



PICTURE PAGES



FOR YOUNG

READERS



cc
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SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN.

"You may well cry, 'Oh dear!' and draw in your breath."



SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN;

OR,

AN EVENING WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY

Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES,

AUTHOR OF "BERTHA MARCHMONT," "THE STORY OF OUR
EDLL," "GRANDPAPA'S PRESENTS," ETC.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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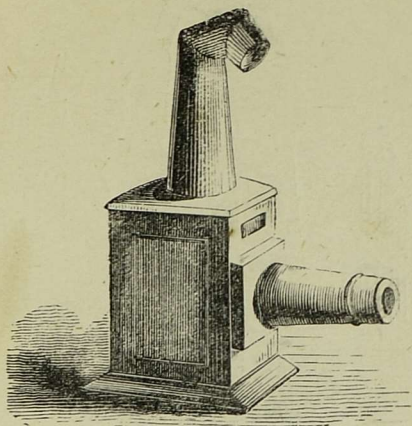
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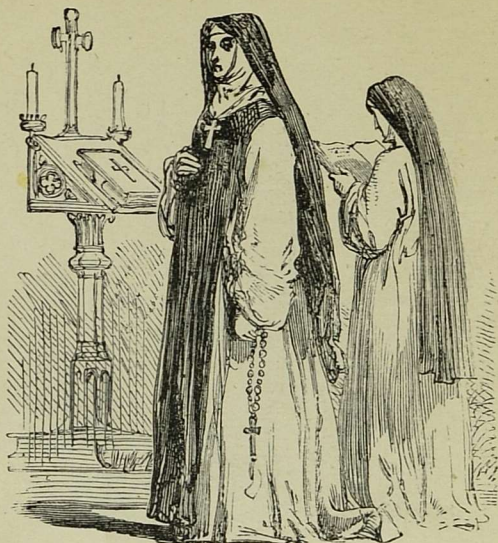
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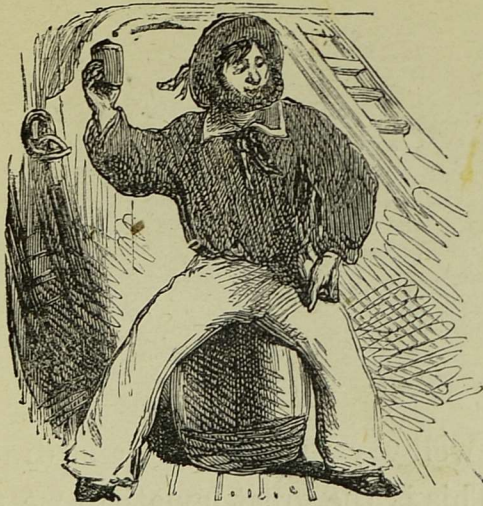
SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN.



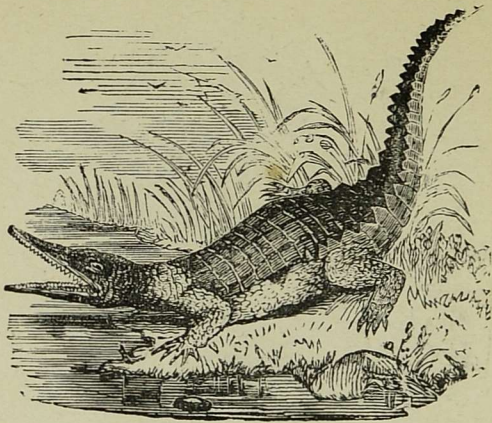
Now, my little dears, don't press so close to me, but stand back, and keep your eyes fixed on the white sheet I have nailed up at the end of the room. If you do so, you will see a number of funny, grave, useful, and pretty pictures. Oh yes! you may take a good look at the Magic-Lantern itself; and before I get the gas in the room put out, you will see I put the slides or pictures in at the back, and the little lamp inside reflects them through that long funnel, where there are powerful magnifying-glasses, and that again throws them on the white sheet opposite. That is the chimney on the top, as Tommy says. Now, are you all ready? We are just about to commence.



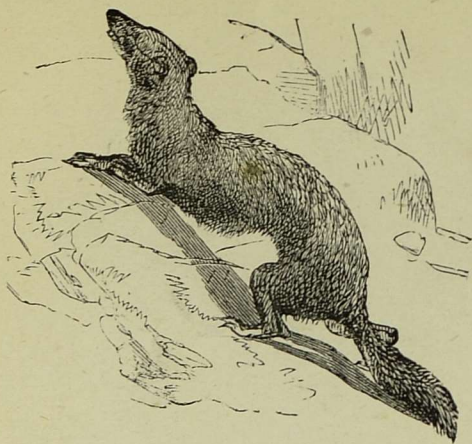
THIS is an abbess. She is the head of a convent, or nunnery, where many ladies live in solitude. They belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and spend most of their time in deeds of charity and prayer. There are many good, pious women among them; but, as Clara says, I shouldn't like to be shut up in a nunnery, because I like to run about and see the pretty flowers God made; and I can pray to him quite as well under the blue sky as I can do shut up in a cold damp cell. Still, it would be as well if Clara, and all the little girls who are now looking at my Magic-Lantern picture, should think of the many deeds of kindness these ladies do, and imitate them in helping the poor.



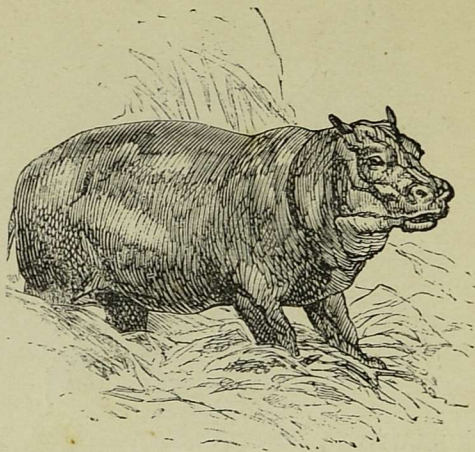
HA, ha, ha! No wonder you are laughing. Here comes Jack Tar; and a jolly-looking sailor he is, I am sure you will all say. He is just setting out once more on a long voyage, and is drinking the health of all his friends ashore, who wish him a very prosperous voyage, and a speedy and safe return. Jack Tar has been in all the countries of the globe, and if he could only open his mouth now, would no doubt be able to tell you wonderful stories about his voyages. As he cannot, we must now show you some of the things we know he saw in the different countries he travelled to; and with a hearty wish that he may not have any stormy weather, but good sea-going weather all the time, say good-bye to him.



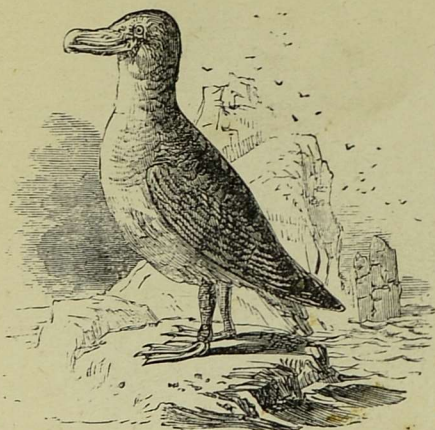
You may well cry "Oh dear!" and draw in your breath. This is the great leviathan we read about in the Book of Job—the crocodile of the Nile and other rivers. Look at his teeth! they are like a saw, and when shut fit into each other. His back, with its coat of mail all jointed together, is something wonderful; and then he has no tongue. "No tongue!" I hear Dick over there saying; "then how does he eat?" He swallows all his food at a gulp; and whatever he catches in the water, he brings up and swallows it in the air. When he is under water, there is a little plate in his throat that shuts out the water like a door; and his eyes, too, are protected with a skin that covers them. The natives often swim under him and stick their long knives into his belly, because they know he cannot see in the water.



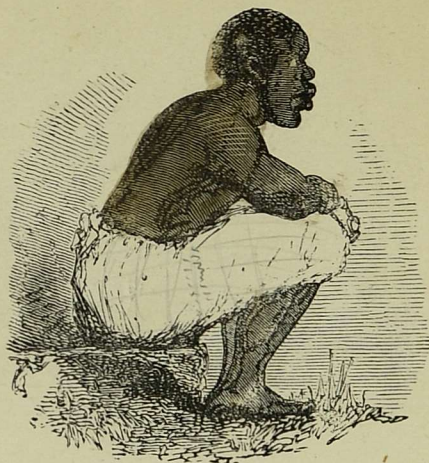
HERE is the picture of a very strange-looking animal. He has got a very strange name too—ichneu-mon—but is one of the most useful animals to be found in Egypt. At certain seasons, the Nile, when it retires, leaves a layer of mud, upon which reptiles of every kind deposit their eggs, and which the rays of the sun would mature into life, but which the ichneumon eats up. It also searches for and eats up the eggs of crocodiles. It is often called Pharaoh's rat; and it is very quick in catching its prey. It will watch, like a cat, for hours at any hole where its prey is in hiding. It is very affectionate when tamed, and never attempts to run away, but becomes attached to its master. It is said that when the crocodile is asleep with open jaws, the ichneumon darts down his throat, and gnaws his entrails.



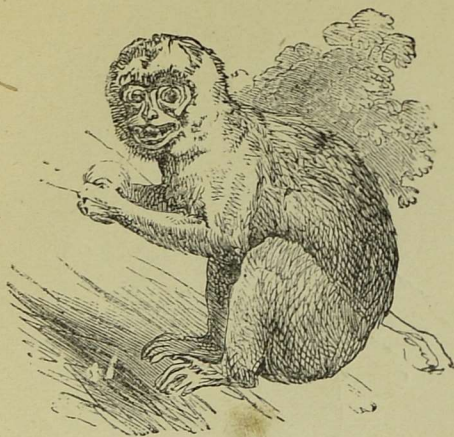
THIS is another animal that Jack Tar must have seen ; and it, too, has a very strange name—hippo-pot-a-mus, or river-horse. It is almost as large in its body as the elephant, but it has much shorter legs. Its body is just like a very large barrel, on four thick pillars, almost touching the ground. Its eyes are fixed very high in its head, so that it need only show a very small portion of its head above water. In Egypt they make shields, whips, and walking-sticks of its hide. The layer of fat under its skin is salted and eaten by people ; and its large teeth are used by the dentists to make artificial ones for you and me when we lose our own. Thus you see, my dears, though we might consider the hippopotamus an ugly animal, he is useful to mankind.



SHOW you some more things Jack Tar saw when voyaging round the world? Very well, Master Peter; I like to see a boy of such an inquiring mind. Here, then, is the famous albatross, the king of sea-birds. Standing as he does on this ledge of rock, he does not look very large; but if his wings were spread out, he would no doubt measure twelve or fourteen feet from one tip of his wing to the other. I should advise you to measure off that length on the nursery floor, and then you will know what a very large bird the albatross is. Sailors do not like to kill one of these great birds; at least they did not like to do it long ago. When you are old enough you can read a poem called "The Ancient Mariner" about this very thing.



ANOTHER Jack Tar picture, little Bill. Well, how do you like this black gentleman? If Jack Tar was ever in Africa, he would see plenty of negroes as black as this. If he went to America, too, he would see plenty, because they used to be stolen away from their own country and sold as slaves to the cotton planters. Mary says there are no slaves there now—and she is quite right; all the slaves in America were made free. But there are still countries where the Africans are bought for slaves, though all sorts of things are being done to prevent the cruel slavers from getting them. In Africa itself one tribe often quarrels with another, and when they take any prisoners, they either force them to be slaves, or sell them for that purpose.



Ho, ho! Who is that laughing so loudly at my clever little ape? I rather think it was you, Tommy. No, sir, this is not a monkey, but an ape. Monkeys have tails, but apes have none; and that, you will own, is a very great difference. I am sure, if I had not so many other pictures to show you, I could keep you for hours telling you stories about the cleverness of monkeys and apes. As I can only show you the pictures, and tell you a very little about each, you had better ask mamma or papa, or nurse, to tell you any stories they know, until you can read them for yourselves in your picture-books. He is called sometimes Pug, and also Punchinello.

“ Funny little Punchinello,
You really are a clever fellow.”



THIS is Allister M'Allister. I daresay Jack Tar would be very glad to see him, and dance to his music.

“Then to your pipes and blaw wi' birr ;
We'll dance the Highland fling,”

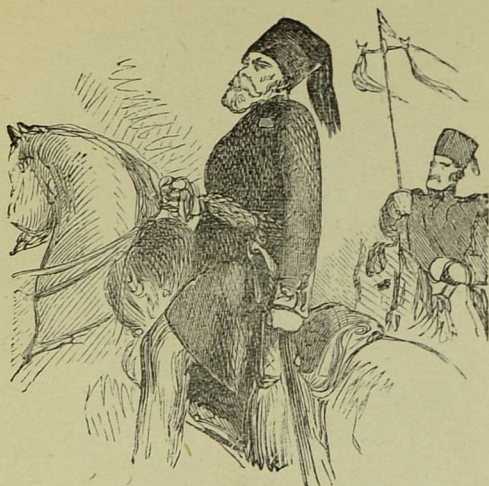
says the old song ; and I am sure Allister is doing his very best, for not only is the leather bag full of wind, but his cheeks are quite full too. He must be the bagpiper of some great chief, for he carries a flag at his pipes with his master's coat-of-arms on it, and he has two very fine eagle-feathers in his cap. If we were out with him on the heather hills, we should enjoy the music very much ; though, if he were in this room, I rather fear we should be apt to cover our ears and cry out, “ Oh ! please, Mr. Allister M'Allister, do stop ! ”



A VERY different personage indeed next presents himself to our view—a Caffre warrior. You may be very glad you are in this snug room, and not in the wilds of Africa just now, face to face with such a stern-looking character. He is quite ready to protect himself against any foe ; and it is greatly to be feared these arrows he has in his cap are poisoned. Tommy is saying, I hear, that of course, if we ventured into the country of such a barbarian, we should have a gun with us, and if the savage touched us we would fire at him. He thinks, too, the shield would be of very little use then ; but though Tommy may be right, I had much rather see a Caffre warrior by the help of a Magic-Lantern than face to face.



I NEEDN'T tell you what this is, need I? Oh yes; there's baby! he, of course, never saw an animal like this before. Well, baby, this is a kangaroo; and if you had been a little Australian baby, you would have seen this funny-looking animal often. Kangaroos don't run along the ground like other animals, but give great jumps; and they jump so fast, that they often go faster than men on horseback. People in Australia hunt them down with the help of great dogs; and when they are caught, the mother kangaroos are often found with their little baby kangaroos hidden away in their pockets or pouches. What a funny idea, isn't it, to stuff their babies into their pockets! How Tommy would laugh if he saw mamma put you into her pocket!



A VERY great personage indeed—the Pacha of Egypt. They have no King Pharaoh now in Egypt; but the Pacha is in place of him. I know you have heard a great deal about Pharaoh, and how he was lost in the Red Sea, with all his splendid chariots and horses, and all his soldiers, while Moses and the Israelites got over safely. Take a good look at the Pacha, then, for he is a very great man indeed. His soldiers are coming marching behind him, with banners flying, and drums beating, and trumpets blowing, and the people are falling down and touching the ground with their foreheads as he passes along. He seems to be a very kind-looking old man. The cap on his head with the long tassel is called a “fez.”



OH dear ! I knew this picture would be certain to make you all laugh. What a funny style of dress ! Yes ; but your great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers used to wear clothes made very much like this. This picture shows some of the characters we see in the pantomimes at the Christmas season. Have you ever been to see a pantomime ? There are plenty of funnily dressed figures, and lots of fairies with silver and gold on their wings and over their white gauzy dresses. There are goblins, too, with very large heads ; and there is usually a bad ogre or a giant, who tries to carry off somebody ; but then, with so many fairies about, they always manage to punish the bad giant, and never allow the good children to be harmed.



