

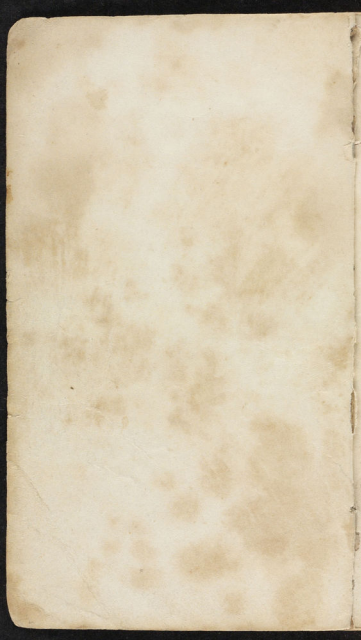
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JUVENILE MISCELLANY.



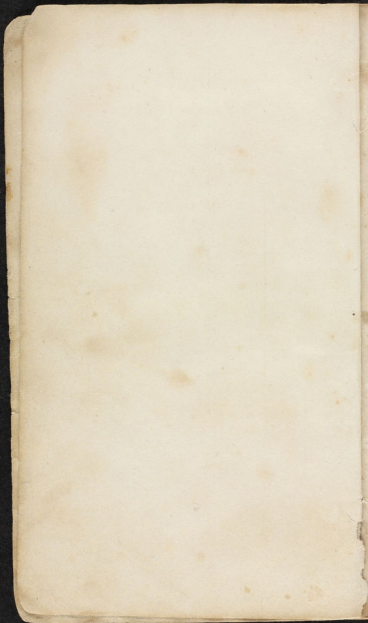
VOL. I. MONTHLY SERIES. NO. IV.

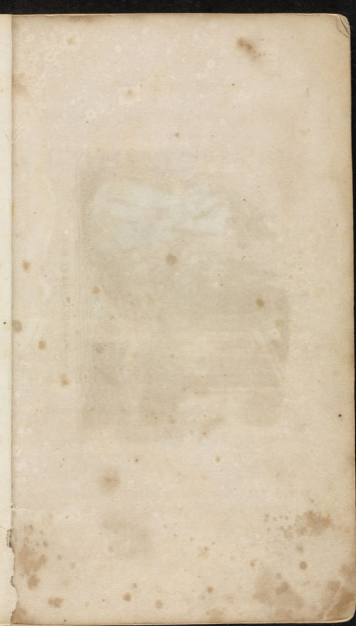
DECEMBER.

BOSTON:  
E. R. BROADERS,  
127 Washington Street.  
1834.



C Company







THE BENEVOLENT BOY.

# JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.....MONTHLY SERIES.....NO. IV.

DECEMBER.

## THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

### CHARACTERS.

OLD JAMES, . . . .	<i>The Fisherman.</i>
ELLEN, . . . .	} <i>His Children.</i>
WILLIAM, . . . .	
MARY, . . . .	
JOHN, . . . .	
BETTY, . . . .	

### SCENE I.

SCENE. *Inside of the Fisherman's cottage. A bright fire blazes on the hearth. Nets, fishing lines, and hooks are hung around the walls. Ellen, William, Mary, John and Betty sitting around the fire-place. A violent storm without. Time, evening.*

*William.* Come, girls! let us have a good game at "Blind Man's Buff," this cold winter's evening.

*Betty.* Oh, fye! Mr William! a great boy like *you* to play at "Blind Man's Buff"! I thought you said the other evening that was only a *girl's* play!

*John.* Oh! but if sister Nell will play, then, certainly Bill can.

*Betty, (putting her arms around her sister's neck.)* Do, now, sister Nell! will you?

*Ellen.* Certainly, dear, if you wish me to *very* much.

*W. and J. (jumping up.)* Oh! that is excellent! Ellen shall be blindfolded.

*E.* Come, Mary, put away that book you have been reading this half hour. We have got something better than all the *Robinson Crusoes* in the world.

*Mary, (suddenly looking up from her book.)* What is that?

*B.* Why, have not you been hearing what we were all talking about?

*M.* No, but I have been reading a most beautiful —

*B. (interrupting her.)* Come! quick, Mary! see! Ellen has got the handkerchief over her eyes already!

*E.* Run, quick, or I'll catch you.



*W.* (*coming up to Ellen.*) Now, Miss Nell, I am going to find out whether you can see or not. How many fingers do I hold up? (*He holds up three.*)

*E.* One.

*W.* How many now? (*He holds up five.*)

*E.* Four.

*W.* (*turning Ellen round.*) Turn around three times, and catch whom you can. (*They all run round.*)

*B.* (*calling out.*) You don't know who I am, Ellen!

*E.* I know you, Betty, by your little squeaking voice. (*So saying, Ellen runs to the place from which she heard Betty's voice, and comes bump against Mary. A general titter is heard.*)

*J.* (*bawling out.*) Save her crown!

*B.* (*whispering loudly enough to be heard by Ellen.*) How silly, John! Now she knows it is either Mary or I.

*E.* It is Mary!

*W.* (*clapping his hands.*) Easily found out, I declare! Any body might tell with such little parrots as John and Betty, near them. (*As they are playing, the storm increases with such violence, as to interrupt them in their game.*)

*B.* (*drawing close to Ellen, and looking fearfully at the door.*) I am a-a-afraid.

*J.* La, Betty! I should think all the wild beasts in the nation were coming in at that door! (*A noise is heard at the door.*)

*B.* (*grasping hold of Ellen's hand.*) There, there! there is a noise at the door!

*W.* Oh! that is only the wind blowing it.

*M.* Oh! poor dear father! what will become of him? I have been thinking of him all this evening.

*E.* I do not think father would venture to return home in such a storm. (*She looks anxiously out of the window.*) It is indeed a bad storm. But did not Fido go with him?

*J.* No, Ellen, he did not, for father said he could not take him with him, for fear of losing him. (*The noise is heard again at the door.*)

*J.* (*strutting up to the door.*) Now, see me, Betty! I am not afraid even to go to the door! (*He opens the door. He starts back suddenly. Fido rushes in, wet, and covered with snow and hail. He jumps upon John, licking his hands and face, and pulling his clothes.*)

*J.* Down! Fido, down! What is the matter with the dog? I say down, sir!

