

A
BUDGET
OF
JUVENILE STORIES,
FOR
CHILDREN.

Embellished with neat Engravings on Wood.

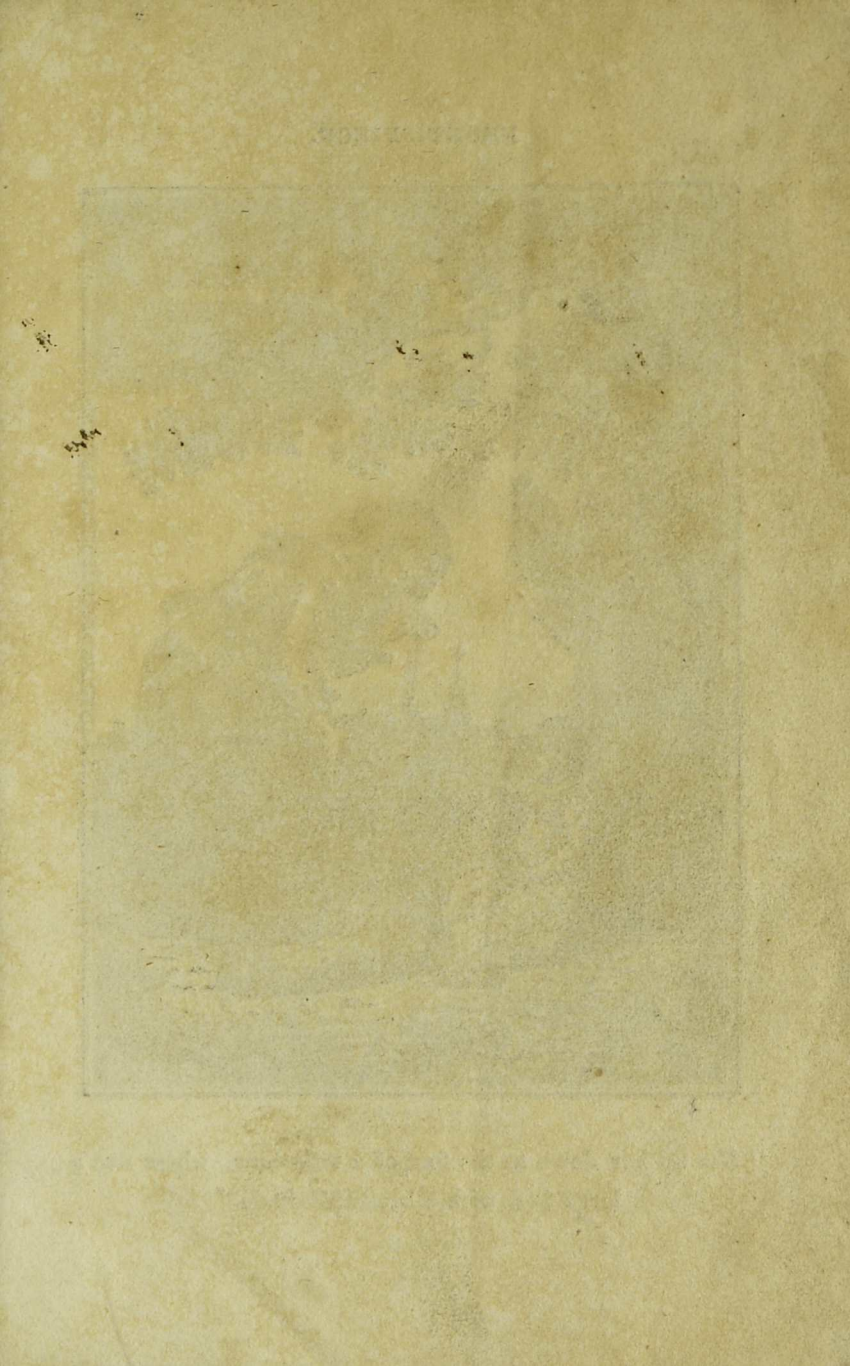


EDINBURGH :
PUBLISHED BY
CLIVER & COYD, TWEEBDALE-COURT.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

Sold by
J. ISMAY,
Wigton.

George Cruickshank
1830



FRONTISPIECE.



“ She set her down at the foot of a milestone, where was a large tree, with a beautiful shade.”

