

THE  
**PEARL**  
**BRACELET.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CORAL NECKLACE,"  
"AUGUSTUS AND HIS SQUIRREL," ETC.



LONDON :  
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THE PEARL BRACELET:

THE ESCAPES, WANDERINGS AND PRESERVATION  
OF A HARE: RELATED BY HERSELF.

THE CORAL NECKLACE:

London, Evans, n. d.

These three little examples of very early tales for children, were published in London, in the earliest years of the last century.

They were priced at sixpence each, and belong to the time when authors were very shy about letting their names be known.

Pevsner, Nikolaus

No. 775

(The Macmillan Company) Art

ENQUIRY INTO INDUSTRIAL ART IN ENGLAND, AN.

[7-20-37]

Cloth

xvi-234 pp.

Illus.

8°

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**Synopsis:** Dr. Pevsner's book is a serious criticism of present industrial and commercial practice, and of methods of training and using designers. But it does not stop there. The second part is a piece of constructive argument, bound to be of the greatest service to any manufacturer willing to treat the matter of design as an obligation; and of great interest to shopkeepers and purchasers generally. His interest is in the design of objects in general use and within the reach of most people.

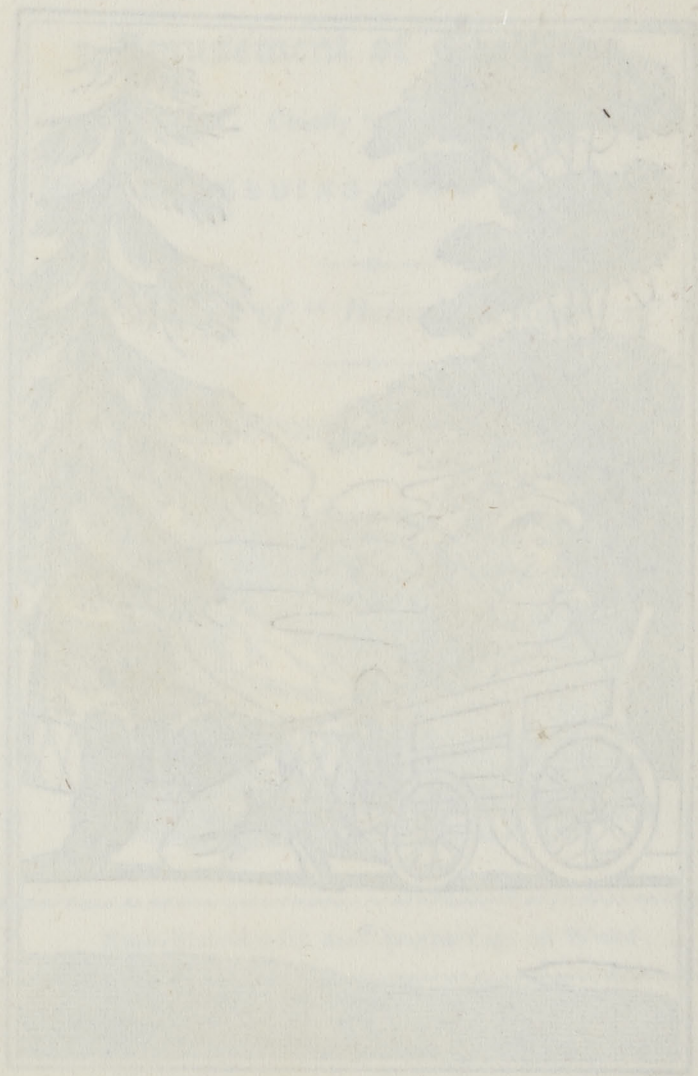
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CONTENTS: PART I: Data. Survey of Trades investigated; Metalwork; Electric and Gas Fittings; Furniture; Textiles; Wallpapers; Pottery; Glass; Silver and Electro-plate; etc. Part II: Conclusions. Ratio between Good and Bad in England and Abroad; Sequence of Trades according to Artistic Quality of Products; Reasons for Differences of Artistic Quality; Size of Manufacturing Unit; etc.



Wm C

PEARL & SON'S  
PHOTOGRAPHIC



Now my dear friend, will you please take me to pay  
Darius a visit, I beg to

FRONTISPIECE.



“Now my horse Bob,” said she, “take me to pay  
Mamma a visit.” Page 22.

