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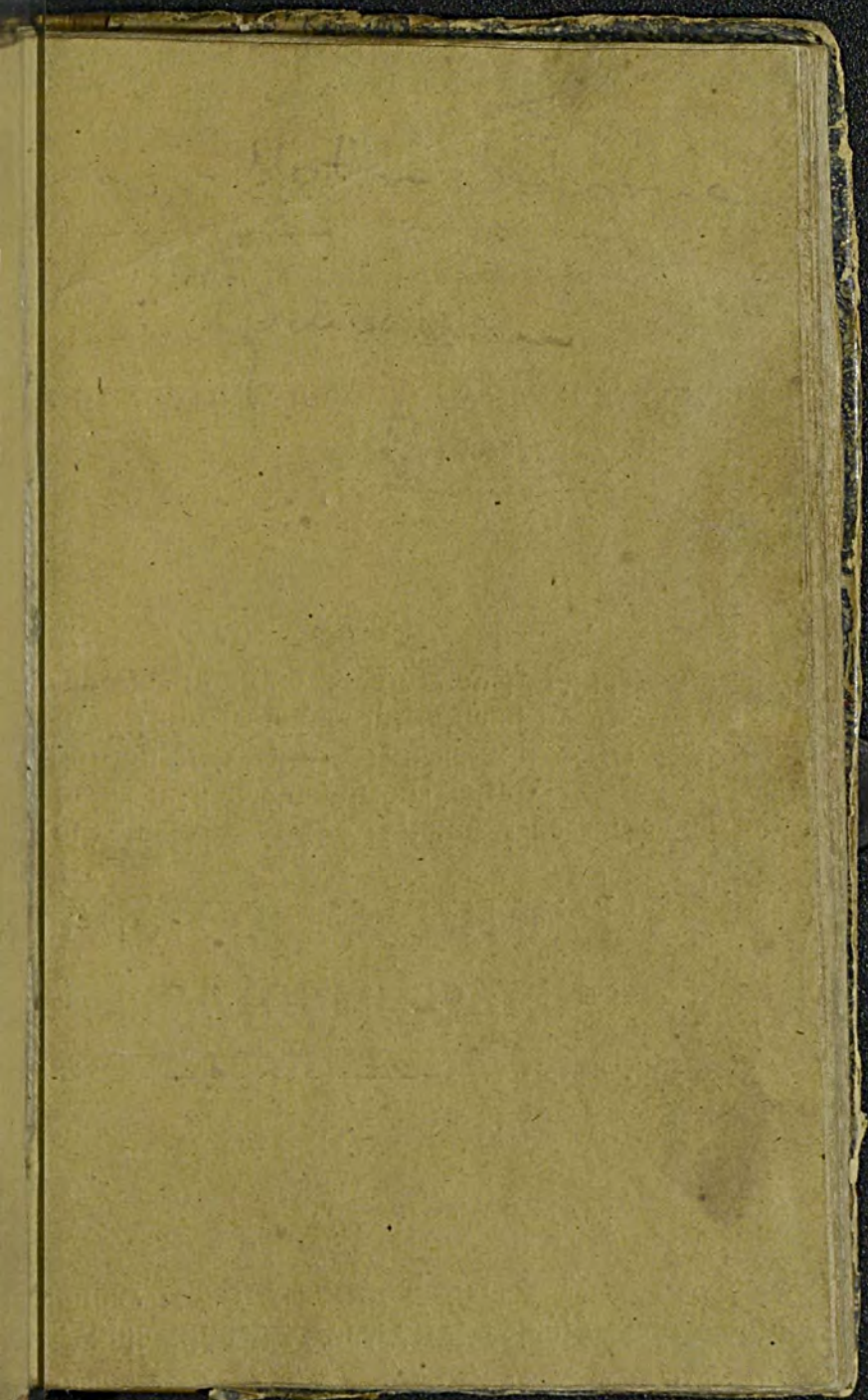
WATKINS

JUVENILE

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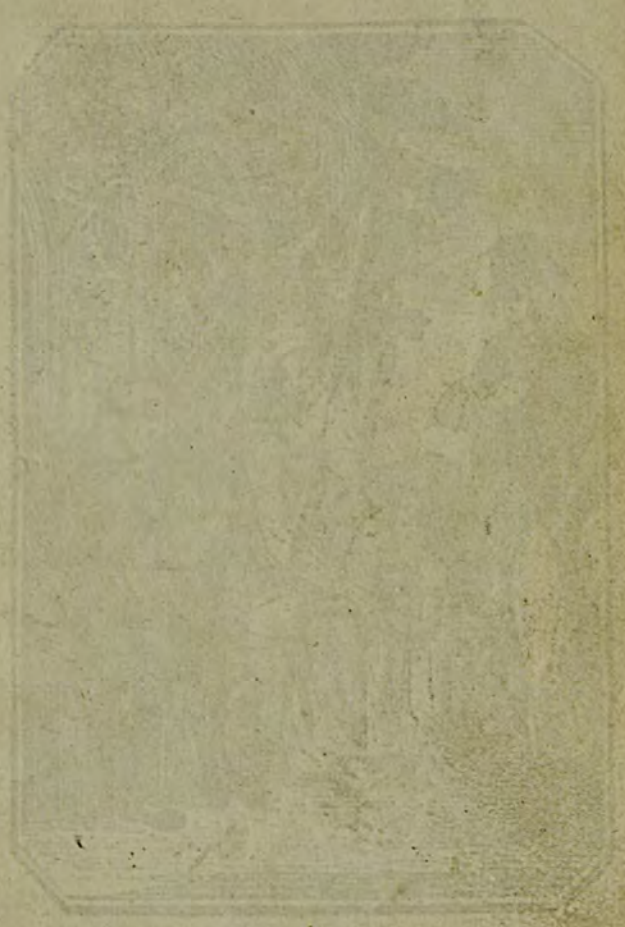
A Gift from

Her Mother

July 30 1839



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JOURNAL



JUVENILE ANNALS.

PUBLISHED

JUVENILE ANNALS;

OR, THE

Amusement

OF

EDWARD AND EMMA.

BY LUCY WATKINS.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,

Jubvenile Library,

PATER-NOSTER ROW.

1815.

JUVENILE ANNALS

BY

THE AUTHOR

OF

THE ANNALS

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JUVENILE ANNALS.

MR. ROBERTS, of Twickenham, had a son named Edward; and a daughter named Emma. Edward was a fine lively boy; Emma, a gay, sprightly romp, as the little misses, who gave her the appellation of Tom-boy, must well remember. Indeed, so fond was she of Edward, that it was rare to see them separate; she wrestled, jumped, ran, and partook of all his sports. Mr. Roberts, sensible that the pastime of a boy was unfit for a girl, nevertheless permitted Emma to continue the play-mate of Edward. Restraint may prevent the act, but checks not the inclination; and as the best punishment of improper wishes is their gratification, let the child that is froward, and cries to play with the fire, find, that he who despises warning runs into danger: 'tis better his fingers should be burned than his mind injured.

Thus reasoned Mr. Roberts, an attentive observer of the foibles of his

children; while he eagerly sought every opportunity to correct them. Convinced that a child can be taught to avoid the evils which attend the man, he judiciously showed, that an apple bestowed on the undeserving produced the same ingratitude of which the world complains; and such were the principles he inculcated, that the boy of ten was enabled to exert the fortitude of the man, their trials differing only in the object. Having no opinion of the improvement of nursery scholars, he had provided for Edward a tutor, wise, prudent, and cheerful; who initiated him in the rudiments of learning, and paid that attention to his interesting pupil which he would not have received at a seminary. Emma was carefully instructed by an elderly, respectable woman, who prepared her young mind for those accomplishments which are acquired at a boarding school. The utmost discipline was preserved; and the children, after their studies, were permitted to divert themselves in whatever manner they pleased.

Accustomed to rise early every morning before breakfast they walked in the verdant meadows of Twickenham, enjoyed the refreshing breeze, and viewed beauties, such as a cloudless sky presents. The contemplation of nature gives birth to inquiry, the answering of which, while it affords present gratification, leaves much for the future. In the evening, Mr. Roberts entertained them with stories ; which, representing the events of the day, conveyed a reproof that produced the most salutary effects. The possessor of an independant fortune, and of a heart enriched with every virtue, Mr. Roberts shared in the happiness he imparted to others. His residence, spacious and elegant, was accompanied with whatever could please or delight the eye of taste. The hills, clothed with verdure, and chequered with cornfields ; the blooming meadows, and green pastures covered with sheep ; the cottages that were seen peeping from between the trees, their thatched roofs, and attractive simplicity ; with

their infant inhabitants playing at the doors, formed a landscape picturesque beyond description. Mr. Roberts would contemplate the rosy group, and encourage their sports. 'Remind them not,' said he, 'that I am a gentleman; let me enjoy their innocent familiarity.' 'Ah! sir,' replied the worthy Franklin, 'tis what the world will inform them in accents harsher than a parent's. T'other day, my Fred, seeing master Edward, thought he would pay to the son the gratitude he owed the father; so he ran and embraced him. Little master, quite offended, casting Fred from him, asked if that was the way he behaved to a gentleman's son? How his tears reproached me with neglect! 'Twas my duty to have told him, you were our benefactor, and so he had not treated your son with the freedom of a companion.' Deeply affected by the words of the cottager, Mr. Roberts turned from him to conceal his emotion. Reprobating the mistaken pride of Edward, he added, 'How can I disregard

those to whom I owe my happiness ? From the necessities of the poor, I learned the joys of benevolence ; without which, riches had become useless to me.' Edward was soon to experience, indeed, a mortification severer than Frederick's. One morning, he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. Eager to shelter himself, he entered the cottage of Franklin, and begged permission to stop till the storm abated. This was refused to him. ' We should, indeed,' said Franklin, ' have reason to lament the rain, did it compel us to entertain those by whom we are despised.' Conscious of having deserved the treatment he received, Edward departed. The storm increased, and the rain descended in torrents ; so that, by the time he reached home, his clothes were completely wet. Alarmed at the appearance he made, Mr. Roberts inquired where he had been ? ' With one,' replied Edward, whose knowledge of my father made him not fear to punish the pride of his son.'