A
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EMBELLISHED WITH NEAT ENGRAVINGS.

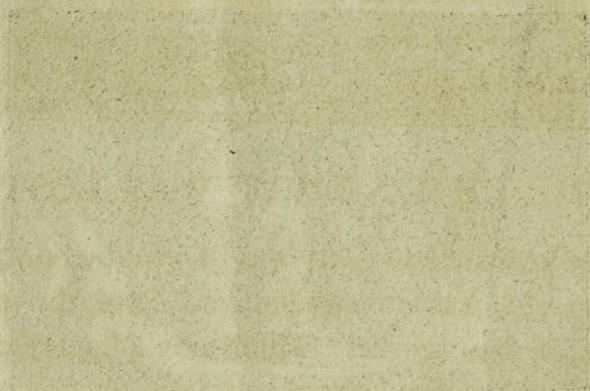


EDINBURGH ;
PRINTED FOR
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1825.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHILDREN



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1921

A
BUDGET
OF
JUVENILE STORIES.



THE CHILD THAT WAS LOST.

THE lovely little Caroline, a child about six years old, was sweet-tempered, and the darling of her mother, whom she affectionately loved, and whose commands she obeyed with promptitude and punctuality. It was truly delightful to see the eagerness with which she attended to the wishes of her parents, when-

ever they were disclosed, and the artless simplicity of her whole behaviour. She was anxious to be instructed, and never suffered her play, of which she was very fond, to interfere with or prevent a due attention to her tasks. She read with such fluency, distinctness, and precision, that it was pleasing to listen to the gracefulness of her accent, and the sweet modulation of her voice. Nor was she ever fractious or discontented, in regard to her sweetmeats and dolls, as, alas! too many are, much older than her, and from whom better things might be expected.

Her mother, being a pious lady, taught her to pray to the Creator every morning and evening, which she never neglected to do; and when any friends paid the family a visit, they found great pleasure in listening to little Caroline while she repeated the twenty-third psalm.—This beautiful psalm might have been taught her by her mother, or perhaps the fine pastoral imagery that it contains had attracted the little girl's attention.—Parents and tutors should see that the tasks which they assign to

their children and pupils abound with natural imagery ; for lessons of this description not only possess more power to engage the attention, but have a much greater influence in expanding and strengthening the juvenile faculties.

Mr Williamson's house was situated at a little distance from a large town, to which Caroline was frequently taken with her mamma and nurse. It was a delightful country seat, surrounded with beautiful trees of the most luxuriant foliage, and a clear winding stream glided along at no great distance from the house. The garden was very fine, and abounded with flowers of every description, which opened their beauties to the morning sun ; while the song of the lark and black-bird, sweetly blending, produced the most enchanting music. One day, as Mrs Williamson was going to town, she proposed to take Caroline along with her ; and in the morning she informed Phoebe, the nurse, of it, who immediately carried the joyful intelligence to her little charge ; " Come along, Caroline," said

she, “ and I will dress you in your finest clothes ; you are this day to go to town with mamma, as a recompense for your attention to your lessons, and your cheerful obedience to all her commands.—Good children always reap the benefit of obedience ; for they not only find pleasure in doing their duty, but are also bountifully rewarded.

By the time they left home, the sun had got a good way on his course, and now shone forth in all his splendour. It being about the middle of spring,

The larks, the grass forsaking, high in heaven
Divinely soar'd, and warbled forth their songs
In gushing harmony, till all the air
Was fill'd with holy music, and the soul,
Susceptible of melody so sweet,
Thrown in an ecstasy of calm delight.

“ Tell me, Caroline,” said her mother, “ who it is that formed these feathered musicians, with whose notes you seem so much delighted? Who makes that sun to shine, those streams to run, those trees to bud, those flow-

ers to bloom, and that corn and grass to grow?" Caroline replied with readiness and with sweetness, "It was, mamma, that Almighty Being to whom you have taught me to pray, and who made the world, and the sun, moon, and stars, and who preserves me every day, and supplies all my wants." "You have answered rightly, my dear child; the God of heaven and earth made all these wonders; and by his constant superintendence and providential care they are preserved from falling into disorder, or into that *nothing* out of which they were originally called into existence."