*M.* What does Fido want? I'm sure, something is the matter with him!

*B.* (*frightened.*) Perhaps he's mad — Oh, dear! if he should bite us — there now, he's pulling William just the same!

*W.* John, Fido surely wants something. We had better put on our great coats and follow him; come, my boy, some poor fellow may be dying now, for want of help, for all we know; so take some cordials with you. Here's the lantern. (*They put on their great coats.*)

*W.* Don't be frightened, girls, while we are gone, for we shall be back soon; and we may possibly meet father coming home; but, I do not think it probable, for he said he should not return in his fishing smack tonight, if there was a storm. So good bye. (*They go on, led by Fido.*)

## SCENE II.

SCENE. *The sea shore. William is seen kneeling beside the apparently lifeless body of their father. John holds the lantern and looks anxiously at him, while Fido sits watching the body.*

*W.* John, give me the cordial—quick! (*He*

*bathes his father's temples, pours the cordial down his throat, rubs his body, and by every means endeavors to renew circulation.)*

*J.* Brother, he breathes! he breathes!

*W.* Softly, John; poor, dear father! (*A groan escapes from the body of the fisherman.*)

*J.* How shall we get our dear father to our cottage? there is no one within three miles to help us carry him up.

*W.* If you will carry the feet, I will support the head. You are strong, and so am I. Fido will carry the lantern. Raise him carefully. (*They raise him gently, and followed by Fido with the lantern, they proceed on their way homeward.*)

SCENE III.

*Ellen, Mary and Betty sitting around the fire. Betty sitting in Ellen's lap.*

*B.* (*after a long silence.*) Well, I hope father won't try to come in such a hail storm! The wind would certainly upset our little fishing smack.

*M.* Ellen, do you remember when dear

mother was alive, how pleasantly she used to talk to us in the winter evenings, when father was away? She used to be so calm and patient when he was out in a storm; as if she trusted that he would be taken care of.

*E.* Yes, it was a lesson she was always teaching us, that everything was ordered and conducted rightly. It is to her pains and care that we must attribute the blessings which we enjoy, in having a better education than those in the same station with us generally possess.

*B.* Ellen, what makes you look so sad whenever you talk of mother?

*E.* (*with tears in her eyes.*) If you had known, dear Betty, how kind and gentle she always was, you would not wonder at my lamenting her loss.

*B.* Now don't cry, Nelly, dear. (*She kisses her sister's cheek.*) You know father said she was happy now! There, stop crying! (*After a long silence, a light is seen approaching the cottage. Mary runs to the window, and discerns figures drawing near.*)

*M.* It is they! It is William and John! (*All run to the door to meet them.*)

*E.* What have you in your arms? (*William and John enter without answering, and lay the body on a mattrass. Ellen, Mary, and Betty rush to the body.*)

*E.* It is my father! my dear, dear father! (*Mary and Betty sob bitterly.*)

*W.* Do not be disheartened. He is alive; and with proper care we shall soon restore him. (*After a long time unweariedly applying the necessary restoratives, the fisherman opens his eyes, closes them again, reopens them, and gradually revives.*)

*Father.* My dear children! come around me.

*E.* Where is Fido? our faithful Fido? (*At the sound of his name, Fido comes from under the table where he had been sitting anxiously watching his master. They all caress him.*)

*E.* (*patting him.*) Poor fellow! you saved my father's life — you shall have a warm corner in the fireplace, and a good dinner as long as you live.

*B.* So you shall; but I am so glad you have got well, father!

*M.* Why, dear father, did you attempt to come home in such a storm?

*J.* Do not ask him to tell you now.

*F.* Oh! I can tell as well now as ever. You know the storm came on very suddenly? Well, I got into my boat, thinking I should get home before a black cloud which I had been watching, should approach. I had arrived within fifty rods of the shore, when the hail and snow came with such force, that I could hardly keep my boat from upsetting, but alas, a violent gust of wind turned it upside down, and I was thrown into the water. I struggled a long time with the waves; at length, feeling my strength greatly exhausted, I was near sinking, when Fido pulled hold of my coat and I knew nothing more, until this moment. I suppose our faithful dog by biting hold of my collar, supported me above water, and thus dragged me to shore.

*J.* What a miracle it was you were saved from drowning!

*F.* It was indeed a miracle! Let us thank God for it; for nothing happens unless by his will. He inspired instinct in Fido to come and call you, and he saved me from drowning. Come! my children! let us praise him who sustains us in every danger! (*They all kneel down, while the fisherman gives thanks to their Heavenly Father.*)

HARRIET.

“ IS IT SUNDAY THERE ? ”

“ WHAT is the lady doing there ? ”  
 Louise, before a picture cried :  
 “ The lady kneels, in holy prayer,”  
 Her sister Bell replied.

Louise's silken lashes fell,—  
 “ You say the lady kneels in prayer ;  
 Today, you know is Friday, Bell,  
 And is it *Sunday there ?* ”

“ Ah ! dear Louise, can no one pray,  
 At any other time, as well ?  
 Must Sunday be the only day ? ”  
 Said thoughtful Isabel.

“ I should be very sad, if I,  
 Who sorrow almost every day  
 For something wrong, must wait and sigh,  
 Till *Sunday* comes, to pray.

“ When I have erred, in deed or word,  
 And tears arise and blind my eye,  
 My heart and lips, with prayer, are stirred,  
 Till I forget to cry.

“ When, softly, on my downy bed,  
 I wake and find the morning there,  
 I think whose smile that morning made,  
 And speak to God in prayer.



“ When day’s bright door is shut, I know  
Whose viewless hand forbids her beam,  
And dare not, to my slumber, go,  
Till I have prayed to him.

“ Ah! dear Louise, no matter where,  
No matter what the hour or day,  
The solemn eve, — the morning fair,  
’T is always good to pray !”

And young Louise whispered then, —  
“ If kneeling lady, any where  
I see, — I will not ask again,  
If it is *Sunday* there.”

FLORENCE.

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### THE AGATE.