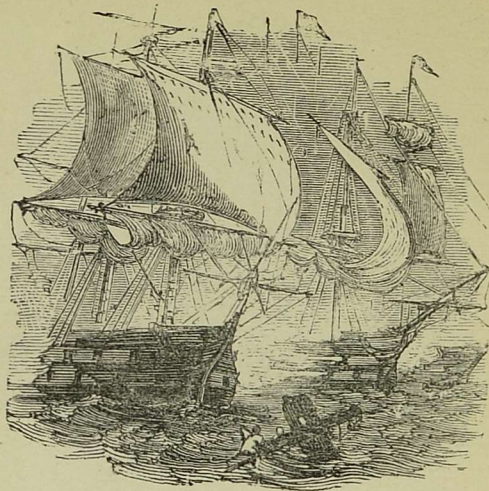
MY Magic-Lantern has more about the pantomime to show you, for, see! it has turned out the very principal character, and the one we like to see best—Mr. Clown. How we do laugh at his funny tricks! especially when he steals the fish out of the fish-wife's basket, and then strikes the policeman with it as he passes along. Look, he has just managed to steal a fine fat goose from the poulterer's boy, and a great roll of sausages from the butcher, and he is trying to stuff them into his wide pockets before any one sees. What is that I hear Tommy saying—He should like to be a clown? No, no, Tommy; though we laugh at Mr. Clown's tricks and funny faces, we cannot help thinking, "You get many a thump and knock, and your life is rather a hard one, Mr. Clown."



REALLY, I had no idea my Lantern had so much to show you connected with the pantomime. Of course, you all know who this is! Was that little Maggie who said "No"? Well, little Maggie, this is Har-le-quin, who can make himself invisible by drawing down that black band over his eyes. He goes dancing about, all of a glitter, for his dress is covered with spangles that make him shine all over. When his black band is over his eyes, then Mr. Clown and his friend Mr. Pantaloon cannot see him—or fancy they cannot—and many a sly slap Harlequin gives them on the back with his wand. See! that is poor Pantaloon running away as fast as he can, having just got a smart rap across the fingers.



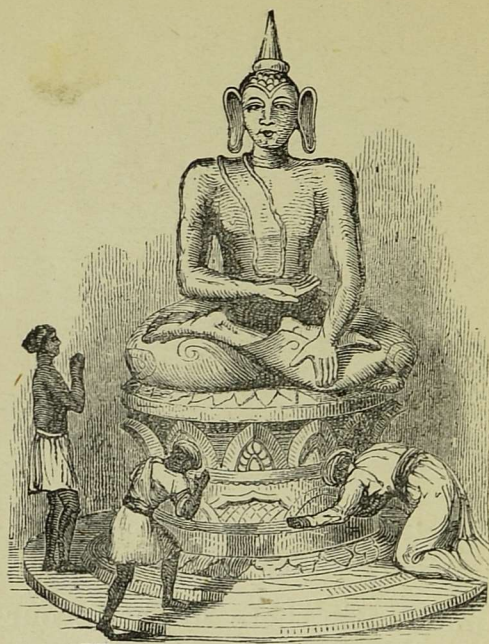
SHOW you some more pictures of the pantomime! Well, this must be the last. It will not do to have nothing but holiday pictures in my Magic-Lantern, though there is a time for everything under the sun. I must now introduce to your notice pretty Col-um-bine. She is flitting about the stage on the tips of her toes—now here, now there, never quiet for one moment of time. It is quite impossible to say where you will find her next, for she thinks nothing of standing on Harlequin's hand, or even flying up to his shoulder at times; and if any of you fancied she was a real live fairy, it would not surprise me in the very least. I must now lead you off to quite another subject.



I HAVE just pulled out the first in this new box, and I find it is a sea-fight. I hope our good friend Jack Tar is not in one or other of the ships. If he is, we all know he will do his duty and never shrink, even though he has a wife and several little children at home, anxiously looking out for him to return, no doubt. Little Maggie wishes there was no fighting required, and so do I. It must be so dreadful to be in a ship when the cannon-balls come flying through the sides, making great holes so that the water can get in. Tommy can tell us a great deal, I know, about the new ships we have now, all covered over with iron plates outside; but still, Tommy, the cannon-balls can pierce the iron plates too.

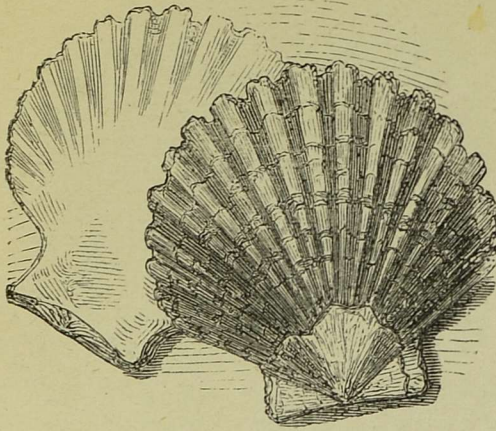


You like to see foreign countries, do you! Well, here is a picture of the prairie, where the buffaloes live. I think Katie there might favour us with a song here; and if she were to sing "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," it would be very appropriate. I feel quite hoarse with speaking so much, and should be glad of a rest.—"Every one who knew her felt the gentle power of Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." Thank you very much, Miss Kate. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," we are told, and I am very glad I showed you this picture.—The prairie is often on fire, and whole herds of buffaloes are driven before it, along with wild cattle and other animals. People, too, often lose their lives; and the scene is very terrible.



IN foreign countries there are certainly many wonderful things to be seen ; but there are terrible things too. Here is an idol made of wood and stone, and here are a number of Indians worshipping it ; for this is their god. It is dreadful to think they believe that this idol can save them. It has such a senseless-looking face ; but many of their idols are made to look as ugly as they possibly can, and often have many heads and arms.

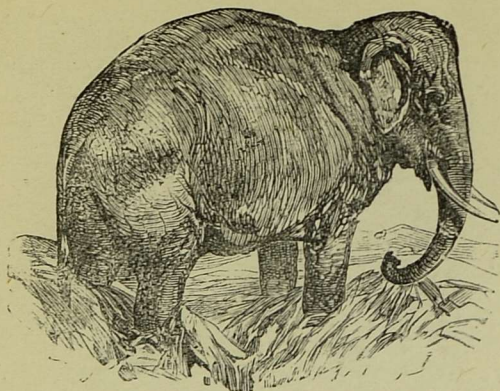
“ Let us thank the goodness and the grace
Which on our birth has smiled,
And made each, in this Christian land,
A happy English child.”



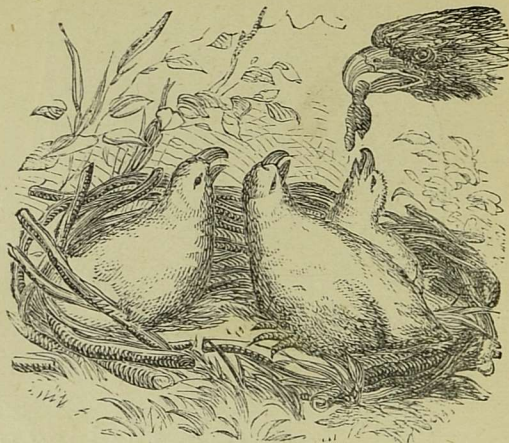
“ HA, ha, ha ! ” Well, you may all laugh as you please, and fancy this is a queer picture for a Magic-Lantern. I only wish I could show you the creature that inhabited this scallop-shell—one of God’s most wonderful works. Isn’t a creature with ever so many eyes a wonderful thing ? If we had seen it in the water, it no doubt would have had ever so many long thin white threads peeping from between its shells, waving hither and thither. There are four rows of these pointed threads, and on the end of many is a bright eye, glittering like a gem. As the scallop is a great rover, it requires these bright eyes to guard it from its enemies ; and when it sees any danger, it shuts itself in very close. Have you ever made pretty pin-cushions with scallop-shells ?



HERE is the great Polar bear. Polar bears have been known in this country for a long time, and kings and queens have been proud to count them among their possessions. The mother bear lies in her snow-hut all the winter; and when she comes out with her cubs, she takes very great care of them. A gentleman once saw a mother bear and her cubs on the ice, and his party ran after them, when the poor bear, being afraid her cubs would be caught, pushed them with all her might along the ice. The young ones helped her as much as they could, by standing sideways across her path, so that she could push them with her nose.



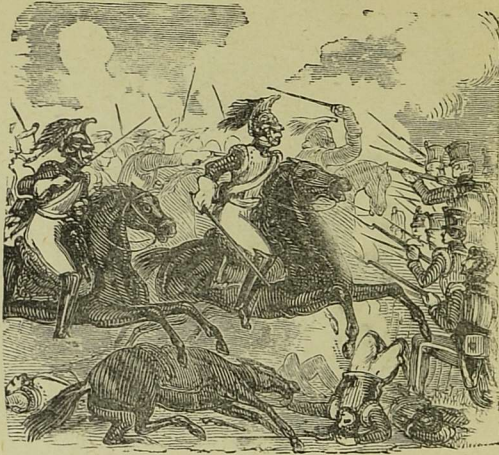
THOUGH the lion is said to be the king of animals, the elephant is certainly the biggest. Here is a very fine specimen. Did you ever see anything so strange as his great legs? And yet, though he is so clumsy-looking, he walks along quite gently. The strangest thing about him is his trunk. He can pick up a needle with it, or a great log of wood. Elephants are very useful in India; they carry great loads, and even build walls. An elephant, in building a wall, did not make it straight, and tried to hide the mistake from his master by keeping his side close to it. It was found out, however, and he was very angry. But how would you like to have an elephant for a nurse? I have heard of one which used to look after his master's baby, and kept it from crawling far away.



A NEST of young eagles, my little friends. Don't they look very pretty and innocent! This seems to be rather a snug nest; but sometimes I have seen pictures of them where they were not so comfortable. It is such a pity to think that, when they grow up to be big like their mother, they will try to carry off the poor lambs; and even babies, it is known, are not safe from them. See how tenderly their mother is feeding them! She has been away to procure food; and before she eats a scrap herself, she is tearing it in pieces and popping a bit into each mouth. And do you notice, the other two are quietly waiting their turn, and are not rushing forward to snatch it away? They seem to be very well behaved eaglets indeed, and I hope all my little friends are as polite.



“WHAT a funny picture! What is it? Oh, do tell us quickly, if you please!” Have patience, Miss Clara; it’s only a dunce. “What is a dunce?” Maggie is asking me. Ah, that is because little Maggie has never been to school yet. A dunce is a boy or girl who either will not or cannot learn their lessons; so the teacher keeps that long-shaped cap, and makes them put it on, and stand up on a stool before the whole school, who of course laugh at the dunce’s cap and the dunce too. If the boy is a boy of spirit, he will make up his mind never to be laughed at again; and not only learn his lessons at home, but keep his ears very wide open when his teacher is explaining anything he does not know. I hope, Miss Maggie, *you* will never wear a dunce’s cap.



WE saw a picture of a sea-fight a little while ago; here we have now a fight on land. There go the cavalry, charging down upon the foot soldiers, who are doing their best to drive them back. Some have tumbled over, and are either killed outright or are wounded badly. There is a poor horse, it has been shot down too—and a very sad sight it is altogether. Perhaps Clara will sing that pretty song in which she tells us she would have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home!

“All the world should be at peace;
 And should kings assert their right,
 I'd have those who make the battle
 Be the only men who fight.”

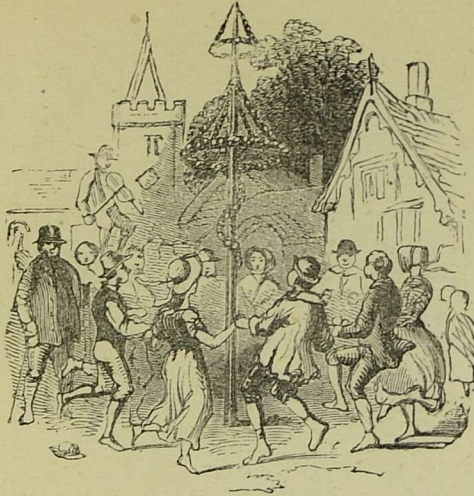
I am sure I wish such a happy state of things could be. I for one would be well pleased to have all the world at peace.



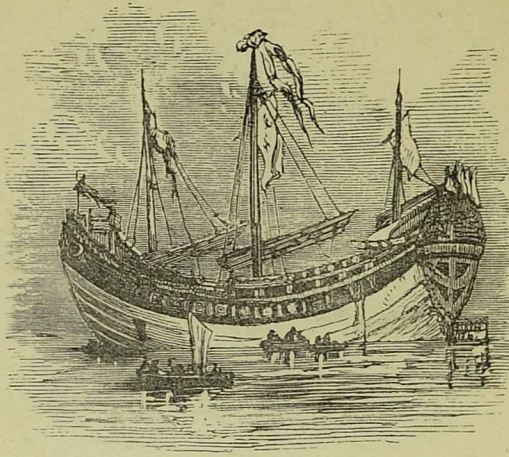
I WANT to show you what soldiers wore in the olden time. They had breast-plates of iron or steel, and plates on their back, and gauntlets of steel that came well up on their arms, and then they wore very large helmets that covered their whole face. They must have been very strong men, to carry such heavy things about with them. The reason why they wore all that on them, was because they fought with swords, and spears, and battle-axes. Nowadays the soldiers shoot each other down, or charge with their fixed bayonets. They very, very seldom fight with swords and spears now. They have such large cannons, too, that can be fired off at the enemy from a great distance; and the cannon-balls fly through the air and kill ever so many of the poor soldiers.



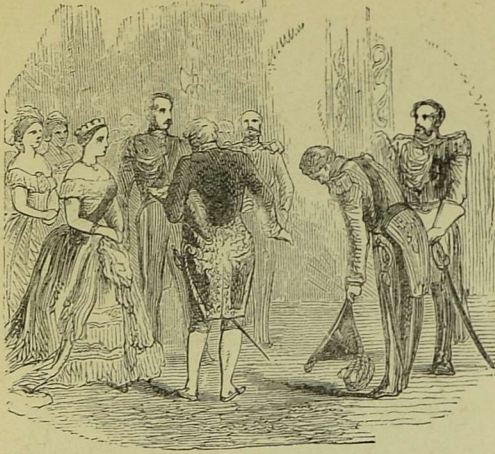
HERE is a New Zealander, and a very fine fellow he is, though he has his face tattooed. I mean by that, he has made some one cut his cheeks and rub some kind of paint into the wounds, so that a pattern of some kind is always there. New Zealanders used to be cannibals; that is, they ate people. But now they are much more civilized. In some parts of New Zealand they are fighting still, and are not very easy to manage; but in other parts they are very peaceable, and content themselves with weaving flax, making baskets, and selling potatoes. They make beautiful bags and mats with the flax, and dye them too. One thing I must tell you, they are very particular not to work on Sundays.



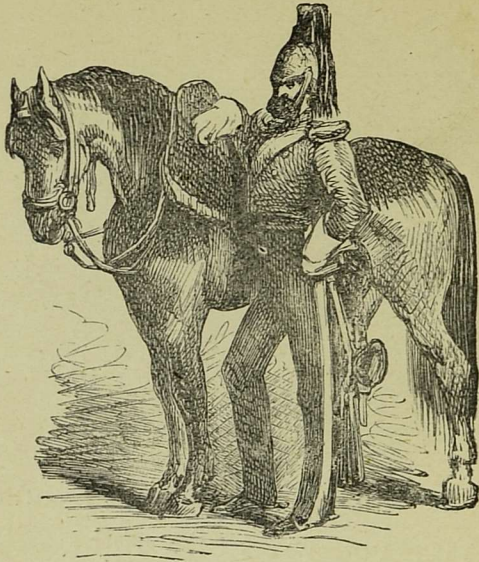
“WHAT is this?” asks little Maggie. Why, it is May-day, and they are having a merry dance round the May-pole. Clara, you are laughing at Maggie for not knowing this; but Maggie is Scotch, and in Scotland they don’t do such things. You, Clara, are an English girl, and of course know about it. “Not dance round the May-pole!” It is your turn, Clara, to be astonished now. No; in Scotland, all that Maggie does is to rise very early—before the sun, if possible—and go out to some meadow or hillside, and wash her little face in the dew. Is that Charley Bowmont saying, “What good will that do?” Why, Charley, don’t you know it makes every one look beautiful all the year, that fresh May dew?



