she was, ought to be to her mother. So she overcame her great weakness, and said, —

“I can bear all you will tell me now, dear mother. What will they do to you?”

“It is not I, dear Sarah, — it is you that they seek.”

“Me, mother, me! What would they do to me? I am glad it is not you.”

“They have called you a witch, Sarah; they say I have taught you to be a witch, and sent you to torment little Jane Goodhue.”

Sarah turned very pale; but she smiled, and said, “O, but that is not

true, and I will tell them so; and then it will be all over, and they will be sorry for grieving us, dear mother. How the wind roars! and how terrible people make themselves! but we will try to be happy, dear mother."

Sarah put her cheek close to her mother's, and while she prayed inwardly that God would deliver them from evil, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY the next morning, while Sarah and her mother were at breakfast, some rude-looking men came in and took them away to prison. Mrs. Benson was ordered to remain at home; but she would not leave Sarah.

In the middle of the day, there was a great meeting of all the people in the

town, who came together to see the witch, and see how Jane Goodhue would act when brought near to her.

Sarah was so young, that she did not quite understand what they meant by calling her a witch; for she knew she had never done any thing evil, but had prayed to be preserved from the power of evil spirits daily, and had always been careful to do no wrong.

When, therefore, she was led into the room with an officer upon each side of her, and her mother was not allowed to come near her, she did not feel much fear; but when she saw so many, who were her acquaintances and neighbors, shrink away from her approach, and all looking harshly, she felt so grieved that she burst into tears.

Then one of the men shook her rudely, and told her to stop her crying, for Satan knew how to help his

own, and her tears would do her no good.

Sarah did stop crying. She grew calm and strong all at once; for she felt there was no one, in all that great multitude of people, who had any tenderness for her. She looked round, and saw her mother calm and pale, and thought, "I will forget myself for the sake of my mother."

Then they began to ask her many questions, to all of which she replied with great truthfulness.

"How long have you been a witch?" asked one of the men.

"I have never been a witch," said Sarah. "I do not know how I could be one, for I pray to God always."

"What did your mother do to you, to make you a witch?"

"She never made me a witch,"

cried the child, angry that they should say evil of her mother.

“Did not a large black dog come to your house sometimes? Did any body know where the dog came from? And did not the dog turn to a tall old man, and bring a book for you to write in?”

Sarah grew very pale. She looked at her mother, and was silent.

“Speak all, every thing now, child,” her mother said.

“The dog was my grandfather’s,” replied Sarah.

The men looked at each other, and then at Mrs. Benson, who did not speak.

“Did your grandfather make you write in a book?”

“Yes, he often taught me to read and to write.”

“Do you ever see him now? When did you last see him?”

"He died and was buried some years ago."

The men again looked at each other doubtfully, and then at Mrs. Benson, who now addressed them.

"The child speaks of my father, whom I helped to secrete many years from the pursuits of his enemies. He is now dead, and I see in what way our movements have been misunderstood. We have done no wrong; and now that I confess my father was one of the judges of King Charles, that he is dead, that the dog, the faithful guardian of the old man, is dead also, having died of grief at losing him,—I trust now that I have told you all, you will dismiss my poor child, and let us return home, and I pray God to bless you."

Sarah again burst into tears; for the few words of her mother recalled all

that that dear good mother had suffered, and made her inwardly determine to do all in her power to comfort her.

"I dare say," said Cotton Mather, who was present, and a stern man, who believed in witchcraft, and did not believe what people said, unless he wished to believe it, — "I dare say that the devil has helped you to a good story; but he must help you to a better before we believe it."

"I have told the truth, and only the truth," said Mrs. Benson.

"Did you write your name in the book of the old man?" asked Cotton Mather.

"Yes, often," said Sarah: "it was the copy."

"Pretty good, pretty good," cried Mather; "you see the art of the devil in this. In faith, I pity you, child, and

think your mother ought to be punished more than you."

"I do not know why either should be punished," said Sarah; "we have done no wrong."

At this moment Jane Goodhue began to cry, in a loud voice, that Sarah was cutting her, and begged them to keep her away. The men held her hands very tight at this, so that Sarah cried with the pain, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Wipe my tears, dear mother," said Sarah; and she nearly sank down with weakness and fatigue.

One of the women now showed the blade of a small knife, which she declared she had just drawn from the side of poor Jane. All the people held up their hands, and cast fierce glances at Sarah and her mother; for

Jane cried that Sarah had stuck the blade into her.

"Is this blade yours?" asked one of the judges, holding it up.

"It looks like one that I lost many weeks ago," answered the child. "I have not had it for a long time."

"But it was yours?" said Mather.

"I think it was," she answered.

Jane now screamed and cried so bitterly, that nothing could be heard in the room, and all the people gathered to see her. She was indeed very pale and thin, and her eyes were wild, as if from pain, while she seemed suffering from terrible fits.

It was at length ordered that Sarah should be carried back to prison; for there could be no doubt of her being a witch. Jane declared she could feel her bite her arms, whenever the poor child, in the distress of her heart, held



her teeth together, lest she should say what were best left unsaid. If her fingers moved, in her nervousness and grief, Jane said she felt her pinch her. All this, to the people, was proof that she was a witch; and she was sent back to the prison till they determined what to do with her.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Sarah was put into the prison, she gave one look at the rough, dreary place; and, seeing some straw in the corner, she laid herself down, for she was very faint. She lay a long time with her eyes shut, and feeling very miserable, but dull, so that she could not weep.

She was glad her mother could not see how wretched she was; and while

she thought of her poor mother, so lonely in her grief, the tears gushed into her eyes, and she prayed God to comfort her. Never before had Sarah felt such need of prayer. Her whole little heart was on her lips, beseeching the great and holy Father in heaven to forgive those who caused them such sorrow, and to deliver them from evil.

In this way she passed the whole night, alone in the dark, and in prayer; for she could not sleep.