THE Agate is a very valuable stone, much used by jewellers. It is sometimes called the Scotch pebble. It has different degrees of clearness. Sometimes you observe it nearly translucent, at other times clouded. It is said to have been first found in the river Achates in Sicily. It is generally found in the beds of rivers, in loose pebbles, from the size of a grain of corn to that of a foot in diameter. The most common size however is from two to three inches in diameter.

The stones distinguished by the various names, Carnelian, Calcedony, Onyx, Sardonyx, Mochastone, Chysopraxe and Plasma, very nearly resemble agate. 1. The Carnelian is generally of a light red color; those most valued being of a deep clear red; but it is also often a light yellow and white. The greatest number come from Japan—the best from the gulf of Cambay. 2. Calcedony is generally of a milky white or a pale yellow color. It is found in great abundance in the Favor Islands and in many parts of Great Britain—sometimes in large masses, from which cups and other vessels are made. 3. *Onyx*. This is the agate from which those beautiful ornaments called *cameos* are most frequently made. The colors are mixed white, with blue, gray or brown. The figure on the cameo is cut out of the opaque white. 4. *Sardonyx*. This differs from the onyx in its white color, being mingled with a deep orange brown. The most valuable come from the east. 5. *Mochastones* or *Moss Agate*—is not clear, tinged with green. Sometimes with little red spots—then it is called *blood stone*. 6. *Chysopraxe*—apple green color. 7. *Plasma*. Another rare agate; a greenish color.

## HORACE WARTON;

OR, THE TRUANT.

HORACE WARTON lived in a pleasant village on the banks of the river M———. He was about twelve years old, and a bright, intelligent, happy looking boy. Brought up under the eye of a kind and tender mother, who anxiously watched over his unfolding mind, and who endeavored, not by harshness or severity, but by gentleness and kindness to correct his faults, he was less liable to fall into error than boys generally are at that age, when the ridicule of their companions, and their own wild, thoughtless dispositions too often lead them astray, and cause them many unhappy hours. Horace was usually very punctual in his attendance at school. He stood at the head of his class and looked forward to the coming exhibition with pleasure, confidently hoping to receive one of the prizes, which were to be awarded to those who had distinguished themselves by good scholarship during the quarter.

One fine sunny morning, after playing some time with his little brother, and kissing a dozen

times his baby sister, who held out her tiny hands as if to prevent his leaving her, he gathered up his books, exclaiming,

“No! no! little Lizzy, I must not stay any longer, for I shall be late at school, good bye dear!” and ran down stairs. In the entry he met his mother, who smiled as she looked upon his animated, happy face, and said —

“Let me see that same bright smile, my love, when you return home, and I shall then know that all is peaceful here,” laying her hand upon his heart and giving him an affectionate kiss. Horace laughed, and, bounding down the steps of the front door, was soon out of sight.

As he turned into the green lane that led to the school-house, his passage was arrested by one of his play-fellows, who spreading out his arms, said laughingly, “Not so fast, not so fast, master Horace! the day is too fine to be conning over dull lessons; the birds are singing merrily, and the flowers look so beautiful it is a shame to sit all day poring over stupid books; so come, Horace, take a walk with me!”

“I cannot, Edward,” said Horace, endeavoring to pass him; “it is after eight now, and I would not be late for anything this morning, for

it is only four days before examination; I have not had one bad mark yet, and father has promised me that if I get one of the prizes I may pass the vacation with cousin Richard."

Edward Melford had been so idle himself during the quarter, he knew very well that he should not obtain a reward. Although his heart was not bad, still he allowed envy to take possession of his breast, and he determined if possible, to prevent Horace, whom he disliked for his superiority, from gaining one.

"But," said he, in answer to Horace's objection, "I do not mean to stay all the morning. Only just come and see a beautiful bird's nest that I have discovered in one of the old trees down by the river; we shall have plenty of time to go and return before school, and we shall both feel more like study after the run." Horace wavered a moment, but knowing that he had started from home at quarter after eight, he thought that he might indulge his wishes without the risk of being tardy, or of neglecting his studies.

My young readers! I would caution you against giving way to your inclinations, however strong they may be, unless you are fully

assured in your own mind that they are not opposed to your convictions of right; and you will be spared the unhappiness and self-reproach, which Horace experienced. Although he tried to persuade himself that he was not doing wrong, (for the words that his mother had spoken at parting did not occur to him,) still he did not feel perfectly satisfied with going, but fearing to express this feeling, lest Edward should laugh at him, he took his arm and they proceeded towards the river.

In admiring the downy plumage of the little birds, and in watching the shining fish dart swiftly through the sparkling waters, the time passed unheeded; and when Horace, turning towards home, said, that it must be nine o'clock, Edward told him with a laugh, that school had been in nearly an hour. "I heard the bell ringing," said he, "when we first came to the nest." "Oh! why did you not tell me, Edward," exclaimed Horace, in an accent of reproach; "I shall lose my place in the class, and the prize too. Oh! how I wish that I had not come with you!"

"Well, that can't be helped now," replied Edward, gaily; "if you go home you will be

disgraced, so you had better stay where you are; see, I have not come empty handed," displaying a large paper of fruit and cakes, "so don't look so cross, but let us be merry for once in our lives." Dreading to see his father and mother, and mortified to think that he had lost his place, Horace felt a natural repugnance at the idea of going home; and was easily persuaded by the artful Edward to remain with him. But he was not happy; more than once his mother's parting words recurred to him, and when he heard the little birds singing gaily and carelessly, and thought that only a few hours before he was as gay as they were, he could have cast himself on the ground and wept; but Edward laughed, and talked, and ridiculed, until he was ashamed of his emotion.

They sat down under a cool shady tree to refresh themselves, but the suffocating feeling in Horace's throat prevented his swallowing more than one or two mouthfuls, and the intensity of the summer sun had caused his head to ache so violently, that he begged Edward to leave him and go by himself to the water's edge to pull some of the beautiful flowers which they could see at a distance.

“ I mean to have a sail too, if I can find old John’s boat,” said Edward, “ so come, Horace, it will be delightful this warm day.”

“ Oh! do not go on the water,” remonstrated Horace, “ we have done very wrong already, and do not let us commit another fault. Oh! I cannot go indeed.”