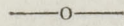


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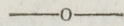
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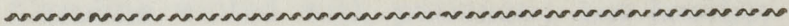
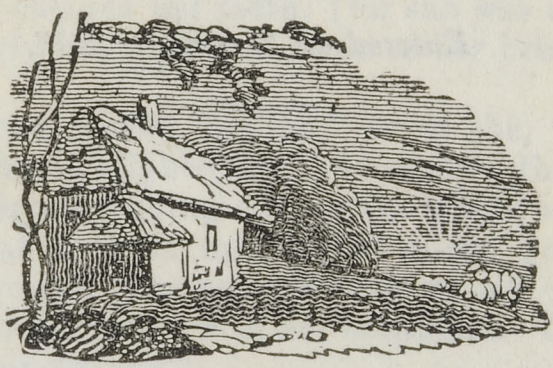
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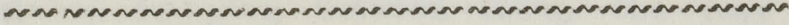
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THE  
PEARL BRACELET.



IT was a fine morning in summer. The sun darted its bright beams through the window-curtains, and awoke the little Caroline. She jumped out of bed, dressed herself, combed her hair, and cleaned her teeth, (for she was a neat and orderly little girl,) and ran to her brother's room.

“Do you know, Arthur,” cried she, “that the sun shines brightly in the blue sky—that the little birds are singing among the green boughs—and that Mamma told us we might go into the village and take your lettuces to old Nurse Meads, for her to eat with her breakfast. Come, come, dear Arthur.”

Caroline waited with patience; her brother was soon dressed; and, with a basket of lettuces swinging between them, the rosy children turned down the lane which led to the old woman's cottage.

This lane looked like a bower. Wild roses, some of a pink and some of a white hue,

turned in clusters about the hedges; the wood-bines hung loosely on their tender stalks, and scented the air with their soft fragrance; the bind-weed, with its large white blossoms and its shining glossy green leaves, clung in negligent groups to their taller shrubs, or clasped the prickly brambles. The banks, on each side of this shady lane, were strewn with flowers: the daisy grew beneath the foot of the passenger; the money-wort, with its bright yellow blossoms, trailed along the mossy grass; the little plant "forget me not," peeped above the leaves around it; and the soft and woolly mallow formed a contrast to the thistles armed with sharp points, upon which a few donkeys were quietly feeding. Down this winding lane, Arthur and Caroline bent their way. The dew was yet upon the grass, or they might have crossed some fields, and have arrived at the cottage in a much shorter time. This was one reason why they chose the lane; and another reason was, that they wished to gather flowers with which to make a garland to present to their mother on her birth-day:—however, they reached it at last.

They knocked gently at the door: Nurse Meads's little grand-daughter Phebe, opened it. The old woman herself was just going to breakfast—the kettle was singing over the wood fire—the loaf of brown bread stood on the table, upon which a clean white cloth was





spread—and all was a scene of neatness and peace. The children opened their basket, and offered the contents.

“Here,” said Arthur, and his eyes sparkled with joy; “here are some lettuces (out of our own little garden in the stable-yard) for you to eat with your bread and butter. I have raised them with a great deal of pleasure:—Caroline sowed the seeds, and we have watered them every morning and evening with our little green watering-pots for these five days, that you might have them as soon as possible.”

Nurse Meads thanked the kind-hearted Arthur, and begged that his sister and he would take a slice of brown cake, which was the best

she had to offer them. The childrens' walk had given them an appetite, and they sat in the little porch by the cottage-door, eating their brown cake with a greater relish than they had ever eaten any thing before.

"How sweet these roses are," said Caroline; "they look even finer and fresher than those in the garden at home—and, oh, look Arthur at those beautiful pinks and that rosemary, and at those gay larkspurs! How pretty they would look in our garland—in the garland we mean to make for Mamma on her birthday."

"And look," said Arthur, "at the jessamine by me, whose white silvery stars peep through the trellice work—and do you observe how neat the borders are—not a weed to be seen!—I wish my little garden was in as much order as your's is, Nurse Meads!"

Our young readers may wish to know who this old woman was, as she appeared such a favourite with the children. She had formerly been their nurse. and she now lived in a little rural cottage which their father had had fitted up for her, at the end of the lane of which we have been speaking. Her grand-daughter Phebe, lived with her, and obtained something towards their livelihood by weaving lace; which, with a little income from her former master, enabled them to do very nicely. Nurse was always glad to see the children, who, as



she said, were as dear to her as though they were her own.

“Mamma will want her breakfast,” said Arthur, “and we must not keep her waiting.—I have eaten my cake.”