Edward judged right ; for Franklin, acquainted with the virtues of Mr. Roberts, apprehended not his resentment. Worth, not station, he respected ; and to inspire Edward with similar sentiments, was his constant, and anxious care. Edward, however, ungoverned by discretion, as often prevented that pleasure he intended to promote. Did every little boy and girl know that happiness consists not in a multiplicity of toys, how many tears, how many disappointments would they be spared ! Amusements that vary with the moment, cannot charm long ; and thus the fickle, capricious child, no longer diverted with his play-things, becomes cruel from listlessness. Edward, besides numerous books, pictures, and toys, had a rocking-horse, a pony, a goat, and two little dogs ; yet, finding all these insufficient to entertain him, he begged his father for a piece of ground, that he might have a garden, which, with the instructions of Sam the gardener, he promised to cultivate. His request was granted ; and

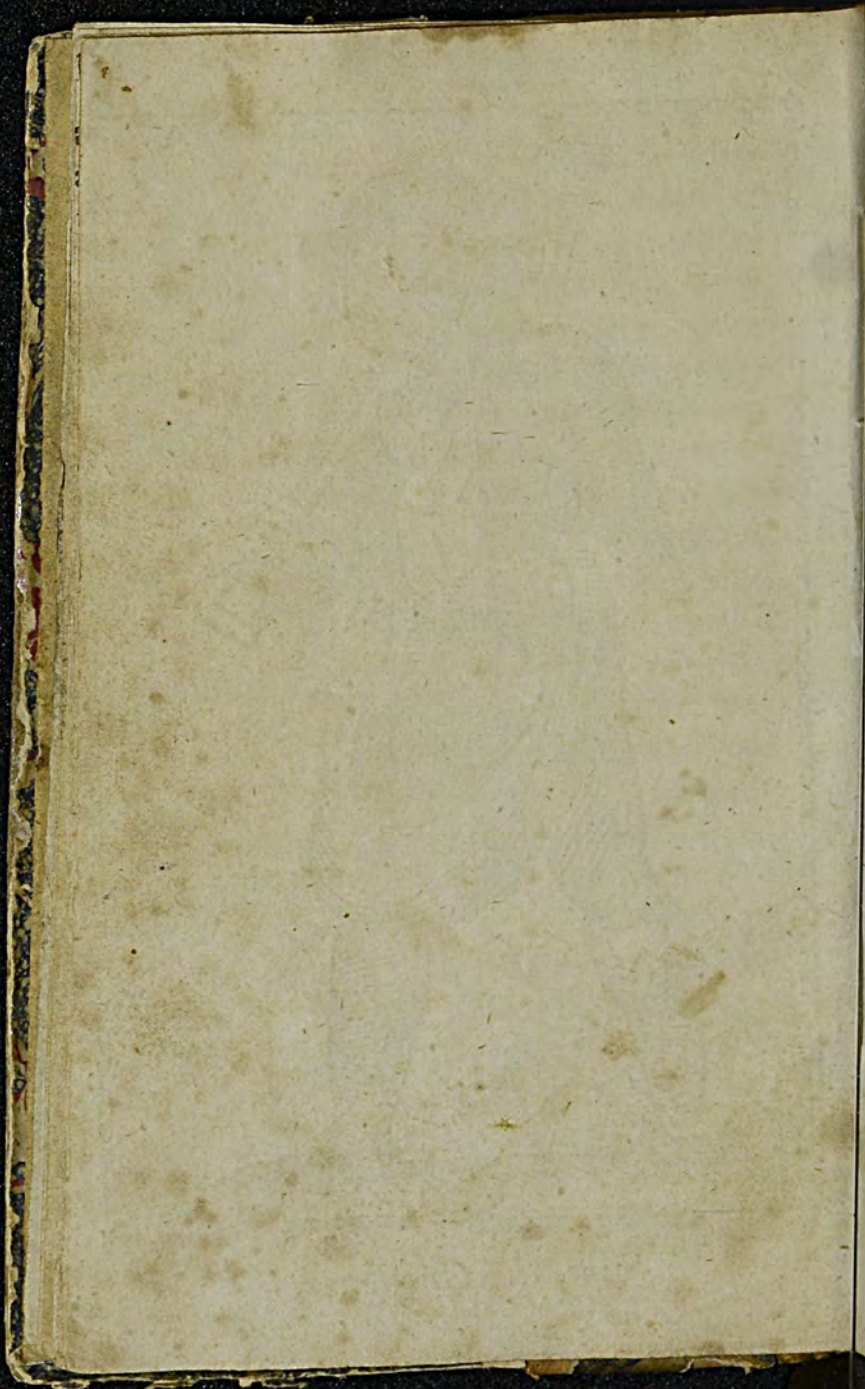
for some time nothing pleased him so much as his garden; but when the novelty wore off, he quite neglected it. At length, one day, seeing Sam busily employed in digging, his inclination for gardening returned; but Sam not resigning the spade quick enough to satisfy his impatience, he was offended and called him many very ill names, trampled on the bed, disarranged the flowers, and broke several pots. A beautiful pot of Geranium, that had long been the pride of Sam, would have been the next sacrifice, had not the good old man, perceiving his intention with the rescued flower-pot in his hand and the spade across his shoulder, made the best of his way into the kitchen.

Edward, irritated at his flight, sought his father, to whom he complained of Sam. 'Do, dear papa,' said he, 'make him give me the spade; 'twill so provoke him to exert authority.' 'To enforce obedience is the resource of a tyrant,' said Mr. Roberts: 'tis also unjust to require of a servant the submission of a slave; for while he acts

as a servant, he feels as a man.' With a countenance strongly marked by displeasure he then related the story of the Beggar. While the fervid heat of a noon-day sun bid the affluent seek the cool and refreshing shade, poor ragged Joe! as he was commonly called, stretched his weary limbs beneath the friendly shelter of a tree, where he enjoyed that renovation which nature benevolently affords to all her children. At length, awakened from his slumber by the resistless call of hunger, he looked wistfully round; 'No one approaches!' exclaimed he; as a sigh, deep and impressive, escaped his bosom. With the lengthened pace of sorrow he moved slowly on. Just then, master Selby passed by. His presence revived the expiring hopes of Joe; who, in a supplicating tone, implored his charity. Poor unfortunate! you plead in vain. Harry Selby was the only son of a gentleman, humane, generous, and unassuming; the kindness he on every occasion manifested, could not impart to Harry similar sen-



Sam, the Gardener.



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timents. Proud, arrogant, and overbearing, he despised the poverty he refused to relieve. Fond of pomp and parade, the pageantry of greatness alone claimed his attention. The tattered appearance of Joe, without awakening compassion, excited his disgust, which on his return home he expressed to his father; cruelly adding, he should like to have all beggars confined. 'For shame!' replied Mr. Selby, 'why should you wish to increase the miseries destiny has already heaped on them? The pride of man would fain make that distinction his Creator refuses! Do not the winds of heaven blow alike on the beggar and the king? The same all-cheering sun illumines the palace and the hovel; and when the rain descends, it wets thy garments and his tatters: dost thou yet despise his dress? Cannot He who clothed thee, clothe the beggar also? What hast thou that has not been given unto thee? wherefore, then thy boast?' Harry made no reply. This was the severest mortifica-

tion he had ever experienced ; and, ashamed of the speech which provoked it, he quitted the presence of his father. Next day, being the first of May, he promised himself much diversion, and at a very early hour in the morning went a rambling ; many were the fields he had walked through, when he espied a May-tree, which was separated from his reach by a ditch ; the temptation was too great to be resisted, and Harry endeavoured to stride across the ditch ; but finding that impracticable, depended for support on the over-hanging boughs. Pleased with the contrivance, he gathered May in abundance, till his weight, weakening the boughs, he was on the point of being precipitated into the water. In this perilous situation he observed poor Joe, on whom he loudly called for assistance. ‘ No ! no ! young master,’ replied Joe ; ‘ from him whom you refused a favour, you must not receive one. He who made you rich and me poor, does not compel the poor to serve the rich ; you

would not suffer me to owe assistance to your wealth, and you must not to my poverty.' The words of the beggar sunk deep into the mind of Harry; and, with sincere contrition, he felt their force. At length his strength failed, the bough gave way, and he was precipitated into the ditch; from which Joe immediately extricated him. 'Providence,' said he, 'who makes no difference between the distress of a beggar or a prince, but pities and relieves both, would have its creatures do the same.' Harry gratefully thanked his preserver, and ever after acknowledged as a friend, him, whom he had treated as a beggar.

