

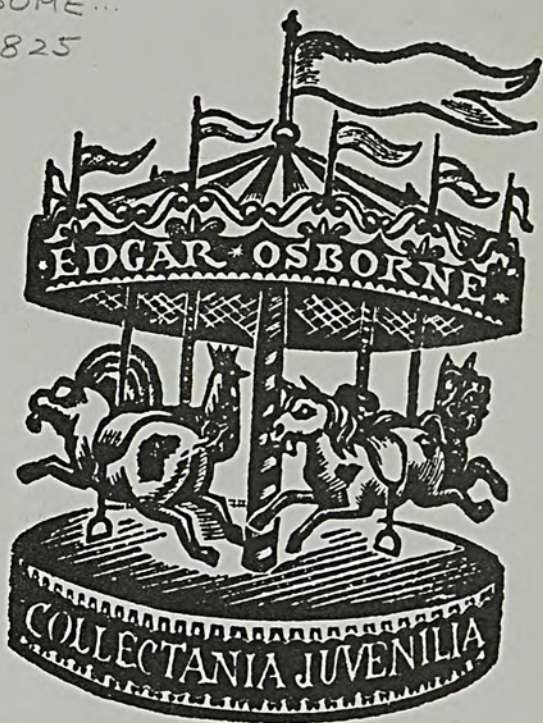
The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern featuring swirling veins of yellow, red, and grey on a light tan background. A central rectangular label with a yellow background and a decorative border contains the title. The spine of the book, visible on the left, is bound in dark, worn leather.

Short Stories

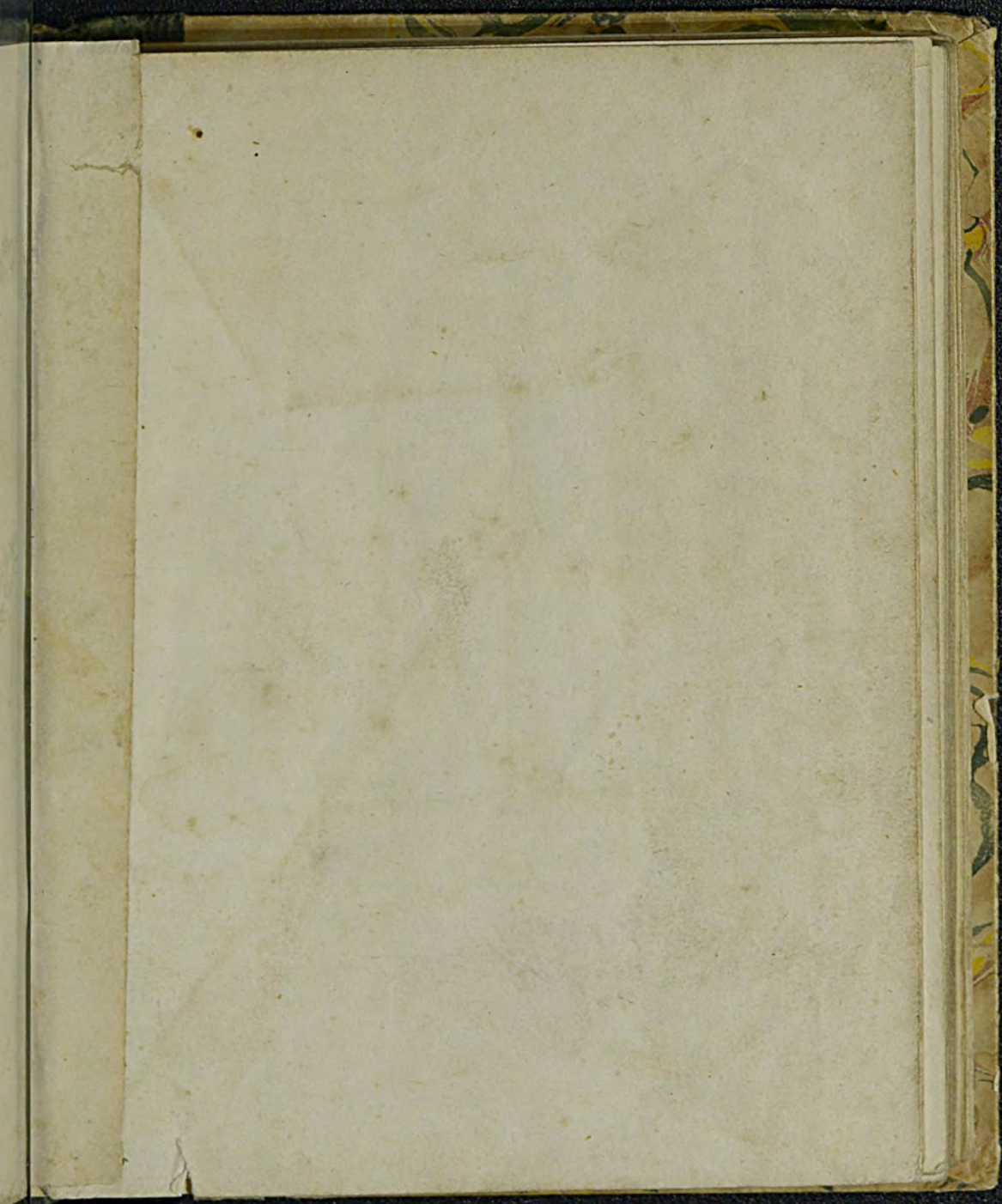
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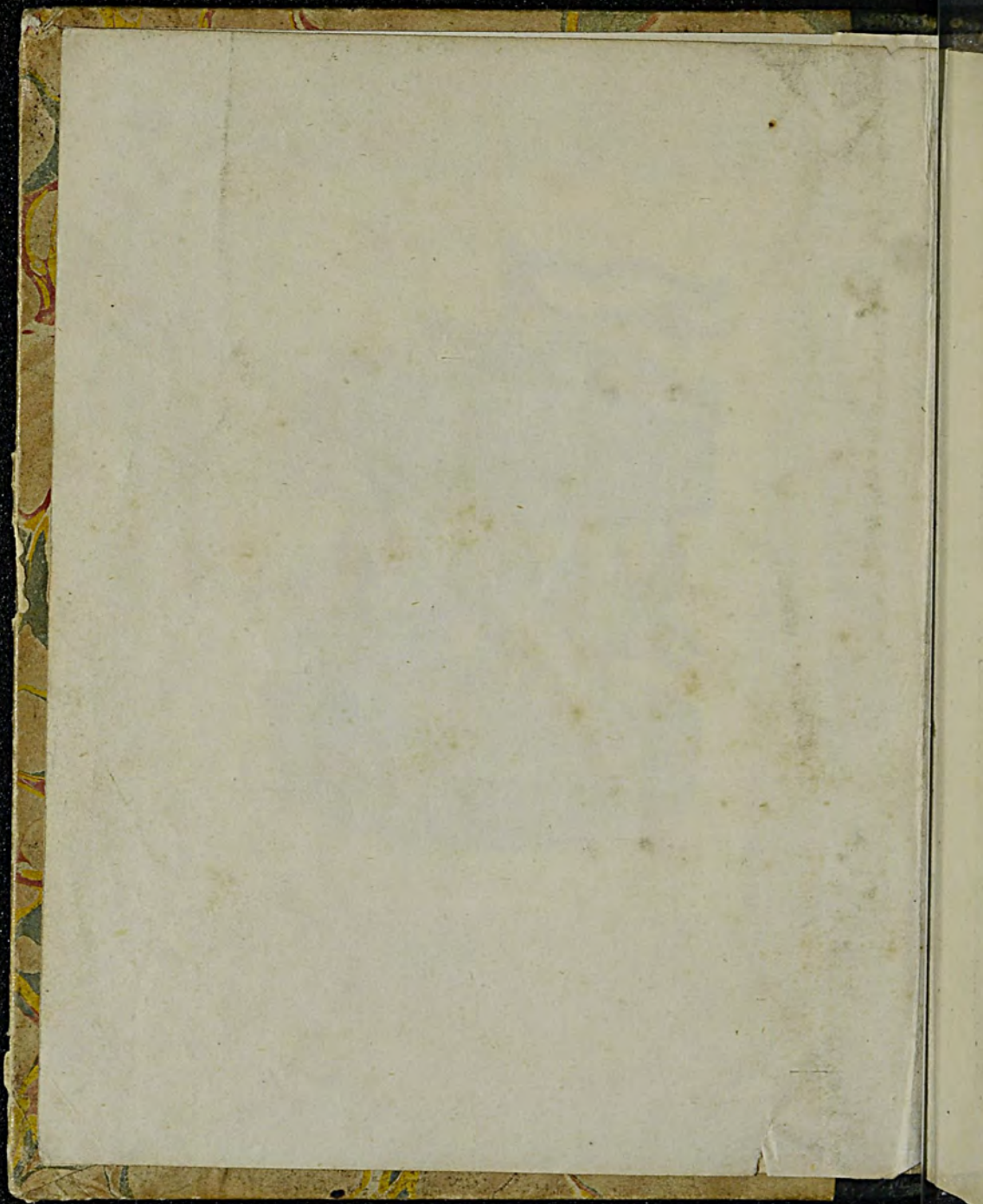
SOME...

