



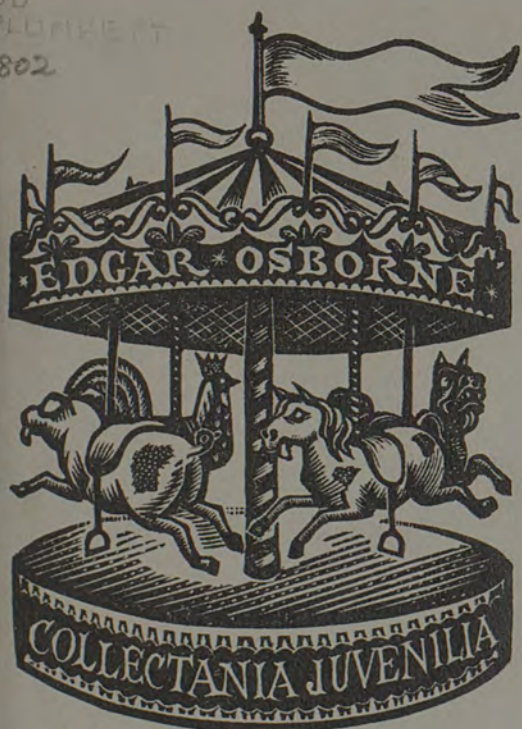


Rev.<sup>d</sup> Stephen Lea Wilson,

The Vicarage, Prestbury.

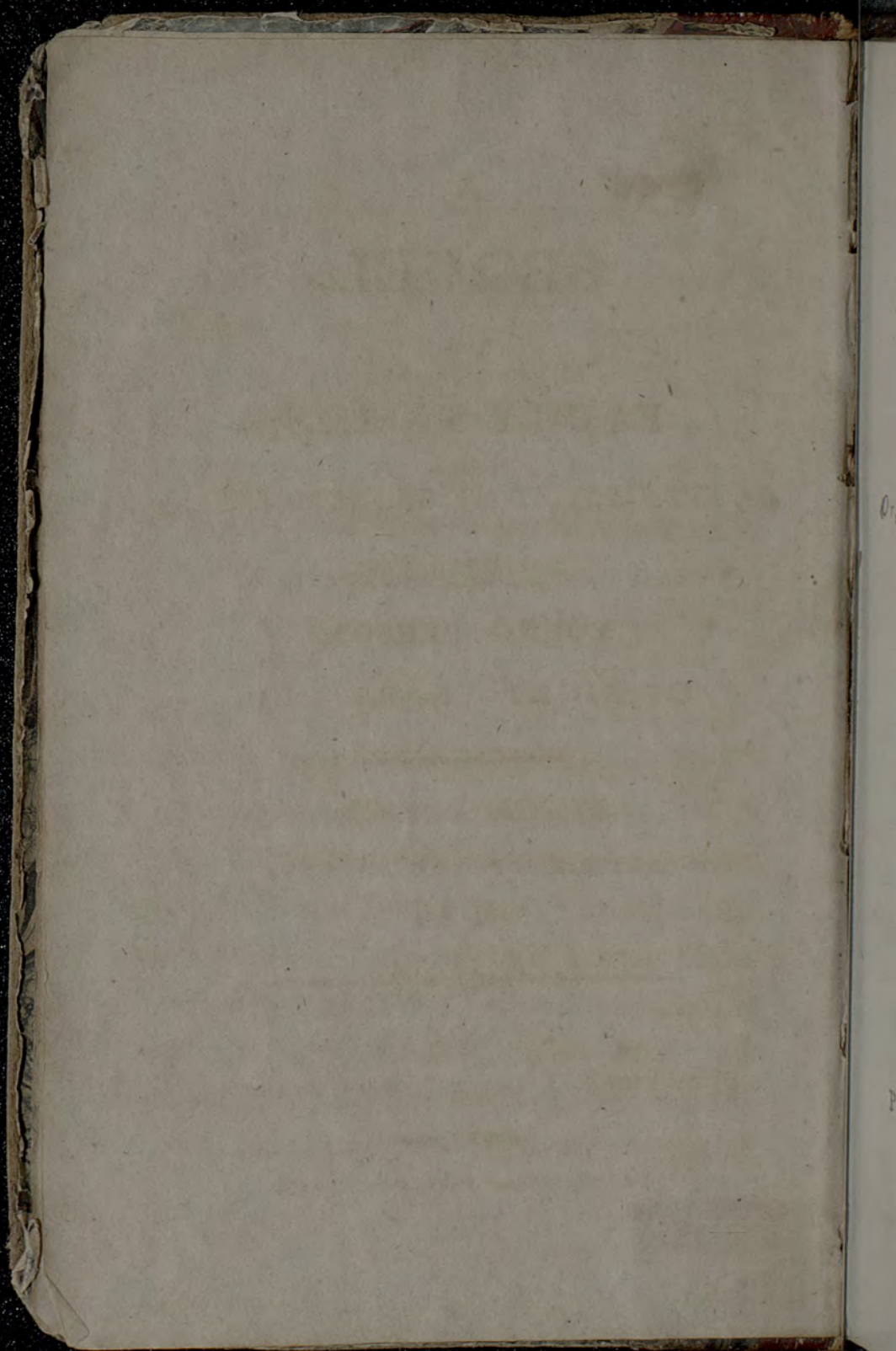


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A  
SEQUEL  
TO  
FAMILY STORIES;  
*Or, EVENINGS AT MY GRANDMOTHER'S;*  
INTENDED FOR  
YOUNG PERSONS  
OF EIGHT YEARS OLD.

---

BY MISS GUNNING,  
AUTHOR OF THE PACKET,  
&c. &c.

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LONDON:  
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1802.



SELECTED

TO

FAMILY STORIES

BY THE REV. J. H. STODOLSKY

INTENDED FOR

YOUNG PERSONS

OF EIGHT YEARS OLD

BY MISS CUNNINGHAM

AUTHOR OF THE PICTURE

LONDON

Printed for D. Tappan, 15, New Bond-street

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1862



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SEQUEL  
TO  
FAMILY STORIES;

OR,  
*Evenings at my Grandmother's, &c.*

---

EVENING THE TENTH.



MY grandmamma came in, followed by one of our neighbours, a farmer in the village; “My good friend,” said she, “look at these eight young rogues, and see if among them, you can discover the mischievous boy who broke all the eggs in your hen roost, besides twisting the necks of your chicken.” “Madam,” said



farmer Jennings, "as well as I can remember, from the glimpse I had of the young gentleman, who, on my approach, jumped over the wall into the orchard, it is the very same who is half hid behind the door." "What George? and can it be him who has discovered such a character, as to be found out robbing his neighbours; and then to have the cruelty to kill those inoffensive creatures through mere wanton barbarity? but my good old neighbour, you must have all your losses repaid out of my poultry court; and I request your acceptance of as many eggs and chicken as my unworthy grandson has deprived you of; who, as a punishment for this heinous offence, I condemn for three days, to a regimen of bread and water." "Good



Madam, the poor young gentleman seems to repent his fault, and I must take the liberty of requesting your forgiveness for him." "You must excuse me, farmer, for in this instance, I cannot shew any mercy myself, as that little pickle is continually in some mischief, such as beating my dog, pinching the ears of my cat, or slapping and plaguing his brothers; so that he must now receive the reward of such evil actions, and ought to think himself but too happy, that he is not placed in a similar situation with a great boy, who acted in some degree like himself: but can you, neighbour, sit down for a short time, and listen to what befel a child, under the same disgrace?" "Willingly, Madam, I shall avail myself of your



offer." And my grandmamma, having seated herself, began as follows:

*Story the Tenth.*

BERNIQUET.

There was a boy, who was so very untoward in temper, and at the same time, so horrible in his figure, that his parents knew not what to do with him. Berniquet, which was his name, joined to the greatest folly, a character of such ferocious cruelty, as made those who would have pitied his weakness, view him with sentiments of horror and disgust; and early in infancy, he began to practice petty thefts on his father and his neigh-



bours; his only delight being in acts of cruelty; one instance of which, I shall now give you. He would dig a hole in the earth, in which he would bury a miserable fowl up to its neck, leaving the head only visible, and sometimes divert himself, with listening to the groans and cries of the tortured bird; then he would take a large knife, and at last end its misery, by cutting off the head of his poor victim: another favourite amusement was twisting the necks of his mother's pet birds, which hung in cages in her dressing room, strangling her favourite cat, and had pinched almost to death her pretty little dog; in one word, he was a child cruel and wicked in the extreme. His father, worn out with such repeated acts of



inhumanity, and seeing that it was impossible he could ever alter for the better, one morning gave him a little bag of provisions, saying at the same time, "Berniquet, I for ever forbid your future entrance to my house, unless you are brought to a due sense of your crimes, and heartily repent of them, in which case, you will still possess a father; but till that time, your residence must be at such a distance, that I may never hear of you more, unless it be in the way I have pointed out." Berniquet would have remonstrated, but his father was determined, and shut the door in his face. When he found himself thus disgracefully driven from his father's house, he began to cry, but they were tears of anger, and not of remorse,



which he shed. Not knowing whither to bend his steps, he took the first road which presented itself to his notice: towards the middle of the day, he sat down on a stone, and began to make a dinner of some bread and cheese, which he drew from his bag, murmuring as he eat, against his father and all nature. "When I have," said he, "eat up all my little store of provision, who will give me where-withal to live?" "Your own industry," replied a voice. Berniquet looked about, and not seeing any body near him, he continued his exclamations, "My industry! a fine resource, truly, for one, who knows only how to do mischief!" "That is exactly what will make you prosper most," interrupted the voice. "Oh!" said



the boy; "is it then, by wicked actions, that one rises in the world; who is it that gives me such bad advice?" "A person that pities, and wishes to serve you." "But where are you then, for I do not see any one." "I would render myself visible, if you would assure me, that my sight would not terrify you." "Dear me, not at all, I am frightened at nothing, I assure you." "Since that is the case, behold your friend." At the instant, he observed standing before him, a kind of monkey, yellow, red, and blue, and hairy as a caterpillar. "I am called Filourdis," said the beast, "and will make your fortune, if you listen to, and follow the counsels I shall give you: in the first place, you must think as I do, that to



prosper in life, you must not hesitate at any action which may appear serviceable to your own interest." "Well, I will endeavour to think as you do." "It is the only method, my young friend, by which you will advance, and there is already a fine foundation laid by your early behaviour, at the house of your father, when you made away sily with as much poultry as you could, and all which fell in your way. And can you suppose it is a greater crime to take money than it is to rob a hen roost? so proceed to the farmhouse, which you see at a little distance; the master will receive you with kindness, and I will come again, to tell you how you may gain possession of all his hoarded wealth; so adieu for the present."



