

See how those large bunches of blossom whiten in the shade of you oak! Let us draw near and observe their beauty. What a profusion of flowers! How thickly the slight branches are covered with them! How fair they are! How delicate in colour, yet, at the same time, how unpretending! with something of a rusticity in their appearance, yet with how fragrant a breath! And what a busy buzzing crowd of bees are fluttering in them! Keats has charmingly sung of

A bush of May-flowers, with the bees about them.

Soft!—'tis the lowing of a cow. And there she is—beautiful creature!—straying from her pasture, and cropping the daisied greensward of the lane. Here over the hedge, is her fellow. Knee deep she stands in rich verdure and golden buttercups, lifting her amiable face as we approach, and

Looking up astart.

With sleepy eyes, and meek mouth ruminant.

How happy she seems! How much she enjoys the bounty of nature! How contented she appears with her lot! No aspirations, no ambition, to be other than she is! Paul Potter, at his best, skilful though he was, would have failed in delineating her beauty. He could never have produced her like. What a rich purple gleam of hyacinth is on this old bank! What an affluence of vegetation, fresh and green! The tiny runlet glides a long unheeded, buried in the emerald depths of grasses and feathery fern. A fine study this for the landscape painter; a sweet corner for his picture.

Stand we a moment in the gloom of this old magnificent oak, stretching its arms over our heads as if to bless us.

Such tents the patriarchs loved.

Mossy is its trunk, and encircled with a twine of ivy to its central branches. The small birds love to nestle therein, and sport among the glossy leaves. Look up! How green the twilight imprisoned there! How intricate and involved the timber! What an exuberance of foliage! What ruddy scatterings of apple-fruit here and there, peeping through the green! What a delightful choir for the heart-stirring songsters of May! Sweet it were to rest here at early dawn, couched in the solemn shade, on the soft moss, breathing the hawthorn-scented gale, and listening with enraptured ear

To every lay

Which comes down from the green boughs, yet away
Startles no stillness.

JUNE.

Or, suppose it to be an evening closing "the leafy month of June," or at the beginning of July, on which we take our stroll through the verdant lane. The hedgerows are then dressed in their loveliest attire, and are truly delightful to look on, covered with a profusion of gay flowers: the pink and white clusters of the wild rose; the purple blossoms of the night-shade and vetch; the large creamy bunches of elder-bloom; the snowy hemlock; campion stars, crimson and white; the cerulean flowers of the speedwell; and the odorous honeysuckle, gadding from bush to bush; these are radiantly conspicuous, amid a host of minor beauties, charming the heart of every beholder, from the little child, burthened with a posy as big as himself, and the love-sick youth, who culls a nose-gay for his mistress fair, to the hoary old man, leaning on his staff, who has crawled forth into the green lane while it is yet day, to feel, upon his withered cheek, the freshness of the summer breeze; to bask in the rays of the declining sun; to rejoice—though he himself is fast sinking into the tomb—in all the life, and loveliness, and joy that are around him; to catch a backward glimpse of the bright days of his youthful years, when the flowers which grace his path, though still a pleasure to behold, possessed, to his young fancy, a charm and a fascination, a richness and intensity of beauty, of which they seem now bereft; and

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

though the halo which has passed away from the earth can never again be restored to his vision, yet he is cheerful amid the bloomy affluence, the deep luxuriant vegetation, that encircle him on every side; cheerful in the bounty and beneficence of that great good Being whom he worships night and morn—whose hand, with lavish prodigality, has strewn his path with nature's beauties, and encompassed him with the promise of good to come; cheerful, perhaps, in the recollection of a life well spent, in the memory of virtuous deeds and endearing charities; cheerful in the prospect of a bright future, in a world where life knows no change of season, where summer's sun sets not, nor declines from its meridian splendour, and where the beautiful flowers of summers know not what it is to fade.

Reader! this is indeed a pleasant path. We will stroll gently along, and keep an observant eye upon every object of interest we meet with, for a store of delight is in the perspective, a golden harvest awaits the gathering.

A WELL.

Step aside! what have we here, in this leafy nook? To what "secret" of the lanes will this small footpath through the greensward, hollow and worn, introduce us? How umbrageous a corner! how cool! The taper leaves of this knot of willows quiver in the breeze, and the woodbine trails its sweet flowers over the aged thorn. What a multitude of roses! what a profusion of gay foxgloves! And see how this green nook teems with the delicate harebell, and the glowing stars of the red campion! Here is a cor-

ner for ferns; and the broad magnificent leaves of "burdock" and this bushy canopy of hawthorn, willow, and umbrageous elm, over-shadows a well. Yes, 'tis a well, mossy, but not deep—

Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye

Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.

