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**The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, Ed. by Mrs. S.C. Hall**

**Forget-me-not Juvenile**

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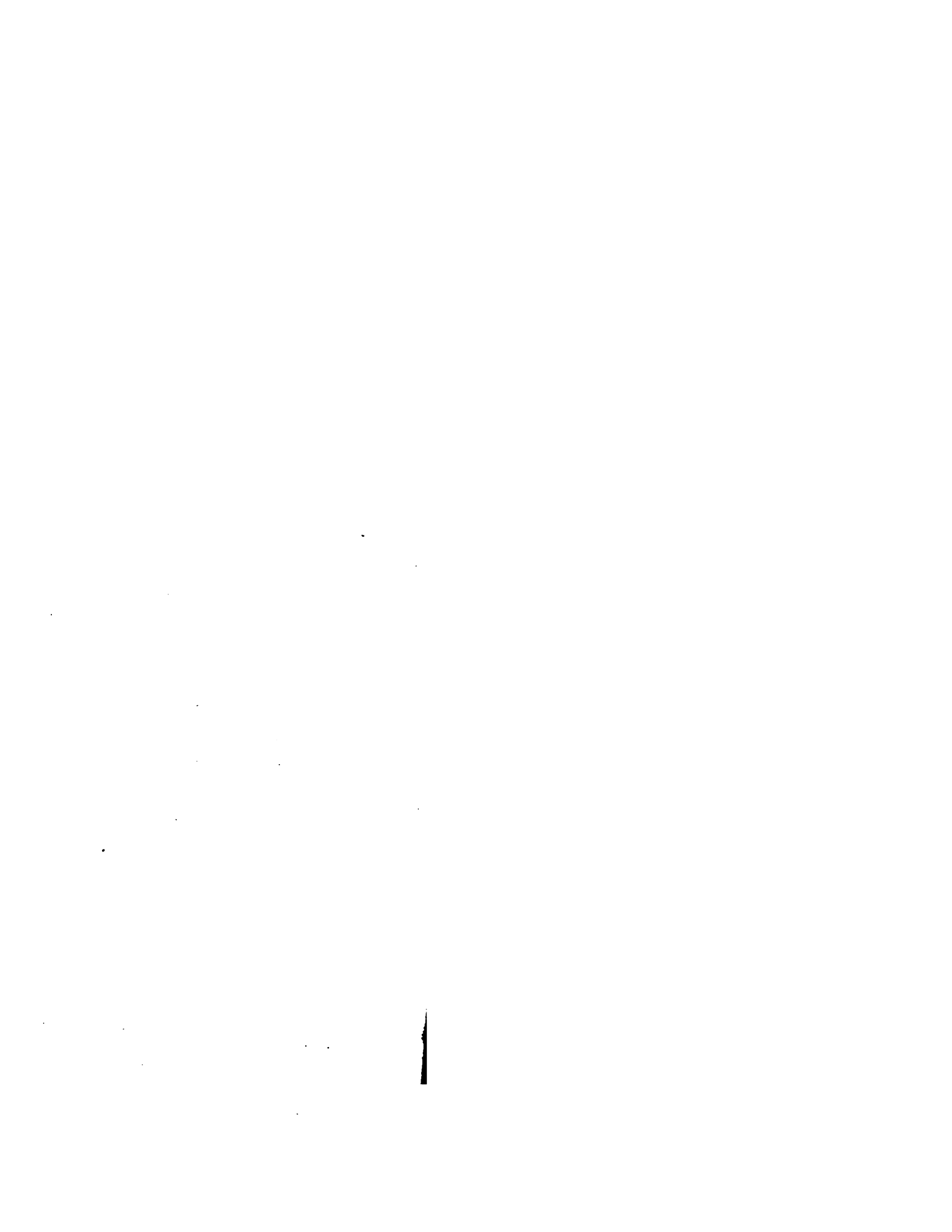
**Title: The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, Ed. by Mrs. S.C. Hall**

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THE

JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.



LONDON:  
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## Preface.

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IT would seem to my young readers a long long time ago—far, far into the misty “past”—if I told them how many years have gone by since I gathered, year after year, tales from all quarters of the globe, and wove them into volumes for the entertainment of their papas and mammas, or grave uncles and aunts; who were then, what I doubt not my young friends are now,—the most charming, tormenting, restless, loving, laughing, teasing, bright and happy young creatures in the whole world! Have you ever thought, dear boys and girls, that while you young ladies grow from the merest little “dots,” in short frocks and fringed leggings, into long dresses, “stuck out,” at great peril and inconvenience, by crinolines; or you, dear mischievous youths, discard your knickerbockers, and assume the more manly, but less becoming trousers; while you and all *living* things belonging to you, change, change, change,—the books, the tales that amused your parents the most, amuse you the most. Your grand-papas and mammas loved Robinson Crusoe, of all books of adventure, the best, and were divided (as you

are) as to which of Maria Edgeworth's tales delighted them the most; for me, I stand by "Rosamond," and can still enjoy another book, the "Arabian Nights," as much as any of you.

You will find in this volume some charming historiettes and poems by Mrs. Hofland, Miss Landon, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Isabel Hill, Miss Jewsbury, and other well known poets and tale tellers; and some graver things discussed of and enlightened by my old kind friend the Rev. Robert Walsh, who had the happiest art of teaching without wearying the taught.

But, save that the subjects must be varied, and that everybody tells even the same tale a different way, and that young folks love variety—save and except all these things—I like the old stories far more than the new. And is it not well for you, who have not yet read what I *know* gave so much pleasure to the past generation, to have all the pleasure to come? I wish I were you, yes, any one of you, that I might read, for the first time, some of the tales you will find in this little book, as well as others, to be found elsewhere. What a treat it is to get into a quiet corner with a new book and a good paper-knife, and cut and read! unless you have as much patient forethought as my once *little* friend Neddy Lowe. Neddy was a grave, solid sort of lad, of about ten years old. I have heard persons who did not observe

closely, call him "stupid-looking," and a sharp Etonian described him as "slow."

Nobody who noted the keen and rapid glance of Neddy Lowe's gray eyes, sweeping round a room, and taking in everything without an effort, could believe him "stupid." I do not think I quite understand what being "slow"—or a "slow coach"—means, except that slow means steady! I suppose it also means, not fast—at least that is all I can make of it.

When Neddy got a book—a nice, fresh, uncut book—knowing he was not permitted to *read* in company, he compromised the matter by cutting the leaves, in a silent, composed manner, never glancing even at a page, but sawing quietly on, until every page was ready for perusal; and then he said,—

"That saves time. I can begin straight and away at the story the moment I get into my corner."

Ned knew the value of time, and how to save it. He is a large, tall man now; goes into the law courts in a very ugly wig, with a tail to it, and wears a black silk gown. One day last summer I was walking in the noble old Hall of Westminster, and I saw two gentlemen in those very ugly wigs and black gowns—one gown only being silk—conversing together, and looking as wise as any pair of owls you ever beheld. One of them held a pamphlet tightly, and was cutting the leaves rapidly, without ever looking at his work—"laying down the law" to the gentle-