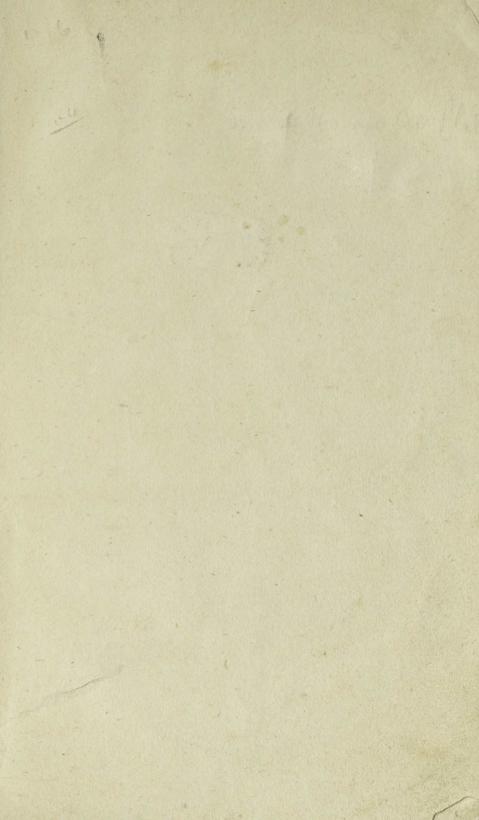
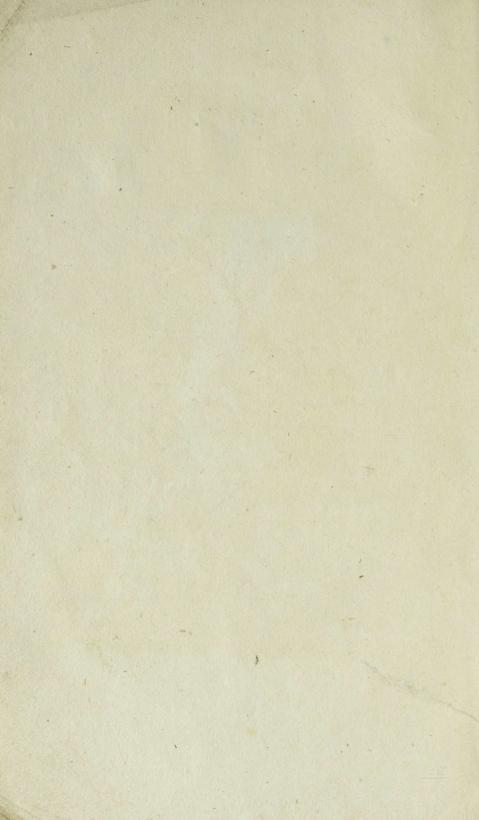


Sold by GOODWYN, Tetbury.









"No money_no friends=no country_no home! "sobbed out a little Negro boy who was sitting under a hedge by the side of a publick road."

A REWARD

FOR

ATTENTIVE STUDIES;

OR,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING STORIES.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. AND E. WALLIS, SKINNER STREET,
SNOW HILL,
AND J. WALLIS, JUNR, SIDMOUTH.

A REEWARD

STRUCKES HALLMINITA

STORITE

ET HER ELLHINGTON.

TOWNOON I

VIGURS, PRINTER, STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A REWARD

FOR

ATTENTIVE STUDIS;

OR,

Moral and Entertaining Stories.

THE

GRATEFUL NEGRO.

"NO money—no friends—no country—no home!" sobbed out a little Negro boy, who was sitting under a hedge by the side of a public road.

"Where does that voice come from?" asked Louisa Dorvile, of a young lady who was walking with her in the field.

"La, my dear," replied her companion, "what can it signify from whence it comes; for if we were to give ourselves the trouble of listening to every whining tale, we should not get to the end of our walk by night."