“ Well, then, stay by yourself,” retorted Edward, “ for a sail I will have, so good bye master Coward,” added he sneeringly, “ I am not so afraid of mamma.”

“ My mother is always kind and indulgent to me,” answered Horace indignantly, “ and I shall go home this moment, and confess the whole to her; it will be better, far better, than staying here and feeling so miserable and unhappy as I do now. I would not pass another such day for anything.”

“ Well, go home then,” replied Edward. “ You will look pretty when you take your place at the bottom of your class, and see all the boys looking at you.”—And with these taunting words he ran off, leaving Horace alone in the hush of that deep still wood.

As soon as he found himself entirely alone, he gave vent to the anguish and mortification of



his heart in a violent burst of tears. They gave relief to his aching breast; and when he again became calm, he left the wood and retraced the path which he had trod in the morning, inwardly resolving never again to subject himself to so much unhappiness. He saw Edward put off from land in a skiff, and watched the little bark until it was nearly out of sight. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and a dark threatening looking cloud in the west, warned him to hasten home, but from not tasting any food since the morning, he had become so weak and faint that it seemed an exertion for him to walk even slowly. In passing the cabin of an old Indian, that was near the entrance of the wood, he saw the squaw of "Wanitono," as the natives still called him, standing looking at the cloud which was now rapidly overspreading the bright blue sky. Horace never laughed at her strange attire and language as many of the boys did, but often on holidays would carry her glass beads and shining stones, until he had created a warm interest for himself in the heart of the Indian woman. In addition to these acts of kindness, Mrs Warton had sent her a blanket and some other necessary articles one severe

winter when "Wanitono," or old John as he was called by the English, was too sick to hunt or fish—and the grateful Indians never forgot these benefits. As Horace approached she was struck with his appearance and exclaimed, "Oh! the *bright bird!*" for so she always called him, "you face white like the new snows, you afraid of the deep thunder; come in Omena's cabin!" "I am not afraid, kind Omena," said Horace, "but I am hungry and tired, and must beg some food while I rest, as I have not tasted anything since the morning."

The Indian woman brought him a bowl of milk with corn cake broken in it, and Horace, much refreshed, was preparing to depart, when a loud burst of thunder startled him, and at the same moment a shrill terrific scream was heard in the direction of the river. Horace run out of the cabin and flew to the spot from whence it had proceeded, unmindful of the tempest. To his terror and dismay he saw Edward, who, in endeavoring to land had upset, struggling with the waves. Forgetful of the unkind words that he had spoken at parting, the generous boy immediately plunged into the sea, and being an expert swimmer, soon reached him. He grasp-

ed him by the arm, and then endeavored to regain the shore; but encumbered by the weight, he found it impossible amid the war of the elements. When he found that he should not be able to retain his hold of Edward, he called loudly for help. At this critical moment Old John, who had been out hunting, returned home, and Omena quickly informed him of Horace's danger. He instantly sprung into the water, and soon reached the place where Horace was still endeavoring to keep Edward from sinking. Old John took the half drowned boy round the waist and reached the land, gave him in charge to Omena, and then returned for Horace, who was nearly exhausted, whom he also brought safely to the shore. Edward was conveyed to the cabin, and both he and Horace were put to bed whilst their clothes were drying; but when the former opened his eyes it was evident that his mind was wandering. Old John, after giving him a composing draught which Omena made by steeping some root in water, started off for the village to inform Mr Melford of his son's situation.

Horace soon recovered, and dressing himself, he sat down by Edward until his father came.

As soon as Mr Melford saw his son, who had fallen into a quiet slumber, he knew that it would be impossible to remove him that night ; and having great faith in the skill of the Indians, he determined to stay and watch by him without sending for the physician.

By this time the storm had passed away, and the moon was rising in full splendor. Horace thanked the good Omena for her kindness, and seeing that Edward was still in a sweet sleep, he bid her and Mr Melford good night, and returned home.

I must now return to Mrs Warton. Surprised that her son did not come home at the usual hour, she sent little Henry to Mr Almer, to know if he had been in school ; he replied in the negative, but sent her word that one of the little boys had seen him down by the river, in company with Edward Melford. Mrs Warton's fears were instantly alarmed, for she knew that Edward was one who possessed great influence over Horace ; and could easily lead him astray, but still she would not judge hastily, hoping that he would give some sufficient excuse for his absence—but when in the afternoon one of the boys came up to know why Horace was not

in the school-room, she was both alarmed and grieved, and sent the servant in search of him. She anxiously watched the progress of the storm, until the arrival of Old John, who came direct from Mr Melford's, put an end to this painful state of suspense. Mrs Warton could only wring the hand of the Indian, and thank him, again and again, for the preservation of her son—for she well knew that the red child of the forest would spurn a reward if offered, for what he thought a deed of gratitude. The only answer he made to her was, "Wanitono very glad he save bright bird, he no forget pale lady send blanket to squaw."

Mrs Warton who pitied the unhappy Edward, because he had no kind mother to watch over him, sent several comfortable and necessary things to the cabin, by Old John, and then sat down by the open window with a grateful though sad heart. She was alone in the parlor when Horace entered, and extending her hand to him, said in a gentle voice :

"Well, my love, have you passed a happy day? Come to me, that I may see if the bright smile that gladdened my heart in the morning is still upon your face."

Horace approached his mother, but instead of taking her hand, he threw himself upon his knees by her side, and burying his face in her lap sobbed aloud.

“What, in tears!” continued his mother, “then the pleasures of today have not compensated for the loss of your prize, the displeasure of your teacher, and the grief of your father and mother. I know they have not, my son, for you fear to meet my eye, and I should hardly recognise in you, my light-hearted, happy Horace.” “Oh! do not talk so, mother;” sobbed Horace, “I would rather be scolded, and punished a dozen times, than hear you speak so sorrowful; indeed, mamma, I have been very unhappy all day.” He then confessed the whole to her, adding at the conclusion—

“Oh! mamma, it was not so much Edward’s persuasions, as my own wishes that led me to go with him, indeed I am more to blame. When I saw him struggling with the waves, and heard his dreadful cries, and the lightning was flashing around us, and I thought I was sinking too, oh! then mamma, I thought how wicked I had been, and how sad you would be to hear of it. — Oh! I shall never forget this

day, and I shall always love the good Indians. Indeed, dear mamma, I do not think I shall ever do anything wrong again."