As soon as it was light, she heard her mother urging the keeper to let her come and see her child. But he would not. He had no orders from the court. This was the worst case of witchcraft, he said, that had ever been known in the colony; and he dared not act in any way without orders from the court.

Mrs. Benson put her lips to the lock,

and cried, "Sarah, Sarah, speak, and tell me how it fares with you."

The child crawled to the door, and tried to speak in a brisk voice, as if doing very well; but her mother saw she was sick at heart.

About ten o'clock, the door was opened, and the keeper came in with her mother, who brought her some food. She had expected to see Sarah nearly dead with fear and grief. On the contrary, although quite pale and feeble, she was wonderfully cheerful, and said many things to strengthen her mother.

When they had knelt together and prayed, Sarah took some food, — for she would not eat till they had done so, — and then they talked long together.

"They have accused me of being a witch, too, Sarah; and that is why I am here."

"Let us trust in God," said the child.

Both were silent for a while.

"Will they take away our lives, do you think, mother?" at length Sarah asked.

"I do not know. Many have died in England, Germany, and other countries, under charges of this kind; and it may be that we shall die here. Ah! dear Sarah, we must suffer ourselves, deeply suffer, sometimes, before we are able to perceive what is in itself right and true; before we are ready to judge rightly of the actions of our neighbors. We must not judge them according to the appearances of things about them, which may be caused by circumstances concealed, in justice to others, as was the case in regard to your grandfather.

Suddenly Sarah sprang from her

seat. "Mother, mother, to be hung, to be burned, to go out strong and well, and have life forced from us! — I cannot bear it, I cannot." She fell fainting upon her mother's lap.

Mrs. Benson almost hoped, in her heart, that Sarah would never again open her eyes, — for she, too, felt as if the trial were too great for human strength to contemplate, — and she held the pale child in her arms, and prayed aloud, "O God, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

"Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done," whispered poor Sarah.

She now grew quite calm, and talked over the prospect of death, in this terrible manner, without any more emotion.

"There is one way in which you

can escape, my dear," said her mother.

"We can both do so, and escape death."

"How? Tell me how, dear mother. The Lord strengthen me, for I am but a poor, weak child."

"We can declare that we *are* witches, and then the court will pardon us."

Sarah lifted herself up, and looked into her mother's face with a severe scrutiny, and then asked, in a low, husky whisper, "Will you do so, mother?"

"No, child, I cannot. I am old enough to know the truth in this matter. I do not believe there are any witches in the country. I must adhere to the truth, for it is clear to my mind. I must die, if the court should so will it."

"God be praised!" said Sarah; "and I know too, the truth in this matter. O

mother, life would be a terrible life, if purchased by a lie."

The mother and child both dropped upon their knees and prayed together. They even sung a hymn, so peaceful did they feel, now that all was clear to their minds.



“ Though evil men may me despise,
And fill my soul with dread,
Lord, thou wilt in thy strength arise,
And guard my fainting head.

“Thou wilt not let me fall away,
Nor do a wicked deed ;
For unto thee, O Lord, I pray,
Thou help in time of need.”

It was thus they passed the hours till night came, and the keeper brought them food, of which they both ate, blessing God.

With the keeper of the prison came in the youth, Zenas Bond, of whom I before spoke as having brought in a basket of chips to Goodwife Benson, the night before they were taken to prison.

Zenas was a poor, good-natured youth, who passed most of his time hunting, or playing with the Indians in the woods, but sometimes showed more thought than people ever expected of him. He sat down upon the floor beside Goodwife Benson, and took from his hunting frock a small

Primer, from which he had sometimes been taught to read by Sarah and her mother.

The keeper ordered him to rise and go out; but Zenas only said, "Yes, that I will, when I am done my reading," and went on spelling the words, "o u t, out; w i n d e r, winder."

The keeper, who looked at the big boy who could not read, and misspelt in this way, laughed, and went out, saying he would soon be back.

No sooner was he out of the way, than Zenas asked, sharply, "Did you not find a snake in the basket? An Injin has more sense nor ye. He would have known what it meant."

"Did you put the creature there?" asked Sarah.

"Certing, and tried to frighten ye out doors, for ye never believe the mischief there's in a white man. He

can't be trusted — can't be trusted. He's got no marcy. He'll make a great palaver, and then take out your life. But an Injin does it short off, and doesn't give you time to dread it."

Then, raising his voice, he spelled three or four long words, so that the keeper might hear him outside.

"Don't you go to sleep to-night. I'll have you out. The Injins remember the old man; they'll help his child. Keep awake, and don't be afraid of the Injins."

With that Zenas got up, and pounded with both fists upon the door, and screamed, "Let me out — let me out, I say! I shall choke to death, shut in here. Let me out, I say! What possessed a man to invent locks! He ought to be hung up without marcy. Let me out, I s-a-y!"

The keeper was a stout, dark man,

who enjoyed the terror of poor Zenas ; and he was in no hurry to unfasten the bolt. While he delayed, Zenas saw that the oaken door opened into a small entry, and that the keeper, in reaching it, had to open a gate in the rear of the building, there being an opening both front and back. He saw that, by securing the door in the back of the house, he might prevent any aid from that quarter.

“ I hope you won't hang the witches yet a while,” said Zenas. “ I haven't got near through with my reading yet.”

The man, thus reminded of his duty, put on a very solemn face, and said he thought the court would hang them very soon, for Mistress Goodhue's servant had cried out upon Mistress Benson, and Jane could have no rest for the torments of Sarah.

Zenas opened his mouth wide, and asked if they could bewitch him by teaching him to read.

The man shook his head, and replied, "Why, Zenas, many's the time you've been seen with the black dog, that came to the women; and it may be that is the cause of your foolishness, for in truth, Zenas, you are not over wise."

Zenas gave a great leap into the air; and then he set up an Indian cry, and laughing as loud as he could laugh, went off.