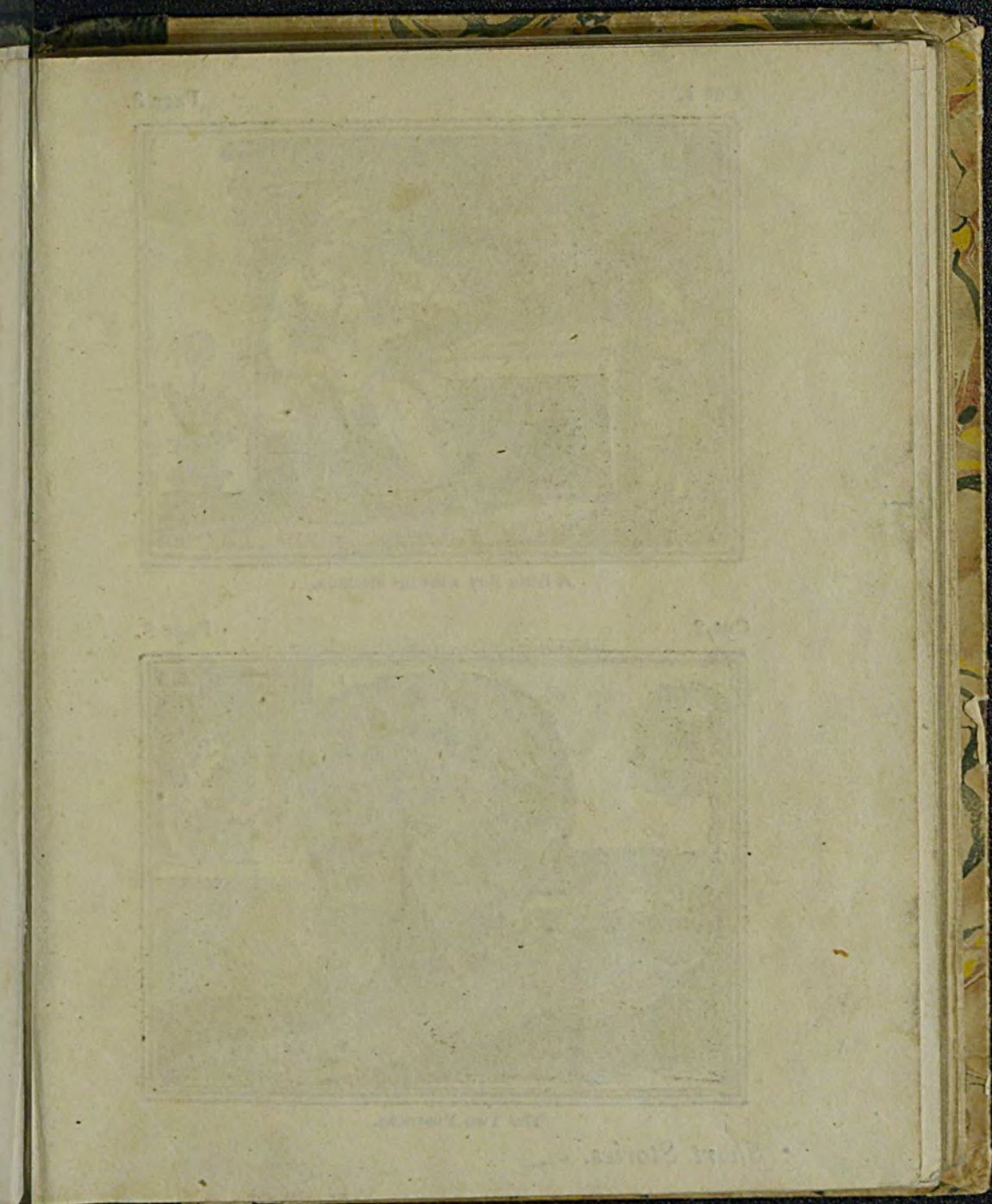
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A little Boy with his Mamma.



The Two Peacocks.

SOME
SHORT STORIES,

WRITTEN

BY A LADY,

TO

AMUSE A YOUNG FRIEND.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1825.

Printed by S. and R. BENTLEY,
Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, London.

SOME
SHORT STORIES,
&c.

A LITTLE BOY WITH HIS MAMMA.

THERE was a little boy whose name was Francis Corbett, he was about three years old, and he had a sister named Sophia, who was three years older than himself. Sophia was an excellent little girl, and Francis was upon

the whole a good boy, but he sometimes forgot himself and was naughty; however, when he had made his mamma angry at any time, he was truly sorry.

Mrs. Corbett was an ingenious lady, she could draw and paint very nicely, so she made a book of pictures on purpose to divert Francis, and when she shewed it to him, she told him she had a set of Stories belonging to the pictures which she would tell him,

from time to time, as a reward for his being quite good all day. Mrs. Corbett had no occasion to make a book for Sophia, because, though she was only six years old, she could read printed Stories extremely well, and paint the cuts in books for herself; yet she liked to hear her mamma's Stories also.

Francis was at first greatly delighted with turning over his book, and looking at the pictures,

but as he could not make out the subjects himself, he resolved to take great pains to be good, that he might hear them explained by his dear mamma; he kept his resolution, and very soon claimed his mamma's promise, which she was happy to fulfil. Mrs. Corbett began with telling him the subjects of the different pictures, which were these.

The Two Peacocks. The Lazy Martin. The Lion and the Mouse.

The cruel Boy and the Skylark.
The Camel. The Two Maggots.
The Two Gudgeons. Dormouse.
Children and their Dog Friskey.
Boy and Monkey. The Owl in
the Hollow Tree. Dog Trim.
The White Pigeon.

THE TWO PEACOCKS.

WHEN Mrs. Corbett had given Francis a general account of the subjects in his Picture Book, she turned back to the first picture, and related the following story. A gentleman had two Peacocks, which were kept on a fine lawn in his garden, and he made a present of them to his daughter, Miss Charlotte Fletcher, who was very fond of them, and fed them

herself every day. One of these Peacocks was very beautiful, he had a fine long tail which trailed after him as he walked, and which he frequently spread out for the admiration of those who stopped to look at him. But this Peacock was not so good as he was handsome, for he was proud, greedy, and ill-natured, and because the other Peacock, which was a *white one*, had not so fine a plumage as himself, he despised him, and

very often was so cross, that he would scarcely let the poor bird have any thing to eat, but pecked him and drove him about in a cruel manner; and if at any time the white Peacock spread out his tail, the other would set up such a frightful scream, as made him close it up directly, and run away into some corner to hide himself.