During the relation of this story, Mr. Roberts, had observed with pleasure the variations of Edward's countenance. At its conclusion, he abruptly left the room; when, Mr. Roberts, delighted, beheld him shaking the hand of Sam. The good old man was quite overjoyed at his young master's condescension: 'If, to insult you,' said Edward, 'I forgot I was a gentle-

man's son, 'tis but just, to make you reparation, I should forget you are a gardener.'

One day, while the children were at play, a wasp settled upon Emma's frock; her cries alarmed her father, who, fearing some accident, hastened to her assistance; but, before his arrival, Edward had killed the wasp. 'I was afraid,' said he, 'it would sting Emma; and I am sure 'tis no harm to kill such offensive insects.' 'To destroy what are useless or offensive,' said Mr. Roberts, 'some consider praise worthy; but it is difficult to determine what are useless or offensive. That which is useless to some, becomes useful to others; and out of evil, good frequently arises. Of all the reptile race, the serpent is deemed most obnoxious; as well from its venom, as the instinctive hatred it bears to mankind, though from what motive none can tell. A farmer, of the name of Gubbias, kept a serpent which he carefully fed. His conduct was reprobated by all his acquaintance; but

most by a presumptuous man named Danvers, who considered it dangerous that such a noxious reptile should be suffered to live. Influenced by his fears, he destroyed the serpent, lest it should sting or bite any of his fellow-creatures. It was an act of public utility, and he joyed in its performance. Gubbins, when informed of the serpent's death, felt the utmost grief, and thus rebuked Danvers:—
'Rash, misjudging man!' said he, 'how durst thou determine for what wise purpose, one, who is not accountable to thee, suffers that to live, which you consider dangerous? Cannot He, who made serpents poisonous, and man timid, preserve the one from the attack of the other? The life of that serpent did more good than its death will promote. Know! it was my affliction to have a son, wicked, profligate, and incorrigible; no sentiment of justice, no dread of danger, deterred him from the vice he fearlessly committed. At length, Heaven, who can reform by means which men despise,

caused the serpent you killed to sting him : the wound was sore and painful. Confined to his bed for many weeks, he had leisure to reflect ; and the reformation I despaired of, took place. " Oh ! my father," said the poor repentant sufferer, " should you ever find the serpent, to whom I owe my return to virtue, cherish and treat it as a friend ; as you would the preserver of your son." To comply with his wish, diligent search was made after the serpent, and we succeeded in obtaining it. The sight of the serpent overjoyed my son ; and, with a sudden emotion of gratitude, which heaven doubtless inspired, he fell on his knees, and, solemnly abjuring his former wicked life, cheered me with the promise of amendment. " Should you, my father," continued he, " discover in me an inclination to pursue my former profligacy, present the serpent, and I am determined to relinquish whatever improper design I may intend to prosecute." " What now shall remind him of his oath ?" added Gubbins, with a sigh. Danvers, confounded

and overwhelmed with shame, made no reply; he felt he had done wrong, and the knowledge of it chained his tongue. 'Go!' said Gubbins, 'and learn that the presumption of man can produce more harm than the venom of a serpent.' The profligate son, finding the witness of his determination no longer existed, renewed his vicious pursuits, and died, condemning the destroyer of the serpent.

A naughty mischievous boy, one Billy Thompson, who hated flies, harmless as they are, notwithstanding what his mamma, an amiable woman, said to the contrary, killed all he could catch. One morning, while he was playing, a little intruder settled upon his cheek; which he instantly crushed, observing, 'that you have got for teasing me!' Presently after, Mrs. Thompson entered the room; and, in her usual good-humoured manner inquired if he had been a good boy? Being answered in the affirmative, she took from her side-board a china cup, and promised to reward him with a

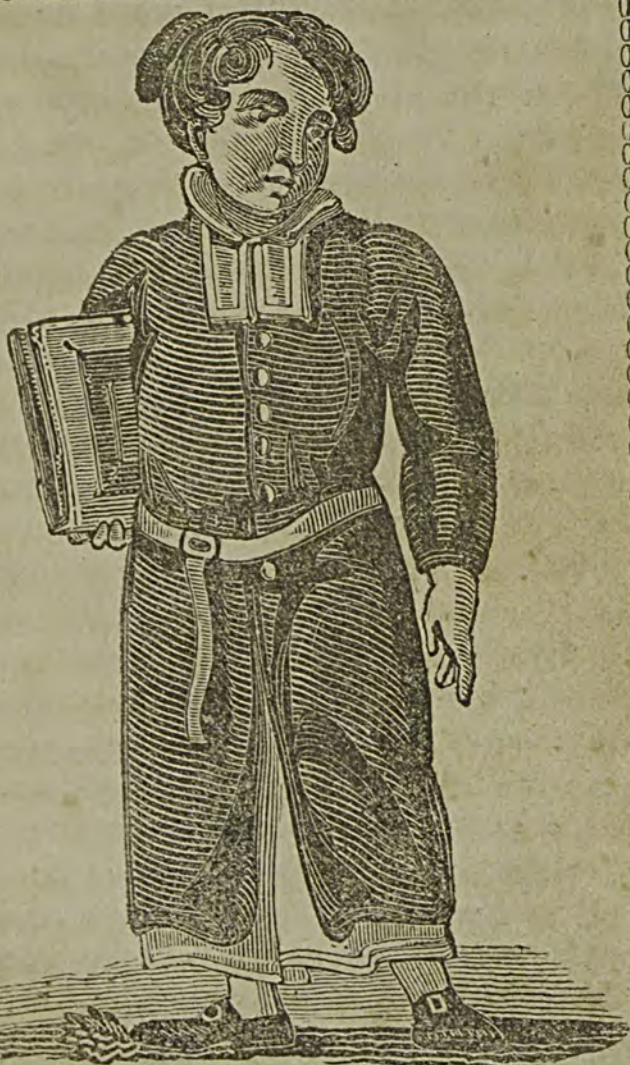
custard. Billy, who was exceedingly fond of custard, thanked his mamma for her kindness; and, with the security of guilt, said to himself, 'She does not know I have killed a fly.' When the custard was brought in, and a most beautiful one it was to be sure, Billy contemplated it with pleasure. 'How good you are, Mamma!' said he, raising to his lips a pilled up spoonful; but he dashed it to the ground with disgust, exclaiming, 'Oh dear! here is the fly I killed; nasty thing, how sick it makes me.' Guilt urges its own confession; this was at once exposing what he had done. Hence, though we escape the detection of others, we become our own accusers; and at the very moment we are about to taste pleasure, the recollection of past errors, as the body of the dead fly, prevents enjoyment. Heaven has ordained retrospection; that, as those whom we injure or destroy, cannot, like the fly, be brought to our view, memory may preserve the remembrance of the crime, while imagination presents the object,

and conscience becomes an accuser, never to be silenced. Though others believe us to be good, and, like Mrs. Thompson, offer the reward due to the good, we cannot enjoy it, but speak the language of Billy; who said, 'Had I not killed the fly, I had not lost the custard, and the good opinion of my mamma.'

Pardoning those who annoy us, contributes more to our happiness than their destruction; for frequently the trouble we seek to remove, augments in the removal. Had Billy permitted the fly to live, he had not been disappointed of the custard. 'Look;' said Mr. Roberts, as he finished his story, 'there is young Tomkins; go and speak to him.' Tomkins was an orphan youth, whom Mr. Roberts had placed in the blue-coat school. Grateful to his benefactor, he made him every return that generosity claims.

The novel dress of Tomkins excited the notice of Edward: 'Are you not grieved,' said he, 'to be compelled to wear that dress? it would make me

quite unhappy.' 'Because,' replied Tomkins, modestly, 'you judge as a gentleman's son; while I feel as a blue-coat boy.' 'You have answered with propriety,' said Mr. Roberts; who, to testify his approbation, related the story of the gentleman and peasant. A gentleman, beholding a peasant at his toilsome labour, could not refrain from expressing the sympathy with which he was filled. 'Hard, indeed!' said he, 'is the lot of the poor; many are their sufferings, and many the calamities they are doomed to undergo.' 'Well, that is strange!' replied the peasant, suspending his work: 'I have just been saying, to our Margery, that I pitied gentlefolks for two things; because they have much more money than they know how to spend, and more time than they can well employ.' The gentleman, struck at the peasant's reply, departed, fully assured that we are incompetent judges of the misery or happiness of another; since happiness is alone to be found in that to which we are accustomed.