CHAPTER IV.

MISTRESS BENSON did not fail to remember what Zenas had said; and she sat in the dark, hour after hour, hearing no sound but the breathing of Sarah, who had fallen asleep upon

the straw. Sometimes the widow sang a hymn, and then knelt in prayer; for the beating of her own heart grew fearful, in the long, dark hours. At length, a mouse began to gnaw in one corner; and this stirring of life was a relief to her loneliness. Then, as the poor mouse seemed to have made an entrance, and she heard it rustle the straw, she wished she could see it—see the poor thing that had been at such pains to enter a place from which she and Sarah would be so glad to escape.

While she sat in this wise, and the increased darkness showed that the moon had gone down, and the stillness of deep midnight was upon her,—like the sudden roar of a burst of cannon came one loud, deafening yell, and a crash that drove the door at once from its hinges. She and Sarah sprang to

their feet, and for a time were nearly blinded by the glare of torches that filled the room.

Mrs. Benson felt Sarah was torn from her arms, while a blanket, thrown over her own shoulders, completely disguised her form, and she was dragged along by a tall Indian, who only said, "Me remember the old man."

Zenas caught Sarah in his arms, and was about to hurry from the spot, when a sight of the keeper gave rise to a comical thought, and he tossed her into the arms of the nearest Indian; while he ran back, with long leaps and queer antics, and gave the poor warden a punch in the stomach that sent him reeling.

"Zenas isn't as wise as he might be, ay? Zenas isn't over wise, ay?"

And then he followed his party where they plunged into the thick forest.

Our story is now told. The Indians took Sarah and her mother to a lodge in the wilderness, which had often sheltered the old regicide in his long and uneasy flight from the penalty that for so many years was suspended over him, when he was, for months, often the guest of the red men.

Here they remained till they were able to continue their travels, when they finally found protection amongst the Dutch settlers of New York.

The little sketch I have given is taken from papers left by Mrs. Benson, which the family have preserved with great care. In one of her letters, still extant, she says, —

“ I had read so many trials for witchcraft, — had heard of so many who had suffered such severe and great torture

on this account, and had perished, in countries where the truth is best known, from this cause, — that I did not once doubt they were witches, who died obstinate and hardened in their wickedness. But the Lord brought me out of my perplexity by bringing this great evil upon myself, that I might be able to discern the truth; and now I bless his holy name, and have great charity for all men.”



THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

“ LITTLE flowers, sweet and fair,
Blooming in the tall tree shade,
Breathing perfume on the air,
Wherefore was your beauty made?
Wherefore should your colors vie
With the rainbow in the sky ? ”

“ Little child, our colors bright
Are the skilful work of God,
Who, to fill you with delight,
Paints with beauty every sod.

And we would, with kindly spell,
Bid you love our Maker well."

"Pretty flowers, when the breeze
Shakes his pinions o'er your home,
Or the birds, amid the trees,
Round among your bright ones roam,
Why should perfume all around
Breathe from every floweret's ground?"

"Little child, the blossom's cup
Is an altar pure and lone,
Whence is always rising up
Incense to our Maker's throne.
Dearest child, come, bend the knee ;
Let thy heart an offering be."



INADIZZIE, OR THE WANDERER.

CHAPTER I.

Inadizzie plants Corn. He sings the Song for the Corn. There is Joy in Labor to the Strong-hearted.

EVEN grandmother liked to hear the story of Inadizzie; and while little Sarah leaned upon her knee, Frank read from the True Child, or the Dandelion, the history of his wanderings. Neither Frank nor Sarah quite understood what meanings were hidden in the story; but grandmother folded her hands solemnly, and thought of the sadness and the holiness of life.

Inadizzie went on his way singing. His head was erect, and his foot firm, for a great gladness was in his heart.

He came to an open place, where he found some corn growing. He took this and roasted by the fire which he made, and lay down to sleep. His dreams were troubled. He thought he had planted a large quantity of corn, which became covered with a vast number of insects, like flies. They gathered about his own lips, and filled his mouth with sweetness, that he grew faint and ill.

When he awoke, a swarm of bees were resting upon a branch over his head. He did not know, then, that the maiden he had once loved was storing honey for his use; for she who loved bears' tongues so well could divine no better way to please him. So she buzzed about, from morning till night, gathering sweets for the palate. Now that her tongue was like a sting, she could do nothing better.

Inadizzie cleared away the ground,
and planted corn and beans; and at
night and at morning he sang songs.
The magic tongue still hung about his
neck. Thus he sang —

SONG FOR THE CORN.

I HAVE worked, O Earth, with thee;
Given seed unto thy breast;
Waited when the time should be
It should leave its place of rest.

Lo! two fingers from the ground
Ask imploring for the light,
Call the sunbeams all around,
Drink the dewdrops all the night.

Slow and timidly, corn cometh
Folded in his leaf of green;
All the day the insect hummeth,
Near his heart, the leaves between.

Now embattled from the plain
Stoutly stands the full-grown corn;
On him sounds the falling rain,
On him gleams the dew of morn.

Flauntingly, the stout corn standeth
With his plume upon his head,
And his joints with strength he bandeth,
Like a chief with planted tread.

'Tis thy work, O Earth, and mine :
Gladly I the seed imparted :
Thine the rain, the sunshine thine ,
I have helped thee thankful-hearted.

Thus Inadizzie sang the delights
of labor. But he was alone. The
corn grew, and the blossom came
forth at his feet. The birds sang in
concert with him. But yet he was
alone.

He remembered that he had been
commanded to go onward. He was
told that joy awaited him in the di-
rection of the setting sun. Yet he
did not go. He planted corn, and ate
honey, and placed his feet to the fire
which he had made, but did not go
onward.

Sometimes, when Inadizzie sat at the door of his lodge singing, he thought he heard the tune reëchoed on the other side of a tall hill, that arose toward the west. He listened often; but all was silent. He sang, and the song was repeated.