"I am sure it was the voice of distress," replied Louisa, "and indeed, Charlotte, I must enquire into the cause." So saying, she peeped through the hedge, and beheld a poor Negro boy seated on the ground. "What is the matter, my poor fellow?" said she, "and why are you crying in that piteous manner?" "O, missee," replied the boy, "me cry all day, me never laugh." "But why do you cry?" enquired Louisa.—" Me cry because me no friends here—poor masser dead—and me no get home!"

"What a frightful creature!" exclaimed Charlotte, peeping through the opening in the hedge: "I declare he has hardly a rag to cover him, and I vow he absolutely makes me sick."

"For shame, Charlotte," said Louisa, " is that the way you treat a poor destitute fellow creature?" "Fellow-creature, Miss Dorvile!" muttered Charlotte, "do you suppose that I can degrade myself so much as to think a Negro deserves to be called my fellow-creature." "I cannot help what you think," replied Louisa, "but I know that a Negro is mine: and I am persuaded, if my mamma knew how unfortunate he was, she would immediately take him under her care; therefore, instead of going to see Miss Benson, I think, my dear Charlotte, we had better return home."

" Very polite, indeed, Miss Dorvile,"

replied Charlotte; "however, you may act as you please, but for my part I shall certainly call upon my friend." As both the young ladies had maid servants with them, they each followed the bent of their desires; Charlotte paid a visit of ceremony, and Louisa practised humanity and benevolence. As soon as Mrs. Dorvile had heard the affecting account of the African's misfortunes, she sent immediately to the captain of the ship in which he had come to England, and finding that his account agreed with the boy's, she engaged him to wait upon Louisa and herself.

In this situation he behaved with the greatest fidelity, and remained in the family many years; and was as much admired for the rectitude of his principles, as for the grateful feelings of his heart.

One evening, as Louisa was walking in a little paddock that adjoined the house, she was suddenly alarmed by a shouting in the road, and "a mad dog! a mad dog!" was re-echoed through the croud. The animal, enraged by the shouts of his pursuers, instantly leaped over the gate, and ran towards the terrified Louisa, whose screams roused the Negro from his work. Like lightning he flew to her assistance, and just as the animal had caught hold of her gown, struck him with a rake which he had in his hand, and repeated the blows, until he stretched him dead at her feet. "Oh, my deliverer," said the agitated Louisa," I owe you more than I can ever pay!" "No, missee, no, you owe me not at all, but me owe you for every bliss of life."

One evening, as Louisa was walking

Mos funds of beather self arguineds

house, she was saddenly alarmed by a

BIRD'S-NEST.

over the gate, and

"What are you going to do with those birds?" said George Harcourt to a country-looking boy, who had a nest of blackbirds in his hand.

"Take them home, to be sure," replied the Boy, "what do you think I am going to do with them?" "Where did you find the nest?" asked George.
"In the hawthorn bush at the end of Squire Dawson's field." "Well, I'll buy it of you," said George. "I won't sell it for less than half-a-crown," replied

the boy. Half-a-crown was the whole strength of George's purse, which he had just received from his father to lay out at the fair; but the thought of restoring the blackbirds to their mother, soon put the fair entirely out of his mind; and taking the half-crown from his pocket, "Well, (cried he) the birds are mine;" and instantly putting the nest into his handkerchief, he ran away towards the lane.

The disappointed parent, who was fluttering round the hedge, soon directed him to the very spot, and replacing the treasure from whence it had been taken he stood pleasingly attentive to the interesting sight. The moment she heard the chirping sound of their voice, she seemed to gain new strength and life, and darting towards the nest with

eager fondness, inclosed them under her maternal wing. Whilst George was amusing himself with the idea that he had been the means of restoring happiness to the little sable songsters, his schoolfellows, whom he had promised to accompany to the fair, overtook him on the road. "Why, George," said Frank Letsome, "we have been looking for you half over the town, I dare say the play has begun, and we shall not have time to see a quarter of the sights."