The monkey disappeared, and the young rogue was enchanted with the advice he had received, and arose with the intention to gain the humble abode to which he was led by such wicked designs ; however, when he had proceeded half way, he began to reflect, and accordingly seated himself at the foot of a tree. " My friend Filourdis thinks," said he, " that wickedness is the sure road to prosperity, and it must be true." " No," replied a soft sensorious voice. Berniquet looked about, and not seeing any thing, he continued to express his thoughts aloud. " Who would give me bread ?" " Honesty, industry, and a good character," replied the voice. " That is not my friend Filourdis, for his notes are



harsh and loud as a church clock. Holloa! who are you who thus preaches to me?" "A person who would shew himself, provided you promise to attend to the good counsels he will give you." "Come then, let me look at you." Instantly he saw stand before him, a beautiful young man, whose eyes flashed with inconceivable brilliancy, and his head was adorned with a sparkling light, which shone like fire around him: "Listen to me," said this prepossessing figure, "you have been guilty of many crimes, and are at present banished from the hearts and protection of your parents; but it is not yet too late to repair your errors, and be again blessed with the approbation of those, without whose good



opinion it is impossible you can ever prosper ;---be but humane, charitable, and industrious, and in the eyes of all good men, you will become an object of esteem and respect ; and felicity will spread her azure mantle over your old age.” “ It may be so, but how am I to accomplish all this ?” “ With ease and credit to yourself. The master of yonder farm has at this moment occasion for a plough-boy ; go, offer yourself to him, he is a good creature, and has gained much by his persevering industry, and will keep you a long time if you are good, obedient, and, above all, honest : believe me, and pursue the strait road I point out for you to follow, and you will never repent having listened to the advice of the Genius



Arial." The beautiful youth now disappeared; and struck with the sentiments of truth so sweetly conveyed, Berniquet arose, determined to follow such good advice, which seemed to bring conviction to his heart; and thinking thus, he knocked at the door of the farm-house. "Who's there?" said a voice from within; "A poor boy, who would be happy could he be hired as a plough-boy." "That is well, for I am just now in want of such a servant; so come in my friend; be but industrious, honest, and willing, and you will have plenty to eat and drink, and shall never want some shillings in your pocket." Behold Berniquet installed, and self-applauded for the determination he had taken, who



with a good conscience, after making a comfortable supper, retired to a clean bed, under the hospitable roof of his worthy master. On laying down to rest, he said, "The farmer is a good man; the Genius has pointed out how I am to go on; I will obey his orders, and endeavour to get my bread in an honest manner."

"Poor fool!" said a voice, which he immediately knew to be that of his first acquaintance; "you will advance finely in life by your work; know you not that whole years of labour will not secure you five pounds profit; while on the contrary, this very night would enrich you for ever. Have you not noticed some newly turned earth, under the third apple-



tree to the right, in the garden ; it is there the farmer has hid his treasure ; rise and take it for your own use." The voice was then silent, and the young man, dazzled by the idea of independence, remained some time undecided how to proceed ; the evil Genius, however, conquered all his good resolves, and he descended to the garden, and saw before him the apple tree, so particularly described ; but on his taking the little path which led towards it, the good and beautiful Genius whispered in his ear, " Berniquet reflect ; you are lost if you persist in robbing your master, your benefactor." But the perverted heart of this wicked boy, was not to be turned from its black purpose, by such wiseadmonition. He proceeded,



searched, and found a considerable sum of money, and ran from the garden, climbing all the walls which impeded his flight. Soon after, flames of fire burst from the farm-house, which speedily consumed both that and the surrounding out-houses ; and the wicked Filourdis came laughing to Berniquet, saying it was himself, who had caused the dreadful calamity. The miserable boy felt all the pangs of conscious guilt, which must ever attend those who are capable of such wicked actions ; and he flew to the gloom of a thick wood, to consider what he could do with a sum his dishonest actions had put him in possession of. A beautiful girl, in a state bordering on distraction, now threw herself at his feet ; “ I am,” said she,



“the wretched daughter of that unfortunate farmer, at whose house you passed the last night; fire has deprived him of all his property, and to fill the measure of his afflictions, somebody has taken the little store of wealth, which was the fruit of many years spent in hard labour and industry: Oh, if you have any knowledge of the robber, have the goodness to inform me of it, and you will restore my dear unhappy father and his family to some degree of comfort.”

Berniquet, while looking at the imploring girl, heard the good Genius whisper in his right ear, “Give back the money, young man, and merit pardon by repentance.” At his left side, very different was the advice given “Kill the girl, Berniquet;



she suspects, and you are lost." Divided by such opposite counsellors, which was it likely the misguided boy should lean to? Alas! my dears, it was that given by Filourdis, that the wretch adopted; and taking the lovely, kneeling young woman by her hair, he dashed her head against a stone:---you shudder, my children, and wonder, no doubt, nature could produce such a monster; but believe me, those who are cruel in youth, are rarely more humane as they advance in life.---But to continue; the blow given by the murderer, who did not see either of his two advisers, but distinctly heard Filourdis, who burst into shouts of laughter; while the tears and groans of the amiable Arial, struck upon his ear.



He now left the lifeless victim stretched upon the grass, and plunged into the midst of the forest, where he heard a little bird exclaim, "Berniquet for the Sterling." In another moment, others repeated in the same strain; and the boy not understanding the meaning of such words, went forward on his journey, till towards day-break; when he met an old man, who was very infirm, and led by his daughter---the most beautiful creature imagination could suppose; who in the sweetest accents, demanded charity for her father. "Where am I? my dear," said he, to this lovely creature; "Oh! Sir, if you are lost in this wood, hasten out of it as quick as possible, for all strangers become the prey of a famous en-



chanter, who takes upon him the figure of a Sterling, but of a most enormous description, and it will certainly devour you, should you be so unfortunate as to encounter it." "Ah, my love," he replied, laughing, "I am not such a fool, as to be frightened at a bird, and if it attempts to hurt me, I shall revenge myself by twisting its neck." Berniquet on saying this, looked with attention on the young woman, whose beauty charmed him; and while gazing on her, he heard at his right the good Genius, who said, "Give charity to these poor people, and suffer them to proceed;" but at his left, Filourdis snuffled out his wicked counsel; "Marry that beautiful creature immediately, and if her father wont give



his consent, kill him !” He listened to his perfidious adviser, and made proposals accordingly ; but was positively rejected by both ; and he committed a second murder on the poor decrepid old man. The daughter escaped, and the hardened wretch proceeded on his journey. The birds were more loud in their exclamations than ever, distinctly repeating, “ Berniquet for the Sterling.” “ I understand now,” said he, “ what they mean by the words which for the last two hours have been running in my ears ; they think that I shall be devoured by this redoubtable Sterling, who it seems guards these woods, and that I shall serve him for a breakfast ; but they will find themselves mistaken however ; and it would please



me mightily to see him begin his undertaking."

At the turning of the path, he saw a beautiful grotto, which seemed to be the entrance of a subterraneous cavern, and as he was overcome with fatigue, he entered it, and having seated himself on a stone, he presently heard his good Genius, who said, "Remain not here, but fly instantly." Filourdis on the contrary, cried, "Go to the top of this rock, and if you see any person follow you, lift up the large stone you will find there. He too faithfully followed the bad advice given, and soon perceived three or four travellers together, with the beautiful daughter of the poor murdered old man; "The monster," she exclaimed, "is most certainly



concealed in this cave." "We will discover him if he be yet living," said her deliverers, "and resign him to the death he has so well merited." Guilt made the wretched culprit tremble, at the vengeance thus determined on by his pursuers, and the moment they entered the grotto, he loosened the stone, according to the directions he had received, and the cave gave way, burying beneath its fragments, the unhappy girl and the generous strangers, who would have revenged her accumulated wrongs. At this moment, the woods resounded with the cry of the birds, which the echo repeated a thousand times, that Berniquet was for the Sterling. "No, no," exclaimed he, "I shall not become his prey; for if he approaches,



I will speedily destroy him, as I have done those strangers who would have deprived me of existence." He still continued in the woods, and observing night advance, he began to experience some degree of terror: at length he came near a pond, out of which he attempted to drink, when all the reptiles who inhabit water, raised their heads above its surface; saying, "You have shed innocent blood, and shall not find a drop wherewith to moisten your parched lips;" the springs at the same moment became dried up, and the mortified youth beheld near him, a tree bending beneath the weight of the finest apples he had ever seen, and as he was trying to pluck one, a nightingale who was perched on its branches, said,



“ You are a robber, and an assassin, and will never find again even a grain of corn, which will afford you sustenance.” The fruit which had seemed so tempting now disappeared, and the echoes once more repeated, “ Berniquet is for the Sterling.” Overpowered with rage, he now loudly called on Filourdis, who came at his summons: “ I can do nothing more for you,” said the wicked monkey, “ for know, that I am the Genius of all evil: you have had the weakness to follow all the bad advice I have given you, and the hour is arrived, in which you will be punished for having done so ; Berniquet, you are for the Sterling:” and the evil fairy vanished in the air like a cloud of smoke. The despairing boy called loudly on the



good and beautiful Ariel, who now stood before him, adorned even in a more brilliant manner, than when he at first was visible to him. "It is no longer in my power," said Ariel, "to revert the fate which is now suspended over your head: you see in me the good Genius, and you well know, I have endeavoured to prevent those horrid crimes, with which your hands are stained. To you, as well as to all mankind, a merciful Providence has given two counsellors, one would gently draw you to the paths of virtue and everlasting happiness; the other to sin and never ending punishment; you have listened to the latter, so adieu; I am called to a child, who has this moment entered into life, and perhaps, this infant will one



day become a man ; and more tractable than you have been to the good instructions I would have given you ; but your hour is come, and I repeat, Berniquet is for the Sterling." The beautiful fairy vanished like an extinguished candle, and the terrified wretch was left to the uninterrupted contemplation of his numerous crimes ; and in a short time he beheld a bird advance towards him, at least twenty feet in height, and who as it drew nearer, he perceived to be a Sterling. It was in vain, the murderer sought to disengage himself from its gripe, and he was carried to the top of the rock, where it took up four days to devour him, one bit after another ; first his heart, then his body, eyes, and tongue, till at length he was cat



up; you may judge, my children, what were the sufferings of Berniquet; but had he not well deserved his fate, by the wickedness of his conduct? He had robbed his master, and been the occasion of burning his house, killed his daughter, and destroyed the life of a poor infirm old man, because he refused to give him up the only comfort of his life, his darling child, who, together with her deliverers, he condemned to an untimely fate, buried beneath the ruins of a grotto. But observe, my dears, how gradually he was led on, to the commission of such heinous and multiplied crimes, and how early he began his career of wickedness; first by cruelty to animals, then to plunder his father and his neighbours; which ought to be a convinc-



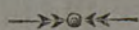
ing proof, that such bad habits in children, are generally the seeds of great vices, which, unless they are effectually eradicated, become the foundation of the most detestable crimes, as they advance to manhood.