CHAPTER II.

Inadizzie is visited by a White Dove. It is not content to stay. He goes onward, and finds a fair Country.

MANY seasons passed over him in this way. He ate, and drank, and slept, and laid up stores for the season of cold, and often found himself passing whole days with no song upon his lips.

Inadizzie one morning heard a light tapping upon the floor of his lodge.

He looked out from beneath the skins, and saw a white dove picking the seeds he had scattered about the floor. He arose, and would have caught it; but the dove spread its wings, and flew away over the hill.

Not many mornings after, he heard the same sound upon the floor, and the dove disappeared, as before, over the hill. Inadizzie could have wept. He felt more solitary than ever when the dove was gone. He resolved, should the creature ever return, he would not suffer it again to depart.

Accordingly, the next morning, when the sound was repeated, he suddenly sprang up, and caught the dove, before it could — such was its terror — lift up its wings. He held the bird in his hand. But now he was more troubled than before, for it refused to either eat or drink. It was in vain that Ina-

dizzie soothed it in the gentlest manner; the dove only lifted up its eyes sadly, and trembled all over.

About midday he heard a great sound of wings, like thunder. He looked out, and the air was filled with pigeons. They covered the trees upon every side, bending the branches quite to the ground, while their fluttering wings and perpetual cooings made Inadizzie's place more lively than he had ever known it.

They were all of mottled green, and crimson, and gold, and brown; but one, more beautiful than all the rest, was of a snowy white; and this kept flying hither and thither, as if in great grief. It did not rest with the others, nor seem to have any companionship with them, but flew about with a most mournful note, as if it said, "Alone, all alone."

Inadizzie could not bear this ; and he opened his hand, and let the white dove depart, which instantly joined its mate, and flew over the hill. When they were gone, Inadizzie found himself singing, —

Mated browse the nimble deer ;
Mated doth the panther prowl ;
Gentle ones, or savage, here
Mated gambol, mated howl.
Alone, all alone, weary me !
Weary me !

He listened, and was convinced that the song was repeated from the other side of the hill. Inadizzie now went forth. He did not stop for any thing in the lodge. He left the corn, and the honey, and all things whatsoever had pleased him, to go in the direction of the voice which echoed his own.

He travelled many days ; for the hill,

which seemed so very near his dwelling, was in fact at a great distance from it, appearing near only by reason of its great height. As the night came on, he laid him down and slept, often singing, with the setting sun, a song for the joy in his heart; and the song was always repeated after, by some sweet voice as yet far distant.

When Inadizzie at length reached the top of the mountain, which was rugged of ascent, and covered with trees and low bushes, the thorns of which pierced his feet, and caused his path to be marked with blood, he found the country beyond to be most lovely to the eye.

* There was a large lake, which

* The following description is applicable to Moosehead Lake, in Maine; one of the most beautiful and remarkable of northern lakes.

seemed to sleep, as it were, in the midst of the great lonely hills. The trees were down to the water's marge. Beautiful islands were in it, and birds of all kinds were sporting upon the waters, or singing amid the branches. The gull plunged its white breast into the wave, and came up with its fellows full of activity. The cry of the loon was heard quivering and solitary, dying away in the glens, as if silence sought to hush the sound. The duck stretched forth its neck, and paddled onward with its feet, diving and plunging in its joy. The heron looked solemnly down into the lake; the fish leaped upward, scattering a shower of light.

Inadizzie felt himself awed while looking upon this great sheet of water set apart in the wilderness, and hemmed in upon every side by moun-

tains. He felt as if he could go no farther. A strange, solemn dread grew upon him, and he wept.

He lifted up his eyes, and saw one solitary peak* rising, like a white cone, in the distance. Although in the midst of mountains, it yet held itself apart and aloft. Inadizzie grew joyful to see there was yet something beyond — a country yet to be learned. Looking intently upon all sides, he saw a narrow opening between the hills; and he rejoiced greatly, for he saw that even the lake had found an outlet, and was not doomed to perpetual isolation from its kind.

* Katahdin.

CHAPTER III.

Inadizzie finds the Maiden with the White Pearl. How she loves her own Image, and loves Inadizzie only when she forgets herself.

INADIZZIE followed the outlet of the lake, going westward. As he came near one of the mountains, which seems to step its feet, as it were, into the lake, he beheld a little sunny dell, in the midst of which was a lodge covered with vines. In the front of the lodge was a clear stream of water flowing.

Inadizzie was faint and weary. He approached the lodge, thinking of the old chief's beautiful daughter, who had cut the tongue from his head, when she found him crawling upon the floor in the shape of a turtle.

As he drew near, he saw a young

maiden looking over into the stream of water, as if intent upon some object beneath. At the sound of his footsteps, she lifted up her head, and, seeing a tall youth drawing nigh, a gentle redness passed over her face. She stooped down, and, dipping up some water in a gourd, turned away, and entered the lodge.

The maiden was slender and lovely; her long hair lay upon her shoulders, and she had neither shell nor porcupine quill upon her robe, her only ornament being a white pearl upon her breast. Inadizzie would have spoken; he would have followed her; but he feared to do so; he therefore sat down under a clump of alders, and kept his eyes fixed upon the vines about the hut, waiting to see if she would come forth again.

At length she looked timidly through

the foliage, with her hand pressed upon the pearl, which gave such grace to her person. Seeing no one, she stepped down to the stream, where she stood as before, looking into the water.

A sweet smile was upon her lips; and, though she did not move nor speak, she seemed quite joyful. Then Inadizzie saw that she looked at her own image in the waves. A long time she stood in this wise; then she dipped up some of the water in a gourd, and went her way.

Many days Inadizzie staid in the dell, thinking of the maiden with the white pearl, but not daring to approach her, although every day he saw her stand beholding herself in the stream. He bethought himself of a thousand modes of diverting her attention from herself; but nothing would do; for at

the least sound she started, filled the gourd, and was gone.

