

THE BUTTERFLY.

Who has not chased the butterfly,
And crushed its slender legs and wings,
And heaved a sporalizing sigh,
"Alas! How frail are earthly things!"

Where is the young person who does not like to look on Harry-long-legs, as he flies about among the rushes on the brink of a pond? or to watch the green slender-bodied Dragon Fly, with his finely woven wings, darting quickly from one place to another? or to gaze on the buzzing Bee, as he creeps up the tubes of the spotted Foxglove, or tumbles into the yellow buttercup, always buzzing, always busy, always in a bustle? But there is something that a boy or girl loves to look on better than Harry-long-legs, or the Dragon Fly, or the buzzing Bee, and that is a butterfly. There is something so beautiful, so odd, so holiday-like in a butterfly, that every one likes it, every one loves it.

Fluttering it waves its pinions fair,
By turns to rise and fall;
Now on a flower, now in the air,
Now o'er the garden wall.

Bob Hardy, Bill Piper, and Harry Willets were playing together on the common. They had been hopping over each other's hats, skimming flat stones across the pool to make ducks and drakes, and chasing each other round the sawpit, when all at once a beautiful butterfly came fluttering just over their heads. It was not one of the common yellow-winged butterflies, which may be seen every hour on a summer's day, but a fine large one with broad wings, painted, with dark brown, and red blotches; and Bob and Bill, and Harry thought that they had never seen such a butterfly before in all their lives. In one minute Bill started off after it, Bob carried his hat in his hand, to knock it down; and Harry pulled off his jacket flourishing it about in the air. For some time the butterfly fluttered about the banks of the pool, and from one side to the other of the old sawpit, at last it went across the common, and away went Harry Willets, Bill Piper, and Bob Hardy.

Bill took the lead, and left his playmates some distance behind, but, "great haste makes the less speed," and down came Bill over a log of timber. Bob passed by him, and the butterfly just then settled on a thistle. Bob crept softly forward, made a sudden stroke with his hat, and caught—the thistle, for the butterfly was too nimble for him, and fluttered high in the air. Harry came up as the butterfly came down, and flung his jacket in the air to catch it, then kneeling down on the grass he cautiously lifted up one sleeve after the other, and then the tail of his jacket; but he need not have been so careful, for the butterfly was not under his jacket. Bill and Bob continued the chase as eagerly as if running for a golden guinea, till Harry once more overtook them, when making a stroke altogether at the

butterfly, Bill fell to the ground with Bob Hardy under him, and Harry Willets on his back.

"Up again, you young rogues," cried old Hawker, the mole-catcher, who was passing by at the time with Hannah Stokes, the errand woman; "up again, for the Butterfly has got the start of you. Look yonder, he has lighted on a rail, and will soon be o'er the hedge I warrant you."

As old Hawker said, so it was, for, before Bill Piper got to the rail, the butterfly fluttered o'er the hedge. The prize, however, was too precious to be lost sight of, and Bob, Bill, and Harry hustled over the gate into Farmer Bunch's clover field, to pursue the butterfly, while the mole-catcher and Hannah Stokes proceeded together along the common.

"Those lads," said Hawker, "are keeping up the old game. Fifty summers ago I used to chase butterflies on this very common, and many a tumble have I had, and many a disappointment too. I remember a turn that Ben Holt and I had after one on the far side of the common, when Ben rolled into the sawpit; but poor Ben is under the turf now. Ben and I set off together to try our luck on shipboard; we went to South America, where the gold mines are, but we might as well have hunted butterflies here on the common, as any where else, for it turned out to be a butterfly chase after all, and we came back as poor as we went. Some time after that we made another start, and went to the North, having engaged to serve in the whale fishery, but the North was no better than the South. In the one we were half roasted, and in the other half frozen to death, but not a single butterfly did we catch; and I would advise all who leave old England, with the hope of bettering their condition, to think a little what they are doing. To run after riches and comfort out of old England, is just like running after a butterfly."

"I have heard," said Hannah Stokes, that folks who go to those outlandish countries seldom better themselves."

"You may say that," replied the mole-catcher: "many a man who has left old England in a whole shirt, has brought a ragged one back with him, but I was going to tell you another of my pranks: When Ben and I found that so little was to be got at sea, we determined to stick close to the land, so we made the best of our way up to London. I dare say you have heard, as well as we did, that the streets there are paved with gold, and the houses filled with lords and ladies, but we found going to London pretty much like going to the North and to the South. It was at best but a chase after a butterfly. We saw plenty of tall fellows in livery, with white cotton stockings, who seemed to be doing well; but neither Ben nor I were fit to be dressed up in that fashion, so we came back a little

wiser than we went, but not with quite so much money in our pockets. At last we got into service, I was footman to young squire Flash, and Ben was under gardener. The young squire was a fine, dashing young fellow, sure enough; but he that runs the fastest is the soonest tired, and so it was with my master. He ran his racehorses at a strange rate, and for a while carried all before him; but a man must not always expect the sun to shine. If he lost a hundred pounds one day, he bet another to get it back again; and when that was done, he doubled his stakes to win more while his luck lasted. It was all a butterfly chase, his noble came to nimpence, and Ben and I had once more to look out for ourselves.

"If a man gets nothing else by moving about in the world, he is sure to get experience, and they say that that will make a fool wise. Ben and I made our minds to come back to our native place, for the farther of we went, the worse we fared. Perhaps if it had not been for this, we should have run after butterflies all our days.

"Poor Ben sickened and died, and lies buried under the yew tree, near the sundial in the churchyard, but I often call him to mind now. Mole-catching is not the best trade in the world, but, for all that, it is better than running after butterflies.

"My son Jack is as much disposed to ramble as I was, but I say to him, Jack, before you start off after any thing, ask yourself two questions: first, whether it is likely you can catch it? and secondly, whether it is worth running after? for one half of the world are running after butterflies."

Here the mole-catcher and the errand woman parted, the one calling at a farm house, and the other at a cottage; but old Hawker soon after walked back again to the common, where he met Bob Hardy, Bill Piper, and Harry Willets, just returned from the chase; Bill with a scratch across his face, Bob with the crown of his hat hanging down on one side, and Harry with the sleeve of his jacket almost torn off, yet with all their misfortunes they had not caught the butterfly.

If, reader, thou would'st virtue prize
With happiness in view;
Leave, then, the painted Butterflies
To wave their wings mid earth and skies,
And be thou diligent and wise,
And nobler ends pursue!

THE JEWS.

The population of Judea, at the time King Solomon held his reign, is supposed to have been nearly five millions, and yet the present number of Jews now on the face of the globe does not exceed three millions. This remnant of a once powerful people is scattered over nearly the whole world and subject to every variety of treatment, according to the disposition or prejudices of the people among