They had now reached the town, and the curiosity of Caroline was excited by every thing that she saw; but this is not to be wondered at, when we consider that the minds of children are naturally directed to and diverted by every new or interesting object. It happened to be a market-day in the town, so that numbers of country people were collected together from various quarters, and were all busily employed, some in buying goods, and

others in disposing of the different articles of their own manufacture, on the sale of which was placed their sole dependence. There was nothing to be seen here but bustle and noise, and it was in a scene like this that the little Caroline was most apt to be guilty of a fault; and she did commit a fault, notwithstanding her good conduct in other respects; but she was severely punished for it by the consequent disaster.

Unluckily Mr Punch and his wife, with all their tattered hungry-looking retinue, just began to be exhibited upon a ludicrous standard, in the principal street, where Mrs Williamson was making a purchase of some articles she wanted. Her attention, as well as that of Phœbe the nurse, being at that moment taken up, little Caroline, attracted by the show, loitered behind, and took her stand amid the crowd that were enjoying this grand entertainment. She had only stopt a few moments, when she was accosted by a ragged woman, with a crutch, who, attracted by her ornaments and rich dress, had been watching this oppor-

tunity to effect her purpose. She told Caroline that she had been sent by her mamma to bring her, and immediately carried her off. As she old hag went in a contrary direction from where Mrs Williamson was, she was obliged to sooth Caroline with flattery and abundance of sweetmeats, to prevent her from crying, and immediately darting down an alley, she soon, by unfrequented streets, brought her to a miserable old hut in the skirts of the town. Here, notwithstanding the cries of the little girl, she stript off her clothing and ornaments, and, after dressing her in a coarse russet gown, carried her to a distance from the town. She set her down at the foot of a milestone, where was a large tree, with a beautiful shade, which often served to screen the weary traveller from the rays of the sun, and after desiring her to sit there until she returned with her mother and nurse, left her with all the expedition she could exert.

On missing her daughter, the consternation of Mrs Williamson may be better imagined than expressed; and poor Phœbe, who was

greatly to blame in suffering the child to wander from her sight, hurried about everywhere in a state of confused distraction, seeking the child. Every quarter of the town was searched, in order to find out Caroline, but without effect; and even the bellman, who was sent through the town with his bell and oratory, succeeded no better in his mission.

When left alone, and dressed in the old dirty frock, Caroline began to feel the bad effects of her curiosity, and of wandering from her nurse; for this was an old fault with her, and she had been frequently lectured for it by her mother. Often, when she was walking with Phœbe in the woods that grew near her father's house, she used to take a pleasure in running away from her, and hiding herself in the most sequestered places, which perplexed the good woman's mind, who spent a considerable time in seeking her out. She had now sat a considerable while, and there being no appearance of the old woman or her mother, she began to cry and sob bitterly. There is no saying how long she might have remained

in this pitiable situation, had not a gentleman, an acquaintance of her father's, by chance been passing that way, and seeing her, came near to inquire the cause of her grief, and recognised her features. She immediately knew him, as he had often been visiting at her father's house, and brought her toys and sweetmeats. "Is this little Caroline?" said he with a smile; "and how came she into this mournful situation?" "Alas, sir," returned Caroline, "I stopped behind my mother and nurse in the town to-day, to look at the show, and was taken up and carried away by a frightful old woman, who stript me of the fine clothes and ornaments my dear mamma had given me, and dressed me in this ugly brown gown. She then brought me to this lonely place, and left me with a promise to return in a little with my mother and nurse; she has been a long time, nor has she kept her promise, and I do not know the way home."

The friendly gentleman took her home, and soon restored her to her parents, whose joy at recovering her was very great; nor was

Phœbe, her nurse, less susceptible in her feelings of happiness; for her mind had been as much distracted as that of any of the family.— It is perhaps needless to add, that by this adventure Caroline was completely cured of her chief, and, I may say, her only fault; for she never afterwards left the side of her mamma or nurse when she was from home, nor had Mr Punch, or any of his company, the power of attracting her away from her only protectors.

THE BEGGAR BOY.