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*EVENING THE ELEVENTH.*



“ I COME, my children,” said our Grandmamma, “ to tell you that which I will not conceal alarms me much for the present state of your dear mother’s health ; her physicians tell me that my daughter is so very ill that they entertain little or no hope of her recovery. You weep, my dears, Ah! how much more severe to me, will be the loss of my dear daughter ; my only surviving child ! for in me you will all ever find a kind and tender parent, should it please heaven to take your own mamma from this world to a



better." "And will you not, dear grandmamma," cried little Francis, "have other children in your poor boys?" "Yes, my love, but your beloved mother was most dear to me, yet dry up your tears, for your mamma is now only thirty, and at that age we have reason to flatter ourselves with hope; but you do not mind the comfort I give you, and am sorry to observe, that you are all bathed in tears; however, I cannot blame you, for giving vent to the natural expressions of filial tenderness, it is the first of virtues, and is the foundation of every other; for those who love and reverence their parents, cannot fail to make good husbands, fathers, brothers, and fellow citizens; but come, I must not see any more red eyes to-



night; and will tell you a story, which is in some degree analogous to our present situation."

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*Story the Eleventh.*

THE

TOWER OF SLEEP,

OR,

THE LITTLE BELL GIRL.

There was a very worthy gentleman, who having had the misfortune to become a widower, placed his whole happiness in an only child, who forcibly reminded him of that wife he had adored; this good father, was called Aymar, and lived comfortably with his mother, an old lady, of about my age; it is impossible to



say, by which of her parents, their darling girl was most beloved, she had been called Belle-orange, because she possessed the softness and beauty of that fruit, and grew up into loveliness, goodness, and every accomplishment which could endear her to their hearts. One day, a lady elegantly dressed, requested to speak in private with Aymar, and remained so long in his study, that this mother and Belle-orange, then about ten years old, were very uneasy, to know what she could have to say, which so long detained the master of the house; and as they did not come out, the old lady determined to join the party; but who can describe her astonishment, and uneasiness, when on entering the library, she neither found her



son or the lady, for whom she had been some time watching; and it was impossible for them to have left the house, without having been seen to do so; the window was open, but it was at too great a distance from the ground, for them to have made a retreat from thence, and there must be some wonderful mystery, to occasion such an abrupt departure.

The disturbed mother and affectionate daughter, searched every corner of the house, and interrogated every servant, but none had seen their master go out. Evening came; night advanced, which was spent in vain conjecture; and the next day also elapsed, but still no news of Aymar; you must judge by your own feelings, my loves, what must be felt by the



sorrowing mother and child, at the uncertain fate of their beloved fugitive. At the end of some days, as they were weeping together for the loss they had so unaccountably sustained, seated on the banks of a river, which ran through their pleasant grounds, the grandmother exclaimed, "I would give my whole fortune to know what has occurred to my son." A pike, who was swimming about in the water; suddenly raised its head, saying, "Most respectable of women, I do not want your wealth, I ask only your promise that during life, you or your's shall never eat a pike, and I will then tell you what is become of that beloved son, whose loss you now deplore." The good lady and her beautiful granddaughter repeated the



requested promise, so easy to be kept, and the pike continued its conversation as follows: "You both very well know, that the elegant Aymar, is not at this time more than six and thirty years old, that he is both handsome and accomplished. The fairy Rouse, the most wicked and depraved of the whole sisterhood, has fallen in love with him, and it was herself who, five days since, came to visit him, in order to propose an immediate marriage, to which, finding he was determined not to accede, she took him out of the window into her invisible car, drawn by two scorpions." "Ah, kind friend, tell us instantly to what place she has conveyed him?" "To a castle, in which he is kept a close prisoner." "We will fly to him,



wherever he be." "Attend for a moment; that place is inaccessible to all the world, except Belle-orange; thus has their destiny decreed. But the fairy, who knows that this young person alone, has the power to snatch her father from her spells, has surrounded his abode with all the plagues a fairy can invent, to terrify her, should she have courage to undertake so perilous an adventure. She has now secured her amiable captive in a place which is called the tower of sleep, because every person who approaches, is immediately overtaken by the power of Morpheus, from only looking at its walls, and one must be wide awake to penetrate into it. However, if Belle-orange is armed with sufficient resolution, she



will deliver her father from his thralldom, and will find the habitation of the fairy above two miles from hence, in the bosom of the valley of mists. I have now given you my advice, and shall retire, so adieu." Thus spoke the pike, and then flounced under the water, and totally disappeared. The poor old lady was at first terrified at her son having become the prisoner of so detestable a fairy; but the little Belle-orange was comforted, by knowing that she should, perhaps, have the inexpressible delight of being her father's deliverer, and she determined to set off that very instant, on her filial expedition. It was in vain that her kind grandmother represented the danger of such an enterprize, or the grief she



should experience to be thus left alone, trembling with terror at the idea of never more beholding either of her beloved children. The tender, courageous, and dutiful Belle-orange at length succeeded in calming her fears, promising that she would every day return before sun-set, to give an account of the success of her endeavours; and after embracing her dear grandmamma, put on her little hat, and with a stick in her hand, departed for the valley of mists, inquiring of every person she met, her road to the destined spot. Each one turned his back on the question being asked, saying, "Ah! my child, do not think of going near that unaccountable place." At last, an old peasant put her into a path, which



would bring her to this marvellous spot. The sun had already marked that half the day was spent, when she saw near her, an old woman bent to the earth by the double burthen of age and the quantity of branches of trees, with which she had filled her apron, and was dragging on the ground after her. The sweet little girl, whose heart was full of humanity, took pity on the miserable situation in which the poor wretch had plunged herself, and said, "Your burden is too much for you, mother; is your cottage far from hence?" "Oh no," said she, pointing with her finger to a retired hut, "that is my home; I have been wooding; and if you will take some of these branches on your back, it will oblige me much." She cheer-



fully divided the load, reserving to herself by far the heavier part, and soon arrived with her antient conductress, at the door of her cottage, but so much fatigued, that seating herself in the miserable apartment, she requested a glass of water. "Certainly," said the old woman: "come with me, my dear," and she took her into a back room: but how much was she surprized to find that this was the vestibule to a superb castle, which she had not before observed, from whence she was conducted into a magnificent saloon, ornamented with the richest furniture, and the finest glasses, which covered the entire walls. A young man now appeared, saying, "Pardon, most amiable and lovely creature, the trick I



have been playing in order to bring you to my palace. I am a Genius who adores, and will now make you my wife." Belle-orange, more alarmed than gratified by this declaration, replied, "That she had other things to think of, besides such nonsense as that;" for the deliverance of her dear father was the only thing which could engage her attention for a moment. The Genius laughed at this enterprize, which he termed romantic, and assured her it was impossible to be accomplished. He then ordered a magnificent repast to be served, during which, delightful music played the most favourite opera airs. The whole scene was enchanting, but had not for a single moment the power of altering the purpose of Belle-orange,



who seeing night arrive, recollected the promise made to her grandmother, that she would not fail to return and give an account of her adventures. She rose to take her leave, but the Genius in positive, though polite terms, refused her permission to depart: at this she was terribly alarmed, and cried in an agony, at finding herself thus entrapped, " My father ! my father ! Oh, my poor father !"

She was ignorant, that it was written in the book of destiny, that whenever she should three times call on her father, that pious exclamation would counteract all enchantments; for there is not one which can withstand the cry of filial duty; and the palace, the genius, all disappeared, and the good child again found herself on the



same spot, she at first beheld the perfidious old woman, and hastening home, told her grandmother this singular event, and it struck them both as a plan of the wicked fairy's to stop the approach of the most dutiful and affectionate of children. The next morning she set off again in the determination not to stop, let what would come in her way; and about noon, she found herself in the valley of mists, which she soon discerned by the thick fogs, which rendered it almost impossible to see any object a foot's length before her; this was a trick of the fairy's to prevent Belle-orange from distinguishing the tower of sleep, in which the elegant prisoner was confined; she next discovered the influence this tower had on the



senses, for many persons, who were passing, drawn by curiosity, went near, and immediately on doing so, they began to yawn, stretch out their arms, rub their eyes, and yawn again, then fall on the ground, as if overpowered with a sensation of sleep, it was impossible to resist. "What shall I do," she cried, "should I be seized as those persons are, for then I shall never behold my dear papa, and shall myself fall into the hands of that wicked fairy? but I will now return, and come back to-morrow, armed with precautions to chase away sleep, if it should weigh down my eyes." Belle-orange now returned to her expecting grandmother, who was delighted to find she kept her promise of coming home at night,



and the sensible girl hung to her shoes, her robes, and her arms, a quantity of little bells, which on her moving, made such a noise as to render it impossible she could forget herself in sleep, carrying in her hands two little cudgels to strike one against another, so as to keep herself awake by exertion and noise: after having taken leave of her grandmother, she went off thus equipped, and quickly gained the marvellous valley of mists. Every person who saw her pass, exclaimed, "Look at that child and her bells, it is Momus." "No, no," exclaimed another, "she must certainly be mad." And thus she went on, till coming into the valley, she began to agitate her ornaments at a great rate against each other, which effectually



hindered her from falling into a doze, though now at the foot of the enchanted tower, which being formed of chrystal, she could discover all that passed within the interior of its walls. Still shaking her bells and beating her sticks, she looked up and saw in a room at a great height from the ground her beloved father, who was wiping his eyes, which constantly appeared filled with tears. The wicked Rouse now entered the apartment, and exhibited to the eyes of her captive, the most dazzling diamonds and a profusion of money, with which it seemed she meant to bribe him to marry her : the agitated parent extended his arms as if to push her from him, and she then seemed as if threatening to revenge herself on his



amiable child, whom she pointed out to his notice : on this the persecuted man flew to the walls of chrystal, and made a sign to her, as if he entreated she would not so uselessly expose herself to the malice of their enemy ; but leave him only the object of her vengeance. All this sort of conversation was supported by signs, for the tower was so very high, as to preclude the possibility of hearing what was said. The affectionate girl now cast herself on her knees before her father, placed her hand on her heart, and said that she would lose her life if she had not the happiness to deliver him from his confinement : at length night approached, and the interesting child departed, after having made a thousand motions expressive of her duty



and affection, and which were replied to with tenderness by the gestures of her delighted father; but she began with alarm to feel some symptoms of sleep stealing on her heavy eyelids, and hastened to make all the noise possible with her bells and sticks; her endeavours succeeded so well, that, perfectly roused from the heavy lethargy which overpowered so many, she safely returned and astonished her venerable parent, by the recital which she made of her adventures. The fourth morning the persevering little traveller again proceeded on her expedition, but on the road encountered a circumstance so singular and pleasing, that I feel much gratification in recounting it; a boy about her own age, but more beautiful than



cupid, was playing by the side of a river, his foot slipped and he fell in, and the water being deep, would most certainly have perished, had not the compassionate traveller exerted her utmost strength to drag him from his watery grave. On finding himself once more on dry ground, and by the kind restoratives she used, his senses were returned, he fixed his beautiful blue eyes on her face, which spoke more impressively than words could have done, the gratitude of his heart to his young and lovely liberatrix, who was affected even to tears at the recollection of what might have been the sufferings of his family, had not providence conducted her steps at that moment to save a life so precious as that of her young friend; and see-



ing he still continued very weak, and unable to proceed alone, offered to conduct him to his mamma.