"Never fear," replied George, "come, what say you, shall we have a race?"

"Walk in, gentlemen," resounded from every booth in the fair. There were plays, puppet-shews, rope-dancing, and wild beasts courting their attention whichever way they turned; and it was some moments before they could determine what kind of amusement they should prefer. At length the play claimed the preference, and away they went to the pit door.

George, who had entirely forgotten his situation, thrust his hand into his pocket, with an intent to pay, but no sooner felt the empty purse, than his pennyless pocket flashed upon his mind.

"I will wait for you, Frank," said he, "for I can't go in, I have not a farthing of money left." "Come to the fair without money!" they exclaimed, "why, I never knew such a blockhead in my life!"—"Perhaps not," replied George, "but never mind, do you go in." At that moment he turned his head and saw the boy, of whom he had bought the blackbirds, throw down the half-crown for the purpose of paying

his admission to the pit. "Well, my young master," said he, laughing at George's disappointment, " who is likely to have most fun? A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," continued he, casting his eyes upon the change he had just received. George did not condescend to make him any reply, but began sauntering round the fair; when he was overtaken by a gentleman who had accidentally overheard the bargain between him and the unfeeling boy. "What have you done with your young friends?" said he; "I thought I saw you all going to the play." "They are gone, sir," replied George, "but I am pleasing myself with this motley scene." "You are pleasing yourself, I believe," rejoined the stranger, " with the reflection of having done a kind act. There,

my good fellow," continued he, putting a guinea into George's hand, "go and enjoy the play with your friends, for you deserve to be encouraged for such a generous deed."

eld otal colule on whitend paleaux

ercingso sadly at our gate, that I really

believe she will break hor heart." . . .

a down sold has the The do ourses how

LITTLE STONE-PICKER;

OR,

THE FILIAL CHILD.

"OH, mamma," said Charles Clinton, running hastily up stairs into his mother's room, "do pray give me my new six-pence, for there is a little girl crying so sadly at our gate, that I really believe she will break her heart."

As Mrs. Clinton's heart was as humane as her son's, she was anxious to know what had occasioned the child's

grief; and, following Charles to the court-yard gate, she saw him tenderly wiping the little stranger's eyes. "What has been the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Clinton, at the same time taking her kindly by the hand.

"I had lost the six-pence, ma'am," she replied, "with which I was going to buy my mammy a little wine; for she has been sadly ill for this long time past, and Dame Bennett told me a little wine would do her good; so I picked stones till nine o'clock last night, on purpose to get more pay; but a boy pushed me down as I was running along, and I dropped the six-pence out of my hand."

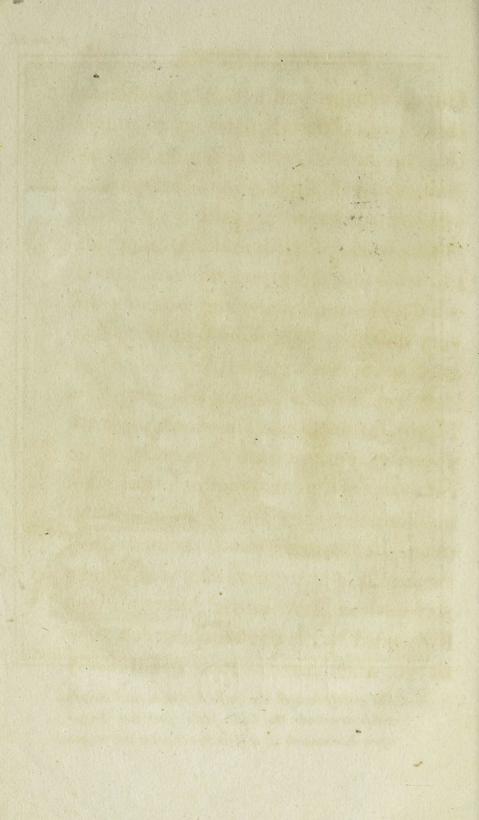
"You are a good little girl," said Mrs. Clinton, "but tell me where does your mother live?" "At the little cottage at the end of the lane," replied the child,

dropping a courtesy down to the ground. "Fetch my bonnet, Charles," continued Mrs. Clinton, "and tell John to give you a bottle of wine; we will go and see the poor invalid, for perhaps she may want something more than wine."