A POOR little boy, in the suburbs of the city of Vienna, in Germany, who had left his mother's house to solicit charity from such as were willing to bestow it, sat down at the foot of a tree, opposite to a fine house, and began to consider how he should proceed. Two children, about his own age, who had just come out of a garden with a basket of fruit, observed him,

and gave him some of the fruit they had been pulling. The children were no sooner gone, than he rose, and approached a gentleman, who was walking at a little distance, the sweetness of whose countenance seemed to invite the unfortunate, and begged from him a few pieces of money for subsistence. His embarrassment and timidity, with the tears which flowed from his eyes, made a lively impression on the stranger. "My little friend," said he, "you do not appear to have been accustomed to beg." "Oh! sir," replied the child, "it is for the support of my poor mother, who is a widow, abandoned by every body, and extremely ill." "Has she no physician?" "Alas, sir! we have neither money to pay a physician, nor to buy any medicines which he might prescribe." The stranger sighed, and asked where the poor woman resided. After receiving the child's answer, he put some florins into his hand, and charged him to go immediately in search of assistance for his mother. The child scarcely gave himself time to thank his benefactor, but ran for a physician. The

stranger, being now left by himself, determined to visit this poor woman. With some difficulty he got the house, and found her indigence much greater than the child represented it. The patient appeared still to be young, and was seated on a kind of bench, endeavouring to comfort a child of seven years old, who was weeping at her side. He immediately introduced himself as a physician, and inquired into the nature of her complaint. "Sir," she replied, "misfortunes have overcome me more than sickness; for I lately lost my husband, and have been deprived of all my fortune by bankruptcy. I have nothing left to support my two young children; and, poor little creatures, what will become of them, for they will soon lose their mother also."

The worthy gentleman was much affected, and endeavoured to console her, by giving her hopes of future happiness, and then asked for a piece of paper to write a prescription. She tore a leaf from a book, in which the children read, as she had no other paper. When he had finished writing he put the paper on the table,

and withdrew, saying, "This is a prescription which will cure you."

He had scarcely quitted the house, when the son entered with a medical man—"Mamma! mamma!" he cried joyfully, comfort yourself, take courage, I have money, and here is a physician." "O! my dear child," said the mother, with tears in her eyes, "come here that I may embrace you, for this anxiety shews your affection for me; but a physician has just been here, and left a prescription upon that table." The physician, on hearing this, took up the paper, and on reading it, shewed the greatest surprise. "Ah! madam," cried he, "rejoice; the physician who came before me is quite a different kind of person, and his prescription will certainly prove more efficacious than any I could give you. You are now relieved from your indigence. The stranger that visited you is the first man in Germany—even the Emperor himself—the beneficent Joseph II. who grants you a considerable sum from his private purse."

The poor woman and her son were in a

state of astonishment more easily conceived than described. They clasped their hands, returned thanks to God, and blessed the emperor. This unlooked-for assistance saved the life of the unhappy widow, who was then at the very brink of the grave. She brought up her young family with care, and found in her son every consolation her fond heart could desire.

“ Ah ! papa, what an affecting story,” said Mary,—“ but is it really true ?” “ Yes, my dear girl ; it has appeared in all the public prints of Europe, and the monarch who gave this signal mark of his beneficence has long ceased to reign. He died in the beginning of the year 1790. There are several other instances of generosity told concerning him, which reflect the greatest honour upon his memory ; and I shall relate another which may prove very instructing to you.

A poor young girl, who was going to sell her clothes, was met by the emperor, whom she did not know, and who had nothing to distinguish him from a private gentleman. As she seemed greatly afflicted, his majesty accosted

her, and inquired the cause of her grief. She told him that her mother was in the greatest distress, and that she was going to sell the clothes she had left; “and,” added she, “I do not regret the loss of my clothes, because I would give my very life for my mother; but when I reflect, that after I have sold all, I have no means of procuring her any further assistance, and must see her die of want! We ought to have been more happily situated,” said she, after some moments of silence; “my father, who was an officer, served the emperor honourably a long time, and deserved a reward; but the emperor, who had no longer any need of him, suffered him to die in poverty.”—“You perhaps accuse his majesty without cause,” said Joseph; “he was probably ignorant of your claims and the melancholy situation of your father, for his occupations are so multiplied and great,—but, perhaps, at last, he may make reparation for his neglect. Write a petition to him.”—“Ah, sir!” replied the young girl, “we have nothing more to hope for. Where are our protectors? and who will