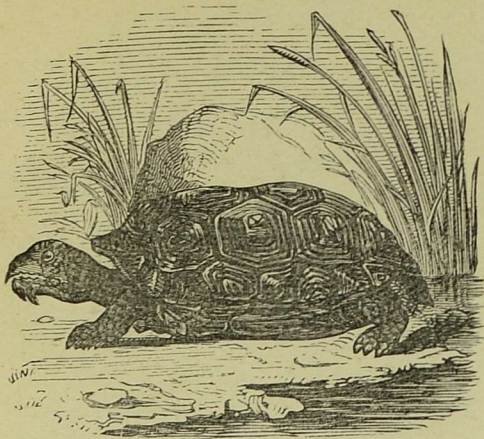
HERE is a Chinese junk,—a very strange-looking vessel, you will say. China is not only a very large country, but it is perfectly crowded with inhabitants. A great many live in boats on the water; and they eat many things we would shudder to touch with our fingers. The Chinese are leaving their country in greater numbers than they used to do, and trying to make an honest living elsewhere. They are very industrious and useful wherever they settle down, and often become the washer-women of the place. It is very funny to think of *men* being washer-women, but in Australia and New Zealand, at the gold-fields, the washing is done mostly by the Chinamen. Tommy is right: the Chinese eat dogs, and they are sold in the markets the same as our sheep and oxen.



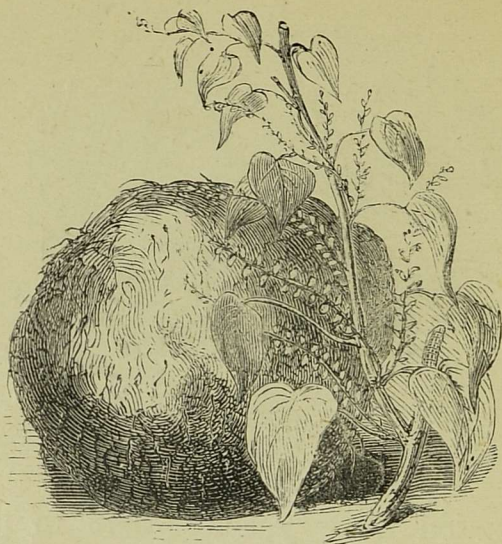
“SURELY that must be the Queen and Prince Albert!” Yes, you are quite right. They are holding what is called a levee. The gentleman standing with his back to us is telling the Queen who the gentleman is before her, with head bent and his cocked hat in his hand. Perhaps he is a very great officer, who has come home after fighting some battle; and having been very brave, he has been allowed to make his bow to the Queen. The good Prince Albert, when he was in life, was always ready to tell the Queen of the brave deeds of her valiant soldiers; and the Queen is always ready to reward them with beautiful medals, or in any way in her power. The Queen does not always wear her grand crown, but when driving about in her carriage wears a bonnet.



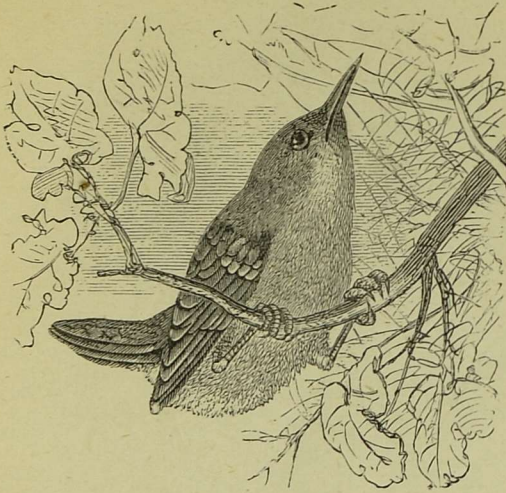
AN yes! I thought you would all like to see this one. Here is one of the Queen's troopers. A gallant-looking soldier, too, he is. And such a fine horse as he has! It is so strange, as Tommy says, to think that the horses can go through the military exercises quite as well as the troopers. This one looks as if he were very proud of his fine trappings; and I daresay, when he is galloping along, his fine tail will be seen to advantage. All good troopers take great pride in their horses, and rub them down to make them glossy and smooth; and I have read of them, even after a long march, giving them their supper before taking any themselves.



A TORTOISE on its way somewhere to lay eggs. "Oh, what a funny idea!" Maggie is saying. "A tortoise lay an egg! surely you are joking." No, I am not. And what will surprise you more is, they lay a great many—sometimes a hundred, sometimes even nearly two hundred. They make a hole in the sand and put their eggs in, then cover them up, and leave the sun to hatch them. Tortoise-shell combs are made out of their shells; and I am sure you will all say the box Clara has is a very pretty one. I once had a little tortoise, and during the warm summer it used to creep about the garden or lie basking in the sunshine. In the winter it was put in a basket under the sideboard, where it lay as if quite dead, till the summer came again.



TOMMY has been reading "Robinson Crusoe" lately. Perhaps he would like to see a yam. Here it is, then. Quite like a potato, do you think? Well, I fancy Jack Tar would tell you differently. It may look like a potato, but it tastes sweet, and is not so nice altogether. I daresay Crusoe and his man Friday liked them very well; and so should we, if we lived on a desert island and could get nothing else. We are not so particular when we are hungry. Well, it is a delightful thing to visit foreign countries! But, Mr. Tommy, I really think you would be very glad to get off again by a good ship, if you were stranded on a desert island, even though there were all sorts of things besides yams.



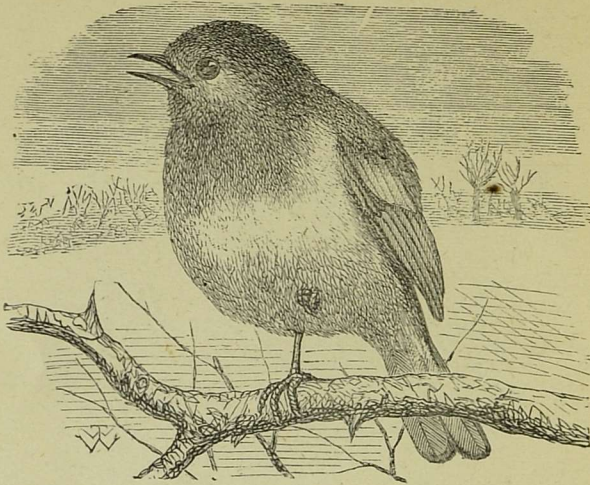
SUCH a dear little pet! Yes, this is Miss Jenny Wren. And a dear, pretty little bird she is, too; though Maggie and Flossy are laughing so at her tail being turned in that funny way towards her back.

“ Pretty little piping wren,
 What are you doing there,
 Warbling out your gentle song
 Without a touch of care?

“ Watching with your bright black eye,
 And ready with your beak,
 For any foolish little fly—
 Is that the food you seek?—

“ Oh yes; I've thirteen little mouths!
 It takes me all the day
 To feed them with such tiny things—
 I now must haste away.”

Wrens feed on insects; and, as I daresay you know, often become very familiar with people.



OF course, here is Robin Redbreast. You surely didn't think I would put even one picture between him and little Jenny Wren. We all love Robin Redbreast, don't we? I know little Maggie does, for I often hear her singing,—

“I love to see you, Robin,
When snow is on the ground ;
Your pretty little red breast,
It casts a glow around.

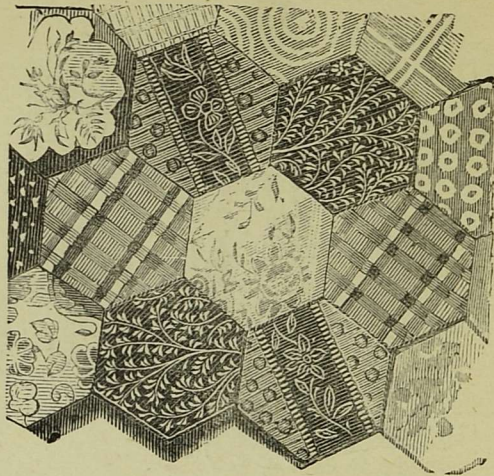
“You are content, too, Robin,
However cold the weather ;
You do your best to sing your song,
And prink up every feather.

“Oh ! pretty Robin Redbreast,
He is so kind and good,
He covered up with warm brown leaves
The babies in the wood.”

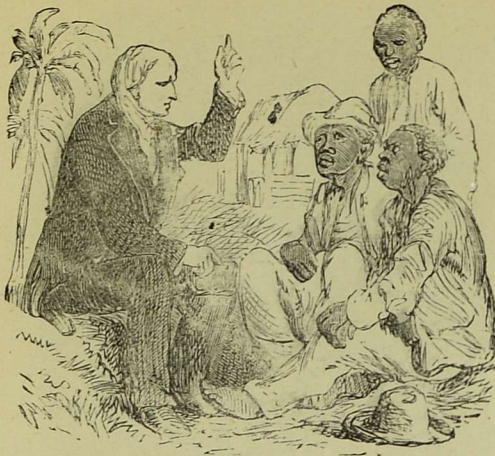
And I am sure you have all heard the story of the Death and Burial of Cock Robin !



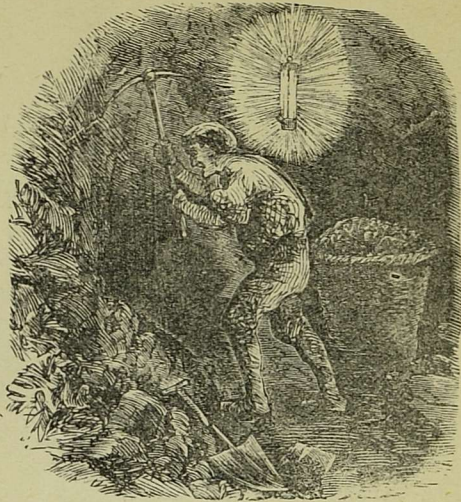
HERE is a pioneer ready to march off. Pioneers go in front of the regiment to clear the way. If they come upon any trees, or anything that is likely to prevent the cannon or the baggage wag-gons passing, then they cut them down at once, and clear them away. His apron is made of leather; and he carries a great strong axe over his shoulder. As you can see for yourselves, pioneers must be tall and strong men. There are a great many other men standing ready to march away too, when their officer gives the word of command. I hope they are only going out for a walk, or to be drilled in some place at hand, and not to the battle-field, to kill other soldiers or to be killed themselves.



“WHY, what a funny picture to have in a Magic-Lantern!” Did I not say I had useful things as well as pretty ones? I want you to take a good look at this; and I will tell you why. This is a piece of patch-work, and I want you to begin to make some by-and-by. The youngest among you can do it, and the boys also. You may take small pieces out of the rag-bag; and wouldn't it be nice to give it to some poor woman when it is done, or to some little sick boy or girl you know about? You might do a little bit each wet day, and that would help to keep you from wearying. I am sure nurse, or mamma, or auntie, will assist you; and, let me tell you, the time will pass very quickly if you are busy.



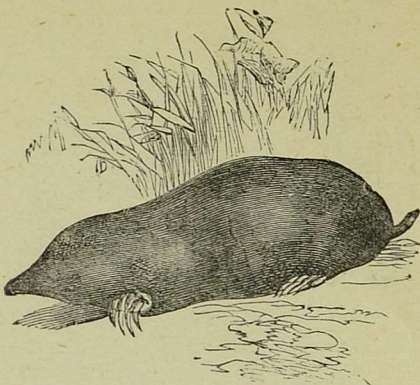
HERE is a missionary. He has gone out to Africa to teach the heathen there. See how they are listening to him while he speaks about Jesus, and points upwards to heaven to tell them that God lives there, beyond the blue sky! I once heard a missionary say, that negroes and other heathens listened to him more attentively than white children did; that children in this country would hear the story of Jesus' love and death without a tear in their eyes, but that often the tears would be pouring down the black cheeks of the poor negroes. He wondered if it were because they heard about Jesus so often, that they cared so little. Let us hope it is not so with you; that when mamma, or papa, or your teacher read the Bible, you listen very attentively indeed.



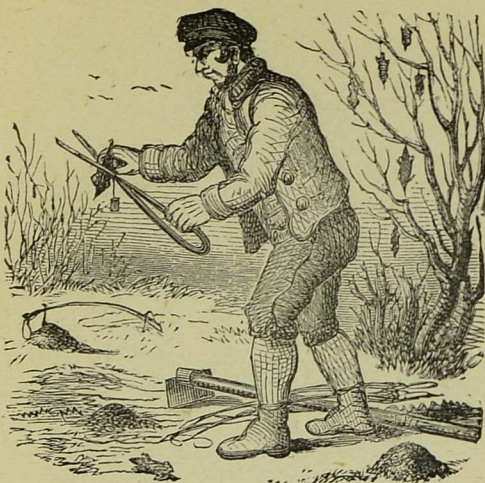
THIS is the picture of a miner. He is digging out the coal, far down in the bowels of the earth. "It must be a very hard life," you will say; but not harder than many other trades. I could show you the picture of a diver, who goes down to the bottom of the sea to send up things from wrecked ships. I think that is even a harder life than the miner's, after all. Maggie is afraid to look at the picture of the diver, so I will not show it, because I do not wish to frighten any of you. When we see the miners coming up out of the pits, with their black faces, or any other such workmen passing along, we ought to look kindly at them, because if they did not do the hard work for us, we should be badly off.



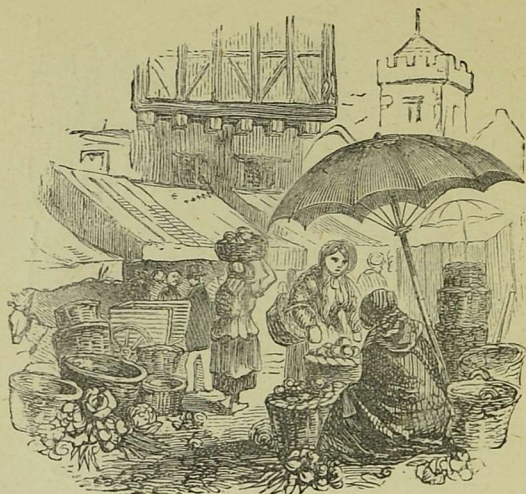
THIS is something likely to make you laugh. "What is it?" I really thought everybody would know what this picture was, Maggie. It is a mermaid; and she is supposed to live in the sea—half of her body being like a human being, and half like a fish. The sailors say that when she comes up to the surface, and is seen combing her long hair, a storm is sure to follow. This one seems to be very busy, and she is looking at herself in a looking-glass, too, so that a very great storm may be expected. Maggie wants to know if all this is really quite true. Well, we never knew any one who ever saw a mermaid, or a fairy either; but how sorry we should be to think there were no fairies. Why, what would Maggie and Clara do without their fairy stories, when they like them better than any other!