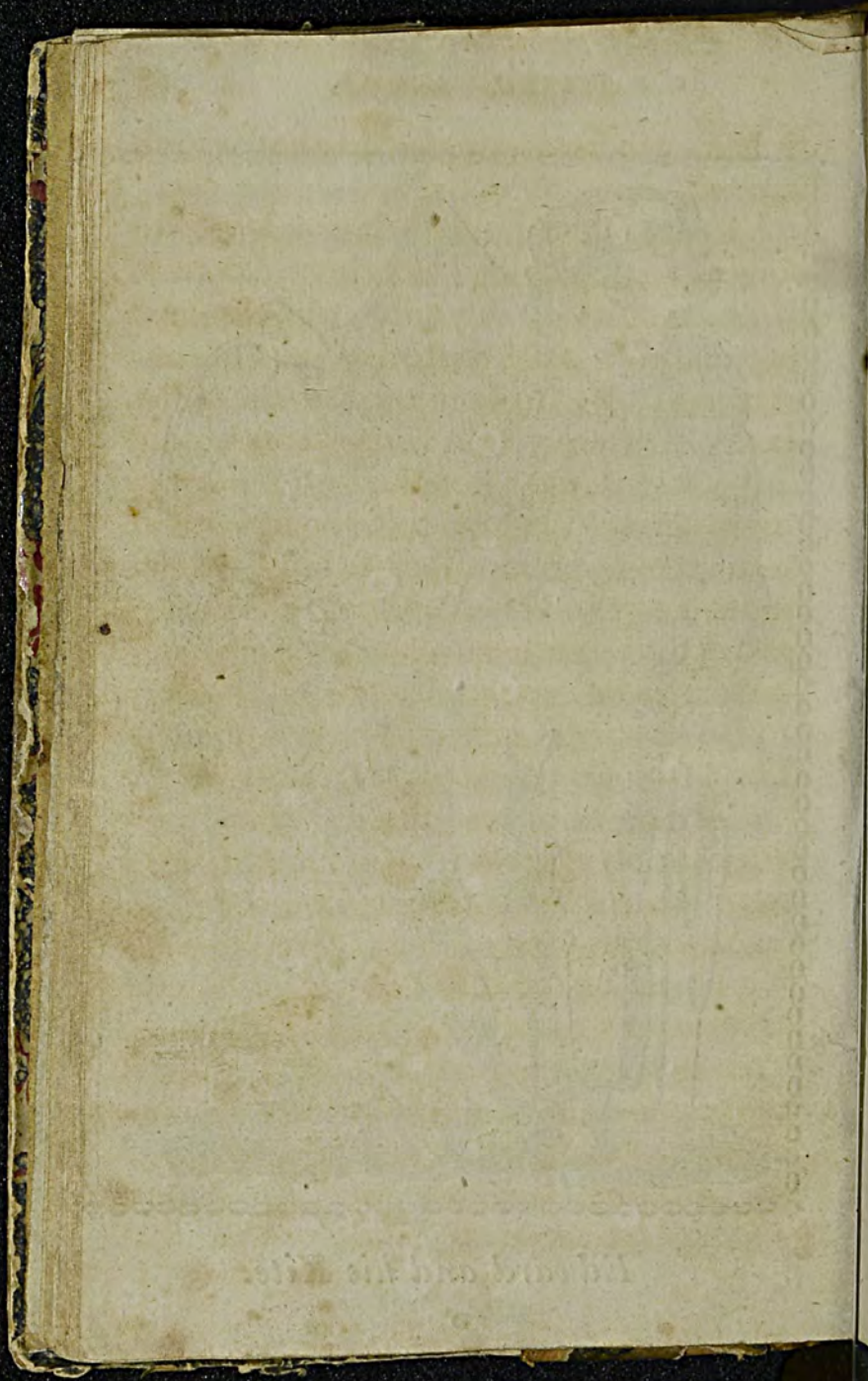
Tomkins, the blue-coat Boy.

pity, that envy should ever be cherished! It disturbs the tranquillity of many an innocent bosom, and causes great uneasiness.

The beautiful kite of Master Roberts, however, made Tommy and Jacky quite unhappy; they sighed for its possession, and could think of nothing else. Acquainted with his generosity, they importuned him to give it them: 'Pray, Master Roberts,' said Tommy, 'give me the kite.' 'No! no!' exclaimed Jacky, 'let me have it.' Edward, though averse to part with the kite, which was a great favourite, found himself unable to withstand their entreaties; and, at length, decided in favour of Tommy. Upon this, an altercation ensued between the brothers. 'Surely,' said Tommy, 'Master Roberts has a right to give to whom he pleases what is his own.' 'So has Heaven,' replied Mr. Roberts, who overheard the words of Tommy; 'and we infringe on that right, when we wish for what belongs to another. Those on whom Heaven bestows



Edward and his Kite.



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riches, are best entitled to that which is costly.'

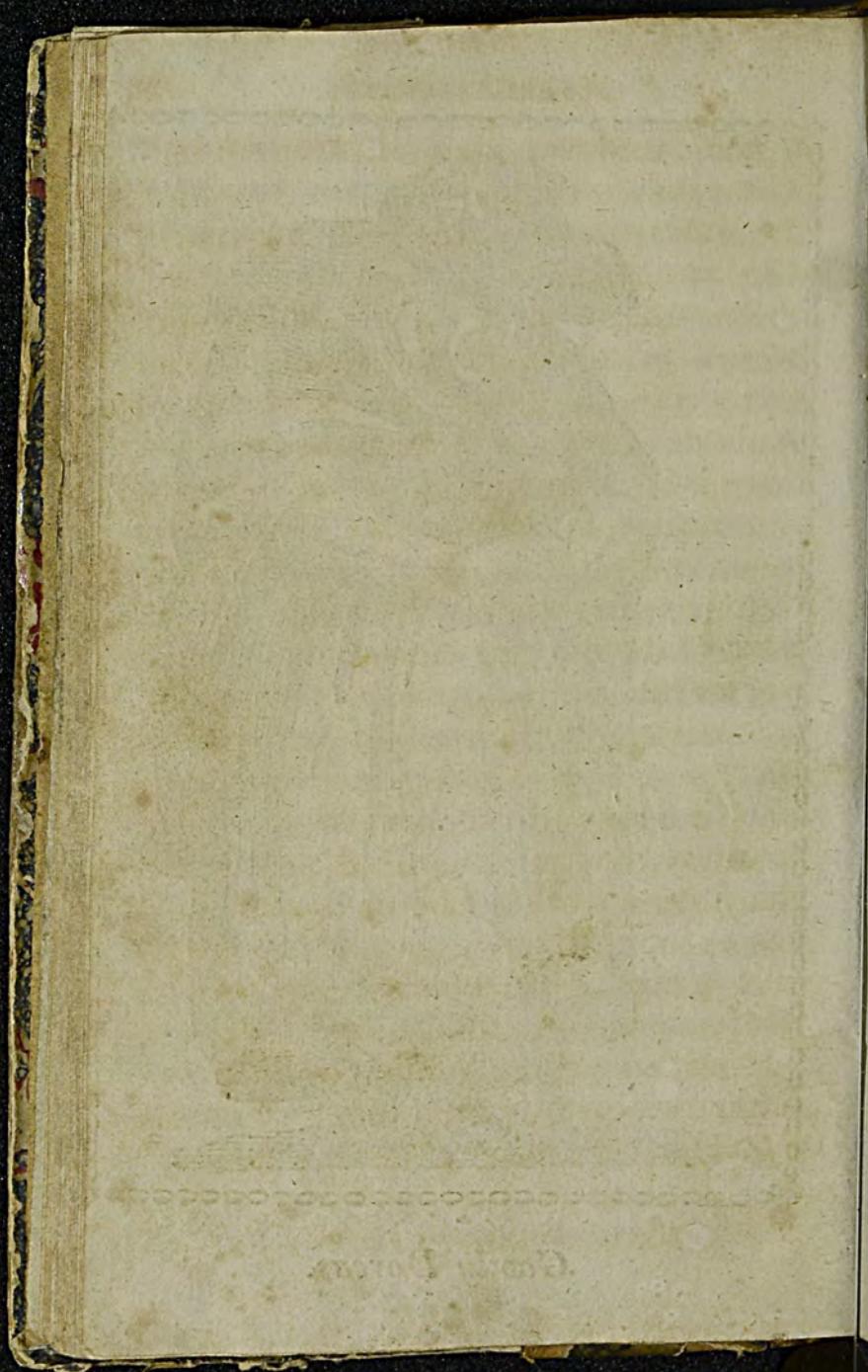
'Learn, dear boys ! that a kite, to some, is a plaything ; to others, a source of uneasiness. Already it has caused you pain, a pain that may become increased ; for if Tommy has the kite, Jacky will envy him more than he did Edward. Covet not the good another enjoys ; were it yours, the value might be lessened. Leave Edward in the possession of the kite ; and, may he leave you in the possession of each other's love. You will be gainers by the exchange ; a kite amuses, but affection endears.' The brothers thanked Mr. Roberts for his admonition, and thus shaped their future prayers :—'Grant us, O Lord ! what we ask, if it be for our good.'