“Stay a moment,” said little Phebe; “Miss Caroline said she should like a few pinks; and she shall have as many as she pleases, and welcome.”

The obliging girl put her lace pillow upon the seat in the porch, and ran in for a large pair of scissars, and returning, began to cut pinks, and roses, and woodbines, and jessamines.

“You are too kind and too generous,” said Arthur; “we only wished for a few of those very sweet pinks.”

“How beautiful they will look in Mamma’s garland!” said Caroline. “Thank you, Phebe! thank you!”

Phebe now opened the wicket; and hand-in-hand the little pair turned towards their home.

“Cannot we go back by the fields?” asked Caroline. “You know, Arthur, there is a path through them—and the dew will not hurt us if we go one by one in that narrow path. We do not want to gather flowers now, you know—and I am afraid the muffins will be cold: Mamma will not like to take her breakfast without us.”

Arthur, ever ready to please his sister, who in her turn was ever ready to please him, consented, and they crossed over a stile into a field.

Barley had been sown in this field; it was now just turning yellow, and waved, when gently moved by the wind.

“Do you think, Arthur,” said Caroline, “that the brown cake Nurse Meads gave us, was made of wheat flour? It was not at all like the cakes we have at home.”

“No,” said Arthur, “it was not made of wheat, but of rye: we shall come to a field of rye presently. Papa told me, one day, that rye is a sort of corn, and the poor people often make it into bread, and use it in food. We will take an ear of barley, and compare it with rye.”

As Arthur spoke, he pulled up a root, and they soon crossed a little stile which led into the next field.

“And now,” said Caroline, “you tell me that this is rye—but what difference do you find between it and barley? This rye grows much higher, to be sure, higher than the top of your hat; and the barley only comes to your elbow.”

“That is one difference,” said Arthur; “but look, Caroline—the spikes of the rye are neither so long nor so fine as the barley.”

“So you never need mistake them for each



other; the straw or stalk of the rye is the longest; but the spikes, or beard, as Papa calls it, is shorter and coarser than that of the barley."

"And the long beard of the barley gives it rather a silly look, as it waves about with the wind," said Caroline. "But now I wish to see a field of wheat."

"You must wait till another time," said Arthur, "because we shall not pass through one this morning."

"Well! I have learned one thing to-day," said his good-humoured sister:—"you know Mamma says that we should never go a walk and return home, without having learned something.—I did not before know the difference between rye and barley—how came you to know it, clever Arthur?"

"Because Papa told me; and he often tells such things when I walk with him in his fields."

"I will beg dear Papa, this very evening," exclaimed Caroline, "to let me walk with him too, that I may in time become as wise as you are!"

"I wonder what else I shall learn before we reach home."

As Caroline spoke, they reached another stile; and she laid the fine bunch of flowers, which Phebe had given her, upon the ground, that she might get over it more easily.



Arthur was already in the next field ; for he was an active boy : and he now held out his hand to his sister—and, as she jumped, she exclaimed, in a tone of delight—

“ Oh, Arthur ! what is that amongst the grass ? ” — and stooping almost at the same moment.——

“ A bracelet ! ” cried she.—“ How could this beautiful bracelet ever come here ! ”

“ Somebody must have lost it, ” said her brother : “ let us hasten home, and ask Mamma to try to find its owner. ”

“ But some of the pearls are dirty, ” said Caroline ; “ and do you see, Arthur, that the clasp is broken : so it would not be of much



use to any one: however, we can try to find out to whom it belongs."

In a little time Caroline forgot the barley, the rye, and the brown cake which had led to them, and they hastened home, that they might show the treasure they had found to their mother.

"A bracelet, Mamma!—a pearl bracelet!" cried Caroline, as she ran into the breakfast parlour, her cheeks glowing with the rosy hue of health:—"look at what we have found this morning; a bracelet, Mamma!"

The mother took it in her hand.

"It will not be of much use to the person who lost it, Mamma," continued Caroline, "for you see the clasp is broken"

"But it may be of some use to my little Caroline," said her mother, smiling.

"How so, Mamma? How can it be of any use to me, when it is of no use to any one else? We might put a new clasp, to be sure—but then we should want another bracelet for the other arm.—Oh, I guess by your smile what you mean—you mean that it may teach me what pearls are. You knew that I should ask you; for you know very well that I always like to ask you what I do not know.