When these birds were given to Miss Fletcher, she admired that with the fine plumage, and said

he should be called her *handsome favorite*, for she did not know of his faults; neither did he treat the other ill in her sight for some time; but one day, when she was feeding them from the parlour window, she happened to throw some barley to the white Peacock first, on which the other put himself in a violent passion, and set up one of his horrid screams, which she was quite shocked to hear; nor was this all, for the

cross creature flew upon the other Peacock, and tore him about till he pulled off a great many feathers, and made his head bleed sadly; and the white Peacock could not defend himself, because he had had the misfortune to have his leg broken soon after he left the nest, and was in consequence of the accident a little lame. However, he contrived to get away to his hiding place, while the other

greedy creature was pecking up all the barley, and when his meal was ended, the ill-natured Peacock strutted about as proud and conceited as could be, before the window, and spread out his fine tail, expecting to be admired as usual. But Miss Fletcher was too good to like a bird which was so cross to his companion; on the contrary, she was quite displeased with him, and sent the gardener to take him off the lawn, and

carry him into the yard, where the common poultry was kept, and where he would be sure of getting well beat and pecked himself, if he shewed any airs; and she said, he should be no longer her *handsome favorite*, but she would take care of the white Peacock, and try to get him a better companion; so she desired Thomas to find out where he was hidden, and to bring him to her. It was quite grievous to see how

sadly the poor creature was hurt ; but he was very patient, and, in a short time, by being well fed and kept quiet, he recovered and was sent back to the lawn again.

In the mean time the proud Peacock was greatly mortified at being kept in a common farm-yard, where nobody troubled themselves about him, and where the cocks and hens made him keep his distance while they were feeding, and content himself with

what he could peck up when they had done. He now wished he had not treated his former companion so ill; and sometimes he would get up upon the barn, and call out, in hopes that the other Peacock would hear him, and know how sorry he was, and that he was resolved never to behave so ill again; which made the white Peacock very desirous of having him back, and he let him know this, by answering to

him from the top of a pear-tree in the garden. Miss Fletcher hearing the two birds call to one another in this manner, and observing that the white Peacock seemed very dull, thought, that perhaps they might have made up their quarrel, so she resolved to see how they would behave to one another; and, to her very great delight, when the servant by her desire fetched the cross Peacock from the place of punish-

ment, the other ran to meet him on the lawn, and was very glad to see him; and when she threw some barley to them, the Peacock which before had been so greedy, did not peck a grain from the other; nor did he ever after treat him ill in any way, but became as *good* as he was *pretty*. Miss Fletcher, however, did not call him her *handsome favorite*, but gave the preference to the white Peacock, because the other had

not been *always* good ; and she resolved for the future to value things, not for their *pretty looks*, but for *real merit*.

When Mrs. Corbett had finished this story, Francis said, “ I will be a good boy always, dear mamma, I will not be cross like the proud Peacock ;” and his sister Sophy declared, that she would never be proud or vain, either of fine clothes, or beauty, but would remember what her mamma had

before told her, that *if she wished to gain the love of good people, she must be humble and meek, and kind, and good-natured.*

THE LAZY MARTIN.

Two Martins built a nest under the eaves of a gentleman's house, where they were suffered to remain unmolested. No one wished to disturb them, and all the family took pleasure in seeing



The Lady's Mirror.



The Lady's Mirror.



The Lazy Martin.



The Lion and the Mouse.

them there. Soon after the nest was finished, and the hen bird laid two eggs and set on them almost night and day till they were hatched; never getting off the nest for more than five minutes at a time, to stretch her weary limbs, and snatch a scanty meal. At length two little birds made their appearance, and were welcomed by their parents with great delight. One of these nestlings we shall call Mayfly, the

other Dragon. Now Mayfly was very gentle and amiable, but Dragon was lazy and greedy, and cared for nothing but eating and sleeping, and self-indulgence. It was in vain that his parents urged him to be active and industrious, he paid no attention to what was said, but devoured every thing he could get, and sat dozing when he had done, as stupid as could be. In the mean time, Mayfly did every thing she

was desired, and improved daily. She soon became able to take a little flight with her parents to a neighbouring pond, where there were plenty of flies and such food as birds of that kind like to eat. At first she was fearful of flying across the water; but, by watching her parents, she soon saw that there was not any danger attending it, and she would skim over the surface, dip her breast into the water, and then soar

again with ease and delight. When she returned home in the evening, she carried some of the flies she had caught, and presented them to Dragon. Dragon, who had been sitting sulkily by himself all the time they were gone, was by this time very hungry, but still too proud to own himself obliged to Mayfly; and when he had eaten what she brought him, only said, he thought, considering how long

she had been gone, she might have got something better for him, and have treated him with a nice little dainty meal.

The next day when the birds were awake, the father began bustling in the nest, and told the young ones to set their feathers to rights, and prepare for an early flight, for he meant to be a long time on the wing. Mayfly, as usual, obeyed his injunctions; but her brother was lazy and

unwilling to stir. The old birds did all they could to rouse him, and Mayfly also tried her influence, but without effect; they therefore left him in possession of the nest, and went their way. But, before they set off, the father told him that as he was now of an age to provide for himself, he must not expect him to come home and feed him; for his part he should encourage no indolence, and if he would not mind

what was said to him, he must take the consequence. For some time after they were gone, Dragon flattered himself his father would relent, and if he did not come himself, would at least permit his mother or sister to bring him a scanty meal. He waited with this expectation till he was very hungry and ready to faint, and at length ventured forth to help himself.

He found he could fly tolerably

well, but not knowing the best places to get flies, he was put to much difficulty, had a hard day's work, and gained but little support. In the evening he contrived to get home, where he found his father and mother under some anxiety upon his account, not having seen him the whole day. They told him they were much grieved to observe so much perverseness as well as indolence in his disposition; and said, if he

went on in that way, he would certainly bring much distress upon himself. All their remonstrances were still in vain ; Dragon was determined to have his own way, and gave no heed to advice.

At length the season arrived for the birds of passage to take their flight to another country, and all the swallows, martins, &c. collected together for that purpose. Dragon was warned to keep close to the party, that

he might be ready when they took wing; but he still gave way to his usual habits, and while he was sleeping in his nest, the other birds soared in the air, and went off to a foreign clime.

When Dragon roused from his nap, and found what had happened, he was greatly distressed. He wished to follow, but knew not the track they had taken, or how to find his way across the wide ocean without some one to

lead, who had before been on the same expedition. He was well aware, from all that had been told him, that this country, though very pleasant in fine weather, was too cold for him in winter, and that there would be none of his own species left with whom he could live. His heart felt very sad, and now that it was too late, he regretted that he had not followed the advice of his kind parents, and endea-

voured to get the better of all his faults.

For some time he went moping about, picking up a scanty subsistence ; but at length when the frost set in, and the snow covered the ground, he was found by a little boy quite starved to death, and stiff with cold.

When Francis Corbett heard this story, it made him very sorrowful ; and he said, he would take care not to be lazy and dis-

obedient, lest he should bring misfortunes upon himself as the silly Martin had done.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

THE story to which this picture related was as follows. There was a great Lion which was ramping and roaring one night in a forest, when a poor little Mouse, which had lost its way, was creeping along; the Lion by

chance put his great paw upon the Mouse, and would have crushed it to death, had not the little creature squeaked out, before he had pressed his paw to the ground. The Lion, though he was such a great beast, was very good-natured, and did not wish to hurt the Mouse, so he lifted up his great foot, and away ran the little creature as fast as she could run ; and, by good luck, she took the right way, and got

safe to her hole again, which was very near the forest. Some time after this, as the little Mouse was taking a ramble, she heard a great roaring noise, and thinking it was the voice of her good friend the Lion, she crept softly on, to see if any thing was the matter with him; when, to her great concern, she beheld him caught in a net which the hunters had set to entrap him. Though the Lion was so strong, he could

36 THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

not get out, for the net covered him so closely that he had not room to move a limb, and he could do nothing but roar. The little Mouse was very sorry to see her kind friend in such distress, and longed to save him from the hunters, who she knew would kill him; she therefore begged him to be comforted, and she would try what she could do for him, and she immediately went to work with her sharp teeth

upon the net. So she nibbled and gnawed, nibbled and gnawed till she made a hole, and out came one of the Lion's great paws ! Then she went to work again, and nibbled and gnawed till out came another great paw ! and so she went on as fast as her little mouth could move, till she had torn the net to pieces ; so that the Lion, being able to move his limbs, gave himself a good shake, and left the net he had so

foolishly run into. The Mouse was very happy that such a little creature as she was, could do so much good to such a strong beast as a Lion; and make a grateful return for the kindness he had shewn her.