"She can't eat any thing, ma'am," said Peggy, whilst the thought of it brought tears into her eyes. Charles returned with the bonnet in a moment, and John brought the bottle of wine: whilst Peggy, proud of conducting her guests, tripped lightly before them down the lane. When they arrived at the cottage door, she gently raised the humble latch, and creeping softly towards the bed-side, put her finger upon her mouth as a sign for Charles not to speak. The poor creature, however, soon opened her eyes, when Mrs. Clinton enquired affectionately after her health, and



She gently raised the humble latch, and creeping softly towards the bed - side, put her finger upon her mouth as a sign for Charles not to speak.



found that she had kept her bed near three weeks, and had no other nurse than the amiable child; who not only contrived to take care of her parent, but earned six-pence a day by going out to work. "Oh, madam," said the grateful mother, "you have no notion what a blessing I possess; for since the very day that child was born, she never gave me a moment's pain."

"But how is it possible (enquired Mrs. Clinton) that she can attend to you, and yet go out to work?" "She gets me a little tea before she goes, madam,' replied the woman; "and then she comes home again about twelve and four o'clock; for as she picks stones for farmer Dawson, who lives hard by, it don't take much time to go and come, But I am sadly

afraid she works too much for her strength, and that I shall be the cause of making her ill."

"Amiable child," said Mrs. Clinton, turning to Peggy, who had fondly taken hold of her mother's hand as if to thank her for the praise she had just bestowed, "your conduct must ever insure you esteem; and that you may have no fears," continued she, addressing the woman, "that her health should be injured by labour and fatigue, I shall regularly pay her every week double the money she could earn by picking up stones." "Heaven reward you, madam!" exclaimed the poor creature, whilst tears stole down her pallid cheek. "Oh, heaven reward you, indeed," repeated Peggy, "for now I am sure my mammy will get well; six

shillings a week will buy every thing she wants." "If ever, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Clinton, "you should for a moment forget the duty which you owe your father and me, reflect upon the conduct of that child, and learn a lesson of true filial love."

"On, conscious, Edgin, come, here!"
exclaimed James Rembroka to one of
bis companions, who happened to be
passing by, "Lbavo just found a young

Litten, sò lotch Pompey, and then we'll have a hunt."

whing," replied, Edgar, "and I wonder how you cen think of tormenting the

poor things? "Look hore, rejained the

coundly thotails "see how well it can

shillings a week will buy, every thing

she wants." "Hever, my dear Charles,"

said Mrs. Clinton, "you should for a

moment forget the arty which won owe

of true filial love."

CRUEL BOY PUNISHED.

"OH, come here, Edgar, come here!" exclaimed James Pembroke to one of his companions, who happened to be passing by, "I have just found a young kitten, so fetch Pompey, and then we'll have a hunt."

"I shall not fetch him for any such thing," replied Edgar, "and I wonder how you can think of tormenting the poor thing?" "Look here, rejoined the inhuman boy, twirling the poor kitten round by the tail; "see how well it can

spin, why it turns round as fast as a windmill."

"You shall not torment the unfortunate animal in that way, I can assure you," said Edgar, attempting to snatch the kitten out of his hands. "Not so fast, young gentleman," replied James, running away with the kitten under his arm. Edgar instantly pursued him, but in vain endeavoured to recover the prize; and finding he was not able to obtain his ends, he ran directly towards the house, for the purpose of telling Mrs. Pembroke of James's cruel and inhuman design.