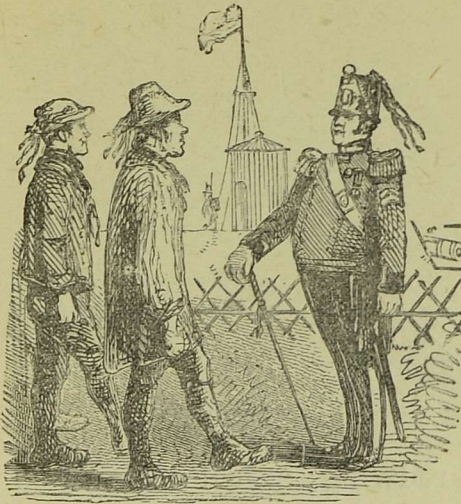
I DO not understand how this gentleman got into my Magic-Lantern ; but as he has shown himself, I must tell you about him. This is a mole—an animal who does not care much to show himself in the light of day. He lives down in the earth, where he burrows and works away like a miner. We often see little mounds of earth in our gardens. These we call mole-hills ; and we know that a mole has been pushing up the earth with his soft black back. Moles are supposed to have no eyes, which is a very funny idea ; though, when you think of it, they would not be of much use down in the earth. Oh, I forgot, till Maggie reminded me, that rabbits have eyes, and they burrow in the ground. The mole is a very polite animal ; and when two happen to meet in the common road, one of them steps aside into the nearest alley.



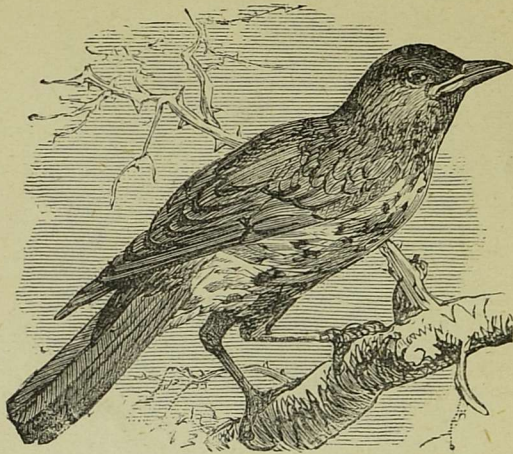
Ан, here comes the mole-catcher. I was sure, if the farmer saw the little mole-hills, he would order out Jack Tod with his traps. See! he is busy fixing his gins or traps. Jack knows he must make very little noise, for if the moles have no eyes they have very quick hearing, and the slightest sound will scare them away. And yet, how do the moles hear, for they do not seem to us to have any ears? When you are older, you will read all about this strange little animal; at present, I can only tell you that where ears and eyes ought to be, there are placed only some bristles. You may imagine the opening must be very small indeed; and it is wonderful how they hear and see at all.



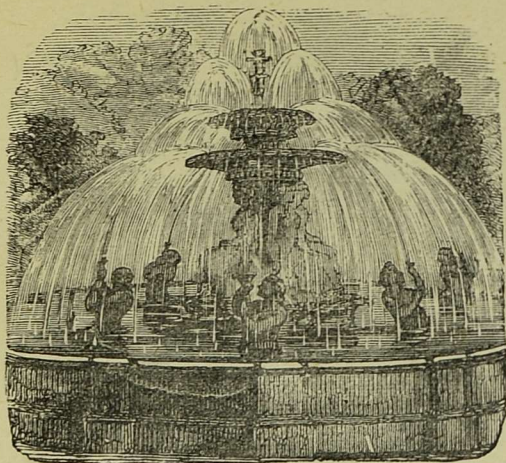
HERE is a fruit-market. The old woman with the umbrella was up with the lark this morning, almost before the sun was out of bed. She had a long way to bring her ripe apples and pears; but she knows something about early to bed and early to rise making a man, and a woman too, healthy, wealthy, and wise. Here is Jane Taylor, who has a fruit shop in the city. She has risen early too, because she knows that she will thus get the pick of all the fruit in the market; and as she has an old mother to provide for, she likes to draw a good many customers to her shop. She supplies a great many people with water-cresses; and Jane likes to get them with the dew-drops still sparkling on the green leaves.



“RIGHT, left—right, left!” That is what the recruiting sergeant is saying. He has been marching up and down through the different villages, with his bunch of many-coloured ribbons at his hat, and he looked so very grand that Tom, Dick, and Harry began to think they should like to be soldiers also. And so the sergeant has taken them at their word, and put a shilling into their hands, and pinned a gay cockade on their hats, and they are now to serve their Queen and country. The sergeant has begun to drill them, without waiting for their uniforms to be ready; but, as he says, if they ever want to rise to be sergeants, like him, then they must work hard.



HERE is a redwing; and if any of you should ever like to paint his portrait, I may tell you that the whole upper parts of his body are dark brown, the under parts dirty white, tinged with brown on the breast, and studded over with blackish spots. The sides of the body and the inner parts of the wings are a fine pale red. He has a streak of pale brown over each eye; beak black; and feet pale brown. The redwing, though called the “nightingale of Norway,” is by no means such a good singer as this name might lead you to suppose. It is only when he is going away from this country at spring-time that he sings sweetly. He has also a very loud call-note; and when sly Mr. Fox hears this, he slips out of his den and tries to catch the pretty redwing.

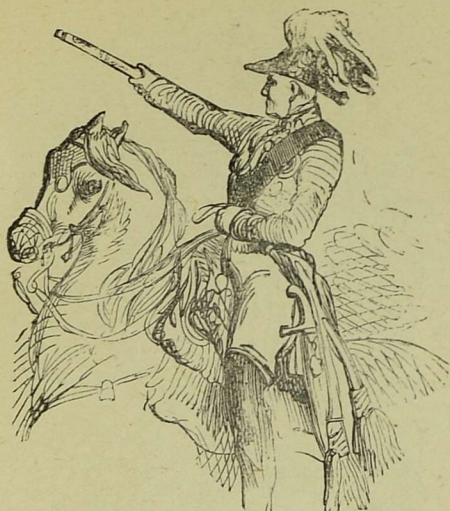


OH, how refreshing this fountain does look, to be sure! The heat from the Magic-Lantern was getting unpleasant, but the very sight of this sparkling water makes you feel cool. When we see the water showering down like this, we say the fountain is playing. There are many such fountains in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in London; and to see them all playing at once, is one of the finest sights you can imagine. These are water-nymphs who are in the basin, and they are spouting up the water as hard as they can. I daresay, if we could look down into the stone basin, we should find that these nymphs were something like the mermaid I showed you a minute ago. And I think we might likely see many gold and silver fish swimming about.



“BA-A, ba-a!” Do you fancy you hear a sound of bleating? Well, here is a whole flock of lambs who have just newly left their mothers. They are being driven down into the valley, where a great market is to be held; and perhaps they are never more to run about the hills or climb the mountains. They will very likely be sold to some butcher, who will kill them and sell them to his customers. Or perhaps he will put them in a park, and keep them there till they are grown to be great fat sheep. He will get a good deal more money for them than; and besides, he will cut off their thick wool, and sell it to make us stockings and all sorts of nice warm clothes.

“Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?—
O yes, sir—O yes, sir;
I have three bags full.”



I HAVE shown you a good many soldiers ; and now here comes the field-marshal, the highest officer in the army. The Duke of Wellington was a field-marshal, and he was one of our greatest men. He was sometimes called “the Iron Duke ;” because, some people say, when he thought a thing was right, it was hardly possible to dissuade him from it. He always rose very early in the morning, and passed his time reading and writing till ten o’clock. He also answered his letters very punctually ; and he never sat up late. He was very fond of children, and took great pleasure in seeing his own children’s exercises written out neatly. When he died, the Queen and all her people mourned for him.



As I showed you a mermaid, I must now show you a fairy. See how she is dancing over the roses, resting on them as lightly as a feather! I remember there used to be a song that everybody sang about the fairies. Something about—

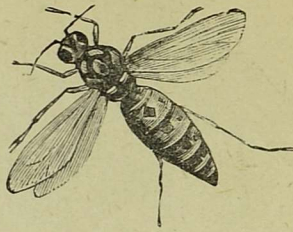
“Oh, where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the ground?”

It must not be winter at present with this one, nor has she any thought of such a thing in her head. She is such a gay, graceful creature, that I do not wonder the old song should tell us—

“No keyhole can be fairy-proof
When green leaves come again.”



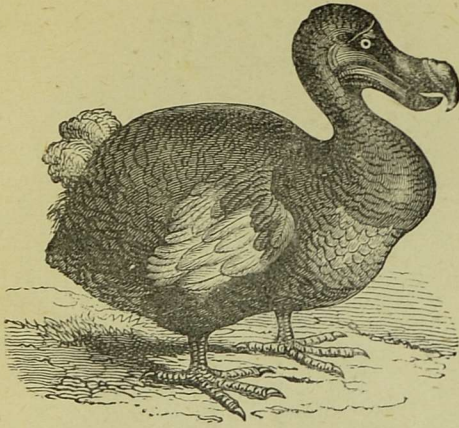
AH, here is something more useful. Fairies are all very well, but they do not bring us such substantial fare as the sower does. Here is the sower, in the early spring, going out with the seed. He scatters it over the newly-ploughed field, and waits with patience till the sun and rain make it sprout and grow. How glad he must feel when he sees the tender green shoot coming up all over the field; and how he will rejoice when it grows into full ripe corn in the ear! One of the parables or stories that Christ told was about a sower going out to sow, and how his grain did not all grow to harvest, but how weeds and tares sprang up and choked the good seed.



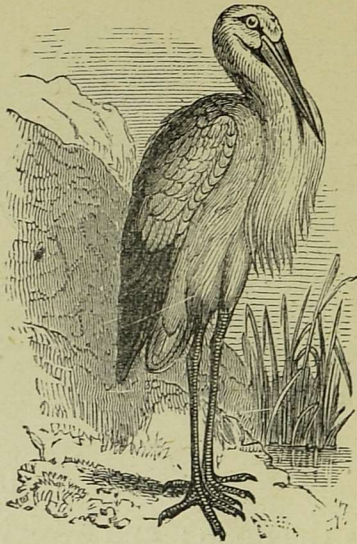
“Buzz, buzz!” Ah, I thought this would make you all start! Here is a naughty wasp who has popped himself into my Lantern. Well, take a good look at him now that he is here, for, as he would tell you,

“His shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Though nobody likes him for *that*, he is told.”

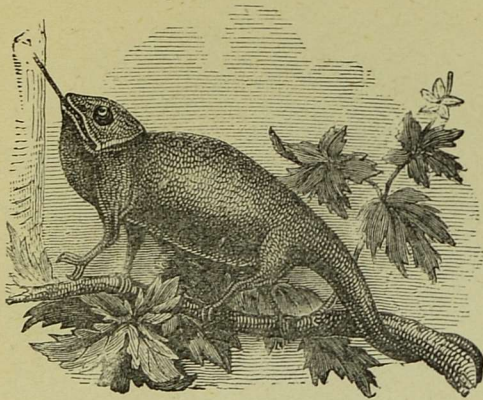
If it were not for his sting, we should like to have a closer view of him; and it is a pity he has not brought his curious nest with him. It is hanging in the garden at this very moment, and has the appearance of a large India-rubber bottle, with rough sides, not unlike oyster-shells tacked together. It is only a sort of paper nest after all; many-coloured too, and very ingenious. We are apt to think that there is no good in a wasp, and kill it the moment we see it; but though, it is true, they are sad thieves, they are very generous ones. They steal, but it is to supply the wants of the young and helpless of their community.



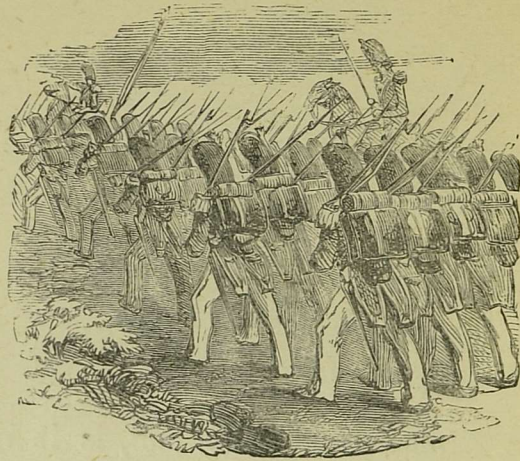
RATHER a funny gentleman to drive out Mr. Wasp. This is the dodo ; and a very simple name it is, too. Such a strange bird might have had a grander sounding name, surely. He is a very rare bird, if not altogether extinct ; that means, there are no more of them left in the world. Did you ever read “ Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland ” ? for there is a dodo there, and you would laugh very heartily at *him*, I know. It is said the dodo looks a very melancholy bird—as if he were sorry for his strange appearance. He cannot move his great body from the ground, because he has such little wings ; and he cannot swim in the water, because he has not got web-feet like the ducks. And look at his funny tail ; and at his strange beak, as if it had a plaster stuck on !



IF you lived in Germany, you would clap your hands at sight of the stork. He is a great favourite there; and when once he takes it into his head to build his nest—with the help of Mrs. Stork—all the children are very careful not to disturb him, and often throw down a piece of their black bread to the baby storks. They feed upon serpents, lizards, frogs, and all sorts of reptiles; and they do not stay all the year in one place, but fly, high up in the air, to distant lands. When the storks become old, their young take great care of them; and a young stork has been known to take his mother on his back, and carry her away to a safe place.



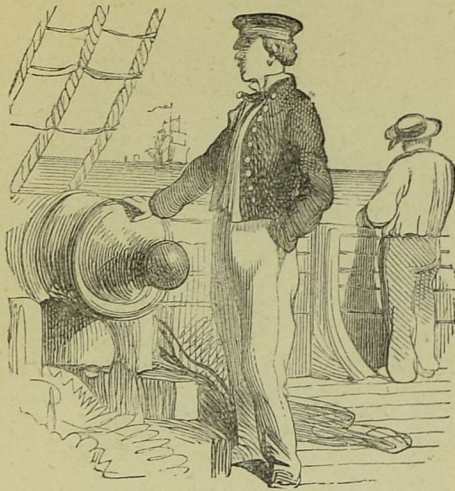
HERE is a strange-looking animal, is it not? It is a chameleon. It has a very long tongue, and a rough horny back; and though it looks as if it were covered with scales, it is not. It seems to be a bird, an animal, and a fish, all in one: for see, it has a ridge along its back not unlike a fin; then it can twist its tail round a tree, and hold on, like an opossum; and it has feet like a parrot's, and armed with sharp claws. It can do a very funny thing, too; and this will surprise you. It can make one eye look up, while the other eye looks down. People thought at one time that this creature lived on air, but it catches all sorts of insects with its very long tongue—which is a hollow tube, except at the tip; and when it draws it back into its throat, it folds up as you would a pocket telescope.



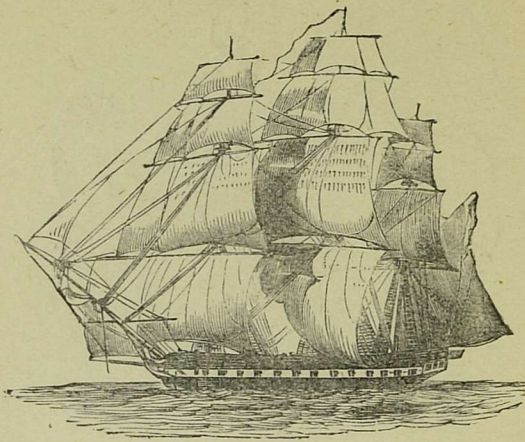
It must be war-time again, surely. See to this company of infantry on the march! They are in heavy marching order—that is, they have their knapsacks and overcoats strapped on their backs. The band in front is busily playing a gay tune to make their hearts merry. It is this:—

“March, march, soldier-boy,
Off to the field of glory;
When you return, we'll listen with joy
To many a warlike story.”