Francis was very much diverted with this story, and immediately began playing about the room, with his sister, pretending to be a great Lion, and persuaded Sophia to let him set his foot upon her;

then he threw a handkerchief over himself, and began roaring, pretending to be caught in the net, whilst Sophia affected to nibble it to pieces. In this manner these children tried to act the Lion and the Mouse; but their mamma told them, that the only way in which they could really imitate them, was in being kind and good-natured, not only to creatures like themselves, but to the smallest animals which

came in their way; though they were not to expect such creatures to return their favours; but she told them, that good children would find a sufficient reward in knowing that they had pleased God, and been merciful.

THE CRUEL BOY AND THE SKYLARK.

Two Skylarks built their nest on the ground in a corn field; and every morning, while the hen



The Cruel Boy and the Skylark.



The Camel.



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bird was sitting in her nest hatching her eggs, her mate would rise from the ground and soar up into the air, singing all the way as he rose, till at last he got so high, that he was quite out of sight, and the hen bird could hardly hear his cheerful voice, as he warbled in the air. These two birds were very happy for some time, and promised themselves great pleasure when the eggs were hatched, and the little birds

came out of the shell. But one day, while the Skylark was mounting in the air, and pouring forth a melodious song, a cruel boy came into the field, and took all the eggs out of the nest, dashed them on the ground, and wrung the poor hen bird's neck. When the Skylark came down again, and saw all the eggs broken to pieces, the nest torn and scattered about, and his poor mate lying dead on the ground, he was quite

grieved, and looked so melancholy, that it was quite affecting to see him.

This story was a very favourite one with Francis; and, when he heard it, he always wondered how any boys could be so cruel as to rob a poor bird of its young, and said, he would never be amongst the number of those who did such barbarous things. Francis had never seen a Skylark mount in the air, and was very

impatient for summer to come, that he might go into the corn fields and watch for them.

One day when Francis had been very good, and read his lesson very well, he begged his mamma to tell him the story of the Camel, which was as follows.

THE CAMEL.

THE Camel, whose picture is here drawn, was born in a country a

great way off, on a desert plain, where there was nothing but sand to be seen, whichever way you cast your eye,—no trees,—no houses, nor any thing but sand. Now, though it would have been a sad thing for a little boy to have lived in such a dismal place, yet it suited the Camel very well; and he would travel for miles and miles, and carry heavy burthens, and not want any thing to drink till he

got to the end of his journey, and then he would kneel down and let his master take his load off his back, and seem quite contented and comfortable. But it happened that a man, who was very cruel to beasts, was traveling through the country to which the Camel belonged; and seeing him one day when he was carrying a heavy load, he thought that if he could get this poor fellow over to England, he could make

a great deal of money of him, by shewing him for a sight, so he bought the Camel, tied his legs together, and had him slung on board a ship. The poor creature was very unhappy while he was in the ship; but he had worse sufferings to go through when he arrived in England; for the man who bought him, whose name was Dick Robinson, was very cruel, and used to shut him up in a little covered cart, that

was no better than a large box, and carry him from place to place, to make a shew of him; and when the Camel was tired and wished to lie down, he was obliged to pace round and round for people to look at him; and when he wanted to take a long walk and amuse himself, he was shut up in his cart, and made to travel in that dull way; sometimes he was obliged to go without food when he was hungry,

and at other times when he did not want to eat, he was obliged to take whatever Robinson chose to give him, in order to let the people to whom he was shewn see him eat: and if ever he refused to do what Dick Robinson chose, he was beat and knocked about, and cruelly treated. He used often and often to wish himself back in his own country, where he could lead the life he liked, and be under the controul

of his old master, who was so kind to him ; but it was not of any use wishing, so he determined to be patient, and submit to the cruel treatment he met with as well as he could, and in the end he was rewarded for his good behaviour ; for Mr. Jones, a good gentleman, who saw him, offered Dick Robinson so much money for him, that he was glad to sell him ; and when the Camel belonged to this good gentleman he was very

happy, for he let him live in his park, and never suffered any body to beat and knock him about.

Whenever Francis was impatient, his mamma or his sister reminded him of the poor Camel, and he generally recollected himself when they did so, and determined to learn to be gentle and obedient from him. One day, while he was looking at the print, and listening to the story of the Camel, his sister Sophia

came running into the room, and told him she had just heard the sound of a pipe and tabor; upon which they both ran to the window, when, to their great surprise, they saw from it a dancing Bear, and three or four dancing Dogs, who were dressed in the most ridiculous manner possible. One dog was dressed like a soldier, with a gun on his shoulder; another like a fine lady, with a long train, which she swept about, and looked so

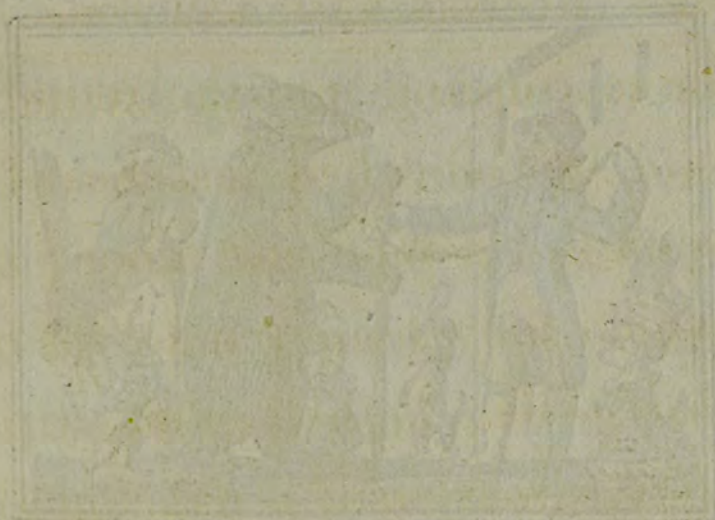


Figure 100 and 101



The New York



Dancing Bear and Dogs.



The Bee Hive.

odd, it was quite ridiculous to see her. Francis and Sophia were very much diverted; first they looked at the dancing bear, and saw that tumble about; then they looked at the dogs, and laughed till they were quite tired. But when Mrs. Corbett told them all the cruel tricks that were played to teach these poor things to dance, as it is called, and that they were used even worse than the poor Camel in the story

Francis had just been told, they were quite grieved, and bid the man go away with his dancing beasts, for they did not like such cruel sports.

Though Sophia and her brother had sent the men away with the bear and dogs, they could not help thinking and talking a great deal of them, and Francis begged Mrs. Corbett to draw him a picture of a dancing bear, and some dancing dogs;

which she did, and put it in his book.

Francis and his sister often wished they could see an Elephant as well as a Camel and dancing Bear, and wondered people did not bring them about for a sight as they did other beasts. Mrs. Corbett told them they were too large and too valuable to be taken in that way, but that they were sometimes to be seen at the Tower and Exeter Change, and

other places in London, and said she had herself seen several. Francis asked a thousand questions about them, and wished particularly to know whether they were good-natured to children. Mrs. Corbett said they were in general gentle to all people, unless they were provoked; and added, that she had read an account of one elephant, who was so fond of a particular child, that he was never happy

but when it was near him. Sometimes the nurse would take the child out of the cradle, and place it between the elephant's feet, and this he became so accustomed to, that he would never eat his food excepting when the child was present; when it slept he drove the flies away with his trunk; and, when it cried, he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and rock it to sleep.

Francis said he should like very much to have an elephant to rock him to sleep; but his mamma was of opinion, that if such an enormous beast was near him, he would not be much inclined to sleep, and would feel some fears lest the creature should take him up with his proboscis, and throw him and the cradle and all out of the window.

Francis was very fond of having a little honey on his bread, some-

times for his breakfast or supper, and would listen with great pleasure to all his mamma told him about the little busy Bees. One day, when he was playing in the garden, he saw a bee come loaded home with honey upon his thigh, and carry it into the hive. He was quite delighted with this, and ran into the house to his mamma, and told her he had seen one of his little bees carrying honey into the hive for his break-

fast, and he should go and get it. Mrs. Corbett told him he must not go near the hive to take the honey, for, if he did, the bees would sting him; but he must wait with patience till the bees had done all their work for the summer, and not interrupt them now.