The young Tige d'Amour, which was his name, accepted the kind proposition, and as they proceeded on their road, he informed her that his mother was a fairy, who would most certainly recompense his fair deliverer for having saved the life of her son. It was not this idea, however, which actuated the humane Belle-orange---benevolence and the friendship she already entertained for the good little boy were the sole motives which gave rise to the kindness of her actions. The child knocked at the door, and a lady appeared, whose countenance was gentle and placid as a ray of moonlight. Tige d'Amour,



with the warm expressions of gratitude so congenial to a young and feeling mind, described the obligations he was under to his sweet companion. The amiable fairy was much moved at the recital; and as she fondly embraced and thanked the deliverer of her son, exclaimed, "I know who you are, neither am I ignorant that the most acceptable proof I could give of my gratitude, would be to restore you to the arms of a beloved parent: that is not in my power to do; for between us fairies, there is a great degree of punctilio to be observed; and I could not counteract the works of your enemy, without embroiling myself with the rest of my companions: nevertheless, I can procure you the



means of conversing at pleasure with your parent. Say, then, into what form you would chuse to be metamorphosed?" "My dear Madam, grant me, if you please, that of a little bird, and I can then hover near the window of my father, and at least have the delight of beholding him nearer than I have yet done." "A nightingale you shall be, lovely Belle-orange, and every evening on your return, call on me, and your original figure shall be restored to you." As the fairy spoke, she became changed into the most beautiful nightingale, whose head was adorned with a plume of gold-colour feathers, and a heart burning with sentiments of filial duty. She presently took wing towards the tower of sleep, where, through the



chrystal walls, she again beheld her imprisoned father. "Oh," exclaimed he, as she hovered in the air almost close to him, "and shall I then never more behold my darling girl?" "My father, see I am here: Oh, look at your own Belle-orange, and do not weep thus, for I am near you!" "What is it which calls upon me?" "A little nightingale; look at it for it is your affectionate daughter." "And is it indeed possible, my child, that the malevolent Rouse has thus metamorphosed you?" "No no, my dear papa, it is one of my best friends, who has conferred this favour to procure me the happiness of beholding you at a less cruel distance than I have yet been able to do." The tender father appeared nearer to



the walls of chrystal, and the poor little bird putting its beak through one of the crevices left to admit the air, had the inexpressible delight of being once more fondly embraced by a grateful parent. The near approach of night forced our sweet nightingale from her loved society, and she flew back to the house of her new friends, received her own form, and again joined her wondering grandmother, to whom she related her marvellous adventures. For many days she had the satisfaction of frequent conversations with her father, and as the little boy and girl loved each other, as if they had been brother and sister, it was an agreeable half-way house for the nightingale. One day, as the father and daughter



were sweetly conversing together, the wicked fairy entered the apartment. "Ah you little wretch," exclaimed she, "so you have taken the figure of a bird to counteract me, but you shall perish for your boldness." The wicked creature then began to throw stones at the trembling bird, whom by her power she prevented from flying off. Aymar caught the arm of his enemy, conjuring her to spare his darling. "No," replied she, "nothing can save her life but your consenting immediately to unite your fate with mine, for otherwise I will let forth a flying dragon who will devour her instantly."

Aymar resisted, and already the dragon pursued the timid bird, who sought a refuge from spray to spray,



and was on the point of becoming his prey. What a situation for a tender father to be a spectator of! and at that instant he determined to sacrifice his future peace to secure the life of his child; but as the assent to her proposal yet trembled on his tongue, he was relieved from the horror of his fate, by seeing the dragon fall dead to the ground; for the nightingale had again made use of the magic words which destroyed the enchantment; and in her agony she exclaimed, "My father, my father, Oh yet resist the arts of your enemy, my dear father!" These words thrice pronounced, broke the enchantment, and the enraged fury now let loose a monstrous hawk; the fluttering bird again called on her parent,



and the hawk immediately shared the same fate as his predecessor, by falling lifeless to the earth. The next messenger was a flying serpent, who met with as little success as the former ones had done. The fairy, half-distracted at the failure of her vengeance, now snatched up a gun, which would take effect at the distance of forty miles; the wretch drew the trigger and aimed it at the affrighted victim, who in the moment of her distress thought, that if she could break the tower of glass, perhaps all enchantments would end; and taking up a large stone, which weighed above twenty pounds, (for all birds of the same description with Belle-orange, preserve their original strength) she threw it at the dis-



tance of two miles on the tower of sleep, and to her inexpressible delight, she saw it crushed to atoms. The amiable mother of Tige d'Amour, who had been long observing the combat in the air between the flying monster and the affrighted nightingale, drove off in her chariot of gold and diamonds, into which she received the elegant Aymar, who without this kind assistance would in all likelihood have perished in the sparkling ruins of the chrystal palace, and carried him to her own hospitable roof: she then returned for the interesting nightingale, who still hovered round the spot, enjoying the despair of the fairy Rouse, whom she had last left occupied in endeavours to mend the glassy prison. Tige d'Amour re-



ceived with rapture this amiable society, and the lovely Bell-orange was restored to her original form. "I have," said the benevolent fairy, "drawn myself into a very disagreeable situation with your enemy; but my conscience would not allow me to behold her murder the beautiful creature, who preserved the life of my son, without affording all the assistance in my power to counteract her wicked designs; you must wait my return in this house, where Rouse will not have the power to harm you during my absence; for I must set off for the council of fairies to impeach myself, and to demand a future protection for you against the attacks of her malice hereafter; you shall be both warmly welcome to the hospitality my roof



affords, and I trust for the period of my absence, that my son will perform the honours of this house, with the same attention and respect, I could evince to those friends I so truly regard." She now bid them adieu, and during the days she was absent, her obliging son multiplied his endeavours to amuse them; and all which could give uneasiness was the recollection of the anxiety their beloved mother must unavoidably labour under, who would no doubt suppose them both dead, her granddaughter having failed in her promise of returning home for two evenings: nor were they wrong in their conjectures, for the anxiety of the old lady was beyond all comparison, and the most favourable light in which



imagination presented her granddaughter was that of a prisoner like her unhappy father; the attentive Tige d'Amour observing that the presence of their venerable relation was alone wanting to render his guests completely happy, sent a faithful dromedary to bring her to the arms of her adored children.

As it is impossible for words to do justice to the tenderness of this scene, I shall omit the description altogether, as hearts attached like theirs, can only conceive the transports experienced by this happy party. At the end of two days, the amiable fairy returned; "My dear friends," she said, "I have succeeded to the utmost of my wishes, for you must know, that on my leaving home, I



had no doubt but on my arrival at the council of the fairies, I should find that Rouse had been there before me, and in truth, she had brought her complaint of my having transgressed the laws by which we fairies are bound. I then recounted the circumstances to them, and concluded my appeal by observing, that if the heavens had granted us more power than to the rest of mortals, it was only to make us useful to mankind, by rendering them all the good we were capable of, and not to torment and plunge them into misery, by the exercise of an authority, which so abused would render us detestable: in short, I convinced them that our comrade would have punished my charming little friend for that virtue



which ought ever to meet with applause and reward; and when I painted the arduous task which the filial tenderness of Belle-orange had made her undertake, her patience, her constancy, and the danger to which she exposed herself in again beholding her imprisoned father, I saw tears of pleasure spring to the eyes of our old president, who shed so many, as to form a little rivulet, which now flows in her neighbourhood.

“ In short, the fairy Rouse was humiliated and confounded, and after receiving a just reprimand, she was ordered to retire; and I am made the bearer of a masque, on which may be traced all the virtues which ornament your exalted soul; and whenever the fairy again annoys you



with her persecutions, apply it to your face, as nothing is more disgusting to the eyes of the vicious, than the calm and tranquil aspect of virtue. You will see that on beholding it, she will fly from you with terror and dismay. I have now to propose, that at a future period, you will permit me to hope, that my son may become the husband of the inestimable Belle-orange; and till that happy time does arrive, let us continue to look on each other as already united by the most tender and endearing of all ties."

Thus spoke the good fairy, when her godfather, the enchanter Carafom, who had taught the pike to warn Belle-orange of the confinement her father laboured under, now joined the interesting society; and during



the course of his life, Aymar had never more than once occasion to try the effects of the miraculous masque which was sent him to repulse the attacks of the unworthy Rouse, who never lost her wish of making herself his wife.

A few years after, Tige d'Amour became the happy husband of the beautiful Belle-orange, who for a long time kept her bells and sticks as a memento of the difficulties and torments which the exertion of filial tenderness had cost her, and of which she ever continued the most amiable model.

This story will teach you, my children, that our parents are the most perfect earthly representatives of the divine being, and that it is our



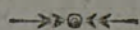
duty to run every risk, even to the hazard of our lives, to add to the comfort, and if in our power to preserve in happiness, the lengthened days of those so precious to us.



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## *EVENING THE TWELFTH.*



WE had been amusing ourselves in castle building, with an old pack of cards our grandmamma had given out for the purpose of keeping us quiet; and it is impossible to express the delight we experienced in this innocent occupation: but well knowing the vivacity of my brother Thomas, all united in their endeavours to keep him at a distance from the fragile edifice; he murmured, and in a playful manner, threatened its destruction; this we disregarded, and in an unlooked for moment, he mischievously shook the table, on which stood



the tottering fabric. In a moment it fell to pieces, and anger gaining entire dominion of our little breasts, we each revenged ourselves on the culprit, who, after having undergone a slap from one, a pinch from a second, and a kick from the third, at length got a moment for himself, in which he scrambled up all the scattered fragments which had formed the admired buildings, and tore them into a thousand pieces ; at the same time exclaiming, “ I am determined, as you have served me in this manner, none of you shall have the cards any more to play with.” My grand-mamma now coming in, put an end to his harangue ; and she was saluted by the cries of one, and the tears of another, whilst all were cla-



mourous in the earnestness and haste with which we denounced our mischievous brother.

The old lady reproached him for his conduct, observing, in accents of gentle reproof, that had he been contented to play, as we did, he would have been admitted to a share of the amusement; "but," continued she, "you rather preferred destroying it completely, than to be at the trouble of convincing them that you would quietly unite your labours in the occupation which would so highly have gratified you altogether, but it is always thus with the unworthy, who have no higher felicity, than destroying the enjoyments of others, in which their own unhappy disposition renders them incapable of assimilating with



satisfaction. But you will have an example of this truth in the history I am now about to give you."