"When I was drawing a picture yesterday, and asked you of what my pencil was made, you told me that it was made of black lead—that lead is a metal found in mines—and that

the black lead in my pencil was found in a mine in Cumberland;—that Cumberland is one of the counties in the north of England—and that England is divided into forty shires or counties. You told me too that paper—my drawing paper—was made of old rags pounded in water into a fine *pulp*—(that is a hard word to remember, Mamma)—and then strained through a sieve—a wire sieve—of the shape and size of a sheet of paper. And now will you tell me what pearls are? I cannot guess.”

“You know what an oyster shell is, my love,” said her mother.

“Oh yes, Mamma! we have often had oysters; and I learned from my little ‘Henry,’ that the oyster’s shell is called a *bivalve*, because it consists of two parts.”

“Pearls, (continued her mother,) are found in oysters and muscles. When the shell is injured by any means, the fish being provided with a gummy liquid, repairs or mends it—and it is this gummy liquid that, as it grows hard, becomes a pearl.

“It is said that the people who live in China, catch muscles and make holes in their shells, and then put them again into the water, to increase the number of the pearls.”

“‘*It is said,*’” exclaimed Caroline; “but are you not sure of it, Mamma?—I only like to know things that are true—quite true.”

“I believe it to be so, my dear little girl;



but as I have never been in China, nor have ever seen the Chinese catching muscles, I cannot be certain. You must have patience respecting the truth of the thing till we meet with some one who has seen them."

"So I must have patience, Mamma," said little Caroline, "for I cannot help it."

"But shells are found in the sea; in what sea are oysters and muscles found, Mamma? and how are they got out--*procured*, as you say?"

"I will answer your first question first, my dear."

"You know that the world is divided into four parts, sometimes called quarters."—

"Yes, Mamma, very well, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.—America is named last, because it was last discovered."

"On the coast of several countries in Asia, those oysters are found whose pearls are of most value for their size, and colour, and beauty. On the coast of Persia chiefly."

"May I have the dissected map of Asia, Mamma?—and then you know I shall be able to find Persia."

"You may after breakfast, my dear little girl. Go and knock at the door of your Papa's study, and tell him that the urn is brought in."

— — — — —

Caroline's bason of milk was soon finished ;

but she did not move from the table until her father and mother had done their breakfast. When the cloth was taken away, she went to the sideboard drawer, reached her map of Asia, and spread it out on the green baize which covered the table.



She was an attentive little girl, and she knew how each country was situated with respect to the one by it, and was busily engaged for half an hour, in joining the pieces together.

“Persia! Persia! where are you?” exclaimed she. “Oh, here it is, Mamma—a large crooked country between the country called Arabia, where coffee comes from, and the country called Hindoostan, where the little birds



light their nests with fire flies. — You see, Mamma, I do not forget what you tell me. — So now for the pearls. Will you let me know in what way they are procured ?”

“Early in the spring, on the sea-coast, there are to be seen a great number of little barks— a hundred or more.”

“*Barks*, mamma!—I thought that bark was the outside of a tree.”

“The outer part of the trunk of a tree is called the bark—the little boats used by the people who go to get pearls, are called barks also. A small ship may be called a bark.”

“Well, Mamma! a hundred little barks.”—

“In some of them there are two men—in some there is only one. Before the sun rises in the morning, these little boats, with their white sails hoisted, are put off from shore. As soon as they have reached the place where they know the fish to be, and have cast anchor, each diver, that is, each man that dives or goes down into the sea, fastens a stone to his body.”

“A stone, Mamma! why does he do so ?”

“Because it serves him for what is called *ballast* — it prevents his being driven (as he would certainly be without it) against the rocks by the motion of the swelling billows which roll over him, and burst on every side; and it also enables him to walk more steadily among the waves.”

“But what can he walk upon ?”

“ Upon rocks, coral rocks, which are a long way beneath the surface, or top of the sea.

“ Besides the stone tied to his body, another is tied to his foot, in order to make him sink to the bottom. The oysters adhere or stick so firmly to the rocks, that the divers are obliged to cover their hands with thick leather gloves.”

“ As thick and as strong as those that the man wore when he was cutting the hedge at the bottom of the park, Mamma ?”

“ Quite as thick, and quite as strong. Each diver also takes an iron rake, to move or displace the shells from the rocks, as well as a large net, which is tied to his neck by a long cord.”

“ A long cord, Mamma ! why would not a short one do ?”

“ You shall hear.

“ The other end of this cord is fastened to the side of the bark, and it is intended to pull him up when he wants air ; so, of course, it must be long.”