That wicked boy no sooner found himself at liberty to indulge the vile propensities of his heart, than he sat himself down upon the threshold of the door, and began running a piece of stick up the kitten's nose; whilst the little

creature, in the fulness of distress, repeatedly mewed for pity and help. The mother, at length, roused by its complaints, ran bounding over the lawn, and making a spring at the tormentor's face, soon compelled him to release his hold.

"Oh, my eye! my eye!" roared out the suffering boy, almost distracted with the pain, "I shall go mad! I shall go mad!" he continued, stamping his feet violently on the ground. His mamma and Edgar ran to his assistance, and beheld his eye streaming with blood, from the effect of the scratch he had so justly received. A surgeon was obliged to be immediately sent for, who told his mamma he feared he must lose his sight. For several weeks he was confined to his room, and suffered, as he deserved, an excess of pain, not

only from the anguish of his eye, but from a number of blisters that were applied behind his ears. At length, however, by great skill and care, he fortunately regained his sight; but instead of leaving off his cruel habits and repenting of his conduct to the poor little cat, he felt so much resentment against the whole race, that he never saw one without pelting it with stones; and the unfortunate animal which had been the occasion of his sufferings, died in consequence of her bruises and wounds.

This cruelty of temper seemed to augment as this despicable boy increased in years, and the highest pleasure he could possibly receive, he confessed, was derived from baiting a bull. At one of those horrid savage entertainments, the

unhappy creature unfortunately broke loose, and running directly at the illfated James, caught him upon the point of his horns, and tossing him with violence against a wall, at once closed his wickedness and his life.

watch had been the occasion of his suf-

PASSION PUNISHED.

love your tutor better than mo? And

could you have the heart to see me

"I wish I was dead!" said Edward Benson, throwing himself with rage upon the floor, "and then no one would be able to torment me in this manner, for I lead a life worse than a dog."

"What is the matter, brother Edward?" said the youthful Henry, entering the room. "Matter enough," rejoined Edward, "although I know you do not care." "I always care when you are unhappy; and it is very unkind to make such a speech." "Well,

then," replied Edward, "I have got a long task, and now let us see how much you care."

" I care so much that I wish I might do it; but my tutor has made me promise not to assist you." "And do you love your tutor better than me? And could you have the heart to see me severely punished?" "I love you better than any body, except papa and mamma," replied Henry; "and I would at any time be punished to save you from it." "I do not believe a word of what you say," exclaimed Edward, with increased fury in his looks. At length, finding his brother made him no reply, but continued to observe him with an appearance of regard, he softened the tone of his voice, and again enquired whether Henry would do his task. doode o done odom of

"I will go and ask my tutor's permission, for indeed, my dear Edward, I cannot break my promise." "A pretty affectionate brother I have got, truly!" said Edward. "No, sir, I insist upon your doing no such thing; but please to leave me to myself, for I do not like the company of canting hypocrites."

Henry, finding that his presence seemed to increase his brother's rage, instantly obeyed the order; and Edward, finding himself quite alone, gave way to the most violent gusts of ungoverned passion. He stamped his feet, tore his hair, knocked his head against the wainscot, and in short gave absolute symptoms of madness. It is not to be supposed that any boy could give way to such violent fits of fury, without suffering materially for it; and Edward soon felt the effects of his folly-

and indiscretion—his head ached, his stomach became sick, and in less than half an hour he was thoroughly unwell. When his tutor entered the room with an intent of hearing whether he could say his task, he found him stretched upon the bed, pale, languid, and fatigued.

"Oh, I am very ill, sir!" sighed out Edward, "and I verily believe I am going to die."

"That would be a happy circumstance, no doubt," replied the tutor; "for I think it is not long since I heard you wish for death." "Oh, I was very wicked!" exclaimed Edward, terrified at the idea of his own presumption. "But, dear sir, give me something that will do me good, for I am not fit to die." "Indeed you are not," said the tutor; "for a boy who not only gives way to

the most disgraceful gusts of passion, but tries to corrupt the principles of his brother, by asking him to break a solemn promise, has made no preparation for that awful moment."