*Story the Twelfth.*

THE  
HISTORY OF BRIMBORION.

There was a little boy, about eleven years of age, who was so extremely diminutive in his figure, that they had given him that appellation, as most appropriate; for he was not taller than a boot, but what he wanted in height, he made up in wickedness, for he was mischievous, and full of tricks as a monkey. Having had the misfortune at an early age, to lose



his parents, he was taken under the protection of his godmother, a very amiable fairy, named Berliquette, who one day calling him to her, said, "Attend to the instructions I am about to give you: know that I have ever loved you as my own son, because you possess a good understanding, if you could be induced to make a proper use of it; you read well, write a good hand, and are clever at accompts; but alas! my dear, I am sorry to observe your heart is not so amiable as one might hope, from the natural good sense you are in possession of; but follow my advice, and you will become gentle, humane, and of course agreeable to every body; think you not, that it must be more flattering, to excite sentiments



of approbation, than those of dislike and aversion? it is my purpose at this time to dive to the very bottom of your character, and if I discover you to be worthy of my esteem and regard, you shall be made happy, with all the benefits it is in my power to bestow; in which case I have already selected as the partner of your life, a young person, who is in possession of twenty caskets filled with rubies, the smallest of which is the size of an egg; but for the present, take this ring, which will procure you the gift of the fairies, for while you have it on, every thing you can wish, will be immediately accomplished; and I desire you to observe, that when your actions are dictated by motives of benevolence and humanity, your figure



will become bright and blooming as the most beautiful rose; but if on the contrary, your wishes are the offspring of other sentiments, your face will be as yellow as a lemon, and frightful to every beholder; but now go into the world, and do not hope to see me again, till I call upon you, so that let your difficulties be ever so great, it will be useless for you to return; for this very day, my house, these woods and fields, as well as myself, will be rendered invisible to you, so that in case you should be tempted to return, I give you notice, that not a single vestige will be discoverable, of your old friend, or her habitation; so for the present, I shall bid you adieu; be a good boy, and we shall have a happy meeting; but



should you persevere in wickedness, dread the time of our re-union." He embraced his godmother, and in a very ill humour departed, grumbling all the way at the fairy, for having thus sent him out in pursuit of adventures.

After having proceeded a few paces, he turned to look about him, but no longer did he behold the house of his godmother; even the very face of the country appeared changed; nor did he recognize one of the objects by which he was now surrounded. "This is a charming plan, truly!" muttered he, as he walked on; "what can my godmother want to make of me, I wonder? she must already be convinced that I am very sensible, amiable, and gentle as a



lamb; too much so, indeed, for my own good, for it is not I who occasions any dispute with my playfellows; no, on the contrary, it is they who plague and worry me; which cannot fail sometimes to put one in a little kind of passion, but naturally I am the sweetest disposition in the world." It is thus, my dear boys, that a violent and mischievous person ever reasons with himself; removing to others, those circumstances which are blameable in his own conduct; when in reality, it is their own evil disposition which torments all who have the misfortune to have any connection with them. Towards the close of the day, the wandering boy found himself near a farm house, where he saw much bus-



tle, and many persons going in and coming out. His nose at the same time was regaled by the most savoury smells, and being extremely hungry, he determined to request some supper and a night's lodging. Accordingly he knocked at the door, and an old man opening it, civilly said, "What are your commands, my child?" "I fear, Sir, you will not grant my wishes, but at such an hour, what should I presume to solicit, but hospitality for a night." "Indeed, I am very sorry, my good little man, it should happen so unlucky, but I cannot oblige you, for you must know, my son was married this morning, and has invited such a number of guests to my cottage, that I know not how to lodge them all: had I not



been thus situated, I would have received you with pleasure; but go forward, and you will soon find, I doubt not, some place to sleep in, so good night." The farmer shut the door, and the passionate disappointed boy exclaimed, "Go you old fellow, I wish the devil had you, and all your company who were at the wedding." In a moment he heard a strange kind of noise under the earth, out of which seemed to proceed a legion of infernals, who broke open the old man's doors, dragged out the bride and bridegroom, the father and mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, and cousins; in short, all whom the wedding had brought together. The terrified boy, alarmed at the fulfilment of his wish,



began to run with all possible speed from so terrific a sight : an exercise which he continued till the early dawn of morning.

On venturing to look about him, he perceived himself on the borders of a most beautiful canal, on the clear bosom of which floated many barges, gaily decked with flowers and different coloured flags, embroidered with gold. In each were spread tables covered with ices, cakes, fruits, jelly, and the most delicious confectionary : during the time he was contemplating with delight these elegant preparations, he saw above sixty persons advancing, men, women, and children, all dressed in white, and ornamented with the gayest ribbons. Joy was a visible attendant on this lovely group,



over whom seemed to preside, a man at least an hundred years old, who was affectionately supported by some of the younger branches of the company. Brimborion stopped a person to inquire whither they were all going, “To a beautiful island,” returned the man to whom the question had been addressed, “about a mile from hence, to celebrate the hundredth birth day of that venerable old gentleman you see, of whom we are all descendants.” “Pray take me along with you,” exclaimed the little intruder. “O yes, truly, what do you think should induce us to take such a little dwarf as you into our party, especially as we know nothing about you? but I should judge, from the colour of your skin, which is as yellow as a lemon,



that you must be dying." In truth, since he had brought that misfortune on the family of the inoffensive farmer, his countenance had become disgusting in a degree, and in his phrenzy of passion, he insisted upon getting into one of the boats, from which he was effectually repulsed, and being provoked at beholding the company embark, and glide down the smooth unruffled stream, to the sound of the sweetest music, he wickedly exclaimed, "What would I not give to see a storm come on, which would sink the boats, and drown them all." In the same moment the sky became overspread with clouds, the thunder rolled, and the vivid lightning darted on the floating streamers of the pleasure barges, which threatened each



moment to be sinking under the rolling waves, which foamed against their sides, and loud and piercing shrieks issued from the terrified passengers. The rain fell in such torrents, that to save himself from the fury of the tempest, Brimborion sought refuge in an old deserted ruin, which marked it had once been the abode of some human being, by the fragments of an old table, a wooden chair, and a small looking glass. No sooner had he beheld the reflection of his countenance, than he observed it became more and more disfigured, and in terror, he recollected the words of his godmother, which brought torrents of tears from his eyes. "Ah!" exclaimed he, in an agony of remorse, "how barbarous I have been, in



having thus sacrificed the lives of so many, to the unpardonable impetuosity of my wishes ; if this spot were a hermitage, I would confine myself to it for life, as a just punishment for the crimes I have been guilty of." As he spoke, he saw raised by the side of the ruin, a small chapel, "Ah," said he, "here is a pretty little church, indeed, but as I do not mean to be a clergyman, I should prefer turning a spit in a good kitchen." This new wish was immediately accomplished ; a large fire appeared in the middle of the ruins, and before it many spits, on which their appeared the finest hares, poultry, and dainties of every description ; but the meat seemed raw, and the spits immoveable, as if they waited to be



turned. "What a fool, I should be," said he, "to think of getting my bread by work, when it is in my power to provide myself with so many good things, by means of this ring; but I am not cook enough to be always turning the spit, and if these good things were ready, I should be very glad to eat them." The roast meat now gave out a most relishing smell, and its colour announcing it to be perfectly ready, he sat down to a most excellent dinner, and then prepared to walk to a fine field of corn, at the back of his new abode, near which was situated a most superb mansion. On advancing towards it, he met a poor ragged old woman, who in pitiful terms, asked charity: her miserable appearance worked on his feel-



ings, and he exclaimed, "How many wretched creatures are thus pining in poverty, while that splendid house announces only riches and prosperity, to its more fortunate possessor, where this poor wretch perhaps, in vain solicits a morsel of bread, at the gate of luxury! how glad I should be, where she in possession of some part of that wealth, which the master of yon rich domain can so well spare to the necessities of his fellow creatures."

"Bless me!" cried the old beggar, "what can I have so heavy in my pockets!" and she began to fumble in them, drawing out such quantities of money as astonished her. "Keep it, mother," said Brimborion, "and be happy." The woman retired, uttering a thousand blessings on him for



his benevolence. He continued his walk towards the corn field, but before he entered, a gentleman approached in a most violent passion, having rushed from the splendid mansion. "I am robbed," cried he, "my treasure is taken from me, and all my money has been stolen." "You have not been robbed," replied the author of his misfortune, "the surplus of your riches has only passed into the pockets of another, who is more in want of it than you can be." "You little wretch, you are in league with the rogues, but you shall suffer for this, notwithstanding you are as fresh and as blooming as the roses in my garden."

Brimborion was delighted to hear this good action had made so mate-



rial an alteration in his complexion, and in an insulting manner, he laughed at the gentleman, exclaiming, "Don't stand here, talking about your money, or you will lose your dog;" he immediately looked round, and beheld his favourite dog caught in a trap, which had been set for some hares, making the most lamentable cries and grimaces. The little urchin, took this opportunity of making his escape, and entering the field, he was hid by the tall wheat; where many reapers were employed in cutting down the luxuriant grain. "What o'clock is it?" said he, to one of them. "Look, partner, look here," said he, instead of answering his question; "at that little dwarf, who seems to take me for a sun dial; why he is not higher



than my leg, and as yellow as a daffy-down-dilly." "You are a liar," said the angry child, "for my face is as blooming as a rose." "Oh! yes, you are a beautiful creature to be sure." "You are a set of impudent rascals, and I should be glad to see this field of wheat consumed to a heap of cinders, which to pick, would be employment good enough for such wretches as you are:" at the same moment his wish was accomplished, the beautiful prospect before him vanished, and the rich and luxuriant field became disfigured with heaps of ashes and cinders: the reapers flew after him, and he would without doubt, have fallen a prey to their fury, had he not escaped into a large town, which he entered about sunset.