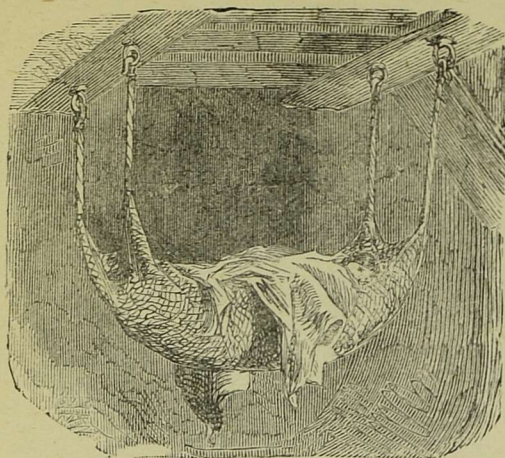
Ah! it is all very well, Master Harry, to say you would like to be a soldier; but, let me tell you, it is anything but an easy life. How would you like to march thirty or forty miles a day, carrying those heavy things? Oh! you intend to be an officer, do you, and ride on horseback! Even then you would find it pretty hard work.



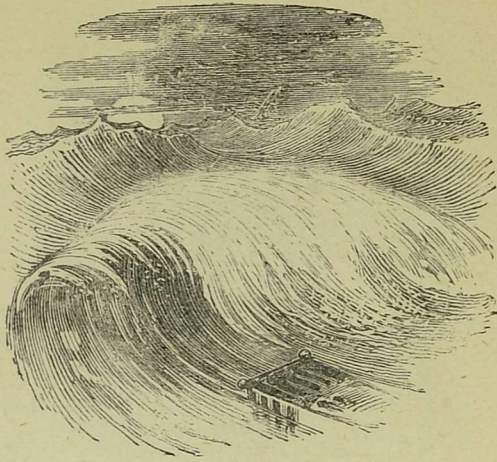
CERTAINLY it must be a time of war. Here is our old friend Jack Tar in his vessel ; he is keeping a bright look-out for the enemy. The other who is lounging on deck is one of the midshipmen. The midshipman is much younger than Jack, but he is an officer ; and though the sailor knows far more about the sea and how to manage a ship, he waits till he is told by one of the officers to do any piece of work. The moment he receives an order, Jack obeys, with a ready “ Ay, ay, sir,”—even when he knows it is not a very wise one. That is the rule at sea,—to obey orders, and leave the rest to the officers. If you are going to be a sailor, George, you had better begin at once and learn obedience.



THIS is the ship Jack Tar and the midshipman are sailing in. It is called a frigate, and it is one of the Queen's war-ships. It is bound for the country where the war is going on, to help the soldiers we saw marching off by the land, and is sailing as fast as possible. If you look at that white band along the side, you will see a great many black squares in it. Well, that is where the cannons are. At present they are all drawn in, but at a moment's notice out they will come, and send cannon-balls flying across the waves into the sides of the enemy's ships; or, if aimed high, into the rigging, and spoil all the fine sails. Jack Tar is very proud of his frigate, and thinks there is not a greater beauty afloat. It is called the *Water-Witch*.



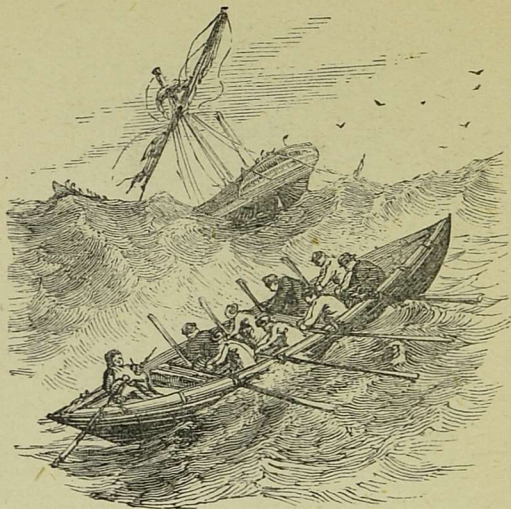
HERE is our friend the midshipman in his hammock. He has been on deck the most of the night, and now it is time for him to "turn in." At first, before he found out the way to get into his strange bed, he used to "turn out;" and many a thump he got by falling on the deck. But now he is rolled up very snugly; and though it is a rough stormy night, he is sleeping as soundly as you do in your beds and cribs. He is no doubt dreaming of home; and when the ship gives a roll, he fancies he is up in one of the high trees at his father's house, and he smiles in his sleep. He hears some one shouting, and thinks it is his brother Bill up in another tree; but it is the boatswain's harsh voice piping all hands on deck, and he must "turn out" in earnest this time.



AFTER such a pleasant dream, it is hard to turn out into the cold. Ah! Master George, when you are so fond of bed, how should you like to be ordered out like this on a very cold morning? But Charley knows that if he is to be an officer, he must show a good example, and he hurries on his clothes and is first on deck. On looking over the side, this is what he sees. Such high waves they are, breaking into foam, getting higher and higher every moment, and dashing against the frigate's side as if determined to swallow it up. But Charley has been in worse storms than this, and he knows the good *Water-Witch* will sail through it safely. Besides, he is cheered by the sight of the moon breaking out of the clouds, and he is hoping the storm will soon lull.



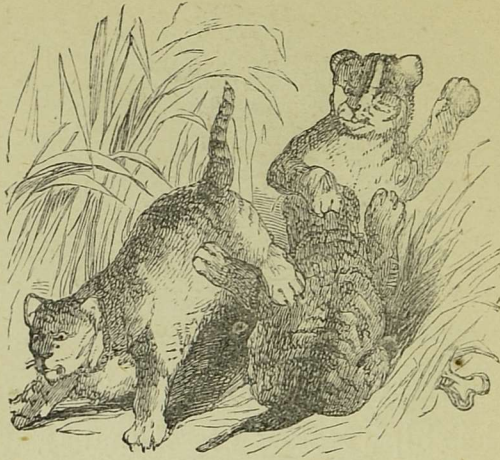
CHARLEY and Jack Tar have other things to dread besides meeting with the enemy. At present the *Water-Witch* is all right, but here is a poor vessel that has not come out of the storm so easily. She has lost some portions of her masts, and some of her sails have been blown away; and now all on board are beginning to fear she will be dashed upon the rocks close at hand. There is another vessel in the distance, but though she has all her sails entire, the wind is very much against her; and though the men on board are anxious to reach a safe haven, they dare not take their vessel near the shore. They will likely send out a boat, now that the sea has fallen somewhat, to help those on the shipwrecked vessel—that is to say, if the sea becomes calmer.



FORTUNATELY, the poor vessel has been seen from the shore, and the brave crew of the life-boat are doing their best to reach them. The vessel has really struck on the rocks, and the sailors know they must leave it to its fate and escape in the life-boat. They must leave all their clothes and everything they possess, and be thankful if they can get to the shore with only the clothes they have on. There are many kind people, however, waiting for them there, who will gladly supply them with anything they require; for the heart of every one feels for shipwrecked sailors, who are generally brave, kind-hearted men themselves. I hope you save some of your pocket-money, to help to keep the life-boats in order along the coast.



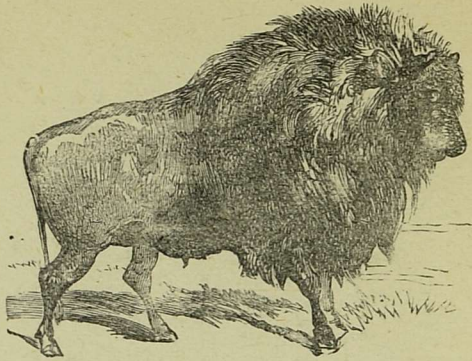
HERE is a pretty little animal that one of the sailors in the shipwrecked vessel managed to save. It is called a mar-mo-set, and is something between a squirrel and a monkey. All its body is clothed with soft fur, with tufts of hair on the sides of its head. Then just look at its fine bushy tail—not unlike a cat's, but much longer. The sailor caught it near the River Amazon. They are not so active as monkeys, but then they are not so mischievous; and they become very tame and attached to their masters. See how this one is clinging to its master's hand! It is a very small specimen, but many of them can be covered with a breakfast-cup. As they suffer very much from cold when in a tame state, we must give them plenty of wool to make a snug nest in their cage, when they will wrap their tails round their bodies and go to sleep.



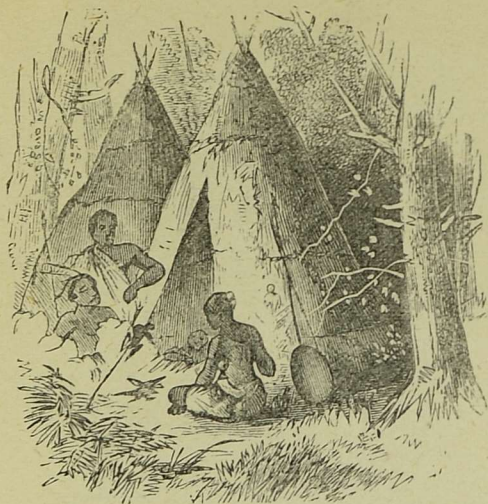
THERE was a crowd once round a sailor-boy, and he was telling them about three lion cubs he had seen in the jungle. Here is the picture of what he saw. Mrs. Lioness has gone away to see if she can pick up a young goat or something for them. She knows that, though her cubs will be able to pull down a horse or an ox at the age of two years, their gums are very tender now; and if she manages to catch a goat she will tear the flesh into dainty morsels, so that the bones may not hurt them. She takes them out for a walk sometimes, that they may grow strong, and be able to go out to meet papa lion when he returns from his hunting excursions. Ah! the one in front spies his mother returning, and is starting off to meet her.



HERE is an animal, than which, those who know him best say, there is none better in the world. The sailor-boy was telling the eager crowd of listeners about him too, and he was saying that the buffalo is a handsome animal, a giant in strength, and in his native wilds very peaceful. He is content to pass his life eating grass and leaves, and interferes with no animal, human or other; but rouse him, and the heart of even the most fearless hunter trembles. When caught and tamed, he will draw a waggon as peaceably as an ox. He is a faithful friend, and will fight to the death for his companions; and for the sake of his young will face the lion himself. There is a little bird often to be seen on his back, picking off the insects that would otherwise annoy him.



I MUST now show you the bison. They are found in large droves in North America, and are generally called buffaloes there. Round the region where they are found, the Indians are called Buffalo Indians. This maned buffalo, or bison, is one of the most important on the earth. Three hundred thousand human beings depend on the buffalo for everything. They eat the flesh; the skin serves them for coats, beds, boots, walls for their tents, as also for saddles, bridles, and lassos; and they make the bones into saddle-trees, war-clubs, and musical instruments. The horns are turned into ladles, spoons, pins, and spear-heads; the sinews serve for strings to their bows, and for thread of all kinds; while the feet and hoofs are turned into glue. The mane is twisted into ropes; the tuft of his tail is made into a fly-brush; and even the brains are not wasted.



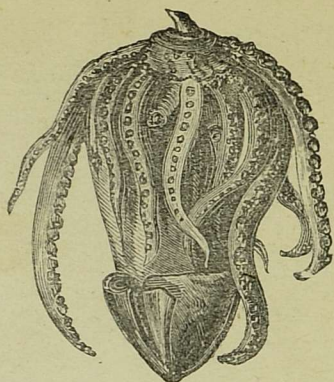
HERE are some Buffalo Indians sitting outside their wigwams. Most of the tribe are away hunting for buffaloes on their fleet horses. As none are to be found, the chief has given orders for the buffalo dance to be danced. Every Indian is busy getting the mask of a buffalo ready, which he is forced to keep hanging on a post by his bed. This he puts on his head, with a long strip of buffalo-skin hanging down his back, and with the tail attached also. Then a great circle is made, and one man steps into the middle and imitates a buffalo grazing, kicking occasionally, and giving great roars. When he is tired he makes a bow, then his companions pretend to kill him and cut him up.



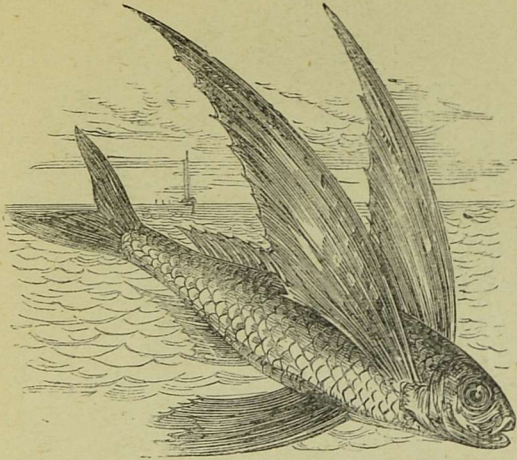
THIS is their chief, and a very terrible-looking personage he is. After they were all tired out with the buffalo dance—and which is sometimes kept up for days and nights—a great cry was heard that the buffalo had come back. Buffalo masks are in a moment thrown aside, bows prepared, spears sharpened, their steeds—which stand ready—mounted, and off they go like the wind. But, alas! treachery has been at work; for a neighbouring tribe, knowing their hungry state, has entrapped them. They have seen the scouts posted, and they dress up in turn in buffalo-skins; and so well do they imitate the animal, that the poor creatures are drawn into the well-hidden ambush, and slain.



It is rather refreshing to turn once more to our friend Jack Tar. We left him and the midshipman Charley in a storm; but see, this is a calm! Charley has been allowed to go with Jack in a boat; and as they are very good friends, they are enjoying a row on the quiet sea. Such a starry night it is, too. When we see the stars looking like this, it is called by a very long name; but you can just leave that, and look at their reflection in the water. What wonderful changes there are in the sea, to be sure; and it is quite true what Charley is saying—that the frigate *Water-Witch* is “lying idly, like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.” Some of you boys, I think, would like very much to get away to see the strange sights abroad.



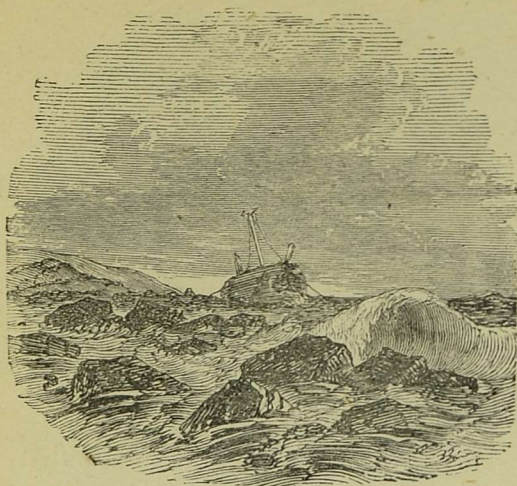
LOOKING over the side of the boat, this is what Charley saw. It is called a cuttle-fish; and I know I would as soon have to do with a shark as with this terrible creature. It has its long arms, or feelers, doubled up at present; but if it were to stretch them out, it could catch hold of the boat, and fasten itself firmly. It can advance, too, with a great spring, almost like a jump, or as if it could fly. Jack Tar thinks it will be just as well to row away from it and avoid it; for, as he says, though the king of some of the South Sea Islands eats it, and likes it very much, and keeps it in ponds to be ready for his great state banquets, he for one would rather steer clear of such an ugly neighbour. This is the fish we were talking about to-day, Tommy, which has the power of throwing out a black liquid, and so hiding its whereabouts.



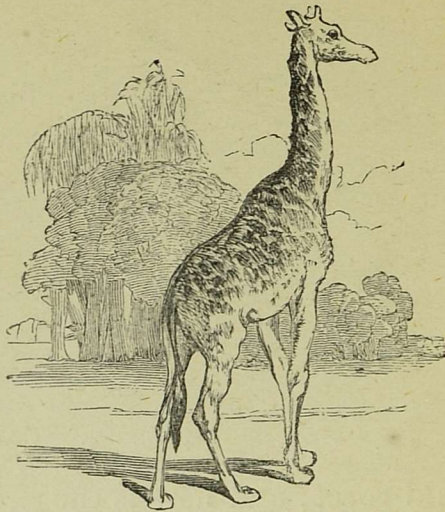
OH! what a fright Charley has got; something came flying out of the sea and into his face. It was a flying-fish; and here it is for you to see. The poor flying-fish, though so pretty, is sadly tormented. It is constantly trying to escape from enemies underneath; and when it flies up into the air to escape them, then there are ever so many birds ready to swoop down on it. The flying-fish, when trying to escape from their numerous enemies, sometimes fall on the decks of ships sailing past. You have heard people say, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire:" and so the poor flying-fish finds, for Charley is anxious to take home a specimen; so he skins it, and hands over the body to his friend Jack Tar, who will cook it and eat it.