"I never will do so again," sighed out the agitated boy. "Well, (replied the tutor,) for once I will rely upon your word, and flatter myself with the hope that the pain you now feel will be the means of teaching you to curb and control the violence of your passions; and induce you to follow the example of your amiable brother, whose milder disposition and more steady principles, make him a pattern worthy of imitation."

most districted gusts of positions

THE

REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

condition of the

"OH, Billy, see what I have found!" said a little ragged boy, shewing a pocket-book to his brother. "What is it?" enquired the other, running towards him with eagerness in his eyes.

"'Tis a pretty red book (replied the boy), but I cannot find any of the leaves."

"Why, it is what gentlefolks keep their money in," said Billy, "and mayhap, Tommy, we may find some here." So saying, he opened the book, and was both delighted and astonished at the pleasing sight. "Oh, (exclaimed Billy) what do I see! Why we shall never be poor again as long as we live!"

"Indeed brother," said Tommy, shaking his head, "I doubt we shall never be the richer for what is here."
"Why so?" rejoined the other.
"Because I recollect that mammy once told me, what we found was not our own; and you know I have always minded what she said much more now she's dead, than when she was alive."
"Then what must we do?" enquired the other. "Try to find out to whom it belongs."

Just as Tommy had made this determination, he observed a gentleman looking upon the ground. "Have you lost any thing, pray, sir?" said the honest-hearted boy. "Yes, my lad," replied the gentleman, without raising his eyes.

"Then, sir," said Tommy, producing the book, "I believe my brother has been lucky enough to find the prize." The gentleman instantly seized the book, and saw it contained the sum he had lost. He first gazed upon his recovered treasure, and then upon those who had been the means of restoring it.

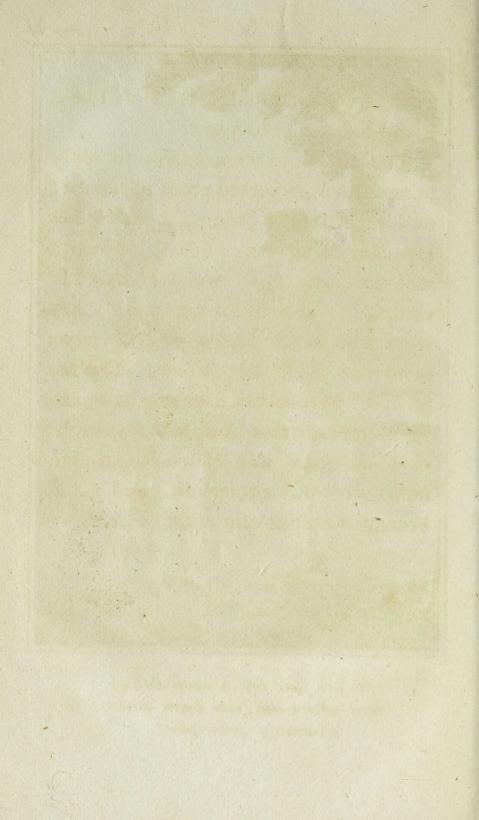
"So wretched in person, and yet so rich in mind!" said he; "who are you, my honest fellows?" continued he, "and where did you learn such charming principles?"

"We are two poor orphans," replied the boys, "but our mother always taught us what was right."

"Well, my noble lads," rejoined the gentleman, "you shall no longer suffer



Who are you my honest fellows, and where did you learn such 'charming principles?



from an orphan state, for I will be a friend and father to you."

The two boys were unable to reply to such an unexpected proof of regard; and the stranger ordered them to follow him to an inn, when a tailor was sent for, and they were completely clothed. The following week they were sent to school, where they soon recovered their lost time. Thomas received an education for the Law, and William was brought up to the Church; each of them was raised to an eminence in his profession, and both became virtuous and amiable men.