"I sincerely hope that you will keep that resolution, my child," replied Mrs Warton. "I think your own feelings are a sufficient punishment, and one more severe than any that I can inflict upon you; but my dear boy, when you are again tempted to do what you are not perfectly assured is right, remember this day, and your escape from an awful and dreadful death; and also remember, Horace, that the Great Being of the Universe knows your every thought; his eye was upon you in the solitude of that deep wood, and it was his arm that saved you from the dangers of the tempest, and a watery grave. Always think, my son, of his merciful providence in restoring you to your friends, and when you kneel down to night, let the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' sink deep into your heart."

He was much affected, and kissing his mother affectionately, he promised that he would endeavour to atone for his fault, and then retired to rest.

Horace Warton, more touched by his mother's

gentleness, than he could have been by the harshest reproaches, strictly kept that promise, and ever after, when tempted, he would think of that day; and the remembrance of what he had then suffered would come as a talisman of power, to prevent him from going astray.

Edward Melford, too, was completely cured of his envy by the fright he had experienced, and by the illness which succeeded it. Grateful to Horace for his generosity, he became warmly attached to him, and his friend's example had such a good effect upon the idle, envious boy, that he became in time a happy, and respected member of society. Often in after life, would they relate to their children this story of their childish days, as a warning to them if they wished to escape the self reproach and misery to which their parents were subjected, never for even one day, to give way to their inclinations by playing truant.

*Hingham, October, 1834.*

M. M.



## THE FOX AND THE MASK.



A Fox walked round a Toyman's shop,  
 (How he came there, pray do not ask)  
 But soon he made a sudden stop,  
 To look and wonder at a Mask.

The Mask was beautiful and fair,  
 A perfect Mask as e'er was made ;  
 And which a Lady meant to wear,  
 At the ensuing Masquerade.

He turned it round, with much surprise,  
 To find it prove so light and thin ;  
 "How strange !" astonish'd Reynard cries,  
 "Here's mouth and nose, and eyes and chin ;

And cheeks and lips, extremely pretty ;  
And yet one thing there still remains  
To make it perfect,—what a pity,  
So fine a head should have no brains !

Thus, to some boy or maiden pretty,  
Who to get learning takes no pains,  
May we exclaim, “ Ah ! what a pity,  
So fine a head should have no brains ! ”

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### THE BENEVOLENT BOY.

[See Frontispiece.]

LITTLE Antony was a kind hearted benevolent boy. His example ought to be imitated by all those good children who desire to perform generous actions and to win the love of their heavenly Father. One day, his kind mother presented him with two bright silver pieces, so that he might buy a pretty top, which he was very desirous to possess. He had seen the top in one of the stores of the little village in which he resided, and his heart was quite set upon having so agreeable a toy ; because it was a holiday and he thought that he could amuse himself for the greater part of the time, very delightfully with his top.

"Come, mamma," said he, "put on your bonnet and walk with me down to John Wilson's shop. Do not stop for anything, but put on your hat and shawl, and let's away!"

His mother had been well pleased with her little boy's behaviour for many weeks past. He had learned all his lessons perfectly, was punctual at school and had brought home a little certificate on which there was a beautiful picture and a number of credit marks. So she put on her bonnet in great haste, and did not stay to take her reticule with her — so gratified was she with her son and so desirous to comply with his wishes.

Well, as they were on their way to the shop, they saw a poor old beggar who was lame and almost blind, sitting near the porch of a door.

"Kind lady and little gentleman!" exclaimed he, "some charity for a poor old soldier! I am on my way to join my grand children who live sixty miles from this place. I fell sick on the road and unless I receive some assistance I fear that I shall never reach them!"

The tears came into little Antony's eyes, as he turned to his mother and said, "Dear mamma, pray give the old man some money!"

"My dear boy," replied she, "you were in such haste to come out that I did not bring my purse with me." Antony stood thoughtful for a moment, and then running up to the lame soldier he dropped the two silver pieces, which his mother had given him to purchase his top, into his extended hat.

"Come, dear mother, let us go back home," said Antony, "I will read the little book which sister gave me for a Christmas present, and I don't care much about that foolish top after all!"

So Antony and his mother went home, and the reflection that he had done a good deed, gave Antony more pleasure than if he had obtained all the pretty toys in John Wilson's shop.

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#### ELLINOR'S VISIT TO HER THREE AUNTS.

EVER since I can remember I have heard of my *three aunts*, but as they never came to the metropolis, and ours was a large family, my parents did not feel able to incur the expense of journeying. At length, however, a Mr and Mrs Perry arrived at Boston and brought an invitation, requesting my parents to let me, who

was the eldest daughter, pass a year with them ; saying they would be at the whole expense for the year — and at the same time observing, they had made an arrangement with Mr and Mrs Perry for me to return with them, as they were neighbors. Nothing could equal my delight at this invitation — but my dear mother hesitated about accepting it. I was a child of delicate health, and had been used to great indulgence. Ours was a family of love, and she feared I might be discontented and unhappy away from my brothers and sisters. But children love change, and I overated all her objections. “ You will have no companions,” said she. “ O, mother,” said I, “ you cannot have read the letter; don’t you see they say they want me for a companion ? ” “ But my child, they are much older than you,” she replied. “ I know that,” said I, “ but I think I am old enough now to be a companion for anybody. I was ten last March.” Still my mother hesitated. “ It is a long journey,” said she; “ if you go, you must stay a whole year.” “ Certainly,” said I, “ if my aunts wish it, and you see proper, I will stay *two years*.” “ I suspect *one* will do,” said my mother smiling. “ How-

ever, since you desire it so much, I consent to your going."

Never were kinder brothers and sisters than I had. Betsy would have me take her nice muslin cape, and Mary brought me her new belt — even little Annie, who was only three years old, offered her new shoes. Charles insisted on giving me a whistle that had been given him, and Henry, who was five, was extremely earnest that I should take his gun. They wanted to give me what they valued most themselves, and this is true generosity.