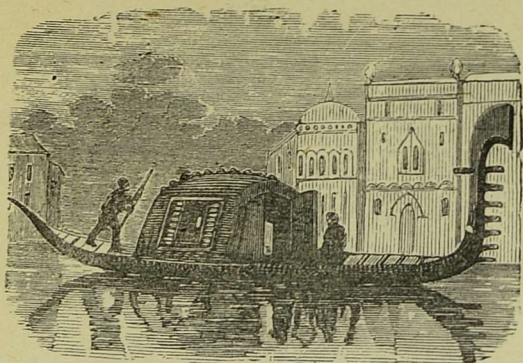
THE reason why Charley, the midshipman, is anxious to get the flying-fish, is because his grandfather is a naturalist. Here he is, examining some strange beetles and flies Charley has sent home. Charley is very fond of his grandpapa, and always manages to find something strange; and though he gets laughed at by the other young gentlemen for poking his nose into the leaves of bushes, and so on, when they get permission to go ashore, Charley never heeds them, but goes on his own way. He knows what pleasure it will give his kind old grandpapa; and he often fancies he sees him, with spectacles on nose, peering earnestly at the new insect which has been caught and preserved.



THIS is a wild coast; and here is the ship Charley, the midshipman, was in before he joined the frigate. They were very nearly wrecked, but after a time they got safely away. While they were waiting for the tide to float the ship off, Charley managed to pick up many pretty shells to take home to his friends. He also got some lovely little crabs; and ever so many strange-looking small fishes, which he put into bottles. They were so bright-coloured, and he did his best to keep them; but they died, and their colour faded. Yes, Maggie, the pretty piece of coral on the side-table was made by little insects; and if you wish to know how they look, I must tell you they are shaped like your school-bag, when the strings are drawn tight, only very, very small.

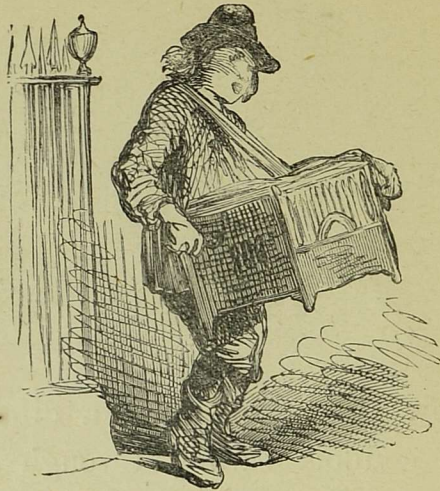


I MUST now show you a very singular-looking animal. Here he comes. This is the giraffe. It must be a very fine sight indeed to see a herd of these mighty animals. Their tall necks reach to the topmost boughs of trees, from which they can readily crop off the leaves. Thus the hunter often mistakes them for branches of dead timber. Their flesh, it is said, is highly scented with the perfume of the flowery shrubs on which the animal feeds; and one hunter tells us, that to ride into a troop of giraffes reminds one of the smell of a hive of honey. Giraffes are very docile and gentle in disposition; and a gentleman who once shot one went forward and stroked its forehead, when it showed neither fear nor anger.



I MUST now show you quite a different scene. Here is a gondola sailing through the city of Venice. Instead of streets like ours, they have water everywhere about; for Venice is built on islands, and many of the houses on piles driven into the water. It is certainly very funny to sail from one part of a town to another, and do your shopping with a gondola waiting instead of a cab; but, after all, it is much nicer to have streets like our own, so that one can walk about with freedom. There is a lady inside this gondola, and she is going away to pay some visits. She is not only enjoying the sail, but the song the boatman is singing as he pushes and steers the strange-looking boat along. He is singing that song Clara is so fond of,—

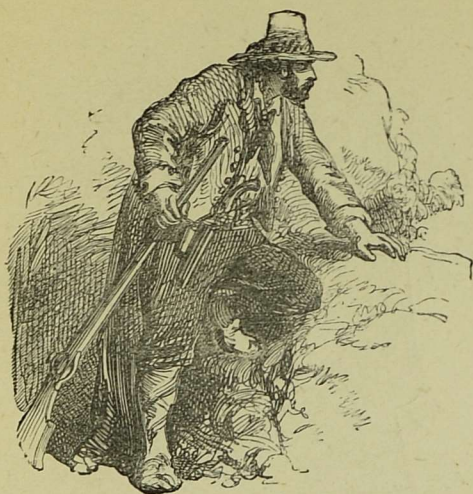
“How sweetly sings the gondolier,
Along his watery way.”



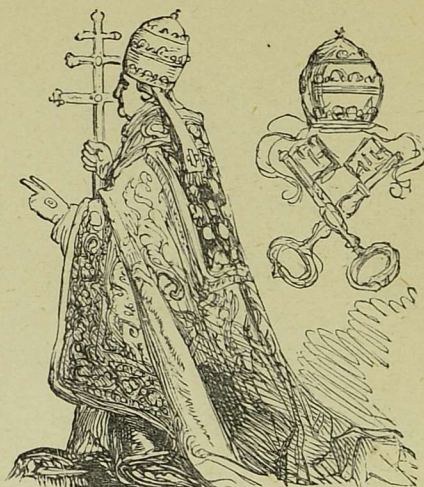
As we are in Italy, I must next show you an Italian organ-boy. Poor fellows, they sometimes come a long way, in the hope of making a little money in the different large cities. There are a number of visitors staying at the hotels, and he goes from one to the other, singing:—

“ Oh ! gentlemen, if you be villing
 To give me von English shilling,
 You vill see a raree show—
 Quickly come, or I vill go.
 Too rall oo rall oo rall aye,
 Ninganee, ninganee, ninganee nae !

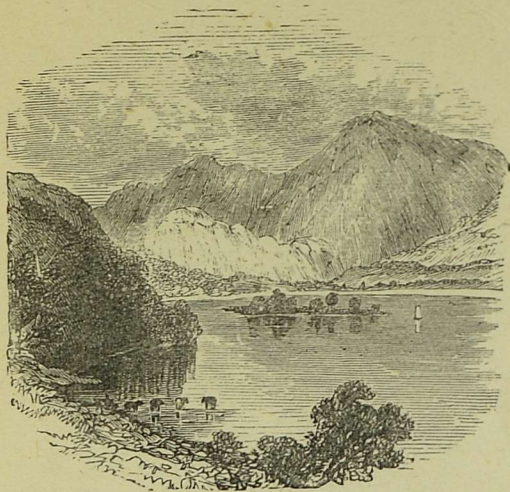
“ Oh ! ladies, listen, while I tell
 A story you vill like so vell :
 Zeventeen boxes just come over
 In the packet-boat from Dover,
 Full of silks and laces too—
 Too rall oo rall oo rall oo,
 Ninganee, ninganee, ninganee nae ! ”



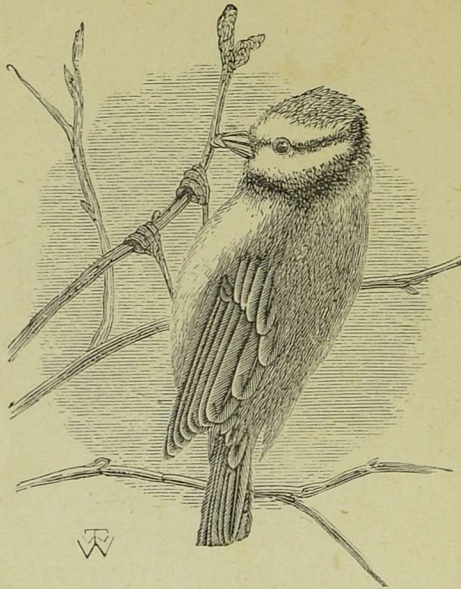
THIS is an Italian bandit. He is watching eagerly to catch sight of a carriage he fancies he has heard in the distance. It is to be hoped the travellers are well armed, else they will stand a poor chance of escape ; for if the long gun misses aim, the robber has a great pistol in his waist-belt, and one or two small ones, all loaded. Then there are sure to be many more robbers lurking about, ready to come to their comrade's assistance. They are no doubt resting in their cave, drinking some of the good wine they have got as a ransom for some rich man. It is a good thing they do not always kill their prisoners, but give them a chance to get back to their friends, by their paying a large sum of money for their liberty.



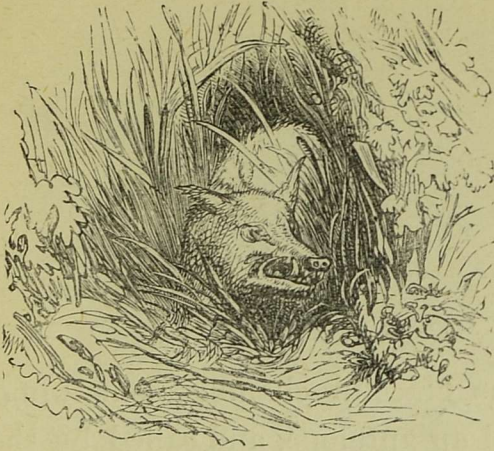
WE could hardly leave Italy without paying a visit to the Pope. Here is a portrait of him, in his splendid robes ; and he is in the act of blessing the people. The keys we see in the picture are supposed to be those the Apostle Peter handed over to the first Pope. That is what the Roman Catholics believe, at anyrate. It is a great day in Rome when the Pope blesses the people. They flock from all quarters of the globe to be present ; and many people who are not Roman Catholics go there too, to see the sight. It is a great honour to be allowed to kiss the Pope's toe. Though Tommy is laughing at such an idea, I assure you it is quite true. The present Pope is now a very old man.



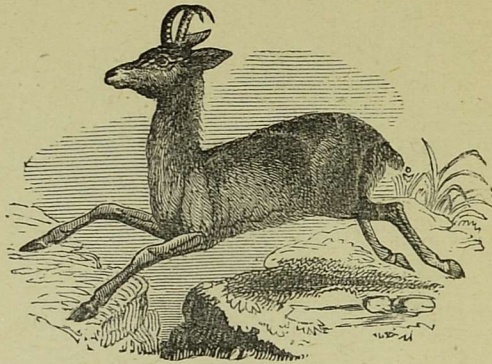
HERE is a scene far away from Italy and the Pope. It is a Highland loch, or lake; and it looks very like Loch Ard, near Aberfoyle. That is where the river Forth runs out of; and also where the well-known Highland robber Rob Roy used to lurk about. There is a cave there, in which he used to hide when he went down to the Lowlands to steal cattle. When you grow older, you must read the whole story about him and his clever wife: how she frightened a magistrate once—and how he was led into sad trouble by one of the clan—and how he fell over a precipice, and hung suspended by the skirt of his coat between the rock and the water below till somebody came to his rescue.



HERE is a pretty little tomtit, or titmouse. He is a very sharp, clever little bird. If you have a garden, you may have noticed him and his little wife building their nest in a hole in the wall. The entrance to it is so small that it is impossible to get in more than two fingers. There they bring up their young; and if you watch them, you will be surprised to see how often they fly past you with food in their little bills. They pick up insects and caterpillars, so that they do a great deal of good; for the caterpillars would destroy the flowers and vegetables, if left alone. In winter a tomtit will often come into the house and fly about, quite at home.



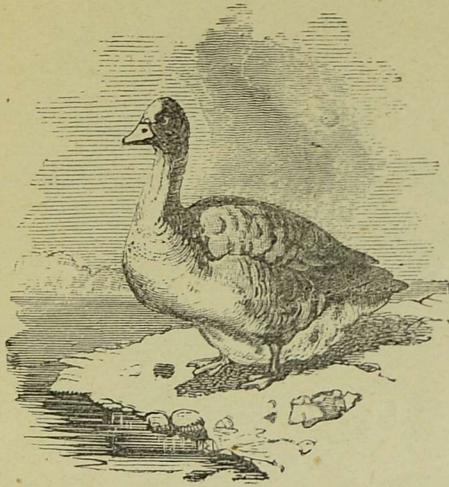
HERE is rather a fierce-looking animal. This is the wild boar in his lair; and he is known to be as fierce as any animal found in the jungle of India. England has now no wild boars—only tame ones; but in different parts of the world they are still to be seen. It is said that the wild boar roams about the jungle, fearing not even the terrible tiger; he eats his dinner close to the tiger's den, and even drinks out of the same pool with him. Yet it is not from affection; but the boar knows the tiger is afraid of his great tusks, and that he will let him alone. A boar was once known to keep at bay four full-grown panthers. He stood with his back against a tree till he tired two of them quite out, and then rushed upon the other two and escaped.



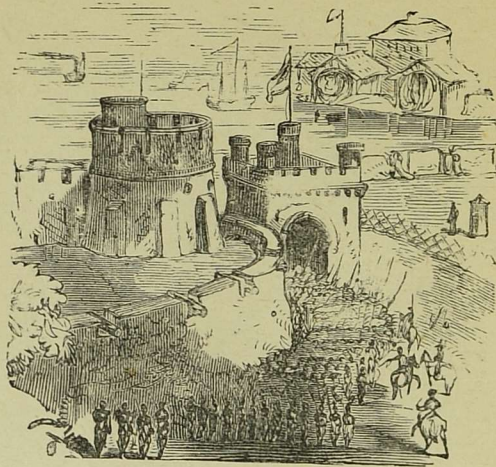
THIS is the graceful chamois, something between a goat and an antelope, and called by the German Swiss, gemazi. There is a lovely poem written about it which I should have liked you to learn, but it is very long. Here are a few lines :—

“ By a gushing glacier fountain
 On the giant Wetterhorn,
 'Midst the snow-fields of the mountain,
 Was the little gemazi born ;
 And the mother, though the mildest
 And the gentlest of the herd,
 Was the fleetest and the wildest,
 And as lightsome as a bird.”

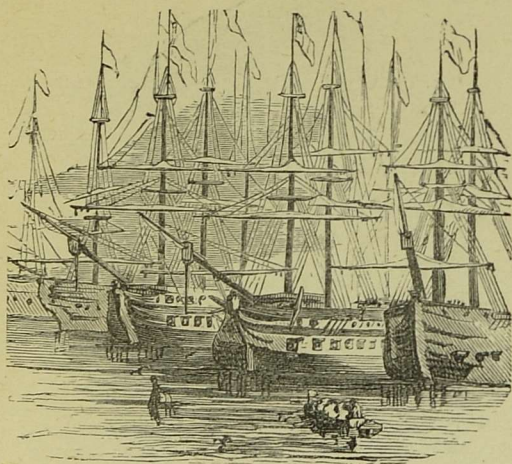
The chamois has quick ears, as well as being sure-footed, and gives the hunter much trouble to get near it. This pretty animal is not only very cautious, but has the power of scenting man a very long way off; and if its sharp eyes see even a faint track of footsteps in the snow, it will bound off in quite another direction, sounding the alarm to the herd by a peculiar whistle.



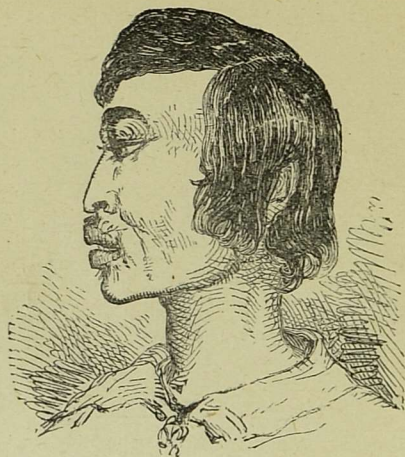
“QUACK! quack!” No; this is not a duck, but a young goose; and we call it at that age “a gosling.” It has its home on a great bare rock in the middle of the sea, where its wise mother has brought it up in a secure place. Madam Goose knows that there are many men ready to pounce upon her and her gosling, so she lays her egg out of their reach. She has to put it on the bare rock; but God has taught her to hold it with her foot, and He has provided the egg with a gluey matter that helps it to stick to the rough stone. The gosling is looking out over the sea, wondering if his wings will be strong enough to carry him away to a new and distant home on the morrow.