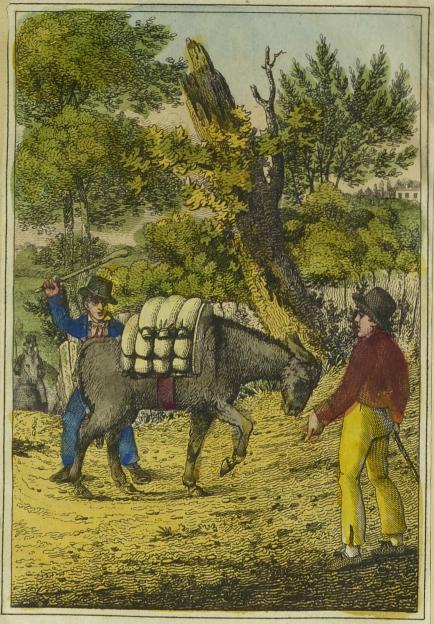
gig observed the inhquan act, said, than he is able to support; how then do

to such an unexpedent proof of regard;

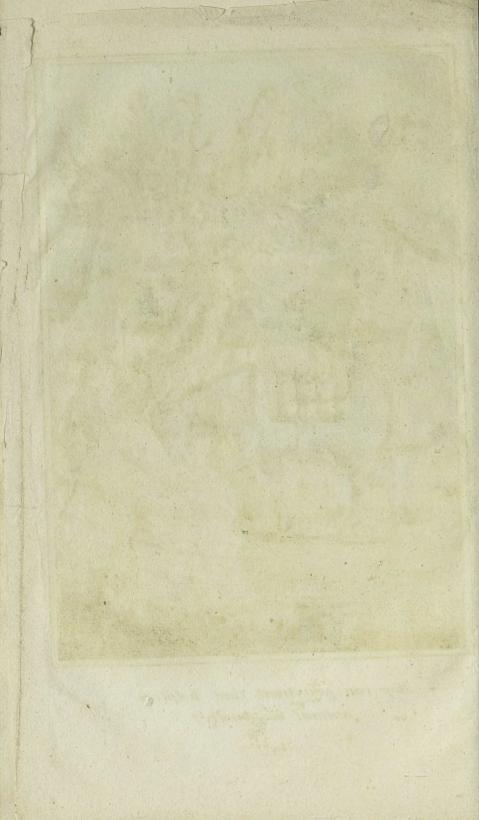
OPPRESSED ASS.

"How can you treat that helpless animal so cruelly?" said Frederick Fortescue to a ragged-looking boy, who was inhumanly beating a wearied ass.

"Because I like it," replied the boy, giving the poor animal three or four violent blows. Mr. Fortescue at that moment passed on horseback, and having observed the inhuman act, said, "Do you not know that you have laden that poor beast with more sand than he is able to support; how then do



How can you treat that helpless animal so cruelly?



you think he can drag such a weight to the top of this immensely high hill?"

"He shall drag that and me too," replied the boy, "if I have a mind to try his strength."

There was so much of insolence in the boy's manner, and of cruelty in his conduct, that Mr. Fortescue's indignation was instantly aroused, and jumping from his horse, he caught him by the arm, and after giving him two or three smart strokes with his whip, he took several of the bags of sand from off the ass's shoulders and placed them upon those of the inhuman boy's, at the same time insisting that he should carry them up the hill, and not stop a moment until he arrived at the top.

Though Frederick had compassionated the ass's misfortune in falling to the lot of such an inhuman master, yet the moment he saw him bending under the weight of the load, he besought his father to replace it on the animal's back.

"See, papa," said he, pulling his father by the coat, "the poor fellow really looks ready to faint, do pray let me take a couple of bags from his shoulders, and then perhaps he may be able to get along."

"Not a single grain (replied Mr. Fortescue) will I suffer to be removed; for whether he was cruel from ignorance or design, the punishment I have adopted must have a good effect."