The boy was now of the brightest gold colour, and every person fled from him, as they would have done from the plague. "What brutes all these people are," said he, in his passion, "it seems as if they had never seen a stranger in their town before; it would serve them right for laughing at me, if they were all to become of the same colour as myself." What a wonderful transition struck his eyes; all the passengers were quite yellow; and immediately guessing this misfortune had been occasioned by the dwarf, armed with sticks and cudgels, they followed to give him the chastisement he so well deserved; "Ah!" said he, with a tone of defiance, "take care, or I shall set fire to your town, and change you all into---" He



had not time to finish the sentence, when he found himself drawn up by the hair, and the marvellous ring fell from his hands. "Wicked one," said the fairy; for it was she who had thus snatched him from the earth, "did you suppose it was to injure mankind, that I bestowed the gift of the fairies upon you; fortunately, I have had it in my power to remedy all the evils you have occasioned; invisible, I followed you every where, and immediately applied my remedy to the destruction you would have brought on others; but let us now take a review of the heinous actions you have been guilty of: in the first place, because a worthy man really had it not in his power to accommodate you under his roof, you sent a



legion of devils to torment him and his family, but I saved those good people from the gripe of the demons you had conjured up, and they are again peaceably restored to their family comforts; another party, who were going to celebrate with a little entertainment, the hundredth birthday of their venerable father, you would have plunged without mercy into all the horrors of a watery grave, because they refused to admit a stranger into the bosom of their domestic rejoicings; but I had myself the pleasure of conducting them to the fortunate island, where they are at this moment enjoying all the felicity that resorts from the fulfilment of filial and fraternal goodness; the old beggar woman is no longer in pos-



session of the ill-gotten wealth which you so unthinkingly bestowed upon her, and which she did not merit, and has not kept : however as a reward for that single trait of misplaced sensibility, your figure took the bloom of the opening rose, but it was lost at the moment you insulted him, whom you had before injured, because he with reason complained of the loss you had made him suffer, and you also caused his favourite dog to be entangled in a snare,---a barbarous action, as the poor animal could never have disobliged or injured you ; your next step, was to consume a field of corn, and by that means, have robbed the poor men of their honest and industrious employment ; and last of all, to sum up the whole cata-



logue of your crimes, you would have ended, by burning an entire town; this was too much, wicked boy; and to prevent your doing any more mischief, I shall condemn you to remain a hundred years by this chimney corner," for they had now reached the habitation of the fairy. She then put him on the mantle-piece, where he suddenly lost his speech, and became transformed into a china monkey, who continued to shake, without ceasing, his hands and feet. He remained there for a hundred years; at the expiration of which time, he was broke, and died. All the visitors of the fairy, looked with astonishment at this singular ornament on her mantle-piece. "It is my godson, Brimborion, whom I snatched from



society, because he could not bear to see pleasure in which he was not allowed to partake; the happiness of others being poison to his malicious heart; which was never satisfied but in the practice of malevolent and wicked actions."



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*EVENING the THIRTEENTH.*

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My grandmamma had one day promised that we should have sweet-meats for our suppers; but she added, they would only be bestowed on those, who in the course of the morning, had, by their good behaviour, given her the most satisfaction; it may easily be supposed, that our attention and care was redoubled to secure the reward we were so anxious to attain; but our little brother Francis, in order to secure a larger portion of the good things for his own consumption, thought to make his court, by recapitulating all the errors we had been guilty



of. "My brother Adolphus stole some cheese, grandmamma; Thomas beat Henry, and John cracked a great many of the walnuts, you had reserved for the winter." Grandmamma listened to all he had to say, without making any reply; but at supper-time, when she distributed her raspberry jam amongst us, Francis was astonished to find himself the only one, who was excluded from the treat. "So you thought, I suppose, Sir, to gain my favour, by becoming the accuser of your brothers; but I have found out that you are an informer, and that is a character I shall never countenance. Your duty should lead you to make excuses for the faults of others, since yourself are subject every hour in the day, to be



guilty of the same ; and how much better should I have thought you, had you made the attempt to screen them from my anger, instead of being the first person to tell me of their faults ; and as a punishment for doing so, you must this night be content to make your supper of dry bread, whilst you see the other boys regaling themselves with a repast your ill-conduct has excluded you from partaking of.

“ I am now going to recount the history of two brothers, one of whom conducted himself in a manner very different from what you have done.”



*Story the Thirteenth.*

## THE WHITE WOLF,

OR THE

LITTLE RED SLIPPERS.

THERE was once a very rich lady, who had been twice married, and was now again a widow, with two sons. By her first union, she had a boy, named Gingeolet; whom a wicked fairy had vowed to persecute for some time. By her second husband, she had a little boy, called Petit Bonnet, who was protected in his cradle, by a good fairy: these brothers loved each other with such perfect affection, that whatever afflicted the one, immediately became the source of sorrow to the other. It



happened that the youngest was his mother's favourite ; and one day, the housekeeper being ill, at a villa a little way from the town, she sent Gingeolet, with some little niceties for the invalid. He went, and two days past without his having returned home : during which period, the following circumstance occurred :---He had amused himself with gathering and cracking the nuts which hung so temptingly in his road : whilst thus amused, he beheld a white wolf run towards him, who said, " Gingeolet, I shall eat you, if you do not immediately resign to me, the cakes and other good things, you have in that little basket." " Why, Sir, you are not sick, and therefore cannot want such niceties." " Well then, I shall



eat you first, and that afterwards." Gingeolet saw it was useless in him to hesitate, and therefore resigned his charge to his gluttonous enemy ; but well knowing he must not return to the house of his mamma, after having so ill executed her commands, he lay stretched on the grass, bathed in tears, and not knowing what part to act. During the time he was so distressfully occupied, much uneasiness had been experienced at the house of his mother : but above all, his little brother regretted this long separation. The second night, during which his tears and cries prevented him from taking any repose, he heard a soft voice say, " Put on to-morrow morning, the little slippers you will find under your bed ; they



will go twenty feet for one, and will carry you to that brother, whose loss you mourn." Petit Bonnet was much astonished to find the most beautiful pair of little red shoes, in the place described. They were immediately put on, and his astonishment augmented, at finding he took such gigantic strides, and was conducted to the wood, in which he found Gingeolet, who recounted the imprudence he had been guilty of, in amusing himself by cracking nuts, when he ought to have gone forward on his business; and the threats of the animal, who had robbed him of that which had been entrusted to his care. "Remain where you are," said his kind little brother, kissing him tenderly, "and I will remedy



that misfortune;" so saying, he hastened to the town, and brought a fresh supply of articles for the house-keeper; then taking his brother by the hand, he conducted him to his mother, to whom he made an excuse for the absense of Gingeolet, which assuaged her anguish on this occasion. About a month after, his mamma called him to her; "Gingeolet," said she, "here is a basket filled with the choicest game, which I want you to carry to my country-house, where I mean to give a dinner to some of my friends, the day after tomorrow." Gingeolet took the basket, which was very heavy, and departed, taking a contrary road to the wood, in which he had met the white wolf; in his way he saw a party of



little boys, who were idling away their time at cricket, and not being able to withstand the desire he felt to join their party, he put his basket on the ground, and diverted himself for so long a time, that night approached without his having perceived it.

He then took up his burden, and began to run, terrified at having loitered about so long; but the white wolf now came out directly upon him; "Gingeolet," said he, "I am hungry, and must have all the game in your basket, unless you prefer I should eat you for my supper; wicked wolf, what can I do to deter you from your purpose?" "Nothing, for if you refuse, I have only immediately to pick your bones." "There



then, greedy, take it; but I am a ruined little boy." The greedy wolf fell instantly on his prey, and Gingeolet seating himself, began to cry most bitterly, when he beheld Petit Bonnet, who ran with the swiftness of a hare towards him; "I was afraid, my dear brother, that some new misfortune had overtaken you." "Ah! yes, indeed," sobbed he; "that wicked wolf has again robbed me." "Never mind," said the kind-hearted brother, I will repair all your losses;" and he ran to a shop, and procured as much game as the wolf had devoured, which he carried to the country house, and then led Gingeolet to his mamma, who reproached him for having stayed so long on his errand; but Petit Bonnet again made



his excuses, and all went right: at the end of eight days, Gingeolet was intrusted by his mother with some beautiful china tea-cups, which she was going to make a present of to a friend. "If you break one of them," said she, "you had better never see my face again." He went, and as it was a very sultry day, he stopped to rest on the borders of a river, by which he was to pass; curiosity led him to examine them one after another, during which, the wolf made his appearance; "Gingeolet," said he, "have you any thing for me to eat to-day." "No, glutton, I have only some cups and saucers; and you do not eat china, I suppose." "No, for which reason, I must now satisfy myself with picking your bones." He



darted towards him, and Gingeolet strove to make his escape; when the beast, furious to satisfy his hunger, jumped into the middle of his beautiful porcelain, which was broken into a thousand pieces; and in another moment, the trembling boy must have become the victim to his ferocious antagonist; had not Petit Bonnet arrived with his red slippers, and throwing his breakfast to the wolf, he immediately ran into the fields: "I feared," said he, "some accident would befall you, but heaven be praised! I came in time to save your life; but where are the cups and saucers?" "There they lie, crumbled all to pieces, by the feet of that vile wolf." "This is indeed unlucky, for I fear, I have not near money



enough to replace them; but come home, and I will make your excuses." The brothers accordingly went to their mamma, to whom Petit Bonnet, who well knew the ascendancy he had on the heart of his mother, accused himself of having broken the cups, in playing with his brother; and his sighs and tears had such an effect upon her, that he was instantly pardoned, and the true culprit escaped without censure: some little time after, this severe parent said to her eldest son; "Gingeolet, you must go two miles from hence, and fetch home my little god-daughter, whom I shall take from the nurse, the poor woman being ill, and incapable of the charge; so take care no accident happens to her, or you will answer for it,



with your life." "Yes, mamma, I will take all possible care of her." Behold Gingeolet going on his travels; and for this time, he did not stop till he had reached the cottage of the nurse, to whom he presented a letter from his mother, and was directly invested with the charge of the little girl, with whom he now set off on his return home; sometimes making her walk, for she was about four years old, and other times carefully placing her on his back; but the wish of amusing her, got the better of his prudence, and placing her on the grass, he began to gather flowers, which having done, they must next be tied into nosegays; and taking the little creature on his lap, he caressed her with the greatest tenderness, and was



singing a little song, when he saw the white wolf run towards them: "Holloa!" cried the beast, "you need not run away; for it is impossible you can be saved, the smell of fresh blood having regaled my nose, at more than three miles distance; so you must absolutely give me that little girl, that I may eat her:" "Not for the universe, would I be so wicked." "Why then, I shall eat you both, but I must begin with her; Oh! how I shall regale myself on such fine flesh and blood." In a moment he carried his threats into execution, and notwithstanding the resistance of the agonized Gingeolet, the poor little creature was swallowed in a mouthful by the gluttonous animal. He was almost frantic on beholding this ca-



tastrophe, and fell without motion to the earth, an unresisting prey to the white wolf, who was preparing to devour him, when Petit Bonnet appeared on the other side of a deep river, on the banks of which, the little folks had so unfortunately stopped to amuse themselves. On beholding the danger his beloved brother was in, and there being no boat in which he could be ferried across, he resolved to plunge in, and make the best of his way to the opposite shore; when owing to the marvellous effects of his red slippers, he remained perfectly upright in the water, and walked as if he had been on dry ground; the great steps he took brought him in a moment to the side of his brother, who was yet extended



on the grass. "Ah!" cried he to the wolf; "get you gone, this moment, or you shall repent your impudence." The beast looked at him with astonishment, but did not make any reply. Petit Bonnet embraced his brother, and his endeavours were so successful, that in a short time his senses were restored. "Ah!" cried he, on opening his eyes, "my dear brother, she is eat." "Ah! what a dreadful misfortune, and he is now looking at us; but fly, you villain, or I will be the death of you." So saying, the courageous little boy, who would have sacrificed his own life to save that of his brother, took one of his slippers, and threw at the head of the naughty wolf, whom, to the astonishment of them both, they be-



held fall dead at their feet. In a moment, they had the most miraculous proof of the effects, so fortunately resulting from the red slippers; the body of the wolf disappeared, and they beheld in its place, the little girl stretched on a bed of roses, on which she appeared profoundly sleeping; Petit Bonnet, fearing she might be dead, gently shook her, and the little creature began to smile on beholding him. At the same instant, a beautiful lady, elegantly dressed, in a chariot drawn by six flying snails, appeared. "I am," said she, "the fairy Bonasse, who have protected Petit Bonnet from the first moment of his existence, and gave him courage to save his brother, and avert the enchantments of the fairy Ripopett, his



most cruel enemy; the white wolf being only a phantom, created on purpose to torment him, and to make him fall into a net spread to entrap him; for her power was only in force, when he deserved punishment for any fault he might have committed; such as being idle, dilatory, or playful at those times, when he should have attended solely to the commands of his mother; but all this is past, the white wolf is destroyed, and the fairy Ripopett has lost her talisman: so come, my dears, into my carriage, and I will convey you to your mamma."