condescend to befriend the unhappy, who have no fortune to recommend them? It is not so easy to gain access to the emperor.”—“ Well,” said Joseph, “ I will help you with my credit ; perhaps I may be happy enough to prevail on him to do you justice.” The young girl, astonished at seeing any one interest himself in her affairs, stammered out a thousand thanks. The prince, knowing the pressing necessities of the family, begged she would accept the value of the clothes she was going to sell, giving her to understand, that he considered it nothing more than a trifling advance upon what he hoped to obtain for her. He then took leave of her, particularly requesting that she would not fail to be at the palace two days afterwards, that he might inform her what success he had met with. During the interval, the emperor inquired into the facts, and having found every thing exactly as it had been represented, he commanded the mother and daughter to be brought before him, and, giving to them an order for a pension equal to the appointments of the father, he said to

them, " Pardon me the delay which has brought you into this embarrassed situation, which you see was involuntary. If at any future time you should hear any body speak evil of me, I beg you will defend my cause." From that period he fixed one day every week, when any citizen might accost him, and present his petitions or make his complaints known to him.

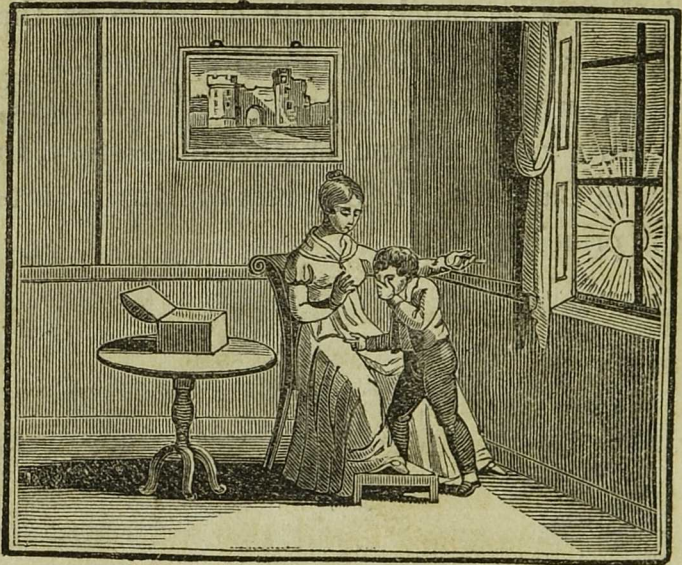
These two examples, my children, are worthy of a good king, and of a prince to whom the happiness of the least of his subjects was not indifferent. Remember his name; gratitude requires we should preserve the remembrance of such sovereigns. Let us praise good kings, if it were only to inspire their successors with a desire of meriting the same approbation.

" And the poor child, who begged for his mother," interrupted Charles, " I should like to know his name also, that I may never forget it." I am ignorant of that, my dear; for the person who wrote that interesting anecdote has made no mention of the name. I

blame him for it; because virtue ought to be exhibited in the most engaging manner wherever it is found. The poor boy, on that occasion, was as much worthy of praise as the prince who relieved him and his mother.

But whilst we are speaking of sovereigns, I must relate to you another little story, in which Catharine II. Empress of Russia, acts the principal part.

THE RUSSIAN ORPHAN.



CATHARINE II., in her old age, took much pleasure in collecting a number of children around her. They were those of her servants, or children who had been abandoned by their parents. Amongst them was found a little boy, whom the police had picked up in the streets, and who had neither father nor mother. The empress had him brought up with the

greatest care, and the child's improvement in his studies, and the good qualities of his heart, compensated for it. One day, when he returned from school less cheerful than usual, Catharine took him on her knees, and asked him the cause of his grief. "Ah, mamma! I have wept much. Our schoolmaster is dead, and his wife and children weep bitterly. They are all dressed in black, and it is said they are in very unhappy circumstances, being extremely poor, and have not any friend who can render them the smallest assistance." The empress immediately sent an aid-de-camp to the director of the school, to inquire into the circumstance, and found that the governor had just died, leaving his wife and children in the greatest misery. She immediately sent, by the little boy, three hundred roubles* to the widow, and an order to the director to bring up the three orphan children in a most respectable manner, at the expense of the crown.

* The rouble is a piece of Russian money, worth about 4s. 2d. Sterling.

THE LITTLE CREOLE.