He built himself a bower near by ; he sang ; but she did not lift her eyes from her own image, although she stood with a smile upon her lips, as if pleased with the song.

At length, Inadizzie determined to drain off the water in which she beheld herself, and see how it would effect her. For this purpose, he dug a new channel for the stream, so that it turned aside, instead of flowing in front of the lodge. He did this at night, and waited impatiently for the time when she should come forth with the gourd in her hand, as she always did early in the day.

At length, she lifted the vines, and came forth, going, as usual, where the stream had before flowed. Inadizzie waited to see her stop, surprised to

find no water, as she had expected; but she went onward, never once lifting her eyes; she went on, on, through the forest, in a straight line. Inadizzie was amazed, and knew not what to do. He followed in her path till noonday, and she did not stop nor look around.

At length, he ran along, and placed himself in the pathway before her. She stopped; she looked intently in his face, and then burst into tears. Inadizzie took her hand in his, and she became his wife. She confessed that she was well content, so long as she should be kept from beholding herself. "Never let me see my own image," she said, "and all will be well."

Inadizzie was careful to remember what she said. In passing a stream, he placed her head in his bosom, or bound her long hair about her eyes,

so that she should not look into the water; and she, who had grown so attached to her husband, shuddered lest by any accident she should look therein, and thus bring evil upon herself and him.

HOMESICKNESS.

THERE is something in the air,
Something in the very earth,
And in all familiar things
Growing round our place of birth,
Which we feel, but may not speak —
Lines engraven strong and deep
In the freshness of our youth —
Jewels that the heart will keep.

We may change, but not the home
Where our childish days were passed :
It is looking still for us,
Just as when we looked our last :
There's the rock with dappled moss ;
There the brook comes lapsing down ;
There the seat beside the ledge,
With the beach-tree overgrown.

There's a hill, a common one,
Where the quivering birch-tree grew ;
Yet we deem no other e'er
Half so soft a shadow threw :

Other brooks, to other eyes,
May as bright and sparkling fall;
But the one by which we played
Hath the sweetest sound of all.

All is dear — the zigzag fence,
With the hazels growing near;
And the stile, o'er which we climbed,
Winneth now a mournful tear.
Childhood's days are thronging back;
Childhood's perils suffered o'er;
And we see with our young eyes,
Feel with our hearts once more.

**IRETTA, THE FAIRY THAT WOULD BE
IMMORTAL.**

IRETTA was one of the most beautiful of the whole sisterhood of fairies; so small and so light, that, by a wish, she could go from place to place. She knew all that is lovely, and to us hidden, in our beautiful earth. The secrets of the frozen north, and of the burning south, were all unfolded to her eye. She could, at will, fly from the delightful companionship of the flowers, and sink into the deep caves of the mountain, where Nature hides her most costly gems, unseen by all eyes except those of the fairy sprites. Here they piled the diamond, the ruby, and the sapphire, into columns, and

domes, and spires, to raise a palace worthy of the Fairy Queen.

But Iretta delighted most to sport with her sisters amidst the caverns of the north, and behold the riches brought there by the fairies for thousands and thousands of years. The merry elves would meet at the Giant's Causeway, sink into the ocean, and there play amid its basaltic columns, reared thousands of feet above their heads, and filled with all that is rare and beautiful from the caverns of ocean. Here they would sport for hours; for here the fairies of earth, air, and ocean, renewed their loves; and when weary of play, they came up again at Staffa, and went cheerfully to their duties.

It is said the King of Fire once loved the beautiful Queen of Ocean, who could not return his love. In a moment of tenderness and despair, he

left his palace to herself and court, while he went, in solitary grief, to the frozen regions of Iceland.

Iretta belonged to that class of little spirits, whose duty it is, as the shadows of evening creep over the earth, to fold up the delicate petals of the young blossoms, lest the midnight airs should rest too coldly upon them, or brush away the flour, and thus rob the bee of her breakfast. The young fairy moved about, carefully folding the leaves together, or enclosing them in their green calyx. After each plant was put to sleep, she kissed the sealed-up altar, and then went to rest in the folds of the feathery mimosa,* the favorite haunt of the fairies; and this *is why it shrinks from the touch of mortals.*

Sometimes the fairies became indo-

* The sensitive plant.

lent, and neglected their sweet trust, they ceased to love the flowers, and these pined for some one to cherish them; and when they ceased altogether to kiss the young blossoms, just blushing to find their bosoms open to the light, they drooped their heads upon their green stems, and died; for it is *love* that makes the young flowers glow in freshness and beauty, and breathe out fragrance upon the air. But Iretta was an affectionate, loving sprite; and when she folded the young blossoms, and kissed their perfumed lips, she did it with a fervent and blessed nature, that was full of tenderness. So the flowers of Iretta were always the most lovely and fragrant to be seen. They were never neglected, never forgotten; and, when they raised their meek eyes, and swung lightly in the air, Iretta could interpret their

pretty language of gratitude. None drooped and withered upon the stalk; but each, when its day was done, yielded itself up, knowing it should live again.

The good angels, who see every thing that belongs to our earth, saw, and often praised, the tenderness and industry of Iretta; and He who made the flowers smiled upon her, and she was happy.

One bright, starry evening, Iretta felt a strange sadness; such as mortals sometimes feel when they fear some duty may have been neglected. She had kissed and curtained the flowers for the night; but she still staid near them, listing to the happy twitter of unfledged birds, and the small pipe of the cricket, as he peered from his grassy nook. She at length saw a great number of beautiful spirits poised

about a rose-tree in full blossom. She saw that they seemed to rest a while, and then rose upward, and others took their place; so they formed a ladder, as it were, from earth to heaven, such as the patriarch of old beheld in the repose at Bethel. Iretta drew near, and found an infant, who had crept over the low sill, and had fallen asleep in the shadow of the queen of flowers. She bent over it, and again and again kissed the lips of the child. She fanned its fair brow with her wings, and it smiled in its slumbers. Iretta thought she had never beheld any thing half so lovely, and wished it would dwell always amongst the flowers.