It must be owned that Francis had a very odd taste in some things, for he liked all kinds of ugly animals, and, amongst others,



The Two Maggots.



The Gudgeons.



The Two Nations



The English

was very fond of Maggots; he had a picture in his book of two Maggots in a nut-shell, and this was one of his favourite stories.

THE TWO MAGGOTS.

Two fine fat Maggots lived in a nut-shell. One of these Maggots was very good-natured, but the other was cross and greedy; and if he saw his brother eating, he was out of humour, and said the

nut would soon be all gone, and there would not be any left for him to eat; and if by chance the good Maggot happened to sit too close to his brother and touched him, the cross one pushed and shoved, and tried to hurt him, and said he wished his brother was out of the shell, for then he could have both nut and shell to himself. The good-natured Maggot tried all he could to oblige the other; and if the naughty

one said he had not room enough, would move further; but all in vain, for the cross creature followed him wherever he moved, and at last fairly pushed him out of the shell.

When first the poor little thing got into the wide world, he was very much frightened, and thought it would be impossible for him to find any thing to eat, for, having always lived in the same shell, he did not know that

there were any more nuts in the world ; however, he determined to be patient and not to complain, so he crept softly into a filbert leaf that was near, and laid down. He had been there but a very short time, before a little boy, who was very fond of animals, happened to pass through the wood, and looking for some nuts, he discovered the little Maggot ; he jumped for joy at the sight, and, taking it in his hand, said he

would carry it home, for he had long wanted a little Maggot to keep for his own. At first the poor thing was quite terrified, for never having seen a little boy before, he took him for a great monster, and thought he should certainly be devoured; but he very soon found that little John, for that was his name, was very kind, and did not mean to hurt him, and so far from killing him, did every thing he could to make

him happy. Little John carried the poor trembling Maggot very quietly in his hand, for fear of squeezing it, and when he got home to his nursery, he made a nice little paper tray for him, spread some fresh leaves in it, and gave him plenty of nuts to eat. So the good Maggot was very happy, and lived with little John, who took great care of him; but it was not so with his naughty brother, for when he

had got the nut all to himself, he ate and ate, till at last he made himself sick, and died.

THE GUDGEONS.

THERE was an old Gudgeon who lived in the canal in the garden, and she had two little ones, who were both very merry, and frisked about in the water. Now one of these little Gudgeons was very wise, and minded every thing her

mother said to her, and followed her wherever she went, but the other was foolish, and pouted, and looked cross when her mother gave her good advice. One day there was a man angling on the side of the canal, with an artificial fly at the end of his hook, and the old Gudgeon, who was very cunning, and had often seen that man fishing there before, called to her little ones, and charged them not to catch at that fly,

because it was not a real fly, but only a bait to tempt foolish fish.

The eldest of the little Gudgeons, who was always good, listened to what her mother said, and swam away; but the youngest, who was so silly, laughed, and said her mother did not know a fine fly when she saw one; and for her part she knew better, and as she was very hungry, she should not refuse a good mouthful when she saw it; so saying,

she snapt at the fly, and was caught by the angler, who was fishing in the canal, who dragged her to shore, and having put her into a pan of water, with other fish which he had caught, carried her home, and had her dressed for dinner.

THE DORMOUSE.

MISS MARY BENSON was very fond of animals, and her uncle,



The Dormouse.



The two Children and the dog Friskey.



The two children and the dog (1871)

who liked to oblige and give her pleasure, made her a present of a Dormouse. Mary was quite delighted with the little creature, and, when first she had it, would watch it for hours in the day, to see all its pretty ways; and, as it was very tame, she would often take it out of its house, and let it run about the room. Sometimes it would get into the window-curtain and hide itself, which amused Mary very much; but

when it ran up the bell-rope, which it would often do, she was quite diverted, and thought her little Dor the cleverest creature in the world. Her mamma told her she was afraid her Mouse would come to some accident one day or other, but Mary could not believe that it was possible any harm could happen to him; but one day, when she was out of the way, and could not watch him, Dor got out of his house, which

was left open, and took a ramble by himself. When Mary came in and looked in the cage, she was a little frightened to find it empty; however, she said, she supposed Dor was playing at hide and seek, and had hid himself, and she must look about every where to find him. First she looked in the parlour, where her Mouse was usually kept, and searched under the carpet, and in the window curtains, under the

cushions of the chairs, and behind the books, but no Dor was to be found.

When Mary had searched the parlour well, she went into the other rooms, and looked very carefully, but poor Dor still kept himself hid. Mary having at length looked till she was tired, sat down in despair, and was almost ready to cry with vexation, and twenty times she wished she had taken better care of

her Mouse, and had not given him so much liberty. Mary could not help thinking all the rest of the day of her Dormouse; and blamed herself very much for not having followed her mamma's advice, and determined to be more attentive to what she said in future. Mrs. Benson was pleased to see she was sensible of her fault, and comforted her by telling her it was possible poor Dor might still make his appear-

ance, for that it was his nature to sleep some months in the year without waking, and she thought it was very likely he had hid himself for that purpose. Mrs. Benson had hardly done speaking, when taking up her work-bag in order to work, and opening it, she discovered the little Mouse, rolled up like a ball, and fast asleep. Mary was highly delighted with finding her poor little Dor again, and jumped and danced about for

joy for some time, and then she came to her mamma, and begged she would tell her what she had best do with the little creature. Mrs. Benson advised her to wrap him up very warm in cotton, shut him up in his house, and then put it where nobody could disturb him. Mary did exactly as her mamma bid her, and having put poor Dor to bed, she went herself to rest, though not like the little Mouse

for months together without waking.

Francis had often heard the stories I have already mentioned; but he had not yet been told the one which related to the Two Children and their Dog Friskey; and as there was a little boy who seemed about his age in the picture, and a little girl who appeared to be about the size of Sophia, he was very anxious to hear it.

THE TWO CHILDREN AND THE DOG
FRISKEY.

LUCY and CHARLES were children in one family, and in general they were both very good, and loved one another, as a brother and sister ought to do; their mamma, Mrs. Smith, was very fond of them, and as she had great delight in giving them pleasure, she bought them a little dog. It was a very pretty dog; white with

yellow spots, and the tip of its nose was black. It was always very merry, and jumped and frisked about from morning till night, so they called it Friskey. Lucy was very fond of Friskey, and so was Charles, and therefore you would have thought that it would have made them very happy, but I am sorry to say it was quite otherwise, for if the little boy touched it, his sister screamed out, "O Charles, you

will torment the poor thing to death," and then she got into such a heat and worry, that she was quite uncomfortable. If Lucy took it up in her arms, or stooped down to stroke it, Charles was in a fuss, and cried out, "O sister, you should not squeeze Friskey so, for mamma does not like he should be touched." And so they went on fretting and worrying themselves, and one another, about the Dog, till they were not

like the same children they had been before. Mrs. Smith was very much vexed, to find that what she meant to be an amusement, should have proved quite the contrary, and been the cause of unhappiness to them; so she talked a great deal to them, and tried to persuade them to behave like sensible good children; but at last finding that all she could say had no effect, but that they grew more foolish and naughty, and

really often quite quarrelled about the Dog, she determined to send it away; for she thought it would be a sad thing if these two children should learn to dispute, and leave off loving each other as they used to do. When Friskey was gone, Lucy was very sorry, and sat down and cried, and lamented that her poor dear Dog was gone. Charles was very sorry too, and wished a thousand and a thousand times, that he

had not been so foolish, but he thought it was better not to grieve about it, now when the Dog was gone ; so he went to his sister, and kissing the tears off her cheek, begged she would not cry any more, for that would only make her unhappy, and could not bring their little favourite back ; but he thought the best thing was to submit with patience to the punishment their mamma had inflicted on them,

and try to please her by being kind to each other, which was what she liked better than any thing. Lucy thanked her brother for his good advice, and dried up her tears, and went to play with him; and from that time, Mrs. Smith had the comfort of seeing them always contented and agreeing together. If the little girl had a plaything given her, she could not be easy till Charles played with it too; and

if he had any animals, or any thing he thought his sister would like, he always called them hers as well as his own; and if ever they forgot themselves, and were going to disagree, the thoughts of poor Friskey made them recollect themselves.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MONKEY.