As Edward and Emma were returning home, they met old Dorcas. Goody Dorcas was the dweller of a neat, little, thatched cottage ; which she improved by means as simple as interesting. Honeysuckle and jassamine curtained the window, and formed a pleasing shade ; the nosegays that were brought

to her, by the little masters and misses, were variously dispersed about the room; some decorated the mantelpiece, others the hearth. At times, the old dame would sit at her door relating diverting stories; after which, she would lean on her crutch, and take a walk. 'I wish,' said Edward, 'I was as wise as Goody Dorcas, without being as old; but I should not like to walk with a crutch.' 'I dare say not,' replied Dorcas; 'a crutch in the hand of the young, would be like a toy in that of the old; of no use. We should all be happy to possess the gaiety of youth, without its thoughtlessness; or the wisdom of age, unaccompanied by its infirmities. But that is impossible! and since we are seldom young and wise, the pains of decrepitude are compensated by the pleasures of wisdom; those who would flee the company of the old, court it to gain experience. Various are the distributions of providence, yet each are equally equitable. When superfluity bids us despise the deficiency of another, it shows that we



Goody Dorcas.



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comprehend not the purpose of him who caused it : this is a truth, which the story of the crow and swan will illustrate.

A crow, who had been indulging herself in those fancies which beget idle wishes, perched near the brink of a pond in which a swan was swimming. She awhile surveyed her with admiration, marked her stately appearance, and watched her laving in the water ; but when she beheld her attractive down, and viewed its dazzling whiteness, an emotion of envy took possession of her breast. ' Ah !' sighed she, ' had fate but destined me to be a swan, I should then have reason to acknowledge its kindness. What a charming creature ! how far she surpasses me ? would that I resembled her, in all but her black legs ! Were that possible, I should not have an ungratified wish.' While yet speaking, she was transformed into a swan, and took her station next to the other swan. Enraptured, she exclaimed, ' how inferior to me art thou ! who,

but a moment ago was the object of my envy. Contemplate my superior beauties, and feel thy pride diminished. Thou hast not long legs like mine ; thine are hideous black.' The swan, who cherished not irregular wishes, but gratefully enjoyed what nature had bestowed, understood not the language of the crow ; yet, as if she would compare one advantage with another, unwittingly began to eat ; and thus at the moment her rival was congratulating herself on the possession of a superior gift, reminded her of a deficiency she had forgotten : for, while endowed with the form of a swan, she still retained the appetite of the crow. Humiliated and self-reproved, the disappointed expiring bird acknowledged, that though a crow may be changed into a swan, she cannot be happy unless gifted with the inclination of the swan. Here the children thanked Goody Dorcas for her story, and declared it was the prettiest they had ever heard.

Next morning, soon after breakfast,

Edward was surprised at the absence of Emma: he sought her all over the house, and at length found her in the garden; her looks were expressive of pleasure, while on her arm she bore a basket of beautiful flowers. 'Where are you going?' questioned Edward, perceiving her hat on her head. 'To Goody Dorcas,' answered Emma, as she gaily tripped along. He turned mournfully away; and his melancholy air excited the notice of his father, who inquired what had happened. 'Nothing,' replied Edward; 'only Emma can get whatever she asks, while I am always refused.'

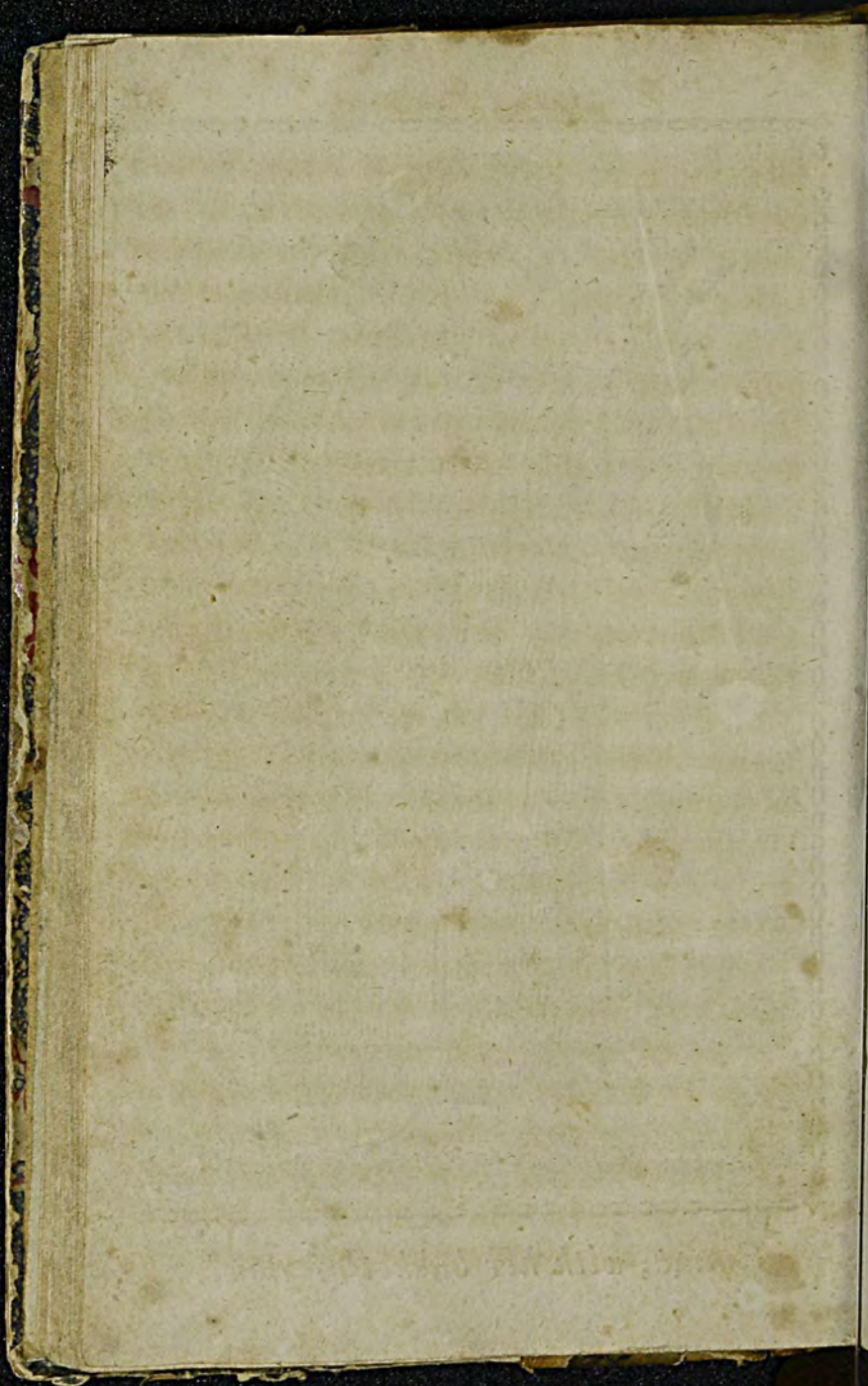
'You complain without a cause,' rejoined Mr. Roberts. 'Before you envy the reward of another, learn by what means it has been obtained; that which has excited your envy, the merit of Emma gained. Yesterday she finished her sampler, so much to the satisfaction of her mamma, that she promised her whatever she asked. Emma making a laudable use of the indulgence, requested a basket of

flowers. Ought you to grudge her being gratified? Rather wish to emulate her example; and what you obtain by merit, bestow on benevolence.'

Edward, ashamed of his conduct, wished to retire; but Mr. Roberts detained him by relating the story of the envious chicken. 'It is all luck,' exclaimed an old hen, as she bound up the broken leg of her son, a bantum cock. Jemmy had been making free with the corn of farmer Brooks; and to punish his intrusion, the farmer threw a stone at him, which caused the misfortune his mother was lamenting. 'Where,' continued she, 'did you see a finer chicken than my son? or one half so accomplished? His tones are those of harmony; his crowing, musical; but, when he walks, dignity and grace attend his every movement. What lustre adorns his variegated feathers: surely, they outvie the peacock's plumage! His comb surpasses the finest coral; yet, yonder ill-favoured cock is preferred to him! How often have I beheld Charley with impunity pecking the



Emma, with her basket of flowers.



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farmer's corn! Alas! it was that which urged my Jemmy to do the same.' At this, she renewed her exclamation of 'It is all luck!' 'Forbear, thou unwise parent,' said the hen, whom she addressed; 'if such are the lessons you inculcate in the mind of your offspring, wonder not that they disregard virtue, and despise merit, the reward of which you impute to luck. But, that you may know fortune is not so capricious as you consider her, be informed that the services of Charley procured what Jemmy, without them, wished to obtain. Nor is the farmer unjust because he rewarded one, who served him, and punished a thief! So long as we pass judgment on the actions of others, and seek to define their motives, we shall be led into error; and, like your Jemmy, pay the price of error. Charley, being of great use to farmer Brooks, was treated by him as a friend: if the one cleared the ground from grubs, could the other do less than regale him with some of the corn he preserved? Jemmy, ignorant of this, considered the

farmer careless of that property he shared with friends, not strangers. Heaven gives to all the power of being virtuous; but, if all are not virtuous, can only reward those who are.'