But new and strange thoughts were stirring in the breast of the little fairy, as she looked upon the fair child. She remembered that she belonged to that race of beings whose life is of the earth,

earthy, and who must cease to be when the world in which we dwell is no more. Unwonted shadows passed over the brow of Iretta, and she veiled her face in her wings, to crowd back her first feeling of grief.

“Happy, happy child!” she thought, “to have a soul! a soul worth more than all the wealth and beauty of earth. When this globe shall have passed away, and Iretta and all her sisters are lost and forgotten, thy life will only have begun. Happy child! what would not Iretta suffer to become such as thou art!”

The light winds stirred the fair blossoms, and they rocked upon their branches, and breathed out incense to comfort her. Iretta, fearful of sinning, lifted her meek head, kissed the flow-erets, and gently soothed them to sleep.

But the natural way of all pure and

good thought is upward; and God gives a creature no desire without something to meet that desire.

A bright spirit stood beside the gentle fairy.

“Remember, Iretta, the child must die ere its spiritual life begins. I may not tell thee aught of death; but the purest soul, in its highest thoughts, shrinks therefrom.”

“True! but to live forever; to dwell with such as thou; to visit other worlds; to know something of the Most High; I would suffer, ay, more even than mortals, and then die, could I but live again.” A company of spirits softly raised the sleeping child, and, amidst the hymning of far-off melody, bore it away upon their wings.

* * * * *

Iretta soon felt that, in taking the lot of mortals, she must become subject

to many disquiets, and to many a pang of agony. But the certainty of her immortality filled her with happiness, and nothing seemed too much for her to endure in view of such a gift. Still many, many were her joys. In her slumbers, she saw beings of loveliness and purity, who taught her sweet things of heaven and its blessed children. The sight of a flower, too, recalled all her former tenderness for these fair proofs of our Creator's love, and she often wondered how her friends could so long debar her from the sunshine and the flowers, when they so largely added to her enjoyment. She understood, too, the language of every bird and insect, as it lifted its voice in the summer air.

If her thoughts went back to her sister fairies, sporting in perpetual youth and health, she did not repine, for she

felt that their life must, at some day, cease altogether; while she, after a brief period of suffering, should enter a state of higher joy than even a fairy could conceive. True, unwonted fears, and hunger, and pain, had now become her companions; hers were the simple garments and helpless limbs of a babe. But what were beauty and health, power and joy, if they must ever cease, and their owner die, and never awake? And what were the golden robes and diamond coronal of the fairy, compared with the crown of immortality? The child closed her eyes at these thoughts, and felt she was more than happy.

Iretta had known that sorrows dark and many were the lot of mortals, but she shuddered to find that half were caused by their own evil passions. Sad, sad were the feelings of the fairy child. Alas! the undying soul, to obtain which

she was willing to endure so much, was of little value in the eyes of those whose inheritance it of right was. It was bartered for the dust of the mine, the gems of the mountain, and the pearls of the deep. Daily did she behold beings, meant for the Eternal, lost in the pomp, the turmoil, and cares of life; and the sunlight came, and the shadows gathered upon the earth, and scarcely one knelt to bless his Creator for the gift of reason and the hopes of immortality.

Alas! none on earth felt, as did the gentle fairies, that to be happy is to fulfil one's destiny cheerfully, and always to add something to the great stock of happiness. * * * *

Again the angel stood beside her. Iretta eagerly stretched up her dimpled hands. "Blessed spirit, let me die; let me dwell forever with those who love

to worship our good Creator. Why should I stay till age and weariness come upon me? Let me go ere my spirit shall be clouded by the shadow of a sin." * * * *

Beneath a snowy shroud lay a beautiful babe, its clear brow untouched by sorrow, and its young cheek unfaded by suffering. Pale cheeks and tearful eyes bent over its marble beauty, and fresh flowers are strown over the early dead. A little hillock, almost lost amidst tangled blossoms, tells that the young and innocent sleep beneath. A babe has passed from earth, soon to be no more remembered; but an immortal spirit has gone to the eternal city. Weep not for the early dead!

SARAH'S HOME.

“WHAT though my home were humble ;
’Twas no less dear to me ;
And when I that old home recall,
Sad tears come fast and free :
I see it oft in midnight dreams,
That quiet, dearest spot,
With all the household words and ways
Which may not be forgot.

“I see the roof with moss o’ergrown,
And grass upon the eves,
The small, low window, covered o’er
With honeysuckle leaves ;
The lofty elm, that o’er it hung,
With cool, protecting grace,
And made the lowly dwelling seem
A well nigh hallowed place.

“’Twas there the robin used to come,
In each successive year,
And in the self-same sheltered nest
His little birdlings rear :

And now no music ever can
Seem half so sweet to me,
As that wild song the robin sang,
Upon the old elm-tree.

“I used to take my knitting-work,
And then my childish seat
Was on the lowly oaken sill,
Worn smooth by many feet:
There was a fringe of bright green grass
All round the broad door-stone ;
And there I watched, with wondering
eyes,
The bright red sun go down.”

DOGHOOD.

“Mark what a generosity and courage a dog will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or ‘*melior natura*,’ which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain.” — *Bacon*.

I WAS walking, one day, in the outskirts of Brooklyn, where I saw two children sitting by the way-side, with a pretty dog between them. The children were rosy and full of health, yet certainly might never have tempted the most inveterate lover of childhood to give them a kiss, for their faces were guiltless of the Croton, (which, unhappily, is not yet conveyed under the Sound, the projectors not having decided upon the best place to sink the

tunnel,) their curly locks were burned in the sun, and their very scanty garments told of nothing but robust poverty. A painter would have denied himself a good dinner and a night's rest for the group as I beheld it.