“ Well, Mamma, and what sort of net is it that he takes with him, and what is it for ? I thought that the rake was to pull the oysters from the rocks ”

“ So it is. But this strong net, or sack, has a hoop fixed in its opening, and it is useful in holding the shells or oysters he may collect.

“ Thus equipped he lets himself down into the sea.”



“What, Mamma! can he stay long enough under the water to rake them from the rocks, and to get oysters enough to fill his bag?”

“Practice and use,” replied her mother, “enable the poor divers to bear what we are ready to think could not to be borne. They will sometimes remain half an hour scrambling among the corals at the bottom of the sea; but the employ is dangerous, and often tends to shorten the lives of the poor men.”

“Oh, Mamma, I shall not like to wear my pearl necklace, now that I know how much trouble and how much danger have been undergone to obtain it. But I did not know that it was light in the sea, Mamma, so far beneath the top or surface.”

“Yes: at whatever depth the divers are there is light enough for them to see what is passing around them; and sometimes, to their great terror, they behold monstrous fishes, from whose jaws they can only escape by making the water muddy: great sharks often lurk about the diving places, and devour the unfortunate men. The dangers they are under in procuring things of so little use, (for you know pearls are only ornaments) is dreadful.”

“How shocking must be the life of a diver, Mamma! If we had not found the bracelet this morning, I should perhaps have worn my necklace again, as I have so often done, without thinking about the pearls: now I am sure that I never shall!

“I must thank Arthur, for it was on account of his lettuces we went to Nurse Meads’s—if we had not gone there, we should not have found the bracelet—if we had not found the bracelet, I should not have heard about pearls; and I thank you too, my dear Mamma, for having told me what I did not know. I like to learn some new thing every day!”

Away ran the lively Caroline to beg her



brother, who was learning his lessons in the study, to go and blow soap bubbles with her on the lawn.

Arthur was not yet ready.

“Look, Caroline,” said he, “I have this French verb to conjugate.”—



“Conjugate! Arthur; conjugate! I do not know what you mean by conjugate. However, I will run forward, and you may find me by the almond tree at the end of the lawn, as soon as you are ready.”

When Arthur had any thing more difficult to do than usual, he did not murmur, and ask his papa to let him leave it, as some little boys will do. No! he applied to it with double diligence. Success is the reward of attention: in a quarter of an hour Arthur took his slate to his father, with the whole of the French verb neatly written upon it; and the praise he received quite compensated, or made up for his sister's having gone before him.

He reached his little straw hat which was hanging upon a hook in the hall, and ran to the almond tree.

“Will you draw me about in my little wooden cart, Arthur?” said Caroline—“and I will be Lady Julia in her poney-chaise, and you shall be Bob—that will be much better than blowing soap bubbles!”

The good-natured Arthur consented. A silk handkerchief was tied round his waist, and one end of a skipping-cord round one shoulder, another skipping-cord round the other shoulder, and the ends of each were fastened to the cart. Some packthread, which Arthur had in his pocket, served the purpose of reins. Caroline seated herself in triumph.

“Now my horse Bob,” said she, “take me to pay Mamma a visit.”

Away galloped Bob with his little burden behind him. The grass was dry and soft, and they proceeded across the lawn; but in passing a damask rose tree covered with beautiful full-blown roses emitting their soft perfume, Lady Julia suddenly drew in the reins, and exclaimed, “Oh, Bob! Bob! Bob!—to-morrow is my Mamma’s birth-day, and her garland is not yet made—where are the roses we brought from Nurse Meads’s garden?—We left them by the stile when we found the bracelet. Let us go directly, and search for them. I am afraid they are withered, and that Mamma will lose her garland, for the roses on my own little tree were gathered a week ago for my cousin Emma; and we must not ask Mamma’s gardener to give us any, or they will not be our present.”

As the blue-eyed girl spoke, she jumped out of her wooden cart. Bob was unharnessed; and Caroline and Arthur were themselves again.

They opened a little gate at the end of the terrace, and ran to the window of the parlour, in which their mother was seated at work, and begged to know whether they might go to the stile; but she said that it was too warm at that time, and that they should go in the evening.

So the children went in doors, and amused themselves, as well educated children always do, without disturbing those around them.



Arthur copied a picture of an Irish cabin, which his mother had reached from her portfolio. Caroline began a doll's frock which had been cut out some time, and had quietly laid in her work-basket.

Dinner-time came, and——tea-time came.

In the cool of the evening the juvenile pair reached their hats, and bent their way across the field.