One day, Edward and Emma having an altercation, sought that redress which revenge offers. Edward tore to pieces a little book that belonged to Emma; and she, in return, destroyed one of his. When each were acquainted with the loss they had sustained, they ran to their father and made known what had happened. Mr. Roberts listened to their complaint with attention; and, when they had ceased speaking, instead of the decision they expected, presented the torn books.

In the evening he related the story of the cottagers. There lived in the pleasant village of Fenwick, Giles Perkins and Jasper Gill, whose animosity created continual discord; nor could all the mild remonstrances of Mr. Bevil, the village pastor, succeed in reconciling them. Gill having occasion to go at some distance from his cottage,

Perkins thought this a fit opportunity to gratify his revenge; and, accordingly, in the night-time, set fire to his enemy's dwelling. With cruel joy, he beheld it reduced to ashes. Exulting at the idea of Gill's distress, and the better to escape the detection he feared, he now hastened home. But there was no home to receive him. Gill, actuated by the same destructive principle, had made his journey a pretext to conceal the revenge he meditated; and set fire to Perkins' cottage likewise. To the amiable Bevil they resorted for redress. 'The offence that is punished becomes cancelled,' replied he; 'you have left nothing for a higher power to perform. The prompt forgiveness of an injury preserves our own peace of mind, and the offender from further guilt. But when men yield to resentment, and inflict the punishment which revenge suggests, wonder not that they are dissatisfied, and seek from justice, who never acts with revenge, the redress she refuses. Justice punishes, to reform; man, to

ruin ; it is for the judge, not the offended, to pass sentence on the criminal.' Perkins and Gill, equally reprov'd, embraced each other, and lived ever after as friends.

Among the numerous acquaintances of Mr. Roberts, was a Mr. Ford: this gentleman, endowed with a good understanding, had, nevertheless, many oddities, which frequently exposed him to ridicule. Having travelled into different countries, his knowledge was extensive, and entertained those who overlooked his peculiarities. Preferring to correct rather than inform; however, when the bear of Greenland was described black, he would sneeringly reply, it is white. Edward, who considered his foibles as excellent sport, was continually begging his father to invite him. 'It is ungenerous,' said Mr. Roberts, 'to disregard the casket that contains the jewel; the value of the one, should teach us to respect the means by which it is conveyed.'

He afterwards related the story of the railing hen. In a poultry yard,

cleanly and orderly, there lived a hen, the admiration of all who knew her. She was a stranger to vanity; her days, which were spent in the society of her offspring, were peaceable; no fears for their future welfare interrupted the joy their present safety afforded her. Of a disposition the most conciliating, her friends were numerous; and their opinion of her excellence was such, that she was distinguished by the appellation of the amiable hen at Mr. Grey's. While the virtues of the hen gained her the approbation of the good, they could not preserve her from the envy of the bad; who are ever disposed to injure the excellence they cannot attain. Clari, an ill-natured young cock, whose misconduct the hen had once reprov'd, resolv'd to be reveng'd; accordingly, he feign'd great contrition, and invited the hen to come and see him, that he might be edified by her wise instructions. Not suspecting his base intention, she promised compliance. On the evening previous to the intended visit, the amiable hen was

surprised to receive a visit from the railing hen; (so called from an unhappy propensity she had of traducing all her acquaintance. The first salutation of meeting over, the railing hen explained the cause of her visit. 'Clari, the cock,' said she, 'plays you false; keep not your appointment with him; if his treacherous arts succeed, you will become food for Cato the great yard dog.' Though the hen listened to the information with courtesy, it was evident she disbelieved it; and the railer went away disappointed. Presently after, a fine young chick called upon the hen: 'My dear friend,' said she, 'the interest I take in your welfare urges me to warn you of your danger. Clari, the cock whom you purpose visiting, designs your death; nay, so well has he arranged his plans, that nothing less than your absence can defeat them.' The amiable hen hearing the intelligence of the railer confirmed, lamented the coldness with which she had treated her. 'Feel not hurt, my dear friend,' said the chick; the railer de-

served the punishment she has received. By censuring our acquaintance, we may lose an opportunity of serving our friends; and though we utter the truth, may meet with the reception of the slanderer disregarded.'

Edward, who, in the conduct of the railer, viewed his own, determined to refrain from so blameable an inclination; but the force of habit is very powerful. Mr. Ford, some time after, coming to see his father, he pertly remarked, in hopes of being contradicted, that the people of India were cream-coloured. Many other absurdities he advanced, without provoking the reply he expected. Surprised and disconcerted at conduct so unusual, the forbearance of Mr. Ford taught him that mirth founded on the failings of others, generally terminates in our own mortification. To refute ridicule seriously, is only to become still more an object of ridicule.

Mr. Roberts, attentive to actions that develop the mind, knew that the faults which are concealed escape correction.

It was his wish, therefore, to expose those of Edward; for he looked forward to the period when parental authority removed, would leave him to their free indulgence. Yet shall not, exclaimed he, the impression made in early youth remain indelible? Yes, my beloved boy, in the world thou wilt find many Fords; but thy propensities will be the same.

Edward had a pretty little pony, called Canter, of which he was exceedingly fond. Canter, in his opinion, was the handsomest pony he had ever seen; and hence, he was seldom put into the stable, without receiving some mark of his young master's partiality. The pony, as if grateful for his kind treatment, would bend whenever he wished to mount him, and perform many sagacious and diverting tricks. But Canter was soon to feel that neglect which attends favourites. Edward, when riding out one day, met Tom Smith mounted on a beautiful bright bay pony. The flowing mane and equal pace of Sloven, lessened in

his estimation, the value of Canter; who, no longer considered handsome, was permitted to enter the stable unnoticed. Yet notwithstanding that, Canter was removed from his sight, he could not banish the recollection of Sloven, but incessantly spoke of him, and thought of nothing else.

Displeased at his selfishness, Mr. Roberts for some time permitted him to feel its effects; till, finding possession alone would pacify him, he promised, if possible, to procure the pony. Mr. Smith, the father of Tom, was an opulent, but a very mean man; and, though Sloven was presented to Tom by his uncle, he willingly accepted the offer of Mr. Roberts. Overjoyed at the sight of Sloven, Edward heeded not the tears of Tom, nor the remonstrances of his father. His wish was gratified, and he felt quite happy: yet happiness increased by every new object, is seldom lasting or permanent. The same envious disposition, which caused Edward to undervalue Canter, made him indifferent to Sloven, whom he now slighted for a dapple grey pony.

One morning, recollecting his favourite dog Rover, he hastened to his kennel, which, to his great astonishment, he found vacant. Thinking Rover had only strayed, he called him several times; but no Rover appearing, his grief exceeded that of Tom Smith's to whom Mr. Roberts informed him he had given Rover. 'When we suffer from the meanness of another,' said he, 'generosity ever consoles us; while you thought Tom was lamenting the loss of Sloven, he only remembered the gift of Rover.' Edward, drying his tears, rode immediately to Tom Smith's. 'Dear Tom,' said he, 'that you may forget my selfishness, I have brought you back Sloven; to Rover you are welcome, keep him to remind you of my father's generosity.'

In the evening Mr. Roberts related the story of the discontented girl. Sally Mason, a little girl of an envious disposition, was continually lessening the value of whatever she had, by comparing it with what she had not. If a pear was given to her, a plumb, she would say, was better; and when she

had a plumb, then she said a gage was nicer. To correct this unhappy temper, employed all the care of her parents; they foresaw its indulgence would become a source of future unhappiness. But Sally disregarded their tender efforts, and kept perpetually repining. One day her mother gave her an apple, which, instead of eating, she laid on the table, exclaiming, 'an apple! others can have peaches and nectarines, while I must put up with an apple.' In this manner she kept complaining, till seeing her regret unavailing, she made towards the table, intending to eat the apple; but while she was deliberating, a little worm, who reared its head out of the apple, thus addressed her: 'While the discontented repine, the contented enjoy themselves, and find happiness in what others reject; by despising what fortune bestows, her gifts become lessened. While you were complaining, I was eating; for it is the fate of the discontented to abridge their own comforts: those who bear with calmness the turns of fortune,

may find happiness under every reverse. It was my lot to be born in a peach-tree, advantageously placed to receive the sun's ripening influence. In easy indolence I passed my days: amply provided with luxurious food, I felt devoid of care. At times I wound myself along the peach's downy sides; or, through the apertures I made, breathed the reviving air. Better for me I had known no other joys, or listened not to whisperings of ambition, which tempted me to climb to the top of the tree. Just then a gust of wind hurled me from my elevation. Ah! thought I, when dashed to the ground, to what has idle vanity reduced me. But my self-reproach became lessened at overhearing the conversation of the gardener, and his master. 'These peaches,' said he, 'are full ripe, I shall have them gathered immediately.' His words reconciled me to my misfortune, which I no longer considered as brought upon myself. We are frequently made the instrument of our own suffering; and, to punish us,