MASTER HENRY BARBER was always wishing for a Monkey; and



The little Boy and the Monkey.



The Owl in the hollow tree.



The whole of the world is one



The whole of the world is one

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at last somebody gave him one, with which he was quite delighted. Henry had a little suit of regimentals made for the Monkey, and you cannot think how droll the creature looked when he was dressed in them. His master used to divert himself very much with teaching him to do his exercise, and Tippo (as he called him) was very expert at it, and would imitate all the motions of the soldiers with a stick, which

he used instead of a gun; but, unfortunately, this martial spirit led poor Tippo into a sad scrape, as you shall hear. Henry, who was a pretty good boy upon the whole, was guilty of one very great fault. Somebody had given him a little brass cannon, and though he knew his mamma did not like he should play with gunpowder, he bought some, and put a little into the cannon and let it off. Tippo was fond of

imitating his master, and would try to do whatever he saw him do, and as soon as Henry was out, Tippo got the gunpowder, and tried his skill at firing the cannon; but not having the sense to know it would hurt, he did not get out of the way after he had put the match to the touch-hole, and when the cannon went off, the powder flew into his face and burnt him in a shocking manner. When Henry came home, and

saw what was done, he was quite grieved. He was very sorry for his poor Monkey; but he was still more vexed when he recollected that it was owing to his own fault that the accident had happened. When he went to bed at night, he could think of nothing but his poor Monkey, and his own undutiful behaviour; and as soon as he was up in the morning he went to his mamma, told her how sorry he was that

he had not minded what she had said to him about the Monkey, and promised her he would be more obedient in future; and I believe he kept his word, for I never heard of his vexing his dear mamma any more. After some time the Monkey recovered; but his face was sadly scarred, and one of his eyes very much injured, so that Henry could never look at him without thinking what a sad thing it was

to have played with gunpowder, and been disobedient to his good mamma.

In Francis Corbett's book was a picture which excited his curiosity very much, it was that of an Owl looking out of a nest in a hollow tree; the story belonging to it was meant to shew the advantages of a meek and patient temper, and was as follows.

THE OWL IN THE HOLLOW TREE.

AN Owl who lived in a Hollow Tree in the garden had a brood of little ones, and if any body came near the tree, she was very much displeased, and looked as cross as could be. But no wonder she was angry with the gardener or any body who looked at her nest, for she was so ill-tempered that she was even cross to her own little owlets, and used

to peck and push them about if they did any thing to displease her; and to one of them in particular she was quite cruel. This poor little thing, whom we shall call Tiny, had the misfortune to be very sickly, and wanted to be nursed and taken care of; but her mother was not inclined to give her the attendance she required; and if Tiny was cold, and wished to warm herself under her mother, she would not suffer

her to come near her, but made her sit shiver, shiver, at a distance, till she was half perished; and if the old Owl had any thing that was nice to eat, she would not give poor Tiny any, but saved it all for the fat ones, who did not want it so much as their sick sister. This unnatural mother went on teasing and tormenting poor Tiny till she was quite wretched, and she thought she had better be any where

than in the hollow tree; so one day, when the Owl was gone out, she crawled to the edge of the hole, and determined to get away if she could, though not being yet able to fly she would perhaps have hurt herself sadly if she had attempted it; however, she recollected herself just in time to save her fall, and began to think she had been very wrong to have such a design; for, however unkind her mother

was, she knew that it was her duty to be obedient, and by patience and submission to endeavour to please her. So she went back to the nest, and sat as quietly as possible, all the time blaming herself for having had such a fit of impatience. By and by her mother came home hooting and making a sad noise; and very ill she was, for she had been almost crushed to death in a trap, which had been set by a mis-

chievous boy to catch birds. It is true, the Owl was very much to blame herself, for she ventured out foolishly in the day-time when the sun was shining, and it was so light that she could scarcely see at all. It may seem strange to say that she could *not* see because it was *light*, but it is the nature of owls to see best in the dusk, and it is for that reason they seldom come out in search of food till late in the evening,

when most other birds are gone to rest. But this foolish Owl must needs go abroad when the sun shone, and so stumbled into the trap, and was near being killed; indeed, she would not have escaped as she did, if the boy who set the trap had found her, but luckily for the Owl the gardener who saw her first set her at liberty. She was however sadly hurt by the trap; her wing was broken, her leg very much torn,

and so many of her feathers pulled off that she was tender all over.

The plump young Owls, who had been much humoured by their mother, took little notice of her when she came home in this dismal plight. They cared indeed for nothing but their own enjoyment, and, while she was making her complaint, sat wrapped up in a heap with their eyes nearly closed and half asleep.

But it was not so with poor

Tiny, for she knew what it was to be sick and want nursing; so when she saw how ill her poor parent was, she determined to do all she could to comfort her; and the whole time the Owl was ill, she used to sit by her, and nurse her as tenderly as she could. When her mother found that Tiny was so kind and good-natured to her, notwithstanding she had used her so ill, she began to be sorry that she had been so cruel to

her, and determined to treat her better in future; and when she got well and could go out again, she used always to take her with her wherever she went, shewed her the best places to get food, and treated her with all possible kindness; so Tiny was very glad she had not given way to impatience, and found that good humour and gentleness will make even the crossdest creatures kind and obliging.

When Francis heard this story he used to think that nothing should make him impatient, and would fancy that even if he had a cruel mamma, he could be as submissive and gentle as Tiny. Luckily for him he had not the trial, for Mrs. Corbett was always kind and good to her children, and was constantly trying to make them comfortable and happy. Francis was very fond of dabbling in cold water; and

one day, when the weather happened to be colder than usual, he kept his hands in the water so long that they became quite numbed, and then he forgot all his resolutions of patience, and fancied himself very bad. He came to his mamma with a very pitiful look and said, "I don't feel well, my dear mamma,"—"I am not very well,"—"I am ill."—Every body laughed at him for being so fanciful, and told him

he was only cold ; but he thought he was very bad, till his mamma had rubbed his hands and made them warm, and then he found out that he had nothing the matter with him, and laughed at his own folly. His sister Sophia asked him what he would have done if his mamma had been so cross as the Owl when he was cold ; and told him she did not think he had been quite as patient as Tiny, notwithstanding

all his resolutions. Francis looked ashamed when his sister said this, and hung down his head; but Mrs. Corbett told her little girl not to reproach him, and said, she hoped the next time he was cold he would behave like a man, and not cry and fancy himself bad.



Figure of a woman and child

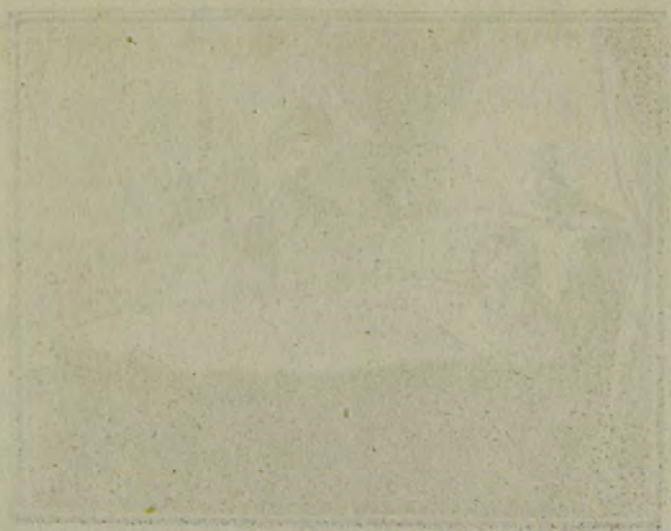


Figure of a woman and child



Little William and his dog Trim.



The story of the white Pigeon.

LITTLE WILLIAM AND HIS DOG
TRIM.