Alas! the flowers were gone; some little girl who liked flowers as well as Caroline did, had probably taken them. She tried to content herself with the hope of making a garland for her mother another time.

And, taking Arthur's hand, they turned towards home, in a more melancholy mood than they had done in the morning. Their father was coming down the path, and as soon as Caroline saw him, her eyes sparkled with joy, and her cheeks glowed with delight.

"Oh, here is Papa!" exclaimed she; "perhaps we may walk with him, and perhaps he will take us through a field of wheat—and then I shall know the difference between wheat, and rye, and barley—and perhaps we may go home by the lane, and gather some more flowers."

"Well, my boy," said the kind father, as he came near them—"I have been looking at your Irish cabin, and I think it is done very well—in a very bold style, for such a little fellow as you are."

Arthur laughed. "I am glad you are come, Papa," said he, "we wish to go home through a wheat field, that Caroline may see that wheat is neither like rye nor barley."

The little boy then gave his father an account of the adventures of the morning—of the bracelet, and of the flowers.

The wheat field was beyond the pretty lane down which they had gone to Nurse's cottage. As they passed this rural abode, Arthur exclaimed, "How different the old woman who is sitting by the Irish cabin (in the picture Mamma lent me to copy) looks to old Nurse Meads sitting in the porch by her cottage-door!"



“The Irish peasantry do not possess the comforts which the English do,” said his father.

“Papa, will you, as we walk, give me some account of Ireland?”

“Most willingly, my love. You can in the first place tell me where it is.”

“Yes, Papa. Great Britain, the country in which we live, is divided into England, Scotland, and Wales. Ireland is an island, or piece of land quite surrounded by water, and it is separated from Great Britain by a sea, called the Irish sea.”

“That country,” said his father, “is in some parts fertile, and its commons and meadows are green like ours; but in other parts there are great bogs.”

“Bogs, Papa?”

“Damp soft ground that shakes under one’s feet; and these bogs sometimes extend for several miles. As there are not many coal-mines, they supply the people with peat, or turf, for firing.”

“Then I suppose, Papa, there are not so many corn-fields there as in England. Do the people live on brown bread made of barley or rye? for I should think that the ground would not do well for wheat. I have heard you say that wheat likes to grow upon a strong stiff soil.”

“No: the peasantry seldom taste either brown or white bread; their common food is potatoes or butter-milk: an Irishman would

scarcely think he had had his dinner without them.

“Most of the cottages, or cabins, as they are called, are made of mud dried, without windows or chimney; and a small piece of ground for potatoes, belongs to every cabin.”

“In your picture, (said Caroline,) the smoke seems to pass through a hole in the roof.—I am glad that I am not an Irish girl!”

“The outside of these cabins,” continued her father, “is wretched, and the inside would,



to us, appear still more so. The family, whether few or many, sleep together on straw; and the cow, pig, dog, cat, and chickens, repose in the same room with their master and mistress.”



“Miserable, Papa! it would be worse than sleeping in a barn or stable!”

“Their dress accords with their hovels—they wear neither shoes nor stockings—the women are often without caps or bonnets, and with little else than stays or petticoat; and yet they are very cheerful, and fond of singing and dancing. They seem to forget that they are poor.”

Thus talking, the time passed away, and the party arrived at the wheat field.

“Now my love,” said Caroline’s father, “examine this wheat, and tell me in what respect it differs from rye and barley.”

“There are no long spikes to this, Papa,” said she.

“No; and the ear is heavier and larger. Gather one, and count the number of grains contained in it.”

Caroline pulled violently, and drew up a root that had six stalks growing from it.

“Stop, my wasteful little girl,” said her father: “I only told you to gather one ear. Let me see, however. Look what a wonderful increase here is. These six stalks have all sprung from one little grain; and each ear contains, perhaps, twenty grains; how many will that give us in all?”

“One hundred and twenty grains, Papa, instead of one,” said Arthur.

“That is very wonderful,” said little Caro-

line; "so then, Papa, there always grows a hundred and twenty times as much wheat as is sown."

"No, no, my love; I did not say that. In this case it is so, and sometimes it may even happen to produce more; but a great deal of seed is sown in the ground which never comes up at all; of what does come up, some is spoiled before it is ripe, and the ears do not all yield so well as these."

"How long is wheat growing, Papa?" asked Arthur.

"Nine or ten months for the most part. The corn is now turning yellow; as soon as it is got in, we shall begin to prepare for next year. We shall plough the land, and sow it again directly. Some seed, indeed, is not sown before the spring; but that seldom produces quite such good crops."