events seem to turn out according to the wisdom with which we have acted. As I lay on the ground in a state of uncertainty, as to my future destination, I espied an apple of the codlin kind, which the wind had blown down. A blended sensation of gratitude and composure took possession of my breast, and gave birth to a sentiment of the liveliest hope. The same wind that had caused my distress, provided me with the means of support. Inspired with thankfulness for the preservation of my life, I cheerfully partook of the apple. Scarcely had I finished my meal, and entered the abode I had nibbled for myself, when the gardener approached, dragging after him a large roller, which passed heavily over the ground I had just quitted. Thus, had I wasted time in useless regret for my lost grandeur, I had been crushed to death, and fell a victim to unavailing sorrow. Let those whose condition becomes changed, like me, alter their mode of living; and confess, it is less hard to be com-

pelled to eat an apple, than to be crushed by a roller. When I had demolished the food, so providentially sent me, I went in quest of fresh; and though occasionally disappointed, yielded not to despair. Troubles dishearten only the doubting. Under every trial I preserved my confidence, and found in it the sweetest consolation. One day as I was indulging retrospection, and wandering, I hardly knew whither, an apple tree caught my attention; thinking it would make a comfortable habitation, I wound myself round the bark, and was soon accommodated to my satisfaction; there I tranquilly remained till the apples were gathered by the gardener, and though in the hands of an enemy, and surrounded by danger, no apprehensions of a fate, some would have considered inevitable, cast a damp on my spirits, or banished my trusting confidence. 'The gardener may gather, but cannot destroy me!' I exclaimed, and submissively awaited the result.

Among many others, the apple, that

contained me, was selected by Mrs. Seymour, and presented to your mother; with the rest, you are acquainted. If the narrative of my eventful life has afforded you entertainment, it may induce you to let me depart unmolested; if otherwise, and you have already determined on my death, hesitate not, but strike the blow.' Sally, however, charmed with the resignation of the worm, not only granted her life, but kindly offered her the apple, which was courteously refused. 'Eat it,' said the worm, 'thou wilt find its flavour sweeter for my having been its inhabitant:' then, gratefully thanking her benefactress, departed. Sally, profiting by the example of the worm, cheerfully accepted whatever was presented to her.

It has already been mentioned, that Emma partook of all Edward's sports; wrestled, jumped, and ran with him; for whole hours together would she watch him flying a kite, and look after it, till her head was almost giddy. His toys were hers; and though her mamma

offered her a beautiful wax doll, she gave the preference to a spinning-top. Conduct like this made all the neighbouring little misses quite angry, and the name of Tom-boy was used to express their disapprobation. But Emma, intent alone on self gratification, heeded not their resentment; for, while they condemned, the boys caressed her. Applause on the one part counterbalanced the censure of the other. Yet, such as depend on novelty for happiness, will meet with disappointment from caprice. Edward and his playmates having agreed to try their skill in jumping, those who jumped highest were to be rewarded with a new gun. Emma, regardless of the impropriety, contended for, and won the prize. Her success excited jealousy; and she, who had been cheerfully admitted as a companion, was ill received as a rival. The boys with shame remembered she was a girl, felt vexed at her excelling them, and by their coldness reminded her of what she had forgot, for their applause.

Emma not thinking that those who had countenanced error, would be the first to condemn, hearing a race was to be run, accompanied Edward; instead of being permitted to join the party, she was upbraided with the epithet of 'Tom-boy!' and told to go and play with a doll. Stifling her resentment, she disregarded their refusal, and, in spite of opposition, ran with them; this she continued to do, till a ditch impeded her progress. The boys, more expert than she, leaped it with ease, while she, even in the attempt, lost both her shoes, tore her frock, scratched her arms, and returned to her mamma, like all disobedient girls, ashamed, and afraid.

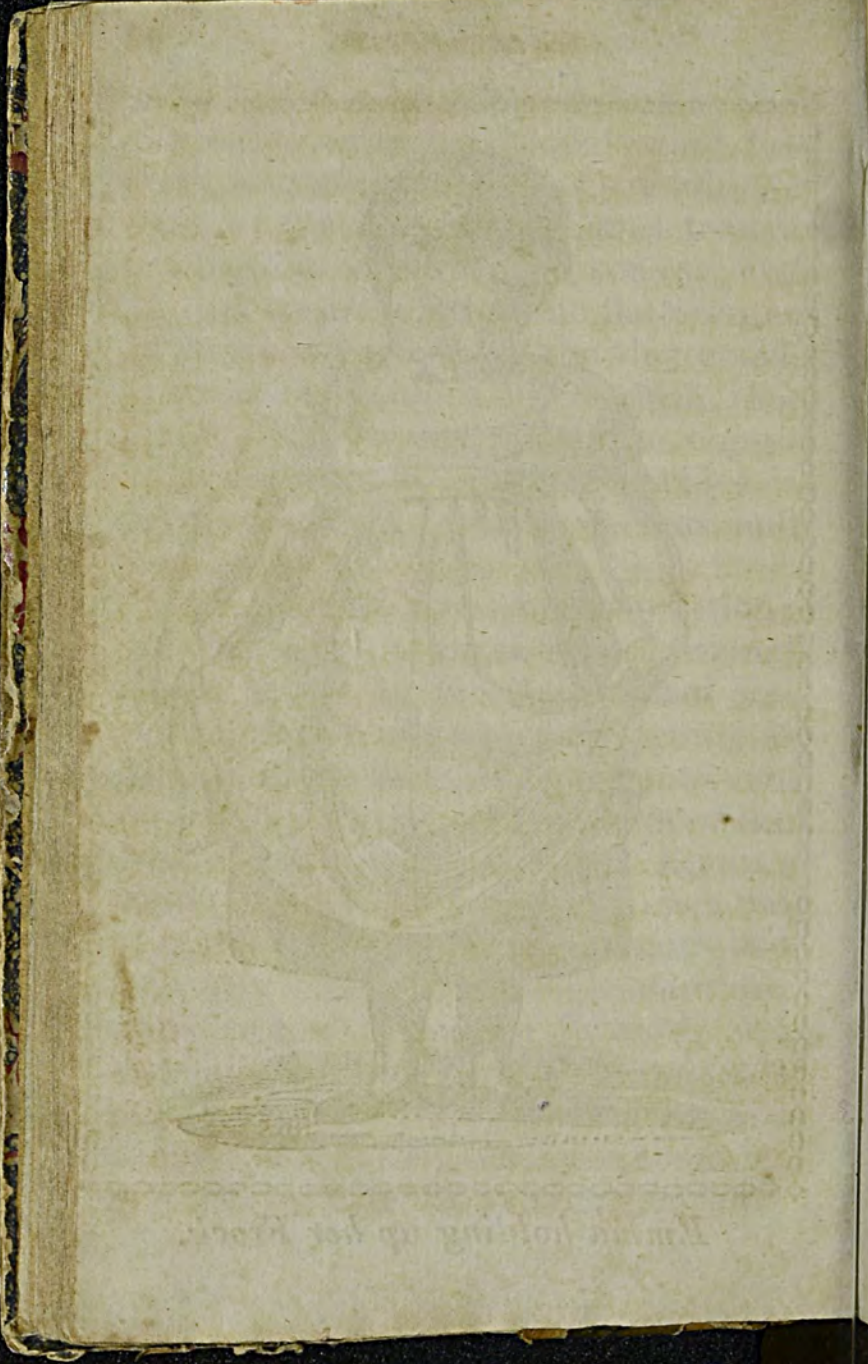
When Mrs. Roberts beheld her holding up the corners of her frock, which were dripping with wet, she guessed what had happened, and, instead of adding to, soothed her distress. Mr. Roberts, acquainted with the thoughtless extravagance of Edward, resolved he should experience the want of the prodigal, and accordingly withheld the

pocket-money he allowed him. This was an unexpected blow! poor Edward, unarmed by prudence, could not resist it; his former associates treated him coldly, shunned his society, and left him to prove, that the flatterers of the prosperous forsake the distressed. From their conduct he learned, that money well spent, procures enjoyment and friends, while that which is idly squandered, creates censure and enemies.

To Emma he flew for consolation; but it was only to suffer additional mortification; for Mr. Roberts had discontinued her allowance, assigning as his reason, her being the constant companion of Edward. 'He believed me to be equally as faulty,' said Emma; whose loss made her feel how essential it is to our happiness to avoid bad company, since she, though innocent, shared in the disgrace of Edward, and lost the good opinion of her father. Eager to atone for her past misconduct, Emma surprised the neighbouring misses not a little by joining their par-



Emma holding up her Frock.



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ties. Observing their astonishment, she prettily said, 'I thought it was with the foibles of Emma Roberts, and not herself, that you were offended; and since they no longer exist, will you not banish them from your memory?' 'We will,' replied all the little girls, tenderly embracing her. 'Join our sports, dear Emma! and may you learn, from the play of a girl, how to act as a woman.'