MR FREVILL, who has written much for young people, relates a story of a very affecting nature, concerning a little girl, who saved her father's life by determining to die with him. In the fury of the French Revolution, an honest Creole* of St Domingo, who had

* Such as are of European origin, but born in America, are called Creoles.

no other fault but that of being rich, was arrested, and condemned to die. He was accused of being a bad citizen. When he was torn from the bosom of his family, his daughter, who was a very young girl, followed him, and determined to share his fate, whatever it might be. The Creole was the first of the victims whom they were about to immolate; his eyes were bound, and he was kneeling; while the soldiers, who were charged with the cruel office of putting him to death, had already presented their arms, and in one minute this unhappy man would have been launched into eternity.

At the moment when the signal was to have been given, the little girl was observed running in the greatest confusion, and she had sprung upon her father, before they had time to think of stopping her. She grasped him in her arms, and held him with all the force of which her strength was capable, crying, with a voice almost stifled by her tears, "O, my father! my father! we will die together!" Her father, who could not return her em-

brace, entreated her to go away, telling her that she must live to be the consolation of her mother; but the child only pressed herself the more closely to him, and continued repeating “ We will die together.”

This affecting spectacle excited compassion in every heart. The soldiers remained motionless, and their commander, who had no longer courage to give the signal for death, was induced, by a sentiment of humanity which had been stirred up, to spare him, found some pretext to save him from death, and had him taken back to prison with his child. A moment's delay was precious in those disastrous times, and affairs taking a new turn, the poor father was soon after set at liberty. From that happy day, he never ceased to relate with emotion this heroic action of his daughter. The child was at that time only in the 10th year of her age.

THE LITTLE SWIMMER.



THE boy, who is the hero of this little story, resided in the town of Soisons, and when only eleven years old, with the help of his sister, he had the good fortune to save an old gentleman from being drowned in the river. Some time in March, 1786, being then only twelve years old, while playing at the bridge

that crosses the Aisne, with some other youngsters of his own age, he perceived that a horse, which they were leading to drink, had thrown his rider into the water. He immediately quitted the party, first taking up the money for which they were playing, that he might not lose it in his absence. On leaving his companions, he ran for the space of about 150 paces, and in the presence of upwards of a hundred people, who were considering by what means they might give assistance to the unhappy man that was then drowning, threw himself into the water with all his clothes on, and brought him to the shore in a state of insensibility.

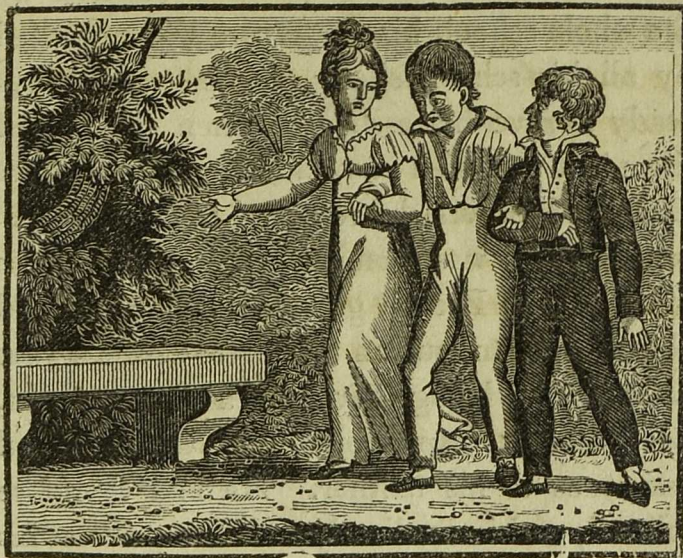
But this was not all the feats of this little swimmer. On the 13th of May, in the same year, a little girl had fallen into the water from the bridge, and was immediately carried away by the current. His sister, formerly mentioned, being a witness to the accident, informed her brother of it, who was playing with some of his companions a little way off. The boy ran to the river, and looking about

for the little girl, who was still struggling in the water, got a glimpse of her just at the moment when she had sunk to the bottom. He immediately plunged in, dressed as he was, swam with all his force, dived down, and felt about on all sides, and was lucky enough to seize the clothes of the little girl before she was drowned. He soon appeared again above the water with her, and brought her to the shore alive. This courageous action did not pass unnoticed ; for the municipal officers immediately determined to have this excellent boy educated and taught a trade at their own expense, as his parents were very poor.