It was the dog season ; and the dog man and the dog cart were slowly receding in the distance. The child, most fortunate in length of garment, had spread a portion of it over the dog, from which it was just emerging, tied by a hempen string ; while both urchins were straining their eyes after the dog man, half doubting they had really escaped him.

I walked slowly to see the eager caressings of the children, and hear how many pretty endearments they uttered, and how the dog barked in his wonderment, and the children forgot the dog man, and laughed and capered, and

held Ponto by the hempen cord, and ran up and down, shouting and frolicking as they had never been half so happy before; and one of them ran to a wooden step and brought out an old bone, and then they shouted as if it were the strangest thing in the world to see Ponto shake and gnaw it; and so it was, for but a moment before they had expected he would be dragged from them, and borne away by that cart so ominous at "dog time."

Suddenly they grew serious again, and sat down, holding Ponto by the string, and stroked his back, and looked pitifully at the dog, and then at each other, as if they felt a new tenderness for the creature escaped from so much peril, and commiserated themselves in view of the grief they would have felt in losing him.

I was affected; and when one of the

little fellows, grown valiant, and indignant at the contemplated wrong, arose, and threw himself into an attitude, and, doubling up a round, harmless little fist, shook it in the wake of the cart, I confess I could not help sending a spiteful look to go with the fist, and worry the heart of the dog man. Every moment augmented my sense of his enormities. He grew to be a murderer in my eyes. I thought upon the attributes of doghood till his guilt grew momentarily blacker.

I wondered how, in a Christian community, such an official could be tolerated. I thought how the dog had been reclaimed from the savage state, or rather, how every where, as man had advanced in civilization, the dog had kept even pace with him, so that, in going into a new country, you may infer the degree of refinement there by the

tone of breeding in dogship; for the dog now owes his qualities less to original gifts, than to assimilation to his master; hence it follows that, when the dog man strikes a dog upon the head, he is aiming at human qualities; at a dumb, instinctive perceiver of what is high and noble, a worshipper of something majestic in his poor eyes; for whereas other animals flee from man, he is drawn to him by an irresistible affinity.

It is observed that the most powerful variety of every species of animal life has its appropriate attendant, as if exalted endowments absolved the possessor from the pettiness of detail, warranting a certain degree of luxury, the rudiments of division of labor, found even in the animal tribe. Thus the keener instincts of the jackal help him to purvey for the lordly lion, whom he

is content to serve, and feasts upon the fragments left by him in his waste places. In like manner, there is a small fish which follows the whale; but in neither of these cases do we find these superior animals making war upon their humble and admiring companions.

It is left for man alone to change the nature of an animal, to infuse into him qualities peculiar to himself, and then yield him up to dangers rendered tenfold more terrible from his educated instincts. I remember hearing a gentleman tell how his dog (he would never indulge himself with but one of the species) was pursued by the dog-killers, and how a host of boys joined in the pursuit. The creature fled and doubled, and sought coverts with painful sagacity, and more than once ascended the house steps; but there was

no hand to open the door, and he fled again, leaving the tracks of his poor feet upon the stones. At length he was found beneath a pile of lumber, his nose just peeping out. To his master's whistle he had given the faintest possible responding bark; and now his eyes looked more than human gratitude, as they seemed to say, "Let me alone till they turn the corner;" and then he bounded to the hand that covered him with caressings.

Now, the image of this hunted animal, with his educated taste and refined habits, was to me to the last degree painful. I remember his ordinary daintiness, his powers of combination, which must have made his peril keenly to be felt. Shalto — for that was his name — would lie upon the rug, of a winter's day, not sleeping, but indulging in the luxury of canine reverie. I know

he did not sleep, for, while lying in this wise, if a servant left the door ajar, he would roll himself lazily over, and look that way, as if incommoded by the draught; he would extend his paws, and slowly wink his eyes in the direction, as if unwilling to rise, and yet too much annoyed to enjoy his siesta. At length he would rise and move slowly, just as his master would have done in his slippers, and, jerking the door to, with a short bark showing his impatience, go back again to the rug, and drop himself down again, like a man who was resolved not to be disturbed.

True, Shalto was a remarkable dog, and his master was fully aware of his many excellences; for, after a companionship of twelve years, Shalto died, leaving so deep an impression behind him that he was celebrated in verse,

and his friend would never hazard a second dog.

Now, this is what I call the true sentiment in dogship. When he grew ill, his friend watched with him three nights; and when he died, carried him in his own arms out to a green spot, where he might inhale a last blessed breath of air.

No man nor boy should assume the responsibility over a dog nature unless fully aware of what he incurs. Let him study his own capacity for ministering, and let him study *dog needs*, and fully comprehend himself and the dog, before he ventures upon the experiment. The mute appeal there is in the eye of a neglected, half-starved dog, goes at once to a benevolent heart; and no one of sensibility would be willing to keep an animal that he cannot fully supply and properly train.

There is a moral wrong in leaving a dog to a hap-hazard development. He is capable of qualities positively good, — I mean good in doghood, — and these should not be suffered to lie dormant, nor be left to die out from want of exercise. It is a well-known fact that a dog assimilates to the habits of his master. James Hogg says his dog grew to be so like him, that he used sometimes to send him to kirk, where he sat upon the seat in his master's place, and looked so steadily up at the pulpit, that the good minister "never kenned the difference."

Now, this language may be slightly extravagant; but we all know that it has its foundation in truth; that the dog of an alderman never affects any antics; and that the little wiry, hard-faced ragadon, dodging around corners, hitting the boys a clip, and getting into

all sorts of wranglings, has a keen little dog, with a pertinaciously curled-up tail, and corresponding testiness of bark.