To this period the eye of parental wisdom had been directed, and its arrival was hailed with joy. If the inclination of Emma had led her to select unsuitable amusements, the same inclination now urged her to relinquish them. Edward, whom necessity taught the value of money, petitioned his father to continue his allowance. 'I was profuse, to obtain the praise of flatterers; but the renewal I solicit, is to preserve me from their taunts.' Mr. Roberts complied with his request; but fearing from his manner he had taken a resolution, yet more blameable than prodigality, related to him the

story of the miser, and the generous man. There lived in Devonshire, a gentleman of the name of Hunter, who was exceeding rich, but, separate from his treasure, he knew no happiness; the contemplation of his riches was his only pleasure. 'Ah! my friends,' he would say, addressing the unconscious bags; 'what occasion have I to court the world? That world I am above! and, since it is to thee I look for enjoyment, why should I expend thee in doing good? what need have I to bestow favours? Surely I shall never require any to be conferred on me, for thou art inexhaustible! Should trouble assail me, you will console me; I shall approach you with confidence; you can never prove ungrateful, because you are not man; he that trusts in man is sure to be deceived.' Thus reasoned the miser, and obtained his own approbation; which, indeed, was all he cared for, or sought to gain.

Not so his neighbour Palmer, who made the sorrows of the distressed his

own; they shared alike his purse and sympathy. To see his fellow-creatures unhappy, was to feel the wish of relieving them, which he never failed of doing, though he thereby greatly impoverished himself; but if reflection accused him of imprudence, he derived immediate comfort from reading a book, wherein was the names of those on whom he had conferred favours, that he might know to whom to apply in the hour of trouble. 'To these,' exclaimed he, 'I look for support, should misfortune overtake me; distress has incurred a debt, which gratitude will cheerfully repay.' Now it so happened, that thieves broke in, and stole the miser's treasure, though it was carefully secured in a large iron chest, which was strongly barred, and made fast by a patent lock, that could not be picked, for the miser would trust to no one; and thus, by those whom he did not trust, was robbed.

It is unwise to make friends of riches, which so many casualties can take from us: for if every man is not like

the miser, robbed, every man is liable to misfortune, as was the amiable Palmer! Unexpected losses reduced him to the state he had so often relieved in others, and he was amply repaid in adversity by the friends he had gained in prosperity. The miser, who never granted a favour to any individual, had no claim on mankind, and died a penniless beggar. He, who suspects the whole world, suffers while he lives from his suspicions, and dies their sacrifice. The truly wise lay up their treasure where the moth cannot corrupt, nor the thief break through and steal, in the feeling heart.

Edward, struck with the sentiments of Hunter, which seemed to echo his own, determined in future to imitate Palmer; and, like him, receive from gratitude what riches deny. Such were the means by which Edward and Emma were successfully inspired with the love of truth, virtue, and wisdom. The conduct of Franklin corrected pride; that of Sam the gardener called forth undue authority, which ended in

humiliation. The serpent and fly, shewed the effects of presumption; while the words of the gentleman and peasant proved that happiness is only to be found where we seek it. By the fate of the crow, the envious were reminded, that the good they covet, their own inclinations prevent them from enjoying. The mishap of Jemmy shewed that those who impute reward to chance, will find, to their cost, that merit alone obtains it.

The story of the cottagers had displayed the restless dissatisfaction which revenge inspires. The disappointment of the railing hen, shewed that the best punishment of the censorious is disregard. In the story of Sally Mason, the power of content was strikingly depicted; while that of Hunter and Palmer was equally beneficial; since it taught Edward that riches were far more deceitful than flatterers. Yet, what did these stories do, more than prove, that Mr. Roberts had not erred, when he considered gratification the best punishment of improper wishes?

Farewell! my dear little reader. Mayest thou only forget the pastime of Edward and Emma, to retain the moral it inculcates.

THE END.



THE MATRON.

IN a rural village lived Mrs. Vincent, the governess of four young ladies; Emilia, Harriot, Lucy, and Sophia; whom she loved with the tenderness of a mother. Her principal wish was that her pupils might be virtuous and happy, and that they might enjoy all the comforts of life with tranquility. They each experienced an equal share of her indulgence; and each received the same treatment, either as to pardon for errors, or rewards, or punishments.

Her endeavours were crowned with the happiest success, and her four little girls became the sweetest children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, and as readily forgave offences; they shared in each other's joys, nor were they ever happy when separated.

An unforeseen event, however, disturbed this gratifying state of things,

just at the very moment they began to taste its charms ; which served to convince them, how necessary it was to be guided by their prudent governess.

Mrs. Vincent was obliged to leave her pupils for a little time, a family affair having made it necessary for her to visit another part of the country. She left them with great reluctance, even sacrificing her interest, in some measure, to the desire of speedily settling her affairs ; and, in the course of a month, returned in safety to her little flock, who received her with the warmest expressions of joy ; but the alteration she perceived in her children very much surprised and alarmed her.

She saw it frequently happen, that if one asked the slightest favour of another, it was ill-naturedly refused ; and that from thence arose tumults and quarrels. The gaiety and cheerfulness, which used to accompany all their sports and pastimes, were now changed to a gloomy perverseness ; and, instead of those tender expressions

of love and friendship, which had constantly dwelt in all their conversations, nothing was heard but wranglings and jarrings. If one proposed a walk in the garden, another would give some reason why she wished to remain in her chamber; and, in short, their only study seemed to be to thwart each other.

It happened, one day, that, not contented with shewing each other how much they delighted in perverseness, they mutually distressed themselves with reciprocal reproaches.

Mrs. Vincent beheld this scene with the greatest uneasiness, and could not help shedding tears on the occasion. She did not then think it prudent to say any thing to them, but retired to her chamber, in order to consider of the properest means of restoring peace and harmony among her unhappy pupils.

While she was turning these thoughts in her mind, all the four young ladies entered her apartment with a peevish and uneasy look, each complaining of

the ill-temper of the others. There was not one but what charged the other three with being the cause of it; and they altogether begged their governess would, if possible, restore to them that happiness they once possessed.

Their governess, putting on a very serious countenance, said, 'I have observed, my pupils, that you endeavour to thwart each other, and thereby destroy your pleasures. In order, therefore, that no such thing may happen again, let each take up her corner in this room, if she choose it, and divert herself in what manner she pleases, provided she does not interfere with either of her sisters. You may immediately have recourse to this mode of recreation, as you have to play till night; but remember, that neither of you stir from the corner in which I shall place you.'

The little maidens, agreeing with this proposal, hastened to their different quarters, and began to amuse themselves each in her own way. Sophia commenced a conversation

with her doll, or rather told her many pretty stories; but her doll had not the gift of speech, and consequently was no companion. She could not expect any entertainment from her sisters, however, as they were playing, each asunder, in their respective corners.

Lucy took her battledore and shuttlecock, but there were none to admire her dexterity; besides, she was not allowed to strike it across the room, as that would have been an invasion on one of her sister's territories. She could not expect, that either of them would quit their amusements to oblige her.

Harriot was very fond of her old game of hunt the slipper; but what was she to do with the slipper by herself? She could only shove it from hand to hand. It was in vain to hope for such service from her sisters, as each was amusing herself in her assigned corner.

Emilia, who was a very pretty housewife, was thinking how she might give her friends an entertainment, and of

course sent out for many things to market; but at present there was nobody near, with whom she might consult on the occasion, for her sisters were amusing themselves each in her corner.

Every attempt they made to find some new amusement failed, and all supposed that a compromise would be most agreeable; but, as matters were carried so far, who was first to propose it? This each would have considered as an humiliating circumstance; they therefore kept their distance, and disdainfully continued in their solitude. The day, at last, closing, they returned to good Mrs. Vincent; and begged her to think of some other amusement for them, than the ineffectual one they had tried.

‘I am sorry, my children,’ said their governess, ‘to see you all so discontented. I know but of one way to make you happy; with which you yourselves were formerly acquainted, but which, it seems, you have forgotten. Yet, if you wish once more to put it into practice, I can easily bring it to

your recollection.' They all answered together, as though with one voice, that they heartily wished to recollect it, and stood attentive while their governess was looking at them, in eager expectation to hear what she had to say.

'What you have lost, or at least forgotten,' resumed Mrs. Vincent, 'is that mutual love and friendship which you once had for each other, and which every sister ought chearfully to cherish. O! my dearest little friends, how have you contrived to forget this, and thereby make me and yourselves miserable?'

Having uttered these words, which were interrupted by sighs, she stopped short, while tears of tenderness stole down her cheeks. The young ladies appeared much disconcerted; and were dumb with sorrow and confusion. Their governess held out her arms, and they all at once instantly rushed towards her. They sincerely promised, that they would tenderly love each other for the future, and perfectly agree, as they formerly had done.

From this time, no idle peevishness troubled their harmonious intercourse; and, instead of bickerings and discontents among them, nothing was seen but mutual condescension, which delighted all who had the opportunity of being in their company. May this serve as a useful lesson to my youthful readers, to know how easy it is for them to promote or disturb their own happiness.

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