This disinterestedness of a child, who did not fear exposing his own life to save that of his fellow-creatures, is truly admirable. I can willingly pardon his not having, on one of these occasions, forgotten the interests of his game ; but a much more useful reflection may be made, which is, to remark how advantageous the art of swimming is to mankind. If this boy had been in the place of any of these per-

sons, he might have saved himself from their peril, and had he not known how to swim, he must have felt the grief of seeing his fellow-creatures perish before him, and been deprived of the sweet, and I will say the glorious satisfaction, of having snatched them from a watery grave.

Many examples are recorded of the humanity and courage of children, who have not feared to brave death, to succour a fellow-creature when in danger of perishing,

THE FRIENDLY SCHOOL-
FELLOWS.

I WILL relate to you a story of a different kind, which, though less worthy of admiration, has also its merits, and cannot fail to give pleasure to those possessed of sensibility.

A young man, whose name was Henry, having been brought up in a boarding-school, was obliged to quit it on account of his uncle's

death, his guardian not permitting him to continue his studies any longer. He was a remarkably clever, sweet-tempered lad, and possessed of the finest dispositions. Adored by the whole school, his departure was regretted by all his school-fellows, for he was always ready to give his assistance when any one of them had met with an accident. After a short absence, however, he returned to see his companions, and was then dressed in the uniform of one of the French guards. Filial love had obliged him to put on this dress about a year before; for, being only sixteen years of age, he found it impossible otherwise to afford assistance to his mother. He had therefore enlisted, and immediately sent the price of his liberty to relieve the wants of his parent.

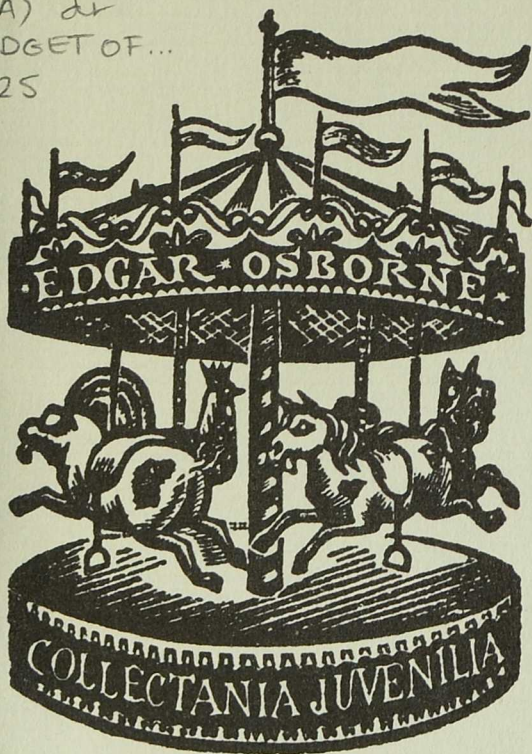
They had, for more than twelve months, been totally ignorant of what had become of him, when, urged by an inclination truly natural, he returned to visit his old companions. Surrounded at first by a crowd of the students, he gave no answer to the inquiries as to the reason of his being in the guards, but when alone

with those in whom he had confidence, he spoke freely, and informed them of his motive for inlisting. The tale which he told drew tears from them all.

Scarcely had the young soldier quitted them, when they all began to consider what they could do for him. Having at length agreed to purchase his freedom, they immediately wrote to the proper officer, and received a favourable answer, but were informed that they must pay twenty guineas as the price of his discharge. Two of the students immediately undertook to procure a subscription for the young man, and every purse was opened and exhausted, to raise the sum of eighty francs. This was very far from the sum they required, but they waited with patience; and, concealing their intentions from the master, they determined to let it remain till the next month, when they would considerably increase the sums, by contributing all their pocket-money. They had now raised above two hundred and forty francs; when a letter on this subject being discovered, their

project became public, which made it the more easily executed. The generosity of their parents, joined to that of the schoolmaster, soon completed the necessary sum. The young soldier was immediately restored to his liberty, and what remained of the money was employed in clothing him; and in order that he might have an opportunity of procuring a livelihood, he was articed to a lawyer of eminence.

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BUDGET OF...
1825



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JUVENILE BOOKS,

AT SIXPENCE EACH,

Beautifully printed, and embellished with Wood Cuts,

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OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH.

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