Some dogs always bark at the moon, instead of sleeping o' nights: these belong to the poets, whose habits they contract. On the North River, (your pardon, reader; I mean the Hudson,) there is a dog that every day comes down to the Newburgh Ferry, walks quietly on board the steamer, and, with never a look at any one, goes to the prow, where he can feel the current full in his face, puts his nose upon his paws, and crouches there, enjoying the magnificent scenery of that noblest of rivers. He does the same on the return passage, and then goes ashore with a benign canine enjoyment. Of course he is the property of a landscape painter, (probably of Doughty, who has

been for several summers taking views in the neighborhood.)

I know a beautiful Italian greyhound, remarkable for his docile gentleness, and the peculiar tenderness with which he seems to contemplate the beautiful forms about him; the mistress of Lesto sketches miniatures, and he, like the preceding dog, collects the materials for the art.

But I must not prolong this subject, however agreeable. From the few facts we have given, and the truths suggested, the reader will at once see its importance, and the immense capability of a dog. He will see that his owner becomes responsible for the attributes of his friend, that his canine companion becomes an imbodiment of his own instincts, and certainly of a wonderful portion of his own moral and intellec-

tual perceptions. "Love me, love my dog," has passed into a proverb, indicating how almost identical become dog and master.

THE CHILD EVA.

ERE Eva left, with tottling steps,
The low-roofed cottage door,
The beetle and the cricket loved
The young child on the floor;
And every insect dwelt secure
Where little Eva played,
And piped for her its blithest song,
When she in greenwood strayed.

With wing of gauze, and mailed coat,
They gathered round her feet,
Rejoiced, as are all gladsome things,
A truthful soul to greet.

They taught her infant lips to sing
With them a hymn of praise —
The song that in the woods is heard,
Through the long summer days.

And every where the child was traced
By snatches of wild song,
That marked her feet along the vale,
Or hill-side, fleet and strong.
She knew the haunts of every bird,
Where bloomed the sheltered flower,
So sheltered, that the searching frost
Might scarcely find its bower.

A CHAPTER ABOUT BEING RICH.

IN this world people are often poor, very poor; sometimes rich; but having much or little gold should make no difference with our true selves. We can grow rich if we choose, just as we can grow wise or learned, by laboring to be so.

If you wish to be rich, or to be comfortable, in food, clothes, houses, and such things, you have only to work steadily so many hours through the day. Never buy what your situation does not require, keep actively to one kind of business, and forbear to change it, and you will not fail to grow rich. You may do all this, and if you have a strong, manly heart, a cheerful temper, a healthful and active

body, you may become wise, respected, and beloved, into the bargain.

Do not despise the rich because they are rich, nor the poor because they are poor. If men have money in the world, it is because either they or their fathers have been active and enterprising, and we should respect these qualities; they belong to some degree of greatness. If they are poor, pity and help them. God gives the will and the power to do. They may be lazy — they may be unfortunate — they are pitiable always.

All are exposed to reverses. Kings and queens have begged for bread, and suffered from cold and hunger. We call them great when their spirits are not crushed down by these things; for, indeed, these are trifles to a really great heart. Hunger and cold are sad things, to be sure; but they soon

end : a grief in the heart cannot be so cured ; a wrong on the conscience is harder to be borne. We may die of hunger, we may die of cold : what then ? we must die ; and the way is a trifle if we keep but strong, honest, true hearts.

I wish you would remember this : remember that the ills of the body are much easier borne than those of the mind ; great pain can never last many hours. This is not the case with pains that the heart may feel : we may grieve for many months, or even years, and then feel that we can never be so happy as we have been ; and by one wrong act we may imbitter our whole lives. Nor is this all : our pain of body, and our hunger, may be borne alone, but our shame never can be.

Those whom we most love, whom we should most honor, must bear it

with us, and be made miserable through our evil deeds. This is another reason why we should avoid a wrong, and strive for a high and true life.

In our country, all must labor in some way or another — the rich in looking after their money, and the poor to earn it. This is a nobler life than one of idleness. God has so made us that labor is needful to the exercise of the faculties he has given, and we are happiest when we so exercise them. I would have you feel this, that you may know the delight there is in a free and healthful body, with the red blood coursing the veins, giving joy to the heart, which in turn gives back joy at beholding the beauty of this most beautiful earth.

I would say, then, aim, if not to be rich, at least to be far above want. You can be so by proper and steady effort. In this way, you can most

readily gratify your taste, live in healthful and agreeable places, see what is lovely and ennobling in the works of God and the art of men. In this way you can better develop your whole self, the true nature of man, and do good to others. You can be a better citizen to the republic, and help to give a higher and better tone to public opinion.

The time is going by for people to envy or admire fine dress, or living, or show, merely as such; but a manly heart, a healthful body, and a cultivated understanding, have each and all a broader field for action, when not cramped and impeded by poverty. The wise man has said, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty;" and it is a sad truth, that too many find their virtue give way under the slow,

deadening effects of poverty, who else might have been worthy and beloved.

Again, then, I would say, choose some regular employment, and keep to it; insure yourself the comforts and the respect which should belong to age, by early and systematic labor. Your taste, or that of your friends, must decide what this labor shall be; but it must rest with you to make it honorable. If you are bred a lawyer, a doctor, a preacher, keep aloof from the tricks, the quackery, and the cant of these things, and seek for the true and the good in each.

If you are a baker, a blacksmith, a shoemaker, be perfect in your trade; make it respectable; be so much the man, that your trade shall become ennobled through you. Have no squeamishness about your trade or your poverty, if you do not at any time prosper

well; but dare to act out the truth; feel that "none of these things move you;" that you have enough in you to command respect, in spite of all the petty ills that may beset you. Feel your own truth, your own manhood, and you will find things will brighten before you, and you will at least feel that

"A man's a man for a' that."



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HISTORICAL

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HISTORICAL

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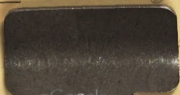
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