Look down! how green! how cool! how delicious would be a long draught of its clear water! And how beautiful is the bit of heaven reflected in its "crystal eye," that itiny cloudlet sailing across the blue!

In the eastern world, from the remotest period, a well of sweet waters has been held as an inestimable treasure, of far greater value than heaps of silver or precious stones; and the individual who digged a well, was considered worthy to be holden in lasting remembrance, as having conferred a benefit on his species. In the Old Testament times, the digging of a well was looked upon as a matter of sufficient moment to be recorded in history.

In this saucy little island of Britain, where the earth is so prolific of its springs of sweet water, a well, and the digging of a well, are matters of far less consequence than they have at any time been in the east. No one signalizes himself here by boring a few yards into the earth in search of water. Alas for the fame of the deed, well-digging has become an everyday trade, and the persons who make it their constant occupation are very commonplace people indeed. But even in this our country, a well of pure water is a treasure. In some parts, a single well supplies the needs of an entire village. And, in strolling through the green lanes and rural roads of Old England, whenever we meet with a well by the wayside, we invariably find near it or at no great distance, a hamlet or cluster of cottages, sending up its blue smoke quietly from among the trees, and enriching the landscape with its beauty. Children are fond of playing about a well, greatly to the terror of their watchful mothers; dabbling in the spilt water that, around its edge, lies sometimes in little pools; swinging on the windlass; or making mud of the crystal spring with pebbles: and many a charming group have we seen thus employed, which the pencil of a Gainsborough would have made immortal. To us, a well is at all times, in itself, a pleasure to behold; and we love, in our summer-even ramblings through the verdant lanes, dearly love to stumble upon one, nooked in some leafy, lush recess, fern-fringed, and mossy to the bottom, whose clear and bubbling waters tempt us to uncoil the rusty chain, and fetch up a bumper cool as the polar ice, and grateful as cool. We have said, it is a certain indication of the near proximity of those picturesque abodes—those snug, suckle-wreathed, rose-embowered, romantic dwellings, for which "Merry England" has long been famed—the cottage homes of her peasantry. And here, turning this crook of the lane in which we are wandering, and passing through the shade of this brotherhood of trees matted over our heads, we come somewhat abruptly, on a cluster of sweet cots, standing, in social fellowship, side by side.

COTTAGE HOMES.

Oh, ye charming habitations, that seem the favorite abodes of peace and happiness! long, long may ye be at a distance from the great and noisy world—

The crowd, the hum, the shock of men!

Long may the cares, and troubles, the vices and follies, the heartlessness and hollow deceit of the world, be unknown in your embowered walls, beneath your mossy and tree-sheltered roofs! May the toiling slaves of commerce, the thunder of forge and loom, never scare away that healthy quiet which abides with you in this verdant and sequestered locality! May the gale of heaven, now bearing on its wings the sweet spoil of your garden-plots, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, the delicious odours of the bean and clover blossom, never be contaminated with any of the noisome smokes and smells of crowded cities, stretching in foul overgrowth across the face of the land, and converting the daisied meadow into a wretched court, the green lane into a close and squalid alley, the rustic dwelling of the peasant into a workshop for the mechanic; but (as Goldsmith beautifully says) may every breeze breathe health, and every sound be but the echo of tranquillity! O peace! that preferest the humble habitation of the cottager to the mansion of the rich and great, forsake not these quiet abodes! Let them ever be sacred to thee, and to the joys which are thine offspring! Preserve them in the entirety of their loveliness; protect them from desecration; and may the charm that now hangs around them in their beauty, abide with them for ever!

Mine be a cot beside a hill;

A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;

A willowy brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall shall linger near!