"What, papa?" (said Frederick.)
"Why, my love, (continued Mr. Fortescue,) allowing that he was not aware of the pain he inflicted by oppressing the poor animal with too great a load,

he will always in future recollect what he endured when he was compelled to bear a heavy weight: and if he has been wicked enough to burden the creature merely for the pleasure of giving pain, the dread of again receiving the reward he merits, will prevent the animal from being oppressed."

"Indeed and indeed, sir," sobbed out the boy, "I never will do so again: and if I had thought the ass had felt half what I do, I would not have struck him for all the world."

"Well, (said Mr. Fortescue, taking off the sand,) I hope I may venture to rely upon your word, and if ever you feel inclined to be cruel to dumb animals, reflect how you should like to be treated, if you were in their place. That helpless creature, which you used so

inhumanly, is equally capable of sensation as yourself, for the meanest reptile in the universe was created with feeling by the God of heaven."

" indeed and indeed sir," sobbed out

" liell, (ald him Fortescue, taking

rely apon your word, and if ever you

lated to inspire gloom than observator

ENVY SUBDUED

BY

AFFECTION.

"What is the matter, Matilda?" said Mrs. Simpson, upon entering the drawing-room, and observing the features of her younger daughter suddenly overspread with gloom. Matilda made no reply, but continued looking at her work, the very picture of ill-humour and discontent.

"I never suffer little girls to remain in my presence," continued Mrs. Simpson, "whose company is rather calculated to inspire gloom than cheerfulness, and who can so far forget the duties of politeness, as not to answer the moment they are addressed. Go, retire to your apartment, and when you have got the better of your spleen I will shew you a beautiful present which your sister has just received."

"Betty told me she had a present," sobbed out Matilda, no longer able to retain her tears; "and I think it is very hard that my god-papa never sends me any thing: But Eliza is always having some piece of luck!"

"What do I hear!" (exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, looking at her with an appearance of anger and surprise.)
"Is it possible (continued she) that you can be so lost to principle, as to repine at the superior fortune of your sister's lot."

At that moment the servant entered laden with a bale of Indian goods. Eliza followed with joy in her countenance, and without observing her sister's gloom, exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Matilda, what a present I have got! I have divided it in equal shares; but come and chuse for yourself."

Shame and confusion overspread her features, and she for some moments remained fixed to her seat. At length she arose, and hiding her face in Eliza's bosom, she told her she must keep them all herself.

"Keep them myself!" said the amiable Eliza, "do you think I could be guilty of such a selfish thing? What is the matter, my dear Matilda? what has agitated my beloved sister's mind?"

"Oh, do not ask me," sobbed out

Matilda, "for I cannot bear you should be so kind; indeed you would hate me if you knew all; would she not, my dear mamma?"

"No, Matilda, (replied Mrs. Simpson,) I am not inclined to think she would; but I rejoice to find that you feel ashamed of your conduct, and are shocked at having indulged a degrading thought. Of all the passions which can disgrace the mind envy is certainly the most contemptible, and blest as you are with such a sister, how you could indulge it, I cannot conceive."

"Oh, I despise myself, mamma," exclaimed Matilda, hiding her face with both her hands. "And if I have lost Eliza's affection, I shall never have another happy hour."

"Lost my affection, dearest Matilda," said Eliza, throwing her arms round

her neck; "ah, you little know how much I love you, if you think such trifles could have the power. Come, (continued she,) look at the muslins, and take the choice of which parcel you like: for unless you equally share the gift, I assure you it will afford me no delight."

FINIS.

derensel; "ale, you little know how how much i love you, if you think such trifles could have the power. Clome, continued sin,) look at the rewsing and take the chaice of which pured you like t for unless you equally shere the gift, I maure you it will afford me to delight."

SIMIA)

limited by F. Vierri, Strond, Cloprestending