It was a fine Spring morning when I was to set off with Mr and Mrs Perry in their chaise drawn by one horse. When it came to the actual parting, I felt very sad. Again they all brought me something to eat on the way; one a piece of gingerbread, another a great big apple, and Charles put into my hand a paper of sugar-plums. My heart was melted, and as the horse and chaise left the door I hastily threw out my purse with all my spending money, and begged them to divide it amongst them — but as we did not go very fast Charles overtook me, and said, "Here sister Ellinor is your purse, we cannot take it. There was a dollar in it

when you threw it out, you know ; you must not look into it till you stop tonight."

I took the purse and put it into my bag with my other articles, which certainly did not improve the beauty of the bag, for it was stuffed all out and looked one-sided, and out of shape. I sat on a little round trunk before Mr and Mrs Perry, and I was sadly jolted, for the trunk did not keep steady at all. When it came night we stopped at a tavern. I felt very lonely for I had always slept in the chamber with my sisters, and one of them was my bed-fellow — but now I was put into a chamber by myself. I now thought of my purse and opened it, and found my dear brother had added all his own spending money to mine, a *whole half a dollar!* I could not help shedding a few tears — but as I was very tired I soon dropped asleep. The next evening we arrived at my aunts. It was so late and dark that I could not see anything but a white house and a porch before it. They all came to the door and with one voice asked if they had brought Nelly. Mr Perry told them "yes," and I was pulled out, and my baggage after me. I had been fast asleep for the last few miles, and could hardly remember where I

was. They gave me my supper, and then said I had better go to bed and have a good night's sleep, and in the morning I should be as brisk as a bee. One of my aunts then conducted me to a chamber about as big as a closet which was within their own, and kindly helped me to undress — then bidding me say my prayers left me.

Perhaps some of my young friends who read this account will hardly believe me when I tell them that I never was taught to say my prayers when I went to bed. I wondered now what I must say, and in the midst of my perplexity fell asleep.

The next morning I did not wake up till I heard the door open, I then looked up, and saw a long, thin, bony arm put into my chamber and a striped gown that hung upon a nail pulled out — but no head appeared. I lay wondering at this circumstance and thinking it was very strange, when in a few moments a head was put into the door, much in the same way; the face was old and wrinkled and I should not have known whether it was a man or a woman if there had not been a cap on it. I had heard stories of haunted houses, and I began to think



I had got into one, and I burst out a crying and sobbed as if my heart would break. Immediately there rushed in three women, who I found were my three aunts. "Dear little Nelly!" they all exclaimed in a shrill voice, and began to devour me with kisses. Never had I seen just such figures. My aunt Judith who had first put her head into my room, was very hard featured, and inspired me with terror — my aunt Mary was very much smaller, and bent almost double; she too wore a cap. My aunt Nelly, for whom I was named, and who was the youngest, wore no cap but had her gray hair combed and turned up in rather a youthful manner. I cannot tell how it was, but their loud shrill voices, their eager embraces, and their long, lean arms wound round me, for they all wore short sleeves, filled me with terror. I hid my face under the bed-clothes and continued to weep. "Dear child," said they, "she misses her mother, and her brothers, and sisters." I now absolutely cried aloud. "Dear soul," said aunt Nelly, "she knows she can't see them for a whole year." I cried still louder. At length I began to grow more composed, and think of breakfast. Aunt Mary helped me to dress, and gave

me some water to wash. I must say that I never eat with a better appetite than I did this first morning, for I was sickly in my taste and sometimes could not relish anything. The excellent bread they set before me, the fresh butter, the sweet and pure milk, all tasted so different from what I had been accustomed to, I began by degrees to think less of the queerness of my aunts' manners and appearance, and to enter into their pursuits. Aunt Judith superintended the dairy, she taught me to make butter and cheese, and allowed me to make each of my brothers and sisters a little cheese and send to them. Aunt Mary took charge of the poultry, and gave me the care of a hen with her brood of chickens. I named them after my brothers and sisters and it seemed to me that I loved them better on that account. Aunt Nelly was my companion, and notwithstanding her gray hairs she was as active as I was. We used to work together in the garden, and never shall I forget the rides we had on the top of the hay when it was carted home. She got me a little spinning wheel and taught me to spin. Sometimes I felt home-sick, and when they saw me sad my aunts would take me a pleasant ride by the river, or carry me a

visiting, where everything was so new that I forgot *home* for a little while. But shall I tell you the greatest kindness they did me? They taught me to pray!

At first I could only say the Lord's prayer, but my aunt Nelly asked me if I should not like to pray God to take care of, and bless my parents and brothers and sisters; and I told her I should, but I did not know how. She said I might say just what I thought, for God knew all my thoughts. So I prayed aloud that he might bless *them*, and added, of my own accord, and bless too my dear aunts, who, though they look so queer, are so kind to me. Aunt Ellen said, I need not tell God that. I replied no, he can see it himself. She then told me that prayer was designed to make us better, and that if we prayed night and morning we should grow more happy and virtuous, and that I should always feel as if my heavenly Father was with me. And so it turned out, for when I prayed to my father in heaven, I always thought of my father in Boston, and prayed for him too; and then came my mother and dear brothers and sisters, and when I went to sleep I never felt alone. Some how or other, though I was sometimes a little home-

sick the year passed away before I thought of it, and the next Spring my aunts said it was their duty, as they had promised, to let me return home. I was very sorry to leave them, but overjoyed that I was going to my parents. They loaded me with presents of apples, pears and nuts for my brothers and sisters. I cannot detail to you our happy meeting; I was grown so much and so healthy that they hardly knew me. I have taught them a great many things that my aunts taught me, and when my sisters and I go to bed we always kneel down and pray to God. It is three years since I returned home. I write to my aunts once in three or four weeks, and they are always sending me something or other. As they like books I thought I would write a history of my visit to them, and if you put it in the *Juvenile Miscellany* or *Youth's Keepsake* I will send the book to them, that they may know what a happy year Ellinor passed *with her three aunts.*

W. M.

## THE LITTLE PRATTLERS.

THE little Prattlers, who were introduced to the young readers of the Miscellany some two or three years ago, have now become two happy little school girls. They will soon be six years old and they can sew very well now, and use their scissors very handily; and they can read too — though they never study except when they wish, for their mother has some notions of her own which prevents her urging study upon young children, believing it is much better to secure health of body first, if possible, and let the mind grow with it. For, as young children cannot lift great weights or bear great fatigue or exposure, neither can their minds bear the weight of continued thought or the constraint of long application to any study. She encourages running, jumping and walking in the open air — indeed innocent recreation of all kinds, and I never remember to have seen two happier children than the little prattlers. For the amusement of those who love to hear about such little girls, I will give an account of one of their school days.