"What is the use of ploughing, Papa?" said Caroline.

"To break up the earth, which would otherwise get so hard that no corn could grow on it. When the ground has been ploughed, a man walks over it, and scatters the seed all over the field."

"I have often seen a man doing so," said Arthur; and then the seed is raked in by a thing — by an instrument full of great iron teeth, called a harrow."

"Care is afterwards taken to keep it free



from weeds; but besides that, nothing more can be done. It is left for the rain to water and the sun to ripen it."

"And when it is quite ripe, then the harvest comes, does it not, Papa?" said Caroline.

"Yes: in a week or two it will be harvest time. Then the reapers will go into the field, and cut down the corn with their sickles. They will tie it up in bundles, called sheaves, and carry it into barns, where it will be thrashed for our use"

"And I shall see little girls gleaning, Papa, (said Caroline) and that to me is better than all. I shall help the sun-burnt Phebe, 'her little blue apron to fill.' I am sure I ought to help *her*, because she gave me so many sweet pinks, and it was not her fault that I lost them—I was thinking so much about the pearl bracelet, that I quite forgot the flowers."

The children and their father now crossed the stile that led from the wheat field into the high road, and then passing by Nurse Meads's pretty cottage, they entered the lane, the winding lane, once more.

"There is a beautiful cluster of roses! (said Caroline;) do, do, dear Papa, gather it for me."

The kind father complied with his little girl's wishes.

"And now that flower with a large white blossom—what is that called, Papa?"

"Bindweed, a plant very troublesome to the farmers."

“Oh, Papa! will you reach some bindweed for me—and some woodbine—how sweet the woodbine smells, Papa! I think Arthur, that after all, we shall be able to make the garland!”

Caroline let go her father's hand, and ran first to the bank on one side of the lane, and then to the bank on the other side of the lane. As we have said before, these banks were covered with flowers of all hues, white, blue, and yellow, looking like a carpet of different colours; the lively girl had in a short time gathered as many as she could hold in her little hand.

Arthur had run on, and when his sister overtook him, he was mounted upon the spurs of a gate, and trying with all his might to reach what he called “a festoon of lovely roses.”

“I have been trying for a long time to gather them for you,” said he, “but I am afraid I must give them up at last: just as I think myself sure, and just as I catch hold of the end of the bough, it slips away, and I am disappointed.”

“You are very good-natured (said Caroline) but do not try any more, dear Arthur—perhaps we shall have enough—Oh, here is Papa!”

The difficulty was soon conquered—a kind papa can conquer any difficulty. The lovely festoon was twined round Caroline's straw hat, and the children having now as many flowers





as they wished, continued their walk down the shady lane, each holding a hand of their father.

“Your difficulty, Arthur, (said he) made me think of the poor samphire gatherers.”

“The samphire gatherers! who are they, Papa?—and what is samphire?”

“Samphire is a sort of plant which grows in abundance upon chalky cliffs, and makes a finely-flavoured pickle. The poor people who gather it, fix a rope to an iron crow driven in the ground at the top of the cliff, and are then let down by a rope over the brink of the precipice, and in a basket gather the samphire—an employment which makes one shudder to look at.”

“Why, that is somewhat like diving for pearls, Papa. But in what country does the samphire grow?”

“In many parts of England, my dear, particularly in Kent; which you know is one of the southern counties.”

“But are there many chalk cliffs in Kent, Papa?”

“Yes, Our island, instead of England, is sometimes called *Albion*, and it is on account of the high chalk cliffs in this county, whose white sides are seen a great way off. Towards the town of Dover, they rise very sublimely near the sea; and it is about them that the plant of which we have been speaking, grows in such plenty.—