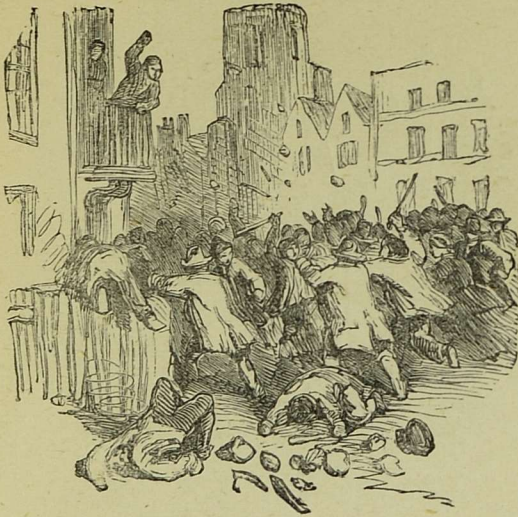
MY Magic-Lantern has shown you a number of pictures about soldiers, and here is the garrison where they all stay. It is a time of peace now, and they have returned from the wars: the soldier-boy is quite ready to tell his stories to his little brothers and sisters, and make their hair almost stand on end to hear of his deeds of daring. They have left many of their comrades dead on the field; and many have been sent home ill, or are lying in the foreign hospitals still. But the band is playing a merry tune, and they are all looking as if nothing had happened to them; but I daresay, when they go to bed at night, they will start in their sleep, and keep fancying they hear the cannons booming. How glad they will be to wake and find it only a dream!



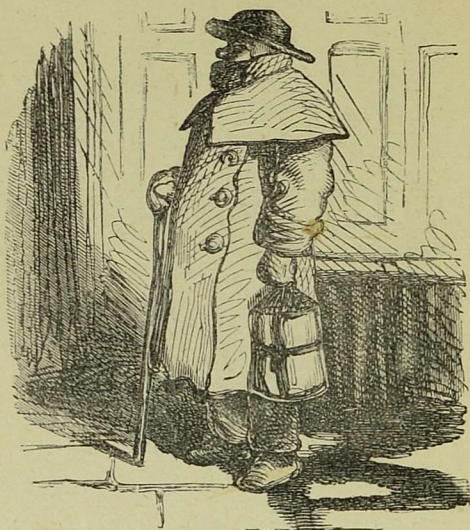
AND here, too, is our friend the *Water-Witch*, lying snugly at her moorings. After a long cruise, Jack Tar and Charley, the midshipman, have returned, both safe and sound. Charley has got leave of absence, and is hoping that before the time expires he may be promoted to another ship; but Jack Tar is still on board. His wife lives not very far away; and as he is very well behaved, the officers often allow him to go ashore to see her and his little children. There are several more ships lying close beside the *Water-Witch*, some larger, some smaller; but Jack Tar thinks that none of them can come up to his own frigate for beauty, and tosses his head in scorn if any one ventures to say anything else.



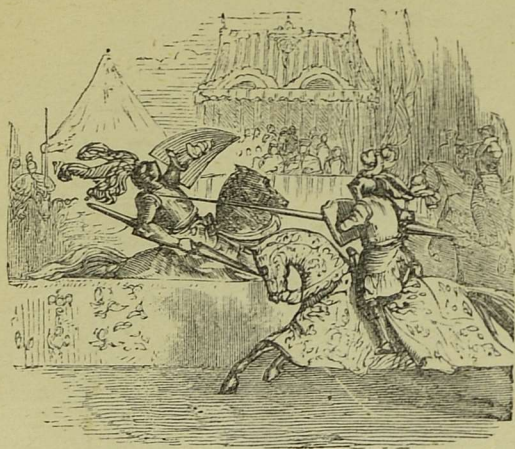
HERE is a Malay. He has not got a very handsome face, but he is very strong and active. Malays live about the Straits, on the way between India and China, and in the large islands there. They used to be sad pirates, and would attack everybody they met; but now they are more civilized, and are ready to work for very small pay. They are very lively and good-natured; but they take strange drugs sometimes, and lose their senses, which is to be regretted. This man's skin is yellow, his hair the colour of soot, and his eyes are like a Chinaman's. You would laugh, I know, if you saw them eating their rice, scooping it up in the hollow of their hand. Yes; Chinamen, and some Indians too, eat their rice with bits of stick, instead of using spoons as we do.



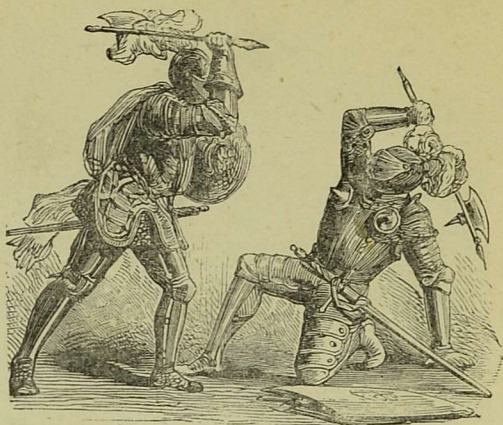
“OH dear! what can be the matter?” Listen, and I will tell you. This is a street riot. It is election-time in the town, and there has been a quarrel. A boy in the crowd has perhaps thrown a rotten egg, and this has made somebody angry; and then, because the boy was chased, everybody began to fight. See! there are two men down in the dust—one on his back and one on his face. There is another quietly pelting stones or something from the balcony. He is wise to keep up there out of the hubbub, though perhaps you may think it is rather cowardly. I can't help thinking he is wise; because there are so many fighting, that if he were to come down it would only make matters worse.



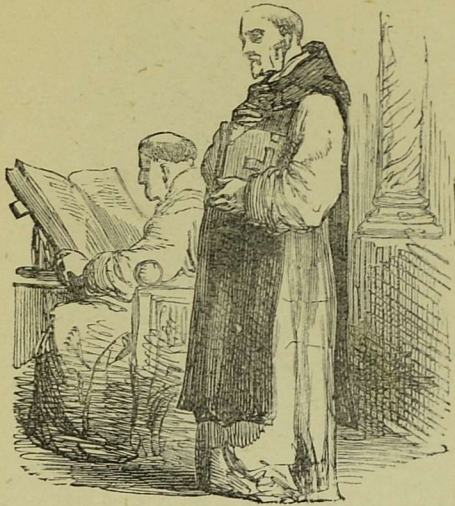
I AM glad to say the riot is over. Here comes the old watchman on his rounds. It is a very wet night; but he has got his greatcoat well buttoned up about his throat; and even his ears are hidden—nothing can be seen but his old nose, which is no doubt a very red one, for Johnnie Frost nips it very often. We have no watchmen in our towns now like this; but when our grandfathers were little, the watchmen used to go about the town during the night. And when the great town clock struck the hours, they called it out in this way—“Two o’clock,” (or whatever the hour happened to be,) “and a frosty morning,” (or whatever the weather happened to be.)



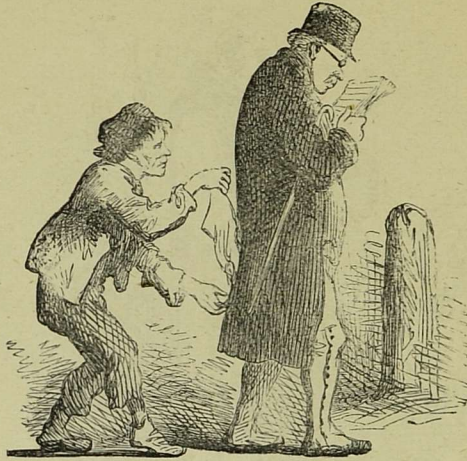
HERE are two armed knights. They are charging at each other with their long lances, trying which will knock the other off his horse. It is called a tournament; and the king and the queen, and all the fine lords and ladies of the court, have come out to see the show. The queen is to give the prize; and she is leaning forward, anxious to see who will be the victor, and hoping that no one may be hurt. The horses are just as anxious about it as their masters, and are galloping in fine style. They are covered with cloth of gold, all beautifully embroidered; and it does make them look queer. No, Harry, you are wrong; it is better that this sort of thing should be done away with. When you are older, you can try for the Queen's prize by being the best volunteer.



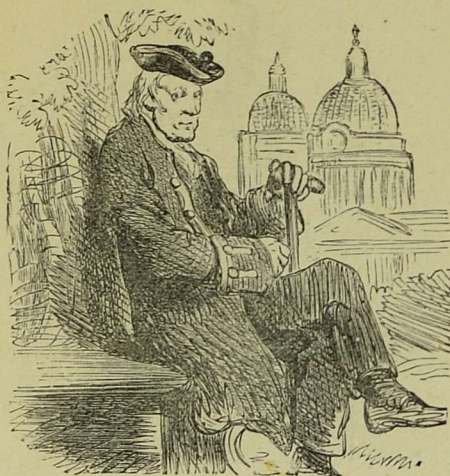
“AH! what is this?” I fear these are the same knights, and that they have lost their temper. They have met privately, after the king and the queen have gone back to the palace, and they are now determined to kill each other. Their battle-axes are very sharp; and though their faces are covered with their iron helmets, a quick, strong blow may cleave them open. I am sure we may be very glad we live at a time when such things are not allowed to be done. The knights of old were always very anxious to show how brave they were; but don't you think people can be brave without fighting duels? Of course they can. When quarrels arise, if one could only fight a duel with one's-self, and get the better of his evil temper, I should say that person deserved to be called brave.



HERE we have a more peaceful scene, though it too belongs to olden times. This is a monk of the Romish Church going off with his book and his beads, while another one sits quietly reading in a great book with clasps. In those days no one had printed books, they were all written; and those who wrote them tried to make them as beautiful as possible. They thought a very great deal of the few books they had then; and if they could only see the number of books in the book-shops nowadays, they would be very much astonished. What would make them wonder most, would be to see how young people toss them about, and leave their Bible to gather dust on it very often.



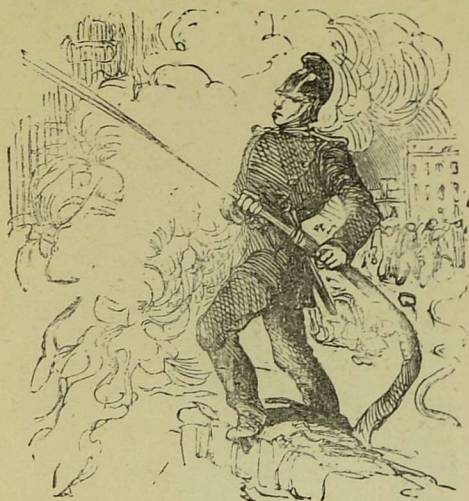
OH dear! Don't laugh, if you please. I don't wonder at you feeling a little inclined to smile, Master Tommy; for it is funny at first sight to see the poor old gentleman marching calmly on, so intent upon reading his newspaper that he never feels the wicked thief pulling out his handkerchief from his pocket. But when we think what a sad life that pickpocket must lead—how, with all his cleverness, and the number of fine things he manages to carry off, he is always poor and miserable, we ought rather to cry than laugh. See what a tattered, thin, miserable-looking boy he is; and how frightened he must be, lest the policeman catch him in the very act! Perhaps he has had wicked parents, who taught him how to steal, and whipped him till he learned.



HERE is somebody I know you will all like to see. He is called a pensioner ; but though he is poor, he does not need to be ashamed, because he has served his country faithfully. He was a sailor in the time of the great Lord Nelson (that was long before our old friend Jack Tar was born), and he fought against the French, and was in ever so many naval battles. He would be delighted to tell you how he was at the battle of Trafalgar, and saw the signal flying from Nelson's ship—"England expects every man this day to do his duty!" And the old pensioner would tell you how proud he was to be under such a leader. I think George might now be so good as favour us with the song, Rule, Britannia!



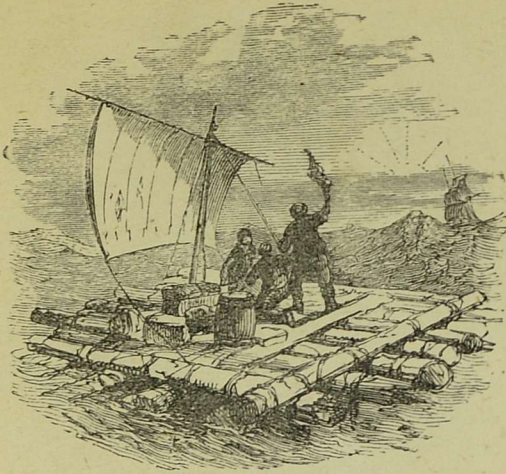
HERE is another we must not despise. He is only a pedlar, but he is an honest man. He goes from village to village selling his wares ; and the children, who have not the same opportunities of spending their pennies as you who live in large towns have, are always delighted to see him. He carries lovely strings of beads, and pretty needle-cases, and a few toys ; for his case is not a very large one, and he must keep a great many more useful things, such as needles and pins, reels of cotton, and thread, and all sorts of buttons. But the pedlar will bring a lovely doll, or a pretty picture-book, for a birthday or Christmas present ; and that is another reason why he is such a favourite.



AH! here is a brave fellow! Well may he wear a helmet, and a hatchet by his side like a battle-axe! He is the leading fireman,—the firemaster, as he is called. No hero or knight of old ever did a braver thing; for here he is jumping amidst the blaze, through the falling beams, fighting the flames, with the water-pipe in his hands. He will dash through the blinding smoke and heat to save any of the inmates; and he has been known to peril his life in saving some old bed-ridden woman, or little sleeping baby, that had been left in some distant room. I am glad to say everybody got safely out of this building when the fire began, but a great deal of furniture was burned.



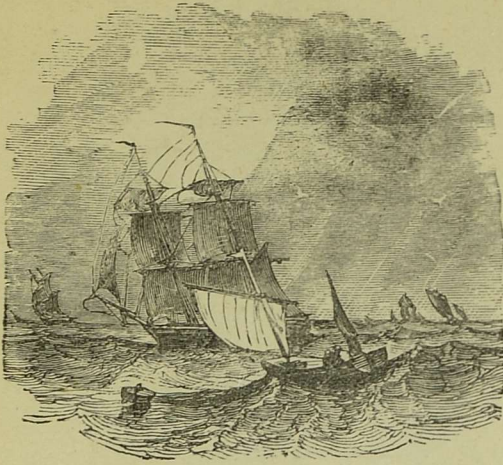
HERE is a merry company. Toot-a-hoo—toot-a-hoo! blows the guard of the mail-coach, to let his passengers and all the town know his horses are ready to start. It is rather a cold morning, and the passengers have a good long journey before them; but they have very wisely put on their warm overcoats, and wrapped their necks up with warm comforters. The old gentleman sitting in front of the guard is looking rather melancholy: even the gay toot-a-hooing of the horn has not driven away his low spirits. But, as you may see, Jack Frost has been giving the poor old gentleman's nose a little bit of a pinch, and it has made it quite red and sore.