Let us sit upon this rude stile, in the shade of this fine umbrageous sycamore, and contemplate, for a few moments, the charms of the cottage group before us. How sweetly the evening sun looks upon them in their beauty, shedding his golden light upon thatch and wall, and streaming through the flower-fringed lattice, with a blaze and brilliancy like to a conflagration! How lovely the cluster of lilacs nodding over that mossy roof! And those branching oaks, still higher, beside which the thin blue smoke curls slowly and gracefully to the bluer sky! How charming the old elder, by yon cottage paling, bedight with creamy bunches of blossom—the promise of a delicious cordial for winter nights! By the by, the picture of an English cot would be incomplete without this appendage: it cannot dispense with the elder tree, growing by the little wicket, or nooked in a corner of the garden. The character-

istic must not be overlooked. And see, around that humble door, the bowery screen of thick nasturtium, with its vivid-green leaves, round and smooth, and flamy orange-colored blossoms! How very beautiful the crowd of roses blushing on yonder white-washed wall, and soaring to the roof! They bring to recollection the words of Coleridge—

Our tallest rose

Peep'd at the chamber window.

Brightly that little casement looks out from the coil of woodbine with which it is enwreathed, like a joyous and glittering eye! How snug is yon cottage porch, with its leafy walls, and one rude seat! How sweet a place to sit in, after the toils of the day; breathing the freshness of heaven's pure breezes; listening to the loud-voiced thrush—the fall of distant waters—the ringing voices of playful children; inhaling the fragrance of flowers—the breath of new-mown hay; gazing on the blue sky's witchery—the grandeur of the stately cloud—the magnificent sunset—the gentle rising of the silver moon—the first faint appearance of the stars; soothed by the soft hush of evening, and partaking largely of that peace which lies around!

COTTAGE GARDENS.

Step nearer, and let us peep over those palings into the little garden-plot so redolent of sweet odours. See! in yonder corner, the cottager is at work, turning up the soil. Hark to the tinkle of his spade as it hits against the pebbles! and with what a ring the light dry earth leaves it, as he labours with might and main to accomplish his bit of digging before nightfall! How he nerves himself to the task! No shuffling—no straight-backs! He has evidently made up his mind what to do, and to do it quickly; and it is fine to behold the activity of his brawny arms, and the play of his lusty sinews.

How neat the flower-border round the cottage wall, edged with daisies! The good man prides himself in keeping it orderly and trim. There you perceive a knot or two of choice pinks; bunches of sweetwilliams, in rich varieties; lupines; the elegant larkspur; candytuft; crowds of glowing poppies; and the Frenchman's darling—fragrant mignonette. Here is the flaming orange-lily, in all its glory; the double marygold; the clustering pansy, "rich and rare," nasturtium, with its host of blooms; and the queen of flowers, the rose. Beside the window towers the lofty hollyhock; and sweet-peas conspire to keep the open lattice in leafy bondage.

Under the hawthorn, on the bank by the wicket, Tabby, the cottage cat, has couched herself in the sun, keenly alive to every motion in the long grass and leaves around her; whilst the restless magpie, in the wicker cage that hangs beside the door, looks cunningly about him, and chatters, voluble and loud.

COTTAGE CHILDREN.

Stroll we on a few paces to where the children are at play in the lane.

Bless them! We love to hear their sweet voices ringing cheerily and clear under the open sky. We love those noisy games of which they are so fond—the mirth that startles Echo from her sleep—

And shows the native gladness of their hearts.

Here they are, bareheaded, and some of them barefooted, but health blooming upon their cheeks, and rapture sparkling in their eyes. Look at the little party gambolling on the greensward.—Over they go—heels over head! What care they for the hard knocks they get in falling! And how delighted they are—what a shout of merriment is set up—when one of their number rolls into the ditch!—Happy children, tumble on!—gambol whilst ye may!—the days are coming when you must toil for the poor pittance that buys you daily bread; when the cares of life will weigh heavy on your hearts, now so bounding and so elated! Enjoy the blissful present, then, as much as you can—there is no time to be lost. Over again!

See that young urchin, with red cheeks and flaxen curls, paddling in the runnel that bustles along under yon hedge-side! How he loves to feel the cool water dance over his toes! How eagerly he pounces upon the minnow that darts from beneath the mossy stone before him, or comes flitting down the stream! How he flogs the tall weeds with his stick; and delights in making a puddle of the crystal brooklet!—Paul Palette.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—Mr. B., a merchant of Providence, R. I. was owner of a most fortunate Privateer, which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion, when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c. taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighbourhood seeing the disaster, run and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the loft of his store called out, "What are you doing there?" The poor woman looking up answered, "Privateering, sir." The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogshead.

FAULTS OF TEACHERS.—Teachers are too apt to lay down great principles, and lose sight of small matters: like the polar star, which guides a man on a journey round the world, but not in his daily walks.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch—in our families, our tempers, and in society, our tongue.