It was a bright winter's morning when I saw

them with cheeks glowing like ripe peaches, running over the snow, and stopping occasionally to eat a ball of it which they had collected very carefully from a clean spot. Not many minutes passed before their brother, a boy of eight or nine years, came gliding down the hill beside the house on his new and swift sled, saying, "Come, Annie, come I will give you a ride," "And Ellen, too," said the little girl, looking at her sister, who stood behind her with her hands under her apron. "Oh, yes, and Ellen too, afterwards, — but you always go first, you know, because you are the baby." And away she went on the pretty sled, while Ellen run beside her occasionally pulling the rope, and all three laughing and talking at the very tops of their voices. Then came Ellen's turn; and they amused themselves until breakfast time, after which Ellen took a book and read to Annie, who sat on the same chair, with one little plump arm round her neck and her bright eyes fixed on the book as if she could read as fluently as her sister.

"What does it mean by the Ark, Ellen, is it a house?" "No, Annie, not exactly a house, but a great vessel with a house in it." — "As

big as the Canal-boat, Ellen?" "Oh, a great deal larger than that. Mother told me that Noah's Ark was larger than our house and the church too!" "Oh, what a great vessel it was! I wish I could see such a big one, don't you, Ellen?" "Yes, indeed, and it was full of beasts and birds and insects, and Noah and his family took care of them; if you will set here and hold my book, I will show you a picture of it in a big book of father's."

Ellen procured the book, and they were both amused a long while looking at it.

"I am sure this is not so very big, Ellen; look, my little arm covers it all over!" "But this is only the *picture* of it, you know, just like the picture of our parlor, that mother drew on her little finger nail; it was very small, but every thing was there, the fire place, the window, the sofa, the chairs, and the table too, — and look, here are nice rooms for the cattle, and Noah's son is taking care of them." "I don't see the pretty doves any where, Ellen." "I suppose they are down low in the bird room, for there was all kinds of birds you know; and may be they thought if they lived up stairs the little foolish birds would fly out, — though they

would be glad enough to have come back again — for mother told us, and I said it too, that the little dove who flew out, ‘could find no rest for the sole of its foot.’” “Should you like to sail in a vessel, Ellen?” — “Yes, in a little vessel, on the canal, the water looks so pretty and makes such a pleasant sound.”

Thus they [amused themselves until school time; and happy as they are at home, they are quite willing to go to school, for they have a good teacher, who treats them like a kind mother. The room is light, pleasant and airy, and they are allowed to run in the yard twice in the morning, and the same in the afternoon. Before dinner they take a long walk — and after tea or before, play in a corner of their mother’s sitting-room. It is quite amusing to listen to their “Play School,” their “Come and See,” with the chairs for visitors and scholars. A short time ago I sat by the fire at work and heard their conversation. “You have been school mistress long enough, Ellen,” said little Annie; “it is my turn, now.” “But you know, Annie, I can read the best, and I am the oldest — besides, I can write and you cannot,” “Well, you can be the monitor, and set down



the names of the good scholars — and mother says we must always take turns when we play ; and I am sure it is my turn now." " Well, Annie, you may try, but you know you can never play as I do."

The little one did her best to keep her school in good order, and all went on smoothly for a time. But she was rather too much inclined to punish, and her sister complained, at last, that she did nothing else. " I must make my scholars good, you know." " I don't think that's the way to make good children ; mother don't punish us very often, I am sure, but she looks pleased at us all the time, (unless we are naughty,) and calls us dear ones." " Well, but we don't go to school to mother, you know, Ellen ; she is our mother, and she loves us so much, that 's the reason she don't punish us all the time — but we don't care for the old chairs, or the dolls, and we can whip and scold them just as much as we like." Ellen looked thoughtful a moment and then said, " No, Annie, that's not the reason mother don't punish us all the time. She don't punish us when we are good, and only punishes when we are naughty, because she loves us, and wishes to make us good."

“ Well, I will be like mother now, if you will let me be the school ma’am.” And the chairs were again put in order, and their play went on. Though Ellen laughed and said, “ I am sure you wont be a bit like dear mother, — but here is a eap, and a large cape, I think you will look more like a great lady if you put them on.”

The curly locks of the little Annie’s round head were covered with the huge cap, and her small white shoulders concealed by the cape, which almost touched the floor. Ellen jumped round her and exclaimed, “ How funny you look ! come stand on the chair, and see yourself in the glass !” I could scarcely refrain from joining in their merry laugh, when I looked at the little cherub face, wreathed with smiles, half concealed by the broad ruffles ; but I went on quietly with my work, without appearing to observe them.

While they were enjoying themselves to their perfect satisfaction, their brother came in with a curious bird’s nest, round which they all gathered. But I have not time to tell all that was said, about it, and must leave the little ones with a wish that all the children I know were as happy as the “ Little Prattlers.” L. L.

## THE BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

THE following dialogue took place between Fanny Maxwell a little girl about ten or eleven years of age, on her first visit to the country, and her aunt, Mrs Jennings.

"Why are you coming this way, aunt? It is not so pleasant a road as that which leads over the hill where we went the other day, and then turned into that pretty grove."

"I am going, Fanny, into that little house which you see yonder, to show you a beautiful sight."

"A beautiful sight in *that* house, aunt! Who lives there?"

"A family of colored people."

"Colored people! what pretty things can they have, and in such a house, too? Have they any beautiful kittens, or a fine dog, or a pretty little baby? Little black babies are very pretty, sometimes. I remember little Josey, our cook's baby; his eyes are as bright as diamonds, and father says he is one of the handsomest boys he ever saw."