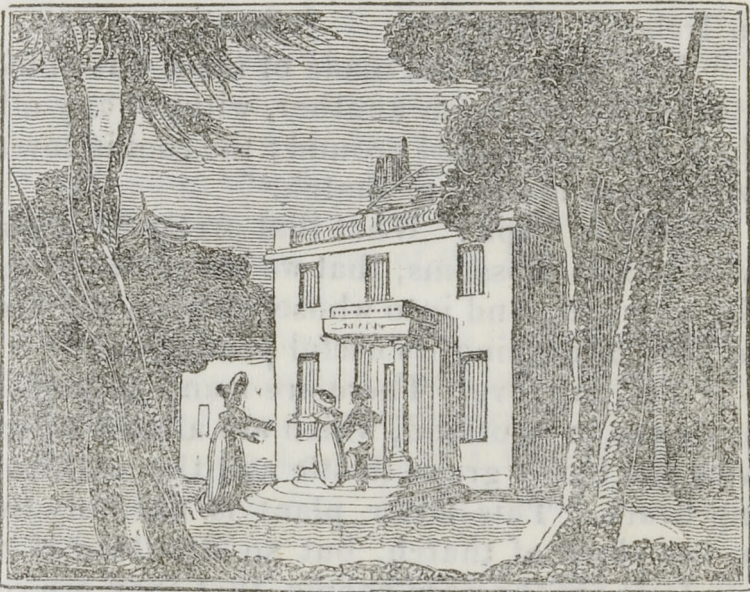
And where the samphire picker risks his weight,  
 And, dreadful trade! descends the craggy height,  
 By rope made fast, and round his middle slung,  
 From high and rocky cliffs the gatherer's hung;  
 Each feather'd tenant of the region scares,  
 While for a weed futurity he dares;  
 For a small sum he ventures life and hope,  
 Depending only on a simple rope, [steep,  
 Which worn by friction 'gainst some sharp-edg'd  
 Might headlong hurl him thro' the briny deep.”

As their father finished speaking, the children opened the little gate at the end of the terrace, and laying their flowers upon the grass, went to the root-house for their little green watering-pots, that they might water the rest



of the lettuces. When this job was ended, they returned, and took their flowers to a painted bench near the favourite almond tree on the lawn. Arthur procured a hoop to tie them upon; and for an hour, Caroline and he were very busy. At length the garland was completed, and hung up in the root-house, (that being a cool spot) till the following day.

The sun was sinking behind the hills, and as it disappeared, the moon rose behind the trees :



it was like a lamp of gold. Now, no sound was heard in the still air, no murmur of voices among the green leaves. Arthur and Caroline were ascending the hall steps, when their mother, who had been in the shrubbery to look for her children, overtook them.

“We have passed a happy day, Mamma,” said little Caroline—“we have been so busy: but you are not to know till to-morrow what we have been about. This day has not been like Rosamond’s ‘Day of Misfortunes,’ has it, Arthur?”

“No! no! no!” exclaimed her brother, as he ran into the parlour to beg his Papa to tell him something about Scotland, as he had done about Ireland.

“Are the cottages there like the mud cabins in Ireland, Papa?”

“No, they are not made of mud, but of loose stones laid one upon another, without any other floor than the naked ground; the roof is covered with heath instead of thatch.”

“Heath, Papa! What that pretty little plant with purple blossoms, that we see growing upon the common, and into whose blossom the bee is so fond of dipping its useful proboscis?”

“Yes, my love. There are many large plains or downs in Scotland, which are almost covered with the hardy green thistle and the red blooming heath. This latter plant is not only used in the place of thatch, but so destitute of our comforts are the poor people, that they are contented with beds made of the same material.”

“Oh, Papa! how different to our soft pillows of down! And are their cottages without windows and chimneys, as the Irish cabins are, Papa?” said Arthur.

“Windows are seldom to be seen, my dear;



the light enters through the hole which is left in the roof for the smoke to pass through, in the place of a chimney."

"And now for the people, Papa. I have sometimes seen a poor Scotchman with his bagpipe and his plaid cloak.—How are the women dressed?"

"They mostly wear plaid petticoats and blue jackets, and are seldom seen with shoes or stockings, except on Sunday.

"The very poorest of the people are careful to teach their children early what is right and what is wrong. The cottagers are often seen at their doors on a fine evening employed with their spinning wheels, whilst a little creature leaning on its mother's knee, repeats its catechism or some verses out of the Bible, to which she listens as she works.

"Although the peasantry live in such wretched hovels, yet they are brave and industrious, and very polite and kind to strangers."

"Papa, do you know that I like the Scotch much better than the Irish," said Caroline, rubbing her eyes.

"You are sleepy, my little girl, and it is almost bed time," said her father, as he rung the bell.

Arthur and Caroline took leave of their Papa and Mamma, and retiring to rest, soon sunk into as sound a slumber as the brave and hardy Scotch children do upon their beds of heath.

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Morning came. The sun again darted its bright beams into Caroline's room. She awoke with renewed spirits, and ran to her brother as soon as she was dressed.

Hand-in-hand the juvenile pair bent their way down the terrace to the root-house, and the garland was presented to their mother because it was her birth-day.



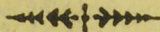


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