The little ones were now placed by her side, and they arrived in safety at the house of their mother; to whom she recounted all the assistance the good little Petit Bonnet had been



able to afford his brother, who was so unfortunate as to labour under the power of the malignant fairy. His mother was enchanted by such interesting details; she thanked the amiable fairy; gave good advice to Gingeolet, and redoubled her affection to her dear Petit Bonnet, whom she extolled to all her friends, as the amiable model of fraternal tenderness.

You will see in this story, my children, a brother of the most affectionate description; and not a little informer, like Mr. Francis; he on the contrary, remedied those evils his brother's heedlessness had brought upon him, and when it was not in his power to do this, even took upon himself the faults of which Gingeolet alone was guilty: so good a lesson



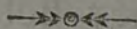
should serve you, my children, as an example, by which you cannot fail to learn, that attachment, indulgence, and complacency between brothers, are the first links of friendship, which unite men in society.



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*EVENING the FOURTEENTH.*

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My grandmamma entered the room, holding an open letter in her hand; “Which of you boys is it,” said she, “that has given rise to a report that your mamma was going to be married again.” “I replied, Henry has told us so, grandmamma, and on hearing the intelligence, John had the assurance to say, that he should never love a new papa, let him be ever so good to him.” “This was said, I suppose, because he did not chuse to have a father, who would possess a just authority over him; and in this point



his wishes are accomplished; it is not true, that my daughter ever had such an intention: in the letter you see I have in my hand, she informed me of some proposals she has received; but adds, she will not listen to any of the gentlemen, who have made them; in the determination of preserving herself intirely for her children; and declares, she will never give them a second parent, who would not partake of the tenderness she feels for her fatherless babes: so you see, my children, you did not comprehend the right sense of a letter, so full of tenderness towards you, and which you before heard me read aloud: John was very blameable in the expressions he made use of; for had it been really as you apprehended, the duty and



respect you owe to so good a mamma, should have induced you to make use of every effort, to merit the good opinion of any husband, she may think proper to unite herself to, even were he to be a person unworthy the distinction she had conferred upon him; for in no case whatever ought children to set in judgment on the actions of those they are bound by the strongest ties to respect and obey; but this circumstance brings to my mind, a story which will be a good lesson to you all in future."

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*Story the Fourteenth.*

### THE OLD GREY CAT.

THERE was a lady so old, that her infirmities obliged her to be carried



from one room to another on her sofa; she had once a son, but he had been sometime dead, and had left to mourn his loss, three little orphan children, a boy and two girls; but the old lady had for some time conceived so great a dislike to her innocent descendants, that she would not consent to see them; and not satisfied with robbing them of her tenderness, she had also determined on disinheriting them, by marrying again, and leaving her fortune to her husband: it was perfect madness in the old woman to entertain such an idea, and her amiable grandchildren lamented her weakness of intellects, which they attributed to her advanced age, and the imbecility which that had brought on her senses. Theodore had already attained his



twentieth year, and procured a living by the exercise of his genius, as a painter, by which occupation, he contrived to procure for his two sisters, who lived with him, the comforts of life, and also the proper instructions so necessary at their age, at a distance from the habitation of their unnatural parent, who never troubled herself to make any inquiries about these interesting young people. In the same town, and within a few doors of the old lady, lived a well-looking young man, of genteel address, but of a bad character; for he was a spendthrift and a gamester: he had not profited by the good advice which had been given him in his childhood; but had associated himself with bad company, which had



brought him to the brink of bankruptcy: he was a watchmaker by profession, and the old lady sent him one day, her gold repeater, set round with brilliants, to repair. The beauty of this antique trinket, made him wish to become possessed of it; for thinks he, was it but turned into money, it would at least quiet some of my most clamourous creditors. The servant roused him from his reverie, by asking him, if he chosed to undertake the repair of it. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "for my inattention to you; but really I was so struck with the beauty of this watch, that I could not resist the inclination I had to examine it: for it is but a very few, who can in these times, afford to keep by them such an article of luxury."



“ Oh! as to that,” replied the servant, pleased to have an opportunity of telling the follies of his mistress; “ my mistress is very old, she is possessed of five thousand a year, which she has not health to spend; and yet has a fancy to marry again.” “ Has she no relations, who will spend it for her?” replied Mr. Minute; (for that was the watchmaker’s name) “ She has but a nephew and two nieces, and she has some how taken a dislike to them, and forbid them her house.” The watchmaker was satisfied with this information, and promised to bring the watch home in a few days. He was so depraved, that at first, he was resolved to take the watch, and to quit the town, never to return: but after revolving the



the conversation of the old lady's servant in his mind, he concluded to pay his court to her; and as the repeater would insure him an introduction, he resolved not to let such a good opportunity slip him. Accordingly, in a few days (the watch being repaired) he waited on the old lady, dressed in his best cloaths; and played his part so well, that before he quitted, she gave him a positive promise that she would become his as soon as he could procure the licence, and generously paid him for the repair of the watch with a purse of guineas. They were married in a day or two; the old lady did not even settle any thing on herself, consequently her deserving relatives were also quite forgot.



Mr. Minute had just attained his thirtieth year, and his blooming bride wanted a month of seventy-two: it may therefore be reasonably guessed, that the young man's only motive for marrying, was the old lady's money; and his first wish after the ceremony, was for some lucky chance, to get rid of her: he was so very ungrateful in return for the unbounded confidence she had placed in him, that he secretly wished she might tumble down the church steps and break her neck; and I doubt not but he would have given her a sly push, had he not have been in fear that her injured relations would have made a strict inquiry into it.

The amiable Theodore, who was ignorant of all that had passed at the



house of his grandmother, almost killed himself with the exertions he made to educate and support his sisters; and notwithstanding the injustice of her conduct, he strove to inspire in their young minds, respect for the mother of their father. One day, as it was the first of the year; not to be wanting in respect, he thought it his duty to go, and wish his grandmother many happy ones. He knocked at the door, and the porter inquired if he wished to see his master? "What master do you mean?" "The husband of my mistress, to be sure." "The husband of your mistress, why is it possible, she should be married?" The porter was a stranger to the person of Theodore, and replied, "Why should she not?"



it is better, that a good generous man like Mr. Minute should profit by her riches, than that they should ever be enjoyed by those she does not care about." From this intelligence, Theodore became convinced, that he was disinherited, and that his sisters were thrown unprotected on an unfeeling world; while the fortunes of his family would by this step, most certainly come into the possession of a stranger. Overcome with this chagrin and sorrow, he left the door, his head bent to the ground, and his arms crossed on his breast; "It is not on my own account," thought he, "that I thus regret the loss of so much wealth; but my poor sisters, how will they ever be established in life; for much I fear, my feeble ta-



lents will soon fail of giving support to so many. Ah! my unhappy grandmother, how unjustly have you thought of those, who would have rendered your life as comfortable, as duty and affection could make it, had they have been permitted to have done so."

Lost in thought, he wandered out of his road, and on recovering himself, he found he was on the banks of a river, where he observed many persons collected together, looking at something in the water; "What is the matter?" exclaimed he, "has any accident occurred?" "No, it is only a poor cat," said one of the spectators; "some one has thrown into the river, and he cannot save himself, his fore paws being fastened together, and a stone tied round his



neck." "Ah! perhaps the poor animal is mad." "Not at all, his master who came himself to drown him, said, that he did so, because it was old, infirm, and disagreeable." "Poor creature," said the compassionate youth; "and is that a reason, because he is now advanced at the period, to which we all look forward with hope and expectation, that the good qualities, and the graces of his youth, should be forgotten; and his life become the sacrifice to that, which is certainly no fault of his; but where is the animal?" "Do you not see that it is struggling in vain to creep out, and must shortly sink?" "Poor thing, it shall, if possible, be saved," said he, jumping, as he spoke, into the river, from which he brought



the cat, which he set at liberty from the strings by which it was bound; and carried it, more dead than alive, home with him; where by his own cares, added to those so humanely bestowed by his sisters, it was soon restored to its original state, by giving it warm milk, and nursing it with the greatest kindness. When the old cat recovered his senses, and had dried his wet coat by a blazing fire; his young friends were surprized to see how deplorably ugly it was; and any one possessing less humanity than themselves, would have turned it out into the street to seek its fortune; and now, that they were disengaged from their attentions from the miserable cat, and seeing it set purring by their side, the affectionate brother informed his sisters



of the marriage of their relation with a young man, who would doubtlessly inherit all her fortune; and notwithstanding the cruelty of her conduct, the three disinterested, though afflicted children, earnestly prayed that their poor infatuated grandmamma might be happy with the person she had made choice of; though the more inquiries they made into his character and morals, the more reason they had to doubt the possibility of his treating her with kindness or consideration: and the industrious brother applied himself with increasing zeal to his profession; but as at times, he found it difficult to exercise his talents, his head and heart were occupied by the reflection of what might be his sisters' fate, and his



eyes would often fill with tears. One day, as he was contemplating his misfortunes, he determined on going to this unjust old lady, and cast himself at her feet; not to reproach her for her marriage, but to entreat her kindness and affection, without which blessing, he thought they could not live in comfort. "Oh! if I could but unveil to her the depravity of that man she calls her busband, she might at least be guarded against his arts, and perhaps be snatched from future misery." "My dear master," said the old grey cat, who was stretched out, enjoying all the comforts of a warm hearth; "do not be surprized at hearing me speak, for when I was in the river, from which you so kindly saved me, a little carp, who I have



not the smallest doubt was a fairy, touched one of my paws, saying, "I endow you with the gift of speech, and will do all that you may think proper, to serve that good young man, who will come and save your life." "And did a carp tell you this?" "Yes, and I profit by its permission, to give you some good advice; so take me under your arm, and let us call on the husband of your grandmother, who does not know you by sight, and you shall see what we can accomplish." Theodore, the astonished Theodore, took the miserable looking old beast under his arm, and doing as he had been bid, soon gained an introduction to Mr. Minute; "I am without fortune," said he, "but am in possession of a marvellous cat, who is gifted with



speech, and has the means of procuring the most curious articles: should you, Sir, like to judge of its talents?"