WILLIAM MIDDLETON was a good boy, and very fond of his book, so his papa gave him a Dog by way of reward for his being so diligent. William was very much obliged to his papa, and thanked him over and over again. He was extremely pleased with his Dog, and named him Trim. Wherever he went, he called Trim, Trim, and away went Trim after his master. You could

scarcely see them asunder, excepting when William was in the house, but there they could not be together, for Mrs. Middleton did not like to have dogs in the parlour; she said they were faithful animals and very intelligent, and she liked them very much in their proper places, but she did not think it necessary to have them in the room with her, nor did she wish her little boy to be watching his dog when he ought to be reading his book or attending to his friends. Trim was,

however, very well off; he had a very comfortable basket in the back kitchen, where he used to sleep and guard the house; and of an evening, when the weather was cold, he was suffered to lie before the kitchen fire, and enjoy himself as much as he pleased, and in the day-time he could run about and follow his master, or amuse himself as other dogs do. He soon grew very much attached to his master; and the moment he heard his voice, was quite in raptures, and jumped

and wagged his tail, and expressed his joy in the best manner he could.

One day William went to take a walk with his mamma, and as the place she wished to go to was on the other side the river, they got into the ferry-boat, and were rowed across the water. Trim had never been in a boat before, but as little William made him sit by him, he went over the river as well as his master, and had not any difficulties to encounter.

William went with his mamma

to see a friend of hers, a lady who was not in good health; and as Mrs. Middleton thought the dog might be troublesome, she would not let her son take it into the house, but desired him to leave it at the door. William was rather reluctant to do so, but as he always obeyed his mamma, he only patted his dog, and left him to take care of himself. Mrs. Middleton did not intend to stay more than a few minutes with her friend, but she was detained longer than she expected, and, as

I suppose, Trim grew tired of waiting, and thought they were gone away, he went away also.

When William came out of the house with his mamma, and looked about for his Dog, and could not see him, he was quite vexed, and Mrs. Middleton was vexed too; but they thought that possibly he was gone to the ferry, and might be waiting for them there; therefore, they walked on their way. As soon as they got to the ferry, William asked the ferry-man if he had seen his dog.

“Not I, master,” said the man, “I take no count of dogs, for they will not pay me for bringing them over, so they must e’en shift for themselves.” The poor little boy was sadly distressed, and wished he had not brought his Dog out with him, but had left him at home as his sister advised him to do. He was sadly afraid poor Trim would be lost, and knew not what to do; but a man, who was standing by the ferry, said, he had seen such a dog, as he described, by the bridge, about

half an hour before, and perhaps he was waiting for him there. William would gladly have run to the bridge to see if his Dog was there; but his mamma thought he was too little to go so far by himself; however, as she had been partly the cause of the dear child's distress, she very kindly offered to go back, and come home by the bridge, though it was more than a mile out of the way. They, therefore, turned back, and kept looking out for Trim all the time they were

walking, but all in vain, for no Trim was to be seen. At length, they reached the bridge; and asked the man at the toll-gate, if he had seen a dog come that way. He was not much more good-natured than the ferry-man, and said, "Many dogs passed that way, but he did not know one from another." It was useless to look further, or to make more inquiries; so Mrs. Middleton and her son walked home; both of them much vexed and sorry that they had taken the Dog with them.

But when they got home, and rung at the gate, who should come out with the servant, who opened the door, but poor Trim. He came wagging his tail, and looking as pleased as his master. Trim was very wet, and showed by his coat that he had been in the water; so William supposed that he had taken what was to him the easiest way of crossing the river, and had neither come by the ferry-boat nor yet by the bridge, but had swum over the water.

William was a good deal tired with his long walk ; but, when he had had his supper, he went to bed with a light heart, pleased that he had found his Dog ; and happy to have been commended by his mamma for his patience and good behaviour upon the occasion.

As soon as Mrs. Corbett had finished this story, Francis asked her if dogs could swim without teaching. His mamma told him that most dogs could do so, and that many kinds loved the water

very much, particularly Spaniels and Newfoundland dogs. Francis said he wished he could swim, for he thought it was very convenient. Mrs. Corbett told him he should certainly learn when he was old enough; but that he must not expect to be able to jump into the river, and swim across as poor Trim did. He might, indeed, do it upon particular occasions, but in general it would not do; and he might be very happy that there were bridges and ferry-boats for his use and accommodation.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE PIGEON.

PETER THOMPSON was son to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson; and one day, when he had been very good, a kind friend gave him a Pigeon. Peter was very much pleased with his Pigeon, and named it Bob; and he used to play with it very often. Bob liked his master very much, and sometimes would stand on the little boy's head or on his shoulder, and when the weather was very fine, Peter used to lie down

on the grass and let the Pigeon sit on his finger, or on the ground by the side of him. Poor Bob had not any house of his own to live in, so Peter kept him in a box in his chamber; and one night, when Mrs. Thompson went to look at her little boy after he was in bed, she found him fast asleep, and his Pigeon roosting on the edge of the bed, just over his master's head, and fast asleep also. It was a very pretty sight to see the dear child and his favourite bird sleeping so com-

posedly ; but his mamma thought it was not a wholesome custom for her son to have a bird in his room, so she kindly bought a small pigeon-house, and had it fastened over the stable-door. Soon after this, Peter went to school, and then poor Bob was very lonely, and did not know what to do without his master, and used to go moping about and looking very disconsolate. Sometimes he would follow the chickens and try to keep company with them ; but the fowls were not very fond

of him, and grudged him every morsel of barley he ate; and would often peck at him, and buffet him away quite crossly. At length, the holidays drew near, and Peter was to return home; and as his mamma heard that he had been a very good boy at school, she determined to surprise him with a present, which she thought he would like, and bought a very pretty pigeon for a mate for poor Bob.

Peter was quite delighted with his new Pigeon, and called it

Jenny. She was not like her mate, who was a very fine handsome bird. His feathers were grey and purple, with a little tinge of red, and his breast very shining and beautiful. Jenny was, however, very pretty and delicate; her feathers were quite white, and she was very slim and elegant. They used to come every day to the hall-door to be fed, and were so familiar, that they would sometimes step into the hall, and even into the breakfast parlour, and would feed out

of Peter's hand; and when he was not in the way to give them some barley or peas, they would take it from Mary, and eat out of her hand also.

After some little time they had young ones, and twenty times a day did Peter mount the ladder to look at them. He was very much diverted with seeing the old Pigeons feed their young, which they did by putting their beaks into the mouths of the little ones, and giving them food which they had prepared for them, the

young birds not being strong enough to eat any victuals but what was made soft for them by their parents. In the day-time Bob was generally on the nest, but at night Jenny stayed with her young ones; and either one or other of the old birds was constantly watching and nursing their nestlings.

At length, the birds were fledged, and ventured to fly down into the yard from their pigeon-house. Peter, who expected this event, was half wild

with joy when it happened; and ran to tell his sister, and his cousins, and every body he could see, that the young Pigeons could fly. He watched them for two or three days almost incessantly, and was nearly as careful of them as the parent birds had been, for he knew that they were not very able to shift for themselves, and that they had many enemies at hand who would be glad to make away with them.

When his mamma bought him the house for his Pigeon, she told

him she could not allow him to keep more than two pair at a time ; and, indeed, their dwelling was small, and would not admit of more. Peter was, therefore, puzzled what to do, whether he should keep the pair which were just fledged, or whether he should give them away, and let the old ones bring up another brood for him. At length, he determined to give them away, and as his cousin William wished for them, he gave them to him, and begged he would take great care of them.