"No, it is not any of these."

"What can it be then? I don't think the

country is much of a place for sights. In New York we can go to the Theatre, or the Circus, or the Museum, or to a Menagerie, or an exhibition of paintings, or into Broadway to see the fine shops and the gay people; but you have not any of these things in the country. I should like to see a sight in the country."

"What do you think, Fanny, of our woods in their many colored coat?"

"Why, they are very petty, to be sure. Their many colored coat! That makes me think of Joseph's coat. I wonder if these tall dark pines are as envious of the beautiful gay maples as Joseph's brethren were of him."

"And what do you think of those noble piles of deep blue mountains, and of such a glorious sunset as this. This is a show that you don't get in the city!"

"I like it very much; but I do wonder what I shall see so pretty in this house;" said Fanny, as they arrived at that which her aunt had pointed out to her, "it can't be of much consequence to have anything very pretty in this house, because they have only to look out and see everything about them as pleasant and beautiful as possible."

As Fanny and her aunt entered the door, the former stared with a look of surprise, as she perceived a young girl lying upon a bed in the common family room, who seemed very ill indeed. She had been for a few weeks rapidly sinking in a consumption. She had a hectic fever, a racking cough, and occasionally great distress forb reath — yet her countenance was sweet and peaceful.

Fanny had never seen any one so sick before, and being tender hearted, she forgot all her curiosity about the beautiful sight she was to see, in her sympathy for the sufferings of the poor invalid, who seemed very patient under them.

“Sally is not so well to-day,” said Mrs Jennings to the sick girl’s mother.

“No madam, she has dreadful distressed turns. Yesterday she had such a fit of coughing and such distress that I thought she never would live through it, and she thought so too, for when she came out of it she said, ‘Mother I am almost home.’”

“Well, Sally,” said Mrs Jennings, “it is a blessed thing to feel that you are going home to a kind Father, who loves you better, even, than your earthly parents, although he afflicts you with this greivous sickness.”

Sally nodded her head, for she was too weak to speak without effort.

“It is this kind Father, Sally, that puts into your mother’s heart the love which makes her watch over and nurse you, by night and by day, without even thinking of herself. You must be almost worn out, Nancy.”

“It is a fortnight, ma’am, since I have taken my clothes off to lie down and sleep, and I have hardly left the bed-side in all that time, but if God will only give me strength to take care of her so long as she is spared to me, it is all I ask.”

Mrs Jennings tarried only a little while, and then leaving some little nice things which she had brought for Sally, took her leave.

As Fanny was walking home with her aunt she talked all the way of the sick girl and her mother.

“How very patient Sally is, aunt ;” said she, “and how contented she seems to feel in going home, as she calls it. I cannot have any such pleasant idea as that about death.”

“Yet it is the idea we ought to have if, being obedient children to our heavenly Father, we may hope that he will take us to dwell with him.”

“But aunt if my own father were to bring such a terrible sickness upon me, on purpose, how could I think he loved me, and how could I feel so sweetly about it as Sally does about her sickness?”

“We receive so much blessing from God that we cannot doubt he is merciful, nor refuse to believe the declarations of Scripture, that he ‘doth not willingly afflict the children of men.’”

“Still I think it must be very difficult to feel as Sally does.”

“We know that such a state of mind as Sally is in, is a right state of mind, because it makes her so happy — so contented as you say, under her sufferings. Such a manifestation of what is called the religious principle, that makes us seek all our hope and consolation and joy in God when trouble comes, is the most beautiful sight in the world.”

“O, I had forgotten all about the beautiful sight I was to see — now I know what you mean. Poor Sally, all wasted away to a skeleton and struggling for breath, her lips parched, and her flesh hot — one would think it strange to call that a beautiful sight which has any thing to do with her.”

“ It is because her mind remains untouched, unharmed, by all these sufferings; nay, it is better for them. Is it not very striking that this ignorant young girl, for she is very ignorant, should have so much of the best of all knowledge, the knowledge of God, as to be inspired with such a beautiful sentiment in regard to death?”

“ Yes, very, and do not you think, aunt, that her mother’s love and devotion are beautiful too?”

“ Yes, she is a poor, hard working woman, who needs all her time and strength to work for her family, in order to make her family comfortable; yet, forgetful of want and weariness, she devotes herself to this child, as if she were her only care.”

Sally died a day or two after, and Fanny accompanied her aunt to her humble funeral. It was attended by many of the best inhabitants of the village, who wished to pay a tribute of respect to departed worth, and of sympathy with the sorrows of so good a woman as Sally’s mother.

Within a few days after the funeral, as Mrs Jennings and Fanny were walking in the direction of the little house where they went to see



the beautiful sight, they met Sally's mother going to wash in the doctor's family to COMMENCE the payment of his bill.

"Oh, dear aunt," said Fanny as they passed on, after exchanging a kind greeting with the poor woman, "only think how hard that is, to spend all her strength in nursing the sick child, and the moment she has buried her, to be obliged to go to work and pay the doctor, who wthal l his medicines, had not been able to do her any good."

"Yes, Fanny, you see how much is required of the poor to do for their friends more than we can have to do for ours, though we often think we render them great services, and learn to respect their virtue, whether you find it among black or white. Remember that when we appear before our Judge, we shall have nothing to distinguish us from them except a greater degree of holiness or of sinfulness."

MATER.



### THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG.

Oh, a ship at sea is a lovely sight —  
 As it sails along with the morning light,  
 When the sunbeams fall on the snowy sails,  
 As they rise and fall to the changeful gales !

Cold, cold and dull seems the land to me,  
 Since I sailed over the merry sea ; —  
 The dash of the waves delights me more  
 Than all the music that 's heard on shore.

There is no beauty in fields and trees  
 Compared with the waters below the breeze ;  
 And I'd rather float on their heaving breast,  
 Than sleep like a bird in his parent nest.

On the bounding billows I'd rather roam  
 Than dwell in the happiest peace at home.  
 There's music and beauty and joy to me,  
 In the dash and the foam of the merry sea !