"Willingly," returned he, "and am ready to reward you for your trouble."

"My master," said the cat, "has in his pocket, a small barrel made of gold, in which is inclosed a liquor, which will fill a hundred thousand glasses, without the barrel ever becoming empty; shew it, master."

Theodore fumbled in his pocket, from which, to his utter astonishment, he drew a gold barrel, about six times as long as his thumbs, from which he took a most delicious liquor. "For how much would you sell this?" said the delighted Minute. "For five hundred pounds, it shall be your's."

"Here is a check on my banker



for the money, and the miraculous barrel is my own." Theodore returned home with his faithful animal, and on the morrow, accompanied by the old Grey Cat, again visited Minute; "My master," said the cat, "is in possession of a collar, made of ten large rubies, of so wonderful a kind, that as fast as those precious stones are taken from it, others will immediately appear in the same settings; this is particularly convenient in case it should fall into the hands of thieves; for were they to pick out the precious stones, the collar would continue the same. Master, show it to the gentleman." Theodore with augmented surprize, drew from his pocket this wonderful collar, and Minute in extacies agreed to pur-



chase it for a thousand pounds. About eight days after, he again appeared at the house of his grandmother; and the cat addressing Minute, said, "My master is the proprietor of a little picture, so wonderful in its kind, as at command to retrace all the actions of a man's life; shew it, my dear master." Theodore found in his pocket, a small picture, three thumbs by four, which represented a woman veiled, and Minute desired this portrait might bear the resemblance of his wife: immediately the veiled lady disappeared, and the old grandmother was visible, her spectacles on her nose, and quietly taking a pinch of snuff. "How much is the price of this?" cried the still more astonished Minute. "Two hundred



pounds." "Here is your money." About a fortnight after, Theodore returned to the house of his grandfather-in-law, and by means of the old cat, exhibited a rose tree, which grew like any other in a pot, but produced flowers of gold in such quantities, that when one rose was plucked, twenty others appeared in its room. He gave two thousand pounds for it; and about a month after, he purchased from the now rich Theodore, a pitcher, made of free stone, which plunged in a bucket of water, filled continually with the finest gold and silver. At this exhibition, Minute was so charmed with the wonderful talents of Theodore, that he was invited to dinner on the next day; nor was this wonderful cat



omitted. The appointed time arrived, and with his master, the cunning old cat found a well spread table, and a covered place for him next to the antiquated wife of their host; however this mark of distinction might have flattered, it did not turn him from his purpose; every one took their seat, and the old cat enjoyed a comfortable chair before a good plate of meat; while the old lady, conducted herself with affability, towards her unknown grandson (who for ten years she had not seen) and his grey cat; they talked, they joked, and the old cat was so full of pleasantry, and information, that he was viewed with surprize and admiration by the assembled company. When the desert was placed on the table, the master



of the house, willing to astonish his guests, gave orders for his miraculous barrel to be produced: it came; and wonderful to relate, when replaced on the table, it instantly became converted into the shell of a walnut. "What!" exclaimed Minute, "can this change mean, bring me immediately my ruby collar, which I will present to my wife;" it was produced, and as quickly changed into a cord full of knots; "Ah!" said the mortified Minute, "I am deceived; but let me see the miraculous rose bush:" it was accordingly set upon the table, and appeared only a pot filled with cinders. "Do you take me for a fool?" said he, in a rage, "that you serve ashes at my table? but I will know if the pitcher and pieces of gold are safe;"



a servant presented them, and the jug breaking in his hand, was found only to contain some dirty water, which totally spoiled the dresses of the ladies on whom it fell; and the passionate host exclaimed, "One trial more, I will have, and if that fails me, will tie this cord round the neck of that vile cat, who has thus cheated me of my money." The marvellous picture was now placed on the table, and the old cat engrossed the conversation, saying, "As for this talisman, it is not changed, but will convince Mrs. Minute of the true character of her husband; so now observe, Madam, all I am about to disclose, and see your husband give to younger women, the many jewels, and large sums of money your folly has bestowed upon him;



the picture exhibited each scene which had passed since his marriage: now see Mr. Minute, who has lost five thousand pounds, which he has paid, and a like sum for which he has passed his word of honour; now behold Mr. Minute, overpowered with liquor, and in company with the most abandoned and profligate; but now observe, how he is wishing for the death of his wife, that he may yet more freely enjoy her fortune unencumbered by an old woman." At this the enraged Mr. Minute was about to speak, but to his inexpressible surprize, his tongue was immoveable in his mouth; and the old cat continued, " behold now, on the contrary, the good Theodore, who is the grandson of Mrs. Minute, and the



two lovely sisters of this amiable young man, who are now addressing their prayers to heaven, for the health and prosperity of their misguided parent ; and now see them, by the industry of their hands, and the exertions of their talents, with which heaven has blessed them, gaining a maintenance, which the conduct of their nearest relation had deprived them of; next you see the noble, the generous young man, restore to his grandmother, all those sums of money her spendthrift husband gave for the playthings that were offered to his inspection; which he thought more marvellous than they were, and thus would he in a very short time, have completely ruined the old lady, by his extravagance and



folly; having already sold some of her estates, and made contracts for the remainder." The old woman bathed in tears, threw herself into the arms of her grandson, and restored him to the tender affections he so well merited. During the time this scene was passing, Mr. Minute would have thrown the poor old grey cat out of the window, had he not been prevented, by the entrance of a fairy, sparkling in gold and diamonds; "I am," cried she, on entering the assembly, "the protectress of oppressed innocence, and having made a carp and a cat conducive to the happiness of the amiable Theodore, I am now come to employ my favourite puss, in the punishment of a wicked deceiver, who introduced



himself into a family, in order to rob the legal inheritors of their splendid fortunes. The fairy struck Mr. Minute, who was instantly converted into a black rat, which the old cat made a spring at, and ate before the company, as if it had been the bone of a fowl. Thus finishes the history; and Theodore with his fair sisters came to live at their grandmother's, where they continued, till she sunk quietly into her grave, while her last breath was spent in blessing her amiable and dutiful children.

END OF THE SEQUEL.



I have a family to support and  
the money that I have spent  
in the service of the church is  
not a small sum. The lady  
who was married to me  
has a family of her own  
and I have a family of my  
own. I have a family of my  
own and I have a family of  
my own. I have a family of  
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I have a family of my own.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

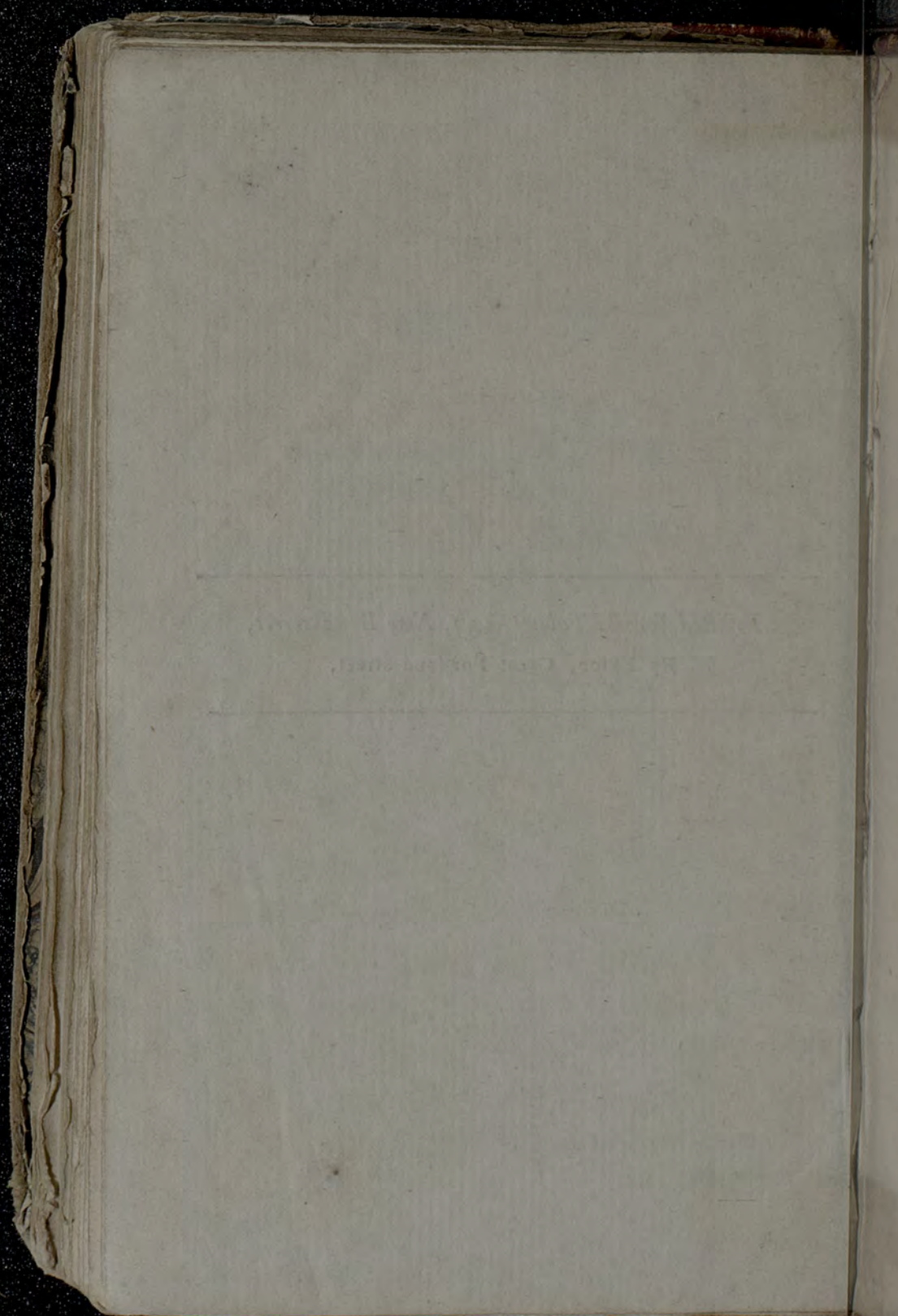


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