Bob and Jenny had by this time made another nest, and were beginning to sit again; but, before the eggs were hatched, poor Peter went off to school, and had other employment found him than watching his Pigeons. The birds, however, could do without Peter, and ere long another pair were hatched, and the business of feeding went on as it had done before. The young birds were nearly fledged, and all seemed to go on well, till one day, when little Mary went to look after her

brother's Pigeon, she saw the White Pigeon lying dead in the poultry yard, and poor Bob standing by her side and looking mournfully at her. She seemed to have been just killed, for she was quite warm, and the blood fresh on her feathers; but no one could say how it had happened. There was only a very little wound just under her wing; but whether she had been shot by some idle boy who might have been passing that way with a gun, or how she had been de-

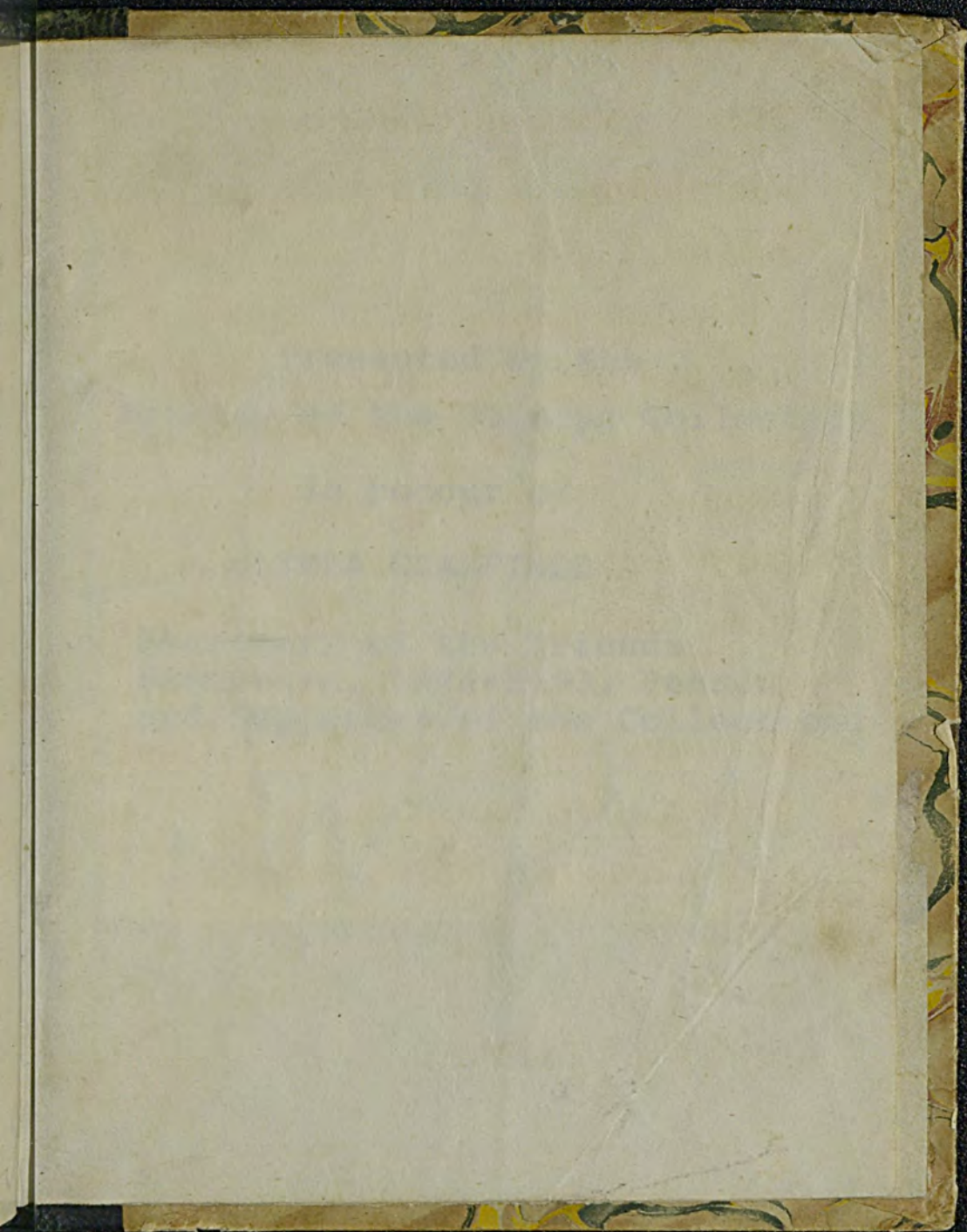
stroyed, nobody could tell, nor is it very likely that it ever will be explained. Her death was a sad loss to poor Bob, for he was not only robbed of his mate, but had all the business of feeding and nursing the young ones now upon himself. However, he performed his part very well, and at length had the pleasure of seeing them able to manage for themselves; and it is said, that soon after this another mate was found for him, and all his troubles were forgotten.

When Mrs. Corbett had finished this story, Francis said he thought it was rather unfeeling of Bob to forget the White Pigeon so soon, and he could not say he liked him for being so comfortable without her; but his mamma told him it was not the nature of birds to look to any thing but the present enjoyment; and as Bob was kind to Jenny while she lived, and very attentive to his nestlings, till they could shift for themselves, it was all that was required of him, and

she thought he was a very amiable bird.

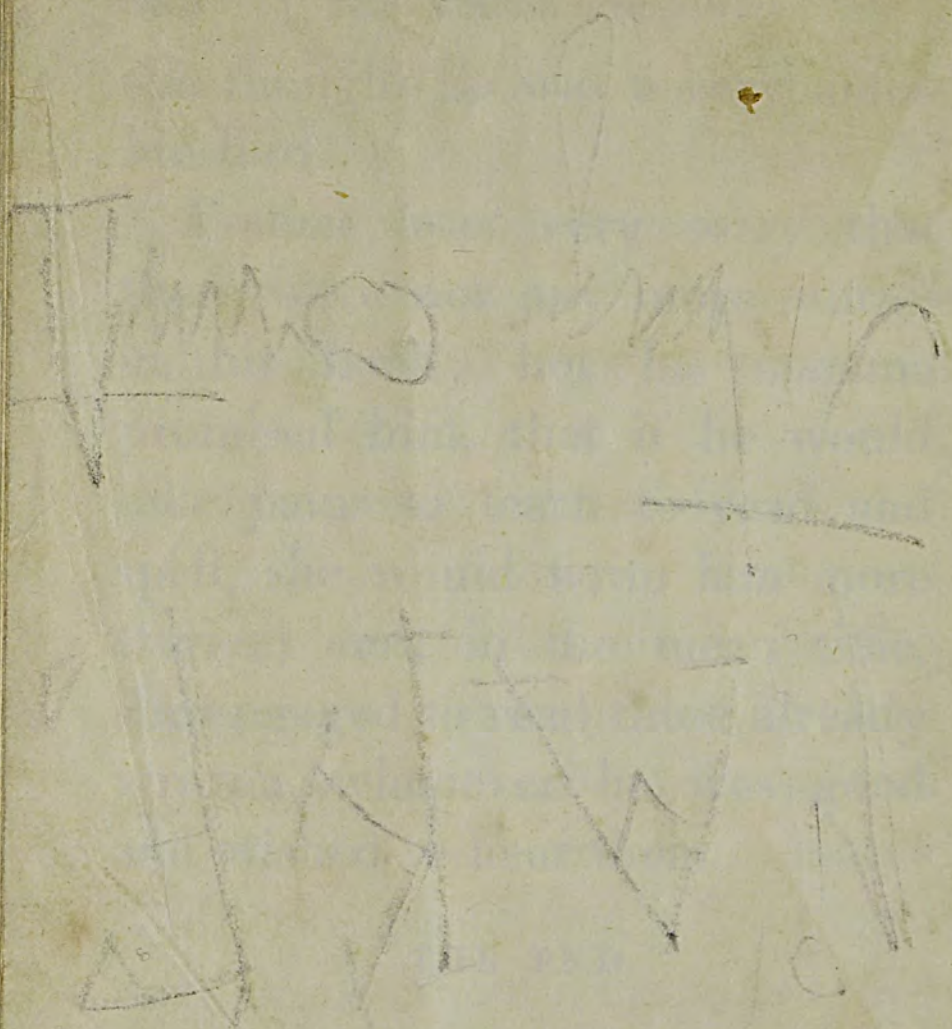
Francis was very sorry that there were not any more stories in his book; but his mamma promised him, that if he would take pains to learn to read and spell, she would write him more stories; and, in the mean time, she engaged to read those already written, whenever he was good and wished to hear them.

THE END.



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