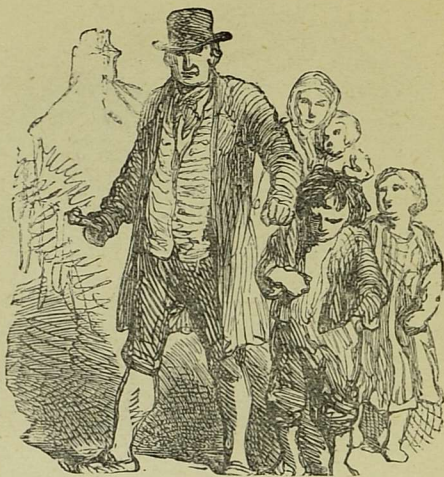
AH! here is a very different view indeed. I wonder how the old gentleman would like to be one of these sailors! Instead of his nose only being cold, I fear his toes and his fingers—in truth, all his body, would be suffering. These poor fellows have been wrecked; but they have very cleverly managed to make a raft, and have got one or two boxes and barrels of biscuits and water on it. They have put up a mast and sail, too, and are getting on wonderfully well; but they are very glad, for all that, to see a ship come sailing down in their direction. See how they are waving something, and trying to draw the attention of the look-out man on board! I hope the sailors in the ship will see them, and send out a boat to take them on board.



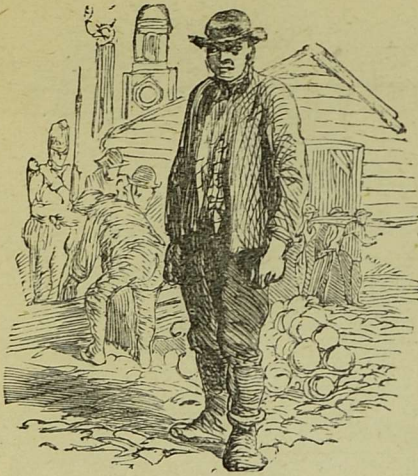
HERE is a pilgrim walking bravely on, with a long staff in his hand, and a little flask of oil or water at his belt. He also has a red cross sewed on the sleeve of his white mantle, and a scallop-shell fixed under the brim of his flapping hat. He is going to the Holy Land; and he has to beg his way, because he has no money of his own, and must depend upon the charity of others. He has committed some sin, and he fancies that if he only reaches the Holy Sepulchre, and worships there, his sins will be forgiven. Mary says,—“Can’t he say his prayers at home?” Yes, he could; but he does not know that God is willing to hearken to the earnest prayers of sinners at any time and in any part of the world, for Jesus’ sake.



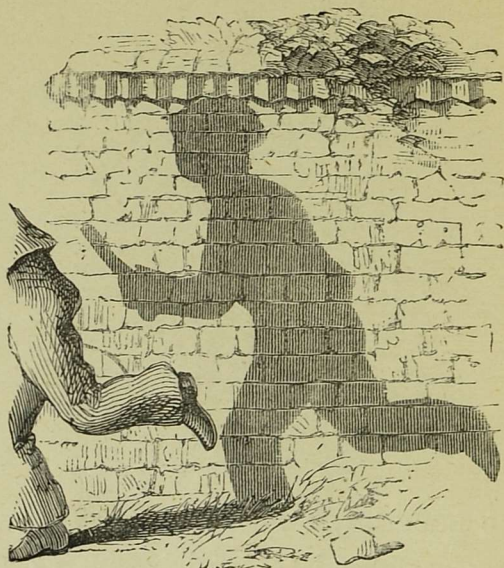
AH! I fear poor Jack Tar is again in a sad plight. Here is his ship in a very rough sea, with the black clouds gathered behind it. A storm is beginning to blow it away from the land; and see! all the smaller vessels are tossed about, though their crews are doing their best to get them into shelter. Jack Tar and his friends have put out as many sails as possible, so that the wind may carry them out to sea and away from land. Clara and Maggie think this is a very strange thing of Jack Tar to do, but George will be able to tell you that it is really the wisest way. It is far safer to be out in the open sea during a storm than close to the shore, because at any moment they may be dashed to pieces on the rocks.



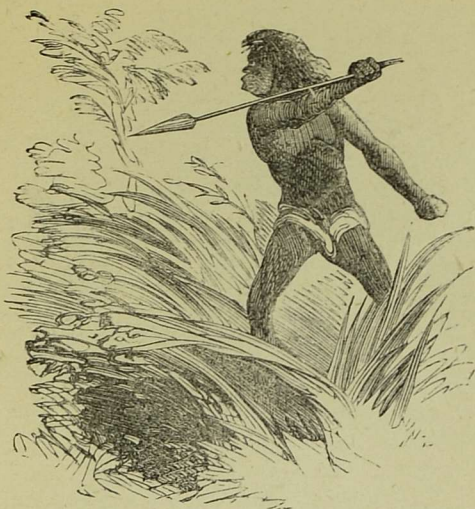
HERE is another sad sight—a boy being marched off to the police-station. He has been stealing, I am sorry to say. But we must not be angry with him overmuch; nor call him a horrid creature, as Maggie has done. Poor boy, he has never known any better, for he has had bad parents, who have never told him it was wrong to steal,—indeed, they stole things themselves whenever they could get the chance; and as they were very poor, the little boy was often very hungry. He could not resist the look of the tempting apples that were peeping up over the wall, and so climbed up and took them. It was very naughty; but I have known boys who were not hungry, and who were well taught, steal apples whenever they got a chance.



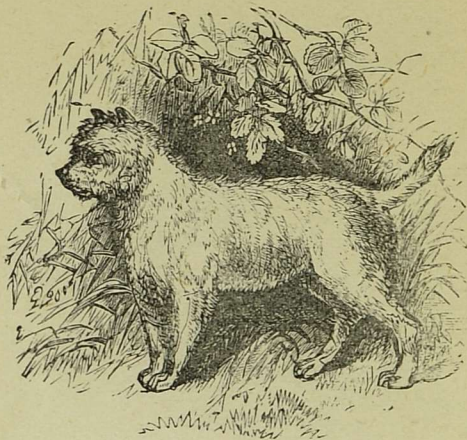
THIS is the poor boy's father. He stole so often, that they were forced to banish him as a convict. He has to work very hard all day under the eye of an overseer, who scolds him if he stops to take too long a rest. He is not allowed to speak to any of his fellow-prisoners, so that he is very thankful to have the work to do, as it helps to pass the time away. He would like to make his escape if he could; but see, there is a soldier standing as sentry watching him. He has his bayonet fixed ready, and so, if his gun missed fire, he would be able to run him through the back. It is to be hoped the convict will not try any such thing, but go on with his work; and if he behaves himself very well, he may get home sooner than he expected.



WHO is this, I wonder? It must be Tom Green. He has stolen cleverly away from his companions, and fancies he has got beyond their sight; but he has forgotten he has left his shadow behind him. "Perhaps he has played truant!" Is that what you were saying, little Maggie? Oh, I don't think Tom Green would be quite such a bad boy! No; I rather think he is playing hide-and-seek, or some other game. He is running very fast, throwing up his heels in fine style; and I can't help wishing he may get safely away, for Tom Green is a favourite of mine. He is a good scholar, I feel sure, because he makes such a very hearty playmate.



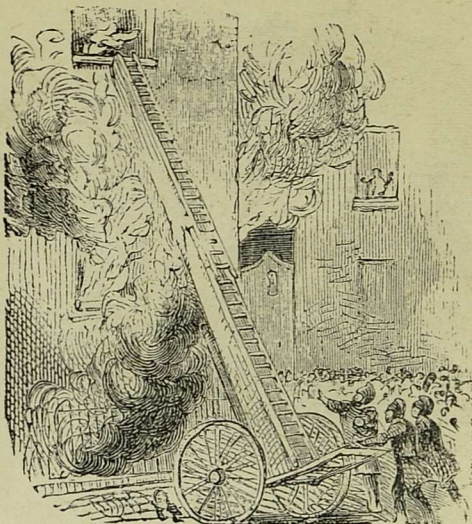
HERE is a wild savage, who seems to have been lurking in the bush. He has been startled, and aims a spear, at the same time giving the signal to his native friends—*Coo-oo-ee!* He cries like a strange bird. If the signal is answered, then the spear will not be thrown, as he will know it is a friend. It is to be hoped the poor convict will know about this, for it is very likely he who has startled the savage; and some of them are very fierce and cruel. The natives of Australia are called "black fellows;" and if they are all like this one, they are black enough. They are a set of low, cunning men, and can with difficulty be taught to do anything for themselves. For a long time they did not know how to make fire.



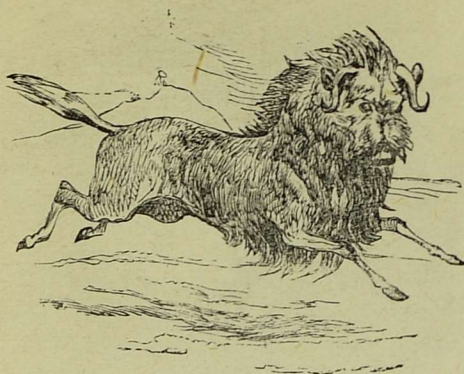
THIS is a portrait of my dog Nettle. Isn't he a beauty? He is very clever, too, which is far better than being simply good-looking; for we all admire a dog which is clever. Nettle can catch rats, and can kill them too. It would surprise you very much to see how fast he does it. If a rat gives the tiniest squeak, up go his ears, and down go his fore-paws firmly on the ground—just as you see him doing now, for he fancies he hears something like a rat—and then off he starts, dashing with his nose and paws at the hole, and in a moment out he hauls the rat by the tail, or back, or head, or anything he can get a hold of, and with a toss into the air he kills it dead. Oh, no; Nettle is far too dainty a dog to eat it.



BUT what is this my Magic-Lantern has now to show you? A house on fire! It has caught fire at the top, when everybody was fast asleep. Such a great quantity of smoke! and oh, what terrible flames! and the air is full of the flying sparks. There are some people in the house; but see, those outside are getting long ladders to place against it, and it is to be hoped they will all be got out safe. I rather fear they will not be able to save much of the furniture, if it is not out already; and it is to be hoped there are no animals, such as dogs and cats, in the house. But here comes the fire-engine; and surely, with so many brave men about, they will get the fire put out before it spreads much further. What a pity it would be if the stacks of grain were to catch fire!



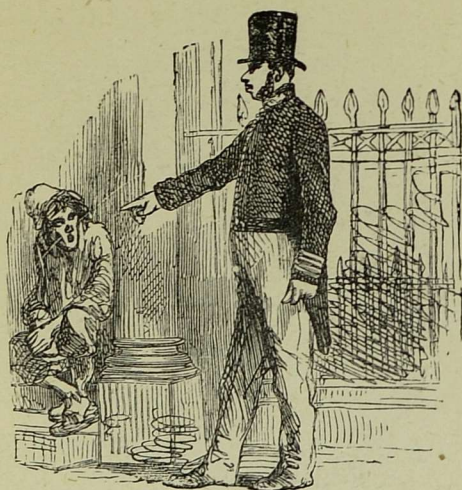
It was very wise of them to send for the fire-engine. All the boys in the neighbourhood, and the men too, are out of their beds in a moment when they hear the fire-engine, and push it along in fine style. But they have had to fetch the fire-escape as well, for the ladders were not long enough. Look at that person at the top; how glad he seems to be of the means of escape, and how eager he is to get out on to the ladder! It is quite time he was out, because the flames and smoke are coming out just under his feet; but there are many ready to rush up to help him if he gets faint. He must be almost blinded with the smoke getting into his eyes, which will also add to his danger.



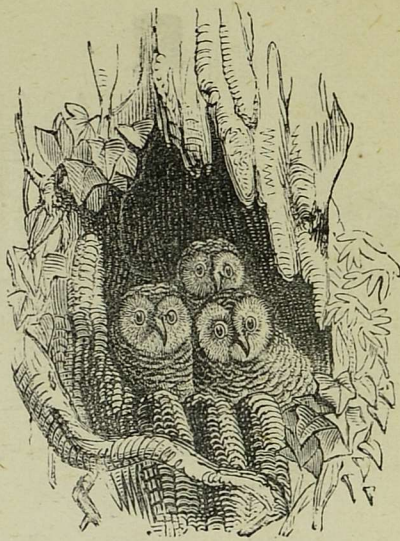
OH! do look at this monster! What can it be? No wonder you ask the question, for it is partly like a lion, partly like a great deer, and partly like a bison. And such a furious look in its face, too—its crooked horns making it seem all the more dreadful. Well, listen, then, and I will tell you its name. It is the gnu; and it belongs to the same family as the gentle antelope. The gnu, or gnoo, is very like Miss Clara in one respect. Oh, what an idea! It is gifted with an extra amount of curiosity, and will inspect any strange object at the risk of its life even. It is only met with in South Africa; or you may sometimes see it—though not very often—in a menagerie: so, as he is something rare, you had better take a good look at him before I draw him away, and then you will not forget him.



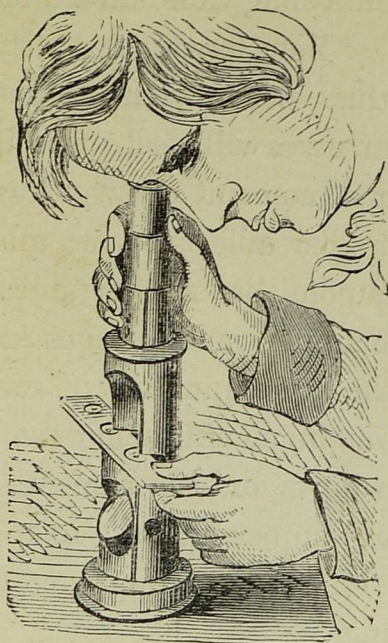
HERE comes a well-known face, so clear and peaceful after the rest—the silver-shining moon breaking out of the clouds. What a number of strange sights the old moon sees on its journeys! It peeps in at your window sometimes, and sees you fast asleep; and then when the sun comes it slips away to the opposite side of the world, and pays a visit to the children in Australia and New Zealand. This is certainly a very funny thought, as Mary says,—that when we are asleep, the other half of the world is awake; and that if we waken in the night, we can think of ever so many children playing about in broad daylight—while it is quite dark with us, or the only light we have is from the good old man in the moon's lantern, or the little twinkling stars.



АH! but look at this picture. Here is something the moon sees very often—a poor creature hiding in a doorway. He has no home to go to, and is too poor to pay for a bed, and so is forced to sit down on a door-step; but the moon suddenly shines out, and then the policeman spies him. He would like, perhaps, to let him stay, for he is not a cruel-looking man; but his orders are to make every one move on. The poor creature is looking up in the policeman’s face, half stupefied with sleep and fatigue; and he is no doubt saying,—“Oh, sir, let me stay; for where can I move on to?” It was a pity the moon should show her face just at that moment, especially when there were so many clouds to hide behind.



HA, ha, ha! Well, they do look funny! Here are three little owls sitting patiently in their nest in the old decayed tree, waiting for their mother and father coming back with a plump mouse or a young bird for them. Oh dear! how Tommy is laughing; for he says they look as if they had eyes and a nose, but no mouth. Well, it is not very easy to understand how an owl can swallow a plump mouse with only that hooked and crooked-looking bill; but, Master Tommy, let me advise you not to lay your young white mouse, or a little bird you value, down before them, for I have only to warn you they would disappear in double quick time.



WHAT is this man doing? Why, he is looking through a microscope. He can see all sorts of minute creatures, far too small to be seen by the naked eye. There are a number of glasses in the microscope; and the man has put between them a mite from a piece of cheese. He had some difficulty in getting the needle-point to lift it up; but now the glasses have magnified it till it is the size of a pea, and the man sees it kicking about and working its little eye in quite a lively manner. Yes, Maggie; you swallow some of these very mites every time you eat old cheese.

I HAVE kept you a long time, I fear, for there goes the supper-bell. You have been sitting so long in the dark, that when you go out into the lighted hall your eyes will feel quite dazzled. It will only be for a moment or two, however; you will very soon be able to see all the good things laid out upon the supper-table. The pies and pastry, the apples and oranges, the almonds and figs, and the large quantity of crackers with their pretty wrappings, will soon drive out of your head the "Shadows on the Screen;" but while you enjoy your supper, please keep in remembrance some of the useful things my Lantern has shown you to-night.



